



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Thursday 25 May 2023 – Afternoon

GCSE (9–1) Classical Civilisation

J199/21 The Homeric World

Insert

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes



INSTRUCTIONS

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

INFORMATION

- The questions tell you which source you need to use.
- This document has **8** pages.

ADVICE

- Read this Insert carefully before you start your answers.

SECTION A

Culture

Source A: A Mycenaean grave



Source B: A Mycenaean storage jar



Source C: A fresco of a Mycenaean lady



Source D: A Mycenaean sword



SECTION B

Literature

Choose one of the following translations from the *Odyssey* and answer the questions in the question paper.

Source E:

By now the bow had come into the hands of Eurymachus, who was turning it round and round in front of the glowing fire to warm it. But he failed to string it for all that, and he groaned from the depth of his proud heart. 'Damnation take the thing!' he cried in his rage. 'I feel this bitterly, not for myself alone but for us all. I'm not upset so much about the marriage, though that is a bitter blow – there are plenty of women left in sea-girt Ithaca and in other towns. What does grieve me is the thought that our failure with his bow proves us such weaklings compared with the godlike Odysseus. The disgrace will stick to our names for ever.'

But Antinous, Eupheithes' son, protested: 'Eurymachus, it won't be like that, and you know it. Today is a public holiday in honour of the god. Is that a time for bending bows? Put the thing down and forget it. And why not leave the axes standing where they are? I'm sure nobody's going to break into the palace of Laertes' son and steal them. Come, let the wine-steward go round and pour a little into each cup. We'll make our libations and give archery a rest. And tomorrow tell the goatherd Melanthius to bring in the very best goats from all his flocks, so that we can sacrifice thigh-bones to the great Archer Apollo, and then try the bow and see who wins.'

Odyssey 21: 245–268 (Trans: E.V. Rieu)

The bow had reached Eurymachus, who was turning it in his hands before the fire to warm it. But despite that he failed to string it, and groaning inwardly he said, in anger: 'Oh, I'm not just bitter about this myself, but for all of you, too. It's not that I'm bothered about the marriage, though it grieves me. There are plenty of other women in Achaea, in Ithaca's isle, and in other places. No, it's more that our strength falls so short of godlike Odysseus' that we can't even string his bow. It's a disgrace that posterity will hear of.'

'No, Eurymachus,' Antinous, Eupheithes' son, replied, 'that's not so, and do you know why? Today is the feast of Apollo, throughout the island, his holy day. Should we be bending bows? Set it aside, softly. As for the axes, why not leave them there? No one will steal them: not from a house owned by Odysseus, Laertes' son. Come, let the steward pour wine for libations, and put the bow down. In the morning tell the goatherd, Melanthius, to bring us the best she-goats in the flock, so we can lay thigh-pieces on Apollo's altar, the famous Archer, then try the bow, and decide the contest.'

Odyssey 21: 245–268 (Trans: A.S. Kline)

Source F:

Wise Penelope, who had listened, rounded on the maid with a rebuke. ‘You may be sure, you bold creature, you shameless bitch, that I am not unaware of your disgraceful behaviour and you shall pay dearly for it. For you knew perfectly well – you heard me say so myself – that in my ever-present distress I meant to question this stranger here in my house for any news he might have of my husband.’ And turning to Eurynome, the housekeeper, she said: ‘Bring a chair here, with a rug on it, for my guest to sit on, so that he and I can talk to one another. There are questions I want to ask him.’

Eurynome hurried off and came back with a polished chair on which she spread a rug. Here the noble and stalwart Odysseus sat down, and thoughtful Penelope spoke first: ‘Stranger, the first question I will ask you is: who are you and where do you come from? What is your city and who are your parents?’

‘My lady,’ answered the **resourceful** Odysseus, ‘there is not a man in the wide world who could find fault with you. For your fame has reached broad heaven itself, like that of some illustrious king, ruling a populous and mighty country with the fear of the gods in his heart, and upholding justice. As a result of his good leadership the dark soil yields its wheat and barley, the trees are laden with ripe fruit, the sheep never fail to bear their lambs, nor the sea to provide its fish, and his people prosper under him. So now that you have me in your house, ask me any other questions, but do not inquire about my ancestry and my country, or you will bring fresh sorrow to my heart by making me recall the past.’

Odyssey 19: 89–118 (Trans: E.V. Rieu)

Wise Penelope heard his words, and turned on the handmaid: ‘Bold, and shameless creature, be sure your wild behaviour’s evident to me. Be it on your own head: you yourself will cleanse its stain. You know perfectly well, you heard me say, that I wish to question this Stranger, here in my house, about the husband I sorrow for.’

At this, Eurynome swiftly brought a gleaming chair and set it down, throwing a fleece across it. Noble long-suffering Odysseus sat there, and listened as wise Penelope spoke: ‘Stranger, I must first ask you. Who are you, and where do you come from? What is your city, and who are your parents?’

‘Lady,’ **subtle** Odysseus replied, ‘there isn’t a mortal being on the wide earth who could find fault with you. Your fame rises to high heaven, like the fame of a peerless king, who, fearing the gods, rules many brave men and upholds the law. The people prosper under his leadership, and the dark soil yields wheat and barley, the trees are heavy with fruit, the ewes never fail to bear, and the sea is full of fish. Question me then in your house about anything, but don’t ask about my people or native country, lest you pain my heart more with thinking of them. I am a man of many sorrows.’

Odyssey 19: 89–118 (Trans: A.S. Kline)

Source G:

'They were quick to be convinced by my suggestion. Only Eurylochus was against me and did his best to keep the whole company back. "Where are we poor wretches off to now?" he cried with winged words. "Why are you looking for trouble – going to Circe's palace, where she will turn you all into pigs or wolves or lions, and force you to keep watch over that great house of hers? We have had all this before, with the Cyclops, when our friends found their way into his fold with this **fool-hardy** Odysseus. It was this man's reckless folly that cost *them* their lives.'

'Now when Eurylochus said that, I considered drawing the long sword from my sturdy side and lopping his head off to roll in the dust, even though he was a close kinsman of mine. But my men held me back and calmed me down.

"'Favourite of Zeus,'" they said, "let's leave this man here to guard the ship, if that is your order. But you lead us to Circe's enchanted castle."

Odyssey 10: 422–445 (Trans: E.V. Rieu)

They quickly responded to my words. Only Eurylochus of all my friends hung back. And he spoke to them with winged words: 'Wretched fools, where are you off to? Are you so in love with trouble you'll visit Circe's house, she who will change you all to pigs, or wolves, or lions to guard her great hall under duress? Remember how Cyclops too behaved, when our friends entered his cave with **reckless** Odysseus, this man through whose foolishness they died.'

Those were his words, and I felt like drawing the long sword strapped to my sturdy thigh and striking his head to the ground, though he was a kinsman of mine by marriage, but my friends each checked me with soothing words: 'Scion of Zeus, let's leave him behind, if you will, to stay and guard the ship, while you lead us to Circe's sacred house.'

Odyssey 10: 422–445 (Trans: A.S. Kline)

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