

An Anthology of Mediocre Metamorphoses

Dear audience, dear Jonathan,

We gathered today under this drowsy grey sky to celebrate together - I see parents, family, friends, strangers and most important, Jonathan, who worked for the past four years on the marvellous publication, called '366' that will be presented today. I was a close witness of the process towards this book, from the first set of drawings to the final, alluring design as a boxed book. Therefore I cannot stress enough how joyful and honoured I am to be standing here, in front of you, on this festive occasion.

I wrote a text today about my two favourite books of the moment (and in extent of all times), the *Metamorphoses* by Ovid on the one hand and *366* by Jonathan Paepens on the other hand, complementing each towards the culmination of an anthology, which I will recite for you today, as in now. This text is titled *An Anthology of Mediocre Metamorphoses*, a name which can benefit from some etymological context. An anthology is a collection of poems or epigrams of various writers, arranged as an abundant and reverbing flowerpiece. The word itself derives from the two ancient greek components, as in *Anthos* -which translates to flower and *Logos* -which means word. An anthology therefore is a flourishing set of words and phrases, carefully composed and tied together as a beautiful bouquet. *Mediocre* entitles the state of being in a middle state but actually finds its roots in the antique language, ultimately combining the Latin *medius* with the Greek *ocris*, which literally means halfway up a mountain. Last but not least, I would like to introduce the *Metamorphoses*. The *Metamorphoses* is an Latin narrative poem by the Roman poet Ovid, that is considered his *magnum opus*. The extensive manuscript comprises 11,995 lines, 15 books and over 250 myths. The compiled array of stories tell about enigmatic transformations from humans to animals, rivers, countries, rocks, celestial bodies -and flowers. This collection of morphing myths was practiced by the ancient Greeks to declare the miraculous origins of natural presences and sublime landscapes. By formulating and distributing universal stories through travelling orators, narrators and storytellers, the Greeks were able to give a human and divine face to mechanisms and beings which they couldn't explain with their limited scientific knowledge. The *metamorphoses* tell stories about humans or human-like creatures that are spelled by the olympic gods, therefore transforming into animate, inanimate or animalistic other beings. The process of metamorphing is repeatedly caused by a tragic fate of impossible love and lust, resulting in a heart wrenching destination of death that is consistently rescued by an olympic force that alters the decaying body with the fortune of nature. The poem chronicles the history of the world from its creation to the deification of Julius Caesar within a loose mythico-historical framework, disguised as a pseudo cosmogony, cosmogony being derived from *kosmos*, meaning world and *gonia*, meaning becoming. small etymological note before we start the anthology; *kosmos* indeed translates to world or universe but bears the second nuance of ornament or jewelry, whereas *cosmetics* has its strong ties to this linguistic origins.

Back to the anthology, this text is set up as a recitation of the metamorphoses. Throughout the anthology, I will create a myriad of floral stories by pinning into the very moment of cyclical regeneration, the metamorphose an sich, when personas as Daphne, Hyacinthos, Minthe and many others are symbolically halfway up a mountain, ascending from tragic entity to its flourishing fulmination as a blossom. Each story will resonate with a facet of the publication that is officially presented today, according to petals and buds of the same species.

-glass

Let's start with the story of Hyacinthos, Book X, verse 143-219, as sung by Orpheus for the trees, animals and birds:

Now, the sun was midway between the vanished and the future night, equally far from either extreme: they stripped off their clothes, and gleaming with the rich olive oil, they had rubbed themselves with, they began a contest with the broad discus. Phoebus went first, balancing it, and hurling it high into the air, scattering the clouds with its weight. Its mass took a long time to fall back to the hard ground, showing strength and skill combined. Immediately the Taenarian boy, without thinking, ran forward to pick up the disc, prompted by his eagerness to throw, but the solid earth threw it back, hitting you in the face, with the rebound, Hyacinthus.

'The god is as white as the boy, and cradles the fallen body. Now he tries to revive you, now to staunch your dreadful wound, and now applies herbs to hold back your departing spirit. His arts are useless: the wound is incurable. Just as if, when someone, in a garden, breaks violets, stiff poppies, or the lilies, with their bristling yellow stamens, and, suddenly, they droop, bowing their weakened heads, unable to support themselves, and their tops gaze at the soil: so his dying head drops, and, with failing strength, the neck is overburdened, and sinks onto the shoulder.

