

CSCP Support Materials

Teaching Support Publication

for

WJEC Level 2 Certificate in Latin Language and Roman Civilisation  
Unit 9522: Roman Civilisation Topics  
Topic 4: Entertainment and Leisure

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## Introduction

This booklet of sources on Entertainment and Leisure is intended to support teachers and students preparing for Topic 4 of the WJEC **Level 2** Certificate in Latin Language and Roman Civilisation.

### **Important notice: the purpose and status of this booklet**

The purpose of this booklet is to provide teachers with a wide range of sources for their teaching. It should therefore be considered only as a **teaching support publication**. At Level 2 such booklets are **not** intended to be definitive catalogues of sources which may be used in the examination and students should not attempt, nor be encouraged, to 'rote learn' the sources contained within. Although examiners may use some of the sources in the booklets, other similar sources may also be used in the Level 2 examination.

Likewise, teachers should feel under no obligation to study any or all of the sources contained herein with their students.

### **Note on differences between Level 1 and Level 2**

Different regulations apply at Level 1 and Level 2. At Level 1, shorter booklets containing a restricted number of sources are available. The Level 1 examination papers will use only sources from the Level 1 booklets. Please visit the WJEC website, or the Level 1 area of this website, for the Level 1 booklets.

### **Relevant Stages of the *Cambridge Latin Course***

Book I of the *Cambridge Latin Course* and the accompanying *Teacher's Guide* contain primary source material, together with explanatory texts, to support this topic:

Stage 5: The theatre

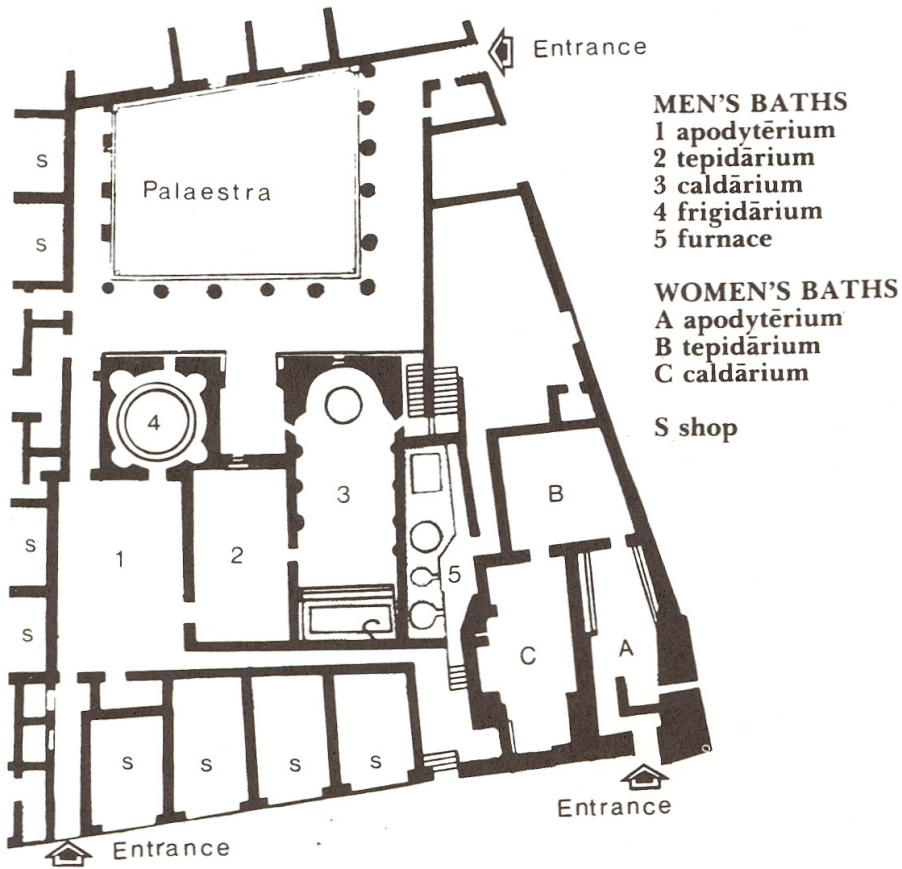
Stage 8: Gladiatorial shows

Stage 9: The baths

There is also material in Book IV:

