

# **Ovid's Metamorphoses**

**Midcoast Senior College**

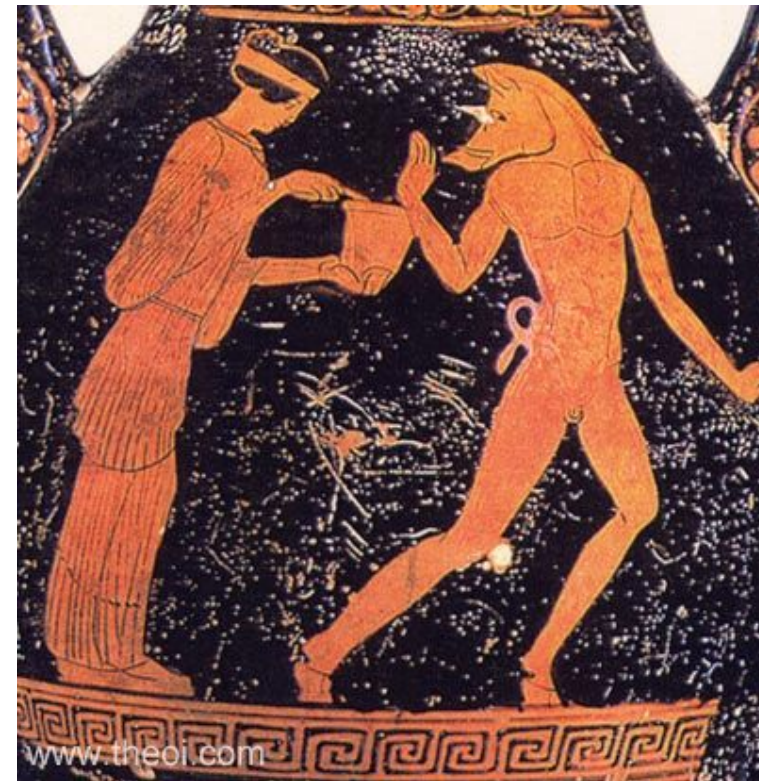
**Fall I, 2022**

George M. Young



John William Waterhouse  
Circe Offers the Cup  
1891

## CIRCE



Red Figure Vessel 5th Century BC



Edward Burne-Jones 1900



J.W. Bauer Circe and Pico 1639

# GLAUCUS AND SKYLLA



J.M.W. Turner 1841



5th Century BC



