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**CLASSICAL GREEK AND ROMAN STUDIES
STANDARD LEVEL
PAPER 2**

SCHOOL BASED SYLLABUS

Topic 1: Greek and Roman Epic

Topic 3: The Peloponnesian War: Greece in Conflict

Monday 30 April 2012 (morning)

1 hour 30 minutes

SOURCE BOOKLET

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Do not open this Source Booklet until instructed to do so.
- This booklet contains all of the sources required for Paper 2.

SECTION A

Greek and Roman Epic

SOURCE A

Hecuba pleads with Hector not to fight Achilles.

So the old man groaned
and seizing his gray hair tore it out by the roots
but he could not shake the fixed resolve of Hector.
And his mother wailed now, standing beside Priam,
5 weeping freely, loosing her robes with one hand
and holding out her bare breast with the other,
her words pouring forth in a flight of grief and tears:
“Hector, my child! Look – have some respect for *this!*
Pity your mother too, if I ever gave you the breast
10 to soothe your troubles, remember it now, dear boy –
beat back that savage man from safe inside the walls!
Don’t go forth, a champion pitted against him –
merciless, brutal man. If he kills you now,
how can I ever mourn you on your deathbed? –
15 dear branch in bloom, dear child I brought to birth! –
Neither I nor your wife, that warm, generous woman...
Now far beyond our reach, now by the Argive ships
the rushing dogs will tear you, bolt your flesh!”

So they wept, the two of them crying out
20 to their dear son, both pleading time and again
but they could not shake the fixed resolve of Hector.
No, he waited Achilles, coming on, gigantic in power.
As a snake in the hills, guarding his hole, awaits a man –
bloated with poison, deadly hatred seething inside him,
25 glances flashing fire as he coils round his lair...
so Hector, nursing his quenchless fury, gave no ground,
leaning his burnished shield against a jutting wall,
but harried still, he probed his own brave heart.

Homer, *Iliad*, 22.90–117, translated by **Fagles**.

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SOURCE B

Amata pleads with Turnus not to fight Aeneas.

- But the queen, afraid of the new rules of engagement,
 wept, and bent on her own death embraced her ardent
 son-in-law to be: “Turnus, by these tears of mine,
 by any concern for Amata that moves your heart,
 5 you are my only hope, now, you the one relief
 to my wretched old age. In your hands alone
 the glory and power of King Latinus rest,
 you alone can share our sinking house.
 One favor now, I pray you.
- 10 Refrain from going hand to hand with the Trojans!
 Whatever the dangers await you in that one skirmish,
 Turnus, await me too. With you I will forsake
 the light of this life I hate – never in shackles
 live to see Aeneas as my son!”
- 15 As Lavinia heard
 her mother’s pleas, her warm cheeks bathed in tears,
 a blush flamed up and infused her glowing features.
 As crimson as Indian ivory stained with ruddy dye
 or white lilies aglow in a host of scarlet roses,
 20 so mixed the hues that lit the young girl’s face.
 Turnus, struck with love, fixing his eyes upon her,
 fired the more for combat, tells Amata briefly:
 “Don’t, I beg you, mother, send me off with tears,
 with evil omens as I go into the jolting shocks of war,
 25 since Turnus is far from free to defer his death.
 Be my messenger, Idmon. Take my words to Aeneas,
 hardly words to please that craven Phrygian king!
 Soon as the sky goes red with tomorrow’s dawn,
 riding Aurora’s blood-red chariot wheels,
 30 he’s not to hurl his Trojans against our Latins,
 he must let Trojan and Latin armies stand at ease.
Our blood will put an end to this war at last –
 that’s the field where Lavinia must be won!”

Virgil, *Aeneid*, 12.70–102, translated by **Fagles**.

