

Ovid's Metamorphoses

Midcoast Senior College

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THE AUGUSTAN AGE



Augustus Caesar
63 BC - (27 BC) - 17 AD



Horace
65 BC - 27 BC

Odes
Dignity
Solemnity
Subtlety



Virgil
70 BC - 19 BC

Eclogues
Georgics
Aeneid



Publius Ovidius Naso
43 BC -(8 AD) - 17/18 AD

Heroides
Amores
Ars Amatoria
Metamorphoses
Fasti
Tristia

P. OVIDI NASONIS METAMORPHOSEON LIBER PRIMVS



Homer, *Odyssey*:
ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, μοῦσα, πολύτροπον,
(Leloir, 1841)



Virgil, *Aeneid*:
“Arma virumque canto”
“Tu Marcellus eris”
(Ingres, 1810)

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
corpora; di, coeptis (nam vos mutastis et illas)
adspirate meis primaque ab origine mundi
ad mea perpetuum deducite tempora carmen.

Metamorphoses: General Features

1. Naso's ambition. Planned Gigantomachy.
2. Fifteen (not multiple of six) tablets. Dactylic hexameter. Old stories everyone knew, worn out. Ovid puts new life into them.
3. Separate tales connected, transitions sometimes far-fetched.
4. Making —change is only constant, in making world and in making poem: existing forms change into new bodies.
5. Human condition, state of world, not analyzed or rationalized, but told in stories.
6. Epic without a traditional hero. Entertainment, not instruction.
7. Violence tamed by charming implausible outcome, or hyperbole.
8. Wit, irony, playful self reference drawing attention to poetic artifice.
9. Multiple narrators, boxed narratives, speaker within speaker, story within story
10. Big questions: origins, gods, humans, fate, — unresolved.
11. Underlying philosophy — Pythagoras, Plato, Empedocles: metempsychosis, anamnesis, kinship of all living things, prohibition against eating animal flesh, mutability underlying all phenomena.

Exile in Tomis, 10-17 A.D.



Statue in Constanta, Romania
Ettore Ferrari, 1887



Delacroix
Ovid Among the Scythians
1862

- ### Reasons for Exile
1. "Carmen et error"
 2. Julia?
 3. Incest?
 4. Literary Indecencies?
 5. Political intrigue?

