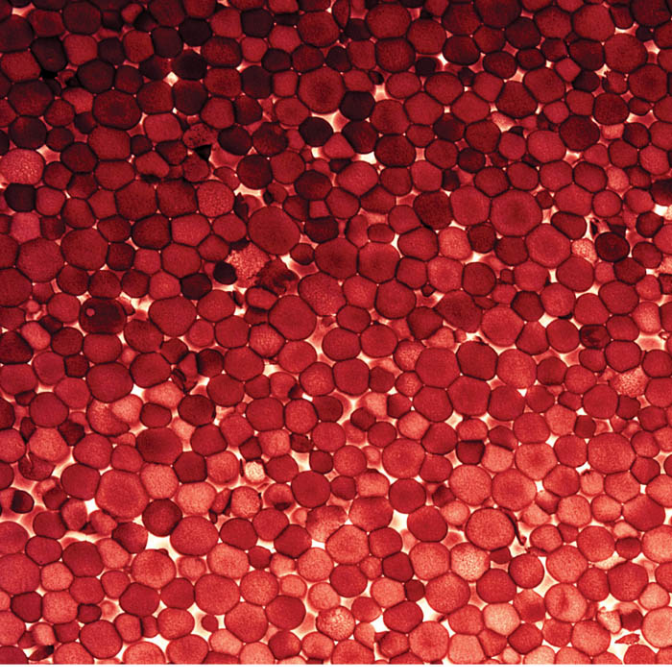

Patrick Olivelle

Pancatantra

The Book of India's Folk Wisdom

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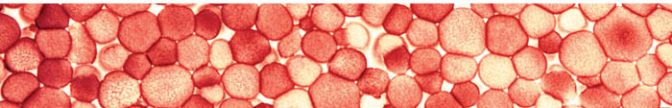

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PAÑCATANTRA

THE PAÑCATANTRA, composed around 300 CE, is the most famous book of animal 'folk' tales of India, a book that has had a greater impact on world literature than possibly any other piece of Indian Literature. Versions and translations of it exist in over fifty languages, and Pañcatantra stories have influenced Arabic and European narrative literature of the Middle Ages, including *The Arabian Nights and La Fontaine*. Although story-telling is the primary literary genre of the book, it has a serious purpose. It intends to teach the Art of Government through animal folk-tales interspersed with gnomic verses, transporting the reader to the imaginary world of talking animals and of animal kingdoms structured along the lines of human societies.

PATRICK OLIVELLE is the Chair, Department of Asian Studies, and Director, Center for Asian Studies, at the University of Texas at Austin, where he is the Professor of Sanskrit and Indian Religions. Among his recent publications are The *Saṃnyāsa Upaniṣads: Hindu Scriptures on Asceticism and Renunciation* (Oxford, 1992). *The Āśrama System: History and Hermeneutics of a Religious Institution* (Oxford, 1993), and *Rules and Regulations of Brahmanical Asceticism* (State University of New York Press, 1995). His translation of *Upaniṣads* was published in Oxford World's Classics in 1996 and won the 1998 A.K. Ramanujan Book Prize for Translation. This translation of The Dharmasütras was published in Oxford World's Classics in 1999.

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Pañcatantra

THE BOOK OF INDIA'S FOLK WISDOM

Translated from the Original Sanskrit by
PATRICK OLIVELLE

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PREFACE

THE inspiration for undertaking this translation of the *Pañcatantra* came from the students in my first-year Sanskrit classes. Reading and translating the *Pañcatantra* stories for and with them was truly enjoyable; it also made me aware of the inadequacy of existing translations. I gave serious thought to translating the entire *Pañcatantra* after the publication of my *Upaniṣads* in *The World's Classics* when Judith Luna was hunting for other Indian classics for inclusion in the series. I want to thank Judith for her kindness and humour and for making sure that my prose did not degenerate into scholarly jargon.

Anne Feldhaus and Gregory Schopen read the introduction and offered insightful criticisms and valuable suggestions. Over the years both Anne and Gregory have read most of what I have written and have pushed me constantly into thinking clearly and into looking at texts from new perspectives. To both a big thank-you for friendship and support. At an early stage in the preparation of this translation Bette Rae Preus read Book I and returned the typescript with red ink across every page. Her insightful criticisms of my prose from the perspective of a writer who fortunately knows no Sanskrit helped me take one more step from philological accuracy to readable prose. At the very end of this project Huberta Feldhaus, retired schoolteacher and grandma extraordinaire to my daughter, read the entire translation. Merry Burlingham, the South Asia Bibliographer at the library of the University of Texas, has always been most generous with her time and advice, obtaining for me books and journal articles from libraries in the USA and abroad. To all these a heartfelt thank-you.

As usual, my wife Suman and my daughter Meera have shared the labour of this translation in many and different ways—cups of coffee brought to my computer desk, a loving and stable environment conducive both to sustained thought and work and to relaxation when needed. Suman also read the entire translation and introduction several times and caught the frequent errors and typos that I am so prone to make. To both Suman and Meera love and thanks.

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INTRODUCTION

> No other work of Hindu literature has played so important a part in the literature of the world as the Sanskrit story-collection called the Pañcatantra. Indeed, the statement has been made that no book except the Bible has enjoyed such an extensive circulation in the world as a whole. This may be—I think it probably is—an exaggeration. Yet perhaps it is easier to underestimate than to overestimate the spread of the Pañcatantra.
>
> (Franklin Edgerton 1924*b*, 3)

If translation is the best compliment paid to a literary work, then, as one of the earliest and certainly the most frequently translated literary product of India, the *Pañcatantra* has received the ultimate compliment both from within the Indian subcontinent and from the world at large. In India the *Pañcatantra* has been repeatedly edited and reworked to suit different purposes, and it has been translated into nearly every major Indian language. 'No other collection of stories', Edgerton observes, 'has become so popular throughout the length and breadth of India. It has been worked over again and again, expanded, abstracted, turned into verse, retold in prose, translated into medieval and modern vernaculars, and retranslated into Sanskrit.'[1] Even more significantly, individual stories associated with the *Pañcatantra* have become part of common Indian folklore transmitted orally from parents to children down the centuries.

The migration of the *Pañcatantra* through the rest of the world is even more fascinating. There are over 200 versions in more than 50 languages.[2] Indeed, the *Pañcatantra* spread at an earlier

[1] Edgerton 1924*b*, 3 (full details of all author/date references are to be found in the Bibliography). Johannes Hertel in his numerous publications brought the *Pañcatantra* to the attention of scholars. He was the foremost *Pañcatantra* scholar in the early part of this century and was responsible for the critical editions of many versions of the *Pañcatantra*, especially the Kashmiri recension known as *Tantrākhyāyika*, which he considered to be the version closest to the original. Franklin Edgerton continued Hertel's work and produced the monumental reconstruction of the original *Pañcatantra*.

[2] These are listed by Hertel 1914.

time and more extensively in the world than any other piece of Indian literature, including such well-known texts as the *Bhagavad Gītā*. Anyone who reads the *Pañcatantra* can surely understand the reasons for its popularity.

Besides the delightful stories wonderfully told and the pithy proverbs containing ageless and practical wisdom, one of the secrets to its appeal and success is that the *Pañcatantra* is a complex book that does not seek to reduce the complexities of human life, government policy, political strategies, and ethical dilemmas into simple solutions; it can and does speak to different readers at different levels. Indeed, the current scholarly debate regarding the intent and purpose of the *Pañcatantra*—whether it supports unscrupulous Machiavellian politics or demands ethical conduct from those holding high office—underscores the rich ambiguity of the text.

Sources, Author, and Date

Whatever its position on the connection between ethical principles and practical politics, the *Pañcatantra* is not a mere 'collection of stories' or 'book of fables' as it is often described in secondary literature. The Indian tradition regards the *Pañcatantra* as a *śāstra*, that is, a technical or scientific treatise, and more specifically as a *nītiśāstra*, a treatise on government or political science. This is also the self-definition of the *Pañcatantra* itself (Prelude, p. 3). The literary sources of the *Pañcatantra*, therefore, are twofold: the expert tradition of political science and the folk and literary traditions of story-telling.

Ancient Indian thought identified three spheres of human endeavour: *dharma* (the ritual, religious, and ethical), *artha* (the economic and political), and *kāma* (the aesthetic and sensual, especially the sexual).[3] Each of these spheres became the object of specialized branches of learning which produced a long series

[3] A fourth sphere, *mokṣa* (liberation), was added to this list under the influence of later theologies that posited human life as one of bondage and suffering (*saṃsāra*) in an unending series of births and deaths (rebirth ideology) and escape from that life as the ultimate goal of religious life. This ideology does not play any significant role in the *Pañcatantra*, and this fact is of particular interest given the enormous reach and influence of this book.

of technical works. The texts on *dharma*, called *Dharmaśāstra*, also contain sections dealing with *artha*, that is, with the duties of a king, ways of governing a kingdom, and civil and criminal law. But there were specialized texts on *artha* as well, the most famous of which is the *Arthaśāstra* ascribed to Kauṭilya.[4] The *Pañcatantra* shows considerable familiarity with both the *dharma* and the *artha* texts and quotes extensively from that literature.[5]

Story-telling (especially animal fables) was a very ancient art in India. Speaking animals appear in some of the most ancient texts of India going back to the early first millennium BCE. An important episode in an early Upaniṣad, for example, opens with a man overhearing a pair of geese talking to each other as they fly overhead.[6] Indians understood early the intrinsic appeal of animal fables to both children and adults and put them to a variety of uses. One of the largest collections of such fables is the *Jātakas*, stories about the previous lives of the Buddha. In many of these lives the future Buddha was born as an animal. It is clear that the Buddhists did not invent these stories. From the available repertoire of fables they selected and possibly modified the ones that would illustrate the heroic virtues the future Buddha practised in each of his lives, even in his animal lives, as he marched through numerous lifetimes to his final enlightenment. What the *Jātakas* did was to use fables for a didactic and religious purpose, and this strategy continues in the great Indian epic the *Mahābhārata*. It is quite uncertain whether the author of the *Pañcatantra* borrowed his stories from the *Jātakas* or the *Mahābhārata*, or whether he was tapping into a common treasury of tales, both oral and literary, of ancient India.[7] Nevertheless, he too follows the older

[4] Ed. and trans. Kangle (1960–5).

[5] The topic of *kāma* also produced technical works, most notably the *Kāmasūtra* of Vātsyāyana, trans. R. F. Burton (1883; repr. New York: Arkana, 1962).

[6] Chāndogya Upaniṣad, 4. 1. 2–5.

[7] I deal later with some of the recent attempts to analyse the ways in which the author of the *Pañcatantra* appears to have modified the stories that he is presumed to have borrowed from the *Jātakas* and the *Mahābhārata*. Folklorists generally assume that literary versions of stories draw from the oral folklore. This may not be uniformly true, and, at least in the case of the modern Indian material, Brown (1919), who has examined in great detail the literary and oral spread of

models in using fables for a serious and even a technical purpose, namely to teach the basic principles of good government.

In the Prelude, the *Pañcatantra* identifies its author as Viṣṇuśarman, an octogenarian Brahmin who is challenged to teach the principles of good government to the three dull sons of Amaraśakti, the king of Mahilāropya, the city where most scenes of the *Pañcatantra* stories are set. Given that we do not have any external and independent evidence regarding Viṣṇuśarman, it is impossible to say whether he was the historical author of the *Pañcatantra* or is himself a literary invention. Edgerton thinks that this ascription is fictitious and that 'there is no hint anywhere as to the true name or station of the author'.[8] Some southern recensions and South-East Asian versions of the *Pañcatantra* identify the author as Vasubhāga.[9] Edgerton agrees with Hertel that the author was a Hindu and not a Buddhist or Jain, and this seems likely. I think that Edgerton is right, however, to reject Hertel's assertion that the author was a devotee of the god Viṣṇu; there is no unambiguous evidence of anti-Śaiva sentiments in the *Pañcatantra*. Although it is impossible to say with total confidence, it is more likely than not that the author was a Brahmin.

No less uncertain is the date of the *Pañcatantra*. Its translation into Pahlavi around 550 CE gives us a secure upper limit. A lower limit is more difficult to establish. The author was clearly familiar with the technical literature of political science, and the text may even contain direct quotations from Kauṭilya's *Arthaśāstra*, which is generally assigned to the early centuries of the common era. The current scholarly consensus places the *Pañcatantra* around 300 CE, although we should remind ourselves that this is only an educated guess.

Controversy also surrounds the geographical provenance of the work. In keeping with his belief that the Kashmiri recension called *Tantrākhyāyika* comes closest to the original *Pañcatantra*, the great *Pañcatantra* scholar Hertel proposed Kashmir as its original home. His arguments, however, are inconclusive. Edgerton prefers the south, possibly south-western India,

Pañcatantra stories throughout the subcontinent, has shown that some of the oral tales have literary origins.

[8] Edgerton 1924*b*, 182. [9] See Huilgol 1987.

because many of the incidents in the *Pañcatantra* are placed in the southern region. I think that one can conclude just the opposite from the author's placing of these incidents in the south. In narrating fabulous tales from the distant past it would be more natural to place them in a distant exotic land than in one's own backyard. So, the insistence 'there was once in the southern country' tells me that that author was from the north. Even today Indians rarely identify their own region as 'north' or 'south'; it is always other places and other people who are identified as 'He is from the south', 'She is a north Indian'.

The language of the original work appears to have been Sanskrit. Some scholars have proposed an original in a Middle Indo-Aryan dialect,[10] but Edgerton's reconstruction has shown that this is extremely unlikely. It is doubly unlikely that a scientific and authoritative treatise (*śāstra*) would have been written during that period in anything other than Sanskrit.

There has been some uncertainty as to the original title of the work. Besides *Pañcatantra*, the following titles are found in various versions: *Tantrākhyāyika*, *Pañcākhyānaka* (or *Pañcākhyāna*), *Tantropākhyāna*. Even though *Pañcatantra* may have been the most common title of the work, the frequent insertion of *ākhyāyika* (or *-ākhyānaka*) may indicate that the original title could have included that word. It is not uncommon for Sanskrit texts to have more than one title, and sometimes there is both a longer and a shorter version of the same title. The terms *ākhyāyika* and *ākhyānaka* mean 'the little story' or 'the little story-book'. The diminutive ending *-ka* ('little') of the title may make the word a term of endearment.[11]

The central question with regard to the title, however, concerns the exact meaning of the term *tantra*. Hertel takes it to mean 'Klugheitsfall' (cases of trickery).[12] Most scholars reject this interpretation and take the term to refer simply to a division of a

[10] Sanskrit was both the sacred language and the language of the educated class, somewhat akin to the position of Latin in Europe during the Middle Ages. The spoken languages of the people in the ancient period, the Middle Indo-Aryan languages, which were originally derived from Sanskrit (the Old Indo-Aryan), are referred to in common as Prakrit.

[11] For a close examination of the title of the *Pañcatantra*, see Artola 1955.

[12] See Hertel 1906*b*.

treatise, that is, a chapter or book.[13] Artola,[14] however, has demonstrated convincingly that this is not the case. It refers, he says, more specifically to individual topics within a particular field of knowledge. Thus *Pañcatantra* means 'The Five Topics', which indicates that it must have been an abbreviation of a longer title. Artola is right, I think, in postulating the full title to be something like *Nīti-pañca-tantrākhyāyika*, 'The Little Story-Book on the Five Topics of Government'. In the course of time, such a full title may have been abbreviated in various ways, including *Pañcatantra*, *Tantrākhyāyika*, and *Pañcākhyānaka*. But I think Artola is wrong to limit the meaning of *tantra* to 'topic'; topics, if treated in separate sections of a treatise, can also mark its division into chapters or books. This meaning is underscored in the Prelude which states that Viṣṇuśarman composed the five *tantras*;[15] surely what he composed was not five topics but the five chapters or books, each dealing with a 'topic'. That the term refers both to topics and to the chapters dealing with those topics is also indicated by the fact that at the end of each book the topic is given as the *name* of the book; it would be pointless to state that a particular topic is 'entitled' '*On Causing Dissension among Allies*'. I have retained the translation 'Book' for *tantra*, with the understanding that each of the books deals with a special topic, which becomes the title of the corresponding book.

Structure and Content

The *Pañcatantra* consists of five books of widely different structure and length. The longest is the first, which comprises about 45 per cent of the whole. The next longest is the third book, containing about 26 per cent of the total, with the second close behind at about 22 per cent of the total. The last two books are extremely short and have a simple structure.

A striking feature of the *Pañcatantra* narrative structure is that individual stories are placed within other stories, a narrative

[13] Thus, most translators call each *tantra* 'book': Book I, Book II, etc.

[14] See Artola 1955.

[15] Edgerton's edition uses the word *parikalpya*, which is somewhat ambiguous but probably means 'to compose'. The *Tantrākhyāyika* has the less ambiguous *likhitāni* ('wrote'), and Pūrṇabhadra uses *racayitvā* which has the same meaning.

feature that I will call 'emboxment'—larger story 'boxes' containing smaller story 'boxes'. The largest story 'box' in each book is the story that serves as the frame for the entire book. Emboxment can happen at different levels so that story A may be emboxed in story B, and story B in turn may be emboxed in story C, and story C in story D. The stories that embox others are referred to as frame stories. If we look at Book I, the story of the lion Piṅgalaka and the bull Saṃjīvaka is the frame for the entire book. Within this broad frame story are emboxed eleven separate stories, some of which serve as frame stories for other sub-stories. Thus, for instance, Story 3, 'The Adventures of an Ascetic', serves as the frame for Sub-Story 3.1, 'The Ascetic and the Rogue', which in turn serves as the frame for Sub-Story 3.1.1, 'How the Battling Rams Killed the Greedy Jackal'. The practice of emboxing stories within a frame story was not an invention of the author of the *Pañcatantra*; it is found in the epics and its origin has been traced to the ancient vedic literature.[16]

Generally, although not invariably, a story is introduced by a verse containing a proverb and a brief allusion to the story.[17] Thus, for example, the jackal Karaṭaka, in the course of advising his friend Damanaka not to meddle in other people's affairs, recites this verse:

> When a man wants to meddle in affairs,
> that do not concern him,
> He will surely be struck down dead, like the
> monkey that pulled the wedge. (I, v. 6)

The standard reply of the listener is: 'How did that happen?', which opens the way for the narration of the story, in this case the story about the monkey that pulled the wedge (Book I, st. 1).

Other stories open with a verse taken from the story itself that gives the gist of the story line.[18] So, the introduction to the story

[16] See Witzel 1987.

[17] All the frame stories of the five books have such introductory verses, although in Book I the verse does not contain a proverb, which is true also in two other stories (4.1 and 8.2) of Book I. The other stories opening with proverbial verses are: Book I—1, 4, 4.1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 8.1, 8.2, 9, 10, 10.1; Book II—1.2; Book III—2.1, 2.2, 3, 5; Book V—2.

[18] Stories opening with verses of this type are: Book I—2, 3, 11; Book II—1.2; Book III—4; Book IV—1.

about the jackal that tried to eat a drum (Book I, st. 2) is the verse uttered by the disappointed jackal himself:

> At first I thought that it was full of fat,
> But when I got inside I soon found out,
> That it was made of only skin and wood. (I, v. 52)

In three cases where a story is presented as a historical incident the introductory verse is dispensed with altogether (Book II, st. 1 and 2; Book III, st. 2).

The narrative portions of the *Pañcatantra* are in prose, but the prose is interspersed with verses, most of which are proverbial in nature. They are for the most part drawn from the large treasury of 'words of wisdom' (*subhāṣita*) that existed in ancient India both in the collective memory of the educated classes and in anthologies of such verses made by various authors from time to time. Occasionally, however, there are verses that appear to have been composed by the author himself for narrative purposes.[19]

The narrative structure adopted by the author differs in the different books. In terms of the development of the plot and the creation of drama and suspense, Book I is far superior to the others. Both from a structural viewpoint and in terms of length, the author has clearly put a lot of effort into crafting this book. It also deals with a topic that in the eyes of the author was the most important for statecraft, namely the use of cunning and guile to sow discord among one's opponents, a theme that runs throughout the book.

Prelude: The introductory section called *Kathāmukha* (literally 'mouth or face of the story') presents the frame for the entire book. It is in some sense the broadest frame story, which is set in a 'real life' situation: a king is worried sick about his stupid and possibly unruly sons, a situation any father can well understand. Even though the book itself is ascribed to Viṣṇuśarman, he is absent in the literary setting of the Prelude; indeed, its purpose is to introduce Viṣṇuśarman and the context for his composition of the *Pañcatantra*.

He is introduced as the man to whom the king entrusts the education of his sons. Unlike other frame stories, however, the

[19] See, for example, Book IV, vv. 4–5, 16, 19.

instruction of the princes by Viṣṇuśarman does not embox the other stories, because the thread of this frame story is not picked up at the end of the book as one would have expected. The princes and Viṣṇuśarman appear at the beginning of each book to set the scene, but Book V, as we have it, ends rather abruptly and we hear no more about what happened to the princes or to Viṣṇuśarman.[20]

Book I: The opening scene of Book I finds Viṣṇuśarman beginning his task of educating the three princes using the medium of story. We are still in the 'real world' in the king's court. Viṣṇuśarman introduces the frame story of Book I with the verse that summarizes the story of the lion and the bull. The frame story begins with a merchant named Vardhamānaka, his desire to make money, and his undertaking a hazardous journey through a jungle. Here we are still in the human world of commerce. But the journey signals the passage to another realm, the realm of fantasy, of the story world, of speaking animals.

As Fedwa Malti-Douglas has indicated in her work on the quest for utopia in Arabic literature, 'the voyage is an important structural component of a utopia, normally permitting a clear break with what comes before. It serves to isolate the ideal society from the one implicitly under attack. For similar reasons, the voyage also often proves an important part of dystopias as well.'[21] The passage to the fantastic and the wonderful, likewise, is frequently associated with travel, whether it is Gulliver's or Vardhamānaka's. This passage is executed with skill: one of the two lead bulls of Vardhamānaka's caravan falls and breaks a leg. The fear of the jungle makes the men abandon the bull in the forest. The bull, however, recovers and we are introduced into the world of fantasy, the world of a parallel animal society built according to the same principles of government and political science as the human.

[20] The *Hitopadeśa*, a later recast of the *Pañcatantra*, attempts to rectify this. This version ends with Viṣṇuśarman asking the princes: 'Are there any more stories you want me to tell you?' The princes respond that they are totally content; thanks to him they have learnt all the aspects of government.

[21] Fedwa Malti-Douglas, *Woman's Body, Woman's World: Gender and Discourse in Arabo-Islamic Writing* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1991), 80.

The human perception of animal behaviour and character determines the choice of animal characters to play various human roles, such as king and minister. The lion, however, is unquestionably the king. He alone is capable of exercising dominion over all animals. There are other animal kings but they are species specific: a king of crows, a king of owls, a king of elephants, a king of hares, and the like. There is even an attempt to elect a king of birds. But only the lion fulfils the function of king of all animals, in the same way as a human king who rules over all classes of people, a parallel that affirms the common Indian view of the innate and natural difference between different classes and castes of human beings.

The main character of Book I, however, is not the lion king but his jackal minister, Damanaka. It is his pattern of behaviour that is intended to teach political wisdom to the princes, a point that has often been lost sight of in scholarly debates regarding the didactic aims of the *Pañcatantra*. Damanaka and his moralizing sidekick Karaṭaka are a couple of unemployed aristocrats; they are said to be 'of ministerial stock' (*mantriputra*) but currently out of office and not occupying any position in government. Damanaka wants to sneak his way into the royal inner circle by his craft and deception.

There are two distinct stages in Damanaka's saga. In the first, Damanaka finds an opening for his strategy when he detects an inexplicable hesitation on the part of the lion king Piṅgalaka: he had inexplicably interrupted his visit to the river to have a drink of water and stopped under a tree. Seizing this opportunity, Damanaka exposes the lion as a weak and frightened ruler afraid of a mere sound—the roaring of the bull. He then manages to introduce the bull to the lion. In the second stage we find that the lion and the bull have become close and inseparable friends to the detriment of his other ministers, especially Damanaka. So Damanaka sets out to sow dissension between the two friends whom he had himself brought together. This is the heart of Book I: how to break up alliances and friendships in order to promote one's own interests.

Damanaka is successful in both endeavours, and at the conclusion of the book we find the bull dead and Damanaka enjoying the spoils of victory and living happily as the chief minister of the lion king.

Book II: The structure of Book II is quite different from that of the others. Here we do not have a true frame within which stories are emboxed. The entire book is devoted to the adventures of four animals: a crow, a mouse, a turtle, and a deer. The two stories contained in the book are both episodes from the past of the mouse and the deer. A true frame story is found only in the narrative about how the mouse got disgusted with the world because of his encounter with two merciless ascetics; and here we find one story and a further sub-story narrated by one of the ascetics (st. 1.1 and 1.1.1). Not just the structure but the plot itself is weaker than those of the first and third books.

The aim of this book is to teach the value of an alliance; working together allies can accomplish what they cannot when they work alone. The selection of the four animals, in all likelihood, was deliberate. They are all weak: a tiny mouse, a slow turtle, a crow who is more a scavenger than a predator, and a deer who is the ultimate prey, the typical object of the hunt. They are also very different, possibly representing the four different habitats: the turtle in the water, the mouse underground, the crow in the air, and the deer on land. The turtle is a good selection because the story takes place on land and calls for a water animal that can also operate on land. Working together these four unlikely friends with very different skills and coming from diverse backgrounds are able to outwit the greatest threat to an animal, a human hunter who is here represented as death and evil incarnate.

If Book I deals with court intrigue, that is, with problems internal to the kingdom, Book II deals with external threats to state security. Here the external threat is represented by the hunter, a figure who does not appear at all in Book I but is ubiquitous in Book II. In an interesting inversion of the common perception that wild animals present a threat to humans, here it is the human visitor who upsets and threatens the peace of the animal kingdom within the forest.[22] United, the allies are able to thwart this external assault.

[22] The choice of a hunter is significant. In ancient India, hunting was a royal privilege undertaken as a sport and pastime. But professional hunters are looked down upon in ancient Indian society; they are often tribal people living on the margins of society. The virtue of non-injury (*ahiṃsā*) that increasingly became central in Indian ethics also associated hunters with cruelty and moral depravity.

Book III: The opening scene of Book III depicts the worst nightmare of a king and a kingdom: the crow king and his colony have been attacked at night and decimated by a vastly superior force of owls. The point of the book is to explain when a king must go to war and when he must resort to other means to neutralize an external enemy.

As in the first two books, craft and cunning are presented as the most efficient way of dealing with an enemy, especially with an enemy of superior strength. With the help of a talented minister the battle with swords is turned into a battle of wits. The choice of animals is also instructive. Crows are no match for owls; and the owls are the epitome of evil. They are ugly-looking; they work at night; and they are blind in daylight (Book III, p. 113). The battle, then, is cast as one between good and evil, between day and night.

A feature of good government that is given prominence in this book is the ability of a king to choose a wise counsellor. Ultimately the fate of the crows and of the owls was determined only by one factor—the crow king listened to the prudent advice of Ciraṃjīvin, while the owl king dismissed the advice of his only prudent minister, Raktākṣa. A theme that runs through the *Pañcatantra* is that the king is a rather impotent figure—a sorry figure—without the aid of a wise and determined minister.

Book IV: The last two books are simple in structure and very brief. The fourth book has a somewhat more developed plot than the fifth, but its messages are simple: a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; do not fall for soothing and cunning words. The messages of this book and the next are also different from those of the first three because they seek to teach a negative lesson through negative examples: one should not imitate the example of the gullible crocodile or the hasty Brahmin. The messages of the early books, on the contrary, are exemplified in the main characters and the listener is expected to follow their example.

Book V: Although brief, Book V contains some of the most delightful stories of the entire *Pañcatantra*, including its frame story about the Brahmin who hastily killed his mongoose and the student building castles in the air. Its message is also straightforward: if you act with haste without carefully examining the facts

you will live to regret it. The frame story illustrates this piece of wisdom so well that it found a home even in distant Wales.[23]

This book is also very different from the others in that all its main characters, both in the frame story and in the emboxed stories, are humans, with the exception of the mongoose, which is, however, a domestic pet. It is unclear why the author should so abruptly and so drastically change his narrative structure. One possible reason—a reason I propose with caution—is that the author is bringing his reader from the fantasy world of the wild and wild animals back into the human world. And it is here that the *Pañcatantra* ends.

The Characters of the *Pañcatantra*

In a novel or a drama the author's most difficult and delicate task is to develop the characters convincingly, and the success or failure of the work often depends on how well he or she succeeds. The author of the *Pañcatantra* had an easier task because most of his characters are animals. Ascribing human characteristics, behaviour patterns, and even ethical propensities to animals is a universal phenomenon exemplified in common English expressions: as brave as a lion, as cunning as a fox. But the way humans imagine their animals is often culture specific. The animals of the *Pañcatantra* already had well-defined character profiles within the broad spectrum of Indian culture. Even the few human characters who appear in these stories have similar well-defined character profiles; call someone a hunter or the wife of a barber and it would evoke clear sentiments in an ancient Indian audience. One cannot expect such ready recognition, however, in readers from a different culture. In this section, therefore, I want to describe briefly the character profiles of the animals and humans who populate the *Pañcatantra*.

Prior to that, however, I want to highlight another feature of these animals and humans that provides a key to their characters and roles, and that is their names. Indian names by and large have clear meanings easily detected by anyone. The *Pañcatantra* has taken this practice a step further by manufacturing artificial names especially for the animals, names that provide an insight

[23] See 'Versions and Translations', p. xliv below.

into their character and behaviour. Thus, for example, a lion is called Madonmatta, 'Intoxicated with Pride'. For this reason many translators of these tales have translated the names. Thus Piṅgalaka is called Goldy or Tawny, Damanaka Wily, and the crocodile in the last book Hideous Jaws. I have chosen not to do so because such names sound so artificial in English.[24] I have translated every name the first time it is used, and the reader can find the meanings of all the names in the appended 'Glossary of Names'.

Animals of the Pañcatantra. I give here an alphabetical list of major animal characters of the *Pañcatantra*, both domestic and wild, with their main characteristics wherever applicable.[25]

Ass: (domestic) used especially by washermen to carry their clothes and viewed as over-sexed (somewhat akin to the western view of a billy goat): all an ass wants is food and sex (III, st. 1; IV, st. 1).

Boar: (wild) strong and ferocious and viewed as a bad omen (II, st. 1.1.1).

Camel: (domestic) appears only in one story (I, st. 7) in which his comic and ungainly appearance is emphasized. The camel is common mostly in the north-western parts of India; hence the lion's curiosity about the strange new animal.

Cat: (domestic/wild) useful in catching mice (I, v. 47). Cats are cunning, with a calm and ascetic appearance hiding their murderous intentions (III, st. 2.2).[26]

Crab: (wild) somewhat slow, appearing as both smart (I, st. 4.1) and stupid (I, st. 10.1). Its character is clearly not well developed in the popular imagination so that, just like fish, it can play a variety of roles.

[24] There are a few exceptions, such as the three fish whose names are so artificial even in Sanskrit that I thought it important to signal their character by the translated names.

[25] For a detailed discussion of forest and wilderness areas of ancient India, as well as the classification of animals, see F. Zimmermann, *The Jungle and the Aroma of Meats* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1987).

[26] This feature appears to be ascribed to the entire feline family, with the exception of the lion. The *Hitopadeśa* has a fine story of an old tiger who pretended to be an ascetic and captured a greedy traveller by enticing him with the gift of a golden bracelet.

Crocodile: (wild) represents hidden danger lurking beneath the inviting waters of a lotus pond (I, v. 141). It is vicious, with a face and body to match its character (IV, frame story): when the monkey became friends with the crocodile the Indian listener would immediately think 'Oh Oh! He is in trouble!'

Crow: (wild, but lives in towns and villages) smart and curious with a cruel edge to its character; the only animal to appear in two frame stories (I, st. 4; II and III frame stories). Indians feed crows with the remains of ancestral offerings.

Deer: (mostly wild) evokes charm (women's eyes are compared to those of does) and innocence, and is associated with the peace and tranquillity of forest hermitages. The deer is also the typical object of the hunt; indeed, the Sanskrit word for deer (*mṛga*) is related to the verb to hunt (*mṛgayate*). In the *Pañcatantra* the deer always appears with a hunter close behind (II, st. 1.1.1; II, frame story and st. 2).

Dog: (domestic) despised as unclean and greedy, an animal without an ounce of self-respect; in ancient India it is not a pet but a pest, and is associated with the cruelty of the hunt. It is not a major character in any story but appears in several.

Dove: (wild) evokes innocence just like the deer, and like the deer is the prey of both fowlers and birds of prey (II, frame story).

Elephant: (wild/domestic) noble, proud, and strong especially when it is in rut (III, st. 2.1). It is the eternal enemy of the lion, and a fight between an elephant and a lion is the fight *par excellence* among animals. The elephant has a split personality, being both domestic (docile, a good worker, intelligent) and wild (ferocious, unpredictable).

Fish: (wild) have undeveloped characters and can play a variety of roles, sometimes foolish and gullible (I, st. 4.1) and sometimes wise (I, st. 8.4).

Frog: (wild) the favourite food of snakes; simple and foolish (II, st. 8).

Goat: (domestic) the animal most commonly used for religious sacrifice; does not play any major role in the *Pañcatantra* (III, st. 3).

Goose: (wild) has played a central role in Indian art, thought, and imagination. It is large and white, and soars high. It is a symbol of the pure soul of a human being and often fills the role of the swan in the West (I, st. 8.1).

Hare: (wild) small but crafty and smart, and can outwit his larger and stronger rivals. Indian folklore sees the mark of a hare on the moon (I, st. 5; III, st. 2.1, 2.2).

Heron: (wild) greedy, cunning, and heartless (I, st. 4.1, 10.1).

Horse: (domestic) used for riding and for drawing chariots. Horses are used in war and in hunting and can be temperamental. Good horses are obedient, while it is difficult to control disobedient horses, which are often compared to the senses that are attracted to sensual pleasures and need to be kept under control. Once the *Pañcatantra* (p. 77) refers to the natural enmity between horses and buffaloes.

Jackal: (wild) the epitome of greed and cunning, somewhat akin to the fox in the European imagination. A jackal is the typical minister (craft is a characteristic of both), appearing always when there is a lion king. The contempt for the jackal is implicit whenever it is mentioned (I, frame story, 2, 3.1.1, 4, 7; II, st. 1.1.1; IV, st. 1).

Leopard: (wild) cunning and dangerous, but does not have a developed character and plays only a minor part in one story (I, st. 7).

Lion: (wild) the king of the wild, the king of all animals, his only rival being the elephant. He is noble and brave, but can be arrogant, proud, and foolish (I, frame story, 5, 7; IV, st. 1).

Louse: (wild but in houses) a blood-sucking bug that is likely to be killed on sight. It too does not have a well-developed character and appears in only one somewhat humorous story (I, st. 6).

Mongoose: (wild/domestic pet) one of the best-known animals in India and the one with the most well-defined character. Its major claim to fame is its eternal and innate enmity with snakes. In a country infested with snakes one can understand the popularity of the mongoose (I, st. 10.1; V, frame story).

Monkey: (normally wild) a familiar sight in India. It is playful, but fickle (see III, p. 143) and foolish (I, st. 1, 9; IV, frame story).

Mouse: (wild but in houses) destructive (I, v. 47) but admired for its industry and wiles (II, frame story, 11; III, st. 7).

Owl: (wild) ugly and ferocious. It is a night animal unable to operate in the light of day (a sign of evil) and is called the 'day-blind' bird (III, frame story and 2).

Ox: (domestic) strong and loyal, a merchant's best friend. In India oxen are used mostly to draw carts and wagons (I, frame story).

Ram: (wild) strong and fights with other rams especially during the mating season. Its character is not well developed (I, st. 3.1.1).

Sandpiper: (wild) small and weak, a character well suited for the 'David-and-Goliath' story of its fight with the mighty ocean (I, st. 8).

Snake: (wild) much feared, especially the cobra; there can be no friendship with a snake, which is double-tongued and double-crossing. A common image of danger lurking in the most unexpected of places is that of a snake hidden in one's own house (I, st. 4; III, st. 8).

Turtle: (wild) presented as both foolish and very wise and loyal. Because it can go in the water and on land, it provides a transition between the two environments in the frame story of Book II (I, st. 8.1; II, frame story).

In these stories we see that animals with less-developed characters play different and often contradictory roles. Thus, in different stories crabs and turtles play the role of both smart and foolish individuals. The animals with well-developed characters, on the other hand, play predictable roles. Thus, a lion is always king; a jackal is always greedy and a minister; an ass is over-sexed and stupid.

Most of the animals of the *Pañcatantra* are wild, and this is only to be expected because the story world is set in the forest. There are, however, a limited number of domestic animals who provide a bridge between the human/domestic world and the forest. They are the ox, the ass, and the camel.[27] It is instructive to note that in every case the domestic animal is killed by the king of the animal world, the lion. There are repeated instructions in the *Pañcatantra* that there can be no friendship between grass-eaters and meat-eaters, but it also appears that association between the wild and the domestic can lead only to disaster.

[27] To a lesser extent the mouse and the louse also function as a bridge between the human and the animal, but, although they live in houses, these are not domesticated animals.

Humans in the Pañcatantra. Even though animals play the central role in most stories, humans do appear in several of them and an examination of their roles gives interesting insights into ancient Indian society.

The world of the *Pañcatantra*—the world of ancient Indian politics—was predominantly, if not exclusively, a male domain. Among the multitude of animals that appear in the stories, there are only four instances in which female characters play major roles.[28] In one the female asses are the sexual objects used by the jackal to lure the unsuspecting ass to his death (IV, st. 1). In the other three, females make an appearance only as wives. In two of these stories female birds are mothers solicitous for the welfare of their brood, and here females are presented in a positive light (I, st. 4, 8). In the third story, the wife of the crocodile and her female friends are presented as evil and crafty, bent on killing the husband's friend and ending their budding friendship (IV, frame story). A pattern emerges from these animal stories: wife-mother is the only positive role for a female, while other females, even wives, who do not play maternal roles always pose a threat to the males either as sexual objects or by their nefarious activities.

This pattern is even more pronounced when we look at the stories with human characters.[29] In one story (I, st. 3.2) we have two wives; the one is an adulteress running to her lover the moment her husband leaves the house, and the other is the bawd who acts as their go-between. The former manages to trick her husband into believing that she is a saintly wife; and the latter fools the judges into believing her false story and nearly gets her husband executed. The same theme of adultery and cunning runs through the story of the carpenter and his adulterous wife (III, st. 6). In another story we have the motif of the young woman married to an old man (III, st. 4). The woman does not want even to touch her husband, until a thief comes to their bedroom and she flings

[28] There are a couple of other cases where the animals are presented as female. The louse is female (I, st. 6), and the mouse that fell into the Brahmin's hand and was transformed into a girl is also female (III, st. 7). But the louse does not play any markedly female role, and the mouse-girl is only the object of the Brahmin's concern and never a participant in the story.

[29] I ignore the story of the women of the prince's harem who make a fleeting appearance in II, st. 2.

herself at her husband not out of love but out of fear. Then we have the famous story of the Brahmin's wife, Śāṇḍilī (II, st. 1.1). She is not only sarcastic towards her poor but generous and kind husband, but is also totally dishonest, trying to palm off sesame seeds polluted by the nibbling of a dog on an unsuspecting housewife. In all these cases we have wives unconnected to children, wives who are not mothers.

In Book V, on the other hand, we have quite a different situation. The frame story presents the kind and wise wife of a Brahmin. When we first meet her, she is expecting her first child. Both then and after her delivery, she acts as the teacher narrating both the emboxed stories of the book. In one of those emboxed stories (V, st. 2) we have another kind woman who is the old nurse of the main character, again a surrogate mother. And finally, in Book III, we have the Brahmin seer's wife, the kind and gentle woman who brings up the mouse that her husband has transformed into a girl (III, st. 7). The kind woman is always a mother, at least an adoptive mother.

The picture of women that emerges from the *Pañcatantra* confirms and in some ways extends recent scholarly insights into Indian images of female sexuality. In the case of gods and goddesses, Babb has pointed out that 'masculine divinity seems to act as a restraining factor, while feminine divinity is a potentially destructive force which must be restrained'.[30] Marglin, likewise, observes: 'When the goddess is shown in her role of consort to her lord, this dangerous and sinister force is transformed into its opposite; the goddess becomes the tender wife, the source of wealth and progeny. When the goddess is placed in the context of a restraining social relationship, that is, in a relationship of marriage, she transforms herself into a benign force.'[31] The divine in this case is clearly created in the image of the human. The *Pañcatantra* extends the image of the destructive power of the female. Not just women uncontrolled by marriage but even married women are a destructive force except when that force is

[30] L. A. Babb, 'Marriage and Malevolence: The Uses of Sexual Opposition in a Hindu Pantheon', *Ethnology*, 9 (1970), 146–7.

[31] F. A. Marglin, 'Female Sexuality in the Hindu World', in C. W. Atkinson, C. H. Buchanan, and M. R. Miles (eds.), *Immaculate & Powerful: The Female in Sacred Image and Social Reality* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1985), 43.

channelled into child-bearing and motherhood. A wife without a child can be deadly for her husband.

The most desired virtue in a woman in general and a wife in particular is obedience (cf. I, v. 82). The literature on *dharma* insists that a woman should always be kept under male control: the father's when she is young, the husband's when she is an adult, and the son's when she is a widow. The reason is apparent in both the narratives and the verses of the *Pañcatantra*: women are sexual creatures without the strength to control their passions. They are said to be like a vine, clinging to whatever is near by; indeed, kings are compared to women in their capriciousness (I, vv. 20, 91, 113). Royal Fortune (*śrī*) personified is a woman, and kings are told to be on guard because, being a woman, Fortune is fickle and will run away with the next handsome and rich prince who happens to come along. The old minister's advice to the crow king about the fickleness of Lady Fortune is eloquent:

> 'Don't allow yourself to be deceived by the pride of Fortune, thinking that you have won the kingdom. The reason is simple; the power of a king is exceedingly unstable. Let me tell you how: Royal Fortune is like a reed; you fall down the moment you climb onto her. She is like quicksilver; you can't hold on to her however hard you try. However much you try to please her, in the end she walks out on you. She is like a monkey king; she is fickle, always changing her mind. She is like a bead of water on a lotus leaf, difficult to grab. She is unsteady, like the movement of the wind. She is unstable, like an alliance with low-born men. She is difficult to appease, like vipers. She glows for just a moment, like a streak of clouds in the twilight. She is transitory by nature, like bubbles on water. She is ungrateful for what you do for her, like the natural disposition of the body. She vanishes the moment she is seen, like a ton of wealth acquired in a dream.' (III, p. 143)

This male representation of women leads to real consequences; wife-beating is taken almost as a given in the *Pañcatantra* (I, st. 3.2; V, p. 156).

The *Pañcatantra* is a book by and for men, especially men of the court. The major players in court and in politics are kings and ministers. Now, the *Pañcatantra*, like all other Indian texts on government or the duties of a king, presents itself as intended for the instruction of a king, at least of future kings (Prelude). But the text, as I see it, is not about kings but about ministers. Kings are

depicted as by and large weak, timid, and stupid; what they would do without the strong guiding hand of a wise and experienced minister is anybody's guess. Every king we encounter—the lion Piṅgalaka (I, frame story), the lion Madonmatta (I, st. 5), the lion Madotkaṭa (I, st. 7), the crow Meghavarṇa and the owl Arimardana (III, frame story), the frog Jālapāda (III, st. 8), the lion king in IV, st. 1—every one of them cuts a sorry figure and is depicted as helpless and totally under the control of his ministers. And, the worst cut of all in this macho world, kings are compared to women and even to prostitutes (I, v. 177) in their capriciousness and irrationality! Would a book intended for kings be so disparaging of kings? And could it be that, despite the author's protestations to the contrary, the audience of the *Pañcatantra*—and possibly of other treatises on government such as the *Arthaśāstra*—was not kings but ministers and court officials?

