

Nonfiction



Jackie Lutz is a senior at the University of Massachusetts Amherst. She has completed a certificate in Technical Writing and Professional Communication. Jackie also has completed a minor in Latin Literature, where she studied texts from various Roman poets, most notably Ovid.

Jackie loves learning about ancient civilizations, and how their stories can connect to concepts in modern times.

Photo by Lena Antaramian  
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This book offers a practical and user-friendly approach to Ovid's classic work. With clear summaries and straightforward analyses sprinkled throughout, Lutz provides readers with a convenient and digestible edition suitable for both newcomers and seasoned readers.

- Quill & Verse Reviews

Readers will find a no-nonsense presentation of the classical text. Lutz's concise summaries and pragmatic analyses make this edition a straightforward and accessible choice for those looking to explore Ovid's narratives without getting lost in academic intricacies.

- Literary Lens Insights

Jackie Lutz's approach to editing Ovid's Metamorphoses is both pragmatic and informative. The inclusion of short summaries and analyses serves as a helpful guide for readers, making this edition a practical resource for anyone interested in delving into the world of classical mythology.

- Prose Perspective Evaluations



JACKIE  
LUTZ

TRANSFORMATION AND DESIRE IN OVID'S  
METAMORPHOSES

NA



TRANSFORMATION AND DESIRE  
IN OVID'S

# METAMORPHOSES



EDITED BY JACKIE LUTZ

This book contains some of Ovid's most thought provoking stories from Metamorphoses. Each follows a theme of transformation and desire. Each story has both the latin text and an english translation available on the following page. The book contains art from the renaissance era to further enhance the reading experience.

The summaries written after each story are based on Jackie's knowledge and opinions of what the story means, and offer a deeper understanding of each one.

U.S.A. \$29.99  
CAN \$35

Transformation and Desire  
in  
Ovid's Metamorphoses

Edited by Jackie Lutz  
English Translation by Henry T. Riley

NA Publishing  
Rome, Italy



*Dedicated to the various teachers who sparked my interest in mythology*



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## Editor's Note

This book contains various myths from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The latin text is on the left, while the corresponding english text is on the right. The latin text is translated by Henry T. Riley, sourced from Project Gutenberg. All the stories share a common theme of transformation and desire. Each story will conclude with a short summary and analysis written by me.

The myths included are Ovid's *Apollo and Daphne*, *Europa*, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, *Echo and Narcissus*, and *Narcissus Falls in Love*.

I chose these stories due to my own interest and experiences. I have studied most of them while taking college latin courses. The stories that I did not study during school were chosen due to their similar yet unique themes that connect them to the other stories.

Apollo and Daphne was the first story by Ovid that I studied. I was struck by the descriptive and beautiful language that he used to describe their story. I also spent a lot of time analyzing the themes of transformation and desire, and how they connect to modern views. These stories by Ovid are dated, in regard to how the women are treated. In most of these stories, the women are seen as objects to be taken, or goals to be 'achieved' by the men.

While some may see these myths as love stories, they are one sided and have deeper themes of rape and possession. I did not

use the word "love" in the main title for this reason. I would like to take a deeper dive into each of these stories and explore these themes.



*Titlepage to Ovid's 'Metamorphoses' by Antonio Tempesta (c.1555-1630)*

## Who was Ovid?

Ovid was born in 43 BCE, and died in 17 CE. He was a Roman poet, known most well for *Metamorphoses* and *Ars amatoria*. His life is well-documented in his poem *Tristia*. His family was wealthy, and was able to send Ovid to be educated in Rome.

Ovid studied rhetoric in Rome. His father wanted him to become an orator, but he instead wanted to study verse writing. He traveled for a while as a minor politician, but realized that it was not for him. Ovid then spent the rest of his life as a poet.

His first few works were themed around love and romance, while his later works (including *Metamorphoses*) were longer and more ambitious.

In 8 CE, Emperor Augustus banished Ovid to Tomis, and the reason for his exile is still a mystery today. Ovid's wife remained in Rome and still had his assets. He hated being exiled and hoped that he would one day be able to return home. This never happened, and he eventually accepted his fate and passed away in Tomis.

## About Metamorphoses

*Metamorphoses* is a poem that consists of 15 books and almost twelve thousand lines. It is written in hexameter verse, which means each line has six feet. Each foot is a collection of latin syllables.

The stories start with the creation of the universe, and end with the death of Julius Caesar. Each story has some relation to the theme of metamorphosis, some more than others. The main theme of the poem is passion (*pathos*), and each poem explores deep aspects of human emotion.

This book will explore just a few of Ovid's many poems in *Metamorphoses*.



*"Apollo and Daphne"* by Antonio del Pollaiuolo  
(c.1432–1498)

## Apollo and Daphne



Primus amor Phoebi Daphne Peneia, quem non  
 fors ignara dedit, sed saeva Cupidinis ira,  
 Delius hunc nuper, victa serpente superbus,  
 viderat adducto flectentem cornua nervo  
 'quid' que 'tibi, lascive puer, cum fortibus armis?'  
 dixerat: 'ista decent umeros gestamina nostros,  
 qui dare certa ferae, dare vulnera possumus hosti,  
 qui modo pestifero tot iugera ventre prementem  
 stravimus innumeris tumidum Pythona sagittis.  
 tu face nescio quos esto contentus amores  
 inritare tua, nec laudes adsere nostras!'

filius huic Veneris 'figat tuus omnia, Phoebe,  
 te meus arcus' ait; 'quantoque animalia cedunt  
 cuncta deo, tanto minor est tua gloria nostra.'  
 dixit et eliso percussis aere pennis  
 inpiger umbrosa Parnasi constitit arce  
 eque sagittifera prompsit duo tela pharetra  
 diversorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amorem;  
 quod facit, auratum est et cuspide fulget acuta,  
 quod fugat, obtusum est et habet sub harundine plumbum.  
 hoc deus in nymphea Peneide fixit, at illo  
 laesit Apollineas traiecta per ossa medullas;  
 protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis  
 silvarum latebris captivarumque ferarum  
 exuviis gaudens innuptaeque aemula Phoebe:  
 vitta coercebat positos sine lege capillos.  
 multi illam petiere, illa aversata petentes  
 inpatiens expersque viri nemora avia lustrat  
 nec, quid Hymen, quid Amor, quid sint conubia curat.  
 saepe pater dixit: 'generum mihi, filia, debes,'

Daphne, the daughter of Peneus, was the first love of Phœbus; whom, not blind chance, but the vengeful anger of Cupid assigned to him.

The Delian God, proud of having lately subdued the serpent, had seen him bending the bow and drawing the string, and had said, "What hast thou to do, wanton boy, with gallant arms? Such a burden as that better befits my shoulders; I, who am able to give unerring wounds to the wild beasts, wounds to the enemy, who lately slew with arrows innumerable the swelling Python, that covered so many acres of land with his pestilential belly. Do thou be contented to excite I know not what flames with thy torch; and do not lay claim to praises properly my own."

To him the son of Venus replies, "Let thy bow shoot all things, Phœbus; my bow shall shoot thee; and as much as all animals fall short of thee, so much is thy glory less than mine." He thus said; and cleaving the air with his beating wings, with activity he stood upon the shady heights of Parnassus, and drew two weapons out of his arrow-bearing quiver, of different workmanship; the one repels, the other excites desire. That which causes love is of gold, and is brilliant, with a sharp point; that which repels it is blunt, and contains lead beneath the reed.