"You slip away, Spartan, robbed of the flower of youth," Phoebus sighed, "and I see my guilt, in your wound. You are my grief and my reproach: your death must be ascribed to my hand. I am the agent of your destruction. Yet, how was it my fault, unless taking part in a game can be called a fault, unless it can be called a fault to have loved you? If only I might die with you, and pay with my life! But since the laws of fate bind us, you shall always be with me, and cling to my remembering lips. My songs; the lyre my hand touches; will celebrate you. As a new-formed flower, you shall denote my woe, by your markings. And the time will come, when Ajax, bravest of heroes, will associate himself with this same flower, and be identified by its petals."

'While the truthful mouth of Apollo uttered these words, look, the blood that had spilt on the ground staining the grass was no longer blood, and a flower sprang up, brighter than Tyrian dye, and took the shape of a lily, though it was purple in colour, where the other is silvery white. Not satisfied with this alone, Phoebus (he, indeed, was the giver of the honour) himself marked his grief on the petals, and the flower bore the letters AI AI, the letters of woe traced there. Nor was Sparta ashamed of producing Hyacinthus: his honour has lasted to

this day, and by ancient custom the Hyacinthia is celebrated, at its annual return, by displaying the flower in procession.

-plants-

Hyacinthos was a very beautiful Spartan prince and lover of the god Apollo. Hyacinthos was also admired by the God of the West wind Zephyrus, the God of the North wind Boreas and a mortal man named Thamyris (the tradition tells that Thamyris was the first man to have loved another man). But Hyacinthos chose Apollo over the others. With Apollo, Hyacinthos visited all of Apollo's sacred lands in a chariot drawn by swans. The olympic God taught his lover the use of the bow, of music and the lyre, the art of prophecy, and exercises in the gymnasium. One day, Apollo was teaching him the game of throwing discus. They decided to have a friendly competition by taking turns to throw the sphere. Apollo threw first, with such a strength that the discus slit the clouds in the sky. Hyacinthos ran behind it to catch it in order to impress his beloved Apollo. But as the discus hit the ground, it bounced back, hitting Hyacinthos's head and wounding him fatally. Alternatively, Zephyrus is held responsible for the death of Hyacinthos; jealous that Hyacinthos preferred the radiant Apollo, Zephyrus blew Apollo's discus boisterously off course to kill Hyacinthos. Apollo's face turned pale as he held his dying lover in his arms. He used all his medicinal skills and even tried giving ambrosia to heal Hyacinthos's wound, but in vain, for he could not cure the wound inflicted by the Fates. When Hyacinthos died, Apollo wept, blaming himself. He wished to become a mortal and join his lover in death. However, as that was not possible, Apollo promised that he would always remember Hyacinthos in his songs and the music of his lyre. From Hyacinthos's spilled blood, he created a flower representing the virtue of constancy, the hyacinth, and on its petals inscribed the words of despair, "Al Al" – "alas". It was considered by the Greeks to be the most beautiful of all flowers.

This story is very similar to the one of Crocus, who was a friend of Hermes, the messenger of the Gods and god of travellers, liars, thieves, all who cross boundaries. One day, while they were throwing the disc to each other, Hermes hit Crocus on the head and wounded him fatally. As the young man collapsed and was dying, three drops from his blood fell on the centre of a flower thus becoming the three stigmata of the flower named after him. Etymologically, the word crocus has its origin from the Greek "kroki" which means weft, the thread used for weaving on a loom. As a medicinal and dyeing substance, crocus has been known in ancient Greece for its aroma, vibrant colour and aphrodisiac properties, thus making it one of the most desired and expensive spices. Another use in ancient Greece was that of perfumery also using it to perfume the water while bathing. Frescoes in the palaces of Knossos (16th century b.C.) clearly depict a young girl gathering crocus flowers and Homer, in his writings calls dawn "a crocus veil". In the metamorphoses (book IV, in the story of Alcithoë, who fell in love with Hermaphroditus, her haunt causing his transformation in a non-binary entity. Her prayers to unify with Hermaphroditus as one loving identity were fulfilled when as a final act of the pursuit, they submerged in a lake and merged in a bi-gendered hermaphrodite) Crocus is ascribed as a mortal youth who, because he was unhappy with his love affair with the nymph Smilax, was turned by the gods into a plant

bearing his name, the crocus. Smilax is believed to have been given a similar fate and transformed into bindweed.

