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THE EASTERN ANTHOLOGY

VOLUME I



Volume I
Kuttanimatam
of
Dāmodaragupta




E. POWYS MATHERS

EASTERN LOVE


VOLUMES I & II



THE LESSONS OF A BAWD AND HARLOT'S BRIEVIARY



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



VOLUME I

*

THE LESSONS OF A BAWD OF DAMODARAGUPTA



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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 Ksbemendra 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 fecnnd 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.*

1. *Mālatī at the house of Vikarālā.*

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 blear 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.

D ā m o d a r a g u p t a

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 hearken 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, Mālātī’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 jargonings 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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‘ Mālātī 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 Mālātī ? Mālātī, 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 ! Unpitying 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 Pātaliṣputra 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 unpitying 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 Matanāsenā,' 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 Līlotaya ? ' ' Because there is nothing more for me to do there, brother. No gold, no love ! '

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‘The young man, Manjīraka, 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 *bare’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 ænanthic 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.
Harsh 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 harlot*. But, with your death, my belovéd, the proverb dies.

‘ Only the son of Shiva, Mahāsena, 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 Shankarasenā. 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 Kasavaswāmin 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 Bhāvas-huddha !

‘ 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.*

BUT 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 platitudes 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 *dharma*, 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.

‘ Envable 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 awakened 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 disdains 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 say-
ing? 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. . . .

Volume 2
Samayamātrikā
of
Kṣhemendra



EASTERN LOVE

VOLUMES I & II




THE LESSONS OF A BAWD

AND

HARLOT'S BREVIARY



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



VOLUME II

*

THE HARLOT'S BREVIARY

OF

KSHEMENDRA



JOHN RODKER
FOR SUBSCRIBERS
LONDON, 1927

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1. *The Mission of the Matron.*

HONOUR TO KAMA, GOD OF DESIRE, whose breath shipwrecks the flowers; by the immaterial, airy arrows which vanquish the three worlds, of Heaven and Earth and Hell! And honour also to Kālī, Goddess of Terror! For all things come to the ineluctable chasm of her mouth, to be overwhelmed in nothing. This Triple World of ours seems only an imperceptible reflection on that stormy sea, or like a little vagabond carp within it. Already that mouth has swallowed so dreadful a duration of time that even the Ancients have no count of it; for the bold and careless lust of Kālī cloaks itself in fraud against the unnumbered armies of those afflicted with a body!

The Breviary of Enchantments was made by Kshemendra for the profit of purchasable fair ones, passing from hand to hand, that they may use it as a magic book in their occulted practices. The sensuous court of Kāma, the fortunate house of games and laughter, the place of the waves of the lascivious sea which women rule: such was the exquisite city of Prāvarapura in Kashmir. It was the most notable jewel with which the magnificent body of the earth is

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decked. The Goddess of Joy and Beauty took her pleasure there. When the God of Desire fled from the ruining glance of the Three Eyes, or from the Abode of the Blessed, it was to Pravarapura that he came for refuge: the moving banks of the triple folds of the belly of women.

There dwelt Kalāvati, an amiable girl and brighter than the shining of the moon: a house where the high God of Love lived in all insolence: a daughter of desire who was a magic compound for the eyes, and whose unnatural allurements put a yoke on men.

The firmness of her breast, the proud curve of her eyebrows, and the dark glowing of her eyes, these three proclaimed her trade of courtesan.

One day, as she leaned from the high places of her palace, she saw the *guru* of harlots passing, the providence of lovers, the street barber.

His face showed out from a formidable beard, his eyes had the appearance of cloudy glass, and he was obese as a musk cat gorged with the buttercups of Spring. His massive head was fringed only at its rim with hair, and shone like a polished copper pot, or like the cup of luxury where the hands of a lover wander. He came on with his nose in the air, on guard against fragments of betel spitten from the windows;

Kshemendra

she made him a sign from the corner of her eye, and he climbed up to speak with her.

Seeing from the first that beauty's eyes were charged with careful thought, and looked straight out, and were lost and still, he questioned her with a surprised solicitude. But first he gratified her by a low bow instinct with irony :

‘ Your thoughtful face rests on your hand, your curls hang down unfashioned, your glance is no longer lively with bright collyrium, your lip is thin with sighs, your mien would better sort with a woman whose husband goes upon a journey : what is the meaning of this quick and total change ?

‘ Why does your belt, which sang the praises of Kāma, no longer sound its annunciatory song upon them, girl of fair haunches ? Why is your flesh balmed with camphor and sandal no more, beauty of the snake's body ; for once it shone like the glory of desire ?

‘ Were you unsatisfied by the rich profits of your acquisition ? Had you an eye for further stupendous gains ? And so did you let yourself be taken in by some low person with whom your assiduous and varied cares proved ineffectual, who with conspicuous bad taste spoke only of past services ?

‘ Or did your greed insist upon some incom-

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parable jewel from a lover, fit for a very queen ? And did you show it to a girl friend in your pride ? And has the incontinent child been whispering in the Governor's beard : *she had it from a thief ?*

‘ Is there some rich man whose glory it was to deal very handsomely by you, so that his attachment led you to say to yourself : *I have got this one ?* And now has he quietly slipped you on the advice of cup companions, who exulted in their chance ? Or was he furious at the love-sickness with which you had smitten him, and has he deliberately got married ?

‘ Timidity, have you let yourself be won over by some evil lad ? Did he once give you a paltry jewel or a few vague trifles, and now does he leave you hardly your slipper, and make a desert about you instead of lovers : as a jealous sorcerer forbids the borders of a stream where all the world comes down to drink of love and pleasure ?

‘ Did some ambiguous gambler grow useless to you through eating up his fortune ? Did you garland your contempt with amiable circumlocutions, and dismiss him ? And now has he come in secret to sprinkle a magic powder upon your hair and bind you to his wishes ?

‘ Was there some man against whom hatred rose to a mountain in your heart, because of his great

Kshemendra

treasures of duplicity ? Did you send him about his business, and then, that you should not lose the last and smallest profit, make up with him again ? And thus, by madly running after fortune, have you found only grief ?

‘ Have you spurned some business man who had become your absolute thing through love ? And that for a favourite boy whose destiny is to flame like a straw fire, and die down ? Have you fallen upon this double disaster : that you can have nothing of clothes or money from your fancy lad, and that the old man will not function any more ?

‘ Or is there another, whose every energy was leashed by your enchantment, and set upon casting treasures at your feet ? Was his heart about to read the secret of the universe in you when it got free ? Has he been stolen from you by some rival whom your best friend most jealously pricked on to this ?

‘ Are your feet already set on the declension of the path ? Have you been robbed of those riches which are intangible when we possess them ? Have you lost your power ? Have you renounced the world ? Has joy deserted you ? Are you plunged in pious meditations of the spirit and deaf to the voice of pleasure ? Are your eyes shut upon life already ?

‘ Now glory be to your astuteness and address,

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fair girl, for it is victorious over all the world ! Does not a lover think it unmerciful calamity to leave your arms and be alone in the street ? Now glory and honour to your beauty, child of the face of spells, for with a joyous strength it sweetly emanates and penetrates, and subjugates your friends ! ’

When he had asked these and many other questions, the barber waited her good pleasure in distress ; for he saw the fear rising within her that her joy would depart like smoke. At last, among innumerable sighs, heavy with unaccustomed dread, she made answer to her friend in good and evil :

‘ Know then, O Kanka, the ceaseless care which gnaws my heart ; I fail before it as a flower spray falls beneath the ardours of noon.

‘ My friend, I had a grandmother, the Lady Camelneck, a woman of wisdom and conduct, inflexible in business ; she never let clients put her off with tales, she watched like a dragon over the pay-desk ; and now she is dead ! She was murdered by a rascally doctor, whose infallible science is ever at the service of death ; by a wretch who ogles the strong-boxes of his fairer patients, and, though he is very old in years and crime, plays the young man for them.

‘ This doctor, whose name is Pest, gave me a kind of yellow root, in fashion like a carrot, and

Kshemendra

Camelneck, urged by some irresistible desire, took a good third of it upon her conscience.

‘ But that particular gilded vegetable holds all deceit and larceny in detestation ; so Camelneck grew mortally ill, and in the end she, who had never noticed anything but gold in all the world, perished the victim of a golden root.

‘ In the last moments of her life the very ground seemed coloured gold to her, and the virtuous old lady went on crying still : *Pick it up, little one, pick it up !*

‘ Now that she has gone my house is empty, it has become a cavern of cheating ; each lover does what he likes, and pulls all the coverlet over to his side.

‘ The great and opulent lord no longer sets his feet there, the rich man finds no further occasion to come and see me ; for, as a deserted hut is infested by vagabonds, so am I infested by the mob of my lovers, and have to go into the city to make my meetings.

‘ I have had enough of this disorder. For how shall I, who ever held the scales equal for all men, endure to be at the mercy of one or two ? ’ Thus she gave form to her thoughts, while the tears ascended to her eyes ; the barber had heard her in silence ; now, when he had calmed her a little, he answered sighing :

‘ Dear mistress, it was your own greed and your

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insensate blundering which introduced this doctor, this villainous girl-hunter, to your house.

‘A cure which succeeds with harlots would utterly destroy a respectable woman like your mother. What, did you not know that this doctor is the death of bawds ?

‘When he goes out to hunt the sick, every girl’s parasite and flunkey bows in respect at his passage, with flattering murmurs : *All honour to Yama, the King of Justice, the Reaper of Life, the God of Death ! Pest is the pest of bawds ! May his rope choke them all !*

‘Shake off your grief, lift up your heart in masculine resolution ; find a new mother, fertile in resources, and place her at the head of your household.

‘Lovers grow very soon as bold as wolves where there is no mother to mount guard, to spy upon them like a tigress, to know what they eat, and count the drinks they drink.

‘When a girl no longer has a mother, she wanders blindly here and there, without a plan or clue, and does not know a minute’s peace from night till morning.

‘As a cat settles upon the hearth in the winter, so settles the evil youth in the house of the daughter of desire who lacks a mother.

‘Lovers with threadbare hearts incrust the house when its mother has left it ; if you touch

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on the question of money and speak to them of their bills, they whistle carelessly, but can do little else.

‘ A terrace without thorns, a public girl without a matron, a king without his ministers : it is through these that sycophancy and flunkeydom grow fat.

‘ Now is the time to heap up gold, O girl with eyes of the blue lotus ; the gracious curve of your proud breast must win you happiness.

‘ The roguish years have a swift wing and come not back. There are a few short breaths when your delights are at their full : oh, profit by them !

‘ The first glimmer of youth and sprays surcharged with blossom, fade like a dream.

‘ While there is yet time, O sulky fair one, pluck flowers in the gold garden. While there is yet time lay hold of another mother, skilful to bend in every gale of lies. Here, in the dawn of your blossoming, child of exquisite eyebrows, here lies the battlefield where you must conquer ; this is the Spring of age, when boys carve out their life and daughters of desire their fortune.

‘ I know a certain woman who, from her birth, has ever marched breast forward ; and she is a talisman of power against those men who bind themselves about the beauty of girls, as ivy round a tree. Now listen carefully to the story

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of this judicious and far-calculating woman, for she has always held the high cards in her hand. 'Merely by listening you will learn the incalculable value in your profession of a choice and reflective system of tactics ; and, if you have the wit to profit by my tale, you shall hold the Three Worlds in your little hand.'



2. *The Perfect Courtesan.*

KANKA AT ONCE BEGAN HIS TALE, AND Kalavati listened to it with grave attention, for it was the story of a bawd most fertile in the finest kind of shift and artifice.

‘There was once a woman called Bhūmikā,’ he said, ‘who kept an inn at Parihāsapura, and bore a daughter whom she named Arghaghātikā.

‘As the child was rather tall and had delightful looks, the simple folk of the neighbourhood asked her to all their feasts ; and the little thief repaid them by filching the holy vases from their houses.

‘When she was only six years old, though full of talk already, her mother, who hungered for money, set her up for sale at the country fair.

‘Behold her, then, already armed for conquest of a lover, and not afraid of kisses, wearing a pearl collar ornamented with round cockle-shells, and tightly laced into a little jacket which had been basely provided with false breasts.

‘A young merchant called Purnaka, who had come into the town to purchase saffron, passed by the place where she stood for sale, a handsome fellow, sewn all over with gold and most imposing.

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‘ As he crossed the market the little girl swept him from his feet with her eye-glances and the expressive gymnastic of her brows. Since he was urged by a tyrannous desire, and she asked nothing better, a bargain was soon concluded between them, and a meeting arranged for the evening.

‘ That night, as the young merchant sipped his wine, she hung about his neck and gently wiled away his gold earrings in her fingers. She slipped the seals and rings from his hand, made conscientious investigation of his pockets, and then cried : *Help ! Help !* as if she had discovered a robber. This rudely startled the merchant out of his meditation, and he had no course but to escape with his head muffled in his mantle, as he dreaded a scandal for his people’s sake.

‘ After that she changed her name, equipped herself with all she needed, and went to settle down at Shankarapara ; she came there rich in three things, the flower of her youth, a sumptuous wardrobe, and a fine display of jewels.

‘ As she had no other thought than to reap a rich harvest by trimming the gallants of that city, she practised her amorous trade both day and night, and with never a pause for breath.

‘ What with the lovers who went in, and the lovers who

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waited at the door, there were as many men about her house as there were wandering dogs in the city. She indefatigably received her clients everywhere, without intermission and without preference, from morning to night and from night to morning, at the fountain, in the pleasure gardens, in cookshops, and at the stalls of the flower-sellers.

‘ In the early part of the night she would put a drunkard to sleep in her bed, like a little wise child, then she would pass to a second, and, when he fell asleep through weariness, slip away to a third . . . At the very end of night she would always secure a little extra profit on the sale of her body by pretending that she had to go forth in search of news of a friend who had an alarming colic ; thus she always managed to lift one last late wayfarer.

‘ It soon happened that she was obliged to hide in the secret apartments of her lovers, to escape from the madness of suitors whom she had gone on refusing.

‘ On one such occasion the guardian of a certain temple, who was blinded by love of her, imprudently opened the doors of the sanctuary for her in the night. When she saw him lying like a log and heard him snoring, she laid hands on all the jewels of the goddess, and hurried away.

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‘ After this it was necessary for her to change her name and residence once more, so she called herself Nāgarikā, and became the mistress of a gentleman farmer at Pratāpapura.

‘ This calm existence and the abundant luxury of an excellent table soon made her fat, and she became as dear to her lover as Hidimba to Bhīmasena.

‘ As soon as she had obtained complete power over the disposition of all his money, she prayed for a swift death to free her from her victim, and, in the meanwhile, for want of anything better, succeeded in alienating him from all his family.

‘ One day he was found clubbed to death in his father’s orchard, so she profited by her strong position in the house to become the mistress of the father himself, whose name was Shrīsimha. As he had no other children, this old man was a quarry very well worth hunting.

‘ Aware that her youth was passing and wishing to oust all the rest of her decrepit lover’s women, she took pains to enthrall him by the use of magic plants.

‘ At the same time she re-awakened his juvenile ardour by the judicious use of fish soup, milk, liquified butter, garlic, onions, and other virile adjuvants.

‘ But when the old man, who feared the wrath

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of his king, sent himself to the breast of Shiva with a dagger stroke, she swept up all the money and valuables on which she could lay her hands, and departed for another city.

‘ There she extracted an added charm from her white mourning garments ; she wore them slight and open-work, and gave herself out to be one Mrigavatī, a widow : her drooping attitudes and most attractive melancholy lured many men, and the more she forbade them all hope, the greater became their desire for her.

‘ For a long time, with admirable constancy, she made regular procession to the river bank to render her duty to Kālī ; and gave the mortuary offering in full each time, with sesame, perfumes, and the herb of the dead, as symbols of her grief.

‘ It was there by the river that she snared a rich knight, named Bandhurasāra, as a heron takes a fish.

‘ So great was now her skill in the snatching of hearts that she laid hands on his whole house with ease, and soon became mistress over all the incomings and outgoings of his money.

‘ This man had gathered a great fortune ; therefore it was an act of grace in him to die in a month’s time, without any being able to whisper that she had a part in this. At once she went lunatic with virtuous grief, and wished

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to follow her husband to the tomb.

‘ His blood relations were hard put to it to move her from this crotch of hers, which was all the stronger because it rose out of a hypocritical calculation only. She would speak to them in a deep voice and with a resolved and noble air : *Widowhood in a fine family, the slur a woman's reputation takes from it, and the vexations which follow after : all these will soon depart from me with the flames of the pyre.*

‘ Thus would she speak, and be as constant in her resolution, as careless in the face of death, as if she were made of stone. But she found it very difficult to conceal her joy at having entered into so mighty an inheritance ; and this difficulty was the measure of what she really felt.

‘ When the property had become legally hers through a decision of the crown, she let herself be dissuaded out of her funereal resolve by the King's people, and lived thenceforward in joy and feasting and entertainment.

Soon she captured the scribe of the royal stables, himself a veritable stallion in the game, and thus stayed among the living to scatter ruin and death.

‘ She clung like a leech to her new conquest, and charmed her lover daily in the bath-house with the sparkling prettiness of her chatter.

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‘ The scribe, who had his own considerable complement of assurance, spent all his day in pillaging his master, and then, when he had eaten and drunken like a Kumbhakarna in the evening, slept like one also. Every morning the woman lavished her expert cares of the bath upon him and showed him demonstrations of devotional respect, while he lay in the water and tried to cool his spirit-heated blood.

‘ As she was growing old and had no child, and as those which the scribe had begotten on another woman were beginning to be grown up, she applied herself to the exploitation of this man as to a pious work, and laid up a considerable treasure in secret by turning everything in the house to ready money.

‘ In the end the man’s sons revolted at this wholesale disappearance of the furnishing of their father’s house, and to prevent further depredation laid hands on all that was left. But the woman did not hesitate to bring the matter before the courts, and at once laid siege to the heart of a lawyer who thereupon took up her case.

‘ Thanks to this man, who bribed a settlement in her favour, she gained the victory, and the goods in question were restored to her.

‘ At once she hastened to realise money upon the house and all that was in it, and, fleeing in

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disguise from the wrath of her lover's sons, took refuge in a convent of Satkas.

‘ She dyed her white hair black, made her face shine with paints and unguents, and established herself in that place as a harlot recently launched upon the trade.

‘ She gave out that she had held an honourable position in the business world and, by the attraction of this, made brisker dealings with her body.

‘ Her clients never questioned the truth of what she said, for they were ever ready to meet a thing half way, and, being delighted by the tales she told of the commercial life, ran after her more and more.

‘ So she discovered the joy of turning heads again, and, though her tongue and lips and hands were already worn by drinking the cup of peace with lovers, she savoured it even more.

‘ At length, however, when she had received stolen goods from certain robbers, she was arrested on the information of her traitorous servants, and, because she insisted on denying the evidence, was loaded with chains and cast into prison.

‘ There she quickly seduced a gaoler, whose name was Bhujanga, into the snares of her love, and thenceforward dwelt in unclouded happiness, spending her time in a conscientious

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clearance of fish and cakes and honey. .

‘ Once, when the two were alone together, she held her lover in a deep embrace and covered him with kisses ; then, as he grew drunk on these, she bit out his tongue with her teeth as the first stage in her bid for liberty.

‘ The man could not cry out, so she waited till he had swooned away and then dressed him as a woman in her own clothes, removed her chains, and fled.

‘ She came by night to Vijayeshvara, and passed herself off, under the name of Anupamā, as the daughter of a powerful minister.

‘ In this city she was able, thanks to the love of Bhogamitra, to deck the poor remnants of her once exceptional beauty with loads of precious stones. She carefully raised her breasts, and put on a long wig ; she adorned herself with a pale red turban, she bestowed an honest layer of collyrium upon her eyes, and covered her face with a nose veil. Thus she succeeded in impressing the simple folk of that place, until they cried : *What fairylike creature is this that has come among us !*

‘ One of these admirers was stricken by irresistible desire ; but, when he had seen her naked for a single moment, he never afterwards dared even to pass the corner of her street.

‘ As a cooled gallery in winter, as a range of

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lamps at noon, as a crown of withered flowers, so is an old whore useless to every man.

‘ Since no customer would take her bait, she contented herself with approaching strangers under cover of the darkness and dragging them with her by the skirts of their clothing ; thus she was able to procure a meagre salary each night.

‘ Later, as a penitent named Shikhā, she associated herself with a male penitent called Bhaairavasoma ; and he shared the food of his mendicancy with her.

‘ Yet again she livened her regard with collyrium, and wore a clear circlet of crystal roses about her neck, and laced her arms and breasts magnificently below a garment fitting without a wrinkle : thus, when she sought alms, she still disseminated illusion and excited fools.

‘ But a famine came and it grew impossible to live by begging ; so one night she stole the adornment of his holy images from the penitent and disappeared.

‘ Then this woman, though ignorant of every limit of immortality, sought refuge in the Buddhist cloister at Krityāshrama. She became a nun, under the name of Vajragantā, and stayed without movement, plunged in ecstacy. She held a begging bowl in the crook of her hand, and offerings fell within it : a begging

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bowl, the symbol of all virtue ! She wore a torn old rag of red about her shoulders, a worthy parallel, had men but known it, of the feigned ardours she had shown her lovers in the past. Her head, which had once been proclaimed the resting place elect of admiring eyes, had now become like a ripe pumpkin ; she shaved a great tonsure upon it to win her pious gifts.

‘ This subtle old creature now carried her message of evil, fraud, and corruption from door to door ; for women of the great houses would come assiduously to bow before her, that she might spell out their future in the magic circle.

‘ As she ever had love charms in her bag for daughters of desire, magic ways of getting rich for the use of merchants, and conjurations and spells for the benefit of the foolish, she soon succeeded in winning a fine consideration.

‘ But, by lying with a slave of a certain Buddhist adept, she became with child, and this bodily accident was a great hindrance to her traffic in hypocrisy.

‘ She was now forbidden to live on alms and dragged an enormous belly about with her ; therefore, as soon as she was brought to bed, she hastened to abandon her infant and return to the city.

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‘ She provided herself with another wig, and told her tale so skilfully that, when the minister Mitrasena had a son, she was taken in to nurse it.

‘ She led a tranquil life there, under the name of Ardhakshīrā, and sat in wait on a lion-footed stool, with her nursling in her arms, spying out ways to make one mouthful of the whole house.

‘ As she received a most substantial diet, in order that her nurse’s milk might not be spoiled, she lived in the minister’s mansion like a fighting cock.

‘ A collar of corals shone about her neck, her ears were gay with silver rings, and heavy metal balls glowed gloriously down the length of both her arms ; a strip of woollen fabric fell to her heels from the compact upper parts of her high rump ; she put on great flesh, owing to her generous diet, and regained something of her former carriage in these opulent days of her nursing.

‘ But as she was for ever stuffing herself with what came to hand, it followed at length, from such indulgence, that the child was attacked by fever. The doctor ordered a course of fasting for the nurse, and she now had to content her leisure with a vast inglutition of fish soup.

‘ *You must be careful of the water you drink,* ordered the doctor, *and there can be no question of*

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heavy and heating foods. For two or three days you must not, as you love the child, take more than an infusion of herbs. Then the boy will live ; and think how pleasantly you may take part in the numberless feasts which will be given in his honour ! So said the doctor, but she turned a deaf ear to him.

‘When she saw that the child grew no better, and because her love for him was lighter than a straw, she fled in the night, taking all his gold-embroidered binders along with her.

‘After this, she changed her name again, and, settling down in a remote and desolate land, devised a fine business of goat breeding.

‘But a terrible storm fell upon the forest and destroyed each thing within it ; her fortune was swept away, and there remained no more of her flock, as there remained no more of her wretched body, than the skin. So she laid hold of the thick woollen underclothing which her shepherd had intrusted to her care, and sold it in the city of Avantī ; she bought cakes with the price of it, and established herself as a cake-seller, under the title of Tārā.

‘She bought up a basket of old pastry, which had been given in offering to the idols, cooked it again in the oven, and went about the streets selling it for new.

‘She used a great quantity of rice in her new business, and the housewives let her have it on

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credit, at a very high rate of interest. But after they had hugged themselves for some weeks to think of the enormous profits they were going to make, they ended by finding that they could even whistle for their capital.

‘ After this she called herself Kushalikā and went round with an itinerant seller of liquified butter, begging from door to door for such sums as would allow the girl’s wedding to take place.

‘ Under the style of Panjikā she haunted the gaming houses, selling cogged dice and counterfeit money.

‘ As Mukulikā, the flower-seller, she sold blossoms for offering before the idols ; but once, when she had spent the sums which the keepers of the temple gave her to purchase her stock, she fled at nightfall, leaving them without flowers or money.

‘ She assumed the name of Himā and distributed fresh water to the folk at village festivals, but she would always manage to slip away in time, and take the bracelets of the dancers at the booths along with her.

‘ Then she adopted the name of Varnā, and read the stars ; she turned aside evil influences, thwarted the six disasters, and, in her capacity as marriage broker, made and unmade attachments by spreading false reports.

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‘ She had a little of the sorceress in her also and, by her knowledge of the hidden properties of things, gained the trust of the simple and acquired considerable reputation : all the names and the signs were known to her, but, unfortunately, there was one thing that she could not do, she could not detect the thief in local robberies.

‘ Later she called herself Bhāvasiddhi, and was put in charge of certain dancing girls. At once she inaugurated a kind of sacred brothel in a temple. *Do not forget a small gift for the goddess*, she would say, and very little else.

‘ Afterwards she pretended to go mad, and would show herself naked in the streets in a circle of howling dogs. She became celebrated in this capacity, under the name of Kumbhadevī, and every sort of honour was shown to her.

‘ Kuladāsa, the minister, who was prey to a belief in magic, expressed a desire to see her. When she came to him, he received her with all respect, and let himself be guided by her prophecies. But she laid hands on the holy vases of his house, which were of silver, and hurriedly departed.

‘ During the religious festival of the corporation of carpenters, which consisted for the most part of a solemn procession, she altered her

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name to Kalā, opened a drinking stall, and for a full three days did a brisk trade in maddening liquors.

‘ One night she subtilized the seven little bells from a holy ascetic, as he lay deeply sleeping off his drink.

‘ Afterwards, when certain travellers lost consciousness through taking a spirit which was too full of thorn-apple, she packed up all their possessions and fled through the night to Shūrapura.

‘ There, as a matter of convenience, she married a porter ; but, when he lay dead in sleep after his hard day’s work, she would always leave him and pass the night with someone else; yet this did not prevent her, in the morning, from girding up her high broad haunches across their narrowest part with a long cord, and cheerfully carrying the heaviest burdens upon her head all day. ’

‘ Journeying later over the desolate mountains, by wet and slippery paths, abrupt and deep in snow, she came one evening to the convent of Panchāladhārā, where she introduced herself as Bambā, a lady of high breeding, and let it be seen that she wished to stay there awhile. . . . Eventually, in the depths of winter, she went forward, her face muffled in her garment, and tormented by the cold. She wore a thick

woollen covering which fell to her heels, and seemed a very miserable little old woman indeed in those days.

‘In her further wanderings she called herself Satyavatī, a Brahman woman, and as such she passed over the whole earth: the sea surrounds it as a belt, and the jewels of the belt are little islands.

‘Wherever she went, she contrived consideration for herself: in one place because she knew the words of Yoga, in another by displaying her fasts and macerations, in a third by boasting that she had undertaken a circular pilgrimage to bathe herself in the most notable sacred rivers.

‘By determining the position of sun and moon, and the direction of the wind, by observing the bright variations of the comets as a means of reading the future, she beguiled the confidence of fools, and assured herself profit even in kings’ palaces.

‘*I myself will paralyse the army of your foes!* When she had made such a promise, she would pack the gold, which she had extorted for her service, in a portable form, and preside over the beginnings of the battle. But, as soon as the disorder became great enough, she would disappear into the dust and darkness.

‘As she went on her way, she chattered of her

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pilgrimage to Kedāra, of her sacrifices at Gayā, her baths in the Ganges, and of all her other works of piety. She showed herself off as a witness of the blessings which follow such deeds, and thus could always obtain a gift of money from the rich and well-disposed.

‘A thousand years have already passed over my head, she would declare, I know the highest secrets of alchemy; the magic words, in all their infinite and delicate complexity, are at my service; I hold in my hand the essence of each desirable thing in the Three Worlds. By means of such fantastic boasting she would reduce the good landowners in country places to the condition of dogs licking the soles of her feet; and at the same time, to feed her personal pride, she would contrive to minimise the veneration due to the truly virtuous. She was an extraordinary woman.

‘After she had visited the farthest shores of the world, and had obtained unheard of triumphs through her increasing culture in love’s jugglery, she returned to her own country, bringing no other fortune than her withered form. There is no man, however low he may have fallen, who will renounce the land of his birth: it is as native to him as the body is !

‘Though she was entirely decrepit and utterly disfigured, and in spite of her lies and boasting,

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I recognised her by the little dark blue beauty spot upon her forehead.

‘ If this chosen among women, this ravenously rapacious bawd, this dragon of the pay-desk, is willing to become the mother of your wasted house, then rest assured, O slim young girl, that all the riches of the world of love will fall, for the asking, into your small hand.