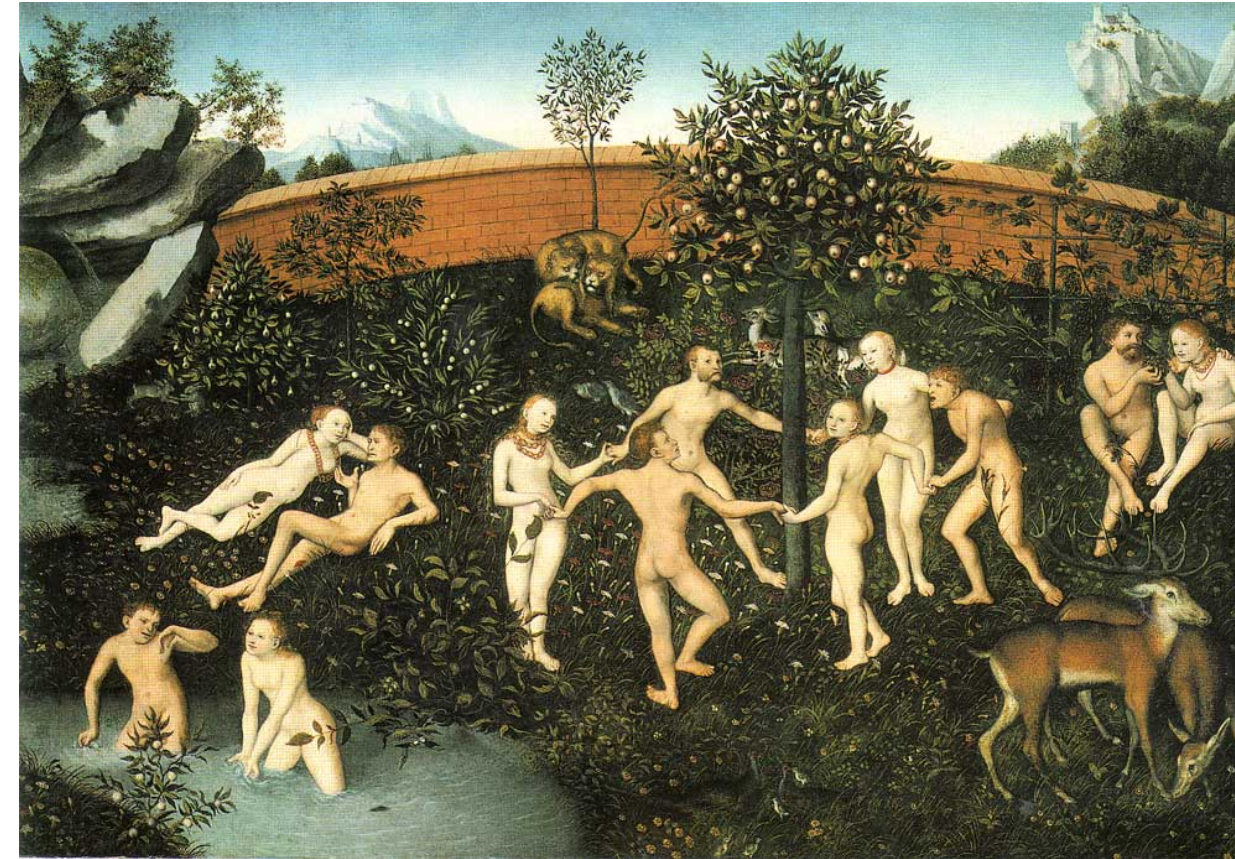


Turner
Exile of Ovid
1838

METAMORPHOSES, BOOK I CREATION



Antonio Tempesta
Creation of the World
c. 1606



Lucas Cranach
The Golden Age
1530



Antonio Tempesta
The Flood
c. 1606



P.P. Rubens
1636



J.M.W. Turner
Apollo and the Python
1811

APOLLO AND DAPHNE



Piero del Pollaiuolo
c. 1470



Giovanni Bernini
c. 1625



Bernini
detail



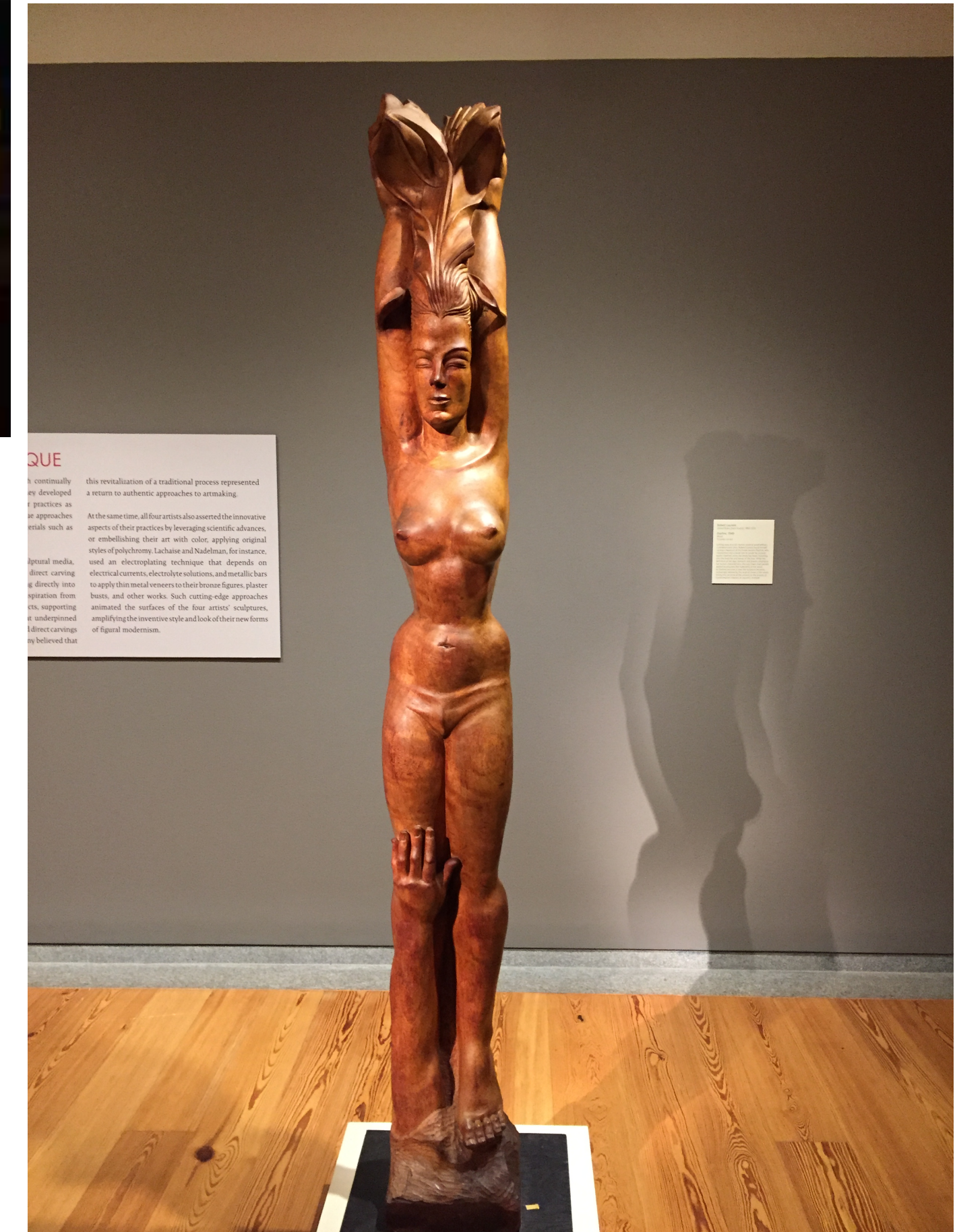
J.W. Waterhouse
1908



Luca Giordano
c. 1687



Attic Red Figure, c. 450 B.C.



Robert Laurent
1890-1970



Gerbrand van den Eeckhout
c. 1650



Correggio
Jupiter and Io
1533



Pieter Lastman
c. 1620



Rubens
c. 1635

PHAETON



Athenian Red Figure Krater
5th century B.C.



