

**Modified Enlarged 18pt**

**OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS**

**Wednesday 3 June 2020 – Afternoon**

**GCSE (9–1) Classical Civilisation**

**J199/22 Roman city life**

**Insert**

**Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes  
plus your additional time allowance**

**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.**

**ADVICE**

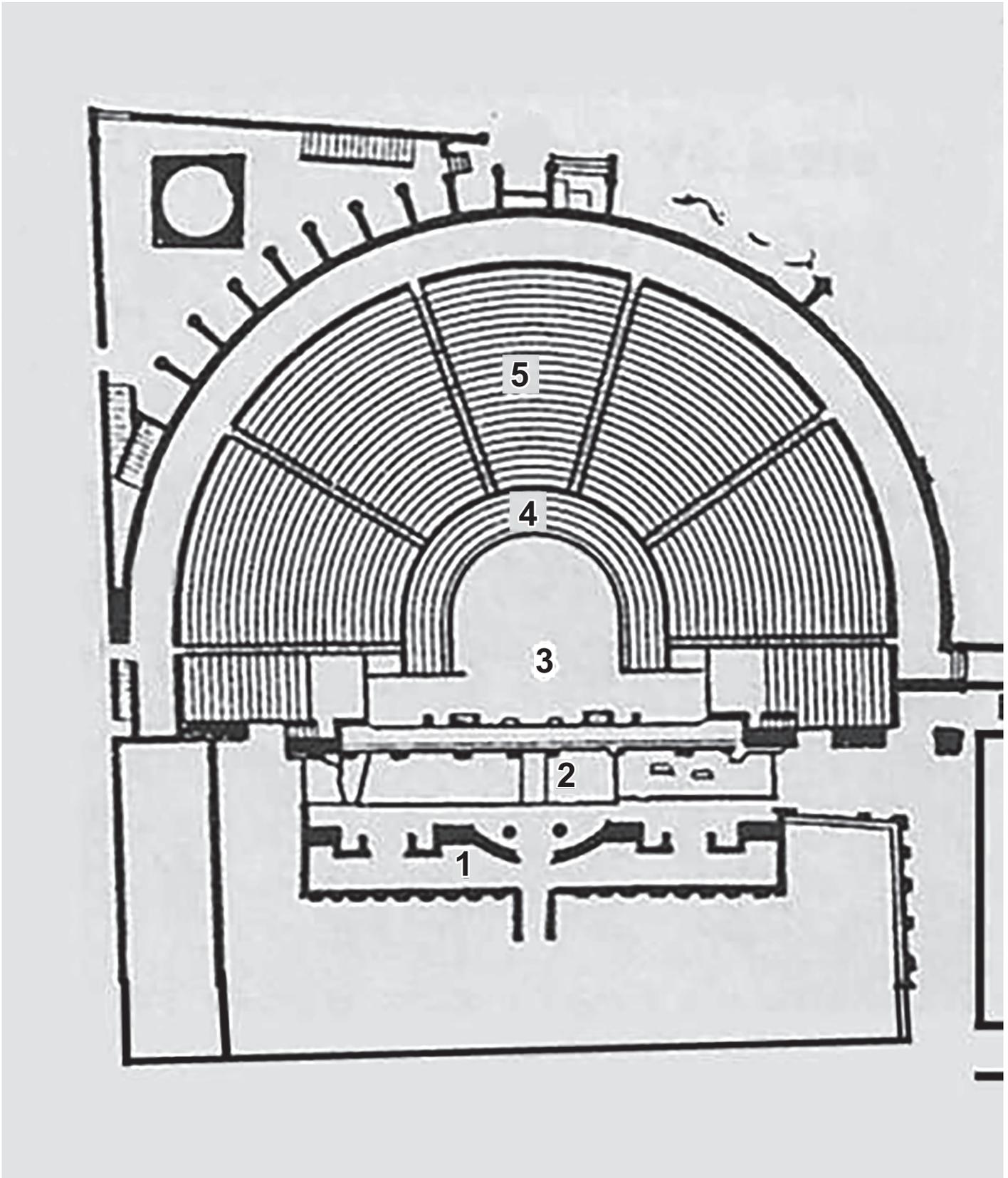
**Read this Insert carefully before you start your answers.**



