ACHILLES TATIUS (fl. 2ND CENTURY CE), GREEK PROSE FICTION WRITER. An Alexandrian, Tatius probably had a Sophistic education, although the tradition that he converted to Christianity and became a bishop is false. Of the three works usually attributed to him, only his romance Leucippe and Clitophon survives.

WILLIAM BURTON (1575-1645), TRANSLATOR AND ANTIQUARY. Educated at Oxford, Burton was called to the bar in 1607, but never practiced law, instead taking up the life of a scholar and writer of local and national history. His highly respected and influential Description of Leicestershire (1622) sparked interest in the history of England’s shires, setting a benchmark for the serious investigation of local history.

THE MOST DELECTABLE AND PLEASANT HISTORY OF CLITOPHON AND LEUCIPPE (1597)

From Book 1

[Clitophon falls in love with his beautiful cousin, Leucippe, and turns for advice to Clinias; in love with Charicles, a beautiful youth, Clinias is bereft when Charicles dies in a fall from his horse, a gift from Clinias to his young male beloved.]

[... I had a kinsman in the house, whose father and mother both were dead; his name was Clinias. He was two years elder than I, and was in love with a young boy, to whom he used such liberality, that having bought a goodly fair gelding, the boy commending him, he presently bestowed it upon him. Evermore did I mock and jest with him, that he had so much leisure from his business to spend his time in love, and still to be held fast in his delights.

But he, smiling upon me and shaking his head, said, “I hope yet that at length the time will come that you be caught in love’s snares also.”

To him then I came, and having saluted him, I sat down by him:

“Now,” said I, “O Clinias, do I suffer punishment for the reproaches which I bestowed on thee, for now I myself am taken in love also.”

Then he, clapping both his hands together, fell into a great laughter, and rising up kissed my face, that which showed what amorous watching I had endured, and said, “True it is that thou art in love, for thine eyes do show as much.”

He had scant said these words, when Charicles (for so was the boy called) came running in, and said, “I am come to thee, O Clinias, wonderfully grieved in mind, to declare unto thee”—and here together with Clinias he fetched a great sigh.

Then Clinias, as it were depending of his soul, with a faltering tongue, said, “Thou dost kill me with thy silence! What is it that tormenteth thee thus? or with whom dost thou strive?”

Then said Charicles, “My father goeth about to marry me to a wife, and she is hard-favoured and deformed too, that I might be tormented with a double hell, for since a fair wife is a great trouble, how can it otherwise be, but that an ill-favoured one must needs be twice

1 amourous watching i.e., his face wears the signs of sleeplessness, a result of his inability to rest in his obsessive contemplation of Leucippe.

2 depending of his soul i.e., as if his very soul hangs suspended on Charicles’ silence.
worse? But my father, gaping after wealth, doth affect much that family. Woe is me, poor wretch, which am sold for money, to be my wife’s bondslave!"

Which when Clinias heard, he waxed pale, and inveighing bitterly against womankind, he vehemently dissuaded him from marriage, saying, “What, doth thy father go about to marry thee? What hast thou deserved that thou shouldst be cast into bonds? Dost not thou hear great Jove himself speaking for thee thus?—

To these I’ll give the price of the heavenly fire stol’n away,
To be a plague which none shall shun, ne ever shall decay.3

Such is the pleasure which is gotten in such matters, that it may be very well likened to the nature of the mermaids, for they by the sweetness of their songs do utterly destroy those which listen to them; and thou may’st behold the greatness of the mishaps ensuing, by the very preparation of the marriage: as by the sweet sounding of the music, clapping together of doors, and burning of tapers. Now who seeing such great tumults and stir would not count him unfortunate that goeth about to take a wife? To me he seemeth to go unto a battle.

