



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Friday 10 June 2022 – Afternoon

GCSE (9–1) Classical Civilisation

J199/22 Roman city life

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 vase showing two gladiators competing in an amphitheatre



Vase from the British Museum

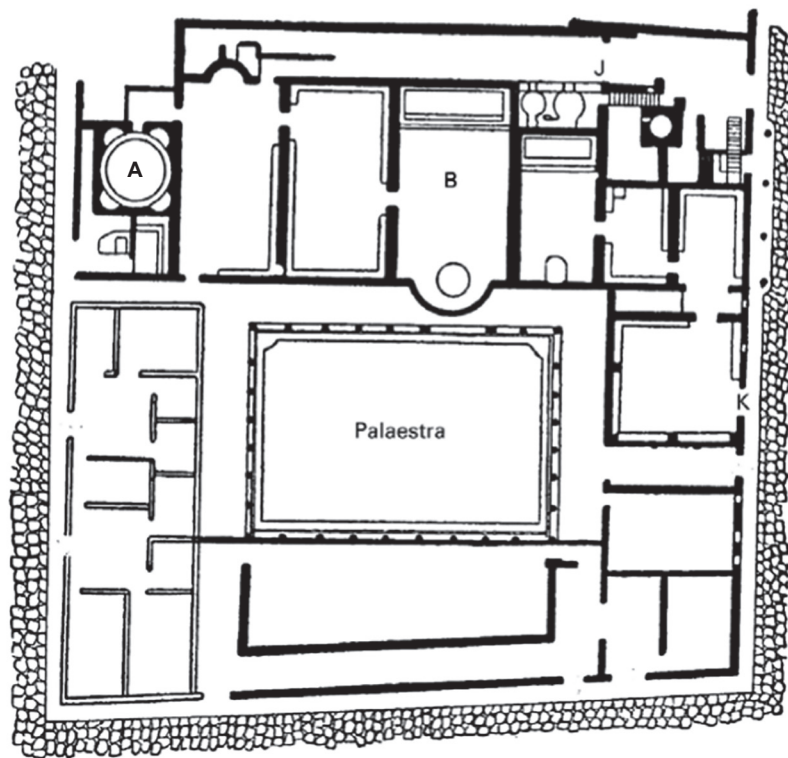
Source B: Drawings of the tomb of Naevoleia Tyche**Source C:** Translation of the inscription from the tomb of Naevoleia Tyche

'Naevoleia Tyche, freedwoman of Lucius Naevoleius, for herself and for Gaius Munatius Faustus, member of the Brotherhood of Augustus and Country District Dweller, to whom the town councillors with the consent of the people decreed an honorific seat for his merits.

Naevoleia Tyche built this monument in her lifetime for her freedmen and freedwomen and for those of Gaius Munatius Faustus.'

[CIL X 1030]

Source D: A plan of the Central Baths in Herculaneum



Source E: An inscription from Pompeii

'Thalamus, his client, elects Publius Paquius Proculus duumvir with judicial power.'

(Inscription F14 CIL 933)

Source F: A poem by Martial from a client to his patron Paulus

If I did not wish and deserve to find you at your home early this morning, Paulus, may your house on the Esquiline Hill be moved further still away from me! But I must struggle up the steep path of the slope, over the dirty stones and the steps that are never dry, and I can scarcely get through the long droves of mules and the marble blocks which you see being dragged by many ropes. What's even worse is that when I am exhausted after a thousand toils, Paulus, your porter tells me that you are not even at home! That's the result of my pointless efforts and my poor soaking toga: even to have seen Paulus so early was hardly worth it. Will the dutiful client always cultivate friends that are so neglectful? You cannot rule me, Paulus, unless you sleep longer in the mornings!

(Martial, Epigrams 5.22, abbreviated extracts)

SECTION B: Literature

Source G: Encolpius and his friends visit Trimalchio's house

Moreover, while I was gawping at everything I almost fell flat on my back and broke my legs. For on the left for those coming in, not far from the porter's store room, was a huge dog, bound by a chain, drawn on the wall; and above it, in capital letters, was written:

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

And indeed my companions laughed at me, but I got my breath back and, undeterred, scanned the whole wall.

