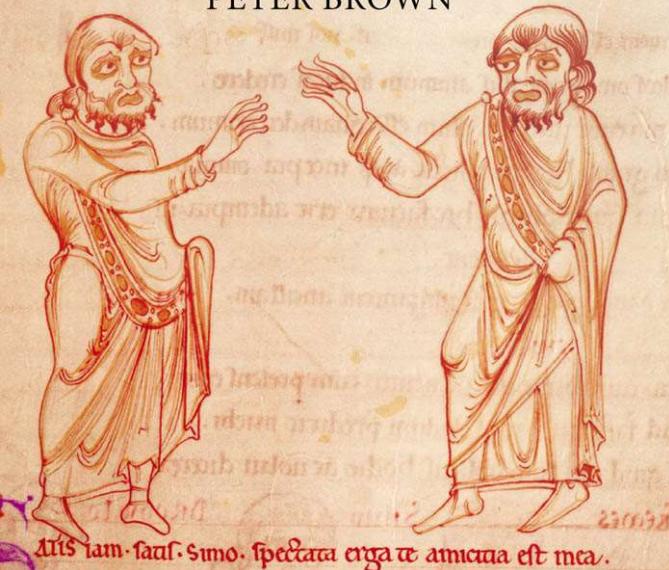


OXFORD

TERENCE THE COMEDIES

TRANSLATED WITH INTRODUCTION
AND EXPLANATORY NOTES BY

PETER BROWN



TERENCE

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Terence

The Comedies

Translated with Introduction and Notes by

PETER BROWN

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Introduction

TERENCE (Publius Terentius Afer) was the outstanding comic playwright of his generation at Rome and one of the founding fathers of European comic drama. At the time of its first performance in 161 BC *The Eunuch* was an unprecedented success, and the following year two of his plays were selected for performance at the funeral games for one of Rome's leading statesmen, Lucius Aemilius Paullus. He achieved an elegant naturalism of style not previously heard on the Roman stage; less exuberant than his predecessor Plautus, he paid more attention to consistency of plot-construction and characterization, and his plays provoke thought as well as laughter. The prevailing style of humour is ironic, depending on the audience's superior knowledge of the situations the characters find themselves in. But Terence knows how to take his audience by surprise (sometimes spectacularly so), and he also entertains them with traditional comic motifs and situations, and with lively action. He has become famous for his 'double plots', since all his plays except *The Mother-in-Law* display the varied fortunes of two young men in love, and many other contrasting pairs of characters are also to be found. However, the main focus of interest often lies elsewhere, for instance in the clash between a master and the slave who is scheming to outwit him. Terence had written only six plays at the time of his early death, but they were quick to be acknowledged as classics and to be included in the Roman school syllabus—indeed, they subsequently retained their place in the Latin syllabus throughout Europe, and they were studied wherever Latin was studied right down to the nineteenth century. Over 650 medieval manuscripts of Terence's plays survive, including some with famous miniature illustrations; and nearly 450 printed editions had been published before the year 1600.

The influence of Plautus and Terence on subsequent literature has been incalculable. In the tenth century the nun Hrothswitha of Gandersheim wrote six Christian comedies in imitation of Terence, and he was both imitated and revived in the Renaissance, influencing such authors as Ariosto and Cecchi, who have been described

respectively as ‘the true founder of the modern European stage’ and ‘the most prolific writer of comedy in the sixteenth century’.¹ *The Eunuch* clearly influenced Udall’s *Ralph Roister Doister* and is generally thought to lie behind Wycherley’s *The Country Wife*; Molière followed *Phormio* in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, and *The Brothers* in *L’École des Maris*. Schiller recommended Terence’s comedies to Goethe, who directed adaptations of four of them at Weimar at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Terence was also imitated in a number of other plays once popular but now almost totally forgotten, such as Shadwell’s *The Squire of Alsatia* (1688), based on *The Brothers*. But the more lasting influence has been general and indirect. Plots portraying love affairs, confusion of identity, and misunderstanding were for centuries the dominant type of comic plot in the European dramatic tradition, and boastful soldiers, scheming servants, and rediscovered foundlings have long been standard ingredients of comic writing (not only for the stage). These elements go back to Greek New Comedy (see below), but it was Plautus and Terence who transmitted them to later generations.

The morality of Terence’s plays was hotly debated, at least from the time of St Augustine, who criticized his teachers for having made him read *The Eunuch* at school.² Criticism was based partly on the references to rape in some of his plays (on which see below, ‘Ancient Attitudes to Rape’), but also more generally on the fact that the plays show boys devoting themselves to a life of love and to affairs with prostitutes. In the Renaissance the plays were defended by Erasmus and others with the rather dubious argument that they are morally improving because they show us how not to behave; on the other side, Ignatius Loyola at first thought they could be rewritten to make them suitable for study in Jesuit schools but then came to feel that it would be simpler to banish them altogether. Whatever conclusion you came to, it was not a question on which you could avoid having a view.³ In England in the nineteenth century Cardinal Newman wrote

¹ See G. E. Duckworth, *The Nature of Roman Comedy* (Princeton, 1952; repr. Bristol, 1994), 399–400; Duckworth’s final chapter, ‘The Influence of Plautus and Terence upon English Comedy’, contains a wealth of material, not limited to English Comedy.

² *Confessions* 1.16.26.

³ See D. McPherson, ‘Roman Comedy in Renaissance Education: The Moral Question’, *Sixteenth Century Journal*, 12 (1981), 19–30.

expurgated versions of Terence's comedies for performance in Latin at his Oratory School at Edgbaston; he clearly found it unthinkable that the school could simply dispense with the plays. There was by then a well-established tradition of annual performances of them at Westminster School, regularly attended by many of the most distinguished people in the country—politicians, clergymen, ambassadors, royalty—and reviewed in some detail in *The Times* and other papers; the reviewers sometimes discussed questions of moral influence, but overwhelmingly they took the line taken in *The Times* on 17 December 1847: 'In their classical course the students of every establishment will have to read many things much more indelicate than any passage to be found in the plays acted at Westminster School... The cry of injury to morality is mere twaddle, and it would be a lamentable event if an old and useful stimulant to the study of one of the purest Latin authors were destroyed by such maudlin nonsense.'

More recently, fashion has turned against Terence, and his plays are now rarely read at school or university. It has even become standard to claim that Terence was a failure in his lifetime—an absurd claim that treats his one known failure (*The Mother-in-Law*) as if it were typical of all his plays and glosses over the contrary evidence of *The Eunuch*.⁴ I hope that the translations that follow will help to restore his reputation, and above all that they will encourage actors and directors to put on performances of his plays.

Terence's Life

'Publius Terentius Afer was born at Carthage and was a slave of the senator Terentius Lucanus at Rome. Because of his intelligence and good looks, his master not only gave him a liberal education but soon granted him his freedom as well.' So begins the *Life of Terence* by Suetonius, written some 250 years or more after Terence's death in 159 BC but showing knowledge of earlier writers who had discussed the author. Suetonius records discussion by these earlier writers of the identity of Terence's powerful backers at Rome, the nature of their relationship with him, and their treatment of him.

⁴ Against the standard view, see H. N. Parker, 'Plautus vs. Terence: Audience and Popularity Re-examined', *American Journal of Philology*, 117 (1996), 585–617.

There are allegations that they were attracted by his physical beauty (he is said to have been of average height, slight build, and dark complexion), that they wrote sections of his plays, and that they failed to come to his help when he was reduced to poverty, leaving him to die in seclusion in a remote area of Greece. It is clear from Terence's prologue to *The Brothers* that he had such backers, and that he was accused already in his lifetime of relying on their help in the composition of his plays. The story that he died in poverty in Greece conflicts with other accounts also recorded by Suetonius, and it is in fact more likely that he died relatively wealthy.⁵ He is said to have been aged either 24 or 34 at the time of his death, and his prologues certainly represent him as a relatively young writer.

Unfortunately, ancient biographies are notoriously unreliable, and we have no way to check much of the information given by Suetonius. It is an intriguing idea that an author so central to the European cultural tradition was a slave from Africa (and such an important Latin author from Rome's great enemy, the city of Hannibal), but there may be no truth in it. In particular, Terence's Carthaginian birth and dark complexion may have been an incorrect deduction by later writers from his *cognomen* Afer ('the African'), though that does suggest at least some family connection with Africa. We know nothing of his alleged master Terentius Lucanus, and the nature of the discussions recorded by Suetonius does not encourage belief that their authors had much solid evidence for the playwright's life.

Chronology

The following chronology of Terence's plays is based on the production notices (*didascaliae*), compiled probably in the first century BC and preserved in the manuscripts of the plays and in the commentary written by the grammarian Donatus in the fourth century AD. They are not entirely consistent, and their reliability has been questioned, but this is the generally accepted chronology.

166 BC	Megalesian Games	<i>The Girl from Andros [Andria]</i>
165	Megalesian Games	<i>The Mother-in-Law [Hecyra]</i> (first attempt)

⁵ See D. Gilula, 'How Rich was Terence?', *Scripta Classica Israelica*, 8–9 (1989), 74–8.

163	Megalesian Games	<i>The Self-Tormentor [Heauton Timorumenos]</i>
161	Megalesian Games	<i>The Eunuch [Eunuchus]</i>
161	Roman Games	<i>Phormio</i>
160	Funeral Games for Aemilius Paullus	<i>The Brothers [Adelphoe]</i> and <i>The Mother-in-Law</i> (second attempt)
160	later in the year	<i>The Mother-in-Law</i> (third attempt)

The Megalesian Games were held at Rome in April each year in honour of the goddess Cybele; as part of the celebration, plays were performed outside her temple on the Palatine. The Roman Games were held each September in honour of Jupiter in the Circus Maximus. The Funeral Games in honour of Aemilius Paullus were held in the Forum in 160 bc. (The Prologues to *The Mother-in-Law* give us some insight into the nature of these various Games. For more detail see my chapter 'Actors and Actor-Managers at Rome', listed in the Select Bibliography at the end of this Introduction.)

The prologue written for the third performance of *The Mother-in-Law* describes how the actors had had to abandon the two previous performances before completing them, because of the disruptive behaviour of the public (and the brief prologue written for the second performance similarly describes the fate of the first performance). It has become traditional for editors to print this as the fifth of Terence's six plays; it seems more logical to put it second, as is done in this volume, though readers should remember that both prologues were written later and the prologue for the final performance must be the last thing that Terence wrote. We cannot tell what changes Terence may have made to the play after its first and second performances.

Rome in the 160s

The citizens of Rome in the 160s could reasonably feel themselves to have reached a pinnacle of power in the Mediterranean world: according to the Greek historian Polybius (who was contemporary with Terence and was in Rome when his plays were first put on), Rome had conquered 'almost the whole of the inhabited world in less

than 53 years' from 220 (just before the outbreak of the Second Punic War, against Hannibal) to 167 (the year in which Aemilius Paullus and two other generals returned in triumph after the successful conclusion of the Third Macedonian War). Terence's first play was put on in 166. The 160s themselves are an ill-documented decade for Rome, but Polybius tells us that the importation of Macedonian booty led to 'a great display of wealth, both in public and in private', and that in general this was a time when many Romans abandoned themselves to the sort of luxurious lifestyle that they traditionally associated with the Greek world. This was a sign of their confidence in what their armies had achieved, but it was also a source of tension within Rome itself: some were unhappy at the sapping of traditional Roman morality, and it is symptomatic that 161 (the year of *The Eunuch*) was marked both by sumptuary laws to limit public and private extravagance and by the expulsion of Greek rhetoricians and philosophers from Rome. Greek culture was nothing new to the Romans, and since the end of the First Punic War in 241 there had been an explosion of Latin literature with Greek models, both in drama and in other fields; the years from 240 to 160 were the first Golden Age of Latin literature, and Greece was the acknowledged source of excellence in literature as in all the arts. But it was particularly in this decade (if we can trust Polybius) that 'Greek' luxury joined Greek culture as a prominent feature of Roman life.

Latin Comedy and Greek New Comedy

Terence's plays too are based on Greek models: his six comedies are all of the type known as *fabulae palliatae* ('plays in a Greek cloak [*pallium*]'), that is to say adaptations into Latin of Greek comedies written some 100–150 years earlier than the time of Terence. Four of the six are based on plays by Menander (one, *The Brothers*, with the addition of a scene from a play by Diphilus), two (*The Mother-in-Law* and *Phormio*) on plays by the less well-known Apollodorus of Carystus. In all but one case (*Phormio*), Terence has preserved the Greek title of the play. In writing this type of comedy, Terence was following in the footsteps of Livius Andronicus (first production 240 bc), Naevius (active c.235–204), Plautus (active c.205–184), Ennius (239–169), and Caecilius (died 168): in his prologue to *The Girl from*

Andros he invokes the precedent of Naevius, Plautus, and Ennius for his relatively independent approach to adaptation. This was not the only type of comic performance known at Rome, but it is the only type that happens to have survived in complete texts: twenty plays by Plautus and the six of Terence are in fact the earliest surviving works of Latin literature altogether. Since there was not an unlimited supply of Greek plays suitable for adaptation, the genre had a certain built-in obsolescence; and indeed its creative heyday ended shortly after the time of Terence, though plays by Plautus, Terence, and others continued to be performed for well over a century after his death.

These plays show Greek characters in a Greek setting, and in general the authors are believed to have preserved many of the essential elements of plot from their Greek originals. Very little remains of the particular Greek plays that Plautus and Terence adapted, but we know enough to be sure that they were creative adapters, not simply translators. The Greek plays were regularly composed in five acts, separated by four interludes in which a chorus performed some kind of song-and-dance routine; the Latin authors abandoned this structure, writing for continuous performance (though no doubt with short pauses between some scenes) and eliminating the choral interludes. (The act- and scene-divisions found in modern editions of Plautus and Terence do not go back to the authors and are not reproduced in this volume.) Like the Greek authors, Plautus and Terence wrote in verse, but they increased the proportion of text with musical accompaniment (performed on reed-pipes similar to the modern oboe)—with resulting effects that we can only guess at, since sadly the music has not survived; in the case of Terence, we learn from the production notices that the music for his plays was composed by a slave called Flaccus, a man of whom we otherwise know nothing. The Greek authors (as far as we know) never used more than three speaking actors in one scene; Plautus and Terence wrote many scenes requiring more, often thereby adding comic and dramatic effects not available to their Greek predecessors. Furthermore, in *The Girl from Andros*, *The Eunuch*, and *The Brothers* Terence imported material from a second Greek original, and we have evidence for the addition of further material of his own invention as well. For some of these changes we rely on the evidence of Terence's own prologues, for others on the commentary on his plays written in the fourth century

AD by Donatus, a distinguished grammarian whose pupils included the future St Jerome; but this commentary does not survive in its original form, and Donatus is only sporadically interested in the original Greek plays. There has been much dispute over the extent and implications of the changes made by Terence, and it is a mark of his skill that we cannot always be sure of the boundaries of inserted material even when he tells us that something has been added.

The type of comedy written by Menander and his contemporaries in the late fourth and early third centuries BC is known as Greek New Comedy, to distinguish it from the rather different 'Old Comedy' written by Aristophanes and others a century earlier. New Comedy has been an area of particular interest in the last hundred years, when the rediscovery of texts written on papyrus has added considerably to our knowledge of it. Menander had been an extremely popular author in antiquity, but texts of his plays apparently ceased to circulate in about the seventh century AD; unlike those of Aristophanes, his plays did not survive into the Middle Ages, and he was essentially unknown to modern readers until the twentieth century. Even now we have perhaps 8 per cent of his total output (and for other authors of New Comedy very little except scrappy fragments and short quotations); but we do have one complete play by him (first published in 1959), and substantial portions of several others. The Oxford Classical Text of Menander has 356 pages, almost all rediscovered in the twentieth century; this material may be read in Maurice Balme's Oxford World's Classics translation (*Menander: The Plays and Fragments*, Oxford, 2001).

Typically, the plays of New Comedy (and their Latin adaptations) deal with personal relationships in fictional well-to-do families in a slave-owning, male-dominated society, above all with the love-life of boys in their late teens or early twenties and with associated tensions in their relations with their fathers. In this society, parents expect to arrange their children's marriages, and respectable citizen girls lead generally secluded lives; the accepted sexual outlet for citizen boys is provided by prostitutes (sometimes owned by pimps, sometimes free operators), whom they could never normally expect to marry. The action of the plays is enlivened by a number of stock characters, such as scheming slaves, parasites, prostitutes, pimps, and mercenary

soldiers. Political references are rare; there are social tensions (between rich and poor, town and country, citizens and non-citizens, free and slave, men and women, parents and children), but they are not specific to one time or place, even though each play does have a specific setting in the Greek world. Many of the tensions are resolved at the end of the play, and societal norms tend to be reinforced; the plays do not advocate revolutionary programmes, though they may sometimes provoke uneasy thoughts about some aspects of society. Love (always heterosexual) is regularly shown triumphing over obstacles of various kinds, but the plays also portray the problems that arise from ignorance, misunderstanding, and prejudice. Because we are aware that such problems can arise in our own lives, we tend to sympathize with the predicaments in which the characters find themselves, even while we perceive them as comic because of our superior knowledge, enjoying the irony of the situation.

Complaints by members of the older generation about the extravagance of the young come to the surface from time to time in Terence's plays, and doubtless they had a particular resonance in the 160s. Above all in *The Brothers* we may reasonably see Demea (although he is no less Greek than the other characters) as representing traditional Roman attitudes, his brother Micio as representing more enlightened (or, alternatively, more effete) attitudes imported from Greece. In that way, the arguments between them certainly encapsulate arguments that were in the air while Terence was writing and that were associated with perceived tensions between Roman and Greek values. But beyond this we cannot easily detect more precise engagement with issues of the day in these plays. It may be thought likely that the Roman spectators generally felt some distance between themselves and the Greek characters they were observing on the stage, but if so we cannot say how great the distance was. Athenian citizenship- and marriage-laws are central to the plays, and *Phormio* in particular depends on a detail of Athenian family law that had no equivalent at Rome. But this had not prevented the Greek originals from finding a large audience all over the Greek-speaking world outside Athens; and the presentation of characters, situations, and relationships is true to universal elements of human experience. Terence is unusual in the consistency with which he preserves the Greek milieu (Plautus has many more references to

Roman institutions and practices), but by the same token he does not remind his audience explicitly (as Plautus sometimes does) that they are Romans watching the antics of an alien world.

Some scholars have seen Terence as a propagandist for Greek culture in a society not naturally sympathetic to it, as an author striving to show the Greeks as essentially civilized, humane, and admirable people. But some of the fathers in his plays are shown to be devious, hypocritical, or over-strict, and their sons are portrayed for the most part as somewhat feeble and aimless individuals, even if we feel that they will turn out well in the end. We are not invited to see the Greeks as intrinsically fit to be mocked (as Plautus sometimes invites us to see them), but nor are they held up as models for emulation. Rather, the Greek world depicted contains a variety of individuals such as one might expect to find in any society, some more admirable than others. In comparison with Plautus, not only does he portray the Greek milieu more consistently, but he also preserves more of the ethos of his Greek models (as far as we can tell, in the absence of those models), in terms of plot-construction, characterization, and style; the ironic humour and thought-provoking elements are also faithful to what we know of Greek New Comedy. This has been seen as constituting an attempt by Terence to educate his public in the refinements of Greek literature, but it may also be a sign that the Romans were naturally now more receptive to such subtleties. In any case, as we have seen, he adapted his Greek originals with some freedom and represented himself as the successor of Naevius, Plautus, and Ennius. In his prologues (see the next section) he defends his own practice against the criticisms of a rival playwright whom he accuses in his turn of taking too narrow a view of fidelity to the Greek plays. He does not represent himself as an ambassador for a new approach to Greek culture; he writes as a man who wishes to enjoy success, not as a man with a mission to educate.

Why, then, did Terence write *fabulae palliatae* (set in the Greek world) rather than *togatae* (set in Italy, but otherwise—as far as we can tell—having very similar plots to the *palliatae*)? Perhaps because it never occurred to him to do otherwise. *Palliatae* had been performed at Rome for over seventy years when he began writing, and it was in general characteristic of the Romans to take over established Greek forms of literature in such a way that they made explicit their

dependence on Greek models; they had done the same with tragedy and epic already, since Livius Andronicus, Naevius, and Ennius had not restricted themselves to writing comedies; and they were to do it with didactic, pastoral, and lyric poetry later, in the works of authors such as Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace. Greek literature was the acknowledged standard of excellence; its importation into Rome was the supreme cultural achievement, both a gesture of admiration and at the same time a form of cultural imperialism, a demonstration that it was possible to write such works in Latin too. *Togatae*, by contrast, were a recent innovation and did not provide an established tradition in which Terence could place himself.

Terence's Prologues

Each play is preceded by a prologue, written by Terence to be delivered to the audience by one of the actors before the beginning of the play proper. These prologues cannot represent anything that Terence found in his Greek originals, since they are entirely concerned with Terence himself and the Roman theatre of his day: he defends himself against criticisms made by a rival, attacks that rival in his turn, and pleads for a fair hearing for his own plays. (I should expect the prologues to be omitted in modern productions.) They are forensic pieces, written in verse like the plays themselves, but in a more formal style, with a great deal of antithesis and word-play. They are concerned entirely with theatrical in-fighting; except for a brief tribute to the author's noble backers in the prologue to *The Brothers*, they show no awareness of a world outside the theatre, no hint of the expansion of Roman power that had taken place so recently. Even when putting on two plays at the funeral games for Aemilius Paullus, Terence does not take the opportunity to praise Paullus' achievements in the prologue of either of them; if he has correctly gauged the feelings of his spectators, it would seem that they were more interested in hearing about Terence's own career and following his squabbles with a rival playwright. (Admittedly, the surviving prologue for that performance of *The Mother-in-Law* is remarkably brief, and we cannot be sure that the whole thing has been preserved.) For us, the prologues are a precious source of information about theatrical conditions and debates at that time; not least, the prologues to *The*

Mother-in-Law show that other sorts of entertainment were on offer on the occasion of the performances, and that the crowd could be very unruly. But they must be treated with care: some of the arguments are clearly slippery, and Terence is arguing a case in defence of his livelihood. It is entirely possible that he has quite misrepresented the criticisms made by his rival (a man called Luscius, of whom next to nothing is known except that he came from Lanuvium, a town not far from Rome), and has quite distorted what was really at issue between them. But, for what it is worth, Terence represents himself as having been criticized for (among other things) feebleness of style, plagiarism, and combining more than one Greek original to construct a single Latin play ('contamination', as Luscius apparently called it). Unlike Menander and Plautus, Terence does not use a prologue to give the background to the plot; he prefers to convey the essential information more naturalistically in the mouths of his characters in the course of the play. (*The Brothers* is a partial exception in that it does open with an expository speech by one of the characters. But there is a lot that he does not know.)

In two cases (*The Self-Tormentor* and the second surviving prologue to *The Mother-in-Law*) the prologue is written to be delivered by the leader of the company of actors, a man whom we know to have been called Ambivius Turpio. In particular, the prologue to *The Mother-in-Law* tells us something of how Ambivius had earlier helped the comic playwright Caecilius; it gives the impression that he was a man of some authority in the world of the Roman theatre, and that his support could play a large part in a dramatist's career. Unfortunately we know little more about him, except that it was his company that first performed all of Terence's plays.

The identity of Terence's backers was (as we have seen) debated by scholars in antiquity. The obvious suggestion is that they at least included the two sons of Aemilius Paullus who selected two of Terence's plays for performance at the funeral games held in his honour, Quintus Fabius Maximus Aemilianus and Publius Cornelius Scipio Aemilianus (both of whom had been adopted into other families as children); the latter in particular is known to have had a strong interest in literature. For a time in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries it was common to use the term 'Scipionic Circle' with reference to Scipio Aemilianus and his friends, a circle that was

believed to share the same cultural interests and even the same political views; not least, they were believed to advocate ‘humanity’ in the conduct of politics, and Terence’s plays were taken to have been written in support of this ideal. Scholars are now more sceptical about the cohesion of Scipio’s group of friends and the humanity of his political conduct; and it is absurd to force Terence’s plays into any such straitjacket. But it remains possible and even likely that these men supported Terence and took an interest in his theatrical progress. Scipio was essentially still on the threshold of his distinguished career in 160, when Terence in the prologue to *The Brothers* referred to his backers as men already prominent at Rome. This is why some have argued that his backers must have been men older and more experienced. That may be true, but it is likely enough that Terence exaggerated in praising Scipio on that occasion.

Ancient Attitudes to Rape

For a more detailed discussion of each play see the introductory note that directly precedes it later in this volume. One general matter calls for discussion here, since readers are likely to be shocked by it: the prominence of rape in these plays. In *The Mother-in-Law* and *The Brothers* a boy has raped a girl nine months before the action of the play, in *The Eunuch* he rapes her off-stage in the course of the play and then describes his escapade in tones of exuberant triumph. In *The Brothers* the boy is told off by his father, but in terms that scarcely do justice to modern feelings of outrage (686–8): ‘You raped a girl, when it was against the law for you to lay a finger on her. That was your first wrong, and a great one, but at least it was understandable: you’re only human; other people have done the same thing often enough, perfectly respectable people.’ Earlier in the play, a man who has been introduced to us as ‘a good man, one you can trust, the way men used to be’ (442) says of the same deed (469–71): ‘At least you can tolerate that, one way or another: he was led on by the night, by passion, by wine, by youthful spirits; it’s only human.’ This is not the only perspective we are given: the suffering of the victim is made clear, particularly in *The Eunuch* (820: ‘The girl’s clothes have been torn, she’s in tears, and she won’t say a word’), and characters such as Pythias there and Geta in *The Brothers* (308: ‘the wretched, innocent

girl he'd assaulted and raped') do not gloss over the nature of the deed. Nonetheless we may feel that the boys get off very lightly, and we may find it hard to accept it as a happy outcome for the girl that she ends up marrying her attacker. It is in fact probably the best outcome she can hope for, since as 'damaged goods' she would find it hard to attract any other husband (and to remain unmarried would not be regarded as satisfactory for her); but we seem to be invited to regard it more positively as a happy ending to the play when the marriage is secured (or, in *The Mother-in-Law*, restored). We know the boy is delighted, but we learn nothing about the girl's feelings.

For an ancient audience of male citizens (for whose entertainment the plays were primarily put on, even if some women and non-citizens were present), the seriousness of the boy's offence consisted above all in his having made an unmarried citizen girl pregnant. The degree of force used in doing so was not an important issue; indeed it could even be seen as preferable to act violently on impulse rather than setting out caddishly to seduce the girl. In any case, the victims of the rape are normally girls from respectable citizen families: at Athens such girls led secluded lives, and boys had few opportunities to strike up acquaintance with them in a more leisurely way. The girl, too, was less to be blamed if she could be seen as the innocent victim of a violent assault. As Karen Pierce has written: 'For the purposes of New Comedy it is apparently preferable that a "respectable" woman should be raped rather than seduced. Physically her honour may have been defiled but mentally she remained pure. To portray an Athenian girl being seduced would perhaps have reduced her respectability in the eyes of the audience. Paradoxically we find that the force of rape, as is so often illustrated by the torn clothing of the victim, emphasises the respectability of the woman raped.'⁶ This is not a modern scale of values, but I hope that readers will be willing to bear it in mind while reading the plays. It would have been wrong to translate 'rape' as 'seduction', but the reaction of the ancient audience to the former was not altogether unlike the reaction of many a modern Western audience to the latter.

⁶ K. F. Pierce, 'The Portrayal of Rape in New Comedy', in *Rape in Antiquity*, ed. S. Deacy and K. F. Pierce (London, 1997), 163–84, at p. 166.

Performance Conditions and Stage Directions

Plays at Rome, as at Athens, were performed in daylight in the open air, and the action was supposed to take place out of doors. They were normally performed on wooden stages erected for the occasion. (The first Roman theatre to last for any length of time was built by Pompey in 55 BC, with a seating capacity estimated at 10,000. It has been calculated that the space available for the audience at the Megalesian Games—the occasion of the first performance of four of Terence's six plays—could have sat about 1,500 people in his lifetime;⁷ we have no evidence for the size of the audience in other venues at this time.) The stage generally represents a street, fronted by at most three houses, and with side exits/entrances to left and right. On the stage stood an altar. Further details of the setting may well have been left to the audience's imagination. There was no drop-curtain between the stage and the audience, although at a later date we hear of a curtain lowered at the start of the performance and raised at the end. The actors were male, wore masks (although the ancient evidence is contradictory on this point), and performed in Greek dress. Because of the open-air setting, characters are occasionally seen approaching at a distance, some time before they join those already on stage. The playwrights also make free use of conventions such as asides and overheard monologues.

Manuscripts of ancient dramatic texts contain no stage directions. We have to work out from the words of the speakers where the play is set, the directions in which characters come and go, how the lines should best be delivered, what props are required—in short, all the details of stage business. This is a necessary part of the interpretation of the text as the script for a performance, and I have followed modern practice in adding to my translation at least the minimum indications of essential business that can be derived from the text. As with every element of a translation, some of these are inevitable deductions from the text, others are debatable matters of interpretation; and I have certainly not tried to prescribe every detail of blocking or lay down how every word is to be spoken. I am particularly

⁷ See S. M. Goldberg, 'Plautus on the Palatine', *Journal of Roman Studies*, 88 (1998), 1–20.

conscious of having been quite arbitrary in deciding whether to indicate that a character utters a remark ‘aside’, ‘to himself/herself’, ‘to the audience’, or ‘to the world at large’; it is a matter of judgement how best to deliver remarks that are not straightforwardly addressed to another character. I expect actors and directors to form their own view of how to stage and perform the plays; they may well wish to reject some of my suggestions, just as they will surely wish to rewrite my English.

In working out the directions of exit and entry, I have made two assumptions, with very rare exceptions: that characters normally reappeared from the same direction in which they had been seen going off, and that Terence normally tried to avoid the awkwardness that would result if an exit in one direction was immediately followed by the entry of another character from the same direction, leading the audience to wonder why the two parties had not bumped into each other in the wings. (I have allowed exceptions to this at *The Eunuch* 287–9 and *The Brothers* 154–5, and there is reason to think that ancient audiences were prepared to tolerate the awkwardness. But it is surely best to avoid it if possible.) I have combined these assumptions with the very occasional indications of left and right in the texts themselves to produce what seems to me the most consistent and satisfactory staging. Without these assumptions, almost any staging becomes possible. I have not accepted the general modern belief that there was a fixed convention in performances at Rome by which (for example) the main town square was regularly imagined to be off to the audience’s right, the harbour or the country to their left, at least for plays set at Athens. I cannot see any point in such a convention, and I do not believe there is adequate evidence for it. It is far more likely that each play conjured up its own off-stage locations, and that the choice of left or right was quite arbitrary. (The situation was different for performances of the original Greek plays at Athens, where the audience might expect references to Athenian topography to be consistent with their own position as they sat in an outdoor theatre on the slopes of the Acropolis.)

Note on the Translation

It was above all for his style that Terence was read for many centuries after his death, and also for the moral sentiments occasionally uttered by his characters (in spite of the immorality perceived by some readers in his plots). Although criticized by the rival playwright Luscius in Terence's own lifetime, his style has since been more generally admired for its elegance and clarity. Terence was the first Latin writer to reproduce the sometimes elliptical style of natural conversation. It is not a low colloquial style, but its clipped constructions have a realistic ring which is generally absent from Plautus. (Not all passages are written in this style: some sections are more ornate and repetitive, and I have already noted that this is particularly true of the prologues. But it is the clipped conversational style that is most distinctively Terentian.) I have tried to write the following translations in a natural English style that captures Terence's essential qualities, but I am well aware that we all have different views on what sounds natural, and in a few places where I find his style rather verbose I have not attempted to conceal that quality. I fully expect anyone who wishes to perform these versions to alter them to suit their own feeling for English idiom.

I have erred towards making Terence sound too prosaic. Like all ancient dramatists, he wrote in verse; but I have not translated him into verse, because I am not a poet and I think I can do him greater justice in prose. About half his text is written in iambic senarii (the ancient equivalent of blank verse but with six, not five, beats per line); the other half had musical accompaniment on a reed-pipe. We cannot tell what difference the accompaniment made to the manner of delivery of the words, but in general we believe that the music was regarded as subordinate to the text; it was the words and actions, rather than the tunes, that the audience remembered. For the most part the accompanied lines are written in rhythms very similar to those of the iambic senarii. There are three short passages in 'lyric' metres (at *The Girl from Andros* 481–4 and 625–38 and *The Brothers* 610–17); the latter two both form the opening of a distraught

monologue by a boy in love, and the unusual metre surely reinforced the effect of the words, but we do not know whether it was reflected in a different style of delivery or of accompaniment. Overall, the alternation of accompanied and unaccompanied passages must clearly have had some effect and must have been planned with care to mark different phases of the action. But I have not attempted to indicate this in my translation, since I thought it would not be helpful for the reader of a prose version.

The characters have Greek names (though not always the same name as they had in the Greek original). Sometimes these are ‘speaking names’ (for instance in *The Eunuch* the soldier Thraso is ‘Boldman’, the talkative parasite Gnatho ‘Jawman’); but generally they are more neutral, and Terence does not pun on their etymological significance. I have therefore left them untranslated and unexplained. Nor do I offer any guidance on their pronunciation, since it is entirely a matter of personal preference whether one attempts to reproduce the original pronunciation or pronounces the names as if one were speaking modern English, or Italian, or Greek. (But Davos in *The Girl from Andros* and *Phormio* is not a Swiss ski resort, and the name should be stressed on the first syllable.) Similarly, I have retained the occasional references to Greek sums of money (talents, minas, drachmas, and obols) in the text. Since ‘minas’ sound strange in English however they are pronounced, readers and performers may prefer to convert them into drachmas, and they may wish to do the same for the other denominations as well: a talent was 6,000 drachmas, a mina was 100 drachmas, and an obol was worth one-sixth of a drachma.

The translations are based on the Oxford Classical Text of Terence by R. Kauer and W. M. Lindsay. A few passages are enclosed in square brackets to indicate that they are believed to have been interpolated into the text after Terence’s lifetime, thus: [...]. For those who wish to compare my versions with the original Latin, I hope it will normally be obvious where I have diverged from the OCT in textual decisions, including questions of punctuation and speaker-attribution. Very occasionally I discuss such questions in the Explanatory Notes at the end of the volume.

The line numbers in the margins refer to the standard numbering of the lines in the Latin text. Since the translation is in prose, the

correspondence between the Latin lines and those of the translation cannot be precise.

I have not included some material found in the manuscripts and normally included in editions, namely the *didascaliae* (see above under ‘Chronology’—I have of course included information derived from them) and the twelve-line versified plot summaries written by Gaius Sulpicius Apollinaris in the second century AD.

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The Girl from Andros

(*Andria*)

First performed in Rome at the Megalesian Games, April 166

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

'If that rascal Davos has any schemes up his sleeve, he can use them up now, when his tricks can't do any harm. I believe he'll strain every nerve and do anything he can—and more to be a nuisance to me than to help my son?' (Simo, at 159–63).

Terence's first play pits a devious father (Simo) in a battle of wits against his devious slave (Davos). Simo wants his son Pamphilus to marry Philumena, the daughter of his wealthy friend Chremes; but both fathers know that Pamphilus is having an affair with Glycerium, an apparently far less respectable girl who has come from the island of Andros to settle in Athens. Simo feels obliged to embark on an elaborate pretence to trick Pamphilus into accepting that he must marry Philumena, but he knows that Davos will do all he can to help Pamphilus to outwit him. Davos is indeed cleverer than Simo and sees through his pretence, but he is too clever by half: he decides to call Simo's bluff by means of a counter-bluff, only to find that his own bluff is called and he appears to have been outmanoeuvred as a result of his excessive ingenuity. Simo, though less clever, is similarly over-ingenuous: having embarked on a devious plan, he is so ready to suspect deviousness in others that he cannot accept the straightforward evidence of his own eyes and ears but interprets it as being part of a plot against him. Davos is forced to improvise a further plot to fool Chremes, and it seems that there will be no end to the game of plot and counter-plot (with the marriage of Pamphilus to Philumena now on, now off), when Crito turns up from Andros and helps them to establish that Glycerium is in fact another daughter of Chremes who had left Athens as a small child and has long since given up for lost. Naturally, Simo and Chremes are now delighted to let Pamphilus marry her, although Simo is at first convinced that this too is part of a plot against him.

A further complication is that there is a young Athenian, Charinus, in love with Philumena. Davos' counter-bluff (which consists in advising Pamphilus to catch Simo off guard by agreeing to marry Philumena after all) naturally leads Charinus to suspect that Pamphilus has betrayed him, creating an additional misunderstanding that is rich in comic situations in the central scenes of the play.

At the end, we can be sure that Charinus will marry Philumena, but not thanks to any efforts of his own: his fortunes depend almost entirely on those of Pamphilus.

As usual in these plays, the fathers try to arrange their children's marriages without consulting the children themselves. Pamphilus' remark at 250 ('they're keeping some kind of monster who can't be forced on anyone else') makes it clear that he has never yet seen Philumena, although they had earlier been engaged, and a date fixed for their wedding! Charinus, on the other hand, has fallen in love with her, and his slave Byrria has seen her and judges her to be beautiful (428–9); the circumstances are not explained, and she as a respectable citizen girl can of course not be stated to have any feelings about either boy, nor to have had any opportunity to get to know either of them. This is one difference between her and Glycerium: since Glycerium has been generally believed not to be an Athenian citizen, it has been possible for her to enter into a relationship with Pamphilus; and Pamphilus at 272–3 and 696 suggests a reciprocal love between them that would not normally have been possible for a citizen couple before marriage.

Chremes clearly has what he perceives to be his daughter's interests at heart. He has taken the initiative in proposing her as a bride for Pamphilus (99–101), impressed by what he has heard about the boy (namely, that he spends his evenings dining with his friends in the house of a prostitute without becoming sexually involved!); he cancels the proposal on learning that Pamphilus in fact has a mistress (143–9); and it is for his daughter's sake that he is reluctant to take the risk of entrusting her to Pamphilus after all (566, 822, 830–1)—though he is persuaded to take the risk at 567–74, partly out of friendship for Simo.

Simo's motivation is less straightforward, and some readers have found it implausible and inconsistent; it must also be admitted that his whole scheme at the start of the play (his decision to embark on wedding preparations without prior notice on the very day of the pretended wedding) is as unlikely as the details to which I have attached an exclamation mark in the two preceding paragraphs. It is plausible enough that he wants his son to settle down, and that he believes that forcing him to marry will help him to do so (as he says to Chremes at 538–62). But he also seems keen in the opening scene

to engineer a situation in which (if all else fails) he will have reasonable grounds to criticize his son; that seems to have become an end in itself for him. There is some evidence that he has been a tolerant father: at 262–3 Pamphilus is conscious that Simo has so far treated him leniently and allowed him to behave as he liked. But he has snooped on his son (83–91), and his unwillingness to assert himself seems to result more from fear of being outargued by him than from principled tolerance (in spite of his claim to Davos at 186–7 that he does not wish ‘to behave like an unreasonable father’).

Pamphilus is more simply characterized as a young man torn between his duty to his father and his obligations to the woman he loves. But it would be perverse to emphasize the study of character in interpreting the play: what keeps it going is the constant see-saw in the fortunes of Simo and Davos, Pamphilus and Charinus (though the latter pair are either both up together or both down together). We might wish to add: Glycerium and Philumena; but we learn nothing at all of Philumena’s feelings about her on-off marriage with Pamphilus. In other ways too the play is selective in its presentation. If Simo or Chremes has a wife, we hear nothing of her in either case (except for Davos’ expectation at 364 that he would have found a ‘woman organizing things’ in Chremes’ house); and we can only speculate at 935–6 about the circumstances in which Chremes’ brother had previously come to be in charge of his daughter. Nor is anything said about Charinus’ parents: there is no indication that he needs to secure his father’s approval for his marriage. To this extent, although the play is based on Athenian citizenship laws, it takes place in something of a social vacuum: the focus is on the interplay of the various characters and the ways in which each is affected by the actions of the others, and the laws are a necessary part of the background.

Nothing prepares the audience for the discovery that Glycerium is a daughter of Chremes, or that he had ever had a daughter other than Philumena. But the notion that Glycerium is an Athenian citizen who was shipwrecked off the island of Andros as a small child is mentioned by Davos at 220–5. He dismisses it as an improbable story that has been made up by Glycerium and Pamphilus, just as Simo at 916–17 dismisses the timely arrival of Crito as so improbable that it is clearly part of a fraudulent scheme. In this way Terence

preserves the integrity of his characters while drawing attention to the conventions of the genre: the audience must have been well aware that the playwright was unlikely to make Davos report the story about Glycerium's origins if it was not going to turn out to be true; and by the time Simo accuses Crito they have good reason to believe that Crito is telling the truth (see also the note on line 123). More spectacularly, Simo is so convinced traps are being laid for him that he finds implausibility in the timing of Glycerium's birth-pangs (475–7: 'You didn't plan the timing of this very well, Davos! Could your pupils have forgotten their instructions, by any chance?'), and in the fact that the midwife is heard to shout instructions back into the house as she leaves it (490–1)—an entirely usual, if somewhat artificial, feature of the stagecraft of Latin comedy. By refusing to accept the conventions of his theatrical world that the audience would normally take for granted, Simo comes to suspect plots where none exist. But this is partly because he *expects* slaves to plot against their masters when their masters' sons are having affairs, as he explains to Davos at 582–4 ('I thought you'd do what the common run of slaves normally do, cheating and tricking me because my son's having an affair')—an expectation surely derived from watching too many comedies! In fact he is right, but mainly for the wrong reasons.

Menander's original Greek play may well have given the audience more explicit pointers to the outcome in an expository prologue that Terence has not reproduced; if so, Terence has created an opportunity to surprise his audience at the end of the play, though he has sacrificed some opportunities for dramatic irony along the way. But he tells us in his own prologue of further changes he has made, and Donatus' commentary (written in the fourth century AD) tells us more.

Terence tells us that this play is based on a Greek play of the same name by Menander, but with additional material from another play by Menander, *The Girl from Perinthos*, which (he claims) had a similar plot but was written in a different style. In fact, if Donatus' commentary can be believed, there was some overlap of material between Menander's two plays, the opening scene being almost identical in each case, and two further (unidentified) passages, one of about eleven lines and one of about twenty, being repeated. But this tells us nothing about what Terence has imported from the one

play into his adaptation of the other; and Donatus' claim about the opening scene needs to be qualified in the light of his further remark that Menander's *Girl from Andros* began with a monologue by the old man, whereas his *Girl from Perinthos* began with dialogue between the old man and his wife. Since Terence's play begins with dialogue between the old man and an ex-slave, in which the bulk of the opening twenty lines is devoted to establishing the character of the ex-slave, it would seem (from Donatus' evidence) that at least these opening lines must have been composed by Terence essentially out of his own head, without reference to either of Menander's plays—something that we might not have guessed if Donatus' commentary had not survived. But even Donatus does not make the point explicitly that these lines do not derive from either of Terence's proclaimed Greek originals.

Donatus also tells us (in his commentary on line 301) that Charinus has been added to the play by Terence, together with his slave Byrria, and that these characters did not come in Menander. He has often been understood to mean that they did not come in Menander's *Girl from Andros* but have been imported (whatever that might mean) from his *Girl from Perinthos*; but he may be saying that Terence has added these characters too (as well as the ex-slave in the opening scene) out of his own head. In either case, Terence has added a considerable comic dimension to the play.

Overall, Donatus is not very informative about Menander's two plays. He mentions Menander at a further eleven points in his commentary, mainly to report how Menander expressed a number of small details in Greek (without specifying from which play he is quoting). For instance, on 891 ('You've found a home, a wife, and children') he comments that the stylistic intensity of the passage has been created by Terence and not reproduced from Menander. Remarks like this show that Donatus was in a position to compare Terence's text with its Greek model at first hand, or else that he reproduced material from an earlier commentator who had been able to do so. If only he had included such details more systematically!

Our main additional source of information about *The Girl from Perinthos* is a fragment of papyrus in which a slave called Daos (the Greek name of which Davos is the Latinized version), who has taken refuge at the altar on stage, is threatened with being smoked out by a

bonfire that is prepared round the altar.¹ At some stage in the play Daos has boasted that it is an easy matter for a slave to trick a master who is ‘easy-going and empty-headed’; his master taunts him with this as the bonfire is built up round him. There is perhaps a faint echo of this scene towards the end of Terence’s play, when Simo has Davos carried indoors and tied up (860–5). Otherwise we have ten brief fragments quoted from *The Girl from Perinthos* by various ancient authors, some of which could be seen as corresponding to something in Terence’s play, though none inevitably corresponds.

The Girl from Andros was the first of Terence’s plays to be performed in the Renaissance, at Florence in 1476. Its influence can be detected in a number of plays now forgotten, particularly from the eighteenth century in England, but above all in Thornton Wilder’s short novel *The Woman of Andros* (1930) which, while following Terence’s play closely in some respects, transforms it into something far more sentimental and melancholy: the main character is Chrysis, whose death is reported in the opening scene in Terence’s play; at the end Glycerium dies in childbirth, together with her baby; there is no Davos, no plots or counter-plots—indeed, no comedy.

Some manuscripts preserve part of an alternative ending to this play, probably written some 300–500 years after the time of Terence, in which Chremes reappears and betroths Philumena to Charinus on stage. This was apparently intended to replace the last five lines of Terence’s play, after Charinus has said ‘I know he’ll do everything you want’, and was about 25 lines long. Since it is generally agreed not to be by Terence, it is not reproduced here; its main function was to round the play off by showing on the stage what Terence had in any case assured his audience would take place indoors.

¹ See Menander: *The Plays and Fragments*, translated by M. Balme (Oxford, 2001), 249–50.

Characters

SIMO, an Athenian citizen
SOSIA, an ex-slave in Simo's household
DAVOS, a slave in Simo's household
MYSIS, a slave in Glycerium's household
PAMPHILUS, son of Simo, in love with Glycerium
CHARINUS, a young Athenian citizen, in love with Philumena
BYRRIA, slave of Charinus
LESBIA, a midwife
CHREMES, an Athenian citizen, father of Philumena
CRITO, a citizen of Andros, cousin of Chrysis
DROMO, a slave in Simo's household
Further (non-speaking) slaves from Simo's household at the beginning of the opening scene

GLYCERIUM's voice is heard from her house at 473. She is a teenage girl who was shipwrecked on Andros as a small child and brought up in the family of Chrysis (who has died before the play opens). She now lives on her own at Athens.

PHILUMENA (daughter of Chremes) does not appear, nor does ARCHYLIS, a slave in Glycerium's household who is addressed at 228 and 481.