This one the God fixed in the Nymph, the daughter of Peneus, but with the other he wounded the very marrow of Apollo, through his bones pierced by the arrow. Immediately the one is in love; the other flies from the very name of a lover, rejoicing in the recesses of the woods, and in the spoils of wild beasts taken in hunting, and becomes a rival of the virgin Phœbe. A fillet tied together her hair, put up without any order. Many a one courted her; she hated all wooers; not able to endure, and quite unacquainted with man, she traverses the solitary parts of the woods, and she cares not what Hymen, what love, or what marriage means. Many a time did her father say, "My daughter, thou owest me a son-in-law;"



saepe pater dixit: 'debes mihi, nata, nepotes';  
 illa velut crimen taedas exosa iugales  
 pulchra verecundo suffuderat ora rubore  
 inque patris blandis haerens cervice lacertis  
 'da mihi perpetua, genitor carissime,' dixit  
 'virginitate frui! dedit hoc pater ante Dianae.'  
 ille quidem obsequitur, sed te decor iste quod optas  
 esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat:  
 Phoebus amat visaeque cupit conubia Daphnes,  
 quodque cupit, sperat, suaque illum oracula fallunt,  
 utque leves stipulae demptis adolentur aristis,  
 ut facibus saepes ardent, quas forte viator  
 vel nimis admovit vel iam sub luce reliquit,  
 sic deus in flammis abiit, sic pectore toto  
 uritur et sterilem sperando nutrit amorem.  
 spectat inornatos collo pendere capillos  
 et 'quid, si comantur?' ait. videt igne micantes  
 sideribus similes oculos, videt oscula, quae non  
 est vidisse satis; laudat digitosque manusque  
 brachiaque et nudos media plus parte lacertos;  
 si qua latent, meliora putat. fugit ocior aura  
 illa levi neque ad haec revocantis verba resistit:  
 'nympha, precor, Penei, mane! non insequor hostis;  
 nympha, mane! sic agna lupum, sic cerva leonem,  
 sic aquilam penna fugiunt trepidante columbae,  
 hostes quaeque suos: amor est mihi causa sequendi!  
 me miserum! ne prona cadas indignave laedi  
 crura notent sentes et sim tibi causa doloris!  
 aspera, qua properas, loca sunt: moderatius, oro,  
 curre fugamque inhibe, moderatius insequar ipse.

Many a time did her father say, "My daughter, thou owest me grandchildren." She, utterly abhorring the nuptial torch, as though a crime, has her beauteous face covered with the blush of modesty; and clinging to her father's neck, with caressing arms, she says, "Allow me, my dearest father, to enjoy perpetual virginity; her father, in times, bygone, granted this to Diana."

He indeed complied. But that very beauty forbids thee to be what thou wishest, and the charms of thy person are an impediment to thy desires. Phœbus falls in love, and he covets an alliance with Daphne, now seen by him, and what he covets he hopes for, and his own oracles deceive him; and as the light stubble is burned, when the ears of corn are taken off, and as hedges are set on fire by the torches, which perchance a traveller has either held too near them, or has left there, now about the break of day, thus did the God burst into a flame; thus did he burn throughout his breast, and cherish a fruitless passion with his hopes.

He beholds her hair hanging unadorned upon her neck, and he says, "And what would it be if it were arranged?" He sees her eyes, like stars, sparkling with fire; he sees her lips, which it is not enough to have merely seen; he praises both her fingers and her hands, and her arms and her shoulders naked, from beyond the middle; whatever is hidden from view, he thinks to be still more beauteous. Swifter than the light wind she flies, and she stops not at these words of his, as he calls her back:

"O Nymph, daughter of Peneus, stay, I entreat thee! I am not an enemy following thee. In this way the lamb flies from the wolf; thus the deer flies from the lion; thus the dove flies from the eagle with trembling wing; in this way each creature flies from its enemy: love is the cause of my following thee. Ah! wretched me! shouldst thou fall on thy face, or should the brambles tear thy legs, that deserve not to be injured, and should I prove the cause of pain to thee. The places are rugged, through which thou art thus hastening; run more leisurely, I entreat thee, and restrain thy flight; I myself will follow more leisurely.

cui placeas, inquire tamen: non incola montis,  
 non ego sum pastor, non hic armenta gregesque  
 horridus observo. nescis, temeraria, nescis,  
 quem fugias, ideoque fugis: mihi Delphica tellus  
 et Claros et Tenedos Pataraeque regia servit;  
 Iuppiter est genitor; per me, quod eritque fuitque  
 estque, patet; per me concordant carmina nervis.  
 certa quidem nostra est, nostra tamen una sagitta  
 certior, in vacuo quae vulnera pectore fecit!  
 inventum medicina meum est, opiferque per orbem  
 dicor, et herbarum subiecta potentia nobis.  
 ei mihi, quod nullis amor est sanabilis herbis  
 nec prosunt domino, quae prosunt omnibus, artes!"

Plura locuturum timido Peneia cursu  
 fugit cumque ipso verba imperfecta reliquit,  
 tum quoque visa decens; nudabant corpora venti,  
 obviaque adversas vibrabant flamina vestes,  
 et levis impulsos retro dabat aura capillos,  
 auctaque forma fuga est. sed enim non sustinet ultra  
 perdere blanditias iuvenis deus, utque monebat  
 ipse Amor, admisso sequitur vestigia passu.  
 ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo  
 vidit, et hic praedam pedibus petit, ille salutem;  
 alter inhaesuro similis iam iamque tenere  
 sperat et extento stringit vestigia rostro,  
 alter in ambiguo est, an sit comprehensus, et ipsis  
 morsibus eripitur tangantiaque ora relinquit:  
 sic deus et virgo est hic spe celer, illa timore.  
 qui tamen insequitur pennis adiutus Amoris,  
 ocior est requiemque negat tergoque fugacis

And yet, inquire whom thou dost please; I am not an inhabitant  
 of the mountains, I am not a shepherd; I am not here, in rude  
 guise, watching the herds or the flocks. Thou knowest not, rash  
 girl, thou knowest not from whom thou art flying, and therefore it  
 is that thou dost fly.

The Delphian land, Claros and Tenedos, and the Pataræan palace  
 pays service to me. Jupiter is my sire; by me, what shall be, what  
 has been, and what is, is disclosed; through me, songs harmonize  
 with the strings. My own arrow, indeed, is unerring; yet one there  
 is still more unerring than my own, which has made this wound in  
 my heart, before unscathed. The healing art is my discovery, and  
 throughout the world I am honored as the bearer of help, and the  
 properties of simples are subjected to me. Ah, wretched me! That  
 love is not to be cured by any herbs; and that those arts which  
 afford relief to all, are of no avail for their master."

The daughter of Peneus flies from him, about to say still more,  
 with timid step, and together with him she leaves his unfinished  
 address. Then, too, she appeared lovely; the winds exposed her  
 form to view, and the gusts meeting her fluttered about her  
 garments, as they came in contact, and the light breeze spread  
 behind her her careless locks; and thus, by her flight, was her  
 beauty increased. But the youthful God has not patience any longer  
 to waste his blandishments; and as love urges him on, he follows  
 her steps with hastening pace.

As when the greyhound has seen the hare in the open field, and  
 the one by the speed of his legs pursues his prey, the other seeks  
 her safety; the one is like as if just about to fasten on the other,  
 and now, even now, hopes to catch her, and with nose outstretched  
 plies upon the footsteps of the hare. The other is in doubt whether  
 she is caught already, and is delivered from his very bite, and leaves  
 behind the mouth just touching her. And so is the God, and so is  
 the virgin; he swift with hopes, she with fear.