SOURCE B*Amata pleads with Turnus not to fight Aeneas.*

Terrified by this new turn in the fortunes of battle, queen Amata began to weep. Seeing her own death before her, she tried to check the frenzy of Turnus, the man she had chosen to be the husband of her daughter: “By these tears, Turnus, by any respect for me that touches your heart, Amata begs of you this one thing. You are the one hope and one relief of my old age. In your
 5 hands rest the honour and power of Latinus. Our whole house is falling and you are its one support. Do not persist in meeting the Trojans in battle. Whatever fate awaits you in that encounter, waits also for me. If you die, I too will leave the light I loathe. I shall never live to be a captive and see Aeneas married to Lavinia.” When Lavinia heard these words of her mother, her burning cheeks were bathed in tears and the deep flush glowed and spread over her face. As when Indian
 10 ivory has been stained with blood-red dye, or when white lilies are crowded by roses and take on their red, such were the colours on the maiden’s face. Turnus was distraught with love and fixed his eyes on Lavinia. Burning all the more for war, he then spoke these few words to Amata: “Do not, I beg of you, mother, send me to the harsh encounters of war with tears and with such an evil omen. Turnus is not free to hold back the day of his death. Go as my messenger, Idmon,
 15 and take these words of mine to the leader of the Phrygians, and little pleasure will they give him: when tomorrow’s dawn reddens in the sky, borne on the crimson wheels of Aurora’s chariot, let him not lead Trojans against Rutulians. Let the Trojan and Rutulian armies be at peace. His blood, or mine, shall decide this war. This is the field where the hand of Lavinia shall be won.”

Virgil, *Aeneid*, 12.53–80, translated by **West**.

SOURCE C

Hera and Apollo clash over the conduct of Achilles.

“But murderous Achilles – you gods, you *choose* to help Achilles.
 That man without a shred of decency in his heart...
 his temper can never bend and change – like some lion
 going his own barbaric way, giving in to his power,
 5 his brute force and wild pride, as down he swoops
 on the flocks of men to seize his savage feast.
 Achilles has lost all pity! No shame in the man,
 shame that does great harm or drives men on to good.
 No doubt some mortal has suffered a dearer loss than this,
 10 a brother born in the same womb, or even a son...
 he grieves, he weeps, but then his tears are through.
 The Fates have given mortals hearts that can endure.
 But this Achilles – first he slaughters Hector,
 he rips away the noble prince’s life
 15 then lashes him to his chariot, drags him round
 his beloved comrade’s tomb. But why, I ask you?
 What good will it do him? What honor will he gain?
 Let that man beware, or great and glorious as he is,
 we mighty gods will wheel on him in anger – look,
 20 he outrages the senseless clay in all his fury!”

But white-armed Hera flared at him in anger:
 “Yes, there’d be some merit even in what *you* say,
 lord of the silver bow – if all you gods, in fact,
 would set Achilles and Hector high in equal honor.
 25 But Hector is mortal. He sucked a woman’s breast.
 Achilles sprang from a goddess – one I reared myself:
 I brought her up and gave her in marriage to a man,
 to Peleus, dearest to all your hearts, you gods.
 All you gods, you shared in the wedding rites,
 30 and so did you, Apollo – there you sat at the feast
 and struck your lyre. What company you keep now,
 these wretched Trojans. You – forever faithless!”

Homer, *Iliad*, 24.46–77, translated by **Fagles**.

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SOURCE D

Juno justifies waging war on the Trojans.

- Now, with the ridge of Sicily barely out of sight,
they spread sail for the open sea, their spirits buoyant,
their bronze beaks churning the waves to foam as Juno,
nursing deep in her heart the everlasting wound,
5 said to herself: “Defeated am I? Give up the fight?
Powerless now to keep that Trojan king from Italy?
Ah but of course – the Fates bar my way.
And yet Minerva could burn the fleet to ash
and drown my Argive crews in the sea, and all for one,
10 one mad crime of a single man, Ajax, son of Oileus!
She hurled Jove’s all-consuming bolt from the clouds,
she shattered a fleet and whipped the swells with gales.
And then as he gasped his last in flames from his riven chest
she swept him up in a cyclone, impaled the man on a crag.
15 But I who walk in majesty, I the Queen of the Gods,
the sister and wife of Jove – I must wage a war,
year after year, on just one race of men!
Who will revere the power of Juno after this –
lay gifts on my altar, lift his hands in prayer?”
- 20 With such anger seething inside her fiery heart
the goddess reached Aeolia, breeding-ground of storms,
their home swarming with raging gusts from the South.
Here in a vast cave King Aeolus rules the winds,
brawling to break free, howling in full gale force
25 as he chains them down in their dungeon, shackled fast.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, 1.42–66, translated by **Fagles**.