“And if that thou didst abhor the study of humanity, then thou mightest perhaps be ignorant in the misadventures which have happened by women, but when thou hast profited so well in that art, that thou canst remember what arguments they have ministered for the stage,4 why shouldst thou forget the jewel of Eryphile,5 the banquet of Philomela,6 the slander of Sthenoboea,7 the incest of Aerope,8 the cruelty of Procone in killing her own child? What and if the beauty of Chryseis did allure Agamemnon,9 the favour of Briseis entice Achilles,10 yet were they that both their armies were consumed by the plague. Candaules, king of Lydia, married a fair wife, but he was slain by her;11 the nuptial torches of Helen burnt Troy;12 the chastity of Penelope caused a great number of gallant wooers to be slain;13

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3 To ... decay In some misogynist redactions of the myth, when Prometheus stole fire from the gods to give to mankind, Zeus (Jupiter/Jove) punished humanity by giving them the plague of womankind.
4 what ... stage i.e., what material have they (women) provided playwrights in the composing of their dramas.
5 the jewel of Eryphile Eryphile betrayed the whereabouts of her husband (who was hiding to avoid military service) in exchange for a gold necklace; their son killed her for this betrayal.
6 the banquet of Philomela Philomela, daughter of King Pandion of Athens, was raped by her brother-in-law, King Tereus of Thrace, who then cut out her tongue to prevent her from accusing him. When her sister, Procone (called 'Progne,' below), Tereus’ wife, learned of her sister’s violation, the two sisters conspired to murder Ityx, Procone’s son with Tereus, and they then cooked the unfortunate boy and served him at a feast to his father.
7 the slander of Sthenoboea Sthenoboea, daughter of King Jobates of Lycia, fell in love with the hero Bellerophon, even though she was already married to King Proetus of Argos. When Bellerophon refused to have sex with her, Sthenoboea accused him of having attempted to rape her.
8 the incest of Aerope Aerope was the wife of Atreus; she committed incest with Atreus’ brother, Thyestes; in revenge, Atreus had the children of this incestuous union killed, cooked, and served to their father at a feast.
9 the beauty ... Agamemnon Chryseis, daughter of Chryses, priest of Apollo, was claimed as a war prize by the Greek general Agamemnon during the Trojan War. When Chryses’ request that his daughter be returned was rejected, Apollo heard his priest’s prayers and visited a terrible plague on the Greeks; Agamemnon was forced to surrender her.
10 the favour ... Achilles Briseis was a Trojan woman, captured by the Greeks along with Chryseis; she was given to Achilles as a spoil of war. When Agamemnon took her from Achilles as a replacement for Chryseis, Achilles withdrew from the war, refusing to fight. favour beauty.
11 Candaules ... her When Candaules (sometimes called Myrsilus), king of Lydia, invited his chief advisor, Gyges, to secret himself in the royal bedchamber to view the beautiful body of Candaules’ wife, he set in motion the events leading to his death; when the wife found out she sought to repair her reputation, and thus she gave Gyges a choice: either prepare for his own execution, or kill Candaules and become king of Lydia and her husband.
12 the nuptial ... Troy Paris’ seizing of Helen from her husband, King Menelaus of Sparta, led to the Trojan War.
Phaedra caused Hippolytus, whom she loved, and Clytemnestra caused Agamemnon, whom she hated, presently to be made away. 14 Oh, women, ready to all wickedness, which are alike pernicious unto them whom they love as to those whom they hate! And what was the reason why Agamemnon should be slain, whose beauty was divine?

His head and eyes were like to almighty Jove,
And did like majesty with his person move.

And yet (O Jupiter!) such a man’s head was cut off by a woman!

“And for fair women let this suffice, in whose company a mean unhappiness is always present, for beauty sometimes doth ease calamities, and it alone is one good thing amongst so many bad. But if she be (as you say) deformed, you are punished indeed with a double hell, and who by any means can endure it, especially being of so tender age and rare beauty?

“Do not (by the immortal gods), O Charicles, cast thyself into servitude, nor do not crop the flower of thy age before the time, for amongst many other mischiefs which be in marriage, yet this is one: that the strength of thy age must be spent there. Do not, I pray thee (good Charicles), do not, I say, undo thyself, and let so deformed a gardener crop so fair and sweet a rose!”

Then said Charicles, “The gods and I have always had a care of this, and the marriage shall not be yet this good while, and many things may be done by night, and we will consider of it at our leisure. Wherefore, now it remains that I go and exercise myself with the horse which you gave me, for as yet I never did ride him.”

So he went away about to end his first and last race, but I went forward to declare unto Clinias how all my matters stood, how I fell into love, and how I enjoyed the sight of her. I told him also her lodging, her supper, her beauty.

At length perceiving myself to talk somewhat absurdly—“O Clinias,” said I, “I can never be even with 15 grief, for love hath cast all his fury upon me, and hath left me no place to take my rest. Leucippe is always in my mind, in my eyes, in my heart, and all my cogitations; neither ever was there any man to whom like mishap ever happened, for my grief lieth at home.”