Gustave Moreau
1878



Hendrick Goltzius
1588



Jacob Jordaens
c.1650



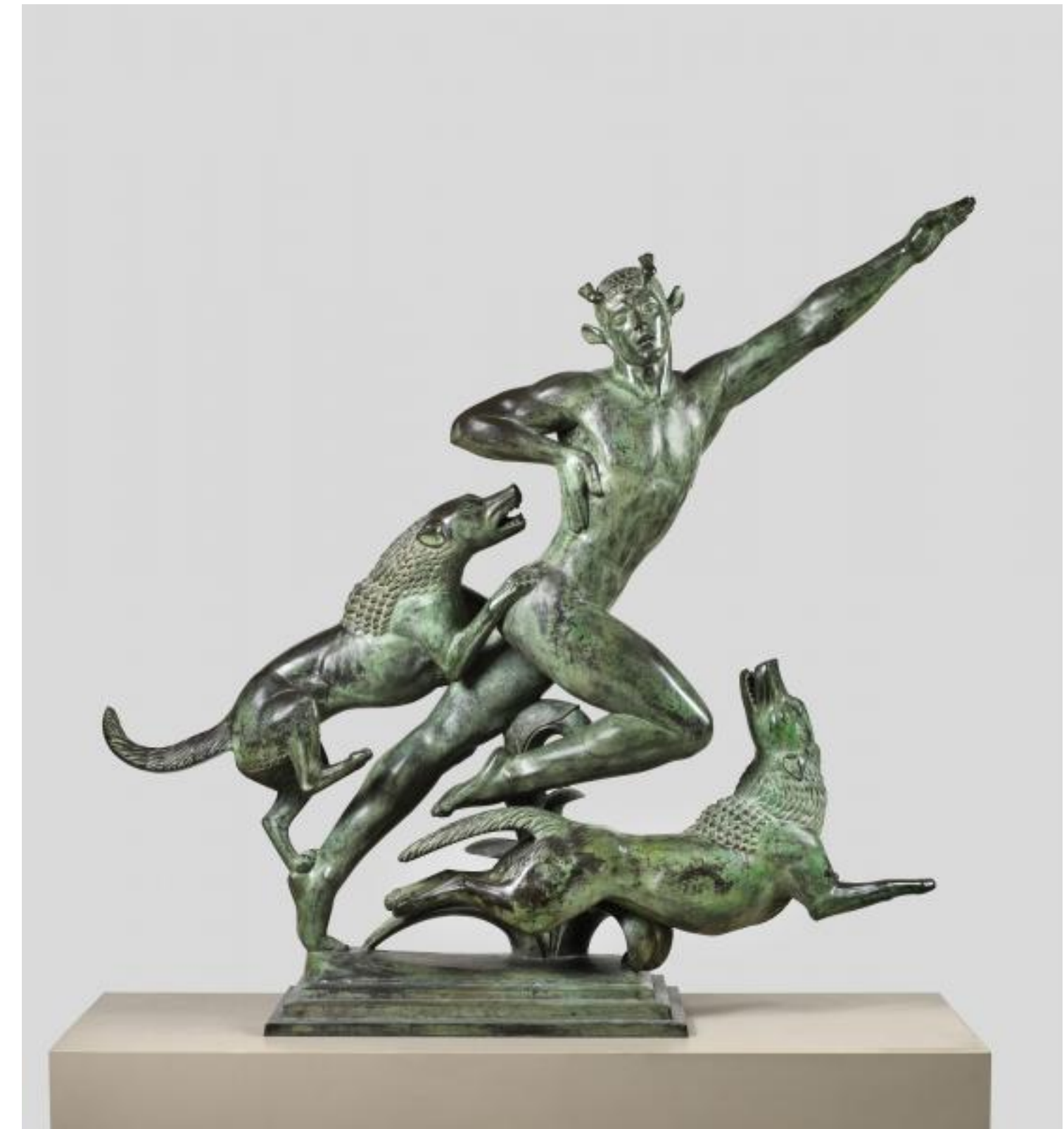
DIANA AND ACTAEON



Augustus Saint-Gaudens
1894



Giuseppt Cesari
1606



Paul Manship
1925