‘ I will go to her now, for she knows all the tricks and shifts and secrets of the trade, she has the whole vast science of pimping at her finger-ends, and I wish to make certain that you get her ; only so will your feet be set upon the road to colossal fortune. But why should I waste time in speaking further of her ? Surely her wit could be matched against the world ! She is the perfect solution of your life, my child ! ’

Thus spake the barber in the fullness of his excellent counsel, and then departed
with great haste.

3. *A Night in the Market of Love*

AS SOON AS THE FRIENDLY BARBER had undertaken to fetch this mother of all riches, this mother of whom daughters of desire would dream, whom nature had marked out from earliest time to be a leech upon the burnings hearts of lovers, a sleepy lassitude fell upon the other courtesans, for they feared that they would lose her bold, magnificent help. The lord of day, spending his golden treasure slowly, had well-nigh come to the end of his course upon the air, and for a moment dipped his burning globe in the red dwellings of twilight.

Then, driven from this West of swiftly passing light, the flaming god died in his love pangs, and his glorious head was drowned below the sea.

Now the half moon glittered in the airs of evening, an ivory disk dropped from the car of some celestial harlot as she fought with another in a bawdy brawl. And, when the lunar god, the snow-rayed lover of the Night, rose in the East, the earth trembled with rapture and made herself ready for love's festival.

Then the wooers, who had done nothing during

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the day, began their measured to and fro before the houses of the courtesans, seeking for drunkenness.

The bawds concealed themselves as spies upon the threshold, skimming the street with their glances, searching the darkness again and again, in nervous attention, for a falling straw, greedy, expecting the worst.

The courtesans themselves swept withered garlands from the floor, and fragments of betel which their day-time lovers had spat out upon it; then they remade their beds for those who should come at night. And, while they displayed their wooden bedsteads, the little shaken bells gave signal, sonorous as a hymn to Kāma, and like the crooning of doves.

How can you have the impertinence to charge a second client for the whole night, said one, when a first has already paid you for it? And another cried: Why are you late?

A quarrel of precedence rose among the jealous promenaders; they fastened their lifted garments tight about their loins, pulling upon the knots, that they might not be hampered if it came to battle.

One priestess of love had an admirer already in hand, while her mother was busy charming the impatience of a second; and, if a third came for his turn, they would both make an excuse

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to slip forth and be polite to him for a moment. Others, whose regular customer had not arrived and who had refused some newcomer for his sake, now noisily mourned their double misadventure.

Still others tried to persuade those clients whom they had sucked dry and put to the door, and who had now received some new inheritance, that it was their mother who had forced them to do this thing. *If she cannot see that you are the very cream of gallants, I shall no longer cling to tragic life*, they said.

Yet others, and these the cleverest, kept up their game with some protector, whom it was their custom to tantalize with refusal, so that, when they deigned to throw him one kind word, even at the height of his anger, he would be ready to cast his fortune at their feet.

In some houses the bawds were ranting at amorous tricksters, who had once been dismissed and then found means to come in again under false names; and they were so angry that their voices sounded like the clatter of rattles.

One little house, crammed full of women, was boarded by a whole army of drunkards, who lay and slept upon the floor; so that one of the girls, who had found a friend, was forced to take him to a neighbour's dwelling.



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Some women stood with their faces out of doors, as if to call the wandering cat, and sent quick glances into the far shadows, hoping for the appearance of their favourite customer.

The first has not gone yet, the second is already here, the third, who has engaged to come, is most unpleasant ; he is exacting, jealous and brutal ; he has a headlong taste for me ; what shall I do ? This is what certain girls were saying to their mothers.

The night is long, the lover lusty, and my little girl is still extremely young. Weighed down by this consideration, a whole phalanx of old women were racking their brains for clever diversions with which to waste a lover's time.

At our house, cried another, inwardly furious that her beds stayed empty, *we do not take money from strangers, especially as there are so many gipsies on the road just now.*

In other houses where the lover, in spite of a special invitation, had shown so little sense of his own dignity as to come without any money, the girls were weeping over imaginary colics, or admitting in desolation to providential headaches.

Elsewhere, to excite the generosity of their own customers, the bawds talked in unwearying praise of certain prodigals, whom they could see throwing money out of windows in the same street.

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We are ashamed to be so poor! ruined young men would cry, and fall into ecstasy before the great fortunes of more substantial lovers.

My daughter is the permanent mistress of a magistrate's son, and would court a very great danger if she went with you. Thus spoke a bawd as she led an admirer into a quiet corner where the girl was waiting, and charged him triple tariff for her teigned betrayal.

That is not enough! Are you making fun of us? Are you not ashamed to offer so little to a wonderful woman like my daughter? It is not as if you were one of our regular clients. We have never seen you before. So cried another old woman, as she clung to the robe of a miser and would not let him go.

An ancient harpy lied in this wise to an unfortunate young man, who was no longer rich because he was still a lover: *A minister's son has taken my daughter for an outing. Be patient a little, as you love me; tomorrow she shall be yours.*

Takka, my usual lover, will not give as much as he should, if he comes here and does not find the place unoccupied. Yet if we annoy this disobliging general, he will never visit us again. And how can I make the expenses of the house if I do not let the author have his hour? Thus one woman complained to a friend, as they lay in wait at the head of a blind-alley.

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The other women suck silver from their dupes by every sort of means ; and every self-respecting man allows himself to be cozened, even when he sees through their contrivances. How can my upright nature contend against such creatures ? With such words a woman was drawing her cord more tightly about a noble-minded lover.

Last night passed like a flash of light in the midst of great pleasures ; now, after a day of feverish waiting, I return and am refused her couch. So, in a circle of mocking, questioning gallants, a discomfited lover told the sorrowful tale of his victimisation by some fine and artful procuress.

The reason you see no lovers at my house by day is that all my dealings are with serious people, and their important preoccupations give them no moment from morning till night to think of trivial things. When the night comes, my admirers cluster about me and woo me. But they are respectful in their worship, platonic and virtuous in their loves, and purely celebrate my beauty, grace, and wit. Our affair goes no further than gallant bouts of sprightly conversation. I live most modestly, and discreetly take the little money that I need from an intimate friend, as just remuneration. Thus spoke a courtesan to check the cackle of friends and rivals who were doing better business.

Put on your pearl collar, Taralikā ! . . . Do not forget your two bracelets, Manoharā ! . . . Your

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*belt is falling, Lilā, gird it more tightly ! . . . Do
not economise the sandal, Chitrā, for the night is dark !*

Thus troops of friends, out of the
treasury of their experience,
advised the courtesans.

4. *A venal philosophy.*

AND NOW THAT MAGNIFICENT PROCUR-
Aess, that fitting instrument in all
equivocal traffic, arrived in company
with the barber ; and you would have
said that it was night escorting the
shadows. The old woman was but a
packet of bones fastened together by sinew : her
guts were clinging to the skin of her belly ; she
was a ghost regarmented in illusion, a withered
skull and skeleton.

Her body consisted of holes wrapped up in
hide, a cage where universal falsehood lived,
like a decoy bird.

Her jaws were ever open to crush and swallow
all that her victims had ; she was the predestined
balance, announced by a thousand signs, to
weigh the 'Three Worlds' evil.

She was normal with those whose estate was
normal, she was wicked with the wicked,
humble with the humble ; she had been fash-
ioned and sent into the world to conduct the
music of pretended loves ; she showed long
and terrible teeth, and was as fearful to the
sight as a bitch when the quarter corpse she has
been gnawing is snatched away.

She had an owl's head, a crow's neck, and the

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eyes of a cat : she was a collection of disparate members, borrowed from various beasts, eternally at war against each other.

She was without parallel in her kind, the perfect guardian for a troupe of courtesans ; she was vowed to the use of the sacred alchemy of the passions, and to leave the martyred bodies of lovers no refuge except the death's-head staff of the ascetic.

As soon as Kalāvati beheld this occasion of lovers' tears, this black smoke from the bright fire of feminine immodesty, she rose in deferential haste, threw herself at the old woman's feet, and then, after seating her in her own chair, began, with a thousand notable signs of honour, to sing her praises :

‘ You are the veritable Brahma of a girl's training, and, by the infinite variety of your art, its Vishnu also ; and, above all, because of your battling with penniless lovers, you are its terrible Shiva. You hold the power of full divinity : creation, consolation, and destruction. ‘ O mother, there are women with gazelle's eyes who dazzle all men by the magic brightness of their beauty and the flower of their youth, leading them to expect a love productive each day of novel joys ; but even such cannot win to the goal of their desires without your teaching.

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‘Therefore receive me into your love, for I appoint myself your daughter ; I place myself in your hands, and flee to you as a refuge. Surely a delicate soul like yours will lend her sympathy and support at the first onset ? I ask no better than to give myself.’

Hearing herself besought so sweetly by Kalāvati, seeing her life already assured with comfort, and a large existence opening up before her, this man-eating spectre, this ancient vampire, answered :

‘Daughter, you have the love of my heart already ; though you were born to me without pain, and I carried you not upon my breast, it is great satisfaction to me to take you as my child.

‘It was Kankā, my good and lifelong friend, it was Kankā who came to speak of you to me ; Kankā who sewed up my nose so often when the gallants slit it.

‘You are the dreamed and elected vase for my instruction, O woman worthy of the gods ; for a picture must be painted upon fine fabric if it would truly please the eye.

‘First hear the broad principles of the art, my daughter. I can show you the general method which leads to success, but the treasures of experience and practice can only come after assiduous exercise in the science.

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‘It is not by a high birth, virtue, beauty, or knowledge, but by intelligence alone, that we achieve those riches which are worth more than life itself.

‘The thing most greatly and most notably lacking in this world is that reflective and clear sight which leads to the purposed end. I am old enough to be sure of this, that the great universe is full of foolish sheep, fit only for the shearing.

‘This ignorance of means adapted to the circumstance, of means which allow themselves to be used and moulded, as a doctor uses and moulds a disease which he is gently ripening day by day, this inability to master chance, is common to the Triple World, to gods and men and devils. They are poor creatures all, and especially poor in wisdom.

‘To consider Brahma, the supreme godhead: why did he do his work with so little forethought that the young magnificence of the proud breasts of virgins is as fugitive, alas, as light? With what discernment in craftsmanship can we credit a creator so blind that he never thought of filling pumpkins with that oil which now we have so painfully to extract from grains of sesame? Why did he not think to provide a good wool covering for certain beasts, when he had gone so far as to give them imposing sets of teeth for their defence?

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‘ Vishnu himself was constrained to complicated and peculiar tasks to obtain the jewels which he coveted. Yet it would have been enough for him to have created your amiable curves all moulded of lying love ; then would the treasures of the world have fallen at your feet for him. How could so great a god fail of so simple an idea ?

‘ And how could Shiva, who had renounced all the vanities of the world and sprinkled his body with ashes, how could Shiva, the patron of penitents, unite himself bodily with his love in the public sight ? What even passable thing could we look for in so contradictory a being ?

‘ Not one person in the Three Worlds has a grain of clear good sense ; but each blindly obeys the fatal spell of the Karma of his former lives and runs, through a thousand painful efforts, to the goal which Destiny has marked for him.

‘ What, then, can be said of the unfortunate women, in a world where all the men are so exquisitely obtuse ? Except to conciliate their imbecile indulgence, there is no way of livelihood for us, whether we be bawds or daughters of desire.

‘ The fool sleeps in his faith, though all beneath his eye is other than he thinks : deceit and jugglery in everything, that is our power.

‘ In this world of woman’s men there is a

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treasure especially created for street singers and courtesans, the need and habit of fools to cling to women.

‘ Once in the prime of my youth the son of a Brahman came frequently to my house, in a desire to lie with me.

‘ Now when I saw that he was exceedingly strong, through too great continence no doubt, and was stuffed with health, and shining with youthful vigour, I thought in consternation :

‘ The boy is too robust, and the night too long. I am already worn out by other lovers, I am feeble and good for nothing. How can I keep his respect, and yet balk him of those satisfactions which are now his due ? Let me try to gain time at least.

‘ So, as soon as I saw the moment approaching when I could not, for decency, defer the sacrifice, I plunged into lively conversation with the youth ; but finished by saying, so that he might think himself responsible :

‘ Leave me in peace ! What are you telling me ! There is nothing new in that ! This is the twentieth time that my ears have been wearied by that tale ! I am dying of sleep ! And then I began again, on another theme, pressing him with questions and chattering like a magpie.

‘ After this, when I had come to my wit’s end for conversation, and yet still desired to escape his muscular embrace, I began to utter lament-

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able cries, and told him that a terrible colic had attacked and was torturing my entrails.

‘ At once the young fool, who was quite dazed by his own ridiculous self-confidence and imbecile cult of truth, set patiently to work to rub away the colic.

‘ And while he sweated blood and water, with meritorious zeal, in kneading me from top to toe, the minutes flowed by gently, and the night, as if she had been in the secret with me, passed like the wink of an eye.

‘ Day came while he had still done nothing upon me, for the silly boy had been properly cheated by my colic.

‘ Yet, though he was as stupid as a ram, it seemed certain that he would ask me to give him back the fourfold wages he had already paid. How could I answer him, for it was too certain that he had had no pleasure for his money ?

‘ It would be prudent not to go too far, I thought, and therefore it became urgent that he should have some little taste, in some way or another, of the pleasures I withheld. If he picked up the crumbs, the poor leavings of love’s feast, surely a young man of such excellent refinement would not insist upon his right to be repaid ?

‘ Urged by such thoughts, I began to thaw a

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little in the dawn, and gave him certain frank and sincere kisses, as if I loved him, by way of quittance.

‘At this the poor boy, who was already firm in the toils, became quite confused at the advantage he thought he was taking, and again found patience to pity me. He even began delicately to exhort himself not to abuse my goodness by indiscretion.

‘It became necessary, therefore, for me to bring his almost too great guilelessness to heel, and I cried, in the midst of my hypocritical chatter :

‘My dear, my dear, the contact of your limbs induces a most extraordinary sensation : one feels as if one were being touched by amrita, the food of the gods ! Even now I have received a certain proof of this :

‘When your secret limb touched on those heights which are the throne of an amorous delectation in women, my belly-ache vanished away, I know not how ! Surely it was a reward of merit in my past lives that you were permitted to enter here to-day !

‘But no sooner had he heard these words than his eyes were filled with tears. He was sipping the pleasure of love when suddenly grief checked him, and his heart was narrowed with regret. He beat his breast and forehead with his hand, and cried : *Alas ! I am lost ! I am lost ! What a misfortune !* And then he said to me :

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' Why did I not know sooner that the contact of my limbs was as a precious stone, a talisman, a magic herb, touching the colic of women ?

' I have failed in the highest duty of my life ! My mother, the kindest of all mothers, suffered from obstinate colics, O all-beautiful, and they laid her in the tomb.

' If only I had know this certain cure in time, death had not ravished her away from me.

' Then weeping, and crying : I have committed a fatal fault ! he hurled himself from the house, and, but for his human form, it was as if a bull without horns were running away from me.

' There are men in the world who lack all power of thought, who are driven, invincibly and always, to debauch and connection ; for these they neglect all other things ; their life has but one joy and one idea, to be wetting their whistle, or burying themselves in women. The fools come of their own accord, and without one moment of reflection, to lay their heads, as if in the hands of a friend, upon a breast which feels no other desire than to ruin and leave them naked.

' Thus youth is wasted in enterprises of a varying success, but the getting or keeping of a fool's money is the crux of each.

' Courtesans can live by insincerity alone ; their very profession banishes them from the

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light of the truth. Through truth they fall on ruin, as well-born ladies fall by spirituous drink.

‘ At the house of a girl of luxury, truth turns into destruction ; the harlot’s splendour is, in its essence, but lies and illusion ; when her inner being is set out naked in the light of truth, it is seen to be beggared and empty, and no more worthy of a visit than the huts of the poor.

‘ The merchant kills himself if he be generous, the girl if she let her heart or lips become sincere, just as the master will perish through humility, and the author if he be capable of compassion.

‘ The connoisseur rejoices at the tricks and juggling of a courtesan, as at those of a mountebank. *Well done !* he cries, as if he were at the play. *What excellent corruption ! That is really extremely good !*

‘ One day, when I had passed over all this earth, surrounded in her belt of waves, greed led me back to the city of Pātaliputra, to the places where daughters of desire most congregate.

‘ When the bawds of that city, who know all that there is to know, perceived my feeble merit, they became jealous and with jesting and laughter would have humbled me.

‘ Therefore, to hold out against their efforts, I

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sat down to face the holy image of Ganesha, fasting, and in a swoon.

‘ Then Ganesha, the son of Shiva, appeared to me in a dream, asking : *How many days of your fast are already accomplished?*

‘ So I falsely displayed the convulsions of agony before him, and answered, without moving a muscle : *Two months have passed since I began, because of a vow, to refrain from eating.*

‘ Then Ganesha, who indeed knows all things, dignified to smile upon me, and cry : *Even under a vow, even in sleep, you do not forget your lying. I am pleased with you, my beautiful one, because you are inflexible in the path of falsehood. Your power of staging grandiose comedy shall be a source of inexhaustible rejoicing to you. This is my promise.*

‘ Such were his favours upon me, because by insincerity alone may women arrive at wealth and happiness.

‘ The capital thing is money ! Gold is the living soul of man, and particularly of princes and the gazelle-glancing girls who people the houses of pleasure : this is why it is necessary for both to be exercised in conquest.

‘ It is by riches that we attain understanding, and by understanding that we attain riches : in this low world, riches and understanding are but conditions of each other.

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‘ A man with a fortune is the Brahma and the Vishnu and the Shiva of the earth ; a man with nothing is like Rāhu, soulless and bodiless ; he is heavy and idle like Shanaishchara ; and like Vakra, who is devoted from his birth to the lower place.

‘ Even absurdity appears agreeable in a man of good birth whom fortune has chosen for her dwelling, just as the absurdities of a drunkard seem agreeable.

‘ This world is very fond of knowing men with great purses, for their contact is like that of sandal, fragrant and charming to the senses, even of those who have no owner’s right in it.

‘ The most terrible swords grow friendly to those on whom felicity has smiled ; but his own hairs turn rough and churlish against the man with nothing.

‘ Through fortune a man rises to mental distinction, for he can pay to surround himself with wise men ; to the height of a hero for he can purchase excellent soldiers ; and to nobility, for he can buy alliance with old and illustrious houses. Every advantage of life makes up a cohort of folly in the footsteps of fortune, for they depend on her, though she is independent. Let us esteem this fortune, then, for it is the root of happiness, and let us be very careful never to become endeared to any other thing.

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‘Hasten to grow rich, for this commerce with the body, which needs must have youth and beauty for its escort, has but one season. The splendour of youth has the brightness of Spring, for the body rises gloriously like a new-born spray ; it has the nocturnal charm of Autumn, because its face holds the mysterious light of the moon ; and it has the spreading life of the season of rains, for its moving breasts tumble like the waves of a stream ; but it passes, it passes.

‘Our joy in the drunkenness of youth stays but a little time ; it is a wandering joy and roves like the bee about the lotus faces, it rests like an antelope between the little hills of a girl’s breast, it burns upon her gallant croup like a favourite peacock, it swims like a royal swan upon the gracious waves of the lifted river of her belly.

‘And when this youth, which lovers love so much, has gone like a fool’s inheritance, then the fine light of a courtesan dwindles indeed.

‘Dear daughter, avoid the pride which says : *My beauty is marvellous !* for the peacocks in the forest, with their glittering splendours, grow thin and pine ; and the crows which fatten on the offerings given to the birds of heaven are wiser far than they.

‘Your brows have the sweet curve of Kāma’s flowery-arrow-shooting bow ; the disk of the

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moon is ashamed before the brightness of your face ; your lip has stolen her deep red from the pomegranate ; the sweep of the curve of your body is divine elixir—need I add more praises than these, O girl of fair haunches?—and yet, if you will not obey the instructions of reason, you are no more likely to attain your goal than an elephant blinded by rutting.

‘ The shining of the smile upon your lips is like a coral flower seen swaying beneath the water ; but however painfully you marshal all your graces, they will not lead to fortune’s happy conquest without the subtle tact of knowledge to support them.

‘ The most desirable, amorous, and perfect beauty cannot shine amid the darkening cares which follow poverty ; also, as an excellent poet has well said, the girl who can command fortune is a delight to all men.

‘ O child of excellent eyebrows, a girl who can be intoxicating wine to those who love her, and a goddess of beauty and happiness to those who buy her, a nectar to the opulent, and a poison to those whose goods have gone up in smoke, may dazzle the gods themselves.’

Kalāvati had harkened greedily to the words of the old woman, and now she said :

‘ Mother, will you teach me the
- ways which lead to riches ? ’

5. *A lesson in love tactics*

THEN THE OLD WOMAN PREACHED all the doctrine of feminine diplomacy, by virtue of which, as tame elephants are loosed to enchain the wild ones, beauty may snare her gallants when they are drunken with love.

‘ Because I feel towards you as a mother, dear child, I will teach you, if you will listen, a secret essential at all times and places to bring an intrigue to its right conclusion.

‘ Before all else you must take pains to discover the exact gradation of a lover’s feeling. When we have pierced the particular passion of a man, then, and not till then, can we know whether to show him the door, or strongly take him in hand.

‘ Now the eight shades of love which can be distinguished by colour are these : cobalt love, vermillion love, saffron love, carmine lac love, madder love, orange-coloured love, carrot-tinted love, and indigo or dark blue love.

‘ The forms of love which imitate the elements are these : gold love and copper love, brass love and lead love, iron love, diamond love, glass love and stone love.

‘ The eight kinds of love which have their

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correspondence in the heavens are these: twilight love and moon love, rainbow love and lightning love, Mars love and Rāhu love, cometary love and sun love.

‘ Eye love, ear love, and love that rests upon the tongue, skin love and nose love, heart love and love which takes its name from consciousness of love, such are the eight derived from our perceptions.

‘ Bull love, stallion love, and the love of the chameleon, ram and dog and ass love, cat love and elephant love: these names are borrowed from four-footed beasts.

‘ The eight bird loves are: parrot love, swan love, and the love of doves, peacock and sparrow love, cock love, green-billed cuckoo love, and pheasant love.

‘ The eight modes of love of the body are: hair love, bone love, nail love, hand love, tooth love, foot love, earring love, and love of the tilaka (caste-mark).

‘ There are also eight loves which take their names from maladies: shadow love, demon love, epileptic and planetary love, Gandharva love, Pishācha love, Yaksha love and mad love.

‘ And there are sixteen mingled forms which are as follows: flower love, orange love, pitcher and pomegranate love, alcohol and pyre love, erysipilis and leper love, bee love, moth love,

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scorpion love and fever love, vertiginous and thought love ; and then there is demoniac coupling love, and, finally, there is blood love. Now let me quickly run through this list, that you may know the signs by which we recognise each tint of love's variety.

‘ Cobalt love is constant if we seek to preserve it ; if we neglect it, it dissipates like a puff of air. Vermilion love is rude and gross in nature, but stays if we look upon it with affection.

‘ If we abandon saffron love a little it becomes joy ; but when it grows too great it turns to grief. If we warm carmine lac love it clings more closely ; if we let it get cold it does not cling at all.

‘ Now madder love stays equal with itself, whether we excite or greet it coldly, and thus it is capable of enduring joys. Harshness will keep the orange-coloured love alive ; but if it be treated too tenderly or softly it will die.

‘ Carrot-tinted love will pale and perish in the twinkling of an eye, even if we guard it well ; but indigo love endures even to the dissolution of the body, and is infrangible beneath many blows.

‘ Gold love holds the same polished lustre, whether we tear or crush it, or cast it in the fire. And copper love is bright without a stain, but only if we keep it carefully.

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‘ Brass love grows dull under the breath of a too tender liking ; lead love is, first and last and in the meantime, muddy.

‘ Iron love neither bends nor passes, because of its strength and stiffness ; and diamond love is pure and unpainted, unbreakable and natural.

‘ Glass love is frail by nature, quick to suspect deceit ; stone love endures for ever through its own weight, but has no sap nor joy, having no heart.

‘ Twilight love is ephemeral and durable at once ; it has a natural flaw, being dependent on the circumstance and situation of the loved one. Moon love grows cold when it has found its satisfaction : before it is rich in suffering, but afterwards it grows indifferent or forgetful. It is variable in essence, as likely to fade as to increase.

‘ Rainbow love is a medley of colours ; that is to say it seeks its pleasures a little everywhere and changes easily : it is filled with audacious and amusing tricks. Lightning love begins with a caprice, and engenders an affection which passes as it is born.

‘ Mars love glows like a red coal under the contempt of women ; and cometary love is fertile in brilliant disgraces, as of prison and death.

‘ Sun love burns pitilessly and sorely ; it has no thought except of its own increase, like a

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spreading flower ; but Rāhu love is naturally wicked, it has an evil influence, and harries the friends of the sun.

‘ Ear love delights in all that is pleasant to hear, and finds its highest satisfaction in listening to the praises of its lady ; eye love knows only loveliness.

‘ Tongue love is greedy after foods of every kind : skin love will come to terms with anything, and only breathes through contact, through intimate enmeshment of the limbs.

‘ Nose love seeks out flower breath, and odours of incense ; heart love is crowned in perpetual satisfaction.

‘ Soul love is clean of all infirmity, for it touches none but the loftiest mistress ; the love whose root is in love’s consciousness seeks after glorious union with a worthy mate.

‘ Bull love is a consequence of youth ; you may know it by the conceit which goes with great bodily strength : stallion love has no thirst except for sensuality.

‘ Chameleon love flames up at the first passing woman ; ram love needs satisfaction, as a ram needs grass.

‘ Dog love will never wish to hear the woman’s name again when it has won to its desire ; it publishes her secrets abroad : ass love delights in trituration only, his single need is to rub terribly, skin to skin.

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‘ Cat love rejoices to be constantly as near as possible to its mistress ; elephant love runs straight for coupling, thinks nothing of pleasant trifles at the door, and will not be turned aside for anything.

‘ Parrot love is of the house, and lacks both tenderness and sweetness, yet in its mouth lies pleasure : and swan’s is a delicate love, distinguishing the heights and depths of passion.

‘ The love of doves is known by this especially, its lust and tender attachment are so closely bound as to be one thing ; peacock love, in an ecstatic contemplation of itself, will ceaselessly dance before the mirror.

‘ Sparrow love desires the greatest possible voluptuous sum : cock love will share the slightest suffering with its lady.

‘ Green-billed cuckoo love excels in pleasant babbling, its conversation is a gliding stream ; and pheasant love faints not at kisses.

‘ Hair love waits for eight days and gives itself but painfully to the loved one ; bone love comes not forth, so cannot express its tender attachment.

‘ Nail love endures for a month, and then vanishes little by little ; and hand love, though it be great, is never apparent, because the lover hides his heart in it.

‘ Tooth love finds inexhaustible satisfaction in

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playing with betel ; foot love falls down before the girl, for little delicate feet are its sole concern.

‘ The love of a man of humble condition for some very great lady is tilaka love ; ear ring love is the friend of dissimulation and tortuous turnings aside ; it hangs at the ear of the loved one to gain her confidence and favour : it is unpleasantly given to boasting.

‘ The love which is like the demon of the shadow pursues its prey in every place, and dries up all that it touches ; the love that is named after the ghosts of evil is both self-willed and unconscious ; we cannot find the feelings out which govern it.

‘ Epileptic love for ever wastes itself in reproaches, or falls into terrible angers ; planetary love seizes you by the hem of your robe whether the street be crowded or deserted.

‘ Gandharva love is all for dancing and singing ; if you put Yaksha to the door, it will not depart, but try all tricks to enter again by the window.

‘ Mad love spreads out in chattering whirlpools, unbridled and unbitted ; Pishācha love’s sole pleasure is in filth, and it makes horrible wounds.

‘ Flower love is plucked in passing ; it is noble and wishes for nothing but to be esteemed. Although pitcher love be broken, it strives to mend its fragments, and so live again.

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‘ The surface of orange love is acid and bitter, but it is filled with affectionate sap within. A love grows up in the heart after many child-births, which is called pomegranate.

‘ Alcohol love is a momentary drunkenness : when it recovers, it falls again into a thousand doubts.

‘ Leper love is altogether abominable, and satisfies itself in disgusting ways, and makes us sick.

‘ Pyre love is like a wound on the tender parts of the body, it bites and deforms the members with its fire, and grows great by magic compulsions.

‘ Bee love is for ever seeking a new mistress, and dreams from flower to flower. Moth love is dazzled by the shining of its object, and delights to burn its wings ; it is heavy with disaster.

‘ Scorpion love is a cause of suffering and, though it is so soon odious, it cannot be rooted out. Thought love flies on the wings of memory to the loved one, even as it unites with another woman.

‘ Demoniacal possession attains its luxury in dreams. Blood love grows great on the blood which a humble lover sheds in fighting.

‘ See now, I have briefly shown you the eighty kinds of love ; but, if he keep count of every shade of disguise which love can take, who could determine the number ?

