



UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG
JUNE EXAMINATION 2016

COURSE / KURSUS:	CLASSICAL CULTURE 3A KLASSIEKE KULTUUR 3A (KLK3A11)	MARKS/ PUNTE:	200
PAPER / VRAESTEL:	1	TIME / TYD:	3 HRS 3 URE
EXAMINERS:	1. MRS. J. DIACK 2. DR. M. DE MARRE		

This examination consists of FOUR (4) pages and TWO (2) sections.

SECTION A: ESSAY QUESTIONS (40 marks each)

Select TWO essays out of the following topics.

QUESTION 1: Dido and Aeneas

Discuss how Virgil portrays Aeneas' character in *The Aeneid* Book IV to you, the reader, and how he does this. Does Aeneas strike you as brutally callous, genuinely anguished but bound by his destiny, or as somewhere between those two polar opposites?

[40]

QUESTION 2: Theme

The word 'metamorphosis', derives from the Greek 'meta' (μετά) and 'morphe' (μορφή) and literally means 'trans-form'. *Meta* then also implies the traversing of a boundary, or a quest. Some very distinct boundaries are crossed in the myths of Byblis and Myrrha. Discuss the significance of these crossings and how the changes affect the reader.

[40]

QUESTION 3: *Pietas* and *furor* in the depictions of Turnus and Aeneas

What personal reasons does Turnus have for opposing Aeneas and his Trojans? Does Aeneas' perspective differ on the matter, and, if so, how? Discuss the dynamic of *pietas* and *furor* in the interactions between these two characters.

[40]

QUESTION 4: Inversion

Discuss the effect of the imagery of Aeneas and Turnus and their interaction in Book XII of the *Aeneid*. Each hero plays certain roles, which are traditionally viewed as a series of binary oppositions, such as Augustan versus Anti-Augustan. Do you think that your sympathies are meant to be swayed by this imagery? If so, for what purpose?

[40]

QUESTION 5: Intertextuality

When reading the retelling of a myth in the *Metamorphoses* there are many questions the audience of the text is faced with. 1) What does Ovid change? 2) What is the impact of these changes? 3) How do these changes reflect the historical and cultural milieu in which Ovid wrote? 4) Which version do I like better and why? Considering these questions, discuss a myth of your choice from the *Metamorphoses*.

[40]

Total marks for this section: [80]

SECTION B: TEXTUAL COMMENTARY (40 marks each)

Choose **THREE** out of the six extracts for commentary.

Put each extract in context, identify the speaker/s and discuss the passage with reference to the metaphors, similes, themes and images and how these relate to the work as a whole.

QUESTION 1:

I sing of arms and of a man, his fate had made him fugitive; he was the first to journey from the coasts of Troy as Italy and the Lavinian shores. Across the lands and waters he was battered beneath the violence of High Ones, for the savage Juno's unforgetting anger; and many sufferings were his in war - until he brought a city into being and carried his gods to Latium; from this have come the Latin race, the lords of Alba, and the ramparts of high Rome. Tell me the reason, Muse: what was the wound to her divinity, so hurting her that she, the queen of the gods, compelled a man remarkable for goodness to endure so many crises, meet so many trials? Can such resentment hold the minds of gods?

[40]

QUESTION 2:

Aeneas stood, ferocious in his armour; his eyes were restless and he stayed his hand; and as he hesitated, Turnus' words began to move him more and more - until high on the Latin's shoulder he made out the luckless belt of Pallas, of the boy whom Turnus had defeated, wounded, stretched upon the battlefield, from whom he took this fatal sign to wear upon his back, this girdle glistening with familiar studs. And when his eyes drank in this plunder, this memorial of brutal grief, Aeneas, aflame with rage - his wrath was terrible - cried: "How can you wear the spoils of my dear comrade now escape me? It is Pallas who strikes, who sacrifices you, who takes this payment from your shameless blood." Relentless, he sinks his sword deep into the chest of Turnus. His limbs fell slack with chill; and with a moan his life fled, resentful, fled to the Shades.