P.P. Rubens 1636

**AENEAS AND DIDO**



Guido Reni 1630



Mosaic, Roman Villa, Somerset

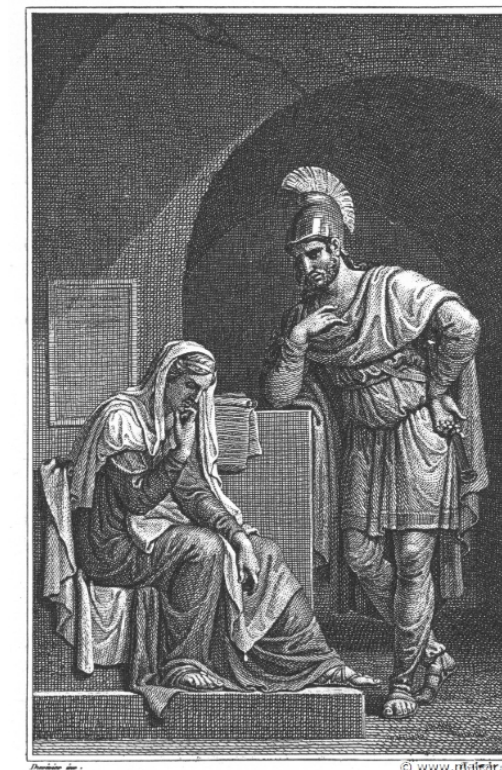
## CUMEAN SIBYL



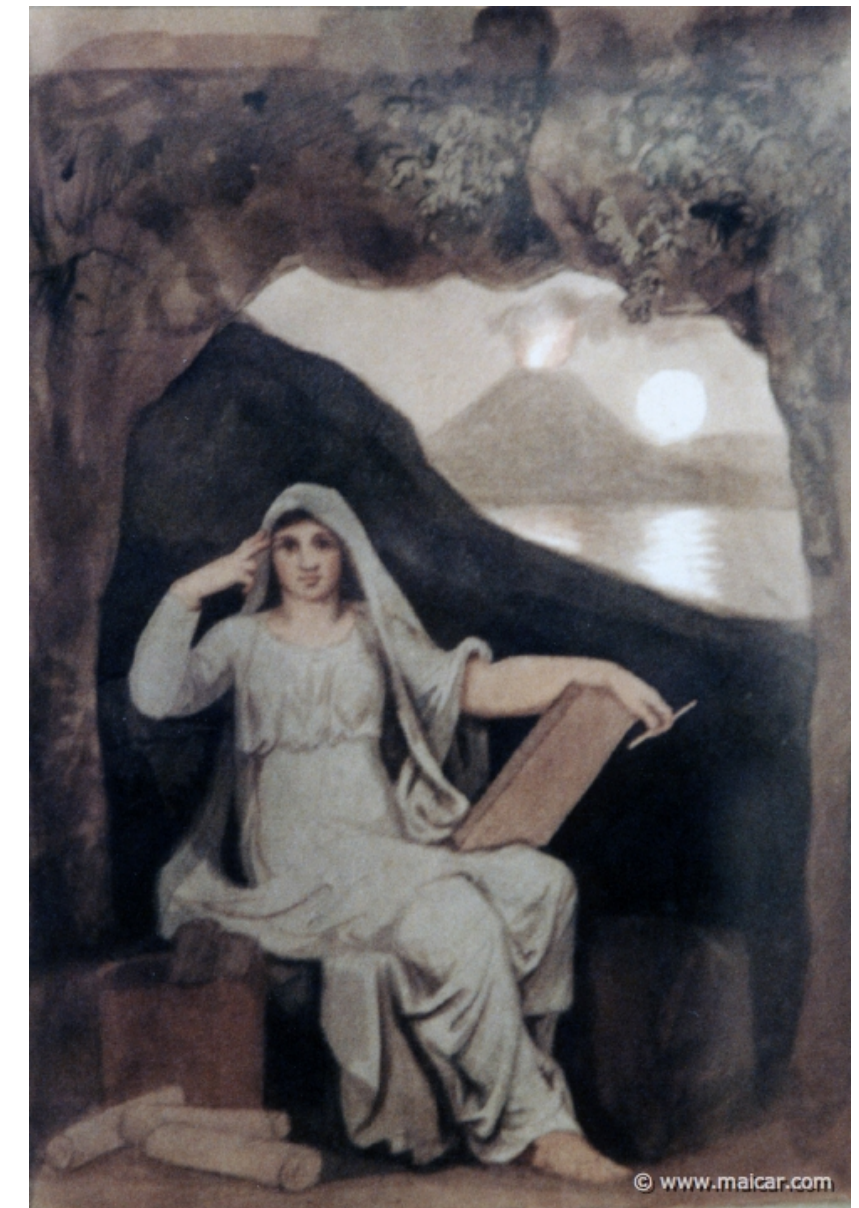
Michelangelo Sistine Chapel 1510



Elihu Vedder 1876



G.T. de Villenave 1806



J.H.W. Tischbein 1805

## POMONA AND VERTUMNUS



Nicolas Fouché, Pomona  
c. 1700 (2)