The Girl from Andros

Prologue (spoken by one of the actors)

When the author first turned his mind to writing, he thought the only task he was set was that the plays he'd written should please the public. But it turns out quite differently, as he has learned: he's expending his energy in writing prologues*—not to tell the plot, but to reply to abuse from a malicious old author.*

And now please listen to the criticism they're making. Menander wrote *The Girl from Andros* and *The Girl from Perinthos*.* The man who knows either of them properly will know both of them: they're 10 not so different in plot, but they *are* written in different words and style. He admits that he has transferred what was suitable into *The Girl from Andros* from *The Girl from Perinthos* and made his own use of this material. They criticize him for doing that, and in doing so they maintain that plays should not be 'spoiled'.* Is this what they achieve with their learning—that they've learned nothing? When they accuse this man, they're accusing Naevius, Plautus, and Ennius: they are the men our playwright here takes as his authorities, and he'd much rather try to match their carelessness than the undistinguished carefulness of his critics. So I advise them to keep quiet in future, and stop abusing him; otherwise, they'll learn about their 20 own abuses!

Give us a favourable hearing: pay attention, be fair, and examine the evidence; find out if he shows any promise for the future, and whether you ought to give a showing to the fresh plays he'll write after this, or whether you should drive them off the stage in advance.

The play is set at Athens. The scene shows the exterior of three houses fronting a street, those of CHARINUS, of SIMO, and of GLYCERIUM (from left to right respectively, as seen from the audience); in front of the central house stands an altar,* with foliage spread on top of it. To the audience's left the street leads to the main square;* to the right it leads to the harbour (from which CRITO comes at 796) and to the houses of LESBIA and CHREMES.*

SIMO and SOSIA enter from the left, accompanied by some slaves from SIMO's household carrying the provisions* which they have just bought

SIMO (to his slaves) You take that stuff indoors: off you go!

The slaves go into his house; SIMO turns to SOSIA

Sosia, here a moment; I want a few words with you.

SOSIA Take it as said; you mean you want these preparations to be properly seen to.

SIMO No, it's something else.

30 SOSIA What is there that my skill could achieve for you beyond that?

SIMO That's not the skill I need for what I'm planning now; I need the ones I've always known you to possess, loyalty and discretion.

SOSIA I'm all ears: what do you want?

SIMO Ever since I bought you, from your childhood onwards, you know how fair and mild your slavery in my household always was. I turned you from my slave into my freedman, because in your slavery you behaved like a free man; I gave you the greatest reward it was in my power to give.

SOSIA I never forget it.

40 SIMO And I don't regret doing it.

Pause

SOSIA I'm glad if I've done anything or do anything that you like, Simo; and I'm pleased that it's given you pleasure. But something troubles me: your reminding me looks like a reproach for not remembering your kindness. Why don't you tell me in one word what it is you want of me?

SIMO I'll do so—and to start off with, the first thing I'll tell you is this: you think this wedding is really going to happen; but it isn't.

SOSIA Then why are you pretending?

SIMO I'll tell you the whole story from the beginning; that way you'll find out what my son's been up to, what I have in mind, and what I want you to do in all this.

50

Well then, when he'd finished his military service,* Sosia, and was able to live more as his own master—after all, how could you know his character before that, or get to know what he was like, when he was restrained by his age, and fear, and his teacher?—

SOSIA Quite.

SIMO —he took an interest in the things that pretty well all young lads do,* I mean taking up some hobby like keeping horses or hunting-dogs, or studying philosophy. He didn't take up any of these more than the rest especially, but all of them in moderation. I was pleased.

SOSIA And rightly so; I think 'nothing in excess' * is a particularly 60 useful rule in life.

SIMO This is what he was like: he was ready to tolerate everyone and put up with them; he gave himself over to whoever he was with, and devoted himself to their hobbies; he never argued with anyone and never put himself ahead of them. That's the easiest way to win praise and find friends without making enemies.

SOSIA (*sardonically*) He organized his life sensibly: these days you win friends by making yourself agreeable, and enemies by being frank!

SIMO Well, three years ago a woman from Andros* moved into our neighbourhood here; she'd been forced to leave home by poverty, 70 and because her relatives had failed to look after her. She was young and extremely beautiful.

SOSIA Oh dear, I'm afraid the Andrian woman's going to bring some trouble!

SIMO To start with she lived a respectable life, frugal and hard; she earned her living by weaving wool. But then lovers approached her, one after another, offering money. It's human nature to prefer pleasure to work: she accepted their terms, and after that she began in the trade. One day her lovers happened to take my son along 80 there to keep them company, as often happens. Immediately I said to myself 'He's caught for sure, he's out for the count!** Each morning I'd watch their slave-boys entering or leaving, and I'd ask them 'Hey! Boy! Tell me, please, who had Chrysis yesterday?'— That was the Andrian woman's name.

SOSIA I'm with you.

SIMON They would say Phaedrus, or Clinia, or Niceratus—those three were her joint lovers* at the time. ‘Well, what about Pamphilus?’ ‘What? He paid his share and had his dinner.’ I was pleased. I’d ask again another day; I discovered that Pamphilus wasn’t involved in anything at all. I thought he’d certainly had enough of a test and was a great model of self-restraint. After all, if a man tangles with characters of that kind and still isn’t tempted by the opportunity, you can be sure that he’s well able to take control of his own life. Not only was I glad about this, but everyone was unanimous in showering congratulations on me and praising my good luck in having a son with such a character. To cut the story short, Chremes was inspired by these reports to seek me out and offer his only daughter as my son’s bride with a very large dowry.* I agreed, and engaged her to marry him; today was fixed for the wedding.

SOSIA What’s the problem? Why won’t it take place?

SIMON I’ll tell you. A few days or so after that happened, our neighbour Chrysisis died.

SOSIA That’s good news! You’ve cheered me up: I was really afraid of Chrysisis!

SIMON Well, my son then spent all his time in the company of her lovers, helping them plan her funeral. He was always sad, and occasionally he’d burst into tears. I was glad about that at the time, and I thought to myself ‘He didn’t know her very well, but he reacts to her death as if she’d been a close friend; suppose he’d been in love with her himself! What will he do for me, his own father?’ I thought all his behaviour showed him to have a sympathetic character and a gentle heart. But I needn’t go on about it; for his sake I went along to the funeral myself, still not suspecting anything was wrong.

SOSIA What? Why do you say that?

SIMON You’ll discover. The corpse was carried out,* we set off. As we went along, my eye happened to be caught by a young girl among the women who were present. Her looks were—(*struggles to find the right word*)

SOSIA (*supplying an inadequate one*) Good, perhaps?

SIMON And her expression, Sosia—so modest! So charming!

120 SOSIA Incomparable! Because it struck me that she was mourning more

than the others, and because she looked more beautiful and noble* than the others, I went up to the accompanying slave-girls* and asked who she was. They said she was the sister of Chrysis. It struck me at once: ‘Yes, that’s what it was! That’s what those tears were for;* that’s why he was so upset!’

SOSIA I can’t bear to think what you’re leading up to!

SIMON Meanwhile the funeral procession continued; we were following the corpse. We reached the graveyard; she was put on the pyre; everyone wept. Then the sister I’ve mentioned came rather carelessly close to the flames and was in some danger. Pamphilus 130 was terrified; he’d been keeping his love well hidden and concealed, but now he betrayed it: he ran up to her and put his arms round her waist. ‘Darling Glycerium,’ he said, ‘What are you doing? Why are you going to kill yourself?’ And then it became obvious that they were established lovers: she sank back into his arms, weeping—and so trustingly!

SOSIA What a story!

SIMON I returned home furious and upset. But I didn’t have enough grounds to criticize him. He’d have said ‘What did I do? What have I done wrong, dad? What can you blame me for? She wanted to throw herself on the fire; I stopped her and saved her life.’ It’s a 140 reasonable answer.

SOSIA You’re right: if you criticize someone who helped save a life, what would you do to someone who caused damage or injury?

SIMON The next day Chremes came to me, shouting that it was a disgrace—that he’d discovered Pamphilus was treating this foreign girl as if she were his wife!* I denied it hotly;* he insisted it was true. Finally, the way things stood when I parted from him was that he refused to give his daughter in marriage.

SOSIA Didn’t you *then* give your son a—?

SIMON (*interrupting*) No, even that wasn’t strong enough grounds to criticize him.

SOSIA Why ever not?

150

SIMON (*imitating his son*) ‘You’ve laid down the limits of this affair yourself, dad. It won’t be long before I have to live to please someone else; just let me live life my own way in the meantime!’

SOSIA So what room’s left for criticizing him?

SIMO If he won't marry because of his love; that's the first misbehaviour of his that I could punish. And that's what I'm working on now: this fake marriage will provide real grounds for criticism, if he refuses it. And at the same time, if that rascal Davos* has any schemes up his sleeve, he can use them up now, when his tricks can't do any harm. I believe he'll strain every nerve and do anything he can—and more to be a nuisance to me than to help my son!

160 **SOSIA** Why?

SIMO Why? An evil mind, an evil heart! If I catch him—but I needn't waste words on that. However, if things turn out as I want, and Pamphilus doesn't hold things up, that leaves Chremes: I'll have to get him to forgive Pamphilus—and I'm sure that'll happen. Now it's your job to make a good pretence of this wedding, terrify Davos, and keep an eye on what my son's up to and what plans he's hatching with him.

170 **SOSIA** Say no more; I'll see to it.*

SIMO Let's go inside now—you go ahead; I'll follow.

SOSIA goes into SIMO's house; SIMO remains on stage and addresses the audience

There's no doubt that my son doesn't want to marry: I could tell that Davos was frightened earlier, when he heard that the wedding was going to take place. (*Enter DAVOS from SIMO's house*) But he's coming outside himself.

DAVOS (*to himself, not seeing SIMO*) I thought it wasn't likely to come off like that! I was afraid all along what my master's mildness was leading up to.—When he'd heard that the girl wasn't going to be married to his son, he never said a word to any of us, and he wasn't upset about it!

SIMO (aside) But he'll say something now—and that'll mean a heavy punishment for you,* I should think!

180 **DAVOS** What he wanted was for us to be led on unawares, living in a fool's paradise, full of hope and free from fear; he wanted to catch us half-asleep, so that we'd have no time to think about how to prevent the wedding. Clever!

SIMO (still aside) What's the villain saying?

DAVOS (hearing SIMO) It's the master! I hadn't spotted him.

SIMO (calling to him) Davos!

DAVOS Yes, what is it?

SIMO Over this way a moment!

DAVOS (*to himself, as he obeys*) What does he want?

SIMO Tell me,—

DAVOS What about?

SIMO Listen: people say my son's having an affair.

DAVOS (*sarcastically*) That's a matter of public interest, I suppose.

SIMO Are you concentrating or not?

DAVOS I certainly am.

SIMO Well, for me to look into that now is to behave like an unreasonable father. What he's done up till now is no concern of mine; while the time was right for that sort of thing, I let him follow his own inclinations. But today's the day that ushers in a different lifestyle and requires different behaviour. So I require and even beg you, Davos, to make him come back now to the straight 190 and narrow. You know what I mean: boys who are having an affair always take it hard when they're made to marry.

DAVOS So they say.

SIMO And if anyone acquires a wicked teacher for that sort of thing, he starts with a mind that's sick but generally makes it take a turn for the worse.

DAVOS I don't understand a word.

SIMO Don't you? Really?

DAVOS No; I'm Davos, not Oedipus.*

SIMO So you want me to say the rest explicitly, then?

DAVOS Yes please.

SIMO If I find out that you're trying any trickery today over this wedding, to stop it happening, or that you're wanting to display how clever you are in that regard, I'll flog you with the whips and send you to work at the mill* till you're dead, Davos! And these are your terms and prospects: if ever I release you from it, I'll do the grinding for you! All right? Have you understood now? Or is even 200 that not clear yet?

DAVOS Yes, that's brilliant! You've put it quite explicitly now; you said it straight; you didn't beat about the bush.

SIMO I wouldn't mind being cheated over anything else as much as this.

DAVOS (*ironically*) Heaven forbid!

SIMO Are you laughing at me? I can tell! But listen here: don't do anything silly! You won't be able to say you weren't warned. Watch out! (*Exit left, leaving DAVOS alone on stage*)

DAVOS Well, Davos, there's certainly no room for sluggishness or sloth, as far as I understood the old man's views on the wedding just now; if we're not smart in plotting against it, it'll be the ruin of me or my master!* I can't decide what to do, whether to help Pamphilus or listen to the old man. If I abandon him, it's his life
 210 I fear for; if I assist him, it's this one's threats—and it's not easy to put one over on *him*: first of all, he's already found out about this love affair; he's got it in for me, he's watching to see that I don't play any tricks over the wedding. If he catches me out, I've had it: if he feels like it, he'll seize the excuse, right or wrong, to send me straight off to the mill!

And that's not the end of my troubles, because this girl from Andros, whether she's his wife or his mistress,* is pregnant by Pamphilus. And just listen to what a nerve they've got! It's the project of loonies, not lovers! They've decided to let the baby live, whatever it turns out to be!* And now the pair of them are making up some bogus story that she's a citizen of Attica: 'Once there was an old man in the import-export business; he was shipwrecked off the island of Andros; he lost his life'—and then she was washed ashore and taken in by Chrysis' father as an orphan child! Rubbish! I certainly don't find it plausible, but they're pleased with their story! (*MYSIS opens the door of GLYCERIUM's house and starts to come out*) But Mysis is coming out from her house. I'll be off to the main square to meet Pamphilus, so that his dad doesn't catch him unawares over this.* (*Exit left*)

MYSIS (*shouting back over her shoulder into the house as the door closes behind her*) I heard you long ago, Archylis: you want me to fetch Lesbia! (*To the audience*) She's a real boozer, that woman, and careless; it's just not right to put her in charge of a woman for her first delivery! Have I got to fetch her all the same? Look what the silly old woman's inflicting on her—just because they drink together! (*Looking up to the sky*) Gods, I beg you, give the girl an easy birth, and let that woman's incompetence be kept for others instead!

Sees PAMPHILUS entering in a hurry from the left

But I can see Pamphilus! Why on earth is he in such a state? I don't like the look of this; I'll wait, to find out if his unhappiness is going to bring any trouble. (*Stands back by the doorway*)

PAMPHILUS (*to himself, not seeing MYSIS*) Is this what a human being would do or start on? Is this the way for a father to behave?

MYSIS (*aside*) What's he talking about?

PAMPHILUS Ye gods in heaven, what's this if it isn't an outrage?

He'd decided to make me marry today: shouldn't I have known about it in advance? Shouldn't I have been told about it beforehand?

MYSIS (*aside*) Oh dear, what's this I hear him saying? 240

PAMPHILUS I mean to say, Chremes had refused to let his daughter marry me; has he changed his mind because he can see that I haven't changed mine?! Is he so determined to tear me away from Glycerium and wreck my happiness? If that happens, I've utterly had it! To think that any lover could be as unlucky or as unfortunate as I am! Gods in heaven and men on earth! Is there no way for me to avoid having Chremes as my father-in-law? How can they treat me with such scorn and contempt? It's all signed and sealed! Look, I'm a reject recalled! Why?—unless what I suspect is true, and they're keeping some kind of monster who can't be forced on anyone else; that's why they're moving against me! 250

MYSIS (*aside*) Oh dear, I'm dead with fright on hearing him speak like this!

PAMPHILUS And what can I say about my dad? How *could* he be so casual in dealing with something so important? He was just passing by me in the main square when he said 'You're to marry today, Pamphilus; get ready, off you go home!' As far as I was concerned, what he was saying was 'Off you go quickly and hang yourself!' I was stunned. I couldn't utter a single word, could I? Not a single excuse, however silly or untrue or unreasonable! I was struck dumb. If I'd found out about it sooner, if someone now asked me what I'd have done—I'd have done *something* so as not to do this! But *now* what's my first plan of action to be? There are so many worries in my way, pulling my mind in different directions: 260 I love her, I feel sorry for her, I'm upset about the wedding—but then there's my respect for my dad; up till now he's been really

lenient with me and let me do whatever I felt like. Can I disobey him? Help! I can't decide what to do!

MYSIS (*aside*) Oh dear, I'm afraid of what this 'can't decide' may lead to! But now it's essential either for him to talk to her or for me to say something about her to him: while a mind's wavering, it only takes a small weight to tip the scales one way or the other.

PAMPHILUS (*hearing her voice and turning towards her*) Who's speaking here? Mysis, hello!

MYSIS Hello, Pamphilus!

PAMPHILUS How is she?

MYSIS As you'd expect, she's in pain from the contractions; and she's also upset, poor thing, because this is the day that was previously agreed for your wedding. What's more, she's afraid you'll abandon her.

270 PAMPHILUS What! Could I begin to do that? Could I allow my poor darling to be caught in a trap on my account, when she's entrusted her heart and her whole life to me, when she's been especially dear to my heart and I've treated her as if she were my wife? She's been taught and brought up well and properly; could I allow her character to be changed by the force of poverty? I won't do it!

MYSIS I wouldn't have any fears if it depended on you alone; but I'm afraid you won't be able to stand the pressure.

PAMPHILUS Do you think I'm so feeble, or so ungrateful or unfeeling or savage, that neither our relationship nor my love 280 and respect could move or motivate me to stay true to her?

MYSIS All I know is that she's earned the right to be remembered by you.

PAMPHILUS Remembered by me? O Mysis, Mysis, even now I've got written in my heart what Chrysis said about Glycerium. She was almost on the point of death when she called my name; I came close to her; the rest of you moved away; we were on our own; she began: 'Dearest Pamphilus, you can see how young and beautiful she is, and you know very well how little those two things will help her to keep either her chastity or her property now. So I beg you by this right hand of yours and by the god who watches over you, by 290 your honour and her defencelessness,* not to cast her aside or abandon her. I've loved you as if you were my own brother; she has

always worshipped you alone and tried to please you in everything; so I give you to her as her husband, friend, guardian, and father.* I hand over these belongings of ours to you and entrust them to your safekeeping.' She gave her to me to have and to hold, and death instantly took her. I accepted Glycerium; having done that, I'll keep her safe!

MYSIS I certainly hope so.

PAMPHILUS But why are you leaving her?

MYSIS I'm going to fetch the midwife.

PAMPHILUS Hurry! (*MYSIS starts off to the right, but PAMPHILUS delays her with a final instruction*)

And listen! Not a single word about the wedding—not on top of everything else, in her delicate condition!

MYSIS I'm with you. (*Exit right, leaving PAMPHILUS absorbed in his own thoughts on stage. Enter CHARINUS and BYRRIA from the left; they do not notice PAMPHILUS*)

CHARINUS What's that, Byrria? She's getting married to Pamphilus today?

BYRRIA That's right.

CHARINUS How do you know?

BYRRIA I heard it from Davos just now in the main square.

CHARINUS Oh no! This is terrible! Up till now I've been all on edge with hope and fear; now there's no hope left I'm exhausted and worn out with worry, and my mind's in a daze!

BYRRIA I do beg you, Charinus, since what you want can't come about, to want what can!

CHARINUS I don't want anything but Philumena!

BYRRIA You know, it'd be so much better if you worked on getting rid of that love from your mind, rather than saying things to fan the flames of your futile desire!

CHARINUS When we're not sick ourselves, we all find it easy to give good advice to those who are; if you were in my place, you'd feel differently!

BYRRIA All right then, whatever you like!

CHARINUS (*catching sight of PAMPHILUS*) But I can see 310 Pamphilus; I'm determined to try everything before I give up the ghost.

BYRRIA (*aside*) What's he up to?

CHARINUS I'll beg him himself, I'll go down on my knees to him, I'll tell him about my love. I think I'll get him to agree at least to put off the wedding for a few days; in the meantime something will happen, I'm sure!

BYRRIA (*aside*) For 'something', read 'nothing'!

CHARINUS Byrria, what do you think? Should I go up to him?

BYRRIA Why not? If you don't get him to agree, you'll make him think he's got you lined up as an adulterer if he marries her!

CHARINUS Will you go to hell for suspecting that, damn you?

PAMPHILUS (*his attention finally caught by CHARINUS' shouting*) I can see Charinus. Hello!

CHARINUS Oh, hello, Pamphilus! I come to you in search of hope, salvation, help, and advice.

PAMPHILUS I'm certainly not in a position to give advice, and
320 I don't have the means to help you. But what is it you want?

CHARINUS Are you marrying today?

PAMPHILUS So they say.

CHARINUS Pamphilus, if you do, this is the last day you see me!

PAMPHILUS Why do you say that?

CHARINUS Oh dear, I'm ashamed to tell you. Tell him, please, Byrria!

BYRRIA (*to PAMPHILUS*) I'll tell you.

PAMPHILUS What is it?

BYRRIA This man is in love with your fiancée.

PAMPHILUS Well, I certainly don't share his feelings! (*To CHARINUS*) I say, tell me: there hasn't been anything more between the two of you, has there, Charinus?

CHARINUS Certainly not, Pamphilus!

PAMPHILUS What a pity!

CHARINUS Now I beg you by our friendship and by my love, first of all not to marry her;—

PAMPHILUS (*interrupting*) I'll certainly work on it!

CHARINUS —but if that's not possible, or if you're keen on this wedding,—

PAMPHILUS Keen on it!

CHARINUS —at least put it off for a few days while I set off somewhere so that I don't have to see it!

PAMPHILUS Now listen to me, Charinus: I don't think it's at all right for a man of good birth to expect to be given credit when he 330 doesn't deserve it; I want to *avoid* marrying that girl more than you want to *do* it!

CHARINUS You've brought me back to life!

PAMPHILUS Now if either you or Byrria here can manage it, do something, make something up, think of something, achieve something to make her marry you; *I'll* work on making her *not* marry *me*!

CHARINUS I'm satisfied with that. (*DAVOS comes into view, hurrying in from the right*)

PAMPHILUS Good! I can see Davos; I depend on his advice.

CHARINUS (*to BYRRIA*) But *you've* never got anything to say to *me*, except useless bits of information! Go away!

BYRRIA I certainly shall, and gladly! (*Exit left*)

DAVOS (*not noticing the others in his hurry*) Ye gods, what good news I bring!* But where can I find Pamphilus, so that I can remove the fear he's feeling now and fill his heart with joy?

CHARINUS (*to PAMPHILUS, aside*) He's happy about something.

PAMPHILUS (*to CHARINUS*) It's nothing: he hasn't heard about this problem yet! 340

DAVOS (*still not noticing them*) I should think, if he's heard by now that there's a wedding lined up for him,—

CHARINUS (*to PAMPHILUS, aside*) Do you hear him?

DAVOS —that he's looking for me all over the town, in quite a state! But where can I look for him now? Where should I turn first? (*Stops to think*)

CHARINUS (*to PAMPHILUS*) Why don't you talk to him?

DAVOS I know! (*Starts off left*)

PAMPHILUS (*shouting to him*) Davos! Come here! Stop!

DAVOS (*stopping and turning round*) Who's that who's...? Oh, Pamphilus, you're the very man I'm looking for! And Charinus! Good, good, good! Well met, both of you! You're the ones I want!

PAMPHILUS Davos, I've had it!

DAVOS No, listen to this!

CHARINUS I'm done for!

DAVOS (*to CHARINUS*) I know what you're afraid of.

PAMPHILUS Well, my life's certainly in danger, that's for sure!

DAVOS (*to PAMPHILUS*) And I know what *you're* afraid of, too!

PAMPHILUS My wedding—

DAVOS (*interrupting*) But I know!

PAMPHILUS —today—

DAVOS: Don't bang on about it! I *know!* (*To PAMPHILUS*) You're afraid you'll marry her; (*to CHARINUS*) *you're* afraid you won't!

CHARINUS You've got it!

PAMPHILUS That's exactly it!

350 DAVOS But that's exactly what there's no danger of! Trust me!

PAMPHILUS I beg you, free me from my fear as quickly as you can! I'm so unhappy!

DAVOS (*with a gesture*) There! I free you! Chremes isn't marrying his daughter to you any longer!

PAMPHILUS How do you know?

DAVOS I just do. Your dad got hold of me not long ago and said he was making you marry today, together with a lot of other stuff that there's no time to tell you now. At once I hurried off to you and ran over to the main square to tell you about it. When I didn't find you there, I climbed up to a spot where the ground's higher and looked around; you weren't anywhere. Then I saw this man's slave Byrria there; I asked him; he said he hadn't seen you. I didn't like it; I was wondering what to do; and then, on my way back, I started to grow suspicious about the details of the thing: 'What's this? A tiny amount of food? The master in a bad mood? No warning about

360 the wedding? It doesn't add up!'

PAMPHILUS What's this leading to?

DAVOS I went straight off to Chremes' house. When I got there, not a soul in front of the door. That cheered me up, for a start.

CHARINUS You're right.

PAMPHILUS Go on!

DAVOS I hung around; while I was there I didn't see anyone going in or coming out, no woman organizing things in the house, no preparations, no commotion.—I went up and looked in.

PAMPHILUS I get it; that's a great clue.

DAVOS Does that really seem to fit with a wedding?

PAMPHILUS I don't think so, Davos.

DAVOS 'Think so', do you say? You're not taking it right; it's a certainty. I even bumped into one of Chremes' slave-boys as I was

coming away from there; he was bringing about an obol's worth of vegetables* and teeny little fish for the old man's dinner.

CHARINUS That's a great weight off my mind, Davos, thanks to you!

DAVOS Well, not really.

370

CHARINUS Why do you say that? It's absolutely clear that he's not giving her to *him*!

DAVOS You nincompoop! As if it followed, if he doesn't give her to *him*, that *you'll* marry her! You've got to see to it, ask the old man's friends, canvass their support!

CHARINUS That's good advice; I'll be off—although my hope of this has failed me often enough before now! Goodbye! (*Exit left, leaving PAMPHILUS and DAVOS on stage*)

PAMPHILUS So what's my dad up to? Why's he pretending?

DAVOS I'll tell you: if he was angry with you now because Chremes won't let you marry his daughter, before discovering what *your* attitude is to the marriage, even he would think he was in the wrong—and quite rightly too.* But if you refuse to marry her, then he'll shift the blame on to you: that's when the trouble will start.

PAMPHILUS I'll put up with anything!

DAVOS He's your father, Pamphilus; it's difficult. And this 380 woman's on her own: in no time at all he'll think up some reason to throw her out of town.

PAMPHILUS Throw her out?!

DAVOS And quickly!

PAMPHILUS So what can I do, Davos? Tell me!

DAVOS Say you'll marry her!

PAMPHILUS What?!

DAVOS What's the matter?

PAMPHILUS Me say that?

DAVOS Why not?

PAMPHILUS I'll never do it!

DAVOS Don't refuse!

PAMPHILUS Don't try to persuade me!

DAVOS Think what the result will be!

PAMPHILUS That I'll be shut out from her house and shut up in here* (*gesturing towards his father's house*)!

DAVOS No! I think it's bound to be like this: your dad will say 'I want you to marry today'; you'll reply 'All right'.—Tell me, how

390 will he be able to quarrel with you? This way, you'll take all his plans, which he's sure of now, and make them unsure—and without any danger, because it's quite certain that Chremes won't give you his daughter; you don't need to hold back in doing it just in case he changes his mind. Tell your dad you're prepared to marry her; then he can't reasonably be angry with you even if he wants to be! It's no good your saying hopefully to yourself 'I'll easily drive any wife away with my behaviour; no one will give me his daughter': he'll find you one with no money* rather than let you be corrupted. But if he believes you're not bothered, you'll make him less careful about it; he'll take his time finding another girl, and in the meantime something lucky will turn up.

PAMPHILUS Is that what you think?

DAVOS There's really no doubt about it!

PAMPHILUS Watch what you're leading me into!

DAVOS Do shut up!

400 PAMPHILUS (*finally agreeing*) I'll say it. But we must take care he doesn't find out she's having my baby; I've promised to let it live.*

DAVOS What a nerve!

PAMPHILUS She begged me to give her my word about that, so she could know I wasn't going to abandon her.

DAVOS It'll be seen to. (*Sees SIMO returning from the left*) But here's your dad; don't let him realize you're upset! (*They stay close to GLYCERIUM's door, on the right of the stage*)

SIMO (*to the audience*) I've come back to see what they're up to and what plans they're hatching. (*Takes centre stage, looking round but not seeing PAMPHILUS and DAVOS*)

DAVOS (*to PAMPHILUS, aside*) So far he's no doubt that you'll refuse to marry. He's come from some lonely spot where he's been practising; he's sure he's thought up a speech to tear you apart. So make sure you keep your wits about you!

PAMPHILUS If only I can, Davos!

410 DAVOS Listen, Pamphilus, believe me! Your dad just won't have a single word to say in reply to you if you agree to marry!

BYRRIA *enters from the left*

BYRRIA (*to the audience*) My master's ordered me to drop everything and keep an eye on Pamphilus for today, so that I can find out what he's doing about the wedding; that's why I've been

following Simo as he came along. (*Sees PAMPHILUS and DAVOS*)
And he's right here, I see, together with Davos; I'll watch this.
(*BYRRIA stays on the left of the stage; SIMO at last catches sight of the other two*)

SIMO They're both here, I see.

DAVOS (*to PAMPHILUS, aside*) Watch out now!

SIMO (*calling to PAMPHILUS*) Pamphilus!

DAVOS (*to PAMPHILUS, aside*) Pretend to be surprised! Turn to look at him!

PAMPHILUS (*obeying DAVOS*) Oh! Dad!

DAVOS (*aside*) Perfect!

SIMO I want you to marry today, as I told you.

BYRRIA (*aside*) Now I'm anxious for our side: how will he answer?

PAMPHILUS (*to SIMO*) I won't hold things up for you at all, either in this or in anything else.

BYRRIA (*aside*) What?!

420

DAVOS (*aside, commenting on SIMO's reaction*) He's struck dumb!

BYRRIA (*aside*) What did he say?!

SIMO (*to PAMPHILUS, recovering from his surprise*) That's the right way to behave, agreeing to what I ask you with good grace!

DAVOS (*aside*) Wasn't I right?

BYRRIA (*aside*) From what I hear, my master's lost his wife!

SIMO (*to PAMPHILUS*) Go inside now, so that you don't keep us waiting when you're needed.

PAMPHILUS OK. (*Goes into his house*)

BYRRIA (*aside*) Can't anyone be trusted in anything? It's true what they're always saying: everyone prefers to feather his own nest rather than someone else's. I've seen her; she was a good-looking girl, as I remember. So I can't really blame Pamphilus if he's decided he should be the one who sleeps with his arms round her, rather than Charinus. I'll report back to him; it's bad news for 430 him, but he'll make it bad news for me! (*Exit left, leaving DAVOS and SIMO alone on stage*)

DAVOS (*to the audience*) He thinks I'm bringing some trick against him now; he thinks that's why I've stayed behind here.

SIMO (*addressing him*) What's Davos got to say?

DAVOS (*to SIMO*) Nothing much, just at the moment.

SIMO Nothing? Really?

DAVOS Nothing at all!

SIMO But I did think you would!

DAVOS (*aside*) Things haven't turned out as he expected, I can tell; this has got the man worried!

SIMO Can you tell me the truth?

DAVOS (*to SIMO*) Nothing easier!

SIMO This wedding doesn't worry him at all, does it, because of his relationship with this foreign girl here?

DAVOS Absolutely not—or if it does he'll be upset about it for two
440 or three days, you know, and then he'll stop. In fact he's been thinking the thing over logically for himself.

SIMO Good!

DAVOS While he was allowed to, and while he was the right age, he had an affair—but he did it discreetly; he made sure it would never bring any disgrace on him, as a good chap should. Now it's time for a wife, so he's turned his mind to a wife.

SIMO (*still suspicious*) He seemed to me to be ever so slightly upset.

DAVOS Not for that reason—but there is something he's angry with you about.

SIMO What's that?

DAVOS (*feigning reluctance*) It's childish!

SIMO What is it?

DAVOS Nothing!

SIMO But tell me what it is!

DAVOS He says you're being too mean with the expenses.

450 SIMO Who, me?

DAVOS Yes, you. 'Scarcely ten drachmas has been spent on the food', he says; 'you wouldn't think he was arranging his son's marriage. Now I'll have to choose which of my friends to invite to the dinner', he says. And if I must tell you so to your face, you really are being much too stingy; it's not good!

SIMO Quiet!

DAVOS (*aside*) I've shaken him up!

SIMO I'll see that things are done properly! (*Aside*) What's going on here? What's this old rogue up to? If there's any monkey-business here, well, there's the brains behind it!

MYSIS reappears from the right, together with LESBIA; they do not notice SIMO and DAVOS

MYSIS Yes, it's just as you've said, Lesbia: you'll hardly ever find a man who stays faithful to a woman! 460

SIMO (*to DAVOS, aside*) She's a slave of the Andrian girl's, isn't she?

DAVOS (*thrown into some confusion by the women's arrival*) Yes, she is.

MYSIS (*continuing to LESBIA*) But this Pamphilus—

SIMO (*aside*) What's she saying?

MYSIS —has really backed up his promise.

SIMO (*aside*) What?!

DAVOS (*aside*) I wish either he'd lost his hearing or she'd lost her voice!

MYSIS (*continuing*) I mean, he's given orders for the baby to be allowed to live.

SIMO (*aside*) Great god, what's this I hear? It's all over, if she's telling the truth!

LESBIA (*to MYSIS*) He's a good boy, by your account.

MYSIS One of the best.—But follow me indoors; you mustn't keep her waiting.

LESBIA After you! (*MYSIS goes into GLYCERIUM's house, followed by LESBIA*)

DAVOS (*aside*) What cure can I find for this trouble now?

SIMO (*to himself, but loud enough for DAVOS to hear*) What's this?

Is he so mad? By a foreign woman? (*Struck by a sudden thought*)

Now I see! Yes, I've finally got it! I am an idiot!

DAVOS (*aside*) What's he claiming to have got? 470

SIMO (*as before*) This is the first trick he's bringing against me now: they're pretending that she's giving birth, so as to scare Chremes off! (*GLYCERIUM is heard crying from inside the house: Juno, goddess of childbirth*, help me, save me, please!*)

What? So soon? Ridiculous! Once she's heard that I'm standing in front of the door, she gets on with it! (*Turns to DAVOS*) You didn't plan the timing of this very well, Davos!

DAVOS (*nonplussed*) Me?

SIMO Could your pupils have forgotten their instructions, by any chance?

DAVOS I don't know what you're talking about!

SIMO (*to the audience*) If I'd really been planning a wedding, and he'd come up against me unprepared, just think what fun he'd

have had at my expense! But as it is he's the one at risk, while my
 480 boat's safe in harbour!

LESBIA reappears from GLYCERIUM's house, talking back over her shoulder

LESBIA So far, Archylis, everything points to her complete recovery: I can see all the usual symptoms; it's all as it should be. Now, first of all, make sure she washes; next, after that, give her the drink I told you to—the amount I prescribed. I'll be back shortly. (*The door closes behind her; she addresses the world at large*) I must say, that's an exceptionally fine boy that's been born to Pamphilus; please, gods, let him live! Pamphilus is a good man, and he's insisted on doing the right thing by that nice girl! (*Exit right*)

SIMO (*to DAVOS*) And now this! Anyone who knows you must suppose that you're behind it!

DAVOS What's that?

490 **SIMO** She didn't give her instructions on the spot for how to treat the mother, but first she comes out of the house, and then she shouts at the women indoors from the street! Oh Davos, do you have such a low opinion of me? Damn it, do you think I'm the sort of person you can set about fooling and tricking in such an obvious way? At least you might take the trouble to make it look as if you really were afraid of what I'd do if I found out!

DAVOS (*aside*) He really is fooling himself here—I'm not!

SIMO Didn't I give you due notice? Didn't I warn you not to do it? Did that frighten you? What difference did it make? Is this what you expect me to believe now, that she's had a baby by Pamphilus?

DAVOS (*aside*) I see where he's going wrong—and I know what to do!

SIMO Why don't you answer?

DAVOS (*to SIMO*) What do you mean, 'believe'? As if someone hadn't *told* you it would be done like this!

SIMO Me? Who?

DAVOS What? Did you really see for yourself that they were pre-tending?

500 **SIMO** He's laughing at me!

DAVOS Someone told you! Why else did you grow suspicious about it?

SIMO Why? Because I knew you!

DAVOS You might almost be saying I was the one who planned it!

SIMO Yes, I know it for a fact!

DAVOS You don't yet really and truly know what I'm like, Simo.

SIMO *I don't know you?!*

DAVOS No: if I've begun to tell you something, you immediately think a trick's being played on you.

SIMO (*sarcastically*) How wrong of me!

DAVOS All right, then! I won't risk uttering a single further sound!

SIMO The one thing I do know is this: no one has given birth here!

DAVOS You've realized that; but all the same a baby will soon be brought out here in front of the door.* I tell you about that now in advance, sir, to keep you fully informed, so you won't say later that Davos was the one who planned the trick. I want these thoughts of yours to be steered right away from me.

510

SIMO How do you know that?

DAVOS I've heard it, and I believe it. Lots of things combine to make me reach this particular conclusion. She said earlier on that she was pregnant by Pamphilus; that turned out to be a lie.* But now that she can see wedding preparations going on in your house, at once a girl's been sent to fetch a midwife for her, and to bring along a baby as well: if they can't get you to see a baby, the wedding won't be put off!

SIMO Tell me, when you realized that was her plan, why didn't you tell Pamphilus at once?

DAVOS And who tore him away from her but me? We all know how desperately he loved her; but now he's keen to marry. Anyway, 520 give me that job; you, on the other hand, carry on arranging this marriage as you're doing—and I hope the gods help it along!

(Starts to head off left, but SIMO stops him)

SIMO No, go inside! Wait for me there, and make the necessary preparations. (DAVOS obeys; SIMO turns to the audience)

He didn't altogether get me to believe him there; and yet perhaps what he said is all true.—But I don't much care: much the most important thing for me is that my son promised me himself. Now I'll go to find Chremes and beg him to let my son marry his daughter. If I get him to agree, I can't think of a better day than the present for the wedding to take place: now that my son's promised, there's no doubt in my mind that I'd be justified in 530 forcing him to do it even if he refuses!

CHREMES enters from the right, in some agitation

But here's the man himself, in fact, coming this way at just the right time! (*Turns to greet him*) Chremes, welc—!

CHREMES (*interrupting*) Ah! You're the very man I wanted to see!

SIMO And you likewise! I'm glad you've turned up.

CHREMES Some people have come to me and told me they'd heard from you that my daughter was marrying your son today! I've come to see whether it's you or them that are mad!

SIMO (*trying to placate him*) Listen a bit, and you'll find out what I want from you, as well as learning the answer to your question.

CHREMES I'm listening: tell me what you want.

SIMO I beg you by the gods and by our friendship, Chremes, which began when we were small and grew stronger as we grew up, by
540 your only daughter and my son, whose salvation lies in your hands above all: help me in this matter; let the wedding take place just as it had been going to!

CHREMES (*somewhat mollified, though not yet convinced*) Please stop praying to me! You don't have to beg to get me to agree to that! Do you think I'm a different man now from when I offered her then? If it's to their mutual benefit for the wedding to take place, give the order for her to be fetched!* But if there's more trouble than advantage for the pair of them in the arrangement, then I beg you to have a thought for both of them together, just as if she were your daughter and I were Pamphilus' father!

550 SIMO But that's what I want! That's the reason I'm asking, Chremes! And I wouldn't ask you if the facts themselves didn't tell me to.

CHREMES What do you mean?

SIMO There's a tiff between Glycerium and my son.

CHREMES (*with irony*) I hear what you say!

SIMO Such a big one that I'm sure he can be torn away from her.

CHREMES Rubbish!

SIMO That's certainly how it is!

CHREMES I'll tell you how it jolly well is: when lovers feud, their love's renewed!*

SIMO Exactly! That's what I'm asking you to help me forestall while we have the chance, while his desire's stopped up by their bickering! Before these women can bring tender feelings back into

his sick mind with their wicked behaviour and their fake crocodile tears, let's give him a wife! I'm sure he'll become bound to her when they're in a relationship, and when he's made a good marriage, Chremes; and then he'll easily find a way out of his troubles!

CHREMES That's how it seems to you, but I don't think it's possible either for him to stand by her for life or for me to stand by and watch!

SIMO And how do you know that, if you won't put it to the test?

CHREMES But 'putting it to the test' when my daughter's involved is a serious matter!

SIMO What all the disadvantage clearly comes down to, in the last resort, is that there may be a separation—which heaven forbid! But if he does mend his ways, look how many advantages there are: first you'll restore a son to your friend, and you'll find a faithful 570 son-in-law for yourself and husband for your daughter.

CHREMES (*finally agreeing*) All right then: if you're convinced that it's in everyone's interest to do it this way, I don't want you to find any advantage blocked off on my side.

SIMO You confirm the high regard I've always had for you, Chremes!

CHREMES But tell me—

SIMO What?

CHREMES How do you know they're on bad terms at the moment?

SIMO Davos told me himself; he's in close touch with their thoughts, and he's urging me to hurry the wedding along as fast as I can. You don't think he'd do that, do you, if he didn't know it was exactly what my son wanted?—In fact, you'll now hear it from his lips for yourself! (*Calls into his house*) Hey! Call Davos to come out here! (*The door opens sooner than he had expected. DAVOS was already about to come out and now appears*)

But here he is coming out of the house himself, I see!

DAVOS (*to SIMO*) I was on my way to you!

580

SIMO What's up?

DAVOS Why isn't the bride being fetched? Evening's coming on already!

SIMO (*to CHREMES*) Do you hear that? (*To DAVOS*) I used to be quite afraid of you, Davos: I thought you'd do what the common

run of slaves normally do, cheating and tricking me because my son's having an affair.—

DAVOS Would I do that?!

SIMO So I believed; and in fact because I was afraid of that I concealed from the pair of you what I'm now going to say.

DAVOS What?

SIMO I'll tell you, because I almost trust you now.

DAVOS You've finally discovered what I'm like!

SIMO The wedding hadn't been going to take place!

DAVOS (*feigning astonishment*) What? Not take place?!

SIMO But I pretended because I wanted to put you both to the test.

DAVOS Really?!

SIMO Yes, it's true.

DAVOS (*as before*) Well, well! I'd never have managed to work that out! Wow! What a clever plan!

SIMO Now listen: just as I'd told you to go off inside, with perfect timing this man here bumped into me (*indicating CHREMES*)!

590 DAVOS (*aside, alarmed*) What?! Does this mean we've had it?

SIMO I told him what you'd just told me.

DAVOS (*aside*) What's this I hear?

SIMO I begged him to give his daughter; with some difficulty, I persuaded him.

DAVOS I'm done for!

SIMO (*half hearing him*) What? What did you say?

DAVOS (*recovering*) Won-derful news, I said!

SIMO Now there's no delay on his side.

CHREMES I'll go home now and tell them to get things ready; then I'll report back here. (*Exit right*)

SIMO Now, Davos, I beg you, now that you've brought about this wedding for me unaided,—

DAVOS (*aside, bitterly*) Yes indeed, quite unaided!

SIMO —carry on striving to mend my son's ways!

DAVOS I'll certainly work hard at it!

SIMO You can do it now, while he's angry!

DAVOS Don't worry!

SIMO Well now, where is he himself at the moment?

DAVOS I expect he's at home.

SIMO I'll go to him and tell him exactly what I've told you. (*Goes indoors, leaving DAVOS alone on stage*)

DAVOS I'm a dead man! Is there any reason I shouldn't go straight off to the mill?* There's no room left to beg for mercy: I've messed everything up now—I've tricked my master; I've trapped my master's son into a wedding; I've made it happen today, beyond this man's hopes and against Pamphilus' wishes! Look how clever I am! If I'd just kept quiet, no trouble would have resulted!

PAMPHILUS *starts to come out of his house*

But here he is himself, I see. I'm done for! I wish there was something here for me to throw myself off! (*Stays out of PAMPHILUS' sight*)

PAMPHILUS Where's that villain who's ruined me?

DAVOS *(aside)* I've had it!

PAMPHILUS But I admit I deserve what's happened to me: I'm so feeble, so clueless! Fancy entrusting my fortunes to a worthless slave! I'm paying the price for my own stupidity! But he'll never get off unpunished!

610

DAVOS *(aside)* I'm quite sure I'll be safe in future if I escape this punishment now!

PAMPHILUS What can I say to my dad now? Can I refuse, when I've only just promised to marry her? How can I dare do it? How can I have the nerve? I don't know what to do with myself now!

DAVOS *(aside)* Neither do I—but I'm working hard on it! I'll promise to think of something, so as to put off this trouble for a bit.

PAMPHILUS *(seeing him)* Oh!

DAVOS *(aside)* He's seen me!

PAMPHILUS I say, my good fellow, look here! Do you see what a frightful tangle your advice has got me into?

DAVOS But I'll soon get you out again!

PAMPHILUS Get me out again?

DAVOS Certainly, Pamphilus!

PAMPHILUS The way you did just now, I suppose!

DAVOS No, better, I hope.

PAMPHILUS Oh, how can I trust *you*, you crook? Are *you* going to sort out this disastrous tangle? *There's* the man for me to rely on! I had no problems at all earlier, and then you trapped me into a 620 wedding! Didn't I say this would happen?

DAVOS You did.

PAMPHILUS What do you deserve?

DAVOS Crucifixion.—But let me recover a bit; I'll soon see something!

PAMPHILUS I only wish I had the time to give you the punishment I'd like to! All I've got time for now is watching out for myself, not punishing you!

Enter CHARINUS from the left, not seeing the others

CHARINUS Can I believe this? Can it be true? Can anyone be so perverse that another person's troubles give them pleasure, and they make their own happiness depend on someone else's unhappiness? Is that really right? No, that's the worst sort of men, the ones who are 630 too embarrassed to refuse a request in the short run, but later, when it's time to carry out what they've promised, then they're forced by necessity to reveal themselves: they're afraid to refuse, but the situation forces them to. Then they're quite shameless in what they say: 'Who are you? What have you got to do with me? Why should I let you have my girl? Look here, charity begins at home!' But if you ask them 'Where's your word?', they don't feel any embarrassment then, when it's called for; the only time they do feel shame is when it isn't called for!

But what should I do? Should I go to him and complain to him about the wrong he's done me? Should I heap insults on him?

640 Someone may say 'You won't make any headway'—but I will, lots: I'll certainly be a nuisance to him, and I'll get it off my chest!

PAMPHILUS (*attracting his attention*) Charinus, I've ruined both myself and you without meaning to, unless the gods show some care for us!

CHARINUS Oh yes? 'Without meaning to'? You've finally found an excuse! (*Sarcastically*) You've kept your word!

PAMPHILUS Why do you say 'finally'?

CHARINUS Do you *still* expect to lead me on by talking like that?

PAMPHILUS What do you mean?

CHARINUS After I'd told you I loved her, she took your fancy! Look what I suffer for judging your character according to my own!

PAMPHILUS You're wrong!

CHARINUS Did you think it wouldn't give you really lasting joy if you didn't encourage my love and seduce me with false hopes? Keep her!