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‘ In the first place, it is absolutely necessary for venal beauty to conciliate the friends of him whom she desires to ensnare, since all fine blossoming of an intrigue rests with them.

‘ For it is by his friends that she shall know her lover’s resources and advantages, the special means to take his heart, his character and how he behaves in passion, and, later, in what degree he is growing cold.

‘ If a rich man desire her and his friends grow amorous of her also, she must not fail to win them over to her cause by sleeping with them in secret.

‘ The daughter of desire should strive to have the following lovers in their turn, as being mutually restful to her : a rich man’s only son, a boy who has been loosed too soon from the authority and counsel of his father, an author enjoying office with a rather simple-minded prince, a merchant’s son whose pride is in rivalling other lovers, the regular doctor of some chronically ailing official, the son of a celebrated master, an ascetic who is the slave of love in secret, a king’s son whose follies are boundless and who has a taste for rascals, the countrified son of some village Brahman, a married woman’s lover, a singer who has just pocketed a very large sum of money, the master of a caravan but recently come in, a rich man

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with a taste for philosophy, a fool who treads in the footsteps of the first comer, a wise man drunk with knowledge, and an inveterate drinker.

‘ When a courtesan is approached by an admirer for the first time, she should begin by saying coldly : *I have not the leisure*, for it is human nature to despise what is easily obtained.

‘ It would be well if she were to colour her refusal by pretending a headache, or some other indisposition which is apt to come on suddenly, and which cannot in any way inspire disgust.

‘ With a very rich man she may begin by rendering officious service and asking no thanks for it, just as a wife will. *Your riches*, she should say, but using of course some other magic word, *have acquired the most extraordinary hold upon me*.

‘ But if he be the first to show his claws, the woman must assume an entirely different character from the one of confiding service which I have just advised : directly after the act, she should curse her mother for having sent so sad a fellow, and she need not hesitate to pursue her gallant, even as far as his own house.

‘ If some man’s love for her be strewn with difficulties, she must tell him of her passion to voyage to a far land with him ; she must not cease to kiss him even when he sleeps ; and,

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while he is only half awake, she must continue to sing his praises.

‘ Even as she herself snatches a little slumber, she must murmur passionately concerning him, and bring no other name than his into her speech ; let her be unwearied in her embraces, but ever resist when he would be the same.

‘ She should express her desire to have a son by him, and declare that if they were separated she would die. And then, when she has bound his judgment in the halter of these and other devices, she may safely set her hands upon his money.

‘ Now, while his passion still holds him senseless, she should swallow the last of his fortune as quickly as possible ; for as soon as his ardour wains he will become as hard as cooling iron.

‘ She should remember to ask him from time to time, just after their enjoyment, why he is sad, and, in doing so, she should cross her thighs as if to refuse him : the ripe fruit of a mango, which offers on a bending branch, has little attraction for one who has eaten already.

‘ If a man has a personal fortune she should hold him a trifle, as long as some of it remains. For, as the wick will burn while there is yet oil, so should there be a little love upon the lips of a woman while there is still a little gold in the lover’s purse.

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‘ But when she has sucked out the sap of his riches, and he is good for no more at all, she should throw him aside like an exhausted sugarcane : when the flower has withered and spoils its place among the hair, how quickly the hair itself will let it fall !

‘ But if, like the winter cat upon the hearth, the lover clings when he is dismissed, and cannot bear to go, certain means must be taken to make him understand ; and these should be progressively ruder and ruder, until they touch him to the quick of his flesh.

‘ She should refuse him the bed, and jeer at him, and make him angry ; she should stir up her mother’s enmity against him ; she should treat him with an obvious lack of candour, and spread herself in long considerations about his ruin ; his departure should be openly anticipated, his tastes and desires should be thwarted, his poverty outraged ; she should let him see that she is in sympathy with another man, she should blame him with harsh words on every occasion ; she should tell lies about him to her parasites, she should interrupt his sentences, and send him on frequent errands away from the house. She should seek occasions of quarrel, and make him the victim of a thousand domestic perfidies ; she should rack her brains to vex him ; she should play with the glances of another in his

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presence, and give herself up to reprehensible profligacy before his face ; she should leave the house as often as possible, and let it be seen that she has no real need to do so. All these means are good for showing a man the door.

‘ But if passion clogs him to such an extent that neither affront nor outrage avail to move him, then the courtesan should lift her arms to heaven and, without looking at his face, proceed to this declaration :

‘ It is four days since the women of the house have had a feast, and yet the house is mine ; once it was filled with pious processions of lovers, once admirable magnificence would reign within it.

‘ What business has a man to run aground in the dwelling of a high-class woman, when he has no money ? How dare a man take his place upon the ship when his fare is lost to him ?

‘ What can a daughter of desire do with a handsome boy whose fortune has flown, and who has not even the energy to go out for more ? Who would keep a fine-looking cow if her milk had dried upon her ?

‘ Surely it is in vain that this wretched youth is prodigal of love words which could only seem sweet to fools : shall the kisses and caresses of a nurse whose breasts are barren give a child strength for growing ?

‘ When, beneath these or the like disdainful words, her lover has vanished as the dew before the sun, the woman should immediately apply

herself to a second : it does not matter if she has already put this second to the door, provided he has found a new fortune in the meanwhile ; she can hold his heart again if she will take the pains.


‘ And, when she has many times repeated to the new investment : *You are my all, my heart, my life ; the world holds only you !* when she has finally absorbed the total of his fortune, she must
 • cast him aside, as a serpent casts its outworn skin, and seek a third with more gold yet. That is the secret of the trade in a few words.

‘ These brief instructions admit of infinitely varied interpretation, dear child, according to the circumstance ; and it requires intelligence, insight and reflection to make the best of each particular case.

Then the old woman ceased.



6. *The ideal lover.*

HEN THE MOON GOD, EMPTYING HIS brightness little by little like a lover's purse, had spent his last treasures of light upon his mistress, the dark sky, she hoped no more of him and shut her stars with an embarrassed air, as if she dared no longer look upon him. Thus, as an angry, sleepy girl sends out her ruined lover, she sent away the moon.

Then the god, who had held her in his arms all night, departed sorrowfully, and, as he went, her other gallant, the old sun, showed on the rim of the world. She cast the fires of dawn about her with a harlot's haste, and ran to deck the doors of heaven with blushing roses.

So the sun god came to his full height in the splendour of morning, the ever rich and prodigal and young, a lotus of light: he blossomed and woke the bees, and they, like lechers about the nectar of rose lips, ran out to aspire the freshness of the opening flowers.

And Kalāvati? She glimmered with pearls, and the bees grew drunk at the scent of her, and droned in the crowns of her hair. She looked in her mirror and saw a night of full moon reflected with all its stars.

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She held the red betel in her fingers with a gracious gesture, as a wanton's favourite parakeet, and stood, offering the attraction of her flesh like merchandise, with her mother and the barber tending her.

She moved in a dream of money, money for the house, swift-vanishing money, money that was her heart's desire ; it was of money that the doves intoned to her, as they heard the rhythmic chinking of her belt in her walking and gesturing lightly and quickly.

Already Kanka was on the look out for some new suitable lover for her, and had been since the first light ; now, without taking his eyes from the wide scene outside, he said to her :

‘ It is the hour of the marriage of the sun and the blue sky, and lo, the lovers go out from the houses of the courtesans, just as the lamps go out !

‘ See, Līlāshiva, the penitent, is leaving the house of his Nalini ; he was rudely wakened by the singing of the cock ; he has avoided the main roads and is taking a roundabout footpath to his cloister.

‘ Down there, in Bhadrā's house, the parasites are asking each other after their pleasant evenings ; they are dividing up the treasure left by the lawyer's son, and will soon run forth to buy themselves dainties.

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‘ Now watch the great and useless Anangasāra sidling up to that door, and Vasantasenā coming out to speak to him : she gives him a picture of the pleasures of her night, but there is no truth in what she says, for I know that she slept alone.

‘ Matanga, who is the president of a corporation, has broken Rāmā’s bracelets and earrings : the girl cries piercingly before her mother, and hides her share in the misfortune.

‘ Surely it is to drink the cup of reconciliation with Mādhava that Anangalekhā comes here at dawn, for there is a man walking in front of him with a jar of wine, and leading a ram.

‘ There is Mallikā ; she and Arjuna were reconciled last night ; they are going out to play in the amusement park. To-day he seeks foolish excuses for not giving her the silk robe she has asked him for ; he will have to give it to her tomorrow.

‘ Over there you may see Kānā with the singer who broke up everything in her house last night because she refused him her bed. Now he kneels as a suppliant at her feet, and she agrees to take his clothes, for they are still quite good, in payment for her pots and couches.

‘ The merchant Shambhu came to this part last night because it was his turn with Nandā : she has just slipped back from the house of another lover and is telling him terrible lies and swearing that they are true.

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‘ Madana stole his father’s jewels and then crept hither to make himself agreeable to the fair Mrinālī. She is showing the men who have come to look for him all over her house, but I know that she has somehow hidden him there.

‘ Ramanī and Malaya had angry words, and then he was impotent before her, through jealousy ; now her friends are advising him in his confusion : *Give her a lovely jewel to console her, quickly, quickly.*

‘ And, see, His Reverence is coming, His Reverence Shambarasāra. His hair is tinted black, but his great age is betrayed by the depth of his wrinkles. He goes to seek the ecstacy of the Yogā . . . at the house of Yogā.

‘ Kamala, that high and permanent official, has not taken his eyes from this house for a very long while. It is you that he looks at so intently, Kalāvati.

‘ And do you not see that other man who is gazing at you, the one whose arms are heavy with gold circlets ? Do you not recognise him by his cut and patched and disappearing nose, that sign of an adulterous fever ? It is Prapancha, it is the ambassador of Prince Mālava. He is shifting and twisting like a charmed snake.

‘ And there is that great rascal, Shrīgupta. He is famed for duplicity, he is notorious for

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impudence, even in the congregation of parasites. He is expert in all the arts of Kālī, and fertile in pleasing and audacious tricks. He has spied out your new and illustrious mother from far off, and now carries his hands to his forehead in homage and veneration ; he has winked, his chin moves in a smile, and he is chanting :

‘ Victory, victory to the procuress, to the thrice-sainted Shandaghantā ! Her terrible teeth spread wide before a palace lamentable as Hell ; they stand forth clear and cutting in her mouth ! Her tongue rises and writhes like a steel-pointed flame ! Her throat has a fever to swallow the whole world, as if in play ! She stands under the rams’ bones sacrificed to Shiva and, with a sinister noise of greedy jaws, devours them ! Victory to the perfect, to the accomplished, to the dried miracle, yet miracle of fullness !

‘ But look, look, there is little Panka watching you, Panka the son of Shankha ! The father is cupidity’s elected home, and the incarnation of all evil ; he has made himself a great fortune, and owns a rich bazar. But it is little Panka, the son, who is watching you, girl of delectable eyebrows, and he is as innocent as the gazelle. He looks like a sparrow hesitating before some attractive piece of dung, does he not ?

‘ It is a silly sheep with a rich fleece and a thick head that your happy chance has sent you : he is gold to the ears, gold well above the shoulder ; surely he was created and sent into the world for you alone !’

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So Kalāvatī measured the merchant's son with her eyes, and rejoiced, and answered smiling :

‘ A fool with a confused face, that is exactly what I needed ! His neck sways from one side to the other as he looks about him ; he has no conception of his own desires ; his walk is as uncertain as a drunkard's, and his conversation is like a baby's rattle, incomprehensible even to himself ; he conceives that he is at the height of glory because he has on red slippers. A child like that, with all the flaring signs of imbecility, is my predestined prey. He should be easy to conquer and easy to devour.’

‘ O Kalāvatī,’ said the old woman, ‘ this wonderful rake, this most experienced wanton, who hangs upon your glances, is already doomed in other eyes than ours. See, there is a host of wandering singers and mountebanks about him ; they have recognised him as the tender victim of your altar, and each is waiting for a slice ! ’ And then she added : ‘ Run after him swiftly, O my Kanka ! ’

The barber did not wait to be commanded twice ; he leapt from the top to the
bottom of the stairs, and
sped from the palace.

7. *How to engage.*



ALKING MAGNIFICENTLY AND slowly Spring came on, and new loves blossomed where his feet fell; and then young Spring caressed their stems with fecundating breath, robed in his flowery ornaments.

It seemed as if the solar god said pensively : *Each loving girl depends for her voluptuous joys upon the goodwill of some other.* And that is why he lavished the life of his rays on the cold countries of the North, where riches are.

The flowers rejoiced in a sweet lassitude and quivered with drunken love, sighing under the breath of the south wind and growing white with petals.

Spring used its regenerating sorcery and raised up Kāma from the dead, the old god of the five arrows, the god of Love, whom Shiva had devoured in his fires of anger.

Now the woods were frenzied with the spring-time and shone like harlots ; they lisped in the

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green-billed cuckoo's jargonning, and sang aloud in the humming of the bees.

The barber soon returned to Kalāvati as the ambassador of her new gallant, and she was nice, and hesitated whether to receive the child or to decline his offers. Much coming and going of the officious Kanka was needed to arrange the matter, but at length, towards evening, the girl made up her mind. Then, while her crafty accomplice carried the good news, she settled with enthusiasm to her toilet, so that she might appear to advantage on the bridal couch.

She scented her cheeks by passing over them leaves soaked in musk ; she took camphor, and with it set the sign of beauty upon her forehead near the line of her curling hair ; her body shone with the gilded excellence of saffron. When her preparation was over, she took counsel with her glass, and it told her that her beauty had never before so charmingly repaid embellishment.

The upright, supple flower of her body, the pearls in the valley of her breast, her gazelle glances, erected a temple to Kāma, God of Desire.

And now the merchant's son walked to the house of the courtesan, under the greedy gaze of all the people of that sanctuary, that promised land of tariffable love ; and, as they looked, they computed Kālavati's probable profit, and each worked out his share.

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Great gold rings, heavy with pearl, hung at the boy's ear, and a gold amulet shone in the midst of the jewellery about his neck. His virtuous mother had put mustard grease upon his hair to ward off evil spirits. His carefully-fitting silver anklets were studded with large olives carved from lapis-lazuli. His hand lifted his falling robe with its long fringes at every step he took ; and his mouth savoured and chewed upon its well-mixed lime and betel with a strange little sound.

He found Kalāvati paying minute attention to her mirror ; her beauty's plenitude was like a clear night sky, and a collar of pearls laughed with white light upon the rounds of her breast. Doubtless she was thinking : *Why, it is a baby, it will have to be coaxed : what may such a child do in love's tournament ?*

And with the young man there came seven parasites such as live upon girls and their lovers, seven of those most notorious idle hornets that buzz about the lotus of lust : they came as priests with their victim, for they themselves had carefully guided him to the sacrifice and had earmarked his fortune as a golden holocaust.

As the youth had learned from these attendants how he should behave with women, he entered as if into his own house, and made himself easy, like an old libertine.

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Hiding the half of his nose in his garment, he gabbled off the playful discourses which he had been told were then in fashion, just like a parakeet, and made unseasonable parade of wit he had not got.

Then the bawd Kankālī, seated upon a high chair, began to sing the praises of the parasites, with perfect hypocrisy, in order to win their favour for her daughter.

‘This merchant’s son,’ she said, ‘must certainly be rich and fortunate, otherwise he would not be of your company, for you are only intimate, as I know well, with those who labour to mature their natural virtues.

‘And in his glow as a lover he must be most agreeable to you, for at this season the young sun delights the exquisite lotus flowers and they bloom again.’

Thus she conciliated the hearts of the parasites, while the floor grew redder and redder with the juice of betel.

Then Vetālikā, who had been Kalāvati’s nurse, and was as black as Kālī, rejoiced at the windfall which this distribution of betel meant for her, and cried :

‘It is not here as at the houses of other courtesans, where a famished crowd awaits the distribution of the betel. Our company is smaller and more select, I thank the gods !

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‘ All honour, then, to the excellent Kanka, for he has the stature of a god, and nourishes profound, rare thoughts within his head. O handsome youth, you owe it to the officious cares of Kanka that Kalāvati, whose favours are most difficult, has fallen with such ease into your arms.

‘ First let me present you to the son-in-law of one of our neighbouring houses, a man worthy of all consideration, for he has obtained the hand of one of our daughters. His name is Kamala : he sits in the place of honour.

‘ And this is Mahāshakti, the ascetic, who arrived but yesterday for the feast of Parvan. Once he was kind enough to take upon himself the funeral rites of Kalāvati’s father.

‘ This is the son of the member of the congregation of Purahita ; he guards the sacred relics and this is Pouremout, the liquor seller, Kalāvati’s paternal uncle.

‘ These are Kalāvati’s brother-in-law, Mr. Paunchy, and Mr. Wiper, her maternal uncle, and Mr. Wiper’s excellent brother, whose name is Silliberry.

‘ This is the nurse of the child acknowledged by Kalāvati, and this the nurse’s husband.

‘ This is Kāmba, the son of Bhāgavata, who understands the language of wild beasts, and this is the singer Valetass, the favourite of the king’s first minister.

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‘ This is Greedyguts, the cook, a very good friend of ours, and with him are Shard, the potter, Heron, the parasol-bearer, and the coachman Wagtail.

‘ This is Coupler, the Brahman ; the girls employ him to turn the influence of malignant ghosts ; and these are Gape, the gardener, and Twiddeloar, the waterman.

‘ These are Onion-face, the garden porter, Bud, the flower-seller, Harness, the cobbler, and Lovehole, the express.

‘ We give them all betel when they come here ; but we have to send it each morning to Kalāvati’s woman friend, whose name is Devil-crown, and to Mr. Dodger, who looks after her.’

As soon as Vetālikā’s dependents had been satisfied in their two delights of betel and drink, they dispersed, reeling, towards other brothels. And they went in high satisfaction, because their rights to the distribution had been acknowledged.

Then the night came, veiled in the odours of incense as if she were fearful of the parasites ; for many had remained with Kalāvati and her lover, and were quite drunk by now and bragging incredibly.

I am the right hand of the prince in battle, said the police officer. The nation rests upon my pen,

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replied the scribe. *Where I sit, sits the science of the theatre*, cried the dramatist, and the merchant cried: *My scales give birth to gold. My calculations have encompassed the Three Worlds*, shouted the astrologer, and the doctor assured him: *I cured the great King Bhoja*. Then the poet said: *I am honoured by princes because of the beauty of my verse*. It was thus they boasted in their rising intoxication.

But at last, after the final gracious distribution of betel by Kalāvati, they went out into the street, each revolving how he might quickly get money to satisfy his passion.

Then it was that the gazelle-like girl, whose lotus face still lighted with a smile at the droll memory of her guests, dragged her quite tipsy little gallant by the arm, and couched herself with him. Her bed was canopied, and had cushions upon it whiter than a swan, and a clear silk coverlet.

The lights seemed to grow less in the presence of this lover, who was but a child, as if they were ashamed to look upon him; but in reality it was the wings of an army of bees, drawn by the many flowers, that made them quiver, and the smoke of burning aloe wood that dimmed them.

8. *How to break off.*

NIGHT WAS SO WEARIED BY THE WHITE-flashing Moon God's love that she sent him one last glance from her open stars, then closed them and swooned away. The splendour of her sweat was in the dew of morning.

It was then that Kalāvati came to find Kankālī, and her reddened eyes bore witness that she had not slept. When the old woman questioned her as to the doings of the night, she answered :

‘ You would never believe, mother, how strange is the nature of that child, for though he is quite little, he is fashioned beyond his years and has all the energy and violence of a peppercorn.

‘ As he was quite drunk, my servant laid him gently upon my high couch ; and the rascal rested there motionless, and snored profoundly.

‘ Then a curiosity, which any woman would understand, led me to take him in my arms ; and I confess that I did so clumsily. But though this enjoyment was quite new to him, he fell asleep at the very moment when it was over, and lay with even less motion than before.

‘ So suddenly I whispered : *His betel nut is not moving in his mouth !* and was seized by a foolish

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fear that he was dead. Dipping my hand in water I passed it over his breast, and at once he recovered his senses.

‘ But he wakened only too well, and began to take kindly to the thing. He made love like a sparrow : you would have called him the incarnation of insomnia. At last, after innumerable escalades which left me weary and broken, he lay back and slept till dawn.

‘ When I roused the desires of this impetuous child, I was lighting a fire which should consume me ; I was walking upon hot coals, and knew it not.

‘ I said in my pity : *So tender a boy will weep !* and therefore forbore to use my teeth ; but now my own lip is all torn, see, as if my parrot had been biting it.

‘ My two breasts are lolling as if in shame because I coupled with a lad so young ; his perpetual assault, strong clasping, and loving games made them as nothing.

‘ The wavering branch of my body has been rent by his nails in unconventional places ; how then shall I hide the scars upon my delicacy, when I have to do with others more versed in unguiculation ? ’

When she had thus spoken, she gazed on the ground in constraint and perplexity, for she was unnerved by her want of sleep. But Kankālī

answered with a smiling mouth, which showed the points of her teeth; those teeth sharp as the desires of the parasites.

‘O fortunate and holy innocent,’ she said, ‘this audacious, thorn-like maturity, of which you complain, is not at all to be wondered at in merchants’ sons. They have too many chances of learning from their fathers’ shop boys.

‘One thing alone is certain, that the child has money about him, which he has stolen from his father; for no one would present himself with such assurance, if he came empty-handed.

‘The smallest mouse will frisk and run busily when an alms of food falls down her hole; but even the great elephant, when he has spent his amorous sap and his trumpeting sounds hollow, grows sleepy and melancholic. It is the same with a lover whose purse is empty, whose generosity is all exhausted: timid embarrassment betrays him.

‘I shall go now swiftly and talk with our lover, for I must invent some cleverness at once with which to frighten those parasites away from here. The abundant honey which this merchant’s son provides will be enough for you, but not for a whole troop of cumbersome and idle hornets.

‘This body we girls put up to auction is a true treasure and a source of riches; but why should

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we waste the careful profits of our labour on sons of assistant bawds ? ’

Then the wise Kankālī went without loss of time and, finding the lad in the bedchamber, spoke confidentially to him :

‘ Did the night go well, my little one ? Did she smile as a white waterlily, and bring you all your desire ? You ought to be put in prison, you bad boy, for stealing my Kalāvati’s heart so swiftly.

‘ She has walked without wavering over an ocean of young lovers, and now, see, she hangs at your skirts for fear of losing you : my little Kalāvati, to solicit whose graces her lover from the South country, her lover, the great King Bhoja, has sent ambassadors.

‘ But doubtless this union was planned in the past lives of both ; for, if Destiny had not intended it, whence comes my prescience that it will be you who shall pay me the last filial rights when I pass from this into another world ?

‘ Yet there is one dangerous obstacle to your sweet coming together, and it ceases not for a moment to concern my mind. I refer to the band of parasites ; for it is as difficult to rid our house of them as to disentangle a thorn tree from its thorns.

‘ Their poverty is their own, and their riches

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are the riches of another ; therefore, when they have eaten and drunken your substance, they will find no task pleasanter than to denounce your loves, and to hand you over to your father, as one whom it were good to keep in custody.

‘ But if you will consent to remain invisible but for one day, this whole crew shall be deceived and cast into despair, and will disperse.’

To this the merchant’s son replied with a simplicity inseparable from his years. ‘ You are right, my mother,’ he said, ‘ and your words betray a tender interest in me.

‘ I have something tied in the corner of this cloth ; I took it from my father’s shop. I leave it with you now, as it may help towards the pleasure and adornment of your daughter.’

So saying, the child gave her the inestimably valuable gems which he had subtilized from his father, and then docilely left the house, taking a hidden path which the old woman showed him. Along this he walked sufficiently far, beyond the palace with its great flat roofs, to be safe from any researches which the parasites might make.

Kankālī at once dissimulated her delight, and assuming a mien of hypocritical despair, re-joined the parasites. In a voice broken by confused sobbing she said to them :

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‘Gentlemen, gentlemen, you have been lifelong friends of mine, you are my natural allies, and have had loving kindness and benevolent help from me . . . how could you so suddenly turn round and bear yourselves thus evilly towards me ?

‘Why did you abuse my boundless confidence ? Why did you bring that wild urchin, that brigand’s son, into a house you knew to be full of jewels, and pass him off to us as a merchant’s heir ?

‘If the other courtesans egged you on, and an irresistible desire possessed you to make game of us, need you have shown such brute malignity ? Need you have risked the murder of my daughter ?

‘When Kalāvati fell at last into a weary sleep, that surprising lover of yours took off her two bracelets and her collar of pearls, and fled unnoticed with his booty.

‘Each day we hear of women, dwelling in the love markets of every city, who are butchered by ruffians of this kind, just for their jewels. It is only by the special favour of some guardian god that Kalāvati has escaped from this adventure with her life.

‘If the law should come to meddle in the matter, on whose head will the fault be proved ? Who but you, gentlemen, will be held responsible

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for this absconding assassin? And are you in a state to be his bond?

‘Ye gods, how terrible is this iron century, when a troop of dear friends, men sheltered and at ease, conspire together for the taking off of one poor woman!’

‘Who shall delve into the strangeness of the human mind? Who shall read the secret dispositions of the soul upon the palms of the hands of the unrighteous? Who shall search out the conduct of the false-hearted person, saying one thing and straightway doing another?’

At the end of this most affecting discourse, Kankālī ran hither and thither with incoherent cries, and finally threw herself down screaming into the street. At length she climbed back to vent her anger and agitation upon the servants, whom she hustled mercilessly for many minutes.

So the parasites were stricken with fear, and quite put out of countenance; without waiting to understand, they departed by the lanes which led to side streets, and did not halt to take counsel until they were far removed from Kalāvati’s house.

But, when they had well weighed and considered the matter, they came at last to this common agreement: that they had gone to the

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house hoping for a fine booty, that misfortune had surprised them, and that they had been lacking in the presence of mind to combat her. It was evident that they had been cozened by a premeditated plot, woven for their discomfort. What could they do now ?

‘We are victims of a judicial error,’ said the policeman. ‘We never saw the young merchant leave the house ; it seems quite certain that Kankālī herself made him depart in secret.’ ‘She has behaved like a merchant,’ answered the scribe sadly, ‘a merchant who wishes to conceal his gains ; but if we run through her accounts we shall see that she has played a trick on us.’

‘The whole thing is a worn theatrical gambit,’ declared the dramatist, ‘but we must give that old sorceress credit for having staged it with unusual artistry. She has made us dance : ‘I see no need of epilogue.’

Then the merchant cried in anger : ‘I know Kankālī. She is a false scale covered with counterfeit markings. The whole imbroglio was conceived by her.’

‘The little merchant’s Sun is far from the sign of the Ram just now,’ put in the astrologer. ‘The burning and evil influence of Kankālī is in the ascendant.’

‘She has been drinking too much spirit,’

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suggested the doctor, 'and now it is us she puts upon a diet, to cure her hair disease.'

'The life of marriage and festival which we promised ourselves has now all fallen by the board,' lamented the poet. 'Our single and our last resource is gone. O woe, O woe, O woe !' And with that the parasites dispersed like bees which have been exiled from a flowery garden, each with his load of anger and astonishment, chagrin and shame.

But Kankālī's night was full of thankful joy ; she savoured the peace in which the house was wrapped, and listened through the hours to her own applause.

She woke the next morning in an excellent mood, for she had already traced out another combination ; to put it into effect, she went down early to the buildings in the market place, and satisfied herself as to the exact extent of the young man's father's fortune.

In spite of the enormous hoard of gold which he had already raked together, he was always to be seen basking at his shop, on the look-out for the least small profit, and ready to snap like a crocodile ; but on this occasion he appeared angry, agitated, and full of care, for he had already discovered the depredation of his son.

He sat on a high cushion, and there was a box

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between his hands containing an inventory of his thirty millions. His eyes were almost blind, because he had shut them so often to those who came to him with petitions ; he was almost deaf, for he had closed his ears so often against his debtors when they wished for some part of the profit he had made by selling their pledges ; and he was almost dumb, because so many asked him if he had paid a fair price for the things inside his shop, and he did not care to answer.

The coats of his thick doublet, overlapping an outer garment of torn linen, flapped in disorder ; and the mokota, which hung over his naked limbs, was filled with holes and greatly too large for him. He was all the more unpleasant to regard, because, at the moment, he was raining blows with a cudgel upon his maid servant, who had had the impertinence to ask for a little money for the household. When he desisted, he sat immobile, and paid no attention to the terrible cries by which a cat, fastened with a cord, tried to tell him she was dying of hunger.

Kankālī looked at this appearance for a long time from far off, with her skeleton finger to her nose, until she was certain that it was indeed the famous merchant. Then she glided softly towards him and, taking advantage of a

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moment when his shop was little patronised :

‘ Sir, I have something very particular to say to you,’ she said.

‘ Yesterday I made the acquaintance of your innocent and pleasing son. He had allowed certain parasites to lead him astray, and they had taken all from him, both jewelry and clothing ; so that he seemed like a young gazelle pursued by the hunters.

‘ Because I pitied him, and because he was charming, I allowed him to creep into my house, and the moment after, I know not how, he had crept into the heart of my daughter also.

‘ And the inclination which led her to give herself to him caused her to supplement his pleasures, which more than one king might have envied, with extravagant gifts.

