

SECTION A: Culture

Source A: A wall decoration from a house in Herculaneum depicting the god Neptune



Source B: A wall painting from the House of Menander in Pompeii



Source C: Marble tablet commemorating the retirement of a charioteer in Rome

Gaius Apuleius Diocles, charioteer of the Red Faction, Spaniard by birth, 42 years old, 7 months, 23 days. His first chariot race was in the White Faction {in AD 122} and he won his first victory in this Faction in {AD 124}. His first chariot race in the Green Faction was in {AD 128}. His first victory in the Red Faction was in {AD 131}. He drove teams of chariot-horses for 24 years, started in 4,257 races, and won 1,462 times...

Total earnings received: 35,863,120 sesterces.

(extracts from *ILS 5287*)

Source D: Marble relief showing a chariot race

Source E: A slave girl attends her mistress

The mistress's household regime is no less cruel than a Sicilian tyrant's court. If she has a date, then she wants to be beautified even above her usual standard...

That's bad luck for Psecas, the slave girl, who will be doing her mistress's hair, with her own scalp torn, and her breasts and shoulders bared.

'Why is this curl sticking out?' the mistress demands, with the bull-hide strap ready to swiftly avenge the foul crime of a twisted curl. Why is it Psecas' fault? How can it be the slave girl's fault if your own nose displeases you? It is as if the mistress's reputation were at stake, as if life itself were at stake.

(Juvenal, *Satire* 6, abridged)

Source F: Inscription from Pompeii advertising a gladiatorial show

The gladiator troupe of Aulus Suetlius Certus, aedile, will fight at Pompeii on 31 May. There will be a hunt and awnings.

CIL IV 1189

Source G: The emperor Augustus puts on shows for the people

Augustus surpassed all his predecessors in the frequency, variety and greatness of his public shows. He states that he gave games four times in his own name, and twenty-three times for other magistrates. He gave plays on many stages with actors in all languages; combats of gladiators and a fight with wild beasts, and a sea-fight, constructing an artificial lake near the Tiber.

Suetonius, *Augustus* 43 (abridged)

SECTION B: Literature

Source H: Juvenal discusses the dangers of living in the city

And now let's consider all the other varied dangers, at night: 1
What a long way it is for a tile from the highest roof to fall 2
On your head; how often a cracked and leaky pot plunges down 3
From a sill; what a crash when they strike the pavement, chipping 4
And cracking the stones. If you go out to dinner without making 5
A will, you're thought of as simply careless, dismissive of those
Tragic events that occur: there are as many opportunities to die,
As there are open windows watching you, when you go by, at night.
So I'd make a wretched wish and a prayer, as you go, that they'll
Rest content with simply emptying their brimming pots over you.
The impudent drunk's annoyed if by chance there's no one at all
To set upon, spending the whole night grieving, like Achilles for
His friend, lying now on his face, and then, turning onto his back:

Juvenal, *Satires* 3.268–280

Source I: Pliny describes the brutal murder of Larcus Macedo

Larcus Macedo, a person of Praetorian rank, has suffered at the hands of his slaves a horrid barbarity, that deserves to be the subject of something more than a private letter, though he was an arrogant and cruel master, rather too forgetful or I should say rather too mindful that his own father was once a slave.

He was bathing at his villa at Formiae; they suddenly surrounded him. One seized him by the throat, another struck his face, and others trampled on his chest, his stomach, and actually, shocking to say, on his private parts! When they thought he was unconscious, they threw him onto the boiling-hot floor of the bath, to try and see if he was alive. Larcus lay there stretched out, and motionless, either because he really was unconscious, or because he was pretending to be and convinced them of having killed him.

At last they brought him out, pretending that he had fainted as a result the heat of the bath. Some of his more trusty slaves received him and his mistresses ran and gathered around him with shouting and shrieking. The noise of their cries, together with the fresh air, brought him round, and he gave signs (as it was now safe) that he was alive, by flickering his eyelids and moving his body. The slaves fled in different directions, but the greater part of them have been captured, and search is being made for the rest. With much difficulty, he was kept alive for a few days, and then he died but not before he had the consolation of seeing his murder avenged while he lived.

So there you see to what indignities, outrages, and dangers we are exposed. Nor can anyone be safe because he is lenient and kind, for masters are murdered not by slaves' reasoning but by their brutality.

Pliny, *Letters: Brutal Murder* 3:14

Source J: A slave brings in a pig for the guests at Trimalchio's Dinner Party

Then Trimalchio, looking more and more at it said, "What? What? Has this pig not been gutted? No it hasn't, by god. Call the cook, call him in here." When the sad cook stood at the table and was saying that he had forgotten to gut it, Trimalchio exclaimed, "What? Forgotten? You would think he had not thrown in the pepper and cumin. Strip him!"

There was no delay. The cook was stripped and stood gloomily between two torturers. However, everyone began to beg and to say. "It sometimes happens; we ask you, you could release him. If he does it afterwards none of us will ask on his behalf." I, being of very cruel temperament, was not able to contain myself but leaning towards Agamemnon's ear I said: "Clearly this slave must be very careless. Could anyone forget to gut a pig? I wouldn't forgive him, by god, if he overlooked a fish."

But not Trimalchio who said, his face relaxing in mirth, "And so, because you have such a poor memory, gut it in front of us."

The cook put on his tunic, took up a knife and cut the pig's stomach here and there with a trembling hand. Without delay, as the wounds grew larger from the pressure of the weight, sausages and black puddings poured out.

After this play-acting the household gave a clap and shouted: "Three cheers for Gaius!" Not only that, the cook was honoured with a drink and a silver crown, and received the cup on a platter of Corinthian bronze.

Petronius, *Satyricon: Dinner Party with Trimalchio* 49–50

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