

Divine Comedy Scavenger Hunt at the Worcester Art Museum

Impressive knowledge the Comedy involves,
much info and even more important names,
thus I've created a puzzle for you to solve,
a scavenger hunt, dear messieurs and dames.
The clues, one or more tercets do include
so consult your text and notes in these games
to find the work of art each does exude.
To the victors a caffeinated prize
that will put them in a most gleeful mood.
An hour for each team to peel its eyes
then we'll convene to judge at 3 o'clock.
Phones for photos but not for "who's" and "why's".

1 - A Virgin Mother of this virtue.

See there an angel hurrying to meet us
and also see the sixth of the handmaidens
returning from her service to the day. (*Purg.* XII. 79-82)

2 - Preserved so vertically, not a foot could trample on it.

As, on the lids of pavement tombs, there are
stone effigies of what the buried were
before, so that the dead may be remembered. (*Purg.* XII, 16-18)

3 - Where those of the order founded by this saint would gather daily to discuss business and duties of the members. Oui oui, messieurs! Entrez-vous! Step inside!

And I am he who was the first to carry
up to that peak the name of Him who brought
to earth the truth that lifts us to the heights (*Paradiso* XXII. 40-42)

4 - Not oil or acrylic, but the medium of the one who has gained greater fame. The ultimate in dinner arrangements!?

In painting Cimabue thought he held
the field, and now it's Giotto they acclaim—
the former only keeps a shadowed fame. (*Purg.* XI, 94-96)

5 - This popular form of wall covering depicts the great poet's warning to Ciacco.

And my guide said to me: "He'll rise no more
until the blast of the angelic trumpet
upon the coming of the hostile Judge." (*Inferno*, VI, 94-96)

6 - And from this he rose, holding Dante and Hell in disdain:

"O Tuscan, you who pass alive across
the fiery city with such seemly words,
be kind enough to say your journey here." (*Inferno* X, 22-24)

7 - Curing a "holy" emperor of leprosy and this miraculous oil on panel do much to validate a hefty donation.

The next who follows—one whose good intention
bore evil fruit—to give place to the Shepherd,
with both the laws and me, made himself Greek;
Now he has learned that, even though the world
be ruined by the evil that derives
from his good act, that evil does not harm him. (*Paradiso* XX. 55-60)

8 - And the gall of these damned souls, one of which bears arms against Him!

"did any ever go—by his own merit
or others'—from this place toward blessedness?"
And he, who understood my covert speech,
replied: "I was new-entered on this state
when I beheld a Great Lord enter here:
the crown he wore, a sign of victory." (*Inferno* IV. 49-54)

9 - A resurrected Christ as seen by the one whose prayers brought this just emperor to heaven.

One, from Hell,
where there is no returning to right will,
returned to his own bones, as the reward
bestowed upon a living hope, the hope
that gave force to the prayers offered God
to resurrect him and convert his will. (*Paradiso* XX. 106-111)

10 – Appearing here nearly a year after his death. *Pietà!* I beg you. *Pietà!*

That sun was not yet very distant from
his rising, when he caused the earth to take
dome comfort from his mighty influence;
for even as a youth, he ran to war
against his father, on behalf of her—
the lady unto whom, just as to death (*Paradiso* XI, 55-60)

11 - Depicted with Oenone, his lust led to war in Troy:

See Paris, Tristan..."—and he pointed out
and named to me more than a thousand shades
departed from our life because of love. (*Inferno* V, 67-69)

12 - He may very well have been dressed like this while serving:

In later years I served the Emperor
Conrad—and my good works so gained his favor
that he gave me the girdle of his knighthood. (*Paradiso*, XV, 139-141)

13 – Part of an Antiochian floor on which visitors may not tread:

The very sight of her weighted me
with fearfulness that I abandoned hope
of ever climbing up that mountain slope. (*Inf.* I. 52-54)

14 – Behind tempered glass on baked clay you'll find him playing his sweet lyre:

Enter into my breast; within me breathe
the very power you made manifest
when you drew Marsyas out from his limbs' death. (*Paradiso* II, 19-21)

Bonus:

Thank you, professor Spani. Thanks to you, we now know how to write like this.