Whatever the answer to that question, the main protagonist of the *Pañcatantra* is not the king but the sharp-witted, daring, and cunning minister epitomized by Damanaka in Book I and by Ciraṃjīvin in Book III. Indeed, this feature is not unique to the *Pañcatantra*. In the popular Sanskrit drama *Mudrārākṣasa* by the poet Viśākhadatta (possibly ninth century CE), it is not King Candragupta[32] but his brilliant and wily prime minister, the Brahmin Cāṇakya, who brings about the destruction of the preceding dynasty of the Nandas, installs Candragupta as king, and, in the final *coup de grâce*, 'persuades' Rākṣasa, the prime minister of the fallen dynasty, to shift his allegiance and to become Candragupta's own prime minister, using tactics that would put the CIA and the KGB to shame. In all this Candragupta appears as a befuddled bystander. The low opinion ministers had of their kings is illustrated by the jackal minister of the lion king in Book IV. When the lion cannot even kill the ass that the cunning minister had brought to him, he becomes the laughing stock of the minister.

Ancient Indian society was highly structured, with numerous hierarchically organized castes within a broader and more ancient fourfold social structure. The four classes, called *varṇa*, were the

[32] Candragupta (*c.*320–293 BCE) is the famous founder of the Maurya empire, the grandfather of the greatest Indian emperor, Aśoka (*c.*268–233 BCE).

Brāhmaṇa (hereditary priests, the Brahmins), Kṣatriya (warriors, nobles, aristocrats), Vaiśya (commoners, mostly farmers and merchants), and Śūdra (the servant class), to which class also belonged castes with low-prestige professions, such as barbers and weavers.

The groups most often mentioned in the *Pañcatantra* are Brahmins and merchants. Indeed it opens with a Brahmin tutoring his royal charges and a merchant on a journey to sell his goods. Although the *Pañcatantra* is supposed to have been composed by the Brahmin Viṣṇuśarman, the text almost always shows Brahmins in a poor light. The story of the rogues who tricked the Brahmin into believing that the goat he was carrying was really a dog (III, st. 3) exposes both the gullibility and the superstition of Brahmins. Then in Book V, the Brahmin is shown to be foolish, an example of hasty action, and, to make matters worse, is instructed by his own wife. Then there is the story of the young Brahmin student building castles in the air only to become the butt of jokes (V, st. 1).

Brahmins who are ascetics (and all the ascetics appearing in these stories are Brahmins) are singled out for comment. On the one hand, ascetics are always hypocrites hiding their greed and lust behind their outward holiness. The story of the two ascetics Tuft-eared and Big-buttocks (the very names indicating ridicule) shows them to be greedy and vicious, traits that contravene two basic virtues of ascetic life in India, the prohibition against hoarding anything, even food, and the prohibition against hurting any living creature (II, st. 1). The same is true of the ascetic Devaśarman (I, st. 3), who has amassed great wealth by trading the clothes pious people gave him. Then there is the animal imitation of ascetic practice: the cat Dadhikarṇa pretends to be an ascetic to get an easy meal (III, st. 2.2). In Book III there is an interesting juxtaposition of, and hence an implicit comparison between, hunters and ascetics. The animals living in the wild—deer, doves, partridges—are repeatedly threatened by hunters and fowlers, while the mouse living in a human habitation is beaten and nearly killed by the ascetics.

Merchants, on the other hand, are presented by and large in a positive light. Vardhamānaka, the merchant who had to leave behind his faithful ox, is wise, ambitious, and a man of virtue. He

earned his wealth by righteous means. But there are bound to be bad apples everywhere, and the very profession of a trader brings its temptations. So, in the story of the two young friends who discover a hidden pile of gold coins (I, st. 10) and in the story of the man who left his iron balance at a friend's house only to find it had been eaten by mice (I, st. 11), we are told that dishonesty does not pay. But there is no fool like an old fool, especially if he happens to be rich. A rich old merchant marries a young bride who would not even touch him until a thief enters their bedroom. The woman jumps into her husband's arms, and the thief earns the old man's eternal gratitude (III, st. 4)!

Other human characters include barbers and weavers, two very low castes. Both play predictable roles: the men are drunkards and fools, and their women are adulteresses (I, st. 3.2). Then we have hunters and fowlers, always the very incarnation of evil and cruelty. Carpenters fare better. In the hilarious story of the monkey who paid dearly and painfully for his curiosity (I, st. 1), we find them building a temple, while in another story a foolish carpenter is completely taken in by his adulterous wife and becomes the laughing stock of the town when he runs through the streets carrying on his head the bed with his wife and her lover still lying in it (III, st. 6).

The Political and Moral Philosophy of the *Pañcatantra*

What is the point of the *Pañcatantra*? Clearly, it is not simply a collection of fables. It has a larger purpose and the fables are only a means to achieving it. But what is the message? Hertel, to whom we owe much of the early discoveries about the *Pañcatantra*, thought that it had a simple but powerful philosophy; it teaches a 'Machiavellian' doctrine of deceit, cheating, and ruthlessness to achieve political aims. We have seen Hertel's interpretation of the word *tantra* as 'cases of trickery', which fits with his overall assessment of the work.

Hertel's assessment has been influential and most later scholars have taken a position for or against Hertel. Edgerton agrees with Hertel: 'Most of the stories remain true to the key-note of the book, its Machiavellian character; they are generally unmoral, and at times positively immoral, in the political lessons they

inculcate.'[33] The *Pañcatantra*, however, has a broader purpose. Indeed, it could never have become such a popular collection if it followed single-mindedly a narrowly defined aim. The *Pañcatantra* and its stories depict human life with all its ambivalences and contradictions, and that is its beauty and the reason for its popularity.

Other scholars, however, dismiss Hertel's assessment as one-sided. Keith, for example, observes: 'Nor was the intention of the author unmoral; he had no desire to establish the doctrine that dishonesty was the best policy; his concern was to give advice of a useful character, and it is by no means essential that such advice should be immoral.'[34] And Keith, following Edgerton,[35] adduces the story of the honest and dishonest friends (I, st. 10) to illustrate his point.

More recently, Falk has undertaken a sustained and detailed study of the sources of the *Pañcatantra* to demonstrate a similar point. Comparing some fables of the *Pañcatantra* with parallel ones in the *Mahābhārata* and the *Jātakas*, Falk argues that Viṣṇuśarman has taken over old stories from these texts and modified them in various ways to reverse their original meanings which taught political wisdom. In the hands of Viṣṇuśarman these stories teach not Machiavellian politics but proper *dharma*, proper moral conduct. 'With this interpretation in mind we will no longer claim the *Pañcatantra* to be "machiavellian" (in the sense usually applied to it), but have to say that Viṣṇuśarman demonstrates for the sake of the good the behavior of the wicked with the intention of teaching them how to oppose their foes with the method invented by the latter, Nīti.'[36] According to this line of reasoning, all the cheating and deception that goes on in the *Pañcatantra* is merely intended to show how the other half lives, with the message 'don't be like them'.

I think this conclusion is simplistic; it forces us to read not just individual stories but each of the books in completely unnatural ways. Let me highlight a couple of points significant for a proper evaluation of the *Pañcatantra*. The assumptions that

[33] Edgerton 1924*b*, 5. However, Edgerton rejects Hertel's rigid adherence to this judgement which caused him to reject as secondary any story that did not inculcate political wisdom (*nīti*).

[34] Keith 1973, 249. [35] Edgerton 1924*b*, 185. [36] Falk 1978, 185.

Viṣṇuśarman used literary sources for his fables and that the *Mahābhārata* and the *Jātakas* as we now have them represent those sources are gratuitous. Explaining how Viṣṇuśarman 'transformed' the *Mahābhārata* and *Jātaka* tales, and seeking to find in that transformation insights into his intentions, are, therefore, dubious at best.[37] Second, the *Pañcatantra* pursues a variety of objectives, some of them secondary or ancillary, and therefore it is always possible to find evidence in it to support just about any theory. I propose, therefore, a somewhat simple method: we should identify the narrator of any tale before using it to demonstrate a theory about the objective and philosophy of the *Pañcatantra*. In most of the books, but especially in Books I and III, which have well-developed plots, we have winners and losers. It is hard to believe that Viṣṇuśarman wants to tell his readers *not to behave* like the heroes of his frame stories. There is nothing in the text itself to support such a conjecture. The most natural way to read them is to see the winners as exemplifying good policies in the area of politics and government, policies that lead to victory. I give below a list of all the stories in Edgerton's edition with the name of the narrator and whether he is depicted in the *Pañcatantra* as a winner or a loser.[38]

Reviewing this list we find that the so-called 'moral' stories, such as the tale of the good friend and the evil friend (I, st. 10), are narrated by the losers. These stories, no doubt, are meant to inculcate good moral behaviour; but, as we see in Book I, Damanaka ignores Karaṭaka's advice and goes on to become the trusted minister of the lion and to live happily thereafter. Indeed, all of Karaṭaka's stories contain good advice: mind your own business (I, st. 1), stealing and betraying trust bring disastrous consequences (I, st. 10, 11), and do not waste your breath on fools

[37] It is not even certain that the *Jātakas* and the *Mahābhārata* as we have them are older than the original *Pañcatantra*. The narrative portions of the *Jātakas* and the final redaction of the *Mahābhārata* could be as late as the 5th century CE.

[38] I have omitted Book II from this list because, as I have pointed out earlier, it has no plot and no stories besides the frame story. In a few cases, such as the wise owl Raktākṣa who is on the losing side but is presented explicitly as giving good advice, and the stories of Book V where the plot does not entail winners, I have identified the narrators as 'wise'. I have omitted the sub-stories both because they are narrated by the same person as the main story and because they generally support the points made by the main stories.

(I, st. 9), the last reflecting his exasperation with the brash Damanaka. These stories do contain moral lessons, lessons that the *Pañcatantra* may indeed want to impart to its readers, but they do not contain its primary message. A major strength of the *Pañcatantra*, and a reason for its abiding popularity, is that it presents strong arguments for both sides of an issue, citing proverbs containing age-old wisdom and narrating illustrative stories in support of both. So, for example, Arimardana's ministers give contradictory advice based on established principles: never kill a man who comes to you seeking shelter; even an enemy seeking refuge should not be killed; kill the enemy when he is down.

Story	*Title*	*Narrator*	*Quality*
Book I			
1	Monkey and wedge	Karaṭaka	Loser
2	Jackal and drum	Damanaka	Winner
3	Adventures of an ascetic	Damanaka	Winner
4	Crows kill a snake	Damanaka	Winner
5	Hare outwits lion	Damanaka	Winner
6	Louse and bug	Damanaka	Winner
7	Lion's retinue and camel	Saṃjīvaka	Loser
8	Sandpiper and ocean	Damanaka	Winner
9	Bird advises monkey	Karaṭaka	Loser
10	Good friend and evil friend	Karaṭaka	Loser
11	Iron-eating mice	Karaṭaka	Loser
Book III			
1	Ass in leopard's skin	Ciraṃjīvin	Winner
2	Owl becomes king of birds	Ciraṃjīvin	Winner
3	Rogues trick a Brahmin	Ciraṃjīvin	Winner
4	Old merchant and young wife	Dīptākṣa	Loser
5	Thief, ogre, and Brahmin	Vakranāsa	Loser
6	Unfaithful wife fools husband	Raktākṣa	Wise
7	Mouse turned into a girl	Raktākṣa	Wise
8	Frogs ride on a snake's back	Ciraṃjīvin	Winner
Book IV			
1	Ass without ears or heart	Ape	Winner
Book V			
1	Building castles in the air	Yajñadattā	Wise
2	Barber kills the monks	Yajñadattā	Wise

It seems to me clear, therefore, that the central message of the *Pañcatantra*, with the possible exception of Book II, is that craft and deception constitute the major art of government. Indeed, the hero of Book III, the old crow Ciraṃjīvin, explicitly calls deceit a 'fifth type of strategy not mentioned by the authors of the authoritative texts'. By deceit Damanaka got rid of Saṁjīvaka and won for himself the position of minister. By deceit the crow Ciraṃjīvin destroyed his much stronger enemy, the owls. By deceit the crocodile Kṛśaka tried to capture the monkey Valīvadanaka, and by counter-deceit the monkey escaped from the crocodile's clutches. This list could go on, for in numerous emboxed stories deceit is what wins victories, as nicely illustrated by the stories of two hares, one who outsmarted a lion (I, st. 5) and another who outwitted an elephant (III, st. 2.1).

Deception, of course, is a double-edged sword; it is important to use it against others, but just as importantly one must guard against its use by others against oneself. So, in a sense, even the losers provide counter-examples; do not be like the bull Saṃjīvaka, or the owl king Arimardana, or the crocodile Kṛśaka, and let others practise deception on you. For a king or minister practising the art of deception the most important thing is not to let the cat out of the bag by facial expressions or other acts that would betray his true intentions; being poker-faced is serious business in politics (III, v. 72). The character who best personifies the philosophy of the *Pañcatantra* is Damanaka, the brash, risk-taking jackal who believes in living by his wits.

There are other points in the overall political philosophy of the *Pañcatantra*, some of them connected with the main theme. One such issue relates to the age-old debate between nature and character, whether a man is who he is because of his birth and caste or because of his conduct and talents, whether a king should judge a man by his character or his pedigree. Although many verses are cited in support of the view that character and virtue are far more important than noble birth (I, v. 166; II, vv. 11–13, 46), good political strategy places much greater trust in pedigree than in virtue, for, like the cat who ate the trusting hare and partridge (III, st. 2.2), one can never tell true virtue from hypocrisy. People are like a dog's tail; try as one may, one can never unbend it (I, vv. 78, 104).

The principle that nature (birth, pedigree) rather than upbringing determines behaviour is illustrated in the oft-repeated proverb: there can be no friendship between grass-eaters and meat-eaters, between a food and its eater (I, pp. 44, 47, II, v. 9). Several stories illustrate the end result of such friendships; the ox and the camel who befriended lions, the frogs who went for a joy-ride on a snake's back, all ended up dead (I, frame story, st. 7; III, st. 8). That every creature sinks back to its own nature is illustrated by the mouse transformed into a girl (III, st. 7). Indeed, in this story the girl does not voluntarily return to her native state as a mouse; the cosmos itself represented by the divine beings who reject her as a bride determines her ultimate fate. The proverbial enmity between the snake and the mongoose (V, frame story) illustrates the primacy of nature. The story of the owls and crows (III, frame story) is based on the natural and inborn enmity between the two species, which is traced in one story to an incident in the mythical past (III, st. 2). The big mistake that the owl king Arimardana made was to give shelter to a natural enemy. The mouse Hiraṇyaka expounds this theory of enemies (II, p. 76). If someone becomes your enemy for some reason, you can always make amends and restore the friendship. But when the enmity is inborn and natural, it can never be eliminated.

The use of animals to represent various types of people in the human world permits Viṣṇuśarman to drive home this point: human beings belonging to different social groups and strata are compared to different species of animals. It is impossible to turn a meat-eating animal into a grass-eating one; it is impossible to change the disposition of a jackal; it is impossible that a snake and a mongoose should become friends. This is not a new principle; the natural (today we may call it genetic) difference between different classes of people is postulated in one of the most ancient legitimizing myths relating to the class/caste division of society, the myth of the primeval sacrifice of Puruṣa, the primeval man. The four classes of society originated from different parts of his body: the priestly class from his mouth, the noble/warrior class from his arms, the commoners from his loins, and the servant class from his feet (Ṛgveda 10. 90).[39] We see in

[39] Sheldon Pollock has recently drawn attention to this 'racist' and 'biogenetic' paradigm underlying the Brahmanical legitimization of the caste system: 'Deep

the *Pañcatantra* the animal society organized along species lines, with the lion as the *natural* king. Thus when the animals wanted to rein in their lion king gone crazy and slaughtering everyone in sight, they promised to send to their king one animal selected from a different species every day (I, st. 5).

Another long-standing debate in ancient India was the one between the activists and the fatalists. In India fate or destiny is ascribed to two forces, astrological and karmic. The latter is a specifically Indian doctrine embedded within the belief in rebirth and stating that one's future births and what happens to one in those births are determined by one's *karma*, that is, the accumulated merits and demerits of one's past actions. Western sociologists and economists have often ascribed the perceived poverty of south Asian countries in general and of India in particular to the belief in *karma*. People of this region are held back from energetic and entrepreneurial activities common in the West, the argument goes, by their belief that the future is mapped out for them by their past *karma* and that they cannot do much to change it. This is, of course, a naïve, simplistic, and even offensive view both of the psychology of south Asian peoples and of the karma doctrine, and the *Pañcatantra* offers fine counter-examples that falsify this thesis.

Karma is a theodicy, a legitimization of past and present evil. It has not been used in India as a generalized theory of future events. When Indians want to find out what will happen in the future, they do what many of their western counterparts do; they go to an astrologer or consult their horoscope. But to succeed one has ultimately to forget fate and actively seek to shape the future. The female sandpiper (I, st. 8) wants to be prudent and does not want to build her nest by the sea fearing the high tide. She is far-sighted and narrates the story of the three fish (I, st. 8.2) whose moral is that anyone who trusts fate (the Inevitable) to take care of him will end up dead. The great examples of the *Pañcatantra* all involve people of action—Damanaka, whose enterprise wins him power (I), the four friends whose concerted action enables them to outwit the hunter (II), the

Orientalism? Notes on Sanskrit and Power Beyond the Raj', in C. A. Breckenridge and P. van der Veer (eds.), *Orientalism and the Postcolonial Predicament* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1993), 76–133.

enterprise of the crow that destroys the owls (III), the monkey whose quick thinking saves him from the crocodile (IV). Such examples could be multiplied, but the story of the little hare about to become the lion's meal who did not give into fate or despair, but took matters into his own hand and destroyed the lion, illustrates the 'can-do' attitude espoused by the *Pañcatantra*. The turtle's advice to the mouse exemplifies the philosophy of the *Pañcatantra*: 'So, my friend, you should always work hard; where else can wealth and pleasures go than to people who work hard?' (II, p. 93). The turtle then recites these verses:

> To a man who works hard wealth and allies
> flock of their own accord,
> Like frogs to a pond, and birds to a lake
> that is full and well stocked.
>
> Hard worker, not a procrastinator;
> Knows how to act, not addicted to vice;
> Brave and grateful, a firm and faithful friend—
> Fortune on her own seeks out such a man,
> to be her place of residence.
>
> Irresolute, lazy, relying on fate,
> And without an ounce of virility—
> Fortune dislikes embracing such a man,
> Like a sexy young wife, her aged spouse.
>
> Even a fool can gain wealth in this world,
> When he is capable of bold action.
> No one respects those scared of bold action,
> Even if they have Bṛhaspati's mind. (II, vv. 59–62)

I have said that the world of the *Pañcatantra* is a male world. An important element of this male world is friendship. A beautiful verse repeated twice (II, v. 95; IV, v. 7) illustrates the value placed on male friendship:

> MITRA—
> These two syllables of the word for 'friend',
> Who is it that has created this gem?
> A shelter against sorrow, grief, and fear,
> a vessel of love and trust.

The Sanskrit term *mitra* signifies both political ally and personal friend, and the *Pañcatantra* cleverly plays on this ambiguity, using aspects of the latter, especially its emotional content, to support its advocacy of the former. The most extensive statement on the importance of friends/allies is found in Book II, which deals with the topic of securing friends/allies. But the theme of male bonding pops up everywhere. The friendship between males promoted by the *Pañcatantra* is neither a light-hearted 'drinking buddy' type nor a macho type. The friends of the *Pañcatantra* are sensitive, cultured, and refined people who like nothing better than to sit under the shade of a tree and converse with each other on moral philosophy and tell each other proverbial verses. The way the four friends of Book II, crow, mouse, turtle, and deer, spent their time is illustrative: 'From that time onwards, all of them, after they had eaten whatever they wanted, used to gather every day at noon under the shade of a large tree and turn their minds to exploring various branches of learning. In this manner they spent the time in mutual affection' (II, p. 97). We also find the crow and the partridge spending 'the time together reciting proverbs and posing questions and counter-questions' (III, p. 98). Friendship is the ultimate source of happiness:

> Friends who enjoy the company of friends,
> In mutual affection and delight;
> They drink deeply at the fountain of joy;
> they alone are true men;
> they alone truly live. (II, v. 73)

A friend is valued more than any other possession, more than wife, son, or relative.

> Not in mother or wife, brother or son,
> Does one find the sort of relaxation
> that one finds in a friend.
>
> A friend prolongs a man's life in this world,
> so the wise proclaim.
> A friend does not preach about the next world.
> He brings you happiness here, in this world.
> (II, vv. 89–90)

And then there is the poor crocodile who fell so much in love with the monkey that he forgot to go home, causing his wife to feign an illness to try to get her husband to kill his new-found friend (IV, frame story). Here we come across the danger, as the *Pañcatantra* sees it, that women pose to male friendship; they are always in the way, always spoilsports. Viṣṇuśarman could well have sung with approval the famous song from the musical *My Fair Lady*: 'Let a woman in your life and you are up against a wall . . .' Although homosexuality is not directly mentioned in any of these stories, it is interesting that almost all the male friends in the *Pañcatantra*—ox, lion, and the two jackals of Book I; the four friends of Book II—are single; we are not told that they are married and we do not meet their wives. The one story in which a wife appears, the story of the crocodile and the monkey (IV, frame story), however, is also the story that appears to contain homosexual overtones. The monkey 'struck up a close friendship with the crocodile, so much so that he even forgot about his exile from his herd. The crocodile also, his heart moved deeply by his intense love for the monkey, delayed his return to his own home' (IV, p. 146). A woman friend of the crocodile's wife, seeing the crocodile in the company of the monkey, interprets the scene as a heterosexual affair and informs the wife: 'I saw him with my very own eyes carrying on in secret with a monkey girl at a secluded spot along the seashore. He was showing great affection to her' (IV, p. 147). Whether there are homosexual tinges or not, male bonding and friendship is an important and a recurring theme in the *Pañcatantra* and may shed important light on this aspect of ancient Indian society.

Versions and Translations

Even though there may be some doubt as to how closely Edgerton's reconstruction[40] approximates the original *Pañcatantra* (*Ur-Pañcatantra*), there can be no doubt, as his meticulous comparison of all existing versions and translations demonstrates, that there was indeed an *Ur-Pañcatantra*. Unlike some other types of ancient Indian literature, such as the Purāṇas or the

[40] Edgerton 1924*a* and 1924*b*.

Epics, the *Pañcatantra* is not some nebulous mass of ill-defined and orally transmitted stories. It is a *śāstra*, an expert treatise, which was composed by a single talented individual and transmitted as a fixed text. It is also likely that it was transmitted in written form from the beginning.

Unfortunately the *Ur-Pañcatantra* has not survived, or rather it has survived only in modified and often distorted fashion in versions and translations. Among the Indian versions preserved in Sanskrit we can identify two major families: the North-Western and the Southern, with a third associated with the lost collection of stories, the *Bṛhatkathā* ('Great Story'). The major ancient translation, the descendants of which provide clues as to the *Ur-Pañcatantra*, is the lost Pahlavi translation, from which are derived all ancient and medieval translations in Middle Eastern and western languages.

The North-Western Family. The most important descendant of this family is the version of the *Pañcatantra* from Kashmir called *Tantrākhyāyika*, which Hertel believed 'contains the unabbreviated and not intentionally altered language of the author'.[41] Although Edgerton rejects, rightly I believe, the primacy Hertel assigned to the *Tantrākhyāyika*, it is clearly closer to the original than most other versions with the possible exception of the Southern *Pañcatantra*.

Sometime before 1199 CE a somewhat radical recasting of the *Pañcatantra* was carried out, probably by a Jain monk. He appears to have based his edition on an earlier version of the *Tantrākhyāyika*, often referred to as the *Ur-Tantrākhyāyika*. This new Jain version, sometimes called *Pañcākhyānaka*, altered the structure of the *Pañcatantra* by moving some stories from the earlier to the later books, thus making the five books more or less equal in length. This version has become popular in central and western India. The *Pañcākhyānaka* is often referred to in scholarly literature as the 'simplicior' because it is shorter than the version created by another Jain monk, Pūrṇabhadra, in 1199 CE. In composing his longer text Pūrṇabhadra appears to have used versions of the 'simplicior'

[41] Edgerton 1924*b*, 14. For the edition of the *Tantrākhyāyika*, see Hertel 1909, 1915.

and the *Tantrākhyāyika*, as well some other lost version of the *Pañcatantra*.[42]

The Southern Family. The major representative of this family is the so-called 'Southern *Pañcatantra*'.[43] This is one of the shortest versions extant. Edgerton, however, estimates that it contains more than 75 per cent of the original prose and often preserves that original prose 'more accurately than the *Tantrākhyāyika*'.[44] All other southern versions of the *Pañcatantra*, including the versions by Vasubhāga and Durgasiṃha, as well as vernacular translations, are based on the Southern *Pañcatantra*.

Two other important versions are also at least partly based on the Southern *Pañcatantra*. The Nepalese version was created by abstracting the verses and removing the prose narrative. The connection between Nepal and south India, revealed also in the case of manuscripts of other works, was facilitated by the employment of south Indian Brahmins in the royal temples of Nepal. Also partly based on the Southern *Pañcatantra* is the *Hitopadeśa*,[45] the radical recasting of the *Pañcatantra* carried out by an author named Nārāyaṇa in Bengal. The *Hitopadeśa* contains four instead of five books and has radically changed the frame stories of the last three books. Both the Nepalese version and the *Hitopadeśa* transpose Books I and II, a transposition, therefore, that probably goes back to a version of the Southern *Pañcatantra* utilized by both, neither of which can be dated with any certitude.

The Bṛhatkathā *Versions*. There was a collection of stories called the *Bṛhatkathā* ('Great Story') ascribed to one Guṇāḍhya and written in a Middle Indo-Aryan dialect called Paiśācī sometime before 600 CE. It appears that the original *Bṛhatkathā* did not include the *Pañcatantra*, but a later version made in Kashmir or north-western India seems to have inserted the *Pañcatantra* into its repertoire of stories. Both the original and its north-western version are lost. What we have are two Kashmiri collections of stories written in verse that at least partly utilized material from the north-western version of the *Bṛhatkathā*: the

[42] The well-known translation by Ryder (1956) and the more recent one by Rajan (1993) are based on Pūrṇabhadra's version.

[43] Ed. Hertel (1906*a*). [44] Edgerton 1924*b*, 18–19.

[45] Trans. Hutchins (1985).

Bṛhatkathāmañjarī ('A Bouquet from the Great Story') of Kṣemendra (*c.*1037) and the *Kathāsaritsāgara* ('An Ocean Composed of Rivers of Stories') of Somadeva (*c.*1063–81 CE). Both these contain abbreviated retellings of the *Pañcatantra.*

Western Translations. The western migration of the *Pañcatantra* is as fascinating a story as the *Pañcatantra* itself. The first western translation was into Pahlavi by a Persian doctor named Burzöe, whose dates are 531–79 CE. All subsequent pre-modern western translations are derived directly or indirectly from this Pahlavi version, which is now lost. The Pahlavi version was retranslated into Old Syriac by Būd around 570 CE, of which version only a single defective manuscript exists, and into Arabic by 'Abdallah ibn al-Moquaffa' around 750 CE under the title *Kalilah and Dimnah*, from the names of the two jackal ministers in Book I.

All later western translations go back to this Arabic version, only some of which will be noted here. The Arabic was translated into Syriac in the tenth or eleventh century and into Greek in the eleventh century. From the Greek we have Latin, German, and Slavonic translations. The Arabic was also translated into Persian, into Spanish around 1251, and in the twelfth century into Hebrew by Rabbi Joel. This Hebrew version was translated into Latin by John of Capua sometime between 1263 and 1278. This Latin rendering was the first *Pañcatantra* version to be printed, around 1480, and became well known throughout medieval Europe. It was translated into Italian by Doni and printed in 1552, and it was Doni's version that was translated into English by Sir Thomas North in 1570 under the title *The Morall Philosophie of Doni.*

The repeated retranslations took these versions far from the original *Pañcatantra,* and indeed most Europeans had forgotten that the work originally came from India. Beyond the translations themselves, the *Pañcatantra* influenced Arabic and European narrative literature of the Middle Ages, most notably *The Arabian Nights* and La Fontaine, who in the second edition of his *Fables* (1678) states expressly that much of his new material was derived from the Indian sage Pilpay, perhaps a corruption of the Sanskrit Vidyāpati ('Lord of Learning') or of the common Brahmin title Vājapeyi.

Edgerton has traced several individual *Pañcatantra* stories that have found their way, often much transformed, into western folk traditions.[46] One notable example of such a story is the tale of the Brahmin, mongoose, and snake (frame story of Book V), whose characters came to be transformed into a knight, dog, and wolf in a Welsh folk tale, specifically Prince Llewellyn and his dog Gelert as told in William R. Spencer's ballad 'Bedd Gellert'. In the Welsh version the dog killed a wolf that was trying to attack his master's child and was killed in turn by the master; seeing the dog's bloody mouth, the man thought that it had eaten the child. Edgerton has traced this transformation to the Arabic version that turned the Brahmin into a priest or monk and the mongoose, an unfamiliar animal, into a weasel. In the Arabic collection of stories *Sindibad*, which gained great popularity throughout Europe under the name *Seven Sages of Rome*, the priest becomes a knight and the weasel a dog. It appears that as it entered the popular folklore of Wales the snake was changed into a wolf, a more natural opponent of a dog, and we have the common Welsh proverb about hasty action: 'You will regret it like the man who killed his dog.'

Edgerton's Reconstruction. After the long and indefatigable work of Hertel in bringing to light numerous unknown versions of the *Pañcatantra*, Franklin Edgerton tried what seemed to be the impossible—to reconstruct on the basis of the extant versions the text of the original *Pañcatantra*.[47] He presented his reconstruction 'as a close approximation to that original. It is surely, I think, very much closer to it than any existing version.'[48] There has been a lively scholarly controversy ever since as to whether Edgerton succeeded. This is not the place to review these long and sometimes tangled arguments. Suffice it to say that, despite reservations as to whether an individual verse, word, or phrase should have been included or excluded, we must admit that Edgerton has reconstructed a text that comes as close to the original as we are going to get without the discovery of new evidence, certainly closer than any of the extant versions. Most scholars would concede at least the following: (1) The reconstructed text

[46] Edgerton 1965, 13–20.
[47] Edgerton 1924*a*, 1924*b*.
[48] Edgerton 1924*b*, 8.

contains *every story* that was found in the original, and the original contained *no stories* other than those included in the reconstructed text. (2) The vast majority of the verses given in the reconstructed text were found in the original, which may have contained a limited number of additional verses. (3) The narrative sequence of the original was the same as it is in the reconstructed version.

For the purpose of this translation, furthermore, the selection of Edgerton's reconstruction has more than an archaeological purpose; as a piece of narrative literature Edgerton's version is a much finer and more beautiful text than any extant version and reveals the original author as a much better story-teller than anyone else who has tampered with his text. Edgerton concludes: 'the original Pañcatantra turns out to have been a finer work, artistically, than any of its descendants. This statement holds good, as a general proposition, of the relationship between the original and at least the older existing versions. . . . When they depart from the original, they almost always make it worse.'[49]

[49] Edgerton 1924*b*, 10.

NOTE ON THE TRANSLATION

THIS translation is not intended for philologists but for ordinary readers, especially students, who have little or no access to the original Sanskrit. I have not employed, therefore, the common defensive strategies of philological translations, such as placing within brackets any English word added to draw out the sense of the Sanskrit or to clarify ambiguities. I expect my translation to be accurate without being literal. This is especially important in the present case; the *Pañcatantra*, after all, is a story and a translation should seek to communicate to the reader at least some of the beauty of the original narrative.

One notable feature of Sanskrit is its frequent use of pronouns without clear referents; often the referent is not the noun that immediately precedes a pronoun. I have regularly used the noun or the proper name when using 'he' or 'she' is ambiguous. So, for example, at the end of a story or sub-story, I repeat the name of the story-teller—which I, and I am sure the reader, have often forgotten by the time the story is completed—although such repetitions are not found in the original. I have often dropped the introductory words so common in Sanskrit sentences (e.g. *tatra, tataḥ, tat, tena, yataḥ, atha*); the frequency of their use in Sanskrit makes it impossible to translate them into English and still maintain the idiomatic flow of the language.

Since all animals think and speak and are regarded as persons, I have regularly used the pronouns 'he' and 'she' in referring to them. The names of animals have meanings that often give an insight into their character. I retain the original names but give the meaning at the first occurrence of a name (see Introduction, p. xxi); translating the names, as many have done, I think makes the English narrative artificial and awkward. The meanings of the names are also given in the appended 'Glossary of Names'.

A striking feature of the *Pañcatantra* is the emboxment of stories (see Introduction, p. xv). When two or three stories are so emboxed, it is easy for a reader to become lost within the maze. The usual practice of editors and translators has been to number all the stories sequentially, making it difficult for the reader to

know whether a particular story emboxes another story or whether it is itself emboxed within another. I have departed from this practice and numbered sequentially only the major and unemboxed stories within a book; the frame story of each book remains unnumbered. Emboxed stories are given decimal numbers; so, the first story emboxed in Story 3 of Book I is given the number 3.1, and the second story so emboxed is numbered 3.2. When an emboxed story emboxes another story, it is given a further decimal number; so, the story emboxed in the sub-story 3.1 is numbered 3.1.1. I have appended a concordance to the numbering of stories in the major editions and translations of the *Pañcatantra*. The usual practice in Sanskrit texts consisting of both prose and verse, including the *Pañcatantra*, is to number the verses consecutively. Following this practice, the verses in each book are numbered consecutively (in square brackets after each verse); thus the reference I, v. 22, means verse number 22 of Book I.

A final note of a somewhat technical nature: the Sanskrit word *putra* ('son') is appended to several terms, especially *mantri-* ('minister') and *vanik-* ('merchant'). The literal meanings of *mantriputra* and *vanikputra* are 'son of a minister' and 'son of a merchant'. Translating these expressions in that way, however, is misleading; often the expressions are simply class designations indicating that a person belongs to the ministerial (hereditary ministers or servants) or the merchant class. Most of the individuals so designated in the *Pañcatantra* are clearly not young sons but adult members of a professional class. The same meaning is found in the common expression *rājaputra*, which means both the son of the king and also a prince.

The present translation is based on the reconstructed version of Edgerton (1924*a*). I have discussed the reasons for basing my translation on this edition in the Introduction (p. xliv).

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GUIDE TO THE PRONUNCIATION OF SANSKRIT WORDS

SANSKRIT words, including proper names, are printed here with diacritical marks. Sanskrit diacritics are simple and, with a minimum of effort, the reader should be able to pronounce these words properly. A general rule is that an 'h' after a consonant is *not* a separate letter but merely represents the aspirated version of a consonant. Thus 'bh' is pronounced somewhat as in 'a*bh*or', and 'ph' not as in '*ph*ysics' but as in 'she*ph*erd'. The dental group of consonants (t, th, d, dh, n) are distinguished from the retroflex group indicated by a dot placed beneath (ṭ, ṭh, ḍ, ḍh, ṇ). The distinction in their pronunciation is somewhat difficult for the western ear. The dentals are pronounced with the tip of the tongue placed behind the upper front teeth, and the sound is similar to the way these letters are pronounced in Romance languages such as French (e.g. *toi*, *de*). The English pronunciation of these letters is closer to the Sanskrit retroflex, but the latter is pronounced with the tip of the tongue striking the roof of the mouth further back. Thus 'ṭ' is somewhat like *t* in '*t*ry', and 'ḍ' is like *d* in '*d*ental'. The difference between the dental 'n' and retroflex 'ṇ' is very difficult for untrained ears to distinguish and is better ignored. The same applies to the palatal sibilant 'ś' and the retroflex 'ṣ'; both may be pronounced as *sh* in '*sh*ame'. 'ṃ' nasalizes the preceding vowel sound, as in French *bon*. 'ḥ', with a dot underneath and most frequently at the end of a word, is a pure aspiration and is to be distinguished from the consonant 'h'. In practice, the vowel sound preceding it is pronounced faintly; thus 'ḥ' of *bhuvoḥ* is pronounced like the *ho* in 'Soho' when it is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable and the second shortened. Finally, an apostrophe before a word indicates an elided 'a', which is not pronounced.

Pronounce Sanskrit	as in English
a	c*u*t
ā	f*a*r
i	s*i*t
ī	m*e*
u	p*u*t
ū	t*oo*
ṛ	*ri*sk
e	pr*ay*
o	h*o*pe
ai	s*i*gh
au	s*ou*nd
c	*ch*urch
g	*g*ive
ṅ	a*n*ger
ñ	pu*n*ching

PAÑCATANTRA

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THE PRELUDE TO THE STORY

To Manu, Vācaspati, and Śukra,
To Parāśara along with his son,
To Cānakya also, that learned man,
to all these who wrote
great works on kingship
homage we now pay! [1]

Viṣṇuśarman too, having examined
The gist of all the works on government,
has now composed,
with these Five Books,*
a text of great charm. [2]

This, we have heard, is how it happened.

In the southern country there once was a city called Mahilāropya. In it lived a king named Amaraśakti, who was like a celestial tree* granting the wishes of all supplicants. His feet were gleaming with the sparkling rays issuing from jewels in the crowns of foremost kings,* and he was thoroughly skilled in all the arts and versed in all the works on government.

Amaraśakti had three sons named Vasuśakti, Ugraśakti, and Anekaśakti, all utterly stupid. So, realizing that they were too feeble-minded to learn the works on government, the king called his ministers together and discussed it with them. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'you are well aware how utterly stupid these sons of mine are.

What's the use of getting a son,
if he's neither virtuous nor wise?
What's the point in having a cow,
if it yields neither calf nor milk? [3]

Far better that we have a miscarriage,
Better not to approach her at her time,*
Better that he die as soon as he's born,
Better even that a daughter be born,
It's far better to have a barren wife,
Better it is to live a homeless life;

than to have an ignorant son,
be he handsome, wealthy, and strong. [4]

So, what strategy can we use to rouse their minds?'

At this, some of the ministers said: 'Your Majesty, as you know, it takes twelve years to study grammar. If somehow or other you manage to master that, you can then turn to the study of texts on law, government, and erotics.* This is a daunting task even for gifted people; how much more for dullards! There is, however, a Brahmin named Viṣṇuśarman who has mastered the entire field of government, and his countless students have spread his fame far and wide. He is the man for a task like this. Why not summon him and entrust the princes to him?'

The king followed this advice. Summoned by a minister, Viṣṇuśarman, following the Brahmanical custom, saluted the king by pronouncing a blessing and took a seat. When he was seated comfortably, the king said: 'Please do me this favour, O Brahmin. Take these stupid sons of mine and make them peerless in the field of government, and I will reward you with a large sum of money.'*

After the king had spoken in this manner, Viṣṇuśarman rose from his seat and addressed the king: 'Your Majesty, listen to this daring boast of mine, to this lion's roar. I speak this way not because I covet wealth. There is no time left for me to enjoy riches; I am eighty years old and all my passions are stilled. I have given this matter a great deal of thought, however, and I will take up this task with your welfare in mind. Write down today's date. If I do not make your sons experts in government within six months, Your Majesty should kick me out and send me on my way.'

When the king and his ministers heard this astounding pledge of the Brahmin, they were filled with both delight and astonishment. The king then handed over his sons to Viṣṇuśarman with great respect. Viṣṇuśarman, for his part, set about teaching the science of government to the princes under the guise of stories and for that purpose composed the Five Books—' On Causing Dissension among Allies', 'On Securing Allies', 'The Story of the Crows and the Owls', 'On Losing What You Have Gained', and 'On Hasty Actions'.

BOOK I

On Causing Dissension among Allies

'We begin here the First Book, named "On Causing Dissension among Allies".* This is its opening verse:

In the jungle lived a lion and a bull,
with great and ever growing love.
But by a jackal their love was undone,
by a traitor consumed with greed.' [1]

The princes asked: 'How did that happen?' Viṣṇuśarman narrated this story.

In the southern region there once was a city called Mahilāropya. In it lived a man named Vardhamānaka, the Prosperous, a merchant who had earned his money by righteous means. One day this thought occurred to him: 'Even if you have a lot of money, you should continue to increase it. As it is said:

Money—
If you don't have it, try hard to earn it!
When you have earned it, you should guard it well!
And as you guard it, always make it grow!
When it has grown, give it to worthy men. [2]

'Earning the money when you don't have it, guarding what you have earned, increasing it as you guard it, and then giving it away to worthy people when it has increased—that is the way to live in this world. If we look at this saying—when a man fails to earn, he has nothing; but, given the many hazards it faces, if one fails to guard the money one has earned, it will quickly disappear; even if one uses it sparingly, money that is not made to grow will diminish like the Añjana mountain;* and finally, if one does not use the money when there is need, then one might as well not have earned it to begin with. So, one should guard, increase, and use the money one has earned. And it is said:

To give it away is the only way
to guard the money you have earned.
It is like a spillway for the water
confined within a reservoir.' [3]

After deliberating in this manner, Vardhamānaka gathered the goods he intended to take to Mathurā, took leave of the elders of his family, and set out from his city on an auspicious day to sell his merchandise.

He had a pair of oxen named Nandaka, the Joyful, and Saṃjīvaka, the Lively, yoked to the front of the wagon-pole. As he was travelling through a great forest he came to a spot made muddy by the spray from a waterfall cascading down a lofty mountain top. As luck would have it, one of the oxen, Saṃjīvaka, got stuck in the mud and broke a leg, which was compounded by the excessive weight of the load in the wagon. As a result the ox broke the yoke and collapsed. Seeing this, the merchant Vardhamānaka became totally heartbroken and kept vigil over the animal for three days. When he found that the bull had not recovered, he placed guards over him and set out to his planned destination, for he knew of the many dangers lurking in a forest and wanted to protect what was left of his merchandise.

The following day, however, even the men who were left to guard the bull fled, afraid for their own safety. When they caught up with the merchant they told him a lie: 'Sir, Saṃjīvaka died. We performed the last rites and cremated him.' When he heard this, the merchant out of gratitude performed the rites for the newly departed* on behalf of the ox and went on his way.

Saṃjīvaka, however, was destined to live longer. Cool breezes spraying water over him revived his body. He managed somehow to stand up and made his way bit by bit to the bank of the Yamunā river. There, eating the emerald-green blades of grass and roaming at will, he regained his strength within a few days; and with his massive hump and a body sprightly and plump, he looked like the bull of Śiva.* Saṃjīvaka continued to stay there, tearing up anthills every day by battering them with his horns and bellowing loudly.

Not too far away within that same forest lived a lion named Piṅgalaka, the Golden-mane. His head held high, he lived without

fear deep within the forest, served by all the animals and enjoying the pleasures of kingship won by his own prowess. For it is said:

He lives within the forest, all alone;
The emblems of a king he does not have;
The science of government he does not know;
but his might is so great
that to the lord of beasts
they all bow and proclaim—
'He is King!' [4]

The beasts anoint him not,
Nor do they consecrate;
By his own prowess he wins his fortune;
So a lion crowns himself,
As the king of all beasts. [5]

One day Piṅgalaka became thirsty and was making his way down to the bank of the Yamunā river for a drink of water. While he was still some distance away, he happened to hear Saṃjīvaka's roar, the like of which he had never heard before. It sounded like the roll of thunder signalling the end of the world making a premature appearance. Terror gripped his heart. He gave up all thought of water and, concealing his feelings, stopped near the Circle Banyan.* Surrounded by his entourage arraigned in Four Circles, he remained there in silence.

Here is how the Four Circles are ranked. The lion, the lion's retinue, the overseers, and the underlings comprise the Four Circles. Among these, the lion alone is the primary ruler* in all the territories—villages, towns, cities, hamlets, farming communities, hill stations, parks, Brahmin settlements, woodlands, and forests. The lion's retinue consists of relatively few individuals holding administrative office. The overseers comprise the group that holds mid-level positions, while those occupying other posts are all underlings.

Now Piṅgalaka had two jackals of ministerial stock* named Karaṭaka, the Prudent, and Damanaka, the Daring. And the two began to confer. Damanaka said to Karaṭaka: 'Karaṭaka, my friend, this master of ours, Piṅgalaka, set out to get a drink of water. Why then has he stopped here?'