Stage 33: Entertainment

## Baths



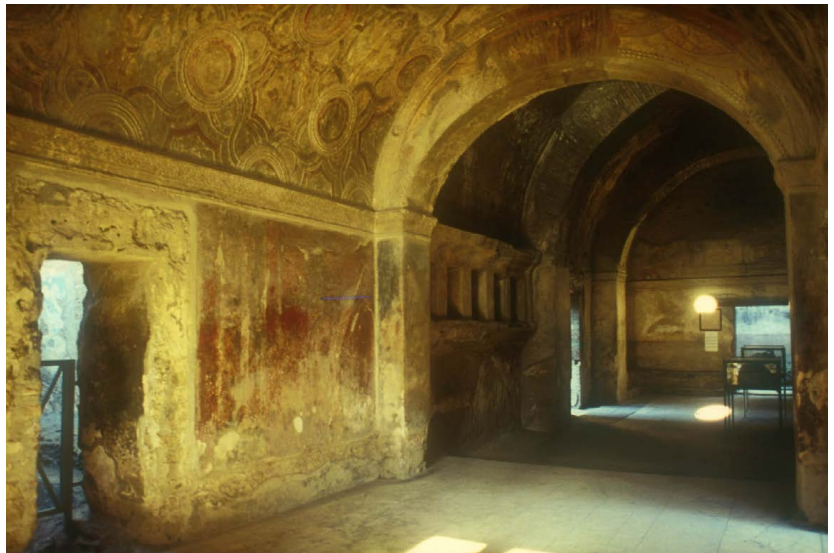
Plan of the Forum Baths, Pompeii



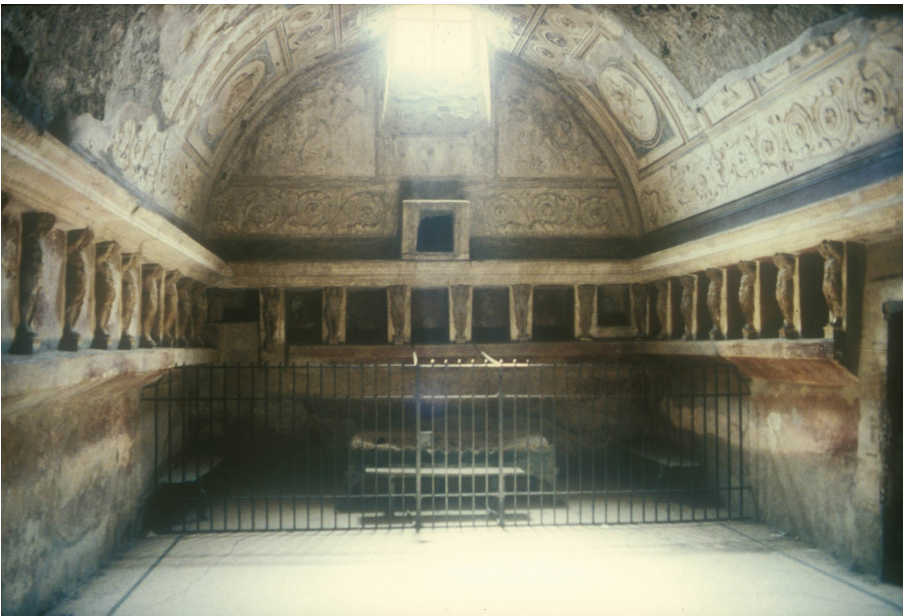
Palaestra of the Stabian Baths, Pompeii



**Statue of a boxer from the Baths of Constantine in Rome**



**Apodyterium of the Stabian Baths, Pompeii**



**Tepidarium of the Stabian Baths, Pompeii**



**Strigils and oil pots, found at Pompeii**



**Women's caldarium of the Forum Baths, Herculaneum**



**Caldarium of the Forum Baths, Herculaneum**



**Frigidarium of the Stabian Baths, Pompeii**



### **Seneca, *Epistles* LVI**

I'm surrounded by every sort of racket. I'm living at the moment above a public baths. Just imagine all the different noises! They are enough to make me hate my own ears. There are some athletic gentlemen down below doing their exercises - whirling their arms around with lead weights in their fists. While they are hard at it (or pretending to be hard at it) I can hear them grunting and groaning and all sorts of whistles and squeaks as they breathe in and out. Every now and again some layabout comes in for a cheap oil and rub-down. He lies flat out and I can hear the clap clop of the attendant's hand as it smacks his customer's shoulders. You can tell by the sound whether he's used the flat of his hand or cupped it! But the worst of all is when one of them starts to play a ball game and I can hear him shouting out the score!

On top of all this you get fights breaking out, the racket of thieves caught in the act and the fellow who fancies the sound of his own voice in the bath. Then there are the people who love to leap into the water with a great splash!

At least these people have all got normal voices - but when it comes to the hairplucker! Just imagine his squeaky wail as he goes looking for customers. He shrieks and shrieks and never stops - except when he's plucking armpits and making his customer shriek instead.

I don't want to bore you with a list of all the sausage-sellers, the cake-sellers and the men that go round hawking snacks. Everyone of them has his own special cry to tell you what he's got for sale.

Some noises don't bother me - carriages rumbling past, the hammering of the carpenter who rents the shop at the front or the clang of the blacksmith next door. I don't even mind the man who plays his pipes at the dripping fountain outside. He doesn't make music - just a din!



