

**Chapter 1 : Paulus Bor, Cydippe with the Apple of Acontius**

*Cydippe with the Apple of Acontius, Paulus Bor, c. - c. oil on canvas, h cm Å— w cm More details This scene is taken from the Heroides by the Roman poet Ovid.*

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*Cydippe with Acontius's Apple c. Oil on canvas, x cm Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam: The picture shows a woman kneeling on a cushion, contemplating an apple she holds in her right hand.*

Sometimes they tell touching stories of true love, like that of Acontius and Cydippe. Acontius was a young man from the lovely Greek island of Keos, who fell hopelessly in love with the beautiful young woman Cydippe. Sadly, she was of higher social standing than he was, and such a marriage was unthinkable to her family. He came up with an ingenious plan to trick her into making a commitment to him: He then approached Cydippe when she was in the temple of Diana, and threw the inscribed apple in front of her. Her nurse picked it up, and handed it to Cydippe to read his words aloud before the altar, so binding her to the vow. She then seemingly overlooked this inadvertent commitment that she had made. Shortly before the couple were due to marry, Cydippe fell ill with a severe fever, and the proceedings were postponed. After she recovered, another attempt was made to marry the couple, but again Cydippe fell ill just before the ceremonies, and so a third time the wedding had to be called off. Recognising the strength of the vow that she had made, Cydippe and her parents finally accepted the match, and Acontius and Cydippe married with their blessing. I felt sure that some artist would have depicted some of that story, but my reference sources only pointed to poetry and operas. Eventually, I found two paintings, both of which have strange histories. Like so many of her paintings, it was very popular, but now appears to have been lost. A copy was made by someone from her circle, and that has survived, although it was earlier thought to be of Orestes and Iphigenia. This surviving version of Acontius and Cydippe Before the Altar of Diana shows Cydippe with Acontius behind her, armed with his inscribed apple. There is no nurse shown, though. Johan Fredrik Martin , after Angelica Kauffmann , Acontius and Cydippe date not known , watercolour on print engraving , Courtesy of Nationalmuseum, Stockholm. These are fine narrative works which do the story justice, but I then stumbled across a painting of Cydippe in the Rijksmuseum, by a little-known Dutch artist Paulus Bor. It puts a very different slant on the story: Bor paints the details of the altar exquisitely. Apparently Bor is known for his early Caravaggism and late classicism, for unusual compositions and mysterious subjects. His Ariadne is still reminiscent of Caravaggio, and certainly mysterious. When Theseus came to Crete to kill the Minotaur, she helped him by giving him a ball of golden thread, which he used to retrace his route out of the labyrinth after he had killed the Minotaur her half-brother. Ariadne fell in love with Theseus, and the couple eloped to Naxos, where he abandoned her. This can only show Ariadne on Naxos, immediately after she has been abandoned, still clutching the thread by which she thought she had tethered Theseus, which now hangs at a loose end. On the wall above her are sketches she has made of her lover. She looks even more deeply lost in thought, and gloomy, than Cydippe. Ovid includes an imaginary letter from her to Theseus in his *Heroides* letter *The Disillusioned Medea The Enchantress c* , in the Met in New York, appears unique among the images of the enchantress who used her magic to support Jason in his quest for the Golden Fleece. She fell in love with Jason, married him on his voyage home, and bore him two children. This was too much for Medea, who sent Glauce a poisoned wedding dress which killed her, and her father, horribly. She then killed her two children, and fled to Athens, where she had a child by King Aegeus. Ovid includes an imaginary letter from her to Jason in his *Heroides* letter *Medea* sits, her face flushed, resting her head on the heel of her right hand. In her left, she holds a wand made from bamboo or rattan. The wand appears poised, ready for use as soon as she has worked out what to do next. But where, then, does Ariadne fit in? I wonder if Bor painted any others from that book? Perhaps those paintings are not as mysterious as they may seem.

**Chapter 3 : Cydippe With Acontius's Apple by Paulus Bor - Oil Painting Reproduction**

*Cydippe with Acontius's apple by Paulus Bor, Rijksmuseum Acontius is also a spider genus (Cyrtoucheniidae). Acontius (Greek: Ἀκόντιος, Ἰάκχιος), was in Greek mythology a beautiful youth of the island of Ceos, the hero of a love-story told by Callimachus in a poem of which only fragments remain, and which forms the subject of two of Ovid.*

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**Chapter 4 : Acontius and Cydippe by Harris Friedman on Prezi**

*Bor deserves to be better studied as so few of his pictures are at present known and they are all of good quality. He had a successful career and gained important commissions which included part of the decoration of the Huis Hanselaersdijk for Prince Frederick Henry in The artist spent some.*