Karaṭaka replied: 'Is that any of our business? For it is said:

When a man wants to meddle in affairs
that do not concern him,
He will surely be struck down dead, like the
monkey that pulled the wedge.' [6]

Damanaka: 'How did that happen?'
Karaṭaka narrated this story:

STORY 1

The Monkey That Pulled the Wedge

In a certain country there was a city near which a merchant had started to build a temple. One day the architect and the other workers employed in this project went into the town around midday for lunch. It so happened that a carpenter had split a log of Arjuna wood half-way and driven a wedge of acacia wood into it with a machine.* When they left for lunch, he left that half-split log there held apart by the wedge.

In the meantime a large herd of wild monkeys, who were frolicking at will here and there on tree tops, temple towers, and wood piles, happened to come to that spot. One of those monkeys, whose end was near and who was frivolous by nature, sat on that log with his testicles hanging down in the slit. 'Who in the world drove this wedge in here? It is in the wrong place,' the monkey thought. So he took hold of the wedge with both his hands and began to yank it out. I don't have to tell you what happened when the wedge popped out!

(End of Story 1)

Karaṭaka continued: 'Therefore I say—smart people should avoid meddling in affairs that do not concern them.'

'After all, we do get as our food whatever remains after our master has eaten,' he added.

Damanaka replied: 'Do you care about nothing but food? After all, why does anyone serve a chief?—only to obtain prominence. And this says it well:

To help their friends,
To hurt their foes,
The wise seek to serve a king;
who is there who can't take care
of merely his belly's needs? [7]

That man alone truly lives on whose life
Depend the lives of a whole multitude;
why, even a crane
with merely its beak
fills its own belly! [8]

'Furthermore:

A dog is thrilled when it happens to get
Even a beef bone without any meat,
Filthy with remnants of sinew and fat,
Though to sate his hunger it's not enough;
But even a jackal within his grasp
A lion lets go, to kill an elephant;
every being though in dire straits,
seeks a reward that accords
with its own disposition. [9]

A dog wags his tail, grovels at one's feet,
Drops to the ground, shows its belly and mouth,
When you give it just a morsel of food!
The mighty elephant feigns a grave air,
And eats only when coaxed a hundred times. [10]

When he eats here what's won by dare or wit,
then a man eats well.
Even a dog, surely, obtains some scraps
by wagging its tail. [11]

If his repute is spread wide among men,
If he lacks not wisdom, courage, or fame,
''That's a true life in this world!" the wise say;
even crows live long,
but they live on scraps. [12]

Easy to fill, a little creek;
Easy to fill, a mouse's paw;

Easily content, a cowardly man;
Even a trifle will satisfy him. [13]

His mind is empty, can't tell good from bad;
He opts out of the many vedic rites;
To fill his belly is his only thought;
what difference between a beast
and such a beast of a man? [14]

He pulls along a heavy cart;
He eats grass and he draws a plough,
Over the fields both smooth and rough;
He serves the world, he's of pure birth,
a great ox far excels
such a beast of a man!' [15]

Karaṭaka: 'Right now we do not occupy any official position. So, why should we meddle in this affair?'

Damanaka: 'How long does it take, my friend, for someone out of office to find his way into office? For it is said:

Surely not by the might of someone else,
Is anyone judged here noble or base.
By his work alone does a man obtain
Greatness in the world or else its reverse. [16]

To take a rock up to a mountain top
requires a lot of toil;
Yet it rolls down with the greatest of ease.
The same rule applies to ourselves as we
deal with virtue and vice. [17]

So as you see, my friend, no man can depend on anyone but himself.'

Karaṭaka: 'Well then, what do you intend to do in this regard?'

Damanaka: 'Clearly, this lord of ours, Piṅgalaka, is a coward; he is a fool surrounded by cowards.'

Karaṭaka: 'How do you know that?'

Damanaka: 'What is there to know here? For it is said:

Even a beast grasps the sense of a spoken word;
Horses and elephants advance when commanded;
But wise men discern even what is unspoken—

fathoming others' demeanour
is the reward of a keen mind. [18]

So, this very day I will catch him while he is overcome with fear and by the power of my intelligence bring him under my control.'

Karaṭaka: 'You, my friend, know nothing about the rules of royal service. So how are you going to bring him under your control?'

Damanaka: 'Dear man, how can you say that I don't know anything about service? Don't you know that I have mastered the entire body of rules relating to retainers? For it is said:

What burden is too heavy for the strong?
What distance is too far for the daring?
What land is foreign to men of learning?
Who is a foe to men of gentle speech?' [19]

Karaṭaka: 'It could happen that the lord will reprimand you for entering his presence at the wrong time.'

Damanaka: 'That's no doubt true. Nevertheless, it is vital for a retainer to gain access. For it is said:

A king loves only the man close at hand,
Even if he's a stranger or a fool,
or a man of low birth;
Kings, women, and vines do, for the most part,
Cling to whatever they find close at hand. [20]

Servants, when they get to remain close by,
Observe what angers or pleases the king;
And little by little they surmount him,
In spite of his attempts to shake them loose.' [21]

Karaṭaka: 'And when you get there, what will you say?'

Damanaka:

'A reply will generate a reply,
And that reply will lead to further speech;
As one seed gives birth to another seed,
When it has been drenched by a heavy rain. [22]

The tragedy that follows a wrong plan,
The triumph that results from the right plan,

To the rules of Polity both are linked;
so the wise can point them out,
as if displayed in advance. [23]

'And, what's more, I will not speak out of turn.

When someone makes a statement out of turn,
Even if he's Bṛhaspati* himself,
Disdain for his mind and contempt for him;
that is all he gets. [24]

For when a speaker is good at his task,
He never speaks at the wrong time or place,
Nor to people with passions uncontrolled,
Nor to those who are bereft of virtue;
That is why his words are never in vain. [25]

'Furthermore,

What helps a man to earn a livelihood,
What prompts good men to praise him in public;
That virtue should be guarded and enhanced,
By the virtuous man who possesses it.' [26]

Karaṭaka: 'It is not easy to curry favour with a king. A king is like a mountain—the one is by nature always gruff and the other rough; the one is surrounded by vicious men and the other by vicious beasts; the one probes for gaffes and the other is probed through gaps; the one resorts to tricks and the other contains risks.* Inasmuch as,

A king is like a snake—
the one has a pile of wealth, the other a pile of coils,
the one has a coat of mail, the other a coat of scale;
both are ferocious, the paths of both are crooked as well;
the one displays flared nostrils, and the other a flared hood,
the one is tamed by sage words, the other by magic sounds.' [27]

Damanaka: 'That is true. Nevertheless,

Even a king a man can serve,
Even poison he can consume;
Even with women he can flirt,
If only he has the right skill. [28]

'Moreover,

No matter what temperament he has,
A wise man will use it to gain access,
And will soon bring him under his control.' [29]

Karaṭaka: 'Good luck to you! Do as you please.'

Damanaka then said good-bye to Karaṭaka and made his way cautiously into the presence of Piṅgalaka. Seeing Damanaka coming while still some distance away, Piṅgalaka said to his sentries: 'Don't question him. Put down your truncheons. That is Damanaka who is coming; he is a person of ministerial stock who has been with us a long time. He belongs to the second circle* and has free access.'

Approaching Piṅgalaka, Damanaka prostrated himself. Piṅgalaka pointed to a seat and Damanaka sat down in it. Piṅgalaka then placed his right paw, adorned with claws resembling thunderbolts, on Damanaka and addressed him respectfully: 'I hope you are doing well. How is it that I haven't seen you in a long while?'

Damanaka replied: 'You have had no need of me, Your Majesty. But there does come a time when it is incumbent on ministers to speak. That is why I am here; there is no one, after all, whom a king cannot use for some purpose. For it is said:

To scratch their ears or to pick at their teeth,
Kings find useful even a blade of grass;
How much more then a man, Your Majesty,
Who can speak and has the use of his hands? [30]

'Furthermore:

From a man of resolve, although disdained,
No one can ever remove his resolve;
The flame of a fire will never flow down,
Even though one may turn it upside down. [31]

If a snake,
dark like eye-salve* or a cuckoo,
or the eye of a peacock's tail,
is for some reason not incensed,
even when trampled underfoot

at an infelicitous time;
Are we then to believe
That its venom is lost? [32]

'Therefore, Your Majesty,

Be ever careful in how you assess
The merits of your kingdom and your men.
On this alone will your success depend—
Discerning the relative worth of men. [33]

'And this says it well:

A farmer may sow a mixed bag of seeds;
But only by their sprouts can a man judge
The quality of germinating seeds. [34]

'So, a ruler should always act with discrimination, as it is said:

Ornaments and servants one should employ
only in their rightful spots;
For do you wear a crest-jewel on your foot,
simply to show that you can? [35]

If a gem fit to be set
In a golden ornament
Is encased instead in tin,
it utters no complaint;
it ceases not to shine;
On the jeweller falls the blame. [36]

Men will flock to serve a king,
If his servants he can judge—
"this one is wise,
this is faithful,
this here is both,
and that's a fool." [37]

Ranking them with those inferior to them,
Not giving the respect their peers receive,
And assigning them to unworthy tasks;
For these three reasons servants quit their lords. [38]

'We, on the other hand, are Your Majesty's hereditary servants.* We follow you even in times of misfortune; we have no

other alternative. Those pronouncements apply to ministers. For it is said:

In a place where no distinction is made
between the right and the left,*
Will a good man remain there one moment,
if he can go somewhere else? [39]

When a master fails to make distinctions,
And treats all his servants in the same way;
Then even the assiduous lose their zest. [40]

Between horses and elephants,
Between metals, logs, stones, and clothes,
Between women, men, and waters—
the difference is great. [41]

'Then, there is this saying on the ability to make distinctions:

When a man yearns to carry on his back
a thousand loads of stone,
The fool becomes weary or falls down dead
while he's carrying those loads. [42]

But when a man who knows the difference finds
An emerald stone no larger than a thumb,
A stone that's easy for him to transport,
Would he not earn a large profit thereby? [43]

'So, as you can see, it is the quality of their masters that creates the differences among servants. How?—

Be it a horse, a science, or a sword,
A lute, a voice, a woman, or a man—
Whether they become capable or not
Depends on the competence of the man
to whom they belong. [44]

'It is also wrong for you to hold me in contempt simply because I am a jackal, for:

Do good people not offer their worship
To god Viṣṇu in the form of a boar,
To the great seer in a deer's disguise,
And to Skanda in the form of a goat?* [45]

'And what's more:

It is surely not a hard and fast rule,
That a servant who's born in one's own house,
Who's been around a long time, always makes
A better and a loyal minister. [46]

'For, as the saying goes:

Mice are destructive and they should be killed,
Even if they are born in one's own house;
Cats are helpful, therefore we ask for them
Even from strangers by offering gifts. [47]

With Eraṇḍa, Bhiṇḍa, Arka,* or reeds,
Although one may have collected a lot,
One can never make a carving of wood;
So indeed are fools; they are of no use. [48]

Now, what is the use of a faithful man,
if he is without skill?
And what is the use of a skilful man,
if he is ill-disposed?
But know, O my King, and this is the truth,
I am faithful and I do have the skill! [49]

'Furthermore,

When a king is unwise,
dimwits will surround him;
When such men come to power,
the wise soon disappear;
When the wise leave the realm,
policies go askew;
When his policies have come to ruin,
The line perishes along with the king.' [50]

Piṅgalaka: 'Damanaka, my friend, don't speak like that! You are a person of ministerial stock, and you have been with us a long time.'

Damanaka: 'Your Majesty, there is something I have to tell you.'

Piṅgalaka: 'Speak freely! Say whatever you want to say.'

Damanaka: 'My Lord, you set out to get a drink of water. So why is it that you have stopped here before you could get a drink and remain as if in a daze?'

Piṅgalaka, trying to hide his feelings: 'For no particular reason, Damanaka.'

Damanaka: 'If it is something that cannot be revealed, Your Majesty, I understand.'

When he heard that, Piṅgalaka thought to himself: 'He has seen through me! But he seems to be a capable fellow, and loyal too. So, why should I conceal the reason from him? I'll tell him what's on my mind.'

Piṅgalaka: 'Listen, Damanaka, do you hear that loud sound coming from afar?'

Damanaka: 'Yes, My Lord. I hear the sound clearly. What about it?'

Piṅgalaka: 'I want to leave this forest, my friend. And here's the reason. Some unheard-of creature has entered this forest. The extraordinary sound we hear is its roar. This creature must have a temperament to match its roar and the power to match its temperament. There's no way I am going to remain here.'

Damanaka: 'Has my lord become frightened by a mere sound? That doesn't become you. Moreover,

> Counsel divulged is undone,
> Like water bursting a dike;
> Slander breaks up a friendship;
> A coward is crushed by words. [51]

'It is unbecoming of you, My Lord, to leave this forest, which was conquered by your ancestors, because of a mere sound. After all, one hears many kinds of sounds here, but they are only sounds; nothing to be afraid of. There are the sounds of thunder, flutes, lutes, drums, tabors, conches, bells, carriages, doors, and machines, but one can't be afraid of them. There is the saying:

> At first I thought that it was full of fat,
> But when I got inside I soon found out
> That it was made of only skin and wood.' [52]

Piṅgalaka: 'How did that happen?'

Damanaka narrated this story:

STORY 2

The Jackal That Tried to Eat a Drum

There was once a jackal who was extremely hungry. As he was roaming in the forest in search of food he saw a field where two armies were arrayed in battle. Then he heard a deafening sound which struck fear into his heart, and he thought to himself: 'What is this? I am done for! Who is making this sound? What sort of a creature could he be? Where is he?'

And as the jackal began to search for that creature, he came across a drum* the size of a mountain peak. Seeing it he thought: 'Does she make this sound on her own, or does someone have to prod her?' The jackal noticed that she made a sound only when struck by the tips of tree branches swinging in the wind; otherwise she remained silent. He wanted to find out how strong she was and came near her. Curious, he beat her on both sides with his own hands and thought to himself: 'Oh, it has been a long time since I found a meal as large as this! I bet it is stuffed with flesh, fat, and blood.'

So he tore open a hole on one side of the drum and crawled inside. The skin of the drum was so hard that he was lucky not to break a tooth on it; what's more, he found nothing inside. He then came out, laughed to himself, and said:

> At first I thought that it was full of fat,
> But when I got inside I soon found out,
> That it was made of only skin and wood.*

(End of Story 2)

Damanaka continued: 'Therefore I say—you should not be afraid of a mere sound. However, if you want me to, I will go to the place from which this sound comes and find out what it is.'

Piṅgalaka: 'Do you really dare to go there?'

Damanaka: 'Of course.'

Piṅgalaka: 'My friend, if that's the case, go, and may good luck follow you.'

Damanaka bowed to Piṅgalaka and set out in the direction of Saṃjīvaka's bellow. After Damanaka left, Piṅgalaka, his mind overcome with fear, thought to himself: 'Come to think of it, I

may not have been wise to place my trust in him and to reveal what was in my mind. It could well happen that Damanaka will turn into a double agent and become hostile towards me. For it is said:

People who have been first granted honours and then deprived of them; people who have been rebuffed; the angry, the greedy, and the bankrupt; people who have volunteered their services—these one can fend off by cunning.

People overly oppressed by poverty and taxes; people who have been turned away after they had been invited; people who have been humiliated with regard to a work of art when their work was as good as that of others; people who have been tormented by exile; people who have been overshadowed by their peers; people from whom honours have been withdrawn; people who are being overworked; and pretenders from his own family—these, on the other hand, do not change their disposition even if you associate with them closely, and they should be tested for loyalty in every possible way.*

'Now Damanaka, thinking honours have been withdrawn from him, could well become hostile towards me. Or, because he is himself powerless, he may ally himself with someone powerful and show neutrality towards me. In either case, I am certainly doomed. I have no option but to leave this place and go somewhere else until I find out what he intends to do.' After thinking over the matter in this way, Piṅgalaka went to another spot and remained there alone watching the road that Damanaka had taken.

Damanaka, for his part, made his way into the vicinity of Saṃjīvaka. Delighted to find it was only a bull, he reported back to Piṅgalaka. In the meantime, Piṅgalaka had returned to his original place, thinking: 'Otherwise, Damanaka may suspect that I am a coward surrounded by cowards.' Coming into the presence of Piṅgalaka, Damanaka bowed down and took a seat.

Piṅgalaka: 'Did you see that creature?'

Damanaka: 'Yes, thanks to my lord, I did see him.'

Piṅgalaka: 'But did you see him as he really is?'

Damanaka: 'Yes, I did.'

Piṅgalaka: 'No, you couldn't have seen him as he really is, because you are an underling. Moreover, because you are powerless, he would not oppose you, for—

Grasses a storm does not uproot,
They are soft, they always bend low;
A storm attacks only tall trees;
only against the mighty,
the mighty display their strength. [53]

'And further:

Though his temples are assailed by the feet
Of bees swarming madly, greedy for rut,
Though he's extremely strong, an elephant
In rut does not show his anger at them;*
the strong show their anger
to those of equal strength.' [54]

Damanaka: 'I had an inkling that my lord would speak like this. So why argue any more? I will bring him in person before Your Majesty.'

Hearing this, Piṅgalaka was thrilled and said: 'Do it fast!'

Damanaka then went back to Saṃjīvaka and addressed him contemptuously: 'Come here! Come here, you rotten bull! Lord Piṅgalaka sends this message to you: "Why have you become so bold as to keep on bellowing incessantly for no reason at all?" '

Hearing this, Saṃjīvaka said: 'Friend, who is this person called Piṅgalaka who has sent me this message?'

Damanaka laughed at this in amazement and told him: 'How is it possible that you do not know Lord Piṅgalaka?' 'You will soon know him', he added indignantly, 'through his punishment. Know that Lord Piṅgalaka is a mighty lion, the king of beasts. Roused with indignation, he has stopped near the Circle Banyan, surrounded by all the animals.'

When he heard this, Saṃjīvaka thought he was as good as dead and was plunged into deep despair. He said to Damanaka: 'If I must come with you, I should at least be granted safe passage.'

'All right,' said Damanaka in agreement.

Going into the presence of the lion, Damanaka reported the matter and, receiving permission, conducted Saṃjīvaka into the presence of Piṅgalaka as he had promised. Saṃjīvaka, for his part, bowed reverently and stood with deference in front of the lion.

Piṅgalaka placed his right paw on him—a paw that was stout, rotund, and long, adorned with claws resembling thunderbolts—and said to him respectfully: 'I hope you are all right. How did you end up in this desolate forest?'

In answer to this question, Saṃjīvaka recounted all that had happened to him earlier and how he had been separated from the merchant Vardhamānaka.

When he heard the story, Piṅgalaka said: 'Don't be afraid, my friend. This forest is under my protection, and you may live in it as you please. You should, however, stay close to me always, because it is teeming with ferocious beasts and contains many dangers.'

'As Your Majesty commands,' replied Saṃjīvaka.

After saying this, Piṅgalaka, accompanied by all the animals, went down to the bank of the Yamunā river and drank water to his heart's content. Then, roaming about at will, he returned to the royal camp within the same forest.

From that time onwards, every day Piṅgalaka and Saṃjīvaka spent their time together in mutual affection. Piṅgalaka, because he had lived his entire life in the wild, was not a learned person. Saṃjīvaka, however, who had mastered the subject matter of many a branch of knowledge, made him erudite in a very short time. To make a long story short, every day Piṅgalaka and Saṃjīvaka discussed secret matters by themselves, while all the other animals were kept far away.

As time went by, the lion made fewer kills and food became scarce. As a result the same two, Karaṭaka and Damanaka, became very hungry and began to think out loud between themselves. During this conversation, Damanaka exclaimed: 'Karaṭaka, my friend, we are doomed! What shall we do about it? This is a problem that I have created myself by introducing Saṃjīvaka to Piṅgalaka. For it is said:

> The jackal due to the fight between rams,
> And I myself through Āṣāḍhabhūti,
> The bawd as a result of the weaver—
> Now all these three were self-inflicted wounds.' [55]

Karaṭaka: 'How did that happen?'

Damanaka narrated this story:

STORY 3

The Adventures of an Ascetic

Sub-Story 3.1: The Ascetic and the Rogue

In a certain region there was once a wandering ascetic named Devaśarman. Pious people used to give him large quantities of valuable and finely woven clothes. The man hoarded these articles and thereby in time amassed a fortune; but he did not trust anyone.

One day a thief named Āsādhabhūti caught sight of that large sum of money which the ascetic carried tucked within his robe.* 'Is there a way I can steal that money from him?' thought Āṣāḍhabhūti. So he became a pupil of Devaśarman and in time managed to win the confidence of his teacher.

Once, on the occasion of a pilgrimage, the wandering ascetic set out in the company of Āṣāḍhabhūti. Along the way they came to the bank of a river in a wooded area. There the ascetic left Āṣāḍhabhūti to guard the money and withdrew to a secluded spot to get some water.*ṃ

Sub-Story 3.1.1: How the Battling Rams Killed the Greedy Jackal

There on the bank of the river the ascetic witnessed a fierce battle between two rams. As the two powerful rams fought without pause, a large quantity of blood flowed from between their racks of horns and fell on the ground. Seeing the blood, a foolish jackal, his mind clouded by desire and greedy for meat, yearned to get at it. So when the rams separated from each other some distance, the jackal went between the two. Just then the rams went at each other again, and he was killed by the impact. Filled with amazement, then, the ascetic exclaimed:

'The jackal due to the fight between rams.'*

(End of Sub-Story 3.1.1)

After performing his purificatory rites, Devaśarman returned but he did not find Āṣāḍhabhūti, who had taken all the money and run away. The only things he found were the discarded tripod, firewood, water pot, water strainer, and toothbrush.* And he

thought: 'Now, where is that Āṣāḍhabhūti? I think he has robbed me!' So, with a heavy heart, he exclaimed:

'And I myself through Āṣāḍhabhūti.'

(End of Sub-Story 3.1)

Sub-Story 3.2: A Weaver Cuts the Nose of a Bawd

Thereupon, the ascetic, left only with a shard for a bowl and an empty knot on his robe,* set out to track down the thief. Along the way he came to a village at sunset. Entering the village he saw a weaver who lived in a secluded area and asked him if he could spend the night there. The weaver assigned to him a corner of his house.

Then the weaver told his wife: 'I am going into town to have a few drinks with my friends. Be vigilant and take good care of the house until I return.' After giving this order to his wife, he left. The weaver's wife was a loose woman, so when a bawd came and coaxed her, she adorned herself and set out to meet her lover. But as she was leaving, she saw down the road her husband returning home so intoxicated that his speech was slurred, his walk was unsteady, and his clothes were falling off. With great presence of mind she nimbly took off her finery, put on the ordinary dress she had worn earlier, and began to attend to the guest by washing his feet, preparing his bed, and the like.

The weaver entered the house and began to yell at her. 'You slut! My friends have told me about your lewd behaviour. You wait! You are in for a harsh punishment.' Then he got hold of a club and gave her a severe beating. After that he tied her to the centre post of the house and fell sound asleep.

In the meantime the bawd, who was a barber's wife, finding the weaver fast asleep, returned once again and said to his wife: 'Being separated from you is consuming that splendid man like a fire, and he wishes he were dead. So I will free you and tie myself in your place. Go there and comfort that fellow, but come back as fast as you can!' Saying this, the barber's wife untied the weaver's wife and sent her off to her lover.

After all this was done, the weaver, now sober, woke up and began to yell at his wife in the same manner as before. The bawd was frightened and did not say a word, fearing that he would

recognize the unfamiliar voice. The man kept shouting the same thing, and when she would not answer, he became angry: 'Are you so proud that you will not even give me an answer?' With that he got up and cut off her nose with a sharp knife. 'How beautiful you look! Let's see who'll ask for you now!' he said and fell asleep again.

When the weaver's wife finally returned, she asked the bawd: 'How did it go? Did he wake up? Did he say anything? Tell me! Tell me!' The bawd, who had been on the receiving end of the punishment, showed the wife her nose and said angrily: 'You can see how it went! Untie me. I want to go.' When she was untied, she grabbed her nose and left.

The weaver's wife assumed her former position, making it appear that she was tied up. When the weaver woke again, he began to yell at her as before. But she retorted with anger and scorn: 'Listen, you scoundrel! What man has the power to disfigure me—I, who am a scrupulously faithful wife? Hear my voice, O Guardians of the universe! If it is true that I have never even in thought given myself to another man, other than the husband I married in my youth—then, by that truth, may my face be made whole again.' After saying this, she addressed him again: 'Look, you dirty scoundrel! See how my face has become exactly as it was before.' Then the fool, his mind confused by her crafty words, lit a lamp and saw that his wife's face was not disfigured. He kissed her, his eyes wide with surprise, and untied her with a joyous heart; he fell at her feet, embracing them tightly, and placed her on the bed. The wandering ascetic, for his part, remained as before, witnessing all that happened from the very beginning.

The bawd returned to her house covering her nostrils with her hand and thought to herself: 'What am I to do now? How am I going to hide this gaping wound?' In the meantime, her husband, the barber, returning home from somewhere around dawn, said to his wife: 'Bring me the shaving kit, my dear. I have some work to do at the royal palace.' But she threw out only the razor, while she remained inside the house. The barber became furious because she had not given him the entire shaving kit, and he threw the razor back at her.

She cried out aloud in anguish, rubbed her nostrils with her hand, threw the nose dripping with blood on the ground, and

shouted: 'Help! Help! This wicked man has disfigured me, although I have done nothing wrong.' The policemen who came in response saw that she had, in fact, been disfigured. They beat the barber bloody with their batons, tied him up tightly, and took him together with his wife to the court. Although the magistrates asked him repeatedly: 'For what reason did you do this terribly cruel thing to your wife?' he did not give an answer. The magistrates then ordered that he be impaled.

When the wandering ascetic, who had seen it all from beginning to end, saw the man being led to the place of execution, he went up to the court and said to the magistrates: 'Please do not impale this barber; he has done nothing wrong. If you want to know why, listen to these three extraordinary tales:

> The jackal due to the fight between rams;
> And I myself through Āṣāḍhabhūti;
> The bawd as a result of the weaver—
> Now all these three were self-inflicted wounds.' [56]

And the magistrates, after they had learnt the true facts, released the barber.

(End of Sub-Story 3.2)

(End of Story 3)

Damanaka continued: 'Therefore, I say:

> The jackal due to the fight between rams;
> . . . . . '

Karaṭaka: 'So, what do you think? What is the appropriate thing to do here?'

Damanaka: 'Even in a situation like this, my friend, intelligent people are always able to find a way out. For it is said:

> The counsel that a man may give,
> to recoup a lost cause,
> to clinch a future gain,
> to avoid a wrong course;
> That counsel is, surely, the best. [57]

'Now, Pingalaka here is going down an extremely evil path. He must be separated from Samjīvaka, because,

When a king rashly follows evil ways,
Servants should try their best to restrain him,
By means given in the normative texts.' [58]

Karaṭaka: 'What precisely is the evil path down which Lord Piṅgalaka is going? For in this world kings fall into seven types of evil, to wit:

Gambling and women, drinking and the chase;
harsh speech is the fifth;
Undue severity of punishment,
And the unjust seizure of property.' [59]

Damanaka: 'My dear fellow, the evil of kings is just one, and it is called addiction. But it has seven divisions.

Karaṭaka: 'How can that evil be just one?'

Damanaka: 'In this world, you see, there are five root evils: lack, revolt, addiction, affliction, and bad policy.*

Karaṭaka: 'How are they different?'

Damanaka: 'The first of these evils—lack—can be defined as the evil resulting from the lack of any of the following: ruler, minister, country, fort, treasury, army, or ally. Revolt is the evil resulting from agitation carried out by external or internal constituents,* either individually or in concert. Addiction has already been described in the verse: "Gambling and women, drinking and the chase . . ." Of these, gambling, women, drinking, and the chase constitute the group of evils arising from passion, while harsh speech and so forth comprise the group of evils arising from anger. With regard to these, a man may be free from the evils of passion and still engage in the evils of anger. The group of evils arising from passion is easy to understand. I will, however, explain more specifically the three varieties of evils arising from anger. When a man, because of his hatred towards another, recklessly broadcasts the other's non-existent faults, that is harsh speech. Undue severity of punishment is the merciless and unjust application of the death penalty, imprisonment, and mutilation. Lusting after the property of others without compassion is the unjust seizure of property. In this way, the evil of addiction turns out to be sevenfold.

'Affliction is of eight sorts, depending on whether it results from fate, fire, flood, disease, epidemic, cholera, famine, or dev-

ilish rain, that is, too much or too little rain. That, you should understand, is the evil called affliction.

'Next, I will describe the evil called bad policy. When there is a wrong application of the six types of policy: peace, war, marching forward, lying in wait, seeking asylum, and duplicity—that is, when someone makes war when he should be making peace, and sues for peace when he should be waging war; and likewise when someone acts in a wrong way in the other areas of policy—that evil should be recognized as bad policy.

'So, we must separate Piṅgalaka from Saṃjīvaka by all means, for if there is no lamp there can be no light.'

Karaṭaka: 'You are not powerful. So, how will you separate them?'

Damanaka: 'I will think of a strategy, my friend, for it is said:

Cunning will surely achieve
what might alone cannot do;
The crow had the black snake killed,
by means of the golden chain.' [60]

Karaṭaka: 'How did that happen?'

Damanaka narrated this story:

STORY 4

How the Crows Killed the Snake

In a certain region there was once a tree in which lived a pair of crows. When they gave birth to their young, a black cobra* would creep out of a hollow in the tree and eat their children even before they could learn to fly.

In despair, the couple consulted a friend of theirs, a jackal who lived at the foot of another tree: 'What do you think, dear friend? What is the appropriate thing to do? After all, when our children are slaughtered, we ourselves, their parents, are undone!'

The jackal replied: 'Don't give in to despair in this matter. It is clear that we will not be able to kill this greedy creature except by cunning.

The heron ate a lot of fish,
the best, the average, and the bad;

Then he became all too greedy,
and was killed when gripped by a crab.' [61]

The crows: 'How did that happen?'
The jackal narrated this story:

Sub-Story 4.1: The Crab Cuts Off the Heron's Head

In a certain region there was once a pond filled with all kinds of fish. A heron also lived there, and when he became old and unable to hunt fish, he went to the bank of the pond and stood there feigning a dejected look.

Near by was a crab surrounded by a lot of fish. The crab said to the heron: 'Uncle, why aren't you hunting for food today as you usually do?'

The heron: 'I am a fish eater, so I can speak to you without posturing. Until now I maintained myself by catching you, but this very day my livelihood has been destroyed and that is why I am depressed.'

The crab: 'Uncle, what brought this about?'

The heron: 'Today some fishermen were passing by this pond and I heard one of them say: "This pond is full of fish. Let's cast our nets here tomorrow." One of the others said: "There are some other ponds near the town that we haven't attended to as yet. Let us attend to them first and then come back here." So, my friends, you are all doomed. I too am finished because my livelihood has been wiped out. All this has made me sad, and that's why I am not eating anything today.'

The crab then told all this to the fish. All the fish then got together and presented this request to the heron: 'What is usually taken to be a source of danger can, indeed, become a means of deliverance as well. So we beg of you to save us.'

The heron: 'I am only a bird! I don't have the power to oppose men. However, I am willing to take all of you one by one from this pond to another deep lake.'

Fear made the fish put their trust in the heron, and they began to plead: 'Father! Brother! Uncle! Take me first! Take me first!'

The wicked heron then took the fish one at a time and threw them on a flat rock near by. He ate them one by one and was as happy as he could be.

The crab too, alarmed at the prospect of dying, pressed the heron: 'Please, uncle; please save me also from the jaws of death.' The wicked heron thought to himself: 'I am getting tired of eating fish that taste all the same. I'd like to taste the choice meat of this crab, as I have never eaten it before.' So the heron took the crab and flew off, avoiding every place that had water. As he came to the rock where the fish slaughter had taken place with the intention of throwing the crab down, the crab too saw the pile of bones, the remains of the fish already eaten by the heron, and thought to himself: 'This wicked bird used a clever trick to eat the fish. So what is the appropriate thing to do now? In any event,

> When he's attacked and can find no escape,
> A wise man fights back and dies with his foe.' [62]

The heron knew nothing about the grip of a crab's claw and because of his folly lost his head to the crab.

The crab, for his part, took hold of the heron's neck, which looked like a lotus stalk, and very slowly made his way back to the old pond. When he came near the fish, they said to him: 'Brother, where's that uncle of ours?' The crab replied: 'He is dead and here is that wicked bird's head. He tricked you and ate a lot of your companions. But he met his death at my hands.'

(End of Sub-Story 4.1)

The jackal continued: 'Therefore, I say:

> The heron ate a lot of fish,
> . . . . .'

Then the crow asked the jackal: 'What do you think? What is the appropriate thing for us to do?' The jackal replied: 'This is what you should do. Get a gold chain belonging to the king, a minister, or some other rich man. Bring it and put it in the hole where the black cobra lives. The people who come in search of the chain are bound to kill the cobra.' After saying this the jackal left.

When they heard this, the pair of crows flew off each on its own in search of a gold chain. After a while the female crow reached a lake. She looked around; and there in the middle of the lake she saw the women of the king's harem playing in the

water. They had left their gold chains, pearl necklaces, and clothes on the bank. The female crow took one gold chain and set out towards her home, flying slowly through the air so the others could see her. When the chamberlains and eunuchs saw her carrying the chain, they picked up their clubs and quickly ran after her. The female crow, for her part, deposited the gold chain in the hole where the snake lived and watched from afar. The royal officers climbed the tree, found the black cobra in the hollow with its hood extended, and clubbed it to death. After killing the cobra, they took the gold chain and went where they wished. The pair of crows too lived happily thereafter.

(End of Story 4)

Damanaka continued: 'Therefore, I say:

Cunning will surely achieve
. . . .

'So there is nothing on earth that a wise man cannot accomplish. For it is said:

When a man has wit, he has power;
what power can the witless have?
See how the lion Madonmatta
was taken down by the hare.' [63]

Karaṭaka: 'How did that happen?'
Damanaka narrated this story:

STORY 5

The Hare That Outwitted the Lion

In a certain forest there once lived a lion named Madonmatta, the Arrogant. This lion was for ever slaughtering animals. One day the animals came together and humbly made this request of the king of beasts: 'Your Majesty, what purpose does this senseless and indiscriminate slaughter serve, an act that is brutal and contrary to your welfare in the next world? It will lead to our utter annihilation, and you yourself will be left without food; a calamity for both you and us. So, if it pleases you, we will our-

selves send to Your Lordship every day one wild animal for your food, an animal selected in turn from each species.' The lion replied: 'You may do that.'

From then on the lion lived eating the one animal sent to him each day. Now, one day, following the order of the species, it was the turn of a hare. When he was sent off by all the animals, the hare thought to himself: 'I am entering the jaws of death! This will be the end of me! What is the appropriate thing for me to do now? After all, is there anything impossible for the wise? I will kill this lion by my cunning.'

The hare then proceeded very slowly, arriving well past mealtime. The lion, who was starving and filled with rage, said menacingly to the hare: 'When someone is very angry, he won't stop short of killing! And you are now as good as dead. Tell me, why are you late?'

The hare then bowed down and told him with reverence: 'My Lord, it is not my fault. As I was coming, another lion stopped me on the road and tried to eat me. I told him: "I am on my way to my lord, the lion Madonmatta, to be his meal." This lion then said to me: "That Madonmatta is a rogue. Summon him and come back quickly. We will do battle to decide who will be the king, and whoever is king will eat all these animals." So, I have come to inform my lord of this.'

When he heard this, the lion said angrily: 'How can there be another lion in this forest protected by my arm? Take me there quickly and show me the rascal.' The hare replied: 'If that is your wish, My Lord, please come. I will show him to you.'

The hare took the lion and showed him a deep well filled with clear water, saying: 'See, he is in there.' The lion, fool that he was, seeing his reflection in the water, thought, 'This must be my rival.' He was extremely angry and let out a lion-roar. Thereupon, the same roar, made twice as loud by the echo, came back out of the well. Hearing it, the lion thought: 'This fellow is very powerful!' He then threw himself at his rival and perished.

The hare, for his part, became elated and made all the animals happy. Thereafter, he lived happily in that forest, praised by all the animals.

(End of Story 5)

Damanaka continued: 'Therefore, I say:

When a man has wit, he has power;
. . . . .'

When he heard this, Karaṭaka said: 'If that's what you want to do, go ahead. Good luck! Do as you wish.'

Then, Damanaka went up to Piṅgalaka, bowed, and sat down. Piṅgalaka said to him: 'Why have you come? I haven't seen you in a while.' Damanaka replied: 'Your Majesty, I believe there is something that requires your immediate attention. I have come to apprise my lord of it. Servants do not find this a pleasant task; they do so only because they are afraid that not doing so would result in the failure to take timely countermeasures. As it is said:

Wise men are a prime soil for attachment,
A soil that is watered by affection,
When they advise, though they're not ministers.' [64]

These words inspired confidence, and so Piṅgalaka said to him cordially: 'What do you want to say?' Damanaka replied: 'Saṃjīvaka has hostile intentions towards you. He has come to trust me, and he declared in my presence: "I have detected the relative strength of Piṅgalaka's triple power.* It will enable me to kill him and to seize the kingdom for myself."'

These words hit Piṅgalaka with a force greater than a thunderbolt and broke his heart. He was stunned and did not say a word. Damanaka, seeing his demeanour, said to him: 'This great calamity, it is clear, has befallen you because you let one minister attain a dominant position. How true is this saying—

When both king and counsellor
reach the height of power,
Planting firmly both her feet,
Fortune* bears them both.
But she is a woman,
She cannot bear the load,
So she drops one of them. [65]

See what happens
when a king makes a minister
sole arbiter in his kingdom.

Folly makes him proud;
Sloth born of pride makes
Him averse to work;
  being averse to work
  in his heart he craves
  to be his own boss;
Craving to be his own boss,
The man then hatches a plot,
Against the life of the king. [66]

When there's poison in the food,
When a tooth has become loose,
When a minister's a crook,
  to wipe them all out
  is the only relief. [67]

'At present this fellow attends to all matters as he pleases without any constraints. So, what would be the appropriate course of action in his case? Besides,

Now a king should never turn a blind eye
To a minister, though deeply loyal,
Who, in managing the affairs of state,
Damages the interests of the king;
  if he's left alone,
  he'll destroy the king.' [68]

When he heard this, the lion said: 'But I have never had a servant like him before! How can he possibly be hostile towards me?'

Damanaka: 'One cannot draw a definite conclusion, Your Majesty, from the fact that someone is either a servant or not a servant. As it is said:

There's no man in the service of a king
Who aspires not to the status of king.
But when they are powerless, when they are crushed,
Then alone do they wait upon the king.' [69]

Lion: 'Be that as it may, my friend, my heart will just not turn against him. The reason is:

His own body who would not love,
though it's marred by many a fault.
Once endeared, a man's always dear,
though he may commit evil deeds.' [70]

Damanaka: 'That is precisely the reason for this problem. Your Lordship ignored all the other animals and placed your trust in this one individual. Now that same individual is plotting to take the lordship away from you. Besides,

The man who's the apple of a king's eye,
Whether he is his son or a kinsman;
He's the man who steals the heart of Fortune. [71]

'Now, you may well be thinking that, since he has a big, strong body, this fellow will be of service to you. But that is clearly a mistake, for:

What good is a grand elephant in rut,
If he does not do an elephant's work;
in high terrain and in the plains,
better one that performs his tasks. [72]

So, Your Majesty, that's not the right strategy.

When a man rejects the advice of good men,
And follows what he's told by wicked men;
No one is able to keep him alive,
Like a sick man who eats whatever he likes. [73]

When a man submits not to friends' control,
A control that is wisdom unsurpassed,
He will ere long topple from his high rank,
And succumb to the control of his foes. [74]

Where one will give and another receive
Advice irksome but helpful in the end,
That's where prosperity delights to dwell. [75]

To a newcomer do not show favour,
At the cost of slighting servants of old;
greater than this there is no ill
that will bring ruin to the realm.' [76]

Lion:

'When in the past one has acclaimed in court
A man as a paragon of virtue;
One cannot, if he is to keep his word,
Declare that he's devoid of all virtue. [77]

'Besides, when he came seeking protection, I gave him the promise of safety, brought him here, and made him prosper. So, how is it possible that he would be so ungrateful as to plot against me?'

Damanaka:

'A bad man returns to his inborn state,
However much one tends to him with zeal;
A dog's curved tail returns to its curved state,
However much one applies oil or heat. [78]

'Furthermore,

A man should say this though he is not asked,
To one whose downfall he seeks to avoid;
This, surely, is the rule good people heed;
The opposite course, they say, is perverse. [79]

'Besides, the man who said this is undoubtedly a villain:

''When they go astray, a man should restrain
A friend or kin, and a parent or king;
But if he's unable to restrain them,
He may, thereafter, do whatever he wants." [80]

'On the contrary:

This is what good people say:
When friends seek to do what should not be done,
Their friends should keep them from that misfortune.
That's all there is to how the good should act;
The opposite is how the bad behave. [81]

He loves you, who keeps you from evil ways.
That is a true deed, which is free from stain.
She is a true wife, who does as she's told.
He's truly wise, whom good people respect.

That's true fortune, which causes not conceit.
He's truly at ease, who's not led by greed.
He is a true friend, who is unconstrained.
He's a true man, whom senses do not vex. [82]

Far better to disregard a good friend,
With his head in a fire fallen asleep,
Or on a snake as if it were a couch,
Than one who's bent on impropriety. [83]

'Now, this impropriety of associating with Saṃjīvaka will prove detrimental to Your Majesty's three aims of life.* I have admonished Your Majesty in numerous ways. And if you disregard my advice and act as you please, then you cannot blame this servant of yours if in the future something bad happens to you. For it is said:

When enslaved by lust, a king pays no heed
To duty or to what is good for him;
Just like an elephant maddened by rut,
He meanders as he wants, uncontrolled;
Puffed up with pride, when finally he falls
into the abyss of grief,
It's on his servant that he puts the blame,
Never recognizing his own misdeeds.' [84]

Lion: 'In that case, my friend, do you think I should reprimand him?'

Damanaka: 'How can you reprimand him? What sort of a policy is that?'

When you reprimand a foe,
he hastens to do you harm,
even to attack by force.
The best policy, therefore,
is to reprimand a foe
by deed alone, not by speech!' [85]

Lion: 'This fellow, after all, is a grass-eater, whereas I am a meat-eater. So, how can he do me any harm?'

Damanaka: 'It is no doubt true that he is a grass-eater and Your Majesty is a meat-eater; he is the food, and Your Majesty is the

eater. Even if he cannot do you any harm on his own, however, he will get someone else to do it for him.'

Lion: 'What power does he have to cause me harm either by himself or through someone else?'

Damanaka: 'As you well know, you are constantly engaged in battling so many animals—rutting elephants, wild oxen, buffaloes, boars, tigers, leopards. Your body is dotted with wounds you receive when they strike you with their claws and teeth. Meanwhile, Saṃjīvaka remains near you all the time spattering urine and faeces all over. As a result, worms will begin to breed, and, since your body is so close at hand, they will make their way into it through the openings created by your wounds. Even by a strategy such as this, Saṃjīvaka will see you dead. For, it is said:

Never give shelter to someone
whose character you do not know.
For, because of Ṭiṇṭibha's fault,
Mandavisarpiṇī was killed.' [86]

Piṅgalaka: 'How did that happen?'

Damanaka narrated this story:

STORY 6

How the Louse Got Killed Trying to be Nice to a Bug

There was in the bedroom of a certain king a bed unlike any other, perfect in every way. In a corner of its bedspread lived a louse named Mandavisarpiṇī, the Slow-Crawl. She had lived there in comfort a long time, enjoying the blood of the king.

One day a bug named Ṭiṇṭibha, the Buzzer, fell onto the bed, blown there by the wind. Seeing that bed—covered with the softest bedspread and equipped with a double layer of cushions, a bed as broad as the sandy banks of the Ganges, extremely soft, and fragrant with perfume—Ṭiṇṭibha was as happy as he could be.

As he was darting here and there, thrilled by the feel of the bed, Mandavisarpiṇī happened to see him. 'Where on earth have you come from?' she said. 'This is no place for you! Get away from here!'

