

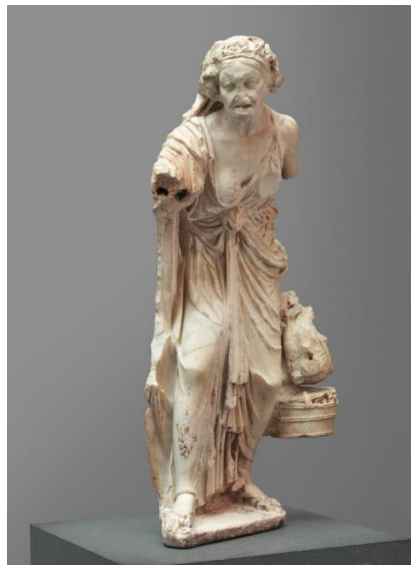
## BELLARIA LXX



*Sappho and Alcaeus* (Lawrence Alma-Tadema: 1881)

### THE GREEK (PALATINE) ANTHOLOGY III

#### Lais' mirror



I, who haughtily made mock of Greece, the Lais who  
had a swarm of young lovers at her doors,  
dedicate my mirror to Aphrodite, since to look on myself as I am  
I have no wish, and cannot look on myself as once I was.

ἡ σοβαρὸν γελάσασα καθ' Ἑλλάδος, ἡ τὸν ἐραστῶν  
ἔσμὸν ἐπὶ προθύροις Λαῖς ἔχουσα νέων,  
τῇ Παφίῃ τὸ κάτοπτρον· ἐπεὶ τοιῆ μὲν ὀρᾶσθαι  
οὐκ ἐθέλω, οἷη δ' ἦν πάρος οὐ δύναμαι.

#### Plato 6.1

Note: not *that* Plato, but an epigrammatist (3<sup>rd</sup> C BC?)

### Cushy snatch

Antiochus once set eyes on Lysimachus' cushion,  
And Lysimachus never set eyes on it again.

εἶσιδεν Ἀντίοχος τὴν Λυσιμάχου ποτὲ τύλην,  
κούκέτι τὴν τύλην εἶσιδε Λυσίμαχος.

**Lucillius 11.315**

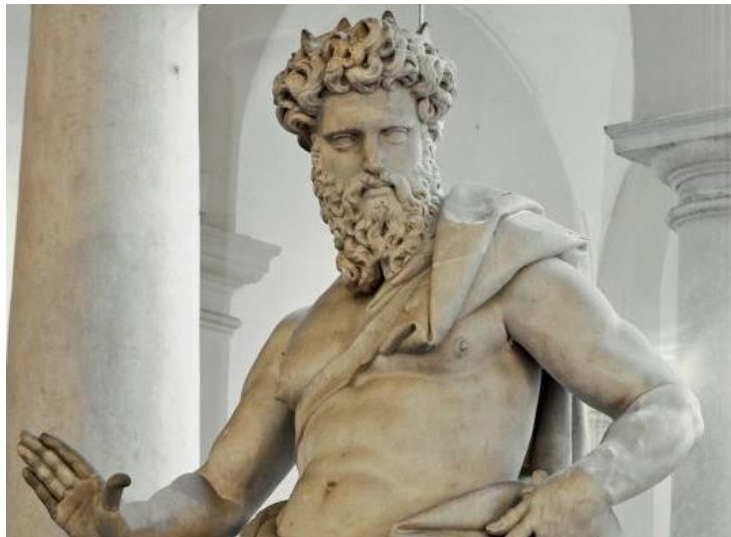
### Mismatch

Eutyclus the painter was the father of twenty sons,  
but never got a likeness among them.

εἴκοσι γεννήσας ὁ ζωγράφος Εὐτυχὸς υἱοῦς,  
οὐδ' ἀπὸ τῶν τέκνων οὐδὲν ὅμοιον ἔχει.

**Lucilius 11.215**

### Sober stupor



Among the drunk Akindunos wished to stay sober.  
Result: only he was thought drunk.

ἐν πᾶσιν μεθύουσιν Ἀκινδυνὸς ἤθελε νήφειν,  
τοῦνεκα καὶ μεθύειν αὐτὸς ἔδοξε μόνος.