Jacob Jordaens 1638

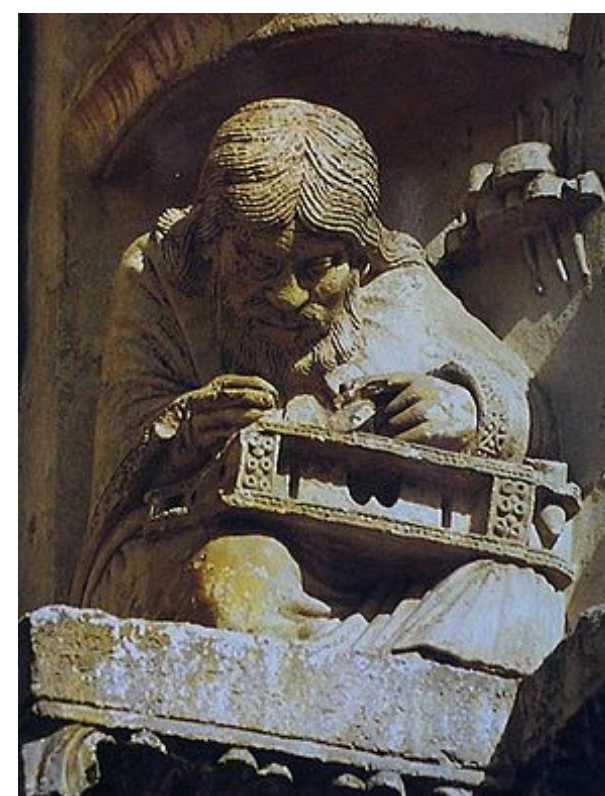
# PYTHAGORAS

570-495 bc



Fyodor Bronnikov  
Hymn of the Pythagoreans  
1869

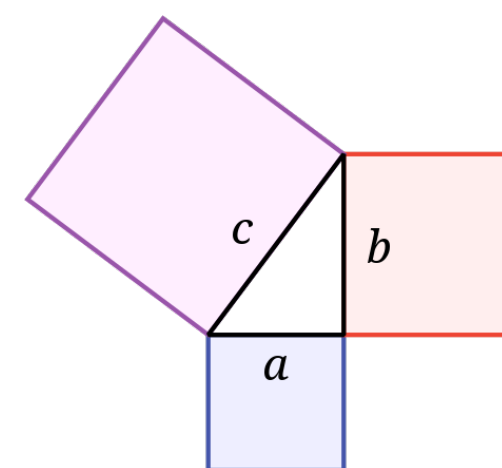
Metempsychosis  
Anamnesis  
Kinship of all Living Things  
Music (harmony) of the Spheres  
Divination and Prophecy  
Numerology  
Communal Lifestyle  
Vegetarianism, prohibitions, regulations  
Architecture — ideal within nature, proportion



Royal Portal  
Chartres Cathedral



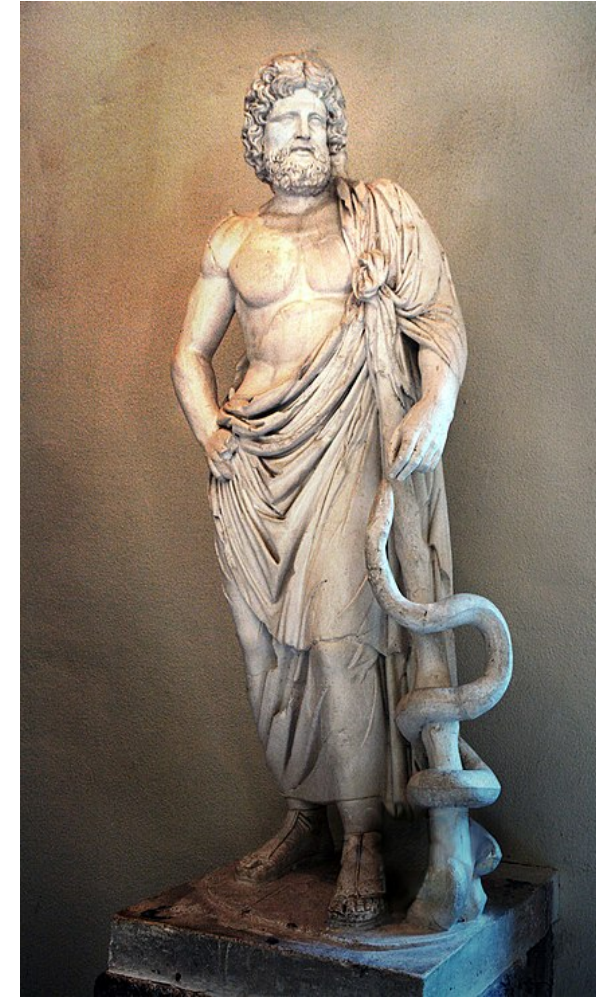
Raphael  
Bottom Left Corner,  
“School of Athens”  
1509-1511  
Pythagoras  
Avveroes, Empedocles,  
Raphael, Parmenides  
(or Leonardo)