The metamorphoses is a “mock-epic” poem, written in dactylic hexameter, the form of the great epic poems of the ancient tradition, such as “The Iliad” and “The Odyssey of Homerus. The metric structure of the text was standardized as a rhetoric and cognitive methodology in order to enhance the remembrance of vast amounts of text during the oral tradition of narrating epic poems. Although meeting the criteria for an epic, the metamorphoses defy simple genre classification by its use of varying themes and tones. Ovid manipulates the rhythmic scheme of the canonical hexameter, which consists of long and short feet. The dactylic structure creates a comprehensive structure of syllables and verses that scans as a thread through the whole manuscript.

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The virtuous custom of persisting with the six-footed metrum made it possible for the storyteller to perform without a written text, unlike me. although this recitation of the metamorphoses approaches the original writings in its initial character. Jonathan Paepens on the other hand developed a similar visual metrum, therefore resonating with the usage of the dactylic hexameter. Paepens invented a formal scheme, bearing the six basic facial features: a nose, two eyes, a mouth, a moustache, sometimes an ear and the contours of the visage. Paepens facilitates the rudimentary portrait as a core vessel for an extensive drawing practice that consistently traces back to the very same structure of his own face, functioning as a distorted mirror.

Similar to the mocking repurposing of the epic metrum by Ovid, Paepens tends to reinvent the canonical and conventional format of the auto-portrait as an elementary motive of the classical artistic practice into a obsessive, repetitive and satirical scanning of the same metrum, narrating a myriad of intimate reflections.

The aforementioned six-parted rhetorical and visual scheme can also apply on the core biological structure of flowers, which are perpetually composed in a hermaphroditic genus of a pistil (the female organ), a stamen (the male organ), a leaf, a stem, a receptacle, a petal and a sepal. Although this principal is omnipresent in the natural realm, the richness still utters a plentiful richness and abundant diversity of flowers, definitely resulting in more than 366 different sorts, all following the same metrum.

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-glass-

Daphne (Book I, verse 525 - 552)

The winds bared her body, the opposing breezes in her way fluttered her clothes, and the light airs threw her streaming hair behind her, her beauty enhanced by flight. But the young god could no longer waste time on further blandishments, urged on by Amor, he ran on at full speed. Like a hound of Gaul starting a hare in an empty field, that heads for its prey, she for safety: he, seeming about to clutch her, thinks now, or now, he has her fast, grazing her heels with his outstretched jaws, while she uncertain whether she is already caught, escaping his bite, spurts from the muzzle touching her. So the virgin and the god: he driven by desire, she by fear. He ran faster, Amor giving him wings, and allowed her no rest, hung on her fleeing shoulders, breathed on the hair flying round her neck. Her strength was gone, she grew pale, overcome by the effort of her rapid flight, and seeing Peneus's waters near cried out 'Help me father! If your streams have divine powers change me, destroy this beauty that pleases too well!' Her prayer was scarcely done when a heavy numbness seized her limbs, thin bark closed over her breast, her hair turned into leaves, her arms into branches, her feet so swift a moment ago stuck fast in slow-growing roots, her face was lost in the canopy. Only her shining beauty was left.

plants-

Daphne was a nymph,. Her mother was Gaia and her father, the river god Peneus.

Daphne was also a follower of Artemis, the goddess of Hunting, and a divinity never conquered by love. The priestesses devoted to her service were bound to live pure, and transgressions of their vows of chastity were severely punished.

Apollo was a very great archer and he loves to praise himself. One day Apollo met Eros, who was an equally great archer like Apollo. The latter made fun about Eros's archery. As he got heated up by anger, evoking a strong sense of revenge, he manufactured two arrows. One arrow was submerged in golden water. This arrow awakened love and passion if stuck into human flesh, whilst the other arrow removed passion and love, under the same circumstances. The arrow of love reached Apollo's heart and he desperately loved Daphne. But unfortunately the other arrow ended up into Daphne's heart. As a result, Daphne always ran away from Apollo, who never stopped chasing her. Finally Apollo was able to capture her. Daphne asked help from her father, Peneus. As all gods of water possess the ability of transformation, Peneus transformed his daughter into a laurel tree. Since Apollo could no longer take her as his wife, he vowed to tend her as his tree, to raid away all tempted beasts and creatures of the earth that intended to do her harm, and promised that her leaves would decorate the heads of leaders as crowns.