PAMPHILUS Keep her?! No, you don't realize what trouble I'm in, damn it, or what worries this man has sparked off for me with his advice—this murdering villain! 650

CHARINUS What's so surprising about that, if he takes *you* as his example?

PAMPHILUS You wouldn't say that if you knew me, or how much in love I am!

CHARINUS (*sarcastically*) I *do* know: you've just had a row with your father, and now he's angry with you because of it, and he hasn't been able to make you marry her today!

PAMPHILUS No, just to show how little you know my troubles, they weren't even planning this wedding for me, and no one was expecting to give me a wife just now!

CHARINUS Yes, I know: you've been forced into it by your own free will!

PAMPHILUS Hang on! You *don't* know yet!

CHARINUS What I do know is that you're going to marry her!

PAMPHILUS Why are you driving me to death? Listen to this: he never stopped insisting that I had to tell my dad I'd marry her; he 660 carried on urging and begging me until he drove me into it!

CHARINUS Who are you talking about?

PAMPHILUS Davos!

CHARINUS *Davos*?

PAMPHILUS He's messing me up!

CHARINUS Why?

PAMPHILUS I don't know—but I do know that the gods must have been angry with me: that's why they made me listen to him!

CHARINUS (*turning to DAVOS*) Is this true, Davos?

DAVOS It is.

CHARINUS What?! What's that you say? You villain! I hope the gods grant you the disaster you deserve for what you've done! Look here, tell me: if all his enemies wanted him trapped into a wedding, what other advice would they have given than that?

DAVOS I'm disappointed, but I haven't given up.

PAMPHILUS (*sarcastically*) Of course not!

DAVOS That way didn't work; we'll try another line of attack.—Or 670 do you think that just because it hasn't gone too well to start with there's now no way we can find a solution to our problem?

PAMPHILUS No, I'm sure you can do better still! Stay alert, and I've no doubt you'll fix up two weddings for me, not just one!

DAVOS Pamphilus, my duty to you as your slave is to strain every nerve, night and day, and put my own life at risk, as long as I help you; yours is to pardon me if things don't turn out as we expected. My plan isn't going too well, but I'm working hard at it. Or if you prefer, think of something better yourself, and leave me out of it!

680 PAMPHILUS I'd like to do that! Just take me back to square one!

DAVOS I'll do so.

PAMPHILUS But you must do it *now*!

DAVOS (*thinking*) Hmm...* But hang on! There's a noise from Glycerium's door.* (*The noise is made by MYSIS, who starts to come out*)

PAMPHILUS (*to DAVOS*) That's nothing to do with you!

DAVOS I'm trying to think!

PAMPHILUS Oh yes? Are you, at last?

DAVOS And I'll soon have the answer for you! (*Stands racking his brains*)

MYSIS (*talking back through the doorway to GLYCERIUM*) Whichever he is, I'll make sure I find your Pamphilus for you soon and bring him along with me; just don't torture yourself, my dear. (*She closes the door behind her*)

PAMPHILUS Mysis!

MYSIS (*looking round*) Who's that? Ah, Pamphilus, good! I wanted to meet you.

PAMPHILUS What's the matter?

MYSIS My mistress told me to ask you to come to her at once, if you love her; she says she's longing to see you.

PAMPHILUS Oh no! I've had it! My troubles are starting up again!

(*To DAVOS*) Look how upset and worried we both are now, thanks to you! The reason she's sending for me is because she's heard about the preparations for my wedding!

690 CHARINUS And how easily she could have kept calm about that, if he'd kept quiet!

DAVOS (*to CHARINUS*) That's right! If he isn't mad enough on his own, provoke him! (*Continues trying to think of a plan*)

MYSIS (*to PAMPHILUS*) Yes, that's just what it is; that's why the poor girl's grieving now.

PAMPHILUS Mysis, I swear to you by all the gods that I'll never abandon her, not if I knew that it meant making all men my enemies! She's the one I was keen to have; it's happened; we get on well together.—To hell with those who want us to split up! No one but Death will take her from me!

MYSIS I breathe again!

PAMPHILUS Apollo's oracle* doesn't speak more truthfully than this! If it's possible for my father not to think it's my fault if this wedding doesn't take place, that's what I'd like; but if it's not 700 possible, I'll take the easy course and let him think it *is* my fault!
(PAMPHILUS' brave speech is received in silence; he turns to CHARINUS)

How do I strike you?

CHARINUS Miserable, the same as me!

DAVOS I'm trying to think of a plan!

PAMPHILUS Good for you!

DAVOS I know what I'm aiming for; I'll certainly sort *this* one out for you.

PAMPHILUS You must do it *now*!

DAVOS (finally struck by an idea) Yes, I've got it now!

CHARINUS What is it?

DAVOS (to CHARINUS) It's him I've got it for, not you; don't get me wrong!

CHARINUS That's good enough for me.

PAMPHILUS (to DAVOS) What will you do? Tell me!

DAVOS I'm afraid there may not be enough hours in the day for me to *act*; don't imagine I've got time to *talk* about it now. So push off, you two! You're in my way!

PAMPHILUS I'll go to see her. (*Goes into GLYCERIUM's house*)

DAVOS (to CHARINUS) What about you? Where are you off to?

CHARINUS Do you want me to tell you the truth?

DAVOS No, just go! (*Aside*) He's starting to tell me his story from the beginning!

CHARINUS What will become of me?

DAVOS Look here, you shameless man, aren't you satisfied that I'm gaining a few hours for you by putting off his wedding? 710

CHARINUS Yes, but, Davos...

DAVOS What is it, then?

CHARINUS I want to marry her!

DAVOS Ridiculous!

CHARINUS (*pointing towards his house*) Be sure to come to me here, if there's anything you can do!

DAVOS Why should I come? I haven't got a thing for you!

CHARINUS Yes, but if there's anything!

DAVOS All right, I'll come!

CHARINUS If there's anything, I'll be at home! (*Goes into his house*)

DAVOS As for you, Mysis, wait for me here a moment, till I come out. (*Starts towards GLYCERIUM's house, but is delayed by MYSIS' question*)

MYSIS Why?

DAVOS That's what you've got to do!

MYSIS Hurry up!

DAVOS I'll be back at once, I tell you! (*Goes into GLYCERIUM's house, leaving MYSIS alone on stage*)

MYSIS Look how nothing lasts for anyone! Ye gods! I used to think Pamphilus here was the best possible thing for my mistress—her friend, her lover, her husband, ready to help in any situation. But now look how much misery he's causing her, poor thing! There's 720 easily more trouble in it now than there was benefit then! (*DAVOS comes out of GLYCERIUM's house, holding the baby that has just been born. MYSIS first sees him, then notices what he is carrying*)

But Davos is coming out.—My dear chap, what on earth are you doing? Where are you taking the baby?

DAVOS Mysis, you've got to keep your wits about you now! My scheme depends on you showing how clever you are.

MYSIS What ever are you planning to do?

DAVOS Take this baby from me quickly, and put it down in front of our door.

MYSIS What, on the ground?!

DAVOS Take some foliage from the altar here and spread it down first.

MYSIS Why don't *you* do it?

DAVOS Because, just in case I have to swear to my master that I didn't put it there—so that I can do it with a good conscience.

MYSIS I see! That's a new kind of scruple that's just got into you.
Give it here! (*Takes the baby and puts it down gently in front of 730 SIMO's door, first spreading some foliage from the altar, as DAVOS had instructed*)

DAVOS Get a move on! I want you to understand what I'm going to do next. (*Sees CHREMES approaching from the right*)

Great god!

MYSIS What is it?

DAVOS Here's the girl's father coming along. I must reject the first plan I was laying.*

MYSIS I don't know what you're talking about!

DAVOS I'll pretend I'm arriving too, from the right here. You make sure your story backs up mine—whatever's appropriate! (*Exit left (= stage right)*)

MYSIS (*addressing DAVOS as if he were still present*) I've no idea what you're up to, but if there's anything you need my help for, since you see things better than I do, I'll stay; I don't want to hold up anything that's in the interests of you people.

CHREMES (*to the audience*) Now that I've made the necessary preparations for my daughter's wedding, I've come back to give 740 the order for her to be fetched. (*Sees the baby lying on the ground, and MYSIS standing next to it*)

But what's this? Good heavens, it's a baby! Woman, did you put this here?

MYSIS (*to herself, looking round for DAVOS*) Where is that man?

CHREMES Aren't you going to answer me?

MYSIS (*as before*) He isn't anywhere. Oh no! This is terrible! He's abandoned me and gone away! (*DAVOS returns from the left, as if from the centre of town*)

DAVOS (*to the world at large*) Ye gods, what a crowd there is in the main square! What a lot of men are quarrelling there! And the food prices are high! (*Aside*) I don't know what else to say!

MYSIS (*to DAVOS*) Why on earth did you leave me here on my own?

DAVOS (*ignoring her question, pretending to see the baby for the first time*) Hey, what's the meaning of this? Look here, Mysis, where does this baby come from? Who brought it here?

MYSIS Are you in your right mind, asking me that?

DAVOS Who can I ask, then? I can't see anyone else here!

750 CHREMES (*aside*) I wonder where it comes from.

DAVOS (*to MYSIS, pretending not to notice that CHREMES is there*) Are you going to answer my question?

MYSIS Really!

DAVOS (*whispering to MYSIS, so that CHREMES cannot hear*) -

Move over to the right!

MYSIS (*obeying him, i.e. moving to the audience's left, away from CHREMES*) You're crazy! Didn't you yourself—?

DAVOS (*interrupting her, whispering*) If you utter a single word over and above what I ask you, watch out! (*Aloud*) Are you insulting me? Where does it come from? Speak up!

MYSIS From our house!

DAVOS Ha ha! Very surprising, of course, if a tart behaves shamelessly!

CHREMES (*aside*) She's from the Andrian girl's, as far as I understand.

DAVOS Do you women really think we're the sort of people you can play tricks on like this?

CHREMES (*aside*) I've come at the right time!

DAVOS Hurry up, now: pick the baby up from this doorway!

(*Whispering*) Stay there! Don't move an inch away from where

760 you are!

MYSIS Damn and blast you! You've got me all upset! I'm frightened!

DAVOS (*aloud*) Are you listening to me or not?

MYSIS What do you want?

DAVOS Are you still asking? Tell me, whose is this baby you've put down here?

MYSIS Don't you know?

DAVOS Never mind what I know; answer my question!

MYSIS It's yours.

DAVOS What do you mean 'ours'?

MYSIS Pamphilus's.

DAVOS What did you say? *Pamphilus's*?

MYSIS Well, isn't it?

CHREMES (*aside*) I was right all along to try to avoid this wedding!

DAVOS What outrageous behaviour!

MYSIS What are you shouting about?

DAVOS Didn't I see it being brought to your house yesterday evening?

MYSIS You shameless man!

DAVOS It's true! I saw Canthara* carrying a bundle under her cloak!

MYSIS Well, thank heaven there were some respectable women* 770 present at its birth!

DAVOS She obviously doesn't know the man she's started on this for! (*Imitates GLYCERIUM's voice*) 'If Chremes sees a baby put in front of the house, he won't give his daughter.'—Oh yes he will, all the more so!

CHREMES (*aside*) Oh no he won't!

DAVOS And now, just to keep you fully informed, if you don't pick the baby up, I'm going to roll it straight into the middle of the street, and I'm going to roll you around in the mud there too!

MYSIS You're obviously drunk, mate! (*Picks the baby up*)

DAVOS One trick after another! Now I hear the story's going around that she's a citizen of Attica!

CHREMES (*aside*) What?!

DAVOS (*imitating an imaginary voice*) 'He'll be forced by the law of 780 the land to marry her.*'

MYSIS Really! Are you saying she's *not* a citizen?

CHREMES (*aside*) A hilarious mess I'd almost stumbled into without realizing it!

DAVOS (*pretending to notice CHREMES for the first time*) Who's speaking here? Oh, Chremes! You've come at the right time: listen.—

CHREMES I've heard everything already.

DAVOS Have you? All of it?

CHREMES I heard it from the start, I tell you.

DAVOS Did you really hear it? Look what criminals they are! This one should be taken straight off to be tortured!* (*To MYSIS*) This is the man; don't imagine you're fooling *Davos*!

MYSIS Oh dear! (*To CHREMES*) I swear everything I said was true, sir!

CHREMES I know the whole story! (*To DAVOS*) Is Simo indoors?

DAVOS He is. (*CHREMES goes straight into SIMO's house; DAVOS moves towards MYSIS*)

MYSIS Don't touch me, damn you! I swear, if I don't tell Glycerium

790 about all of this,—

DAVOS (*interrupting*) Look here, you silly woman, don't you know what we've done?

MYSIS How could I know?

DAVOS He's his father-in-law. There was no other way to get him to know what we wanted him to.

MYSIS You should have warned me!

DAVOS Do you think it makes a small difference whether you do everything instinctively and naturally or according to a careful plan?

Enter CRITO from the right, coming from the harbour

CRITO (*to the audience*) This is the street where they told me Chrysis used to live. She chose to make money here by less respectable means rather than living poor but respectably in her own country. Now that she's died, her property's reverted to me by law. (*Catches sight of DAVOS and MYSIS*) But I can see some

800 people to ask. (*Addressing them*) Hello!

MYSIS Good heavens, who's this I see? Is it Crito, Chrysis' cousin?

Yes, it is!

CRITO Oh, Mysis! Hello!

MYSIS Hello, Crito!

CRITO So Chrysis is gone? Awful!

MYSIS Yes, we're really upset; it's shattered our lives.

CRITO What about you? How are you getting on here? Everything OK?

MYSIS Us? As well as we can, as they say,* since we can't live as we'd like to.

CRITO What about Glycerium? Has she found her parents here yet?

MYSIS If only she had!

CRITO Still not? (*To himself*) That's an unlucky landfall for me.* If I'd known that, I'd certainly never have brought myself here. She was always said and believed to be her sister; she's in possession of everything that used to belong to her. I'm a stranger here, and I've got the example of others to remind me how easy and profitable it's going to be for me to take the matter to court!* Besides, I expect she's got someone as her friend and protector by now; she was

810

already pretty well grown up when she left home. People would denounce me as a swindler, a legacy-hunter, a beggar! (*Louder, so that MYSIS can hear*) Anyway, I don't want to impoverish the girl herself!

MYSIS You're a true friend! Yes, you're the same as ever, Crito!

CRITO Now that I've come here, take me to see her.

MYSIS Certainly. (*Takes him into GLYCERIUM's house, still carrying the baby*)

DAVOS (*to the audience*) I'll follow them; I don't want the old man to see me just at the moment! (*Goes into GLYCERIUM's house.*

After a short pause, CHREMES and SIMO enter from SIMO's house)

CHREMES That's enough now, Simo! You've made enough of a test of my friendship towards you. It's enough, the risk that I've 820 been prepared to undergo; don't ask any more of me now. While I've devoted myself to doing what you wanted, I've almost gambled away my daughter's life!

SIMO But it's now more than ever that I beg and beseech you, Chremes: you undertook earlier to do me a favour; now's the time for you to confirm your words in practice.

CHREMES Look how unreasonable your eagerness makes you! As long as you can bring about what you want, you don't think about how far I can take my goodwill, or what you're asking of me! If you did think about it, you'd finally stop heaping unfair demands on me!

SIMO Which ones?

CHREMES What a question! You prevailed on me to give my daughter to a young lad who was engrossed in an affair with another woman and had no desire to marry, to hand her over to a quarrelsome and insecure marriage, so that I could cure *your* son 830 with *her* pain and her distress! You got your way: I embarked on your plan while circumstances allowed. Now they don't allow: you must make allowances. They say she's a citizen of Attica; a boy's been born.—Leave us out of it!

SIMO I beg you by the gods not to let yourself believe them; it's particularly in their interest to make him out to be as bad as possible! It's because of the wedding that they've made all this up and set it in train. Once they've been deprived of that motive for their behaviour, they'll stop!

CHREMES You're wrong! I saw her girl arguing with Davos myself!

SIMO I know!

CHREMES But they weren't acting: neither of them had realized
I was present before they began.

840 SIMO I believe you: Davos told me earlier* that the women would
do this. I meant to tell you about it, but somehow I just forgot.

*Enter DAVOS from GLYCERIUM's house, talking back to
those indoors and not seeing CHREMES and SIMO*

DAVOS Set your minds at rest now, I tell you,—

CHREMES (*to SIMO*) There's Davos for you!

SIMO (*astonished*) Where's he coming out from?

DAVOS —and put your trust in me and the stranger. (*Closes the
door behind him*)

SIMO What the hell's going on?

DAVOS (*to himself, still not seeing the others*) I haven't seen a man,
arrival, or timing that were more convenient.

SIMO The scoundrel! Who's he praising?

DAVOS The whole affair has reached shallow waters.

SIMO Why don't I speak to him?

DAVOS (*catching sight of SIMO, aside*) It's the master! What am I
to do?

SIMO Good day to you, my good fellow!

DAVOS (*struggling to recover his composure*) Ah, Simo!—Chremes,
sir!—Everything's ready now indoors.

SIMO (*sarcastically*) You've seen to things very well!

DAVOS Fetch the bride whenever you want.

SIMO Very good indeed! That is of course the one thing that's
missing from our present situation! Now will you answer this:
what business do you have in that house?

DAVOS Me?

SIMO Yes.

DAVOS Me?

SIMO Yes, you!

DAVOS I went in just now—

850 SIMO As if I were asking how long ago!

DAVOS —together with your son.

SIMO (*astonished*) Is Pamphilus in there? I can't stand it! Look
here, didn't you say they'd broken up, you villain?

DAVOS They have.

SIMO So why is he here?

CHREMES (*breaking in, sarcastically*) Why do you think? He's having a row with her!

DAVOS No, Chremes, listen to me; I'll tell you something scandalous. Some old man turned up just now—there he is indoors!—bold and sharp. To look at, he seems to be as worthy as they come: his face looks stern and sincere, and his words sound honest.

SIMO What's this you're bringing up?

DAVOS Nothing at all, except what I heard him say.

SIMO Well, what *does* he say?

DAVOS That he knows Glycerium is a citizen of Attica.

SIMO What?! (*Shouting indoors*) Dromo! Dromo!*

DAVOS What's the matter?

SIMO Dromo!

DAVOS Listen!

SIMO If you add a word—! Dromo!

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DAVOS Listen, I beg you!

DROMO (*appearing from SIMO's house*) What do you want?

SIMO Lift him up and take him indoors, as quickly as possible!

DROMO Who?

SIMO Davos.

DAVOS Why?

SIMO Because I want him to! (*To DROMO*) Take him in, I say!

DAVOS What have I done?

SIMO Take him!

DAVOS If you find I've made anything up, you can kill me!

SIMO I won't hear a word!

DROMO (*picking DAVOS up*) I'll stir you up now!

DAVOS (*to SIMO*) Even though this is true?

SIMO Even so! (*To DROMO*) Make sure you keep him tied up!

(*DROMO starts to carry DAVOS indoors; SIMO stops him with a further instruction*)—And listen: tie his hands and feet together!

(*Shouts at DAVOS as DROMO carries him into his house*) All right, then! My god, as sure as I'm alive, I'll show you how dangerous it is to trick your master—and him to trick his father!

CHREMES Please don't be so cruel!

SIMO Oh Chremes, what a devoted son I have! Don't you pity me?
 870 That I should have so much trouble for such a son! (*Shouts to PAMPHILUS in GLYCERIUM's house*) Pamphilus! Pamphilus!
 Come on, come out here! Have you any shame? (*PAMPHILUS comes out of GLYCERIUM's house*)

PAMPHILUS Who wants me?—I've had it! It's my dad!

SIMO Look here, you utter—(*SIMO cannot find a word strong enough for his anger*)

CHREMES Please just say what the facts of the matter are, and cut out the abuse!

SIMO As if it would be possible in the circumstances to say anything too harsh against him! (*To PAMPHILUS*) Tell me, then: Glycerium's a citizen, is she?

PAMPHILUS So they say.

SIMO 'So they say'? How utterly brazen! Does he think what he's saying? Is he sorry for what he's done? Look at his face: does it show any sign of shame? How can he be so wilful? In spite of the
 880 traditions and laws of his city,* and the wishes of his own father, he aims to live with her in the utmost disgrace!

PAMPHILUS I'm in a mess!

SIMO What? Have you only just realized it, Pamphilus? It was then, then when you convinced yourself that one way or another you had to satisfy your desires—that was the day when those words really applied to you!—But what am I doing? Why am I torturing myself? Why am I worrying? Why am I troubling *my* old age with *his* folly? Do I want to pay the penalty for *his* sins? No! Let him keep her! To hell with him! Let him live with her!

PAMPHILUS Dad, please!

SIMO What do you mean, 'Dad, please'? As if you felt any need for
 890 this dad here! You've found a home, a wife, and children against your dad's wishes; you've brought in people to say she's a citizen of Attica: you've won!

PAMPHILUS Dad, may I say something?

SIMO What can you say to me?

CHREMES All the same, Simo, listen to him.

SIMO Me listen? What am I to listen to, Chremes?

CHREMES Do just let him speak!

SIMO All right, let him speak; I agree.

PAMPHILUS I admit that I love her; if that's a sin, I admit that too. I give myself up to you, dad: lay on me whatever burden you will, give me any command. Do you want me to marry? Do you want me to abandon her? I'll bear it as best I can. My one request is this: please do not think that this old man was put up to it by me. Let me clear myself and bring him here to meet you.

SIMO Bring him here?!

PAMPHILUS Please, dad!

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CHREMES It's a reasonable request; give your consent.

PAMPHILUS Please agree to it!

SIMO All right. (*Exit PAMPHILUS to GLYCERIUM's house*)

I'm happy to agree to anything, as long as I don't find that I'm being tricked by him, Chremes!

CHREMES From a father, a small punishment is enough for a big crime.

PAMPHILUS reappears, with CRITO

CRITO (to PAMPHILUS) You can cut out the pleading. Any one of these reasons prompts me to do it, whether it's you, or the fact that it's true, or the fact that I wish well to Glycerium herself.

CHREMES (astonished) Is it Crito of Andros that I see? Yes, it surely is!

CRITO Hello, Chremes!

CHREMES What brings you to Athens? You don't often come.

CRITO (not wishing to admit that he has come legacy-hunting) It turned out that way. But is this Simo?

CHREMES Yes.

CRITO Simo,—

SIMO (interrupting) Are you looking for me? Look here, you! Are you saying Glycerium's a citizen of Attica?

CRITO Are you saying she isn't?

SIMO Is that what you've been primed to come here and say?

CRITO Why?

SIMO What a question! Do you expect to get away with this? Do you entice and ensnare the young men of this city—lads with no 910 experience of the world, with a respectable upbringing? Do you seduce their minds by pressurizing and promising?—

CRITO Are you in your right mind?

SIMO —And do you fix up marriages to cement their affairs with prostitutes?

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) Help! I'm afraid the stranger won't hold up!

CHREMES If you knew him properly, Simo, you wouldn't think that: this is an honest man.

SIMO This man? Honest? Has it just '*turned out*' so conveniently that he *turned up* today—on the very day of the wedding—and never before this? Oh yes, he's a man we should believe, Chremes!

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) If I wasn't afraid of my dad, I've got something good I could suggest to him to meet that point.*

SIMO Swindler!*

CRITO What?

CHREMES That's how he is, Crito; take no notice.

920 CRITO It's up to him how he is. If he carries on saying what he likes to me, he'll hear things he doesn't like. (*To SIMO*) Do I interfere in your affairs? Do I care about them? Can't you bear your own troubles calmly? We can find out now whether I've been rightly or wrongly informed in what I tell you. There was once a man from Attica who was shipwrecked and thrown up on Andros—and she was with him; she was a little girl. Well, being destitute, he happened to turn first for help to the father of Chrysis.

SIMO He's making it up!

CHREMES (*to SIMO*) Quiet!

CRITO That's how he interrupts, is it?

CHREMES (*to Crito*) Carry on.

CRITO Well, the man who took him in was a relative of mine. It was there that I heard from him that he was from Attica. He died there.

CHREMES His name?

CRITO His name, so quickly? (*Struggling to remember*) Was it Phania? Oh damn it! Well, I certainly think it was Phania. This much I know for sure: he said he came from Rhamnus.*

CHREMES My god!

930 CRITO Many others on Andros heard the same story, Chremes.

CHREMES I pray that what I hope is true! Here, tell me, what about her at that time? Did he say she was his?

CRITO No.

CHREMES Whose, then?

CRITO His brother's daughter.

CHREMES She's mine, for certain!

CRITO What?

SIMO What's that you say?

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) Prick up your ears, Pamphilus!

SIMO What makes you think that?

CHREMES That Phania was my brother!

SIMO I know: I knew him.

CHREMES He set out from here to avoid the war and follow my tracks to Asia;* and he was afraid to leave the girl here. Since that time, this is the first I've heard of what became of him.

PAMPHILUS I can hardly control myself! My mind is in such a turmoil of fear, hope, joy, and amazement at this good fortune: it's so great, so sudden!

SIMO (*to CHREMES*) I really am delighted for a number of reasons that we've discovered that girl to be your daughter!

PAMPHILUS I'm sure you are, dad!

CHREMES But there's one detail left that still worries me.

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) You *would* be worried, you and your scruples, 940
you boring man! You're looking for a knot in a bulrush!*

CRITO (*to CHREMES*) What's that?

CHREMES Her name doesn't fit.

CRITO No, she had a different one when she was little.

CHREMES What was it, Crito? You can't remember, can you?

CRITO I'm trying to.

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) Am I going to let his memory get in the way of my happiness, when I hold the cure for this in my own hands?

(*To CHREMES*) Hey, Chremes, the name you're looking for is Pasibula!

CHREMES That's the one!

CRITO That's it!

PAMPHILUS She's told me herself a thousand times!

SIMO I'm sure you realize that we're all delighted about this, Chremes!

CHREMES I most certainly do!

PAMPHILUS (*hesitantly*) That leaves one thing, dad...

SIMO Circumstances have long since reconciled me to it!

PAMPHILUS Oh you darling dad! And Chremes doesn't want to change the situation of my wife—since that's what she is, *de facto*?

CHREMES There's every reason to accept it—unless your father says otherwise.

PAMPHILUS Naturally he agrees!

SIMO Of course!

950 CHREMES Her dowry is ten talents,* Pamphilus.

PAMPHILUS I accept it!

CHREMES I'm impatient to see my daughter! Here, come with me, Crito: I don't think she knows me! (*Exeunt CHREMES and CRITO to GLYCERIUM's house, leaving SIMO and PAMPHILUS on stage*)

SIMO Why don't you give orders for her to be moved over to our house?*

PAMPHILUS A good suggestion! I'll give the job to Davos at once.

(Starts to move towards their house, but is detained by SIMO's next words)

SIMO That's impossible.

PAMPHILUS Why?

SIMO Because he's involved in something else that suits him better and matters more to him.

PAMPHILUS What's that?

SIMO He's tied up.

PAMPHILUS Dad, it was wrong to tie him up!

SIMO I didn't tell them to do it wrong!

PAMPHILUS Tell them to untie him, please!

SIMO All right, OK!

PAMPHILUS But hurry!

SIMO I'm going in. (*Goes into his house*)

PAMPHILUS What a lucky day! What a happy outcome!

Enter CHARINUS from his house. He stays on the left of the stage, and PAMPHILUS does not notice him

CHARINUS I've come out to see what Pamphilus is up to—and there he is!

PAMPHILUS Someone might perhaps think I don't think this is true; but I want this to be true, just as it is now! I believe that the reason the life of the gods is everlasting is because pleasure is

960 permanently theirs; I've won immortality if no sorrow intervenes

in my joy!* But who would I most like to meet now to tell about this?

CHARINUS (*aside*) What's he happy about?

DAVOS *comes slowly out of PAMPHILUS' house, having just been untied*

PAMPHILUS I can see Davos. There's no one at all I'd rather see:

I know he's the only one who'll genuinely share my joy!

DAVOS (*looking round*) Where's Pamphilus out here?

PAMPHILUS (*calling to him*) Davos!

DAVOS Who's that?

PAMPHILUS It's me!

DAVOS (*finally seeing him*) Oh, Pamphilus!

PAMPHILUS You don't know what's happened to me!

DAVOS No—but I know what's happened to *me*!

PAMPHILUS And so do I.

DAVOS It's happened the usual way: you've found out about the bad luck that I've had, quicker than I have about the good luck that's happened to you.

PAMPHILUS My Glycerium's found her parents!

DAVOS That's good news!

CHARINUS (*aside, astonished*) What?!

PAMPHILUS Her father's a great friend of ours.

DAVOS Who?

PAMPHILUS Chremes!

DAVOS I'm glad to hear it!

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PAMPHILUS And there's nothing to stop me marrying her at once!

CHARINUS (*aside*) Is he having wish-fulfilment daydreams?

PAMPHILUS And as for the baby, Davos,—

DAVOS (*interrupting*) Oh, stop it! Are you the only one the gods love?

CHARINUS (*aside*) I'm saved, if this is true! I'll speak to him.
(*Moves towards the others*)

PAMPHILUS Who's that? Charinus! You've turned up just at the right time!

CHARINUS Congratulations!

PAMPHILUS Did you hear?

CHARINUS Everything! And now spare a thought for me in your good fortune: Chremes is on your side now; I know he'll do everything you want.

PAMPHILUS I won't forget. And in fact it'll take a long time if I wait for him to come out: follow me in here; he's inside with Glycerium now. (*Ushers CHARINUS into GLYCERIUM's house, turning at the doorway to address DAVOS*)

As for you, Davos, go off home, quickly, fetch people to move her from here! (*DAVOS is still slow in his movements*)

Get a move on! What are you hanging about for?

DAVOS I'm going! (*Goes into PAMPHILUS' house*)

PAMPHILUS (*to the audience*) Don't wait for them to come out here: the betrothal will take place inside—if there's anything left over, it'll be settled inside. Please give us your applause!* (*Goes into GLYCERIUM's house*)

The Mother-in-Law

(*Hecyra*)

First performed in Rome at the Megalesian Games, April 165
Second performance at the Funeral Games for Aemilius Paullus, 160
Third performance later in 160

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The Mother-in-Law was the second of Terence's plays to be put on and the only one we know not to have been an instant success: it failed at its first performance in 165, and again at its second performance in 160; on both these occasions the actors had to abandon the performance before it could be completed. It was brought back for a third time later in 160, when (as far as we know) it was acted through without disruption. Terence describes the circumstances of the first two failures in the prologues he wrote for the second and third performances; no prologue survives for the first. (He also alludes to the first failure at the end of his prologue to *Phormio*.) These prologues give us some insight into performance conditions in Terence's lifetime, even if we must make allowance for the fact that Terence presents things in the way most favourable to himself. The prologues may also be seen as manifestos for his plays, representing them as superior to the lower-grade entertainments (boxers, tightrope walkers, and gladiators) that—as they describe—had been fatal to the play's first two attempts.¹

For this play Terence took as his model a Greek play by Apollodorus of Carystus (on the island of Euboea), an author of the next generation after Menander, writing plays from about 285 BC onwards, of whose work very little survives. (Terence's *Phormio* is also based on a play by Apollodorus.) Donatus gives five short quotations from Apollodorus' play and mentions two changes made by Terence, but this evidence does not tell us much about the Greek play. Apollodorus has been seen as a close follower of Menander, essentially because this play reproduces the situation of Menander's *The Arbitration*, in which a young man has unknowingly married the very girl he had raped a few months earlier. But the treatment of this situation is very different in the two plays.

The young man (Pamphilus) has been sent off to the island of Imbros to collect a family inheritance within months of marrying the girl next door (Philumena). He had been living with her since their

¹ See I. Lada-Richards, 'Authorial Voice and Theatrical Self-definition in Terence and Beyond: The *Hecyra* Prologues in Ancient and Modern Contexts', *Greece & Rome*, 51 (2004), 55–82.

marriage in his parents' home, but on his return from abroad he learns that she has recently gone back to live with her own parents, apparently because she could not get on with his mother (the mother-in-law of the title), though there are also suggestions that she may be ill. For the first two-fifths of the play the audience shares the ignorance of the characters on stage, but it then learns from Pamphilus' own mouth how he has discovered the true reason for Philumena's return to her parents: she is giving birth even as he speaks. They have been married for seven months (see the note on lines 393–4), but he had refused to consummate the marriage for the first two months, because he was in love with the prostitute Bacchis and had married only under pressure from his father. It is thus instantly clear to him that she must have been pregnant at the time of their marriage, and indeed her mother explains to Pamphilus that she had been the victim of a rape. (At this stage no one has any idea who the rapist was.) This is devastating news for Pamphilus: he has come to love Philumena since they first married, but he regards it as out of the question that he could now take her back (lines 403–4). He does not explain why, but we must perhaps accept this as a natural instinctive reaction at this stage of the play, particularly since he has only just discovered that her pregnancy had been concealed from him. Her mother assures him that she will get rid of the baby immediately and will if necessary pretend that Philumena has miscarried. Pamphilus in turn promises to conceal what he now knows about her having been raped, though this leaves him quite unable to explain himself when he comes under pressure from his father to take her back: twice (at 496 and 706) he is reduced to leaving the stage quite abruptly to avoid further discussion of the matter. (His promise is for the sake of the girl's honour and will perhaps enable her to be married to another man without being regarded as 'damaged goods'; Pamphilus appears not to be worried by the fact that he will be conniving at the deception of another Athenian citizen.)

Since this is a comedy, the audience must expect it to end with the restoration of the couple's marriage, but the only way that can be achieved is by discovering that Pamphilus is after all the father of the baby: in other words, it must be he who had raped Philumena. Exactly the same discovery is made in Menander's *The Arbitration*,

and experienced theatregoers may well have suspected such an outcome from the moment they learnt of the rape. It is widely believed that both Menander's and Apollodorus' audience must have been put fully in the picture by a prologue speech at an early stage of the play (though no trace of such a prologue survives in either case), enabling them to appreciate the irony of the situation. Terence as usual has no such prologue, and the audience does not learn the full truth until the very end of the play. There is still plenty of irony for them to savour in the second half, where the fact of the rape is assiduously kept hidden from as many characters as possible. But the identification of Pamphilus as the rapist, if they did not simply take it for granted as the only possible outcome, must have come as a complete surprise. The text does not dwell on the implications for our assessment of Pamphilus, who had raped a girl in the street, promptly gone to visit his mistress and given her the ring that he had snatched from the girl's finger, and subsequently refused to have anything more to do with his wife on discovering that she had once been the victim of a rape. Even if we allow that ancient attitudes to rape may have been different from ours (see the Introduction to this volume), and that male double standards were widely accepted by theatre audiences, we may feel uneasy that the emphasis at the end is entirely on the happiness brought to Pamphilus by the discovery that the girl he had once raped was the girl he had subsequently married. But we know that he has come to love this girl, we have seen his distress at the thought that he will have to live without her, and the restoration of their marriage was the desired conclusion from the start of the play—for her sake as well as for his. Philumena herself does not appear on stage (not surprisingly, since like Glycerium in *The Girl from Andros* and Pamphila in *The Brothers* she gives birth in the course of the play); this makes it unsurprising that the focus at the end is on Pamphilus, who has appeared in a number of scenes.

The play is named after Pamphilus' mother, Sostrata, and she is shown to be the innocent victim of the suspicions that naturally attach to mothers-in-law: she has no idea why Philumena has taken against her (as she seems to have done), and we first see her enduring a tirade from her husband, who assumes that she is to blame. This is matched by the tirade that Philumena's mother Myrrina has to endure from *her* husband on her one appearance later in the play,

though he perhaps has more reason to blame her: he has now discovered that their daughter has given birth, and he cannot understand why that should have been kept secret from him. The blustering of the two husbands is comic, and dramatic irony is created by the fact that Myrrina still manages to conceal the full truth from her husband and instead submits to his accusations that she is doing her utmost to destroy their daughter's marriage. This is immediately followed by a scene in which Sostrata announces her decision to go and live out of town on the family farm so that Philumena will return to Pamphilus: she knows that she herself is not to blame, but she accepts that her presence is an obstacle to the happiness of the young couple. This decision by his mother puts Pamphilus in an awkward situation, determined not to take Philumena back but now seeing himself deprived of the one argument he can use to justify that without breaking his promise to conceal the true reason. It is comic to see him struggling to maintain his refusal, and comic to see the two fathers leaping to false conclusions about what his reasons can be. The interest of the play lies not simply in the presentation of the characters but in the constantly shifting balance of knowledge and ignorance on the part of each character and of the audience.

Pamphilus at 816–17 declares that he does not want everyone to find out everything ‘as in comedies’—a fine self-referential flourish by the author at the end of the play. In particular Pamphilus refuses to explain what has been going on to his slave Parmeno, who is the antithesis of the all-controlling slave we find in other plays: he has earlier twice been sent on unnecessary errands simply to keep him out of the way. Another reversal of norms is the fact that Pamphilus had taken a ring from the girl’s finger while raping her: in other plays it is the girl who manages to take something from the rapist so that he can be identified later, and no reason is given for Pamphilus’ strange action, though it does ultimately lead to his identification thanks to the fact that he had given the ring to Bacchis. Bacchis herself makes much of the fact that her behaviour in this play is not what you would expect from a prostitute, since she is willing to help restore the marriage of a former lover whom she had been sorry to lose. Her meeting with his father at 727–67 has something in common with the meeting of Marguerite and the father of Armand in Dumas’s *La*

Dame aux Camélias, though Bacchis does not have so much to lose since her affair with Pamphilus is already over. It may be felt that she makes too much of a rather small service to Pamphilus, but the meeting of the two former lovers at the end of the play is very touching. A further unusual (though not unique) feature of the play is that the young man is already married at the start, and that he wishes in the central scenes to end his marriage in spite of parental pressure to preserve it: the more normal pattern is for the young man to be keen to marry (or continue a liaison with) a girl of whom his father disapproves.

Terence's prologues claim that the first two performances were brought to a standstill by extraneous factors. We are in no position to assess the reliability of this account: it may be that the audience were simply restless because the opening scenes failed to grab their attention, or he may be telling the truth that the performances were wrecked by people who had no interest in them anyway. He may or may not have revised the text after the first or second failure. In any case, the text as we have it offers much to entertain us, with the initial mystery of Philumena's behaviour, Pamphilus' dramatic account of his discovery that she is giving birth (balanced by Bacchis' later account of how she helped to identify him as the rapist), two old men shouting at their wives, a slave being sent on errands in all directions, and the usual comic ingredients of uncertainty caused by ignorance and confusion caused by concealment. Some critics have seen the play not as a comedy at all but as a penetrating examination of the consequences of prejudice and ignorance, laying bare particularly how women suffer from the prejudices and double standards of men. This element is certainly there, but the play remains comic in the style of its presentation.

Characters

PHILOTIS, a prostitute

SYRA, a prostitute or ex-prostitute, older than Philotis

PARMENO, a slave in Laches' household

LACHES, an Athenian citizen

SOSTRATA, wife of Laches

PHIDIPPUS, an Athenian citizen, father of Philumena

PAMPHILUS, son of Laches and Sostrata, married to Philumena

MYRRINA, wife of Phidippus and mother of Philumena

BACCHIS, a prostitute

Further (non-speaking) slaves from Laches' household at 409–29

Two (non-speaking) slave-girls accompanying Bacchis when she appears

A (non-speaking) wet-nurse at 727–9

A (non-speaking) slave from Laches' household appears briefly at 720; he is perhaps identical with SCIRTUS, who is addressed at 76–80 but does not appear at that point. PHILUMENA (daughter of Phidippus and Myrrina and wife of Pamphilus) does not appear, but she is addressed at 243–5 and 623–6 and is heard screaming indoors at 317.

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The Mother-in-Law

Prologue for the Second Performance (spoken by one of the actors)

This play is called *The Mother-in-Law*. When it was put on for the first time, it was overtaken by an unheard-of disaster and blight that prevented it from being seen or known: the foolish, fanatical public had become engrossed in a tightrope walker. Now it's absolutely as good as new, and the man who wrote it didn't want to bring it back a second time simply in order to sell it a second time.* You've got to know other plays by him; please get to know this one.

Prologue for the Third Performance (spoken by Lucius Ambivius Turpio,* leader of the company of actors)

I am dressed as the prologue-speaker, but I come to you to plead a case. Let my pleading succeed, so that I can enjoy the same rights in 10 my old age as I enjoyed when I was younger, when I obtained a long life for plays that had been driven off the stage at their first performance, so that an author's writings shouldn't fade away when he did. Among others, when I first learnt new plays by Caecilius,* in some cases I was driven off, in others I had difficulty in holding my ground. Because I knew that success in the theatre was a chancy thing, I undertook what was certain to be hard work for me, though the prospects were uncertain: I began to perform the same plays again, so that I could have other, new ones to learn by the same author; I devoted myself to it, so as not to divert him from his vocation. I made sure they were given a showing; once people had got to know 20 them, they liked them. In that way I restored to his rightful place an author who had already almost been driven by the crimes of his enemies from his vocation and work and from the art of poetry. But if I had rejected his writings at the time, and preferred to devote my efforts to discouraging him and urging him to enjoy peace and

quiet rather than work, I'd easily have discouraged him from writing any more.

Now, for my sake, hear in all fairness what I want. I am bringing back *The Mother-in-Law* to you. I have never been allowed to
30 perform it in silence, such is the blight that has afflicted it. That blight your intelligence will cure, if it will come to the aid of our efforts. When I first began to perform it, there was talk of a boxing match, and there were also hopes of a tightrope walker too; slaves were arriving, there was a din, women were screaming—these things forced me to leave the stage before I'd reached the end. I began to follow my old custom with this new play, and I tried again: I brought it back anew. The first part went down well; but then word got around that a show of gladiators* was going to be given: people
40 flocked together, there was an uproar, they were shouting and fighting for a place. While that was going on, it was impossible for me to hold my place.

Now there is no disturbance; all is peace and silence. I have been granted the time to perform; you are granted the opportunity to add lustre to the dramatic festivals. Don't let the art of poetry fall into the hands of a few authors through your doing; let your influence come to the aid and assistance of my influence. If I have never been greedy in setting a price on my skill, and if I have convinced myself that the
50 greatest profit lies in serving your interests as much as possible, please grant me this request: do not let his enemies defraud, cheat, and laugh at the man who has entrusted his vocation to my safekeeping and himself to your protection. For my sake accept this plea and grant us silence, so that others will want to write, and it will be worth my while in future to learn new plays bought at my own price.*

The play is set at Athens. The scene shows the exterior of three houses fronting a street, those of BACCHIS, PHIDIIPPUS, and LACHES (of which the last two are next to each other). One side-entrance leads to the centre of town, the other to the harbour.

PHILOTIS and SYRA come out of BACCHIS' house

PHILOTIS I must say, Syra, you'll find very few lovers turning out to be faithful to their mistresses. Take Pamphilus here, for example: how often he swore to Bacchis, how solemnly—anyone 60 might easily have believed him; he swore he'd never marry as long as she was alive. Look! He's married!

SYRA That's exactly why I keep advising and urging you not to take pity on any of them: when you've got hold of one, strip him, maim him, tear him apart!

PHILOTIS Can't I make any exceptions?

SYRA None. After all, you can be sure that none of them comes to you without the firm intention of charming you into satisfying his desires as cheaply as possible. Are you really not going to lay traps against them in your turn? 70

PHILOTIS But it must be wrong to treat them all the same.

SYRA Wrong, is it, to punish your enemies, or for them to be caught the same way they try to catch you? Dearie, dearie me! Why don't I have your age and your looks, or why don't you have my views?

PARMENO comes out of LACHES' house, talking back to a fellow slave indoors.

PARMENO If the old man's looking for me, tell him I've just gone to the harbour to make enquiries about Pamphilus' arrival. Do you hear what I say, Scirtus? If he looks for me, then tell him; if he doesn't look for me, don't tell him: if it isn't given as the reason this time, I'll be able to use it some other time! (*Turns away from 80 the house*) But is that the lovely Philotis I see? Where's she come from? Philotis, a warm welcome to you!

PHILOTIS Oh, hello, Parmeno!

SYRA Hello there, Parmeno!

PARMENO And you there, Syra! Tell me, Philotis, where have you been enjoying yourself all this time?

PHILOTIS I haven't enjoyed myself at all: I left here for Corinth* with a soldier who wasn't even human, and I had a dreadful time there for two whole years putting up with him.

PARMENO Philotis, you poor thing: I can well imagine that you often longed for Athens and cursed your decision.

90 PHILOTIS I can't tell you how much I wanted to come back here, to leave the soldier and see you people here, so that I could dine with you like a free person, just as I used to! While I was there, I wasn't allowed to say anything except what he wanted to hear, on terms laid down by him.

PARMENO I don't think it can have suited you to have the soldier setting a limit on what you could say!

PHILOTIS But what's going on here? What's this that Bacchis just told me about in her house? I never thought this would happen, that he could bring himself to marry while she was still alive.

PARMENO 'Marry', do you say?

100 PHILOTIS Well, hasn't he married?

PARMENO He has, but I'm afraid his marriage isn't secure.

PHILOTIS I pray to the gods and goddesses to bring that about, if it's in Bacchis' interest! But how can I believe it's so? Tell me that, Parmeno!

PARMENO There's no call for it to be made public: stop quizzing me.

PHILOTIS Because you don't want it to get out, do you mean? I absolutely guarantee, I'm not asking you because I plan to make it public, but so that I can have the good news to keep to myself.

PARMENO However well you express it, you'll never persuade me to put my back in your hands!*

PHILOTIS Stop it, Parmeno! As if you weren't much keener to tell me about it than I am to know the answer to my question!

110 PARMENO (*aside*) What she says is true; that is my greatest fault.
(To Philotis) If you promise me to keep it quiet, I'll tell you.

PHILOTIS You're your old self again! I promise: speak!

PARMENO Listen:—

PHILOTIS I'm with you!

PARMENO Pamphilus was as much in love with Bacchis as he ever had been, when his father began to urge him to marry. He said what all fathers usually say, that he was an old man, that Pamphilus

was his only son, and that he wanted some security for his old age. At first Pamphilus refused; but when his father piled on the 120 pressure, he made him uncertain in his own mind whether to give more weight to his respect or his love. By battering away and making a nuisance of himself, the old man finally achieved it: he engaged the daughter of his next-door neighbour here to marry him. Pamphilus didn't take that at all seriously until the very day of the wedding: when he saw the preparations had been completed and he had no chance to put off marrying her, then at last he was so upset about it that I'm sure Bacchis herself would have taken pity on him if she'd been there. Whenever he had a moment to be on his own and talk with me, it was 'Parmeno, I've had it! What 130 have I done? What a mess I've got myself into! I won't be able to put up with this, Parmeno! Damn it, I'm done for!'

PHILOTIS As for you, Laches, may the gods and goddesses destroy you for being such a nuisance!

PARMENO To sum up, he brings his bride home. On that first night he doesn't touch the girl; no more does he on the following night.