# HIPPOLYTUS AND AESCULAPIUS



Rubens, Death of Hippolytus c. 1611



Aesculapius Archeological Museum Epidaurus



Abel de Pujol (1785-1861)

Hippolytus Restored by Aesculapius



# DEATH AND DEIFICATION



Charles le Brun  
Deification of Aeneas  
1642-44



G.B. Fontana, c 1527-1587,  
Death and Deification of Romulus



Virgil Solis  
Death and Deification  
of Julius Caesar  
1581

CONTRIBUTED BY CLASS MEMBERS



Bacchus  
Caravaggio



BRONZINO (1502-1573)  
Cosimo I de' Medici as Orpheus



Roman Tunisia 2nd century CE.  
Aphrodite and 2 female centaurs



From Hadrian's Villa



Medusa  
Caravaggio  
1597



Danae  
Rembrandt  
1640s



Herculaneum 1st Century CE.  
Chiron teaching Achilles

## My Pretty ROSE TREE

A flower was offer'd to me;  
 Such a flower as May never bare,  
 But I said, I've a Pretty Rose-tree,  
 And I pass'd the sweet flower o'er.  
 Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree:  
 To tend her by day and by night,  
 But my Rose turn'd away with jealousy:  
 And her thorns were my only delight.



## AH! SUN-FLOWER

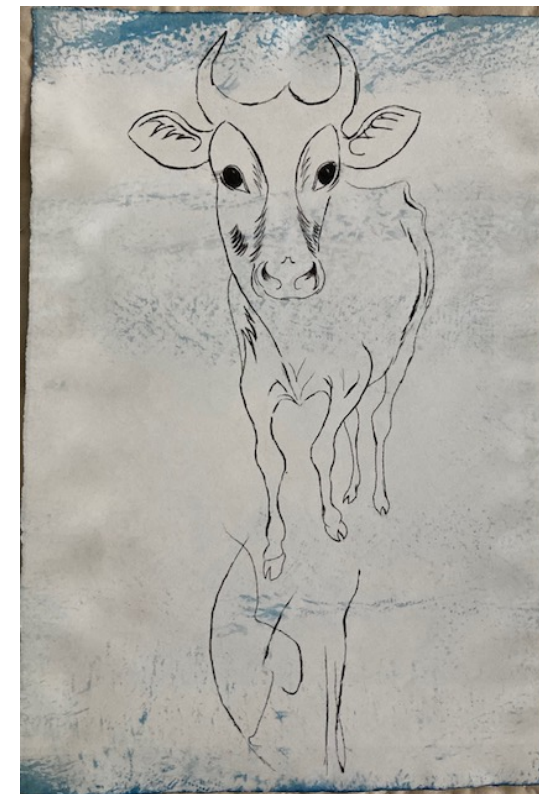
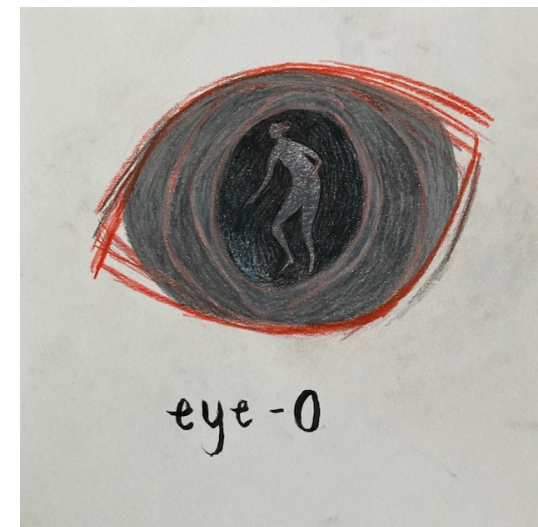
Ah Sun-flower! weary of time,  
 Who countest the steps of the Sun;  
 Seeking after that sweet golden clime,  
 Where the traveller's journey is done,  
 Where the Youth pinod away with desire,  
 And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow;  
 Arise from their graves and aspire,  
 Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