“Thou talkest like a mad man,” said Clinias, “since it is not possible to enjoy a more happier love than thou dost, for thou hast no need to go to another man’s house, no need of passengers between. Fortune hath not separated her from thee, but even placed her together with thee in the same house. To another which is in love, it is sufficient if he can but enjoy his mistress’ looks, and he accounteth it the greatest pleasure that is but to satisfy his eyes with beholding her, but they are thought most happy who have liberty to talk together. But thou dost both see her, hear her, and eat and drink together with her. And although that thou art thus happy, yet thou complainest, and dost bear an ungrateful mind towards Cupid, who hath done thus much for thee.

13 the chastity of Penelope ... slain Penelope, the wife of the Greek hero Ulysses, is usually highly celebrated for her exemplary marital chastity and fidelity; she refused to wed even when harassed and threatened by a group of suitors, when Ulysses was missing and presumed dead for some twenty years.

14 Phaedra ... Hippolytus ... Clytemnestra ... Agamemnon ... made away Phaedra, wife of Theseus, fell madly in love with her step-son, Hippolytus, and when the young man refused to have sex with her, she accused him of attempting to rape her. Theseus believed her and banished Hippolytus, praying that Neptune would destroy him; a terrible sea monster appeared, frightened Hippolytus’ horses, and the young man was trampled under their hooves. Phaedra confessed her crime and then hanged herself. Clytemnestra and her lover Aegisthus killed Clytemnestra’s husband, Agamemnon, when he returned from the Trojan War.

15 even with be quits with.
“Dost not thou know yet, that there is greater pleasure in beholding thy mistress than in touching her? For while the eyes do look one upon another, like unto a looking glass, they do take in them the true proportion of the body: for the very images of beauty sent from the body, and by the help of the eyes falling to the heart, do there, although the bodies be separated asunder, enjoy a happy meeting; and it is far more delightful than the carnal copulation of the bodies, which doth seem to me to be but altogether vain. And to tell you briefly my opinion, what I think, continual use hath greatest force to persuade, and the eyes are the getters of love, and to get favour, daily custom doth most of all avail, whose force truly is such, that it will tame the very savage wild beasts, much more women.

“Moreover, the equality in years will avail much to obtain her favour, for ever between the like is the best coherence; and so it is ordained by nature that every like chooseth his like, so that where she doth perceive she is loved, she will requite it with a mutual love again; for every maid would have herself accounted fair and beautiful, and doth rejoice to be beloved, and doth commend her lover as a witness of her beauty. And if there be any which thinketh she is beloved of none, she then begins to misdeem of her own countenance. Therefore, this one thing especially I exhort you to do: that you endeavour by all means to bring it so to pass that she may think she is beloved of you, and soon after will she imitate you.”

[Clitophon replied.] “But how may these be done which you tell me? I pray thee, instruct me better what I may do, for you before this time have sacrificed at Love’s altars, and have been a scholar in his schools, and know well how to behave yourself in these matters: for I am altogether ignorant, and a mere novice in love’s affairs, and one who never saw his colours displayed16 before.”

Then answered Clinias, “You need not take such pains to learn this of others, for Cupid himself herein will be your master; for even as little infants whom no man teacheth to suck yet they by themselves do learn and naturally do know nourishment to be in their mother’s dugs,17 so young men being first with child of love have need of no master to instruct them to bring forth. But if grief torment you and the length of time do cause any necessity, although that this be your first delivery, yet you shall not err in anything, for this god himself will take upon him to play the midwife, as time and occasion shall afford; so must you apply your talk, but above all things take heed of unchaste and immodest dealings, but use the matter so with silence as that by your action they might conceive your meaning. For young men and maids are affected with like modesty, and although they be desirous of copulation, yet they would not seem to have any talk concerning such matters, for why18 they think dishonesty in the words, but they who have been well-experienced in men’s matters, hold it no disgrace to talk more amply of such a subject. But virgins, knowing the first essays of their lovers to proceed for cause of trial, by some pleasant actions, do seem to show their willingness to them. Wherefore, if in words at first you would have her to try Dame Venus’ sports, that speech will offend her ears, for she will blush, and utterly deny your requests, and take them as a great indignity and disgrace offered to her. Neither at first will she grant, because she may not seem to yield of her own accord, but in the end when she hath perceived how long with your petitions you have knocked at the postern19 of her heart, then will she seem more mollified, and yield herself more tractable to your desires, but not so much that you might think she is wholly won already; but then you must begin to use some merry