Long to me is all delay that defers our joys. Forgive me what I say "I cannot be patient for love! We burn with equal fires, but I am not equal to you in strength; men, methinks, must have stronger natures. As the body, so is the soul of tender women frail" delay but a little longer, and I shall die! Either the market-place holds you, or the sports of the supple wrestling-ground, or you turn with bit the neck of the responsive steed; now you take the bird with the snare, now the fish with the hook; and the later hours you while away with the wine before you. For me who am denied these things, even were I less fiercely aflame, there is nothing left to do but love. What there is left, I do; and you, O sole delight of mine, I love with even greater love than could be returned to me! Either with my dear nurse I whisper of you, and marvel what can keep you from your way; or, looking forth upon the sea, I chide the billows stirred by the hateful wind, in words almost your own; or, when the heavy wave has a little laid aside its fierce mood, I complain that you indeed could come, but will not; and while I complain tears course from the eyes that love you, and the ancient dame who shares my secret dries them with tremulous hand. Often I look to see whether your footprints are on the shore, as I the sand would keep the marks impressed on it; and, that I may inquire about you, and write to you, I still am asking if anyone has come from Abydos, or if anyone is going to Abydos. Why tell how many times I kiss the garments you lay aside when making ready to stem the waters of the Hellespont? Or are all waking, and does he fear his kin? Now do you think he is putting off the robe from his shoulders, and now rubbing the rich oil into his limbs? And now I look forth, and now in timid tones I pray that a favouring breeze will give you an easy course; my ears catch at uncertain notes, and at every sound I am sure that you have come. Perhaps, false one, you yet pass the night with me, though against your will; perhaps you come, though yourself you do not wish to come. For now I seem to see you already swimming near and now to feel your wet arms about my neck, and now to throw about your dripping limbs the accustomed coverings, and now to warm our bosoms in the close embrace" and many things else a modest tongue should say naught of, whose memory delights, but whose telling brings a blush. O more firmly let our eager loves be knit, and our joys be faithful and true! Why have I passed so many cold and lonely nights? Why, O tardy loiterer, are you so often away from me? The sea, I grant, is not yet fit for the swimmer; but yesternight the gale was gentler. Why did you let it pass? Why did you fear what was not to come? Why did so fair a night go by for naught, and you not seize upon the way? Yet you often come in less time, when you are in haste. Overtaken here, you would have, methinks, no reason to complain, and while you held me close no storm would harm you. I surely should hear the sounding winds with joy, and should pray for the waters never to be calm. But what has come to pass, that you are grown more fearful of the wave, and dread the sea you before despised? For I call to mind your coming once when the flood was not less fierce and threatening" or not much less; when I cried to you: Where is that mighty swimmer who scorned the waters? I do not fear so much the winds that hinder my vows as I fear that like the wind your love may wander" that I may not be worth it all, that your perils may outweigh their cause, and I seem a reward too slight for your toils. Ah, may I rather perish than be wounded by such a crime, may fate overtake me ere you incur that guilt! I do not say these words because you have given sign that such grief will come to me, or because some recent tale has made me anxious, but because I fear everything" for who that loved was ever free from care? The fears of the absent, too, are multiplied by distance. Happy they whom their own presence bids know the true charge, and forbids to fear the false. Me wrongs imaginary fret, while the real I cannot know, and either error stirs equal gnawings in my heart. O, would you only come! Or did I only know that the wind, or your father" at least, no woman" kept you back! Were it a woman, and I should know, I should die of grieving, believe me; sin against me at once, if you desire my death! The reason you do not come is the jealous storm that beats you back. Why, then, dost thou, who hast felt so many times the power of love, close up with whirling storm the way we have learned to know? Spare us, impetuous one, and