## THE LILLY

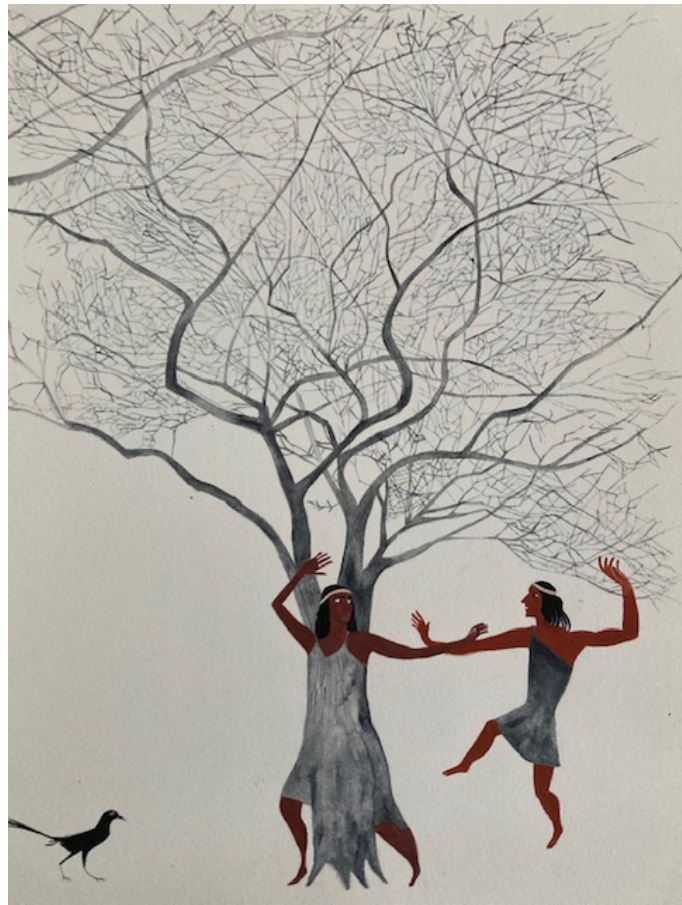
The modest Rose puts forth a thorn:  
 The humble Sheep, a threatening horn:  
 While the Lilly white, shall in Love delight,  
 Nor a thorn nor a threat stain his beauty  
 bright.

Copy AA of Blake's engraving of the poem in *Songs of Experience*. This copy is currently held by the Fitzwilliam Museum

REBECCA VAUGHAN, b.1957 IO



**APOLLO AND DAPHNE**



The strongest ones are the firsts in the Daphne and Apollo series, and the Io in the sky, with lines to her name. I did the Daphne and Apollo series before

I read Ovid, about 15 years ago. A lot of my work is about metamorphosis.

Artists and writers have always played with metamorphosis. I also respond

to the facts of the story- fleeing a forced engagement.

So it's about choice and no choice. The subsequent images are from the perspective of the thwarted lover. The observing grackle provides a sense of narrative continuity. In the dead of winter Daphne's spirit

is present in the sap of the tree, which is obviously not a laurel.

I did the Io series last summer. I was inspired by the moment in Ovid's

telling when Io as a heifer wrote her name with her hoof, so that her father

and sisters could recognize her. I love this moment, and I love creating anthropomorphs.

We all want to be heard and recognized, to speak for ourselves. I think the Say Her

Name campaign was also in mind, and the even the disappeared in El Salvador, Argentina,

etc. Io is claiming her identity as she can. I used my foot to write the

I and O in each of the images, except in the one in which she is flying through the letters.

I am less crazy about the cartoony literal ones in which she is in the cow.

I looked at images of Cycladic bull leapers and transformed them into Ios.