‘ Now that your son is her master and lord, he is also master and lord of her enormous fortune ; for many kings’ sons and certain ministers have been generous in their payment for her body.

‘ As soon, therefore, as I saw my Kalāvati all foolish with youth and love, and overjoyed by this most suitable alliance, I decided to come to you to place my house and all that I have in personal possession between your benevolent hands.

‘ I am about to set forth upon a considerable journey, for it has long been in my heart to

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visit all the sacred rivers of this land ; and while I am gone it will be your duty to watch over Kalāvati's fortune. Therefore I bring you all that she has ; and I have sealed it, with due formality, in a packet.

‘ And now, Sir, I trust that your love for your son and a condescending benevolence towards your daughter-in-law will make you consent to honour the feast which we are giving, according to fortunate custom, at our house to-day.’ When she had thus spoken, Kankālī filled her eyes with tears and fell at the feet of the stone-hearted merchant, for she saw that he already rejoiced at the great advantage which had befallen his son.

‘ My excellent lady,’ he answered, ‘ what you have told me is in truth a great source of rejoicing ; yet I am distressed that you should put yourself out in any way. We will indeed go down to your house together, if so you wish, but I, whose pious task it is to provide food for others, cannot consent to eat at your expense. Allow me to provide payment for the common repast. I will give you the money at once.’ So saying, he gaily put a rupee and a half into the old woman's hand, so that she smiled to herself. Then he went down with her to dinner. He found his son busied by joyous love games with his darling, and was enchanted to see the feast which was to cost him so little.

Samayamātrikā

When he had taken part in the banquet and drunk much spirits, when he was all perfumed with impressions of camphor and cardamom, he said to Kankālī :

‘ I will make myself responsible for all reasonable daily expenses, but you must take care to avoid considerable or undue cost.’

With that he returned to his own place, his heart beating high with hope, for he thought that he had found an inexhaustible mine to be exploited. There is but one way to cheat an avaricious man, and that is to bait your hook with an illusion of gold.

Next day, in order to test his disposition, Kalāvati sent her own servant to the false old fellow to draw, if she could, the daily expenses from him.

The woman was absent for a long time, and when she returned, she said to her mistress with a laugh : ‘ Your father-in-law has sent you rich and abundant provision. Rejoice and divide now, and invite your friends !

‘ I have brought you one measure of oil and two measures of powdered salt. When the old hunk gave me this exquisite present, he frowned until the whole of his face was twisted, and snarled at me : *Here is oil and salt. I have no vegetables. Do you think a lover must give a daily lakh to his sweet mistress ?* ’

Kshemendra

So saying, the servant showed what she had brought, scornfully spat upon it many times, and then cast it far away from her; finally she rubbed her eyes, as if they had been dirtied by looking upon so sordid a miser.

Next day Kankālī took it upon herself to go down to the old man, for her rich imagination had discovered a handy way to cheat him.

She had caused two coffers to be made of exactly the same size and appearance, and had sealed them with identical seals: one contained jewels, and the other common pebbles from the stream.

When she came to the door of the merchant's shop, she stayed in the shadows of the cotton stuffs and garments which hung there, and, keeping the two coffers hidden beneath the full of her robe, addressed the merchant.

‘A star is upon me which makes me put forward my journey to Benares, but I have not the necessary sum in money for my pilgrimage.

‘The jewelry in this coffer is of great worth, and I know you are the man to look after the goods of a woman and her child, as if they were your eyes.’

She showed him the jewels and then, after fixing the seal anew, set the coffer down in front of her, while she made her request with a multitude of unrestrained gestures and a torrent of words.

Samayamātrikā

‘I shall need a lakh for my journey and am ready to leave this pledge for it,’ she said. ‘I count on you, O friend, for my temple, my fodder, and my food expenses.’

Covering her actions with these and other playfully exuberant expressions, she adroitly changed the coffers, received a lakh of rupees in ready money, and returned to her house.

There she told Kalāvati that she had been unable to obtain any assistance from the merchant, so the girl went out upon the roof of the palace and held this long conversation with the son of Shankha :

‘I gave you my heart with very little thought ; but now, though I try to be reasonable, I cannot call it back to me again. You are rich, and yet you will one day marry, as have all the others ; that is my grief and care.

‘For though a wife could not be delightful for more than one day, and though the enchantment passes when a woman becomes a mother, men will still hurl themselves over the brow of marriage, with a rash and sightless ardour.

‘What loving satisfaction can be hoped for from a lawful wife ? Swiftly her firm youth passes to nothing by successive childbirth, and she lacks the erotic practice of a daughter of joy. She makes no attempt to brighten her husband’s existence, either by charming con-

Kshemendra

versation or provocative jests ; her sole art is the instigation of eternal quarrels.

‘ On the other hand, there is no man who may not find pleasure with a daughter of desire, for her life is bent on uplifting the hearts of lovers. She finds her own satisfaction in her amorous business, and is always and completely scented. The felicity of love is her unique delight ; her smile never changes, and she can flirt for ever without losing her grace.

‘ I must make assurance for myself ; you must sign me deeds saying that you have received a great sum of money. Your name upon them will be as the little goad to an elephant driver, with which he can force his charge to the left or right.’

As soon as he received this reprimand from the all-beautiful, the boy signed an acknowledgment of an enormous debt to her, and named as his surety Vikramashakti, the nephew of the king’s first wife.

But this was not sufficient : Kankālī came to him next morning as he still lay in the bed-chamber, and said with tears of hypocritical sorrow upon her face :

‘ My daughter has consecrated the fairest days of her youth to you, but the flower of a woman’s blossoming is so impermanent a thing that none may see it vanish.

Samayamātrikā

‘ Men are like palm trees in their strength, and have a durable youth ; but she who yesterday was a child, is a girl to-day, and to-morrow an old woman.

‘ A month and two days have already passed since Kalāvati went to the bath because the flower of her sex had brightened ; to-day her heart is full of care, for she fears she is with child already.

‘ Pregnancy means this for a young woman : a blight upon the graces of youth, a muddy maturity for the body’s stem, an unforgiveable sin against the pride of the breasts.

‘ When a love-seller finds that the youth of her breasts has died in the disgraceful disaster of childbed, what may she expect to fetch in the open market ?

‘ Men speak at their ease about the ravages of time. When they are old, they live by their knowledge and their talent ; but, when girlhood has withered from a girl, she has no resource save to crook an empty hand.

‘ Therefore, since you are a man of upright mind, you must make over to my little Kalāvati, by a written act which shall be valid in a court of law, all the goods which shall come to you on your father’s death. This I have decided.’ At once, and without the least hesitation, the youth complied with the old bawd’s request and made over all his future to his mistress.

But this was not enough : two or three days later he saw Kankālī arrive with Kanka ; the two whispered together in a low voice in his presence, and then the barber spoke to Kalāvati who sat by the lover's side, taking good care that Panka should hear what he was saying : ' Alas, poor Kalāvati, while your heart has been devoured by passion, while you have been giving yourself entire, as faithful in your love as a wedded wife, lo ! Rangavislāsa, the son of Thakkura, has been circling and spreading homage all about you.

' Makaragupta, the scribe of the temple treasure, stands waiting for one good word to recompense his faithful wooing and his fabulous offers.

' Satyaratha, the powerful minister, has sent exquisite dresses to you, and has not received a single mark of kindness.

' The king's son, Sāhasarāja, has taken such a violent desire to possess you, from seeing you once at the theatre, that now his concubine, Vāsavasenā, has been sent away.

' Tell me, sweet innocent, if you refuse all but a single master in the pure flower of your youth, who will provide for you when the years of your beauty are over ?

' A girl who neglects her fortune, just for some passion, will end as a penitent with ash-smeared limbs, or as a Buddhist nun.

Samayamātrikā

‘ You are the royal splendour of the God of Love, your breasts are his gold cups, your buttocks are his throne, your smile his bright umbrella ; will you keep all this for the pleasure of a single man ?

‘ Surely, O exquisite figure, you are not going to allow yourself scruples, because you have eaten up his patrimony ? You are not going to tell yourself that, after all, it is you who have locked away his future ? What you have eaten yesterday will not prevent you from hungering to-day, my child.

‘ A woman is no man’s servant except when his hands are full ; as soon as his money is finished she is as hard for him to reach as a place in Heaven.

‘ He who is foolish enough to be surprised, and to say : *I gave her my fortune yesterday, and now she leaves me !* deserves to die outside the poor girl’s door, for it is unlawful to enjoy her except with cash in hand.’

The merchant’s son felt his heart torn beneath this shower of iron-pointed words ; nevertheless, though he was stricken motionless and his eyes were fixed upon the earth in shame, he strove for a little while to stand his ground.

But thenceforward Kalāvati pleaded one personal circumstance after another, such as colic, a relation’s death, or some disgrace which had

fallen on the family, and constantly refused her couch to Shankha's son.

‘To-day I am prevented by a vow, for my mother has had an evil dream. To-day I must lie at the King's palace for the sixth night watching. To-day the hair cutting of my neighbour's son takes place, and it is absolutely necessary that I be there.’ And she would go, under the cloak of these and other pretexts, to sport with her lovers as of old.

Then, one morning, Kankālī arrived before the boy in haste, half perished by fear, and, in a voice which indicated that she was dying, said : ‘Rise up swiftly, my son ! Save yourself before you are stabbed out of recognition ! A young man was killed yesterday by one of his rivals on our account.

‘The police of this city do not jest. Kalāvati has already fled for sanctuary to the house of a friend. You are known to be brave and honourable, but you are one of us, and our King is attracted by the smell of your money.

‘Throw off those fine cotton garments and dress yourself as a beggar ! If you are recognised in the street, what shall become of you !’

With these words Kankālī prevailed upon the docile Panka, who had now become a drag upon her house, to escape by the little road at the back of it, and to depart for ever.

Samayamātrikā

Daughters of joy are like a young breast ;
for a young breast feels a great fire, and then the
fire dies down, grows languid, and has gone ! . .
Thanks to the profit which she had taken
from the lessons of that astonishing procuress,
Kalāvati pocketed all the fortune of Shankha
as soon as he came to die, and then shone like a
bright flower among the courtesans.

Now you have learned that ancient benefits
mean nothing to a bawd, and have seen
how she cheats her daughter's lovers ;
but, although the gazelles in
the forest well know how
game is taken, they
run head-down
into the
snare.

Epilogue

A COURTESAN IS AS THE WORD OF A good poet, succeeding by an exercise of charm. She has the allurements of toilet and jewelry upon her side, and the gracious harmony of gesture and attitude to plead for her. Her cause is urged by a balm of insinuating perfumes upon her tended body, by careful coquetry, and intellectual grace. She lives by the sciences of matching conversation and of matching colours, by the flash of fortune and the flash of luxury; so that we honour and adore her. She is rich in every resource at her full flowering, each natural attraction and unnatural wile is hers; she bears the lights of well-being and joy upon her face through all her multitude of arduous pleasures.

This wanton little book was given to the light on the first day of the clear half of the month Pausha, in the five and twentieth year, to serve as a safeguard for the treasures of rich gentlemen.

‘Here are crevasses where a black race of serpents lie on watch; there rutting elephants abide; these caves are the resort of lions.’ It is thus that old, experienced bawds speak of us men, when, in the thickets of the pleasure houses,

Samayamātrikā

they warn poor girls against the ferocity of exploitation. That is the other side.

In any case, Kshemendra wrote this beautiful poem for the advantage of all good people. He did so during the happily flower-like reign of the great King Ananta, whose might has ever remained accessible to the tears of the unfortunate, whose strength is equalled by his charity.

The End.

Volume 3
Zenan - Nameh
of Fazil-Bey
and
Ta'dīb ul-Nisvān



EASTERN LOVE



THE BOOK OF WOMEN AND THE EDUCATION OF WIVES



ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE
ZENAN-NAMEH OF FAZIL-BEY
AND TA'DĪB UL-NISVĀN BY
E. POWYS MATHERS



*
VOLUME III

*



JOHN RODKER
FOR SUBSCRIBERS
LONDON, 1927

MADE IN ENGLAND .

THIS EDITION OF THE ZENAN-NAMEH OF
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The Book of Women
(Zenân - Nameh)
of Fazîl - Bey

for
E. A. A.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

FAZIL-BEY'S *Book of Women* has been called *Ars Amandi of the Turks*. The work of its author marks the culmination of that revolt against authority, assertion of individuality, and delight in colour and license of manner and matter, which distinguished the Romantic Movement in Ottoman Letters from the Classicism which preceded, and the Modernism which followed it.

Yet Fazil-Bey was not, save by education, a Turk at all. He was born at Safed, and was the grandson of Tahir Omer, the descendant of an Arab of Medina who had settled in Syria. When his grandfather was killed, while attempting to hold Acre in revolt against the Ottoman Sultān in 1776, Fazil, who was a youth at the time, was taken to Constantinople by the victorious Turkish Admiral, Ghazi Hasan Pasha. There he was placed in the Imperial Seraglio, and educated as a Turkish gentleman. He lived the life of a Turkish poet, thought and loved and especially hated as a Turk, and died in 1812.

It will be seen that Fazil-Bey in his *Book of Women* deals out lyric praise and very pungent blame with an equally happy choice of language, and that he pretends to describe the women of forty different countries; he makes the same claim with regard to the boys of all nations in his *Khoban-Nameh*, *Book of Beauties*; but, in reality, the items

Introductory Note

of his dictionnaires du tendre, with the exception of those near home, prove only that he was a good gossip and a profound believer in travellers' tales, and that he had a poet's eye for striking detail.

Perhaps the main importance of these two poems is that they provide the only concise document existing of the manner in which the old Turks, while as yet untouched by Western thought, considered the various nations with which they had come in contact. Also, if Zenan-Nameh gives no very distinct picture of all the women of the world, it at least provides one of the clearest to be found anywhere of the mentality of a Turkish artist in the Eighteenth Century.

In one respect Fazil-Bey adhered, though with only pleasing results, to an old convention. He introduced, seemingly at haphazard, series of proverbs, popular ripostes and catchwords, simply to show how well he could turn these into rhyme. Sometimes, indeed, he allows the final instance to have some bearing on the continuation of his theme; but the majority of these couplets have to be taken at face value.

I have gratefully translated from the racy French version of M. St. J. Bondin, 1895, which is said by scholars to be the first correct European translation of the whole work.

Preliminary Invocation

LET US PRAISE GOD, FOR, IN THE CONFECTION of the world, He created also an artifice which is called woman. He sank a mutual fire into the breasts of Adam and Eve, so that our father gave himself to the elegancies of a pleasant body, catching it in his arms. If he could have resisted the first virgin he would have been perverse indeed.

It is a gracious game which has the birth of man for goal ; we are made that we may play it together. To see from the window of the gallant tabernacle the line of his posterity, that is the winner's prize. Those who owe their sons to this pastime are not a few ; there are still more who owe their lives to it. The inner body of a woman is the field of man.

He has made a discrepancy between the sexes and has created the portion of the young girl out of every grace ; He has decked her cheek with the hook of modesty and wrapped her body in lines of excellence, so that the young man shall come to her and youth continue. He has waked lust in the beasts after their kind, that the world should be the laboratory of birth and never idle. He has invented an affection for the young, so that the chain

Zenan-Nameh

should continue in the three realms of nature, and throughout time. He has assigned no other bound to this filiation than that which he has set for every star.

Reasons for the Composition of this Poem

AS A GALLANT WHO CARRIES THE CUP in a house of pleasure, so am I, Fazil, grave doctor in all learning, drunken with love, and thus unfold my theme. One day that lover who is my torment and the break in my heart, my soul and the abridgment of my world, my cypress that wavers in walking, ran to my wretched house as a falcon returns to her nest. I heard her quick feet upon the stair and my senses fainted; thrice my life was a gazelle startled into flight, and thrice it was pacified; a sweet trouble, as of wine, took hold upon me. At last my lover saluted me with a thousand gestures, giving her body all the curves of lam*; then she closed the door and leaned against the wall and waited.

‘Command me,’ I cried, ‘O excitement filling my face with light! Could any but the Crown Maker and Crown Taker have made those eyes?’

‘My black eyes are extinguished, alas,’ she answered, ‘for they look upon the breast

Fazil-Bey

of a youth and remember my separation. I burned for my Fazil as a tulip; he is my nightingale, my flower, and my saz*. I came to make a prayer to him, but is this hour suitable? I fear to see my words fall ineffective, an arrow blunted from his breast. If the thorn of my prayer cannot pierce him, then shall the flirting rose of my lips be closed for ever.'

'O dream of the sea of hearts, I am ready,' I said. 'Pay me with the flame of your words and I press my breast to the thorn of the flirting rose. But that you command rather than beg, I beg and command; your orders are my joys, they are cups for all that I have of strength and care, and love is like he who pierced a mountain.'

* * *

Although my discourse was lacking in grace, her mouth began to smile. 'Since you are in this plastic mood,' she said, 'may the True God so do that you never find a rival at my knee, or taste of separation, or the tricks of foes, or my ill-humour. Since you have hearkened kindly to my prayer, O you whose mouth is decked with eloquence, and since *Khoban-Nameh*, that book of every sort of boy, traced to my order, has brought you praises, write now of women. That is the flower for which I sigh, the desire which shakes

Zenan-Nameh

me, the savoury morsel I hunger for, hot from the fire. Let it be a book consecrated to girls, let it flow from your ink-well. Make a rejoicing portrait of each kind of us, virtuous or abominable, gracious or terrible. And add that which shall be sweet for lovers. Call it *Zenan-Nameh*, the Book of Women. It is a serious draught which a schoolboy could not drink, I know, but drain its much bitterness for my sake, Fazil, since, when the work is over, I shall be yours ; therefore accept the weariness of the moment, the importunity of the day for me.'

'O excitement, leave this fatal plan,' I cried, 'to Leila or Zuleikha. You who were called *Mahpareh*, fragment of the moon, how shall I name you now ? In this valley and garden of the world was never such a planting, so do not ask it of me. To make our divans for utter shamelessness would stain our reputation. If some feminine eyelet stay agape or has found a thing to close it, does that concern my verses ? It is a road of mud I would not willingly stir up, and a low door you should not urge me to stoop through.'

'Do not wither the king flower of my garden,' the delight made answer. 'Break not a delicate girl with words, O unblown rose of mine ! Have you bound yourself with black hair, have you grown weary ?' And then she pro-

Fazil-Bey

tested her love for me, saying: 'By the joy of eyes, the wine of looks, and the night of my salvation, by the holy hour and fibre of my heart, by this sweat and by these mirrors, I would to God that I had never felt such pain! For very pity do not delay this poem, this meat of my desire! If you wish to part, needs it a week to say so? Oh, be propitious, moon who drags my sea!'

But I answered: 'Do not ask me to show you the wickedness of the world, heart's resting-place, for I will not dive into that sea. Surely the tricks of the midwife and of the bawd are sacrosanct? The pear is unripe which I refuse you, so do not overwhelm my wiser head.'

'I would have you ask yourself of every kind, and speak of all,' she murmured with an angry eye, and the purple rage of the rose was born in her cheek. 'I will banish you for ever, though not without tears,' she cried. 'I swear by the sword of God and by my glances that I will never give you joy, but rather forget the aspects of your face and see no difference in it, and be without hearing until the end. You shall recall the honour done to your house this day and the scent of the roses you have cast aside.'

Then I resolved to follow the good road, and showed myself submissive. The night is big

Z e n a n - N a m e h

with the morrow, and in this hope the lover should obey.

Begin your babble, pen, go out once more upon the track of rhyme, the cat's-eye stone of rhyme. Already I have written in praise of youth ; I have scattered the dew of my verses for them. But now I will borrow from all wells and tear the hidden thought from the husband's breast ; my ideas on the subject of women have never been published.

Here, in the shape to which it seduced my dark pen, now lies my poem in its integrity. No older master has dreamed of such a subject.

My two books are as it were the halves of one whole. This may be considered as the pendant,

as the legitimate brother of *Khoban-*

Nameh, or as a son born of
the same substance.

Preface

O EYE OF MINE, O WANDERING FRIEND OF beauty about the world, be not astonished or troubled at the tricks she played me ; for such are the natural means of woman's wit. How shall I enter upon the dark path of explanation, how shall I begin now ?

Let her be as a tender plant that is not yet grafted, a little tree still clinging to maternal seeds ; let her be graceful with a modest boldness, and clean in her person ; let her be not at all like the Turks of Anatolia ; let her breast be simply covered ; let not the fat of laziness be upon her ; let a sensual balance distinguish her walking, and a light refreshing voice her conversation ; out of each two words she utters let not one be criticism ; let her age scarcely exceed fifteen, for I would not have her manners out-of-date.

Every woman is false and wicked ; her graces cannot save her from that ; but at least she may be a virgin. Otherwise I disdain her, and by virginity I mean virginity. If there has been the least relaxation, it does not matter to me whether a whole caravan has passed that way or whether she is scarcely ravished. It is above all things necessary that she has

Zenan-Namēh

never born, that no bastard sucker grows in the garden near her. I cannot understand how a whole army can gather kisses from a single breast. Yet if a woman has made us a father once or twice, let us keep her ; if her secret places have not become insipid, that is, and if she be still agreeable.

Detailed explanation is the gateway of desire, or so the illustrious ancients say. Therefore I only advance three further things in general. She should seem beautiful to her husband and wear her modesty with a sure hand. She should be ever upon the defensive. She should not have jealous eyes which can grow red, like crusets upon the fire ; that passion is an instrument of death.

If God has given you an inclination towards these creatures, then thank Him in return for the decoration He has spent upon them. Also take your walk towards the Kīāghid-Khaneh* in the season of roses.

Wear a Lahore shawl, like a terrace of geraniums, round your head, and cover your thighs with full and highly-spangled drawers. Have on a coral-coloured jacket embroidered in black, and thrust an expensive yatagan into your belt. Carry a chain of pearls upon your breast. Such things are nets. Finally, let your purse half gape, and to give your eyes the glitter

Fazil-Bey

of rubies, take one or two cups of rosy liquor.

If you see many women assembled in one place, then turn your steps in that direction. But do not walk like an old man weighed down by infirmity, for whom each step is labour; go forward with a gracious swing. Hold a pipe in your hand and send forth every puff with the strength of a dragon, and a bubbling roar like the voice of lions. Let a strand of hair point down below your fez.

They will look upon you as a second Ruštem, and throw down their hearts as if the planet Mars were out at exercise. These are the wages for which they give their souls. I have told you to show a little of your perfumed hair, just at this point and that, beneath the artistic disarrangement of your fez; be careful, also, to let them guess at a certain thing. Wear benevolence upon your lips, and do not shoot menacing looks to right and left as you proceed.

Then you will gather their signs and salutations all along your way: for one will smile back as she bends over her slipper, and another be troubled and watch the ground. And you will have rose looks from the corner of the eye, or a few words, or the falling of a *ferājah** to excite you, for they have many ways: an

Zenan-Nameh

exhibition of wavering barbed sighs, true hooks, or a half-opened qaftān* showing a breast, or divination of a shalwār's* secret, or *Do not look at me now, but wait, dear love.*

Soon a slave will come to you, bearing a rose and saying: 'My lady is mad for you, therefore refuse this flower, therefore be angry with her. Heed my advice, dear friend, and send an answer more apt to scatter her hair in rage than turn her lips to flowers.'

This is the exact moment to have a caique with three pairs of oars in waiting, and to let them watch you move off on the sea. A murmur will rise among them, your name hasten like mercury from mouth to mouth. 'Whence comes this amiable young man, this gracious flower? Out of what garden and from what dog-rose tree? Where is his house, and what breast nourished him?' You will have thrown a brand among them and nurtured the roses of vexation.

Never sigh after the fascinating eyes of these deceitful creatures; I have thrown light women from my ways entirely. While they are casting the slipper for you, be as the moon who goes to bed alone each night. Were you hidden in the belly of a bull and they had axes, they would find you out. By this time they are ablaze for you; one prays for you, one fills her house with sighs.

Fazil-Bey

As a result of your reserved indifference, you will be sent notes ; give yourself up, when the time comes, as if unwillingly. The most important thing with women is never to seem in a hurry. You will be received with transports of desire ; you must show no answering flame. If you follow my counsel, you may aspire to all the women of the world, and love the pleasant liberties of each in turn ; yet do not altogether forget your young friends, for there also is drunkenness.

But in the trouble of my heart my words have wandered ; I must return, as she commanded, and speak to you of women.

Hind

MY YOUNG AND UNAFFECTED SUN AND moon, come let us lift the veil of secret conversation. Here are the women of India.

A portrait of deep tan and black eyes, but very cold. Yet they seem full of fire, and a lover is like to lament a cold reception and a fiery gleet. . . .

Come, Fazil, Spring marches upon her way, and Winter is over : be done with the frost of these imaginations ; it is time to show the girls, to prick your mount with indefatigable steel.

Zenan-Nameh

Persia

AS I am an expert in sex I will now paint the women of Persia for you. Their bodies are a prayer to folly. They have intoxicating eyes shaped like long almonds, and brows joined in the two curves of a bow. They are a promise and a drunkenness; they implore with their walking. Each poet and orator, if he be a master, each prose writer and draftsman of the world has granted Persia this supremacy. Such was the tradition of old, and it was honoured; but now, alas, your women have fallen from favour, O land of singing, and you sit and think of none but your young friends. Therefore these women of authentic paradisal beauty weep because of the young friends, and sigh in their broken hearts that they cannot draw their masters to tender caressing. They live together as if they were strangers, or in two far countries; the people of Persia had already vanished, were it not for the poor. I take you to task in this way, men of the Usbeks, because you are not rotten yet all through. None, in your present course, can hope for personal beauty, or expect other than the furrows of a vixen old in vice. But they who frequent young girls live to two hundred.

Fazil-Bey

Bagdad

YOU command desire and it obeys, moon-tinted sun and flower of nature, O brown girl of Bagdad. Your health is bronzed, and you have no roses, but the shape of your body is sufficient wine.

She is difficult. 'What need have I?' she says, and none may enter her garden. There is no hold for a finger-nail outside her wall. Her conversation is dull, even in gallantry; but that will not matter.

When Hulagu-Khan* reached to Bagdad, he ruined her utterly and put her people to the sword; then came the Arabs out of the desert, and pillaged all. Where are they now? Let this example be a lesson for the Arabs of today; let them realise that their dwelling is the cave of the past, that pleasures with women or young friends are not for them.

Seek elsewhere a silver body, a countenance of roses; but the first approach with these tanned women is most enchanting. Bright-coloured girls are born for adultery in any case, God help you! *Bagdad does not seem far to him who loves*, the proverb says.

Zenan-Namab

Egypt

HEAR me, O land of Yusuf and Zuleikha, for I am about to speak of the women of Cairo, whom the Devil gave.

They are devoured by their fires and stand along the road, upon the right hand and upon the left. One argument has force with them, the offer of a farthing, the maximum and the minimum that custom fixes. Their bodies are of a fine brown colour. The Frank is blessed in that land. If a girl only squints and nothing more, they extol her perfect eyes ; examine her closely, though, for she may be rather blind as well.

Their ardour for the fire of enjoyment is so great that men with pumps might fail to allay it, even with the whole Nile. They will come to it in spite of lunar inconvenience or a eunuch's weakness.

A great lady will ride through the bazars upon an ass (you have this audacity, sweet ladies, yes, you have this shamelessness, my dears !) then go between embroidered sheets for him. And no one is ignorant of this.

*Although the hind prevaricates awhile
His thirst will bring him to the crocodile.*

*Each suppliant knee in turn let merchants bend
They have to leave the market in the end.*

Fazil-Bey

*With men on either side his steps to rule
The mule's one master will remain the mule.*

*The poor man who desires a quince
Will not address the fig as prince.*

*That pilgrim is a fool who will not rest ;
To come to holiness a mule is best.*

*Who carries on two separate love affairs
Divides his joys and multiplies his cares.*

*An Arab who speaks civilly, you'll find,
Has some profoundly dirty trick in mind.*

*My greeting is the same to high and low ;
I am not welcomed anywhere I go.*

*In public he is Fulminating Fervent,
In private he's Your Lordship's humble servant.*

*Speak of her hidden charms as flowers ; but, oh,
Be very careful not to treat them so.*

*How swift will truth to lips Egyptian spring
When truth is the most profitable thing.*

*He asks for a scraped bustard bone to suck,
He means an exquisitely roasted duck.*

Z e n a n - N a m e b

*Only a lover could be true
To such a faithless wife as you.*

*How oft the commentary's self repeals
The rule with which the commentary deals.*

*A parting guest is of so little worth
He may be asked to bear the luggage forth.*

*That damsel with the modest mien and dress
Is a good woman? Ay, of business.*

*Sorcery's but a trick, and yet he errs
Who says: I fear it not, to sorcerers.*

*He lifts his coffee to your health, and drinks . . .
Even the Devil knows not what he thinks.*

*Go hunting where you please, and you will end
With ten good qualities for one good friend.*

*Your lover will begin an amorous sonnet
At sight of gallows and the fruit upon it.*

How can words come from such unpleasant confrontation? Does the strangeness of the occurrence make the poet? Is the gift but an insolence upon his tongue? Is he a clock indifferently striking?