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16 never saw his colours displayed  i.e., never saw Love’s war banners and ensigns displayed before (Love is presented as the conqueror of Clitophon).
17 dugs  breasts.
18 for why  because.
19 postern  back or side door, gate.
familiar toys between you, and when opportunity liketh you best, requite her kindness with a kiss: for the kiss of a lover to a willing wench is a silent wooing, but to an unwilling is in stead of an humble petition. But yet although she were loath to refuse this your kindness, she will seem with a little violence to resist, that by an opinion of necessity this might seem to excuse her maidenly modesty. And although she do resist, yet enforce her not, but in resisting mark how she doth behave herself—for in this matter you had need to be circumspect—and if you perceive that she remain still in her accustomed guise, use no violence, but think that as yet she is not persuaded; and if that you would have her more tractable to your hand, dissemble the matter cunningly, nor rashly do not you go about to mar your whole match.”

Then said I, “Thou hast helped me wonderfully, O Clinias, in my proceedings, and I do not doubt but that the matter will go forward as you would wish. But I am greatly afraid, lest this new happiness be a beginning of further mishaps, and cast me into a more burning fire. Wherefore, if this my grief should daily increase, what should I do? or whither should I turn me? I cannot have her to my wife, because my father hath appointed already another to supply that place; neither is she a foreigner or deformed; neither, as it is with Charicles, doth my father sell me to her, but he doth give me his own daughter, the most beautiful creature alive, except Leucippe. But I now am blind, and cannot judge of her excellent favour, which truly doth deserve to be commended, for I do see nothing but Leucippe. And surely at this time, I am between two contraries, for the vehemency of love and the commandments of my father do draw my mind almost asunder! Who shall decide this controversy? Necessity doth strive with nature. My mind, dear father, is willing to obey. The might of the adversary withstandeth me: he doth show my torments to the judge; he is here ready with his arrows, holding firebrands in his hands argueth my case. I will yield unto you, father, but alas I am compassed round with a scorching fire!”

Thus did we dispute together of the god of love and his behests, when on a sudden one of Charicles’ playfellows came hastily running in, presaging some ill news by his countenance, so that Clinias in a maze cried out, “Sure some harm is happened to Charicles!”

He had scant said so but the messenger told that Charicles was dead. With which message Clinias was so astonished, that like unto one struck with lightning, his voice and senses failed him, and presently fell into a swoon.

But the boy telling forward his tale, said, “He got upon your horse, Clinias, and at first spurred him gently. But when he had ridden two or three courses about, he stayed, and reined him up, wiping his face all dropping down with sweat; and as he was standing thus, behold, a sudden noise arose behind him, wherewith the horse, being afraid, gave a mighty jump; [he] began to run headlong about, biting of his bit, writhing of his neck, shaking of his mane; incensed with fear, [he] was carried violently everywhere: his forefeet prancing forward, his hinder-feet striving to overtake the former, hastened his course, and drove him the faster forward. The poor boy, in this contention, was tossed up and down, like unto a floating ship in the main-sea, tossed on the waves with a mighty tempest. Thus was he, unhappy boy, shaked up from the head to the tail, from this side to that, now every minute ready to fall. At length when he could hold the reins no longer, he then gave himself to the custody of Fortune; but the horse being violently carried went ranging abroad, leaving the beaten way, and ran into a wood, where he dashed the poor child against a tree, and as a bullet is cast out of the mouth of a roaring cannon, with such force fell he out of the saddle. His face was

20 toys amorous sports, caresses.
21 she Clitiphon’s intended bride.
22 a maze a state of stupefaction.
23 astonished stunned, astonished.
24 swoon faint.
deformed with so many wounds as there were sharp knags on the stock,\textsuperscript{25} which fearing not to kill, pierced to the bones. His body was tangled in the bridle, and was laid in the very highway to death, but the horse was so astonied at the fall, that he could run no further, and being thus hindered from his flight, he began to strike him with his heels, and did so tear his face with his iron shoes that none could know his favour.”\textsuperscript{26}

When Clinias had heard this, being in a sound amaze, [he] held his peace a great while. At length having obtained a little leave of sorrow to speak, he fell into great howling and lamentations, and with all speed he did run to the dead body, whom I also followed comforting him as well as I could, but in the mean season,\textsuperscript{27} Charicles was brought in, a most grievous and lamentable spectacle to behold, for he was all over so torn, cut, and mangled that none which were present there and did behold him could abstain from weeping.