Ṭiṇṭibha: 'My good lady, I have tasted all kinds of blood—the blood of Brahmins, the blood of Kṣatriyas, the blood of Vaiśyas, the blood of Śūdras.* They were all harsh, slimy, distasteful, and repulsive. The man who sleeps in this bed, on the other hand, must have blood that is as delicious as nectar. He must be free from disease, because his doctors constantly keep his wind, gall, and phlegm* in check by the assiduous use of medicines and other therapies. His blood must be enriched by various kinds of food—food containing rich and smooth sauces; food spiced with treacle, jaggery, pomegranate, and the triple spice;* food prepared with the choicest cuts of meat from land animals, fish, and birds. I imagine his blood must be like an elixir of life. It must be fragrant and nourishing, and by your favour I would like to taste it.'

Mandavisarpiṇī: 'That is quite out of the question for someone like you with your fiery bite; so get away from this bed!'

Thereupon, Ṭiṇṭibha fell at her feet and made the same plea once again. She took pity on him and acquiesced, saying: 'All right! But you should not sting him at an improper time or on a delicate area.'

Ṭiṇṭibha: 'What is the proper time? I don't know; I am not familiar with these things.'

Mandavisarpiṇī: 'When he has fallen asleep in a stupor after a bout of heavy drinking or when he is sound asleep after making passionate love, you should go to work slowly and with a soft touch. He is not easily awakened when he has fallen asleep in a drunken stupor.'

Ṭiṇṭibha agreed. Despite this agreement, the bug, who had no sense of the appropriate time and was feeling very hungry, bit the king in the back as soon as he had gone to sleep early in the evening. The king sprang up startled as if he had been burnt by a firebrand and yelled: 'Guards! Something has bitten me! Look for it.'

When he heard the king's command, Ṭiṇṭibha got scared. He jumped from the bed and crawled into a crevice elsewhere. The bedroom guards, following their master's command, brought a lamp and searched thoroughly. They turned over the bedcover and, finding Mandavisarpiṇī hiding in it, killed her.

(End of Story 6)

Damanaka continued: 'Therefore, I say:

Never give shelter to someone
. . . . .'

When he had finished narrating the story, Piṅgalaka asked him: 'My friend, how can I detect that Saṃjīvaka has hostile intentions? And what is his standard mode of attack?'

Damanaka: 'Normally he comes into Your Majesty's presence in a relaxed manner. If today he approaches you ready for battle with the points of his horns in a striking position, glancing this way and that apprehensively, then Your Majesty can conclude that he has hostile intentions.'

After saying this and turning Piṅgalaka's heart against the bull, Damanaka went to see Saṃjīvaka, approaching him with hesitant steps and feigning to be perturbed. Saṃjīvaka asked him solicitously: 'My friend, are things all right with you?'

Damanaka: 'How can things ever be all right for people who depend on others? For,

Their fortune in the hands of someone else;
And their minds never at ease;
Unsure of their very lives—
That is the life of those who serve a king. [87]

'And this verse puts it well:

Teachers and kings behave just the same way;
No intimacy or friendship with them!
No matter how long you serve them with zeal,
in anger they blot that out,
like a flood, a speck of dust. [88]

'Moreover,

What man on earth when he has become rich
has not turned into a snob?
What man here has had all his misfortunes
come completely to an end?
What man in this world has not had his heart
broken to bits by a girl?
Who's the favourite of a king?
Who has not succumbed to death?

Has a beggar become great?
When by the wicked he has been ensnared,
what man has escaped unhurt? [89]

'So, to be sure,

At every step a man should consider—
What is the time and who are my allies?
What is the place, the income, the outlay?
Who am I? What is my relative strength?'* [90]

Hearing these words of Damanaka, who was concealing his true intent in his heart, Saṃjīvaka asked: 'Tell me, my friend, what is this all about?'

Damanaka: 'One should not disclose the confidence of a king, but you came here and settled down because you trusted me. So, it is incumbent upon me to tell you what is in your best interest. This master of ours, Piṅgalaka, has hostile intentions towards you. He told me today: "I will kill Saṃjīvaka today and regale my retinue with his flesh." '

When he heard this, Saṃjīvaka was utterly heartbroken. Damanaka continued: 'There is no time to waste; think of what you should do.' And because on previous occasions Saṃjīvaka had found Damanaka's words to be trustworthy, the bull, his heart completely crushed, became very afraid and said: 'How true is this saying!

Women run mainly after vulgar men;
Kings on the whole cultivate worthless men;
Riches mostly flow to niggardly men;
even god pours down rain*
mainly on hills and seas.' [91]

And he continued to reflect in this manner: 'Why? O why did this have to happen to me? Besides,

When one tries zealously to please a king,
And he is, in fact, pleased, is that so strange?
But this is an idol* novel and strange
Who becomes hostile while he is being served! [92]

'So, there is really nothing one can do about this.

For, if one is angry for some reason,
one's sure to calm down when it is removed.
But when one is angry for no reason,
how can anyone appease such a man? [93]

'This verse also puts it well:

There's a silly goose searching in a pond
for white lotus shoots at night;
it pecks at reflected stars
time and again and is fooled.
Thereafter, assuming that they are stars,
it does not peck at a white
lotus even in daylight.
Fearful of impostors, people expect
the worst even from good men. [94]

'And yet:

Disasters do not cease to strike
because there is no cause;
And anger does not cease to rise
because there are no grounds.
But one should not, without probing the facts,
Abandon a man who's extremely bright,
Every bent of whose heart one has long observed. [95]

'Moreover,

When his doctors, mentors, and ministers
All say only what he would like to hear,
a king quickly loses
his health, merits, and wealth.' [96]

Saṃjīvaka continued: 'What harm have I done to my lord, Piṅgalaka?'

Damanaka: 'Kings, my friend, do harm without a reason, and they are on the look out for faults in others.'

Saṃjīvaka: 'That's true. And this verse puts it well:

You may be loyal, you may be helpful,
Devoted to kindly and wholesome deeds;
You may know every aspect of service,

Totally free of treacherous intents;
Yet, make one slip, and you're as good as dead,
While your success is uncertain at best.
Serving any lord of the earth, therefore,
Is much like serving the lord of waters;*
it is always fraught with risks. [97]

'But that is their nature:

With deepest love some render him service,
And yet he displays some hostility;
With shrewd guile others render disservice,
And yet he shows just cordiality.
The minds of kings, they are mercurial,
And they are difficult to comprehend;
Rules of service are a deep mystery,
Impenetrable even to yogis. [98]

Virtues become virtues only for those
who recognize virtue.
They turn into faults when they encounter
people without virtue;
Rivers that flow with the sweetest waters,
Reaching the sea, become unfit to drink. [99]

Even small virtues become magnified,
Among men with virtue richly endowed;
like the moonbeams when they fall
upon the White Mountain* peaks. [100]

People's virtues, even in the hundreds,
Turn to naught among those without virtue;
like moonbeams that fall at night,
upon the Dark Mountain* peaks. [101]

A hundred favours are lost on bad men;
A hundred wise sayings, on foolish men;
A hundred counsels, on men who don't heed;
A hundred ideas, on ignorant men. [102]

Any gift is lost
when it is given to an unfit man;
A good turn is lost
when made to an unappreciative man.

A favour is lost
when it's bestowed on an ungrateful man.
A kind deed is lost
on one who cannot recognize virtue. [103]

Weeping in the wilderness,
Massaging a dead man's corpse,
Planting lotus on dry land,
Speaking in a deaf man's ear,
Bending the tail of a dog,
Endless rain on a salt marsh,
Adorning a blind man's face—
Serving a fool is just like that! [104]

Snakes live in sandalwood trees;
In the lakes, where lilies grow,
There are crocodiles as well;
When we engage in pleasures,
Vile men destroy our virtue.
Is there ever an unvexed joy?* [105]

Ketakī flowers* are beset with thorns,
Lotus blossoms emerge out of the mud,
And the bawd comes along with the sweetheart.
Is there a jewel without a flaw?' [106]

Damanaka: 'At first, you see, this lord of ours, Piṅgalaka, spoke sweet words; but in the end, I have found out, his mind has turned to poison.'

Saṃjīvaka thought for a while and said: 'Friend, that is certainly true. He has given me the same impression, for:

He holds out his hand from afar;
He shares his seat with misty eyes;
Always quick to embrace you tight;
Responds to fond query or chat;
Poison within, sweetness without,
He's extremely skilled at deceit;
what novel mime is this
that wicked men act out? [107]

At first it looks just lovely, adorned with
deference, compliments, and courtesy.

Midway too it is prized for the flowers
of splendid words, fruitless alas!
In the end it turns repulsive, filthy
with malice, discourtesy, disdain.
Mingling with scoundrels, be that far from you!
It only undermines the righteous path. [108]

'Alas! What friendship can there be between us, when I am a grass-eater and that lion is a meat-eater? This verse puts it well:

As the sun, turned fiery red,
Sets behind the western peaks,
A bee enters a lotus,
Eager to drink from the pod,
unmindful of being trapped
within it at sunset.*
Yearning only to taste the fruit,
The greedy are blind to its risks. [109]

These faithless bees!
They quit drinking the honey
of the red lotus;
They abandon the newly
opened blue lotus;
They even reject the jasmines,
With deep fragrance and native charm;
Only to come to grief within the juice
Flowing from the temples of elephants;
scorning, likewise, what's easily obtained,
people run after the throw of the dice.* [110]

The bees, greedy to taste that fresh sweet juice,
hover over the sap flowing afresh
on the temples of elephants in rut;
But when in the end they fall on the ground,
with their bodies crushed by the gusts of wind
from the fanlike ears of the elephants,
It's then that they remember how they played,
within the lotus cups. [111]

'On the other hand, this may well be a shortcoming of virtuous people themselves, for:

The abundance of its fruits
breaks the branches of a tree,
And the fullness of its tail
does slow down a peacock's gait.
A horse that is born to run,
is made to pull like an ox.
Virtues themselves often work
against those who practise them. [112]

Kings most often turn away
completely from virtuous men.
Women through greed show their love
mostly to scoundrels and fools.
''The greatness of people comes from virtue''—
This surely is hypocritical praise;
For the people here mostly do not care
About the true character of a man. [113]

Lions, humbled and encaged,
Faces downcast and forlorn;
Elephants, with their temples
gashed by goads;
Snakes, made motionless by charms;
Learned men, made destitute;
Brave men, brought low by bad luck—
fate plays with these, tossing them to and fro,
as if playing with her favourite toys. [114]

'Since I have entered into the orbit of a wicked person, I am as good as dead. For it is said:

Many are the wicked pundits,
Making a living by deceit;
They will turn sins into virtues,
like the crow and his gang
regarding the camel.' [115]

Damanaka: 'How did that happen?'
Saṃjīvaka narrated this story:

STORY 7

How the Lion's Servants Got the Camel Killed

In a certain forest there once lived a lion named Madotkaṭa, the Arrogant. He had three servants, a leopard, a crow, and a jackal. One day, as they were roaming about in the forest, they saw a camel who had been left behind by a merchant. When the lion saw him, a comic creature the like of which he had never seen before, he said: 'I have never seen a creature like this before in this forest. Ask him who he is and where he came from.'

The crow uncovered the facts and informed the lion: 'It is a camel named Kathanaka, the Fabled.' The servants won the camel's confidence and brought him to the lion. The camel gave the lion a detailed and faithful account of how he came to be separated from the merchant. The lion, for his part, granted him protection and safety.

And as they were living together like this, it so happened that one day the lion fought with a wild elephant. Wounded in battle by the elephant's tusks, the lion was forced to rest within his cave. After five, six, and seven days had gone by in this manner, the entire retinue came perilously close to death from starvation. Seeing his servants in such dreadful shape, the lion said to them: 'Since I have been made infirm by my wounds, I am unable to procure food for you the way I used to. Why don't you try to look after yourselves?'

But they cried out: 'When Your Majesty is in this condition, how can we even think of food?'

The lion: 'Your behaviour as servants is exemplary, and your devotion to me is praiseworthy. What you say is admirable, but you are able-bodied, whereas I am infirm. While I am in this condition, you will have to bring me food.'

When they did not speak, the lion said to them: 'Why this modesty? Go out and look for an animal. Even in my present condition, I will provide enough to keep us alive.'

After hearing this, the servants got up, entered the forest, and began to explore. When they did not see a single animal, they sneaked away from Kathanaka and began to hatch a sinister plot. The crow said: 'This lord of ours has brought us to a disastrous situation, even though he has the means at his disposal.'

The other two: 'How is that?'

The crow: 'Why don't we simply kill this Kathanaka and sustain ourselves?'

The other two: 'He has placed his trust in us and sought refuge with us, and we have accepted him as our friend.'

The crow: 'Association between grass-eaters and meat-eaters is incompatible.'

The other two: 'But the lord himself has granted him safety. So, killing Kathanaka would be both improper and impossible.'

The crow told them once more: 'Why don't you two wait here while I take care of this?' After saying this, the crow went to see the lion.

The lion: 'Did you find an animal?'

The crow: 'Only those who have good eyesight and sufficient strength can hope to find anything. All of us have been rendered blind and sapped of our strength due to the lack of food. It is my duty, however, to make this timely suggestion to my lord. You have brought this disastrous situation upon yourself, even though there is food at your disposal.'

The lion: 'How is that?'

The crow: 'Well, there is this Kathanaka.'

The lion angrily: 'God forbid! What a hideous thing to say! I have granted him protection and safety. So, how can I kill him? And furthermore,

> Gift of cows or gift of land,
> or even the gift of food,
> None is as great as the gift of safety;
> That, they say, is the greatest gift of all.' [116]

The crow: 'How deep is my lord's understanding in matters relating to religious law! But there is something else that is even greater—in the words of a great sage, one may do something bad for the sake of something good. It is, moreover, said:

> Sacrifice a man to save the family;
> Sacrifice a family to save the village,
> Sacrifice a village to save the country,
> Sacrifice the earth to save yourself.' [117]

The crow continued: 'My Lord, you don't need to kill him yourself. I have thought of a way to dupe him into being killed.'

The lion: 'How will you do that?'

The crow: 'Surely, when the camel sees Your Lordship and us in this condition, he is bound to offer his body on his own to feed the others, so as to assure himself of heaven and to benefit other creatures. In that case, there would be no sin.'

After the crow said this, the lion seemed at a loss and did not say a word. The crow then went back to where the others were and instructed each of them separately with these crafty words: 'Alas, our lord is in dire straits. His life hangs by a thread, and without him who is going to protect us in this jungle? So, let us go on our own accord to him, who is so hungry he is about to die, and offer our own bodies to him. By that act we will become free from our debt to our lord for his kindness.' After agreeing to this they all went to see the lion in the company of Kathanaka.

The crow went first: 'Your Majesty, we have not found any food, and as you are enfeebled by not having eaten for so long, you must eat my flesh.'

The lion replied: 'You have a very small body. Even if I were to eat you, it would not satisfy me at all.'

When the crow withdrew, the jackal likewise addressed the lion with these words: 'My body is far superior to his. Please save your life with mine.'

To him also the lion gave the same reply he had given the crow. When the jackal withdrew, the leopard said: 'Eat my body; it is far superior to that of both the others.'

The lion told him also: 'Your body is also too small.'

When he heard all this Kathanaka thought to himself: 'No one is going to get killed here. So why don't I also do the same thing?' He got up, went up to the lion, and said: 'Your Majesty, my body is far superior to theirs. Save your life with my body.'

Before the words were out of his mouth the leopard and the jackal tore apart his two sides. He died immediately and was eaten.

(End of Story 7)

Saṃjīvaka continued: 'Therefore I say:

Many are the wicked pundits,
. . . . .'

After narrating this story Saṃjīvaka again said to Damanaka: 'This king has surrounded himself with a bunch of vile people, and that does not bode well for those who have to depend on him. For it is said:

Better a vulture who is served by geese
that live in the water, content;
Than a goose who is served by cruel vultures
that live in the burial grounds.
When the retainers are vile,
They ruin even virtuous men;
When retainers aren't vile, even a man
With no virtue comes to possess virtue. [118]

'So, someone must have turned this king against me. This verse puts it well:

Even the sides of mountains topple down,
As gentle waters slowly wear them down;
How much more, then, the gentle hearts of men,
By crafty men whispering false reports. [119]

'Under these circumstances what is the appropriate thing for me to do? What else is there to do but to fight? It would be a mistake to follow his orders. As it is said:

When he is proud and blind to right and wrong,
Or when he has embarked on evil paths,
even an elder
it's right to rebuke. [120]

The worlds that men yearning for heaven reach,
by sacrificing a lot,
by doing penitential acts,
by giving plenty of alms;
Those same worlds the brave in an instant reach,
by losing their lives
in a righteous war. [121]

Life and fame and wealth,
by war alone can one protect them all.
To die in a war
is for men the most glorious death of all.
He is dead indeed
who lives under the power of his foes. [122]

If he is killed, to heaven he will go.
If he kills his foes, he will live at ease.
Now both these are marks of heroic men,
Marks that are extremely hard to obtain.' [123]

Damanaka: 'That, my friend, is not a wise strategy, because:

A man who starts a fight
Ignoring the foe's might,
Comes to grief like the sea
At the sandpiper's hand.' [124]

Saṃjīvaka: 'How did that happen?'
Damanaka narrated this story:

STORY 8

How the Sandpiper Defeated the Ocean

Along a certain seashore there once lived a pair of sandpipers. One day the lady sandpiper, as she was close to laying eggs, said to her husband: 'My lord, find some place suitable for laying eggs.'

Sandpiper: 'Don't you think that this very place has many advantages? Why don't you lay your eggs right here?'

Lady sandpiper: 'I don't want even to hear about this place; it's too dangerous! The high tide may well flood it and wash away my children.'

Sandpiper: 'The ocean, my dear lady, is too weak to engage in a fight like that with me.'

Lady sandpiper, laughing: 'Look at the great disparity in strength between you and the sea! Can't you even recognize your own strengths and weaknesses? For it is said:

To measure oneself is an uphill task,
"Am I up to this task or am I not?"

When a man has the skill to make this call,
He will not fail even when times are hard. [125]

'And further,

When a man does not heed the words of friends
who only wish him well,
He will perish like the foolish turtle
who fell down from the stick.' [126]

The sandpiper asked: 'How did that happen?'
The lady sandpiper narrated this story:

Sub-Story 8.1: The Turtle and the Geese

In a certain lake there once lived a turtle named Kambugrīva, the Shell-neck. He had two friends, a couple of geese named Saṃkata, the Slim, and Vikaṭa, the Stout. In the course of time, the region was struck by a twelve-year drought. So the geese reflected: 'This lake has lost most of its water. Let us go to another lake. But let us first say good-bye to our dear friend Kambugrīva, whom we have known for so long.'

When they did so, the turtle said to them: 'Why are you saying good-bye to me? If you love me, you should rescue me also from these jaws of death. And here's the reason. When the water level of this lake goes way down, the most you will suffer, after all, is some scarcity of food; for me, on the other hand, it means death. So think, what is worse? Loss of food or loss of life?'

The geese: 'What you say is true, and your point is well taken. You know what is appropriate—we will take you with us; but don't be stupid enough to say anything on the way.'

The turtle: 'I won't.'

The pair of geese brought a stick and said to the turtle: 'Now, hold on to the middle of this stick firmly with your teeth. We will then take hold of the ends and carry you through the air to a large lake far away.'

So they did this, and as the turtle was being flown over a town near that lake, the town's people saw this and caused a commotion, shouting: 'What is that pair of birds carrying in the air? It looks like a cartwheel.'

When the turtle, whose end was near, heard this, he let go of the stick and asked: 'What is the commotion?'

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he lost his grip on the stick, fell to the ground, and was killed. As soon as he fell down, people eager for his flesh cut him up into pieces with sharp knives.

(End of Sub-Story 8.1)

The lady sandpiper continued: 'Therefore I say:

When a man does not heed the words of friends,
. . . . . .'

And she added:

'Far-sighted and Quick-witted,
Happily did these two thrive;
While Inevitable died.' [127]

The sandpiper: 'How did that happen?'
The lady sandpiper narrated this story:

Sub-Story 8.2: The Fate of Three Fish: Far-sighted, Quick-witted, and Inevitable

In a certain large lake there once lived three big fish. They were named Far-sighted, Quick-witted, and Inevitable.* One day as he was swimming in the water, Far-sighted heard a conversation between some fishermen who were passing nearby: 'This lake has a lot of fish. Let us do some fishing here tomorrow.'

When he heard this, Far-sighted thought to himself: 'They are sure to come back. So, I will get hold of Quick-witted and Inevitable and go with them to another lake with open channels.' He called his two friends together and asked them to come along.

Quick-witted replied: 'If in fact the fisher folk come back here, I will save myself by some strategy that fits the circumstances.'

Inevitable, whose end was near, paid no heed to Far-sighted's plea and remained idly by making no preparation for the journey. Seeing that the two were determined to remain there, Far-sighted made his way into a stream of the river and proceeded to another lake.

The day after he left, the fishermen together with their helpers blocked off the outlet, spread a dragnet, and caught every single fish. When this happened, Quick-witted lay in the net and made

himself appear as if he were already dead. The fishermen, thinking, 'This big fish has died on his own,' drew him out of the net and threw him near the water. He then jumped in and fled quickly to another lake. Inevitable darted here and there, totally at a loss and not knowing what to do. The fishermen bound him with the net and beat him to death with clubs.

(End of Sub-Story 8.2)

The lady sandpiper continued: 'Therefore I say:

Far-sighted and Quick-witted,
. . . . .'

The sandpiper: 'My good lady, are you trying to compare me to Inevitable? Don't be afraid. When you are protected by my arms, can anyone do you harm?'

So the lady sandpiper laid her eggs right there. The ocean, for his part, overhearing the conversation and wanting to test the sandpiper, carried away the eggs, thinking: 'Let me see what he will do.'

The lady sandpiper, seeing that her nest was empty, was broken-hearted and said to her husband: 'Didn't I tell you from the very beginning that our children would be destroyed because we chose a dangerous nesting place? Unlucky woman that I am, the terrible thing I predicted has now befallen me!'

The sandpiper: 'Now, you wait and see, my dear, what I am capable of doing!'

He called a meeting of the birds and told them about the anguish caused by the abduction of his children. 'We are not capable of fighting with the ocean,' one of the birds declared. 'But what is the appropriate thing for us to do? Let us all go and complain to Garuḍa, the celestial king of birds, and arouse his anger. Only he can remove this anguish.' The birds agreed and went to see Garuḍa.

At the very moment the birds arrived, Garuḍa was summoned by Lord Nārāyaṇa in connection with the battle between the gods and the demons.* The birds told their king about the pain caused by the loss of their children who had been abducted by the ocean: 'Your Majesty, while you reign glorious as our leader, the ocean has attacked us and abducted our young, because we are weak,

living on what we can carry in our beaks.'* When he saw the plight of his flock, Garuḍa became enraged.

God Nārāyaṇa, for his part, since he sees the past, the present, and the future, perceived what was in Garuḍa's mind and went to see him. When Garuḍa saw him, he said with a heavy heart: 'Considering you are my lord, is it right that I should suffer this humiliation at the hands of this outcaste, this ocean?'

Learning what had happened, the god smiled and said to the ocean: 'Give the eggs back to the sandpiper right now! Otherwise, I will scorch you with weapons of fire, dry you up with countless thousands of underwater fires, and reduce you to dry land.' At this command, the ocean became frightened and gave back the eggs.

(End of Story 8)

Damanaka continued: 'Therefore, I say:

A man who starts a fight
. . . '

Saṃjīvaka got the point, and he asked Damanaka: 'Tell me, my friend, what is Piṅgalaka's standard mode of attack?'

Damanaka: 'On other days he normally remains stretched out on a rock slab with his limbs relaxed as he looks up at you. If for the first time he stares at you today from afar and confronts you with his tail raised, his legs drawn tight, his mouth agape, and his ears erect, then you will know that he has hostile intentions, and you should take appropriate measures.' After saying this, Damanaka went to see Karaṭaka.

Karaṭaka: 'What did you manage to do?'

Damanaka: 'I have succeeded in planting discord between them, as you will see by the outcome. There is nothing surprising in this. For it is said:

Discord well planted divides men,
Even with the most loyal hearts;
As a current of water cleaves
Large mountains made of solid rock.' [128]

After saying this, Damanaka, accompanied by Karaṭaka, made his way into the vicinity of Piṅgalaka. Saṃjīvaka too, proceeding

very slowly and with a heavy heart, came there and saw the lion in exactly the position Damanaka had described. As he crept close to the lion, he thought to himself: 'This verse puts it well:

The minds of kings are like
a house where a snake lies hidden inside,
a grove that is filled with ferocious beasts,
a shady pool with charming lotuses
but teeming with crocodiles;
The minds of kings are warped
always by wicked vile men who tell lies;
The minds of kings, timorous servants find,
Are difficult to fathom in this world.' [129]

Saṃjīvaka undertook a course of action for his own defence exactly as Damanaka had described. Seeing Saṃjīvaka in the pose Damanaka had warned him of and trusting Damanaka's words, Piṅgalaka leaped on top of Saṃjīvaka in a rage. Like an axe, his claws tore apart Saṃjīvaka's back. But Saṃjīvaka managed somehow to get up from under him by striking him with the tips of his horns and ripping his belly. Both were greatly enraged and engaged each other in a fierce battle.

When Karaṭaka saw the two turned as red as two Palāśa trees in bloom,* he said to Damanaka with disdain: 'For shame, you evil man! You have caused all this turmoil through your own stupidity.

True ministers these, skilled in polity,
who settle by friendly diplomacy
What others would accomplish with great toil,
resulting in extreme violence and force.
But those who covet small and trifling gains,
by the improper use of forceful means;
They place the fortune of their king at risk,
by these their rash, ill-considered exploits. [130]

'So, you fool—

Now, a man who knows his job should employ,
at first just diplomacy;
Plans, when carried out by diplomacy,
lead not to catastrophe. [131]

Not a brilliant gem,
Not fire or the sun—
Diplomacy alone dispels
The darkness that enmity breeds. [132]

Four, we see, are the types of policy:*
Force is the last, first is diplomacy.
force is the worst of these four;
one should, therefore, avoid it. [133]

'Furthermore,

Diplomacy, bribery, and discord,
To wisdom these provide an open door.
The fourth type of policy, however,
Is sheer arrogance,* good people declare. [134]

Against an attack that is made,
consistent with sound policy,
The very might of the mighty,
be it fire, water, or the sun,
elephant, viper, or lion,
Is seen to be of no avail. [135]

Many are the heroes who have gone forth,
Tall in stature, with shoulders that are broad;
Although they are insightful and no fools,
Why have they followed a man who is gone?* [136]

'You have, moreover, gone too far, thinking arrogantly, "I am a man of ministerial stock!" That will lead to your own undoing.

What is the use of learning—
If obtaining it does not lead a man
To control his senses with all his heart;
If it would not make his own mind docile;
If it does not follow the righteous path;
If getting it only serves to create
Displays of eloquence before the world;
If it leads to neither glory nor peace? [137]

'The book lays down five components of consultation. They are: "a plan for commencing the actions, a good supply of men and materials, assigning the proper place and time, devising

countermeasures in case of disasters, and successfully completing the undertaking." * Right now this lord of ours is in great danger. We must think of a countermeasure to prevent this disaster. Moreover,

Skill is revealed in action—
A minister's, in resolving conflicts;
A doctor's, in curing dangerous ills;
when things are going well,
who is not deemed wise? [138]

'So, you fool, you have a perverted mind. You think you are clever, but you are only creating your own downfall. And this verse puts it well:

Knowledge normally destroys pride;
in fools instead it creates pride;
As light that illumines one's sight
creates only blindness in owls.' [139]

Karaṭaka, when he saw his lord in such a pitiful condition, became extremely depressed and said: 'This terrible thing happened to my lord because he received bad advice. On the other hand, what this verse says is well taken:

Kings who follow the advice of vile men,
Who do not tread the path taught by wise men,
Enter a tangled web of misfortune
That contains all sorts of adversity;
to free oneself from it
is very hard indeed. [140]

'So, you see, you idiot, everyone tries to get men of quality to serve the lord. But with men like you—you who have created discord by your slanderous words and made our lord turn against his friend—how can our lord expect men of quality to serve him? For it is said:

There is no one who will go near a king,
however virtuous he is,
if his ministers are bad;
He's like a lake with water clear and sweet,
full of vicious crocodiles. [141]

'You want to isolate the king completely mostly to aggrandize yourself. You fool, don't you know this?

A king shines in his majesty
surrounded by his men
and not when he's alone;
Those who seek to isolate him
are said to be his foes. [142]

'You have not understood this. You are a clear case of Prajāpati creating a deceptive appearance,* because—

What is wholesome you should seek in harsh speech;
if you find it, it is nectar indeed.
What's deceptive you should seek in sweet speech;
if you find it, it is poison indeed. [143]

'You are unhappy because you are jealous at seeing others enjoying themselves. To act like that towards friends who have been faithful to you—that is not right. For,

Fools assuredly are they who seek to win
A friend by deception, merit by fraud,
Affluence by oppressing other men,
Knowledge with ease, a woman with harsh speech. [144]

'Likewise,

Every success of a servant redounds
to the glory of his king.
What, after all, would the great ocean be,
without the waves swelling high,
the waves that sparkle like gems. [145]

'When someone has been favoured by the lord, he should be particularly well behaved. For it is said:

The position of a servant who's meek,
However humble that position is,
Shines forth in great splendour to the extent
That his master shows his favour to him. [146]

'You have a weak character. For it is said:

Great men do not lose their poise
even when they are provoked;
The ocean turns not turbid
even when its banks fall in.
A weak man becomes perturbed
even for a trifling cause;
Blades of grass sway to and fro
even in a gentle breeze. [147]

'On the other hand, it is our lord's own fault in that, paying no regard to the attainment of the three aims of life,* he has taken advice from a man like you who makes a living merely pretending to give advice, when it is clear that you are a complete stranger to the six constituents of good policy.* This verse puts it well:

When kings are cuddling servants
Whose words are graceful and sweet,
But whose bows are never drawn,
Their foes are cuddling Fortune.* [148]

'Your conduct plainly shows that you have inherited your position as a minister. Clearly your father must have been as bad as you are. How do I know that? Because—

A son perforce must follow
his father's footsteps;
For Ketaka trees bear not
Āmalaka* fruits. [149]

'An enemy, however long he may try, cannot find a weakness to exploit in a wise man with a deep personality, unless he himself carelessly reveals it. This verse puts it well:

Who can see the anus of a peacock,
however much someone may try,
If the foolish cock himself does not dance,
thrilled by the clap of thunderclouds?* [150]

'In any case, what is the use of giving advice to a low-bred like you? For it is said:

You can never bend unbendable wood,
You cannot use a sword against a stone;

And from Sūcīmukha you can learn this:
You cannot teach a man who will not learn.' [151]

Damanaka: 'How did that happen?'
Karataka narrated this story:

STORY 9

The Bird That Tried to Advise a Monkey

In a certain forest there once lived a herd of monkeys. One day during the winter when the monkeys were suffering from the cold, they saw a firefly and in their great distress thought it was fire. They gathered dry sticks, grass, and leaves, and covered the firefly with them. They stretched their arms over it, actually enjoying the warm comfort of the imaginary fire, rubbing their armpits, bellies, and chests. One of the monkeys who was specially affected by the cold became totally absorbed in blowing incessantly on the firefly.

When a bird named Sūcīmukha, the Needle-beak, happened to see this, he flew down from the tree and said to that monkey: 'Don't trouble yourself, my friend. This is not fire. It's only a firefly.' But the monkey ignored his advice and went on blowing. The bird tried repeatedly to make him quit, but the monkey would not. To make a long story short—the bird kept coming closer and closer to his ear and nagging him persistently, which infuriated the monkey, who grabbed him in one fell swoop, smashed him on a rock, and killed him.

(End of Story 9)

Karaṭaka continued: 'Therefore, I say:

You can never bend unbendable wood,
. . . . . .

'And, after all—

What good will learning do,
bestowed on unworthy men;
Like a lamp in a house,
placed within a covered pot. [152]

'You must definitely be a low-born man. For it is said:

In this world a son is
either born or after-born,
either high-born or low-born—
Men guided by scripture
should recognize this fact. [153]

A "born" has the qualities of his mum,
While an "after-born" takes after his dad,
Whereas a "high-born" surpasses his dad,
But a "low-born" is the worst of them all. [154]

'This verse puts it well:

When a man bears the family burden,
with riches and with strength,
with vast intelligence,
He then makes the woman who gave him birth
the mother of a son. [155]

'And moreover:

Where would you not find fleeting grace
that lasts but for a moment;
Hard to find, indeed, is a man
adorned with lasting wisdom. [156]

'You fool! You remain here without saying a word. For it is said:

He stutters, and his face has changed colour,
He looks alarmed, he's easily startled;
for when a man commits a crime,
his own act strikes terror in him. [157]

'This verse puts it well:

Evil-minded, Simple-minded,*
both, I deem, are equally bad;
The son, trying to be too clever,
caused his father's death by smoke.' [158]

Damanaka: 'How did that happen?'
Karaṭaka narrated this story:

STORY 10

Two Friends and Betrayed Trust

In a certain town there once lived two men of the merchant class. They were close friends; the one was called Dharmabuddhi, the Righteous-minded, and the other Duṣṭabuddhi, the Evil-minded. One day the two set out to a distant region to seek their fortune.

On the way, the merchant named Dharmabuddhi, because of his past merits, came across a hoard of a thousand silver coins* that some moneylender had hidden in a jar. He consulted with Duṣṭabuddhi and decided: 'We have accomplished what we set out to do. Let's take this and go back to our town.'

So they turned back, and as they were drawing close to their home Dharmabuddhi said: 'Let's divide the hoard of coins in half. We can then enter our own homes and from now on live in splendour before our friends, our relatives, and everybody.'

To further his own ends, however, Duṣṭabuddhi, his heart full of guile, said to Dharmabuddhi: 'My friend, as long as we have money left, owned in common, our affection towards one another will remain intact. So, let us rather take one hundred coins each, hide the rest in the ground at this very spot, and go home. Afterwards whenever the need arises we can come here together and take the amount we need.' 'As you say,' replied the other. After taking their shares, they buried the rest of the coins carefully under a tree and went home.

During the course of that year Duṣṭabuddhi, since his merits were so meagre, used up his share of the money by his addiction to evil habits. So, he and Dharmabuddhi once again took one hundred coins each from the hoard. But that too Duṣṭabuddhi used up in the same manner during the following year. When that happened, he thought to himself: 'If I again divide the hoard with Dharmabuddhi and take a hundred apiece, then only four hundred would be left, too little to be worth stealing. By stealing the remaining six hundred I will have it all.' After reaching this decision, he went to the tree all alone, dug up the money, and smoothed the ground over.

After a full month had gone by, he went to Dharmabuddhi and said to him: 'I have a payment to make, my friend. Come, let us divide the remainder of the money equally between us.'

Dharmabuddhi agreed and went with him to the tree and started to dig. When they did not find the money, straight away Duṣṭabuddhi smashed his own head brashly with a stone and shouted frantically: 'You, Dharmabuddhi—you have stolen the money, no one else; so give me a half of what was left.' Dharmabuddhi replied: 'I am not the type of man who would steal. You are the one who has stolen it!'

Quarrelling with each other in this way, the two arrived at the royal court. When the judges heard the case presented to them, they arrested both men because the case was so complicated they found it impossible to resolve it.

When five days had gone by, however, Duṣṭabuddhi declared to the judges: 'I have a witness in this case regarding the coins. Question him right now.'

'Who is your witness? Show him to us,' demanded the judges, eager to bring the case to a close.

'The very tree under which the money was hidden is my witness,' replied Duṣṭabuddhi.

Astounded, the judges said: 'How can a tree bear witness? All right, tomorrow we'll get it to substantiate your statement.' Then, after the two men had given sureties, they were allowed to go home.

Duṣṭabuddhi went home and pleaded with his father: 'Father, I have the coins, but keeping them hinges on a simple word from you.'

Father: 'What do you want me to do?'

Duṣṭabuddhi: 'Climb into the hollow of the tree tonight and remain hidden. Tomorrow, when the judges question the tree, you should say: "It was Dharmabuddhi who took the money." '

The father: 'Son, we are finished, because this is not a good plan. This verse puts it well:

> When wise people consider any plan,
> They should ponder its aftermath as well;
> As the foolish heron looked on helpless,
> Mongooses devoured his brood of chicks.' [159]

Duṣṭabuddhi: 'How did that happen?'

The father narrated this story:

Sub-Story 10.1: How the Mongooses Ate the Heron's Chicks

In a certain Arjuna* tree there lived a pair of herons. Now, every time they had chicks a huge snake would crawl through a hollow in the tree and devour the chicks even before they had a chance to grow their wings. The male heron became so depressed he lost his mind. He gave up eating, went to the bank of a lake, and sat there despondent.

A crab happened to see him there and said to him: 'Uncle, why do you look so sad today?' The heron told him what had happened, how his chicks had been devoured. The crab comforted him, saying: 'Look, my friend, I know a way to kill the snake. You know the mongoose den. Spread pieces of fish in an unbroken line from their den up to the hole where the snake lives. Greedy for that food, the mongooses are bound to reach that hole and discover the snake.* Because of their natural enmity, they are sure to kill it.'

The heron did as he was told. The mongooses followed the track of the fish and, recalling their ancient enmity, killed the snake. Then, proceeding along the path that they had discovered, they reached the herons' nest in the same tree and devoured the heron chicks as well.

(End of Sub-Story 10.1)

The father continued: 'Therefore I say:

When wise people consider any plan,
. . . . . ,

Even after he had heard this, Duṣṭabuddhi, driven by greed, took his reluctant father at night and placed him in the hollow of the tree.

The next day, after passages from the Law Books* had been read to the tree in the presence of the court officials, a voice came from within the tree: 'It is Dharmabuddhi who stole the money.'

When he heard these words, Dharmabuddhi thought to himself: 'This is false and extraordinary! How could it be? I know; I'll climb the tree and find out.' After he had done so, he gathered a heap of dry twigs and leaves, covered the tree hollow with them, and started a fire. As it began to burn, Duṣṭabuddhi's father jumped out of the tree hollow screaming horribly and fell on the ground, his body half burnt and his eyes bulging out.

Everyone there looked at him in amazement and asked: 'Tell us, what's the meaning of this?' He told them: 'It's my wicked son, Duṣṭabuddhi, who got me into this trouble.' And as he spoke these words, he died. The judges, then, realizing what had happened, ordered the money to be given to Dharmabuddhi and impaled Duṣṭabuddhi.

(End of Story 10)

Karaṭaka continued: 'Therefore I say:

Evil-minded, Simple-minded,

. . . .

When he had finished the story, Karaṭaka again said to Damanaka: 'You fool! You have become too clever, and because of that you have destroyed your own family. This verse puts it well:

In the salty sea rivers meet their end;
In quarrels between women,
The love between relatives meets its end;
In gossip mongers secrets meet their end;
In wicked sons families meet their end. [160]

'Furthermore, if a man has two tongues in the same mouth, who in the world would trust him? For it is said:

It is double-tongued and it strikes terror;
It is utterly cruel and ferocious—
The mouths both of snakes and of evil men
do nothing but harm. [161]

I have come to fear for my own safety because of this pattern of your behaviour, because:

Never place your trust in a wicked man,
Simply because you've known him a long time;
Though you tend it for a very long time,
Yet you can trust a snake to bite your hand. [162]

Cultivate a man who's honest and wise.
Be on your guard against a cheat who's wise.
But show compassion to an honest fool.
And shun outright a cheat who is a fool. [163]

By your machinations you have not only destroyed your own family, but you have now committed an offence against your lord as well. To you, who have brought your own lord to this plight, all other creatures must seem like a piece of straw. For it is said:

> Where mice can eat a balance of iron
> weighing a thousand weights;
> There a hawk could well seize an elephant!
> Is it a surprise that it seized a boy?' [164]

Damanaka: 'How did that happen?'
Karaṭaka narrated this story:

STORY 11

The Iron-Eating Mice

In a certain town there once lived a man of the merchant class who had lost his wealth. So he set out to another region to make money. In his house he had a balance made of a thousand weights* of iron that he had inherited from his forefathers. Before leaving for another region to make money he left the balance with another merchant.

Because of bad luck, however, the first merchant did not make any money even after a long time. He returned and asked the man with whom he had left the balance to return it to him. The second merchant was a greedy man and replied: 'Ah, the balance— it was eaten by mice!' The first merchant thought to himself: 'This is truly remarkable! How can mice eat a balance made of a thousand weights of iron?' Smiling to himself, he concurred verbally, saying: 'Well, that was bound to happen. After all, iron is invigorating; and it is tasty and soft. Why should mice not have eaten it?'

The second merchant, his heart filled with the greatest delight, gave the first merchant water to wash his feet and began to perform other similar rites of hospitality. He even invited him for a meal. There was a river near by, and when the guest went there to bathe, the host sent his only son after him with myrobalan fruits* and a bathrobe. The guest, on the way back from his bath, hid the boy securely in a friend's house and returned to the host's house. The merchant asked him: 'Where is the boy I sent after you? He has not come back.' The guest replied: 'A hawk carried him away.'

When he heard this the man became extremely agitated. He grabbed hold of the other violently by the arm and dragged him to court, shouting: 'Help! Help! This terrible man has hidden my boy somewhere!' The magistrates questioned the first merchant: 'What about this? Speak up!' He smiled and replied: 'A hawk carried him away.' At this the magistrates were astonished and said: 'That is completely outlandish! How can a hawk carry away a boy?' He replied: 'What is there so strange in that?

Where mice can eat a balance of iron
  weighing a thousand weights;
There a hawk could well seize an elephant!
Is it a surprise that it seized a boy?' [165]

After they heard this and learnt the facts, the magistrates said: 'Hand over his balance of a thousand weights of iron, and he will return the boy.' And both of them then did so.

(End of Story 11)

Karaṭaka continued: 'Therefore, I say:

Where mice can eat a balance of iron
. . . . .

But what is the use of advising you, since you are as dumb as a beast? Wisdom spreads in a learned man; oil, on water; poison, in the blood; friendship, among good men; love, among one's girl-friends; a secret, among the vile; and noble birth, in a country of illustrious men,* because:

A man's nobility comes not
  from the quality of his birth;
The eminence of mortal men
  rests on how they conduct themselves.
Disgrace and in its train a web
  of disasters, hundreds of them,
Hound a man who is an ingrate,
  both in this world and in the next. [166]

'It is your own nature that compels you to be constantly hostile towards people of the finest quality. How is that?

The low-born malign a man of high birth;
The luckless envy an idol of girls;
Misers criticize a generous man;
Dishonest people revile honest men;
Mean folks speak ill of an illustrious man;
The ugly rail against a handsome man;
The poor are jealous of a wealthy man;
Fools always rant against a well-read man. [167]

'Or rather:

When a man grasps what he is told just once,
Advising such a man would be worthwhile;
But what is the point in advising you,
When you are as dull-witted as a stone? [168]

'Furthermore, you fool, it is not wholesome to remain in your company. It could well be that by associating with you something harmful may happen to me too. For it is said:

By associating with good and bad folks,
Men pick up their qualities, good and bad;
As the wind, blowing over sundry spots,
Gathers to itself odours, good and bad. [169]

You are only good at slander;
You are a wrecker of friendship;
Where men like you set the standard,
Nothing whatever turns out well. [170]

'And further, slanderers do not create anything good for themselves without wreaking havoc. Even in dire circumstances, good people never do anything improper. For it is said:

What's improper is always improper;
A wise man should not set his mind on it.
One does not drink water lying on the road,
Even if one is racked by extreme thirst.' [171]

After saying this Karaṭaka left Damanaka and went away.

