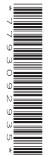


Wednesday 5 June 2019 – Morning GCSE (9–1) Classical Civilisation

J199/22 Roman city life

Insert

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes



INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- · The questions tell you which source you need to use.
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SECTION A

Culture

Source A: The House of Menander, Pompeii.



Source B

I was happy to learn from people who had just visited you that you live on friendly terms with your slaves. This attitude is quite in keeping with your good sense and liberal education. Some people say, "They're just slaves." But they are fellow human beings! "They're just slaves." But they live with us! "They're just slaves." In fact, they are our fellow slaves, if you stop to consider that fate has as much control over us as it has over them.

And therefore I have to laugh at those silly people who think it is degrading for someone to eat dinner with his slave. Why do they think this way? Only because we have this very arrogant custom of surrounding a master with a crowd of slaves standing at attention when he is dining. [...] But the poor slaves are not allowed, while all this is going on, to move their lips to speak. A whip punishes any murmur and not even accidents – a cough, a sneeze, a hiccup, – are let pass without a beating. [...]

We have a common saying about this very arrogance: "You have as many enemies as you have slaves." More correctly, we *make* them enemies.

Seneca *Letters* 47 1–5 (with omissions)

Source C

Image One: The insula of Diana, Ostia.



Image Two: The House in Opus Craticium, Herculaneum.

Opus Craticium is a method of building, using wooden frames filled with broken bricks and stones.



SECTION B

Literature

Source D

Learn how great the virtue is, my friends, of plain living (This isn't my advice, but Ofellus' peasant teaching, An unorthodox philosopher, and an 'idiot' savant) But not amongst the gleaming dishes on the table, When you're dazzled by the sight of senseless show, 5 And the mind tuned to sham things shuns what's better, Discuss it with me here before we eat. 'But, why now?' I'll tell you if I can. Every judge who's bribed weighs The evidence badly. But when you've hunted hares, Tired by a spirited horse, or when Roman army sports 10 Fatigue one used to all things Greek, or fast ball-games Appeal, where hard toil's sweetened by the competition, Or the discus (hurl that discus through the yielding air!) -When exercise has made you less fastidious, hungry, Thirsty, then spurn plain food, refuse to drink the mead 15 Unless it's honey from Hymettus and red Falernian! The butler's off, a dark and wintry sea hides its fish, Well, bread and salt will soothe a rumbling belly. Why so? The greatest pleasure's not in costly flavours, it resides 20 In you yourself. Obtain your sauce by sweating: pallid Diners, living bloated from excess, can't take delight In their ocean wrasse, or oysters, or imported grouse.

Horace Satires 2.2. 1-22

Source E

And the huge massed ranks that follow behind crush my kidneys; This man sticks out his elbow, that one flails with a solid pole.	245
This man strikes my head with a beam, that one with a barrel.	
Legs caked with mud, I'm forever trampled by mighty feet	
From every side, while a soldier's hobnailed boot pierces my toe.	
Do you see all the smoke that rises, to celebrate a hand-out?	
There's a hundred diners each followed by his portable kitchen.	250
Corbulo, that huge general, could scarce carry all those vast pots,	
With all the rest that the poor little slave transports, on his head.	
Fanning the oven, he runs along, his body held perfectly upright.	
Recently-mended tunics are ripped, while a long fir log judders	
As it looms near, while another cart's bearing a whole pine-tree.	255
They teeter threateningly over the heads of those people below.	
Now, if that axle breaks under the weight of Ligurian marble,	
And spills an upturned mountain on top of the dense crowd,	
What will be left of the bodies? What limbs, what bones will	
Survive? Every man's corpse wholly crushed will vanish along	260
With his soul.	

Juvenal Satires 3.244-261

Source F

I began to dig out all the gossip and to interrogate him: who was that woman who was running here and there? "Trimalchio's wife," he said. "She's called Fortunata and she measures her money by the bucket-load. And what was she a little while ago? You will have to forgive me if I say you would not have wanted to take bread from her hand. Now, without why or wherefore, she is in heaven and is Trimalchio's be-all and end-all. In short, if she says to him at high noon that it is dark, he will believe her. He doesn't know himself what he's got, he's so loaded. This shrew foresees everything, even where you wouldn't think. She is dry, sober, full of good ideas, you see so much gold, but she has a wicked tongue and is like a magpie on his couch. Anyone she likes, she likes. Anyone she doesn't like, she doesn't like. Trimalchio himself has farms that stretch as far as a kite can fly, millions and millions. More silver lies in the storeroom of that man's doorkeeper than anyone else has in his whole fortune. And his servants, my oh my, I don't think a tenth of them know who their master is, by god. In short, he would cast any of that nouveau riche lot into the shade."

Petronius Satyricon: Dinner with Trimalchio 37

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