But his father took his death most heavily, weeping bitterly: “What a one, O my child, didst thou go from me, and what a one art thou returned again! O most unfortunate art of riding! Thou art not taken from me by the accustomed kind of death. Neither hast thou the very image which a dead man should have. In dead bodies though that the liveliness of the visage and other parts of the body depart, yet the favour remaineth, which yet might something lighten my grief; for although death take away the life from a man, yet he doth leave the favour of his countenance behind him, but yet these are all taken from thee. Wherefore thou dost die a double death, both of body and soul also. So now thy ghost will wander abroad, and thy soul is flown away, which I shall never find more. When, O my son, wilt thou marry a wife? Where now, O thou unfortunate horseman, to thee will I sacrifice thy nuptial rights, and instead of a bed thou shalt have a grave: for marriage, death; for the songs to Hymenaeus,\textsuperscript{28} hymns to Dis,\textsuperscript{29} for bridal music, funeral lamentations. I did hope, dear son, to have burnt these tapers after another manner than these do now, but envying Fortune hath extinguished them together with thyself, and for nuptial, hath caused funeral lights to burn. O cruel lights, which from a wedding to a burying form are changed!”

And after this manner did his father lament, but Clinias contrariwise (for the father and lover and both mourn together) solitary to himself, said: “I was the cause and author of all this which hath happened! Ah, why did I bestow such a gift upon him? Had not I a gilt cup, wherewith I used to sacrifice, and could not I have given him that? But I must bestow a foul beast on so fair a boy, and must go adorn him too in silver trapping, golden bridle, and richly set forth all his other ornaments! Oh, what a fool was I, Charicles, to adorn him in gold that thus was the cruel author of thy death? O most cruel beast, more savage than the wild beasts, most fierce, unkind, and not knowing true beauty indeed! He wiped the sweat from thy back, promised thee provender enough, commended thy pace, and thou hast slain him which thus gently hath dealt with thee; for thou didst not only scorn the burden of so fine a horseman as he was, but also casted him down, and being down, didst strike him with thy feet. O unhappy man that I am, to buy him which should be the author of thy death!” [...]

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\textsuperscript{25} knags on the stock - spurs or sharp projections from a stump or tree trunk.
\textsuperscript{26} favour - face.
\textsuperscript{27} mean season - meantime.
\textsuperscript{28} Hymenaeus - See ‘Hymen,’ Glossary (print anthology).
\textsuperscript{29} Dis - See ‘Pluto,’ Glossary (print anthology).

[Clitophon and Leucippe elope, and Clinias accompanies them as they flee; on board a ship, they meet Menelaus, accidentally responsible for his young male beloved’s death.]
In the meanwhile the wind increased, the sail was full, and the ship sailing very safe. There was by chance in the same ship a young man sitting by us, which because it was now dinnertime, very courteously invited us, that we also would eat with him. Wherefore when Satyrus had made ready that which he had provided for us, we did eat together in common, making ourselves both partakers of our dinner and talk also, when I began thus:

“I pray you, sir, what countryman are you, and what is your name?”

Then answered he, “I am Egyptian born. My name is Menelaus, but, by your leave, may I demand the same of you?”

“Then,” quoth I, “my name is Clitophon, his Clinias, both Phoenicians by birth. And, if it please you, sir, first to declare unto us the cause of this your travel, we also will recompense you with the like.”