PHILOTIS What's that you're saying? A boy went to bed with a girl, when he'd had plenty to drink, and managed to keep his hands off her? That's not a plausible story; I don't believe it! 140

PARMENO I can believe that's how it seems to *you*: no one comes to you unless he's keen on you. *He'd* married *her* against his will.

PHILOTIS What happened next?

PARMENO After a very few days Pamphilus takes me out of doors on my own and tells me how he still hasn't laid a finger on the girl; he says that before he married her he'd hoped he'd be able to tolerate being married. 'But since I've decided I can't keep her any longer it wouldn't be honourable for me, nor is it in the girl's own interests, for her to be played around with: I must give her back intact, exactly as I received her from her family.' 150

PHILOTIS Pamphilus is an upright and decent boy, according to your story.

PARMENO 'I don't think it suits me to make this public. What's more, it's insulting for a girl to be returned to her father when you don't have any fault to find with her. But I hope that when she realizes she can't be with me she'll finally leave.'

PHILOTIS What was happening in the meantime? Was he visiting Bacchis?

PARMENO Every day. But, as tends to happen, when she saw he wasn't hers any more, she immediately became much more difficult and demanding.

PHILOTIS I'm not at all surprised!

160 **PARMENO** And it was that above all that drove him apart from her, once he really got to know himself and her and the girl at home, forming a judgement on their characters by comparing the two of them. The girl behaved as a well brought up girl should, modestly and decently, putting up with all her husband's unkindness and mistreatment, and keeping quiet about his insulting behaviour. At this, he felt himself to be partly tied down by pity for his wife and partly beaten down by Bacchis' mistreatment of him, so he gradually drifted away from her and came to love the 170 girl instead, since he'd found a wife with a character well suited to his. Meanwhile, an elderly relative of theirs died on Imbros;* they were the legal heirs to his estate. Pamphilus' father pushed him off to go there against his will, being in love as he was. He left his wife here with his mother—the old man has hidden himself away in the country and hardly ever comes to town.

PHILOTIS Where's the insecurity in the marriage now?

180 **PARMENO** I'm coming on to that. At first, for a few days, the two women got on perfectly well. But then she began to take quite strangely against Sostrata, though they never quarrelled about anything, and she never complained.

PHILOTIS What did happen, then?

190 **PARMENO** Whenever Sostrata approached her for a chat, she ran away immediately from her view and didn't want to see her. Finally, when she couldn't stand it, she pretended she'd been sent for to go to her mother's for a sacrifice,* and off she went. When she'd been there for several days, Sostrata gave orders for her to be sent for; they made some excuse or other. She repeated the order; no one sent her back. When they'd sent for her several times, they pretended the woman was ill. Our mistress immediately went to visit her; no one let her in. When the old man learnt about this, he came here yesterday from the country to deal with it; he had a meeting with Philumena's father at once. I still don't know what

they said to one another, but I'm certainly worried about how this is going to turn out. There you are: that's the whole story. I'll be on my way along here. (*Prepares to set off towards the harbour*)

PHILOTIS I'm off too: I've arranged to meet a man who's visiting town.

PARMENO Good luck with whatever you're up to!

PHILOTIS Goodbye! (*Exit towards the centre of town, accompanied by SYRA*)

PARMENO Goodbye to you too, Philotis darling! (*Exit*)

LACHES and SOSTRATA come out from their house

LACHES In the name of gods and men, what sort of tribe is this? What sort of conspiracy's going on? Look how all women want and don't want exactly the same things all the time! You won't find one of them deviating the slightest bit from the character of the 200 others! [In fact all mothers-in-law are unanimous in hating their daughters-in-law!]* They're all equally determined to oppose their husbands, they're all equally obstinate, they've all been trained in wickedness in the same school, as far as I can see! And if there is such a school I know perfectly well that this woman's in charge of it!

SOSTRATA Oh dear, I don't know what I'm being accused of here!

LACHES What? You don't know?!

SOSTRATA No, Laches darling, as I pray that the gods will love me and that you and I will be able to spend our life together!

LACHES Heaven forbid! What a dreadful thought!

SOSTRATA And you'll soon find out that I've been wrongly accused by you.

LACHES Oh yes, wrongly! Can the words be found to describe what you've done? You're bringing disgrace on me, and yourself, and our household; you're storing up grief for your son; what's 210 more, you're turning his in-laws from our friends into our enemies, after they'd decided that he was a suitable person to entrust their children to. You've turned up to disturb these arrangements single-handed through your shameless behaviour!

SOSTRATA Me?

LACHES Yes, you, woman! You think I'm altogether a lump of stone, not a man! Just because I tend to spend most of my time in the country, do you women think I don't know how you all spend

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your time here? I know what goes on here much better than what goes on there, where I spend all my time—the reason being that my public reputation is going to depend on how you behave at home. I heard some time ago that Philumena had taken against you, and I'm not at all surprised; in fact it would be more surprising if she hadn't done so. But I didn't think her hatred was so strong that it included our whole house as well; if I'd known that, she'd have been the one to stay here, and *you'd* have left home. But look how little I deserve to have you inflict this upset on me, Sostrata! I went off to live in the country, to fall in with your wishes and devote myself to our property, so that our finances could support the expense of your leisure activities. I haven't been sparing of my labour: I've worked harder than was reasonable for a man of my age. In return for all that, you've taken no trouble to avoid causing me any upset!

SOSTRATA I'm not responsible for what's happened; it really isn't my fault!

LACHES Yes it is, absolutely! Only you were here: it's only you that all the fault attaches to, Sostrata! You should have taken trouble 230 over things here, since I've relieved you of all other troubles. Aren't you ashamed to have got into a row with a girl, at your age? Are you going to say it was *her* fault?

SOSTRATA No, I'm not saying that, Laches darling.

LACHES I'm glad to hear it, I don't mind telling you—for our son's sake: *your* reputation couldn't be made any worse whatever you did wrong, I know that for a fact!

SOSTRATA How do you know she hasn't pretended to take against me, darling, so that she could spend more time with her mother?

LACHES What do you mean? Isn't it proof enough that when you tried to visit her yesterday no one was willing to let you into the house?

SOSTRATA Well, they said she was very tired just then: that's why I wasn't let in to see her.

LACHES I think what makes her ill is your behaviour, rather than anything else—and reasonably enough, too: every one of you 240 women wants her son to marry, and he gets given the match that you've decided on; when they've married at your insistence,* it's at your insistence that they drive them out again!

Enter PHIDIPPUS from his house, talking back to his daughter through the doorway

PHIDIPPUS I know I have the right to force you to do what I say, Philumena, but I'll give in to a father's love and fall in with what you want; I won't oppose your wishes. (*Closes the door behind him*)

LACHES Look! There's Phidippus, I see: excellent! I'll soon find out from him what this is about. Phidippus, I know I am exceedingly obliging to all the members of my family, but I'm not so easy-going that I corrupt their characters. If you did the same as me, that would be better both for you and for us. As it is, I can see that your women have you under their thumb!

PHIDIPPUS Steady on there!

250

LACHES I approached you yesterday about your daughter; when you took your leave of me, I was no better informed than when I'd arrived. If you want this connection to last, it's not right of you to keep your anger to yourself like this: if we've done something wrong, bring it into the open. Either we'll refute the charge or we'll explain our behaviour to you; we'll put things right, and you yourself can be the judge of that. But if your reason for keeping her in your house is that she's ill, I think you're doing me an injustice, Phidippus, if you're afraid she wouldn't be looked after with sufficient care in my home. I absolutely refuse to accept—even if you are her father—that you care more about her wellbeing than I do. And that's for the sake of my son: I've seen that he values her no less than he values 260 himself, and I'm well aware how upset I must suppose he'll be if he finds out about this. That's why I'm keen that *she* should come back home before *he* does.

PHIDIPPUS Laches, I know she'd be well looked after in your house, and I know you wish her well; I accept that everything you say is as you say it is. And I hope you'll believe me when I tell you that I'm keen for her to return to your house if there's any way I can make it happen.

LACHES What stops you making it happen? Look here, she doesn't accuse her husband of anything, does she?

PHIDIPPUS Not at all: when I gave the matter more attention and set about forcing and compelling her to return, she swore solemnly that she couldn't stand being in your house if Pamphilus wasn't

there. Different people have different faults, perhaps: I'm lenient
270 by nature; I can't oppose my own family.

LACHES (*reproachfully*) Do you hear that, Sostrata?

SOSTRATA (*weeping*) Oh dear!

LACHES (*to Phidippus*) Is that a firm decision?

PHIDIIPPUS For the time being anyway, it seems. But there's nothing you want, is there? There's a matter I have to go over to the main square for now.

LACHES I'll go with you. (*Both go off towards the centre of town, leaving SOSTRATA alone on stage*)

SOSTRATA Well, it's just not fair! Our husbands hate all of us equally because of a few women who make it look as if we *all* deserve to be punished. As for what my husband's accusing me of now, I swear I'm innocent. But it's not easy to clear myself, because they're convinced that all mothers-in-law are unkind. Well, I'm certainly not! I've never treated her differently than if she were my own daughter, and I don't know why this is happening to me. But I really do hope my son's going to return home soon! (*Goes back indoors. After a short pause, PAMPHILUS and PARMENO enter from the harbour*)

PAMPHILUS I don't believe love has ever brought anyone more pain than me! I'm so unlucky! Is this the life I managed not to lose? Was this the reason I was so keen to come back home? Damn it, it would have been so much better to spend my days anywhere in the world than to come back here and find out that things were like this! What a mess I'm in! If there's some trouble lined up for us from some quarter, all the intervening time before we find out about it is sheer profit for all of us!

290 PARMENO But now you can quickly find a way to get free of these troubles. If you hadn't come back, this feud would have grown much bigger; but as it is, Pamphilus, I know both women will respect your return: you'll find out what's going on, you'll sort out their quarrel, you'll put them back on good terms. These things which you've persuaded yourself are so very serious are really trivial.

PAMPHILUS Why are you trying to cheer me up? Is there anyone anywhere in the world as miserable as me? Before I married this woman, I'd surrendered my heart to love of another; even so,

I never dared reject the one my father forced on me. On that account already anyone can easily tell how miserable I was, without my saying a thing. With some difficulty I tore myself away from her; my heart was tangled up with her, but I untangled it and managed to transfer it to the other one. Now look: something new has cropped up to tear me away from *her* from now on! What's more, I reckon I'll find my mother or my wife is to blame for all this; and when I find that's the case, what's left for me except eternal misery? If my mother's done wrong, duty requires me to 300 put up with it, Parmeno; but I'm also indebted to my wife for the sweet-natured way she once put up with me and never made all my mistreatment of her public on any occasion. But something big must have happened, Parmeno, to cause a quarrel to arise between them that's lasted so long!

PARMENO Not at all; it'll be something small! If you really want to get at the true explanation, the biggest quarrels don't always imply the biggest wrongdoing. It often happens that one man isn't even angry at what's occurred, whereas a man who does get angry turns into your bitterest enemy over the same thing. What trivial offences lead small boys to get angry with each other! Why? 310 Because they've got an unstable mind controlling them, of course. In just the same way those women are generally as fickle-minded as children: perhaps it was just one word that stirred up this quarrel between them!

PAMPHILUS Off you go indoors, Parmeno, and tell them I've arrived.*

*Noises are suddenly heard from inside PHIDIPPUS' house
as PARMENO approaches it*

PARMENO Hey, what's that?

PAMPHILUS Quiet! I can hear people rushing and running backwards and forwards!

PARMENO Come on, I'll go closer to the door. (*Does so. More noises are heard*) There, did you hear that?

PAMPHILUS Don't talk! (*Yet more noises*) God almighty, I heard a scream!

PARMENO You're talking, and you tell me not to!

MYRRINA's voice is heard from inside the house, addressing her daughter: Do be quiet, darling!

PAMPHILUS That sounded like Philumena's mother's voice! I'm done for!

PARMENO Why on earth?

PAMPHILUS I've had it!

PARMENO Why?

PAMPHILUS There's obviously some big problem they're keeping from me, Parmeno!

320 PARMENO They did say your wife Philumena was ill with something; I don't know if it could be that.

PAMPHILUS I'm dead! Why didn't you tell me?

PARMENO Because I couldn't tell you everything at once.

PAMPHILUS What kind of illness is it?

PARMENO I don't know.

PAMPHILUS Well, hasn't anyone brought in a doctor?

PARMENO I don't know.

PAMPHILUS I'd better go into the house and find out for sure about this as quickly as possible, whatever it is. What state am I going to find you in now, Philumena darling? If you're in any danger, there's no doubt that I'm done for too! (*Goes into PHIDIPPUS' house, leaving PARMENO alone on stage; PARMENO moves away from the house*)

PARMENO It's not a good idea for me to follow him inside now: I can tell that they've taken against all of us. Yesterday no one was willing to let Sostrata in; if the illness does happen to have got worse (which I sincerely hope it hasn't, above all for my master's sake), they'll immediately say that a slave of Sostrata's had got in, they'll make up a story about him having taken in something harmful to their lives and limbs, so as to make the illness worse. The mistress will be put up on a charge; I'll be strung up for torture!*

SOSTRATA comes out of her house, talking to herself

SOSTRATA Oh dear, I've been hearing some kind of commotion going on here for some time now. I'm really afraid that Philumena's illness may be taking a turn for the worse. But I pray to you, Aesculapius, and to you, Salvation,* not to let anything of the sort happen! And now I'll go to see her. (*Starts to head towards PHIDIPPUS' house but stops when PARMENO calls to her*)

PARMENO Hey, Sostrata!

SOSTRATA What's that?

PARMENO They'll shut you out again!

SOSTRATA Oh, Parmeno! Are you here? Oh dear, how dreadful this is! What am I to do? Should I not visit Pamphilus' wife, when 340 she's here in the house next door and ill?

PARMENO Not visit? You shouldn't even *send* someone to visit her! To love someone who can't stand you makes you a fool twice over, in my opinion; you waste your own time and trouble, and you make a nuisance of yourself to the other person. Anyway, your son went inside to see how she is, as soon as he arrived.

SOSTRATA What's that you say? Has Pamphilus arrived?

PARMENO He has.

SOSTRATA Thank god for that! There! I feel better again on hearing that, and it's taken a load off my mind!

PARMENO And that's the main reason why I don't think you should go inside here now. If Philumena's pain eases off at all, she'll immediately tell him the whole story while they're on their own together, I know she will: she'll explain what's come between 350 you, and how your quarrel first began. (*PAMPHILUS comes out of PHIDIPPUS' house in tears and clearly in a state of shock*)

But here he is coming out himself, I see: he does look upset!

SOSTRATA Darling!

PAMPHILUS Hello, mum!

SOSTRATA Welcome back! Is Philumena all right?

PAMPHILUS She's a bit better.

SOSTRATA I pray to the gods to see that she is! But why are you crying, then? Why are you so upset?

PAMPHILUS I'm fine, mum.

SOSTRATA What was all that commotion? Tell me: did she have a sudden attack of pain?

PAMPHILUS Yes, that's what happened.

SOSTRATA What sort of illness is it?

PAMPHILUS A fever.

SOSTRATA One that comes and goes?

PAMPHILUS That's what they say. Please go indoors, mum: I'll follow you shortly.

SOSTRATA All right. (*Returns to her house*)

PAMPHILUS You run to meet the slaves, Parmeno, and help them with the luggage.

PARMENO What? Don't *they* know their way home?

360 PAMPHILUS (*threateningly*) Get a move on! (*Exit PARMENO towards the harbour, leaving PAMPHILUS alone on stage*)

PAMPHILUS (*to the audience*) I can't find any suitable starting point to begin telling you what's happened to me: I wasn't expecting this! It's partly what I saw with my own eyes, partly what I heard with my ears: I'm out of my mind! That's why I've come straight out of the house. When I rushed in there just now, full of anxiety, expecting to see my wife sick with a different illness from the one I discovered her to have,—Oh god!—when the girls saw that I'd arrived, they were glad, and at once they all shouted out together 'He's come!'; that was because they'd caught sight of me suddenly. But immediately I saw the expression change on all their faces, because my happening to arrive there was so inconvenient. Then one of them quickly ran ahead, announcing that I'd come; I was so keen to see her that I followed straight on her heels. As soon as I'd got into the room, I saw what her illness was, damn it! The timing didn't allow a moment for it to be hidden, and the only cries she herself could utter were the ones dictated by her condition. When I saw that, I said 'How disgraceful!', and I rushed straight out of the room in tears; I was shattered by the incredible and shocking sight. Her mother followed me: just as I was about to leave the house, she got down and grasped my knees,* weeping pitifully; I felt sorry for her. This is the fact of the matter, I think: whether we're proud or humble depends on how events turn out. First of all, she began to plead with me as follows: 'My dear Pamphilus, you can see the reason why she left you. She was raped a while ago by some brute, before she married, and now she's taken refuge here so as to hide her delivery from you and the others.'—But I can't help crying when I think of her pleading, damn it!—'We both beg you', she said, 'by that very chance that brought you to us today, if what we ask is right and proper, to cover up her misfortunes and keep quiet about them before the world. If you have ever felt her to be well disposed towards you, dear Pamphilus, she now asks you to do her this favour readily in return for that one. As for taking her back, you must do whatever's in your own interests. Only you are aware that she's having a baby but isn't pregnant by you: they say she didn't sleep with you for the

first two months, and this is now the seventh month since she came to you.* It's obvious that you realize that. Well, Pamphilus, if possible, what I most want, and what I'm working on, is that the birth should happen without her father's knowledge, and indeed without anyone's knowledge. But if it's not possible to stop them finding out, I'll say she's had a miscarriage. I know there will be no suspicion in anyone's mind that it's not your legitimate baby; it's a reasonable assumption. The baby will be exposed immediately;* there's no inconvenience of any kind for you on that score, and 400 you'll have covered up the disgraceful injury that the poor girl has suffered.' I gave her my word, and I'll certainly stick to the promise I've given. But as for taking her back, I don't think that's at all honourable, and I won't do it, even though I'm deeply in love with her and feel the pull of our relationship. I weep to think what my life's going to be like from now on, and how lonely I'm going to be: no one enjoys good luck for ever! But my previous affair has already trained me up for this: I deliberately put that one out of my mind, and I'll work on this one in the same way. (PARMENO comes into view from the direction of the harbour, together with SOSIA and other slaves from the household, carrying the luggage they had with them on their voyage)

Here's Parmeno with the slaves. It's absolutely essential not to have him around the place just now: he's the one person I once 410 told that I'd kept my hands off her when we were first married; if he hears her screaming repeatedly, I'm afraid he'll realize that she's giving birth. I must send him off somewhere while Philumena's having the baby.

PARMENO (*to SOSIA, in mid-conversation, not yet seeing PAMPHILUS*) Really? This trip turned out to be a pain for you, did it?

SOSIA You really can't put into words how big a pain it actually is to travel by boat, Parmeno!

PARMENO Is that so?

SOSIA You're a lucky man! You've never gone to sea, so you don't realize what awfulness you've avoided. I won't say anything about the other miseries; just look at this one: I was on the boat for thirty 420 days or more,* and all that time I was expecting to die, damn it! We had the weather against us absolutely all the time!

PARMENO Nasty!

SOSIA You don't need to tell me! The fact is that I'd run away rather than go back, if I knew I had to go back there!

PARMENO In the past, it didn't take a lot to make you do what you're now threatening to do, Sosia! But I can see Pamphilus himself standing in front of their door: go inside, all of you! I'll go up to him, to see if he wants me for anything. (*sosia and the other slaves take the luggage indoors; PARMENO goes up to PAMPHILUS*)

Sir, are you still standing here?

PAMPHILUS Yes, and I've been waiting for you.

430 PARMENO What's up?

PAMPHILUS Someone's got to run over to the acropolis.

PARMENO Who, exactly?

PAMPHILUS You.

PARMENO To the acropolis? Why there?

PAMPHILUS Meet up with Callidemides, the man I stayed with on Myconos,* who was on the boat with me.

PARMENO (*aside*) This is the last straw! He must have made a vow to the gods that if he ever returned home safely he'd make me walk till I ruptured myself!

PAMPHILUS Get a move on!

PARMENO What do you want me to say to him? Or am I just to meet up with him?

PAMPHILUS No, tell him I can't meet him today as I'd agreed to do, so that he doesn't waste his time waiting for me there. Off you fly!

PARMENO But I don't know what the man looks like!

440 PAMPHILUS But I'll let you know: he's tall, red-faced, curly-haired, fat, grey-eyed, and looks like a corpse!

PARMENO To hell with him! What if he doesn't come? Must I wait all day till nightfall?

PAMPHILUS Yes, wait: get running!

PARMENO I can't! I'm exhausted already! (*Goes off towards the centre of town*)

PAMPHILUS He's gone. What am I to do, damn it? I just don't know how I can keep hidden what Myrrina asked me to, the fact that her daughter's having a baby. I'm sorry for the woman: I'll do what I can, but I must do my duty—I have to give more weight to my mother than to my love. (*LACHES and PHIDIPPUS come into*

view, returning from the centre of town) Oh god! Here's Phidippus and my dad, I see. They're coming this way. I don't know what I'm going to say to them!

450

LACHES (*to PHIDIIPPUS, not seeing PAMPHILUS*) Did you say earlier that she'd said she was waiting for my son?

PHIDIIPPUS Yes.

LACHES They say he's arrived: she should come back!

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) I don't know what reason I can give my dad for not taking her back!

LACHES Who did I hear speaking hereabouts? (*Looks around*)

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) I'm determined to stand firm and pursue the course that I've decided on!

LACHES (*seeing PAMPHILUS*) It's the very person I was just talking to you about!

PAMPHILUS Hello, dad!

LACHES My dear boy, hello!

PHIDIIPPUS It's good that you're back, Pamphilus; and, what's more, the main thing is that you're safe and sound.

PAMPHILUS I believe you.

LACHES Have you just arrived?

PAMPHILUS Just this moment.

LACHES Tell me, what did our cousin Phania leave?

PAMPHILUS Well, he was very much a fellow who devoted himself to pleasure while he was alive, and people like that don't give much joy to their heirs; but they do leave this epitaph to themselves: 'he 460 had a good life, while he had one'.

LACHES So have you brought nothing back besides that one saying?

PAMPHILUS Whatever the amount that he left, it was sheer profit.

LACHES (*hypocritically, reassured by the implication that Phania has left him something*) No, it was loss: I wish he was alive and well!

PHIDIIPPUS You can safely wish for that: he'll never come back to life now! But I know which you prefer!

LACHES (*to PAMPHILUS, ignoring PHIDIIPPUS' remark*) Yesterday this man gave orders for Philumena to be sent for to go to his home. (*To PHIDIIPPUS, aside, digging him in the ribs*) Say you gave the order!

PHIDIIPPUS Don't poke me! I did give the order.

LACHES But now he'll send her back.

PHIDIPPUS Of course.

PAMPHILUS (*cutting short his father's pretence*) I know about everything that's been going on: I heard about it on my return just now.

LACHES To hell with those malicious people who take pleasure in spreading such stories!

PAMPHILUS (*to PHIDIPPUS*) I know I've taken care that your

470 family couldn't reasonably have any complaint to bring against me.* And if I wanted to tell you here and now how devoted and generous and kind I have been to her, I can honestly do so; but I'd rather you found out about it from her own lips: in that way you'll have the greatest grounds for confidence in my character, when the woman who's now being unfair to me says fair things about me. And I call the gods to witness that it's not my fault this separation has come about. But since she reckons it beneath her dignity to fall in with my mother's wishes and to put up with her behaviour with all due modesty, and there's no other way for good relations to be established between them, I have to be separated either from my

480 mother, Phidippus, or from Philumena. As it is, duty prompts me to follow my mother's interests for preference.

LACHES Pamphilus, I've been very glad to have your words reach my ears and to learn that you've put everything second to your parent. But watch out that anger doesn't drive you to embark on the wrong course of action, Pamphilus!

PAMPHILUS How could anger now drive me to be unfair to the woman who's never done anything to me that I could complain of, dad, and who I know has done a lot that I'm happy with? I love her, I approve of her, I desperately want her; I know from experience how wonderful she's been to me. And I pray that she spends the

490 rest of her life with a man more fortunate than me, since necessity tears her away from me!

PHIDIPPUS It's in your hands to stop that happening.

LACHES If only you'd be sensible: tell her to come back!

PAMPHILUS That's not my plan, dad: it's mum's interest I shall serve! (*Starts to head for his house*)

LACHES Where are you going? Stop! Stop, I say! Where are you going?

PAMPHILUS *ignores him and goes indoors*

PHIDIPPUS How can he be so stubborn?

LACHES Didn't I tell you he'd be upset about it, Phidippus? That was why I begged you to send your daughter back.

PHIDIPPUS I never thought he'd be so inhuman! Does he really think I'm going to go down on bended knee to him? If it's the case 500 that he wants to take his wife back, he can do so. But if he has other ideas he can repay the dowry* to me and clear off!

LACHES Here we go! Now *you're* the one getting headstrong and angry!

PHIDIPPUS You've come back to us full of obstinacy, Pamphilus!

LACHES This anger of his will soon pass, even if he has good reason to be angry.

PHIDIPPUS Just because a trifling sum of money has come your way, it's gone to your heads!

LACHES Are you quarrelling with me too?

PHIDIPPUS He'd better think about it and let me know today whether he wants her or not! Then someone else can have her, if he doesn't! (*Starts to head for his house*)

LACHES Phidippus, stop! Listen a bit! (PHIDIPPUS *ignores him and goes indoors*) He's gone. Why should I care? Let them settle it between 510 themselves as they like, after all, since neither he nor my son takes the slightest notice of me, and they don't care what I say! I'll take this quarrel to my wife: she's the one behind all of this! I'll throw up everything that's making me ill all over her! (*Goes into his house. After a short pause, MYRRINA come out of her house, in some agitation*)

MYRRINA Oh god, what can I do? Where can I turn? What am I to say to my husband, damn it? It looked as if he'd heard the noise of the baby crying: that seemed to be why he rushed off to our daughter all of a sudden without saying a word. If he's discovered that she's had a baby, I just don't know what reason I can give him for having kept it secret. (*The noise of the door opening* is heard from her house*) But the door made a noise: I think it's him coming out to look for me! I'm done for!

PHIDIPPUS (*coming out of the house*) When my wife realized that I was going to our daughter, she took herself out of the house. And there she is, I see! Look here, Myrrina! (*MYRRINA tries to look as if she has not heard him*) Hey, it's you I'm talking to!

MYRRINA Me, husband?

PHIDIPPUS Your husband, am I? Do you reckon me to be your husband, or even a man? If you'd ever thought of me as being either of those things, woman, you wouldn't have inflicted such insulting treatment on me!

MYRRINA What treatment?

PHIDIPPUS What a question! Our daughter's had a baby! Well? Aren't you going to say anything? Whose baby is it?

MYRRINA What a fine question for her father to ask! That's the end! Whose do you think it is if not the man's she's married to, for heaven's sake?

PHIDIPPUS I believe you; in fact as her father I couldn't think otherwise. But I can't help wondering what the reason can be why
 530 you were so keen to conceal this birth from us all, particularly when she's had a successful birth, and at the right time.* How could you be so obstinate that you preferred to have the baby die,* when you knew that he could make the friendship between our families more secure from now on, rather than see her married to that boy against your wishes? And I even thought *they* were to blame, when it's *your* fault!

MYRRINA I'm so unhappy!

PHIDIPPUS If only I could be sure that you were! But now it comes back to me what you said about all this at the time, when we accepted him as our son-in-law: you said you couldn't bear your daughter to be married to a boy who was in love with a prostitute and spent his nights away from home!

MYRRINA (*aside*) I prefer him to suspect any reason rather than
 540 the real one!

PHIDIPPUS I knew he had a mistress long before *you* did, Myrrina. But I've never judged that to be a fault in a boy: it comes naturally to them. The day will certainly soon come, though, when he even hates himself for it. But you have carried on right down till today being just as you showed yourself at the time, determined to take our daughter away from him and to cancel what I'd done! This business here shows how you wanted things to turn out!

MYRRINA I'm her mother: do you think I'm so obstinate that I'd take that attitude to her if this marriage was to our advantage?

PHIDIPPUS Can you look to the future or judge what's in our interest? Perhaps you heard from someone who said they'd seen him coming out or going in to visit his mistress: well, so what? If he did it discreetly and occasionally, wouldn't we show more understanding by turning a blind eye to it than by going out of our way to find out about it and making him hate us as a result? If he were able to tear himself away instantly from a woman he'd been sleeping with for so many years, I wouldn't think him a human being or a stable enough husband for our daughter!

MYRRINA Please stop talking about the boy and about what you say I've done wrong! Go and meet him face to face: ask him whether he wants her as his wife or not. If it's the case that he says he wants her, give her back: but if it's the case that he doesn't want her, I've done the right thing by my daughter.

PHIDIPPUS If he himself really doesn't want her, and you realized that the fault lay in him, Myrrina, I was here: the proper thing was for me to plan ahead and think about this. So I'm incensed, I'm furious that you dared to behave like this without my authority! I forbid you to think of taking the baby out of the house at all! But it's quite stupid of me to expect this woman to obey my commands: I'll go indoors and give instructions to the slaves that they're not to let it be taken anywhere! (*Goes back into his house, leaving MYRRINA alone on stage*)

MYRRINA I really don't believe there's a woman alive more miserable than me! I'm only too well aware how he's going to take it if he finds out what's really going on, given how furious he is about this relatively trivial matter; and I don't know how he can be got to change his mind! Of all my miseries this will turn out to be the last straw, if he forces me to bring up the baby, when we don't know who its father is. (When our daughter was raped, she couldn't see what he looked like in the dark, and she didn't take anything from him that could have helped us subsequently to discover who he is; he himself forcibly pulled off a ring that the girl had on her finger as he left her.)* At the same time, I'm afraid Pamphilus may not be able to keep hidden what we've asked him to any longer, when he knows another man's baby is being brought up as his. (*Exit into her house. SOSTRATA and PAMPHILUS enter*

*from their house; they are followed before long by LACHES, who stays
by the door overhearing them and unseen by them)*

SOSTRATA (*to PAMPHILUS*) I'm well aware, darling, that you suspect it was my behaviour that caused your wife to leave our home, although you're doing your best to cover up your suspicion. But, just as I pray that the gods will love me and that I'll get from you everything I hope for, I swear I never knowingly did anything that could reasonably cause her to hate me! As for you, I thought already that you loved me, and you've confirmed my confidence in that: your father has just told me indoors how you've put me ahead of your love. Now I'm determined to return the favour to you, to let you know that you've found a reward for your loyalty on my side. Pamphilus darling, I think this is the right thing both for the pair of you and for my reputation: I've made a firm decision to go off to the farm together with your father, so that my presence isn't an obstacle and there's no reason remaining for your darling Philumena not to return to you.

PAMPHILUS Really! What are you thinking of? Are you to give way to her foolishness and leave town to go and live in the country? You shan't do it, mum! I won't allow anyone who wants stories to be told against us to say it was my obstinacy that made you do it rather than your unselfishness! Besides, I don't want you to abandon your friends and relations and public festivals* for my sake.

SOSTRATA But those things don't give me any pleasure any more. When I was at the right time of life, I indulged in them well enough; now I've had enough of those activities. What I care most about now is that I don't want anyone to feel I'm getting in their way by living for so long or to be waiting for me to die. I can see that I'm hated here, even if I don't deserve it: it's time for me to withdraw. That will be the best way, I think, for me to remove all grounds of complaint from everyone: I'll free myself from this suspicion, and I'll fall in with their wishes. Please allow me to escape from the bad reputation that most women have to put up with!

PAMPHILUS How lucky I am in everything else, with this one exception, that I have such a mother here but such a wife there!

SOSTRATA Please, Pamphilus darling, won't you bring yourself to put up with the inconvenience, whatever it is? If everything else is

as you want, and as I think it is, darling, do me this favour: take her back!

PAMPHILUS Oh no! I'm so miserable!

SOSTRATA And I am too! All of this upsets me just as much as you, darling!

LACHES (*stepping forward*) I've been standing nearby and listening to what you said to him, my dear. That's wise of you, to be able to change your approach wherever necessary, to do now what you might have to do later.

SOSTRATA Amen to that!

LACHES Off you go to the farm, then! There I'll put up with you, and you with me.

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SOSTRATA I certainly hope so.

LACHES Go indoors, then, and pack whatever you need to take with you: go on!

SOSTRATA I'll do what you command. (*Goes into her house*)

PAMPHILUS Dad—!

LACHES What do you want, Pamphilus?

PAMPHILUS Mum go away? Certainly not!

LACHES Why don't you want her to?

PAMPHILUS Because I still can't decide what I'm to do about my wife.

LACHES What do you mean? What do you want to do but take her back?

PAMPHILUS Yes, I'm keen to do that, and I find it hard to hold myself back. But I won't tone down my plan: I'll follow through what's to our advantage. I think they'll get on fine if I don't take her back.

LACHES You can't tell. But it makes no difference to you whether they do or not, since your mother won't be here. The young can't stand people of our age: it's right for us to get out of the way. The fact is that we've become the typical elderly couple in a story, 620 Pamphilus. (*PHIDIPPUS starts to come out of his house*)

But I can see Phidippus coming out bang on cue: let's approach him!

PHIDIPPUS (*shouting back into his house*) I'm very angry with you too, Philumena, very angry indeed! Your behaviour has been a

complete disgrace! But you've got an excuse for all of this: your mother made you do it. She has no excuse at all!

LACHES (*approaching PHIDIPPUS as the latter turns away from his door*) Well met, Phidippus! You've appeared at just the right time!

PHIDIPPUS What's up?

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) What shall I say to them? How can I explain it?

LACHES Tell your daughter that Sostrata's going to go off to the
630 farm; so she needn't be afraid to return home any more.

PHIDIPPUS Oh, your wife hasn't done anything wrong in this business! It's my wife Myrrina who's the cause of it all!

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) That changes things!

PHIDIPPUS She's the one messing us up, Laches!

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) As long as I don't have to take her back, let them carry on messing things up as much as they like!

PHIDIPPUS (*turning to PAMPHILUS*) For my part, Pamphilus, I certainly hope this link between us will be permanent, if that's possible. But if it's the case that you think otherwise, you can take the baby!

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) He's learnt that she's had a baby! I've had it!

LACHES Baby? What baby?

PHIDIPPUS A grandson has been born to us! My daughter was
640 pregnant when she was removed from your house, and I never knew before today that she'd been pregnant!

LACHES That's good news, I must say: I'm delighted that he's been born and that your daughter's well! But what sort of a woman is that wife of yours? Where did she learn to behave like that? Fancy keeping it secret from us for so long! I can't find the words to convey how perverse I think her behaviour has been!

PHIDIPPUS I don't like it any more than you do, Laches!

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) Even if I was undecided about this earlier, I'm not now, given that another man's baby comes with her!

LACHES (*to PAMPHILUS*) There's nothing for you to think about
650 any longer now, Pamphilus!

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) I'm done for!

LACHES We often longed to see this day when there would be a child of yours to call you his father. It's happened: I thank the gods!

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) I'm dead!

LACHES Take your wife back, and don't disobey me!

PAMPHILUS Dad, if she wanted to have children by me or be married to me, I know for an absolute fact that she wouldn't hide from me the things I gather she has kept hidden. Now that I realize her heart doesn't belong to me, and I don't think we'll ever get on together, why should I take her back?

LACHES She's a young woman, and she did what her mother urged 660
her to: is that surprising? Do you think you could find any woman
who's free from blame? Or is it that men never do wrong?

PHIDIPPUS You people must decide now, Laches—and that includes you, Pamphilus—whether you want her to be sent away or taken back to your home. What my wife does is outside my control; whichever way you decide, *I* won't cause you any difficulty. But what shall we do with the baby?

LACHES What a ridiculous question! Whatever happens, you must hand his child over to him, of course, so that we can bring it up as our own.

PAMPHILUS (*temporarily forgetting himself*) Me bring up a child
that's been neglected by its own father?! 670

LACHES What do you mean? Look here, are we not going to bring it up, Pamphilus? Are we going to abandon it instead, for heaven's sake? What madness is this? I simply can't keep quiet any longer, I tell you: you force me to say things I don't want to say in this man's presence. Do you think I haven't noticed your tears or don't know what it is you're so upset about? First you gave as your excuse for not being able to keep the girl at home as your wife that it was because of your mother; so she's promised to leave the house. Now you can see that you've been deprived of that excuse, you've found 680 another, that the boy was born without your knowing about it. If you think I don't know what's going on in your mind, you're wrong! The time has at long last finally come for you to turn your mind to this matter! What a length of time I allowed you for having an affair with your girlfriend! How calmly I tolerated your expenditure on her! I begged and urged you to take a wife; I said the time had come. At my insistence, you married; you obeyed me and did as you should. Now you've turned your mind back to your mistress: it's her you obey, and you're doing a great wrong to 690 your wife! I can see you've reverted to your old life again!

PAMPHILUS Me?

LACHES Yes, you! And you're doing her a wrong! You're making up bogus reasons to drive you apart, so that you can live with *her* when you've removed your wife as a witness from your presence! What's more, your wife's noticed: what other reason did she have for leaving you?

PHIDIPPUS He clearly has second sight: that's what it is!

PAMPHILUS I swear on oath that none of that is true!

LACHES Come on, take your wife back, or tell us why you don't want to!

PAMPHILUS This isn't the right time.

LACHES You must accept your son: *he* isn't to blame, at any rate.

700 I'll see about his mother later.

PAMPHILUS (*aside*) I'm utterly miserable, and I don't know what to do: my dad's got me hemmed in on all sides now, damn it! I'll be off, since I'm making so little headway by hanging around. I'm sure they won't bring the baby up without my authority, particularly when I have my mother-in-law to help me in the matter. (*Leaves hurriedly in the direction of the harbour**)

LACHES Are you running away? Hey! Don't I get a clear reply from you? (*Turning to PHIDIPPUS, when he sees that PAMPHILUS has ignored him and left*)

Do you think he's all right? Forget about him: give me the baby, Phidippus. I'll bring it up.

710 PHIDIPPUS Certainly. I'm not surprised my wife was upset about this. Women are resentful: they don't take these things lightly. That's the reason for this quarrel: she told me so herself.* I didn't want to tell you about it in his presence, and I didn't believe her at first. Now the truth's obvious: I can see his mind's utterly opposed to marriage.

LACHES So what am I to do, Phidippus? What do you advise?

PHIDIPPUS What are you to do? My proposal is that we should first approach this tart: let's speak to her, let's accuse her, in fact let's threaten her with serious consequences if she carries on with him from now on.

LACHES I'll do as you suggest. (*Calls into his house to a slave*) Hey, boy! Run over to Bacchis, our neighbour here: tell her from me

that I want her to come out here! (*A slave comes out of his house 720 and goes over to Bacchis' house to deliver the message while LACHES turns back to PHIDIIPPUS*) And I beg you to carry on helping me over this.

PHIDIIPPUS But I told you long ago, and I tell you again now, Laches: I want this link between us to stay, if that's at all possible—and I hope it will be. But do you want me to be present while you have your meeting with her?

LACHES No, not at all: off you go and get hold of a wet-nurse somewhere for the baby. (*PHIDIIPPUS goes off towards the centre of town, while BACCHIS comes out of her house accompanied by two slave-girls who stay mutely in the background during the following scenes; LACHES' slave comes out with them and returns home*)

BACCHIS (*to herself*) There must be a reason why Laches wants to see me now; and I'm pretty sure that what he wants is what I suspect it is.

LACHES (*aside*) I must make certain that I don't achieve less than I could because I'm angry with her; and I mustn't go too far and do something I'll later regret having done. I'll go up to her. (*Does so*)

Bacchis, hello!

730

BACCHIS Hello, Laches!

LACHES I can well believe that you're wondering a bit, Bacchis, what the reason can be why I ordered my slave to summon you to come outside.

BACCHIS I'm very worried too, bearing in mind who I am, that the reputation of my profession may count against me; I can easily defend my own conduct.

LACHES If you're telling the truth, dear woman, you have nothing to fear from me. I've now reached the age when it wouldn't be right for me to be forgiven if I do something wrong, and that makes me all the more careful not to act rashly in anything I do. If you're behaving, or planning to behave, the way good girls ought to behave, it's wrong for me to act like a fool and do you harm when you don't deserve it.

740

BACCHIS I certainly have reason to be most grateful to you for that. It wouldn't be much good to me if someone apologized after doing me harm. But what do you want?

LACHES You're receiving visits from my son Pamphilus.

BACCHIS But—

LACHES Let me speak! Before he married his wife, I tolerated your affair. (BACCHIS tries to complete her sentence)

Hang on: I still haven't said yet what I wanted to. Now he has a wife: find yourself a better long-term prospect while you have time to think about it. After all, he won't have the same feelings for ever, and you won't be the same age for ever, come to that.

BACCHIS Who says so?

LACHES His mother-in-law.

BACCHIS That I receive visits from him?

LACHES Yes, you. And she's taken her daughter back, and for the same reason she wanted to do away secretly with the baby that's been born.

BACCHIS If I knew of any other way more binding than an oath to
750 guarantee that you people would believe me, I'd use that to assure you, Laches, that I've kept Pamphilus away from me since he married.*

LACHES (*immediately convinced*) You're wonderful! But do you know what I want you to do instead, if you don't mind?

BACCHIS What do you want? Tell me.

LACHES I want you to go inside to the women here (*indicating PHIDIPPIUS' house*) and swear exactly the same oath to give them that assurance. Convince them, and clear yourself of this charge.

BACCHIS I'll do something which I know for a fact no other woman would do if she was from my profession: show herself to a married woman in such a cause. But I don't want your son to be suspected because of false rumours, and I don't want you to think him at all irresponsible: you're the last people who ought to think that, and he doesn't deserve it. What he does deserve from
760 me is that I should help him as much as I can.

LACHES Your words have made me well-disposed and favourable to you now. The women weren't the only ones to think it: I believed it too. Now I've found you to be different from what we thought, make sure you stay that way from now on: then you'll enjoy our friendship as you wish. If you don't—I'll restrain myself: you shan't hear anything to upset you from me. But I'll just give

you this bit of advice: try me as a friend rather than an enemy if you want to know what I'm like, or what I'm capable of!

PHIDIPPUS *returns from the town centre, bringing with him a wet-nurse, whom he addresses*

PHIDIPPUS I won't allow you to go short of anything in my house: whatever you need you'll be given—as much as you want. But when you've eaten your fill and drunk yourself silly, make sure you fill the baby up! (*Sends the wet-nurse into his house*)

LACHES I see my boy's father-in-law has come: he's bringing a wet-nurse for the baby. Phidippus, Bacchis swears the most 770 solemn oath—

PHIDIPPUS (*interrupting*) Is this her?

LACHES Yes.

PHIDIPPUS Those women aren't the slightest bit afraid of the gods, and I don't think the gods have any care for them!

BACCHIS (*gesturing towards her slave-girls*) Take my girls: you have my permission to use any torture you like in your enquiries.* What's at stake here is this: I must make sure that Pamphilus' wife returns to him. If I can achieve that, I don't mind getting a name for having been the only woman to do what other prostitutes can't face doing.

LACHES Phidippus, events have shown us that we were wrong to suspect our wives. Well, now let's put *her* to the test. If your wife finds out that what she believed was a slander, she'll stop being angry. If what my son's angry about is that his wife had a baby 780 without telling him, that's not a problem: his anger will soon wear off. There's certainly not enough wrong here to justify a divorce.

PHIDIPPUS I very much hope not.

LACHES Make your enquiries: here she is; she's the one to give you satisfactory assurances.

PHIDIPPUS Why do you bother to say that? Didn't you hear for yourself not long ago what my feelings are about all this, Laches? Just convince *them*, the pair of you! (*Goes into his house*)

LACHES Please, Bacchis, do stick to what you promised me.

BACCHIS Do you want me to go inside to do that?

LACHES Yes, and convince them: make them believe you!

BACCHIS I'll go, though I know for sure that they'll be none too pleased to see me. A married woman is hostile to a prostitute, when she's been separated from her husband.

790 LACHES But they'll be friendly when they find out why you've come.* You'll free them from their mistake and yourself from suspicion at the same time.

BACCHIS Oh god! I'm embarrassed to appear before Philumena. (*To her slave-girls*) Follow meindoors, the pair of you! (*Exit into PHIDIIPPUS' house, followed by the two slave-girls, leaving LACHES alone on stage*)

LACHES There's nothing I'd rather have happen to me than what I see is happening to her: she's winning favour at no expense to herself, and she's helping me. If it's really true that she's kept Pamphilus away from herself in the recent past, she knows that will result in her acquiring honour, fortune, and glory. She'll return his favour, and in the process she'll win our friendship. (*Exit into his house. After a short pause, PARMENO reappears from the centre of town*)

800 PARMENO (*to the audience*) Well, my master clearly reckons my labour isn't worth much! He sent me off somewhere for no reason, and I've wasted the whole day hanging about on the acropolis waiting for his friend from Myconos, Callidemides. So while I was sitting there like a complete idiot, whenever anyone came along I went up to him: 'Young man, tell me, please, are you from Myconos?' 'No, I'm not.' 'But are you Callidemides?' 'No.' 'Do you have a friend here called Pamphilus?' They all said no, and I don't think there is any such person. In the end, I just started to feel embarrassed: I left. (*BACCHIS comes out of PHIDIIPPUS' house, accompanied by her two slave-girls; again they remain mute in the background, and no one takes any notice of them*) But what do I see Bacchis coming out of our in-law's house for? What business does she have there?

BACCHIS Parmeno, you're just the person I want! Quickly, run to Pamphilus!

PARMENO Why there?

BACCHIS Tell him I beg him to come.

PARMENO To you?

BACCHIS No, to Philumena.

PARMENO What's going on?

810 BACCHIS It's no business of yours, so you can stop asking.

PARMENO Is there nothing else for me to say?

BACCHIS Yes: tell him that Myrrina has recognized the ring he once gave me as having belonged to her daughter.

PARMENO I've got that. Is that all?

BACCHIS That's all. He'll be here right away when he hears you say that. But what are you waiting for?