**Western library, Baths of Caracalla, Rome**



**Imperial Roman Baths, Trier, Germany**

## Theatre



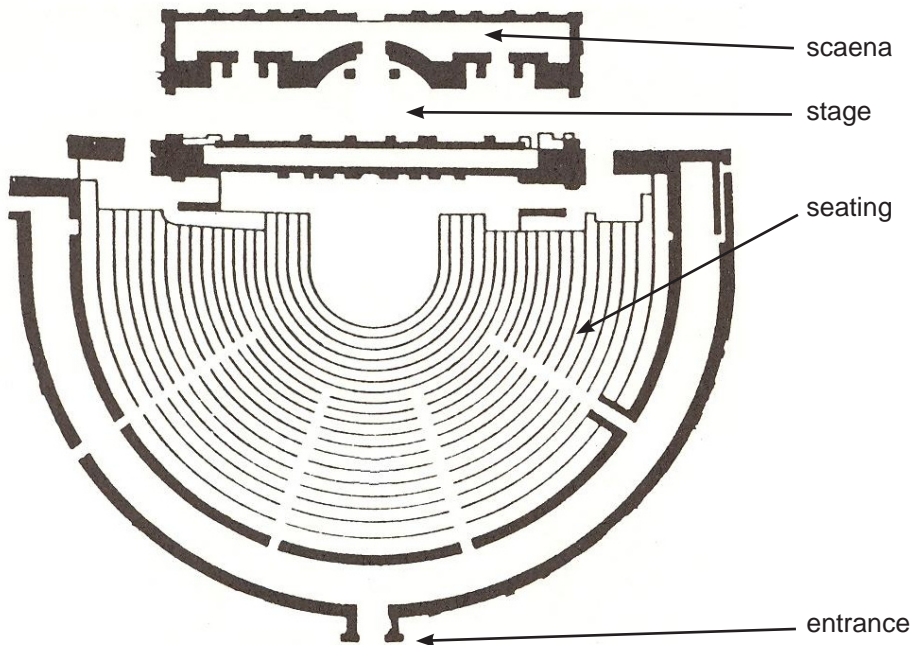
**Indoor Theatre, Pompeii**



**Outdoor Theatre, Pompeii**



**Theatre, Augusta Raurica, Switzerland**



**Plan of a theatre**

**Ovid, *Ars Amatoria* 1.89-100**

*The poet Ovid suggests that theatres are good places to meet girls.*

But you especially should go hunting in the rounded theatres;  
these places are more productive for your wish.

There you will find somebody you may love, somebody you may be able to string along,  
somebody you may touch once, and somebody you may wish to keep hold of.

Just as the numerous ant goes back and goes forth in a long procession,  
when it carries the usual food in its grainbearing mouth,  
or as the bees, having found both their own glades and the fragrant  
pastures, fly among the flowers and the tips of thyme,

so the very dolled-up lady rushes to the crowded games;  
the abundance has often delayed my choice.

They come to watch; they come so that they themselves may be watched;  
that place involves the loss of chaste modesty.

**Suetonius, *The Deified Julius Caesar* 39**

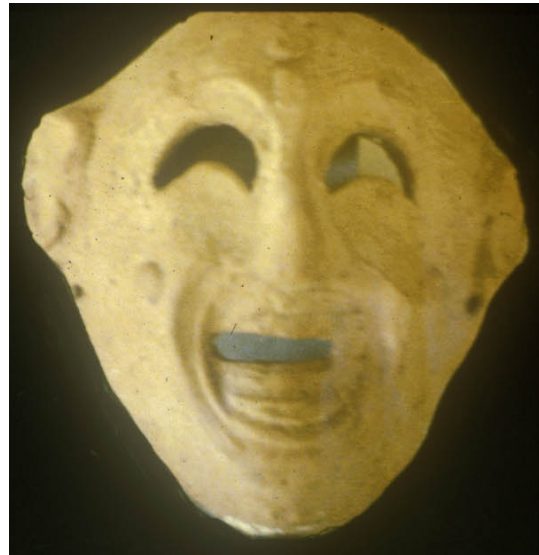
Amongst the plays was a mime, written and performed by Decimus Laberius, a man of equestrian rank. He was given 500 000 sesterces and a gold ring for his performance and then left the stage and crossed the orchestra to take his seat in the fourteen rows reserved for men of his rank.

**CIL 6.32323 Inscription, notice about the Saecular Games**

Latin plays in the wooden theatre which is next to the Tiber at the second hour; Greek shows in the Theatre of Pompey at the third hour; Greek stage plays in the theatre which is in the Circus Flaminius at the fourth hour.



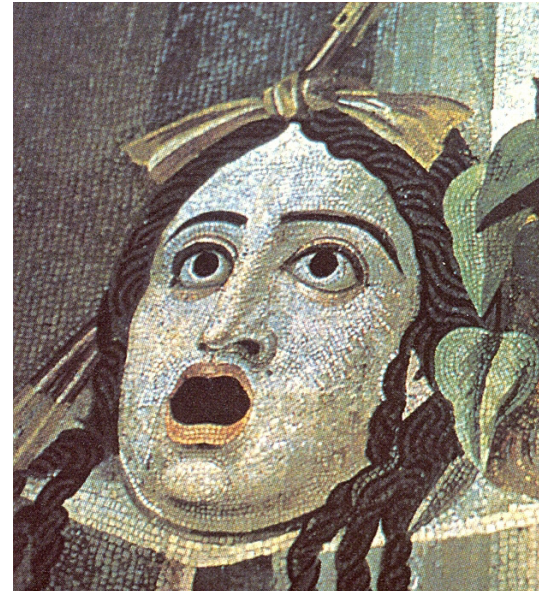
Modern replica of a mask



Pottery model of a mask found in Carthage



Wall painting showing the mask of a tragic actor playing the part of Oceanus, Pompeii



Mask of a slave girl character, Rome

**Terence, *Hecyra* prologue**

When I first put on new plays of Caecilius, sometimes I was driven from the stage, and sometimes I barely held my ground.