SOURCE D

Juno justifies waging war on the Trojans.

The Trojans were in high spirits. They were almost out of sight of Sicily and heading for the open sea with the wind astern and their bronze prows churning the salt sea to foam, as Juno brooded, still nursing the eternal wound deep in her breast: “Am I to admit defeat and give up my attempt to keep the king of the Trojans away from Italy? So the Fates do not approve!
5 Yet Pallas Athene could fire the fleet and drown my own Argives in the sea because of the guilt of one man, the mad passion of Ajax, son of Oileus. With her own hand she threw the consuming fire of Jupiter from the clouds, shattering his ships and sending winds to churn up the level sea. Then, as he breathed out flame from his breast where the thunderbolt had pierced it, she caught him up in a whirlwind and impaled him on a jagged rock. But here am I, the Queen of the Gods,
10 the sister of Jupiter and his wife, and I have waged war all these years against a whole race of men! Is there no one left who worships the godhead of Juno? Will there be no one in the future to pray to me and lay an offering on my altars?”

These are the thoughts the goddess turned over in her burning heart as she came to Aeolia, the home of the clouds, a place teeming with raging winds of the south. Here Aeolus is king and
15 here in a vast cavern he keeps in subjection the brawling winds and howling storms, chained and bridled in their prison.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, 8.1.35–55, translated by West.

SECTION B**The Peloponnesian War: Greece in Conflict**

SOURCE E *Thucydides explains his historical method.*

In this history I have made use of set speeches some of which were delivered just before and others during the war. I have found it difficult to remember the precise words used in the speeches which I listened to myself and my various informants have experienced same difficulty; so my method has been, while keeping as closely as possible to the general sense of the words that were
5 actually used, to make the speakers say what, in my opinion, was called for by each situation.

And with regard to my factual reporting of the events of the war I have made it a principle not to write down the first story that came my way, and not even to be guided by my own general impressions; either I was present myself at the events which I have described or else I heard of them from eye-witnesses whose reports I have checked with as much thoroughness
10 as possible. Not that even so the truth was easy to discover: different eye-witnesses give different accounts of the same events, speaking out of partiality for one side or the other or else from imperfect memories. And it may well be that my history will seem less easy to read because of the absence in it of a romantic element. It will be enough for me, however, if these words of mine are judged useful by those who want to understand clearly the events which happened in
15 the past and which (human nature being what it is) will, at some time or other and in much the same ways, be repeated in the future. My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the taste of an immediate public, but was done to last for ever.

Thucydides, *History of the Peloponnesian War*, 1.22

SOURCE F *Thucydides describes the end of the Sicilian expedition.*

Those who were in the stone quarries were treated badly by the Syracusans at first. There were many of them, and they were crowded together in a narrow pit, where, since there was no roof over their heads, they suffered first from the heat of the sun and the closeness of the air; and then, in contrast, came on the cold autumnal nights, and the change in temperature
5 brought disease among them. Lack of space made it necessary for them to do everything on the same spot; and besides there were bodies all heaped together on top of one another of those who had died from their wounds or from the change of temperature or other such causes, so that the smell was insupportable. At the same time they suffered from hunger and from thirst. During eight months the daily allowance for each man was half a pint of water and a pint of corn.
10 In fact they suffered everything which one could imagine might be suffered by men imprisoned in such a place. For about ten weeks they lived like this all together; then, with the exception of the Athenians and any Greeks from Italy or Sicily who had joined the expedition, the rest were sold as slaves. It is hard to give the exact figure, but the whole number of prisoners must have been at least 7000.

