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Creation, Flood, and Fire

Creating Cosmos from Chaos

How does one kick-start a cosmogony? And what models did Ovid have for his representation of the beginning of the universe? Roman thought depended on Greek, and the Greek natural philosophers seem to have had three models for their conception of the birth of the cosmos: some represented it as a living organism, others as an artifact created by a divine being, and yet others in terms of a political or social entity. In fact, Plato combines the first and second models in the *Timaeus,* with "a god who took over all that was visible: seeing that it was not in a state of rest but in a state of discordant and disorderly motion, he brought it into order out of disorder" (*Tim.* 30a). "To make things good he constructed reason within soul and soul within body [i.e., matter] as he constructed the universe. . . . this cosmos has truly come into existence as a living creature endowed with soul and reason owing to the providence of the god" (*Tim.* 30b). The universe was a product of design, and for most Greek thinkers it was anthropocentric, designed for man's benefit, as the system of heavenly bodies itself was geocentric, constructed around the earth and not the sun.

The poets conceived of nothing so complex. For both Homer and Hesiod, the cosmos consisted of earth, sky and sea, with the heavenly bodies (the sun, moon, and stars), but for Hesiod at least there had to be a prior stage of chaos before the stable earth could emerge. And chaos was not so much void as a primordial soup. The major point of dissension arose between the Platonic tradition, which was continued by Aristotle and the Stoics, and Plato's near-contemporaries, the atomists Leucippus and Democritus. Democritus argued that the cosmos was neither unique nor immortal but was one of many possible and destructible worlds, being the product not of design but of the mechanical interaction of the atoms within the void. This picture of the "nature of the world" was developed by Epicurus and was expounded at Rome by the poet Lucretius, some fifty years before Ovid. It is this atomistic cosmogony which Virgil celebrates in the song of Silenus:

> Seeds of earth and wind and sea gathered in the great void with those of liquid fire. Now all elements came from these beginnings and the young sphere of the world formed: then the ground hardened and began to cut off Nereus in the sea and to take on the shapes of things. Already the earth was amazed at the new sun dawning and the rains fell from on high as clouds were dispelled and the woods first began to grow and the few living creatures wandered through unfamiliar hills. (*Eclogue* 6.31–40)

I have quoted this in full because Ovid knew it well, but he takes a different approach. He also knew the poetry of Lucretius and, before him, of Homer and Hesiod and was familiar with the beliefs of both the Epicurean and the Stoic philosophical schools. What he seems to have done is to devise a version that would touch on as many forms of tradition as possible. Thus, he opens with the Homeric triad of sea, earth, and sky and then casts back to the original chaos, combining the idea of Hesiodic void with Lucretian space—and in it a raw mass or heap of conflicting seeds of things. There was not yet any sun or moon, nor was the earth poised in the surrounding air with the ocean reaching around it. Everything was

fluctuating, with no constant form (a reminder of Ovid's own theme of changing forms), so that the earth offered no firm standing, nor the water swimming; the sky was without light, and in the single undifferentiated body of matter, opposites clashed, cold with hot, dry with wet, soft with hard, and weightless with weighty elements.

This is Ovid's universe, an unsettled stew of atoms, until a god (or a superior or kinder Nature) intervenes and resolves the quarrel. This god separated off earth from sky, and water from earth, and the clear heaven from the thick atmosphere. (Now the tripartite world has resolved itself into the four elements of Empedocles and the Stoics: earth, sea, and two layers above, the crude air in which winds and weather rampage and the pure fiery ether beyond.) Ovid describes how, once the god had separated them into different spaces, he bound them up by a harmonious peace agreement. In this language of arbitration between the quarreling elements we meet the political model of cosmogony mentioned above, as if the anarchic universe was some multiple territorial dispute which only a god could settle.

Now the poet imagines layers generated by weight and weightlessness, as "the fiery force of the vaulted and weightless sky shoots upward, claiming its place at the summit; air comes next to it in lightness and position, while earth, being thicker, attracted the large elements and was burdened by its own weight; last of all, water occupied the lowest layer and enclosed the solid sphere" (1.26–31). Once this unidentified god has arranged and divided the mass, he can proceed to make the earth habitable. Why does he now roll the earth into the shape of a great ball? The poet's explanation—to ensure it was even in all directions—is a rather strange one, to which we shall return. Next he spreads the seas around, bidding them surge with the winds—another oddity, as we shall see—and surround the shores of the land. But sea is only part of water. Now the creator adds freshwater springs, pools, and lakes and encloses the rivers with banks; the rivers will be absorbed into the land or join the sea and beat on the shores instead of their banks. He makes the plains stretch out, the valleys sink, and forests rise on the stony mountains. The Hellenistic geographer Eratosthenes had under-

stood and described the climates of the polar, tropical, and equatorial regions, and Ovid follows him (and Virgil) in seeing the world as divided into five climatic zones, of which the equatorial was too hot to live in, while the polar regions were buried in snow. Only the two zones enclosing the Tropics enjoyed a proper blend of heat and cool.