BIRTH OF BACCHUS, DEATH OF ECHO AND NARCISSUS



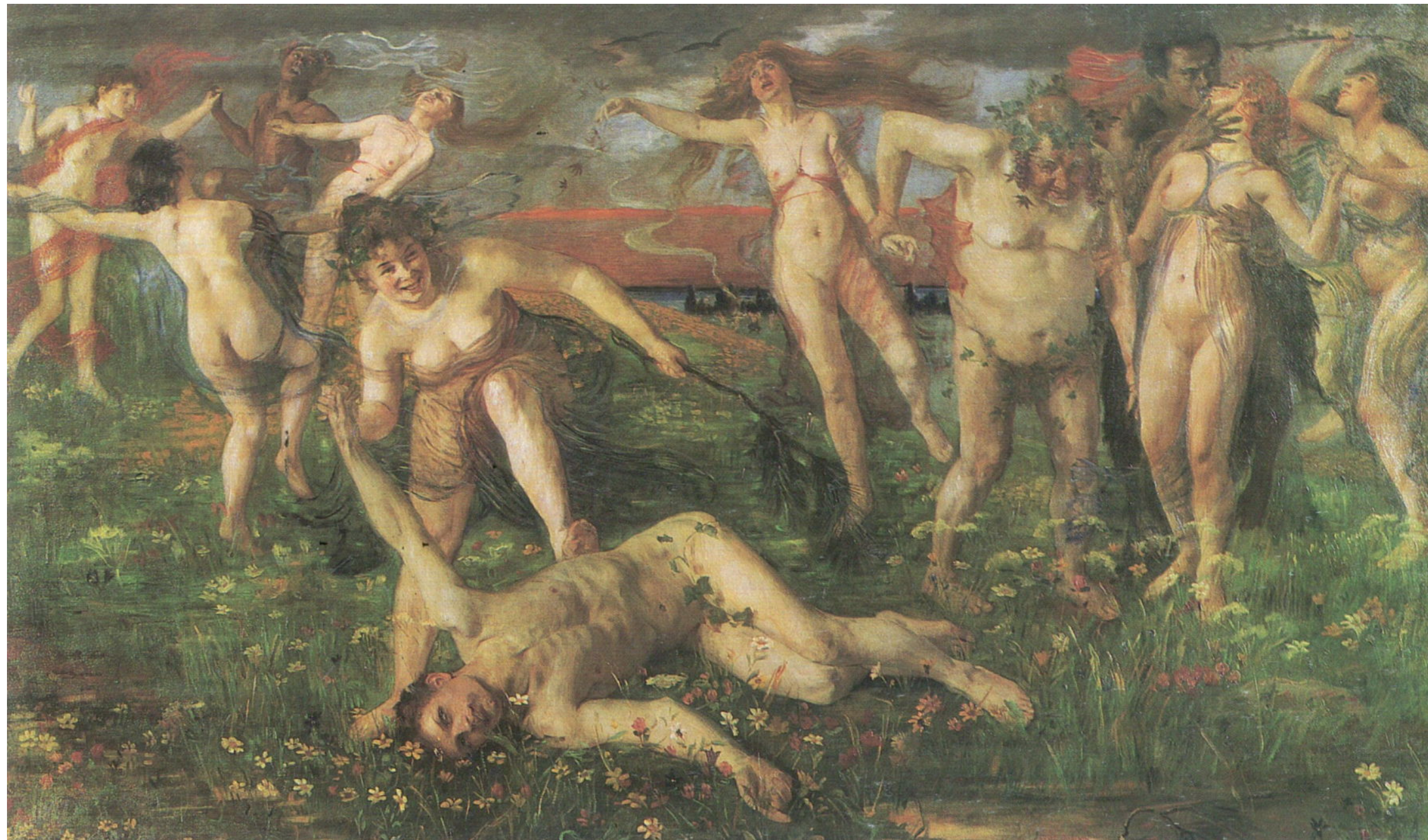
Thomas Cornell
2012



Poussin
1657

BACCHUS AND PENTHEUS

BACCHUS AND PENTHEUS



Loves Corinth
1896



Pompei

PYRAMUS AND THISBE



Waterhouse
1909