There was a slave market depicted with the price tags and Trimalchio himself (with hair) was holding Mercury's staff and was entering Rome, led by Minerva. After this was how he had learnt accountancy and then how he was made a treasurer. The attentive painter had reproduced everything carefully, including an inscription.

Now indeed, where the colonnade was running out, Mercury was carrying him off, lifted by the chin, to a lofty tribunal. Fortune was there with her abundant horn of plenty, and the three Fates, spinning their golden threads. I also noticed in the colonnade a company of runners exercising with their trainer. Beyond this, in a corner, I saw a large cupboard. Acting as a shrine, some silver Lares had been placed inside it, along with a marble statue of Venus and a golden casket (and not a puny one either). In this, so they said, the beard of the master himself was stored.

Therefore I began to ask the porter what pictures they had in the middle. "The Iliad and The Odyssey," he said, "and Laenas' show of gladiators."

(Petronius, Dinner Party of Trimalchio 29)

Source H: Juvenal describes the dangers of walking in Rome at night

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
 Since it's the only way he can tire himself; it takes a brawl or two
 To send him to sleep. But however worked up he is, fired by youth
 And neat wine, he steers clear of him in the scarlet cloak, who issues
 A warning as he goes on his way, with his long retinue of attendants,
 And plenty of torches besides and lamps of bronze. Yet despises me, 285
 As I pass by, by the light of the moon, as usual, or the flickering light
 Of a candle, whose wick I take great care of, and cautiously regulate.
 Take note of the setting awaiting a wretched fight, if you call it a fight
 Where one of us lashes out, and the other one, me, takes a beating.

If you try to say something, or try to retreat in silence, it's all the same: 297
 He'll give you a thumping regardless, and then still full of anger, say
 He's suing you for assault. This is the freedom accorded to the poor:
 When they're beaten, knocked down by fists, they can beg and plead
 To be allowed to make their way home afterwards with a few teeth left. 301

(Juvenal, Satires 3.278–289, 297–301)

Source I: Juvenal talks of the dangers of being robbed in Rome

And that's not all we need to fear; there'll be no shortage of thieves
 To rob you, when the houses are all locked up, when all the shutters
 In front of the shops have been chained and fastened, everywhere silent.
 And, ever so often, there's a vagabond with a sudden knife at work:
 Whenever the Pontine Marsh, or the Gallinarian Forest and its pines,
 Are temporarily rendered safe by an armed patrol, the rogues skip
 From there to here, heading for Rome as if to a game preserve.
 Where is the furnace or anvil not employed for fashioning chains?
 The bulk of our iron is turned into fetters; you should worry about
 An imminent shortage of ploughshares, a lack of mattocks and hoes.
 You might call our distant ancestors fortunate, fortunate those ages
 Long ago, when lives were lived under the rule of kings and tribunes,
 Those generations, that witnessed a Rome where a single prison sufficed.

(Juvenal, Satires 3.302–314)

Source J: The Country Mouse visits the Town Mouse's home

Then the two took their way together as proposed, eager to scurry
Beneath the city walls in darkness. And now night
Occupied the zenith, as the pair of them made tracks
Through a wealthy house, where covers dyed scarlet
Glowed on ivory couches, and baskets piled nearby
Held the remains of all the courses of a magnificent
Feast, that had been celebrated the previous evening.
Once the town mouse had seated the country mouse
Amongst the purple, he rushed about like a waiter,
The host serving course after course, performing the role
Himself, and not unlike a slave first tasting what he served.
The country mouse at ease enjoyed the change of style,
Playing the contented guest amongst all the good things,
When suddenly a great crashing of doors, shakes them
From their places. They run through the hall in fear, stricken
By greater panic when the high hall rings to the barking
Of Molossian hounds. Then says the country mouse: 'This
Life's no use to me: and so, farewell: my woodland hole,
And simple vetch, safe from such scares, they'll do for me.'

(Horace, Satires 2.6 96–115)

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