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Back to flowers and plants, it is worth noting that they go through different stages in their life cycle. Growth is where photosynthesis begins as the leaves collect sunlight and turn it into food for the growing flower. The roots branch out and the flower bud begins to form during this regenerative stage. Within the protection of the bud, a small, complete flower forms. When the plant matures and is ready to reproduce, it develops flowers. All plants begin life

as a seed but flowers are unique in their ability to attract pollinating species by means of spreading their seeds. Flowers are the special structures involved in reproductional fertilisation, processes which lead to the formation of new seeds, and so on. This cyclical principal includes an ever-evolving metamorphose in itself as the seasons of the year evoke different stages within the floral realm. The flower as such embodies the staged cycles of birth, life and death in annual repetition of spring, summer, autumn and winter, resonating with the periods of a lifetime, both bearing distinctive characteristics such as development, reproduction, vitality and lethargy.

366 unites a daily drawing practice that was carried out during a leap-year, thus following the seasonal cycle of flowers, trees, plants and the self, such as the poppie:

glass-

In Greek mythology poppies were associated with Hypnos, god of sleep, his twin brother, Thanatos, god of death, and Morpheus, god of dreams. This was because a type of poppy native to the Mediterranean region yields a substance called opium, a drug that was used in the ancient world to ease pain and to induce sleep.

Demeter was the goddess of agriculture who presented humankind with the secrets to grain-farming. Her emblem was the red poppy growing among the barley. The myth says that Demeter created the poppy so she could sleep, whilst desperately wandering in sorrowful search of her daughter for nine days. This state was aroused after the loss of her daughter, Persephone, who had been abducted by Hades and taken to the Underworld. As a result of her daughter's abduction, a grief-stricken and wrathful Demeter commanded the earth to become infertile until her daughter was returned to her -this would, in turn, induce autumn, and then winter. Upon seeing the starvation of the mortals due to Demeter's curse on the earth, Zeus was forced to order Hades to return Persephone to her mother. Hades complied with his brother's wish, but before Persephone was taken back up by Hermes (the only god who can go freely to the Underworld), Hades gave her a pomegranate, and persuaded her to eat six seeds. Hence, Persephone has to stay within the Underworld for six months out of the year. The theme of sleep is carried through the myth as Persephone's cyclical excursions to the underworld were timed with the seasons. She would leave her mother Demeter in the winter to join her husband, Hades. Her absence marked the winter, her submersion in the underworld signifies a kind of "closing the shutters" and slumber in the cycle of life.

By and large, poppies have long been used as a symbol of sleep, peace, and death: Sleep because the opium extracted from them is a sedative, and death because of the common blood-red color of the red poppy in particular. In Greek and Roman myths, poppies were used as offerings to the dead. Poppies used as emblems on tombstones symbolize eternal sleep. It is no coincidence that poppies were and still are referred to as a symbol of regeneration, as these entities are able to germinate in conditions of disturbed earth and infertile soil. For example, once the conflict of World War I was over, the poppy was the sole plant that was able to grow on the otherwise barren battlefields. The armistice which ended World War I took place on the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month of 1918 and the reiteration of the commemoration of this cruelty is symbolized by the very same flower.

Contrary to the regenerative statute of the flower, it mourns almost instantly after being picked, concluding in a withered state.

plants-

Love and hubris are main topics in Ovid's "Metamorphoses".

Unlike the predominantly romantic notions of Love, Ovid considered love more as a dangerous, destabilizing force. However, there is an explanation for this attitude: during the reign of Augustus, who was the ruling Roman emperor during Ovid's time, major attempts were made to regulate morality by creating legal and illegal forms of love, by encouraging marriage and legitimate heirs, and by punishing adultery with exile from Rome.

As to hubris, a blasphemous form of vanity, Ovid emphasizes that it entails a fatal flaw which inevitably leads to a person's downfall. The metamorphose is generally defined as the origin of one or more transformations which mostly occurs as a result of death (tribute), but also as a kind of exoneration; or as a punishment for hubris.

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May it not be coincidental that love, lust and hubris saturate the series of self-portraits by Jonathan Paepens, hereby sprinkled with a sense of vanity and peppered with a narcissistic hubris that compels the viewer to introspection. The 366 drawings of and by Paepens take the form of an ongoing attempted quest for sublime beauty and idle self-love, an endeavour that tragically resorts in decay, death and deterioration, as the drawings are constituted of evanescent materials, such as glitter and food remnants- and perishable lines that are engraved by felt-tip and ballpoint pens and fluorescent markers. The gestural interventions on the paper surface will not last longer than a decade, even when it is kept carefully and enclosed from sunshine. The portraits thus follow a transformative trajectory that is inaugurated from the first line of the drawing, an inevitable process of vanishing vanity.

