

# **Ovid's Metamorphoses**

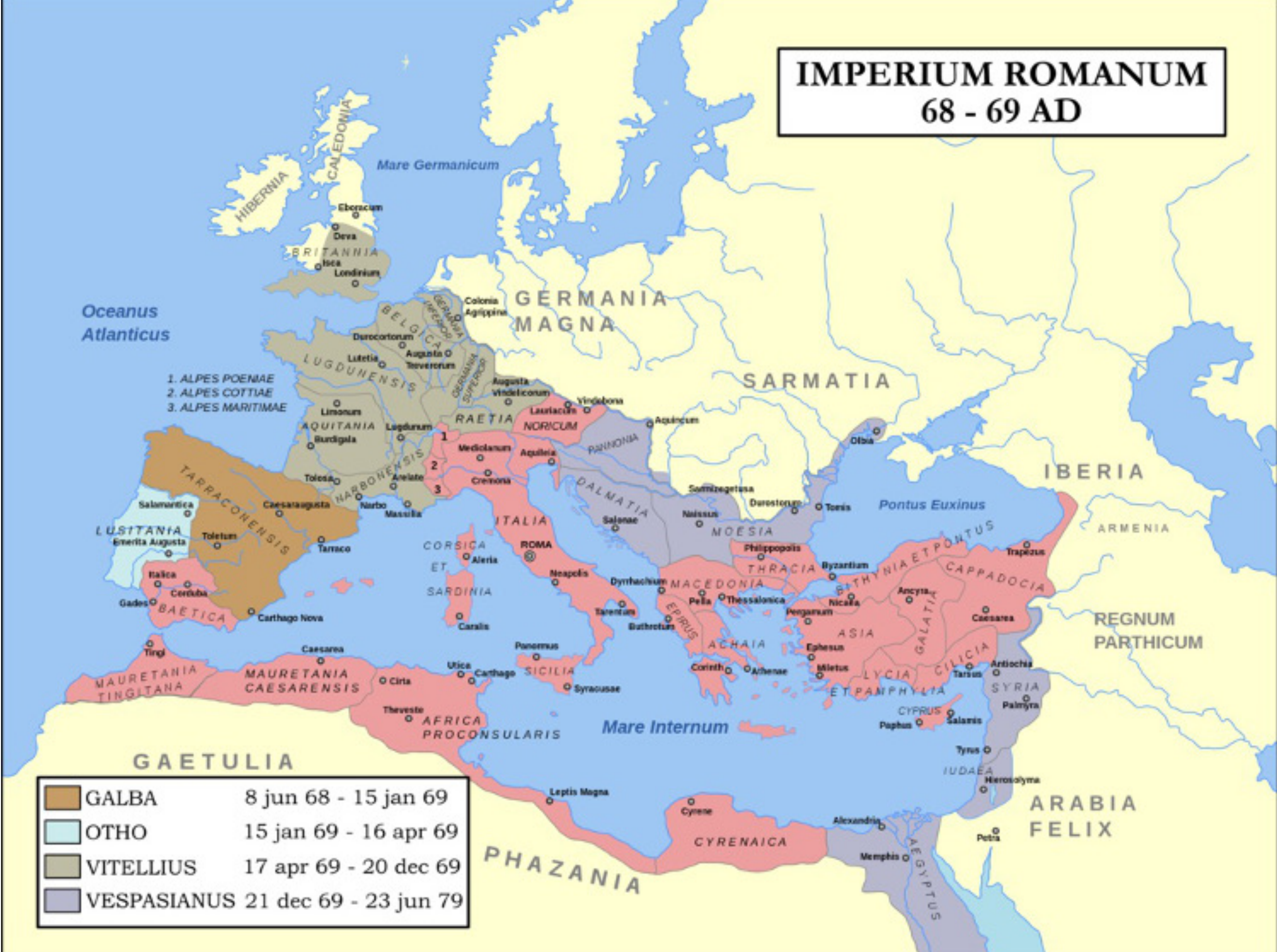
**Midcoast Senior College**




**Fall I, 2022**

George M. Young



# IMPERIUM ROMANUM 68 - 69 AD



	GALBA	8 jun 68 - 15 jan 69
	OTHO	15 jan 69 - 16 apr 69
	VITELLIUS	17 apr 69 - 20 dec 69
	VESPASIANUS	21 dec 69 - 23 jun 79









Ancient Greece





Ancient Italy







## CERES AND PROSERPINA



Johan Tobias Sergel  
1780s



Rembrandt,  
1631



## 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.





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



EDWIN BORMAN, 1885

Jan Steen  
Erysichthon





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

Luigi Ademollo  
c 1846