**Pseudo-Lucian 11.429**

### Frustration

How long shall we, concealing hot glances,  
attempt furtive looks at each other?  
We must openly tell of our suffering; and if anyone hinders  
that tender fusion of pain-relieving union,  
5 the sword shall be the cure for both of us; for sweeter for us  
together always to pursue either life or death.

μέχρι τίνος φλογόεσαν ὑποκλέπτοντες ὄπωπὴν  
φώριον ἀλλήλων βλέμμα τιτυσκόμεθα;  
λεκτέον ἀμφαδίην μελεδήματα· κῆν τις ἐρύξη  
μαλθακὰ λυσιπόνου πλέγματα συζυγίης,  
5 φάρμακον ἀμφοτέροις ξίφος ἔσσειται· ἦδιον ἡμῖν  
ξυνὸν αἰεὶ μεθέπειν ἢ βίον ἢ θάνατον.

**Paulus Silentarius 5.221**

### Light on the matter

Breast leaning on breast, nipple to nipple,  
pressing her sweet lips to mine—  
yes, Antigone's—and holding flesh to flesh ... as for the rest,  
I say nothing, witness to what the lamp endorsed.

στέρνα περὶ στέρνοις, μαστῶ δ' ἔπι μαστὸν ἐρείσας,  
χείλεά τε γλυκεροῖς χεῖλεσι συμπίεσας  
Ἀντιγόνης, καὶ χρῶτα λαβὼν πρὸς χρῶτα, τὰ λοιπὰ  
σιγῶ, μάρτυς ἐφ' οἷς λύχνος ἐπεγράφετο.

**Marcus Argentarius 5.128**

### Moonlight



Endymion gazes up at Moon

Nocturnal, horned, revel-loving—shine, Moon,  
shine, striking through the lattice windows.  
Light up golden Callistion. Onto lovers'  
business it is no shame for an immortal to spy.  
You bless her and me, I know, O Moon;  
Endymion too inflamed your soul.

Νυκτερινή δίκερως φιλοπάννουχε—φαῖνε, Σελήνη,  
φαῖνε, δι' εὐτρήτων βαλλομένη θυρίδων·  
αὔγαζε χρυσέην Καλλίστιον· ἐς τὰ φιλεύντων  
ἔργα κατοπτεύειν οὐ φθόνος ἀθανάτη.  
ὀλβίζεις καὶ τήνδε καὶ ἡμέας, οἶδα, Σελήνη·  
καὶ γὰρ σὴν ψυχὴν ἔφλεγεν Ἐνδυμίων.

**Philodemus 5.123**

### An oath too far

I swore for two nights from Hedyllion, Cytherea\*—  
by your majesty—to keep away. I think, you laughed,  
knowing the misery this would cause my poor self. For I shall not endure  
the second night, and cast my oaths to the wind.

5 I choose to commit impiety for her sake rather than, by keeping  
my oath to you, to die, mistress, from piety.

\*Aphrodite; the island of Kuthera was her birth-place

᾿Ωμοσ' ἐγώ, δύο νύκτας ἀφ' Ἡδυλίου, Κυθήρεια,  
σὸν κράτος, ἡσυχάσειν· ὡς δοκέω δ', ἐγέλας,  
τούμὸν ἐπισταμένη τάλανος κακόν· οὐ γὰρ ὑποίσω  
τὴν ἐτέρην, ὄρκους δ' εἰς ἀνέμους τίθεμαι.  
5 αἰροῦμαι δ' ἀσεβεῖν κείνης χάριν, ἢ τὰ σὰ τηρῶν  
ὄρκι' ἀποθνήσκειν, πότνι', ὑπ' εὐσεβίης.

**Quintus Maecius 5.133**

### Once bitten ...?



If one who has once been married seeks another wife,  
As a shipwrecked sailor he sails again on the dreadful deep.

εἴ τις ἄπαξ γήμας πάλι δεύτερα λέκτρα διώκει,  
ναηγὸς πλώει δις βυθὸν ἀργαλέον.

**Anon. 9.133**

## *Odior amo*

Since hating's a bore and loving's a bore  
I like the nicer of two boredoms more.\*

εἰ μισεῖν πόνος ἐστί, φιλεῖν πόνος, ἐκ δύο λυγρῶν  
αἰροῦμαι χρηστῆς ἔλκος ἔχειν ὀδύνης.