The one of the heifer - the most literal- was the first in the series. There is also one in

which Io is making love to the enveloping cloud, playing with

Correggio's depiction. And there is the silly one with jealous Hera embracing her. Ovid nailed that.

# AT BOWDOIN



**Pontormo**  
**(Jacopo Carucci)**  
1494-1557



Minerva  
Goltzius



Hercules  
Goltzius



Phaeton  
Hendrick Goltzius  
1558-1617

# Ode on a Grecian URN

BY JOHN KEATS

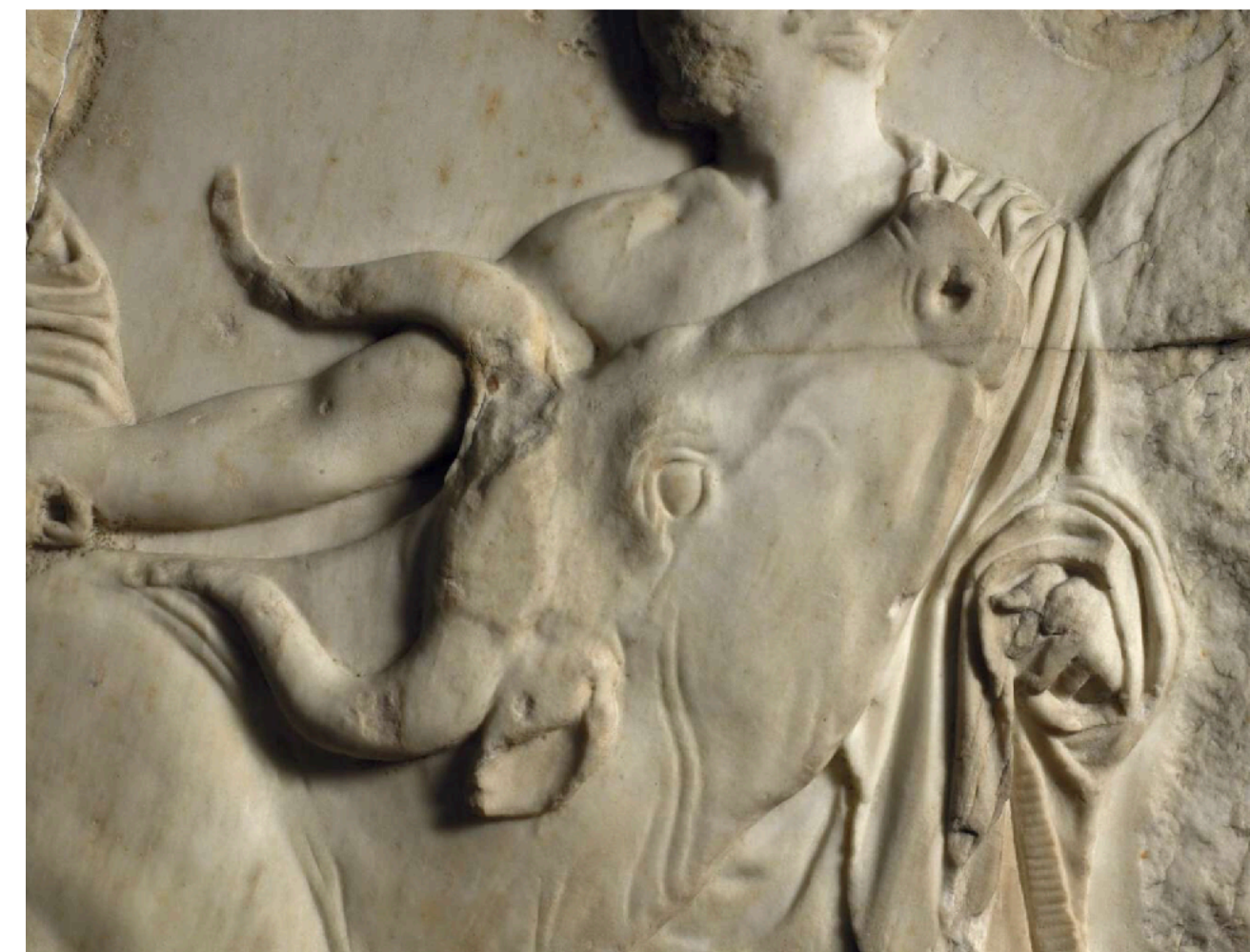
Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
For ever panting, and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or sea shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."