“Then,” said Menelaus, “the sum of this my navigation is ungrateful love and an unfortunate hunting, from which, although I did divers times earnestly exhort him, yet I could not prevail. Wherefore, when he would not obey my gentle admonitions, I also did then accompany him in hunting, and upon a day when both of us went forth on horseback, we discoursed of many several kinds of hunting, but of all I commended to him the hunting of the hare and such little beasts, and so long as he pursued such game, I was well satisfied in mind, but when by chance a wild boar rushed forth of the wood, which he seeing, being nothing afraid, went to meet him, and wilfully did run upon him, I still crying, ‘Stay, stay, hold your horse, or else you are slain!’ The boar did seem to be of such a huge bigness, when seeing him coming upon him, ran also forward to meet him, and both of them did violently rush one upon another. Which when I saw, I was suddenly astonied with fear, and fearing lest the boar should get underneath him and fling down his horse, I cast a dart which I had at him, and it so chanced (I would that chance had never been) the boy ran by and received the wound. But in what case do you think I was in then? And if at that instant there was any life in me, it was even like unto those who at every moment are about to give up the ghost, and that which was most to be grieved, my hand which cast the dart, being held forth, was presently benumbed, as having a due reward for so unlucky a chance, and (as it were) hating of itself for being author of so vile a death. Wherefore the parents of the boy accused me in the court as principal of his death, which I did not deny, and I willingly liked of their accusation, which if they had not brought, I would have sacrificed to his soul. Wherefore I judged myself worthy to die, but the judges, moved with pity, banished me for the space of three years, which time being passed, I now am returned into my country again.”

While that Menelaus did recount these strange misfortunes—not much unlike to the hard chance of Patroclus—Clinias, being put into remembrance of his beloved Charicles, could not choose but weep, wherefore said Menelaus, “What, do you weep for my misfortune, or whether you are banished also for the like mishap?”

Then Clinias, not without many sighs, repeated the hard hap of Charicles and the horse, after whom also I recounted my history. But when I saw Menelaus very sad by
remembrance of his griefs, and Clinias also weeping for the death of Charicles, being desirous to wipe away both their sorrows, I began a discourse mingled with an amorous delight, for Leucippe was then absent, who immediately before went into a more close\textsuperscript{33} place of the ship to take a nap, and turning myself to them, I smiled.

“Clinias,” said I, “for the most part in argument overcometh me, and even now (for he desireth to inveigh against women, as his manner is) he may do it the better, because he hath found a like companion of his love. What is the cause why so many are in love with boys? Surely I myself cannot tell, neither see any cause why.”

Then answered Menelaus, “What, is it not, I pray you, better than the love of women? Boys are more perfect than women, and their beauty is of more force to delight the senses with pleasure.”

“But I pray you,” quoth\textsuperscript{34} I, “how is it more vehement? What, for because as soon as it appeareth it is gone again, neither giveth any possibility for the lover to enjoy it, but is like to Tantalus in the river Styx\textsuperscript{35} that when he would drink of the water it flieth away from him? Neither is there any sustenance left for him to receive, and that also which is drunk is first taken away before that he which drinketh can be satisfied. Evermore he must depart so from his lover, as if there had been never no such love, or else but new began, and the pleasure is mingled with a kind of sorrow, and he is ever dry, but his thirst can never be quenched.”

Then said Menelaus, “But you, Clitophon, do not seem to know which is the chiefest felicity in love: that always is most to be wished for, which bringeth no loathsomeness, and wherewith one is never satisfied; for those things which remain the longer to us for to enjoy them, do take away the delight thereof with too much satiety, but those things which sometimes are taken away are always new and do daily flourish; and as much as is taken away from them by the shortness of time, so much is added to the greatness of the desire, and their pleasure doth not fade. And wherefore is the rose accounted the fairest of all plants, but because it soonest doth fade away? Surely I do think that there is two kinds of beauty which is amongst mortal men, the one heavenly, the other common, which indeed are the very givers of all beauty. And the heavenly beauty scorneth to be joined with our mortal, and therefore striveth to fly up to heaven; the common beauty creepeth on the ground and cleaveth to every base body. And if you will that I shall bring you a witness for this which I have said, mark you the poet Homer, whose verses are these:

The gods incensed with beauty of this boy,  
To heaven him brought to serve great Jove above,  
In filling of sweet nectar and ambrosian wine.  
Who can deny but that the cause was love?\textsuperscript{36}

Never was there woman for beauty brought up to heaven, although Jupiter loved women well: Alcmena fell into lamentations, and was constrained to hide herself; the tower and the sea kept Danae prisoner; Semele was consumed by fire. But when he fell in love with this Phrygian boy, Ganymedes, he took him up to heaven with him, that he might dwell together

\textsuperscript{33} close enclosed, private.  
\textsuperscript{34} quoth said.  
\textsuperscript{35} Tantalus king of Phrygia; punished for stealing the food of the gods and his treatment of Pelops, his son, he was condemned to the Underworld, where he stood with water up to his chin that receded whenever he tried to drink, and fruit overhead that pulled back whenever he tried to eat.  
\textsuperscript{36} Iliad 20.234-5.
with him, and serve him at his table, and cast Hebe down from heaven, which did supply the place before, for she was a woman.”