Now, after he had killed Saṃjīvaka, Piṅgalaka's anger was stilled, and, wiping his blood-stained paw, he was overcome with grief. Full of remorse, he said with a sigh: 'Alas! This is a heinous

crime I have committed in killing Saṃjīvaka, who was like a twin to me. And it is said:

> Between the loss of a choice piece of land,
> And that of a servant with a sharp wit,
> The servant's loss is the death of the king;
> Easier regained than servants is lost land.' [172]

Seeing Piṅgalaka in that state, overcome with grief and lamenting, Damanaka crept up to him stealthily and said: 'Is it right conduct or right policy that you should grieve after killing your rival? For it is said:

> If a king wants to gain prosperity,
> He should kill those who plot against his life,
> Be it father or brother, son or friend. [173]

> A soft-hearted king,
> A Brahmin who eats everything,
> A defiant wife,
> An ill-tempered friend,
> A servant who's recalcitrant,
> An official who's negligent—
> one should eschew all of these,
> as also ungrateful men. [174]

> Go where you find joy, though it be afar;
> Ask a learned man, though he's a mere child;
> Give even your body to one who asks;
> Chop off even your arm if it does you harm. [175]

'You should know that the rules of conduct common to ordinary people are not applicable to a king. For it is said:

> You cannot govern a kingdom
> with the standards of common folk;
> For things that are faults in such folk
> are truly virtues in a king. [176]

'And again:

> Sometimes he lies, sometimes he speaks the truth,
> He can be harsh, he can speak sweetly too,
> He's cruel, but he's tender-hearted as well,

Now avaricious and now generous,
Spending money lavishly all the time,
Yet from diverse sources reaping great wealth—
a king is like a courtesan;
their conduct takes many a form.' [177]

Cheered up by Damanaka in this wise, Piṅgalaka recovered his composure and continued to live as before, enjoying the comforts of royal life with Damanaka as his minister.

Here ends the first book entitled
'On Causing Dissension among Allies'.

BOOK II

On Securing Allies

'We begin here the Second Book, named "On Securing Allies''. This is its opening verse:

> Men who are wise and honoured by their friends,*
> Although they may lack resources and wealth;
> they quickly accomplish their goals,
> like the crow, turtle, deer, and mouse.' [1]

The princes asked: 'How did that happen?' Viṣṇuśarman narrated this story.

In the southern country there once was a city called Mahilāropya. Not too far from that city there was a large silk-cotton tree* with massive trunk and branches. Birds from various regions used to come and spend the night in it.

In that tree lived a crow named Laghupatanaka, the Fleet-winged. One morning as he was flying off in search of food he saw a fowler approaching that tree. The man looked ferocious, with misshapen hands and feet and a terribly gnarled body; carrying a net and a club, he looked like a second god of death.* The crow, his heart troubled at seeing the fowler, thought to himself: 'What is this wicked man planning to do? Is he planning to kill me specifically? Or does he have some other purpose in mind?' So thinking, he remained there and kept watch. The hunter came near the tree, spread the net, scattered some grain on it, and remained hidden nearby.

Right then a king of doves named Citragrīva, the Bright-neck, was flying by accompanied by a hundred doves and saw that grain. Enticed by the sight of the grain, he flew down onto the net to get the food and became entangled in the mesh together with his entire retinue. Seeing this, the hunter was jubilant and came running brandishing his club. Citragrīva, seeing his followers fluttering this way and that and pulling the net in different direc-

tions with their beaks and feet, said to them: 'This is a great tragedy that has befallen us. There is only one way out of it. All of us, working as one, must fly off into the sky together and go far away from here. Otherwise we will not be able to carry the net away.' Eager to save their lives, the doves did so. They carried away the net, flying low for about the distance of a bow-shot and then setting off into the sky.

When the hunter saw the birds carrying off the net, he thought to himself: 'This is an extraordinary thing!' And as he ran looking up, this thought came to his mind:

Because they act in concord,
these birds carry off my net;
But when they are in discord,
then they will become my prey. [2]

Citragrīva, seeing that cruel man following, began to go faster. Laghupatanaka, for his part, became curious and, giving up all thought of food, followed the flock of doves, thinking: 'What will this wicked man do about the doves?' Citragrīva, realizing what the hunter intended to do, said to his followers: 'This wicked hunter is running after us still hoping to catch us. The best thing for us to do is to get out of his sight. Let us soar up very high and fly over hills, over woods, and over rugged terrain.' The birds then disappeared taking the net along. When the hunter realized that they had disappeared from sight, he turned back, his hopes dashed.

Seeing that the hunter had turned back, Citragrīva told the birds: 'Look, the wicked hunter has turned back. It's best for us also to turn back and head to Mahilāropya. Towards the north-east of that city lives a dear friend of mine, a mouse named Hiraṇyaka, the Golden. Let us go to him without delay. He will cut our bonds. He is the one who will be able to rescue us from this misfortune.' All the birds agreed to this, and when they came within sight of Hiraṇyaka's mouse-hole they alighted.

Hiraṇyaka, being a person well-versed in government, was apprehensive of possible dangers and lived in a hole that he had constructed with a hundred exits. Hearing the commotion of the birds alighting, he remained hidden inside. Citragrīva climbed up to the entrance of the hole and said: 'Hiraṇyaka, my friend, come

out quick.' When Hiraṇyaka heard this he asked, still remaining well within the fortress of his hole: 'Who are you?' The dove replied: 'I am Citragrīva, your friend.'

When he heard that, Hiraṇyaka was so overcome with joy that the hairs of his entire body stood on their ends. He came out in great excitement and, seeing Citragrīva and his retinue caught in the trap, said in dismay: 'What happened, my friend? Tell me! Tell me!' Citragrīva replied: 'You, my friend, are a wise man. So, why do you have to ask? For it is said:

From where and with what,
When and in what way,
What, how much, and where—
  a man does his deed
  whether good or bad,
From there and with that,
Then and in that way,
That, so much, and there—
  it comes back to him,
  by the power of fate.' [3]

Hiraṇyaka replied: 'That's certainly true.

From a hundred and ten leagues far above,
  a bird sees the carrion here below;
The very same bird when its end is near,
  is unable to recognize a trap. [4]

The sun and moon are oppressed by eclipse;*
Elephants and snakes are taken captive;
Poverty strikes even those who are wise;
When I see these, this is my only thought,
  O how powerful is Fate! [5]

Even though they roam only in the sky,
  birds also come to grief;
Even from the very depths of the sea,
  clever men catch the fish;
Bad behaviour, good conduct—do they mean
  anything in this world?
Even if you obtain a grand station,
  does it do any good?

For Fate extends its hand of misfortune,
and grabs you from afar.' [6]

After saying this, Hiraṇyaka began to cut the cords in which Citragrīva was entangled. But Citragrīva objected: 'Friend, stop doing that. You should first cut the cords that bind my followers; then you may cut mine.' And when he repeated this a second and a third time, Hiraṇyaka became angry and told him: 'Look, my friend, how can you disregard your own troubles and try to rescue others from their misfortunes?'

Citragrīva replied: 'Don't be angry, my friend. All these hapless creatures have given up their allegiance to others and attached themselves to me. So how can I not show them at least this much consideration? Besides, if you don't cut my bonds first, you will not be too tired to cut theirs. But if you cut mine first, you may well get tired; and that would be unfortunate. That's the reason for what I said.'

Hiraṇyaka was delighted to hear that and said to Citragrīva: 'I said it to test you. Well done! You possess the qualities that make people turn to a person for protection.

To your dependants you show compassion;
And you share all things with your dependants;
You are able with that disposition,
To be even the lord of all three worlds. [7]

After saying this, Hiraṇyaka cut the bonds of all the birds. When Citragrīva was released from his bonds, he said good-bye to Hiraṇyaka. After taking leave of Hiraṇyaka, Citragrīva flew off together with his followers and went home. Hiraṇyaka too retreated into his own fortress.

Laghupatanaka, when he saw all that had happened—how Citragrīva got caught in a net but managed to free himself—was amazed and thought to himself: 'What an intelligent mouse this Hiraṇyaka is, and how strong and well supplied his fortress! It will be good for me too to strike up a friendship with him, just like Citragrīva. For, who knows, I too might get into this sort of trouble and get caught in a net.'

Having made up his mind to do this, the crow flew down from the tree and came near the entrance to the mouse-hole. He then

called out to Hiraṇyaka, whose name he had already learnt: 'Hiraṇyaka, my friend, come out quick.'

When he heard this, Hiraṇyaka thought to himself: 'Could it be that there still remains a dove who was not completely freed from his bonds and that he is calling out to me?' He called out loud: 'Hello! Who are you?'

The crow: 'I am a crow named Laghupatanaka.'

When Hiraṇyaka heard that and from inside saw the crow standing in front of the entrance to his hole, he told the crow: 'Get away from this place!'

The crow: 'I saw how you freed Citragrīva and I want to become friends with you. So, if one day I happen to get into a similar trouble, I can get you to free me. Please, sir, you must do me this favour. You must become my friend.'

Hiraṇyaka laughed and told him: 'How can there be any friendship between you and me?

> The impossible is impossible;
> Only what's possible can a man do;
> carts don't go in water,
> or boats on dry terrain. [8]
>
> The things that are found to join in the world,
> Only those things should the wise seek to join;
> You are the eater, and I am the food;
> what friendship can there be,
> between the two of us?' [9]

The crow replied:

> 'Even if I were to eat you, good sir,
> It would not amount to much food for me;
> But if you live, my life would be assured,
> Just as Citragrīva's, my flawless friend. [10]

'Surely it is not right for you to dismiss my request out of hand.

> For people place their trust even in beasts,
> And make treaties with them, when they're upright,
> Solely because their character is good—
> You and Citragrīva illustrate this. [11]

A good man, even when he is enraged,
Does not change his mind and become hostile;
a straw torch cannot heat
the water of the sea. [12]

Your virtues, even though they're not broadcast,
Have attained great renown all by themselves;
a jasmine spreads its scent,
even when it's covered up.' [13]

When he heard this, Hiraṇyaka said to the crow: 'Look, you are fickle by nature. And it is said:

The fickle are not faithful to themselves;
How can they be faithful to other men?
every venture, therefore,
the fickle always spoil. [14]

'So, get away from this place; you are blocking the entrance to my fortress.'

The crow: '"Fickle! Not fickle!"—Friend, why such harsh words? I have made up my mind once and for all. I am attracted by your virtues. So, come what may, I am going to become friends with you.'

Hiraṇyaka: 'Look, my man. You are my enemy. So how can you expect me to be friends with you? As it is said:

Never form an alliance with a foe,
Even if he is closely tied to you;
water, though very hot,
will still put a fire out.' [15]

The crow: 'Come, my friend. How can we be enemies? We haven't even seen each other! Why do you utter such nonsense?'

Hiraṇyaka then smiled and said: 'As you know, my friend, scriptures tell us that there are two kinds of enmity in this world, natural and incidental. You happen to be my natural enemy.'

The crow: 'Describe them to me, sir; I want to hear the defining characteristics of the two types of enemies.'

Hiraṇyaka: 'Incidental enmity is sparked by a specific cause, and that type of enmity is removed by doing a favour proportion-

ate to that cause. It is totally impossible, however, to remove natural enmity. Natural enmity itself is of two types, enmity from just one side and enmity from both sides.'

The crow: 'How are they different from one another?'

Hiraṇyaka: 'When each would kill the other and each would eat the other, then there is enmity from both sides, because each can cause harm to the other. Such, for example, is the enmity between lions and elephants. When without provocation the one kills and eats the other, while the other does no harm to him, does not injure him, and does not eat him, that is enmity from just one side and for no reason. Such, for example, is the enmity between horses and buffaloes, between cats and mice, and between snakes and mongooses. Does a horse harm a buffalo, or a snake a mongoose, or a mouse a cat? So, why try to create an impossible alliance? Furthermore,

> "He is my friend!"—is that any reason
> to trust a scoundrel?
> "I have done him a great many favours!"—
> that counts for nothing!
> "This man is my very own relative!"—
> that's an old folk tale!
> People are driven by money alone,
> no matter how small. [16]

'And again:

> You may have loved him,
> and showered him with many a favour;
> Even cuddled him,
> and saved him from a hundred misfortunes;
> Yet a bad man inspires no confidence,
> Because of his evil disposition,
> Like a snake asleep in one's own bosom. [17]
>
> When even a man of great wealth puts his
> trust in his enemies,
> Or in a wife who has no love for him;
> he is as good as dead. [18]
>
> When a man wants to place his trust again,
> In a friend who has once proved to be false,

It's death itself he takes unto himself,
Like a she-mule impregnated with seed.* [19]

"I've done no harm!"—that's no reason to trust;
For danger lurks even for the virtuous,
from evil-minded men.' [20]

The crow: 'I have listened to all you have said. But still I am single-minded about this; I am going to make friends with you. And I know it is possible, for as it is said:

All metals unite when they're melted down;
Birds and beasts unite when there is a cause;
Even fools unite out of fear and greed;
But righteous people unite at first sight. [21]

'What's more,

An evil man is like an earthen pot,
easy to break, hard to restore;
A virtuous man is like a golden pot,
hard to break, easy to restore. [22]

'Will I ever find anyone besides you who has these qualities? So it is altogether proper for you to enter into an alliance with me. If you do not, I will starve myself to death right in front of your door.'*

After listening to that, Hiraṇyaka said to the crow: 'All right, you have convinced me. I'll go along with your wish. I said what I did only to test your intentions, so that, in the event you did kill me, you would not think that I was a fool and you beat me by the power of your wit. Now that I have spelled this out to you, I place my head in your bosom.'

After saying this, Hiraṇyaka started to come out. But after coming out half-way, he stopped once more. The crow enquired: 'My friend, is there some reason for you to be still suspicious of me? Is that why you are not coming out?'

Hiraṇyaka: 'I have something to say. In this world it is either the heart or the profit that motivates people, and the two are in conflict. Association promotes prosperity when it is born from the heart, not when it is based on profit. To catch partridges some people throw even a lot of grain at them. But do they do

it for the benefit of the partridges? No, they do it rather to kill them all.

A favour does not signify a friend,
An injury does not reveal a foe;
Whether a man's heart is virtuous or vile,
Determines whether he is friend or foe. [23]

I have come to know your heart; so I am not afraid of you. But it could well happen that while I am lulled into a sense of security some friend of yours will kill me.'

The crow said in reply:

'When the destruction of a virtuous friend,
Is the price required to obtain a "friend",
a man should weed out such a "friend",
like the millet that chokes the rice.'* [24]

When Hiraṇyaka heard this, he came out quickly, and the two greeted each other warmly.

The mouse and crow bonded in close friendship,
That's hard to split, like fingernails and flesh;
and they formed an alliance,
with the same friends, the same foes. [25]

They remained there a while. After he had entertained the crow with some food, Hiraṇyaka said good-bye to him and entered his house. The crow also returned to his home.

Laghupatanaka then entered a dense forest and saw a wild buffalo that had been killed by a tiger. He ate to his heart's content and, taking a piece of its meat, came straight to Hiraṇyaka and called out to him: 'Come, Hiraṇyaka! Come, my friend, and eat the meat I have brought you.' Hiraṇyaka too had thoughtfully prepared a huge pile of husked millet kernels for the crow, and he said to the crow: 'Eat these grains, my friend. I collected them myself.' Even though both had already eaten their fill, nevertheless they ate to show their affection for one another. Every day they spent the time together in rare and extraordinary affection, enquiring about each other's well-being and engaging in warm and intimate conversations.

One day the crow came and said to Hiraṇyaka: 'Hiraṇyaka, my friend, I am going to leave this place and go somewhere else.'

'What for, my friend?' asked Hiraṇyaka.

'Because I am depressed,' replied the crow.

Hiraṇyaka: 'Why are you depressed?'

The crow: 'Every day I have to find food. And all the time we birds are scared to death, seeing the dangers posed by traps. I have had enough of this type of living.'

Hiraṇyaka: 'Where will you go?'

The crow: 'Not far from here there is a large lake in the middle of a dense forest. A dear friend of mine lives there, a turtle named Mantharaka, the Sluggish. I have been friends with him for a long time. He will take care of me, providing me with fish and other delicious foods. I will spend my days in his company, in comfort and without anxiety.'

When he heard that, Hiraṇyaka said: 'I too will go along with you. I am also tired of this place.'

The crow: 'You too! For what reason?'

Hiraṇyaka: 'Well, that's a long story. I'll tell you everything when we get there.'

Even before he could finish speaking, the crow picked up his friend with his beak and flew off. As the crow was approaching the great lake with the mouse, Mantharaka saw them from afar and thought, "Who could this be?" Being a person of good judgement and fearing for his safety, he jumped from the bank and plunged into the water.

Laghupatanaka was also alarmed by the splashing of the water and thought, "What could that be?" So he set Hiraṇyaka down on the bank and flew up to a large tree to investigate. Perched on the tree, he called out: 'Hello, Mantharaka! Come out! Come out! I am your friend Laghupatanaka, the crow. I have come here longing to see you—it has been a long time. So come, come and embrace me!'

When he heard that and realized what it meant, Mantharaka quickly came out of the water, his body bristling and his eyes filled with tears of joy. 'I did not recognize you. Please forgive my discourtesy.' So saying, he embraced Laghupatanaka, who had flown down from the tree.

With great joy, then, Mantharaka received his two guests hospitably and asked the crow: 'Friend, where did you come from? Why did you bring this mouse and come to this uninhabited forest? Who is this mouse?'

The crow: 'This mouse, my friend, is called Hiraṇyaka. So extensive are the virtues of this noble soul, that one would need a thousand tongues to describe them adequately. And this says it well:

> Their anger lasts just a moment,
> But their love endures a lifetime;
> They give gifts without selfishness;
> is that not the way
> noble men behave?' [26]

After that, the crow gave Mantharaka a faithful account of how Citragrīva was released and how he himself became friends with the mouse. Mantharaka was amazed when he heard the wonderful account of Hiraṇyaka's virtues and asked the mouse: 'Tell me, why did you get so disgusted with the world or what sort of disgrace did you suffer that made you decide to abandon your own country, as well as your friends, relatives, and wife.'

The crow: 'I put the same question to him at the very outset, but he told me: "That's a long story. I'll tell you everything when we get there." As yet he hasn't told it even to me. So, Hiraṇyaka, you must now tell us the reason why you got disgusted with the world.'

Hiraṇyaka then narrated this story:

STORY 1

The Ascetic and the Mouse

In the southern country there was once a city named Mahilāropya. Not far from that city there was a dwelling for ascetics in which lived a wandering ascetic named Cūḍākarṇa, the Tuft-eared. When it was time for begging, this man Cūḍākarṇa used to go to the city and get his begging bowl filled with exquisite foods containing rock sugar, treacle, and pomegranates and made delicious with rich sauces. Returning to his dwelling, he ate an amount sufficient to maintain his life in

accordance with his ascetic rules. He used to place whatever food was left over after his meal securely in the same begging bowl to give to his servants the next morning, hang the bowl on a peg in the wall, and go to sleep.

I would leap on to the bowl every day, however, and eat the food. I and my followers lived on that food. The ascetic was in despair because no matter how carefully he tried to keep the food out of reach, I would manage to eat it. The fear of me drove him to hanging the bowl higher and higher. And yet I was able to reach it without difficulty and to eat the food.

It went on like this for some time, until one day a guest arrived—a wandering ascetic named Bṛhatsphic, the Big-buttocks, a dear friend of Cūḍākarṇa, who welcomed him with the customary rites of hospitality. That night, after the two had performed the usual religious observances and Bṛhatsphic was lying on his bed, Cūḍākarṇa, seated on his cot, asked Bṛhatsphic: 'You know the time that you were separated from me? Since then what sorts of places and sacred groves have you visited?'

Bṛhatsphic: 'It was during the full-moon festival late one autumn,* after we had bathed at Puṣkara, the foremost place of pilgrimage, that I was separated from you because of the great crowd of people. After that I went up and down the Ganges visiting holy places such as Hardwar, Prayāg, and Benares. To make a long story short, I have seen the whole wide world from sea to sea.'

While he was still in the middle of his story, Cūḍākarṇa began to make a noise by striking his begging bowl repeatedly with his battered old bamboo stick to frighten me away. Furious at being so interrupted, Bṛhatsphic said to him: 'Look, I am being nice to you in telling this story. So why are you showing no interest in my story and busy with something else? You are being discourteous and arrogant.'

Cūḍākarṇa was mortified and said: 'Please don't be angry, my friend. It is not that I am uninterested. Look, there is this mouse. He has become my greatest enemy. He jumps up and manages to get to my begging bowl no matter how high I hang it, and he eats the leftovers of my begged food that I keep in it. I have not been able to fend him off. I am striking the begging bowl repeatedly with this battered old stick for no other reason than to frighten away that mouse.'

Bṛhatsphic: 'Is there only one mouse here, or are there others as well?'

Cūḍākarṇa: 'I don't care about other mice. This is the only one —the scoundrel— who, like a conjuror, is forever outwitting me.'

When he heard this, Bṛhatsphic observed: 'A mere mouse cannot have this sort of power. There must be some reason for it. As it is said:

> Surely it can't be without some reason
> That Mother Śāṇḍilī would come and sell
> Husked sesame for just husked sesame;
> she must have a reason!?' [27]

Cūḍākarṇa: 'How did that happen?'

Bṛhatsphic narrated this story:

Sub-Story 1.1: The Woman Who Traded Sesame for Sesame

Once when the rainy season was beginning to set in and I was searching for a place to settle down,* I asked a Brahmin of a certain town for a place to stay, and I took up my residence in his house.

One day I got up around daybreak and heard the Brahmin and his wife talking to each other behind their screen. I listened attentively to their conversation. The Brahmin said to his wife: 'Tomorrow, my lady, is the lunar festival.* For that occasion you should prepare a meal for Brahmins to the best of our ability.' She responded in a voice reeking with sarcasm: 'You are totally destitute! What ability do you have to feed Brahmins?' Though addressed in such a manner, he did not say a word, stunned as if he had been thrown into a well. After a while, however, he said to her again: 'My lady, it is not good to speak like that. At the appropriate time even poor people should give something to worthy recipients, whether it is a little or a lot. For it is said:

> People should always set something aside,
> But never greedily hoard up too much;
> the jackal was killed by the bow,
> because he tried to hoard too much.' [28]

The wife asked: 'How did that happen?'

The Brahmin narrated this story:

Sub-Story 1.1.1: How the Greedy Jackal Died Eating a Bowstring

In a certain town there was once a hunter who was a butcher by profession. One day he got up early in the morning, fixed an arrow on his bow, and set out to the forest to pile up sins for himself. He killed a deer in no time. He was on his way home carrying the meat and going down a steep bank towards the ford of a river, when he saw a boar as large as a buffalo calf, with protruding tusks and lumps of mud covering its body. Seeing that evil omen, he was frightened and turned around. But his way was blocked by the boar. So he threw the deer meat on the ground in a pile, drew his bow, and shot the boar with a poisoned-tipped arrow. It pierced the boar's neck and penetrated right through to the other side. The boar, for its part, although stunned by the shot, made one final charge and struck the hunter's underbelly with such force that he was killed on the spot and fell to the ground in three pieces. After killing the hunter, the boar himself succumbed to his wound and fell dead.

Soon thereafter a jackal named Dīrgharāva, the Long Howl, who was racked by hunger and roaming around in search of food, happened to come to that spot. When he saw the deer, the hunter, and the boar, all dead, he was beside himself with joy and thought to himself: 'Goodness gracious! Providence must surely be smiling on me that I should run into this food unexpectedly. I must, therefore, use it in such a way that it will last me many days:

> For not every day does a mortal find
> something to eat and drink;
> So when you find a lot of food, use it
> a little at a time. [29]

'I'll save the deer, hunter, and boar, and eat this bowstring of sinew at the point where it is tied to the tip of the bow.' After saying that, the jackal took the bowstring in his mouth and began to bite into it. When the string was severed, the bow snapped and pierced his palate killing the jackal.

(End of Story 1.1.1)

The Brahmin continued: 'Therefore, I say:

People should always set something aside,
. . . . . '

When she heard all this, the wife said to him: 'In that case, I do have a few sesame seeds and a bit of rice. Why don't you get up early tomorrow morning and go to the forest to fetch some firewood, ritual grass, and the like.* And, with the help of this student, Kāmandaki, I will prepare a rice dish for three Brahmins.'

The next morning she husked the sesame seeds, spread them out in the sun to dry, and told Kāmandaki to look after them. Soon thereafter, while she was attending to housework and the student was distracted, a dog came and nibbled at the sesame seeds, thus rendering them impure. Seeing what had happened, the woman said to the student: 'Kāmandaki, what an awful thing to happen! This will make it difficult for us to feed the Brahmins. But why don't you do this? Go and exchange these sesame seeds that are already husked for some black sesame; and come back quickly. I will make the rice dish using black sesame seeds.'

So they put this plan into action. Now, I had gone to a house to beg for food, and Kāmandaki happened to come to the same house to sell the sesame, saying: 'Please buy these sesame seeds.' While the transaction was still in process, the master of the house returned and asked his wife: 'On what terms are you exchanging the sesame seeds?' The wife replied: 'I exchanged black sesame seeds for white sesame of equal value.' The man laughed and said: 'There must be some reason for this.'

(End of Story 1.1)

Brhasphic continued: 'Therefore, I say:

Surely it can't be without some reason
. . . . . '

After recounting this story, the wandering ascetic said: 'Here too, Cūḍākarṇa, there must be some reason why this mouse has this sort of an irresistible power that enables it to eat the begged food. Do you have a spade?'

Cūḍākarṇa: 'Why, of course! Here is a spade of pure iron with a fine handle.'

When he was handed the spade, Bṛhatsphic tied his girdle, pursed his lips, and asked: 'Show me the passage through which the mouse comes in.'

When Cūḍākarṇa showed him the passage, Bṛhatsphic started to dig up my hole with the spade. From the time I first overheard their secret conversation, I had given up all thought of food and had been watching them out of curiosity. But when he started to hunt for my fortress, I came to realize that the evil man had discovered the entrance to my hole. I had once found some gold that a moneylender had hidden long ago. It was the power of the gold that made me feel strong. But that wicked man followed my tunnel and discovered the gold. Taking the money, he returned to the hermitage and said to Cūḍākarṇa: 'Here, Brahmin, is that mouse's gold by whose power he was able to jump up to an otherwise impossible height.'

They divided the gold between themselves, each taking a half, and sat down comfortably. I was greatly dispirited, and thought to myself: 'Who knows? If they light a lamp while I am still here, they are sure to find me and kill me.' So, I left that place and made a fortress for myself elsewhere. Other mice, who were my followers, came to me and said: 'Dear Hiraṇyaka! We, your followers, are tormented by extreme hunger. We have absolutely nothing to eat. Even at the end of the day we have not found anything at all. So, please— you must find some food for us at once.'

'Yes, I will,' I told them and together with them headed for the hermitage. Hearing the noise made by my followers, Cūḍākarṇa started once again to strike the begging bowl with his battered old bamboo. Bṛhatsphic yelled at him: 'The mouse has already been chased away. So why do you keep on swinging your bamboo? Stop that! Cut it out!'

Cūḍākarṇa retorted: 'This enemy of mine, the mouse, keeps coming back. It is the fear of him, my friend, that is making me do this.'

The guest burst out laughing and told him: 'Don't be afraid, my friend! The power to jump has left him along with his money; for that is invariably the case among all living beings.'

When I heard that, I was incensed and jumped up with all my might towards the begging bowl. But I just could not reach it and fell to the ground. When he saw me, my enemy burst out laughing

and said to Cūḍākarṇa: 'Look, my friend! Look! This is a sight to behold! For it is said:

> It is money that makes a man powerful!
> It's money that makes a man a pundit!
> Just look how this wretched mouse is reduced
> To the same condition as its own breed. [30]

'So, go to sleep without worrying. What gave him the power to jump has now fallen into our hands.'

When I heard this I pondered over it in my own mind: 'What he says is true. I do not possess natural strength, and now that I have lost my confidence and vigour, I hardly have the energy to jump as much as an inch even to get some food.' I heard, moreover, my followers whispering to each other: 'How can this fellow support others, when he can't even look after his own stomach? So what's the use of our waiting on him?' Then I retired to my own quarters, thinking: 'So, it has come to this!'

The next morning all of my followers went over to my adversaries, saying: 'The fellow is a pauper!' That's the way my followers behaved, and not one of them came to see me. What's more, I noticed that even when they saw me, they continued to frolic with my adversaries, shouting cheerfully at each other and clapping their hands, right in front of my very eyes. Then I began to think in this vein: 'That's the way it is!

> When you have wealth, you have friends!
> When you have wealth, you have kin!
> When you have wealth, you're a man,
> You're a pundit in this world! [31]

'And again,

> For when a man is a fool,
> And has lost his wealth to boot,
> All his work comes to naught,
> Like rills in summer time. [32]

> Friends forsake a man who has lost his wealth,
> So do sons and wives, and even siblings;
> But they return, when he is rich again.
> In this world wealth is a man's only kin! [33]

Empty is the house of a sonless man.
Empty is the heart of a friendless man.
Empty, all regions for a foolish man.
Everything is empty for a poor man. [34]

He has the same faculties, unimpaired;
The same name, the same voice, the same sound mind;
He's the very same man!
But when he loses the splendour of wealth,
Presto, he turns into a different man!
An astonishing feat! [35]

'Now, what would be the best thing for someone in my predicament to do? These are the fruits of my previous deeds. So, since I have lost all my money, it's not good for me to remain here any longer. For it is said:

Where a man finds honour, there he should live;
Visit not a place where they hurt your pride;
When he finds no honour, let him give up
Heaven itself in the company of gods.' [36]

Even after saying all this to myself, I began to think again in this vein. 'Should I seek alms from someone? But that would mean a life of begging, which would be even worse, for—

A tree, gnarled and growing in saline soil,
Bored by worms, its bark by forest fires stripped—
far better to be that tree,
than to be a mendicant. [37]

Stuttering speech, there is sweat on his face,
He is trembling, and his colour is pale—
the signs of a dying man are
the same as a mendicant's. [38]

In it resides misfortune, it robs your intelligence,
It fosters suspicious thoughts, it's another word for death,
It's the abode of woe, chief store-house of anxiety,
Palpable ignominy, the seat of calamity,
It robs proud people of their dignity!
That is what beggary does to wise men.
I see no difference between that and hell. [39]

'Furthermore,

When he has no wealth, a man feels ashamed;
Clothed in shame, he's bereft of dignity;
Without dignity, he suffers insults;
Suffering insults, he becomes depressed;
When he is depressed, he suffers anguish;
And anguished at heart, he loses his mind;
Losing his mind, he's totally destroyed;
the lack of wealth is, alas,
the source of all misfortunes! [40]

'And again,

Better to thrust your hands into the mouth
of an irate snake;
Far better to drink poison and to sleep
in the house of Death;
Better to hurl yourself from the top of
a lofty mountain,
And be smashed into a hundred pieces;
Than to enjoy life with money obtained
from a sordid man. [41]

Better to throw yourself into a fire,
when you have no wealth,
Than to beg from a stingy churlish man. [42]

'In the situation that I am in, are there any other means at all by which I may gain a livelihood? Theft, perhaps? But that is even worse, because one would be stealing other people's property. And here's the reason:

Better to maintain silence than to speak
words that are untrue;
Better to be a eunuch than to go
after someone's wife;
Better to die than to take much delight
in slanderous speech;
Better to live on alms than to feast on
other people's wealth. [43]

'Or should I live on what others give me? Heaven forbid! That is but a second gateway to death, because—

People who are sick and those long exiled;
People who eat the food of someone else;
And those who live in another man's house;
life for these is death,
death itself is rest. [44]

'So it's clear. I must get back the money that Bṛhatsphic stole from me. I saw those two evil men hiding the money-box under a pillow. I will take back that money to my fortress, and when I get it back I will once again enjoy dominion by the power of wealth, just as I did before.'

After deliberating in this manner, I went to the hermitage at night. The man was fast asleep. So I stealthily crept up to him, but no sooner had I started to make a hole in the box than the ascetic got up and beat me over the head with his battered old bamboo club. It must not have been my time to die! I escaped somehow and entered my hole without being killed.

After a long time had passed, my hopes were rekindled. I became bold and crept up to the gold coins. But that heartless beast hit me on the head with his club so hard that to this very day I have nightmares about such people. Look at this scar on my head from the wound I received at that time! And this says it well:

Take a man in such dire straits, his very life is at risk,
Faced with the danger at hand, he forgets his wretched wealth;
all he wants is to save his life.
But when he is saved from that, once again he puts his life
in peril to obtain more wealth!
Men, in their zeal to secure life and wealth,
Wager one for the sake of the other. [45]

After much deliberation, I resolved: 'To hell with money!' and turned away from desires. This says it well:

Knowledge is the true eye, not mere eyesight;
Conduct makes one noble, not noble birth;
To be content is true prosperity;
To refrain from wrong is erudition. [46]

All the fortunes here belong to a man,
when his heart is all content;
The whole earth, is it not covered with skin,
for one who is wearing shoes? [47]

Men of tranquil mind, drinking deeply of
the nectar of contentment—
Can these people here experience their joy,
People who run around, greedy for wealth? [48]

A hundred miles,* that is not far at all,
for a man driven by greed;
Even wealth that has come into his hand
a content man disregards. [49]

When it is altogether impossible to obtain wealth, discernment is surely the best course. As it is said:

What's righteousness? Compassion on all beings.
What's happiness for creatures in this world?
Freedom from sickness.
What's affection? A true disposition.
What is erudition? True discernment. [50]

After deliberating in this manner, I came to an uninhabited forest and there I saw Citragrīva caught in a trap. You heard how I set him free and how, by the power of my merits, Laghupatanaka here favoured me with his affectionate friendship. Soon thereafter, Laghupatanaka came to me and asked me to come here. So, I have come with him to visit you. That is the reason why I became disgusted with the world. Further:

The deer, snakes, and antelopes,
Gods, demons, and human beings—
All that live in these three worlds,
Must have their meal by midday! [51]

Whether one has conquered the whole wide world;
Or has been reduced to a dismal state;
When it's time, all must find a bit of rice,
if they want to eat! [52]

What wise man would commit a sinful act,
For the sake of something that results in
misery, decay, and death? [53]

(End of Story 1)

When he heard all that, Mantharaka tried to cheer up Hiraṇyaka: 'Don't be upset, my friend, at the thought that you have left your native land. You are an intelligent fellow. So why are you befuddled? After all:

Though they study their books, they remain fools;
A man who acts, he's the truly wise man;
For, does a medicine cure a sick man,
However much he thinks about its name? [54]

You may know a lot, but it'll count for naught,
if you're afraid of work.
Does a lamp, even if placed in his hand,
Reveal any object to a blind man? [55]

Those who have given, have to beg themselves
Those who have killed, are killed in turn themselves;
Those who torment, are tormented themselves;
as the wheel of fortune turns. [56]

'So, my friend, you should make your living here where circumstances are much more favourable. And don't think like this:

"Teeth, hair, nails, and men do not look too good,
when they are not in their place;
Recognizing this truth, a wise man should
never quit his native place." [57]

'That is the way small-minded people behave. Noble-minded men, on the other hand, make no distinction between native and foreign lands, for—

What land is foreign, what land is native,
for a man resolute and wise?
Whatever land he visits, he conquers,
by the valour of his two arms.
Whatever forest a lion enters,
striking with his teeth, claws, and tail;

There does he quench his thirst, drinking the blood
of great elephants he has slain. [58]

'So, my friend, you should always work hard; where else can wealth and pleasures go than to people who work hard? And further:

To a man who works hard wealth and allies
flock of their own accord,
Like frogs to a pond, and birds to a lake
that is full and well stocked. [59]

Hard worker, not a procrastinator;
Knows how to act, not addicted to vice;
Brave and grateful, a firm and faithful friend—
Fortune on her own seeks out such a man,
to be her place of residence.* [60]

Irresolute, lazy, relying on fate,
And without an ounce of virility—
Fortune dislikes embracing such a man,
Like a sexy young wife, her aged spouse. [61]

Even a fool can gain wealth in this world,
When he is capable of bold action.
No one respects those scared of bold action,
Even if they have Bṛhaspati's mind.* [62]

'Even though you have no money, you are endowed with such intelligence, energy, and strength that you are unlike any ordinary person. And this is how:

A resolute man is highly esteemed,
even if he has no wealth;
But a weakling is treated with contempt,
even if he brims with wealth.
Even if it's decked with a garland of gold,
A lion's splendour a dog can't achieve,
A splendour by its own nature endowed,
And by many acquired virtues enhanced. [63]

A man bursting with energy and strength,
with valour and resolve,
Who looks at the ocean as a mere pond,

Who always sees the Himalayan peaks
as no more than anthills;
Fortune goes on her own to such a man,
not to a timid man. [64]

The peak of Mount Meru is not too high,
The lowest nether world is not too deep,*
And the mighty ocean is not too vast,
for a man of resolve! [65]

Why are you proud at the thought "I am rich!"?
Why are you depressed at the loss of wealth?
For human life is full of ups and downs,
like a bouncing ball! [66]

'Both youth and wealth are utterly unstable, like bubbles on water, because—

The shadow of a cloud, and a new crop,
A young woman, and friendship with a rogue;
One enjoys these only for a moment,
as also youth and wealth. [67]

'So, friend Hiraṇyaka, knowing this you should not become sad in spite of losing your wealth. For it is said:

"What won't happen can't be made to happen.
What will happen can't be made otherwise."
Why do people not drink this antidote,
That removes the poison of anxious thought? [68]

'Therefore, remain without worrying at all about your livelihood.

He who has made the swans white, parrots green,
and peacocks of every hue,
He will provide you with a livelihood. [69]

Do not pine for wealth, when you're in dire straits.
Do not rejoice, when you become well off.
Men must perforce taste the fruits of past deeds,
whether they're good or bad. [70]

Every day men of pure heart should perform
A religious act, no matter how small—

An act of restraint, a vow, or a fast.
For though we try hard to keep it at bay,
Yet Death is always knocking at our door. [71]

There's no other treasure like giving alms.
No pleasure compares to a content heart.
Is there an adornment like good conduct?
No gain on earth can compare with good health. [72]

'But, why say more? This is now your home! Be at ease and don't be afraid. Spend the rest of your life here with me in warm friendship.'

Listening to these words of Mantharaka, words echoing the wisdom of every branch of learning, Laghupatanaka became happy beyond measure. His face beaming with joy, he said: 'O my friend, Mantharaka! Well said! You are endowed with the qualities that make people go to a man for protection, for the favour you have shown to Hiraṇyaka in this manner has given unsurpassing joy to my heart. But that's no surprise, for it is said:

Friends who enjoy the company of friends,
In mutual affection and delight;
They drink deeply at the fountain of joy;
they alone are true men;
they alone truly live. [73]

When people, their hearts overcome by greed,
do not adorn Fortune
By offering her freely to their friends
They are truly poor, although they have might;
vain are their efforts,
and empty their lives. [74]

Only the good can deliver the good
from their misfortunes;
Only elephants can pull elephants
out of a quagmire. [75]

To good people always give protection,
risking even your life.
To help other men is the only good
of getting a body
for men of eminence. [76]

He's the only praiseworthy man on earth,
From whom those seeking alms or protection
Do not depart downcast, disappointed;
what a good man must do,
he alone has fulfilled.' [77]

As they were conversing in this manner, a deer named Citrāṅga, the Spangled, frightened by hunters and driven by thirst, came to that large lake. When they saw him coming, they became alarmed and started to flee. Panting for water, the deer came rushing into the water. Hearing that splash, Mantharaka left the bank and dived quickly into the water. With a trembling heart, Hiraṇyaka also ran into a hollow in a tree, while Laghupatanaka flew up to a tall tree and remained there curious to find out what it was all about. Citrāṅga, for his part, stood there frozen at the water's edge, afraid for his life.

At this point Laghupatanaka flew up and surveyed the entire area up to a distance of a league.* Returning to the tree, he called out to Mantharaka: 'Come out! Come out! There is no danger. I have looked around. There is only this grass-eating deer, who has come to the lake to drink water.' When he heard that, the cautious Mantharaka came out of the water. And all three of them, their minds set at ease, returned to their usual place.

Then Mantharaka, his heart moved by love towards the guest, said to the deer: 'Drink the water, my friend, and bathe in it to your heart's content. When you have finished what you want to do, please come back here.' Listening to these words, Citrāṅga thought to himself: 'They don't pose the least danger to me. The reason is simple. Turtles, after all, are strong only in water, while mice and crows eat only carrion and tiny animals. So, why don't I tag along.' After thinking in this manner, he joined them.

After welcoming Citrāṅga and offering him the customary courtesies, Mantharaka asked: 'Is everything all right with you? Tell us, what made you come to this desolate forest?' Citrāṅga replied: 'I am sick and tired of this unbearable life of wandering. I was chased all over the place by hunters on horseback with hunting dogs. I was scared to death and ran with such speed that I managed to outdistance them all. Then I came here to take a drink

of water. I would dearly love to make friends with all of you.' When he heard this, Mantharaka said to the deer: 'Don't be afraid, my friend. Treat this place as your own home. Live here as you please without hindrance.'

From that time onwards, all of them, after they had eaten whatever they wanted, used to gather every day at noon under the shade of a large tree and turn their minds to exploring various branches of learning. In this manner they spent the time in mutual affection.

One day Citrāṅga failed to return at the usual time. His friends were already troubled by a bad omen that had just taken place. So, when they did not see him come they suspected that something bad had happened to him and could not rest easy. Mantharaka then said to Laghupatanaka: 'You are good at this sort of thing since your abilities are well suited to it. So, why don't you fly up and see what has happened to Citrāṅga?' So requested, Laghupatanaka flew up. He had hardly gone a short distance when he found Citrāṅga on a steep bank near a water's edge, tightly entangled in a leather snare tied to a stake. Going up to him, Laghupatanaka said with sadness: 'My friend, how did you get yourself into this terrible mess?' Citrāṅga replied: 'This is not the time for criticism, my friend. I am in danger of death. So, don't delay, because, although you are a capable fellow, you are not skilled at cutting snares. So go quickly and bring Hiraṇyaka. He is able to cut a snare effortlessly.'

'Yes, of course,' said Laghupatanaka and went back to Mantharaka and Hiraṇyaka. He told them that Citrāṅga was caught in a snare, impressed upon them the urgency to free him, and quickly brought Hiraṇyaka there. When he saw Citrāṅga in that condition, Hiraṇyaka lost all self-control and said to him: 'You, my friend, are a wise and prudent person. So, how did you get yourself into this terrible mess?' Citrāṅga replied: 'Friend, what's the use of asking such a question? Fate has such great power. For it is said:

> In the face of Death, that ocean of grief,
> What can even a quick-witted man do?
> Who can oppose him who strikes at all times,
> As at night, so also in broad daylight? [78]

'Furthermore:

> When they are tied up by the snares of Death,
> And when their minds are enfeebled by Fate,
> Even wise men aren't able to think straight. [79]

'You know well, my good friend, the games that Fate plays. So, quickly cut this snare before that cruel hunter arrives.'

When he was so implored, Hiraṇyaka said to the deer: 'Friend, don't be afraid. When I am by your side, the hunter can do you no harm. But I am curious; so let me ask you this. You are always so careful in everything you do. So, how did you fall into this trap?'

Citrāṅga: 'If you really want to hear it, then listen to the story of how, even though I had experienced the misfortune of being caught in a trap before, I am now caught in a trap again.'

Hiraṇyaka: 'Tell me, how did you get caught in a trap before?'

Citrāṅga narrated this story:

STORY 2

How Citrāṅga Got Caught in a Trap

A long time ago, when I was a youngster, just six months old, I used to run in front of the entire herd. I would playfully run far ahead of the herd and pretend to guard it. Now, we had two methods of running, the vaulting gallop and the straight sprint. Of the two, I had learnt only the sprint and not the gallop. One day wandering off as usual, I lost sight of the deer herd and became terrified. I looked all around thinking, 'Where could they have gone?' Finally, I saw them standing some distance ahead of me; all of them had gone ahead of me jumping over a trap using the gallop. They were standing there looking for me. So I rushed towards them sprinting, because I did not know the gallop, and was caught in the trap.

Then the hunter came and captured me. He took me away and brought me to the king's son for him to play with me. When the prince saw me, he became so happy that he gave a large reward to the hunter. The prince spoilt me rotten with his attention—massaging my body with oil, bathing me, feeding me, putting perfume on me, and giving me my favourite types of food. I used

to be passed from hand to hand among the princes and the women of the harem. They were so curious that they would pull and poke my neck, my eyes and ears, my front and back legs. All this made me very annoyed.

One day I was sleeping right under the prince's bed. It was the rainy season. There was thunder and lightning. When I heard that, my heart was stirred and my thoughts went back to my herd,* and I said out loud:

When, O when will I ever get to run
after my herd of deer,
As they romp and revel, tearing about,
spurred by the wind and rain? [80]

The prince, who was all alone at the time, then said in astonishment: 'I am all alone here. So who on earth could have uttered these words?' He looked around, fear clutching at his heart, and saw me. And when he saw me, he burst out: 'This was not said by a man but by a deer! So it must be a bad omen. I am completely ruined!' So thinking, he became extremely upset. He was dumbfounded and managed somehow to run out of the house. Then he became very ill, as if he had been possessed by a powerful evil spirit.