If it be but a carnal desire which livens him,

Fazil-Bey

how can the soul pass to the voice, and a song be born upon the saz in notes of moving music ? I tell you this, it comes to me without my seeking, and the fire is lighted.

Why do they call Egypt the mother of the world ? She is a harlot who has given herself from age to age, and to all peoples.

The Sudan

O MY dawn-coloured Greek, the daughter of the Sudan is a tendril in night's hair. To keep silent about that land would but add to its wrongs ; yet how will ink show out upon the night ?

I can say nothing against this accusation of sombre colour ; yet cast a glance upon the portrait which my pen is tracing, for it tells the truth.

Their ancestors were the ignorant children of Ham, who was himself turned black for ignorance. So say the wise, and are content to think it so ; but I contend we owe our colour to climate, just as silver does. Why should a people be banished from the human house just for a tint ; cannot a black breast have a precious form ?

A night-coloured body may seem of ebony, but why should I, who have a face before me lighted by the harmonies of a purple rose,

Zenan-Nameh

bow down to ebony? The day, setting fire to my sighs, rather than the night for Fazil, musk rather than ink.

I do not like her hair and will not describe it, leaving, rather, that darkness in the dark.

She is hardly an object worthy of my dreams. Her feet are for the kitchen, her highest aspiration can but be to serve our women; she even spitefully confesses this.

What fool would spend a night caressing night and, on the morrow, give her the rank of lady, pretending her face to be the light? War would be abroad, she would cease to respect her master, and quarrel with the mistress of the house.

Two lions cannot share a cave, the proverb says.

Abyssinia

DAUGHTER of the language of Paradise, moon of the soul, queen Abyssinian of the land of ardour, I pray you remain the lighthouse of expectation, and keep this star of coquetry.

If women were divided into armies under banners, then beneath the chosen flag of Abyssinia would be all slight waists, and maiden roses, opening for an hour, only to close again; eternal virginity, nightly reappearing.

It is said that their cheeks, coloured in carmine harmonised with brown, are things to lose the

Fazil-Bey

soul for. If he see but two or three of the children of this land, he will shed all scruple, in spite of magic precautions, and forget his wisdom. He will burn like a barn eaten with fire, or a furnace fed by night and day ; compassionate him only, say the doctors. He is tossed from the passion of hope to the passion of certainty that she will share his flame.

Yemen

ALAS, O henna-tinted nail of the universe, O land of Yemen, O bright bride, the cruel climate has denied your women all favour. Illness breaks their body, so farewell loveliness, good-bye to coquetry ! They are as thin as crows, and yet seem dropsical ; their faces are a prey to terror.

They walk heavily and move mournfully. Custom will not let them leave their homes by day ; it is at night their husbands take them to the bath ; this is but a ruse to hide their absence of attraction.

Such are her faults and such her portraiture. It is enough for a very ordinary young man to shoot one significant glance towards her and her head will be lost for ever. She flames for the first comer, and clings to him. The men are chaste because the women are hideous, the women are pure because the men are vile.

Z e n a n - N a m e h

Journey yourself into this land taking a beautiful girl with you, and they will cast themselves at her feet in a wild surprise, offering life for her ; one saying she is Jesus incognito and another, Gabriel.

Morocco

YOU walk in Constantinople with the slim figures of trees, but hideous of face and language, of walking and of soul, Moroccan girls, black ringlets of Fez, as ignorant in pleasure as the little boys and girls you left in Tlemcen. A stranger, an infidel going to that land, may see the faces of the women ; their eyes will cling to him. It is their custom.

Here is another custom : the people wear no ornament, but wash on Fridays and go forth with kingly fez and sumptuous irhām,* a very white burnous, a kingly fez.

Algeria

YOURS is a fine land, O women of the lion, of the warrior Dey. You are as it were a palace rising above humanity, and he is your gold dome. May I speak of the subtlety of your face and manner ? Gird on your apron above your qaftān, writer, and make fast your robe !

Though a lover unsealing the attraction of his mistress should be cast away, may the violence

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of his love excuse him ; the army of gallants are his surety ; the means of each the capital of all.

Tunis

WHY is there a dark and bloody slave on guard at the palace ? A generous lord has just set foot in the city, and all the women have begun to make joyous trouble.

There are innumerable women of good will in Tunis, that second Cairo.

Interlude on Marriage .

IF TRANQUILLITY BE A PLEASURE TO YOU, do not go out as a candidate for marriage, even with a virgin daughter of the Cæsars of Rome, or the Khusraus of Persia. Marriage is the whole unhappiness of life, guard yourself from it ; it is the heavy yoke, keep your head free. To lose independence in order to gain children is a sign of madness.

To be reduced to a single woman, to renounce variety ! This Nabi, our venerable predecessor, speaks of as abominable ; thus has he written.

And to this I would add : copy the moon in her continual revolutions and change your lodging every night ; arrange a nest in each

Zenan-Nameh

garden, a house in every quarter; drink at all fountains, and do not cramp your soul to the stint of one.

To frequent one woman only is imbecility. She may have bad habits, or a valueless character; she may nurture a horrible jealousy and overwhelm the unlucky man with a thousand difficulties if he at times be absent or pass a night away from home.

Countless humiliations follow a man into this voluntary prison. A respectable stranger presents himself, and she cries out at him: 'To the door with the sodomite!' and then at the top of her voice: 'To the fire with the sodomite!' which brings the whole quarter about the gate. The noise of the riot rises to heaven and the husband is dishonoured before his guest. Such scenes are pitiable; I will not burden my work with more of them.

But if the rogue become pregnant, you must catch the wildest bird for her caprice; she will ask for something fabulous, as the brain of the anqa*, and there will be lamentations and affecting poses. 'I am dead!' she shouts in a voice of thunder. 'If ever I sport with this goat of a man again, may my sins not be forgiven me! Take away this ram; he asks the favour every night.'

The husband, stunned by such clamour, can

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do no less than run in search of swarthy nurses ; the noise of servants and of women friends is added. The cries and quarrels and complaints are like the last day of judgment ; his house is vexed as in a time of earthquake.

At last a bastard is brought forth, and a new calamity ; and if it be a boy this passes all bounds. Tell the good news to the whole world, distribute purses of silver with both hands and, if you would not have your head torn into pieces by the tongs of the women of the quarter, be swift to buy a cradle.

Listen to the music of the house : *Ninny my little one, ninny my pasha, ninny my two eyes ; my baby, my darling, my treasure, and my sweet lamb !* There are visitors at the door : *taq, taq ! taq, taq !* and the infant cries : *waq ! waq !*

Who would not be assailed by melancholy and become disgusted with his life ; who would not desert all and flee as far as India ?

When you come in, you find a thousand schemers. *So-and-so has just gone*, your sherbert has gone also ; *this child has come*, but your sweetmeats have not come back. As consolation you have the latest news of the Imām or the Sheikh Efendi.

You fled to this folly of marriage for comfort ; it is a thousand troubles, and no complaint allowed.

Zenan-Naméh

The artist in pleasure walks wide of this trap, and avoids this precipice's neighbourhood. If he has an idol in share, he does not spend a thousand and one nights on her.

Wisdom elects the single state ; Jesus was firm in this ; it is liberty and power. Yet experience creates custom, and night a desire for the day ; our fathers also ate sweetmeat, houses are necessary things.

Mecca

YOU are the carpet of the black stone, it is the Kaaba which gives you beauty and not your women, for these are dark, ill-built, foul-mouthed, and very skinny.

If the women of Mecca have charm, then the other women of the world have not. Yet their bodies, lacking the lustre of new silver, have yet its purity, and I am not surprised.

Just as Egypt is a land of whores, and utterly corrupt, so are all the deserts of Arabia virtuous, and again I am not surprised.

The women from Mecca to Bagdad either burn or cut blue lines upon their bodies and stain their lips with blue, thinking such things a decoration. You will find them mottled all over like a snake, or scrawled with sorcerous hieroglyphics. A girl receives her lover as if in a tiger skin, with pictures leading to her

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private charms. The most usual of these is a hare and greyhound near the navel, as if the dog had run round from behind her back and started the hare out of some secret form. The Arabs like these colours and designs, and think a ring in the nose a great distinction.

If a quarrel arises among these people, each faction chooses a virgin and decks her with glittering things; they set her on a camel beneath a canopy, and she precedes them. Then to defend her is honour and victory, and all are ready to sacrifice their lives. As long as a single man of her faction stays on his feet and touches her camel, she may not be taken captive; a score of stratagems are used to drive him from her side. So in the struggle for this one girl a thousand Arabs lose their lives; I do not ask God's pity for such a people.

*Virtue is hard, but vice is sometimes harder ;
A cat's made good by locking up the larder.*

*Though you die childless, O unhappy one,
Who leaves a daughter may beget a son.*

*I talk of sheep, of grazing and of water ;
I hate these things, but love the shepherd's daughter.*

Z e n a n - N a m e b

*I'll tell you, when you've fixed her marriage portion,
If she's a houri or a plain abortion.*

*Wait till the caravan eventuates
Before you worry if its load be dates.*

*Now that I've two black slaves I'd be content
With fifty sequins and a larger tent.*

*He's twenty thousand sheep, and now he sighs :
' Two thousand camels with black-bordered eyes.'*

*With twenty kinsfolk at these gatherings
There will be twenty winter cloaks to give
Or rather more, for with a relative
One always has to keep repeating things.*

*If grief can darken, then I know a face
That could create a second Kaffir race.*

*Your love's untidy and her face is queer . . .
I'm sorry that you think so, Mother dear.*

‘ Our daughter is of noble birth,’ they say, and give you a catalogue to prove that she is sprung from such an one, the son of such an one, as if a few fathoms of lineage made up for what she lamentably lacks. And if by yielding to every demand you get the girl, she comes to you naked, with a black shift for all her dowry ; yet her relations ask the gold of

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Arabia for her. What other people pays such curious honour to its daughters ?

She has neither wealth nor beauty ; she is the offspring of such an one, the son of such an one, the son of such an one ; but will that comfort my purse or my desire ?

It is the custom to lead the betrothed to her husband with ceremony, but of a peculiarly disagreeable kind. She is set on a camel and her relations ride after her, while her betrothed and his friends come forth to meet her. As soon as the bands approach each other, a long battle begins between them, and many single combats are fought out. When the fight is at its hottest she is led away ; such is the giving of the bride. Gallants are wounded and horses torn ; but all is well unless the girl chance to become a widow in this melancholy business. I cannot understand it.

At sunset on the night appointed for the consummation, such as are left of the relatives assemble and form a ring in front of the house ; then they take swords, and begin to dance and fence most gracefully. Each face is covered with a light veil ; they have long hair and a short wit, these people.

They continue such antics until the swords fall from their hands. It is an old custom among them that any who bleeds at the nose

Zenan-Nameh

from exhaustion, or throws down a friend through clumsiness, may be struck once by all. Thus rejoicing is changed to mourning for that man, and joy to grief.

O my Lord God, what madness !

Damascus

BRIDE of the world, whose splendour eclipses the night star, how are you crammed with foulness !

Virtue would be a shocking thing in Damascus, and a chaste woman bring down the walls like a miracle.

This city gives honour to an abominable custom, making the tombs serve as a bed for prostitution. They hang their sheets under each cupola, the floors of the dead are polluted by their lustful feet. Men carry their lewdness to the tombs without fear, and cheerfully replace each dead by a new life, over the dust of holy persons. Whether the door of a mausoleum be great or small, it is ever open ; lust leads the Damascene lady of rank to the place of the departed. They take their pleasure above corpses, and Satan, the filthy-minded, leads them on. The husbands are so blind there, you would think they were anxious to nurture the offspring of the dead.

The boys and girls are equally ugly in Damascus.

Fazil-Bey

Syria

HER body is yellow amber devoured by fire, for sense is the sole preoccupation of the Syrian ; the roses fade in her before they have come to birth. Her dress is like the winding-sheet of the dead, and the silver about her ankles is as the rings of harness. She wears the veil cleft, even in chastity, especially at the time of the holy caravan, as a mark to the shafts of the curious, as a right of inspection.

In the season of apricots she goes out to sell to the pilgrims, setting them on her head and steadying them with her arm : the pilgrims examine her through the slit in her nut-coloured veil.

Look not desirously upon a Syrian coming towards you thus ; for she can teach more lessons in love than one.

When her husband calls for his wife, his word is : *Shamli** !

The Bedouins

DAUGHTER of the land of Hauran, if you are graceless, so then is the hind of the Sahara without grace. You take water to your lover among the spears, O bride of courage, O wild fruit tasting of the desert. You cut and bind the naval cord and roll the tent and take your home

Zenan-Nameh

upon your back, all in one day. Your courage cannot weaken, no, not if you meet a demon in the sand.

It is by these properties of the earth of her land that she attracts. It is true that it is also my land; but why should my mouth therefore withhold its praises? Have I not chosen the better way? Any other point of view had been a fault in me. I am like a parrot that eats sugar, closing my ears.

Yet there is a strange custom in this country; for, however poor a man may be, he takes four wives, and the five all live together in a single room, if that is all he has. Therefore, while he enjoys one, the others look on and are eaten up with vexation; and not to take each in turn is to provoke a riot.

And they have another unpleasant observance; for, if a man dies and his wives walk after him wailing, that is the time for the relatives to appraise the wives. They dress in black and begin a dance with sabres, indicting the justice of God in a loud voice. They bring the dead man's arms to the parade ground, and one of the shameless wives, advancing with a scimitar, butchers his horse. I cannot understand such funeral rites; they add new losses to the first misfortune.

The nature of this people inclines to pleasure,

Fazil-Bey

and each man has a house among the gardens. The faces of the wives are covered, as we keep metal rarities, in a black cloth. They go to their house in the gardens at the time of mulberries and nourish silkworms there, until the last egg is gathered. The silkworm esteems the mulberry leaves, and the women the silk.

The Druses

THE mountains are an exquisite country and the Druses, who dwell among them, having abominable instincts, lay them waste. They are as low and beastly as their heights are tall and fair. Their women are slight, and yellow roses blossom in their face. They wear a long silver cone on their head, and uncover one eye; to allow a man to see the veiled eye is an advance.

These may be trifles, but trifles which have become customs last till Judgment; they are implacable, they may bring down the curses of the world upon a nation.

Aleppo

LISTEN, my witty student, my would-be scintillator among girls, the women of Aleppo are in perfect harmony, being ash-coloured like their city, and quite as agreeable as her climate, but

Zenan-Nameh

never more so. Light is the beauty of the world, and these women wear a piece of silver on their brows ; thus can they be compared with moonbeams, but only thus.

There are many gallant ladies in Aleppo, and near the Emessian Khan especially. Kindness is sold by the yard in Aleppo ; its whores have gone out into all countries.

They work in many-coloured stuff, tracing it over with symbols ; each cuts out her own chemise for herself ; never a good cut.

Anatolia

GAY student of women, gallant amid the battlefield, hear wisdom on the grace of Anatolian ladies :

*To insolence there comes the selfsame ill
As to a tree alone upon a hill.*

*Though anserine she can seduce
Any man . . . who is a goose ;
Nay, where were Nature's usufruct if
The pig to pig were not seductive ?*

Could there be a fouler practice than the leading of the bride to the bridegroom in Anatolia ? Her dearest friends dapple many chapters of the Koran all over her body, until she has the

Fazil-Bey

appearance of a presentation sheep. Her escort holds a crow (that sickening bird !) and the crow is present at the defloration, as if he should attest to it. Afterwards the bridegroom ties the legs of the crow, and carries it out ; then if it says : *qaq ! qaq !* (fool, fool !) the people cry : *God manifest the truth ! God guard the bird ! God prosper the poor animal !*

It is not for me to find a reason for such imbecile observance. It is obvious, you will say, to the intelligent.

The Islands of the Archipelago

O GOVERNOR of the Archipelago, you have an unpleasant face, but I address you : the daughters of these islands are worthy of Paradise ! When His Excellency crosses the Archipelago, he is never weary of admiring the daughters of these lands.

The girls of Cyprus are an exception, but the pretty boys cannot be numbered there. In Cyprus they hold a piece of lentisk gum in the mouth, keeping it there all day : it is apparently a source of pleasure to them.

As for the other islands, each has a special and enticing dress, a ravishing distinction ; each is a separate heaven of houris, with boys like angels.

Zenan-Nameh

A further telling would lead me too far, and in more than one direction. My poem must not be overweighted. A hint suffices for the intelligent student: no drop of water runs away to sea.

Constantinople

GLORY and hail, O cradle of manners, O Constantinople scarfed with graces, O male youth of the land, O female youth! Your women stand on the dais of beauty, as a type for the whole earth. The ancients spoke of Egypt as the world's mother; you are its bride. The Creator has overwhelmed this city with advantages for eye and heart; water and earth conspire in her adornment; the means to every pleasure, even the slightest, woo the approach there; her climate is a rosebud in the cheek of folly, a flower brought up in cotton floss, even roses and soft cotton from one stem. The inexperienced man who seeks to mould himself by imitation, even of less worthy things, is welcome there; for such are capitals! Thus wisdom and gaiety are ever adding some new refinement of pleasure to my Constantinople, and masters in every art flock to her daily, to change some one of her customs, to smooth some one of her landmarks, to obliterate in

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some small way the road our fathers trod, until it seem a rough and useless bypath. The unexampled disorder of society is caused by this.

The planet Venus hangs ever above Constantinople; yet it is as well to divide her beauties into two bands, each of them fatal for me; since emeralds show the same as diamonds in the dark.

First comes the modest woman, the mother, who does not appear in public; she is a ruby in silver, a rose in a sphere of glass, a second Hebrew Mary, worthy of reverence, and a caged parakeet. She does not loosen her hair to the West wind, or her reputation to the sun's hour.

And you may find the semblance of such virtue in the other band, but it is a mad modesty cloaking a passion. The way of the second is daintiness and jewels; she is a new Balkis; he of the double mantle* said of them that their soul is plunder.

Learn to know this ostentatious and luxurious elf, these ears with hanging diamonds; for her purpose in life is to get more of those and to be more beautiful.

The affectation of her walk is such that you would think her ill, or that her legs were bound together; she goes from shop to shop in the bazar, followed by slaves, until she fixes upon the richest, and minces before it.

Z e n a n - N a m e b

‘ Is there nothing here which might suit me ? ’
she asks. ‘ Have you no merchandise to show
me, dear chelebi* ? Have you no business to
do with me ? ’

Such are the double meanings of this moon, and
she underlines their second sense with gestures.

Then the lips of the timid chelebi open like a
rose ; he looks upon her henna-twinkling
fingers, Satan’s claws, and down into her
breasts ; and the lock of his shop is broken
for ever more. She comes to him among his
goods at midnight, and her husband gets his
reward, the wages of working late and eating
and sleeping and rising for his labours in the
dawn.

*Two aspers is the Cairene price . . . and was.
It should be one, cries want . . . and ever has.*

*Justice is mockery, the people say,
And yet the courts are crowded every day.*

*Our daily lyings are a hundred odd,
And none’s complete without the name of God.*

*Debtor goes bankrupt ; lion eats up fox ;
Then lion dies of an internal pox.*

*Though falling in a trap fulfil my fate,
I need not walk where trappers congregate.*

Fazil-Bey

He scorches Kārūn with a splendid fire
Or trips old women on a patch of mire.*

*When any woman once has found the way
She would be walking in it night and day.*

And such is the woman in the shop, although no novice ; she is as ceaseless in her movement as an elephant's trunk, and but one thing of his concerns her. ' Let my prayer-rug fall to Hell,' she cries, as she gives herself ; and she tortures her chelebi to be up and doing, a score of times, until her fire is gorged. ' My aga, my sultān, I cannot leave you,' she says. ' My conversation lengthens like a thread in my lord's presence, and my heart is troubled.'

*At his poor home there's neither grain nor drop ;
The grocer's pride begins and ends in shop.*

*No meat, cries Surfeit, for henceforth I swear
A lily salad shall be all my fare.*

*O wondrous cobbler, from a little skin
He made my girl a . . . boat to travel in.*

*How strong this carriage and how fine the building,
For look, my dear, it is all over gilding.*

Better a mountain on the breast, than lands
Upon the weary head and heart and hands.*

Z e n a n - N a m e h

I want the moon, I do not wish to force you,
But, if I do not get it, I'll divorce you.*

*If there's a thing to shut, then shut it,
Though half the desert would not glut it.*

*Passion can neither turn aside nor stop ;
The purchaser must move from shop to shop.*

*Beware those eyes that blink and slink and stray,
And those that are as honest as the day.*

*Can an old woman's heart, however hot,
Stand her instead of beauty? It can not.*

*'Tis open to the plain as to the fair
To love geraniums, but she should beware
Of setting a geranium in her hair.*

*Though there are proven remedies for wine
They are not suited to a case like mine.*

*To treat a harlot with consideration
Is worse than murder for the reputation.*

*There never was a quarrel yet in which
There was not both a "coward" and a "bitch."*

*An amorous crone coquetting with the young
Is like a cat that shakes a piece of dung.*

Fazil-Bey

*I don't put on your slipper, why should you
Plant carrots in my field? And yet you do.*

*Wish vines to cover all your fields with wealth ;
But don't forget to wish your friends good health.*

*One says : ' I see a far off troop of men ;'
The women cry : ' It is our lovers then.'*

Women were not always so, but today a species of bad pride possesses them ; they burn for each other in words, but in deed it is not so. One gallant meeting is like another, for the same actor plays the principal role, though speechless. If a lover would solve this riddle, let him examine his armoury ; and if he guesses right, I pray in return that he may find her pure.

If you are inclined to these diversions, you should study women as a bad book, for then you will learn this silver rule, that the lover who can withstand his senses for a little while shall prevail over the mistress.

You will say something of this sort : ' O light, O pain, O cypress tree and birth of happiness, nightingale of my rose, direction of my sighs, O silver arms, to what far morrow do you banish me ? Is a drake* seated on the wall, is our flax at market, that you send me afresh to die of impatience in the desert ? '

Zenan-Nameh

Then she will say: 'If you are Sweet Aloe Wood, my name is Lady Fire; if you are essence of roses, I am the crystal; if you are the mountain top, I am the morning.'

And after this you will go to it; it is as it were a poison.

There are some women who will never give the heart except in gratitude; you will not meet these unless you are rich: but there are still some women in the world who are moved by the beauty of man.

Above all, keep cool and learn to differentiate between resemblances. Even sages have been known to make mistakes. Do not confound the monthly fashion with pregnancy; do not touch either, leave them both to God.

Greece

IF you like the sex, choose a young Greek, for she is the credit of the church without bells*; the ear of her soul is ever on the alert; her voice is perfumed with the red flower of her lips; she walks like a sapling grown in Paradise; her glance has strange delight, her mouth is a school, bird notes are obligations to her, words take on a new wine when she has said them.

Please God I may become the lover of such a girl and cover her with kisses, you sigh on seeing her, and half your soul leaps out, forgetting her religion.

Fazil-Bey

A lover must woo her with all difficult restraints,
as if he wrote poetry ; he must glory to strive
to be like her, even in attitude and faltering
walk. They journey together, singing their
flame ; but, just as she is won, he grows too
much confused. I can understand this well.
What do such wooings matter to my heart ?
It is as if one set fire to a forest path going
towards a light ; for if the Grecian woman
is beautiful, the youthful Greek by far surpasses
her ; and, oh, he burns when he is overcome,
his mouth is the breast of a rose fulfilled with
dew. *It is a sunbeam*, cries out one ; but another
cries : *It is the torch of hope*.

*In every vice this phosphorescent grace is :
Who paints with filth can shine in evil places.*

*You write your name, and as you do
You draw a faithful portrait too.*

If your soul wanders where my treasure is
I pray you tell me what its measure is.*

*Whose net can stretch from land to land,
Whose carpet cover all the sand ?*

*He who can bend as low as that, may bend
To licking dirty shoes before the end.*

Z e n a n - N a m e b

*Take these red eggs, my dearest, said
The man whose hands were wet with red.*

*Jews lend at ten per cent, cries little Nix,
You can't accuse me of such filthy tricks.*

*How can I answer for her purity,
When Mary's cloud* is far too high for me?*

Greece is not like the Greeks, but her daughters
are women.

*Interlude on Wantons, on Justice, and the
Neighbours*

BE CAREFUL, DEAR LOVER OF WOMEN, TO
dress yourself warmly before you enter
upon their path ; for it must be pursued both
day and night, if you would be successful, and
without truce or shelter.

Even the wisest, when he moves in darkness,
cannot easily tell whether the woman with
whom he has to do is in the trade or no. He
should not be guided by public rumour in this
matter, or by what gallants say ; for many
hunters in their novitiate have fallen by night
into disastrous traps.

They put tricks of coquetry in action, and lead
men to houses marked by an outside lamp.
In bed they use exciting ways and questions ;
they take the hand and guide it to their

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attractions, their lips form words as sweet as the honey of the nightingale. They steal a titillating kiss, and push the bolt. The novice is about to sheath his dagger, when a great noise bursts forth ; a man, versed in such business, knocks on the panels ; black beards, white beards and gypsies, all the folk of the quarter, thunder at the door ; then push together and force it.

They all conduct the beauty to the tribunal of an Imām, an old man dazed with sleep, his breeches hardly fastened, with a stick, snatched up at random, in his hand, and scanty hairs thrust anyhow below his turban. Well is such a magistrate called *the gaoler of God* ; for, like a rotten quince, he is always found at some place on our road to make us slide.

‘ She has fallen into the vile sin of adultery, let her be far from me ! ’ he mumbles. ‘ Sink into the earth, O fornicating sorceress, dissolute sinner. This action constitutes adultery ; thus is it defined in the sacred writings. I must make my report to the tribunal ; never was such a thing in our pure quarter ! Here are the people assembled for audience ; let the infamous wretch be brought before them.’

‘ Oh, sir, the man concerned was black,’ says one ; ‘ for like sniffs after like. We saw the mule in action.’

Zenan-Nameh

‘But, my dear friend,’ breaks in another, ‘the man who ran in front of us from house to house was quite yellow ! We cast sacks into his way to trip him up, but God permitted his escape, the fish got back to sea.’

Each tells, in short, a different version to the tribunal ; it is notorious that the Turk cannot express himself. ‘In our country,’ says one, ‘the eyes of pigs are washed with coffee.’ ‘I do not hide any horns under my cap,’ another says.

Meanwhile the lover sighs in his own house ; he reties the string of his drawers with trembling hands. Fear joins his disappointment : he has brushed the rose a moment, what if it were poisoned ?

If the lady has experience, she wins the Imām over to her own side. ‘Come,’ says he, ‘we will examine into this matter with my wife.’ He leads the poor woman to his house, and she slips some deniable gold pieces into his hand. Khwājah Efendi trembles with pleasure, and declares her pure.

Let us admire the prudence of this magistrate, and pray the Lord to keep all slander from us. Accusations are so hasty, conjunctures so unlucky, coincidences so deceitful. Has no woman ever tripped before ? Is this stain refractory to soap ?

Fazil-Bey

The lover remains unknown, and the judicial sticks are left virgin. Many women of unsullied reputation have ridden in the same cart.

And escape is even more certain for those who reject women, and cultivate the society of youth. The Imām will still contrive excuse for you, even if you are caught in delight. It is enough to cover your sin with a pious appearance. I, personally, judge pastry by taste, and not by what it seems. ‘This child,’ you should say, ‘is the son of my aunt ; I am bringing him up to be the prop of my old age.’

It is otherwise if, by the will of God, you cause a birth ; then nothing remains but to carry your sighs into exile. Also, if some very old intrigue be found out, you are indicted before the Kadi, or even the Wazirial Divan. Among young dandies a man may seek his pleasure according to his fancy : the Kadi will send him back to his house with his head high, a second Alexander of Macedon.

Armenia

A GAZELLE in his solitude impudently seeking pleasure, that is the type of the Armenian woman. And the traditions of the Armenian woman, which she preserves intact, are a mean body and speech, an ugly gesturing and a lustful, troubled walk.

Z e n a n - N a m e h

The young Armenian men are infamous. They say they are like the Greeks, but the Greeks are not disgusting. The crow would walk like a partridge; now he cannot even walk like a crow.

*Whom fortune proves beyond his merit
A phœnix glory shall inherit.*

*Strive not to rise by mimicry, a ball
Set on a cupola can only fall.*

*Of most complacent sweetness girls may be,
And boys of a most sweet complacency.*

*There is a beard for every ear of corn;
For every nightingale a rose is born.*

*The last foul intercourse of Rammer's day
Is the white body of insomnia.*

Thus, we see the Armenians restlessly imitative of the young Greeks, studying even their language. But what to me is a change of idiom? If a snake talked Greek, would its tongue be less a horse-fly?

*His turban caught alight upon the quay;
The gathering crowd propelled him from the sea.*

Fazil-Bey

*'Tis not through eating lentils, I have found,
That men go mad and roll upon the ground.*

*All Greeks from infancy can mask a fact
Even from one who takes them in the act.*

*Who seeks in beauty either sage or saint
Will come against a barrier of paint.*

*Though if you speak all gain and none's offended,
Yet silence once it's broken can't be mended.*

If a Croat go into the market, they cry to him from the porter's haram: *Come up, come up!* For the Croat calls forth desire in the Armenian, the door is open to him; there is one tether for the horse and mare. The fine giant and the lady of the house, gunpowder and fire, begin to play together. But there are still well-born people in the world.