# SECTION A

Culture

SOURCE A: A plan of a large Roman theatre



## **SOURCE B: An inscription**

**Marcus Holconius Rufus and Marcus Holconius Celer  
(built) at their own expense the crypt, boxes and  
theatre seating.**

**Cooley and Cooley, D51**

**SOURCE C: A scene from a Roman comedy**



## **SOURCE D: Diary extract from a Roman schoolboy**

**My slave who carries my books handed me my waxed tablets, my writing box, and my writing instruments. Sitting in my place, I smoothed over the tablets. I printed the assigned sentence. When I had finished it, I showed it to the teacher. He corrected it, wrote over my errors, and told me to read it aloud. So instructed, I recited it to another student.**

**CGL III, pp. 645–647**

## SECTION B

### Literature

#### SOURCE E

It is extraordinary how on individual days in Rome the account book of life either balances or seems to balance, and on several successive days it does not! For if you asked anyone “What did you do today?” he would answer:

“I was present at a coming of age ceremony, I went to an engagement or wedding. X asked me to the signing of a will. X asked me to give him legal assistance. X asked me for advice.”

On the day you do them, these things seem important; but the same things, if you consider that you have done these every day, seem pointless – much more so when you go to the country. For then comes reflection: how many days have I wasted on such dull things!

This occurs to me, in my Laurentine home, when I am reading something or writing something, or even when I am free for exercise, for it is by bodily fitness that the mind is sustained. I hear nothing which I regret that I heard, I say nothing which I regret that I said. There is no one at my house who slanders anyone with scandalous gossip; I myself blame no one except myself, when I don't write well enough. I am hassled by no ambition, no fear and I am troubled by no gossip. I talk only with myself and with my little books. What a good and honest life! What delightful and virtuous leisure time and more wonderful than almost all business.

## SOURCE F

In Rome you drag me off to be guarantor:

‘Up, lest someone else responds first to duty’s call!’

I have to go, even if northerlies sweep the earth,

Or winter’s narrowing circle brings a snowy day,

Then, after declaring, loudly, clearly, whatever may

Work against me, barge through the crowd, hurting the tardy.

‘What’s with you, idiot, what are you up to?’ Some wretch

Curses angrily: ‘There you go, jostling all in your way

When you’re hurrying back to Maecenas, full of him.’

That pleases me, honey-sweet I’ll not deny. But when

I reach the mournful Esquiline, hundreds of other

People’s matters buzz round me and through my brain.

‘Roscius asks you to meet before eight, tomorrow,

At Libo’s Wall.’ ‘Quintus, the clerks say be sure to return

As there’s urgent new business of common concern.’

‘Take care Maecenas stamps all these papers’ ‘I’ll try,’

Say I: ‘If you want to, you can,’ he insistently adds.

Horace ‘Satires’, 2.6 23–38

## SOURCE G

Cordus had nothing, who could demur? Yet, poor man,  
He lost the whole of that nothing. And the ultimate peak  
Of his misery, is that naked and begging for scraps, no one  
Will give him a crust, or a hand, or a roof over his head.  
If Assaracus's great mansion is lost, his mother's in mourning,  
The nobles wear black, and the praetor adjourns his hearing.  
Then we bewail the state of Rome, then we despair of its fires.  
While it's still burning, they're rushing to offer marble, already,  
Collect donations; one man contributes nude gleaming statues,  
Another Euphranor's master-works, or bronzes by Polyclitus,  
Or antique ornaments that once belonged to some Asian god,  
Here books and bookcases, a Minerva to set in their midst,  
There a heap of silver. Persicus, wealthiest of the childless,  
Is there to replace what's lost with more, and better things.

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Juvenal 'Satires', 3 208–221

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