Yet he that follows, aided by the wings of love, is the swifter, and  
 denies her any rest; and is now just at her back as

inminet et crinem sparsum cervicibus adflat.  
 viribus absumptis expalluit illa citaeque  
 victa labore fugae spectans Peneidas undas  
 'fer, pater,' inquit 'opem! si flumina numen habetis,  
 qua nimium placui, mutando perde figuram!'  
 [quae facit ut laedar mutando perde figuram.]  
 vix prece finita torpor gravis occupat artus,  
 mollia cinguntur tenui praecordia libro,  
 in frondem crines, in ramos bracchia crescunt,  
 pes modo tam velox pigris radicibus haeret,  
 ora cacumen habet: remanet nitor unus in illa.

Hanc quoque Phoebus amat positaque in stipite dextra  
 sentit adhuc trepidare novo sub cortice pectus  
 complexusque suis ramos ut membra lacertis  
 oscula dat ligno; refugit tamen oscula lignum.  
 cui deus 'at, quoniam coniunx mea non potes esse,  
 arbor eris certe' dixit 'mea! semper habebunt  
 te coma, te citharae, te nostrae, laure, pharetrae;  
 tu ducibus Latiis aderis, cum laeta Triumphum  
 vox canet et visent longas Capitolia pompas;  
 postibus Augustis eadem fidissima custos  
 ante fores stabis mediamque tuebere quercum,  
 utque meum intonsis caput est iuvenale capillis,  
 tu quoque perpetuos semper gere frondis honores!'  
 finierat Paeon: factis modo laurea ramis  
 adnuat utque caput visa est agitasse cacumen.

she flies, and is breathing upon her hair scattered upon her neck. Her strength being now spent, she grows pale, and being quite faint, with the fatigue of so swift a flight, looking upon the waters of Peneus, she says, "Give me, my father, thy aid, if you rivers have divine power. Oh Earth, either yawn to swallow me, or by changing it, destroy that form, by which I have pleased too much, and which causes me to be injured."

Hardly had she ended her prayer, when a heavy torpor seizes her limbs; and her soft breasts are covered with a thin bark. Her hair grows into green leaves, her arms into branches; her feet, the moment before so swift, adhere by sluggish roots; a leafy canopy overspreads her features; her elegance alone remains in her.

This, too, Phœbus admires, and placing his right hand upon the stock, he perceives that the breast still throbs beneath the new bark; and then, embracing the branches as though limbs in his arms, he gives kisses to the wood, and yet the wood shrinks from his kisses.

To her the God said: "But since thou canst not be my wife, at least thou shalt be my tree; my hair, my lyre, my quiver shall always have thee, oh laurel! Thou shalt be presented to the Latian chieftains, when the joyous voice of the soldiers shall sing the song of triumph, and the long procession shall resort to the Capitol.

Thou, the same, shalt stand as a most faithful guardian at the gate-posts of Augustus before his doors, and shalt protect the oak placed in the centre; and as my head is ever youthful with unshorn locks, do thou, too, always wear the lasting honors of thy foliage."

Pæan had ended his speech; the laurel nodded assent with its new-made boughs, and seemed to shake its top just like a head.



"*Apollo et Daphne*" by René-Antoine Houasse  
(c.1685–1710)

## Summary and Analysis

Apollo and Daphne is a story of one-sided love, harassment, and escape.

Apollo was struck by one of Cupid's arrows, which caused him to fall madly in love with Daphne. However, she was struck with a different arrow, which caused her to be repulsed by Apollo.

The story follows Apollo's chase, where he desperately wants to be with Daphne, and she wants nothing to do with him. He chases her around, as if she is his prey.

While Apollo is supposedly not in control of his actions, his harassment of Daphne still represents how men sexually harass women without any form of consent. Ovid may have not had this theme in mind, but modern audiences who read this story will often interpret it this way.

The story ends with Daphne almost being caught. She begs her father (a river god) for help. Her father responds by transforming her into a laurel tree. Apollo doesn't seem to care about this transformation, and proceeds to caress the tree with his hands and mouth.

Daphne (the tree) seems to lean away from him, still wishing to be as far away as possible. Even with her father trying to protect her, Apollo still got what he desired, which was to take advantage of Daphne and possess her.

This story is the origin for why Apollo is associated with the laurel tree in Greek myth. In the end, Apollo took possession of Daphne through his symbol becoming the laurel tree.





"*The Abduction of Europa*" by Jean François de Troy  
(c.1679–1752)

## Europa



Has ubi verborum poenas mentisque profanae  
cepit Atlantiades, dictas a Pallade terras  
linquit et ingreditur iactatis aethera pennis.  
sevocat hunc genitor nec causam fassus amoris  
'fide minister' ait 'iussorum, nate, meorum,  
pelle moram solitoque celer delabere cursu,  
quaeque tuam matrem tellus a parte sinistra  
suspicit (indigenae Sidonida nomine dicunt),  
hanc pete, quodque procul montano gramine pasci  
armentum regale vides, ad litora verte!'  
dixit, et expulsi iamdudum monte iuveni  
litora iussa petunt, ubi magni filia regis  
ludere virginibus Tyriis comitata solebat.  
non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur  
maiestas et amor; sceptri gravitate relict  
ille pater rectorque deum, cui dextra trisulcis  
ignibus armata est, qui nutu concutit orbem,  
induitur faciem tauri mixtusque iuvenis  
mugit et in teneris formosus obambulat herbis.  
quippe color nivis est, quam nec vestigia duri  
calcavere pedis nec solvit aquaticus auster.  
colla toris exstant, armis palearia pendent,  
cornua vara quidem, sed quae contendere possis  
facta manu, puraque magis perlucida gemma.  
nullae in fronte minae, nec formidabile lumen:  
pacem vultus habet. miratur Agenore nata,  
quod tam formosus, quod proelia nulla minetur;  
sed quamvis mitem metuit contingere primo,  
mox adit et flores ad candida porrigit ora.  
gaudet amans et, dum veniat sperata voluptas,

When the grandson of Atlas had inflicted this punishment upon her words and her profane disposition, he left the lands named after Pallas, and entered the skies with his waving wings. His father calls him on one side; and, not owning the cause of his love, he says,

"My son, the trusty minister of my commands, banish delay, and swiftly descend with thy usual speed, and repair to the region which looks towards thy Constellation mother on the left side, (the natives call it Sidonis by name) and drive towards the sea-shore, the herd belonging to the king, which thou seest feeding afar upon the grass of the mountain."

Thus he spoke; and already were the bullocks, driven from the mountain, making for the shore named, where the daughter of the great king, attended by Tyrian virgins, was wont to amuse herself. Majesty and love but ill accord, nor can they continue in the same abode.

The father and the ruler of the Gods, whose right hand is armed with the three-forked flames, who shakes the world with his nod, laying aside the dignity of empire, assumes the appearance of a bull; and mixing with the oxen, he lows, and, in all his beauty, walks about upon the shooting grass.

For his color is that of snow, which neither the soles of hard feet have trodden upon, nor the watery South wind melted. His neck swells with muscles; dewlaps hang from between his shoulders. His horns are small indeed, but such as you might maintain were made with the hand, and more transparent than a bright gem. There is nothing threatening in his forehead; nor is his eye formidable; his countenance expresses peace.