Over earth and sea hovers the air, and Ovid adds, echoing Plato, that there is the same proportion of weight between each of the four elements: in Ovid's words, "air is as much heavier than fire as earth is lighter than water." But his focus is now on the lower atmosphere, as he describes the phenomena this god ordains for it: mists and rains and thunder and "winds which make the lightning flashes." Yet his readers are reassured that the creator controls the places occupied by the winds, brothers so quarrelsome that they almost tear the world apart. Thinking now in terms of contemporary lands and peoples, Ovid describes the origins of each wind in the four quarters of the earth (1.56–66). Over the three elements of earth, sea, and air, and their contents, the god sets the clear and weightless ether, free of all pollution. This is in fact an elegant reprise of the earlier ordering of the four elements by weight and introduces the next stage: now that the maker of the universe has demarcated each layer, Ovid populates them. The stars leap out of darkness to twinkle all over the sky, sharing it with the "forms of the gods," the waters are allotted to the fish, earth takes on the wild beasts, and air, now fit to fly in, receives the birds.

There are a number of anomalies in this account, most of them springing from the poet's assumption that the universe was made for man. In its raw state, it is not fit for him to walk on land or swim in the sea, but Ovid does not call the sky unfit to fly in—since man cannot fly; instead, he points to its lack of light (which man will need) and saves the idea of "flyability" for the birds. His god makes the seas swell with the winds before he has created winds, and Ovid stresses the comfortable temperature of the zones around the Tropics before he has introduced man to benefit from it. (Virgil had made the same point, but after man was part of his world; however, Ovid

is working his way toward man.) By the time Ovid reaches thunder and lightning, he is explicit about their power to terrify mankind (1.55), and two lines later he recalls present-day struggles with storm winds and describes the points of the compass in terms of human communities like the kingdom of Nabataean Arabia. It is all deliberate, of course. In just the same way, when he talks of "the forms of the gods" occupying heaven, the phrase both recalls his theme and evokes the constellations named after the figures their stars supposedly outlined. (His own first constellation will be Callisto, the Great Bear.)

After the birds, beasts, and fishes, there is only one kind of creature left, mankind, a more high-minded creature able to control all the others. Let there be man! He was needed, so now he is created, in three bare words (*natus homo est,* 1.78). But the poet is undecided whether this being was made by the creator god from divine seed, or whether earth still kept some residual seeds of heaven, which Prometheus mixed with rainwater to mold into the likeness of the gods. He seems to favor the latter explanation, but his language allows for a change of subject in midsentence so that not Prometheus but the creator god enabled man to stand erect and gave him a face that could look upward at the sky. This at least is Ovid's version of how "the earth once raw and shapeless changed to put on the previously unknown likeness of men" (1.87–88).

A number of phrases in this outline reinforce the image of the creator as a craftsman. I have translated *rudis* as raw, in the sense of rough, unworked material: before the craftsman god works on it, matter is *iners,* that is, without art. The divine artisan rolls the earth like a ball of clay to make it even, because that is what a potter or maker of statuettes would do; and it is as a statuette-maker that Prometheus, son of Iapetus, molded (*finxit*) man from clay and water in the image (*effigiem*) of the gods, and the earth put on the molded shapes (*figurae*) of men. The tale is a blend of Protagoras's myth in which Prometheus worked on human and animal creation and Callimachus's mockery of humans as "shapes molded from mud." The *Metamorphoses* will repeatedly appeal to the standards of art and cele-

brate artistry for its ability to compete with and outdo nature, not least when the sculptor Pygmalion shapes his ideal maiden of ivory and the goddess of love breathes life into his creation (see ch. 4).

