Please type your answers.

Examinations, sir, are pure humbug from beginning to end. If a man is a gentleman, he knows quite enough, and if he is not a gentleman, whatever he knows is bad for him. (Oscar Wilde (1854–1900), Anglo-Irish playwright, author. Lord Fermor, in The Picture of Dorian Gray, ch. 3 (1891).

108 points possible

Part I. Terms/Characters (36 points). In this section, you are asked to identify six terms/characters pertaining to the works we have read this semester. More detailed/complete answers will receive more points, especially because this is a takehome test. Term/character identifications are worth 6 points each, distributed as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Terms (6 points)</th>
<th>Characters (6 points)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• 2 points--complete definition of the term</td>
<td>• 2 points--title of work in which the character appears</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• 2 points—author and title of a text we read that is or contains an example of the term</td>
<td>• 2 point--name of the work's author</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• 2 points--explain how the text you cited illustrates the term (give specific details)</td>
<td>• 2 points--explain the character's significance to the work</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Choose only six from the following list:

epic  pius  furor  Neoptolomus  Cassandra  epic simile  Hephaistos  Phoinix

Part II. Quotations (64 points). In this section, you are asked to identify these eight quotations from the works we have read this semester. More points detailed/complete answers will receive more points. Be sure that you answer at least one quotation from each work we read! Quotation identifications are worth 8 points each, distributed as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Quotations (8 points each)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• 1 point--title of the work</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• 1 point--author of the work</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• 3 points--context of the quotation within the work (i.e., the speaker (if any) and what is happening in the story when the quotation appears)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• 3 points--significance of the quotation and the ideas it expresses to the Classical period</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. ....longing to ease her grief with comfort, to say something/To turn her pain and hurt away, sighs often,/His heart being moved by this great love, most deeply,/And still—the gods give orders, he obeys them; /He goes back to the fleet.
2. ...he has your willing help—/a man who shows no decency, implacable,/barbarous in his ways as a wild lion whose power and intrepid heart/sway him to raid the flocks of men for meat./The man has lost all mercy; /he has no shame—that gift that hinders mortals/but helps them too. A sane one may endure/an even dearer loss: a blood brother, /a son; and yet, by heaven, having grieved/and passed through mourning, he will let it go. The Fates have given patient hearts to men./Not this one...
3. Both brows were hit at once, the frontal bone/gave way, and both his eyes burst from their sockets/dropping into the dust before his feet,/as like a diver from the handsome car he plummeted, and life ebbed from his bones...."God what a nimble fellow, somersaulting! /If he were out at sea in the fishing grounds/this man could feed a crew, diving for oysters, going overboard even in rough water,/the way he took that earth-dive from his car. /The Trojans have their acrobats, I see."
4. Brother dear—/dear to a whore, a nightmare of a woman!/That day my mother gave me to the world/I wish a hurricane blast had torn me away/to wild mountains, or into tumbling sea/to be washed under a breaking
wave,/before these evil days could come!—or, granted/terrible years were in the gods’ design,I wish I had
had a good man for a lover/who knew the sharp tongues and just rage of men./This one—his heart’s
unsound, and always will be, and he will win what he deserves.

5. Cleanlimbed beauty is her joy, not these /bandylegs I came into the world with:/no one to blame but the two
gods who bred me! /Come see this pair entwining here in my own bed! How hot it makes me burn!/I think
they may not care to lie much longer,/pressing on one another, passionate lovers; they’ll have enough of
bed together soon. /And yet the chain that bagged them holds them down/till Father sends me back my
wedding gits—all that I poured out for his damned pigeon,/so lovely, and so wanton.

6. God or man,/no one could look on her in joy. Her legs—/and there were twelve—are like great
tentacles,/unjointed, and upon her serpent necks/are borne six heads like nightmares of ferocity,/with triple
serried rows of fangs and deep /gullets of black death. Half her length, she sways/her heads in the air,
outside her horrid cleft … /And no ship’s company can claim /to have passed her without loss and grief; she
takes,/from every ship, one man for every gullet.

7. Greaves were the first thing, beautifully fitted/to calf and shin with silver ankle chains,/and next he buckled
round his ribs the cuirass,/blazoned with stars, of swift Aiákidês;/then slung the silver-studded blade of
bronze about his shoulders, and the vast solid shield;/then on his noble head he placed the helm,/its plume
of terror nodding high above,/and took two burly spears with his own handgrip. /He did not take the great
spear… weighty, long and tough./No other… had the strength to wield it…

8. How so remiss, and yet thy mother’s daughter? /leaving thy clothes uncared for… when soon thou must
have store of marriage linen,/and ut thy minstrelsy in wedding dress!/Beauty, in these, will make fold
admire,/and bring thy father and gentle mother joy./Let us go washing in the shine of morning! /Beside thee
will I drub, so wedding chests/will brim by evening. Maidenhood must end!...

9. Maids, maids: come wash him, make a bed for him,/bedstead and colored rugs and coverlets/to let him lie
warm into the gold of Dawn./In morning light you'll bathe him and anoint him… /If there be one man there to
bully or annoy him, that man wins no further triumph here, burn though he may./How will you understand
me, friend, how find in me,/more than in common women, any courage or gentleness, if you are kept in
rags /and filthy at our feast? Men’s lives are short. The hard man and his cruelties will be/cursed behind his
back, and mocked in death. But one whose heart and ways are kind—of him /strangers will bear report to
the wide world,/and distant men will praise him."

10. Sack of wine,/you with your cur’s eyes and your antelope heart! You’ve never had the kidney to buckle on
/armor among the troops, or make a sortie/with picked men—oh no; that way death might lie. /Safer, by
god, in the middle of the army—is it not? —to commandeer the prize/of any man who stands up to you!
Leech!/Commander of trash!

11. They dredge harbors,/Set cornerstones, quarry the rock, where someday/Their theater will tower. They are
like bees/In early summer over the country flowers/When the sun is warm, and the young of the hive
emerge,/And they pack the molten honey, bulge the cells/With the sweet nectar, add new loads, and harry
/The drones away from the hive, and the work glows,/And the air is sweet with bergamot and clover.

12. Think how a stallion fed on clover and barley,/mettlesome, thundering in a stall, may snap his picket rope
and counter down a field to bathe as he would daily in the river—/gloring in freedom! Head held high/with
mane over his shoulders flying,/his dazzling work of finely jointed knees/takes him around the pasture
haunts of horses.

Part III. You may answer one additional quotation for extra credit.