The daughter of Agenor is surprised that he is so beautiful, and that he threatens no attack; but although so gentle, she is at first afraid to touch him. By and by she approaches him,

oscula dat manibus; vix iam, vix cetera differt;  
 et nunc adludit viridique exsultat in herba,  
 nunc latus in fulvis niveum deponit harenis;  
 paulatimque metu dempto modo pectora praebet  
 virginea plaudenda manu, modo cornua sertis  
 inpedienda novis; ausa est quoque regia virgo  
 nescia, quem premeret, tergo considerare tauri,  
 cum deus a terra siccoque a litore sensim  
 falsa pedum primis vestigia ponit in undis;  
 inde abit ulterius mediique per aequora ponti  
 fert praedam: pavet haec litusque ablata relictum  
 respicit et dextra cornum tenet, altera dorso  
 inposita est; tremulae sinuantur flamine vestes.

and holds out flowers to his white mouth. The lover rejoices, and till his hoped-for pleasure comes, he gives kisses to her hands; scarcely, oh, scarcely, does he defer the rest. And now he plays with her, and skips upon the green grass; and now he lays his snow-white side upon the yellow sand.

And, her fear now removed by degrees, at one moment he gives his breast to be patted by the hand of the virgin; at another, his horns to be wreathed with new-made garlands. The virgin of royal birth even ventured to sit down upon the back of the bull, not knowing upon whom she was pressing. Then the God, by degrees moving from the land, and from the dry shore, places the fictitious hoofs of his feet in the waves near the brink.

Then he goes still further, and carries his prize over the expanse of the midst of the ocean. She is affrighted, and, borne off, looks back on the shore she has left; and with her right hand she grasps his horn, while the other is placed on his back; her waving garments are ruffled by the breeze.



*"The Abduction of Europa" by Rembrandt  
(c.1606–1669)*

## Summary and Analysis

Europa's story is one of tragedy and desperation. Jupiter Saw Europa and decided that she must be his. He transforms himself into a white bull and goes down to earth.

Europa was with some other women when Jupiter arrived. He acted as if he were a tame bull that simply wandered up to them. He laid down next to Europa and waited.

She was nervous at first, and started laying flowers on him as she got more comfortable. She eventually decided to sit on his back.

Jupiter took Europa into the water and kidnapped her. She was too scared to jump off his back into the ocean. This is where the provided passage ends.

This is not described previously, but they eventually arrived at Crete, and Jupiter reveals himself. According to who translates this story, Europa and him then become lovers and have three children together. Or, Jupiter rapes Europa and they have three children together.

Through a modern lense, this is a story of abduction and tragedy.

She was initially suspicious, but then let her guard down a bit. Once she trusted Jupiter, he kidnapped her. This has parallels to real life, where a woman may start to trust a male stranger after he seems polite, but there is the chance that he is a monster taking advantage of her.

Jupiter took Europa away from everything she ever knew for his own personal desires.





*"The Origin of Sculpture"* by Jean-Baptiste Regnault  
(c.1754–1829)



Quas quia Pygmalion aevum per crimen agentis  
 viderat, offensus vitiis, quae plurima menti  
 femineae natura dedit, sine coniuge caelebs  
 vivebat thalamique diu consorte carebat.  
 interea niveum mira feliciter arte  
 sculpsit ebur formamque dedit, qua femina nasci  
 nulla potest, operisque sui concepit amorem.  
 virginis est verae facies, quam vivere credas,  
 et, si non obstat reverentia, velle moveri:  
 ars adeo latet arte sua. miratur et haurit  
 pectore Pygmalion simulati corporis ignes.  
 saepe manus operi temptantes admovet, an sit  
 corpus an illud ebur, nec adhuc ebur esse fatetur.  
 oscula dat reddique putat loquiturque tenetque  
 et credit tactis digitos insidere membris  
 et metuit, pressos veniat ne livor in artus,  
 et modo blanditias adhibet, modo grata puellis  
 munera fert illi conchas teretesque lapillos  
 et parvas volucres et flores mille colorum  
 liliaque pictasque pilas et ab arbore lapsas  
 Heliadum lacrimas; ornat quoque vestibus artus,  
 dat digitis gemmas, dat longa monilia collo,  
 aure leves baccae, redimicula pectore pendent:  
 cuncta decent; nec nuda minus formosa videtur.  
 conlocat hanc stratis concha Sidonide tinctis  
 adpellatque tori sociam adclinataque colla  
 mollibus in plumis, tamquam sensura, reponit.

'Festa dies Veneris tota celeberrima Cypro  
 venerat, et pandis inductae cornibus aurum  
 conciderant ictae nivea cervice iuvencae,

When Pygmalion saw these women spending their lives in  
 criminal pursuits, shocked at the vices which Nature had so  
 plentifully imparted to the female disposition, he lived a single life  
 without a wife, and for a long time was without a partner of his  
 bed. In the meantime, he ingeniously carved a statue of snow-  
 white ivory with wondrous skill; and gave it a beauty with which  
 no woman can be born; and then conceived a passion for his own  
 workmanship. The appearance was that of a real virgin, whom you  
 might suppose to be alive, and if modesty did not hinder her, to  
 be desirous to move; so much did art lie concealed under his skill.  
 Pygmalion admires it; and entertains, within his breast, a flame for  
 this fictitious body.

"Often does he apply his hands to the work, to try whether it is  
 a human body, or whether it is ivory; and yet he does not own it  
 to be ivory. He gives it kisses, and fancies that they are returned,  
 and speaks to it, and takes hold of it, and thinks that his fingers  
 make an impression on the limbs which they touch, and is fearful  
 lest a livid mark should come on her limbs when pressed. And one  
 while he employs soft expressions, at another time he brings her  
 presents that are agreeable to maidens, such as shells, and smooth  
 pebbles, and little birds, and flowers of a thousand tints, and lilies,  
 and painted balls, and tears of the Heliades, that have fallen from  
 the trees.

He decks her limbs, too, with clothing, and puts jewels on  
 her fingers; he puts, too, a long necklace on her neck. Smooth  
 pendants hang from her ears, and bows from her breast. All things  
 are becoming to her; and she does not seem less beautiful than  
 when naked. He places her on coverings dyed with the Sidonian  
 shell, and calls her the companion of his bed, and lays down her  
 reclining neck upon soft feathers, as though it were sensible.

"A festival of Venus, much celebrated throughout all Cyprus,  
 had now come; and heifers, with snow-white necks, having their  
 spreading horns tipped with gold, fell, struck by the axe.

turaque fumabant, cum munere functus ad aras  
 constitit et timide "si, di, dare cuncta potestis,  
 sit coniunx, opto," non ausus "eburnea virgo"  
 dicere, Pygmalion "similis mea" dixit "eburnae."  
 sensit, ut ipsa suis aderat Venus aurea festis,  
 vota quid illa velint et, amici numinis omen,  
 flamma ter accensa est apicemque per aera duxit.  
 ut rediit, simulacra suae petit ille puellae  
 incumbensque toro dedit oscula: visa tepere est;  
 admovet os iterum, manibus quoque pectora temptat:  
 temptatum mollescit ebur positoque rigore  
 subsidit digitis ceditque, ut Hymettia sole  
 cera remollescit tractataque pollice multas  
 flectitur in facies ipsoque fit utilis usu.  
 dum stupet et dubie gaudet fallique veretur,  
 rursus amans rursusque manu sua vota retractat.  
 corpus erat! saliunt temptatae pollice venae.  
 tum vero Paphius plenissima concipit heros  
 verba, quibus Veneri grates agat, oraque tandem  
 ore suo non falsa premit, dataque oscula virgo  
 sensit et erubuit timidumque ad lumina lumen  
 attollens pariter cum caelo vidit amantem.  
 coniugio, quod fecit, adest dea, iamque coactis  
 cornibus in plenum noviens lunaribus orbem  
 illa Paphon genuit, de qua tenet insula nomen.

Frankincense, too, was smoking, when, having made his offering, Pygmalion stood before the altar, and timorously said, 'If ye Gods can grant all things, let my wife be, I pray,' and he did not dare to say 'this ivory maid,' but 'like to this statue of ivory.' The golden Venus, as she herself was present at her own festival, understood what that prayer meant; and as an omen of the Divinity being favourable, thrice was the flame kindled up, and it sent up a tapering flame into the air.

