

Monday 22 November 2021 – Afternoon

GCSE (9-1) Classical Civilisation

J199/23 War and warfare

Insert

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes



INSTRUCTIONS

• Do not send this Insert for marking. Keep it in the centre or recycle it.

INFORMATION

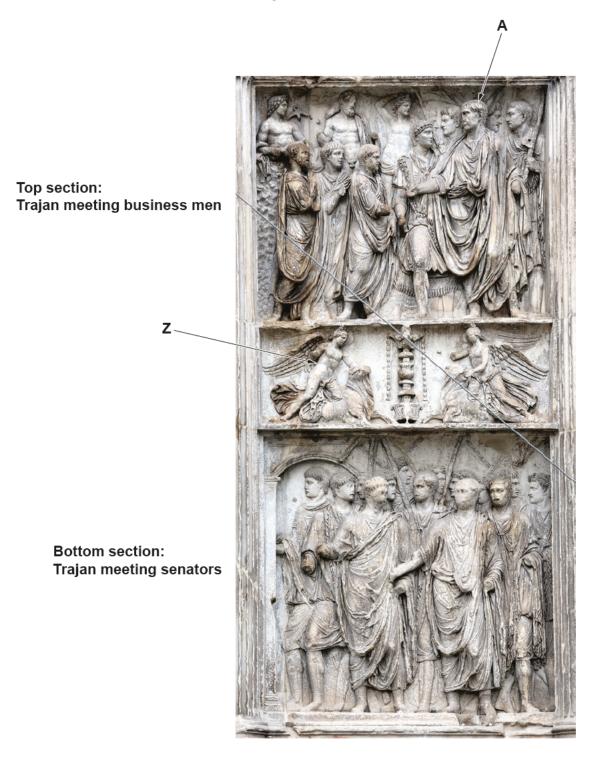
· This document has 8 pages.

SECTION A – Culture

Source A: Red figure kylix by The Triptolemos Painter

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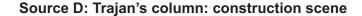
Source B: Relief from the Arch of Trajan

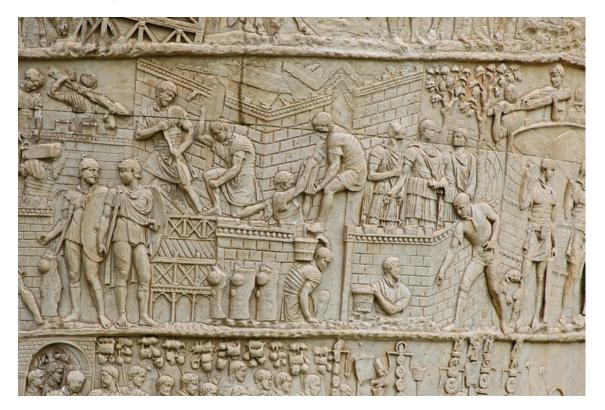


Source C: A description of the Battle of Actium

Octavian set out to engage with Antony's ships, but they stayed where they were in close formation. Octavian waited for a while then he suddenly led both his wings forward and bent his line to form a crescent, hoping to surround the enemy, or break their formation. So Antony, reluctantly joined battle with Octavian. The struggle was not the same on both sides: Octavian had smaller, faster ships, which rushed forward to ram the enemy and sink the ships. If a ship did not sink, they would either ram it again, or ram a different one. Antony's troops, on the other hand, tried to hit the approaching ships with dense showers of stones and arrows, and throw grappling hooks onto their attackers. On the one side the pilots and the rowers endured the most suffering and exhaustion, and on the other side the marines; and one side were like cavalry, first making a charge and then retreating, since they could attack and back off when they wanted, and the others were like heavy-armed troops guarding against the approach of enemies and trying their best to hold them back. The end came in the following way. Cleopatra, riding at anchor behind the fighters, decided to escape herself and signaled her ships to do so. Antony saw that they were fleeing so he followed them.

(Cassius Dio, Roman History Book 50, Chapters 31–33 adapted)





Source E: Trajan's column: battle scene



SECTION B – Literature

Source F

As he spoke, Iris, swift-footed as the wind, led Aphrodite from the conflict, her lovely flesh stained with blood, and she was distraught with pain, and suffering grievously. They found fierce Ares on the left flank, his two war-horses, with their golden harness, close by, his spear leaning on a cloud. Sinking to her knees, she begged the loan of her dear brother's steeds: 'Save me, brother dear, lend me your team, to reach Olympus, my home among the immortals. I am sorely hurt by this wound, dealt by a mortal, son of Tydeus, who would challenge Father Zeus himself.'

Homer, Iliad Book 5. 352-362

Source G

Aeneas, grasping his shield and long spear, leapt down after him, fearful the Achaeans might rob him of the corpse. He bestrode it like a lion confident in his strength, covering himself with his round shield, ready to slay with his spear any man who would seize the corpse, raising his mighty war-cry. But Diomedes hefted a rock, heavier than any two men of our time might carry, lifting it easily on his own. With it he struck Aeneas on the hip where the thigh turns in the hip-joint, the cup-bone men call it. It crushed the bone, sheared the sinews, and jaggedly ripped the skin away. Aeneas fell to his knees, and pressed the ground with one great hand, while darkness shrouded his sight.

Homer, Iliad Book 5. 297-310

Source H

Frantically I seize weapons: not because there is much use for weapons, but my spirit burns to gather men for battle and race to the citadel with my friends: madness and anger hurl my mind headlong, and I think it beautiful to die fighting. Now, see, Panthus escaping the Greek spears, Panthus, son of Othrys, Apollo's priest on the citadel, dragging along with his own hands the sacred relics, the conquered gods, his little grandchild, running frantically to my door: 'Where's the best advantage, Panthus, what position should we take?' I'd barely spoken, when he answered with a groan: 'The last day comes, Troy's inescapable hour. Troy is past, Ilium is past, and the great glory of the Trojans: Jupiter carries all to Argos: the Greeks are lords of the burning city.'

Virgil Aeneid Book 2.314–327

Source I

While he stood there thinking, Achilles, peer of Ares, approached, the plumes of his helmet nodding, brandishing the mighty spear of Pelian ash in his right hand, high above his shoulder, his bronze armour blazing like fire or the rising sun. Now Hector was gripped by fear and, trembling at the sight of him, afraid to stand his ground by the gate, set off running. Achilles, confident in his own speed, pursued him. Like a hawk, swiftest of birds, swooping on a timorous dove in the mountains, darting towards her with fierce cries as she flees, eager to seize her, so Achilles ran and Hector fled as fast as he could in terror, below the Trojan wall. Passing the lookout point, and the wind-swept wild fig tree, along the cart-track they ran leaving the wall behind, and came to two lovely springs where the waters rise to feed the eddying Scamander.

Homer, *Iliad* Book 22. 131–149

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