**Plautus, *Menaechmi* prologue**

This is what poets do in comedies: they say that everything occurs in Athens, so it will seem even more Greek to you; as for me, I will say this story occurred nowhere except where it is said to have happened.

**Plautus, *Captivi* epilogue**

Spectators, this play was made in accordance with chaste morals. In it there is nothing erotic, no love affair, no false placing of a boy, no stealing of money, nor does a young lover free a prostitute behind his father's back. Poets find few comedies of this type, where the good become better. Now it is your turn: if you like this and we have pleased you rather than bored you, send this sign: applaud, if you want chastity to be rewarded.

## Plautus, *Ghost*

Master: What's this, the door locked in broad daylight? Hello, is anyone in? Open the door, will you!

Slave: Who's this at our door?

Master: Why it's my slave, Tranio.

Slave: Hello, master. I'm glad to see you're back safely.

Master: What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?

Slave: What do you mean?

Master: I mean that you are wandering about outside. There's no-one inside to unlock the door and no-one to answer it. I've nearly broken down the door with my knocking.

Slave: You didn't touch the door, did you?

Master: Of course I touched it! I battered it!

Slave: Oh no!

Master: What's the matter?

Slave: Something terrible.

Master: What do you mean?

Slave: It's too awful to talk about, the dreadful thing you've done.

Master: What?

Slave: Run! Get away from the house. Run!

Master: Oh, for heaven's sake, tell me what's the matter.

Slave: No-one has set foot in this house for the last seven months, ever since we moved out.

Master: Why is that? Tell me straight.

Slave: Take a look around. See if there's anyone who can hear us.

Master: There's no-one. Out with it!

Slave: A dreadful crime was committed.

Master: What sort of crime? Who committed it? Tell me.

Slave: The man who sold you the house murdered a guest here.

Master: Murdered him?

Slave: And stole his money and buried him, here in the house.

Master: What makes you suspect this?

Slave: I can tell you. Listen. One night, after your son came back from a dinner party, we all went to bed and fell asleep. Then suddenly he gave out a yell.

Master: Who? My son?

Slave: Sshhh. Quiet. Just listen. He said the dead man came to him in a dream and said, "I am Diapontius, a stranger from over the sea. I haunt this house. I cannot enter the Underworld because I died before my time. My host murdered me for my money and buried me in this house secretly and without a proper funeral." Go from this place now. This house is accursed. Good heavens! What's that?

Master: The door creaked.

Slave: I'm done for. Those fools inside will ruin me and my story.

Master: What's that you're saying?

Slave: Get away from the door. Run, for heaven's sake.

Master: Oh, run where? Oh, you run with me!

Slave: I've nothing to fear. I'm at peace with the dead.

Voice: Hey, Tranio.

Slave: You won't call me if you've any sense. I didn't knock on the door.

Master: Who are you talking to, Tranio?

Voice: Hey, Tranio.

Slave: Was it you who called me? I thought the ghost was getting angry because you knocked on the door. Why are you still standing here? Get away as fast as you can and pray to Hercules.

Master: O, Hercules. I pray to thee.

Slave: So do I, to bring this old chap the worst of luck.



**Statuette of an actor playing a slave sitting on an altar**



**Two actors playing a man and woman, from the garden of a house in Pompeii**



**Marble relief of a scene from a comedy, showing (right) a drunken youth with his slave and (left) his father, who is being prevented by another slave from intervening**