\*Permission granted to quote this translation from Daryl Hine *Puerilities: Erotic Epigrams of the Greek Anthology* (Princeton 2001)

**Euenus 12.172**

## An only son

His twelve-year-old son his father Philippus laid  
Here—his great hope, Nicoteles.

Δωδεκέτη τὸν παῖδα πατὴρ ἀπέθηκε Φίλιππος  
ἐνθάδε, τὴν πολλὴν ἐλπίδα, Νικοτέλην.

**Callimachus 7.453**

## Waters of Lethe



Water of Lethe (John Stanhope 1829-1908)

This is our memorial, noble Sabinus—  
a little stone—of our great friendship.  
I shall ever miss you; and you, if it is possible, among the dead  
Do not drink the waters of Lethe in forgetfulness of me.

τοῦτό τοι ἡμετέρης μνημήιον, ἐσθλὲ Σαβῖνε,  
ἢ λίθος ἢ μικρὴ, τῆς μεγάλης φιλίης.  
αἰεὶ ζητήσω σε· σὺ δ', εἰ θέμις, ἐν φθιμένοισι  
τοῦ Λήθης ἐπ' ἔμοι μὴ τι πίης ὕδατος.

**Anon. 7.346**

## Parting

'Farewell' intending to say, that cry with a wrench  
I haul back and still stay back near you.  
For from this ghastly parting, like a bitter  
night of hell, I crouch in terror.  
5 For your light is like the day; but light, I suppose,  
Has no tongue. You bring me that talk,  
sweeter than the Sirens', on which all  
the hopes of my soul are hanging.

‘Σώζεό’ σοι μέλλων ἐνέπειν, παλίνορσον ἰωὴν  
ἄψ ἀνασειράζω, καὶ πάλιν ἄγχι μένω·  
σὴν γὰρ ἐγὼ δασπλήτα διάστασιν οἶά τε πικρὴν  
νύκτα καταπτήσω τὴν Ἀχεροντιάδα.  
5 ἤματι γὰρ σέο φέγγος ὁμοίον· ἀλλὰ τὸ μέν που  
ἄφθογγον· σὺ δέ μοι καὶ τὸ λάλημα φέρεις,  
κεῖνο τὸ Σειρήνων γλυκερώτερον, ὃ ἔπι πᾶσαι  
εἰσὶν ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ἐλπίδες ἐκκρεμέες.

Paulus Silentarius 5.241

## Doggone it!



When I saw Melite, I grew pale, for her husband  
was with her, but I said to her trembling,  
'May I push back the bolts of your gate,  
loosening the pin of your folding door,  
5 and come through the warm platform of your double entrance,  
fixing the tip of my key in the middle?'  
But she replied, laughing and looking sideways at her husband,  
'Keep away from my door, or the dog may get you'.

ὡς εἶδον Μελίτην, ὤχρος μ' ἔλε· καὶ γὰρ ἀκοίτης  
κεῖνη ἐφωμάρτει· τοῖα δ' ἔλεξα τρέμων  
'τοῦ σοῦ ἀνακροῦσαι δύναμαι πυλεῶνος ὀχῆας,

δικλίδος ὑμετέρης τὴν βάλανον χαλάσας,  
5 καὶ δισσῶν προθύρων πλαδαρὴν κρηπίδα περῆσαι,  
ἄκρον ἐπιβλήτος μεσσόθι πηξάμενος;  
ἢ δὲ λέγει γελάσασα, καὶ ἀνέρα λοξὸν ἰδοῦσα·  
‘τῶν προθύρων ἀπέχου, μὴ σε κύων ὀλέσῃ.’

**Eratosthenes Scholasticus 5.242**

### Rescued!

Against my longing hope you came to me, and from my heart  
You emptied, by a miracle, all my vain fantasies,  
And I tremble, and my heart quivers with deep desire,  
my soul being drowned by the wave of love.  
5 But me, the shipwrecked mariner, now come near to land,  
Save, welcoming me into your harbours.