Glas-

Adonis (book X, 503- 516, 708- 739)

'The child, conceived in sin, had grown within the tree, and was now searching for a way to leave its mother, and reveal itself. The pregnant womb swells within the tree trunk, the burden stretching the mother. The pain cannot form words, nor can Lucina be called on, in the voice of a woman in labour. Nevertheless the tree bends, like one straining, and groans constantly, and is wet with falling tears. Gentle Lucina stood by the suffering branches, and laid her hands on them, speaking words that aid childbirth. At this the tree split open, and, from the torn bark, gave up its living burden, and the child cried. The naiads laid him on the soft grass, and anointed him with his mother's tears. Even Envy would praise his beauty, being so like one of the torsos of naked Amor painted on boards. But to stop them differing in attributes, you must add a light quiver, for him, or take theirs away from them.

...

'She warned him, and made her way through the air, drawn by harnessed swans, but his courage defied the warning. By chance, his dogs, following a well-marked trail, roused a wild

boar from its lair, and as it prepared to rush from the trees, Cinyras's grandson caught it a glancing blow. Immediately the fierce boar dislodged the blood-stained spear, with its crooked snout, and chased the youth, who was scared and running hard. It sank its tusk into his groin, and flung him, dying, on the yellow sand.

'Cytherea, carried in her light chariot through the midst of the heavens, by her swans' swiftness, had not yet reached Cyprus: she heard from afar the groans of the dying boy, and turned the white birds towards him. When, from the heights, she saw the lifeless body, lying in its own blood, she leapt down, tearing her clothes, and tearing at her hair, as well, and beat at her breasts with fierce hands, complaining to the fates. "And yet not everything is in your power" she said. "Adonis, there shall be an everlasting token of my grief, and every year an imitation of your death will complete a re-enactment of my mourning. But your blood will be changed into a flower. Persephone, you were allowed to alter a woman's body, Menthe's, to fragrant mint: shall the transformation of my hero, of the blood of Cinyras, be grudged to me?" So saying, she sprinkled the blood with odorous nectar: and, at the touch, it swelled up, as bubbles emerge in yellow mud. In less than an hour, a flower, of the colour of blood, was created such as pomegranates carry, that hide their seeds under a tough rind. But enjoyment of it is brief; for, lightly clinging, and too easily fallen, the winds deflower it, which are likewise responsible for its name, windflower: *anemone*

plants-

Myrrha's mother proclaimed to carry more beauty than Aphrodite which angered the goddess who therefore cursed Myrrha to fall in love with her father.

Myrrha tricked her father into sleeping with her, thereafter she became pregnant. When her father found out that he had been tricked, his unrivaled anger pursued the murder of his daughter, the gods had empathy with her and turned her into a myrrh tree.

Even so, Myrrha finally gave birth to her son Adonis. Aphrodite found the baby by a myrrh tree and the deity gave him to Persephone, the wife of Hades, who was the God of the Underworld.

When the child grew he became a very beautiful young man. Persephone was also taken by Adonis' beauty and refused to return him to Aphrodite. The dispute between the two goddesses was settled by Zeus, the king of the gods: Adonis was to spend one-third of every year with each goddess and the last third wherever he chose. He chose to spend two-thirds of the year with Aphrodite. Ares, the god of war and husband of Aphrodite, grew jealous because Aphrodite spent the majority of her time with Adonis. As a result, Ares transformed into a gigantic wild boar and attacked Adonis. Ares, disguised as a boar, caught Adonis and castrated him. The young and handsome boy died in Aphrodite's arms, and she sprinkled his blood with nectar from the anemone. The Greek myth lends the Anemone, or 'windflower' dual meanings: the arrival of spring breezes on the one hand and the loss of a loved one to death on the other. The name anemone is derived from the Greek word *anemos*, which translates to 'wind'. The name comes from the fact that the delicate flowers are blown open by the wind, which in turn blows away the dead petals as well.

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Minthe was a naiad or water nymph associated with the Underworld river Cocytus. This river (also known as the River of Wailing) was one of the five rivers that encircled the realm of Hades.

Minthe fell in love with Hades, but Persephone, Hades' wife became enraged with jealousy, turning Minthe into a crawling plant so Persephone could crush her.

Hades could not reverse the spell so he gave a strong and good fragrance to Minthe when Persephone would walk on the plant, guaranteeing that Minthe would always be noticed and never be taken for granted.