**Ivory relief showing a pantomimus with his masks and props**

**Pliny, *Letters* 7.24**

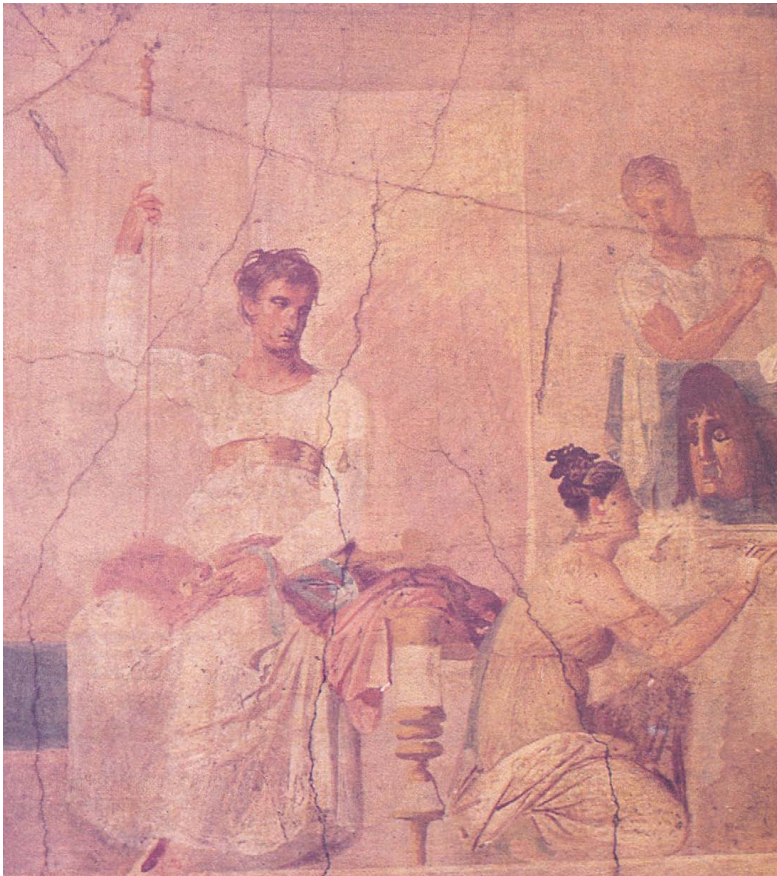
At the most recent sacerdotal games, after her pantomime actors had been entered in the opening event, when Quadratus and I were leaving the theatre together, he said to me: “Do you know that today I have seen my grandmother’s freedman dancing for the first time?” This much about her grandson. But, by Hercules, complete strangers used to stream into the theatre with flattery in honour of Quadratilla (I am ashamed to have said honour), they used to prance about, clap and admire her. Then with songs they used to copy every gesture of their mistress.

**Suetonius, *The Deified Augustus* 45**

Augustus was so severe on the misbehaviour of actors that when he found that Stephanio, an actor in Roman plays, was meeting with a respectable Roman lady, he ordered that the actor be whipped with rods in each of the three theatres in Rome. And when the praetor made a complaint against Hylas, the pantomime actor, Augustus had him whipped in the atrium of his own house with a crowd of people watching. And when Pylades made an insulting gesture at a member of the audience who had hissed at him, he exiled the actor from Italy.



**A tragic actor and his mask, from a wall painting in Pompeii**



**Wall painting from Herculaneum, showing a tragic actor**

## The amphitheatre



**The amphitheatre, Pompeii**



**The Colosseum, Rome**



**Coin of the Emperor Titus, celebrating the opening of the Colosseum**



**Amphitheatre, Trier**



**Floor of the arena, Puteoli**



**Interior of the Colosseum**



**Wooden pillars supporting the arena floor, Trier**



**Seating at the Colosseum**



**Seats at the amphitheatre in Pompeii**



**Wall painting showing a riot at the amphitheatre in Pompeii**

**Tacitus, *Annals* XIV.17**

About this time, a slight incident led to a serious outburst of rioting between the people of Pompeii and Nuceria. It occurred at a show of gladiators, sponsored by Livineius Regulus. While hurling insults at each other, in the usual manner of country people, they suddenly began to throw stones as well. Finally they drew swords and attacked each other. The men of Pompeii won the fight. As a result, most of the families of Nuceria lost a father or a son. Many of the wounded were taken to Rome, where the Emperor Nero requested the Senate to hold an inquiry. After the inquiry, the Senate forbade the Pompeians to hold such shows for ten years. Livineius and others who had encouraged the riot were sent into exile.



Two gladiators



A highly decorated helmet from Pompeii



Graffito from a house in Pompeii, showing two gladiators fighting

**Martial, *Epigrams* V.24**

Hermes, warlike delight of our time,  
Hermes, skilled with every weapon,  
Hermes, both gladiator and trainer,  
Hermes, storm and shaker of his own gladiator school,  
Hermes, the only one whom Helios fears,  
Hermes, the only one to whom Advolans falls  
Hermes, taught to win and not to wound,  
Hermes, substitute for himself,  
Hermes, source of riches for the ticket sellers,  
Hermes, care and worry of the women of the gladiator school,  
Hermes, proud with his warlike spear,  
Hermes, threatening with his sea trident,  
Hermes, to be feared in his swooping helmet,  
Hermes, glory of all war,  
Hermes, alone he is everything and he is three times that.



A gladiator fights another who has dropped his shield, pottery lamp, Trier



A retiarius fighting with a secutor on a pottery lamp



Retiarius from a relief found in Chester

### Inscription, Pompeii

A Thracian versus a Murmillo

Won: Pugnax from Nero's school: three times a winner

Died: Murranus from Nero's school: three times a winner

A Heavily-armed Gladiator versus a Thracian

Won: Cycnus from the school of Julius: eight times a winner

Allowed to live: Atticus from the school of Julius: eight times a winner

Chariot Fighters

Won: Scylax from the school of Julius: 26 times a winner

Allowed to live: Publius Ostorius: 51 times a winner



**Mosaic showing a victory for a gladiator called Licentiosus**



**Two female gladiators, from a relief found at Halicarnassus, Turkey**

**Graffito, Pompeii**

Albanus, nineteen fights, victor.