But there may be another model behind Ovid's set-piece creation of the world. In the *Iliad* Homer had given to the craftsman god Hephaestus the task of making a divine shield for Achilles, and Virgil showed Vulcan crafting a similar shield for Aeneas. Each shield contained a number of complex images reflecting many aspects of the world, but in particular the description of Achilles' shield began with the god depicting earth and sky and sea, and ended with the border of Ocean that was set around the scenes on land. It has been suggested that Ovid deliberately evoked the round shield of Achilles by his opening line 5 and the reference to the edges of the earth in lines 13–14: "nor had Amphitrite stretched her arms around the long edge of earth." Certainly, the way in which the god successively produces each element at lines 36–7, 43, 55, and 67 recalls the way Virgil's Vulcan adds each new element of his composite; again, Ovid's description is obsessively spatial and symmetrical, displacing the organization of creation in successive time by the various arrangements of zones and atmosphere around a spatial center.

Were Ovid's listeners or his readers supposed to recognize all these elements in his neat and complex narrative? It is likely, I think, that they would approach it as the latest version of a favorite theme and expect to hear both some echoes of current philosophical systems and reminders of the epic and didactic tradition. If they did not, they would still emerge with a sense that this particular cosmogony made an artist out of the creator, and a wonderful interacting adult toy out of his creation.

How Mankind Earned Destruction

Besides Hesiod's narrative of divine creation in the *Theogony*, he also shaped in his *Works and Days* an influential myth of the successive ages of man. It is this myth that Ovid adapts to portray the four successive ages of metal: degenerating from the golden race (it is the men, not their setting, who bear the name golden age or generation) through the silver and bronze to the brutish age of iron (1.89–150). Hesiod indeed believed he was living in the age of iron; but Ovid makes the transition from his age of gold coincide with the divine succession from Saturn (Kronos) and assigns to the rule of his son Jupiter the second age, of silver. For Ovid, the members of the golden race are both innocent and happy, though he does not determine whether their happy life springs from innocence or from physical circumstances. They need no laws to keep them pious, no penalties or courts; they have no ships for trading, no weapons for war, and no farming or mining, because they live on wild foods such as fruit and acorns. It is a time of unending spring, producing flowers and grain without effort, and rivers run with milk and nectar, while honey drips from trees.

Jupiter reduced this springtime to a mere season between the harsh heat of summer and the icy chill of winter, driving men to make houses for shelter and sow seeds, making oxen groan beneath the plow. The age of bronze succeeded the age of silver and, although more violent, was not yet wicked; this comes only with the fourth age, that of iron, when greed brought treachery. Men trespassed on the sea for profit and staked claims on the earth, which had until then been common property; they even raped the earth for precious metals and developed war, banditry, and bloodshed. This age violated the bonds of hospitality and kinship, trampling on piety until the spirit of justice abandoned an earth saturated with blood. Into this dramatic decline Ovid feeds an alternative account based on Hesiod's *Theogony*, from which, however, he seems to distance himself by prefacing it with "men say." "Men say" that the giants born of earth and sky attacked the new Olympians, and when Jupiter struck them with his thunderbolt, he crushed them on the ground. Earth, soaked with their blood, created a new race of men who showed their origin in blood by their savage and bloodthirsty natures.

Whether iron age men were descended from ancestors in the earlier ages or were a new generation sprung from giants' blood, they were evil, and Ovid returns his narrative to the divine per-

spective. Jupiter groans with a godlike wrath, recalling the recent offense against him by King Lycaon, and summons a divine council. Such divine councils occurred in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and Virgil had provided a fine example of Jupiter's divine impartiality between the quarreling goddesses in the council of *Aeneid* 10. Ovid's Jupiter, though, is far from impartial, and our reading of his behavior is complicated by the poet's ambiguous analogies between the loyal and obedient divine council and the nobles of the Roman senate, and between Lycaon's outrageous offenses against Jupiter and an evil conspiracy against the blood of the Caesars. If Jupiter is Augustus, he does not reflect credit upon him. He opens the meeting with the verdict that mankind must be destroyed, before their corruption spreads to the rest of creation, such as the harmless demigods, nymphs, and satyrs. "What hope is there of protecting these lesser creatures when Lycaon has conspired against *me*, the thunderer and ruler of you all?" But after their protests of loyal indignation, Jupiter reveals that he has already punished Lycaon for violating the obligations of hospitality by offering his guest a meal of human flesh. He has hurled his bolt against Lycaon's palace and sent him howling into the wild, where he has (spontaneously, it would appear) become a wolf, retaining the predatory character of the man he was. When Jupiter moves quickly back from the individual to punishing the race, the gods are reluctant, but Jupiter tells them to leave this to him: he will determine the proper manner of human destruction and even provide a better race of miraculous origin (1.209–52).