Andreas Nesselthaler
1795



Painting in Pompei

MARS AND VENUS



Alexandre-Charles Guillemot
182



Goltzius
1585

PERSEUS



Canova,
1804



Titian
1554-56



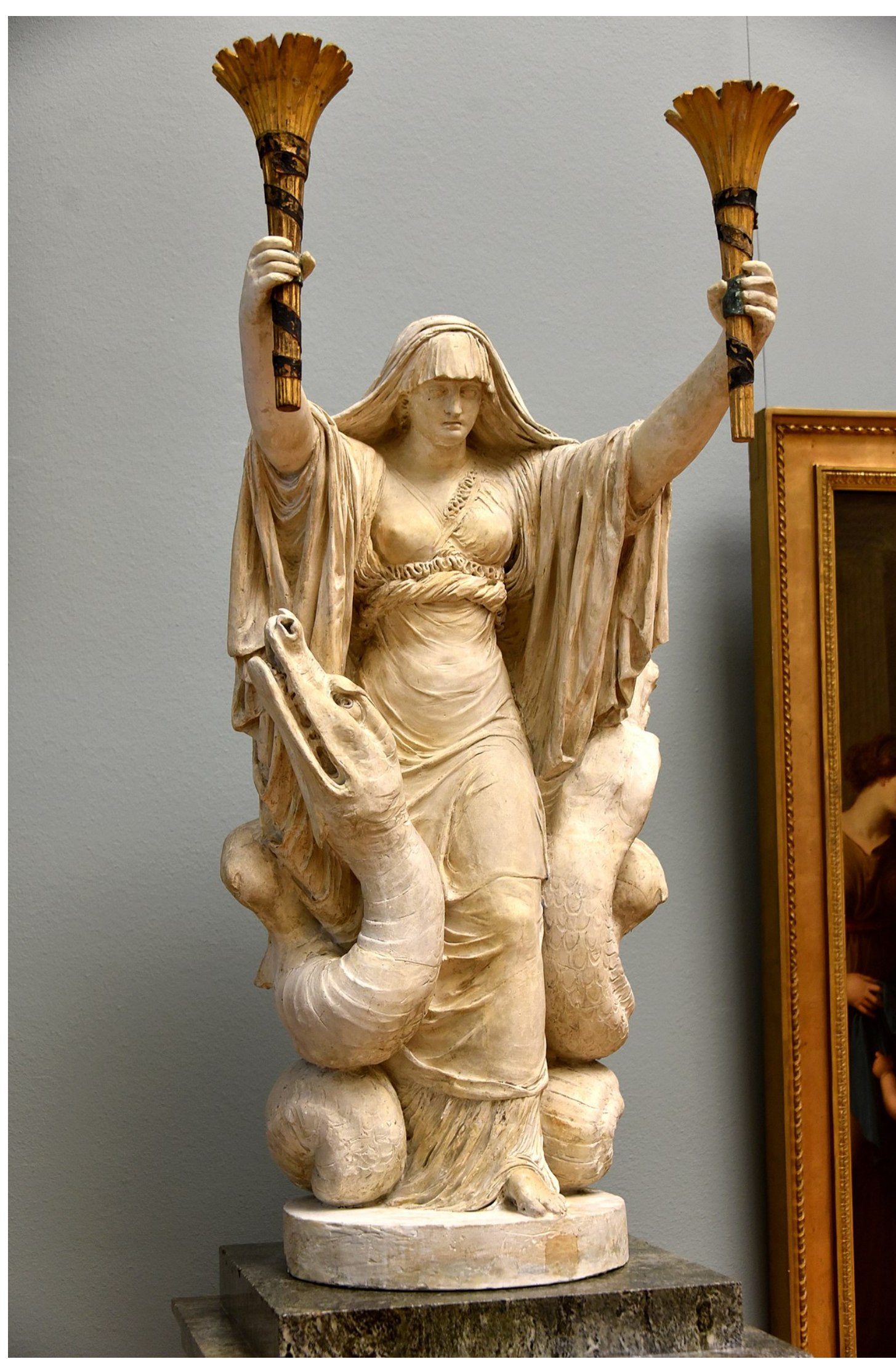
Jean-Marc Nattier
(1685-1766)

