

22. PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES: TO VARUS



arus [p. 236], that *Suffenus* [p. 233], thoroughly known to us,
is a man who's charming, witty, urbane,
and the same man for ages has penned many verses.

I think he's written a thousand, ten thousand, or more,
not those that are done on cheap manuscript
paper: but princely papyri, new books,
new roller ends, new red ties for the parchment,
lead-ruled and smoothed all-over with pumice.
When you read them, that lovely urbane Suffenus
turns into a goat-herd or a ditch-digger:
he's so altered and strange.

What should we think of it? He who might just now
have been playing the fool, being witty with the thing,
the same man's crude, crude as a bumpkin,
he mentions his poems as well, nor is there ever
likewise anything as happy as the poems he writes:
he delights in himself so, is so amazed by himself.
Of course we're all deceived in the same way, and
there's no one who can't somehow or other be seen
as a Suffenus. Whoever it is, is subject to error:
we don't see the pack on our own back.