Soon as he returned, he repaired to the image of his maiden, and, lying along the couch, he gave her kisses. She seems to grow warm. Again he applies his mouth; with his hands, too, he feels her breast. The pressed ivory becomes soft, and losing its hardness, yields to the fingers, and gives way, just as Hymettian wax grows soft in the sun, and being worked with the fingers is turned into many shapes, and becomes pliable by the very handling. While he is amazed, and is rejoicing, though with apprehension, and is fearing that he is deceived; the lover again and again touches the object of his desires with his hand. It is a real body; the veins throb, when touched with the thumb.

"Then, indeed, the Paphian hero conceives in his mind the most lavish expressions, with which to give thanks to Venus, and at length presses lips, no longer fictitious, with his own lips. The maiden, too, feels the kisses given her, and blushes; and raising her timorous eyes towards the light of day, she sees at once her lover and the heavens. The Goddess was present at the marriage which she thus effected. And now, the horns of the moon having been nine times gathered into a full orb, she brought forth Paphos; from whom the island derived its name."



"Pygmalion and Galatea" by Jean-Léon Gérôme  
(c.1824–1904)

## Summary and Analysis

Pygmalion is a misogynist. That is easy to see, especially in the lines "When Pygmalion saw these women spending their lives in criminal pursuits, shocked at the vices which Nature had so plentifully imparted to the female disposition...".

Pygmalion sees women as sinners and impure. None are fit to be his wife. So he decides to create a statue of the perfect women. He prays to Aphrodite to bring her to life to be his wife, and she grants his wish.

This statue (woman) is called Galatea. However, she is not named in this story at all. Her origins are all about Pygmalion and what he desires. Her name is debated among scholars, but she has been called Galatea for a long time.

Why does Aphrodite grant his wish? Was she trying to tell us that 'love conquers all'? Was she trying to be a benevolent goddess, and grant a narcissistic man's wish?

Galatea has no agency or personality in this story. She was created by Pygmalion to be his perfect wife. She started as a silent statue, and ended as a silent woman.

It is interesting to think of what Galatea's point of view could be. She came into existence suddenly. Her first experience as a real human was being forcefully kissed and groped. What was she thinking? Did she want this relationship?

This story can be interpreted in many ways. I see it as another example of a man who believes he has possession over a woman, and gets what he wants in the end without her consent.



*"Landscape with Narcissus and Echo"* by Claude Lorrain  
(c.1604–1682)

## Echo and Narcissus





Ille per Aonias fama celeberrimus urbes  
 inreprehensa dabat populo responsa petenti;  
 prima fide vocisque ratae temptamina sumpsit  
 caerula Liriope, quam quondam flumine curvo  
 inplicuit clausaeque suis Cephisos in undis  
 vim tulit: enixa est utero pulcherrima pleno  
 infantem nymphe, iam tunc qui posset amari,  
 Narcissumque vocat. de quo consultus, an esset  
 tempora maturae visurus longa senectae,  
 fatidicus vates 'si se non noverit' inquit.  
 vana diu visa est vox auguris: exitus illam  
 resque probat letique genus novitasque furoris.  
 namque ter ad quinos unum Cephisius annum  
 addiderat poteratque puer iuvenisque videri:  
 multi illum iuvenes, multae cupiere puellae;  
 sed fuit in tenera tam dura superbia forma,  
 nulli illum iuvenes, nullae tetigere puellae.  
 adspicit hunc trepidos agitantem in retia cervos  
 vocalis nymphe, quae nec reticere loquenti  
 nec prior ipsa loqui didicit, resonabilis Echo.

Corpus adhuc Echo, non vox erat et tamen usum  
 garrula non alium, quam nunc habet, oris habebat,  
 reddere de multis ut verba novissima posset.  
 fecerat hoc Iuno, quia, cum deprendere posset  
 sub Iove saepe suo nymphas in monte iacentis,  
 illa deam longo prudens sermone tenebat,  
 dum fugerent nymphae. postquam hoc Saturnia sensit,  
 'huius' ait 'linguae, qua sum delusa, potestas  
 parva tibi dabitur vocisque brevissimus usus,'  
 reque minas firmat. tantum haec in fine loquendi

He, much celebrated by fame throughout the cities of Aonia, gave unerring answers to the people consulting him. The azure Liriope was the first to make essay and experiment of his infallible voice; whom once Cephisus encircled in his winding stream, and offered violence to, when enclosed by his waters. The most beauteous Nymph produced an infant from her teeming womb, which even then might have been beloved, and she called him Narcissus.

Being consulted concerning him, whether he was destined to see the distant season of mature old age; the prophet, expounding destiny, said, "If he never recognizes himself." Long did the words of the soothsayer appear frivolous; but the event, the thing itself, the manner of his death, and the novel nature of his frenzy, confirmed it.

And now the son of Cephisus had added one to three times five years, and he might seem to be a boy and a young man as well. Many a youth, and many a damsel, courted him; but there was so stubborn a pride in his youthful beauty, that no youths, no damsels made any impression on him. The noisy Nymph, who has neither learned to hold her tongue after another speaking, nor to speak first herself, resounding Echo, espied him, as he was driving the timid stags into his nets. Echo was then a body, not a voice; and yet the babbler had no other use of her speech than she now has, to be able to repeat the last words out of many.

Juno had done this; because when often she might have been able to detect the Nymphs in the mountains in the embrace of her husband, Jupiter, she purposely used to detain the Goddess with a long story, until the Nymphs had escaped. After the daughter of Saturn perceived this, she said, "But small exercise of this tongue, with which I have been deluded, shall be allowed thee, and a very short use of thy voice." And she confirmed her threats by the event. Still, in the end of one's speaking she redoubles the voice,

ingeminat voces auditaque verba reportat.  
 ergo ubi Narcissum per devia rura vagantem  
 vidit et incaluit, sequitur vestigia furtim,  
 quoque magis sequitur, flamma propiore calescit,  
 non aliter quam cum summis circumlita taedis  
 admotas rapiunt vivacia sulphura flammās.  
 o quotiens voluit blandis accedere dictis  
 et mollis adhibere preces! natura repugnat  
 nec sinit, incipiat, sed, quod sinit, illa parata est  
 exspectare sonos, ad quos sua verba remittat.  
 forte puer comitum seductus ab agmine fido  
 dixerat: 'ecquis adest?' et 'adest' responderat Echo.  
 hic stupet, utque aciem partes dimittit in omnis,  
 voce 'veni!' magna clamat: vocat illa vocantem.  
 respicit et rursus nullo veniente 'quid' inquit  
 'me fugis?' et totidem, quot dixit, verba recepit.  
 perstat et alternae deceptus imagine vocis  
 'huc coeamus' ait, nullique libentius umquam  
 responsura sono 'coeamus' rettulit Echo  
 et verbis favet ipsa suis egressaque silva  
 ibat, ut iniceret sperato bracchia collo;  
 ille fugit fugiensque 'manus complexibus aufer!  
 ante' ait 'emoriā, quam sit tibi copia nostri';  
 rettulit illa nihil nisi 'sit tibi copia nostri!'  
 spreta latet silvis pudibundaque frondibus ora  
 protegit et solis ex illo vivit in antris;  
 sed tamen haeret amor crescitque dolore repulsae;  
 extenuant vigiles corpus miserabile curae  
 adducitque cutem macies et in aera sucus  
 corporis omnis abit; vox tantum atque ossa supersunt:

and returns the words she hears. When, therefore, she beheld  
 Narcissus wandering through the pathless forests, and fell in  
 love with him, she stealthily followed his steps; and the more she  
 followed him, with the nearer flame did she burn. In no other  
 manner than as when the native sulphur, spread around the tops  
 of torches, catches the flame applied to it. Ah! how often did she  
 desire to accost him in soft accents, and to employ soft entreaties!  
 Nature resists, and suffers her not to begin; but what Nature does  
 permit, that she is ready for; to await his voice, to which to return  
 her own words.

