

Ovid's Metamorphoses

Midcoast Senior College

Fall I, 2022

George M. Young

HERCULES, DEIANIRA, NESSUS



Antonio del Pollaiuolo c. 1470



Attic red figure cup, c. 425-400 B.C.



Paul Conrad
1924-2010

DRYOPE



Antonio Tempesta, 1606

CAUNUS AND BYBLIS

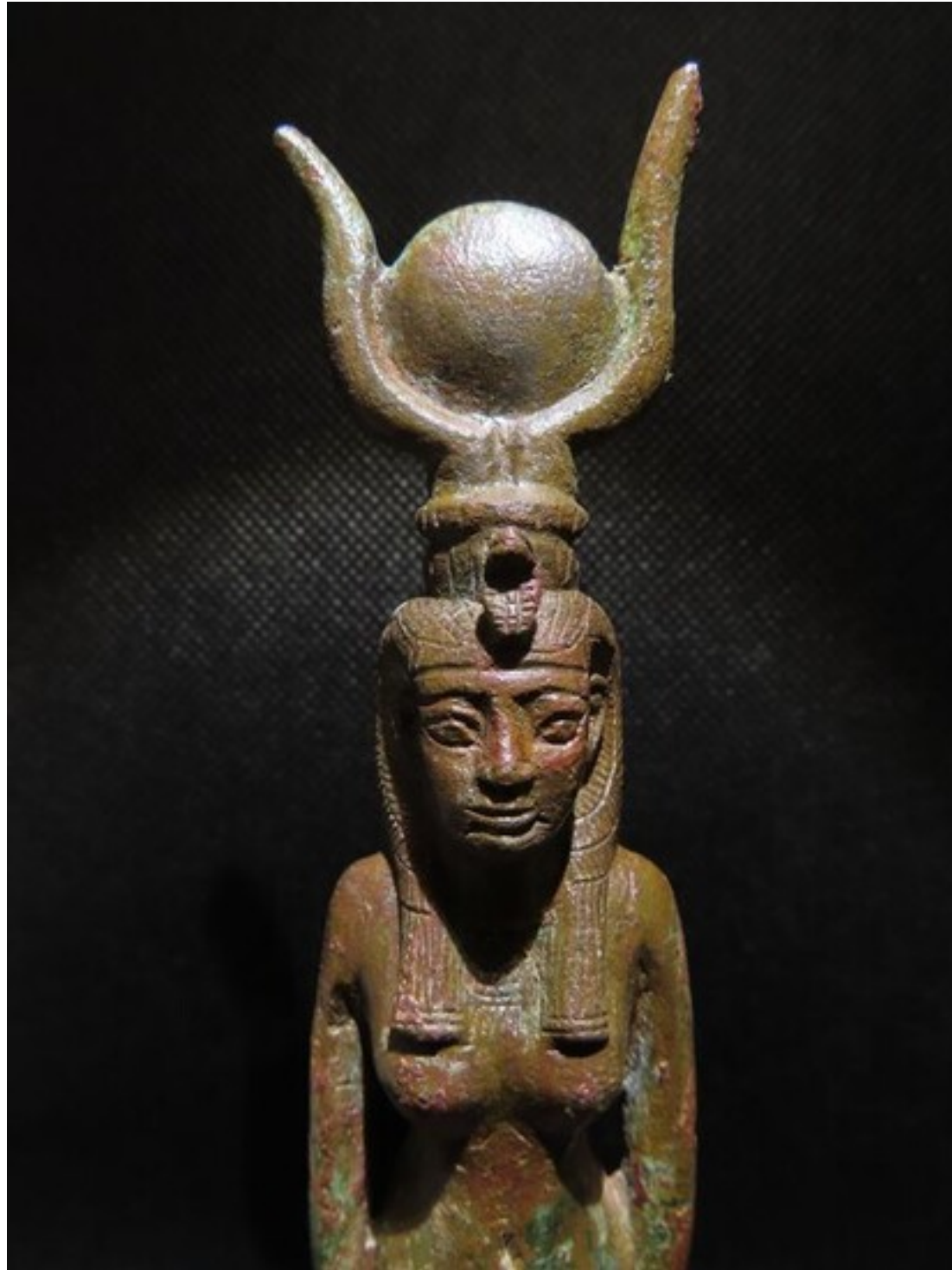


[François Chauveau](#) ,c. 1660



Laurent Delvaux, c. 1733

IPHIS AND IANTHE



Goddess Isis Ancient Egypt Late Period, 26th Dynasty, 664 – 525 BC.



Antonio Tempesta, 1606

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE



Sir John Pointer, 1862



Auguste Rodin, 1893



Jean Cocteau, Orphée 1950



Marcel Camus
Black Orpheus, 1959

Orpheus
Robert Kelly, b. 1935

Orpheus can never look back at the real woman trailing behind him out of hell, the woman that anybody could see with ordinary eyes. Orpheus must keep his eyes firmly fixed on the imaginal Eurydice before him, towards whom he has struggled all his life. She is not imaginary, not at all, but realer than any mere apparency, than any momentary act of seeing. He must move always towards that perfect image of his wife, and so sustain himself and his song. If ever he turns back, that is, regresses into seeing his wife as an ordinary woman, she is lost. And he is lost.

ORPHEUS

Margaret Atwood

b.1939

You walked in front of me,
pulling me back out
to the green light that had once
grown fangs and killed me.

I was obedient, but
numb, like an arm
gone to sleep; the return
to time was not my choice.

By then I was used to silence.
Though something stretched between us
like a whisper, like a rope:
my former name,
drawn tight.
You had your old leash
with you, love you might call it,
and your flesh voice.