PARMENO Nothing at all: I haven't been given the slightest chance to. I've wasted the whole day running and walking around!
(*Exit towards the harbour**)

BACCHIS (*to the audience*) How happy I've made Pamphilus by going to see them today! How many blessings I've brought him! And how many worries I've removed! I'm restoring his son to him, who almost died thanks to the combined efforts of himself and the women here; I'm giving him back his wife, who he thought he'd never have again: I've freed him from the suspicion he was under from his father and Phidippus. And it was actually 820 this ring (*she points to a ring she is wearing*) that was the starting point for all these discoveries. It was about nine months ago,* I remember, that he came and took shelter in my house soon after nightfall: he was out of breath, there was no one with him, he'd drunk a lot of wine, and he had this ring. I took fright immediately: 'Pamphilus darling', I say, 'please: why are you so agitated, for heaven's sake? Where did you get that ring from? Tell me!' He pretends to have his mind on other things. When I see that, I begin to be more suspicious that something's up, and to insist that he tell me. The fellow confesses that he's raped some girl in the street,* and he tells me that he pulled the ring off her finger while she was struggling. Myrrina here saw that I was wearing it on my finger just now: she asks where I got it 830 from; I tell her the whole story. The result is that they've come to realize that Philumena had been raped by him and he's the father of the boy that's been born! I'm glad that all these joys have come to him thanks to me, even if other prostitutes don't want that—after all it's not in our interests for any lover to enjoy the pleasure of a marriage. But I shall certainly never bring myself to play a wicked part for the sake of profit. For as long as I was allowed to, I found him to be generous and charming and good company. His marrying didn't suit me, I don't deny it, and I really don't think I'd behaved so as to deserve to have it happen

to me. But when you've enjoyed a lot of good times with a man,
 840 it's right to put up with the bad times he causes.

*Enter PAMPILUS and PARMENO from the direction of
 the harbour; BACCHIS moves to stand near her own door*

PAMPILUS Please, my dear Parmeno, check it over again: are you sure you've got the message right? Don't make me happy for nothing, and just for a short time!

PARMENO I've checked it.

PAMPILUS For sure?

PARMENO For sure.

PAMPILUS I've joined the gods, if that's the case!

PARMENO You'll find it's true.

PAMPILUS Wait a minute, please! I'm afraid I may be believing one thing and you may be telling me another.

PARMENO I'm waiting.

PAMPILUS What I think you've said is that Myrrina found Bacchis had her ring.—

PARMENO That's what's happened.

PAMPILUS—The one I gave her; and she told you to give me the news. Is that what's happened?

PARMENO Yes, I tell you!

PAMPILUS I'm the most fortunate man alive, and the luckiest in love too! What can I give you in return for this message? What? What? I can't think!

PARMENO But I can.

PAMPILUS What?

850 PARMENO Nothing at all! I've no idea what advantage there is for you in my message or my person!

PAMPILUS You've brought me back from the regions of the dead to the light of day: how could I allow you to leave my presence without a reward? No! I'm not the despicable creature you think I am! But look! There's Bacchis standing in front of the door, I see: I think she's expecting me. I'll go up to her.

(Does so)

BACCHIS Hello, Pamphilus!

PAMPILUS Oh Bacchis, darling Bacchis, you've saved my life!

BACCHIS Good: I'm glad to hear it.

PAMPHILUS Your actions make me believe you. And you're just as charming as you ever were: wherever you go, it's always a pleasure to meet you, to talk with you, to see you!

BACCHIS And *you're* just the same as *you* ever were, to be sure: your behaviour hasn't changed. There isn't one man alive, out of 860 all the men in the world, who's better than you at chatting up the girls!

PAMPHILUS (*laughing*) Are you the one to tell me that?

BACCHIS You're quite right to have fallen in love with your wife, Pamphilus. I'd never set eyes on her before today, as far as I could tell. She seemed really nicely brought up.

PAMPHILUS Tell the truth!

BACCHIS I really mean it, Pamphilus!

PAMPHILUS Tell me, you haven't already said anything to my dad about any of this, have you?

BACCHIS No.

PAMPHILUS There's no need to breathe a word about it, either. I think it's best if this doesn't turn out the way things do in comedies, where everyone finds out about everything. In this case, those who needed to find out do know; but those who ought not to know won't find out and won't know about it.

BACCHIS Indeed, I'll give you a further reason to believe that the secret's safe: Myrrina has told Phidippus that she believed my sworn oath and that you've therefore been cleared as far as she's 870 concerned.

PAMPHILUS Excellent! And I'm sure things will turn out as we'd all like.

BACCHIS goes back into her house, followed by her slave-girls

PARMENO Sir, am I allowed to learn from you just what the good turn is that I've done you, or what it is that you two are talking about?

PAMPHILUS No, you're not.

PARMENO (*to himself*) Still, I have my suspicions: back from the regions of the dead, eh? How does that figure?

PAMPHILUS You don't know how much you've helped me today, Parmeno, or what great troubles you've rescued me from!

PARMENO (*regaining his confidence*) Yes I do: I realized what I was doing!

PAMPHILUS I know that well enough!

PARMENO Would Parmeno ever be careless and fail to do what needs to be done?

PAMPHILUS Follow me indoors, Parmeno! (*Leads off into his house*)

PARMENO OK. (*To the audience*) Honestly, I've done more good today without realizing it than I've ever done deliberately before!

880 Please give us your applause!* (*Follows PAMPHILUS indoors*)

The Self-Tormentor

(*Heauton Timorumenos*)

First performed in Rome at the Megalesian Games, April 163

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The Self-Tormentor, like *The Girl from Andros*, pits a slave against his master in a succession of ingenious and complicated deceptions, but this time the presentation of the master's character is a major ingredient in the play. The central character-study is not that of Menedemus, after whom the play is named, but of his neighbour Chremes, a man presented from the start as a pompous and self-satisfied busybody, ever ready to tell others how to organize their lives but blithely unaware of what is going on in his own household, ready to preach openness and straight dealing when he lectures others but in practice quite prepared to play devious games if he judges it appropriate. He means well, but these aspects of his character make him all too suitable to be the victim of his slave's intrigues. Since his son Clitipho is having an affair with the prostitute Bacchis, the task for his slave (Syrus) is to get hold of the money to pay her. Syrus persuades Chremes that Bacchis is really the girlfriend of Menedemus' son Clinia, and Chremes encourages him to find a way to trick Menedemus out of the money (an unexpected way for a father to behave); but Syrus manages to make the trick rebound on Chremes himself, so that Chremes ends up handing the money over to Clitipho without realizing that he, not Menedemus, is the victim of the deception. Syrus, like Davos in *The Girl from Andros*, is skilful at improvising solutions to unexpected difficulties, and recklessly ingenious in the schemes that he devises—so ingenious, indeed, that it is scarcely possible to make coherent sense of some of them: above all, why has he brought Bacchis to stay in Chremes' house in the first place (it is not as if they would otherwise have any difficulty in getting together), and how does he think this will help him to get the money she demands? But Syrus refuses to explain his scheme to Clitipho, thereby preserving a certain mystery: the audience is aware that a clever slave is in control of the action, without being quite certain what he thinks he is doing. Nor can we be quite certain in the central part of the play whether Syrus ever has any serious intention of trying to extract money from Menedemus or merely pretends that he has in order to hoodwink Chremes more effectively. The complications of the plot have been a stumbling-block for some readers, but

they need not prevent us from enjoying the way in which Chremes turns himself into Syrus' willing victim. The scenes from 842 to 948, in which Chremes first confidently mocks Menedemus for believing in what we know to be the true state of affairs and then finally learns the truth for himself, are a masterpiece of comic characterization.

One detail for which the audience is unprepared is the discovery that Antiphila, the girl with whom Clinia is really in love, is a daughter of Chremes who was supposed to have been exposed at birth. This discovery takes place halfway through the play, at a stage where it threatens to wreck Syrus' plans; but it provokes him to come up with his most ingenious and daring plan of all, namely to fool both old men by telling them the truth (that Bacchis is Clitipho's girlfriend), confident that Chremes will not believe it. He is seen devising this plan on stage at 668–78, in a type of monologue traditional for a scheming slave in which he weighs up various (unspecified) possible solutions; and he boasts about it in traditional style when he expounds it to Clinia at 709–12. The plan works as he had expected, and it is this outrageously ingenious scheme that leads to the dramatically more significant discovery, the recognition by Chremes of how wrong he has been about his son.

Although we see her for only two brief scenes, Bacchis fully lives up to Clitipho's description of her at line 227 as 'overbearing, shameless, gives herself airs, extravagant, high and mighty'. But on her first appearance she is given a speech of some interest as showing an insight on the author's part into the social pressures that force a woman in her position to be grasping and demanding for as long as she has the looks to charm money out of her lovers. Thais in *The Eunuch* is not so splendidly flamboyant, but she too is demanding and she too is presented sympathetically. The plays are largely concerned with the doings of citizens, but they also acknowledge what life is like for those on the fringes of society.

This is the one play by Terence on which Donatus' commentary has not survived. It is based on a play of the same name by Menander; we have some ten brief fragments of Menander's play quoted by ancient authors, some corresponding very closely to what Terence has written, others apparently corresponding not at all. Terence's play has two unusual features, the fact that it is set in the countryside outside Athens rather than the city itself, and the fact that the action

is spread over two days, with the opening scene taking place in the evening of the first day and a new day dawning at line 410. Both features can be paralleled from Greek New Comedy; some scholars have seen the second as a significant alteration by Terence of what he found in Menander's original Greek play, but there is no compelling reason to believe this.

The play's subsequent fame rests principally on line 77, 'I'm a man; I don't regard any man's affairs as not concerning me' (*homo sum; humani nil a me alienum puto*). Taken out of context, this sounds like a fine declaration of humane principles; and so it has been quoted by moralists and other writers ever since. In context, it has the more entertaining effect of establishing Chremes as a well-meaning but pompous busybody, one of the strongest comic characters ever presented on the stage.

Characters

CHREMES, an Athenian citizen living in the country near Athens
MENEDEMUS, an Athenian citizen who has recently moved to live
next door to Chremes and torments himself with hard work in his
fields

CLITIPHO, son of Chremes and Sostrata, in love with Bacchis

CLINIA, son of Menedemus, in love with Antiphila

SYRUS, a slave in Chremes' household

DROMO, a slave attached to Clinia

BACCHIS, a prostitute

ANTIPHILA, a teenage girl living in Athens

SOSTRATA, wife of Chremes

NANNY, a slave, former nursemaid in Chremes' household

PHRYGIA, a slave-girl owned by Bacchis

A large number of (non-speaking) slave-girls and baggage-carriers
accompanying Bacchis (more than ten slave-girls, according to
Chremes at 451)

*Various Athenian citizens are named as living in the neighbourhood but
do not appear: PHANIA (169), SIMUS and CRITO (498), CHAR-
INUS (732), and ARCHONIDES (1065). Similarly PHANOCRATES
(1061), who is perhaps related to Chremes' family.*

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The Self-Tormentor

Prologue

(spoken by Lucius Ambivius Turpio,*
leader of the company of actors)

In case any of you are wondering why the author has given an old man the part normally taken by young men, I'll explain that first, and then I shall tell you what I have come for. Today I am going to perform a fresh comedy taken from a fresh Greek play*—*The Self-Tormentor*;^{*} it is compound, but it has a unified plot.^{*} I've shown you that it's new, and what it's called; next, if I didn't think most of you knew, I'd tell you who wrote it, and who the Greek play is by.*

Instead, I'll tell you briefly why I have learnt this part: he wanted me to plead a case, not to speak a prologue. He has made you the judges and presented me as his advocate. But how much will this advocate here be able to achieve with his eloquence? That depends on how good *he* was at thinking up effective arguments when he wrote this speech that I'm about to deliver!

As for the stories spread by malicious men, that he has 'spoiled' a large number of Greek plays in writing a small number of Latin ones, he doesn't deny that he has done so; he declares that he has no regrets and will do it again. He has the precedent of good writers,^{*} a precedent which he thinks authorizes him to do what they did. 20

Next, as for what a certain malicious old author* keeps saying, that this man has turned to the vocation of poetry in a hurry, relying on the talent of his friends,^{*} not on his own abilities, your judgement and your opinion will prevail. So I want to plead with all of you not to let the words of the unfair carry more weight than those of the fair. Be fair yourselves, give a chance to develop to those who give you the chance to view new plays—and ones without faults: I don't want *him* to think that was a plea on *his* behalf! Recently, he made the people give way to a slave running in the road! Why should he do a service for a madman?^{*} He'll say more about that man's faults when he puts on other new plays, if that man doesn't put an end to his abuse. 30

Pay attention; be fair; give me a chance; let me be allowed to act a quiet play without interruption, so that I don't always constantly have to play the running slave, the angry old man, the gluttonous parasite, the shameless swindler, and the grasping pimp:^{*} I'm an old
40 man, and those parts call for a lot of shouting and a great deal of effort. For my sake persuade yourselves that this is a fair case, so that some part of my effort can be reduced. The people who write new plays nowadays show no mercy to an old man: if a play demands effort, it's me they come running to; if it's quiet, they take it to another company. This play contains words, pure and simple:^{*} give it a try; see what I'm capable of in both styles. [If I have never been greedy in setting a price on my skill, and if I have convinced myself
50 that the greatest profit lies in serving your interests as much as possible,]^{*} Establish a precedent in my case, so that the young will be anxious to please you rather than themselves.

*The play is set on a country road near Athens. The scene shows the exterior of two houses fronting the road, those of MENEDEMUS and CHREMES (on the right and left respectively, as seen from the audience). To the audience's right the road leads to Athens past the house of PHANIA (which is to be imagined off to the right); the houses of SIMUS, CRITO, and CHARINUS are to be imagined off to the left. MENEDEMUS and CHREMES farm estates which are to be imagined as extending to right and left respectively behind and beyond their houses.**

It is evening. CHREMES and MENEDEMUS enter from the right. MENEDEMUS has been working on his land and is carrying a mattock; CHREMES is on his way home from town*

CHREMES You and I have got to know each other only very recently—indeed only since you bought your property next door here—and there's really been hardly any further contact between us; all the same, either because you're a good man or because you're my neighbour—which I regard as the next best thing to being my friend—I feel bound to give you some frank and friendly advice, because you seem to me to be doing more than you should at your age, and more than your wealth requires you 60 to. I mean to say, in the name of gods and men, what are you up to? What are you hoping to get? You're 60 years old, or more than that, I guess; no one in this area has a better property, or a more valuable one; you've got lots of slaves—but you do their jobs yourself, working just as hard as if you didn't have any! However early I leave home in the morning, or however late I come back in the evening, I see you in your fields digging, or ploughing, or carrying something. In fact you don't take any time off; you don't spare a thought for yourself. I'm quite certain 70 you don't *enjoy* behaving like this. No doubt you'll say you're not satisfied with the amount of work that gets done there; but you'd achieve more if you devoted the effort you expend on hard labour to making *them* do the work!

MENEDEMUS Chremes, have you got so much time to spare from your own work that you interest yourself in other people's affairs when they don't concern you at all?

CHREMES I'm a man; I don't regard any man's affairs as not concerning me. You should regard me either as offering advice or as seeking enlightenment: if it's right, I want to do it myself; if it isn't, I want to discourage you.

MENEDEMUS This is how *I* have to behave; you can behave as *you* need to.
80

CHREMES Does *anyone* have to torment himself?

MENEDEMUS *I* do.

CHREMES If there's some trouble, I'm sorry. But what's the matter with you? Tell me, what have you done to earn so much punishment at your own hands?

MENEDEMUS (*bursting into tears*) Oh dear!

CHREMES Stop crying! Tell me about it, whatever it is. Don't keep it to yourself! Don't feel ashamed; trust me, I tell you. I'll help you, whether with consolation or advice or money.

MENEDEMUS Do you want to know about it?

CHREMES Yes, for the reason I've given you.

MENEDEMUS (*finally agreeing*) I'll tell you.

CHREMES But meanwhile put your mattock down; you don't have to tire yourself out. (*Moves to take it from him*)

MENEDEMUS (*Backing away*) Certainly not!

CHREMES What are you playing at?

MENEDEMUS Let me be! I don't want to give myself a moment's
90 rest from hardship!

CHREMES (*taking the mattock from him*) I won't let you, I tell you!

MENEDEMUS Hey, that's not fair!

CHREMES (*surprised at its weight*) What! Such a heavy one?

MENEDEMUS That's what I deserve.

CHREMES (*after putting it down on the ground*) Now speak.

MENEDEMUS (*starting on his story*) I have one son, a young lad.—
But why did I say *I have* a son? *I had* one, Chremes; now I don't know whether I have one or not!

CHREMES What do you mean by that?

MENEDEMUS I'll tell you. There's an old woman here from Corinth,* an immigrant, not well off. He began to have a passionate affair with her daughter, treating her very nearly as if she were his wife;* I knew nothing about it. When I found out what was going on, I didn't react with understanding, the way I ought to have done

to treat the sick mind of a young lad, but I got all worked up, the 100 way fathers usually do. Every day I was getting at him: ‘What! Do you hope to be allowed to carry on behaving like this while I’m alive—me, your father!—giving your girlfriend very nearly the status of a wife? You’re wrong, if you think that, and you don’t know me, Clinia: I want you to be called my son only so long as you behave properly; but if you don’t do so, I’ll find the way to *treat* you properly! And the only reason for your behaviour is that you have too much time on your hands: when I was your age, I didn’t devote myself to love affairs, but I went off to Asia because I was so poor, 110 and there I found both wealth and glory by fighting in wars!*

The final outcome was this: as a result of hearing the same stern stuff over and over again, the boy was overwhelmed. He thought I knew and saw what was in his interests better than he did himself, because I was older and loved him: he went off to Asia to fight for the king,* Chremes!

CHREMES What a story!

MENEDEMUS He set off without telling me; he’s been away for three months.

CHREMES There was fault on both sides. All the same, that project of his shows that he knows how to behave and isn’t an idler. 120

MENEDEMUS When I learnt about it from his accomplices, I returned home grieving; I was so upset that I felt quite confused and unsure of myself. I sat down; slaves ran up and pulled off my shoes; I saw others running about, spreading the couches, getting the dinner ready—they were all working as hard as they could to alleviate my misery. When I saw this, I began thinking as follows: ‘What? Are so many people to be concerned just for my sake, just to satisfy me? Are so many women going to make clothes for me? Am I going to run up such large household bills just for myself?* 130 But as for my only son, who should have enjoyed these things as much as me—or even more so, since he’s more the right sort of age to enjoy them—I’ve thrown him out from here, poor boy; I’ve mistreated him! No, I reckon I’d deserve whatever was coming to me if I did that! As long as he’s living that life of poverty, away from his homeland, because of my mistreatment of him, I shall spend the whole time punishing myself to make amends to him, toiling away, scrimping and saving, making myself his slave.’

140 That's exactly what I did: I didn't leave a thing in the house, no bowls, no bedspreads—I piled them all together. I put all my slaves on the market, male and female, and sold them—except those who could easily make good the cost of their upkeep by working in the country. I immediately advertised the house for sale. I made about fifteen talents* altogether and bought this property; this is where I make myself work. I've decided, Chremes, that the only way I can reduce my mistreatment of my son is by making myself miserable, and that it's wrong for me to enjoy any pleasure here until he's
 150 come back safely to share everything with me.

CHREMES I think you're naturally lenient towards children, and he's naturally obedient, if someone handled him rightly and effectively. But you didn't know him properly, and he didn't know you properly. How does that come about? It's when people don't live as they should. You never showed him how much you cared for him, and he never dared talk to you about the things a boy ought to discuss with his father. If you'd both done so, this would never have happened to you.

MENEDEMUS That's true; I admit it: I went very badly wrong.

CHREMES But I'm sure it'll turn out all right in the end, Menedemus, and I'm confident that you'll have him back here safely any day now!

160 MENEDEMUS I pray to the gods to bring that about!

CHREMES They will. Now, if it's convenient, we're celebrating the Dionysia* today: come to my house!

MENEDEMUS I can't.

CHREMES Why not? (MENEDEMUS starts to pick up his mattock)
 Do please spare yourself just a little bit.—Your son wants you to as well, even if he isn't here!

MENEDEMUS It wouldn't be right for me to avoid hardship myself, when I've driven him into it!

CHREMES Is that your decision?

MENEDEMUS It is. (Starts to move towards his house)

CHREMES Goodbye!

MENEDEMUS You too! (Goes into his house)

CHREMES (turning to the audience) He's brought tears to my eyes; I do feel sorry for him. But, given the time of day, it's time for me to remind my neighbour Phania here to come to dinner. I'll go and

see if he's at home. (*Exit right. There is a short pause, after which 170 he reappears**)

He didn't need reminding! They tell me he's been there in my house for some time already; I'm keeping my own guests waiting! So I'll go inside now. (*Starts towards his house, but stops when he hears the noise of the door opening* as CLITIPHO starts to come out*)

—But what's that noise coming from my door? Who ever is this coming out? I'll move over here. (*Moves back away from the door*)

CLITIPHO (*speaking back through the doorway*) There's nothing for you to be afraid of so far, Clinia: they're not being at all slow, and I know for sure she'll be here beside you the moment she gets the message. So you can give up that pointless worry that's tormenting you! (*Closes the door behind him*)

CHREMES (*aside*) Who's my son talking to?

CLITIPHO (*turning and catching sight of CHREMES*) Here's my dad! I wanted to see him; I'll go up to him. (*Does so*) Dad, you've come just at the right time!

CHREMES Why do you say that?

CLITIPHO Do you know our neighbour Menedemus here?

CHREMES Very well.

180

CLITIPHO Do you know that he has a son?

CHREMES I've heard that he's in Asia.

CLITIPHO No he isn't, dad.—He's in our house!

CHREMES What?!

CLITIPHO The moment he arrived, as soon as he got off the ship, I took him straight off to dinner. We've always been friends, ever since we were kids.

CHREMES That's wonderful news! How I wish I'd been more pressing in inviting Menedemus to join us: I could have been the first to break this to him, and given him a nice surprise in my own home! Actually, there's still time now! (*Starts towards MENEDEMUS' house*)

CLITIPHO (*stopping him*) No, don't! There's no need for that, dad!

CHREMES Why?

CLITIPHO Because he still can't decide what to do with himself. He's just arrived, and he's afraid of everything—his dad's anger, and his girlfriend's feelings towards him. He's desperately in love

with her.—It's because of her that this trouble came about and he left home.

190 CHREMES I know.

CLITIPHO Now he's sent his slave* to her in town, and I've sent our Syrus as well.

CHREMES What's he got to say for himself?

CLITIPHO What's he got to say? That he's miserable!

CHREMES Miserable? Can you imagine anyone less so? What's missing? Hasn't he got everything that's counted a mortal blessing? Parents, a safe homeland, friends, family, relatives, money? But these things depend on the attitude of the man who has them: if he knows how to use them, they're blessings; if he doesn't use them rightly, they're evils.

CLITIPHO But his old man was always hard on him; and what I'm most afraid of now is that he'll be angry and go too far against him, dad.

CHREMES Him?! (*Cuts himself short, and continues to himself*) But I'll restrain myself: it'll suit him to have his boy afraid of him.

CLITIPHO What are you muttering to yourself?

200 CHREMES I'll tell you: whatever things were like, he should have stayed. Perhaps he was a bit less lenient than the boy liked; he should have put up with it. Who *will* he take it from, if not from his own father? Was it reasonable for him to adapt himself to his father, or the other way round? He accuses him of being harsh, but that isn't so. When parents 'mistreat' their children, they generally do so in one way, if they're at all tolerant: they don't want them to be out with the girls all the time, they don't want them always dining out, they're mean with their pocket-money. However, all of this is for their children's own good. But when once someone's mind has got entangled in lust and vice, comparable conduct is bound to come next, Clitipho! This is the smart thing to do: make other people's experiences a useful test for yourself!

CLITIPHO (*feigning agreement*) I'm sure that's right.

CHREMES I'll go inside now, to see what we've got for dinner. You, given the time of day, please make sure you don't go too far away.
(*Goes indoors*)

CLITIPHO (*to the audience*) How unfair fathers always are when they sit in judgement on boys! They think we ought to go straight

from being kids to being old men, and not join in the behaviour that's normal for our age. They make up the rules on the basis of the desires they feel now, not what they used to feel! If ever *I* have a son, I promise he'll find me an easy-going father: there'll be room to discover if he does something wrong, and to forgive him—not like my dad, who uses someone else's case to show me what he thinks. I can't stand it! Think of the exploits he boasts about to me when he's had a bit too much to drink! But what he says *now* is 220
‘Make other people's experiences a useful test for yourself?’ Clever Dick! Little does he know what a deaf ear I turn to his tale-telling! Just now I'm more excited by what my girlfriend says, with her ‘Give me...’ and ‘Bring me...’—which I haven't got a thing to reply to! I'm the most miserable person there is! Clinia here has enough problems of his own as well, but his girl's been well and properly brought up* and knows nothing of the ways of tarts; *mine* is overbearing, shameless, gives herself airs, extravagant, high and mighty! And all I've got to give her is ‘Fine!’ It's against my principles to say I haven't got anything! Its not long since I found this problem; my dad doesn't know about it yet.

CLINIA comes out of CLITIPHO's house

CLINIA (*to the audience, not seeing CLITIPHO*) If everything was all right with my love affair, I know they'd have been here long ago. 230
But I'm afraid she's been corrupted while I've been away from here. Lots of ideas come crowding into my mind to increase my fears: there's the opportunity, the place,* her age, her mother who gives her the orders—a bad woman, who doesn't like the thought of anything but money!

CLITIPHO (*catching his attention*) Clinia!

CLINIA I'm so miserable!

CLITIPHO Will you be careful now? Someone coming out from your dad's house might just see you here!

CLINIA I will be. But my mind's full of forebodings: something's bound to be wrong!

CLITIPHO Stop it! Don't jump to conclusions before you know what the truth of the matter is!

CLINIA If there wasn't something wrong, they'd be here by now!

CLITIPHO They'll be here any moment!

CLINIA When will that be?

CLITIPHO Look, it's a bit of a way from here! And you know what women are like: while they're getting themselves moving, while they're setting out, it takes a year!

240 CLINIA Oh Clitipho, I'm worried!

SYRUS and DROMO come into view from the right

CLITIPHO You can breathe easy: here comes Dromo, together with Syrus! Look, they're back!

SYRUS (to DROMO, as they enter in mid-conversation) Really?

DROMO Yes!

SYRUS (looking round) But in the meantime, while we've been chatting away, the women have got left behind!

CLITIPHO (aside, to CLINIA) There you are, she's here! Do you hear that, Clinia?

CLINIA (aside, to CLITIPHO) I do indeed hear it! At last! Now I can see, now I'm well again, Clitipho!

DROMO (to SYRUS) It's not at all surprising: they've got so much baggage; they're bringing a flock of slave-girls with them!

CLINIA (to CLITIPHO) What?! Where's she got slave-girls from?

CLITIPHO Don't ask me!

SYRUS We shouldn't have left them behind: they're carrying so much stuff!

CLINIA No!

SYRUS Jewellery! Clothes! And evening's coming on, and they don't know the way. We've been silly! Off you go, Dromo: go back to meet them! (DROMO is slow to react) Hurry up! Get a move on! (DROMO goes off right)

250 CLINIA (to CLITIPHO) Oh no! I'm so miserable! I had such high hopes, and now I've fallen from them!

CLITIPHO Why do you say that? What ever's upsetting you?

CLINIA How can you ask what it is? Don't you see? Where do you think she's got slave-girls, jewellery, and clothes from, when I left her here with just one slave-girl?

CLITIPHO Ah, now I understand at last!

SYRUS (to himself, not yet seeing CLITIPHO and CLINIA) Ye gods, what a crowd there is! They'll scarcely fit into our house, I know! They'll eat everything up! They'll drink everything up! Our old man will be the most miserable creature alive! (Catches sight of the others) But here are the guys I wanted, I see!

CLINIA (*still aside*) O Jupiter, where can I put my trust? While I was on the move, away from my homeland, because of you—madman that I was!—you in the meantime have made your fortune, Antiphila, and abandoned me in my troubles—you, for whose sake I've utterly disgraced myself and disobeyed my dad! I'm ashamed to face him now, and I'm sorry that his warnings were wasted on me when he went on about what these women are 260 like, and he wasn't ever able to drive me away from her! But I'll do it now! I wasn't prepared to then, when it could have brought me thanks: I'm the most miserable man alive!

SYRUS (*to the audience*) He's obviously misunderstood what we were saying just now. (*To CLINIA*) Clinia, you've got your girl-friend wrong: she lives the same sort of life as she did, and her feelings towards you are the same, as far as we concluded from the facts of the case.

CLINIA What do you mean? Tell me! There's nothing in the whole world I'd rather find out now than that my suspicions are false!

SYRUS First of all, to put you fully in the picture about her situation, the old woman, who was previously said to be her mother, wasn't really;* and she's died. I overheard her telling the other 270 girl about that herself on the way here.

CLITIPHO Who on earth is the other girl?

SYRUS Hang on! Let me finish telling this story I've begun first, Clitipho; then I'll come to your question.

CLITIPHO Hurry up!

SYRUS Well, first of all, when we reached her house, Dromo knocked at the door. Some old woman answered; when she'd opened the door, he rushed inside at once, and I followed. The old woman bolted the door and went back to her wool-working. This if anything, Clinia, was the way to find out how she'd spent her life in your absence, I mean by coming upon her unexpectedly. 280 It was this that gave us the chance to form a picture of her normal, everyday behaviour; and that's what reveals above all what a person's character is like. We found Antiphila hard at work weaving a web, modestly dressed, and wearing mourning (for the old woman who'd died, I think). She had no jewellery on, and she was got up the way women are who dress for themselves; she hadn't plastered on any of that dreadful make-up they use. Her

290 hair was down, spread out round her head, and tossed back carelessly. There you are!

CLINIA My dear Syrus, please don't make me happy for nothing!

SYRUS The old woman was spinning her thread. Otherwise there was just one slave-girl; she was weaving too, overgrown with rags, untidy, foul, and filthy.

CLITIPHO If this is all true, Clinia—and I'm sure it is—you're the luckiest man alive! Think about that shabby, squalid girl he mentioned! That's another strong proof that the mistress is beyond reproach, when her go-betweens are in such a state of neglect: if men are aiming for their mistresses, they make it a rule to give something to the slave-girls first!

CLINIA (*to Syrus*) Please, carry on—and don't try making things up to please me! What did she say when you mentioned my name?

SYRUS When we told her you'd returned and wanted her to come to you, she stopped weaving at once, and her whole face filled with tears; you could easily tell it was because she missed you!

CLINIA I'm so happy I swear I don't know where I am! I was so frightened!

CLITIPHO But I knew it was nothing, Clinia!—Come on then, 310 Syrus, now tell us who that other girl is!

SYRUS We're bringing your Bacchis along.

CLITIPHO *What?*! Bacchis?! Hey, where are you taking her, damn you?

SYRUS Where am I taking her? To our house, of course!

CLITIPHO To my dad's!?

SYRUS The very man!

CLITIPHO You shameless fellow! What a nerve!

SYRUS Look here, no one achieves anything great or memorable without taking risks!

CLITIPHO Look at that! Damn it, are you putting my life at stake while you go in search of praise for yourself? If you overlook just one little detail, I'm the one who's had it! (*To the world at large*) What can you do with him?

SYRUS Yes, but—

CLITIPHO (*interrupting*) What do you mean, 'but—'?

SYRUS If you let me, I'd tell you!

CLINIA Let him!

CLITIPHO All right!

SYRUS The situation at this point in time is just like—

CLITIPHO (*interrupting*) What the hell is this tale he's starting to tell me?

CLINIA Syrus, he's right: cut it out, and get back to the point!

SYRUS Well, I really can't stay quiet! You wrong me in so many ways, Clitipho; you're intolerable!

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CLINIA (*to CLITIPHO*) You'll clearly have to listen: keep quiet!

SYRUS You want to have an affair; you want to get her; you want a supply of cash to give her; but you don't want to be the one who runs the risks in getting her! Very wise, very sensible—if it *is* sensible of you to want what can't possibly happen! Either you must accept the risks together with the benefits, or you must give up the benefits together with the risks. Now decide which of these alternatives you prefer! But I know the plan I've thought of is a good and safe one: it gives a chance for your girlfriend to be with you in your father's house without any fear. Also, you've promised her money: I'll find it by the very same means—and you've deafened my hearing before now by begging me to supply it! 330

What more can you ask for?

CLITIPHO *If* that's how it turns out!

SYRUS '*If*'? Put it to the test, and you'll see!

CLITIPHO All right then, let's have your plan: what is it?

SYRUS We'll pretend that *your* girlfriend is *his* girlfriend!

CLITIPHO (*sarcastically*) Fine! What's he to do with *his*? Are we going to say that she's his too, in case this one isn't enough of a scandal?

SYRUS No, she'll be taken off to your mother.*

CLITIPHO Why there?

SYRUS It would take a long time to tell you why I'm doing it, Clitipho; there's a good reason.

CLITIPHO Rubbish! I can't see any solid reason why it should be in my interests to run this risk!

SYRUS Hang on! If you're afraid of that plan, I've got another one; you must both admit that it's risk-free!

CLITIPHO Please think up something like that!

SYRUS Certainly! I'll go to meet them, and tell them to go back home!

340 CLITIPHO What! What did you say?

SYRUS I'll remove all your fear; you'll be able to sleep peacefully on either ear!* (*Starts off right*)

CLITIPHO What do I do now?

CLINIA You? If something good—(*CLITIPHO and SYRUS ignore him as he carries on speaking*)

CLITIPHO Syrus! Just tell me the truth!

SYRUS (*pausing*) Come on now! You'll wish you'd taken my advice later—but it'll be *too late* then! (*Starts off again*)

CLINIA —is given to you, enjoy it while you can: you can't tell—

CLITIPHO Syrus, I say!

SYRUS Carry on, carry on! But I'll do what I said! (*Continues off right*)

CLINIA —if you'll ever have a chance of it later or not!

CLITIPHO (*brushing CLINIA's advice aside*) Yes, you're quite right. (*Calling after SYRUS*) Syrus! Syrus, I say! Hey! Hey! Syrus!

SYRUS (*stopping, to the audience*) That's warmed him up! (*To CLITIPHO*) What do you want?

CLITIPHO Come back, come back!

SYRUS (*obeying*) Here I am. Tell me what you want. Now you're going to say you don't like this plan either!

350 CLITIPHO Not just that, Syrus: I put myself and my love and reputation in your hands! You're the judge; see that you don't lay yourself open to any charge!

SYRUS It's ridiculous for you to give me that advice, Clitipho, as if I had less at stake in the matter than you. If anything happens to turn out unfavourably for us, you'll have your ears bashed, but I'll have my back lashed!* So this isn't something for me to be careless about at all. But you must persuade him to pretend that she's his.

CLINIA Of course I'll do it. Things have now got to the point where I have to!

360 CLITIPHO Thank you so much, Clinia!

CLINIA But she mustn't trip up at all!

SYRUS She's been very thoroughly rehearsed.

CLITIPHO But I'm amazed how you managed to persuade her so easily! Think of the men she normally rejects!

SYRUS I came to her at the right time, and that's always the main thing: I found some soldier there desperately begging to spend the

night with her. She was handling the man skilfully, so as to inflame his desire by her unavailability, and at the same time so as to make this as pleasing as possible to you. But look here, just you watch out that you don't do anything careless and come a cropper! You know how quick your father is to spot these things, and I know 370 how bad you normally are at controlling yourself. Those hidden meanings and sideways leanings of yours, sighing, clearing your throat, coughing, laughing—none of that!

CLITIPHO You'll praise my performance!

SYRUS Just you watch out!

CLITIPHO Even you will be a fan of mine!

BACCHIS and ANTIPHILA start to come into view from the right, accompanied by DROMO, PHRYGIA, and a train of slave-girls and baggage-carriers

SYRUS But how quickly the women have followed!

CLITIPHO (*turning round eagerly*) Where are they? (SYRUS catches hold of him) Why are you holding me back?

SYRUS She isn't yours any more!

CLITIPHO I know, when we're at home; but in the meantime—!

SYRUS There's no difference.

CLITIPHO Let me!

SYRUS I won't, I tell you!

CLITIPHO Please, just a bit!

SYRUS No!

CLITIPHO To say hello, at least!

SYRUS (*pushing him towards his house*) You'd go away if you had any sense!

CLITIPHO I'm going.—What about him?

SYRUS He'll stay.

CLITIPHO Lucky man!

SYRUS Get walking! (CLITIPHO goes off into his house)

380

BACCHIS (in conversation with ANTIPHILA, not noticing SYRUS and CLINIA) My dear Antiphila, I really do congratulate you, and I think you're lucky, because you've taken the trouble to make your character as beautiful as your looks. I don't mind telling you, I'm not the least bit surprised that they're all keen on you: I could tell what you're like from the things you said. And now that I think hard about the sort of life you live, in fact the sort all of

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you girls live who keep the masses away from you, it's not surprising that you're like that and we're not. It's in your interests to be good, but the people *we* deal with don't allow us to be. It's because they're smitten by our looks that our lovers worship us; when our looks have faded, they take their fancy elsewhere; if we haven't made some provision in the meantime, we find ourselves abandoned. But once *you've* decided to spend your lives with one man, the ones that attach themselves to you are those with a character most like yours. Thanks to the kindness that both parties show, you're really tied to one another; no disaster can ever blight your love.

ANTIPHILA I don't know about other women, but I do know that I've always done my best to make *my* happiness depend on *his* happiness.

CLINIA (aside) Oh Antiphila, my darling, that's why you alone have made me return to my homeland now! While I was away from you, all the hardship I undertook was mild compared with the fact that I had to be without you!

SYRUS (to CLINIA, aside) I believe you!

400 **CLINIA (to SYRUS)** Syrus, I can hardly stand it! I'm so miserable if I can't enjoy a woman like her as I want to!

SYRUS Well, to judge from the way I've seen your father behaving, he'll give you a hard part to play for some time yet!

BACCHIS (noticing CLINIA) Who ever is this boy looking at us?

ANTIPHILA (feeling faint as she catches sight of CLINIA) Oh no! Hold me, please!

BACCHIS What on earth is the matter with you?

ANTIPHILA I've had it! I can't take it! Help me!

BACCHIS What's making you faint, Antiphila?

ANTIPHILA Do I see Clinia or not? (*She staggers towards him*)

BACCHIS Who can you see?

CLINIA (to ANTIPHILA, as they fall into each other's arms) Hello, sweetheart!

ANTIPHILA Oh my darling Clinia, hello!

CLINIA Are you well?

ANTIPHILA Welcome back!

CLINIA Am I holding you, Antiphila? It was you I wanted above all!

SYRUS Go inside! The old man's been expecting you for some time now.*

He ushers them into CHREMES' house, together with everyone on stage

PAUSE*

It is the next morning. CHREMES comes out of his house. Those who went into it at the end of the previous scene are still there, but we are to imagine that PHANIA has returned home, as have any other guests there may have been.

CHREMES I see it's dawn already. I'd better get on and knock at my 410 neighbour's door, so that I can tell him first that his son's come back. I realize the boy doesn't want him to know; but when I see how miserable he is, and how much he's tormented by his son's absence, how can I conceal such unexpected joy from him, when there's no danger for the boy in my telling him? I won't do it: I'll help the old man as much as I can. Just as I can see my son devoting himself to his friend and contemporary, and helping him in his affairs, so it's right for us old men too to help each other! (*MENEDEMUS comes out of his house*)

MENEDEMUS (*to himself, not seeing CHREMES*) It's clear that either I was born with a particular tendency to misery or it's not 420 true, as I hear commonly said, that time takes away men's sorrow. In my case, anyway, my sorrow grows greater every day on my son's account, and the longer he's away the more I want him and the more I miss him.

CHREMES But I see he's come out of doors himself: I'll go and speak to him. (*Does so*) Menedemus, hello! I bring you the news you most want to hear!

MENEDEMUS You haven't heard something about my son, have you, Chremes?

CHREMES He's alive and well!

MENEDEMUS Where on earth is he? Tell me!

CHREMES In my house!

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MENEDEMUS My son?!

CHREMES That's right.

MENEDEMUS He's come back?

CHREMES Certainly!

MENEDEMUS *My Clinia's* come back?

CHREMES That's what I said.

MENEDEMUS Let's go! Take me to him, please! (*Starts to move towards CHREMES' house, but CHREMES stops him*)

CHREMES He doesn't want you to know he's returned yet, and he can't bring himself to meet you face-to-face. Because he's behaved so badly, what he's afraid of is that that old harshness of yours may even have been increased.

MENEDEMUS Didn't you tell him how I was feeling?

CHREMES No.

MENEDEMUS Why not, Chremes?

CHREMES Because that's a very bad idea, both for your sake and for his, if you're going to show yourself to be so lenient and easily overcome.

MENEDEMUS I can't do it! I've had more than enough already of being a harsh father!

440 CHREMES Look, Menedemus, you overdo it in both directions: either you're too generous or you're too mean! You'll fall into the same trap with this behaviour as you did with that. To start with, previously, rather than allow your son to go visiting his lady-love, who at that time was content to have very little and was happy with anything, you terrified him into running away. She, forced to do so against her will, began after that to earn her living as a prostitute. And now, when she can't be kept without great loss, you want to give him anything and everything! I mean, just to let you know how excellently equipped she is now to ruin you, for a start she's brought more than ten slave-girls with her, weighed down with clothing and jewellery! If she had Croesus as her lover, he'd never be able to stand her expenses; you'd be even less able to!

MENEDEMUS Is sheindoors?

CHREMES Is she just? I've *felt* her presence! I've given one dinner to her and her companions, and if I had to give it again it'd be the end of me! To say nothing of the other things, she consumed vast quantities of my wine just by *tasting* it! 'This one's adequate', she said; 'this one's rough, old man; hunt out something else mellower,

please?' I opened every jar, every bottle; I kept everyone busy—and 460
that was just one night! What do you think will become of *you*
when they're eating you up all the time? I can assure you, I did feel
sorry for your fate, Menedemus!

MENEDEMUS Let him do what he wants! Let him waste, consume,
destroy: I'm resolved to put up with it, just as long as I have him
with me!

CHREMES If you're determined to do that, I think it of the ut-
most importance that he shouldn't realize you're subsidizing him
knowingly.

MENEDEMUS What should I do?

CHREMES Anything rather than what you're thinking of! Use
someone else to give him the stuff—anyone you like; let yourself 470
be tricked by the machinations of a slave! In fact I got the feeling
too that that's what they're up to, that they're working on it to-
gether secretly; Syrus and that man of yours are whispering
together, suggesting plans together to the boys. And it's better
for you to lose a talent this way than a mina* that way: what's at
stake here is not the money but how we can give it to the lad with
least risk. If he once realizes how you feel, how you'll abandon your
life and all your money rather than losing your son—well! What a 480
window on wickedness you'll be opening! You'll find life has lost its
sweetness for you after that! We're all corrupted by permissiveness:
each one of us will want whatever comes into his mind, and he
won't stop to think whether it's wrong or right—he'll try to get it.
You won't be able to bear the ruin of your property and your son:
you'll refuse to give it to him; he'll turn straight to the course that
he knows gives him the greatest power over you: he'll immediately
threaten to leave you!

MENEDEMUS What you say seems to be right; that's how it is. 490

CHREMES I didn't get a wink of sleep last night, I can tell you: I was
trying to think how to restore your son to you.

MENEDEMUS Give me your hand. (*They clasp each other's right
hand*)

I beg you to carry on doing so, Chremes.

CHREMES I'm ready to. (*They release their hands*)

MENEDEMUS Do you know what I want you to do now?

CHREMES Tell me.

MENEDEMUS Now you've realized they're setting out to trick me,
make them hurry it along! I'm longing to give him what he wants;
I'm longing to see *him* at last!

CHREMES I'll help you. I've got a little bit of business to get out of
the way: our neighbours Simus and Crito here are involved in a
boundary dispute; they've called me in to arbitrate.* I did say I'd
500 give them my help, but I'll go and tell them I can't give it to them
today. I'll be right back! (*Exit left*)

MENEDEMUS Please do. (*To the audience*) Ye gods, it's obviously a
law of human nature that men are better at seeing and deciding
about other people's affairs than their own! Is that because in our
own business we're hampered by feeling too much joy or too much
sorrow? How much more sense this man's showing on my behalf
now than I am myself!

CHREMES (*returning from the left*) I've got out of it: I'm free to
give you my help. I must get hold of Syrus and urge him on.
(SYRUS starts to come out of his house) Someone's coming out of
510 my house: go home now—I don't want them to realize we're
putting our heads together. (*MENEDEMUS goes into his house, as SYRUS closes CHREMES' door behind him*)

SYRUS (*to himself, not seeing CHREMES*) Run around this way and
that—but I've still got to find the money: I must aim a trick at the
old man.*

CHREMES (*to the audience*) Didn't I see this was what they were
plotting? Obviously that slave of Clinia's is a bit on the slow side:
that's why the job's been assigned to our man here.

SYRUS Who's speaking here? Damn! He didn't hear what I said,
did he?

CHREMES (*to SYRUS*) Syrus!

SYRUS Yes?

CHREMES What are you up to there?

SYRUS I'm fine. But I'm surprised to see you up so early, Chremes,
after drinking so much yesterday!

CHREMES I didn't have too much!

SYRUS Didn't you just? It looked to me like a good case of the
520 proverbial eagle in old age!*

CHREMES Steady on!

SYRUS That tart's a bit of all right—a smart girl!

CHREMES Certainly.

SYRUS Did you think so too? And jolly good-looking as well!

CHREMES Not too bad.

SYRUS Not like they used to be, but pretty good by today's standards. And I'm not at all surprised if Clinia's crazy about her. But his father's a greedy, miserable old skinflint—our neighbour here; do you know him? As if he wasn't overflowing with money, his son was so poor that he ran away! You know it happened as I say, don't you?

CHREMES Of course I do. The man deserves to be sent to the mill!*

SYRUS (*startled*) Who?

CHREMES I mean that slave of the boy's.

530

SYRUS (*relieved, to himself*) That was a nasty fright for you, Syrus!

CHREMES How could he let it happen?

SYRUS What could he have done?

CHREMES Fancy asking! He could have come up with something, made up some trickery to get the boy something to give his girlfriend, and he could have saved that difficult old man in spite of himself!

SYRUS You're joking!

CHREMES That's what he ought to have done, Syrus!

SYRUS Look here, tell me: do you approve of people who play tricks on their masters?

CHREMES In the right circumstances, I do indeed approve.

SYRUS Quite proper, of course!

CHREMES You see, that's often the cure for great sorrows: in his case, his only son would have stayed at home all along.

540

SYRUS (*aside*) I don't know if he's saying these things in jest or in earnest; but as far as I'm concerned, he's encouraging me and making me keener to do it!

CHREMES And what's he waiting for now, Syrus? For him to go away again, when he can't afford to pay her bills? Isn't he making up some plan against the old man?

SYRUS (*to CHREMES*) He's an idiot.

CHREMES But you should lend a hand, for the boy's sake!

SYRUS Well, I can easily do it, if you tell me to: I'm an expert on how it's normally done.

CHREMES So much the better, by god!

SYRUS It's not my style to lie.

CHREMES Do it, then!

550 SYRUS But look here, just make sure you remember all this if anything similar happens to occur sometime—you know what people are like—in your son's behaviour.

CHREMES The need won't arise, I hope.

SYRUS I hope so too, to be sure; and I'm not saying it now because I've gathered that he's up to anything. But if anything does, don't! You can see how old he is; and I tell you I could handle you splendidly, Chremes, if the need arose!