**Graffito, Pompeii**

Twenty pairs of gladiators, given by Lucretius Satrius Valens, priest of Nero, and ten pairs of gladiators provided by his son will fight at Pompeii from 8 to 12 April. There will also be an animal hunt. Awnings will be provided.

**Martial, *On the Spectacles* 8**

Illustrious fame used to sing about Hercules' task, a lion struck down in the wide valley of Nemea. Let belief in ancient things fall quiet, for since your shows, Caesar, now we have seen these things done by a woman's hand.



A defeated gladiator is put to death, from a mosaic in Rome



A mosaic from Bou Argoub, Tunisia, showing prizes for winning contests



A gladiator's discharge ticket

### **Martial, *On the Spectacles* 8**

As Priscus and Verus each drew out the contest and for a long time the fight between them was equal, discharge for the men was often sought with loud shouts. But Caesar himself obeyed his own law (the law was that the fight go on without shield until a finger was raised). What was allowed he did, often giving dishes and presents. But an end was found for the even contest: equal they fought, equal they yielded. Caesar sent wooden swords to both and palms of victory to both. Valour and skill got their reward. This has happened under no emperor but you, Caesar: when two fought and each of them was the winner.

### **Augustine, *Confessions* VI.8**

He refused to attend. But one day a group of fellow-students brushed aside his protests and carried him off to the arena. 'Well', he said, 'you may get me here by force, but don't think you can force me to watch the show'. They found their seats. Alypius shut his eyes. An incident in the fight provoked the crowd to a great roar; he could not contain his curiosity. He opened his eyes; at once he was hooked; the moment he saw blood, it was as though he had drunk a full draught of savage passion. The thrill of seeing blood was an intoxication. When he left the arena, he had no peace till he could go again.



A mosaic from Nennig, Germany, with scenes from the amphitheatre



Beast-fighter fighting an ostrich, bull and a stag

### Graffito, Pompeii

On the occasion of the dedication of the [...], at the expense of Cnaeus Alleius Nigidius Maius, there will be a wild beast hunt, athletes; the arena will be sprayed and the awning will be used. Prosperity to Maius, leader of the Colony.