The next morning he had a high fever. He summoned all the doctors and exorcists, enticed them with a lot of money, and said to them: 'If any one of you can cure me of this sickness, I will repay him handsomely.'

Right there a crowd of people, acting thoughtlessly, began to beat me up with sticks, bricks, and clubs. But since it was not my time to die, some kind man saved me, telling the people, 'What is the point in killing the animal?' That noble man, who happened to know the meaning of all omens, then said to the prince: 'All species of animals, my friend, do indeed speak, but not in front of people. This animal probably did not notice you when he gave vent to his longings. The rainy season stirred his longings, and his thoughts went back to his herd. That's why he said:

When, O when will I ever get to run

. . . . . .

So there is no reason why you should be feverish.'

When the prince heard that, the fever left him and he regained his normal health. He took me aside, rubbed my body with oil, and bathed me with a lot of water. Then he placed guards to protect me and turned me loose in that same forest. The guards did as they were instructed.

So, even though I have had the experience of being caught in a trap, here I am caught again by the power of destiny.

(End of Story 2)

In the meantime, as the two were engaged in this conversation, Mantharaka, impelled by his love for his friend, arrived there. He had made his way there slowly, following their tracks and trampling underfoot reeds, thorns, and grasses. Seeing him, his friends became greatly alarmed. Hiraṇyaka then said to Mantharaka: 'It was not wise of you, my friend, to come here, leaving your fortress. You will not be able to protect yourself from the hunter. For, if that cruel hunter comes here, Citrāṅga, once the strap that binds him is cut, will manage to escape; Laghupatanaka will fly up to a tree; while I myself, because I am so small, will hide myself in a hole. But what will you be able to do when he finds you?'

Mantharaka replied: 'Don't speak like that, my friend!

If it weren't for that splendid medicine,
the company of friends,
Is there a man who could endure the loss
of wealth or of loved ones? [81]

Days, alas all too few, that are spent in
The company of warm and genteel friends;
They are like provisions for life's journey,
For a man whose future is a wasteland. [82]

By telling your troubles
To a faithful friend or a virtuous wife,
Or a master who's known adversity,
your heart will find some rest. [83]

'So, my friend,

When one is separated from a friend
Of fine qualities and unwavering love;

Fretfully one's eyes glance blankly around,
Worried, one's mind roams aimlessly about.' [84]

Even as he was speaking, the hunter arrived there. As soon as he saw the hunter, Hiraṇyaka cut the strap and, true to his words, ran into a hole. Laghupatanaka flew off, while Citrāṅga ran away as fast as he could. The hunter, for his part, assuming that the strap had been cut off by the deer, thought that it was a great miracle and said out loud: 'If it weren't for fate, the deer could not have cut the strap.'

Then the hunter saw Mantharaka crawling very slowly along the dry land, and he became a little happier and thought to himself in amazement: 'Even though fate did rob me of the deer by cutting the strap, yet fate has presented me with a turtle.' So thinking, he cut some grasses with his knife, made a strong rope with them, pulled the turtle's feet together, and tied them securely. He hung the turtle on his bow and started to walk back along the same way he had come.

Seeing the hunter carrying the turtle away, the deer, the mouse, and the crow became totally heartbroken. As they were running after the hunter weeping, Hiraṇyaka observed:

'Before I have come to the end of one—
like trying to reach the ocean's farther shore—
I'm struck by a second calamity;
When times are hard, misfortunes multiply! [85]

When you don't stumble, you proceed with ease,
and the path appears smooth;
But once you stumble even a little,
it's rough at every step. [86]

'O my god! What a calamity!

No sooner has Death destroyed all my wealth,
Than he's turned on my friend, that welcome shade,
For one tired from travels, a resting place. [87]

'And what's more, it's impossible to find another friend like Mantharaka. Life itself, they say, depends on friends.

When his friendship is from the heart, sincere,
he's a genuine friend!

He will not leave you even in hard times;
one gains such a friend,
by rare good fortune. [88]

Not in mother or wife, brother or son,
Does one find the sort of relaxation
that one finds in a friend. [89]

A friend prolongs a man's life in this world,
so the wise proclaim.
A friend does not preach about the next world.
He brings you happiness here, in this world. [90]

'Why, O why does Fate assail me so unremittingly? First, I lost my wealth. And because I became poor, my followers spurned me. So I became disgusted with the world, and therefore left my native land and cut myself off from my dear friends. This is the string of heartbreaks I have endured. What's more:

Sometimes they are good, at other times bad;
They are born from the train of one's own acts;
Such are the vicissitudes of our life!
They are seen, it's true, in this very world;
But to me they do seem as disparate,
as different lifetimes! [91]

Within the body hides death, lying in wait;
Within fortune, misfortune finds its home;
Coming together entails going away;
all are born to die! [92]

What man is untouched some time by distress?
What man is always happy in this world?
Joy and grief rise in turn, that's nature's law,
Like the zodiac turning in the sky. [93]

You get hit persistently on a wound;
You always get hungry when there's no food.
It's in times of hardship that strife flares up.
When times are hard, misfortunes multiply! [94]

'O my god! What a calamity! So what if I have to endure the separation from my friend? Have I not been forgotten by my own people?

MITRA—
These two syllables of the word for "friend",*
Who is it that has created this gem?
A shelter against sorrow, grief, and fear,
a vessel of love and trust.' [95]

After lamenting at length in this manner, Hiraṇyaka said to Citrāṅga and Laghupatanaka: 'Alas, what is the use of this futile lament? Come, let us think of some way to liberate Mantharaka before he is taken away from our sight.' The other two said: 'Let's do it!' Hiraṇyaka then told them: 'Citrāṅga, you go ahead of the hunter, and when you have gone some distance away, lie down on the ground close to the water and pretend to be dead. And you, Laghupatanaka, you should alight on him, perching between his antlers, and peck at him with your beak, pretending to be plucking his eyes. That hunter, the fool that he is, is sure to leave the turtle behind and out of greed go quickly to get the deer, thinking that he is dead. Once he is gone, I will cut the straps tying Mantharaka. When his bonds are cut, he will quickly get into the water. You, on the other hand, should take care to flee as soon as that vile hunter comes close.'

Citrāṅga and Laghupatanaka carried out this plan to the letter. The hunter seeing the crow pecking at the deer who appeared to be dead, was beside himself with joy. He threw down the turtle on the ground and ran towards the deer. In the meantime, Hiraṇyaka cut Mantharaka's bonds into pieces. The turtle quickly left that place and entered the water. The deer, when he saw the hunter coming near him, got up and vanished in a second, along with the crow.

The hunter, for his part, thought it must be some kind of magic and, wondering what it all meant, returned to where he had thrown down the turtle. But all he saw was the inch-thick cord that he had used for binding, and it was cut into little pieces. The turtle too had disappeared like a magician. The man then began to fear for his own safety. His heart pounding with fear and looking in all directions, he quickened his steps, rushed out of the forest, and returned home in great dismay.

Then the four friends, all freed from their troubles and whole in body, came together again and returned to their own place. Living in mutual affection, they spent the time in comfort.

Therefore,

> When even dumb beasts can form such friendships,
> renowned throughout the world,
> What wonder if they exist among men,
> endowed with intellects? [96]

Here ends the second book entitled 'On Securing Allies'.

BOOK III

On War and Peace: The Story of the Crows and the Owls

'We begin here the Third Book, named "The Story of the Crows and the Owls Illustrating War and Peace''. This is its opening verse:

> In a man you have once antagonized,
> Or in a foe who has become a friend,
> you should never place your trust.
> See how the hideout filled with owls was burnt,
> by the fire carried by crows.' [1]

The princes asked: 'How did that happen?' Viṣṇuśarman narrated this story.

In a certain forest there was once a large banyan tree. It appeared to offer words of warm welcome to travellers with its cooling shade under its abundant foliage and cluster of trunks. In that tree lived a king of crows named Meghavarṇa, the Cloud-coloured, with a retinue of a thousand crows.

Not too far from that tree there also lived a king of owls named Arimardana, the Crusher-of-foes, with his retinue of a thousand owls. Arimardana had learned all about Meghavarṇa's fortress from his owls. One day, driven by his inborn enmity towards crows, he came at night with a large squadron of owls and attacked Meghavarṇa with a force as formidable as Death itself. After inflicting a terrible massacre on the crows, he departed.

The next morning Meghavarṇa assembled the crows that had escaped the slaughter, many with broken beaks, wings, and feet, and received a report on the condition of the camp. Then he opened a meeting of his ministers to obtain their counsel, telling them: 'You see before your very eyes the massacre inflicted on us by our enemy Arimardana. Now that he has discovered the way

into our fortress, given the opportunity, he is sure to return tonight to finish us off. So without delay we must think of a strategy to thwart him.' After saying this he withdrew to a secluded spot.

Meghavarṇa had five ministers who had inherited the office, succeeding their forefathers. They were: Uḍḍīvin, the High-flyer, Saṃḍīvin, the Joint-flyer, Āḍīvin, the Backward-flyer, Praḍīvin, the Onward-flyer, and Ciraṃjīvin, the Long-lived. Meghavarṇa began to question each of them in turn.

The first one he questioned was Uḍḍīvin: 'What do you think, my friend? Under these circumstances, what should we do now?'

Uḍḍīvin: 'Am I a person who would know anything of special value? Your Majesty, I can only tell you what is written in the authoritative texts on the subject. When a person is attacked by someone stronger, he has only two options. He can either surrender to the other or go into exile.'

After listening to him, Meghavarṇa asked Saṃḍīvin: 'And you, my friend, what do you think?'

Saṃḍīvin: 'This fellow's advice, Your Majesty, is that when a person is attacked by someone stronger, he should go into exile. My response is that one should not abandon one's fortress suddenly and without cause. The proper thing to do under the current circumstances is to bide our time following an on-again-off-again strategy. When danger threatens, we will flee. But so long as things are normal, we will remain right here in the fortress.'

Meghavarṇa listened to him and then asked Pradīvin: 'What is your view on the matter?'

Praḍīvin: 'To be constantly going back and forth, Your Highness, would be suicidal. We will all be destroyed if we have to carry back and forth everything—the weak, the blind, the cripples, the dwarfs, the maimed, the lame, the sick, and all our belongings. So, under the circumstances, the best thing to do is to sue for peace. And the reason is this:

> When a strong king attacks with powerful troops,
> The weaker king should promptly sue for peace,
> To save his assets, army, and himself. [2]

So, we should make peace with them and continue to live right here in comfort and free from anxiety.'

Meghavarṇa listened to his advice also and then asked Āḍīvin: 'And you, my friend, what do you think is the appropriate thing for us to do under these circumstances?'

Āḍīvin: 'For those who have tasted the sweet flavour of sovereignty, it is far better to live in the wilderness drinking water dirtied by the cud the deer chew than to lead a wretched life in the service of an enemy. Furthermore,

A superior should never bow to one
who is not his peer;
To bow to people who are not one's peers
is a great disgrace.
To yield so readily is unworthy
Of real men, for whom valour is wealth. [3]

'And again,

A man's shadow will lengthen when he bows,
as a stick's when it's bent.
But it disappears if you bend too much;
So you should bow, but never bow too much. [4]

'There is no common interest at all between the owls and us, and without such a common interest, how can we negotiate a peace? Considering everything, therefore, war is the best option for us.'

Meghavarṇa, after taking stock of the views of all four of them one by one, then said to Ciraṃjīvin: 'Father, you are our most senior hereditary minister, and you always have our welfare at heart. Under the current circumstances what do you think is the appropriate thing for us to do at this point? Whatever you say will clearly be the best course for us.'

So petitioned, Ciraṃjīvin replied: 'What is there for me to say, Your Majesty? Haven't they already said everything? Between the alternatives of war and peace, we have already heard arguments in favour of pursuing the one and the other in the current circumstances. The advice of Āḍīvin, however, would lead to the complete rout of our side. How, my friend, can there ever be an equal fight between us and the owls? Clearly, in any fight our side will come up short. They are more powerful in every way. So it will be unwise of us to start a war with them. As it is said:

When, without weighing the relative strengths
And weaknesses of yourself and your foes,
You go rushing rashly into action,
you're courting disaster! [5]

Show great respect even to minor foes;
if you act otherwise,
your efforts are in vain. [6]

An enemy who is patient and wise,
Who resorts to force at the proper time,
Knows his and his foe's strengths and weaknesses—
Be watchful, never place your trust in him. [7]

When Fortune betakes herself to a man,
Pleased by the sound policies he pursues,
She will remain with that man, undisturbed;
Her marriage to him will bring her no shame.* [8]

Even from afar, an exalted foe
Is sure to eclipse a man's majesty.
Even though he is near and fully armed,
what can a petty man do? [9]

Whether he's frightened or is beaten up,
Whether he's in flight or is abandoned,
Whether he's unarmed or is all alone,
You should never humiliate a man;
So state the experts in sound policy. [10]

When his enemy yields without a fight,
he's a victor indeed.
Winning after an uncertain battle
is truly a defeat. [11]

There are two ways one can achieve success:
mutual slaughter or guile.
Prosperity without sound policy
brings about one's own death.
Consider which of the two you should choose. [12]

People who are haughty and malicious,
Who are greedy, deceitful, full of lust,
Who are prone to anger, puffed up with pride—

Such people find it difficult to grasp
the proper way to rule. [13]

It can be grasped, but only by those men
Who stay within bounds and have been taught well,
Well disciplined, whose patience knows no bounds,
Who are skilled in policy and are wise. [14]

'So, it is absolutely clear that war is not to our advantage. And the reason is simple. Picking a fight with someone stronger is like a foot-soldier fighting with an elephant—you are sure to end up dead.'

Meghavarṇa: 'Tell me, father. What will be the outcome?'

Ciraṃjīvin: 'Think about this, my friend. It is said:

Even at the price of losing one's life,
Fortune cannot be won;
Yet, if you have strategic acumen,
Uninvited she will run to your house. [15]

Not methodically seeking advice
regarding your pursuits,
From well-read friends of yours who wish you well,
[can only lead to grief].* [16]

''What is this place like? What are my forces?
What's to be done? What's the right strategy?
what's the state of my life?''
When he embarks on a course of action,
after weighing these points,
Good Fortunes chase after that sterling man
Like rivers, the ocean filled to the brim.* [17]

Assistants should be brave, prudent, and wise,
of proven loyalty;
For, without the help of good assistants,
no king can ever rule. [18]

Though he has drunk the glory of his foes,
In battles garlanded by fiery sparks,
Flying from the striking of elephant tusks,
Fortune visits not an ignorant man. [19]

'To ensure complete success, a man intent on conquest must always surround himself with excellent assistants. For it is said:

Fortune, fickle though she is, regards not
Fine ancestry, great learning, or good looks,
as marks of excellence;
She waits only on a man who is brave,
and has good attendants. [20]

When a man is anchored
On the principles of sound policy,*
Is there any doubt that he will succeed?
And when he follows the path of good men,
Prosperity is not hard to obtain. [21]

"Do not proud men lay down their lives forthwith
for the sake of fame?
They yearn not even for unending life
mixed with infamy. [22]

"Step forth with your right foot for victory;
why do you still hesitate?
Procrastination, the teachers declare,
is the root of misfortune!" [23]

Parrots' prattle! Forget all such dribble,
dismissed by learned men!
You are wise. Don't be silent any more.
When the time has come, tell what must be done. [24]

For counsel is the root of victory,
so have wise men declared.
But the highest abode of good counsel
is oneself and one's mind! [25]

There are just six ways, we all know, O King,
In which, Glorious King, counsel is betrayed.*
Although, son, you already know them all,
I will mention them now. [26]

Oneself, one's ministers and messengers,
Secret agents, and the three daily baths,
The sixth, they say, is facial expressions.
That's the verdict regarding good counsel. [27]

But look at the rewards that counsel brings,
when it is not divulged:
One gains singular success in this world,
Without damage to pleasure or virtue.* [28]

Three are the benefits ministers bring:
They sanction decisions and remove doubts,
Then there's wisdom, which he can always tap. [29]

'One should always strive to keep the counsel one receives confidential. And this is the reason:

Counsel wrongly applied, like a vampire*
improperly invoked,
Is not pacified until it has killed
the man who employs it. [30]

When ministers give conflicting advice,
It can only lead to his side's defeat,
And to the triumph of his enemies,
never to his success. [31]

When one matches one's income and outlay,
Agents are secret, and counsel concealed,
Says no unkind word to one's ministers;
One will rule the whole earth up to the sea. [32]

'So, I tell you once more: war is not to our advantage. Peace, on the other hand, is also an impossible goal for those who have a natural enmity towards each other. If you insist that I give you my advice, then send away these people; they are here to gain a livelihood by their title as "Minister" and are only good at talking. When there are emergency measures to be taken, secrets heard by six ears will be ineffective.'

When this request had been carried out, Meghavarṇa said to Ciraṃjīvin: 'Father, I am young and inexperienced. I will do as you advise; our entire life depends on you. You are the one who will tell us the truth; you have the knowledge and the wisdom; and you have my welfare at heart, for you have served my father before me. But I am curious about one thing. Tell me, how did this enmity between us and the owls come about?'

Ciraṃjīvin: 'It all started because of a stupid comment!

Long did he graze non-stop in the cornfields;
Many a summer day he spent grazing
The fields of corn wearing a leopard's skin;
But due to a stupid comment he made,
the foolish ass was killed.' [33]

Meghavarṇa asked: 'How did that happen?'
Ciraṃjīvin narrated this story:

STORY 1

The Ass in a Leopard's Skin

Once there was an ass belonging to a certain washerman. Worn out by carrying heavy loads of clothes, the ass had become emaciated. The washerman, hoping to fatten up the ass, covered him in a leopard's skin and turned him loose at night in the cornfield belonging to some man. The ass began to eat the corn at will, and, thinking that it was a leopard, no one dared to go near him to keep him away from the corn.

One day a farmer who was out keeping watch over his field happened to see the ass. Thinking, 'It's a leopard! I am as good as dead!', the farmer covered his body with his grey blanket and, crouching low and holding the bow with his upraised hand, began to stealthily slip away. The ass, who had become plump and had recovered his strength, seeing the farmer from a distance, mistook him for a she-ass and, since his end was near, started to run after her at full speed. The farmer, for his part, ran even faster. The ass then began to think: 'Seeing me covered in a leopard's skin, maybe she does not recognize me for who I am. So I will take back my own identity and captivate her heart with my braying.' With this idea in his head, the ass began to bray.

When the man who was guarding the fields heard that, he recognized from the braying that it was an ass. He turned around and killed the ass with an arrow.

(End of Story 1)

Ciraṃjīvin continued: 'Therefore I say:

Long did he graze non-stop in the cornfields;
. . . . . .

'In the same way, our enmity with the owls also came about as a result of a stupid comment.'

Meghavarṇa: 'How did that happen?'

Ciraṃjīvin narrated this story:

STORY 2

The Owl is Elected King of Birds

There was a time when birds did not have a king. So one day all the birds assembled and considered who should be consecrated the king of birds, and they decided to consecrate the owl as their king. They collected all the things required by the rules for a royal consecration. With parasol, chowry,* fans, throne, royal seat, linen garment, ritual diagrams, and the like, they started the rite of consecration.

As all this was going on, a crow happened to fly by and alighted there. When the birds saw him, they suspended the consecration, saying: 'It is imperative that we make him also a part of the assembly for the simple reason that this is an affair of state and it is of great significance for the whole world.' So they asked the guest: 'Friend, will you also give your approval for making the owl, the day-blind bird, our king?'

The crow replied: 'Why, where are all the other birds—the swans, the ducks, the ruddy geese, the curlews, the peacocks, the cuckoos, the pigeons, the pheasants? Have they all been wiped out that you would consecrate as king this ugly-looking owl? And further:

With that crooked beak and those squinty eyes,
With a look that is unpleasant and cruel,
His face looks dreadful when he's not enraged;
God knows what he'll do when he's in a rage! [34]

Vicious by nature, cruel to an extreme;
He is mean, and unpleasant is his speech;

How can you expect to get protection,
if you crown this owl king? [35]

'This fellow here inflames every direction he casts his eye on, and he is not even able to bluff.* For it is said:

At least by bluffing, a powerless king
can achieve success;
The hares, using the Hare-marked* as a bluff,
lived at ease in peace.' [36]

The birds asked him: 'How did that happen?'
The crow narrated this story:

Sub-Story 2.1: The Hare Bluffs the Elephant

Once upon a time there occurred a twelve-year drought that dried up all the waterholes, ponds, pools, and lakes. Oppressed by thirst, all the animals were in dire straits, especially the elephants.

Now, there was a king of elephants named Caturdanta, the Four-tusked. The other elephants pleaded with him: 'Our young ones, Your Majesty, are tormented by thirst. Some are near death; others have already died. Please think of some plan to alleviate their thirst.'

The elephant king then dispatched swift runners to the eight directions to scout for water. One of them came back and announced: 'Not too far from here, Your Majesty, there is a lake called Candrasaras, the Moon-lake, as large as an entire section of the sky and full of clear water.'

The elephant king was very happy and, taking all his elephants along, arrived quickly at the lake. The banks on all sides of the lake were steep and difficult to get across, and hares had made their burrows in them. As the elephants clambered down the banks, many of the hares had their heads and necks crushed.

Once the elephant herd had quenched their thirst, bathed their bodies, and left, the hares that had escaped the massacre held a planning session. The king of hares named Śilīmukha, the Pointed-face, opened the discussion: 'What are we to do now? Our clan has been decimated. Now that they know the way, they are sure to come back. So we must think of some way to prevent them from returning to this place.'

There was among them a very experienced hare named Vijaya, the Victor. He said to them: 'I can do it. I will see to it that they do not come back here. That's my promise. But do me this one favour. Provide me with someone who can bear witness to what I do.'

When Śilīmukha heard that, he said in great joy: 'My friend, I am sure you will do it. And the reason is this:

He has mastered the books on polity;
He knows the right course for each time and place;
when Victor is put in charge,
complete success is assured. [37]

Speaking what's good, speaking in measured words,
Speaking in Sanskrit, not speaking a lot,
Speaking after examining the facts—
He's a speaker who completes every task. [38]

'When they find out how intelligent you are, the elephants will recognize my triple power* even though I am far away. The reason is this:

Even though I have never seen the king,
I know whether he's a sage or a fool,
When I see his letter or his envoy. [39]

For an envoy can build an alliance;
So also can he split allies apart;
It's envoys that perform the tasks by which
people achieve success. [40]

'When you go there, it is as if I have gone there myself. And the reason is this:

You would speak what is befitting and apt,
whatever you think is right;
You would speak what has been agreed upon;
all of that is my own words. [41]

Words limited to the purpose at hand,
Skill at stating succinctly his object,
Enough to effect the desired result—
That, in short, is the task of an envoy.' [42]

After this, Vijaya bade farewell to the hare king and went to meet the king of elephants. When he arrived there and saw the elephant king, he thought to himself: 'Small-bodied people like us do not have the capacity to come face to face with one like this. For they say:

An elephant can kill with a mere touch;
A serpent can kill even as it smells;
Kings likewise will kill even as they smile;
Evil men will kill even as they praise. [43]

'So I will climb to the top of this hill and address the elephant king from there.' He climbed the hill and opened the conversation: 'Hello there! How are you? Are you all right?'

When the elephant king heard these words he looked around and, seeing the hare, said to him: 'Who are you? Where have you come from?'

The hare: 'I am an envoy sent by the Lord Moon.'

The leader of the herd: 'State your business.'

The hare: 'I am sure you know, sir, that you cannot blame an envoy when he is reporting the message faithfully, for, without exception, all kings speak through their envoys. As it is said:

Envoys never speak what's not in their briefs,
even when swords are drawn;
They only repeat what they have been told—
kings must not kill envoys. [44]

'I have been commanded by the Moon to tell you this: "How is it that, without weighing the difference between you and your adversary, you have charged ahead and caused injury to your adversary? For it is said:

When, without weighing the relative strengths
And weaknesses of yourself and your foes,
You go rushing rashly into action,
you're courting disaster! [45]

' "In violation of the rules, you have desecrated the Moon-lake renowned for bearing my name. And there you killed the hares who are under my protection. That is not right. They deserve my personal support. It is because I bear them on my breast that I am

known around the world as 'Hare-marked'. If you fail to put an end to this misguided activity of yours, then you will get something very nasty from me. If you do put an end to it, however, you will receive a great boon—your body will be refreshed by our light. If you do not, then we will withhold our light from you. As a result your body will be scorched by the heat and you and your followers will perish immediately.'' '*

When the elephant king heard these words of the envoy, his heart began to palpitate with fear, and he said to Vijaya: 'It is true, my friend. I acted wrongly out of ignorance. From now on I will never do anything unfriendly towards the Moon.'

Vijaya said to him: 'The King lives in that very lake. Why don't you come there alone so I can show him to you? You can then pay homage to him and placate him before going away.' He then took the elephant to the Moon-lake at night. There he showed the elephant the full moon reflected in the water.

The elephant king for his part, thinking that he should pay homage to the deity after purifying himself well, dipped his trunk into the water, stretching the trunk out to about twice the distance reached by the outstretched arms of a man. The disc of the moon, fluttering in the agitated water, immediately started to dart this way and that, as if it were fixed on a wheel. As a result the elephant began to see a thousand moons.

Then, feigning alarm, Vijaya turned his face away and said: 'O my god! You have made the Moon twice as angry as before!'

The elephant: 'Why is the Lord Moon angry with me?'

Vijaya: 'Because you touched this water.'

When he heard that, the elephant, with his tail between his legs, withdrew his trunk from the water, fell to his knees, bowed his head to the ground, paid obeisance to the Lord Moon, and said: 'Your Majesty, I did this out of ignorance. Please forgive me. I will never come back here.'

After saying that and without ever looking back, he went away by the same way he came, never to return.

(End of Story 2.1)

The crow continued: 'Therefore I say:

At least by bluffing a king without power

. . . . . .

'And what's more, this mean and wicked owl does not have the ability to protect his subjects. For it is said:

> How can litigants find satisfaction,
> By appealing to a king who is vile?
> Both litigants are bound to end up dead,
> like the hare and partridge.' [46]

The birds asked: 'How did that happen?'

The crow narrated this story:

Sub-Story 2.2: Partridge and Hare Take their Case to the Cat

Once upon a time I lived in a certain tree. In a hole under that same tree lived a bird named Kapiñjala, the Partridge. As time passed and since we lived so close by, we became firm friends. Every day early in the evening, after we had taken our meals and finished our excursions, we used to spend the time together reciting proverbs and posing questions and counter-questions.

One day Kapiñjala failed to turn up at our normal time of conversation, even though it was evening. That made my heart extremely anxious and I wondered: 'Now, why has he not come back? Is it because he has been killed or captured? Or has he found some other residence more to his liking?' As I was thinking in this manner, many days passed by.

Soon thereafter a hare named Dīrghakarṇa, the Long-eared, came there and occupied the hole in which Kapiñjala used to live. Seeing the hare, I thought to myself: 'My friend is nowhere to be found. So why should I bother about his residence?'

The hare hadn't been there too long before Kapiñjala returned. Seeing the hare occupying his hole, he said: 'Hey, this is my place! Get out of here at once.'

The hare: 'You fool! Don't you know the rule: the one who is there has the right to enjoy both house and food.'

Kapiñjala: 'There are people who can arbitrate such issues. Let us ask them what is proper. For it is stated in the codes of law:

> In cases relating to reservoirs,
> Wells and ponds, houses and lodges as well,
> The outcome rests on what the neighbours say—
> that's the view of Manu.'* [47]

'By all means,' agreed the hare. And the two of them set out to file their lawsuit. I was curious as to how the case would be settled and followed them close behind. They hadn't gone too far before Kapiñjala asked the hare: 'But who will hear our case?'

The hare replied: 'What about that old cat named Dadhikarṇa, the Curd-ears, who lives on the bank of the river devoted to austerities? He shows compassion to all animals and knows the codes of law well. He will be able to settle our case.'

When he heard that, Kapiñjala said: 'I don't want anything to do with that vile fellow. For it is said:

In one who puts on a hermit's disguise,
never place your trust;
We see many hermits at holy sites,
baring throats and teeth.'* [48]

Now the cat, Dadhikarṇa, had assumed that fake appearance to gain an easy living. When he heard Kapiñjala's words, he wanted to win the bird's confidence. So with renewed vigour he began to gaze at the sun standing on two feet with his arms raised above his head.* With one eye closed, he remained like this reciting silent prayers. Seeing him praying like that kindled their trust in him. They crept towards him softly and told him of their dispute regarding the dwelling place: 'O hermit! O teacher of the law! We have a dispute. Please settle this dispute of ours in accordance with the codes of law.'

The cat replied: 'I am old and my hearing is weak. I cannot hear too well from afar. Please come near and speak aloud.'

So the two came nearer and spoke to him. Dadhikarṇa then, wanting to inspire confidence in them so as to draw them closer, recited these verses from the law codes:

Break the Law, and it will break you apart;
Keep the Law, and the Law will keep you safe.
Therefore, a man should never break the Law,
Lest the Law, broken, will break him apart.* [49]

The Law is the one friend who follows you,
even after you die;
Along with your body everything else
is completely destroyed.* [50]

When we offer animal oblations,
into blind darkness we sink;
There has been no Law, there shall never be,
higher than non-injury. [51]

The wives of others like his own mother,
What belongs to others like clods of earth,
And all the creatures on earth like himself—
The man who sees this way, he truly sees. [52]

To make a long story short, through this sort of false piety he won their confidence to such a degree that they came right up to him. Then in one fell swoop that vile cat got hold of them both and killed them.

(End of Story 2.2)

The crow continued: 'Therefore, I say:

How can litigants find satisfaction,
. . . . . .

'So, clearly, this vile owl is not at all suitable to be king.'

When they heard what the crow had to say, the birds thought, 'What he says is right,' and announced: 'We will hold another assembly to decide this important affair of state.' Then all the birds dispersed to the places from where they had come. The owl alone remained, seated on the royal seat waiting to be consecrated and thinking, 'Who is it that said these things to harm me?' Learning that it was the crow, the owl was furious at what he had said and told the crow: 'What wrong have I done to you that you should thwart my consecration?

Struck by an arrow or cut by an axe,
Even when a forest fire burns it up,
a tree mends itself;
But a wound that is caused by cutting words
can never be healed. [53]

'Why say more? From this day forward, there will be enmity between your kind and mine.' After saying this, the owl in anger returned to where he had come from.

The crow was then overcome with fear and thought to himself: 'Now, why did I do this stupid thing in a matter of common interest? And this says it well:

Words not germane to the time and the place,
Unsuited to a future turn of events,
Unfriendly and degrading to yourself—
When you utter such words without due cause,
They are not words, they are poison indeed. [54]

For a wise man, however strong he is,
Should never on his own cause his rival
to be his enemy;
What prudent man will consume a poison,
Thinking that he has a doctor at hand? [55]

'It is clear that all this happened because of my stupidity. This sort of thing results when a man acts without first consulting with people who have his welfare at heart. For it is said:

The wise man who, before he ever acts,
Consults repeatedly with trusted friends,
And himself considers the proper course—
In him alone reside fortune and fame.' [56]

Then the crow also left that place.

(End of Story 2)

Ciraṃjīvin continued: 'That, Your Majesty, is how our enmity with the owls started, all because of something that was said.'

Meghavarṇa: 'I understand how it happened. But, father, right now you must think hard and devise a plan to prevent the owls from coming here to destroy us.'

Ciraṃjīvin: 'My lord, there are six principles of sound policy: peace, war, lying in wait, marching forward, seeking asylum, and dual policy.* Of these, I have already talked about peace and war. Lying in wait, marching forward, seeking asylum, and dual policy, on the other hand, will lead to our undoing in the present circumstances. And the reason is this. Since we are facing a stronger opponent, lying in wait will lead to the destruction of our fortress and of ourselves; and marching forward will entail the abandonment of our fortress. Who is the powerful individual with

whom we can seek asylum, and on whom can we practise dual policy? Given this state of affairs, therefore, the circumstances are not right to employ the four types of strategy: making peace, bribery, sowing discord, and armed conflict.* There is, however, a fifth type of strategy not mentioned by the authors of authoritative texts, and it is called deceit. I am in favour of that, and that is what I will employ to conquer the owls and to bring them to their knees. For it is said:

> Many weak rivals engaged in a feud
> Have been able to trick their foes by wit,
> like the Brahmin who was tricked
> into giving up his goat.' [57]

Meghavarṇa asked: 'How did that happen?'
Ciraṃjīvin narrated this story:

STORY 3

How the Rogues Tricked the Brahmin

Once a Brahmin, after procuring a goat for an animal sacrifice from another village, was returning home carrying the animal on his shoulders, when along the way a group of rogues happened to see him. They set their hearts on getting the Brahmin to part with his goat and came up with this plan.

The rogues first divided themselves into three groups of one, two, and three persons. They then went ahead of the Brahmin and walked back along the road so they would encounter him. The rogue who was at the very front said to the Brahmin: 'Why on earth are you carrying this dog on your shoulders? Perhaps it is good at hunting animals!'* After saying this he continued on his way. The Brahmin thought to himself: 'What does that rascal mean? How can I be carrying a dog on my shoulders?'

When the next group of two rogues met him, they too said to him: 'Brahmin, why are you doing this unseemly thing? You have a sacred cord, a rosary, a water pot, and the triple mark of Śiva on your forehead, and you are carrying a dog on your shoulders! Perhaps it is good at hunting rabbits, deer, and boars!' After saying this the two continued on their way.

The Brahmin now became curious. He put the goat down on the ground, examined closely the individual parts of its body, such as ears, horns, genitals, and tail, and thought to himself: 'They are idiots! How can they think that this is a dog?' He put the goat back on his shoulders and went on his way.

Then the other three rogues said to the Brahmin: 'Don't even touch us! Walk on that side of the road, Brahmin. Why? Because your purity is only in the emblems you carry; you must be a hunter, since you are carrying a dog.' After saying this they too continued on their way.

The Brahmin then thought to himself: 'Have I gone blind? And yet, the testimony of the majority is authoritative, and uncanny things do occur in this world. Perhaps this is an ogre in the form of a dog. An ogre has the ability, after all, to assume the form of a dog.' After reflecting in this manner, he got rid of the goat, took a bath,* and went home. The rogues took the goat and ate it.

(End of Story 3)

Ciraṃjīvin continued: 'Therefore, I say:

Many weak rivals engaged in a feud

. . . . .

'There is something I have to tell you, Your Majesty. Consider it carefully and do as I tell you.'

Meghavarṇa: 'Father, what is it?'

Ciraṃjīvin: 'Your Majesty, this is what you should do. Pluck out my feathers, berate me in the harshest possible words, smear me with blood from the crows that have already been killed, throw me down at the foot of this very banyan tree, and go to the Ṝṣyamūka ('the Antelope's silence') mountain. You should remain there with your followers until I return to you after I have accomplished what I set out to do by dispatching our enemies to their death using the strategy set forth in the authoritative texts. And you should not feel sorry for me in the least bit.'

After all that had been carried out and the sun had set, Arimardana accompanied by his warriors landed on that same banyan tree. But he did not see a single crow there. So he went to the top of the tree and thought: 'Where have those enemies of mine gone?'

Meanwhile Ciraṃjīvin, who was lying on the ground unseen by them, thought: 'If these enemies leave without noticing what has happened to me, then what would I have accomplished? For it is said:

> Not to get caught up in various tasks,
> That is the first sign of intelligence;
> To see what you've started through to its end,
> Is the second sign of intelligence. [58]

'It is better not to start something at all than to let it fail as soon as you have started it. So what I'll do is reveal myself by letting them hear my voice.'

After reflecting in this manner, Ciraṃjīvin uttered a very feeble cry. The owls that were close by heard it and, recognizing it to be a crow's cry, reported the matter to their lord. When he learned about it, Arimardana became curious. He flew down, ascertained the facts, and said to his ministers: 'Ask him who he is.'

The crow: 'I am Ciraṃjīvin.'

When he heard that, the owl king said in amazement: 'This is the foremost minister of the crow king, his most beloved! How did he end up in this condition?'

When he was questioned in this manner, Ciraṃjīvin replied: 'My Lord, listen to this. It so happened that, after Your Honour had caused a massacre of a sort and left, Meghavarṇa, seeing the warriors that had escaped the slaughter, became quite despondent and consulted with his ministers. To make a long story short, they were scheming to destroy you. At that point I said to Meghavarṇa: "The owls are powerful, and we are weak. So, without question, submitting to them alone will guarantee our welfare. For it is said:

> A weaker man should never start a fight
> With a stronger man even in his thought,
> if he cares for his well-being;
> A man will not be deprived of his wealth,
> if he behaves like a reed;
> But he will suffer total destruction,
> if he behaves like a moth".* [59]

Saying that I was siding with the enemy, the bird then impudently reduced me to the condition you find me in.'

When he heard this, Arimardana took counsel with his ministers who had been in the service of his father and grandfather: Raktākṣa, the Red-eyed; Krūrākṣa, the Cruel-eyed; Dīptākṣa, the Fiery-eyed; Vakranāsa, the Crooked-beaked; and Prākārakarṇa, the Rampart-ear. Arimardana asked Raktākṣa first: 'Given the circumstances, my friend, what should we do?'

Raktākṣa replied: 'What is there to think here? Kill him without a moment's thought. And here is the reason:

When a foe is weak, one should kill him off
before he gets to be strong;
Later, when he has gained courage and strength,
it'll be hard to subdue him. [60]

Besides, there is this well-known saying: "Fortune* curses the man who rejects her after she has come to him on her own." For it is said:

At the door of a man who is waiting,
opportunity knocks just once;
Once it's lost, it is difficult to find,
when you want to perform a task. [61]

So, once you kill this enemy, your kingdom will be rid of thorns.'*

After listening to these words of Raktākṣa, Arimardana asked Krūrākṣa: 'And you, my friend, what do you think?'

Krūrākṣa replied: 'This crow has come to you for protection, Your Majesty, and he should not be killed. And here is the reason:

As people come to them for asylum,
Crying piteously and struck by many blows,
Those cowardly and merciless men who
assail them in this world
Will go to Raurava and other hells. [62]

When you give shelter to a frightened man,
you will win a greater reward
Than by performing a horse sacrifice,*
with all its subsidiary acts.' [63]

After he had listened to that, Arimardana asked Dīptākṣa: 'And you, my friend, what do you think?'

Dīptākṣa replied: 'This much is certain, Your Majesty. One who comes seeking refuge should not be killed, even if he is an enemy.

When an enemy came seeking refuge,
The dove honoured him with the proper rites;
And even asked him to feast on his flesh—
so the story goes.* [64]

"The woman* who shrinks from me all the time
has hugged me today!
Thank you, my friend, steal whatever I have!" [65]

'But the thief replied:

"You have nothing, I see, I'd want to steal;
When you have something to steal I'll come back,
or if she won't hug you." ' [66]

Arimardana asked: 'How did that happen?'
Dīptākṣa narrated this story:

STORY 4

The Old Merchant and his Young Wife

There was once an eighty-year-old merchant who, because of his wealth, managed to marry a young wife. Here she was, in the prime of her youth and married to an old man; and the girl saw her youth as unrewarding as a painting on a canvas. Even though she slept on the same bed with him every night, she always turned away from him and remained motionless like a stick. In this manner she lived her life in great sadness.

One night a thief entered the house of that merchant. When his wife saw the thief, she became frightened. She turned around, threw her arms around her husband, and held him tight. When this happened the man thrilled with joy and excitement. The hairs on his body were standing on end as he thought: 'This is wonderful. This is unprecedented. Why has this happened to me?' He then looked around and, seeing the thief, thought to himself

again: 'For sure, she is hugging me because she is afraid of the thief.' When he realized this, he said to the thief:

'The woman who shrinks from me all the time
. . . . . '

The thief, for his part, said to him out of friendship:

'You have nothing, I see, I'd want to steal;
. . . . . '

(End of Story 4)

Dīptākṣa continued: 'In the above example the man showed concern for the welfare of even a thief, an evil-doer who robs other people's property. How much more should one do so, then, for a man who comes seeking asylum? Besides, since they have treated him with contempt, he is sure to work for our benefit and for their destruction; or at least he will reveal their weak points. Given all that, he should not be killed.'

After he had listened to that, Arimardana asked Vakranāsa, another of his ministers: 'This being the situation, my friend, what should we do now?'

Vakranāsa replied: 'Your Majesty, he should not be killed, because:

When they are bickering with each other,
even foes can be of use;
His life was spared on account of the thief,
And, due to the ogre, his pair of cows.' [67]

Arimardana asked: 'How did that happen?'

Vakranāsa narrated this story:

STORY 5

The Thief, the Ogre, and the Brahmin

There was once a poor Brahmin who received a pair of cows as a gift. From the time they were young, the cows had been brought up on ghee, oil, salt, fodder, and other wholesome foods; so they were nice and plump.

One day a certain thief happened to see those cows and said to himself: 'This very day I am going to steal these cows.' So early that evening he started out, and as he was walking he felt someone he hadn't noticed tap him on his back. The thief got frightened and asked: 'Who are you?'

The other told him the truth: 'I am a night-crawler, a Brahmin-ogre.* Now you tell me. Who are you?'

He replied: 'I am a thief.'

The ogre asked again: 'Where are you going?'

The thief: 'I am trying to steal a pair of cows from a Brahmin. And where are you going?'

Reassured by this information, the Brahmin-ogre replied: 'I am on my way to seize that same Brahmin.'

So the two of them went near the Brahmin's house and remained in a secluded spot biding their time. Once the Brahmin had fallen fast asleep, the Brahmin-ogre started creeping forward first to seize the Brahmin. The thief objected: 'That's not right. You can seize him after I have stolen the pair of cows.'

The ogre: 'That's not right either. He may perhaps wake up at the sound of the cows. Then my coming here would have been in vain.'

The thief: 'If, when you are grabbing him, he were to scream and get up, then all the people around would also get up, and I would not be able to steal the pair of cows. So, let me first steal the cows. After that you can eat the Brahmin.'

As they were arguing in this manner, they got angry with each other. While each was fighting to be the first, the Brahmin woke up. The thief immediately told the Brahmin: 'This is a Brahmin-ogre, and he is trying to seize you.' And the Brahmin-ogre told the Brahmin: 'This is a thief, and he is trying to steal your pair of cows.' Hearing that, the Brahmin got up and with great presence of mind saved himself from the ogre by meditating on the mantra of his guardian deity and saved the cows from the thief by brandishing his club. Thereupon, both the ogre and the thief ran away.

(End of Story 5)

Vakranāsa continued: 'Therefore, I say:

When they are bickering with each other,

. . . . . .

'Besides,

The noble Śibi, a man of virtue,
so the story goes,
Gave his flesh to a falcon, as you know,
to protect a dove.* [68]

'Therefore, you too ought not to kill a person who has sought shelter with you.'

Arimardana then asked Prākārakarṇa, who also gave him the same advice. Then Raktākṣa got up once more and said with a suppressed laugh: 'With your bad advice, alas, you are leading this lord of ours to ruin. For it is said:

Even when he's hurt before his own eyes,
A fool becomes appeased by soothing words;
The carpenter carried upon his head
his wife and her paramour.' [69]

The ministers asked him: 'How did that happen?'

Raktākṣa narrated this story:

STORY 6

How the Unfaithful Wife Tricked her Foolish Husband

In a certain town there once lived a carpenter who loved his wife very much. But she was unfaithful, and his friends and relatives had apprised him of this. So one day, with the intention of finding out the truth, the carpenter said to his wife: 'My darling, a royal pavilion has been commissioned in a distant village. I must go there tomorrow. I'll have to spend a few days there. So, prepare me some suitable provisions for the journey.'

She gladly prepared the provisions exactly as she was instructed. After this was done, he gathered his tools and his provisions for the journey and early in the morning while it was still dark said to her: 'I am going, my dear. Lock the door.' The carpenter, however, returned without being noticed, entered his house by a back door, and hid himself under his own bed together with his apprentice.

The woman, for her part, was extremely happy, thinking: 'Today I can get together with my lover without any hindrance.'