ἦλθες ἐμοὶ ποθέοντι παρ’ ἐλπίδα· τὴν δ’ ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
ἐξεσάλαξας ὄλην θάμβει φαντασίην,  
καὶ τρομέω, κραδίη τε βυθῷ πελεμίζεται οἴστρω,  
ψυχῆς πνιγομένης κύματι Κυπριδίῳ.  
5 ἀλλ’ ἐμὲ τὸν ναυηγὸν ἐπ’ ἠπειροιο φανέντα  
σῶε, τεῶν λιμένων ἔνδοθι δεξαμένη.

**Macedonius ii 5.235**

### Deep kissing

Europa’s kiss, though it reach only to the lips,  
Is still sweet, though it but lightly touch the mouth.  
But she touches not with the edge of the lips; but cleaving close  
To the mouth, she draws up my soul from the finger-tips.  
Εὐρώπης τὸ φίλημα, καὶ ἦν ἄχρι χεῖλεος ἔλθη,  
ἠδύ γε, κἂν ψαύσῃ μοῦνον ἄκρου στόματος·  
ψαύει δ’ οὐκ ἄκροισ τοῖς χεῖλεσιν, ἀλλ’ ἐρίσασα  
τὸ στόμα, τὴν ψυχὴν ἐξ ὀνύχων ἀνάγει.

**Rufinus 5.14**

### Stung



You do everything, Melissa, that your namesake the flower-loving bee\* does.

I know this and take it, woman, to heart.

You drip honey from your lips, when you sweetly kiss,

and when you ask for money, with your sting you bring a nasty wound.

*\*The Greek for 'bee, honey' is melissa.*

ποιεῖς πάντα, Μέλισσα, φιλανθέος ἔργα μελίσσης·

οἶδα καὶ ἐς κραδίην τοῦτο, γύναι, τίθεμαι.

καὶ μέλι μὲν στάζεις ὑπὸ χεῖλεσιν ἠδὲ φιλεῖσα·

ἦν δ' αἰτῆς, κέντρῳ τύμμα φέρεις ἄδικον.

**Marcus Argentarius 5.32**

### Small request



The favourite sultana (Etienne Jeaurat)

When you were a green grape you refused me; ripe, you waved me away.

At least don't grudge giving me just a little of your raisin.

Ὅμφαξ οὐκ ἐπένευσας· ὅτ' ἦς σταφυλή, παρεπέμψω.

μὴ φθονέσης δοῦναι κἂν βραχὺ τῆς σταφίδος.

**Anon. 5.304**

### Throw of the dice





As often to Cydilla's embrace, whether in the day time,  
or more daring still I come in the evening,  
I know that I cut my way along a cliff edge, I know that I throw  
Every dice always for my life.

5 But what gain for me is there in that? For you are bold, and when  
you always lure me, Eros, from the outset I know not even the shadow  
[of fear.

ὄσσάκι Κυδίλλης ὑποκόλπιος, εἴτε κατ' ἥμαρ,  
εἴτ' ἀποτολμήσας ἤλυθον ἐσπέριος,  
οἶδ' ὅτι πὰρ κρημνὸν τέμνω πόρον, οἶδ' ὅτι ρίπτῳ  
πάντα κύβον κεφαλῆς αἰέν ὑπερθεν ἐμῆς.  
5 ἀλλὰ τί μοι πλέον ἐστί; σὺ γὰρ θρασύς, ἡδ' ὅταν ἔλκης  
πάντοτ', Ἔρωσ, ἀρχὴν οὐδ' ὄναρ οἶδα φόβου.

**Philodemus 5.25**

### Zeus missing a trick?

Is Zeus carousing with the blacks, I wonder,  
Or visiting Danae disguised as gold,  
That he has not picked up fair Periander—  
Or is he not the paederast of old?\*

ὁ Ζεὺς Αἰθιοπῶν πάλι τέρπεται εἰλαπίναισιν,  
ἢ χρυσὸς Δανάης εἴρπυσεν εἰς θαλάμους;  
θαῦμα γὰρ εἰ Περίανδρον ἰδὼν οὐχ ἤρπασε γαίης  
τὸν καλόν· ἢ φιλόπαις οὐκέτι νῦν ὁ θεός;

**Julius Leonidas 2.20**

\*Permission granted to quote this translation from Daryl Hine *Puerilities: Erotic Epigrams of the Greek Anthology* (Princeton 2001)

**Next week: who saw Aphrodite naked, dodgy doctors, old boilers, Heraclitus the philosopher, and Alexis ...**