The tale also refers to the usage of mint in funerary rites to disguise the scent of decay. Besides, in ancient Greece, the herb was also a main ingredient in the fermented barley drink called *kykeon*, which seemingly was the principal potable associated with the Eleusinian mysteries. It seems like this beverage included some really strange psychoactive ingredients, mint among them.

puts leafs in glass, drinks, plants-

The metamorphoses and the drawings of 366 also carry another striking resemblance that connects both Ovid's pseudo-cosmogony and Paepens' publication. The ephemeral myths were transferred in an oral tradition of storytellers, travelling from one culture to the other, losing details on the way, or being interwoven and mingled with other stories, creating an intertextual and intercultural phenomenon of metamorphoses myths. Thanks to Ovid's ingenious efforts to collect and archive this richness of stories into one compilation, we can still relate to and dive into the spelling realm of Greek mythology. The book 366 collects in this light drawings that would otherwise perish and disappear, making this publication an immortalized relic of Paepens' magnum opus, halting the drawn portraits from transforming into a blank sheet of paper.

glass-

The next myth tells about the origins of the almond tree and of violets through -again- an incestuous intrigue. The story goes as follows: when Cybele rejected Zeus, he spilled his seed on her, while she was sleeping on the mountain Ida. In due course, Cybele gave birth to Agdistis, a hermaphroditic demon so strong and wild that the other Olympic gods feared him. In a state of terror, the deities cut off his male sexual organ. From its blood sprang an almond tree.

-almonds

The river Sangarius had a daughter named Nana, who ate the fruit of this almond tree. As a result of having eaten this fruit Nana delivered a boy child nine months later. His name was Attis and, as time went by, he became a young handsome man... So handsome that his grandmother, Cybele, fell in love with him. Although in time, Attis saw the king of Pessinus' beautiful daughter, fell in love, and wished to marry her. The goddess Cybele became insanely jealous and drove Attis mad for revenge. Running crazy through the mountains,

Attis killed himself. From Attis' blood sprang the first violets, somewhere halfway up the mountain in mediocrity.

-plants

The anthology is coming to an end, whereas the arrangement of planted flowers is expanding, similar to the vibrant and flourishing portraits that seem to become a bouquet of colours and scents, whereas the neck performs as a tied rope around a multitude of natural jewelry and floral make-up. Eyes as almonds, lips as anemones, moustaches as crocuses, noses as mint, hairs as hyacinth. I could tell even more stories, narrating about the rose and the fir tree, the Cypruss and the peony, The lotus and the sunflower. Nevertheless a day only counts 24 hours and a year only counts 365 days (or was it 366?). Therefore, I want to conclude with a citation of Narcissus's tale, whereas this myth is included as an introductory text for Paepens' publication. Besides that, this story alludes to the self-portrait as a projection of one's self-love, troubled and unreachable. The daffodil still grows at the river banks and keeps its head inclined over the liquid surface.

book III, 474-510

He spoke, and returned madly to the same reflection, and his tears stirred the water, and the image became obscured in the rippling pool. As he saw it vanishing, he cried out 'Where do you fly to? Stay, cruel one, do not abandon one who loves you! I am allowed to gaze at what I cannot touch, and so provide food for my miserable passion!' While he weeps, he tears at the top of his clothes: then strikes his naked chest with hands of marble. His chest flushes red when they strike it, as apples are often pale in part, part red, or as grapes in their different bunches are stained with purple when they are not yet ripe.

As he sees all this reflected in the dissolving waves, he can bear it no longer, but as yellow wax melts in a light flame, as morning frost thaws in the sun, so he is weakened and melted by love, and worn away little by little by the hidden fire. He no longer retains his colour, the white mingled with red, no longer has life and strength, and that form so pleasing to look at, nor has he that body which Echo loved. Still, when she saw this, though angered and remembering, she pitied him, and as often as the poor boy said 'Alas!' she repeated with her echoing voice '*Alas!*' and when his hands strike at his shoulders, she returns the same sounds of pain. His last words as he looked into the familiar pool were 'Alas, in vain, beloved boy!' and the place echoed every word, and when he said 'Goodbye!' Echo also said '*Goodbye!*'

He laid down his weary head in the green grass, death closing those eyes that had marvelled at their lord's beauty.

And even when he had been received into the house of shadows, he gazed into the Stygian waters. His sisters the Naiads lamented, and let down their hair for their brother, and the Dryads lamented. Echo returned their laments. And now they were preparing the funeral pyre, the quivering torches and the bier, but there was no body. They came upon a flower, instead of his body, with white petals surrounding a yellow heart.