Execution of a man by a leopard, from a mosaic in Zliten, Libya



An altar to Nemesis, from the amphitheatre at Chester

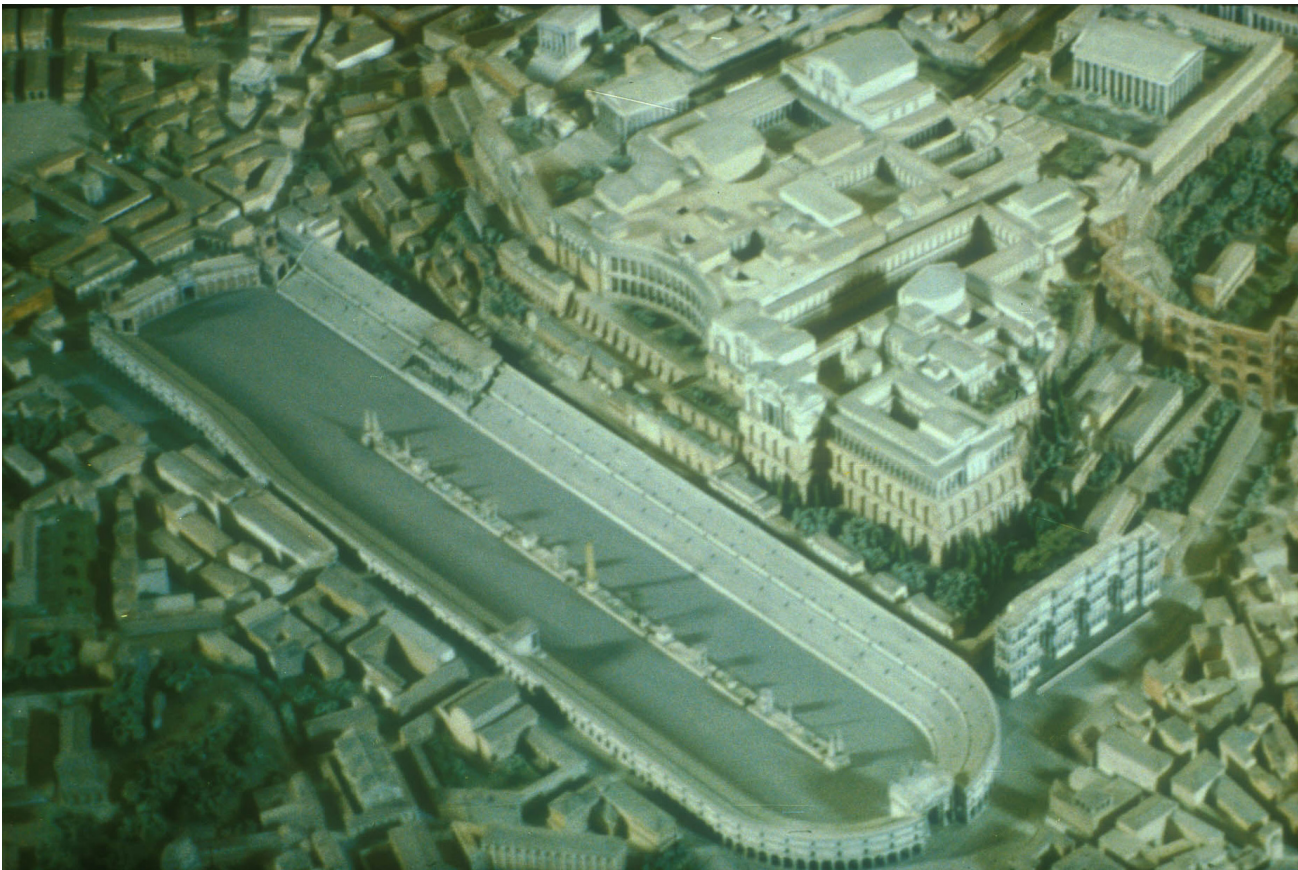


Gladiator barracks, Pompeii

## The Circus Maximus



**The Circus Maximus, looking south east**



**Model of the Circus Maximus**



Mosaic of charioteers preparing for the race, from Piazza Armerina, Sicily



Panel showing the procession before the start of the race, Rome



A relief from Ostia, showing starting gates and spina at the Circus

**Sidonius Apollinaris, *Carmina* 23.360-6**

Grooms held the horses by the bridles and smoothed down their plaited manes. The horses in the traps fretted and pressed against the bars; they pushed, they trembled, they tugged, they fought against it.

**CIL VI.2099 Inscription recording festival of Dea Dia, Rome**

When the crowd had been cleared, he went up above the starting-gates and gave the signal to the two-horse and four-horse chariots and the horse-vaulters, who were under the direction of Catilius Severus (the deputy priest). Then he decorated the winners with palms and silver crowns.



Mosaic from Piazza Armerina showing the spina at the Circus

### Juvenal, *Satires* 11.197-203

All Rome's at the Circus today - the din shatters one's eardrums - I deduce the Greens have won. It's all right for the young - they enjoy the noise, and risky bets - and sitting next to a pretty girl.

### Ovid, *Amores* III.2

'I don't know anything about chariot racing but I hope your chariot wins. I only came here to sit next to you and start up a conversation. While you watch the race I'll watch you - so we'll both have a good look and enjoy ourselves. I wonder which driver you fancy. Lucky lad to attract your attention! If it was me I'd come shooting out of that starting-gate crouched down over the horses shaking the reins and cracking the whip. I'd hurtle round the bends scraping the markers with my inside wheel. Then I'd see you in the crowd and slow down. The reins would slither out of my hands while I gazed at your face. I'd win all the same though, with your support. You're moving away - but it's no good; the barrier keeps us together. That's the best thing about the Circus - you've all got to crush up close! 'Hey! You on the right! Stop squashing the young lady. You at the back! Keep your knees in! Behave yourself and stop jabbing them in her back! Look, your cloak is trailing on the ground. You'd better hitch it up. Allow me.

'How mean of that cloak to hide those lovely legs! Just like those pictures of Diana out hunting with her skirts tucked up. I bet the rest is all right too. Yes, that cloak really is mean!

'Isn't it hot? Would you like a nice cool breeze? I'll fan you with my programme, shall I? I think it's me that's getting warm, not the weather! 'Oh look! The dust has blown all over your nice white dress. Let me flick it off for you.

'Look! Look! Here comes the parade. Come on, everybody, start clapping! The parade is all glittering with gold. In front comes Victory with her wings spread out. (Don't forget me, Victory!) Next comes Neptune. He gets a big cheer from the sailors. (They must be mad to go to sea. You won't catch me doing it.) Here's Mars. He gets a round of applause from the soldiers. (I can't stand fighting - give me a peaceful life with the girls.) Now it's Phoebus for the augurs and Phoebe for the hunters. Here's Minerva to set all the craftsmen clapping. Farmers, give a good cheer for Ceres and young Bacchus. Here's Pollux for the boxers and Castor for the jockeys. Now it's my turn to clap, for here comes sweet Venus and her little boys with their bows. Oh goddess, start giving my new mistress a few ideas. Make her fall for me. Oh look! Look! The statue nodded at me! Now you give me a nod too! I swear by this whole procession of gods that I'm asking you to be mine for ever!

'Don't your feet reach down to the floor? Why not stick your toes between the railings?