CHREMES We'll see what has to be done about that when the need does arise; now concentrate on the matter in hand! (*Goes into the house*)

SYRUS (*to the audience*) I've never ever heard my master say more convenient things! There's never been a time when I thought 560 I could misbehave with less danger of punishment! (*A noise from the door as CHREMES reappears, pulling CLITIPHO with him*)

Who ever is this coming out from our house?

CHREMES What are you up to, then? What sort of conduct is that, Clitipho? Is that the right way to behave?

CLITIPHO What have I done?

CHREMES Did I see you just now putting your hand in over the breasts of that tart?

SYRUS (*aside*) It's all up now! I've had it!

CLITIPHO Me?

CHREMES With my own eyes: you needn't deny it! What's more, you're doing *him* a disgraceful wrong if you don't keep your hands off her. That's outrageous behaviour on your part, to take a friend into your house and feel up his girlfriend! Yesterday, for instance, when we were drinking, you were quite shameless!

SYRUS (*aside*) He was, too!

CHREMES You were quite a nuisance! I don't mind telling you, I was pretty worried how it was going to end! I know what men are like when they're in love: they're upset by things you wouldn't expect.

570 CLITIPHO But he trusts me not to do anything like that, dad!

CHREMES Maybe. But you could at least take yourself off somewhere away from their company for a little bit. Desire makes people want to do a lot of things that they can't do if you're present. I conclude that from my own case: there isn't a friend of mine living in whose company I'd dare to disclose all my secrets, Clitipho. With one it's a sense of my standing that prevents me, with another it's the deed itself that I'm ashamed of, and I don't want to appear silly or headstrong. You must believe that he behaves in the same way. But it's our job to understand how and when we need to adapt ourselves!

SYRUS (*stepping forward, to CLITIPHO*) What's this tale I hear?

CLITIPHO I've had it!

SYRUS Clitipho, is this how I teach you to act? Have you behaved like a man of virtue and self-control?

CLITIPHO Shut up, please!

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SYRUS (*sarcastically*) Quite proper, of course!

CLITIPHO Syrus, I'm sorry!

SYRUS I believe you—and you *should* be sorry: I don't like it either.

CLITIPHO You'll ruin me, damn you!

SYRUS I'm telling the truth as I see it.

CLITIPHO Can't I go up to them?

CHREMES Look here, tell me: is there just one way of 'going up'?

SYRUS (*aside*) It's all over! He's going to give himself away before I've secured the money! (*To CHREMES*) Chremes, are you prepared to take advice from an idiot like me?

CHREMES What should I do?

SYRUS Order him to go away somewhere.

CLITIPHO Where should I go away to?

SYRUS Wherever you like! Give them some space: go and take a walk!

CLITIPHO Take a walk? Where?

SYRUS Really! As if there was a shortage of space! Just go! Over there—in that direction—anywhere you like! (*Pushes CLITIPHO off towards the left*)

CHREMES He's right; I approve.

CLITIPHO Damn and blast you, Syrus for pushing me away! (*Exit left*)

SYRUS (*to CLITIPHO's departing back*) And you can jolly well
 590 keep your hands to yourself in future! (*To CHREMES*) You
 approve, do you? What do you suppose he'll do later on, Chremes,
 if you don't keep an eye on him, tick him off, and advise him with
 all the power the gods have given you?

CHREMES I'll see to that.

SYRUS But it's now that you must keep a close eye on him, sir!

CHREMES I shall.

SYRUS That would be sensible; he takes less and less notice of what
 I say nowadays!

CHREMES What about you? Have you done anything about that
 matter I discussed with you earlier, Syrus? Have you come up with
 an idea that satisfies you, or not?

SYRUS About a trick, you mean? I've got one: I thought of one just
 now.*

CHREMES Good for you! Tell me, what is it?

SYRUS I'll tell you, but as things occur to me, one after another.

CHREMES What ever is it, Syrus?

SYRUS That tart's a disgraceful woman!

CHREMES So she seems.

SYRUS But if only you knew! Really! Look at what she's trying to
 600 do! There was an old Corinthian woman here; she'd made her a
 loan of 1,000 drachmas in cash.

CHREMES Carry on!

SYRUS The old woman died, leaving a daughter, a young girl.
 She was left to the tart as security for that cash.*

CHREMES I understand.

SYRUS She's brought her along with her; she's the one who's now
 with your wife.

CHREMES Carry on!

SYRUS She's begging Clinia to give her that sum now, but she says
 she'll then give him the girl.* She's demanding 1,000 drachmas.

CHREMES *Demanding?!*

SYRUS What? Do you doubt it? What I thought was this:—

CHREMES (*interrupting*) What do you plan to do now?

SYRUS Me? I'll go to Menedemus; I'll tell him the girl's a captive
 from Caria,* wealthy and well-born; I'll say there's a lot of profit in
 her if he buys her out.

CHREMES You're wrong!

SYRUS Why do you say that?

CHREMES I'll be Menedemus now, and here's my reply to you: 610

'I'm not buying her'. What will you do?

SYRUS Just the answer I want!*

CHREMES Why?

SYRUS There's no need!

CHREMES No *need*?

SYRUS No, there really isn't!

CHREMES How can that be? I don't understand.

SYRUS You'll know soon! (*Heads towards MENEDEMUS' door, but is delayed by the sound of CHREMES' door being opened in some agitation as SOSTRATA and NANNY come out of his house; SOSTRATA is holding a ring*)

CHREMES (*to SYRUS*) Wait, wait! What's the reason for that great noise coming from our door?*

SOSTRATA (*to NANNY*) Unless my mind's playing tricks on me, this is certainly the ring I suspect it is, the one my daughter was exposed with!*

CHREMES (*aside, to SYRUS*) What does she mean, Syrus? What's she talking about?

SOSTRATA What's your view? Do you think it's the one?

NANNY I told you the moment you showed it to me that it was the one.

SOSTRATA Yes, but have you examined it closely enough, nanny dear?

NANNY Quite enough.

SOSTRATA Go inside now, and tell me if she's finished her bath yet. I'll wait for my husband out here in the meantime.
(*NANNY goes back indoors*)

SYRUS (*aside, to CHREMES*) It's you she wants; you'd better see what she wants. She's upset about something. There must be a reason for it; I can't bear to think what it might be!

CHREMES (*to SYRUS*) Can't you? Take it from me that she's about 620 to go to a great deal of effort to talk a great deal of nonsense!

SOSTRATA (*catching sight of CHREMES*) Ah! Darling!

CHREMES Ah! Darling!

SOSTRATA You're the very person I'm looking for.

CHREMES Say what you want.

SOSTRATA First of all, please take my word for it that I never dared to do anything against your instructions.

CHREMES Do you want me to take your word for that, incredible though it is? I do so!

SYRUS (*aside*) This attempt to clear herself suggests she's done something wrong!

SOSTRATA Do you remember that I was pregnant, and you gave me very firm instructions that if I gave birth to a girl you didn't want her to be allowed to live?

CHREMES I know what you did: you kept her alive!

SYRUS (*aside*) That's what happened: I'm blessed with a new charge, my master with new charges!*

SOSTRATA Certainly not! But there was an old Corinthian woman here, not a bad sort; I gave the baby to her to expose.

630 CHREMES God in heaven, how can anyone be so silly?!

SOSTRATA Oh dear, what have I done?

CHREMES How can you ask?!

SOSTRATA If I've done wrong, Chremes my dear, I've done it without realizing it!

CHREMES That's one thing I do know for sure, even if you were to deny it: everything you say and do is done without realizing it! You're so ignorant! Look how many things you've done wrong here, by your own account! First of all, if you were really willing to carry out my orders, you should have put the baby to death, not pretended she was dead while actually giving her some hope of life. But I'll let that pass: pity, maternal instinct—all right! But just think how well you planned ahead for what you wanted to achieve! You abandoned your daughter utterly to that old woman, of course: as far as you were concerned, she could go on the streets, or be sold on the open market! I suppose what you thought was 'Anything will do, as long as she lives!' How can you deal with people who have no notion of justice, or of what's right and reasonable; who can't see if a thing's better or worse, advantageous or disadvantageous, but only what they feel like seeing?!

640 SOSTRATA Chremes my dear, I've done wrong, I admit it; I'm convinced. Now I beg you, since you're naturally more mature

than me and more forgiving, let my folly find some protection in your sense of justice.

CHREMES Yes of course, I'll forgive what you did. But I teach you a lot of bad habits, Sostrata, by being so obliging! Still, tell me why you've embarked on this, whatever the reason is.

SOSTRATA You know what fools we women always are, and how dreadfully superstitious: when I gave her the baby to expose, I took a ring from my finger and told her to expose it together with the 650 girl. If she was going to die, I didn't want her to be without a share in our belongings.

CHREMES That was right of you: you saved yourself and her.*

SOSTRATA (*showing the ring*) This is that ring!

CHREMES (*astonished*) Where did you get it from?

SOSTRATA The girl who Bacchis brought with her.

SYRUS (*aside, startled*) What?!

CHREMES What's her story?

SOSTRATA As she went to have a bath, she gave it to me to look after. I didn't pay any attention to it at first; but once I'd looked at it I recognized it at once; I dashed out to you.

CHREMES What's your guess now? What have you found out about her?

SOSTRATA I don't know; but perhaps you should ask the girl herself who she got it from, in case they can be traced.

SYRUS (*aside*) I'm done for! I see more grounds for hope than I'd like: she belongs to us, if this is the case!

CHREMES Is the woman you gave her to still alive?

SOSTRATA I don't know.

660

CHREMES What did she report at the time?

SOSTRATA That she'd done what I'd told her to.

CHREMES Tell me what the woman's name is, so we can look for her.

SOSTRATA Philtera.

SYRUS (*aside*) That's the one! There's no doubt about it: the girl's been saved, and I've had it!

CHREMES (*gesturing towards his house*) Sostrata, follow me indoors!

SOSTRATA I didn't expect this outcome! I was quite terrified that your attitude would be as harsh as it was then on the question of letting her live, Chremes!

CHREMES A man often can't be as he'd like, if circumstances don't allow it. Now the time has come for me to want a daughter; at that time there was nothing I wanted less! (**CHREMES and SOSTRATA go into their house, leaving SYRUS alone on stage**)

SYRUS Unless my mind's playing great tricks on me, there's a disaster just about to strike me! My forces have been driven completely into a corner by this turn of events—unless I can see some way to stop the old man finding out it's his son who's in love with that woman. And as for my having any hopes of money, or expecting to be able to trick him—forget it! I can count it a triumph if I manage to withdraw without having to expose my flank!* It's excruciating to see such a big catch so suddenly snatched from my jaws! What can I do? What can I think up? I must start planning afresh. There's nothing so difficult that you can't search it out and track it down. (*Tries to think of a plan.**) What if I were to start off like *this* now?—Forget it!—What about *this*?—No better.—But *this*, I think—Impossible!—Yes, brilliant! Wonderful! I've got a brilliant one! Yes, I really think I'll recapture that money after all, however hard it tries to escape!

CLINIA comes out of CHREMES' house

CLINIA (*to the world at large*) After this, nothing that happens to me can possibly bring me any sorrow! I'm so happy suddenly! I'll surrender to my dad now: I'll behave better than he wants!

SYRUS (*aside*) I was quite right: she's been identified, to judge from what he's saying. (*To CLINIA*) I'm glad things have fallen out for you as you wanted.

CLINIA Oh my dear Syrus, tell me, have you heard?

SYRUS Of course: I was here with them all along.

CLINIA Have you heard of anything turning out so conveniently for anyone?

SYRUS No one.

CLINIA And I swear it's not so much for my own sake that I'm happy now as for hers: I know she deserves *any* reward!

SYRUS I believe you. But now, Clinia, come on, hand yourself over to me for a bit: we must see that your friend's affairs are safely settled too, so that his old man doesn't find out about his girlfriend.

CLINIA (*ignoring him*) Jupiter!

SYRUS Quiet!

690

CLINIA My darling Antiphila's going to marry me!

SYRUS Is that how you're going to interrupt me?

CLINIA What *can* I do? My dear Syrus, I'm overjoyed! Bear with
me!

SYRUS I certainly *am* bearing with you!

CLINIA We've won the life of the gods!

SYRUS My efforts here seem to be a complete waste of time!

CLINIA (*calming down*) Speak: I'm listening.

SYRUS But you'll lose your concentration at once.

CLINIA No, I won't.

SYRUS We've got to see, I tell you, that your friend's affairs are
safely settled too, Clinia. If you move out of our house now, and
leave Bacchis here, the old man will find out at once that she's
Clitipho's girlfriend. If you take her away, her secret will be kept,
just as it has been so far.

CLINIA But nothing goes more against my marriage than that,
Syrus: how will I have the face to speak to my dad? Do you get what
I'm saying?

SYRUS Of course!

700

CLINIA What will I say? What reason will I give?

SYRUS But I don't want you to lie to him: tell him openly how
things stand!

CLINIA *What?*

SYRUS Those are my orders: tell him that's the one you love and
want to marry, and this one is Clitipho's.

CLINIA (*sarcastically*) A very fine and proper instruction, and easy
to carry out! And of course the next thing you'll want is for me to
beg my dad to keep this a secret from your old man!

SYRUS No, ask him to go straight ahead and tell him the whole
story from the beginning!

CLINIA What? Are you in your right mind? Are you sober? You'll
ruin him utterly, you will! How can that make *him* safe? Tell me that!

SYRUS Well, I award first prize to this plan of mine; it makes me
hold my head up and walk proud that I possess so much power,
that I'm so capable and clever, that I can trick them both *by telling* 710
the truth! So, when your old man tells ours that she's his son's
girlfriend, he still won't believe it!

CLINIA But that way you again deprive me of all my hopes of marrying: while he thinks she's my girlfriend, he won't let me have his daughter! Perhaps you don't much care what happens to me, as long as you do the right thing by him!

SYRUS What, do you think I want the pretence kept up for ever, damn it? It's for one day, while I get the money from him, that's all! No more than that!

CLINIA Is that enough for you? Look here, what if my dad finds out about this?

SYRUS What if I come down to the level of the people who say 'What if the sky fell in now?'?!*

CLINIA I'm frightened; I don't know what to do!

720 **SYRUS** You're frightened? As if you didn't have the power to extricate yourself any time you like by revealing the truth!

CLINIA All right then, let Bacchis be brought over! (*BACCHIS comes out of CHREMES' house, accompanied by PHRYGIA*)

SYRUS Good! She's coming out of doors herself.

BACCHIS (*not seeing CLINIA or SYRUS*) I must say Syrus' promises were a bit much, leading me on to come here by promising to give me ten minas!* But if he's let me down now, however often he begs me to come, he'll come in vain—or when I've said I'll come, and agreed to it, when he's sure to have taken the message back, when Clitipho's on tenterhooks of expectation, I'll let him down and I won't come: Syrus will pay me the penalty with his back!

CLINIA (*aside, to SYRUS*) That's a pretty smart promise she's given you!

SYRUS (*aside, to CLINIA*) And do you think she's joking? She'll do it, if I don't watch out!

730 **BACCHIS** (*catching sight of CLINIA and SYRUS, aside*) They're asleep: I'll jolly well stir them up! (*Aloud*) Phrygia, my dear, did you hear which house that man pointed out just now as Charinus' house?

PHRYGIA I did.

BACCHIS Was it next to this farm, on the right?

PHRYGIA That's what he said.

BACCHIS Run over there quickly: the soldier's celebrating the Dionysia with him.

SYRUS (*aside, startled*) What's she up to?

BACCHIS Tell him I'm here completely against my wishes, and they're keeping a close eye on me; but one way or another I'll play a trick on them and come to him.

SYRUS Help! I've had it! (*To BACCHIS*) Bacchis, wait! Wait! Where on earth are you sending her? Tell her to wait!

BACCHIS (*to PHRYGIA*) Go! (*PHRYGIA starts off to the left, i.e. stage right*)

SYRUS But the money's ready!

BACCHIS But then I'll stay! (*PHRYGIA hears this and stops*)

SYRUS And you'll be given it at once!

BACCHIS (*with apparent nonchalance*) As you wish: I'm not pressing for it, am I?

SYRUS But do you know what I'd like you to do?

BACCHIS What?

SYRUS You must cross over to Menedemus' now, and your entourage must be brought over there.

BACCHIS What are you up to, damn you?

SYRUS Me? I'm minting the money to give you. 740

BACCHIS Do you think I'm the sort of person you can play games with?

SYRUS It's not for nothing.

BACCHIS Have I still got to bargain with you about this?

SYRUS Not at all: I'm giving you what's due to you.

BACCHIS (*agreeing*) Let's go!

SYRUS Follow this way. (*Ushers BACCHIS, PHRYGIA, and CLINIA* into MENEDEMUS' house, then goes to the door of CHREMES' house and shouts through it*)

Hey, Dromo!

DROMO (*appearing at the door*) Who wants me?

SYRUS Syrus.

DROMO What's up?

SYRUS Bring all of Bacchis' girls over here to your house quickly!

DROMO What for?

SYRUS Don't ask! They must take away everything they brought with them! (*DROMO goes back indoors, while SYRUS turns to the audience*)

The old man will hope that his expenses have been reduced by their departure. Little does he know how big a loss this small amount of profit will bring him!* (*DROMO reappears with all the*

slave-girls and baggage-carriers who had earlier accompanied BACCHIS and ushers them into MENEDEMUS' house. As he goes in with them, SYRUS addresses him)

You don't know what you do know, Dromo, if you've got any sense!

DROMO You'll say I'm dumb! (*Exit*)

CHREMES *comes out of his house*

CHREMES (*to the audience*) I don't mind saying it, I do feel sorry
750 for Menedemus now! So much trouble has come his way! Think of feeding that woman, with all those slaves! Of course, I know he won't notice it for these few days, he missed his son so very much; but when he sees that it's costing him so much to run his home every day, and that there's no end to it, he'll want his son to leave home again! (*Sees SYRUS*) Good! There's Syrus!

SYRUS (*aside*) Why don't I go up to him?

CHREMES (*addressing him*) Syrus!

SYRUS Ah!

CHREMES What is it?

SYRUS You're the very man I've been wanting to get hold of for some time!

CHREMES It looks as if you've already had some discussion with the old man.

SYRUS About what were we talking of earlier? I settled it in no time
760 at all.

CHREMES Really and truly?

SYRUS Yes, really!

CHREMES I can't help myself: I must pat your head! Come here, Syrus! (*SYRUS obeys: CHREMES speaks the next sentence with his hand on SYRUS' head*)

I'll do you a good turn to reward you for what you've done, and gladly!

SYRUS But if you knew how cleverly it occurred to me!

CHREMES Really! Are you boasting because things turned out as you wanted?

SYRUS No, I'm certainly not: I'm telling the truth!

CHREMES Tell me what's happening.

SYRUS Clinia has told Menedemus that this woman Bacchis is *your son Clitipho's* girlfriend, and that the reason he's brought her along with him is so that you won't realize it!

CHREMES Perfect!

SYRUS (*pretending not quite to have heard*) Pardon?

CHREMES Too good, I say!

SYRUS (*aside*) But if only you knew! (*To CHREMES*) But now 770
listen to the rest of the trick: he says that he himself has seen your
daughter, and that her looks took his fancy the moment he set eyes
on her; he says he wants to marry her!

CHREMES The one who's just been discovered?

SYRUS Yes, her; and he's going to tell him to ask you for her hand,
too.

CHREMES What's that for, Syrus? I'm completely baffled!

SYRUS Really! You're slow!

CHREMES Maybe.

SYRUS He'll be given money for the wedding, for jewellery and
clothes* to be—do you get it?

CHREMES To be purchased?

SYRUS Exactly!

CHREMES But I won't marry her to him! I won't engage her to
him!

SYRUS Won't you? Why not?

CHREMES Why not?! Are you asking me that? A man who—

SYRUS (*interrupting*) As you like. I wasn't saying that you should 780
give her to him permanently, but that you should *pretend*.

CHREMES It's not my style to pretend: you cook up those schemes
of yours without mixing me up in them! Me engage her to a man
I'm not going to marry her to?!

SYRUS I thought you would.

CHREMES Certainly not!

SYRUS It could have been done cleverly; and the only reason
I embarked on this was because you'd urged me earlier so insist-
ently.

CHREMES I believe you.

SYRUS But that really doesn't bother me in the slightest, Chremes.

CHREMES But I do want you to work as hard as you can to make it
happen, only some other way!

SYRUS All right, let me think of something.—But do you remem-
ber what I told you* about the money that the girl owes Bacchis? 790
That's got to be paid over to her now. And I'm sure you won't fall

back on saying ‘What’s it got to do with me? It wasn’t given to me, was it? Was it on my orders? Could she offer my daughter as security without my consent?’ It’s true what they say, Chremes: the highest legalism is often the lowest cunning.*

CHREMES I won’t do that!

SYRUS No, even if it’s all right for others to, it’s not all right for you. Everyone knows you’ve done well for yourself and put away a tidy sum.*

CHREMES But I’ll take it to her myself at once.

SYRUS No, tell your son to, rather.

CHREMES Why?

800 SYRUS Because he’s the one who’s now suspected of being in love with her.

CHREMES So what?

SYRUS Because that will seem more plausible if he gives it to her; and at the same time I’ll more easily achieve what I want.

CLITIPHO comes into view from the left

And here he is! Off you go, and bring the money out!

CHREMES I’ll bring it. (Goes into his house)

CLITIPHO (not at first seeing SYRUS) However easy a thing is, it’s difficult if you do it unwillingly. This walk, for instance: it wasn’t hard work, but it’s quite exhausted me! And there’s nothing I’m more afraid of now than that I’ll be pushed off somewhere once again to stop me getting close to Bacchis, damn it! (Sees SYRUS)

810 May all the gods and goddesses that there are destroy you, Syrus, with that plan and project of yours! You’re always thinking up things like this to torture me to death!

SYRUS Why don’t you buzz off where you deserve to go? Your thoughtless behaviour was almost the ruin of me!

CLITIPHO I wish to god it had been! You deserved it!

SYRUS Deserved it? How? I’m certainly glad I heard you say that before you could get the money that I was just about to give you!

CLITIPHO What do you want me to say to you, then? You went off and brought me my girlfriend, and I wasn’t allowed to touch her!

SYRUS (more calmly) I’m not angry any longer. But do you know

820 where your Bacchis is to be found now?

CLITIPHO In our house.

SYRUS No.

CLITIPHO Where, then?

SYRUS In Clinia's house!

CLITIPHO I've had it!

SYRUS Cheer up! You're about to take her the money you promised her.

CLITIPHO You're joking! Where can I get it?

SYRUS From your dad!

CLITIPHO Are you making fun of me, perhaps?

SYRUS You'll find out when you see it happen.

CLITIPHO I am a lucky man! Thank you so much, Syrus!

CHREMES *starts to come out of his house*

SYRUS But your dad's coming out. Be careful not to show any surprise about why it's happening: go along with him as appropriate; do what he tells you to; speak as little as possible!

CHREMES Whereabouts is Clitipho?

SYRUS (to CLITIPHO, aside) Say 'Here I am'!

CLITIPHO (to CHREMES) Look, here I am!

CHREMES (to SYRUS) Did you tell him what was up?

SYRUS I told him pretty well everything.

830

CHREMES (to CLITIPHO) Take this money and give it to her.

(*Holds the money out to CLITIPHO, who stands rooted to the spot in amazement*)

SYRUS (to CLITIPHO) Go on! What are you standing for, block-head? Why don't you take it?

CLITIPHO (*lurching forward to take the money from CHREMES*)
Yes, give it to me!

SYRUS (to CLITIPHO, leading him towards MENEDEMUS' house) Follow me this way, quickly! (Turning to CHREMES)
Meanwhile, you wait for us here till we come out: there's no reason for us to hang about in there for long. (SYRUS and CLITIPHO go indoors)

CHREMES (to the audience) Well, my daughter's already had ten minas from me; I regard that as payment for her upbringing to date. Another ten will follow these for her get-up;* and these sums call for a further two talents for her dowry!* Look at all the unfair and idiotic things we do because they're the done thing! I've now got to drop everything and find someone to give the property that 840 I worked to acquire for myself!

MENEDEMUS comes out of his house, talking back through
the doorway to CLINIA

MENEDEMUS I think I've become far and away the luckiest man in
the world, now I learn that you've come to your senses, my boy!

CHREMES (*aside*) How wrong he is!

MENEDEMUS (*closing the door behind him, and seeing CHREMES*)
You're the very man I was looking for, Chremes: as far as you can,
be the saviour of my son, myself, and my household!

CHREMES Tell me what you want me to do.

MENEDEMUS You've discovered your daughter today.

CHREMES So?

MENEDEMUS Clinia wants to marry her!

CHREMES Really! What sort of a man are you?

MENEDEMUS What do you mean?

CHREMES Have you already forgotten what we said to each other
about the trick, about how money was to be taken from you that way?

850 MENEDEMUS I know about that.

CHREMES That's exactly what's going on now!

MENEDEMUS What are you talking about, Chremes? [Have
I got it wrong? Have I had it? I had such high hopes, and now
I've fallen from them!] * You're wrong! The one who's in my house
is *Clitipho's* girlfriend! That's what they say.

CHREMES And you believe it all! And they say Clinia wants to
marry, so that, when I've engaged her to him, you'll give him the
money to purchase jewellery and clothes and the other things he
needs to buy!

MENEDEMUS (*crestfallen*) That's it, for sure: it'll be given to his
girlfriend!

CHREMES Of course he'll give it to her!

MENEDEMUS Oh, so my joy was all for nothing, damn it!—But
I prefer anything to losing him this time: what reply shall I report
back from you now, Chremes, so that he doesn't realize I've
860 realized and get upset about it?

CHREMES Get upset?! You're spoiling him, Menedemus!

MENEDEMUS Let me: I've embarked on it; take it right through to
the end for me, Chremes!

CHREMES (*realizing that he is bound to go along with what he believes
to be a deception, however distasteful he finds it to involve his*

daughter in it) Say that you've met me and discussed the wedding with me.

MENEDEMUS I shall. What next?

CHREMES Say that I'll do everything, that I approve of him as my son-in-law; and finally you can even say, if you want, that I've engaged my daughter to him as well.

MENEDEMUS Good! That was what I wanted you to say.

CHREMES Then he'll be able to ask you for money all the sooner, and you'll be able to give it to him as soon as possible, which is what you want.

MENEDEMUS I do.

CHREMES It certainly won't be long before you've had your fill of him, the way I see the matter. But, whatever the truth of that, you'll give cautiously and in small doses, if you've got any sense. 870

MENEDEMUS I'll do so.

CHREMES Go indoors; see what he asks for. I'll be at home if you want me for anything.

MENEDEMUS I certainly do want you: I'll keep you informed of whatever I do. (*Each goes into his own house*)

PAUSE*

Some time has elapsed. MENEDEMUS comes out of his house, a changed man

MENEDEMUS I know I'm not so clever or so perceptive; but this helper of mine, my instructor and director—Chremes—beats me at that! Any of those terms that are applied to a fool fits me: I'm as thick as two planks, I'm a donkey, I'm a leadhead. But nothing can be found to fit *him*: his stupidity's too great for all of those!

CHREMES *comes out of his house, shouting back through the doorway to SOSTRATA*

CHREMES That's enough, woman! Do stop battering the gods with your thanks for the discovery of your daughter—unless you judge them from your own character, and suppose they don't 880 understand anything if it isn't repeated a hundred times! (*Closes the door behind him, and continues to himself*) But meanwhile why's my son loitering for such a long time with Syrus?

MENEDEMUS Who are the people you say are loitering, Chremes?
CHREMES Ah, Menedemus, are you here? Tell me, have you reported to Clinia as I told you to?

MENEDEMUS All of it.

CHREMES What does he say?

MENEDEMUS He began to look just as happy as people do who want to marry.

CHREMES Ha ha ha!

MENEDEMUS Why did you laugh?

CHREMES I was thinking of how clever that slave Syrus is!

MENEDEMUS Were you?

CHREMES He even moulds people's faces, the scoundrel!

MENEDEMUS My son's only pretending to be happy, is that what you mean?

CHREMES Yes.

MENEDEMUS That's exactly what I thought too!

CHREMES The old rogue!

MENEDEMUS If you knew more, you'd be even more inclined to think that was the case!

CHREMES Really?

MENEDEMUS Yes: just listen!

890 CHREMES Hang on! I'm keen to know this first: how much have you lost? When you reported that she was engaged to your son, of course Dromo immediately threw in a reference to the fact that the bride needed clothes, jewellery, and slave-girls, and suggested that you should give the money!

MENEDEMUS No!

CHREMES What? No?!

MENEDEMUS No, I say!

CHREMES Nor your son himself?

MENEDEMUS Absolutely not, Chremes! Rather, in fact, the one point he pressed was that the wedding should be fixed up today!

CHREMES Astonishing! What about my Syrus? Did even he not say anything?

MENEDEMUS Nothing.

CHREMES I can't think why not!

MENEDEMUS I am surprised, given that you know about other things so clearly! But that same Syrus has moulded *your* son too in

an astonishing way, so that there can't be even the merest whiff of a suspicion that the other one's Clinia's girlfriend!

CHREMES How's he behaving?

MENEDEMUS I'll pass over the kissing and cuddling: I don't think that amounts to anything.

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CHREMES How could the pretence be taken further than that?

MENEDEMUS Well!

CHREMES Well, how?

MENEDEMUS Just listen. There's a room right at the very back of my house. A bed was taken in there; it was spread with coverings.

CHREMES What happened after that?

MENEDEMUS In no time at all, Clitipho went off there.

CHREMES On his own?

MENEDEMUS On his own.

CHREMES I don't like the sound of this!

MENEDEMUS Bacchis followed him at once.

CHREMES On her own?

MENEDEMUS On her own.

CHREMES I've had it!

MENEDEMUS When they'd gone inside, they closed the door.

CHREMES What? Did Clinia see this happening?

MENEDEMUS Of course: he was there together with me.

CHREMES (*at last realizing the truth*) Bacchis is my son's girl-friend! Menedemus, I'm done for!

MENEDEMUS Why?

CHREMES I've hardly got enough property to survive ten days!

MENEDEMUS What? Are you worried because he's helping his friend?

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CHREMES His girl-friend, rather!

MENEDEMUS If he is!

CHREMES Do you doubt it? Do you think anyone's so obliging or easy-going that he'll allow his own girlfriend, before his own eyes, to—

MENEDEMUS (*interrupting*) Well, why not? So that I can be tricked more easily!

CHREMES You're right to laugh at me. It's myself I'm angry with now. Think of all the clues they gave that could have made me realize, if I wasn't a blockhead! Think of what I saw! Oh, I'm

shattered! But they certainly won't go unpunished, as sure as I'm alive! Now I'm going to—

MENEDEMUS (*interrupting*) Can't you control yourself? Won't you spare a thought for yourself? Aren't I enough of a warning for you?

920 CHREMES I'm out of my mind with anger, Menedemus!

MENEDEMUS Fancy you talking like that! Isn't it disgraceful for you to give advice to others, and be wise about what doesn't concern you, but to be unable to help yourself?

CHREMES What should I do?

MENEDEMUS What you said I'd failed to do: let him realize that you're his father; give him the courage to discuss everything with you, to ask and request things from you, so that he doesn't look for a supply elsewhere and abandon you.

CHREMES No, I'd much rather he went off anywhere in the world than that he stayed here to reduce his father to poverty by 930 his disgraceful behaviour! If I carry on financing his expenses, Menedemus, then it really does come down to the mattock for me!

MENEDEMUS Think of all the disadvantages you'll get in this affair, if you don't watch out! You'll show yourself to be difficult, and you'll forgive him later all the same—and you won't get any thanks for it!

CHREMES But you don't know how upset I am!

MENEDEMUS As you like. What about my request that your daughter should marry my son?—Unless there's anything you prefer.

CHREMES No, I approve both of him as my son-in-law and of his family.

MENEDEMUS What sum shall I tell my son you've declared as the dowry? (*CHREMES frowns*)

Why are you so silent?

CHREMES Dowry?

MENEDEMUS That's what I said.

CHREMES Oh!

MENEDEMUS Chremes, never mind if it's rather a little: the dowry doesn't influence us at all!

CHREMES (*reaching a decision*) I had decided that two talents was 940 enough, given our wealth. But what you've got to say, if you want me and my money and my son to be saved, is that I've declared the whole of my property as her dowry!*

MENEDEMUS What are you up to?

CHREMES Pretend to be surprised at it, and at the same time ask him why I'm doing it.

MENEDEMUS But I really don't know why you're doing it!

CHREMES Me? So that I can blunt his spirit, which is now overflowing with extravagance and loose living, and reduce him to such a state that he won't know where to turn!

MENEDEMUS What are you doing?

CHREMES Stop it! Allow me to indulge my own feelings in this matter!

MENEDEMUS I shall. Is that what you want?

CHREMES Yes.

MENEDEMUS All right. (*Starts off towards his house*)

CHREMES And he should get ready to fetch his bride at once!*
MENEDEMUS goes indoors; CHREMES continues to himself

My son will be kept in check with words, as children should be; but as for Syrus, as sure as I'm alive, I'll give him such a dressing, such 950 a grooming, that he'll never forget me for the rest of his life! He thinks I'm here for his amusement and entertainment! Gods in heaven! He wouldn't dare do to a little old lady what he's done to me!

CLITIPHO and MENEDEMUS come out of the latter's house, talking to each other. SYRUS follows them on

CLITIPHO What? Can that really be true, Menedemus? Has my dad thrown off all fatherly feeling for me in such a short time? What ever for? What great crime have I committed, damn it? Everyone does it!

MENEDEMUS I know this is much tougher and harder for you, since you're the one affected by it. But I'm no less upset, because I don't understand it and can't make sense of it—except that I wish you well with all my heart!

CLITIPHO You said my dad was standing out here.

MENEDEMUS (*pointing to CHREMES*) Here he is. (*Returns indoors*)

CHREMES Why are you complaining about me, Clitipho? What- 960 ever I've done in all this, I was making provision for you and your folly! When I saw that your mind was careless, and that you attached most importance to things that were pleasant for the

time being, and took no thought for the long term, I made a plan to stop you becoming destitute or being able to destroy our property. I ought to have given my money to you first, but your own conduct didn't allow me to do that. So I've turned to the man who was closest to you; I've committed and entrusted it to him: that's where there will always be some protection for your folly, Clitipho—food, clothing, and a shelter for you to take yourself to.

CLITIPHO Oh dear!

CHREMES That's better than leaving you as the actual heir and letting Bacchis take possession of our property!

SYRUS (*aside*) I've had it! Damn it, what a lot of trouble I've stirred
970 up without realizing it!

CLITIPHO I want to die!

CHREMES Please learn what it is to *live* first! When you know that, if you don't like living, then carry out your plan!

SYRUS (*to CHREMES*) Sir, may I...?

CHREMES Speak!

SYRUS But without any risk?

CHREMES Speak!

SYRUS Why this extraordinary behaviour? Why this madness? I'm the one who's done wrong; why should he be the one to suffer?

CHREMES Off you go! You needn't mix yourself up in this! No one's blaming you, Syrus: you don't have to get hold of a refuge,* or someone to speak for you! (*Starts off towards his house*)

SYRUS What are you doing?

CHREMES (*to each of them in turn*) I'm not angry with you, or with you; and you shouldn't be angry with me for what I'm doing!* (*Goes indoors*)

SYRUS Has he gone? Oh no! I'd have liked to ask him—

CLITIPHO (*interrupting*) What?

SYRUS —where I'm to get my food from. He's cut us off completely! I can see that *your* food will be at your sister's from now on.

CLITIPHO To think that this is what things have come to! I'm even
980 in danger of starving, Syrus!

SYRUS As long as we can stay alive, there's some hope.

CLITIPHO What hope?

SYRUS That we'll go quite hungry!

CLITIPHO Are you laughing at me in an emergency like this?
Haven't you got any advice to help me with?

SYRUS Yes, I'm working on it now, and I was working on it all the time just now while your dad was talking. And as far as I can see... (Stands rapt in thought)

CLITIPHO What?

SYRUS It's just coming!

CLITIPHO What is it, then?

SYRUS Here it is: I don't think they're your parents!

CLITIPHO What are you saying, Syrus? Have you gone quite mad?

SYRUS I'll tell you what's struck me; you decide. As long as you were the only child they had, as long as there was no closer object for their affection, they treated you kindly, and they gave things to you. But, now they've discovered their real daughter, they've discovered a reason to drive you out.

CLITIPHO That's plausible.

SYRUS Do you imagine it's because of this bad behaviour of yours
that he's angry?

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CLITIPHO I don't think so.

SYRUS Now consider another point: all mothers normally come to the aid of their sons when they've behaved badly, and help them when their fathers mistreat them; that's not happening.

CLITIPHO That's true. So what should I do now, Syrus?

SYRUS Ask them about what you suspect; bring the matter out into the open. If it isn't true, you'll quickly bring them both to pity you; otherwise, you'll find out whose son you are!

CLITIPHO That's good advice. I'll do it. (Goes into his house,
leaving SYRUS alone on stage)

SYRUS That was a pretty good idea I had, because the more genuinely he suspects it, and the more hopeless the lad thinks his position is, the easier he'll find it to make peace with his father on his own terms. He may even marry, perhaps—and Syrus won't get any thanks!

CHREMES and SOSTRATA start to come out of their house

But what's this? The old man's coming out of doors: I'll make my escape. Given what I've done so far, I'm surprised he hasn't 1000 ordered someone to lay hold of me at once! I'll go to Menedemus

here. I'll get him to speak for me; I don't trust our old man at all!
(Goes into MENEDEMUS' house)

SOSTRATA Look, if you don't watch out, you're sure to do some harm to our son! In fact I can't think how anything so silly could have occurred to you, darling!

CHREMES Oh, do stop behaving like a woman! Never in my whole life have I wanted something without finding you opposed to me in the matter, Sostrata! But if I asked you what it is that I'm doing wrong this time, or why you're behaving like this, you wouldn't know—although you're now putting up such a strong resistance to it, you idiot!

SOSTRATA (*indignantly*) Don't I know?!

CHREMES All right, you do know! That's better than having the
 1010 same discussion go back to the beginning again, anyway!

SOSTRATA Oh, it's not fair of you to expect me to keep quiet about something so important!

CHREMES I no longer expect it: speak! But I'm going to do it just the same!

SOSTRATA You're going to do it?!

CHREMES Yes.

SOSTRATA Can't you see how much trouble you're stirring up by doing that? He suspects that we're only passing him off as our son!

CHREMES Passing him off? Really?

SOSTRATA Yes, indeed, darling!

CHREMES Do you admit it?

SOSTRATA Really! Please! Save that for our enemies! Am I to admit that he's not my son, when he *is* mine?

CHREMES What? Are you afraid that you couldn't prove he's yours whenever you want to?

SOSTRATA Because our daughter's been discovered?

CHREMES No, what makes it more credible is the fact that his character's so like yours: you'll easily prove that you gave birth to
 1020 him, because he's really like you! There's no natural defect in him that you don't suffer from as well! And what's more, no one but you *would* give birth to such a son!

CLITIPHO *comes out of their house*

But he's coming out himself. How serious he looks! You'd think it was the real thing, when you see him!

CLITIPHO (*to SOSTRATA*) If there has ever been any time, mum, when I've caused you joy, when you've both been willing for me to be called your son, I beg you to remember it and to take pity on me now that I'm helpless: show me my parents! That's what I ask, that's what I want!

SOSTRATA Please, darling, don't bring yourself to think you're someone else's son!

CLITIPHO I am!

SOSTRATA Oh dear, have you really asked that question? Just as I hope you'll outlive both of us, so I promise you that I am your mother and this man here is your father. And don't let me ever 1030 hear you say that again, if you love me!

CHREMES But if you're afraid of *me*, don't let *me* find you to be like that!

CLITIPHO Like what?

CHREMES If you want to know, I'll tell you: you're a fool, a layabout, a cheat, gluttonous, debauched, extravagant! Believe that, and you can believe that you're our son!

CLITIPHO That isn't the way a parent speaks!

CHREMES Even if you were born from my head, the way they say Minerva was from Jupiter's,* that wouldn't be any more of a reason to let myself be disgraced by your outrageous behaviour, Clitipho!

SOSTRATA Heaven forbid!

CHREMES I don't know about heaven; *I'll* work on it as hard as I can! You're looking for what you've got, your parents; you're not looking for what's missing, how to obey your father and to preserve what he's worked to acquire! Using trickery to bring in before 1040 my eyes a—I'm ashamed to *utter* the disgusting *word* in your mother's presence; but you weren't at all ashamed to *do the deed*!

CLITIPHO (*in tears*) Oh dear, I really hate myself now! I'm so ashamed! And I don't know how to begin to win him over!

MENEDEMUS *comes out of his house, at first addressing the audience*

MENEDEMUS I must say Chremes is torturing the young lad too harshly, and without any understanding; so I've come out to reconcile them. Good! I see them both.

CHREMES Ah, Menedemus! Why aren't you giving orders for my daughter to be fetched, and confirming the sum I declared as the dowry?

SOSTRATA (*to CHREMES*) Darling, please! Don't do it!

CLITIPHO Dad, please forgive me!

MENEDEMUS Let him off, Chremes! Be persuaded by me!

CHREMES What? Knowingly give my property as a present to
1050 Bacchis? I won't do it!

MENEDEMUS But we won't let that happen!

CLITIPHO If you want me to live, dad, forgive me!

SOSTRATA Come on, Chremes darling!

MENEDEMUS Come on, please don't be so obstinate, Chremes!

CHREMES (*reluctantly agreeing*) All right, then: I see I can't carry
this through as I began it.

MENEDEMUS That's the right way for you to behave!

CHREMES But I'll do it on this condition: he must do what I think
he ought to do!

CLITIPHO Dad, I'll do it all! Give your commands!

CHREMES You must take a wife!

CLITIPHO (*horrified*) Dad—!

CHREMES I won't hear a word!

SOSTRATA I'll be answerable for him: he'll do it.

CHREMES I don't hear him saying anything himself yet!

CLITIPHO I've had it!

SOSTRATA Are you hesitating, Clitipho?

CHREMES No, let him do whichever he wants!

SOSTRATA He'll do it all!

MENEDEMUS (*to CLITIPHO*) It's difficult to start with, when
you're not familiar with it; once you've got used to it, it's easy!

CLITIPHO (*to CHREMES*) I'll do it, dad!

1060 SOSTRATA (*to CLITIPHO*) Darling, I'll give you that nice girl, one
you'll find it easy to love, the daughter of our Phanocrates.*

CLITIPHO That red-haired girl, with grey eyes, a spotty face, and a
hooked nose? I can't, dad!

CHREMES Well, well! How choosy he is! You'd think his heart was
really in it!

SOSTRATA I'll give you another one!

CLITIPHO No, since I have to marry, I've got one myself that I'm
happy enough with.

CHREMES That's better, my boy!

CLITIPHO The daughter of our neighbour Archonides.

SOSTRATA I'm delighted!

CLITIPHO Dad, that leaves this now:—

CHREMES What?

CLITIPHO I want you to forgive Syrus for what he did on my behalf.

CHREMES All right. (*To the audience*) Goodbye, and please give us your applause!* (*Leads the others off into his house*)

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The Eunuch

(*Eunuchus*)

First performed in Rome at the Megalesian Games, April 161

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

At its first performance, *The Eunuch* was an unprecedented success on the Roman stage, being brought back for a second performance on the same day and awarded a considerable sum of money as a special reward. It is based on a play of the same name by Menander for which we have very little independent evidence; but Terence tells us in the prologue that he has added the characters of the parasite and soldier (Gnatho and Thraso) from another play by Menander, *The Toady*. A certain amount of this play has survived (in fragments, included as *The Flatterer* in the Oxford World's Classics edition of Menander, pp. 232–40), but we are unable to reconstruct much of its plot in detail, and very little of what has survived overlaps with Terence's play. It is likely that the purely episodic scenes of Gnatho's entrance monologue (232–64) and Thraso's boasting (391–433) derive from *The Toady*, but beyond that it is impossible to determine with confidence the extent to which these new characters have brought with them elements of plot or details of characterization. Particularly at the end of the play, where Gnatho dominates and Thraso is made an object of mockery, we cannot say in what respects Terence has had to adjust the ending of Menander's *Eunuch* to fit these characters in.

The addition of these stock comic characters was no doubt a factor in the play's original success. But it is also in general one of Terence's liveliest plays, from the opening scene onwards; the interaction of the characters is dramatic, the action moves rapidly forwards, and there are also lively descriptions of off-stage action. However, it is one of these descriptions that brings us to a moral problem (for modern audiences) at the heart of the play. Chaerea, an impetuous 18-year-old boy, falls in love with Pamphila on seeing her in the street. He learns that she is being presented by Thraso as a gift to the prostitute Thais, with whom his own elder brother Phaedria is also in love, and that Phaedria is planning to give Thais a eunuch. Disguising himself as the eunuch, Chaerea has himself presented to Thais and is put in charge of Pamphila; before long he finds himself on his own with her and seizes the opportunity to rape her. He then escapes from Thais' house and recounts his exploit to his friend

Antipho (at 549–606); Chaerea is overjoyed and triumphant about the entire adventure, although we subsequently learn that he has torn Pamphila's clothes and hair and left her in a flood of tears. To his further delight, it turns out that Pamphila, whom he had believed to be a slave-girl in the house of a prostitute, is in fact the daughter of a respectable Athenian family who had been kidnapped as a small child and sold into slavery. This means that he can marry her (once her identity has been established), an outcome with which he is more than satisfied.

Chaerea's rape of Pamphila is the central action of the play; the disguise which enables him to carry it out is what gives the play its name, and his description of his exploit is the climax of the first half. At no stage does he express any regret for his brutality, nor is he made to suffer any more than the embarrassment of being seen in public dressed as a eunuch. It is easy to condemn his behaviour, to condemn Terence for making him the hero of his play, and to condemn the Roman audience for greeting it so enthusiastically. On the other hand, Chaerea is no heartless seducer but a young man who acts very much on impulse, knowing nothing of Pamphila's background; it is unlikely that the deflowering of a prostitute's slave-girl would have been felt by society at large (or by the predominantly male citizen audience) to be a serious offence, and it is not surprising that for Chaerea one aspect of the adventure is that it gives him a chance to play a trick on a prostitute (382–7). He gets his girl without having to pay for her, in circumstances that call for speedy action; from his perspective, it is an entertaining escapade, not a serious outrage. From the audience's perspective, it is also relevant that Pamphila is really of Athenian citizen birth; if such a girl had acquiesced willingly in her seduction, that would have reflected very badly on her, and it is partly for the sake of her reputation that the playwright represents her as an unwilling victim. (See the section on 'Ancient attitudes to rape' towards the end of the Introduction for a fuller discussion of this point.)