She then got her go-between to summon her lover, and right in her house the two started to enjoy themselves, eating, drinking, and making merry, without any fear. Before they could engage in sex, however, she happened somehow to touch the carpenter's knee as she was swinging her legs. She realized immediately: 'This must be the carpenter without a doubt. So what am I to do?'

Right at that moment her lover asked her for her word of honour: 'Tell me, my dear. Whom do you love more? Me or your husband?' The quick-witted woman that she was, she replied: 'What a stupid question! Women, after all, have loose morals and do all sorts of reckless things. Why say more—if they didn't have noses, they would doubtless even eat shit. That's the long and the short of it. But if I were to hear that even the slightest harm had come to my husband, I would end my life then and there.'

Deceived by the disingenuous words of that lecherous woman, the carpenter said to his apprentice: 'Long live my darling wife! Long live my devoted wife! I will praise her before all the people!' So saying, he lifted the bed on his head while his wife and her lover were still lying on it and ran along the main and side streets. And the people laughed at him.

(End of Story 6)

Raktākṣa continued: 'Therefore I say:

Even when he's hurt before his own eyes,

. . . . . .

'We have been uprooted completely! We have been destroyed! And what this says is clearly true:

Those who depart from the right policy,
and conform to its reverse,
The wise should regard them as enemies
in the guise of ministers. [70]

When they get themselves foolish ministers,
And ignore what the time and place require,
Even good people are surely destroyed,
like darkness at sunrise.' [71]

Nevertheless, without paying any heed to Raktākṣa's words, Arimardana lifted Ciraṃjīvin and started to carry him to his

fortress. Then, to further inspire confidence, Ciraṃjīvin said to him: 'Your Majesty, what is the use of taking me along? In this condition I am good for nothing. In my present plight, life itself is of little use to me. So make a fire for me and I will throw myself into it.'

Raktākṣa understood Ciraṃjīvin's facial expression that betrayed his true inner purpose and asked: 'Why do you want to throw yourself into the fire?'

Ciraṃjīvin: 'It was on account of you, after all, that I have been reduced to this plight. So, by the power acquired through sacrificing my body in the fire, I want to take birth in the womb of an owl to take my revenge on the crows.'

Raktākṣa:

> 'This speech of yours is wine mixed with poison;
> Everything about it is delightful,
> But its true nature lies deeply hidden,
> Undetectable by outward changes.* [72]

You villain! You will never be able to be reborn in the womb of an owl. That is inconceivable. And here is the reason:

> Giving up the Sun, Rain, Wind, and Mountain,
> who sued to be her husband,
> The mouse-girl reverted to her own kind—
> For one's own nature is hard to transcend.' [73]

Ciraṃjīvin asked: 'How did that happen?'

Raktākṣa narrated this story:

STORY 7

The Mouse That Turned into a Girl

In a certain region there once lived a seer. One day he had just completed his bath in the Ganges and was about to perform the ritual sipping of water when a female baby mouse fell from the beak of a falcon into his hand.* When he saw the mouse, he placed her on a banyan leaf, bathed once more, performed his ritual sipping, did his penitential rites and the like, and set out towards his home.

On the way he remembered the mouse and thought: 'It was a cruel thing I did to abandon that mouse who had lost her father and mother. It is I who will incur the sin, because now I am her guardian.' After thinking in this manner, he returned and turned that mouse into a girl by the power of his austerities. He then took her home and gave her to his childless wife, telling her: 'Take this girl, my dear. You have got yourself a daughter. Look after her well.' The wife brought her up, doting on her.

In time the girl reached twelve and the seer turned his mind to getting her married: 'It wouldn't be proper for me to let her time pass by,* because it is I who will incur the sin. For it is said:

> Should a girl living in her father's house
> Attain puberty while she's unmarried,
> She can never be given in marriage,
> And her parents, it's said, become low-caste. [74]

'So I will give her in marriage to someone powerful and befitting her. For it is said:

> Marriage and friendship should only take place
> Between two of like wealth and family,
> Never between two of unequal means.' [75]

After reflecting in this manner, he summoned the Sun, the Lord of a Thousand Rays, and said to him: 'You are powerful. Marry this daughter of mine.' That blessed guardian of the world, who sees right in front of his eyes everything that happens, said to the seer: 'Your Honour, the rain clouds are more powerful than me. They cover me up and render me invisible.' 'That's very true,' replied the sage.

He then summoned the Rain Cloud and said to him: 'Take my daughter.' And he replied: 'The wind is even more powerful than me. It blows me here and there in all directions.'

So he summoned the Wind and said to him: 'Take my daughter.' When he was so requested, he too said: 'Your Honour, the mountains are more powerful than me, since I am not able to move them even an inch.'

Then he summoned a Mountain and said to him: 'Take my girl.' And he said: 'We are mountains, indeed. But mice are more powerful than us. They make hundreds of holes in us on every side.'

When he was told this, the sage summoned a mouse and said to him: 'Take my girl.' The mouse then said to him: 'That's quite impossible. How will she enter our hole?' 'That's true,' said the sage and by the power of his austerities turned the girl once again into a mouse. After doing that he handed her over to the mouse.

(End of Story 7)

Raktākṣa continued: 'Therefore, I say:

Giving up the Sun, Rain, Wind, and Mountain,
. . . . . .'

But without paying any heed to Raktākṣa's words, Arimardana carried Ciraṃjīvin and went to his fortress to bring destruction upon his clan.

As he was being carried, Ciraṃjīvin laughed to himself and thought:

'The one who said, seeking his lord's welfare,
''Kill him!''
He alone among all the ministers
Has mastered the science of polity. [76]

If they had listened to him, then my hopes would have been dashed.'

When Arimardana reached the entrance to his fortress, he said to his ministers: 'Prepare for Ciraṃjīvin whatever place he likes to occupy.' Ciraṃjīvin made his residence at the entrance to the fortress, thinking that when the time came it would be easy to escape from there. Every day the owls would go out, conquer the four corners of the earth* at will, eat their food, and at the command of their king bring a lot of meat and give it to Ciraṃjīvin.

In the meantime, Raktākṣa gathered his family members together and said to them: 'I foresee that before long this crow will cause the destruction of us all. So, it is not prudent for us to live together with these fools. Let us, therefore, go to another mountain cave and live there in peace.' After that Raktākṣa and his folks went to another place.

Within a very short time Ciraṃjīvin regained his strength and grew back his feathers, so that his body became as handsome as that of a peacock. By now he had learnt all about the strength and

valour of his enemies, the weak points of and approaches to their fortress, and the like, and he thought to himself:

'I have seen clearly their courage and strength,
and their fortress as well;
Now I must bring about without delay
The utter liquidation of my foes.' [77]

After thinking in this manner, he set out to bring about the destruction of the owls. First he filled the holes at the entrances to the fortress with cow-dung and then went quickly to Meghavarṇa. Meghavarṇa embraced him warmly and began to ask about everything that had happened to him. But Ciraṃjīvin interrupted: 'My Lord, this is not the time to describe what happened to me. There is no time to lose. Each of you should take a stick and go there; I will come with the fire. Let us go quickly and burn down the residence of our enemies with all of them inside.'

They carried out the plan to the letter. They put the sticks and the like into the holes filled with cow-dung and set fire to them. And in one fell swoop all their enemies were annihilated.

After he had burnt the cave right down to the nether world of serpents* and fulfilled all his fondest dreams, Ciraṃjīvin established Meghavarṇa as king on the same banyan tree, complete with all the elements of a kingdom,* and to the accompaniment of cries of victory that signalled good fortune, prosperity, and success. Meghavarṇa, with his enemies vanquished, immediately heaped every sort of honour on Ciraṃjīvin and said to him in great joy: 'Father, how did you spend your time while you were living with the enemy?

Far better for men of virtue to fall
into a blazing fire,
Than to live in the company of foes
even for a moment.' [78]

Ciraṃjīvin replied: 'Dear sir,

When danger threatens one must with sharp wit
Follow any path that leads to safety,
whether it's great or small;
Did Arjuna not decorate his arms,
Which resembled the trunks of elephants,

Which bore the marks of wounds caused by bowstrings,
Which were used to wielding mighty weapons,
like a woman with bracelets?* [79]

Though powerful, a wise man biding his time
Should live even with vile and evil men,
As hard to endure as a thunderbolt.
Did not mighty Bhīma, covered in soot,
His hands wearied by wielding heavy spoons,
Exhausted by work, mingle with the cooks,
in the palace of Matsya?* [80]

Plunged in misfortune and biding his time,
A wise man should do what he has to do
With all his heart, whether it's good or bad.
Did Arjuna not playfully put on
A jingling girdle, though his hands were used
To drawing the wide and quivering string
of his Gāṇḍīva* bow? [81]

In situations that Fate has ordained,
A wise man, though full of courage and strength,
Should hide his grandeur, if he wants success,
And bide his time, watching how things progress.
Did not the illustrious Yudhiṣṭhira,
Worshipped by his brothers, who resembled
Indra, Kubera, and the god of death,*
Carry for a long time the triple staff,*
when he was in dire straits? [82]

Adorned with beauty and noble descent,
Endowed with the finest of qualities,
were the two sons of Mādrī;
Yet they became servants of Virāṭa,
Employed in herding his horses and cows.* [83]

Was Draupadī, she who resembled Śrī,*
With unsurpassed beauty, the grace of youth,
born in a noble line,
By the power of fate, in the course of time,
Not reduced to grinding sandalwood paste,
In the residence of the Matsya king,
for a very long time,

As haughty damsels called her "servant girl!",
And insolently ordered her around?' [84]

Meghavarṇa: 'Living with enemies, I reckon, is like the vow of standing on the cutting edge of a sword.'

Ciraṃjīvin: 'Your Majesty, that is very true. Nevertheless,

When he's stripped of power, a wise man bears it;
Acting like a friend, hiding his feelings,
He bides his time, covering his weakness
with outward affection. [85]

'Why say more? I have never seen such a bunch of idiots. The only exception was Raktākṣa. He did indeed detect correctly what was in my heart. The others, however, were ministers only in name. What is the use of those who do not understand the following:

A servant who defects from the enemy,
Eager to live under his former foes,
Has this flaw—he brings constant anxiety;
it is like living with a snake. [86]

Such a flaw threatens total destruction,
Its danger persists even later on;
Like the danger to a silk-cotton tree
That comes from a dove who's eaten the seeds
of a bo or a banyan tree.* [87]

When they sit, when they sleep, and when they are
On the road, even when they eat and drink,
Enemies will attack their enemies,
If they are not careful about dangers,
Both what are seen and those that are unseen. [88]

Therefore, a man who's diligent and wise,
Should spare no effort to protect himself,
In whom abides the triple goal of life;*
For carelessness leads to the loss of life. [89]

'And what this says is clearly true:

Who is not threatened by policy flaws,
when he is badly advised?

And who is not tormented by disease,
when he eats unhealthy food?
Who is not puffed up by his good fortune?
Who is not struck down by death?
Who is not harassed by sensual pleasure
that women create for them? [90]

An arrogant man loses his respect;
A man who's insincere loses his friends;
A man who gives up rites, his family;
A man of great ambition, his virtue;
A libertine, the fruits of his learning;
A man who's a miser, his happiness;
But a king whose ministers are careless
loses his entire kingdom. [91]

A fire grows stronger in firewood that's dry;
Anguish in fools, anger in fickle men;
Lust in the handsome, learning in smart men;
Righteous conduct in compassionate men;
and bravery in great men. [92]

'Therefore, O King, what you said—enduring association with enemies is like the vow of standing on the cutting edge of a sword—that is very true. You are clearly a wise man. Nevertheless,

To carry out his task a wise man should
Carry on his back his own enemy,
Like the black cobra* who killed all the frogs
by carrying them on his back.' [93]

Meghavarṇa asked: 'How did that happen?'
Ciraṃjīvin narrated this story:

STORY 8

Frogs Go for a Ride on the Back of a Snake

There was once an old black cobra named Mandaviṣa, the Weak-venomed. One day he thought to himself: 'With the sort of livelihood I have, how can I find a comfortable living?' So he went to a lake teeming with frogs and lay there pretending to be dispirited.

As he was lying there, a certain frog who was in the water asked him: 'Uncle, why aren't you going around in search of food today, as you usually do?'

Mandaviṣa replied: 'How can I think of food, my friend, the unfortunate creature that I am? And here is the reason. Early last night as I was roaming around in search of food I saw a frog. I was getting ready to pounce on him when he saw me and, afraid for his life, ran into the middle of a group of Brahmins who were engaged in their vedic recitations. I could not figure out where he had gone. Then I bit the large toe of a certain Brahmin's son by mistake, because it looked like a frog. The boy died on the spot, and his father, tormented by grief, cursed me, saying: "You evil creature! You bit my innocent son. Because of this crime, you will be reduced to becoming a mount for frogs to ride on, and you will sustain your life through whatever the frogs may give you out of the kindness of their hearts." So I have come here to act as your mount.'

That frog told this to all the other frogs, and all of them, their hearts filled with joy, went and reported it to the frog king named Jālapāda, the Web-foot. The frog king, thinking that it was an exceedingly marvellous thing, came in great excitement together with all his ministers, jumped out of the lake, and gleefully climbed onto the snake's back. Some of the frogs who could not find a place on its back ran behind the snake. Mandaviṣa, to further his own ends, displayed numerous kinds of gait. No sooner had Jālapāda climbed on the snake than he exclaimed:

'Riding on elephants and chariots,
Horses, ships, and carriages drawn by men;
  to me they all pale,
In comparison to Mandaviṣa.' [94]

The next day Mandaviṣa pretended to be exhausted. So Jālapāda asked him: 'My friend, why are you carrying me so slowly today and not like you did before?'

Mandaviṣa: 'Your Majesty, I haven't had anything to eat, and because of that I don't have the energy today to carry you as I did before.'

Jālapāda: 'Eat these small frogs, my friend.'

Mandaviṣa: 'I would love to do it, but I am not allowed to eat unless Your Honour is kind enough to order me to do so. My life depends on you.'

Receiving Jālapāda's permission, the snake gradually began to eat the frogs at will and in just a few days recovered his strength. He became exceedingly happy and, laughing to himself, said:

'All this food, these frogs, I got by a trick;
How long will they last as I eat them up?' [95]

Hearing that, Jālapāda became suspicious and wondered what he was saying. So he asked Mandaviṣa: 'What did you say?' 'Nothing,' said Mandaviṣa, so as not to betray anything by his facial expression. But when he was pressed once again, he said: 'My Lord, this is what I said:

Let a creature never allow himself
To be scorched by the curse of a Brahmin;
Far better to be a rock or a tree,
Smashed asunder by a bolt of lightning.' [96]

As all this was going on, Jālapāda, his mind beguiled by the artful words, did not understand at all what was happening. To make a long story short, Mandaviṣa ate them all to the very last one, so much so that not even a seed of theirs survived.

(End of Story 8)

Ciraṃjīvin continued: 'Therefore, I say:

To carry out his task a wise man should
. . . . . .

So, O King, as Mandaviṣa killed the frogs, so have I killed all my enemies down to the very last one. And there is the saying:

A fire that flares up within a forest
burns the trees but spares the roots;
But a surge of water, though soft and cool,
tears up the trees roots and all.' [97]

Meghavarṇa: 'That's no doubt true. Besides,

This is the greatness of truly great men,
Who wear the ornaments of policy—

What they have started they do not give up,
even when the going gets tough. [98]

'In this way you have left not even a remnant of our enemies.' Ciraṃjīvin: 'That is true, Your Majesty. As it is said:

Remnant of a debt, remnant of a fire,
Remnant of a sickness, remnant of foes—
When he leaves them all without a remnant,
a wise man will not founder. [99]

'You are a fortunate person indeed, Your Majesty; everything anyone undertakes on your behalf succeeds. Besides,

When you unite the strong with the skilful,
The skilful with the quick and dynamic;
Both will moderate their expenditure,
and achieve prosperity. [100]

When someone is self-controlled, speaks the truth,
is wise and resolute;
Is there anything that's beyond his reach? [101]

He does not lose heart when troubles arise;
He is not thrilled when he achieves success;
He shows mercy, his anger he controls;
At the proper time he exerts himself;
His family scandals he hides with care;
And he's vigilant about his weak points—
fortune rests in the hand of such a man,
who acts like that with a disciplined mind. [102]

Who am I? What time and what place is this?
Who are my enemies and my allies?
What is my strength? And what means do I have
to carry out a good plan?
What good fortune is there in store for me?
Will my good fortune continue to hold?
How will I reply when they spurn my words?—
When good men focus their mind in this way,
Steadfastly on the success of their tasks,
they will never founder. [103]

'Therefore, valour alone will not bring you complete success in your highest tasks. And it is said:

For when you kill your enemies with swords,
they are not truly killed;
They are really killed when they're killed by wit;
then they'll not rise again;
A sword kills just the body of a man,
But wit destroys his race, power, and renown. [104]

An arrow that an archer shoots will kill
one man, or none at all;
A sharp mind unleashed by a gifted man
Will crush a kingdom along with its king. [105]

'When someone has both good luck and initiative, his undertakings succeed effortlessly, because—

When someone is a man of destiny,
His mind takes charge, his insight becomes strong,
as he begins his task;
Riches come to him of their own accord;
His plans don't go wrong, everything succeeds;
He achieves greatness—is that a surprise?
And he takes delight in praiseworthy tasks. [106]

'So it is clear that sovereignty belongs to a man who is generous, wise, and brave. For it is said:

When a man is generous, wise, and brave,
people will flock to him;
Those same people will become his subjects;
And wealth comes to a man who has subjects;
Fortune comes from wealth, and power from fortune;
and from power, sovereignty.' [107]

Meghavarṇa: 'Father, the science of government produces immediate results, for, acting in conformity with it, you gained entrance and wiped out the owl king Arimardana together with all his followers.'

Ciraṃjīvin: 'Your Majesty,

Even when you can achieve an object
merely by violent means,

It's good at first to seek an alliance;
One does not, surely, fell a mighty tree,
With its lofty crown, the jewel of the woods,
without worshipping it. [108]

'On the other hand, My Lord, what is the use of talk if in the end it does not lead to an opportunity for action? What this says is true:

Irresolute, afraid of exertion,
Seeking amusement in idle prattle,
In their results the words of such people
lead to disappointment,
The object of ridicule in the world. [109]

'Wise men should not be careless even in minor matters. And here is the reason:

''I can do it. It's just a little thing.
It's easily done. Why bother with it?''
So do some men, blinded by carelessness,
look upon their tasks;
But they will sample the bitter anguish
That's so common when calamity strikes. [110]

'So, today, with all his enemies vanquished, my lord will be able to sleep soundly just as before. For it is said:

When there are no snakes, or when they are killed,
one sleeps well in a house.
But when you've seen a snake and it escapes,
it's hard for one to sleep. [111]

How can people driven by ambition,
pride, and fierce energy
Find room for repose in their restless hearts,
Until they have completed their grand deeds
That require long and determined effort,
That demand the highest skill and prowess,
That carry the blessings of their loved ones,
And that will take them to whatever place
they have set their hearts upon? [112]

'Now that I have carried the task I undertook to its completion, my mind has in some ways found rest. And this is how:

Like the heart, freed from the fever of grief;
Like the body, light when the load is gone;
So's the mind, when it has crossed the ocean,
And fulfilled the vow regarding its foes. [113]

'Now that your kingdom has been rid of thorns,* you should devote yourself to protecting your subjects and long enjoy your kingdom, with your Royal Fortune, throne, and royal parasol* unshakeably established in your sons, grandsons, and subsequent heirs.

When a king does not delight his subjects,
With protection and other services;
His name is without meaning, like the teat
on the neck of a goat.* [114]

When a king loves virtue and abhors vice,
And finds delight in men of good conduct;
Long will he enjoy his Royal Fortune,
Marked with a firm immovable chowry,
And adorned with a bright white parasol. [115]

'Don't allow yourself to be deceived by the pride of Fortune, thinking that you have won the kingdom. The reason is simple; the power of a king is exceedingly unstable. Let me tell you how: Royal Fortune is like a reed; you fall down the moment you climb onto her. She is like quicksilver; you can't hold on to her however hard you try. However much you try to please her, in the end she walks out on you. She is like a monkey king; she is fickle, always changing her mind. She is like a bead of water on a lotus leaf, difficult to grab. She is unsteady, like the movement of the wind. She is unstable, like an alliance with low-born men. She is difficult to appease, like vipers. She glows for just a moment, like a streak of clouds in the twilight.* She is transitory by nature, like bubbles on water. She is ungrateful for what you do for her, like the natural disposition of the body. She vanishes the moment she is seen, like a ton of wealth acquired in a dream. Why say more?—

As soon as a man is consecrated
the king of his kingdom,
He must turn his attention to troubles
that threaten his kingdom.
At the time of a king's consecration,
Pots pour water along with misfortunes. [116]

'There certainly isn't anyone who is immune to misfortunes. For it is said:

Rāma's exile, the taming of Bali,
The life in the forest of Pāṇḍu's sons,
The annihilation of the Vṛṣṇis,
The loss of his kingdom by King Nala,
Viṣṇu as a dwarf, Arjuna being killed,
And what happened to the King of Laṅkā—*
It becomes clear when you think of all that,
Time* makes all these things happen to a man;
who can save him from it? [117]

He fought in heaven, the friend of Indra—
Where has Daśaratha gone?
He bound the shore around the great ocean—
Where has King Sagara gone?
Where is Vainya sprung from his father's palm?
Where is Manu, the one born from the sun?*
Has not Mighty Time that opened their eyes
now closed them for good? [118]

King, ministers, and beautiful damsels,
Parks and woods lamented by men of old—
All these have been crushed by the jaws of Death. [119]

Learning is the adornment of the mind;
Vice of folly, rut of an elephant;
Water of rivers, the moon of the night;
Focused attention of a firm resolve;
And good policy of a king's regime. [120]

Gladness is destroyed by disappointment;
Autumn time by the onset of winter;
Darkness by the sun, and a kind gesture
by ingratitude,

And sadness by a happy occurrence;
An adversity by sound policies;
And good fortune, however abundant,
by bad policies. [121]

'So, in every way bestowing the comfort of good counsel upon his subjects in accordance with sound policy, a king will enjoy the comforts of sovereignty.'

Here ends the third book entitled 'On War and Peace: The Story of the Crows and the Owls'.

BOOK IV

On Losing What You Have Gained

'We begin here the Fourth Book, named "On Losing What You Have Gained"'. This is its opening verse:

> When someone gives up something he has gained,
> fooled by soothing words,
> That fool is deceived just the same way as
> The foolish crocodile by the monkey.' [1]

The princes asked: 'How did that happen?'
Viṣṇuśarman narrated this story:

Once upon a time on a certain seashore there lived a king of monkeys named Valīvadanaka, the Wrinkle-face. He had become weak because of old age. This prompted another monkey in the full flush of youth, his heart burning with jealousy and impatient to replace Valīvadanaka, to start a quarrel and to drive him out of his herd. So now Valīvadanaka was spending his time in exile. On that same shore there was a fig tree named Madhugarbha, the Honey-filled. Valīvadanaka sustained himself by eating its fruits.

One day as he was eating the fruits one fig fell into the water, and as it fell it made a pleasant sound. When he heard that sound, the monkey, who was childish by nature, began to pick other figs and to throw them repeatedly into the water, thinking, 'I love the sound they make.' It so happened that one day a crocodile named Kṛśaka, the Scrawny, was passing under that tree. He began to catch those figs and to eat them to his heart's content. From that time onwards the crocodile remained in that spot so as to obtain the sweet food. Valīvadanaka struck up a close friendship with the crocodile, so much so that he even forgot about his exile from his herd. The crocodile also, his heart moved deeply by his intense love for the monkey, delayed his return to his own home.

Meanwhile, his wife, her heart aching because of his absence, lamented in the midst of her women friends: 'Where has my darling gone? What is he doing away from home? Is it because he

has fallen in love with someone? And look at the time; it's very late. He is neglecting himself by abandoning the triple goal of life.'*

Then one of her friends said to her: 'How can that husband of yours provide you with house and money when you don't even know what he is up to? I saw him with my very own eyes carrying on in secret with a monkey girl at a secluded spot along the seashore. He was showing great affection to her. Now that you know about it, do what you have to do without delay.'

When the crocodile's wife heard that, her heart was completely broken. She gave up all her housework, put on dirty clothes, smeared oil all over her body, lay down on her bed, and remained there tossing and turning restlessly while her friends stood around.

The crocodile then returned home extremely late, delayed by his affection for Valīvadanaka, and when he saw his wife in that condition he was greatly alarmed and asked: 'What has caused this sickness of hers?' Her female friends played dumb, and not one of them said a word. He continued to ask them persistently over and over again. Finally, one of the female friends who was like a second self to the crocodile's wife said with a display of deepest sadness: 'Sir, this sickness of hers is incurable. We expect her to die this very day. There is no cure for her.'

Hearing that, the crocodile was overwhelmed with grief and because of his great love for his wife said: 'If she can be cured even with my own life, then here is my life; use it to save her.'

His wife's friend said to him: 'There is only one remedy, my dear, for her sickness. If she can have the heart of a monkey, then she will live. Otherwise, we are sure to lose her. This is a secret known only to women.'

Then the crocodile thought to himself: 'Why did this awful thing have to happen to me? How will I be able to obtain a monkey's heart except from Valīvadanaka? But that would be a dastardly and immoral act. On the other hand:

Who is more important?
A wife or friend with the noblest virtues?
Between a wife and friend,
the wife comes first of course.[2]

Through her you win the three goals completely,
Through her you win friends, through her you win fame;
who will not honour her,
who contains all the worlds?' [3]

Perplexed as to what he should do, the crocodile reflected again:

'What an awful thing has happened to me!
For a woman's sake I am forced to kill
My one dear friend with noble qualities,
who has done so much for me!' [4]

Reflecting in this manner, he made his way very slowly and with great reluctance into the presence of Valīvadanaka. Seeing him come so slowly, the monkey asked: 'Why are you late today, my friend?'

The crocodile: 'My friend, I'll tell you what's bothering me. I am unable to be completely bonded with you. And here's the reason. All this time you have done nothing but shower favours on me. And yet I have not been able to return you any favour. Furthermore,

People win friends for their own selfish ends;
You, noble monkey, give unselfish love. [5]

'On the other hand, this saying fits you well:

To help someone who has never helped you;
To do kind things, to raise up those who fall;
To remember favours you have received—
That is the way noble men should behave.' [6]

The monkey: 'But here I am spending my time happily without distress even though I have been exiled from my people and my native land, all because I found you and became friends with you. Isn't that a favour beyond compare? And what this says is clearly true:

MITRA—
These two syllables of the word for "friend",*
Who is it that has created this gem?
A shelter against sorrow, grief, and fear,
a vessel of love and trust.' [7]

The crocodile:

> 'To meet your wife, to eat in your own house
> With no misgivings, to share your secrets,
> Is there any friendship greater than that? [8]

'But I have not taken you to my home, I have not introduced you to my wife, and I have not given you to eat from my plate.'

The monkey: 'Don't worry about that. That is the type of friendship that exists among common people. Besides,

> Showing their wives like actors on a stage,
> Feeding—that's futile, don't you feed the cows?
> That's what base people do.
> By their very nature, without effort,
> Good people do what is good for their friends.' [9]

The crocodile:

> 'If good men honour wise and virtuous men,
> is that a surprise?
> If, however, a low-born man does that,
> it's a miracle,
> Like the orb of the sun becoming cool! [10]

'Nevertheless,

> A friend or kin one should not overwhelm
> With excessive demonstrations of love;
> A cow with her horns drives away her calf
> that wants to drink too much. [11]

'So, my friend, there is a small favour I want to do for you in return. My house is located on the most beautiful island right in the middle of the ocean. On that island grow trees with fruits that taste like nectar, trees that are comparable to the celestial trees that grant every wish.* So climb on my back, and let's go to my place.'

The monkey was overjoyed to hear that and said: 'That's great, my friend. I'd love to do that. Take me there quickly.'

Then the crocodile, as he was swimming with the monkey—full of trust and courting disaster—on his back, thought to himself: 'What a terrible thing!

What one does for a woman in this world
Is both the worst and the most essential!
Here I am, committing and condemning
For a woman's sake this horrible deed. [12]

However,

You test gold by rubbing on a touchstone;
In trade, they say, men are put to the test;
An ox is tested by placing the yoke;
For women, however, there is no test. [13]

So, here I am, having to kill a friend for the sake of a woman.'

As he was muttering in this way, the monkey asked the crocodile: 'What are you saying?'

The crocodile replied: 'Nothing.'

The monkey then became suspicious by his reluctance to speak and thought to himself: 'The crocodile did not say anything when I asked him. What could be the reason for that? I will use my brains and pry out what he is trying to hide.' After reflecting in this manner, he pressed him once more.

Then the crocodile said: 'My wife is suffering from an incurable sickness. That is why I am disturbed.'

The monkey: 'Can't anything be done to cure her either through a doctor or through the prayers of an exorcist?'

The crocodile: 'I did consult them and their reply was that she will not live unless she gets a monkey's heart.'

When he heard that, the monkey thought that he was as good as dead, and he reflected: 'Alas, I am dead! In spite of my old age, I have not been able to subdue my senses, and I am now paying the price for it. What's more—

Even in the forest vices wax strong
for passionate men;
Even at home curbing the five senses
is austerity;*
For a man who has controlled his passions
And engages in no blameworthy acts,
his home is his penance grove.' [14]

Having reflected in this manner, he said to the crocodile: 'My friend, you have done something very silly. If that was the case,

why didn't you tell me so before we started? I left my heart behind when I came along. The right thing would have been for me to bring it along. For it is said:

> Righteousness, pleasure, and prosperity:
> A man who pursues these three goals of life,
> Should never come empty-handed to see
> Brahmin, woman, or king.'[15]

The crocodile: 'Where is your heart?'

The monkey: 'On that same fig tree. Surely everyone knows that monkeys always keep their hearts on trees. If you have any use for it, then let us return and come back with my heart.'

Hearing that, the crocodile joyfully turned around and returned to the shore. Then the monkey jumped off in great delight, climbed onto a branch of the fig tree, and remained there thinking: 'Thank God! I have saved my life.'

The crocodile addressed him from below: 'Pick up your heart, my friend, and come back quickly.'

The monkey laughed and said: 'I won't come back again. I know everything. I said what I did on purpose. Go away, you fool. How can a heart remain outside the body?

> You planned to kill me by a cunning plot;
> But I have answered with a counterplot;
> I have tricked you and saved myself from death.' [16]

When the crocodile found out what the monkey was up to, he said to him: 'Come, my friend; come back, even if you don't have the heart. I will find a remedy for her sickness using some other medicine.'

The monkey: 'You villain! I am not an ass.

> He came and went back, he went and came back;
> Then that fool without an ear or a heart
> was killed on the spot.' [17]

The crocodile asked: 'How did that happen?'

The monkey narrated this story:

STORY 1

The Ass without Ears or a Heart

Once upon a time in a certain forest there lived a lion. He had one servant, a jackal. One day the lion came down with a stomach ailment and became too sick to do anything. The jackal became extremely hungry and said to the lion: 'Your Majesty, how can we sustain our lives if we wait like this doing nothing?'

The lion: 'This sickness, my friend, can only be cured with a medicine consisting of the ears and heart of an ass. It can't be cured otherwise. So, you should try your very best to get me an ass.'

'As my lord commands,' replied the jackal.

With that the jackal left, and coming near a city he saw an ass belonging to a washerman and said: 'My friend, why are you so lean?'

The ass: 'I spend every day, my friend, carrying huge loads of clothes. And this wicked man does not even give me any food.'

The jackal: 'Why undergo this torture? I will take you to a place where you will think you are in heaven.'

The ass: 'Tell me. How could that be?'

The jackal: 'That stretch of woods is watered by a river and full of emerald-green grass. In it live three lovely she-asses in the prime of their youth the like of which you have never seen before. I think they have also run away because they were similarly distressed. I will take you to them.'

When he heard that, the ass said, 'By all means,' and agreed to the proposal. So the jackal brought the foolish ass to the lion. Seeing the ass within striking distance, the lion sprang upon him in great delight. But he was too weak and the ass managed somehow to escape. With a terrified heart, he turned around and fled without ever looking back.

Then the jackal said to the lion: 'Come now! Is that the best blow you can deliver? You can't even kill an ass that has been brought to you! How will you be able to defeat your rival?'

The lion: 'That is undoubtedly true. But do bring him back. This time I will kill him.'

The jackal: 'Be ready for him. Even though he has seen your prowess, I will bring him back by the power of my cunning. But

be sure that this time he does not run away like before.' With this he left laughing.

Then he went back to the ass and said: 'Why have you come back?'

The ass: 'An awful thing happened to me. I don't know what it was, but a creature as large as a mountain peak jumped on top of me. It was not my time to die; that's probably why I managed to escape from him.'

The jackal: 'You misunderstood! As it is said:

> Now, usually when people in this world
> Desire to obtain the three goals of life,
> Even non-existing impediments
> spontaneously rise up. [18]

It was a she-ass. When she saw you, she was overcome with extraordinary lust, and she jumped at you passionately to embrace you. And you were such a coward that you ran away. But she could not bear to remain without you. So, as you were running away, she put out her arm to stop you. There is no other explanation for this. Why don't you come back?'

When he heard that, the ass said to him: 'I will go along with you.' The jackal then brought him back once again. And this time the lion caught hold of him and killed him.

After he killed the ass, the lion said to the jackal: 'This, my friend, is the way medicines should be taken. One should take them only after performing the appropriate rites, such as the worship of the gods. It is only then that medicines become effective. So, why don't you remain here out of sight and keep watch until I come back after taking my bath and performing my daily rites?' With this he left.

Once the lion was gone, the jackal became very greedy and ate the ears and the heart of the ass himself thinking that it was a powerful medicine. After eating, he cleaned his mouth and paws well and remained there.

The lion returned after his bath, and as he was walking around the ass clockwise* he noticed that the ears and the heart were missing. So he asked the jackal: 'What happened here? Tell me, where are his ears and heart?'

The jackal: 'My lord, how can this fool have ears or a heart? Surely, if someone had ears and a heart, would he act like this?*—

He came and went back, he went and came back;
. . . . . .'

Thereupon, the lion remained silent.

(End of Story 1)

'Therefore, I said, "I am not an ass." So, go away. You can't trick me again.

You started it all with beguiling words;
But though well hidden I saw through it all,
Because there were flaws in your crafty plot;
And I went along with your learned scheme,
with eminent attributes;
But I bought myself time with artful words;
a peer has met his match! [19]

'And what this says is clearly true:

The very slips of the mind that we make,
Surely they serve to enlighten our minds;
Like a fine medicine they cure the minds
Of intelligent men who know the truth.' [20]

Then the crocodile, impressed with the sharpness of the monkey's mind, said this to Valīvadanaka:

'They proclaim their foolishness and extol
the wisdom of other men;
So whatever task they may undertake,
wise people will never fail.' [21]

After saying this, the crocodile, his hopes dashed, went back to his house.

Here ends the fourth book entitled 'On Losing
What You Have Gained'.

BOOK V

On Hasty Actions

'We begin here the Fifth Book, named "On Hasty Actions". This is its opening verse:

When a man comes under the sway of wrath,
without finding out the true facts,
He will ere long be parted from his friend,
like the Brahmin from the mongoose.' [1]

The princes asked: 'How did that happen?'
Viṣṇuśarman narrated this story.

Once upon a time in the eastern region there lived a Brahmin named Devaśarman from a distinguished lineage. He had a wife, a Brahmin woman named Yajñadattā. One day she found herself pregnant as a result of a former good deed.*

Seeing her in that condition, Devaśarman became extremely happy and thought: 'What a wonderful blessing I have been granted to obtain a child.' He said to his wife: 'My dear, you have attained your purpose. You will give birth to a son, and, with great expectations, I will perform for him all the sacramentary rites such as the rites of impregnation, birth, and naming.* He will be the one who will continue my lineage.'

When she was told all this, the wife replied: 'Who knows whether it will be a son or not? So, it is not good to speak like that when we have not seen what's going to happen. You should not get your hopes high too soon. For it is said:

One who wants to dream about future things,
Will lie flat on the ground covered in white,
like Somaśarman's dad.' [2]

Devaśarman asked her: 'How did that happen?'
Yajñadattā narrated this story:

STORY 1

Building Castles in the Air

There once lived a son of a Brahmin engaged in vedic studies. He used to take his daily meal in the house of a certain merchant. And on days when he did not dine there, he received from the merchant a measure of barley-meal. He used to bring it home, put it in a pot, and save it. In this manner after some considerable time the pot became filled with the barley-meal.

One day he hung the pot on a peg in the wall and lay down on the bed right underneath the pot. When he woke up from his siesta,* he began to think in this manner:

'The price of grain is very high, and barley-meal that is ready to be cooked must be even more expensive. I reckon I should have barley-meal worth twenty rupees. If I sell it, I'll be able to buy ten nanny goats at two rupees each. They will bear young in six months, and their young will likewise give birth. Within five years I will have as many as four hundred goats. People say that for four goats you can get one young cow that bears live calves, gives a lot of milk, and has all the best qualities. So, I think I will buy a hundred cows with those four hundred goats. And when they calve, some of the calves will turn out to be bulls. I will use them for farming and produce a lot of grain. I will sell that grain and get myself a lot of gold. I will then build myself a beautiful brick house surrounded by a wall. I will then have a great fortune, with a lot of male and female slaves and all types of household goods. Seeing my fortune, some very capable Brahmin is sure to give me his beautiful daughter. And in due course I will father through her a son who will continue my line. Strengthened by my merits, my son will be free from illness and live a long life. I will perform for him the birth ceremony and other sacramentary rites according to the rules, and give him the name "Somaśarma" (Moon-joy). My wife will be busy with housework at the time when the cows return home; the boy will be running around; she will be careless and fail to look after the boy properly. My heart being filled with love for my son, I will then take up a club and beat up my wife.'

As he was daydreaming in this manner, he swung his club and hit the pot. Shattered into a hundred pieces, the pot fell right on

his head and scattered the barley-meal all around. Then that Brahmin, his body turned all white by the powdery meal, felt as if he had awakened from a dream. He was greatly embarrassed and became the butt of jokes.

(End of Story 1)

'Therefore, I say:

One who wants to dream about future things

. . . . . .

You should worry about the task at hand. You can't paint a picture unless you have a canvas.'

When her time was complete, the wife gave birth to a son; and his body bore all the auspicious marks. Now, after the sacramentary rite* for the boy had been performed on the tenth day after birth, she left him in the care of his father and went to a nearby stream to wash her sullied clothes and to purify herself.

The Brahmin was so poor that he could not afford a servant and managed everything by himself. So he looked after the boy himself. Now that was the day of the moon's change* and there was to be a public reading of sacred texts. So the queen sent a female slave from the palace to summon the Brahmin for the occasion. When he received the summons, the Brahmin, who had suffered poverty all his life, thought to himself: 'If I do not go at once, someone else will get to perform the ancestral offering. But there is no one else to look after the boy. What am I to do?'

Given the circumstances, the Brahmin went, leaving his mongoose* to look after the boy. The Brahmin had raised that mongoose in the stall where he kept his sacred fires as if he were his own son, feeding him kernels of corn and the like.

Not long after the Brahmin had left, the mongoose saw a black cobra* coming out of its hole and making its way towards the boy. When he saw the snake, his eyes became bloodshot with anger, and his lips, teeth, and paws quivered vehemently. He sprang at once upon the snake and tore it to pieces. Then, seeing the Brahmin returning, he could not contain his joy and ran outside with bloody mouth and paws to show him what he had done.

Now, that Brahmin was prone to hasty action, and when he saw the mongoose with his mouth covered with blood, he thought:

'What? He has eaten my son!' and beat the mongoose to death with his stick. After killing him the Brahmin went into his house. Upon entering the house he found his son asleep as he had left him and near by the black cobra torn to pieces. When he saw that he began to beat his chest, lamenting: 'O I am undone! What a fool I am! Why did I do this terrible thing?'

Then his wife came back and saw the Brahmin crying, the mongoose killed, and the black cobra torn into a hundred pieces. Seeing all that, she asked the Brahmin: 'Brahmin, what is this? And how did it happen?' Then the Brahmin told her the whole story. And that prudent wife of his became very sad and said to him:

'No person should ever do anything
he has not properly seen,
nor properly understood;
he has not properly heard,
nor properly examined;
One should never do what the barber did.' [3]

The Brahmin asked: 'How did that happen?'
The wife narrated this story:

STORY 2

The Barber Who Killed the Monks

Once upon a time in a certain city there lived a man of merchant stock who had fallen on hard times. He had lost his money, kinsmen, and property and was reduced to grinding poverty. He used to live in a corner of a dilapidated house with his old nurse. This nurse, an old slave-woman, had brought him up from his childhood.

Early one evening he sighed long and ardently and began to think: 'What a life! How long is this poverty going to last? As he was brooding like that it became night and he fell asleep, and towards the end of the night he had this dream.

Three religious mendicants came and woke him up. They said to him: 'Tomorrow morning we will come back in this same form. And here is the reason. Your ancestors have laid aside three

treasure troves. When you club us to death, we will turn into gold coins, and you should show no mercy in this regard.'

He got up in the morning still thinking about that dream and said to his nurse: 'Mother, today you should remain pure, prepared for a solemn rite. Do the ritual cleansing of the house, including the application of cow-dung. We must feed three Brahmins to the best of our ability. And I will go and bring a barber.' When all this was done, the barber came to cut his beard and nails.

When the ritual cutting of the beard was finished, the figures he had seen in the dream came to the house. When he saw those ascetics, the merchant-class man did as he had been instructed, and they became piles of money. As he was taking the load of money indoors, the merchant gave the barber three hundred gold coins as a gratuity and to make him keep the secret.

Seeing all that, the barber, because of his lack of judgement, went home and thought to himself: 'I am also going to club three ascetics to death and turn them into three piles of money.' Then he took a club and waited in readiness. Soon three religious mendicants as a result of their previous actions came there to beg for food.* The barber bludgeoned them with the club and killed them. But he did not get a pile of money. Soon thereafter the barber was arrested by the officers of the king and impaled.

(End of Story 2)

'Therefore, I say:

No person should ever do anything

. . . . .

'So you see, you are also a fool just like the barber. Wise people, therefore, should do everything only after careful consideration.'

Here ends the fifth book entitled 'On Hasty Actions'.

APPENDIX I

Concordance of Stories

This concordance lists the stories as enumerated in this translation (column 1) and gives the parallel enumerations in four major versions (Edgerton's reconstruction, *Tantrākhyāyika*, Southern *Pañcatantra*, Pūrṇabhadra's version) and two translations of the *Pañcatantra*: PE = Edgerton 1924*a* and 1924*b*; TH = Hertel 1915; SH = Hertel 1906*b*; PH = Hertel 1908; PRa = Rajan 1993; PRy = Ryder 1956. The roman numerals refer to the numbers assigned to the stories in the respective editions, except PRa and PRy where page numbers are used.

	Story	PE	TH	SH	PH	PRa	PRy
I	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame
	1	1	1	1	1	15	25
	2	2	2	2	2	31	41
	3	3a	3a	3a	4a	46	58
	3.1	3a	3a	3a	4a	47	58
	3.1.1	3b	3b	3b	4b	50	61
	3.2	3c	3c	3c	4c	51	62
	4	4	4	4	5	62	74
	4.1	5	5	5	6	64	76
	5	6	6	6	7	69	81
	6	7	7	7	10	105	119
	7	8	9	8	13	120	134
	8	9	10	9	15	130	145
	8.1	10	11	10	16	132	147
	8.2	11	12	11	17	133	149
	9	12	14	13	25	164	183
	10	13	15	14	26	166	184
	10.1	14	16	15	27	169	188
	11	15	17	16	28	172	192
II	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame
	1	1	1	1	2	210	231
	1.2	2	2	2	3	213	234
	1.2.1	3	3	3	4	215	235
	2	4	5	4	9	256	279

III	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame
	1	1	1	1	IV.7	379	409
	2	2	2	2	1	280	304
	2.1	3	3	3	2	284	308
	2.2	4	4	4	3	290	315
	3	5	5	5	4	298	324
	4	6	[a]	6	9	314	341
	5	7	6	7	10	316	343
	6	8	8	8	12	321	348
	7	9	9	9	13	325	353
	8	10	10	10	16	340	368
IV	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame
	1	1	2	1	2	366	395
V	Frame	Frame	Frame	Frame	1	400	432
	1	1	1	1	7	419	453
	2	2	2	2	Frame	395	427

[a] This story is omitted in Hertel's (1915) edition, which follows the manuscript α, but it is found in the other manuscript β of the *Tantrākhyāyika*.