Teasingly, Ovid defers the expected flood narrative to explain that Jupiter would have used his thunderbolt if he had not recalled that it was fated that sea, earth, and sky would be scorched and the laboriously created cosmos endangered (is there a hint here that it had been *his* labor?) by fire. Instead, he chooses a different punishment: to drown mankind by sending rainstorms from all over the heavens.

In his narrative of the great flood Ovid ingeniously alternates vivid personifications of the participating supernatural powers: the rain-bearing south wind, the rainbow Iris, Neptune and his rampaging rivers, and later the Nereids and the sea god Triton. The thunderstorm is followed by rivers breaking their banks to gallop over the land, carrying off crops and orchards, cattle, peasants, their homes, and even the shrines of the gods (which would probably be the only stone structures in existence). Now Ovid has reversed creation, eliminating the distinction between earth and sea until there is nothing but sea, without any shoreline. In a series of paradoxes Ovid portrays the displacement of activities and creatures from land to sea, with seals basking on the hills, where formerly only goats grazed, and the sea nymphs marveling, not as they had in Catullus, at the first ship to cleave the waters, but at whole cities beneath the waves. The cataclysm levels all the creatures, so that

> Wolves swim among the sheep, and on the waters
> Tigers are borne along and tawny lions,
> No more his lightning stroke avails the boar
> Nor his legs the swift stag—both borne away.
> The wandering birds long seek a resting place,
> And drop with weary wings into the sea. (1.304–8,
> tr. Melville)

As for humans, most are swept away, and those who escape the waves slowly starve to death. But Jupiter had promised a miracle. What form will it take?

This is in fact a Greek flood, and one mountain peak, holy Parnassus, towering over what would become Delphi, stayed above the waves. Now a pious old couple, Deucalion, son of Prometheus, with his wife and cousin, Pyrrha, land there in their little boat near the Corycian cave and oracle of Themis, the embodiment of divine justice. Once Jupiter sees that only these two good folk have survived, he scatters the rain clouds and uses the north wind to drive the storms away. On the sea too Neptune calms the waters and bids Triton sound the retreat for the rivers on his giant conch shell. There is instant obedience, and the sea recovers its shoreline, the rivers sink back within their beds, the hills emerge, and the forests again show their treetops, still coated with sludge.

Ovid makes clear the meaning of this moment. The earth was restored—but it was a desolate solitude. The pious old man addresses his wife, and together they ritually cleanse themselves in the river Cephisus and consult the divine Themis, whose shrine is still discolored with slime and mud. They recognize that what has happened comes from the anger of the gods, and they ask for mercy and a means to restore the lost human race. The oracle gives a suitably oracular answer: they must veil themselves and loosen their clothes and throw the bones of their great mother behind them.

Pyrrha, the wife, is more literal-minded and begs to be excused from insulting her mother's shade. Deucalion (naturally) is first to guess the goddess's meaning, that earth itself is their great mother and the stones are her bones. The stones that they cast behind them soften and begin to put on a shape (*forma* again). As they develop and ripen, they begin to take on a sort of human form, not obvious but like that of a statue just begun. Here is the most amazing of all metamorphoses, as nature is compared to the sculptor's art. So now the moister part of the stones turns into flesh, the hard stuff into bones, and the veins into—veins! And very shortly the rocks thrown by the man become men, and those thrown by the woman become women. This, Ovid explains, is why we are now such a hard race, enduring toil to prove our origin in stone (1.384–415).

But animal creation had also been destroyed. This is renewed by earth, unasked and unaided, as the sun warms the settling mud, and as dung and marsh grow hot and fertile seeds develop as if in a womb and take on recognizable shapes. To lend plausibility to this fantasy Ovid compares the worms and other creatures that Egyptian farmers find in the shallows of the receding Nile, many of them incomplete and limbless, some still half animal and half clods of earth. There is a close resemblance to Lucretius's account of animal incubation from the earth in his fifth book, even to the notion of some new forms being abortive or monstrous. The analogy with the mudflats of the Nile is known from Hellenistic tradition, and Ovid's imitation of Lucretian physics invokes a formula based on the opposing elements of fire and water: echoing his original creation he declares that their clashing combination (*discors concordia*, 433) was right for producing offspring. So now earth produced countless creatures, both old shapes (*figuras*) and new. Thus, while Ovid prefers to enhance the new creation of humanity by comparison with (human) artistry, he resorts to natural science and the theory of elements for the re-creation of animals. And, with this, Ovid is on his way to the story of the new monster Python, which is finally slain by Apollo. But our interest is more global, if not cosmic.