MINERVA AND THE MUSES



Jacques Stella
1640s

CERES AND PROSERPINA



Johan Tobias Sergel
1780s



Rembrandt,
1631



Jan Breughel the elder
1610

IMPERIUM ROMANUM 68 - 69 AD







Ancient Greece



Ancient Italy

Ceres Searches for her Daughter

Anthony S. Kline

Online, 2000

Meanwhile [the mother](#), fearing, searches in vain for the maid, through all the earth and sea. Neither the coming of dewy-haired [Aurora](#), nor [Hesperus](#), finds her resting. Lighting pine torches with both hands at [Etna](#)'s fires, she wanders, unquiet, through the bitter darkness, and when the kindly light has dimmed the stars, she still seeks her child, from the rising of the sun till the setting of the sun.

She found herself thirsty and weary from her efforts, and had not moistened her lips at any of the springs, when by chance she saw a hut with a roof of straw, and she knocked on its humble door. At that sound, an old woman emerged, and saw the goddess, and, when she asked for water, gave her something sweet made with malted barley. While she drank what she had been given a rash, foul-mouthed boy stood watching, and taunted her, and called her greedy. The goddess was offended, and threw the liquid she had not yet drunk, mixed with the grains of barley, in his face. His skin, absorbing it, became spotted, and where he had once had arms, he now had legs. A tail was added to his altered limbs, and he shrank to a little shape, so that he has no great power to harm. He is like a lesser lizard, a newt, of tiny size.

The old woman wondered and wept, and, trying to touch the creature, it ran from her and searched out a place to hide. It has a name fitting for its offence, stellio, its body starred with various spots.

Ceres Searches for her Daughter

Ted Hughes,
Tales from Ovid, 1997

In despair
Ceres ransacked the earth.
No dawn sodden with dew
Ever found her resting. The evening star
Never found her weary.

She had torn up two pine trees,
Kindled both in Etna,
And holding them high
Through the long nights
Lit her path of glittering frost.

When the sun rose to console her,
Melting the stars, she strode on —
From rising to setting seeking her daughter.
But fatigue and worse than fatigue, thirst,
Finally overtook her.
Looking for a stream, she found a cottage.
She knocked on the door and asked for water.
An old woman brought her a drink
Of crushed herbs and barley.
While Ceres drank, a boy stared at her —

A cocky brat, who jeered
And called her a greedy, guzzling old witch;
His mouth was still wide, his eyes laughing,
When the whole jugful of broth hit him in the face.
The goddess went on glaring at him

As the speckles of the herbs and barley
Stained into his skin, and his arms
Shrank to legs but skinnier,
His whole bodyful of mischief
Shrank to a shape smaller than a lizard

With a long tail.
The old woman let out a cry
And reached for him, but was frightened to touch him
As he scrambled for cover —
He had become a newt.