The rape of Pamphila is also central to the plot-construction. The audience knows that Thais is trying to find Pamphila's family, in the hope that she can make her own position at Athens more secure by helping some citizens. The fact that she has failed to protect the girl's virginity will not be a point in her favour, and she herself

regards it as a disaster at 827 ff. However, in the end it leads to help from an unexpected quarter. Thais can identify the rapist, and he is very keen to marry Pamphila when he discovers she is a citizen. But Pythias' determination to punish Parmeno for suggesting the exploit to Chaerea (910–1024) also leads indirectly to the intervention of Chaerea's father, who would not otherwise have interested himself sufficiently to offer Thais his patronage and protection and allow her to continue her relationship with Phaedria. Thus Chaerea's unpremeditated and irresponsible act leads to a happy outcome for himself, for Phaedria, and for Thais (and perhaps even, by ancient standards, for Pamphila); Thais achieves her aim, but not as a direct result of her own efforts. The rape is a necessary catalyst for this outcome.

Thais, like Bacchis in *The Self-Tormentor*, likes to be given expensive presents. But the play throws more emphasis on her genuine affection for Phaedria, her wish to help Pamphila, and her need to secure her own position. Although her motives are repeatedly suspected by other characters, the audience is invited to take a more sympathetic view of her: suspected by others of plotting devously for her own selfish ends, she is in fact (or so it seems at first) one of the victims of Chaerea's deception. She is not entirely selfless, and in her position she could not afford to be; but this does not prevent us from sympathizing with her, particularly when we see how unjustifiable are the suspicions of the other characters towards her.

Thraso and Gnatho are more straightforwardly comic characters, Thraso a traditional empty-headed and boastful soldier, Gnatho a parasite with the wit to feather his own nest at Thraso's expense. In the final scene, it is Gnatho who strikes a deal with Phaedria and Chaerea which both further secures his own position and enables Thraso to enjoy continued access to Thais (though quite what this will involve in practice is, perhaps wisely, left rather vague). On the surface, this is an inclusive ending in which all the characters get what they desire; but the emphasis at the very end is on mockery of Thraso. Curiously, this ending has shocked some readers who appear not to have been particularly perturbed by the rape in the middle of the play: they have thought it inappropriate for Thais' future to be decided for her in her absence, and they have felt it implausible that Phaedria (whom we have seen to be passionately possessive in his love for

Thais) should agree to share her with anyone. It was not unusual at Athens for a prostitute to be kept by a number of men at the same time (see the note on *The Girl from Andros* 87), but sharing with Thraso is not quite the ending to which Phaedria and Thais aspire. However, Terence's ending acknowledges certain economic necessities to which Phaedria and Thais cannot afford to be indifferent, and we are not invited to see the 'sharing' as much of a threat to their happiness.

As noted at the beginning of the Introduction, *The Eunuch* is one of the plays (together with Plautus' *The Braggart Soldier*) used by Udall in the seminal sixteenth-century comedy *Ralph Roister Doister*: Matthew Merrygreek's monologue in the opening scene is modelled on Gnatho's at 232–64; Roister Doister and Merrygreek attack the house of Dame Custance at the end of Act IV, in a scene reminiscent of *The Eunuch* 771–816; and the reconciliation at the end of Act V has something in common with the ending of Terence's play. In general, the boastful soldier has been a popular figure in European comedy, but it is usually easier to detect echoes of *The Braggart Soldier* than of *The Eunuch*. The Swiss playwright Carl Zuckmayer caused a scandal in Germany in 1923 by putting on a very free adaptation of *The Eunuch* in Kiel, with contemporary references: it ran for one night only, since the performance resulted in the instant closure of the theatre by the police.

Characters

PHAEDRIA, a young Athenian citizen, in love with Thais
PARMENO, a slave in the household of Phaedria and Chaerea
THAIS, a prostitute
GNATHO, a parasite, hanger-on of Thraso
PAMPHILA, a girl aged about 16, kidnapped in infancy and sold into slavery (non-speaking part)
CHAEREA, Phaedria's younger brother, aged 18–19, in love with Pamphila
THRASO, a mercenary soldier
A BLACK WOMAN, a slave (non-speaking part)
PYTHIAS, a slave-girl owned by Thais
CHREMES, a young Athenian citizen, brother of Pamphila
DORIAS, a slave-girl owned by Thais
ANTIPHO, a friend of Chaerea, aged 18–19
DORUS, a eunuch slave
SANGA, a slave owned by Thraso
SIMALIO }
DONAX } slaves owned by Thraso (non-speaking parts)
SYRISCUS
SOPHRONA, a slave, former nursemaid in Chremes' household
The FATHER of Phaedria and Chaerea
Various slave-girls (non-speaking parts) at lines 228–83, 499–506,
738–810

The Eunuch

Prologue

(spoken by one of the actors)

If there is anyone who is anxious to please as many good men as possible, and to offend as few as possible, this author enrolls himself among their number. And if there is someone who has thought that he was attacked rather harshly, he should think of it as a retaliation, not an attack, because he gave offence first—he's the man who by translating plays well and at the same time writing them badly has turned good Greek plays into bad Latin ones.* Just recently he put on Menander's *Apparition*; and in his *Treasure* he made the defendant 10 speak first, to show why the money was his, before the plaintiff made *his* speech showing how he came to own that treasure and how it found its way into his father's tomb! Next, in case he's deceiving himself and thinking 'I've finished the matter off now; there's nothing he can say against me', I warn him not to get it wrong, and to stop provoking me; I have much more, which he will be let off now, but which will be brought forward later if he continues to offend me as he has begun to do.

As for the play that we're now about to perform, *The Eunuch* by Menander, after the aediles had bought it,* he fixed things so that 20 he had a chance to look at it. When the officials were present, a run-through began.* He cried out that it was a thief, not an author, who had put the play on, but that he hadn't put one over on him all the same. He said that there was a play called *The Toady* by Naevius and Plautus,* an old play, and that the characters of the parasite and the soldier* had been lifted from it.

If that wrong has been done, it was done through the author's ignorance, not because he was keen to commit a theft. That this is so, you will now be able to judge. There's a play called *The Toady* by Menander;* in it there's a parasite (the Toady) and a boastful soldier. 30 The author does not deny that he has transferred those characters to his *Eunuch*, from the *Greek* play; but he does utterly deny that he knew those plays had been written previously in *Latin*. And if he's not

allowed to use the same characters as someone else has used, how is it more allowable to show a running slave, to make his mothers good and his prostitutes bad, [a parasite glutinous and a soldier boastful,] to write about a supposititious baby, the deception of an 40 old man by a slave, love, hate, suspicion?* In short, there's nothing said today that has not been said before. So it's right that you should acknowledge and allow it, if new writers do what old ones used to do.

Give us your attention, and concentrate in silence, so that you can really learn what *The Eunuch* is about.

*The play is set at Athens. The scene shows the exterior of two houses fronting a street, those of THAIS and of PHAEDRIA's family (on the right and left respectively, as seen from the audience). To the audience's left the street leads past the market to THRASO's house; to the right it leads past the houses of ANTIPHO and CHREMES to the countryside of Attica, where PHAEDRIA's family has a farm.**

*Enter PHAEDRIA and PARMENO from their house.
PHAEDRIA is in the middle of an agitated debate with himself*

PHAEDRIA So what am I to do? Not go, even now when she sends for me herself? Or should I rather steel myself not to put up with the insults of tarts? She shut me out, she calls me back; should I go back? Not if she begged me!

(More reflectively) Well, if you could—nothing better or braver. 50 However, if you make a start but don't carry it through like a man, and when you can't bear it, when no one asks you, without signing a truce, you go to her of your own accord, showing that you love her and can't stand it, then it's all over; you can go home; you've had it; she'll run rings round you when she realizes you're beaten. So, while there's time, think about it over and over again!

PARMENO (breaking in on PHAEDRIA's thoughts) Sir, if a matter has no plan or control to it at all, you can't manage it according to a plan. Love contains all the following faults: wrongs, suspicions, enmities, truces, war, then peace again. These are uncertain things, 60 and if you expected to make them certain by thinking about them you wouldn't get any further than if you worked on a method for being mad. And as for what you're thinking to yourself now when you're angry—'Me visit her? When she's let him in? When she's shut me out? When she didn't...—Just let me show her! I'd rather die! She'll find out what sort of man I am!'—she'll extinguish those words with one little crocodile tear that she's only just managed to squeeze out with desperate rubbing of her eyes; *she'll* be the one who accuses *you*, and you'll be the one to take the punishment.

PHAEDRIA How intolerable! Now I realize that she's wicked and 70 I'm miserable. I'm sick of her, but I'm on fire with love; I'm dying, in full awareness and knowledge, alive and alert, and I don't know what to do!

PARMENO What is there to do but ransom yourself out of your captivity for as little as possible? If not for a small amount, at least for as little as you can—and don't torture yourself.

PHAEDRIA Is that your advice?

PARMENO If you're sensible, you won't add troubles to those that love already contains, and you'll put up properly with those that it does contain. (*THAIS comes out of her house*)

But look! She's coming out herself. She's the blight of our estate:
80 she nips what we ought to reap!

THAIS (*to herself, not seeing the others*) Oh dear, I'm afraid Phaedria may have taken it rather hard and misinterpreted my behaviour in not letting him in yesterday.

PHAEDRIA (*aside to PARMENO*) Parmeno, I'm all of a shiver, I tremble all over, now that I've caught sight of her!

PARMENO (*aside to PHAEDRIA*) Cheer up! Draw nearer to this fire (*indicating THAIS*)—you'll soon warm up more than enough!

THAIS Who's speaking here? Oh! Are you here, Phaedria darling? Why have you stayed here? Why didn't you go straight inside?

PARMENO (*aside*) But not a word about the lockout!

THAIS (*to PHAEDRIA*) Why don't you answer?

PHAEDRIA (*with bitter sarcasm*) Naturally because this door is always open to me, of course—because you put me first!

90 THAIS (*ingratiatingly*) Don't go on about that!

PHAEDRIA What do you mean 'Don't'? O Thais, Thais, if only you and I had equal shares of love and felt it equally, so that either you were as upset as I am or I didn't care at all about your behaving like that!

THAIS Please stop torturing yourself, my sweet, darling Phaedria! I certainly didn't do it because I love or desire anyone more than you. But that was how things were: it had to be done.

PARMENO I suppose you were so much in love with him, poor girl, that you locked him out of your house—the way one does!

THAIS Is that what you're up to, Parmeno? OK. (*Turning to PHAEDRIA*) But listen and I'll tell you why I sent for you.

100 PHAEDRIA All right.

THAIS Tell me this first: is this man (*pointing to PARMENO*) capable of holding his tongue?

PARMENO What, me? Certainly. But look here, these are the terms on which I give you my word: if I've heard something true, I keep it quiet and keep it in perfectly well; but if it's false, if there's nothing to it, if it's made up, then it's out at once—I'm full of holes; I leak on this side and that. So if you want it kept quiet, tell the truth!

THAIS (*starting on her story*) My mother came from Samos; she was living at Rhodes.

PARMENO *That can be kept secret!**

THAIS (*ignoring PARMENO's interruption*) Well, a businessman there gave my mother as a present a small girl who had been kidnapped from here, from Attica.*

PHAEDRIA A citizen?*

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THAIS I think so. We don't know for certain. She herself told us the names of her mother and father; she didn't know her country and the other clues—she was too young to be able to. The businessman added that he'd been told by the pirates he bought her from that she had been kidnapped from Sunium.* When my mother got her, she began to teach her everything properly, and to bring her up as if she were her own daughter.* Most people thought she was my sister.

I left for here with a visitor who was my only lover at the time; and he left me everything that I've got here.

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PARMENO False on both counts; that'll leak out!

THAIS Why do you say that?

PARMENO Because you weren't satisfied with one lover, and he wasn't the only one to give you things: this man too (*pointing to PHAEDRIA*) has brought you a good and generous amount.

THAIS All right; but let me get to my point. Next, the soldier who had begun to be my lover set out for Caria.* In the meantime I got to know you. Since then you know yourself how fond I've been of you, and how I discuss all my projects with you.

PHAEDRIA (*coolly*) Parmeno won't keep that quiet either.

PARMENO (*ironically*) Really? Is there any doubt about it?

THAIS Please listen, both of you! My mother died there recently.

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Her brother's a bit on the greedy side when it comes to money. When he saw that this girl was good-looking and could play the lyre,* he hoped for a good price; so he put her on the market at once and sold her. Quite by chance this lover of mine was there; he

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bought her as a present for me, without knowing anything at all about this whole story. He came back. Since he realized that I was carrying on with you as well, he's been busy thinking up reasons not to give her to me. He says that if he could be sure I was going to rank him above you, and if he wasn't afraid that once I'd got the girl I'd abandon him, then he'd be prepared to give her to me; but he says that's what he's afraid of.—But what I suspect is that he's fallen for the girl.

PHAEDRIA Anything more than that?*

THAIS No: I've made enquiries. Now, Phaedria darling, there are lots of reasons why I want to take her from him: first, because she was spoken of as my sister; also, so that I can restore and return her to her family. I'm on my own: I've got nobody here, no friend, no relative.* That's why I want to get some friends by doing someone a favour, Phaedria. Please help me in that—help me over the difficulties: let him be my leading man for these few days. (PHAEDRIA does not respond)

Aren't you going to answer?

PHAEDRIA You bitch! Do you expect me to answer at all when you behave like that?

PARMENO Bravo, our man! Three cheers! At last you've got properly upset: you're a man!

PHAEDRIA Didn't I realize what you were leading up to? (He imitates THAIS' voice) 'A small girl was kidnapped from here; my mother brought her up as if she were her own; she was spoken of as my sister; I want to take her from him, so that I can return her to her family.'—Of course what all these words of yours come down to is this, in the last resort: I'm shut out, he's let in! 160 Why?—unless you love him more than me, and what you're afraid of now is that the girl he's brought with him might snatch that great man from you!

THAIS Me afraid of that?

PHAEDRIA Well then, what else is worrying you, may I ask? Is he the only one who gives you presents? Have you ever known my generosity towards you to be cut off? When you told me you wanted a slave-girl from Ethiopia, didn't I drop everything and look for one? Then you said you wanted a eunuch, because only the grandest ladies enjoy their services.—I found them; yesterday

I paid twenty minas* for the pair of them. Despised by you though I was, I remembered them. In return for doing that, am 170 I rejected by you?

THAIS (*appearing reluctantly to abandon her position*) All right then, Phaedria: although I want to get her, and I think this is the way it can best be done, all the same, rather than have you as an enemy, I'll do what you tell me to.

PHAEORIA If only you spoke from your heart and honestly when you said 'rather than have you as an enemy'? If I believed that was said sincerely, I could put up with anything!

PARMENO He's tottering; he's overcome by one remark—and how quickly!

THAIS Me not speaking from my heart? That's not fair! What have you ever wanted from me, even in fun, that you didn't get? And 180 can't I get *you* even to agree for a mere two days to what I want?

PHAEORIA Well, if it's for two days.—But don't let it turn into twenty days!

THAIS Certainly not more than two days or—

PHAEORIA (*interrupting*) I don't care for that 'or'.

THAIS It won't happen. Please just agree to this.

PHAEORIA (*reluctantly*) Clearly I must do what you want.

THAIS Thank you so much, darling; you *are* kind.

PHAEORIA (*resolutely*) I shall go to the farm. There I'll torture myself for these two days. That's what I'm resolved to do: Thais must be obeyed! You, Parmeno, see that they're brought over here (*referring to the Ethiopian girl and the eunuch*).

PARMENO Certainly. (*Exit into PHAEORIA's house*)

PHAEORIA For these two days, Thais, farewell!

THAIS Darling Phaedria, farewell to you. (*PHAEORIA stays rooted 190 to the spot*) Nothing else you want, is there?

PHAEORIA Anything I want? That when you're with that soldier of yours you should be absent in his presence; day and night you should love me, long for me, dream of me, want me, think of me, hope for me, delight in me, be with me entirely! In short, you be my soul, since I am yours! (*Exit into his house, leaving THAIS alone on stage*)

THAIS Oh dear, perhaps he doesn't really trust me and is judging me from other women's characters. I know what I'm doing, and

I certainly know this for a fact, that I haven't made up any lies, and
 200 that no one is dearer to my heart than this man Phaedria. And whatever I've done in all this I've done because of the girl: I'm almost certain I've found her brother now, and a very well-born young man he is too; and he's agreed to come to my house today. I'll go inside and wait till he comes. (*Returns to her house. After a short pause, PHAEDRIA and PARMENO reappear from their house; PHAEDRIA is now ready to set off to his family's farm in the country*)

PHAEDRIA See that they're brought over, as I said!

PARMENO I shall.

PHAEDRIA But make sure!

PARMENO I shall.

PHAEDRIA But quickly!

PARMENO I shall.

PHAEDRIA Are your instructions clear enough?

PARMENO Oh what a question! As if it were difficult! If only you could get hold of something as easily as this will go to waste,
 210 Phaedria!

PHAEDRIA I'm wasting away too at the same time, and that's dearer to me! Don't be so upset about the other waste.

PARMENO I certainly won't; I'll do the job. No more instructions, are there?

PHAEDRIA Say as much as you can in praise of my present, and put her off that rival as much as you can.

PARMENO (*impatiently*) Oh—! I'll be sure to, even if you didn't tell me!

PHAEDRIA I shall go to the farm and stay there.

PARMENO Good for you!

PHAEDRIA (*starts to head off right, then stops*) But look here!

PARMENO What do you want?

PHAEDRIA Do you think I can hold out and put up with it, and not come back in the meantime?

PARMENO You? I certainly don't think so! Either you'll come back at once, or else later, in the night, you'll be driven here by insomnia.

PHAEDRIA I'll work on the farm, so that I'm utterly exhausted
 220 and go to sleep even if I don't want to.

PARMENO You'll still lie awake, and you'll be tired as well; that's all the difference you'll make!

PHAEDRIA Get away with you, you're talking nonsense, Parmeno. I just have to cast out this softness of heart; I'm spoiling myself. In fact couldn't I do without her, if I had to, even for a whole three days?

PARMENO What? An entire three days? Steady on!

PHAEDRIA The decision has been made! (*Exit right*)

PARMENO Ye gods, what sort of disease is this? To think that men can be so changed by love that you can't recognize them to be the same person! No one was ever less silly, more serious, or more self-controlled than he was. (*Sees GNATHO approaching from the left, with PAMPHILA and another slave-girl*)

But who's this heading in this direction? Damn! It's Gnatho, the soldier's parasite. He's bringing the girl with him as a present for Thais. Wow! What a good looker! I'll certainly put up a poor show here today with this decrepit eunuch of mine. She beats Thais 230 herself!

GNATHO (*not seeing PARMENO*) Gods in heaven, how one man surpasses another! What a difference there is between a fool and an intelligent man! Now this occurred to me as a result of the following: on my way here today I bumped into someone from here of my own rank and station, not a bad sort of fellow, who like me had devoured all his inherited wealth. I saw that he was rough, filthy and seedy, overgrown with tatters and time. 'Hey,' I said, 'what are you dressed like that for?' 'Since I had the misfortune to lose everything I had, look what I've been reduced to! All my friends and acquaintances abandon me.' At this I compared him with myself and felt nothing but contempt for him. 'What,' I said, 'you big drip? Have you got yourself into such a state that you haven't any hopes left to pin on yourself? Have you lost your wits 240 together with your wealth? Look at me! I've risen from the same position as yours. Look at my complexion, my smartness, my clothing; look at the condition of my body! I have everything without having anything; although there's nothing in the bank, there's no shortage either.' 'Yes, but unfortunately I'm no good at telling jokes or taking a beating.' 'What? Do you think *that's* how it's done? You're on quite the wrong track! That was *once* the type

that was in business, a long time ago, in the *old* days; I've got a *new* way to catch my bird—in fact I was the first to invent this method. There's a class of men who want to pass as outstanding in everything, but who aren't; they're the ones I hunt down. I don't lay myself on as entertainment for *them*; *I'm* the one who laughs at *their* jokes, and I praise their wit at the same time. Whatever they say, I express my approval; if they then say the opposite, I approve of that too! If a man says no, I say no; if he says yes, I say yes. In short, I've given orders to myself to agree to everything. That's the trade with much the fattest profits nowadays!

PARMENO (*aside*) Smart fellow! He turns men from fools into complete lunatics!

GNATHO While we were talking like this, in the meantime we arrived at the market, and up there rushed, glad to meet me, all the sellers of fancy foods, the tunny-sellers, butchers, cooks, poulterers, and fishmongers, who've profited from me both before and after I'd lost my property, and who often still do. They greeted me, invited me to dinner, welcomed me home. As for him, when the poor starving man saw that I was so respected and could earn my living so easily, then the fellow began to beg me to let him learn the trick from me. I told him to join my train, so that if possible, just as the schools of philosophers are named after the men themselves, so parasites will be called Gnathonists!

PARMENO (*aside*) Look what comes from lounging around and eating other men's food!

GNATHO But I'd better get on and deliver this girl to Thais and invite her to come to dinner. (*He catches sight of PARMENO*) But I can see Parmeno in front of her door looking upset. He's the slave of our rival. Everything's all right; clearly the fellows here are having a chilly time. I think I'll have some fun at this twit's expense.

PARMENO (*aside*) These people think Thais is theirs thanks to this gift.

GNATHO (*with exaggerated politeness*) Gnatho bestows the most cordial greetings on his own very dear friend Parmeno. How's things?

PARMENO Static.

GNATHO So I see. I trust you don't see anything here that you'd rather not see.

PARMENO You.

GNATHO I can believe that; but there's nothing else, is there?

PARMENO Why on earth?

GNATHO Because you look upset.

PARMENO Not at all.

GNATHO Don't be. But what's your opinion of this piece of property? (*He points to PAPHILA*)

PARMENO Not bad at all.

GNATHO (*aside*) I'm roasting this guy!

PARMENO (*aside*) How wrong he is!

GNATHO How much do you think Thais appreciates this gift?

PARMENO What you mean by that is that we've been thrown out of here. Look, everything goes up and down!

GNATHO I'll give you peace and quiet for six whole months to come, Parmeno, so you don't have to run to and fro or stay awake till dawn. Am I cheering you up at all?

PARMENO (*sarcastically*) Me? Gosh yes!

GNATHO That's how I generally treat my friends.

PARMENO Jolly good!

GNATHO I'm keeping you. Perhaps you were on your way somewhere else.

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PARMENO Nowhere.

GNATHO In that case would you mind doing a little something for me? See that I'm admitted to her presence.

PARMENO (*losing his patience*) Get on, then: go! This door is open to you now because you're bringing her (*referring to PAPHILA*).

GNATHO (*on the point of entering THAIS' house*) I don't suppose there's anyone you'd like to have called outside from here? (*Goes into the house with PAPHILA and the slave-girl*)

PARMENO (*to the absent GNATHO*) Just let these two days go by! Now you're in luck you can open this door with just one tiny finger; but I'll make quite sure that in future you don't get anywhere when you leap at it repeatedly with your feet!

GNATHO (*reappearing from THAIS' house*) Are you still standing here, Parmeno? I say (*ironically*), it couldn't be that you've been left here on guard, could it, in case some go-between from the soldier happens to come running to her secretly? (*Exit left, in order to return to THRASO's house*)

PARMENO (*to GNATHO's back*) How cleverly you put it! Very surprising, of course, from a man who goes down well with a soldier! (*Catches sight of CHAEREA approaching from the left*) But I can see my master's younger son approaching. I wonder why he's left the Piraeus; he's on public guard duty there at the moment.* It must be something serious—and he's coming in a hurry; he's looking around for something.

CHAEREA I've had it! The girl's nowhere, and *I'm* nowhere, because I let her out of my sight. Where *I'm* to look, where *I'm* to search, who to ask, which way to go—I don't know! My one hope is this: wherever she is, she can't be kept hidden for long! What a beauty! From now on I wipe out all other women from my mind; I'm sick of these everyday figures!

PARMENO (*aside*) Now look! It's the other one! He's saying something about love. Oh their poor old father! Once *this* one gets going, you'll say the *other* one was just fooling about and child's play in comparison with the results of this one's frenzy.

CHAEREA (*still not seeing PARMENO*) May the gods and goddesses destroy that decrepit man who held me up today! And me too, for stopping! And what's more, for taking any notice of him! (*He notices PARMENO*) But here's Parmeno! Hello!

PARMENO What are you upset about? Why are you all excited? Where have you come from?

CHAEREA Me? I really don't know—I don't know where I've come from or where I'm going to; I've completely lost track of myself!

PARMENO How's that?

CHAEREA I'm in love!

PARMENO What!

CHAEREA Now's your chance to show what sort of man you are, Parmeno. You know you've often promised me, 'Chaerea, just find someone to love—leave it to me; you'll see how useful I can be then'—when I brought all the food in the house to you secretly in

310 your room!

PARMENO Come on, silly!

CHAEREA Yes you did! Now please make your promises come true—and this is certainly a case it's worth exerting yourself for. The girl isn't like our local girls, whose mothers take care to give them drooping shoulders, and to make them bind up their breasts

so they look thin. If a girl's a bit better made, they call her a prize fighter and put her on a diet; even when girls are well-endowed by nature, they make them as thin as a rush with their treatment. That's what makes people fall for them! (*The last words are spoken with disgust*)

PARMENO What about this one of yours?

CHAEREA A different sort of look!

PARMENO Wow!

CHAEREA Her complexion's natural, her body firm and juicy.

PARMENO Age?

CHAEREA Age? 16.

PARMENO The very flower!

CHAEREA Now make sure you get hold of this girl for me, whether by force or by stealth or by loan;* I don't care how it's done, as long as I get her!

320

PARMENO Look here, who does the girl belong to?

CHAEREA I haven't the faintest idea.

PARMENO Where's she from?

CHAEREA Just as little.

PARMENO Where does she live?

CHAEREA Can't do that one either.

PARMENO Where did you see her?

CHAEREA In the street.

PARMENO How did you come to lose her?

CHAEREA That's just what I was beefing about to myself as I came along just now; and I don't think there's a single other person who finds every piece of good fortune turning out more unfavourably for him. What accounts for my bad luck? I'm done for!

PARMENO What's happened?

CHAEREA Listen: you know my dad's relative and contemporary Archidemides?

PARMENO Of course.

CHAEREA While I was following the girl, he bumped into me.

PARMENO (*drily*) Most inconvenient.

CHAEREA No: quite disastrous! There are other things you can call 'inconvenient', Parmeno! I can honestly swear on oath that 330 I haven't set eyes on him for the whole of these last six or seven months, except for now when I could least have wished it and it

was least called for! Well? Isn't that some kind of evil omen?
What do you say?

PARMENO (*as before*) Certainly.

CHAEREA Up he runs to me at once, and from quite far off too, all bent and shaking, with his lips hanging loose, and grunting away: 'Hey, hey! You there, Chaerea!', he said. I stopped. 'Do you know what I wanted to say to you?' 'Tell me.' 'Tomorrow I've got a case on.' 'Yes?' 'Make sure you tell your father to remember to turn up to support me in the morning.' While he said this, an hour passed away. I asked if there was anything else he wanted; 'That's fine', he said. I left. When I looked over in this direction for the girl, she had just at that moment turned here into this street of ours.

PARMENO (*aside*) He must mean that girl, the one who was given as a present to *her* just now (*gesturing towards THAIS' house*).

CHAEREA When I got here, she was nowhere to be seen.

PARMENO (*to CHAEREA*) There were some people accompanying the girl, presumably?

CHAEREA Yes, a parasite and a slave-girl.

PARMENO (*triumphant*) It's her! You can go home; say no more; the shouting's over!

CHAEREA You're not concentrating.

PARMENO Yes I am.

CHAEREA Really? Do you know who she is? Have you seen her?

PARMENO I've seen her; I know who she is; I know where she's been taken off to.

CHAEREA What! My dear Parmeno, you know her? And you know where she is?

PARMENO (*indicating THAIS' house*) She was brought here to the tart Thais; she was given to her as a present.

CHAEREA Who's the wealthy man who can give her a present like that?

PARMENO The soldier Thraso, Phaedria's rival.

CHAEREA That's a hard part for my brother to play, by your account.

PARMENO Well, if you knew what present he's pitting against this present, you'd say so even more.

CHAEREA What ever is that? Tell me.

PARMENO A eunuch.

CHAEREA What? That hideous fellow he bought yesterday—that old man who's really a woman?

PARMENO The very one.

CHAEREA The fellow will certainly be drummed out of doors, present and all! But I didn't know this Thais lived next door to us.

PARMENO She hasn't done for long.

CHAEREA Damn it! To think that I've never seen her yet! I say, tell 360 me: is she as beautiful as they say?

PARMENO Certainly.

CHAEREA But nothing compared with this girl of mine?

PARMENO There's no comparison.

CHAEREA I beg you, Parmeno, please see that I get her!

PARMENO I'll do my best; I'll give you my assistance; I'll help you.

Nothing else, is there? (*Makes to move off*)

CHAEREA Where are you going now?

PARMENO Home, so that I can take those slaves to Thais as your brother told me to.

CHAEREA Oh that lucky eunuch, to be a present for that household!

PARMENO Why do you say that?

CHAEREA How can you ask? His fellow slave, the height of beauty, he'll see all the time indoors; he'll talk to her, he'll be together with her in one and the same house; sometimes he'll take his food with her, and from time to time he'll sleep next to her!

PARMENO What if *you* were now to become the lucky one?

CHAEREA What do you mean, Parmeno? Tell me!

PARMENO You could put his clothes on.

CHAEREA His clothes? What next?

370

PARMENO I could take you over instead of him.

CHAEREA I'm listening.

PARMENO I could say you're him.

CHAEREA I'm with you.

PARMENO You could enjoy those advantages you said just now he would enjoy: you could take your food with her, be together with her, touch her, play with her, sleep next to her.—After all, none of them knows you or has any idea who you are. Besides, you look just right, and you're the right age; you can easily pass yourself off as a eunuch!

CHAEREA Well said! I've never seen better advice given. Come on, let's go inside right now. Dress me up, take me over, take me as quickly as possible!

PARMENO What are you up to? I was only joking!

CHAEREA Rubbish!

PARMENO I've had it! What have I done? Help! (CHAEREA starts to push him towards the house)

Where are you pushing me? You're going to knock me over! Hey, listen! Stop!

CHAEREA Let's go!

PARMENO Won't you stop?

CHAEREA Certainly not!

380 PARMENO Just watch out that this isn't too hot-headed.

CHAEREA It certainly isn't. Let me do it!

PARMENO But look here, you'll get the bean; I'll get the shelling!*

CHAEREA (*impatiently*) Oh—!

PARMENO We're committing an outrage!

CHAEREA Is it an outrage if I'm going to be taken into a tart's house and get my own back now on those torturers who quite despise us, boys like me, and always utterly torture us—and if I'm going to trick them just as we're tricked by them? Or should it rather be my dad who's tricked and deceived by me? Anyone who got to know about that would criticize it; but everyone would think this was treating the women as they deserve!

PARMENO All right: if you're determined to do it, I'll do it—but don't lay the blame at my door afterwards!

CHAEREA I won't.

PARMENO Is it an order?

CHAEREA An order? I insist; I command you! I won't ever try to pretend I'm not responsible. Follow me! (*He leads into the house*)

390 PARMENO (*following indoors*) I hope it turns out all right!

After a short pause, THRASO and GNATHO enter from the left

THRASO Very grateful to me Thais was, of course?

GNATHO Extremely.

THRASO Really? Is she pleased?

GNATHO Yes—but not so much by the present itself as by the fact that you gave it. She's really and truly cock-a-hoop over that!

PARMENO *reappears from his house*

PARMENO (*to the audience, referring to PHAEDRIA's presents for THAIS*) I've come out here to keep watch, so that I can bring them over when the time's right. But here's the soldier! (*He stays by the door, unseen by THRASO and GNATHO*)

THRASO I do have that gift, to be sure: everything I do makes me popular.

GNATHO I've certainly noticed it.

THRASO The king,* for instance, always thanked me most profusely for everything I'd done. He didn't treat anyone else like that.

GNATHO A man with wit often uses his tongue to transfer to himself the fame that someone else has acquired with much labour. That's what you've got in you.

THRASO That's it!

GNATHO So as far as the king was concerned you were—

THRASO (*interrupting*) Of course.

GNATHO (*unexpectedly varying the usual expression*) —the fruit of his eye!

THRASO Yes. Entrusted his whole army to me, all his planning.

GNATHO Amazing!

THRASO And if ever he'd had enough of people, or if ever he'd got fed up with his work, when he wanted to relax, as if—you know what I mean?

GNATHO Yes: as if he wanted to spit his depression out of his mind—

THRASO You've got it! On such occasions he used to take me off to dine with him alone.

GNATHO Gosh! A choosy king, by your account!

THRASO No, this is what the man's like: keeps very select company.

GNATHO No, none at all, I think, if he lives with you!

THRASO Everyone envious of me. Snapped at me behind my back. 410 I couldn't care less. Terribly envious of me, they were—but one quite excessively, the man he'd put in command of the Indian elephants. As he got more of a nuisance, I said 'I say, Strato, why are you so savage? Is it because you have beasts under your command?'

GNATHO Well spoken indeed! Clever! Wow! You slit the man's throat! What about him?

THRASO Struck dumb on the spot.

GNATHO But of course!

PARMENO (*aside*) Ye gods, what a wreck of a man! How pathetic!
And what a godless man the other one is!

THRASO What about that other time, Gnatho—the way I scored
420 off the Rhodian at dinner? (**GNATHO** waits, as if eager to hear the
joke for the first time)

—Haven't I ever told you?

GNATHO Never. But please do. (*Aside to the audience*) I've heard it
more than a thousand times!

THRASO This Rhodian I'm talking about, a young lad, was with
me at dinner. I happened to have a floozy with me. He began to
make up to her, and to poke fun at me. 'I say', I said to the fellow,
'You're very impertinent. Are you hunting for meat when you're a
hare yourself?'* (**GNATHO** roars with laughter)

What is it?

GNATHO Clever! Smart! Fine! A1! Was that joke really yours? I
thought it was an old one.

THRASO Had you heard it before?

GNATHO Often; and it's reckoned to be one of the best.

THRASO It's mine.

GNATHO He was just a boy who spoke his mind without thinking;
430 what a pity he had to come up against your wit!

PARMENO (*aside*) Well, god damn you!

GNATHO Tell me, what about him?

THRASO Crushed. Everyone present dying of laughter. In short,
they were all afraid of me from then on.

GNATHO Quite right too.

THRASO But look here, Thais suspects me of loving that girl:
should I clear myself?

GNATHO Certainly not. On the contrary, you should increase her
suspicion all the more.

THRASO Why?

GNATHO Need you ask? You know how dreadfully it roasts you if
she ever speaks of Phaedria or if she praises him?

THRASO I do indeed.

GNATHO To stop that happening, this is the only remedy: when
440 she mentions Phaedria, you must mention Pamphila at once. If

ever she says 'Let's get Phaedria in to drink with us', you must say 'Let's call Pamphila out to sing for us'. If she praises his looks, you must counter by praising hers. In short, give her tit for tat, so as to cut her to the quick.

THRASO Well, if she loved me, then your plan would help, Gnatho.

GNATHO Since she longs for and loves the presents you give her, she's been in love with you for ages, and it's been easy for ages to do something to upset her. She's afraid all the time that you might one day lose your temper and distribute somewhere else the harvest which at the moment she reaps herself.

450

THRASO You're quite right. That hadn't occurred to me.

GNATHO You're joking! You just hadn't thought about it. Otherwise you would have thought of the very same thing so much better yourself, Thraso!

THAIS *comes out of her house*

THAIS I thought I heard the soldier's voice just now—and there he is. Hello, Thraso darling.

THRASO Thais my darling, my hot-lips, how are you? Do you love me for the lyre-player I gave you?

PARMENO (*aside*) How charming! What a way to begin on his arrival!

THAIS (*to THRASO*) Very much, as you deserve.

THRASO Let's go to dinner, then. (*THAIS hesitates a moment, as she is expecting CHREMES to call on her and does not want to miss him*)

Get a move on!

PARMENO (*aside*) Look! Once again! Would you call him a human being?

THAIS (*to THRASO, recovering from her hesitation*) Whenever you like, I won't hold you up.

460

PARMENO (*aside*) I'll go up to them and pretend I'm just coming out now. (*Does so*) Are you setting off somewhere, Thais?

THAIS Oh—Parmeno... How kind of you... Today I'm going ... (*Tries to make it clear to PARMENO by gesture that his presence is an embarrassment at this moment. But PARMENO refuses to play the game*)

PARMENO Where?

THAIS (*aside to PARMENO*) What, can't you see him?

PARMENO (*not as quietly as THAIS would like*) Yes I can, and I'm sick of the sight. Whenever you like, your presents are ready for you from Phaedria.

THRASO What are we standing around for? Why don't we set off?

PARMENO (*to THRASO, with elaborate politeness*) Please, I beg you to allow me, with your most kind permission, to give this woman the presents I want; let me meet and talk with her.

THRASO Very beautiful presents, I'm sure—as good as mine!

PARMENO Wait and see. (*Shouts into his house*) Hey, tell them to come out—the ones I told—tell them to be quick! (*A black woman appears in the doorway. PARMENO addresses her*) Come along, 470 you, over here. (*She obeys. PARMENO turns to show her off to the assembled company*) This girl's all the way from Ethiopia.

THRASO (*scornfully*) Three minas here.

GNATHO Scarcely that.

PARMENO (*turning back towards the house*) Where are you, Dorus? (*CHAEREA appears in the doorway, in oriental clothing*)

Come over here. (*CHAEREA does so. PARMENO turns to THAIS*)

There! There's your eunuch: what noble looks, and in the prime of life!

THAIS I must say, he is good-looking!

PARMENO (*turning to GNATHO and THRASO in turn*) What do you say, Gnatho? Can you find anything to despise? And what about you, Thraso?—No reply; that's praise enough. (*TURNS to THAIS again*) Test him in literature, test him in gymnastics or music; I guarantee that he'll be expert in everything that a well-born young man ought to know.

THRASO I wouldn't mind that eunuch, even when sober if need be!

PARMENO (*still addressing THAIS*) And the man who sent *these* 480 doesn't demand that you should live for him alone and that everyone else should be shut out on his account. He doesn't describe his battles or show off his scars or cramp your style, as a certain person does. But when it's no trouble, when you want it, when you've got the time, he's satisfied if you let him in then.

THRASO Clearly this is the slave of a man who's poor and miserable.

GNATHO Certainly no one who had the money to get someone else could put up with this man, I'm sure enough of that.

PARMENO (*to GNATHO*) Shut up, you! You must be lower than the lowest of the low. If you've brought yourself to suck up to this 490 man, I should think you're capable of trying to snatch the food from a funeral pyre!*

THRASO (*impatiently*) Are we off yet?

THAIS I'll take these people inside first, and while I'm there I'll give the instructions I want to. Then I'll be right out. (*Goes indoors, taking with her CHAEREA and the black woman*)

THRASO (*to GNATHO*) I'm off; you wait for her here.

PARMENO (*sarcastically*) It wouldn't do for a general to go through the street in the company of his girlfriend. (*Exit right*)

THRASO (*to PARMENO's back, crushingly*) Why should I waste words on you? You're just like your master!

GNATHO Ha ha ha!

THRASO What are you laughing at?

GNATHO At what you just said—and because I'm thinking of that joke about the Rhodian. (*The door of THAIS' house starts to open*) But Thais is coming out.

THRASO (*to GNATHO*) Go ahead, run, make sure things are ready at home!

GNATHO OK (*Exit left. THAIS reappears from her house, together with some slave-girls. PYTHIAS also appears at the door*)

THAIS (*to PYTHIAS*) Be particularly careful, Pythias, if Chremes 500 happens to come here, to ask him first of all to wait; if that doesn't suit him, to come back later; if he can't do that, bring him to me.

PYTHIAS I'll do so.

THAIS Oh and what was the other thing I wanted to say?—Ah yes: look after that girl with particular care. Make sure you stay at home.

THRASO (*impatiently*) Let's go!

THAIS (*to the slave-girls*) Follow me. (*THAIS and the slave-girls go off left with THRASO. PYTHIAS goes back indoors. After a short pause, CHREMES enters from the right, talking to himself*)

CHREMES Yes, the more I think about it, this Thais is clearly going to do me a lot of harm. I could already see the first time she sent for me that she was cunningly trying to weaken my defences. Someone 510 might ask 'What did you have to do with her?'—I didn't even know her. When I arrived, she thought up a reason for me to stay

there. She said she was giving a party following a sacrifice to the gods* and had some serious business to discuss with me. I suspected already that she was doing all this with malice aforethought. She sat herself next to me, devoted herself to me, tried to start a conversation. When it dried up, she came out with her questions: how long ago had my father and mother died? A long time ago, I said. Did I have a farm at Sunium? How far from the sea? I guess she fancies it and hopes to grab it from me. Finally, had I had a sister who'd disappeared from there as a child? Had there been anyone with her? What had she had on her at the time? Was there anyone who could identify her?—Why should she ask me all these questions?—Unless perhaps she's got the nerve to claim *she's* my sister who disappeared as a child all those years ago. But my sister, if she's alive, is 16, no older than that; Thais is a bit older than I am. Now she's sent for me again, begging me to come urgently. Either she should say what she wants or she should stop being a nuisance. I'm certainly not going to come a third time. (*Knocks on THAIS' door*) Hey! Hey! Anyone in? It's me, Chremes!

PYTHIAS *opens the door*

PYTHIAS Oh you darling man!

CHREMES (*aside*) Didn't I say they were laying traps for me?

P Y T H I A S Thais particularly asked for you to come back tomorrow.

CHREMES I'm off to the farm.

PYTHIAS Please do!

CHREMES I can't, I tell you.

PYTHIAS In that case wait here in our house till she comes back herself.

CHREMES Certainly not.

P Y T H I A S Why, Chremes dear?

CHREMES Will you go to hell?

PYTHIAS If that's your firm decision, please step over to where she is.

CHREMES All right.

PYTHIAS (*calling into the house*) Go along, Dorias! Take this man quickly to the soldier's. (DORIAS appears and takes CHREMES off left. PYTHIAS returns indoors. After a pause, ANTIPHO enters from the right)

ANTIPHO (*to the audience*) Yesterday some of us lads down
540 in Piraeus agreed on today for a club dinner. We put Chaerea in

charge of it and handed over our deposits; the place and time were fixed. The time's gone past; there's no sign of preparations at the place we said; the fellow himself's nowhere about, and I don't know what to say, or what to guess. Now the others have given me the job of looking for him, so I'll go to see if he's at home. (THAIS' door opens. CHAEREA looks out of it, still in oriental clothing) Who's this coming out of Thais' house? Is it him or isn't it? It is! What has come over the fellow? What's he dressed up like that for? What the hell's going on? I'm flabbergasted; I can't guess. But whatever it is, I'd like to try to find out from over here first. (Stays on one side. CHAEREA comes out cautiously, looking round)

CHAEREA No one here, is there? No one. No one following me from inside? No, no one. Can I at last let my joy burst out? O Jupiter! Now, now is the time when I could put up with death, 550 so that life couldn't spoil this joy with any sorrow! But to think that there isn't some busybody to come up to me now and follow me wherever I go, battering me to death with questions—asking me why I'm over the moon, why I'm so happy, where I'm going to, where I've come out from, where I got hold of these clothes, what I'm up to, whether I'm in my senses or off my head!

ANTIPHO (aside) I'll go up to him and do him this favour that I see he wants done. (Does so) Chaerea, what are you over the moon about? What's the point of this clothing? What are you so happy about? What are you up to? Are you in your right mind?—What are you looking at me for? Why don't you say something?

CHAEREA Oh you wonderful fellow! My dear friend, hello! There's 560 no one on earth I'd rather see just now than you!

ANTIPHO Please tell me what's going on!

CHAEREA No, please *listen*, for god's sake! You know this woman my brother's in love with?

ANTIPHO Yes; I suppose you mean Thais.

CHAEREA The very one.

ANTIPHO I remember hearing about it.

CHAEREA She was given a girl today as a present. Why should I bother to shout about her looks or praise them to you, Antipho? You know perfectly well what standards I set as an inspector of beauty. I've fallen for her!

ANTIPHO Oh really?

CHAEREA You'll say she beats all comers, I know you will, if you see her. To cut the story short, I'm in love with her. As luck would have it, there was a eunuch in our house that my brother had bought for Thais and who hadn't yet been taken over to her. So 570 Parmeno, our slave, made a suggestion that I seized on.

ANTIPHO What was it?

CHAEREA You'll hear sooner if you keep quiet.—To change clothes with him and give orders to have myself taken there instead of him.

ANTIPHO Instead of a *eunuch*?

CHAEREA Yes.

ANTIPHO What on earth did you hope to gain by doing that?

CHAEREA What a question! To see her, to hear her, to be together with the girl I longed to be with, Antipho! No paltry reason, eh? No faulty reasoning? I was handed over to the woman. As soon as she'd got me, she was overjoyed and took me in to her house. She put me in charge of the girl.

ANTIPHO Who? You?

CHAEREA Me.

ANTIPHO Was that really safe?

CHAEREA She announced that no *man* was to go near her, and she ordered *me* not to leave her side but stay with her in the inner rooms, just the two of us together. I nodded, my eyes modestly towards the ground.

ANTIPHO (ironically) Poor man!

580 CHAEREA 'I, she said, 'am off to dinner.' She took some slave-girls with her; a few girls stayed to attend on my girl—they were apprentices. Immediately they got things ready for her to have a bath. I urged them to get a move on. While the preparations were going on, the girl sat in her room, looking up at a picture. The picture showed how Jupiter once sent down a shower of gold into Danae's lap, as the story goes.* I began to look at the picture myself too, and because he had got up to much the same trick once upon a time, my spirit rejoiced within me all the more, to think that a god had turned himself into a man and climbed secretly over another man's roof to seduce a woman through the skylight. And what a god!

'The one whose thunder echoing loud on high
Doth shake the topmost regions of the sky.*'

Was I, a mere man, not to do the same?—Indeed, I did it just the same way, and gladly! While I was thinking all this over, in the meantime the girl was summoned for her bath. She went, she washed, she returned. Then the girls settled her on a couch. I stood by, waiting to see if they had any orders to give me. One came along and said ‘Hey, Dorus, take this fan and fan her like this, while we have our bath. When we’ve had our bath, if you want to, you can have one too.’ I took the fan, with a show of reluctance.

ANTIPHO How I wish I could have seen that shameless face of yours, and seen you standing there holding a fan, you great donkey!

CHAEREA She’d scarcely said that when they all rushed out of the room together and went off for their bath, making quite a noise—which is what happens when slaves are on their own. Meanwhile 600 the girl was overcome by sleep. I stole a glance at her sideways behind the fan, like this (*imitates the action*), surreptitiously. At the same time I looked round to make sure everything else was safe. I saw that it was. I bolted the door.