Before your eyes you held steady
the image of what you wanted
me to become: living again.
It was this hope of yours that kept me following.

I was your hallucination, listening
and floral, and you were singing me:
already new skin was forming on me
within the luminous misty shroud
of my other body; already
there was dirt on my hands and I was thirsty.

I could see only the outline
of your head and shoulders,
black against the cave mouth,
and so could not see your face
at all, when you turned

and called to me because you had
already lost me. The last
I saw of you was a dark oval.
Though I knew how this failure
would hurt you, I had to
fold like a gray moth and let go.

You could not believe I was more than your echo.

CYPARISSUS



Jan Brueghel the Younger c. 1650

GANYMEDE



Benedetto Gennari the Younger (1633-1715)

W.H. AUDEN

1907-1973

He looked in all His wisdom from the throne
Down on that humble boy who kept the sheep,
And sent a dove; the dove returned alone:
Youth liked the music, but soon fell asleep.
But he had planned such future for the youth:
Surely, His duty now was to compel.
For later he would come to love the truth,
And own his gratitude. His eagle fell.
It did not work. His conversation bored
The boy who yawned and whistled and made faces,
And wriggled free from fatherly embraces;
But with the eagle he was always willing
To go where it suggested, and adored
And learnt from it so many ways of killing.

APOLLO AND HYACINTHUS



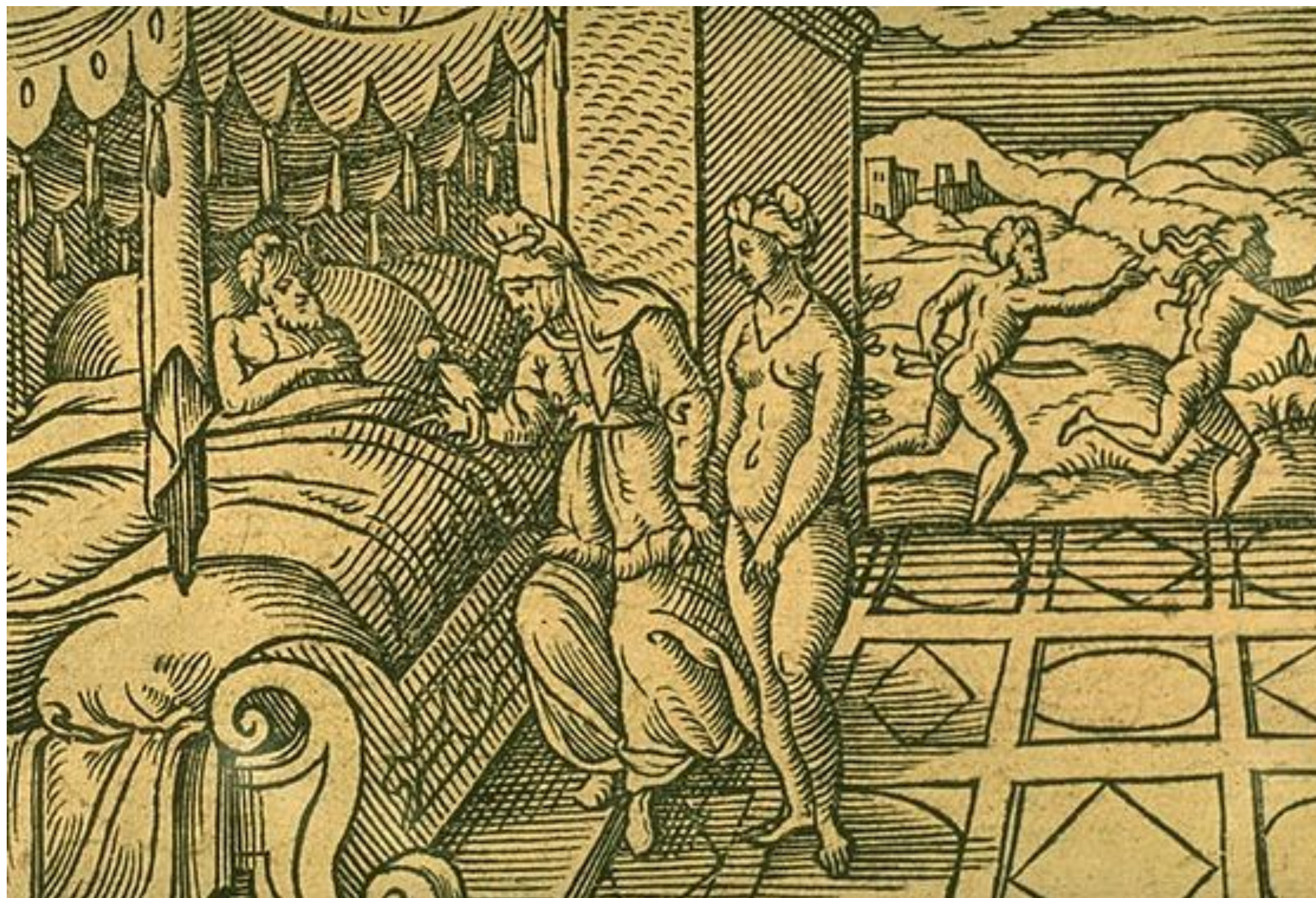
Alexander Kiselev
1838-1911

GIRLS WITH HORNS



Jean-Léon Gérôme
1824-1907

MYRRHA AND CINYRAS



Virgil Solis
1581

PYGMALION



Jean Raoux, 1717



Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller, 1938

VENUS AND ADONIS



José_de_Ribera
1637

HIPPOMENES AND ATALANTA



Noël_Hallé_-_The_Race_between_Hippomenes_and_Atalanta
1762-65