Titian, Diana and Actaeon



Titian, Death of Actaeon

Actaeon
Seamus Heaney

Actaeon

High burdened brown, the antlers that astound,
Arms that end now in two hardened feet,
His nifty haunches, pointed ears and fleet
Four-legged run... In the pool he saw a crowned
Stag's head and heard something that groaned
When he tried to speak. Nor was it human sweat
That steamed off him: he was like a beast in heat,
As if he'd prowled and stalked until he found

The grove, the grotto and the bathing place
Of the goddess and her nymphs, as if he'd sought
That virgin nook deliberately, as if
His desire were hounds that had quickened pace
On Diana's scent before his own pack wrought
Her vengeance on him, at bay beneath the leaf-
lit woodland. There his branchy antlers caught
When he faced the hounds
That couldn't know him as they bayed and fought
And tore mouthfuls of hide and flesh and blood
Out of what he was, while his companions stood
Impatient for the kill, assessing wounds.



Titian
Diana and Callisto
c. 1556

Titian: Diana and Callisto

Carol Ann Duffy

Girls, look where I point:
it's not about her belly's soft pout,
or a god whose name is a planet,
whether she was or wasn't compliant
when she heard him pant
as his seed was spent
each bruise on her skin his fingerprint,
her unfit to bathe in so much as a pint
of our sacred stream, pregnant, penitent;
not about any of that, even should she repent
or prove her innocence conclusively, pin it
on him, on the stars, on myth, plant
the thought that she's the victim here; my point,
ladies, is this – it's all about paint.



Titian
Flaying of Marsyas
c. 1570



Carravaggio (?)
Flaying of Marsyas
1620



Brueghel
Fall of Icarus
c 1560

Musee des Beaux Arts

W. H. Auden

About suffering they were never wrong,
The old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position: how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along;
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting
For the miraculous birth, there always must be
Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating
On a pond at the edge of the wood:
They never forgot
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Breughel's Icarus, for instance: how everything turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
Water, and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.



Picasso
Preparatory Sketch for Guernica
Tete de Minotaur



Picasso
Minotaur with Wine and Reclining Girl



Richard Wilson
Niobe

Baucis and Philemon
Rembrandt
1658



Philemon und Baucus



Christian Schnier

2020

“Philemon and Baucis”
love without shadows—W.C.W.

Two trunks like bodies, bodies like twined trunks
Supported by their wooden hug. Leaves shine
In tender habit at the extremities.
Truly each other's, they have embraced so long
Their barks have met and wedded in one flow
Blanketing both. Time lights the handsome bulk.
The gods were grateful, and for comfort given
Gave comfort multiplied a thousandfold.
Therefore the couple leached into that soil
The differences prolonged through their late vigour
That kept their exchanges salty and abrasive,
And found, with loves balancing equally,
Full peace of mind. They put unease behind them
A long time back, a long time back forgot
How each woke separate through the pale grey night,
A long time back forgot the days when each
—Riding the other's nervous exuberance—
Knew the slow thrill of learning how to love
What, gradually revealed, becomes itself,
Expands, unsheathes, as the keen rays explore:
Invented in the continuous revelation.

They have drifted into a perpetual nap,
The peace of trees that all night whisper nothings.

Thom Gunn

c. 2000



Roman Marble Stele



Otto Henry Bacher
1884

Jason and Medea
John William Waterhouse
1907



ERYSICHTHON



Jan Steen
Erysichthon



EDWIN BORMAN, 1885

Erysichthon

Diane Fahey

In Demeter's sacred grove
the Dryad within the oak
cried out as he chopped,
the wood bled.

Nemesis decrees
his hunger will intensify
the more he eats.

He plunders to meet his need
till there is no more left
to plunder, and it is
his own flesh he gnaws
hearing, as if from another body,
cries that he cannot heed.



Luigi Scalfi del.
PROGNE E FILOMENA PRESENTANO A TESEO LA TESTA DI SUO FIGLIO DA LORO UCCISO
Martelli inc.

Luigi Ademollo
c 1846