APPENDIX II

Stories in Other *Pañcatantra* Versions

This concordance lists stories found in different *Pañcatantra* versions but omitted in Edgerton's reconstruction on which the present translation is based.

	Story	TH	SH	PH	PRa	PRy
I	Merchant and sweeper			3	38	49
	Weaver as Viṣṇu			8	76	89
	Grateful beasts and thankless man			9	98	112
	Blue jackal	8		11	108	122
	Goose and owl			12	114	129
	Lion and carpenter			14	126	141
	A wife's illicit affair with a policeman and his son		12			
	Sparrow and elephant			18	137	153
	Goose and fowler	III.11		19	141	157
	Lion and ram			20	143	159
	Jackal outwits lion	13		21	147	164
	King and ascetic			22	157	174
	Girl who married a snake			23	159	177
	Indra's parrot and the god of death			24	162	179
	Tale of twin parrots			29	177	197
	Noble robber saves the lives of his victims			30a	178	198
	Faithful but foolish monkey kills the king			31b	182	203
II	Birds with two necks and one stomach			1	195	216
	The man who got what he deserved			5	226	235
	The weaver's options: to be generous or stingy	4		6	238	260
	The jackal waits for the bull's testicles to fall			7	242	264
	The mice who rescued the elephant			8	251	274

	Story	TH	SH	PH	PRa	PRy
III	The ants that killed the snake			5	300	326
	The snake who gave gold			6	305	331
	The inhospitable golden geese			7	306	333
	The dove who sacrificed himself			8	308	334
	The prince with a snake in his belly			11	319	346
	Story of King Śibi	7				
	The bird with golden droppings			14	331	359
	The talking cave			15	333	361
	Goose and fowler	11		I.19	141	157
	The Brahmin catches his wife's lover			17	342	370
IV	The punished onion-thief	1				
	The foolish frog invites a snake to his well			1	360	388
	The potter is mistaken for a warrior			3	370	400
	The baby jackal brought up by a lioness			4	372	401
	The Brahmin and his ungrateful wife			5	375	405
	Henpecked husbands			6	378	408
	The adulterous wife is tricked by her lover			8	382	412
	The monkey and the pesky sparrow			9	385	415
	The smart jackal gets elephant meat			10	387	418
	The dog that went abroad			11	391	421
V	The four treasure-seekers			2	402	434
	Foolish scholars bring a lion back to life			3	409	442
	Thousand-wit, Hundred-wit, and Single-wit			4	411	444
	The singing ass			5	413	446
	The weaver gets two extra hands and a head			6	416	449
	The ape with foresight			8	421	454
	The credulous ogre			9	427	462
	The three-breasted princess			10	430	465
	The Brahmin and the ogre			11	430	465

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EXPLANATORY NOTES

ABBREVIATIONS

Artha. Kauṭilya, *Arthaśāstra*; see Kangle 1960–5
Manu *Manusmṛti*; see Bühler 1886
Mbh. *Mahābhārata*
st. Story
v(v). verse(s)

PRELUDE

3 *Five Books*: the reference here is to the title of this work, *Pañcatantra*. On the meaning of this word, see Introd., p. xiii.

celestial tree: one of several treasures that emerged in the beginning of time when the gods churned the ocean of milk. Five such trees are mentioned in Indian mythology: Mandāra, Pārijāta, Santāna, Kalpa, and Haricandana. They are thought to grant every wish. The metaphor highlights the king's generosity.

His feet . . . kings: the image is of rival kings he has defeated in battle who touch the victor's feet with their crowned heads in obeisance.

Better not . . . time: according to Indian law and ethics relating to marriage, a husband is required to have sexual intercourse with his wife during the time when she is fertile, that is, soon after the conclusion of her menstrual period.

4 *texts on . . . erotics*: according the Brahmanical theology, there are broadly three spheres of human activity, often referred to as the three goals in life (Introd., p. x). Three specialized branches of learning with learned treatises developed around these goals: Dharmaśāstra (science of and treatises on religious, civil, and criminal law), Arthaśāstra (science of and treatises on government), and Kāmaśāstra (science of and treatises on erotics and the art of love-making).

field of government . . . money: there is a play on words here in the original Sanskrit, *artha* meaning political science as well as wealth. If you teach *arthaśāstra* (science of government) I will give you *arthamātra* (full measure of money). The term *mātra* can mean also 'merely'; so the phrase can also mean that the king can give merely

money in return for the far more valuable gift of the knowledge of political science.

BOOK I

5 *Allies*: the Sanskrit term *mitra* means friend. Within the technical vocabulary of ancient Indian works on government, however, the term refers specifically to a neighbouring king who is an ally, a meaning that is probably its original connotation derived from *mitram* 'contract'. In the present context, both meanings are applicable. See Introd., p. xxxviii.

diminish . . . mountain: Some translate *añjana* as collyrium (a black paste derived from a plant extract and used as a cosmetic and a medicine for the eyes), but I think that is a mistake. The metaphor here relates not to the gradual diminution of collyrium as it is being used by a woman but to the mythical dark mountain Añjana, a metaphor made clear in a verse from the *Hitopadeśa* (2. 10) that contrasts the gradual erosion of the Añjana mountain (see I, v. 119) to the gradual growth of an anthill.

6 *rites for the newly departed*: these generally consist of food offerings called *śrāddha*. They are normally offered during the first eleven days after death.

bull of Śiva: each Hindu god is associated with a special animal that serves as his mount. The mount of the god Śiva is the divine bull named Nandin.

7 *Circle Banyan*: the meaning of 'Circle' here is unclear. In the classical Indian political theory, the four circles refer to the kings and kingdoms that surround a particular king (see *Manu* 7. 154–6; *Artha.* 6. 2. 13–29). In this passage, however, this cannot be the meaning. *Manu* (7. 157) uses the term with another meaning and lists the five elements of a 'Circle' as minister, kingdom, fortress, treasury, and army. Our passage probably has in mind a similar set of important officials who constitute the circles around the king, providing him both counsel and protection. 'Circle Banyan' probably refers to the tree under which the lion king held his court. In village India, banyan trees, with their large canopies and aerial roots, provide natural shelters from sun and rain, shelters where people gather and wandering ascetics rest.

primary ruler: the term *sthānīya* appears to be used here in its technical meaning (especially in Sanskrit grammatical terminology) of the original or primary form, opposed to *ādeśa*, which is a substitute for the original. The meaning here is that the king rules

everywhere by his own native authority, whereas all other government officials exercise the authority delegated to them by the king.

ministerial stock: see Note on the Translation, p. xlvii.

8 *log of . . . machine*: Arjuna is the tree *Terminalia arjuna*, often called the White Murdah. Its wood is hard and heavy. The acacia (Khadira) is *Acacia catechu,* which is a very hard wood. The machine is probably some type of a mechanical hammer.

12 *Bṛhaspati*: the god of eloquence and wisdom and the preceptor of the gods. Many texts of law and government are ascribed to him.

A king . . . contains risks: in the original Sanskrit the comparisons in this prose passage and in the subsequent verse are made with double-entendre words. The double meaning of *chala*, translated here as trick/risk, is unclear.

13 *second circle*: comprises the king's immediate retinue, such as ministers; see p. 7 and note to p. 7.

eye-salve: see note to p. 5.

14 *hereditary servants*: an expression that probably has a meaning similar to 'ministerial stock' used earlier (see note to p. 7): see Note on the Translation, p. xlvii.

15 *In a place . . . the left*: this image has a double meaning. In India the left hand is considered impure and is reserved for certain uses, such as washing after toilet, whereas the right hand is used for 'pure' activities, such as eating. Not to discriminate between the two is the height of indecorum and incivility. Here the same image is used with reference to a king's inability to distinguish between good and bad people in his service.

To god Viṣṇu . . . form of a goat: Viṣṇu became incarnate as a giant boar in order to rescue the earth that had been taken down into the depths of the ocean by a demon. Skanda, the son of Śiva, is depicted as having a goat face while standing guard in the battlefield (*Mbh.* 3. 217. 3). The great seer is probably Ṛṣyaśṛṅga. His father emitted his semen near a lake, and a deer happened to swallow it while she was drinking the water. She gave birth to Ṛṣyaśṛṅga with a human body but the horns of a deer. Another seer by the name Kiṃdama is depicted in the *Mbh.* (1. 109) as assuming the guise of a deer. While he was having sex with his wife, who had turned into a doe, King Pāṇḍu shot them both. Kiṃdama cursed the king to die during intercourse with his wife.

16 *Eraṇḍa, Bhiṇḍa, Arka: Ricinus communis* (caster oil plant), *Abelmoschus esculentus*, and *Calotropis gigantea*, respectively. The point is that the wood of these trees, as well as reeds, is unsuitable by nature for carving.

18 *drum*: the Sanskrit word for drum, *bheri*, is a feminine noun, and so in the story the jackal is said to mistake it for a female animal.

At first . . . and wood: the general practice of the *Pañcatantra* is to cite the opening verse of a story also at the end, which signals the conclusion of the story. At the end, however, only the first words of the verse are cited. I give here the full verse, but in subsequent stories only the first line of the verse will be cited.

19 *People who have been first granted honours . . . possible way*: the passage appears to be a quotation from a treatise on government. For a similar list of people who may plot against a king, see *Artha.* 1. 14. 2–5.

20 *Though . . . at them*: it was a common belief in ancient India that sweet juices flow from the temples of elephants in rut. During this time elephants are also thought to be easily provoked. Bees gather around the temples of elephants eager to drink the sweet juices (see I, v. 111), a scene that is a common motif in Sanskrit literature.

22 *tucked within his robe*: the reference made later to the empty knot (see note to p. 23) on his robe indicates that he carried the money in a knot on the hem of his robe, a knot that would have been tucked into his waist-band.

withdrew . . . water: although left unstated, the reason why he left the money and went to get water must have been that he had to answer the call of nature. The purificatory rites referred to later consist of washing after toilet.

The jackal . . . between rams: this is the first line of the verse that opened Story 3. Likewise at the end of Sub-Story 3.1, the ascetic will repeat the second line.

tripod . . . toothbrush: these are the normal articles that a wandering ascetic would carry. The tripod is used to carry the water pot; when it is planted on the ground, the water pot hangs from the middle on a sling.

23 *empty knot . . . robe*: see above, note to p. 22.

26 *five root evils . . . bad policy*: the evils that can befall a king are dealt with in *Artha.* 8. 1–3.

external or internal constituents: the internal constituents of a kingdom are ruler, minister, etc., mentioned in the previous sentence. The external constituents are the twelve kingdoms in concentric circles that surround one's own kingdom. See *Artha.* 6. 1–2.

27 *black cobra*: *kṛṣṇasarpa* (lit. 'black snake'), the name of a particularly venomous type of Indian cobra.

32 *triple power*: a technical term of Indian political science. The three powers are counsel, might, and effort. Counsel consists in the power of knowledge; might, in the power of the treasury and the army; and effort, in the power of valour (see *Artha.* 6. 3. 33).

Fortune: the royal power personified as the goddess Śrī. The fickleness of Goddess Fortune is a recurring theme in these stories: see notes to pp. 59, 109. On Śrī and her fickle nature, see Hiltebeitel 1990, 143–91.

36 *three aims of life*: see note to p. 4; Introd., p. x.

38 *Brahmins . . . Śūdras*: these are the four classes of Indian society, roughly corresponding to priests, the aristocracy, commoners, and servants; see Introd., p. xxix.

wind, gall, and phlegm: these are the three basic humours of the body. Indian medicine believed that maintaining the proper balance between these humours was essential to maintaining good health.

triple spice: the three spices are black pepper, long pepper, and ginger.

40 *At every . . . strength*: the meaning of this terse verse appears to be something like this. One should consider what course of action is proper for a given time and place; sometimes it may be war, sometimes peace. In deciding on a proper course of action, moreover, one should consider how many allies and what sort of budget one has, and one's own position (in society, in the governmental apparatus, etc.) and relative strength, which includes the strength of one's armed forces.

god pours down rain: possibly a reference to the Indian god of rain, Parjanya or Indra.

idol: the reference here is to an image of a god in a temple, and obliquely to the king.

42 *lord of the earth . . . waters*: the lord of the earth is a king. The lord of the waters is the ocean, and the reference is to the perils of sea voyage.

White Mountain: the reference is to the snow-capped mountain peaks of the Himalayas.

42 *Dark Mountain*: the reference of the Sanskrit term Añjanagiri is unclear. It is clearly opposed to the white Himalayas. An Añjana mountain is mentioned in the *Mbh.* 2. 69. 13. It is also this mountain that is thought to become smaller gradually and is the object of the proverbial comparison at the beginning of this book: see p. 5 and note to p. 5.

43 *When we . . . joy*: other translators divide the words of the original differently. Edgerton's translation is illustrative: 'scoundrels, we all know, are death to good characters. Where, pray, can be found happiness in enjoyments without something to spoil?' But scoundrels destroying virtue is something you would expect, and the whole point of the examples in this and the following verse is to show that bad things come with the good. I think 'pleasures or enjoyments' (*bhogeṣu*) should go with the first phrase; the meaning being that when people go out to have a good time, they meet the type of people who will drag their virtue down. See the statement about bawds in the next verse.

Ketakī flowers: the flowers of the plant *Pandanus odoratissimus*, highly prized for their fragrance and beauty.

44 *As the sun . . . at sunset*: the poetic imagery sees the bee being trapped inside the lotus, which remains open during daylight and closes at sunset.

Flowing . . . the dice: there is a play of words here. In Sanskrit the temple of an elephant and the dice are both called *kaṭa*. So, both fools and bees come to their end in the *kaṭa*. On the temple juice of elephants, see note to p. 20.

52 *Far-sighted, Quick-witted, and Inevitable*: because these Sanskrit names are really not names but statements (rather long ones, at that) about the character of the individuals, I have given the English equivalents in the translation. The corresponding Sanskrit terms are Anāgatavidhātā, Pratyutpannamatiḥ, and Yadbhaviṣyaḥ. The first prepares for the future; the second has the wit to think of something when the occasion demands; while the third is a fatalist who thinks nothing can be done to prevent what will happen.

53 *summoned . . . demons*: the primordial battle between gods (*deva*) and demons (*asura*) is a central and recurring theme of ancient Indian mythology relating to cosmic origins. The victory of the gods created the present universe, a victory that is assigned to various powers and strategies in different Indian myths, in several of which Viṣṇu, here called by his name Nārāyaṇa, plays a central role.

54 *because . . . our beaks*: the meaning is somewhat unclear. It may be that the birds are unable to defend their nests because they have to be away a lot, since they have to carry their food a little at a time in their beaks. It may further imply that the birds are themselves small and weak, because they eat only a little.

55 *Palāśa trees in bloom*: these are medium-sized (20 to 40 foot high) trees commonly referred to as Flame of the Forest (*Butea frondosa*), also called Parrot Tree because of their back-curving petals. They lose all their leaves in December and January; but from January to March the leafless trees become completely covered with orange and vermilion flowers.

56 *Four . . . policy*: the four are given in the following verse and listed in Kullūka's commentary on *Manu.* 7. 159.

arrogance: the Sanskrit term, *puruṣakāra*, can also mean 'act of heroism', in which case the meaning would be that the fourth type of policy, that is, force, should be used only as a last resort.

Why . . . gone: the meaning of this phrase is unclear. It appears to be a rhetorical question directed at heroes who have fallen in battle and who have followed their leader into death.

57 *The book . . . undertaking*: the 'book' here is possibly a reference to the *Arthaśāstra.* The citation occurs in *Artha.* 1. 15. 42.

58 *You are . . . appearance*: Prajāpati is the ancient Indian creator god, later identified with Brahmā. The meaning of the passage appears to be that Damanaka's appearance (i.e. a minister) belies his true nature (i.e. a traitor).

59 *three aims of life*: see note to p. 4.

six . . . policy: they are peace, war, marching forward, lying in wait, seeking asylum, and dual policy. See III, p. 121; *Artha.* 7. 1. 2.

Their foes . . . Fortune: royal power is here imagined as the goddess Fortune (Śrī) and as the wife of the king: see notes to pp. 32 and 109. When an enemy defeats a king, he takes Fortune away from him and makes her his own wife; that is, he takes possession of the former king's kingdom and power.

Ketaka . . . Āmalaka: for Ketaka, see note to p. 42; Āmalaka is the fruit of the Emblic myrobalan.

If the foolish . . . thunderclouds: it was a general belief in ancient India that peacocks get excited when they hear thunder and the approaching rain. When a peacock spreads its tail in dance, it reveals its anus.

61 *Evil-minded, Simple-minded*: it is somewhat unclear whether these are intended as personal names revealing the character of those so named, a common practice in this text, or whether they are simply descriptive, i.e. an evil-minded person and a simple-minded person. *Abuddhi* (Simple-minded), literally means one who has no intelligence. There has been a controversy about the identity of Simple-minded, some identifying him with Dharmabuddhi, the Righteous-minded, in the body of the story. Edgerton (1920) had demonstrated convincingly that Simple-minded refers not to anyone in the story but to a hypothetical outsider. That is, better an idiot than a evil-minded man, and the story illustrates this. Dharmabuddhi does not appear in the verse.

62 *silver coins*: the Sanskrit term *dīnāra* refers to a particular coin (generally of gold although here it is said to be silver) with varying weights.

64 *Arjuna*: see note to p. 8.

the mongooses . . . snake: the natural enmity between the mongoose and snakes is a common belief in India; see the story of the mongoose and the snake in Book V.

Law Books: these are the Dharmaśāstras, the religious legal treatises of ancient India; see note to p. 4.

66 *weights*: the Sanskrit term *pala* refers to a standard weight of 37.76 grams.

myrobalan fruits: the fruit of the Emblic myrobalan called Āmalaka.

67 *Wisdom spreads . . . illustrious men*: this may be a corrupt prose version of an original verse: see Edgerton (1924*a*, 175).

BOOK II

71 *honoured by their friends*: the Sanskrit expression *suhṛnmatāḥ* can also mean 'who have good hearts and minds'. Edgerton's (1924*b*) translation ('friendly-minded') appears to me improbable.

silk-cotton tree: this is the *Bombax heptaphyllum*, a large thorny tree with striking red flowers. It has large fruits producing fluffy cotton.

a second god of death: the god of death is often portrayed as carrying a net and a club to inflict punishment on evil-doers.

73 *oppressed by eclipse*: in ancient India the eclipses of the sun and the moon were thought to be the result of their capture by a demon named Rāhu.

78 *Like . . . seed*: it appears to have been a common belief in ancient India that female mules were not truly barren and that they could bear young but at the cost of their own life.

I will . . . door: this was a common practice in ancient India to force compliance from an unwilling person. Creditors, for example, would remain without eating in front of the house of people who owed them money until they paid up.

79 *like . . . rice*: the reference probably is to millet, a relatively cheap grain, growing in a rice field.

82 *full-moon . . . autumn*: the reference is to the full-moon festival of the lunar month of Kārttika, corresponding roughly to the second half of October and the first half of November.

83 *to settle down*: wandering ascetics in ancient India were required to quit their wandering and settle down in one place during the four months of the rainy season, lasting approximately from July to October. The practical reason for this, of course, was that travelling became difficult and even dangerous during this period. A further reason, the virtue of not harming any living being, is given in texts on ascetic life: during this period ants, worms, and other insects abound and one would run the risk of trampling them underfoot if one were to travel about.

lunar festival: the Sanskrit expression *parvakāla* can refer to several days of the liturgical calendar, including the full moon, new moon, and the eighth and fourteenth days of the lunar month. Given the importance of the event in the story, it appears likely that the festival is either the Cāturmāsya (on the first full moon of each season) or the solstice or equinox.

85 *firewood . . . and the like*: these are ritual items required for any rite. The ritual grass is a particular type of grass called Kuśa (*Poa cynosuroides*).

91 *A hundred miles*: literally, a hundred *yojana*, a *yojana* ('league') being either 4.5 or 9 miles long.

93 *Fortune . . . residence*: see notes to pp. 32, 59.

Bṛhaspati's mind: see note to p. 12.

94 *The peak . . . too deep*: Meru is a mythical mountain at the centre of the earth (considered flat), the mountain around which the sun travels in a circle. The lowest nether world is the Rasātala, one of the seven hells of Indian mythology.

96 *league*: see note to p. 91.

99 *rainy season . . . herd*: the longing for loved ones as the rainy season sets in is a recurring motif in ancient Indian poetry. The beloved at home hopes against hope that her lover will return before the onset of heavy rains which makes travel impossible.

103 *word for "friend"*: *mitra*, containing two syllables, is the Sanskrit word for 'friend'.

BOOK III

108 *When Fortune . . . no shame*: see notes to pp. 32, 59.

109 *can only lead to grief*: the second half of this verse is missing in the manuscripts, but it must have spoken of the grief a person comes to when he does not listen to the advice of good friends.

Good Fortunes . . . the brim: note the sexual metaphor. Both the rivers and good fortunes are grammatically feminine and imagined as women in the Sanskrit; they run after the ocean and the man, respectively, who are both masculine and males; see notes to pp. 32, 59.

110 *principles of sound policy*: for these six principles, see note to p. 59.

six ways . . . betrayed: for the ways in which secret counsel can be disclosed and the ways to guard against such disclosure, see *Artha.* 1. 15.

111 *success . . . virtue*: these are the three aims of human life: see note to p. 4.

vampire: the Sanskrit term *vetāla* refers to a malignant spirit occupying a dead human body. Stories of such goblins and charms to bring them under one's control to perform nefarious activities abound in ancient Indian folk tales. For a selection, see Buitenen 1959.

113 *chowry*: a richly decorated whisk made of hair or feathers which was an emblem of royalty in ancient India.

114 *bluff*: the meaning appears to be that an owl, with his dour expression, is unable to pretend to be friendly, a double-dealing strategy that kings use to undermine their enemies; see Introd., p. xxxv.

Hare-marked: an epithet of the moon. Indian folklore sees the likeness of a hare on the moon.

115 *triple power*: see note to p. 32.

117 *If you do put an end . . . immediately*: the touch of the rays of the moon was thought to have a vivifying effect, because the moon

contains the immortal drink of the gods and the rays touch that nectar before coming down to the earth. This belief is illustrated by a myth about the inhabitants of the nether region called Pātāla recorded in the epic *Mahābhārata*. The inhabitants of Pātāla die during the day, scorched by the rays of the sun, and revive during the night when the rays of the moon touch them (*Mbh.* 5. 97. 9–10).

118 *Manu*: the reputed author of the most prominent law code of ancient India (see Bühler 1886). A version of this verse is found in *Manu* 8. 262.

119 *baring throats and teeth*: the meaning is somewhat unclear. The reference is probably to ascetics who live at holy places of pilgrimages to obtain food from pilgrims. On false ascetics, see Introd., p. xxx.

to gaze . . . head: it was a common ascetic practice to gaze at the sun with upraised arms while standing on one foot. Standing on two feet seems to be an allowance made to the four-footed animal.

Break the Law . . . apart: this verse is found in *Manu* 8. 15.

The Law is the one . . . destroyed: this verse is found in *Manu* 8. 17.

121 *six principles . . . dual policy*: see note to p. 59. Dual policy consists of negotiating peace with one rival king, while conducting war against another.

122 *four types . . . conflict*: see I, vv. 133–4, and note to p. 56.

Why . . . animals: a dog is considered an extremely impure animal, and a Brahmin would normally avoid even looking at one, let alone carrying one on his shoulders. In the ancient Indian social hierarchy, a hunter is at the very bottom, considered both impure and immoral. A hunting Brahmin would be quite an anomaly.

123 *took a bath*: to purify himself after coming in contact, as he thought, with a dog.

124 *A man . . . moth*: the reed survives by bending before the superior forces of wind and flood, while a moth perishes trying to 'attack' a flame.

125 *Fortune*: for this image of fortune, see notes to pp. 32, 59, and 109.

thorns: the technical term used in texts of political science to refer to all criminals and troublemakers who cause problems to the stability of the state.

horse sacrifice: the most famous of the ancient vedic sacrifices. It was performed by a great king to signal and confirm his power and dominion.

126 *When an enemy . . . story goes*: this story is given in Pūrṇabhadra's version of the *Pañcatantra* (Rajan 1993, 308–13). A fowler hunting in a forest is caught in a storm. Frightened, he takes shelter under a tree. A dove living in that tree begins to lament for his wife, who has not returned. The wife hears him from the cage in which she has been caught by the fowler. She asks her husband to welcome the fowler as a guest. The dove welcomes the fowler and asks what he can do for him. The fowler says that he is cold. So the dove brings an ember from a forest fire and lights a fire. Finding nothing to offer the guest, the dove throws himself into the fire for the fowler to eat. The fowler is touched by this act of kindness and resolves to give up his evil ways. When the female dove is released, she finds her husband burning, and throws herself into the fire as well. The couple are united in heaven for their act of heroic generosity.

The woman: here begins the introduction to Story 4. These words are spoken by the husband.

128 *Brahmin-ogre*: an ogre (*rākṣasa*) is an evil ghost. A Brahmin-ogre is the evil ghost of a dead Brahmin and the worst of all ogres. They have an insatiable appetite for human flesh and blood.

129 *The noble . . . dove*: This is a well-known story. Once a dove was chased by a falcon and flew to King Śibi for protection. The falcon told the king that he was hungry and asked for the dove. Śibi said that he could not give up one who had come seeking protection and asked the falcon to take an equal amount of his own flesh. This was agreed upon. The dove was placed on one side of the balance. As the king started to cut his flesh and to place it in the balance, the dove became heavier and heavier. Śibi then threw his entire body on the balance. Then the falcon and the dove revealed themselves as the gods Indra and Dharma in disguise come to test the generosity of Śibi. The gods restored Śibi's body and gave him many rewards before departing. See Sattar 1994, 45.

131 *This speech . . . changes*: the statements apply equally to false speech and poisoned wine. Poison does not make any detectable changes in the wine; the hidden intentions behind the sweet speech are not betrayed by such clues as a change in the facial expression.

ritual sipping . . . hand: the sipping is done by taking some water into the cupped right hand. Depending on the occasion and the purpose, one sips the water by placing the lips on different parts of the hand. The mouse apparently fell into his right hand filled with the holy Ganges water as he was holding it ready for sipping. The

mouse, of course, would pollute the water and the hand; and that is the reason for his ablutions.

132 *let her time pass by*: it was the normative practice in ancient India, at least among Brahmins, to get young girls married before their first menstrual period. For an unmarried daughter to menstruate in her father's house was viewed as a sin and a disgrace.

133 *conquer . . . earth*: this is a reference to what a mighty Indian king is supposed to do. The Sanskrit term *digvijaya* implies the conquest of the whole world. Here the term is used with reference to the great slaughter caused by the owls. This is another example of the *Pañcatantra* applying the terminology of royal politics to the activities in the animal kingdom.

134 *nether world of serpents*: ancient Indian cosmology envisaged a world under the earth populated by beings that looked like serpents. It is imagined that this world is accessible through caves and the depths of the ocean.

elements of a kingdom: see note to p. 26.

135 *Did Arjuna . . . bracelets*: the allusion here, and in the subsequent verses, is to an episode recorded in the Indian epic *Mahābhārata*. The five brothers, sons of Pāṇḍu (hence called Pāṇḍava) and heroes of the epic, assumed various disguises during the period when they were forced to remain incognito in exile. One of the brothers, Arjuna, put on the disguise of a transvestite and taught singing and dancing at the palace of Virāṭa, the king of the Matsya people (*Mbh.* 4. 2. 21).

Did not mighty . . . Matsya: Bhīma, the strongest of the five Pāṇḍava brothers, chose to be a cook in the kitchen of Virāṭa (*Mbh.* 4. 2. 1–8).

Gāṇḍīva: the divine and miraculous bow given to Arjuna by the gods.

Indra . . . death: Indra is the king of the gods. Kubera is the god of wealth.

triple staff: this is a symbol of a Brahmanical wandering ascetic.

Adorned . . . cows: Pāṇḍu, the father of the five brothers, had two wives, Kuntī and Mādrī. The first three boys, Yudhiṣṭhira, Bhīma, and Arjuna, were born to Kuntī, while the younger two, Nakula and Sahadeva, were born to Mādrī. These two were famed for their beauty. Nakula elected to be the groom of Virāṭa's horses, while Sahadeva tended his cattle.

135 *Draupadī . . . Śrī*: Draupadī is the patronymic of Kṛṣṇā, the common wife of the five Pāṇḍava brothers. Śrī is the goddess of fortune and the wife of Viṣṇu.

136 *Like . . . banyan tree*: The bo tree is the *Ficus religiosa*, sacred to Buddhists and closely related to the banyan. For the silk-cotton, see note to p. 71. The example probably refers to the fact that when birds drop the seeds of these trees on crevices in other trees they sprout there and overwhelm the parent tree. Today one can see these trees growing on buildings of modern Indian cities and towns.

triple goal of life: see note to p. 4.

137 *black cobra*: see note to p. 27. Snakes in general are thought to feed on frogs, and a common Sanskrit name for a snake is 'frog-eater'.

143 *thorns*: see note to p. 125.

Royal Fortune . . . parasol: these are all symbols of royal authority. Regarding the Royal Fortune (*śrī*) as the wife of the king, see notes to pp. 32, 59, and 109.

When a king . . . goat: there's a play on the Sanskrit words for king (*rājan*), delighting (*rañj*), and possibly also protection (*rakṣā*), seeing them as connected etymologically, and thus, according to the Indian thinking, in reality. A king who does not delight his subjects by giving protection is not living up to his name; and his name is without meaning, purpose, and utility (all are comprehended in the Sanskrit term *artha*), just like the fold of skin on a goat's neck that is normally called a teat but does not serve that purpose.

glows . . . twilight: the Sanskrit term *rāga* means both to glow red (twilight cloud) and to be passionately in love (Fortune).

144 *Rāma's . . . Laṅkā*: all these are well-known events of Indian mythology. Rāma, the hero of the epic *Rāmāyaṇa*, was sent into exile with his wife by his father. Bali was a demon king who took control of the entire universe. He was tricked into submission by the god Viṣṇu who assumed the appearance of a dwarf. Vṛṣṇis were a clan to which Kṛṣṇa, the incarnation of Viṣṇu, belonged. The clan was destroyed by internal strife. Nala, made famous by the story of his love for Damayantī, lost his kingdom and had to go into exile as a cook. Rāvaṇa, the demon king of Laṅkā, was defeated by Rāma after Rāvaṇa had abducted Rāma's wife Sītā.

Time: in Indian thought Time personified is identified both with Fate and with Death. No one can escape the effects of Time.

He fought . . . from the sun: Daśaratha was the father of Rāma, the incarnation of Viṣṇu. Daśaratha is credited with fighting on the

side of the gods in their primordial battle with the demons. Sagara was a king whose 60,000 sons dug the earth in search of their father's sacrificial horse, which had been abducted. They were turned to ashes by the sage Kapila, whom they had falsely accused of stealing the horse. Sagara's great-grandson Bhagīratha conducted the divine river Ganges to earth and into the ocean to resurrect the sons of Sagara. The ocean is known as Sāgara because it was dug up by Sagara's sons. Vainya, also known as Pṛthu, was produced from the right palm of his evil father Vena through the power of the sages who had killed Vena because of his depravity. Pṛthu is viewed as the most famous and powerful of all ancient kings, a man who won a battle against Indra (the king of gods) himself. Manu, the son of the sun, was the first human being and the first lawgiver.

BOOK IV

147 *triple goal of life*: see note to p. 5.

148 *word for "friend"*: see note to p. 103.

149 *celestial . . . wish*: see note to p. 3.

150 *in the forest . . . austerity*: the contrast drawn here is between the ascetic life, normally practised in the forest or wilderness, and the domestic life at home.

153 *walking . . . clockwise*: it is a usual Indian custom to walk around a sacred object clockwise, keeping the object always to one's right, as a mark of respect. In the present case, the ass is viewed as a sacrificial victim and therefore sacred.

154 *My lord . . . like this*: in Indian thought ears are connected with hearing and therefore learning. And the heart is the seat of memory and wisdom. So, a person with ears and a heart cannot be such a fool.

BOOK V

155 *pregnant . . . good deed*: In general, good and bad things that happen to a person are viewed as the result of his or her *karma*, that is, the good and bad things that that person has done in the past. There are, of course, proximate causes for why things happen (such as sexual intercourse for pregnancy), but ultimately they are dependent on one's *karma*. So, pregnancy, especially the birth of a son, is ascribed to the parents' (especially the mother's) good *karma*.

155 *sacramentary . . . naming*: these are the Hindu rites of passage performed at certain junctures of a person's life. The impregnation ceremony takes place between the fourth and sixteenth days after the wife's menstrual period to assure a successful pregnancy. The birth rite is performed immediately after the birth of the child, and the naming ceremony is done on the tenth or the twelfth day after birth.

156 *siesta*: this is a signal to the reader that the Brahmin was not very virtuous, because Brahmins, especially Brahmin students, are not expected to sleep during the day.

157 *rite*: probably the naming ceremony; see note to p. 155.

moon's change: the full moon, the new moon, and the eighth and fourteenth days of each half-month are sacred days. See note to p. 83.

mongoose: see note to p. 64.

black cobra: see note to p. 27.

159 *three religious . . . beg for food*: See note to p. 105. Here the mendicants happened to come to the wrong place at the wrong time. Why they happened to do so is ascribed to their past bad *karma*.

GLOSSARY OF NAMES

Āḍīvin. The name of one of Meghavarṇa's ministers in Book III. The name probably means 'one who flies backward'.

Amaraśakti. The name of the king whose request to Viṣṇuśarman to instruct his three sons is the catalyst for the composition of the *Pañcatantra* (Prelude). His name and those of his three sons end in *-śakti*, meaning might. Amaraśakti = 'a man as mighty as the gods'; Vasuśakti = 'a man as mighty as the Vasus' (Vasus are a group of eight gods); Ugraśakti = 'a man of fierce might'; Anekaśati = 'a man of enormous might'.

Anekaśati. *See under* Amaraśakti.

Añjana. The name of a mountain (note to p. 5). The term also refers to collyrium that is black in colour.

Arimardana. The name of the owl king in Book III. The word means 'the crusher of enemies'.

Āṣāḍhabhūti. The name of a rogue (I, st. 3). The meaning of the term is unclear. Āṣāḍha is a lunar month corresponding roughly to June–July, and the name may refer to anything/anybody born during that month. It may be a reference to the red planet Mars, called Āṣāḍhabhūta.

Benares. The holiest city of India located on the banks of the Ganges, a city known in Sanskrit as Vārāṇasī.

Bṛhaspati. The god of eloquence and wisdom and preceptor of the gods. Many texts of law and government are ascribed to him.

Bṛhatsphic. The name of an ascetic (II, st. 1). The word means 'one who has big buttocks'.

Cāṇakya. Tradition makes him the prime minister of Candragupta (see Introd. p. xxix). He is often identified with Kauṭilya and credited with the authorship of the famous *Arthaśāstra* (Kangle 1960–5), the ancient Indian treatise on government, although the extant text probably comes from the early centuries of the common era (Prelude).

Candrasaras. The name of a lake (III, st. 2.1). The word means 'moon-lake'.

Caturdanta. The name of an elephant (III, st. 2.1). The word means 'one who has four tusks'.

Ciraṃjīvin. The name of Meghavarṇa's senior minister and the leading character in Book III. The name means 'one who lives long'.

Citragrīva. The name of a dove, a leading character in Book II. The word means 'one who has a variegated (bright) neck'.

Citrāṅga. The name of a deer, a leading character in Book II. The word means 'one who has a variegated (bright or spotted) body'.

Cūḍākarṇa. The name of an ascetic (II, st. 1). The word means 'one who has ears resembling tufts'.

Dadhikarṇa. The name of a cunning old cat (III, st. 2.2). The word means 'one with curd ears' (a possible reference to their white colour?).

Damanaka. The name of the jackal who is the main character in Book I. The term means 'one who subdues or conquers'. *See* Karaṭaka for the contrasting personalities of the two jackals.

Devaśarman. The name of a Brahmin who is the leading character in Book V, and also of another Brahmin (I, st. 3). The word means 'one whose refuge (or joy) is god'; *see* -śarman.

Dharmabuddhi. The name of a merchant, friend of Duṣṭabuddhi (I, st. 10). The word means 'one with a righteous mind'.

Dīptākṣa. A minister of Arimardana in Book III. The word means 'one with fiery eyes'.

Dīrghakarṇa. The name of a hare (III, st. 2.2). The word means 'one with long ears'.

Dīrgharāva. The name of a jackal (II, st. 1.2.1). The word means 'one with a long howl'.

Duṣṭabuddhi. The name of a merchant, friend of Dharmabuddhi (I, st. 10). The word means 'one with a wicked mind'.

Ganges. The holiest of India's rivers.

Garuḍa. The heavenly king of birds in Indian mythology and the bird who serves as the vehicle of the god Viṣṇu.

Hardwar. Also known in Sanskrit as *gaṅgādvāra* ('door of Ganges'), this is a sacred place in the upper reaches of the Ganges where the river leaves the mountain and descends into the plains.

Hiraṇyaka. The name of a mouse, a leading character in Book II. The name means 'golden-coloured'.

Jālapāda. The name of a frog king (III, st. 8). The word means 'one with webbed feet'.

Kāmandaki. The name of a Brahmin student (II, st. 1.2). The word means 'son of Kamandaka'.

Kambugrīva. The name of a turtle (I, st. 8.1). The word means 'one whose neck is like a shell'.

Kapiñjala. The word means partridge (III, st. 2.2). It is unclear whether it is used in the story as a personal or a general name.

Karaṭaka. The jackal who is Damanaka's companion and sidekick. The meaning of the term is unclear. It literally means a crow, but in stories such as these we would expect the meaning of Karaṭaka to contrast with that of Damanaka. The crow is often depicted as wise;

and crows are also known to be very cautious, flying away the moment they perceive a danger. So he may be termed 'Cautious or Prudent', in contrast to Damanaka's penchant for taking risks. An insight into Karaṭaka's 'crow nature' is found in his remark that they should not bother about Piṅgalaka's affairs so long as they get their food, and in Damanaka's reply that people serve a king not to obtain food but to gain prominence (see I, p. 8). On crows eating scraps, see I, v. 12.

Kathanaka. The name of a camel (I, st. 7). The meaning of the term is unclear. Its literal meaning is 'narrator', but Edgerton takes it to mean 'Fabulous' (i.e. one about whom people would talk) and as a reference to the camel's comic appearance.

Kṛśaka. The name of the crocodile who is a leading character in Book IV. The name means 'scrawny'.

Krūrākṣa. A minister of Arimardana in Book III. The word means 'one with cruel eyes'.

Laghupatanaka. The name of the crow, one of the main characters in Book II. The name means 'one who flies fast'.

Madonmatta. The name of a lion (I, st. 5). The word means 'intoxicated with pride'.

Madotkaṭa. The name of a lion (I, st. 7). The word means 'exceedingly proud'.

Mahilāropya. Also written Mihilāropya, this is the name of the major city of the *Pañcatantra*, located in the 'southern country', i.e. what is known as the Deccan, the region to the south of the Vindhya mountain range. The meaning of the name is uncertain. It may mean a city renowned for its beautiful women. Some versions of the *Pañcatantra* give the city as Pāṭaliputra, the famous capital of the Maurya empire, in the lower Ganges valley (the modern Patna).

Mandaviṣa. The name of a crafty snake (III, st. 8). The word means 'one with weak venom'.

Mandavisarpiṇī. The name of a louse (I, st. 6). The word means 'one who moves slowly'.

Mantharaka. The name of a turtle who is a leading character in Book II. The word means 'sluggish' or 'slow-moving'.

Manu. The first lawgiver and the progenitor of the human race. The most famous of the ancient Indian codes of law, the *Manusmṛti*, is ascribed to him.

Mathurā. A city of north India along the Yamunā river famous both as a centre of culture and art and for its association with the life of Kṛṣṇa, the incarnation of the god Viṣṇu.

Meghavarṇa. The name of the crow king in Book III. The word means 'cloud-coloured'.

Nandaka. The name of the bull who is the companion of Saṃjīvaka in

Book I. The word means 'joyful'.

Parāśara. The name of an ancient lawgiver. An important code of law, the *Parāśarasmṛti*, is named after him.

Piṅgalaka. The name of the lion king in Book I. The word means 'tawny- or golden-coloured'.

Prāḍīvin. The name of one of Meghavarṇa's ministers in Book III. The name means 'one who flies forward'.

Prākārakarṇa. A minister of Arimardana in Book III. The word means 'one with ears like ramparts'.

Prayāg. A sacred place of pilgrimage at the confluence of Yamunā and Ganges, commonly known today as Allahabad.

Raktākṣa. The only wise minister of Arimardana in Book III. The word means 'one with red eyes'.

Ṝṣyamūka. The name of a mountain (p. 123). The word means 'silence of antelopes'.

Saṃḍīvin. The name of one of Meghavarṇa's ministers in Book III. The name means 'one who flies together or jointly'.

Saṃjīvaka. The name of the bull who is one of the main characters in Book I. The word means 'lively' or 'enlivening'.

Saṃkaṭa. The name of a goose (I, st. 8.1). The word means 'slim' or 'narrow'.

Śāṇḍilī. The name of a Brahmin woman (II, st. 1.2).

-śarman. Means 'joy' or 'refuge'. Often forming the last section of a Brahmin's name, its presence in a name indicates that the man is a Brahmin (*see also* -varman).

Śilīmukha. The name of a hare king (III, st. 2.1). The word means 'one whose face is like an arrow'.

Śiva. A major Hindu god noted for his ferocity and asceticism. He is married to Pārvatī, the daughter of the Himalayas, and he lives in a mountain called Kailāsa.

Skanda. A son of Śiva and commander of the divine armies.

Somaśarman. The name of the future son of the Brahmin who built castles in the air (V, st. 1). The name means 'one whose joy is the moon' (*see* -śarman).

Sūcīmukha. The name of a bird (I, st. 9). The word means 'one with a mouth (beak) like a needle'.

Śukra. Literally 'the bright one', it refers to the planet Venus and is the name of an ancient lawgiver.

Ṭiṇṭibha. The name of a bug or insect (I, st. 6). The word is probably onomatopoeic, referring to the hum made by an insect. The identity of the insect in question is unclear; suggestions have included flea and wasp. It is probably some type of a humming bug different from a louse (see Mandavisarpiṇī).

Uḍḍīvin. The name of one of Meghavarṇa's ministers in Book III. The name means 'one who flies up or high'.

Ugraśakti. *See under* Amaraśakti.

Vācaspati. Literally 'the lord of speech', the name is applied to many divinities. Here it probably refers to Bṛhaspati.

Vakranāsa. A minister of Arimardana in Book III. The word means 'one with a crooked beak'.

Valīvadanaka. The name of the monkey king who is a leading character in Book IV. The name means 'one with a wrinkled face'.

Vardhamānaka. The name of the merchant whose journey sets the scene for the adventures of Book I. The word means 'Prospering' or 'Thriving', an apt name for an entrepreneurial merchant.

-varman. Means 'shelter' or 'protection'. Often forming the last section of a Kṣatriya's name, its presence in a name indicates that the man is a Kṣatriya, i.e. a nobleman (*see also* -śarman).

Vasuśakti. *See under* Amaraśakti.

Vijaya. The senior minister of the hare king Śilīmukha (III, st. 2.1). The word means 'victory'.

Vikaṭa. The name of a goose (I, st. 8.1). The word means 'large' and in contrast to Saṃkaṭa probably means 'fat'.

Viṣṇu. A major god of Hinduism who became incarnate in various forms, including dwarf, boar, Kṛṣṇa, and Rāma.

Viṣṇuśarman. The name of the Brahmin who composed the *Pañcatantra*. The term means 'one whose refuge is Viṣṇu'.

Yajñadattā. The name of Devaśarman's wife in Book V. The word means 'given at (*or* by) a sacrifice

Yamunā. The name of the major upper tributary of the river Ganges.

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