By chance, the youth, being separated from the trusty company  
 of his attendants, cries out, "Is there any one here?" and Echo  
 answers "Here!" He is amazed; and when he has cast his eyes on  
 every side, he cries out with a loud voice, "Come!" Whereon she  
 calls the youth who calls. He looks back; and again, as no one  
 comes, he says, "Why dost thou avoid me?" and just as many  
 words as he spoke, he receives.

He persists; and being deceived by the imitation of an alternate  
 voice, he says, "Let us come together here;" and Echo, that could  
 never more willingly answer any sound whatever, replies, "Let  
 us come together here!" and she follows up her own words, and  
 rushing from the woods, is going to throw her arms around the  
 neck she has so longed for.

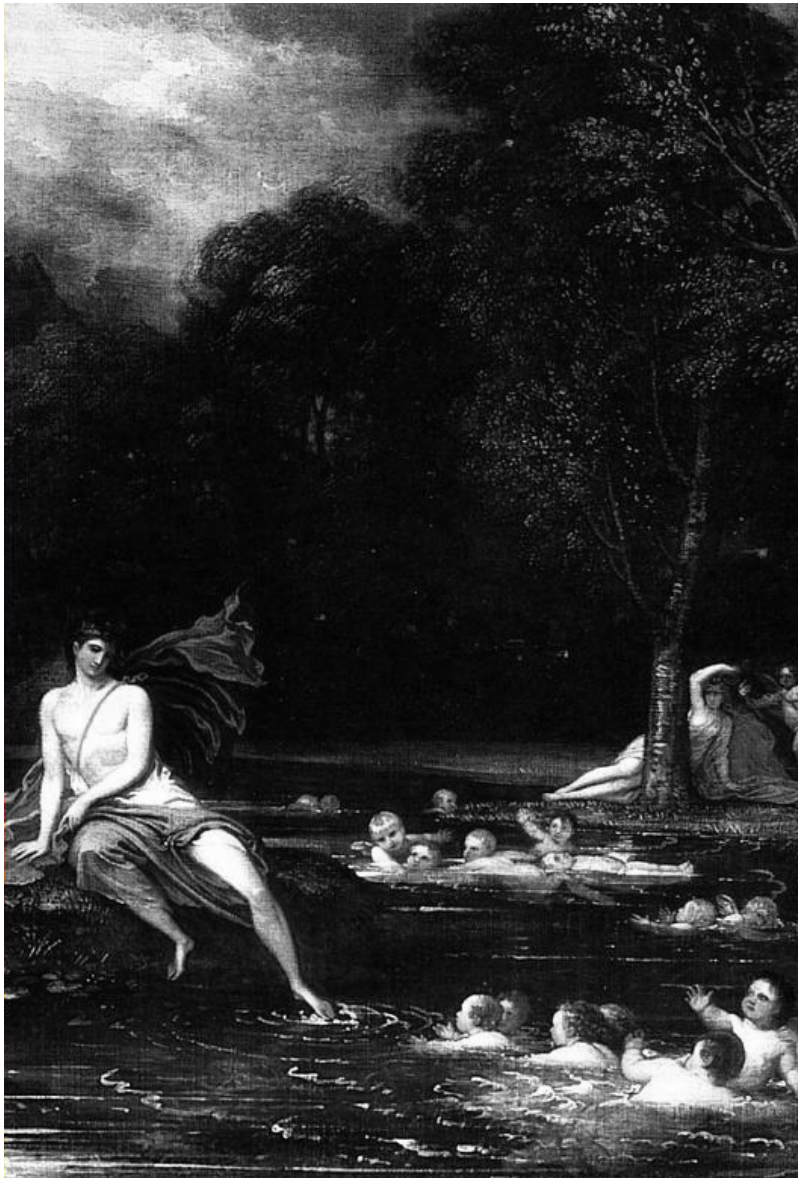
He flies; and as he flies, he exclaims, "Remove thy hands from  
 thus embracing me; I will die first, before thou shalt have the  
 enjoyment of me." She answers nothing but "Have the enjoyment  
 of me."

Thus rejected, she lies hid in the woods, and hides her blushing  
 face with green leaves, and from that time lives in lonely caves; but  
 yet her love remains, and increases from the mortification of her  
 refusal. Watchful cares waste away her miserable body; leanness  
 shrivels her skin, and all the juices of her body fly off in air. Her  
 voice and her bones alone are left.

vox manet, ossa ferunt lapidis traxisse figuram.  
inde latet silvis nulloque in monte videtur,  
omnibus auditur: sonus est, qui vivit in illa.

Her voice still continues, but they say that her bones received the form of stones. Since then, she lies concealed in the woods, and is never seen on the mountains: but is heard in all of them. It is her voice alone which remains alive in her.





"Echo and Narcissus" by Benjamin West  
(c.1738–1820)

## Summary and Analysis

This story is different than the others, but still portrays women in a bad light.

This time, it is the woman who is pining for the man's love. Echo sees Narcissus one day and falls in love with him immediately. Echo had previously been cursed for being too talkative by the goddess Hera. She can only repeat the last spoken words of others.

Echo falls in love with Narcissus, but he does not return her love. Echo eventually disappears, with only her voice remaining.

This is a tragic tale of desire and transformation. Echo transforms by disappearing. It is an interesting switch from the usual gender roles, but the story still paints the picture of women as weak.

Instead of getting what she desires, like the men do in other stories, Echo wastes away into nothingness.



"Narcissus" by Caravaggio  
(c.1571-1610)

## Narcissus Falls in Love



Sic hanc, sic alias undis aut montibus ortas  
 luserat hic nymphas, sic coetus ante viriles;  
 inde manus aliquis despectus ad aethera tollens  
 'sic amet ipse licet, sic non potiatur amato!  
 dixerat: adsensit precibus Rhamnusia iustis.  
 fons erat inlimis, nitidis argenteus undis,  
 quem neque pastores neque pastae monte capellae  
 contigerant aliudve pecus, quem nulla volucris  
 nec fera turbarat nec lapsus ab arbore ramus;  
 gramen erat circa, quod proximus umor alebat,  
 silvaeque sole locum passura tepescere nullo.  
 hic puer et studio venandi lassus et aestu  
 procubuit faciemque loci fontemque secutus,  
 dumque sitim sedare cupit, sitis altera crevit,  
 dumque bibit, visae correptus imagine formae  
 spem sine corpore amat, corpus putat esse, quod umbra est.  
 adstupet ipse sibi vultuque inmotus eodem  
 haeret, ut e Pario formatum marmore signum;  
 spectat humi positus geminum, sua lumina, sidus  
 et dignos Baccho, dignos et Apolline crines  
 inpubesque genas et eburnea colla decusque  
 oris et in niveo mixtum candore ruborem,  
 cunctaque miratur, quibus est mirabilis ipse:  
 se cupit inprudens et, qui probat, ipse probatur,  
 dumque petit, petitur, pariterque accendit et ardet.  
 inrita fallaci quotiens dedit oscula fonti,  
 in mediis quotiens visum captantia collum  
 brachia mersit aquis nec se deprendit in illis!  
 quid videat, nescit; sed quod videt, uritur illo,  
 atque oculos idem, qui decipit, incitat error.