mingle thy battles out upon the open deep! These waters, that separate two lands, are scant. Noble he is, to be sure, and of famous stock, but he does not trace his line from the Ulysses thou dost not trust. Have mercy on him, and save us both! It is he who swims, but he limbs of Leander and all my hopes hang on the selfsame wave. Look, nurse is pouring drops into auspicious fires. Ah, do make us more, glide over the conquered wave, O you whom I have welcomed to all my inmost heart! Come back to camp, deserter of your ally love; why must I lay my limbs in the mid space of my couch? There is naught for you to fear! Now, two things that ill go together, passion and regard for men, are at strife. Which I shall follow is in doubt; the one becomes, the other delights. Once had Jason of Pagasae entered Colchis, and he set the maid of the Phasis in his swift ship and bore her off; once had the lover from Ida come to Lacedaemon, and he straight returned together with his prize. Ships wrought with skill are overwhelmed by the wave; do you think your arms more powerful than oars? I am eager not to persuade you to what I urge; may you be too strong, I pray, to yield to my admonition "only so you come to me, and cast about my neck the wearied arms oft beaten by the wave! Nor am I the less perturbed by a dream I had yesternight, though I have cleared myself of its threat by sacrifice. For, just before dawn, when my lamp was already dying down, at the time when dreams are wont to be true, my fingers were relaxed by sleep, the threads fell from them, and I laid my head down upon the pillow to rest. There in vision clear I seemed to see a dolphin swimming through the wind-tossed waters; and after the flood had cast it forth upon the thirsty sands, the wave, and at the same time life, abandoned the unhappy thing. Whatever it may mean, I fear; and you nor smile at my dreams, nor trust your arms except to a tranquil sea! If you spare not yourself, spare the maid beloved by you, who never will be safe unless you are so! I have hope none the less that the waves are broken and peace is near; do you cleave their paths while placid with all your might! Meanwhile, since the billows will not let the swimmer come, let the letter that I send you soften the hated hours of delay. Nephele, mother of Phrixus and Helle. She drops water into the flame of the lamp, either to clear the wick or to honour the omen. It is wedlock with you that I ask, and the faith you pledged me, not a crime; as your destined husband, not as a deceiver, do I love. You may recall the words which the fruit I plucked from the tree and threw to you brought to your chaste hands; you will find that in them you promise me what I pray that you, maiden, rather than the goddess, will remember, I am still as fearful as ever, but my fear has grown keener than it was; for the flame of my love has waxed with being delayed, and taken on strength, and the passion that was never slight has now grown great, fed by long time and the hope that you had given. Hope you had given; my ardent heart put trust in you. You cannot deny that this was so "the goddess is my witness. She was there and, present as she was, marked your words, and seemed, by the shaking of her locks, to have accepted them. What was the object of my wiles but the one thing "to be united with you? The thing you complain of has power to join you to me. Neither by nature nor by practice am I so cunning; believe me, maid, it is you who make me skilful. It was ingenious Love who bound you to me, with words "if I, indeed, have gained aught "that I myself drew up. In words dictated by him I made our betrothal bond; Love was the lawyer that taught me knavery. Let wiles be the name you give my deed, and let me be called crafty "if only the wish to possess what one loves be craft! A second stratagem is this, and you have good ground for complaint. If I wrong you by loving, I confess I shall wrong you for ever, and strive to win you; though you shun my suit, I shall ever strive. With the sword have others stolen away the maids they loved; shall this letter, discreetly written, be called a crime? May the gods give me power to lay more bonds on you, so that your pledge many nowhere leave you free! A thousand wiles remain "I am only perspiring at the foot of the steep; my ardour will eave nothing unessayed. The issue rests with the gods, but you will be taken none the less. You may evade a part, but you will not escape all the nets which Love, in greater number than you think, has stretched for you. I am not the one to chide Paris for what he did, nor any one who, to become a husband, has been a man. Allow that death is fit punishment for this theft of you, it will be less than not to have possessed you. If I could praise the rest of your charms, I should be happier; yet I doubt not that the work is like in all its parts. Compelled by beauty such as this, it is no cause for marvel if I wished the pledge of your word. The reproach I will endure "only let him who endures have his just reward. Why should so great a charge lack its due profit? Telamon won Hesione, Briseis was taken by Achilles; each of a surety followed the victor as her lord. You may chide and be angry as much as you will, if only you let me

enjoy you while you are angry. I who cause it will likewise assuage the wrath I stirred, let me but have a slight chance of appeasing you. Let me have leave to stand weeping before your face, and my tears have leave to add their own speech; and let me, like a slave in fear of bitter stripes, stretch out submissive hands to touch your feet! You know not your own right; call me! Why am I accused in absence? Bid me come, forthwith, after the manner of a mistress. With your own imperious hand you may tear my hair, and make my face livid with your fingers. I will endure all; my only fear perhaps will be lest that hand of yours be bruised on me. When your anger shall have had full course, and is sated well, you will say to yourself: She of Delos was not deserving of betrayal with me; if faith with me you cannot keep, keep faith with the goddess. She was present and saw when you blushed at being ensnared, and stored away your word in a remembering ear. May your omens be groundless!

## Chapter 5 : A Message on an Apple, and Two Abandoned Lovers – The Eclectic Light Company

*% hand painted with oils on canvas after museum original Item No. OP Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam Period:*

## Chapter 6 : Cydippe | Revolvly

*Other articles where Cydippe is discussed: Acontius: Delos, Acontius saw and loved Cydippe, a girl of a rich and noble family. He wrote on an apple the words "I swear to wed Acontius" and threw it at her feet.*

## Chapter 7 : Paulus Bor - Cydippe with Acontius's Apple

*Cydippe with the Apple of Acontius posters, canvas prints, framed pictures, postcards & more by Paulus Bor. Buy online at discount prices. Handmade in the UK.*

## Chapter 8 : Cydippe with Acontius's Apple by BOR, Paulus

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## Chapter 9 : William Morris Archive

*Cydippe reads the apple's message aloud when she sees it (silent reading was rare in antiquity), and the people outside enthusiastically agree that "love willeth it!" (l. ).*