The Jews

WOMEN of the Jews, you have insolent glances and you stink; you are as loathsome as you are deplorable; there is neither beauty nor whiteness in your filthy flesh; yet for all the unpleasant yellow colour of your bodies they are as insipid as white snow. You are coarser than the Russians.

Zenan-Nameh

Man recoils flayed from the first of the gallant act. God keep me from the very thought of it !

Each woman is to all, each girl to all men, each boy to every woman. It misgives me that there is a greater confusion even, but I am not interested. A Mussulman has sweet fruit in his mouth, and needs no bitter.

The Bohemians

YOU sing the praises of lust in the public square, dark wanderers, then practice it beneath a tent. If a single pretty boy be born into your tribe, you take him willy-nilly. I have known you about the two halves of the earth with lies upon your tongue, you greedy bitches, and shame and filth upon your face.

Roumelia

YOU see the Padishah lying upon your breast, Roumelia, and the point of your breast carries the place of his women.

They have the ways of the beauties of Stamboul, silver and purpled flowers in a harmony ; they lean towards study, and are swift learners. It is enough to use sweet words to a Roumelian woman, and she will grow wise.

I must say no more of this delightful country.

Fazil-Bey

Albania

YOU walk haughtily with an eye to abash misfortune, you women of Albania, but you are ugly. I have seen nothing attractive in your face or body. Yet it might be possible to find one pleasing among you, except in manners. Yet the sons of these women are cypress-like ; their coquetry would ravish a hermit. Whither am I straying ? My song is without echo ; my praises fall from me. This is not the first time an author has gone down a bypath into brevity.

Bosnia

THE BOSNIAN is voluptuous, and melancholy whitens his head, for his savage woman refuses its anodyne to the snake of Venus. There are so many men, and yet the rose collective remains unbroken. How is this possible ? But it is perhaps as well that they escape one vice. A foul people, it uses iron and fire to quicken its beasts. May its traces not be effaced by the compassionate wind ; Hell take it, fire to fire !

Tartary

KNOW this, good amateur, the glass reflects the ugly as well as the beautiful, but it will not show the Tartar.

Zenan-Nameh

It is a special condition of the women of this race to be like monkeys.

To be a man or boy or girl of Tartary is to be conspicuous in a thousand, even were that thousand chosen for plainness.

Georgia

IF your tongue recalls the lion's roar, your body is softer than wool, moons of the third quarter, Georgian women. Your cup could not satiate or be over full; its wine seems ever sparingly measured, yet it is triumphant, not of desire but of regard, the same to men and women. It leaves no peace to the soul, O Georgian, of girls or boys; it is a phoenix net. How could we win you with our riches, seeing that your body is the treasure of Kārūn? Surely it is only by cunning you are made a prey. She does not desire the death of any man, O student, therefore give proof of moderation and tenderness, and then groan. It might be done so.

Keep a salt eye if you would taste her sweetness. Since she fears death for any God-created thing, bring sighs to bear.

But I would not lead you to suppose she is as the Circassian, at whose retreat no man may drink.

Fazil-Bey

Circassia

OTHER faces may seduce the enchanted sun, yours call down Venus self, Circassian girls, so many broken fragments of the moon, so many crowns of prayer, the power of the palm tree and of an army ; the moon bends out of heaven.

She can move her feet with grace, and look out of her eyes with tenderness ; the scarlet juice of the vine runs in her body ; her tongue takes fire. She pours the water of ablution night and day ; there is no speck found in her.

The Georgian may surpass her in beauty, but the Circassian is more attractive. A veil of chastity is about her ; her sincerity is as clean as her body, her body as her faith, her faith as new-fallen snow.

There would be none to compare with her, were there no Georgians to slake all thirst.

The Franks of Constantinople

MIRACLES of the breath of the lips of Jesus, and flowers of Mary's garden ! Also, O Frankish women of Constantinople, one glance from you is better than many wine shops.

What is this coloured garment and this sapling shape ? Whether he be Greek or foreign, he must cry for mercy ; the winner is won with her. Each church is open for her gallant

Zenan-Namēh

meetings : please God we have committed every sin with her !

She will have no trace of beard, she will have beardless lovers ; and, shame upon me ! I would return to that unvirile age for her. Let all beards and negroes and black hair retire abashed from her ; she is a bird yet in the woods for such.

Retire, black hair, into black places : such is this beauty's resolution ; creatures who live under fountain water, being bearded, should only rise at night. The Stamboul Frank can show herself more reasonable.

Interlude on Female Bathers

LEND AN EAR IF YOU LOVE BEAUTY, FOR I am going to speak about the bath. Though a certain shame attaches to people who require a private room, the baths themselves are a place to stay in joyfully till evening.

They have spruce women hairdressers, and rubbers with wide red drawers, and upright little female servants, scrupulously clean, their buttocks bound about with gold shawls.

Their* nālins* make them two andāzehs* tall, and give them a pretty way of walking. It is charming to see them tear their veils into a hundred pieces before the rubber comes. They have a delicate quickness.



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One of their coqueties is to pretend to look for fleas ; their image mirrored in the washing basin is as the sun's disk on the sea ; they give a soft light to the baths. They pin their dark hair with henna-tinted fingers, branches of coral in black amber ; or make their dark hair a shadow for their breast until it shines like a moon on a midnight without stars. Their nakedness dims the natural light ; their *peshtemāl** is a source of divination, not of covering ; their breasts are hills in a garden of spices, are gilded lemons, making me most melancholy, for now I shall have no superlatives for the women of Paradise, if I ever get there.

But if one of them falls pregnant, she is harried and mocked, not only by her own kind, who call her *big-belly*, but by the female bathers. These send her for unnecessary fruits and sherberts. One wants a candle, and another soap ; another has no *lif** ; one throws a cup of water at her, or whips her face with herbs. All lift her *peshtemāl* and ridicule her bottom.

There are so many gallants in this other room that it sounds like a marriage feast, except for the music. They wear the *fūta**, and one tells a kindling story, while the others raise the amber of the *chibouk* to their lips, or the *nargileh's* serpentine. One fits the bowl to the stem to pleasure his friend.

Zenan-Namēh

It is rare for these frolics to end without quarrel; then one will fight with nālins, another with a cup, and all like devils. Listen, if you will, to their exchange of courtesy:

‘You hang about the sweating-room at night.’

‘Whore-hunter!’

‘I would prefer the pig-pier at the port!’

‘Go there, and we will love you.’

‘My friends are Pashas where they are not Beys . . .’

‘With moustaches of gold thread?’

‘The nasty child measures us with his eyes.’

‘Yes, who enjoyed the slipper fallen from the roof?’

I leave this bath, where they are wrangling thus like drabs, and go back to the women’s bathing place, where every feature is a moon or trap or instigation to praise God.

These spent flowers cluster upon the divan, hovered about by the rose fingers of slaves. They have scented their legs with ambergris and aloe wood; I sigh from desire.

One looks for a flea, and behold! a thousand facets of nakedness; one uses her couch as a painted carriage, she is a cup of pearls.

She stays in the cooling room till nightfall and leaves it as if broken by fatigue, but gracefully; a painful and most enticing languor is in her step.

Fazil-Bey

What have I more to say ? Does the intelligent listener need an explanation ? The connoisseur will know the necessary words, and use them unembarrassed. A young man in his freshness is better than a frontispiece.

Along the Danube

YOU cast haughty glances over each country, O woman of Moldavia, as if you sat upon the throne of Feridün, and you are right to claim a certain distinction, for you are the ugliest bitch on earth.

Retire from the embraces of Bulgarian women, good student, for they have the most shameful diseases.

Look not upon a Croatian woman, either, even if her body and her way of life seem pure ; she differs in all things from the youth her brother. He is made of rose leaves that a morning air might bruise ; he is a place of waters, a love star, a cup to taste upon the couch, with sighs and simpering ; he is a light palm tree to be made to waver.

France

DAUGHTER of Rome's God, fruit of the garden of Jesus, your body is a silver ingot, French woman. Its attire is thick, and has a

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various ornament ; you outnumber the men ; they neglect youth for you.

A little dog must lie in your breast like a child ; under the veil of your breast. This beastly fashion is accepted among you. But the worst that happens there is that they make an art of discord ; now especially*.

Praises and thanks be to God for His Destinies ; so one is a pig and one is a bitch.

Poland

AS his hair-cloth to an ascetic, so is your marriage veil to you, my Polish woman, a cloak for all disorder ; yet your face is tenderness. You have rivals in straightness and the charm of walking and in soft speech ; in cunning none at all. Hearts fall about you.

Certain of your games are not innocent, reminding of Jewesses.

Germany

YOUR face draws the eyes of the monks like a candle, German woman ; your glance is a tavern, the bishop gets drunk there ; you are a treasure of sorcery, a thing of sable and crystal. Hers is a chastity with gallant ways ; she is very clean about her secret. Her body is a worthy garden, the thorns swing round to it ; the palm

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tree dies down before the cypress, the mouth fails.

Spain

THROW aside the veil, my curious student, for it hides the daughters of the world. The Spaniards have no usual women, they make spells by singing, and on guitars. They carry proportion to enchantment.

Look at this body, look at these breasts. Where now is the silver jasmine? These things are made of broken pearls.

In joining she writhes as a drunken harlot. If her husband likes her so, it is not for me to quarrel with his taste. Yearly the boys and girls troop over from Morocco; the people of Fez infest there; not to see the tombs.

England

ALONE of the Franks you wear the black curl of Hind upon your forehead; and you have gracious ways; Northern gardens have forgotten their roses upon you, you are in debt to the nightingale. You desire coloured and ornamented dresses, without wantonness. But I hear a turmoil of assemblies, a sound of words and voices. *Raise your hand at the moment of striking only*, that is their secret.

Zenan-Nameh

Russia

YOU follow the vile way of the church and adore the crucifix, O saffron, cross-eyed Russian woman. If your body be not as white as snow, it is as cold, also there is a secret place of infidel fire within it. Foh ! you would be at it night and morning.

You feign virginity better than Abyssinians ; your temperament is annoying and unwholesome. You prostitute yourself. A troop could not extinguish you. Your ways and face are sad ; you cannot stop either at noon or midnight, or for the inconvenience of the moon, or pregnancy. It is the thing adultery you know, and not the word ; and there are goats. You are common and public ; there can be no quarrel because of you.

We might as well be in Bohemia, where every town is a bastard factory. There are a thousand or two thousand harlots in every city ; the villages do it also.

Thus every year the government finds its profit in new soldiers ; the nation congratulates itself upon these things.

Holland

IF you are learned, that is because your tongue is difficult. Being yellow and of bad morals you cannot light desire.

Fazil-Bey

Your boys are as graceless as your girls ; they are both like Jews. We would not stay with you for the love of fifty.

*America**

O GARDEN of hope, O novel Paradise, your hideous daughters are like female animals. They carry for seven months only, as if they would be brought to bed twice every year.

Your man grows old before his time, being of little body and less wit. Even I could not guess, curious student, what passions there might be among such weakness.

To the Women Themselves

IF I have laid bare the shame of some, has any died of it, O veils torn down, O flock that I have pictured ?

My lines have told of the heaven within the drawers, I have strung them as pearls on gilded thread, with here and there, as a coloured interval between the women, a jesting verse or two.

On the Author

I COULD read off the years of my life from the lines of my face for you ; but the virtue of a talisman binds my tongue, though gold could loose it.

Zenan-Nameh

I have an illusion of strength, but, if I am to credit the stars, my tomb lies near me. Let none walk on this road reluctantly, for pardon may be at the bottom of the deep grave. There is a riddle hidden under this word, and who would not weep tears of blood to resolve it? Each gentleman goes to rest in that valley, the path to that prison is trod by every man. Let these things crown my work, and let the friend of women follow the right way.

The Disadvantages of Amorous Excess

TAKE courage, desirous slave, servant of never ending lust, and arm yourself with axe and sword against your master; half measures are without virtue in a passion that dries the source of life. This precious water gives the glory of health to the face of man, and strength in his members; it is the life of the wit of the writer, the essence of the vigour of the body and soul; it is the oil of the flame of the heart, and decks the spirit with limpidity. That is why there are so very many old women. He who makes pleasurable contact his pastime sees himself become unnaturally thin; his body loses strength, and any other occupation ends in illness. Beauty vanishes; paralysis and gout, catarrh and nervous trembling follow in their

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order, and how can he support them? The peace of the body is no longer upon the face, and he that was young is old. To haunt the private rooms at the bath is the quickest road to this.

Has there been one in whatever multitude, asks Luqmān, who has become habituated to the carnal act? A pretty boy gave way to this excess in a certain year, continues the sage. 'I have not the strength to control myself,' he said, 'my temperament bears me irresistibly to the delights.' 'You who are my life,' his father answered, 'with the help of God we can bear anything.' 'Then why has He not endowed me with patience,' questioned the youth, 'at least once in the week?' Alas, alas, adds this most wise distributor of salutary counsels, the boy spoke of a week, but not a week remained to him!

This manly substance is the basis of life's beauty; carried upon it, life courses through the soul.

You can spread it to build ruin for
yourself, or lay by a store of
it, for it is life.

Conclusion

I AM IN A NEW TROUBLE, AND EVERY moment swells my vexation. I accepted a task obediently, and performed it faithfully. I made a poem, and, since it is devoted to women, I may call it full of pleasantness. The Eden of pleasure is the substance and the essence and the end of it; I have praised extravagantly, according to the rules of art.

The orphan cuts his own birth cord, says the proverb; I have received no help from any man; yet, from start to finish, I have set easy verses in terraces of stanzas.

I have dissected all the women of the world; and fallen into the cheating net of one of them. I wrote to prepare a bed on which to enjoy my lover; but again my expectation has been deceived.

This work has been infinitely troublous to me. I have had to question the army of harlots; to give my ear to each husband on the intimate secrets of his wife; to listen to what Adam said to Eve. I have used the resources of my memory, and brought to light that which was hidden there. The constraint of this watching has not been without labour.

Dissimulation is not known at my village, there

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is no trace of deceit in me ; as any land has been described to me, my qalem has so pictured it. Where has my tongue changed one word for another, or memory not been honest ? The rift in my silent qalem serves thought as a mouth with which to speak ; if it has been deceived at times, yet I think it will raise a pleasant breeze.

Out of regard for my lover, I have spent much of the Turkish language ; I have surveyed many lands for her ; yet now that it is finished, my work seems no more than a jot, a tissue of slight poetic webs to the ignorant, though born of long consideration. They did not come to me as pearls found perfect in the shell ; they have needed severe and judicious revision after their finding ; they are no untouched virgin dawn.

I did not wish my lines to imitate others, or that their hope should be based on memory ; I desired them rather to be drops from the breast of our own sea, motes caught in the moon's ray of our peculiar night. When a lamp has been lighted, it is easy to fire a thousand candles from it afterward. May our lamp heighten the light of the wise and lighten the darkness of the fool a little !

So strong do I feel myself in this kind that I await a rival with complacence. He will say

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that he has made many quick verses on this subject ; do not believe him.

I had to make a collection of peoples, a laborious bouquet of the nations. Sometimes I had to capture an almost unknown tribe (for every man is not a townsman of Shiraz) or question in Arabic, or waste my time on empty-headed dangles. As word differs from word, and phrase from phrase, so have I distinguished general from general disposition and personal from personal. I have been the Gabriel of distinctions.

I have practised a deception on you ; and now I repent of it. The wise man's tongue is ever uneasy, though he retire to the discreetest corner of his house. I have not been foiled in my amorous expectation, I have rather become the familiar lantern of the haram, I know its passages as a light habitually carried along them. I have conquered my lovely antagonist, and she was astonished ; she is the pearl now hanging from my eyelid, my tears are changed to a rain of honey. This comes because I never asked for pity, though my breast was slashed and my eyes were water pipes.

The tomb thirsts for my wine ; the morning's hope is dead before the end of day ; I leave the candle of my life to burn as it will. Yet

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I pray to God that I may remain to enjoy the companionship of my lover for a space, nor cause anxiety ; that I shall never take desire in a net, nor cast away rubies. To be firm in the face of him is to bury a knife in the breast of misfortune ; but the athlete cannot throw down love. Grant, Lord, that my love appear ever, as the Virgin Mary, fair to me ;
and that *Zenan-Nameh* win
your praise ! Amen !

The End.

NOTES

PAGE

2	<i>Lam</i>	Arabic-Turkish-Persian letter of the alphabet, having a final scimitar-like curve.
3	<i>Sax</i>	a kind of three-stringed guitar.
8	<i>Kiāghid-Khaneh</i>	a fashionable waterside walk in Constantinople.
9	<i>Ferājeh</i>	a mantle.
10	<i>Qaftān</i>	a vest.
10	<i>Shalwār</i>	puffy trousers worn by both sexes.
13	<i>Hulagu-Khan</i>	the Tartar chief and grandson of Chinghiz-Khan, who invaded Bagdad in 1258 and overthrew the last of the Abbasids.
20	<i>Irhām</i>	the dress worn by the pilgrim to Mecca.
22	<i>Anqa</i>	a giganticfabulous bird.
29	<i>Shamli</i>	meaning both a Syrian woman and having a skin covered with black blemishes.
35	<i>He of the double mantle</i>	Plato.
36	<i>Chelebi</i>	Greek or European gentleman ; formerly a prince of the blood.
37	<i>Kārūn</i>	Korah. See Numbers, XVI.

- 37 *Better a mountain* compare the French *Qui terre a guerre a.*
- 38 *I want the moon* meaning that it is easy to get rid of a wife by demanding the impossible from her.
- 39 *Is a drake* *Is our flax . . .* frivolous excuses, but the first may refer also to the presence of the husband at home.
- 40 *The church without bells* referring to the Moslem ordinance forbidding bells in Christian churches.
- 41 *If your soul wanders* addressed to borrowers, meaning: 'You say I am rich, but how do you know?'
- 42 *Mary's cloud* a common allusion to the incarnation of Christ, quoted when the virtue of a woman is being praised on insufficient grounds.
- 52 *Their* seems to refer to the 'little female servants' only.
- 52 *Nālins* wooden bathing clogs.
- 52 *Andāzeh* equivalent to the English yard.
- 53 *Pesbtemāl* bathing cincture wound round the middle.

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53	<i>Lif</i>	palm fibres used for soaping.
53	<i>Fūta</i>	Male bathing apron.
56	<i>Now especially</i>	written during the French Revolution.
59	<i>America</i>	It is perhaps needless to say that Fazil refers to the Red Indians.

*The Education of
Wives
(Ta'dib ul-Nisvān)
from the Persian*

for
C. F.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

PROBABLY no item in our series, as far as it has yet gone, is more capable than *The Education of Wives* of appealing directly to the reader without preliminary comment or explanation.

Ta'dib ul-Nisvān, literally *the Education of Women*, was printed at Teheran in the early 'Eighties of last century, and in spite of angry research on the part of its victims the secret of its authorship was successfully kept. According to Monsieur G. Audibert, who was First Dragoman to the French Legation in Persia at the time of its appearance, and of whose amusing version I have availed myself, this pamphlet was written by one of the numerous princes of the Persian Royal Family. It had a success of scandal in the women's world, and provoked more than one lively response; notably *Ta'dil ul-Rijāl*, *The Putting of Men in their Place*, a bitter counter-criticism from the pen of 'A Great Persian Lady.'

The couplets and other poetical quotations, in their occasional inappositeness, give a very fair idea of the author's method.

This delight in casual decoration at any price, which has already been noted in Fażil-Bey's *Zenan-Nameh*, is characteristic of a great deal of Persian, Turkish and Arabic writing, and often produces unintentionally humorous results. When, for instance, the present author wishes to assure the wife that, if she can

Introductory Note

command a pleasing prattle, her husband will ask her to speak to him, he finds any pleasant stanza containing the words 'speak to me' sufficiently near for his purpose, though the one he selects, with its picture of amorous shyness and extinguished candle, must inevitably introduce quite the wrong atmosphere. Again, he wishes to provide an appropriate quotation for a man crouched bitterly over the fire burning rue-seed to avoid his wife's evil-eye, and because certain lines are concerned with that charm, he insists on using them, quite regardless of the fact that they are part of an instruction given in a love poem. In certain instances it will even be seen that when he desires to say something particularly cutting about one sex, he is forced to borrow from a satire written on the other.

Foreword

A FRIEND, WHO WAS AT ONCE MY CONFIDANT in quiet hours and my supporter in the moments of life's stress, complained to me one day.

'It was in my time of careless youth,' he said, 'when the down on my face was black as a crow's wing and the fruits of desire hung heavy upon my tree ; time's bitterness had not yet turned my hair to the white of camphor, nor had my youth endured those trials which age brings with it.

*The foliage of my cheek was red
As any on the judas-tree ;
And adolescence, be it said,
Was greener than the grass in me.*

'Though eighteen Springs had hardly passed since I saw the light, I had already turned my thought, in obedience to the ordinary custom of this age, towards a marriage with the daughter of a distant kinsman. The wedding took place, and thus, from my earliest youth, I experienced all the burden of a family and household. Thereafter eleven years of precious life were wasted in the society of a companion who, though chaste and faithful, possessed not one of those interior qualities which constitute the

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charm of women. Such was my portion until the day and the hour arrived which Destiny had fixed for her, and she was taken from this world. As we had loved each other in spite of everything, I was consumed by the grief of our separation for a whole year, and swore never to think of taking another legal wife, especially from a house in easy circumstances. Also I imagined, in entire good faith, that I was the only man who had ever had to support common life for several years with a woman of difficult temper, forgetting that

*The proof that each of us is Adam's son
Lies in our heritage, affliction.*

and that

*Not only mine the supplicating hands
That from this Valley are raised up to God ;
A multitude as many as Its sands
Rise with them to inform against the Rod.*

‘ But during a talk which I had one day with a friend, I took occasion to approach the subject which perplexed me and led the conversation on to women.

“ ‘ There is little doubt,” I said to him, “ that no one in modern times has suffered as much as I have from these creatures.”

‘ He looked at me in a friendly fashion, but I

From the Persian

saw that there was a smile upon his lips, so I asked him the reason of it. Then, instead of a direct answer, he gave me a few pages which had been written by a certain eminent personage, advising me to read them over in my hours of sadness.'

Now as I myself had been the victim of women, I begged my friend to lend me the impressions on that subject which this other had given him. He did so willingly, and now I in turn take up my pen to publish these notes, with amplification and division into ten chapters.

If the little work be so fortunate as to please the reader, my joy will be extreme, and I will ask him to place this book in the hands of his daughters, so that it may serve them for instruction and increase their welfare. But if my effort should be received with public disfavour, I beg the reader to remain silent on the small

feminine imperfections which I attack and

to accept, in this place, the

humble excuses of a

humble author.

Preface

CONCERNING LITTLE GIRLS WHO HAVE BEEN SPOILT
BY THEIR PARENTS, CREATURES TO BE
MET WITH EVERYWHERE

AND HOW COULD IT BE OTHERWISE WHEN
A every female, from tender babyhood to
puberty, eats savoury dishes, drinks the best
water, and hears nothing all the time but: *Little
Lady?* ‘You who are prettier than the moon,
little lady, little soul,’ says every nurse, and
naturally the little soul is soon convinced she is
as fair as a peacock of Paradise. And her
ears are stuffed with vapid compliments of this
kind: ‘I would like to be offered up in sacrifice
to your face, infinitely precious darling, for it
shines like the moon! Never be so foolish
as to marry a man with a great turban and a
wide mantle*! Your husband should be a
king, and no poor disinherited son of nature!’
The unfortunate child who, from her birth
until she enters her husband’s house, has heard
nothing but such idiocy, ends with her head
full of it.

Thus, thanks to the natural stupidity of the
weaker sex, which is ever ready to give credence
to such things, a young wife is doomed to
initial days and nights more gloomy than my
own existence, which is black enough!

At once a crowd of old women run to her,

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heaving a thousand and a thousand sighs to see her subject to a husband who, they say, cannot appreciate her. These beldams seem to have no idea that we men were created specially to suffer and to abide vexation in the battle, before we can win those possessions which reconcile us to a sordid world. Wives, children and a household, for instance, are not acquired without anguish, and yet a man lacking such ties will find no joy in this world or the next.

It must be confessed, however, that it is at times a terrible anxiety to have a wife and children, and that this anxiety extends, as does the joy, to either world ! There was a poet who wrote :

*Now that you are safely caught
In the fond domestic knot
It is time to say : ' Good-bye
Leisure and tranquillity ! '*

Yet it is certain that without a wife and family and wealth we cannot prosper here below or even in Heaven above.

Marriage is the greatest trial of anybody's life ; we marry blindly and only realise afterwards that we have left our mother and father, our brother and all our kind, for a single woman and a sea of grief. Yet marriage cannot be too difficult a problem, when a merciful God has



From the Persian

made immutable law of it. Those who refuse to submit to this law either, while understanding its advantages, intentionally pretend that they do not, or else are really ignorant ; the man of wisdom and courage does not hesitate to set this yoke upon his neck, because he knows that, though it crush him, it is Heaven's will that he resign himself. Well might the poet exclaim :

*By day you see what marriage is
And count its inconveniences,
Yet in the evening none the less
You fondle your unhappiness.*

Is there not something almost of the supernatural in a young girl thus renouncing all her affections, at a minute's notice, to be joined to a stranger whom she does not know, whose name she often has not even heard ? Yet this line may be truly quoted of her :

She has preferred you to all men and things.

And from this moment she will unhesitatingly give all, from her last farthing to her last breath, for love of this husband. What is there she would not do to win his heart ? She will even believe in the magic power of those so-called sorcerers, those charlatans who leave their native countries to travel and exploit the world. God pardon me ! if he show her a

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paper scribbled in red ink, as a holy writing, and a little ass's fat, she will buy these things. She will exchange a bladder of Tartary musk for a very ordinary donkey's skin, or her best perfumed powder for a pinch of dry dung. She will eagerly bid for a hyena's genitals, since these are well known to be the finest charm of all. And she will obtain these things for the sole purpose of making her husband love her.

*Love turns the girdle of a Moslem saint
Into the cincture of a Christian priest.
He is the fool of time, and has not ceased
To show his wanton power's divine extent.*

Poor souls, do you not know that the only marvel of these charms is the stupidity of those who credit them, and that the rest is nonsense ?

*Do not seek for coloured stuffs,
But for conduct in your loves.
His wood is here to guard and warm,
Not to burn and do us harm.
Love lies in gentle conversational arts,
And not in a hyena's private parts.*

An old cat-skin should be thrown away, and not kept as a sort of capital to produce an income of desire. Not even beauty can enchant love, but a good disposition only.

From the Persian

Manners and modesty are talismans indeed; it is even better to behave well than to speak well.

*Wit has bright arrows, if you hold no shield
Of answering wit 'tis wise to quit the field.*

Better an ugly woman than a sharp-tempered beauty. The snake dappled in fine blacks is one of the most beautiful of creatures, yet we flee at the sight of him.

*All the schemes of beauty kill not
With the certitude of Nature,
To have shaped a mirror will not
Turn the shaper Alexander*,
And to cock the bonnet bravely
As we see some learned creature
Will not make a fool speak gravely
Or a Justice of a gander.*

An engaging disposition, a felicitous education, are far more necessary to a wife than either beauty or adornment.

*To feed a man with sighs
Until the creature dies
Is not the way to move
Another man to love.*

A peevish houri is less desirable than a dīv* ; a maleficent dīv with a happy disposition would be preferable to such a houri.

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*He who is given
A docile spouse
In a quiet house
Is loved of Heaven.*

Love demands tender words and pleasing ways.

*This is how his courtiers chid
Sultān Mahmūd the Ghaznavid :
'Your friend, Āyāz, is black as coal
And yet you lend him all your soul ;
This is as if the bulbul chose
A scentless and discoloured rose.'
Sultān Mahmūd made answer then :
' 'Tis not with flowers as with men,
Nor do I love his gloomy skin,
But a white glory found within.'*

Āyāz was only a negro and yet, thanks to his excellent character, he could win the heart of a Sultān. Strive to acquire such a disposition as Āyāz had, O wives !

*Seek for such beauties as may lie within
And not without a woman's skin ;
If those without and not within you find,
Then turn and show her your behind.*

Religious tradition teaches us that women should be avoided, whether they are good or bad, and

From the Persian

that no sort of confidence should be reposed in them. The basis of confidence is intellect, and have not God and His holy Imāms proclaimed the intellects of women to be incomplete? His Holiness the Commander of the Faithful, 'Alī son of Abu Tālib (may the salvation of God be on him !), made this disapproving pronouncement : ' Be sure of this, O man, that woman is religiously, mentally and legally an imperfect creature. As touching religion, she is forbidden to pray or fast during her monthly periods ; as touching intelligence, the law demands the evidence of two women to that of one man ; and as touching succession, the man receives the double of the woman. Carefully abstain, therefore, from bad women, and flee from good ones. Never obey a woman, even when she counsels well, so that she live in no hope of some day making you do evil.' What can be expected of a sex so judged by the friend of God ? And what can a poor devil like the present writer find to say in addition ? It is certain that I shall never convince a single one of the tribe, and that all will attack, abuse and call down curses upon me. But that does not matter. I shall keep my word and write the few chapters which I promised.