## WILLIAM FAULKNER:

The writer's only responsibility is to his art. He will be completely ruthless if he is a good one. He has a dream. It anguishes him so much he must get rid of it. He has no peace until then. Everything goes by the board: honor, pride, decency, security, happiness, all, to get the book written. If a writer has to rob his mother, he will not hesitate; the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is worth any number of old ladies.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

*Leda and the Swan*

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still  
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed  
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,  
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

How can those terrified vague fingers push  
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs?  
And how can body, laid in that white rush,  
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?

A shudder in the loins engenders there  
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower  
And Agamemnon dead.

Being so caught up,  
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,  
Did she put on his knowledge with his power  
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?



Paul Cezanne  
1882

William Carlos Williams - 1883-1963

According to Brueghel

when Icarus fell  
it was spring

a farmer was ploughing  
his field  
the whole pageantry

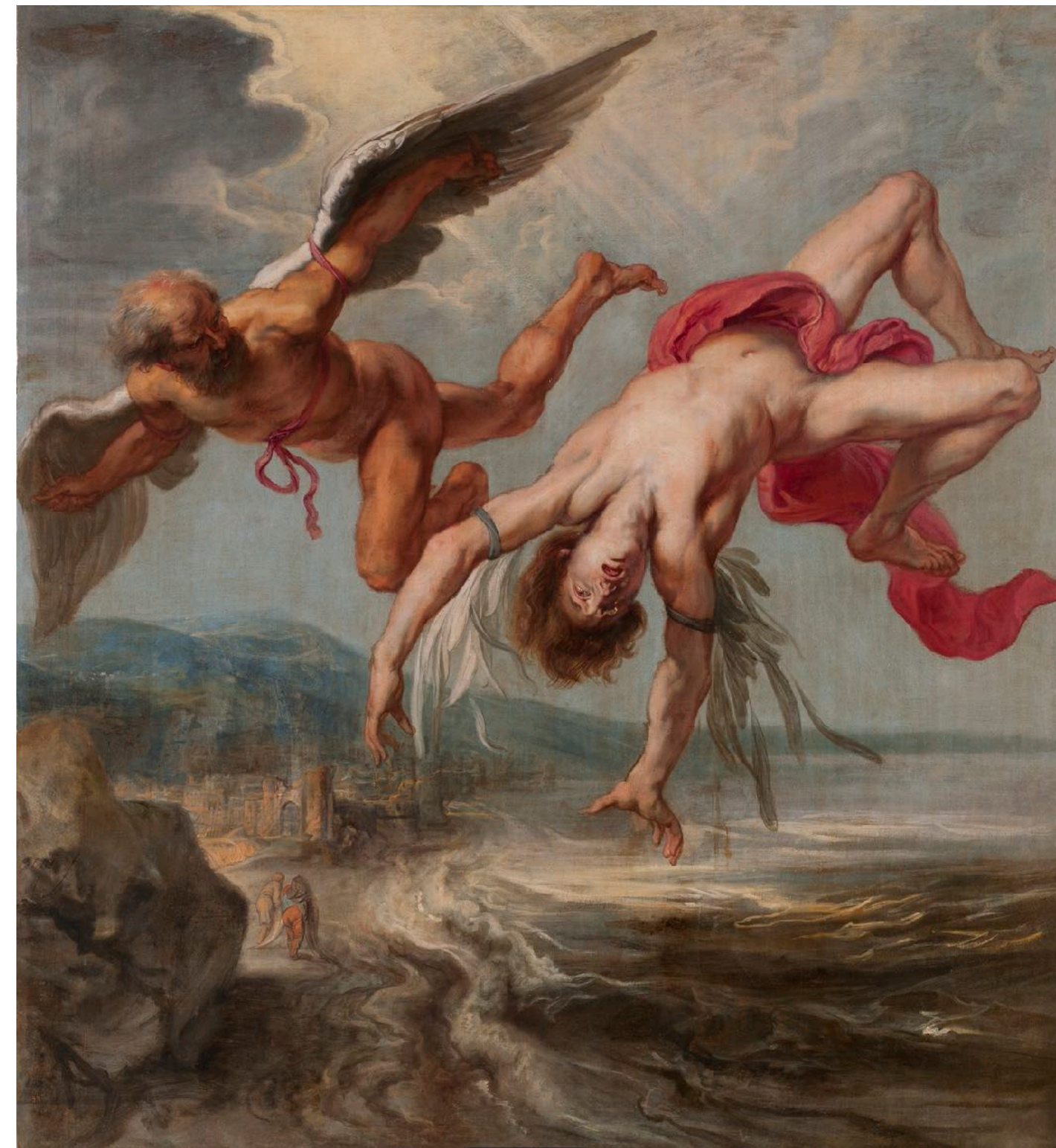
of the year was  
awake tingling  
near

the edge of the sea  
concerned  
with itself

sweating in the sun  
that melted  
the wings' wax

unsignificantly  
off the coast  
there was

a splash quite unnoticed  
this was  
Icarus drowning



Jacob Peter Gowy  
c. 1610 – after 1644 and before 1664

## Sylvia Plath

### *Virgin in a Tree*

How this tart fable instructs  
And mocks! Here's the parody of that moral mousetrap  
Set in the proverbs stitched on samplers  
Approving chased girls who get them to a tree  
And put on bark's nun-black

Habit which deflects  
All amorous arrows. For to sheathe the virgin shape  
In a scabbard of wood baffles pursuers,  
Whether goat-thighed or god-haloed. Ever since  
that first Daphne  
Switched her incomparable back

For a bay-tree hide, respect's  
Twined to her hard limbs like ivy: the puritan lip  
