

ODE IX

ON ARTEMON¹

It likes me not that fair Eurypyle
Loves now notorious Artemon. Erst he
(A mark for man's contempt and gibe and jape)
Wore a scant head-dress conical in shape.
His feet encased were in coarse wooden shoes
Such as the poorest of the rabble use:
An untanned bull's-hide was wrapped round
his breast,
Fit covering for a rotten shield at best.
Even thus arrayed, of reputation evil,

¹ In this satiric fragment, as in the fragments of his hymns, we are afforded proof of Anacreon's genius. The green-eyed monster—the tyrant of the mind—is probably the key-note of these vigorous and mordant lines; for we are told in an epigram in the Greek Anthology that the poet was enamoured of Eurypyle. Artemon, as Chamæleon of Pontus reported in his essay on Anacreon, was yclept περιφορητός or infamous, because he lived luxuriously, and had himself carried about on a couch. He had formerly suffered from poverty but all at once had become wealthy. It is difficult to translate these verses with any degree of point and elegance without having recourse to the liberties of paraphrase.