1. *Of Character and Conduct which become a Wife*

THE FIRST CONDITION OF TRUE LOVE IS reciprocity, and it is this exchange of feeling which we must seek before all else. However fully captivated a man may be, in the end he will renounce his love if he has to complain without ceasing of its object; and when this happens we may say with perfect truth that, if the heart gains nothing by foregoing its affection, it loses nothing either. Let us consider the case of two lovers who see each other only for an occasional hour at the rarest intervals and after the greatest difficulty: because they cannot achieve these cherished interviews except at a cost of trouble, they pass them, it is certain, without either tedium or dispute, whatever their ordinary characters may be. It is easy to show patience for an hour or for a day, but how is it possible to be patient for a lifetime? All faults are evident in a continuous companionship, and disgust or satiety are apt to be the result. Therefore the wife should carefully use every good quality that she may possess to keep her husband from recrimination. If she does this, his desire for her will, instead of diminishing, grow greater from hour to hour. Many women who leave

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much to be desired in the matter of beauty have won their husband's hearts in the way which I suggest. In the eyes of the man whom they make happy their ugliness will be preferred to all the beauties of the world, and he will say:

*Seek no paragon to find
With cypress waist and collied hair,
Rather seek a heart and mind
More enduring and as fair.*

I know that in acting upon this advice we lay ourselves open to hear strangers, and even relations say: 'That animal's taste must be most depraved if he can love so hideous a wife!' But that animal calmly and contentedly lets them talk and then, without leaving hold of his wife's garment, says to her in their presence:

*By your cherished head I swear
No one in the world shall move you
From the single golden chair
In the heart of him who loves you.*

And to set against this, there are many perfect beauties who stand in the judgment of their husbands as more poisonous than a snake or scorpion. For all their beauty, these unhappy women have often much to complain of in their Destiny, and are reduced to the pursuit

From the Persian

of some priest or Jew in hope of obtaining a talisman which shall make them loved.

*Very many years I squandered
Thinking love had learned to roam,
Up and down the world I wandered . . .
He was in my heart at home.*

He is in your hearts, my good women, and it is entirely your own fault if you cannot find him. Ugly women often have the greatest possible success in love, because they know their lack and strive to replace it by qualities of mind and heart.

*I have plucked fruit from all Desire's trees,
And none more full of excellence than these.*

On the other hand, those who are beautiful are so convinced of their beauty that they nurture all the disdains, and hold an exaggerated opinion of themselves. That vanity which dominates all else in them prevents them from a clear understanding of what they do ; and they let their heads be turned by the insensate flatteries of old women, a class which never tires of praising the charms of the body, and repeating :

*Seek we love on earth, or even
Love in Heaven,
Coquetry's the surest road
To Love's abode.*

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The poor darlings stray from the resting-place through this absurd advice, and lose the road entirely. Soon they perceive that they have fallen into disgrace with their husbands, and have condemned themselves to live for the future in the midst of sighs and grieving. Well might they say with the poet :

*All joy is fled, only not I depart,
But stay with flooded eye and roasted heart.*

You should not rely for one moment on the seduction of your charm or consider it an excuse for departing even a hair's breadth from the path of decorum. Learn to withstand your own caprices, and, in every circumstance of life, be subject to your husband.

*Only by riddance shall we prosper still;
Give God your life and cast away your will.*

The wife owes passive obedience to her lord, and must remain amenable to his orders without a thought of how or why. Let her transpose, in application to herself, the lines :

*Living I shall still believe
It is more blessed to receive
Your injustice than to bear
The justice of the lesser fair.*

Even should her husband plunge her hand into

From the Persian

the fire, she will do well to say that this flame is as pleasant as a bed of flowers*. When her husband demands a certain favour of her, let her beware of uttering a single sigh, for such a sigh at such a time can leave its mark on all existence and trouble a whole life.

*Do not inflame, or else be true to love :
Before you make a gurunāg* your friend
See that your house is also large enough
To lodge his elephant from end to end.*

When a woman maintains an opposite opinion to her husband, and goes so far in her conceit of infallibility as to say, with the wife in the Turkish tale : ‘ I grant that you are a man, but so am I,’ then love between them has become impossible.

Your thought is mine,

says the poet, and that is what a woman ought to say.

She who could unite all such qualities as I have suggested would be a heavenly gift to suffering humanity, but alas ! will one such perfection be found in a hundred thousand women ? To advise them is as practical in me as to seek to measure moonlight and make a powder out of water. It is probable, it is even certain that, instead of listening to me, they will cry among

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themselves : ' Let the washer of the dead bear off this drivelling chatterer ; let the beast's own blood serve him as beard-dye* ; he would teach others and knows nothing at all himself ! ' And the reason for all this is that the poor creatures cannot realise that

*For two on earth to have one less
Heart than two is happiness.*

Intimate union between man and wife is a blessing straight from Allāh. It matters little if the two die young. Is short and perfect happiness to be counted nothing ? But such felicity depends on the wife, for she alone can create and nourish such a love. Also, as Hāfiz said :

*Teach good, O Hāfiz ; if the people learn
So much the better. That is their concern.*

2. Control your tongues

ON LIPS OF HONEY SPICE A SINGLE TRACE
Of bitterness is double a disgrace.

Indeed a single imprudent word may have the most terrible consequences. Beauty, be careful to control your pretty tongue, and remember this wise maxim :

*That trick of bitter speech in her
Is quite as foolish as unpleasant,
It gives away a character
And often turns away a present.*

and also this :

*The wound a lance gives may be cured at need,
A wound the tongue makes is beyond remede.*

It is true that wounds caused by the tongue will never close, or at least will leave a life-long scar. Also it is obviously absurd for a wife, who has just hurled a myriad disagreeable phrases at her husband, to imagine that he will forget this exhibition entirely, provided she afterward excuses herself somewhat in this way : ‘ You know in time of war, my dear, we do not pelt the enemy with bread and sweet-meats.’ You will have spoken a profound truth, Madam, for we make war with cannons and guns, or sticks and stones ; but allow me

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to point out that, after a stupid quarrel with your husband, it is a little late to offer him sweetmeats.

Quarrels are fatal to friendship and kill desire ; if they take place in the home, then every word exchanged in them stays graven on the substance of the heart, and eats it like a sore. Therefore let a wife never give way to anger ; and if her husband happen, with or without a cause, to be ill-humoured, let her strive to dissipate his temper by redoubling the grace of every word and action. This wise proceeding will work on an angry man as water upon fire. Also, in my opinion, even if she be not at fault, a clever woman should take the offences of her husband upon herself, and ask his pardon for them. If to this subtlety she adds a few masterly caresses, her husband will grow ashamed, either at once or later, and she herself will profit in a further way, for he will certainly grow to love her all the more. It is better to say gently : ‘ I was wrong, and those unfortunate words escaped me,’ than to camp in front of your husband and gesticulate and exclaim at him. If you adopt the latter course, rough words may follow and with them many years of grief. Even when a millionaire’s daughter has married a penniless stoker from the baths, she should be respectful and modest in her treatment of him,

From the Persian

for the sole worth of a wife lies in her love for her husband.

If a wife finds her husband badly disposed and wishes to put an end to this state, instead of setting up a lamentation she had far better take the first opportunity of slipping from the room, without a trace of sulks upon her face ; after a minute she can return and, denying herself a single irritating word or slightest allusion, begin by every means in her power to fill him with more cheerful thoughts. Alas ! I know too well that this is not easy, and that very few possess such force of character.

*You will not lift six hundred pound
From off the ground
Without three hundred pound of bone
For skeleton.*

A man, even the most manly, is frequently not master of himself ; how then shall a woman always be self-controlled, having so frivolous a heart, so weak an intellect ? Yet if we wish to preserve either love or friendship, we must learn to drink the bitter draught of patience.

*The lips of wise experience repeat :
Patience is bitter but her fruit is sweet.*

It is better to cut out the tongue with a sharp sword than to use it in a domestic dispute, for

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repentance follows on the heels of quarrelling. Anger makes self-control impossible, friendship is rent on verbal thorns, and no needle in the world can mend it afterwards. Though peace is made, it cannot be sincere, and a certain rancour will remain in the heart for ever.

*You cannot hope
To mend a broken rope
Without a trace
Of knot to mark the place.*

The woman who says : ' I only answered after all, and not to resent an unpleasant remark would have been unworthy,' talks like a fool, and drives away the very love that she would keep.

*Better go barefoot in the rain
Than walk in shoes of pain ;
Better go anywhere at all
Than stay at home and brawl.*

Neither love nor amity will choose that house as an abode where the wife spends all her time in wrangling ; but war will soon find out that place. And do not, I repeat, count upon a reconciliation, for it is in the nature of things that, once a war has been begun, each interval of truce will be followed by a battle.

It is not good that a woman should speak even

From the Persian

ever so little rudely, were it but in jest ; for though joking is certainly not forbidden, if it contain no unseasonable word or wounding allusion, yet, for the sake of a jest, to criticise her husband's actions, to interrupt him in conversation, to complain of him, and above all to strangers, are fatal habits in any woman. One word leads inevitably to another, and any conversation from which it may be deduced that a wife is complaining of her husband should be carefully avoided. As a matter of fact such conversation is always repeated afterwards in a slightly different manner, and thus misfortune is innocently brought about.

3. *Do not Grumble*

A WIFE SHOULD NEVER GRUMBLE ABOUT HER husband, even with a hundred reasons for doing so, since complaint will be inevitably answered by complaint. Recrimination engenders coldness and, however close the union, ends in grief. And tell me, good wives and husbands, have we so much to complain of in each other?

His Majesty, the King of Kings*, has written :

*I love a face without a veil, my dears . . .
The least becoming veil of all is tears.*

And after these lines, is it not true to say as the Arabs do : *The word of the King is the king of words?*

Nothing is more disagreeable to hear than perpetual complaint ; young wives should leave this indulgence to older women. Grumbling in an extreme case is, with a disunited household, understandable ; but, where there is true love between man and wife, it cannot be excused. Recrimination invites misunderstanding and woos a most fatal issue. Yet I have met more than one woman who knew no content except in discontent, and more than one who was always on the look-out for a pretext

From the Persian

to give rein to temper. A certain wife said to her husband :

*I have no reason to complain,
Yet since it is my nature to,
I do it time and time again
And shall continue so to do.
You say I have no moral strength at all ;
The fault is yours, who have no physical.*

And if these women who never cease from whining would only whine with discretion ! But, as God is my witness, they always bray like she-asses and afterwards claim they have not raised their voice. A curse on these screechings which take the ass for model ! The Koran has said : *Of all uproar, that of the ass is the most terrible.* Never think that loud speaking is a merit, never believe those flatterers who say : ‘ *Mā shā Allāh** ! the sound of your voice is like a cannon, it rains like the firing of guns out of your mouth ! ’ Can you not understand that such compliments are ridiculous ?

There is nothing more detestable than to see a woman gesticulate, with one arm at her hip, the other raised, bouncing from side to side and foaming at the mouth, protruding her eyes out of her head, curvetting like a lunatic, tossing her hands about, rolling from knee to knee and raising a dust to the seventh Heaven. These

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actions are accompanied by words more deadly than poison. And the unfortunate husband is in imminent peril of a nasty knock.

But what is more charming than to hear a woman speak with grace and gentleness, as one talks to a convalescent? What more seductive than little agreeable gestures and delicate ways? Prattle increases desire, and pretty conduct entices the eye. If a woman who possesses both these ornaments ceases from speaking, it is from the heart and soul that we beg her to continue; and although a man has a thousand cares, she will make him forget them, cleansing his heart from the rust of trouble, and he will say:

*Speak to me, sweet and fair one, have no fear;
There is no stranger but the candle here,
And if the candle fill you with affright
I'll cut off his red tongue for you, my dear.*

Alas, all that I say will hardly profit the sex; and I only write it to satisfy my conscience. Explanation and understanding of such delicate matters can scarcely be given in a book; rather should every woman seek to bring these qualities to birth in her own person, and strain to acquire out of her very self those virtues to which I have given so much praise. Let her not say to herself: 'If I have an unpleasant character and

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a venomous tongue, by Allāh, I know it well, and it is my nature. Is it my fault my voice is loud and cannot be moderated ? God made me so ; if you want a better wife, apply to Him.' I have the honour to answer you, Madam, with this couplet :

*Take my advice or your own way ;
I have said all I had to say.*

Your reasoning, Madam, is the acme of folly, the very height of stupidity, for everything in this world has need of apprenticeship. If a woman be not a dunce all through and once sees her fault, she understands its ugliness and strives to amend it.

Remember that bitterness can be changed to sweet by alchemy, and brass to gold ; and I have just taught you the alchemy of conduct.

If you have good will, my lessons shall change you to the purest gold ; if you are of those who refuse to listen, that is your own affair : doubt-

less you have some definite goal
before you, into which I
have no inclination
to inquire.

4. *No sulks!*

A WIFE WILL DO WELL TO TAKE THINGS, AS far as possible, on their good side and, above all, never to sulk.

I have heard it told of an old woman, who lay at the point of death (May God hold her in compassion, for her testament had really some good in it!), that she thus expressed her latest wishes to her daughter: 'My child, promise me never to sulk with your husband in regard to these two things: the table and the bed. For if you sulk at table, you sulk against your belly, and that is annoying; and if you persist in refusing blankets, you will catch a cold, which is more annoying still.' Now without grounding my argument too far on this pleasant recommendation, I say that sulks are certain, in the long run, to engender discord; therefore a wise wife will carefully abstain from looking sullen.

*Better the judge, the prison, and disgrace
Than sit at home before a puckered face.*

A gay and gentle conversation and a laughing, joyous countenance are the two things which best suit loveliness. May God preserve us from those unbearable creatures who grumble without ceasing and sit down dully, as if they were mourning widows; whose faces are more sour than vinegar, whose sighs are stronger than



From the Persian

garlic ; whose arms are ever under their chins as if they had lost their dearest, or their steam-boat* had foundered, or as if they had laboured cruelly, from morn till eve, to win bread for their husbands !

What is it then, my dear ? And what has befallen (good God !) so to over-excite you ? Nay, were your beauty equal to the light of the moon and your virtues incomparable, yet, in your present state, a dying man would not take water from your hands. In short, what good can come of such a mood ?

Never forget, O wretched women, that these husbands of yours, each according to his degree, have had to endure many troubles during the day, and that it is for love of you they have done what is permitted, and sometimes what is not permitted, in life's battle. When evening comes, they have the right to peace within doors, where they can forget for a moment the fatigues and cares which must begin again next morning. What calamity for the poor man if he is greeted, even as he crosses the threshold, with those scenes and grimaces which the women of our time have made the fashion !

*See that with triple care you
Avoid an evil wife,
And pray to God to spare you
This Hell-in-Life.*

5. Of Carriage and Behaviour in Society

TOO SWIFT A PACE IN WALKING DOES NOT suit a woman; but little graceful steps will make her bearing utterly attractive, above all if she takes care to hold her head erect, so as not to seem bowed down.

*Where'er you go men see a flame, a star;
The star's yourself, the flame my sighings are.*

Only street lovers turn their heads and move their haunches as they walk; a modest woman must pay great attention to each movement, and try to preserve a noble yet enticing carriage. Then surely someone will quote this line of her:

Who has just passed? Ah, give me back my soul!

A well-bred lady does not move her arms too much, nor does she keep them glued to her side like sticks; and if she be thus careful of her arms, is it to be thought that she should keep a certain part of her body grinding like a mill-stone? Such a movement is only graceful when it happens naturally, a result of elegant walking. Too eager a gait and an exaggerated movement of the hips are the mark of beauty in quest of passing pleasure; grace and good taste avoid such things.

From the Persian

A woman should always strive for these verses to apply to her :

*She's the risen moon unrisen,
Rising she's the cypress tree ;
I, already in her prison,
Will she take my life from me ?*

and, indeed, if she will but put my counsels into practice, she may soon become an object of universal praise and admiration.

Unless she is alone, a woman should be on her guard against every trick which may awake disgust. Thus she should leave the habit of picking the nose or blowing it in the hand to older women. Why should not one who is still of an attractive age keep a little handkerchief by her, to ensure that her nose and eyes are ever in a state of perfect cleanliness ? This handkerchief will be none the less useful to her should she cough or sneeze, for she has only to put it in front of her mouth to save her unfortunate husband the unpleasantness of being sprayed with matters which only distantly resemble rose-water. To be drenched in such a manner inspires the most profound distaste.

Also, when she approaches her husband, a wife will do well not to throw herself boisterously upon him in a cloud of dust. It is when she sits down prettily and gently at his side

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that he is likely to say : ‘ You are charming from head to foot, my soul ! What a craftsman is this God who has drawn so great perfection out of nothingness ! I have seen no comparable marvel in the world ; you are the sun building his nest in a moving cypress ! No tongue could tell of your quality, no pen describe your beauty ! ’ But to win such compliments, a woman must have the serious desire to merit them. When she sits at her husband’s side, let her be careful not to take up all the room, but rather to kneel at a little distance from him ; then, if this position eventually tires her, she has only to rise up and walk about a little, or go apart and stretch herself for a moment, and her fatigue will be gone. What she must emphatically not do is to involve herself in her chādar* and begin snoring ; still less must she squat down and cuddle her knees with her arms as if she were a widow and inconsolable. Let her remain smiling and gay, and fondly press her husband’s hand from time to time, so that it soon steals round to caress her waist, and it may be said amorously of them :

*Now the lover drains her eyes
Till his senses mænadise,
Now it is the mistress frees
Hair to his audacities.*

From the Persian

Often a pleasing babble will distract and occupy a man, even for a whole evening ; and, far from feeling either boredom or fatigue at being reduced to a single companion, he will, after such a session, desire her all the more. But though there is this virtue in chatter, a wife must always attend to what her husband says, and never interrupt him ; also, if she wishes to be near him, she should place herself at his side, and not in front of him. The poet says :

*Ah, sweet to have her by ! But not so sweet
To have my love directly opposite !*

She must not help herself up with her hands like a pregnant woman, but should rise gracefully, even affably, so that these lines may fit her :

*When she sits down the storms of our desires
Down drop with her,
And when she rises, lo ! a thousand fires
Rise up with her.*

She should be careful not to sit near enough to the fire to roast her face or have it smothered in smoke ; also, when the room must be heated, I strongly advise her not to use a gursī*, since it makes the flesh yellow and flaccid. As a last word on this matter, I warn

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her not to follow the example of those old women who sit full in the sun for hours together as if they had lost a hundred thousand dear ones.

As to farding, I urge my gentle readers to be moderate in their use of antimony and only to put on very little rouge, so that their colours may still appear natural. There are too many women who paint their cheeks and lips, and even their eyes and nose, most terribly. And when they have done so, they imagine that their face is like a bouquet of roses, while in fact it exactly resembles a monkey's bottom.

The Europeans use paint very little, and they are right in this abstention ; for what God has created will always be superior to our improvement on it. But I hear the Persian woman answer me : ' If what you say is true, how is it that so much rice powder is made in Europe, and exported in such large quantities to Persia ? ' To which I answer that these products are manufactured in the first place for profit, and in the second for the sole use of the senile coquette in Europe, or the withered woman of Irān. One who is young and at all beautiful has no need of paint and rice powder, nor will one who is old and ugly grow young and beautiful by using them.

From the Persian

*If God has given grace to her
She'll thrive without the hairdresser . . .
What profit shall it do the blind
To black the eyebrows of the mind?*

I admit that women who are naturally pale in colour will take no harm from a little rouge, as long as they only copy the tint of life with it. Can an absolutely red nose or red rims about the eyes be called a beauty? In fine, when paint is used it should be impossible to tell whether nature or the perfumer has been at work.

If you have delightful great brown eyebrows, beware of touching them; and if, by evil chance, you have them scanty and of an ugly colour, be satisfied with a darkening and slight lengthening.

Do not let stray hair grow on the face, saying that so-and-so has a great deal more; yet do not be pulling it out every eight days: it is enough to perform this operation once in two months.

*I need a heart that's broken,
That parting has undone;
My yearning, though unspoken,
Would speak to such a one.*

6. *How to Eat*

AT TABLE A WELL-BRED WOMAN RESTS ON her two knees at once, displays a smiling face, and does not prattle. She eats of every dish with pleasure, whether it be good or bad, being careful to take small mouthfuls only, and to place them prettily in her mouth with but the tips of her fingers. She does not swallow large pieces or chew too quickly ; she does not fill her mouth so full that either things come out of it or she is compelled to breathe through her nose.

Nothing is more detestable than a noise of jaw-working which can be heard for miles. Therefore chew slowly and without noise, selecting none but tidy fragments, and managing them daintily. Avoid indigestible dishes or any which leave a nasty smell ; for no one wishes to hear his wife perpetually belching. The simple belch is not pretty, but it is even worse when the smell forces your neighbours to question whether it does not proceed rather from below than above. Avoid any sort of ill-humour at meals ; if the dishes are not successful, they cannot be remade in a moment, and recriminations on the subject come better after the meal than at it. Yet I have known women who kept all their bile and evil temper for the table.

From the Persian

If the husband complains of bad cooking, the wife should soothe him with meek words.

Surely those few unlucky mouthfuls which we needs must swallow to live will be better digested in peace than if our companion begins to knock the bowls against the jars and the jars against the bowls? Yet alas! is there one among us who has not assisted at such feminine scenes while eating? A woman will break a plate, or throw the bread along the ground, or tear the table-cloth, screaming: 'Call in the servants, summon the housekeeper! Let each farrāsh* prepare his sticks; let everyone be flogged!' Or a mother vents her rage on the heads of her wretched children, bidding them behave better or eat more tidily, without a cause. Or another calls some poor innocent of three or four terrible names, because he has asked for something. 'Disgusting little glutton,' she cries, 'may you die of a shameful sickness, may you burst!' And she adds so much abuse to this abominable wish, that the little creature rises and leaves the room in tears. Then the unfortunate husband, who is obliged to endure such riots, feels every mouthful stick in his throat and recites the Āyat ul-kursī,* a thousand times imploring God for death. He rightly thinks that to eat barley bread, or even to

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starve, would be preferable to sitting through another such entertainment.

*From eating opposite a furious
Man when he eats, may God deliver us !*

And, merciful Heavens, is it so difficult for a woman to sit down gay to meat ? Is it impossible for her to eat in peace, and to rise tranquilly, thanking God ?

*Ingratitude for what we are receiving
May drive all kinds of benefit away,
But fervent thanks for what He gives us may
Encourage Allāh to continue giving.*

I know nothing more terrible than a woman's bad temper breaking out at meals. It is no less odious in man, but the subject of my book is woman. I cannot repeat too often that disturbed meals are fouler than a dog's blood, and that those unlucky men who are exposed to such calamity drink bitterness from a full cup indeed.

Also, when a woman is beside herself by the middle of a repast, when the cook trembles and the husband has no thought but flight, tell me, can there be any profit in the food itself, or can it be digested ? No, a hundred times no ; a mortal illness or a violent poison would be better for the stomach than such a meal.

From the Persian

Even in the best families it is not rare to meet with women who, through sheer vileness of temper, remain three or four days without dipping their hand into a dish, and content themselves with a little bread and cheese. Others prefer actual starvation, and will not eat at all for several days.

Now I ask you, beauties of every sort, whether it would not be better to eat according to your appetite, than to get so angry that your husband's life becomes impossible? It seems to me that it would be wiser and more profitable.

*How often will an angry phrase eclipse
The beauty of the speaker ; therefore shun
All ugly phrases, sweet. This is best done
By closing to and sealing up the lips.*

7. *Of Bodily Cleanliness and the Use of Certain Perfumes*

NOTHING IS MORE UNBECOMING IN A WOMAN than to make use of animal fat for her head and face and hands. To go about like a cook smelling of burnt grease does not seem to me to be an embellishment. Even when a cosmetic is made with a thousand batmāns* of rose-water, it will still contain fat and be therefore filthy. The disadvantage of these compositions, in which fat must always play a considerable part, cannot fail to strike those who use them. Greases, waxes and oils were good enough for old women in a past age, who thought such substances agreeable, but if the woman of today wishes to be attractive she will carefully avoid them. So do not believe those people who say that such-and-such an oil will make your hair thicker. No oil has ever increased the actual number of the hairs, though it may sometimes help their growth and improve their quality.

As to ways of dressing the head, any woman who has the least good sense will see that if her hair is scanty, it is ridiculous to wear it long. When hair is both long and thin it is like nothing so much as a horse's tail. Only long tresses which are also thick can be delightful ;

From the Persian

what is more hideous to see than two mournful strands hanging down on either side ! The woman whose hair is not thick would do well to curl it and wear it short. There is no better frame for the face, and each of these wayward curls may catch you a heart. As the poet says :

*Let not the separate tendrils of your hair
Escape to meet and quarrel in the air,
Left a dispute so exquisite entice
The swords of all the world to take a share.*

Let us pass to the question of perfumes : I do not decry them upon a woman, but rather find them agreeable and quite in place. Let her have no fear of using them on her body and, sometimes, on her clothing, for their effect is delightful and even intoxicating. None, among all the artifices of the toilet, is so suitable to excite love and to increase desire, but they must not be abused ; there must be no imitation of those Arab women who keep pure musk about them until it produces giddiness and migraine. Essence of roses is, to my idea, one of the best perfumes, and quite the best is 'Itr-i-fitnah*, which does indeed, as its name implies, bring trouble to the senses. No other odour can give so great a pleasure. Water of roses too, though it has not the merit of the distillation

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and is no more, as it were, than a pale copy, is by no means harmful. In a word, all perfumes are agreeable, provided that there be nothing in them to cause suffering ; if there is, it is better to do without.

The application of henna to the hair is not in itself a bad custom, for there is nothing unpleasant in the odour of this tint ; but the habit of using it to colour the hands I find detestable, for after two days the dye assumes a dirty colour and wrinkles the skin. Some may like the nails and ends of the fingers red, others prefer to have them left their natural colour. In man all tastes are natural.

But with woman it is not so : her part is to study the tastes of her husband and to conform to them always. To my own way of thinking there is nothing prettier than white hands and feet, and we must believe that this is also the opinion of God, otherwise He would have made us with red hands. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful colour than that which the Creator gave to the human kind, especially its arms and thighs.

*If once her arm or thigh
I half espy
I feel desire's flea
Start biting me.*

From the Persian

And this hand of yours, which God has created in so graceful a shape and with so beautiful a colour, should be kept with the greatest care. Let it always be clean ; wash it with soap and water at least once a day, and be careful to use only a delicate and perfumed preparation for this purpose. My dear friend, never touch anything that may blacken your small hands. They should have no speck of dust on them, and be ever well-tended, so that they are ready at any moment to be kissed. Always wear silk gloves, for a dirty and greasy hand cannot fail to disgust the heart. But if the hands are white and well-kept, every man will hope to be offered something to eat by them, and to take and crunch it greedily.

*If he who pours the cup
Display a clean and wanton hand
There is no saint in all the land
Who will not drink it up.*

8. *Concerning Dress*

CLEAN AND ELEGANT CLOTHES ARE INDISPENSABLE; it is a great mistake in any wife to let her husband see her dressed in ugly, old, or dirty ones. Her attire should shine as bright as the peacock's tail, and be changed at least once a day. This is especially true of undergarments, which may be even fitly changed more often lest they give forth an odour. In extreme cases the same linen may be worn on two succeeding Winter days; but it must be shifted twice a day in Summer. Do not be swayed by a spirit of imitation, and say: 'So-and-so does such-and-such, and so must I.' God knows there is no law against imitation, but the man's approval must always have a prior claim. In this matter you may take whomsoever you wish for model, but if the copy fails to please your husband, you had better abandon it. To argue that because some other woman dresses or acts in a particular way and is not criticised, you may do the same, is utterly absurd; she may be in the wrong though she is not blamed for it, and you put yourself in the wrong by following her. The sole right is to please your husband, and all possible praise from others can never justify something he does not approve. You will never

From the Persian

find love in the home unless you accept this principle.

Certain fools of my acquaintance force the poor devils whom they call husband to pay for very expensive robes, and then never, even once, give him the pleasure of seeing them wear what he has bought. The gowns are used mainly to adorn a cupboard ; if they are worn at all, it is only on great occasions or at a women's party. What vile ingratitude ! You should dress yourself out at least once or twice at home in these beautiful garments ; your wretched husband has been hard put to it to afford them, and you may spare him this slight consolation. It is his dear desire that you should have the best in the world, not only of clothes, but of wit and beauty. If he sees anything at all which can do honour to your sex, he cries : ' God grant that my wife may have as good ! '

I readily admit that all men are not created with the same tastes ; some, for example, like their women's clothes to be short, others prefer them long. The intelligent wife should study, follow, and even anticipate her husband's preference, by adopting some costume which particularly appeals to him.