Thus had he deceived her, thus, too, other Nymphs that sprung  
 from the water or the mountains, thus the throng of youths before  
 them. Some one, therefore, who had been despised by him, lifting  
 up his hands towards heaven, said, "Thus, though he should love,  
 let him not enjoy what he loves!" Rhamnusia assented to a prayer  
 so reasonable.

There was a clear spring, like silver, with its unsullied waters,  
 which neither shepherds, nor she-goats feeding on the mountains,  
 nor any other cattle, had touched; which neither bird nor wild  
 beast had disturbed, nor bough falling from a tree. There was grass  
 around it, which the neighboring water nourished, and a wood, that  
 suffered the stream to become warm with no rays of the sun. Here  
 the youth, fatigued both with the labor of hunting and the heat, lay  
 down, attracted by the appearance of the spot, and the spring; and,  
 while he was endeavoring to quench his thirst, another thirst grew  
 upon him.

While he is drinking, being attracted with the reflection of his  
 own form, seen in the water, he falls in love with a thing that  
 has no substance; and he thinks that to be a body, which is but a  
 shadow. He is astonished at himself, and remains unmoved with  
 the same countenance, like a statue formed of Parian marble.

Lying on the ground, he gazes on his eyes like two stars, and  
 fingers worthy of Bacchus, and hair worthy of Apollo, and his  
 youthful cheeks and ivory neck, and the comeliness of his mouth,  
 and his blushing complexion mingled with the whiteness of snow;  
 and everything he admires, for which he himself is worthy to be  
 admired. In his ignorance, he covets himself; and he that approves,  
 is himself the thing approved. While he pursues he is pursued, and  
 at the same moment he inflames and burns. How often does he  
 give vain kisses to the deceitful spring; how often does he thrust  
 his arms, catching at the neck he sees, into the middle of the water,  
 and yet he does not catch himself in them. He knows not what he  
 sees, but what he sees, by it is he inflamed; and the same mistake  
 that deceives his eyes, provokes them.

credule, quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?  
 quod petis, est nusquam; quod amas, avertere, perdes!  
 ista repercussae, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est:  
 nil habet ista sui; tecum venitque manetque;  
 tecum discedet, si tu discedere possis!  
 Non illum Cereris, non illum cura quietis  
 abstrahere inde potest, sed opaca fusus in herba  
 spectat inexploto mendacem lumine formam  
 perque oculos perit ipse suos; paulumque levatus  
 ad circumstantes tendens sua bracchia silvas  
 'ecquis, io silvae, crudelius' inquit 'amavit?  
 scitis enim et multis latebra opportuna fuistis.  
 ecquem, cum vestrae tot agantur saecula vitae,  
 qui sic tabuerit, longo meministis in aevo?  
 et placet et video; sed quod videoque placetque,  
 non tamen invenio' tantus tenet error amantem  
 'quoque magis doleam, nec nos mare separat ingens  
 nec via nec montes nec clausis moenia portis;  
 exigua prohibemur aqua! cupit ipse teneri:  
 nam quotiens liquidis porreximus oscula lymphis,  
 hic totiens ad me resupino nititur ore.  
 posse putes tangi: minimum est, quod amantibus obstat.  
 quisquis es, huc exi! quid me, puer unice, fallis  
 quove petitus abis? certe nec forma nec aetas  
 est mea, quam fugias, et amarunt me quoque nymphae!  
 spem mihi nescio quam vultu promittis amico,  
 cumque ego porrexi tibi bracchia, porrigis ultro,  
 cum risi, adrides; lacrimas quoque saepe notavi  
 me lacrimante tuas; nutu quoque signa remittis  
 et, quantum motu formosi suspicor oris,

Why, credulous youth, dost thou vainly catch at the flying image?  
 What thou art seeking is nowhere; what thou art in love with, turn  
 but away and thou shalt lose it; what thou seest, the same is but the  
 shadow of a reflected form; it has nothing of its own. It comes  
 and stays with thee; with thee it will depart, if thou canst but  
 depart thence.

No regard for food, no regard for repose, can draw him away  
 thence; but, lying along upon the overshadowed grass, he gazes  
 upon the fallacious image with unsatiated eyes, and by his own  
 sight he himself is undone.

Raising himself a little while, extending his arms to the woods  
 that stand around him, he says, "Was ever, O, ye woods! any one  
 more fatally in love? For this ye know, and have been a convenient  
 shelter for many a one. And do you remember any one, who ever  
 thus pined away, during so long a time, though so many ages of  
 your life has been spent? It both pleases me and I see it; but what  
 I see, and what pleases me, yet I cannot obtain; so great a mistake  
 possesses one in love; and to make me grieve the more, neither a  
 vast sea separates us, nor a long way, nor mountains, nor a city with  
 its gates closed; we are kept asunder by a little water. He himself  
 wishes to be embraced; for as often as I extend my lips to the  
 limpid stream, so often does he struggle towards me with his face  
 held up; you would think he might be touched. It is a very little that  
 stands in the way of lovers.

Whoever thou art, come up hither. Why, dear boy, the choice  
 one, dost thou deceive me? or whither dost thou retire, when  
 pursued? Surely, neither my form nor my age is such as thou  
 shouldst shun; the Nymphs, too, have courted me. Thou  
 encouragest I know not what hopes in me with that friendly look,  
 and when I extend my arms to thee, thou willingly extendest thine;  
 when I smile, thou smilest in return; often, too, have I observed  
 thy tears, when I was weeping; my signs, too, thou returnest by thy  
 nods, and, as I guess by the motion of thy beauteous mouth,



verba refers aures non pervenientia nostras!  
 iste ego sum: sensi, nec me mea fallit imago;  
 uror amore mei: flammis moveoque feroque.  
 quid faciam? rogem an rogem? quid deinde rogabo?  
 quod cupio mecum est: inopem me copia fecit.  
 o utinam a nostro secedere corpore possem!  
 votum in amante novum, vellem, quod amamus, abesset.  
 iamque dolor vires adimit, nec tempora vitae  
 longa meae superant, primoque exstinguor in aevo.  
 nec mihi mors gravis est posituro morte dolores,  
 hic, qui diligitur, vellem diuturnior esset;  
 nunc duo concordēs anima moriemur in una.  
 Dixit et ad faciem rediit male sanus eandem  
 et lacrimis turbavit aquas, obscuraque moto  
 reddita forma lacu est; quam cum vidisset abire,  
 'quo refugis? remane nec me, crudelis, amantem  
 desere!' clamavit; 'liceat, quod tangere non est,  
 adspicere et misero praebere alimenta furori!  
 dumque dolet, summa vestem deduxit ab ora  
 nudaque marmoreis percussit pectora palmis.  
 pectora traxerunt roseum percussa ruborem,  
 non aliter quam poma solent, quae candida parte,  
 parte rubent, aut ut variis solet uva racemis  
 ducere purpureum nondum matura colorem.  
 quae simul adspexit liquefacta rursus in unda,  
 non tulit ulterius, sed ut intabescere flavae  
 igne levi cerae matutinaeque pruinae  
 sole tepente solent, sic attenuatus amore  
 liquitur et tecto paulatim carpitur igni;  
 et neque iam color est mixto candore rubori,

thou returnest words that come not to my ears. In thee 'tis I,  
 I now perceive; nor does my form deceive me. I burn with the  
 love of myself, and both raise the flames and endure them. What  
 shall I do? Should I be entreated, or should I entreat? What, then,  
 shall I entreat? What I desire is in my power; plenty has made me  
 poor. Oh! would that I could depart from my own body! a new  
 wish, indeed, in a lover; I could wish that what I am in love with  
 was away. And now grief is taking away my strength, and no long  
 period of my life remains; and in my early days am I cut off; nor  
 is death grievous to me, now about to get rid of my sorrows by  
 death. I wish that he who is beloved could enjoy a longer life. Now  
 we two, of one mind, shall die in the extinction of one life."