[40]

QUESTION 3:

"The king of gods was once afire with love for Phrygian Ganymede and hit upon a guise that, just this once, he thought might be more suitable than being Jove himself: a bird. But of all birds, he thought that one alone was worthiest; the bird with force enough to carry Jove's own thunderbolts. Without delay Jove beat the air with his deceiving wings, snatched up the Trojan boy. And even now, despite the wrath of Juno, he still fulfils his role: the page of Jove, the boy prepares Jove's nectar, fills his cups."

[40]

QUESTION 4:

He'd have said more, but Daphne did not halt, afraid she left him there, with half-done words. But even then, the sight of her was striking. The wind laid bare her limbs; against the nymph it blew, her dress was fluttering; her hair streamed in the breeze; in flight she was more fair. But now the young god can't waste time: he's lost his patience; his beguiling words are done; and so—with love as spur—he races on; he closes in. Just as a Gallic hound surveys the open field and sights a hare, and both the hunter and the hunted race more swiftly—one to catch, one to escape (he seems about to leap on his prey's back; He's almost sure he's won; his muzzle now is at her heels; the other, still in doubt—not sure if she is caught—slips from his mouth; at the last instant, she escapes his jaws): such were the god and girl; while he is swift because of hope, what urges her is fear. But love has given wings to the pursuer, he's faster—and his pace will not relent. He's at her shoulders now; she feels his breath upon the hair that streams down her neck. Exhausted, wayworn, pale, and terrified, she sees Peneus' stream nearby; she cries: "Help me, dear father; if the river-gods have any power, then transform, dissolve my gracious shape, the form that pleased too well!" As soon as she is finished with her prayer, a heavy numbness grips her limbs; thin bark begins to gird her tender frame, her hair is changed to leaves, her arms to boughs; her feet—so keen to race before—are now held fast by sluggish roots; the girl's head vanishes, becoming a treetop. All that is left of Daphne is her radiance.

[40]

QUESTION 5:

But Dido, desperate, beside herself with awful undertakings, eyes bloodshot and rolling, and her quivering cheeks flecked with stains and pale with coming death, now bursts across the inner courtyards of her palace. She mounts in madness that high pyre, unsheathes the Dardan sword, a gift not sought for such an end. And when she saw the Trojan's clothes and her familiar bed, she checked her thought and tears a little, lay upon the couch and spoke her final words: "O relics, dear while fate and god allowed, receive my spirit and free me from these cares; for I have lived and journeyed through the course assigned by fortune. And now my Shade will pass, illustrious, beneath the earth; I have built a handsome city, have seen my walls rise up, avenged a husband, won satisfaction from a hostile brother: o fortunate, too fortunate - if only the ships of never touched our coasts." She spoke and pressed her face in the couch. "I shall die un-avenged, but I shall die," she says. "Thus, thus, I gladly go below to shadows. May the savage Dardan drink with his own eyes this fire from the deep and take with him the omen of my death."

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QUESTION 6:

Not even Pallas, even Jealousy, could find a flaw in that girl's artistry; but her success incensed the warrior-goddess. Minerva tore to pieces that bright cloth whose colours showed the crimes the gods had wrought; a boxwood shuttle lay at hand—with that, three and four times she struck Arachne's forehead. That was too much: the poor girl took a noose and rushed—still bold—to tie it round her neck. But when she saw Arachne hanging there, Minerva, taking pity, propped her up and said: "Live then, but, for your perfidy, still hang; and let this punishment pursue all who descend from you: thus, you must fear the future—down to far posterity." That said, before she left, the goddess sprinkled the juices of the herbs of Hecate over Arachne; at that venom's touch, her hair and then her eyes and ears fell off, and all her body sank. And at her sides, her slender fingers clung to her as legs. The rest is belly; but from this, Arachne spins out a thread; again she practices her weaver's art, as once she fashioned webs.

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