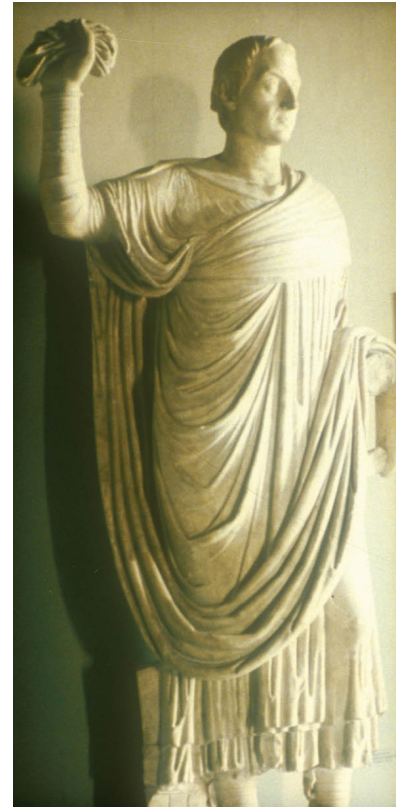
'Now the track has been cleared. It's the big event - the four-horse chariots. The praetor has given the signal. They're off! I see the one you're backing. He's bound to win, whoever he is! Even the horses seem to do what you want.

'Oh no! He's taken the turn too wide! What on earth does he think he's doing now? The fellow behind is slipping through on the inside. What are you doing, you fool! You're wasting all her promises to the gods! Come on! Come on! Use your left-hand rein. No, we've backed a loser. Replay! Replay! Come on, Romans, flap your togas for a replay! They are! They're going it! They're flapping their togas! Oh look, they're causing such a draught they'll mess up your hair. Let me hold my toga round you to keep the wind off.

'The starting-gates fly open again and they're off for the second time. The horses come bounding out in a burst of bright colours.

'Now's your chance! There's a gap. Now as fast as you can down the straight. She'll be able to keep her promise to the gods. Yes! Yes! He's won the palm.

'I've still got to get mine. Hello, she's just giggled and winked at me. I'm on! Let's go - I'll get my victory somewhere else . . .'



A magistrate holding a mappa (napkin or signal flag)



Mosaic from Spain showing the spina



A chariot approaching a turn



Green charioteer looking back as he passes the metae, from a mosaic from Piazza Armerina



**Palm awarded to the winner, Piazza Armerina mosaic**



**A mosaic showing a red charioteer, from a villa at Baccano, Italy**

**Pliny, *Natural History* 7.53.186**

When Felix, a charioteer of the Red team was being brought to his funeral pyre, one of his fans threw himself onto it.

**Juvenal, *Satires* 8.59-61**

It's speed that we value in a race horse that comes first,  
 To the crowd's jubilation and the racegoers' cries,  
 But straight up for auction, if not enough wins,  
 Goes the stock of Hirpinus, despite famous sire,  
 Changing owners for peanuts and ending at last  
 Neck chafed, pulling waggons or plodding treadmills.



A charioteer, fallen from his chariot, at a crash by the meta



A crash from a mosaic from Piazza Armerina

**Pliny, *Natural History* 28.237**

If a charioteer has been dragged and bruised, they treat him with the dung of wild boars, collected in the spring and dried. You can use it fresh if you have to. Very good for fractures. If you've been injured in a crash, it's better taken in vinegar. Nero used to drink it regularly - to prove he was a real charioteer.



Green charioteers, from a mosaic at Baccano, Italy



Egyptian papyrus showing the charioteer's protective clothing, whip and knife

**Martial, *Epigrams* 10.53**

Scorpus am I, the howling Circus' glory,  
Rome's brief delight; at twenty-seven I'm dead.  
The jealous Fates, while counting up my victories,  
Pondered, 'He must be old'; and cut my thread.

**CIL 6.10078 Gravestone**

Florus, falling  
Chariot boy,  
Once his master's  
Pride and joy:  
Forward, fast  
I longed to fly -  
Downward fell  
In shadows lie.

**CIL 6.10049 Gravestone**

Marcus Aurelius Mollicius Tatianus, born a slave, lived twenty years, eight months and seven days. He won 125 palms: 89 for the Reds, 24 for the Greens, five for the Blues, seven for the Whites.

**CIL 14.2884 Gravestone**

Gaius Appuleius Diocles, driver of the Red Faction, a Lusitanian from Spain, died aged 42 years, seven months and 23 days. I drove chariots for 24 years, ran 4257 starts and won 1462 victories.

**Pliny, *Letters* IX.6**

I have been spending all this time with my writing tablets and papers in most welcome peace. You will say: 'How could you in the city?' The races were on and I never had the slightest interest in this. There is nothing new, nothing different in them. To have seen them once is enough. I am all the more surprised that so many thousands of grown men desire so childishly to see horses racing and men standing in chariots. If they were attracted by the speed of the horses or the skill of the men there would be good reason. Now they support and worship a bit of cloth, and if the racing colours were swapped in the middle of the race they would transfer their support and enthusiasm, and quickly desert those drivers and horses whom they recognise from afar and whose names they shout out.