But I, taking the words out of his mouth, thus replied: “Nay,” quoth I, “womankind seems to be most heavenly and that for a strong reason: because their beauty doth not so quickly fade, that cometh next unto heavenliness, which is furthest from corruption; and contrary, that ought not to be called heavenly but earthly which is most subject to alteration, because it is most like to men’s nature. Jupiter loved this Phrygian boy and took him up heaven: what then? This doth not detract from women’s beauty. For a woman’s love he transformed himself into a bull, so he did not for the love of him. For the love of Leda, he changed himself into a swan, and oftentimes did he take the shape of a satyr, gold, and many such like things. But let Ganymedes fill the cup for Jupiter, while Juno lie with the gods, since the goddess hath a boy to be her cup-bearer. It pitieth me truly to hear or think how he was carried up to heaven: a ravenous bird snatched him away, and he was no otherwise dealt withal than those who fall into the hands of a tyrant. Was it not, I pray you, a grief to see a boy catched up in the talons of such a bird, his head hanging down as if he were now ready to fall? Such a carrion-devouring bird did not carry Semele to heaven, but the fire which is the chiefest of the elements. ...

“But if, omitting these fables, you will make mention of that true pleasure which is conceived in women their bodies are tender to embrace, their lips soft for to kiss, whose whole proportion of the body is only made to move delight. And he which doth enjoy a beautiful woman hath the true felicity of all pleasure, for he doth imprint in her lips as they who seal in wax; she also doth kiss as it were by art, seasoning her kisses with a sweeter delight. Neither is it sufficient to kiss her lips, but also to feed, as it were, upon her mouth. In touching of her tender breasts what great delight there is, I leave to the whom experience hath made perfect herein. And even in their natural actions she doth so delight as that he might think himself in another world. The kisses of boys are rude, their embraces unapt and unnatural, whose delight doth languish, and is void of all true pleasure indeed.”

Then said Menelaus, “[...] now mark you me again, and I will show what pleasure is reaped in the love of boys. In a woman, not only her words but also all her actions are full of subtlety. If some be fair, they may thank the painter’s shop, all whose beauty is compacted of nothing else than of painting, colouring, and curling their hair, and in kissing. From whom, take away this painting and counterfeiting of colours, and truly you will think them barer than a jay (as the proverb is) when all his stolen feathers are plucked from his back. But the beauty of boys is not besmeared with the counterfeit of painting, neither sponged up with borrowed perfumes. The very sweat of the brows of a boy doth excel all the sweet savours of musk and civet about a woman. And a man may openly talk and play with them and never be ashamed; neither is there any tenderness of flesh which is like to them; their kisses do not savour of women’s curiosity. Neither beguile with a foolish error: the kisses of them are sweet and delightful, not proceeding of art but of nature. And the very image and picture of

37 supply the place perform the function.
38 contrary on the contrary.
39 for . . . bull See ‘Europa,’ Glossary (print anthology).
40 him i.e., Ganymede.
41 For Jupiter’s physical transformations to seduce each of these mortal women, see Leda, Antiope, Aegina, and Callisto (Glossary, print anthology).
42 barer ... back A jackdaw steals other birds’ feathers to win a contest set up by Zeus to find the most beautiful bird, who will become his fellows’ king. The stolen plumage wins the jackdaw the contest, but the other birds tear it away, exposing his true ugliness (Aesop’s Fables, no. 162).
43 mask and civet used in perfumes.
44 curiosity proficiency [gained through careful calculation]; artfulness.
45 beguile deceive [yourself].
their kisses are so sweet and pleasant that you might very well think, that heavenly nectar to be between your lips.”

[...]

[After surviving shipwreck and apparent sacrifice, Leucippe is sexually threatened by an Egyptian general, and the young man Chaireas who kidnaps her; after Chaireas’ men apparently behead her, Clitophon agrees to marry the wealthy widow Melite, but delays the consummation. Arriving in Ephesus, Clitophon discovers that both Leucippe and Melite’s husband, Thersandros, are alive. Thersandros attempts to rape Leucippe and frame Clitophon for her apparent murder. Clitophon’s innocence and Leucippe’s virginity are proven, and their marriage is assured.]