Thucydides, *History of the Peloponnesian War*, 7.87

SOURCE G *Plutarch describes the treatment of the Athenian prisoners.*

Most of the Athenian prisoners perished in the quarries from sickness and from their wretched diet, for they were given no more than a pint of meal and half a pint of water a day. A number were stolen away and sold as slaves, or contrived to pass themselves off as servants and these men, when they were sold, were branded on the forehead with the figure of a horse.

5 Indeed, there were actually some cases of free-born Athenians who had to submit to this humiliation besides their enslavement. However, these men soon found that their modesty and self-control stood them in good stead; some of them were quickly set free, while others who remained with their masters were treated with respect.

Plutarch, *Nicias*, 7.29

SOURCE H *The Athenians advise Sparta against making war on them.*

“But on one point we are quite certain: if you were to destroy us and to take over our empire, you would soon lose all the goodwill which you have gained because of others being afraid of us – that is, if you are going to stick to those principles of behaviour which you showed before, in the short time when you led Hellas against the Persians. Your own regulated

5 ways of life do not mix well with the ways of others. Also it is a fact that when one of you goes abroad he follows neither his own rules nor those of the rest of Hellas.

Take time, then, over your decision, which is an important one. Do not allow considerations of other people’s opinions and other people’s complaints to involve you in difficulties which you will feel yourselves. Think, too, of the great part that is played by the

10 unpredictable in war; think of it now, before you are actually committed to war. The longer a war lasts, the more things tend to depend on accidents. Neither you nor we can see into them: we have to abide their outcome in the dark. And when people are entering upon a war they do things the wrong way round. Action comes first, and it is only when they have already suffered that they begin to think. We, however, are still far removed from such a mistaken attitude; so,

15 to the best of our belief, are you. And so we urge you, now, while we are both still free to make sensible decisions, do not break the peace, do not go back upon your oaths; instead let us settle our differences by arbitration, as is laid down in the treaty. If you will not do so, we shall have as our witnesses the gods who heard our oaths. You will have begun the war, and we shall attempt to meet you in any and every field of action that you may choose.”

Thucydides, *History of the Peloponnesian War*, 1.77–78

SOURCE I *Thucydides outlines the reasons for efforts to secure a peace treaty.*

Both sides, therefore, had cogent reasons for making peace, the Spartans, perhaps, most of all, since they were extremely anxious to get back the men who had been captured on the island. Among these men were Spartans of the officer class, important people themselves and related to members of the government. Sparta had begun to negotiate directly after their capture, but the Athenians were then doing so well that they would not listen to any reasonable proposals. After the defeat at Delium, however, the Spartans, realizing that Athens would now be more inclined to come to terms, immediately concluded the armistice for one year, in which it was provided that meetings should take place to see whether this period could be extended. Now Athens had suffered another defeat at Amphipolis, and Cleon and Brasidas were dead – the two people who on each side had been most opposed to peace, Brasidas because of the success and honour which had come to him through war, Cleon because he thought that in a time of peace and quiet people would be more likely to notice his evil doings and less likely to believe his slander of others. This was the moment, then, when even greater efforts to secure peace were made by the two statesmen who had the best claims to influence in each city, the Spartan King Pleistoanax, the son of Pausanias, and Nicias, the son of Niceratus, who had done better in his military commands than anyone else of his time.

Thucydides, *History of the Peloponnesian War*, 5.15–16

SOURCE J *In this comic satire by Aristophanes, performed in Athens in 421 BCE, the god Hermes explains why Peace was not given a chance.*

“[The politicians] knew very well that the ordinary people were poor and short of bread; but they drove Peace out of town with a sharp goad made of bluster – and though she loved the City and kept coming back over and over again, they always chucked her out again. In the allied states they blackmailed all the men of any importance with allegations they were in league with Brasidas; and every time, like a pack of hounds, you¹ tore the victim to pieces. The City was pale and frightened, and any bit of juicy slander anyone threw at it, it snapped it up. When the allies realized what was happening they rushed to stop the politicians’ mouths with money. So a few men became richer and richer, while Greece was being bled white under your noses. And you know who was the greatest exponent of all this. It was the Tanner²!”

Aristophanes, *Peace*, 635–48

¹ you: the Athenians
² the Tanner: Cleon