I am acquainted with many men who, either through weakness of character, or in pure chivalry, pretend to have neither wish nor

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preference ; they approve their wives on every occasion, crying ; ' Yes, my dear one, my very dear one ! ' feigning ecstasy over every trifle, and raising their Mā shā Allāh to Heaven. But this does not prevent him from throwing a little rue seed or a small piece of the cord of his drawers into the fire to avert the evil-eye of his companion. Nor will he fail to recite some stanza appropriate to the occasion :

*An evil-eye
Watches as you go by ;
Cover your face
In every public place,
Or burn the rue
With fire as bright as you.*

The average wife does not understand that her husband only plays this comedy for the sake of peace ; therefore she swells with stupid pride, saying to herself : ' I make of him what I will, thanks to my charm and beauty.' In reality, as soon as the woman has departed, the man thanks God that he has been able to fool her so easily ; relieved of her presence, he mutters a thousand sarcasms, and passes all her moral and physical disabilities in review. Constant and boisterous approval is worse than useless ; heart-felt content is the prime necessity

From the Persian

of married life, and no man who is driven to lies or dissimulation can ever feel that.

The husband who says : ' I am not afraid of women, and therefore do not need to lie,' is either an imbecile or a hypocrite. You ask me why ? The answer is simple, as God lives : in the first place, man is bound to fear any creature of low intelligence ; and in the second, only a fool will ever allow himself to forget that his fortune, his credit, his children, and even his soul, rest in the hands of his wife. And unfortunately we cannot change a wife as we change a shirt or drawers : frequently we have to keep the same one for a lifetime. We are caught, we must be patient and endure, we must pray to God for some change in her disposition.

*'Tis imagination slips
The leash of discourse,
Words in this coarse
World are useless, close the lips.*

O God of the Mussulman, bring now some order into the affairs of true Believers, for they have great need of it. Which said, let us return to our subject.

The really well-bred woman, on hearing some remark of her husband relative to her dress or other matter, endeavours to correct herself.

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Instead of frowning and sulking and staying cold as a statue, she should smile and count herself fortunate that he has given an opinion. If he says to her : ‘ Your dresses are really much too short, my dear,’ she must not be so foolish as to become annoyed and throw everything about her into the air ; at the very worst she should remain silent. If she does answer, it must never be rudely, thus : ‘ Leave me alone ! You bore me ! Look for a better wife ! I may be disagreeable : God made me so ! You cannot change me ! ’ After a few idiotic remarks of this nature, the poor husband will very soon regret his humble blunder. It was difficult for him to speak, he forced himself to do so, and the result is :

He strove to mend it, and has made it worse.

In trying to correct the defective cut of his wife’s garment, he has ruined his own position. ‘ Come, come, my dear,’ he says, ‘ I was in the wrong ; you did not quite understand me ; I was not referring to your clothes at all.’ And for the rest of his life he will find himself forced to approve of what she says, and to copy her every action. And even so he will have spoken and acted to no purpose, for these sacrifices will not be enough to appease her anger ; he will be compelled unwillingly to fulfil his duties as

From the Persian

a husband in order to calm her and reduce her inflammation ; and if he should be unlucky enough not to make good at once, there will be nothing left for him but flight.

The most frequent cause of misunderstanding in a household is that the wife will never take a jot of blame, even when she thoroughly deserves it.

*Gentle lovers seek to bind
Two hearts in one heart, as we find
Two almonds in one almond-rind.*

And surely if the woman is not a fool and has some little liking for her husband, she can realise that he only finds fault with her in her own interest, and as a friend.

*He's the true friend who mirror-like will dare
To show your face its every seam and crack,
Not he who comb-like goes behind your back
To part your imperfections hair by hair.*

An intelligent wife anticipates the wishes of her husband, and thus assures peace and happiness in the home. When two persons love each other they are safe from the chances of this world, and pass their trivial span of life in happiness. If they grow poor, love is their new fortune ; they can be valiant on a little barley bread and an earthen jar of water.

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Let us not allow our bitterness and vexation to deteriorate a life which is already short and sorry enough. A poet has said :

*There's no real pleasure at Life's vaunted feast,
The wine they serve's indifferent . . . very . . .
Strove to get drunk a hundred times at least
And never once got even merry.*

The one preoccupation of an ill-matched pair is to get rid of each other by any means. Are not a thousand foes better than one such intimacy ?

Nearly every domestic misfortune is due to lack of intelligence on the part of the wife. But, however foolish she may be, she can at least use love as a loadstone to draw her husband's heart and to attach it utterly.

*A woman with a single sidelong glance
Invades and overthrows a town,
'Tis her own fault if after this advance
She cannot make one street her own.*

It is clear that if a man has a cold and indifferent mistress, he has wasted time and trouble in finding her, for she will never teach him the drunkenness of passion.

Love is a most capricious sentiment : sometimes he takes possession of the heart at a bound, sometimes he only penetrates it very

From the Persian

slowly. Just as a woman's qualities may attract him, so her faults may repel him. Those who claim that their passion is eternal and that they are sure of their own heart, are simply talking nonsense. Such at least is my opinion, and I have grown old in love.

However great a woman's love may have been, on the day that her husband answers the call of the Highest, and even before his body has left the house, she is thinking of some substantial young man with a view to a second marriage. (I swear by the glory of God that this is true.) Her grief is all on the surface, and she measures every man at the funeral through her tears, to see which has the most powerful neck and is therefore best able to do her business.

And such a woman, it must be noted, passes for honest and decorous : as for those others who do not pass for such, may God never tempt me to speak of their behaviour on a like occasion ! They tell that God gave to Solomon (Salvation upon him !) a crippled child by Balkis, and that the King suffered such grief from this misfortune that the angel Gabriel appeared to him, saying : ' O prophet of God, the Merciful takes pity upon you and will cure your child. But first you and Balkis and your minister Āsaf ibn Barakhyā must agree to tell me your most

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secret thoughts.' Then all three turned in the direction of Jerusalem, that Holy House, and Solomon said: 'I confess to God that if two men of my mighty kingdom bring a dispute to my tribunal and one of them offers me even so little thing as an apple for present, I am tempted to give judgment for him, though he be in the wrong, that he may depart in joy and be content with me.'

Then said the wazīr Āsaf: 'You are my witness, O Lord, that in spite of all my power and administration, I sometimes think of being dependent on the King no longer, and even of reigning in his stead.'

And Balkis said: 'Though I am the wife of the Master of the World, the Ruler of both Men and Jinn, yet when I see a young man more beautiful than Solomon, his unknown youth brings trouble to me, and I feel a desire to become his wife.'

It is true that I have only received this legend verbally, and never read it, but if it be true that Balkis, who was endowed with such shining quality and virtue, could have had such thoughts, what may we not expect from ordinary wives?

Though faults to a lover's eye seem often virtues, they still are faults in fact. You should strive, therefore, to be of good conduct, so

From the Persian

that love remains to cast as it were a veil over your imperfection.

Once love has flown away, he never returns, and soon the curtain which he has lowered over your faults is raised indeed.

*Take heed lest you affray or start
The wild bird of my heart,
For once it flies our window-pane
It will not come again.*

Do not be too proud of your beauty ; do not listen to flattery ; love your husband for himself. If you do not follow my advice you will be sorry for it in the end ; your days will pass without profit, and when it is too late you will regret your foolishness.

*Use, girl, to gain your end
The cypress figure now,
Wait not for time to bend
The cypress to a bow.*

9. *Of Bed and Sleep*

THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE chapters which I have to write, and all I have said till now reaches forward—I speak without exaggeration—to this important matter. God, in His infinite compassion, has created night, that in it man, who works so hard and tires himself so much by day, may take his indispensable rest. Let us picture to ourselves how terrible life would be if we had to employ our nights as we employ our days.

*The day was made to work and think in,
And not for giving way to drink in.*

It has been written that when business is over and night has thrown her curtain across the world, then is the time to rest and take a little wine, for its colour brings back the sun that has just set.

In the quiet of the night each may surrender to his taste. It is the season of calm and intimate reunion. It is only at night that man may savour to the full the two chief pleasures of the world, the joys called love and sleep.

There is no rest comparable to a night's rest ; the sleep, be it never so long and dreamless, of a man who has to spend his nights in waking

From the Persian

and to rest by day, is never worth an hour of the authentic sleep of darkness.

Some women think to secure a whole capital of love by sharing a bed with their husband. This is a strange error ; even a terrible mistake. It is a custom which came about in a horrid way. It was certainly one of those old and ugly wives, who dare still to think of love though they are far gone in years, and who fall like crocodiles upon their husbands as if to swallow them whole, who first conceived this miserable idea of a bed for two. And now the force of routine has made the use of such things general.

Now if a young wife does not sleep by her husband's side all night, she will find herself surrounded in the morning by a crowd of sycophants, or vegetable-cleaners as we call them ; these will rest, facing one another, on their knees, their hands below their chins, and utter shrill sighs, burning regrets for the unhappy bride. 'That I might die for my daughter !' cries her mother. 'Does my son-in-law think her parents could not have afforded the mouthful of bread he condescends to give her ? The poor child is accursed ; she was born under a bad star ; she is left to sleep alone at night.'

In time these idiotic recriminations oblige the

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husband never to sleep alone again ; and thus that love which the woman would retain is driven away. It is true, though, that in an extreme case even divergent characters can endure one night of sleeping together.

*A night of pain is not a year of pain,
A bitter cup but not a sea to drain.*

Yet it is a great mistake to wish to sleep together night after night. Even a very Lailah and Majnūn in love will end by repelling each other, and find their desire vanish, unless they sleep in separate beds. Wise men and all the leading sages agree with me in this, and every intelligent person who has had experience.

It is related that certain philosophers went to consult a doctor, and said to him : ‘ We are very much concerned for a friend of ours who is madly in love with a woman. He has sacrificed all he has to this infatuation, and is in a fair way to spoil his life with it. His illness seems to us incurable, for, in spite of all our advice, the fever only rises from hour to hour. What can we do for the best ? ’ ‘ Try to arrange that your distracted lover shares the same bed with his mistress,’ answered the doctor. ‘ Let their breaths be mingled, and I guarantee a cure. The extravagant passion will subside, and love give place to abhorrence and satiety.’

From the Persian

The doctor's prescription was exactly followed and, little by little, the love abated upon either side.

This tale has an excellent moral, for one of the chief causes of the aversion which always develops in such a case is that the couple have to inhale each other's breath. And there are many other reasons, apart from this most serious one. God, for instance, has not endowed all people with the same nature, and it is obvious that two married persons cannot go to sleep and wake up at precisely the same moment. There are also other respects in which two temperaments are likely not to agree: each behaves in a different way with regard to heat and cold, for example, or health and illness; one goes to sleep immediately, while the other stays awake and grumbles; one snores, and the other has a cold in the head and cannot breathe; one is an early riser, the other likes to sleep for most of the morning; one feels cold, the other feels hot; one coughs in bed, and the other spits in bed. Thus a mutual couch becomes a torture and gives birth to repulsion.

To revert now to ancient wives. It is a pitiable thing for a man to be chained to one of these old, ugly, and peevish antidotes for passion, these most exacting and terrible of all females. She is not satisfied to cling to her husband and

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to insist, with scene on scene, that he shall satisfy her lust, but she contrives to make the unfortunate man her servant and even her slave as well. And observe that in the end she always gets the upper hand, for the man submits through his desire for peace, and blindly goes each evening to rejoin her in their common bed. As if he should say with the poet :

*Though I'm as feeble as a tiny ant
I'll grit my teeth and give you what you want.*

But there is worse to follow ; for if the man chooses to turn his back on this fury, when he is once at her side, he catches a shower of blows in the ribs ; she may even throw him out of bed, or from the house itself. What can a poor devil do then, if he finds himself out in the road, especially during Winter ? He can only creep back with his tail between his legs, and kiss the beldam's hands and feet. If she condescends to forgive him (and she always does so condescend) he is trapped till morning, and must fulfil his marital duty to calm the lady's nerves. He rages in vain ; if he values his repose and honour he must make good.

I myself know many married women who, though no fools, insist upon a double bed ; and woe betide the husband who is imprudent enough to hint that this favour is not

From the Persian

altogether to his liking. If he does so, his wife will fall into a fury, and cry : ‘ Man is a poor and worthless breed ! Its instincts are so depraved, its tastes so evil, that it cannot be happy except with immoral women. If you were with a harlot, you would not have to be begged to keep her in your arms till morning ; but because I am honest, you play the anchorite.’ Now, ladies, do you want to know why we men are sometimes happy in the company of harlots ? It is because they are more obedient, more submissive than our own all-beautiful wives. Harlots as much as you will ; but when we tell them to sit, they sit ; when we ask them to go, they go ; and this is something. That is why we can find it in our hearts to prefer these improper women to our well-born wives, even when the latter come of our own stock. If you are satisfied for your husband to clasp you in his arms without experiencing the least desire, if you are content for him to pretend to love you, then provide your double bed and he will obey. But if you aspire to a genuine passion, welling from the bottom of your husband’s heart, then set your face against idle gossip, and resolutely refuse to share his bed, even if he seems to desire it and begs insistently. When a man loves a pretty, well-formed, and agreeable woman, there might seem, at first

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glance, no grave objection to her sharing his bed if he prays her to, yet I strongly advise her to remain deaf to his entreaties. And this refusal will increase his love of her, man's chief desire being, as the Arabs wisely say, all for forbidden things. On the side of pleasure, too, it does not greatly matter to us in our dreams whether we sleep alone or not, for in that state we are, as it were, not of this world.

It is when one does not sleep that it is pleasant to be together ; it is only when waking that we can enjoy each other's presence in a bed.

It is for all these reasons that I urge a separate bed for the woman, though it may be placed near that of the husband if desired. I also advise all wives to make a complete toilet before bed, and as this is a matter of paramount importance, I shall not hesitate to consider it in detail.

To my mind a simple chemise of transparent stuff and a bright-coloured petticoat will advantageously replace the day's apparel. I am not myself devoted to jackets, and if the wife has set her heart upon such a garment, I insist at least that it be small and light, and that the pockets contain nothing which may remind us of the leather bag of Mullā Khatīb, the conjurer, out of which all manner of things could be produced at will. She should also be careful

From the Persian

not to wear necklaces or pins or needles, or anything of that sort. The use of a silk handkerchief as a head-dress seems to me a pity, and I much prefer a little cap. The best of all fashions is to follow the taste of the man. For example, I myself would wish the braids of a woman's hair to be somewhat short, as one is less embarrassed by them in the night. Those whose hair is long and abundant like a horse's tail must be guarded in their movement, so that the strands are not for ever catching in something.

Also a woman should not get into bed until she has washed and scented herself.

*If I'd a lovely mistress do not doubt it,
I'd find a way to teach her all about it.*

To fall full-length on the bed in a heap is not very graceful; you should skip in daintily like a light bird.

If the man is seized with a desire to seek you, give him a gracious welcome; if he prefers to call you, you should go to him with an equally evident pleasure. In either case be gracious to your husband, jest and talk pleasantly with him; behave as if you had been well brought-up. There should be no question of reserve at such a time, nor of waiting for the man to make the first advance.

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*An ardent heart within a languorous frame
Will make a perfect partner for the game.*

When you are at your husband's side, do not indulge in stupid whims or idle recriminations, above all avoid any allusion to what may have passed between you during the day. Rather excite his senses with playful and ardent remarks, cover him with kisses and invent him a thousand provocations.

*Now is the time for verbal liberty
Without a reservation,
Give all to love and scorn to be less free
In act than conversation.*

Shamelessness is better in bed than prudery ; therefore do not imagine that your dignity will suffer if you surrender utterly to love. She who has so much self-esteem that she must affect reserve even at these moments should give up any thought of marriage and remain a spinster. It should be in love as with Lailah and Majnūn, and not as with Bibī khālah jān Kohpayah*.

*I'll drain your sweetness with such wars,
Your sugared breath shall be foredone,
I'll think myself the planet Mars
And you the moon he sets upon.*

From the Persian

But when dawn comes, you must say farewell to such love scenes, and forget them. Also you must keep absolute silence on all that has passed in the night. Do not imitate the fashion of too many women of our time, and show all your friends the marks of kisses you have had on the neck or breast, and tell them exactly what you have said or done in the darkness, and cry in pride : ‘ Just see how happy I am ! How enviable my lot is ! ’ May the Devil fly away with you and your lot ! The world’s lot would be better if you could control your tongue a little.

Unfortunately there are many women who evince neither tact nor education in this matter. Some are not content with merely talking, but must write to their friends in different parts of the town and bring them up to date in the matter of their husband’s prowess. Others spend all day at the bath, either with acquaintances or strangers, and there, while toying with egg-apples in sharp sauce, relate their night’s adventure to any who will listen.

It is better, in my opinion, not to have any lamp in the bedroom, and to forbid all waiting-maids and other talkers entrance to it. I also think that the woman may undress entirely at a certain moment, as the poet says :

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Between us now is but a single shift,

And if it gets into our way

I'll split and tear and rive and rend and rift

And leave you bright and bare and gay.

The sports of love often give rise to fatigue which manifests itself in a great need for sleep. The woman should realise this and go back to her own bed, leaving her husband to repose in comfort. If he wakes later and calls her to talk to him, she must need no pressing; she must not answer: 'Leave me in peace! Am I a sīghah* to amuse you when you are wearied and cannot sleep?' Numbers of women profit by these moments of their husband's weakness to give themselves airs, and say: 'I am 'akda*, and if you wish to remain my friend, you must begin by respecting me.' That is what they insolently say, and yet God knows they cannot usually afford such strictness. Men prefer the most ordinary sīghah to such great ladies, as being more simple and not playing the empress. The sīghah is ever content to yield to an amorous fantasy, even in a corridor or other less comfortable place; to say jestingly: 'It seems to me, dearest, that the place might have been better chosen,' is enough for her. This is why Hājji Jahāndār Mīrzā called the sīghah Madam Ever-ready.

From the Persian

The coming together of husband and wife is, whatever anyone says to the contrary, the very foundation of marriage, and all I have written in this book bears directly or indirectly upon that important moment. It is, in fact, the eternal spring of every word and thought and action in the world, and of all our wars.

Take for example a wedding: see with what ceremony the bride is led to her husband's house! The drums rattle with spirit, the music gives its liveliest air, and a great crowd follows the bright procession. Certain women have already gone forward to the house, and are hidden behind the door of the bridal chamber; they wait the moment when love's champion shall take his possession, and if he is not quick about his conquest, they play him so many tricks, indulge in so many buffooneries, and let fly so many low jokes at his expense, that in the end his wedding garment is changed to one of mourning.

And if the husband is so ill-advised as to let several days go by without giving proof of his virility, it will do him no good later to treat his wife with the sincerest affection and greatest gallantry. All his efforts will be thrown away, and though he offer his life as a sacrifice, she will never forgive him. She will remain under the stress of that insult to her charm,

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and will only ask coldly: 'Do you make fun of me?'

But once the marital act is accomplished, the man can break his wife's head if he likes; she will only take this brutal action as a joke and bear it uncomplainingly. All this is more the fault of nature than of woman.

Upon this act depends the reproduction of the human species, and it is a great blessing that God made sensual creatures of us; for if there were no such thing as carnal desire, how could a woman who has endured the terrible discomfort of a first pregnancy thereafter expose herself to the same unpleasantness; and how could a man when he has once known all the repulsive circumstances of birth continue to love a woman who has born? If we reflect on the matter coldly, we are forced to admit that there is nothing so uncleanly as the sexual approach, yet the pleasure is so great that we would suffer a thousand hardships to obtain it. In all this we recognise the wonder of the hand of God, labouring for the species; therefore man can but submit to his Destiny and continue his desire for women. Nay, God be praised that we are made so, for though the action inevitably weakens love, we should be very unhappy if we could not perform it.

Though it loses much in its Persian translation,

From the Persian

the sense of a well-known Turkish proverb may well be given here: 'Deny your wife bread and water and clothing, but do not keep her short of love.'

But a husband's duty may, it is true, be fulfilled under two very different sets of conditions.

He may find himself both prisoner and slave to some ugly, crossgrained passionate woman, at whose terrible disposal (for I say nothing of blows with a stick!) he must be, by day and night, for the satisfaction of her ardour. And if, because he is not in the humour, he refuses her, he will have so many battle-scenes to witness that finally he may be compelled to consider a divorce.

Or his household may be founded upon deepest love, and in that case he will need no urging except from the needle of desire.

At such a moment it is not a good thing for the wife to be too much concerned about her comfort. Certain great ladies exact a multitude of preliminaries, especially if their husband claims this favour in the day-time. They have no idea of abandoning themselves except in some place devoted to the purpose, and, once there, they require the maid to come and spread the bed, to bring in towels, and to shut up all the doors before they will undress. After such long preparations the poor lover often feels his flame die down and fall asleep, and even when

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the case is not so bad as this, there can be no great pleasure in love after such waiting. It is well then, I repeat, for the woman not to pay too much attention to these silly details. Let her rather be ever ready for her husband's amorous fantasy, and always have a yes for his advance, whether it be preceded by tender cajolery and exciting play or not.

And when the time comes, my dear, do not be sparing of eye-glances and pretty movements, but rather lavish all those coqueties which may excite desire. It is trouble lost to be modest, for the more provocative you prove yourself, the sweeter will love itself appear to you. And after you have surrendered yourself body and soul to your husband's kisses, in God's name get to your own bed and lie there quietly.

Directly you wake, and before your husband has risen, you should steal into another room and leave him in the hands of his servants, without concerning yourself for what he may do then. When you have given new brightness to your face by means of a careful toilet, you may unobjectionably return to him. I shall insist further upon this point in the next chapter.

Sa'adi, it is not wise to say too much :

Have I done such ?

If so I cry in all humility :

God pardon me !

10. *Of Waking and Rising*

IN THE MORNING, AS SOON AS SHE HAS RISEN, the wife should say her prayer and recite the Koran, but without devoting too much time to this. Then she should speedily comb her hair and tint her eyelashes, should pass a fresh collyrium over her eyes, perfume her face and change her clothing, and should make, in fact, a complete and attentive toilet. After this she may enter her husband's presence with a cheerful laughing air, with the grace of a flaunting partridge or of the moon.

It seems to me, Madam, that you gain in every way by not letting your husband become acquainted with certain things : as dirty eyes surrounded with the black of old collyrium, and a face bedaubed with paint in dissolution, and yellow teeth, and a breath that poisons the air for many leagues, and crumpled, maculated clothing. How can you imagine for a moment that it is right chaotically to leave your room, to sit down beside your husband in a filthy and repulsive state, to yawn continually in his face, and to smoke kalyān* after kalyān until his bright morning turns to darkest night ? Doubtless you can constrain him to endure these outrages without direct complaint, but, under his breath, he will implore God's pity ; mentally

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he will vomit from the bottom of his soul at such a villainous face and fetid habits. His one idea will be to slink away and find some means of extrication from your claws.

Alas, even in our time, a multitude of women imagine that they have given their husbands as it were fresh life for the day by such exposures ; they conceive themselves well inspired never to leave the poor man for a moment ; they are in momentary expectation of being covered with kisses, and wonder why this does not happen.

You have the most astonishing ideas, my good woman, and I congratulate you. It will, I suppose, be a sort of breakfast for him to clean you, as dogs do in the street, while he embraces you. Will the poor dears never understand anything ? Can you not see that such conduct is tantamount to taking up a hatchet and cutting off your own feet ? Its last result is to irritate your husband, so that neither Mullā Ja'far nor Shaikh Mūsa* could afterwards sweeten him.

Believe me, you will do much better to follow my advice : to get up first, that is, and make your toilet in another room, or, if your husband happens to have risen before you, to veil your face and creep away without attracting his attention.

From the Persian

Some women exclaim : ‘ When people love, such little things are nothing. What does it matter ? ’ But to reason so is very dangerous ; for love did not seek us in our cradles, it germinated slowly and uneasily ; exterior female attractions were necessary to bring it to birth, and, if these attractions be neglected, disgust is of a quicker growth than love.

Get rid of all displeasing habits, and clean your teeth on rising. ‘ My teeth are purer than crystal, more brilliant than pearl,’ you say ; ‘ the perfume of my breath surpasses the rose.’ This may be so ; but unfortunately, however favoured you are by nature, it is quite possible for an indigestion or some other complaint to attack you in the night, and then, if your husband has a fancy to kiss you, your breath will be strong enough to destroy his love.

But I hear some other woman complain : ‘ It would have been much more just to tell of my neighbour’s breath, and yet that does not prevent her husband from kissing her night and day.’ Possibly so, but my purpose in writing these lines is not to enter into a discussion or dispute with you ; my motive is nobler. I want to teach you how to live.

There is a certain place where every husband, whether he likes it or not, must go from time to time, and remain in spite of the smell ; the

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occupation which takes him there is neither very serious nor very poetic, but it is all-compelling. Now do not let it be said by those who come in contact with you that your breath gives rise to unpleasant comparisons ; rather let the man who adores you be tempted to inhale and embrace you like a flower, whenever you come near him. For the more he can so kiss you, the more he will wish to, and to begin again indefinitely.

Some women have been known to counter their husbands' objection in this matter of breath, by crying : ' I see you do not love me any more ! If only you loved me ! ' and by quoting these lines of the poet :

*A flower which ugly hands present,
Though gay and breathing of the South,
Is not so precious as the scent
Of onions from a gracious mouth.*

That is a nice thing to say when the breath is corrupted by illness ! And I cannot help thinking that these dismal recriminations and trivial excuses are worse than the fault itself ; especially as the unfortunate husband is always forced to answer in the end : ' Yes, yes, you are right ! Of course you are right ! '

Wives of such a kind are much in need of education and correction, for God did not

From the Persian

create them with stinking mouths and unpleasant faces ; they acquire such things for themselves and then blame Him. It is one of the accidents of our poor nature that the breath may be found vitiated, at waking, and the face changed ; washing and cleansing with tooth wood, dressing and adornment, can banish these defects, and it argues a lack of good sense to neglect such a simple precaution. Those who abstain from these indispensable attentions are of immeasurable stupidity, and are also doomed, alas ! to utter loneliness instead of love.

I should require many volumes to set forth all that a wife should do to maintain her position ; therefore it will be understood that this short pamphlet makes no claim to have exhausted its complex subject. I have had to restrain myself all the time, and to content myself with but an infinitesimal part of every question raised. Even so, I have said enough to draw down the abuse of every female reader ; but I am resigned, knowing that the Prophet of God said : *'Frankness is bitter.'*

It is not prudent to be quite candid even with intelligent people ; it is a real danger to be so with creatures having scarcely the half of a man's brain. Even now I can hear them exclaiming : ' Be off, you little dolt, if you have

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nothing better to do than stay and gabble !
God grant you better inspiration, and, when
you get it, address yourself elsewhere ! If you
have any truth to tell, then tell it to your own
wives rather than to us, or tell it about men !'
But Allāh will, I trust, in the long run give
these unfortunates a little sense of justice, and
a little wit ; then they will read my work with
attention and profit, and let it direct their
conduct ; they will approve my words, and
not find fault with them.

If this book were taught to little girls at school
and in their infancy, if they were exhorted to
follow its every precept, then would a calm and
joyous life be assured, not only to them but to
their houses.

*I have said all I had to say,
Now mend your life or pass your way.*

This book has been finished
with the help
of God.

The End.

NOTES

PAGE

- | | | |
|-----|---------------------------------------|--|
| 81 | <i>A wide mantle</i> | signifying a man who has achieved position and who is, therefore, presumably of a ripe age. |
| 85 | <i>Alexander</i> | Alexander the Great is said by the Persians to have introduced the first mirror into their country. |
| 85 | <i>Dīv</i> | maleficent spirit. |
| 93 | <i>A bed of flowers</i> | an allusion to Abraham's sacrifice. According to Moslem tradition the fire lighted for Isaac turned into a flowering garden. |
| 93 | <i>Gurunāg</i> | elephant driver. |
| 94 | <i>Beard-dye</i> | an allusion to the custom of dyeing the beard red with henna. |
| 100 | <i>His Majesty, the King of Kings</i> | Nasr ul-Din, the contemporary Shah of Persia. |
| 101 | <i>Mā shā Allāh</i> | As Allāh wills! Arabic phrase implying admiration. |
| 105 | <i>Steam-boat</i> | still a marvel of rarity at the time. |
| 108 | <i>Chādar</i> | large mantle of light stuff. |

PAGE

109	<i>Gursī</i>	a brazier.
113	<i>Farrāsh</i>	a superior servant, literally one who spreads the carpet.
113	<i>Ayat ul-kursī</i>	a verse of the Koran recited by Moslems when in danger or fear of misfortune.
116	<i>Batmān</i>	about three kilograms.
117	<i>‘Itr-i-fitnah</i>	“troubling essence” of narcissus.
138	<i>Bībī khālah jān Koh- pāyah</i>	a proverbially ugly woman.
140	<i>Sīghah</i>	temporary wife by contract.
140	<i>‘Akda</i>	legitimate wife.
145	<i>Kalyān</i>	water-pipe.
146	<i>Mullā ja‘far and Shaikh Mūsa</i>	sorcerers of ancient legend.

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