Phaethon's Fiery Ride

Greek and Roman tradition alike associated the two forms of world destruction—by flood and by fire—and followed the myth of Deucalion with that of Phaethon, the sun child, and the conflagration of heaven and earth caused by his disastrous ride in the sun chariot. In Plato's *Timaeus* Solon tells the story of Deucalion and the flood to the Egyptian priests as one of the oldest Greek myths, and an Egyptian replies that they know as well as the Greeks how Phaethon drove the sun chariot off-course and burnt up all the earth, until he perished, struck by Zeus's thunderbolt (*Tim.* 22a–c). For Lucretius it is obvious that the world must be destroyed from time to time by warring elements: the sun would consume everything if the rivers did not threaten to flood. Hence the ancient myth: "once at least the fire overwhelmed everything when the staggering force of the sun's horses swept Phaethon through all the skies and lands: then the almighty father in fierce anger thrust down the ambitious Phaethon with a sudden shock of thunder from his horses down to earth, and the sun, going to meet him as he fell, took up the world's eternal torch" (Lucr. 5.396–402).

Ovid's narrative sets the cosmic catastrophe in an amazing contrast of visual splendor and psychological frailty as he follows Phaethon to the dazzling palace of his father. On its doors are represented in silver all that the sun himself surveys: the seas encircling the earth, and the heaven hanging over the globe of the earth. Each

element is full of life. The sea gods Triton, Proteus, and Aegaeon travel astride the whales, and the daughters of Doris swim or groom their hair. On earth are all the things that the flood once drowned: men and cities, woods and beasts, and rivers with nymphs and country spirits. Above the earth is engraved the gleaming sky, with six signs of the zodiac on each door. The ordered symmetry of this approach is repeated inside, where the courtiers of the Sun surround his emerald-studded throne. But these are personifications of time, not space: Day and Month and Year and the Ages are arrayed to left and right, and the Hours are stationed at intervals, while Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter stand beside the throne. When the Sun greets Phaethon as his child, taking off his radiate crown so Phaethon can embrace him, he invites his son to ask him a favor as pledge of his fatherly love. It is now that Phaethon demands the fatal chariot ride, and the sun god is trapped by his own promise. Ovid may have based both the Sun's eloquent speech of dissuasion and Phaethon's course through the zodiac in the messenger narrative of Euripides' tragedy *Phaethon*, which reported the sun god's warnings and the boy's departure. Certainly, Ovid's sun god warns the boy urgently of the superhuman strength required to resist the contrary motion of the heavens, to ascend in the face of the Bull and Lion, the Scorpion and Crab, and to control the fire-breathing horses. But his wise words are completely obliterated by the sight of the chariot, wrought by Vulcan in gold and silver.

As passionate fans of chariot racing, the Romans would share Phaethon's excitement. Ovid reinforces the image of the starting gate of the circus, when the Sun is urged on by the coming of Dawn as the stars recede. As the Hours yoke the champing horses, the Sun rubs Phaethon with a protective ointment and sets his crown upon him; accepting the inevitable, he now concentrates on warning the boy to keep close to the middle course. Much that he says echoes Nestor's warning to his son in the Homeric chariot race and will be repeated when another father, Daedalus, has to instruct his human son on his flight path in book 8.