Thus he said, and, with his mind but ill at ease, he returned to  
 the same reflection, and disturbed the water with his tears; and the  
 form was rendered defaced by the moving of the stream; when he  
 saw it beginning to disappear, he cried aloud, "Whither dost thou  
 fly? Stay, I beseech thee! and do not in thy cruelty abandon thy  
 lover; let it be allowed me to behold that which I may not touch,  
 and to give nourishment to my wretched frenzy."

And, while he was grieving, he tore his garment from the upper  
 border, and beat his naked breast with his palms, white as marble.  
 His breast, when struck, received a little redness, no otherwise than  
 as apples are wont, which are partly white and partly red; or as a  
 grape, not yet ripe, in the parti-colored clusters, is wont to assume  
 a purple tint.

Soon as he beheld this again in the water, when clear, he could  
 not endure it any longer; but, as yellow wax with the fire, or the  
 hoar frost of the morning, is wont to waste away with the warmth  
 of the sun, so he, consumed by love, pined away, and wasted  
 by degrees with a hidden flame. And now, no longer was his  
 complexion of white mixed with red;

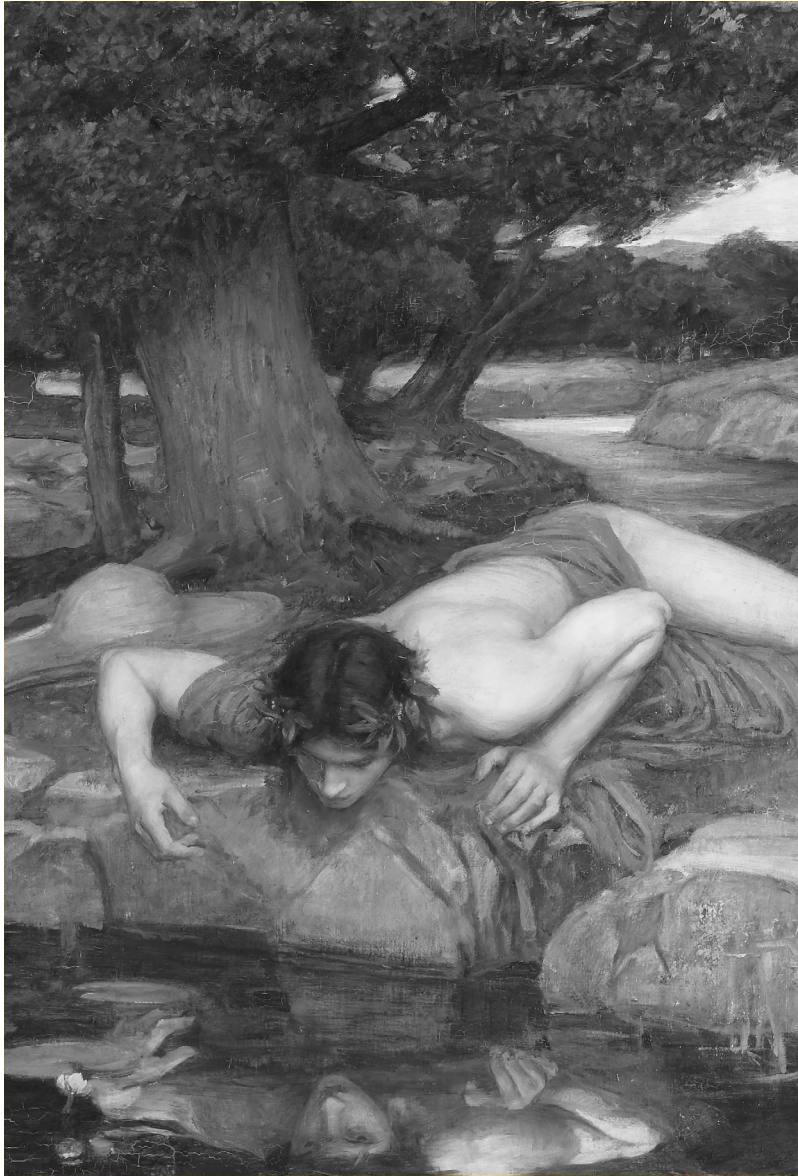
nec vigor et vires et quae modo visa placebant,  
 nec corpus remanet, quondam quod amaverat Echo.  
 quae tamen ut vidit, quamvis irata memorque,  
 indoluit, quotiensque puer miserabilis 'eheu'  
 dixerat, haec resonis iterabat vocibus 'eheu';  
 cumque suos manibus percusserat ille lacertos,  
 haec quoque reddebat sonitum plangoris eundem.  
 ultima vox solitam fuit haec spectantis in undam:  
 'heu frustra dilecte puer!' totidemque remisit  
 verba locus, dictoque vale 'vale' inquit et Echo.  
 ille caput viridi fessum submisit in herba,  
 lumina mors clausit domini mirantia formam:  
 tum quoque se, postquam est inferna sede receptus,  
 in Stygia spectabat aqua. planxere sorores  
 naides et sectos fratri posuere capillos,  
 planxerunt dryades; plangentibus adsonat Echo.  
 iamque rogum quassasque faces feretrumque parabant:  
 nusquam corpus erat; croceum pro corpore florem  
 inveniunt foliis medium cingentibus albis.

neither his vigor nor his strength, nor the points which had  
 charmed when seen so lately, nor even his body, which formerly  
 Echo had been in love with, now remained. Yet, when she saw  
 these things, although angry, and mindful of his usage of her, she  
 was grieved, and, as often as the unhappy youth said, "Alas!" she  
 repeated, "Alas!" with re-echoing voice; and when he struck his  
 arms with his hands, she, too, returned the like sound of a blow.

His last accents, as he looked into the water, as usual, were  
 these: "Ah, youth, beloved in vain!" and the spot returned just as  
 many words; and after he had said, "Farewell!" Echo, too, said,  
 "Farewell!"

He laid down his wearied head upon the green grass, when night  
 closed the eyes that admired the beauty of their master; and even  
 then, after he had been received into the infernal abodes, he used  
 to look at himself in the Stygian waters.

His Naiad sisters lamented him, and laid their hair, cut off, over  
 their brother; the Dryads, too, lamented him, and Echo resounded  
 to their lamentations. And now they were preparing the funeral  
 pile, and the shaken torches, and the bier. The body was nowhere  
 to be found. Instead of his body, they found a yellow flower, with  
 white leaves encompassing it in the middle.



"Echo and Narcissus" by John William Waterhouse  
(c.1847-1917)

## Summary and Analysis

This is a continuation of *Echo and Narcissus*. Echo has physically disappeared, but she still exists as a echoing voice.

Narcissus stares at himself in the water. He did not know that the figure in the water was himself for a while, he simply admired it until he withered away. He became a narcissus flower (a daffodil).

Narcissus desired only himself, and his transformation was into a flower. This story is interesting, since it does not follow the other stories as much.

The other stories have the men pining over the women, while in this one, Narcissus wants nothing to do with them.

## Colophon

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## About the Author

Jackie Lutz is an english student at the University of  
Massachusetts Amherst. She specializes in technical writing. Jackie  
also has a minor in Latin Literature and Language, which inspired  
her to create this book.

In her free time, Jackie loves to learn about different aspects of  
history, including prehistoric life, roman history, and more. She has  
two cats, Bagel and Popcorn, who are wonderful study buddies.





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