Cries: 'Celebrate Syrinx whose demurs  
Won her the frog-colored skin, pale pith and watery  
Bed of a reed. Look:

Pine-needle armor protects  
Pity's from Pan's assault! And though age drop  
Their leafy crowns, their fame soars,  
Eclipsing Eva, Cleo and Helen of Troy:  
For which of those would speak

For a fashion that constricts  
White bodies in a wooden girdle, root to top  
Unfaced, unformed, the nipple-flowers  
Shrouded to suckle darkness? Only they  
Who keep cool and holy make

A sanctum to attract  
Green virgins, consecrating limb and lip  
To chastity's service: like prophets, like preachers,  
They descant on the serene and seraphic beauty  
Of virgins for virginity's sake.'

Be certain some such pact's  
Been struck to keep all glory in the grip  
Of ugly spinsters and barren sirs  
As you etch on the inner window of your eye  
This virgin on her rack:

She, ripe and unplucked, 's  
Lain splayed too long in the tortuous boughs: overripe  
Now, dour-faced, her fingers  
Stiff as twigs, her body woodenly  
Askew, she'll ache and wake

Though doomsday bud. Neglect's  
Given her lips that lemon-tasting droop:  
Untongued, all beauty's bright juice sours.  
Tree-twist will ape this gross anatomy  
Till irony's bough break.



Paul Klee  
Jungfrau im Baum  
1903

## ECHOES FROM OVID

"Above the antique mantel was displayed  
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene  
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king  
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale  
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice  
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,  
'Jug Jug' to dirty ears."

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land* (II, 97-103)

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds  
Towards Phoebus' lodging! Such a wagoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the West  
And bring in cloudy night immediately."

William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet* (III, II. 1-4)

Joseph Campbell  
*The Hero with a Thousand Faces*



- (Gilgamesh)
- Ulysses
- Aeneas
- Hercules
- Bacchus
- Ceres
- Io
- Orpheus
- Caesar
- (Dante)
- (Star Wars)
- ROME**
- BARD**

Christopher Booker, *The Seven Basic Plots*, 2004

- Overcoming the monster.
- Rags to riches.
- The quest.
- Voyage and return.
- Comedy.
- Tragedy.
- **Rebirth.**