Phaethon gleefully takes the reins, and the horses are released from their starting gate. As they sense the absence of weight and authority and swerve out of control, their driver does not know the way nor does he have the power to steer them, and the Arctic constellations shrink away to escape the heat. Looking down at earth below dazzles Phaethon, helpless to wield the reins. Only when he drops them in terror at the sprawling claws of the Scorpion (a constellation so large it occupied two sectors of the sky) do the horses break into a gallop (Ovid reuses the word he applied to the galloping flood streams), lurching ever nearer the earth, which cracks with the scorching heat, as cities, mountains, and forests burn. Whereas the flood, though traditionally universal, was associated in Ovid's (Greek) myth only with places in Greece, the fires consume all the mountain ranges around the Aegean, as far north as Scythia, and the peaks of Aetna and Eryx in Sicily. The sun would naturally travel westward, and Ovid lists, as the last ranges to suffer, the Alps and Apennines (2.226). But no region is spared. As Phaethon can no longer bear the rising flames or see through the smoke, the heat turns the Ethiopians black and makes Libya a desert. Rivers and springs dry up or retreat underground, and again Ovid's worldwide list reaches far beyond Greece to the Crimea and India, to Spain and Egypt and Thrace, ending in the western streams of the Rhine and Rhône and Po and even the Tiber (2.278–9). Driving deep into the earth, the heat terrifies the rulers of the underworld, and the sea creatures and even the naiad daughters of Doris take refuge underwater. Everything that was shown in its glory on the great palace doors is now damaged or at risk.

It is not known what moment provoked Jupiter's thunderbolt in earlier versions of this nightmare ride, though there was clearly a version as in Plato where Jupiter struck Phaethon in midcourse, allowing the Sun to take over an undamaged chariot. Ovid may be the first to introduce the protests of Mother Earth, as both ground and goddess, afflicted with tremors. Shrinking back into herself, she protests to Jupiter on behalf of land and sea and even sky (2.290–5). The climax of her speech is recognition that this is a return to the chaos before creation. Declaring that he must act or all creation will perish, Jupiter strikes down the charioteer with his thunderbolt. Panicking, the horses break from their yoke, leaving fragments of

the chariot scattered across the earth. We who have grieved over so many crashed space shuttles and airliners have no difficulty in imagining a disaster that would have surpassed the experience of audiences in the Roman circus.

But a large part of the myth of Phaethon was concerned with the aftermath. While later accounts associated his fall with the mysterious Eridanus (a western river identified by Virgil with the Italian Po), other versions, such as Euripides' tragedy, had him born and perish nearer the sunrise—in the East. Since Ovid wanted to incorporate elements from both traditions, he separated the fate of chariot and rider. For him the Eridanus is Italian, and he holds his narrative to its banks. After the river received Phaethon's corpse and bathed his charred features, the naiads buried him with an inscription honoring him for the nobility of his ambition. His mother sought him across the whole world and found his bones there, buried in foreign soil. His sisters also came, and they wept there for four months until they went through a slow metamorphosis into poplar trees. As their mother tried to release them from the rising bark, they cried in pain and said their last farewells. But this transformation had a lasting effect that still benefits Ovid's culture: henceforward, the tree maidens' tears were amber, carried downstream to become wedding gifts for Latin brides. In another metamorphosis Phaethon's maternal kinsman Cycnus came there to lament, until he was transformed into a swan, which appropriately shuns flight and the dangers of the sky, haunting the river where his beloved died. This accumulation of human sorrow has led away from the cosmic scale of the disaster and results in a second, conflicting variant of the Sun's mourning for his child. Earlier, Ovid made the Sun refuse to shine for a whole day (in which the only light came from brushfires, 2.329–32); now Ovid has the Sun's protests overridden by Jupiter (2.381–400), who compels him to muster his team and drive them away—in the chariot which we know to be beyond repair. The world must resume, and the poet rounds off his tragedy with a touch of irony, as the Sun shifts blame for the disaster from gods and men (or parents and child) onto the fiery horses of the sky.

Further Reading

On Ovid's account of creation, see T. M. Robinson, "Ovid and the *Timaeus*," *Athenaeum* 46 (1968): 254–60; R. McKim, "Myth and Philosophy in Ovid's Account of Creation," *Classical Journal* 80 (1985): 97–108; M. Helzle, "Ovid's Cosmogony: *Metamorphoses* 1.5–88 and the Traditions of Ancient Poetry," *Papers of the Leeds Latin Seminar* 7 (1993): 123–34; Stephen M. Wheeler, "*Imago Mundi*: Another View of the Creation in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*," *American Journal of Philology* 116 (1995): 95–121; R. J. Tarrant, "Chaos in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and Its Neronian Influence," in *Reception of Ovid in Antiquity*, ed. Garth Tissol and Stephen M. Wheeler, *Arethusa* 35 (2002). On flood and fire, see K. S. Myers, *Ovid's Causes: Cosmogony and Aetiology in Ovid's Metamorphoses* (Ann Arbor, 1994); on the Phaethon tradition, see J. Diggle, ed., *Euripides, "Phaethon"* (Cambridge, 1970).

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