ANTIPHO What happened next?

CHAEREA What do you mean ‘What happened next?’, you joker?

ANTIPHO OK! I give in.

CHAEREA Was I going to lose the chance offered to me, so great an opportunity but so brief, so hoped for but so unexpected? If I had, then I really would have been what I was pretending to be!

ANTIPHO Quite so, quite so. But meanwhile what have you done about our dinner?

CHAEREA It’s ready.

ANTIPHO Good for you. Where? At your place?

CHAEREA No, at Discus the freedman’s.

ANTIPHO That’s miles away—but all the more reason for us to get a move on. Change your clothes.

CHAEREA Where can I change? I’ve had it! My home is out of bounds now—I’m afraid my brother may be in there—and also 610 that my dad may have come back from the farm by now.

ANTIPHO Let’s go to my house; that’s the nearest place where you can change.

CHAEREA You’re right; let’s go. And at the same time I want to pick your brains about how I can get hold of that girl in the future.

ANTIPHO OK. (*Exeunt right. After a short pause, DORIAS enters from the left, holding some jewellery*)

DORIAS I must say, from what I saw of him, I'm terrified that he'll kick up a rumpus, he's so furious, or do some violence to Thais. When that young man Chremes arrived, the girl's brother, she asks the soldier to tell them to let him in. That immediately makes him angry, but he doesn't dare say no. Then Thais insists that he invite him to join them. She did that because she wanted to keep him there—it wasn't the time to tell him what she wanted to about his sister. Reluctantly, he invited him; he stayed. Then she begins chatting to him at once. But the soldier thinks a rival has been brought in before his eyes, and he wants to get his own back on her. 'Hey, boy!', he says, 'Go and fetch Pamphila to entertain us here.' She cries out 'Certainly not! Her at a dinner-party?' The soldier insists; it turns into a row. Meanwhile she surreptitiously takes her jewels off and gives them to me to take away. That's a sign: as soon as she can, she'll get away from there, I know. (*Enter PHAEDRIA from the right. He does not see DORIAS, who stays on her side of the stage*)

PHAEDRIA While I was on my way to the farm, I began thinking about one thing after another, the way you do when you've got some trouble on your mind—and everything looked pretty bad. To cut the story short, while I was thinking these things over, I went past the farm without noticing. I'd gone a long way beyond it before I realized. I turned back again, feeling very low. When I'd come right back to the turning, I stopped. I began to think to myself 'What? Have I got to stay here for two days on my own without her?—Well, so what? There's nothing to be done.—What? Nothing? If there's no way for me to touch her, well, won't I even be able to look at her? If that's not allowed, at least this will be. Loving from the edge of the side-lines certainly isn't nothing.' I went past the farm deliberately this time. (*PYTHIAS rushes out of THAIS' house*)

But what's this? Why's Pythias rushing out all in a flap?

PYTHIAS (*not seeing PHAEDRIA or DORIAS*) Damn! Where can I find that wicked, irreligious man? Where can I look for him? To think that he could have dared to commit such an audacious deed as this!

PHAEDRIA (*aside*) Help! I don't like the sound of this!

PYTHIAS What's more, the villain, after he'd tricked her, actually tore all the poor girl's clothes, and tore her hair too!

PHAEDRIA What!

PYTHIAS If I could get hold of him now, I'd be so glad to let fly at his eyes with my nails, the murderer!

PHAEDRIA Clearly while I've been away there's been some sort of rumpus in the house. I'll go up to her. (*Does so*) What's up? What's the hurry? Who are you looking for, Pythias?

650

PYTHIAS Ah, Phaedria! Me? Who am I looking for? Why don't you buzz off where you deserve to go, you and your nice presents?

PHAEDRIA What's the matter?

PYTHIAS Are you asking me? That eunuch you gave us—what a rumpus he's started up! The girl the soldier had given to my mistress—he's raped her!

PHAEDRIA What are you talking about?

PYTHIAS I've had it!

PHAEDRIA You're drunk!

PYTHIAS This is the sort of drunkenness I'd wish on my enemies.

DORIAS (*breaking in*) What! Really, my dear Pythias, what ever sort of monstrosity was that?

PHAEDRIA (*to PYTHIAS*) You're out of your mind; how could a eunuch do that?

PYTHIAS I don't know who he was, but the facts speak for themselves about what he did. The girl herself is in tears, and when you ask her she can't bring herself to say what's up. As for that good fellow, he's nowhere to be seen. Damn it, I even suspect that he 660 stole something as he left the house!

PHAEDRIA I'm flabbergasted! Where could that feeble creature have got to? He can't have gone far: perhaps he's gone back to our house.

PYTHIAS Please go to see if he has.

PHAEDRIA You'll soon know for sure. (*Goes into his house*)

DORIAS Help! I'm dead! I've never even heard of such an unspeakable deed, my dear!

PYTHIAS Well, I had heard they were particularly keen on women but impotent. But it just didn't occur to me, damn it, or I'd have locked him up somewhere: I wouldn't have put him in charge of

the girl. (PHAEADRIA reappears, dragging DORUS from his house.
DORUS is wearing CHAEREA's clothes)

PHAEADRIA Come on out, you wicked creature! Still hanging back,
are you, you runaway? Come out! To think what I paid for you!

DORUS (*struggling*) Please!

670 PHAEADRIA Just look at how he's screwed up his face, the villain!
What do you mean by coming back here? What's this change of
clothes? Eh? (*Turns to PYTHIAS*) If I'd been a minute later,
Pythias, I wouldn't have found him at home: he was all ready to
escape.

PYTHIAS Tell me, have you got the fellow?

PHAEADRIA Of course I have.

PYTHIAS Thank god for that!

DORIAS That is a relief!

PYTHIAS Where is he?

PHAEADRIA What do you mean? Can't you see him?

PYTHIAS See him? Who, for heaven's sake?

PHAEADRIA This man, of course!

PYTHIAS Who's this fellow?

PHAEADRIA The one who was brought over to your place today.

PYTHIAS Not one of us has ever set eyes on *him*, Phaedria.

PHAEADRIA Not set eyes on him?

PYTHIAS Did you honestly think *this* was the man who was
brought over to us?

680 PHAEADRIA Well, I didn't have anyone else.

PYTHIAS Really! There's no comparison between the two of them!
That one looked handsome and noble.

PHAEADRIA That's what he looked like *then*, because he was
dressed up in his colourful clothes. Now he looks ugly to you,
because he hasn't got them on.

PYTHIAS Do stop! As if there was just a little difference! The one
brought over to our place today was a young man, one you'd be
glad to see yourself, Phaedria. This one's an old man, sunken,
senile, and soporific, and the colour of a weasel!

PHAEADRIA What? What are you talking about? Are you going to
690 reduce me to not knowing what I bought myself? (*Turns to
DORUS*) Hey, you! Did I buy you?

DORUS Yes.

PYTHIAS Now tell him to reply to *me!*

PHAEDRIA Ask your question.

PYTHIAS (*to DORUS*) Did you come to our house today? (*DORUS shakes his head. PYTHIAS turns to PHAEDRIA*)

He says he didn't. But that other one did, the 16-year-old one who Parmeno brought with him.

PHAEDRIA (*to DORUS*) Come on then, clear this up for me first: where did you get those clothes you're wearing?—Won't you answer? You monstrous creature, aren't you going to tell me?

DORUS Chaerea came.

PHAEDRIA My brother?

DORUS Yes.

PHAEDRIA When?

DORUS Today.

PHAEDRIA How long ago?

DORUS Just now.

PHAEDRIA Who with?

DORUS Parmeno.

PHAEDRIA Had you met him before?

DORUS No.

PHAEDRIA So how did you know he was my brother?

700

DORUS Parmeno said he was. He gave me these clothes.

PHAEDRIA (*aside*) I've had it!

DORUS He put mine on himself. Then the pair of them left the house together.

PYTHIAS Does that convince you that I'm sober and wasn't telling you any lies? Does that satisfy you that the girl's been raped?

PHAEDRIA Come on, you ass, do you believe what *he* says?

PYTHIAS Why should I have to believe him? The facts speak for themselves!

PHAEDRIA (*to DORUS, pushing him to one side of the stage*) Move over there a bit, do you hear? A bit further still—that's right. Now tell me again: Chaerea took your clothes off you?

DORUS He did.

PHAEDRIA And put them on himself?

DORUS He did.

PHAEDRIA And was brought over here instead of you?

DORUS Yes.

PHAEDRIA (*pretending not to believe him*) Great god above, what a wicked and audacious fellow!

PYTHIAS Oh no! Do you still not believe we've been most
710 disgracefully tricked?

PHAEDRIA (*to PYTHIAS*) Of course you *would* believe what *he* says! (*Aside*) I don't know what to do! (*To DORUS, whispering*) Hey, say *no* this time! (*Aloud*) Can I chisel the truth out of you or not? Did you see my brother Chaerea?

DORUS No.

PHAEDRIA He can't admit the truth except under torture, I can see. Follow me in! One moment he says yes, the next he says no. (*To DORUS, whispering*) Beg me for mercy!

DORUS I beg you, Phaedria!

PHAEDRIA (*aloud*) Go inside now! (*Hits him*)

DORUS Ow!

PHAEDRIA (*pushing him into his house, aside to audience*) I can't think how else to get away from here without looking ridiculous. (*Aloud to DORUS*) You've had it if you play any more tricks on me in here, you scoundrel! (*Exeunt PHAEDRIA and DORUS*)

PYTHIAS I'm sure Parmeno was behind this plot—sure as I'm alive!

DORIAS You're right.

PYTHIAS I'll find some way to pay him back in kind, you see if I don't! But what do you think I should do now, Dorias?

720 DORIAS About that girl, do you mean?

PYTHIAS Yes: should I say something about it, or should I keep quiet?

DORIAS If you've got any sense, you don't know what you do know, either about the eunuch or about the rape of the girl. That way you'll escape from all the trouble, and you'll do her a favour as well. Just say Dorus has left.

PYTHIAS That's what I'll do.

DORIAS (*catching sight of CHREMES approaching from the left*) But do I see Chremes? Thais will be here shortly.

PYTHIAS Why do you say that?

DORIAS Because when I left there a row had already started up between them.

PYTHIAS (*referring to the jewellery DORIAS is holding*) You take these jewels inside; I'll find out from him what's up. (DORIAS goes into THAIS' house)

CHREMES (*drunk and dishevelled, his cloak trailing on the ground; not seeing PYTHIAS*) Whoops! I've been taken in: the wine I drank has got the better of me. As long as I was sitting down, I thought I was perfectly sober; but since I got up neither my foot nor my brain's doing its job properly!

PYTHIAS Chremes!

CHREMES Who's that? Ah, Pythias! Wow! You look so much more beautiful to me now than you did before! 730

PYTHIAS Well, you certainly look a great deal more cheerful!

CHREMES True indeed is the saying: 'No arousal without carousal!' But has Thais been back for long?

PYTHIAS Has she already left the soldier's?

CHREMES A long time ago, ages ago! There was an enormous row between them.

PYTHIAS Didn't she say anything to you about following her?

CHREMES No—except that as she left she nodded to me.

PYTHIAS Well, wasn't that enough?

CHREMES But I didn't realize that was what she meant—except for the fact that the soldier put me right where I hadn't quite understood: he pushed me out of the house! (*Sees THAIS approaching from the left, accompanied by her slave-girls*) But here she is! I wonder where I overtook her.

THAIS (*to herself*) I think he'll be here any minute to take her away from me: let him come! But if he lays one finger on her I'll tear his eyes out at once! I can put up with his tomfoolery and pompous 740 speeches just as long as they *are* speeches. But if they turn into action he'll pay for it!

CHREMES Thais, I've been here for ages!

THAIS Oh my dear Chremes, you're the very person I was hoping to meet! Do you realize this rumpus was all because of you—in fact this whole affair is to do with you?

CHREMES With me? How? As if an affair of yours could—

THAIS (*interrupting*) Because it's in taking steps to return and restore your sister to you that I've had to put up with this behaviour and lots more like it.

CHREMES Where is she?

THAIS In my house.

CHREMES Oh!

THAIS Don't worry: she's been brought up the right way both for you and for her.

CHREMES Really?

THAIS Yes, that's the truth. I give her to you as a gift; I don't ask for any reward from you in return.

CHREMES I am really grateful, Thais; the favour will be repaid to
750 you as you deserve. (*Noises are heard off left*)

THAIS But look out, or you'll lose her before you get her from me, Chremes! She's the girl the soldier's just coming to kidnap from me. Pythias, go in and bring out the box with her trinkets.

CHREMES (*seeing THRASO and his followers approaching from the left*) Can you see him, Thais—(*PYTHIAS and THAIS continue their discussion while CHREMES is talking*)

PYTHIAS Where's it kept?

THAIS In the chest.—Get a move on, damn you! (*PYTHIAS goes indoors*)

CHREMES:—the soldier, I mean; look how many troops he's bringing with him against you. Help!

THAIS (*to CHREMES*) Surely you're not frightened, are you, my dear fellow?

CHREMES Get away with you! Me frightened? There's no one alive less frightened than me!

THAIS Good! That's the way we want you!

CHREMES I really don't like to think what sort of man you suppose I am!

THAIS Well, just bear this in mind: the man you're dealing with is a foreigner, less influential than you, less well known, and with fewer
760 friends here.

CHREMES I know that. But it's silly to let something happen when you could avoid it. I'd rather take preventive action than get our own back on him after he's harmed us. You go off inside and bolt the door, while I run over to the main square: I want to get some people to come and support us in this rumpus. (*Starts off right, planning to take a back route to the town centre, which lies to the left*)

THAIS Don't go!

CHREMES I'd better!

THAIS (*taking hold of his arm*) Don't!

CHREMES Let go of me! I'll be back at once.

THAIS (*not letting go until it is clear that he will stay*) There's no need for helpers, Chremes. All you need say is that she's your sister and that you lost her when she was a little girl but have now identified her. (*PYTHIAS reappears from the house, holding a box; THAIS turns to her*) Show him the trinkets.

PYTHIAS Here they are.

THAIS (*to CHREMES*) Take them. (*PYTHIAS hands him the box*)

If he assaults you, haul the fellow off to court. Have you understood?

CHREMES Perfectly.

THAIS Make sure you keep your nerve while you're speaking.

CHREMES OK.

THAIS Pull up your cloak! (*CHREMES does so. THAIS continues aside*)

Oh dear! Here I am getting this man to defend me, when he needs a protector himself!

770

By now THRASO, GNATHO, and SANGA have arrived from the left, together with SIMALIO, DONAX, and SYRISCUS; SANGA is carrying a sponge, DONAX a crowbar. THAIS, CHREMES, PYTHIAS, and the other slave-girls remain on the right of the stage, outside THAIS' house

THRASO Me put up with such an open insult to me as this, Gnatho? I'd rather die! Simalio, Donax, Syriscus, follow me! First I'll storm the house.

GNATHO Right!

THRASO I'll take the girl.

GNATHO Perfect!

THRASO I'll beat up the woman.

GNATHO Excellent!

THRASO Here into the centre of the line with the crowbar, Donax!

You, Simalio, on the left wing! You, Syriscus, on the right! (*They obey*) Let's have the others now: where's captain Sanga and his troop of thieves?*

SANGA Present, sir!

THRASO What's this, you coward? Brought a sponge with you, have you? Are you planning to fight with it?

SANGA Me? I knew the courage of our general and the might of our men. I knew this couldn't come off without bloodshed, and how else was I going to wipe up the wounds?

THRASO Where are the others?

SANGA What the hell do you mean by 'others'? There's only
780 Sannio, and he's on guard-duty at home.

THRASO (*to GNATHO*) You draw these men up. I'll be behind the front line: I'll give everyone the signal from there.

GNATHO (*to the audience, but heard by THRASO*) There's wisdom for you: in drawing up his men, he's chosen a safe position for himself!

THRASO I'm only doing what Pyrrhus used to do.*

CHREMES Do you see what he's up to, Thais? I was certainly right to advise you to lock up your house.

THAIS He may seem to you to be a man now, but really he's a great twit: don't be frightened.

THRASO (*to GNATHO*) What do you suggest?

GNATHO If only you could get hold of a sling now! Then you could attack them under cover from over here, and they'd run away.

THRASO But look! I can see Thais herself.

GNATHO How soon do we charge?

THRASO Wait! The wise man should try everything before he resorts to arms. You never know, she may do what I command without any need for violence.

790 GNATHO Ye gods, what it is to be clever! I never meet you without going away a wiser man!

THRASO Thais, first answer me this: when I gave you that girl, did you say you would give yourself to me alone for these days?

THAIS So what if I did?

THRASO What a question! Didn't you bring your boyfriend in right in front of my eyes?

THAIS (*to the world at large*) What can you do with that man?

THRASO And didn't you steal away secretly from me with him?

THAIS I felt like it.

THRASO Well then, give Pamphila back to me—unless you'd rather I took her by force!

CHREMES Do you expect her to give her back to you? Do you think you're going to touch her, you utterly—

GNATHO (*interrupting*) Hoy! What are you up to? Belt up!

THRASO What are you on about? Can't I touch my own girl?

CHREMES Your own girl, you crook?

GNATHO Watch out! You don't realize what sort of man it is you're insulting like that.

CHREMES Go to hell! (*To THRASO*) I'd better put you in the picture: if you kick up any kind of rumpus here today, I'll make 800 sure you never forget this place or this day or me!

GNATHO Poor you! What a great man you're making an enemy of!

CHREMES (*to GNATHO*) I'll smash your head in if you don't go away!

GNATHO Will you just, you animal? Is that how you behave?

THRASO Who the hell are you? What are you on about? What have you got to do with her?

CHREMES I'll tell you. First of all, I declare that she's free-born.

THRASO What?

CHREMES A citizen of Attica.

THRASO Ho ho!

CHREMES My sister.

THRASO Bare-faced impertinence!

CHREMES And now, soldier, I give you due notice that you're not to inflict any violence on her. Thais, I'm off to Sophrona, our nanny, to bring her here and show her these trinkets.

THRASO Are you going to forbid me to touch my own girl?

CHREMES I am, I tell you! (*Exit right, with the box which PYTHIAS had given him*)

GNATHO (*to THRASO*) Hear that? That makes him an accomplice. That's enough for you.

THRASO Do you say the same thing, Thais?

THAIS Go and look for someone who'll answer you! (*Sweeps into 810 her house with PYTHIAS and the other slave-girls*)

THRASO What do we do now?

GNATHO Why don't we go home? She'll soon come along begging you on bended knee.

THRASO Do you think so?

GNATHO 'Think'? It's a certainty! I know what women are like: they don't want it when you do, but when you don't they're the ones that long for it.

THRASO Quite right!

GNATHO Shall I dismiss the troops now?

THRASO Whenever you like.

GNATHO Sanga, as brave soldiers should, turn your mind now to hearth and home.

SANGA I've been thinking about my saucepans for ages!

GNATHO Good for you.

THRASO This way! Follow me! (*Leads off left; the others all follow.*)

After a pause, THAIS and PYTHIAS reappear from their house)

THAIS Damn you, are you going to carry on talking in riddles?

'I know—I don't know—he's gone—I heard about it, I wasn't there myself': won't you tell me clearly whatever it is you've got to say? The girl's clothes have been torn, she's in tears, and she

820 won't say a word; the eunuch has gone.—Why? What's happened? Aren't you going to tell me?

PYTHIAS (*starting to cry*) What can I tell you? They say he wasn't a eunuch.

THAIS Who was he then?

PYTHIAS That Chaerea.

THAIS What Chaerea?

PYTHIAS That brother of Phaedria's—the one who's doing his military service.

THAIS What are you talking about, you murdereress?

PYTHIAS But I know it for sure!

THAIS But why did he come to us? Why was he brought over?

PYTHIAS I don't know—but I think he'd fallen for Pamphila.

THAIS What? No! I've had it! It's a disaster, if what you say is true.

Can that be what the girl's crying about?

PYTHIAS I think so.

THAIS Tell me, you godless woman, were those the instructions

830 I went to such lengths to give you as I left?

PYTHIAS What was I supposed to do? I left her on her own with him, just as you told me to.

THAIS You put a wolf in charge of a sheep, damn it! I'm really ashamed to have been taken in like that. What kind of fellow can he be? (*CHAEREA comes into view from the right (= stage left), still dressed as a eunuch*)

PYTHIAS (*seeing CHAEREA*) Sh! Quiet, madam, please! We're all right! We've got the fellow himself!

THAIS Where is he?

PYTHIAS There, on the left. Can you see him?

THAIS Yes.

PYTHIAS Have him seized as soon as possible!

THAIS What'll we do with him, you idiot?

PYTHIAS What could you *do* with him? How can you ask? Can't you see at a glance that he looks like a rogue? And if he doesn't, that shows how brazen he is!

CHAEREA (*not yet seeing THAIS and PYTHIAS*) At Antipho's place, both his mum and his dad were at home, as if they'd 840 deliberately planned to make it impossible for me to get in without them seeing me. Meanwhile, as I was standing in front of their door, someone I knew came along. When I saw him, I took to my heels as fast as I could down an empty alleyway—and then down another, then another. All the time I was running away I was terrified someone would recognize me.—But is this Thais that I see? Yes, it is. I can't think what to do.—But why should I care? What can she do to me?

THAIS Let's go up to him. (*Pretends that she still thinks he is a eunuch*) Dorus, my good fellow, hello! Look here, did you run 850 away?

CHAEREA (*pretending to be a eunuch*) Madam, I did.

THAIS And are you pleased with yourself for doing that?

CHAEREA No.

THAIS Do you expect to escape being punished?

CHAEREA Let me off this one offence! If I ever commit another, you can kill me!

THAIS You weren't afraid I would be a cruel mistress, were you?

CHAEREA No.

THAIS So what was it, then?

CHAEREA I was afraid she would tell you what I'd done (*indicating PYTHIAS*).

THAIS What had you done?

CHAEREA Nothing much.

PYTHIAS (*breaking in*) What! Nothing much? You rogue! Do you think it's nothing much to rape a girl who's a citizen?

CHAEREA I thought she was a slave, like me.

PYTHIAS 'A slave, like me! The fiend! I can hardly control myself:
I'm going to let fly at his hair! He even comes here specially to
860 laugh at us!

THAIS (*to PYTHIAS*) Off you go; you're getting carried away.

PYTHIAS Why should I? (*Sarcastically*) I suppose I'd really have to
pay damages to that crook if I did it, would I? Particularly when he
admits he's your slave!

THAIS Let's put a stop to this. Chaerea, your behaviour was
unworthy of you. It may be entirely proper for me to be insulted
like that, but even so it wasn't proper for you to do it. And now I
really can't think what to do about that girl. You've messed up all my
plans: I can't return her to her family, as would have been right, and
870 as I wanted to.—I wanted to get myself their lasting favour, Chaerea.

CHAEREA But I'm sure there will now be friendship between *us* for
ever instead, Thais. It often happens that some event like this
sparks off a really close relationship in spite of the bad start.
Perhaps some god was behind this!

THAIS Well, I'll certainly take it that way; I hope you're right.

CHAEREA Yes, please do. And there's one thing you must know:
I didn't do this to insult you, but because I'm in love.

THAIS I know, and that's why I'm all the readier to forgive you
880 now. I'm not so hard-hearted or so inexperienced that I don't
know how powerful love can be, Chaerea.

CHAEREA My god, I love you too now, Thais!

PYTHIAS In that case, madam, I can see that you'd better watch
out for him!

CHAEREA I wouldn't dare!

PYTHIAS I don't trust you at all!

THAIS (*to PYTHIAS*) Stop it!

CHAEREA (*to THAIS*) Now I ask you to be my helper in this
matter; I entrust and commit myself to your protection; I adopt
you as my patroness, Thais; *I beg you—I shall die if I don't get her*
as my wife!

THAIS Even if your father...? (*Hesitates before completing the
sentence*)

CHAEREA What? Oh, he'll be happy, I'm quite sure, as long as
she's a citizen.

THAIS If you're happy to wait for a little bit, the girl's own brother 890
will be here shortly. He's gone to fetch the nanny who nursed
her when she was little. You can be present yourself when she's
identified, Chaerea.

CHAEREA I'll certainly stay.

THAIS Meanwhile, would you like us to wait inside till he comes,
rather than here in front of the door?

CHAEREA Yes, I'd love us to!

PYTHIAS (to THAIS) What on earth are you up to?

THAIS What's the matter?

PYTHIAS How can you ask? Are you thinking of letting *him* into
the house after what he's done?

THAIS Why not?

PYTHIAS Take my word for it, he'll be up to no good again!

THAIS Really! Please shut up!

PYTHIAS You don't seem to realize! There's no stopping him! 900

CHAEREA I won't do anything, Pythias!

PYTHIAS I won't believe that until I can see it hasn't happened,
Chaerea!

CHAEREA But *you* can keep an eye on me, Pythias!

PYTHIAS I wouldn't risk keeping an eye on you, any more than
I would giving you something to keep an eye on. Get away with
you! (CHREMES and SOPHRONA start to come into view from the
right, moving very slowly because of SOPHRONA's age)

THAIS Good! Here's her brother himself.

CHAEREA Oh god, I've had it! Please let's go inside, Thais! I don't
want him to see me in the street dressed like this.

THAIS Why ever not? You're not embarrassed, are you?

CHAEREA That's it.

PYTHIAS 'That's it', is it? And what about the girl?!

THAIS (to CHAEREA) Go ahead; I'll follow. (CHAEREA goes into
her house. THAIS turns to PYTHIAS)

You stay there so that you can bring Chremes in, Pythias. (Goes
into her house)

PYTHIAS (to the audience) Well, what can I think of now? How can 910
I get my own back on that godless man who infiltrated him into
our house? (CHREMES and SOPHRONA have at last almost
reached THAIS' house)

CHREMES Get a move on, will you, nanny?

SOPHRONA I am moving.

CHREMES So I see—but not forwards!

PYTHIAS (*to CHREMES*) Have you shown her nanny the trinkets yet?

CHREMES Yes, all of them.

PYTHIAS Tell me, what does she say? Does she recognize them?

CHREMES Perfectly.

PYTHIAS I'm really glad to hear it; I like that girl. Go inside; my mistress has been waiting for you indoors for ages. (*CHREMES and SOPHRONA go into THAIS' house, leaving PYTHIAS on stage on her own. PARMENO comes into view from the right*)

Look, I can see that good fellow Parmeno coming. Look at him sauntering along; would you believe it? I'm sure I'll be able to torture him the way I'd like to. I'll go inside to find out for certain about the identification. Then I'll come out and terrify this godless man! (*Goes into THAIS' house*)

PARMENO I've come back to see how Chaerea's getting on here. If he's handled the affair smartly, ye gods, what praise Parmeno will win—what true praise! I'm not talking about the fact that I've achieved for him a love that could have been extremely difficult and extremely expensive, that I've got him the girl he was in love with in the house of a grasping tart—all without trouble, without expense, and without loss. (*PYTHIAS reappears from THAIS' house but stays by the door, unnoticed by PARMENO*)

No, what I think really wins me first prize is this: I've discovered a way for a young lad to get to know what tarts are like and how they behave, so that having got to know them early in his life he can despise them for the rest of it. When they're in public, you'd think nothing was ever more refined, nothing neater or smarter than the way they nibble at their food when they're with a boyfriend. If a lad can see how filthy, squalid, poor, and unattractive they are when they're on their own at home, how desperate they are for food, how they gobble up black bread dipped in yesterday's soup—if he realizes all that, it'll keep him on the straight and narrow!

PYTHIAS (*aside*) My god, I'll punish you for what you've said and done, you villain: you won't get away with playing tricks on us! (*Rushes forward, as if coming out of the house*) Oh gods in heaven,

how dreadful! Oh, the poor boy! Oh wicked Parmeno, who brought him here!

PARMENO (*aside*) What's this?

PYTHIAS (*as before*) I do feel sorry for him. Oh dear! That's why I've run out of doors, so that I don't have to see it. What terrible punishments they say they're going to inflict on him!

PARMENO (*still aside*) Great god, what's this commotion? Could this be the end of me? I'll go up to her. (*Does so*) What are you talking about, Pythias? What's up? Who's going to be punished?

PYTHIAS Can't you guess? What a nerve you've got! You've ruined that boy you brought over as a eunuch, you were so keen to play a trick on us!

PARMENO Why do you say that? What's happened? Tell me! 950

PYTHIAS Listen: that girl who was given as a present to Thais today—do you realize she's an Athenian citizen? And that her brother is extremely high-born?

PARMENO I'd no idea.

PYTHIAS Well, that's what she's turned out to be—and the poor boy raped her! When he discovered it had been done, her brother in a fit of violence—

PARMENO (*interrupting*) What did he do?

PYTHIAS First he tied him up quite brutally.

PARMENO What? Tied him up?

PYTHIAS Yes, though Thais was begging him not to do it.

PARMENO Really!?

PYTHIAS And what's more he now threatens he's going to do to him what's done to adulterers*—something I've never seen done, and would rather not!

PARMENO The nerve of the man! How can he dare do something so monstrous?

PYTHIAS What do you mean, 'so monstrous'?

PARMENO Can you think of anything more monstrous? Who ever saw anyone being taken as an adulterer in a tart's house? 960

PYTHIAS I've no idea.

PARMENO But here's something you'd all better have an idea about, Pythias: I announce and declare to you that he's the son of my master!

PYTHIAS (*feigning astonishment*) What? Really? Is he?

PARMENO Thais should not allow any violence to be inflicted on him! But in fact why don't I go inside myself? (*Starts towards THAIS' house*)

PYTHIAS (*stopping him*) Steady on, Parmeno! You may not be able to help him, and you may ruin yourself; they think you were behind everything that's happened.

PARMENO What can I do, then, damn it? Where can I start? (*The boys' FATHER comes into view from the right*) And now look! I can see the old man coming back from the farm. Am I to tell him or not? I'll tell him, damn it—though I know there's a whole lot of trouble lined up for me. But I've got to do it, to help Chaerea.

PYTHIAS You're quite right. I'll go inside; you tell him the whole 970 story from the beginning. (*Goes into THAIS' house*)

FATHER (*to the audience*) Having a farm close to town gives me this advantage: I never get fed up either with the country or with the town; when I start to feel I've had enough of the one place, I move to the other. But is that our man Parmeno? Yes, it certainly is him. Who are you waiting for out here in front of the door, Parmeno?

PARMENO (*pretending not to have noticed him before*) Who's that? Oh! Welcome back, sir!

FATHER Who are you waiting for?

PARMENO (*aside*) I've had it! My tongue's glued up with fear.

FATHER What? What's up? What are you trembling for? Everything all right? Tell me!

PARMENO Sir, first of all I'd like you to realize what the facts are: 980 whatever's happened here, it wasn't my fault!

FATHER What wasn't?

PARMENO You're quite right to ask: I should have told you what had happened first. Phaedria bought a eunuch as a present for this woman.

FATHER What woman?

PARMENO Thais.

FATHER He *bought* one? I've had it! How much for?

PARMENO Twenty minas.

FATHER Calamity!

PARMENO Next, Chaerea's in love with a lyre-player* here.

FATHER What? In love? Does he already know what a tart is? Has he come up to town? One disaster after another!

PARMENO Sir, don't look at me! It wasn't *my* idea!

FATHER Stop talking about yourself! You crook, as sure as I'm alive, I'll—! But first explain what on earth you're talking about. 990

PARMENO He was taken over to Thais here instead of the eunuch.

FATHER Instead of a *eunuch*?

PARMENO Yes. Then they seized him as an adulterer in the house and tied him up.

FATHER That's the end of me!

PARMENO Look at the nerve of the tarts!

FATHER There isn't anything else, is there? Any disaster? Any expense? Anything left over that you haven't told me?

PARMENO No, that's all.

FATHER I'd better get a move on: I'll break in on them here!

(Rushes into THAIS' house)

PARMENO There's no doubt there's a lot of trouble in store for me as a result of this. But, given that I had to do it, I'm glad that thanks to me some trouble's going to fall on these women too! The old man's been looking for an excuse for some time now to make an 1000 example of them; now he's found one. (PYTHIAS comes out of THAIS' house, reeling with laughter)

PYTHIAS (to the audience) It's the best thing that's happened to me in ages! I couldn't have hoped for anything better—I mean the old man coming into our house just now, when he'd got it all wrong. I was the only one who saw the joke, because I knew what he was afraid of!

PARMENO (aside) What's this now?

PYTHIAS Now I've come out to find Parmeno.—But where on earth is he? (She looks round but does not at first see him)

PARMENO (aside) It's me she's looking for.

PYTHIAS But there he is: I see him. I'll go up to him. (Does so, still laughing)

PARMENO What's going on, you silly woman? What are you up to? What are you laughing about? Stop it!

PYTHIAS I'm dead! Oh dear, I've exhausted myself laughing at you!

PARMENO What for?

PYTHIAS Don't you know? I've never seen a more stupid man, and never shall! Oh, I can't tell you what fun you've given us 1010 indoors! And I used to think you were such a smart and clever

fellow! What? Did you have to go right ahead and believe what I told you? Wasn't it enough for you that you'd egged the lad on to commit the crime? Did you actually have to report the poor boy to his father as well? What do you suppose his feelings were when his father saw him dressed up like that?—What's the matter? Do you realize now that you've had it?

PARMENO What! What's that you say, you bitch? Did you make it up?—Are you still laughing? Damn you! Do you think it was such a good joke to laugh at us?

PYTHIAS Yes, brilliant!

PARMENO Well, if you get away with that—!

PYTHIAS Really?

PARMENO I'll pay you back! I will!

1020 PYTHIAS I believe you. But perhaps your threats are for later, Parmeno. For now, you're the one who's going to be strung up, for inciting the silly boy to notorious criminal behaviour and then reporting him: they'll both punish you.

PARMENO I'm a dead man!

PYTHIAS That's your reward for the present you gave us. I'm off!
(Goes back into THAIS' house)

PARMENO Damn it! I've given myself away and caused my own death, just like a shrew!*
Enter THRASO and GNATHO from the left. They do not notice PARMENO

GNATHO What now? What are you hoping for? What's our plan in coming here? What are you up to, Thraso?

THRASO Me? I've come to surrender to Thais and do what she commands.

GNATHO What!

THRASO Why not? Hercules was Omphale's slave, wasn't he?*

GNATHO A good precedent! I'd just like to see your head being softened up by her slipper! But there's a noise from her door.* (*The noise is made by CHAEREA, who bursts out of THAIS' house still dressed as a eunuch*)

THRASO I've had it! What the hell's this? I've never seen *him* before now. Why has he jumped out here in such a hurry?

1030 CHAEREA (addressing the audience, without seeing anyone on stage)
Citizens, is there anyone luckier than me alive today? No, not a single

person. In my case the gods have clearly displayed all their power:
so many good things have so suddenly come together for me!

PARMENO (*aside*) What's he happy about?

CHAEREA (*catching sight of PARMENO*) O my dear Parmeno, you
who devised all my pleasures, you who set them in motion and
brought them to fulfilment, do you know how happy I am? Do you
know that my Pamphila has been found to be a citizen?

PARMENO (*ruefully*) I have heard it.

CHAEREA Do you know she's engaged to me?

PARMENO Wonderful! Congratulations!

THRASO (*to GNATHO*) Do you hear what he's saying?

CHAEREA And then I'm happy because my brother Phaedria's love
affair is completely clear of the storms. We've become one house-
hold; Thais has asked my dad for his protection, she's entrusted
herself to our patronage and safekeeping.

PARMENO So Thais belongs totally to your brother?

CHAEREA Certainly.

1040

PARMENO (*still unaware of THRASO's presence*) Now here's an-
other cause for rejoicing: the soldier will be driven out!

CHAEREA Tell my brother about this as soon as possible, wherever
he is!

PARMENO I'll see if he's at home. (*Goes into their house*)

THRASO (*still unseen by CHAEREA*) Do you doubt in the slightest
that I've had it for ever now, Gnatho?

GNATHO That's what I think, without a doubt.

CHAEREA (*to the world at large*) What should I mention first or
praise most? Should I praise the man who advised me to do it, or
me for having the courage to embark on it, or Fortune who
guided it, who has packed so many things of such importance so
conveniently into one day, or my father who's so delightful and
obliging? O Jupiter, I beg you, preserve these blessings for us!

PHAEDEMIA (*enters from his house, exclaiming*) Ye gods, what an
incredible story Parmeno's just told me! But where's my brother?

CHAEREA He's right here!

1050

PHAEDEMIA I'm so happy!

CHAEREA I can believe it. No one deserves to be loved more than
this Thais of yours, brother: she's been so much help to our whole
household.

PHAEADRIA What! Are you praising her to me? (THRASO and GNATHO continue to converse separately, unseen by the others)

THRASO I've had it! The less hope there is, the more I love her.

I beg you, Gnatho—I pin my hopes on you!

GNATHO What do you want me to do?

THRASO Make sure that I keep in with Thais somehow or other:
beg them, bribe them!

GNATHO That's difficult.

THRASO If you want to do something, I know you can. If you do this, you can ask for any present you like as a reward from me: you'll get whatever you ask for.

GNATHO Really?

THRASO Certainly.

GNATHO If I achieve this, my request is that your house should be open to me whether you're there or not, and that there should always be a place for me without needing an invitation.

THRASO I promise.

GNATHO I'll prepare for action! (As GNATHO is about to move towards him, PHAEADRIA realizes that there is someone else on stage)

1060 PHAEADRIA Who's that I hear over there? Oh—Thraso! (PHAEADRIA and CHAEREA move towards THRASO and GNATHO)

THRASO Hello.

PHAEADRIA (ignoring his greeting) Perhaps you don't realize what's been going on here.

THRASO Yes I do.

PHAEADRIA So why do I see you in this part of town?

THRASO I'm putting my trust in you.

PHAEADRIA I'll tell you how much you can trust us! Soldier, I give you due notice: if I ever come across you in this street after this, never mind about telling me 'I was looking for someone else, I was passing by here'—you've had it!

GNATHO Hey, you can't say that!

PHAEADRIA I just did.

THRASO I don't recognize this arrogant manner of yours.

PHAEADRIA Well, that's how it is.

GNATHO (to PHAEADRIA and CHAEREA) First listen a bit; when I've had my say, if you like it, act on it.

CHAEREA Let's listen.

GNATHO You move away a bit over there, Thraso. (THRASO obeys; GNATHO turns back to the other two)

First of all, I'd very much like you both to believe this: whatever I do here, I'm doing it above all for my own sake; but if it's to your 1070 advantage too, it's silly of you not to do it.

PHAEDRIA What is it?

GNATHO I propose that you let the soldier in to share her.

PHAEDRIA What! Let him in?

GNATHO Just think about it: you like living with her, Phaedria—in fact you're very keen on living with her—but you haven't got much to give her, and Thais must be given a lot. If you want someone to finance your love-life and meet all her demands without costing you a penny, there's no one more convenient or more useful to you. For a start, he's got the money to give, and no one gives more generously than he does. He's stupid, boring, and slow, and he snores night and day. And you needn't be afraid the woman will fall in love with him; you can easily drive him out whenever you like!

1080

CHAEREA What shall we do?

GNATHO What's more, there's this point, which I think the most important of all: there isn't a host anywhere who entertains better or more lavishly!

CHAEREA It rather looks as if we'll have to put up with that man, whether we like it or not!

PHAEDRIA I agree.

GNATHO You're quite right. I've just got this one further request: please let me join your gang: I've been pushing this rock up the hill* for long enough now.

PHAEDRIA We'll let you join.

CHAEREA And gladly!

GNATHO And I in return, Phaedria—and you too, Chaerea—present him to you: eat up his larder and have a good laugh at him!

CHAEREA Well said!

PHAEDRIA Just what he deserves!

GNATHO Thraso, come and join us whenever you like.

THRASO (*doing so*) Please, tell me how we're getting on.

GNATHO Need you ask? These people didn't know you; after I'd shown them what you're like, and praised you in line with your deeds and your merits, I got what we wanted.

1090 THRASO You've done well; thank you very much indeed. I've never yet been anywhere where they didn't all adore me!

GNATHO (*to PHAEDRIA and CHAEREA*) Didn't I tell you what he was like? Real *chic*!

PHAEDRIA He is just as you promised. Come this way.

(*PHAEDRIA leads the others off into THAIS' house, turning to address the audience as he does so*) Goodbye, and please give us your applause!*

Phormio

First performed in Rome at the Roman Games, September 161

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Phormio, like *The Mother-in-Law*, is based on a Greek play by Apollodorus, but the ethos of the two plays is rather different. Again the future of a recently contracted marriage is at stake, again a citizen returns from abroad to learn an astonishing piece of news, and again a discovery about a birth brings a solution to the main problem. But there is more overt entertainment in *Phormio*, a more complex plot, and a wider range of traditional comic characters.

The man who returns from abroad in this case is not the newly-married son (Antipho) but his father (Demipho), horrified to discover that in his absence his son has married an entirely unsuitable girl; since this came about as the result of a legal proceeding (bogus though that was), Demipho is powerless to undo it. He had been hoping to marry his son off to the daughter of his brother Chremes, born as the result of an adulterous liaison (and indeed a bigamous marriage) with a woman on the island of Lemnos; this would help Chremes to make proper provision for his daughter while keeping her true identity a secret between the two old men.

In the meantime Chremes too has been away from Athens, and in his absence his son Phaedria (Antipho's cousin) has fallen in love with a slave-girl; Phaedria is desperately in need of money (thirty minas) to buy his beloved from her owner, the pimp Dorio, and this becomes a matter of some urgency when he learns that Dorio is on the point of selling her to a soldier. Demipho's slave Geta comes up with an ingenious scheme to obtain the money for Phaedria: the trickster Phormio, who has been posing as a family friend of the girl Antipho has married, is to pretend that he is willing to allow that marriage to be cancelled, and to marry the girl himself, if she is provided with a dowry of thirty minas; Phormio will use the money to buy Phaedria's beloved from the pimp but will then procrastinate over his agreement to take Antipho's wife from him. Chremes is so keen to see his daughter married to Antipho that he readily agrees to give Phormio the thirty minas; Phormio carries out Geta's plan, and Phaedria's problem is thus solved. (Chremes and Demipho of course know nothing about Phaedria's passion for the slave-girl.)

However, no sooner has Chremes arranged for Phormio to be paid thirty minas than he makes the astonishing discovery that the girl Antipho has married is in fact his own daughter from Lemnos; the marriage Chremes and Demipho have been so keen to dissolve is the very marriage they wanted to bring about. Naturally they now wish to cancel the arrangement with Phormio and recover the money from him. But Geta has managed to overhear the reunion between Chremes and his daughter in Demipho's house and has passed the news on to Phormio, who is thus in a strong position when confronted by the two old men: not only does he refuse to return the money, but he humiliates Chremes by betraying his secret to his wife Nausistrata—and he secures a dinner invitation from her at the end of the play.

Phormio is described in the prologue (line 38) and the opening scene (line 122) as a ‘parasite’, and he shows something of the traditional parasite’s obsession with securing a free meal at lines 334–45 and at the end of the final scene. But he is much more of a schemer and plotter than Gnatho in *The Eunuch*, and he displays much of the bravado traditionally associated with the ‘clever slave’: Geta describes him at 123 as ‘a brazen type’ and says at 591–2 ‘I’ve never seen a cleverer guy than Phormio’. The plot requires Phormio to be a free man, since only a free man could initiate a lawsuit (as Phormio has done before the play began) or offer to marry a citizen girl (as he does in the course of the play); also, his status enables him to be rather more aggressive towards Demipho and Chremes than a slave could easily have been. But he is not from their social class, and he naturally allies himself with those who wish to outwit them. As it happens, in the play itself it is Geta who dominates the action: not only is he on stage for longer than any other character, but it is he who thinks up the scheme to obtain the money for Phaedria. Phormio appears in person only twice in the play, at 315–440 and 829–1055, and his triumph at the end depends entirely on the fact that he has learnt Chremes’ guilty secret from Geta. The claim in the prologue (line 27) that Phormio plays ‘the leading part’ may thus seem surprising. However, Geta gives an impressive account of him at 122–36, making it clear that it was Phormio who thought up the initial plan to bring about Antipho’s marriage, and when he is on stage he dominates by the colourfulness of his language and the force of his

personality; at 315–45 Geta clearly looks up to him as a man of reckless daring. The prologue of *The Self-Tormentor* lists the ‘shameless swindler’ at line 38 as one of the traditional characters of comedy, and this seems an appropriate label for Phormio. Terence has even changed the title of the play (the only case where he has done so) to put more of the focus on him.

The play is one of Terence’s livelier ones, combining a ‘recognition comedy’ (the identification of Antipho’s wife as the daughter of Chremes) with a cunning scheme to trick the fathers out of the money needed to buy Phaedria’s girlfriend from her owner; these two elements interlock in an ingeniously constructed plot. There are elements of the traditional ‘running slave’ routine in Geta’s entries at 177 ff. and 841 ff., and in the final scene there is some violent action on stage as Demipho and Chremes try to restrain Phormio physically from entering Chremes’ house and calling out to his wife. The uselessness of the advice Demipho receives from his three friends at 446–59 is richly comic, as is the scene at 606–81 in which Antipho overhears Geta apparently helping Demipho to dissolve his marriage and does not realize that this is all part of the plot to secure money for Phaedria. (In the earlier of these two scenes, Demipho’s friends are sometimes said to be lawyers, and this is reasonable since Demipho has called them in to advise him on his legal situation; this parodies a traditional Roman practice, and there is reason to believe that these characters have been added to the play by Terence.) The unscrupulous pimp Dorio is a traditional comic character, as is Nausistrata, the wealthy wife whose money enables her to dominate in the household. But her complaints against her husband are all too justified, and we are impressed by the strength of character she shows in the closing scene.

We know next to nothing about Apollodorus’ play. Donatus in his commentary mentions about a dozen minor deviations or points of similarity in Terence’s version; see the notes on lines 49, 92, and 339–41 for three examples. In the first two of these cases Terence has removed specific references to Greek customs that were perhaps unfamiliar to his Roman audience. But the requirements of the plot made it impossible for him to eliminate references to the Athenian law which Phormio has used to secure Antipho’s marriage: see the note on 125–6. Terence’s audience knew they were watching

a play set in Athens and had no difficulty in understanding unfamiliar practices if they were spelt out for them.

The best-known play influenced by *Phormio* is Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, where Scapin is a servant attached to Léandre, the son of Géronte. He thus combines the roles of Geta and Phormio in the scenes most clearly modelled on Terence's play, though in his scenes with Argante he is not (like Geta) on stage with his own master; Molière has restructured the relationships between the characters in a number of ways.

Characters

DAVOS, a slave

GETA, a slave in Demipho's household

ANTIPHO, son of Demipho, married to Phanium

PHAEDRIA, son of Chremes, in love with Pamphila

DEMIPHO, an Athenian citizen

PHORMIO, a parasite and trickster

HEGIO, CRATINUS, and CRITO, friends of Demipho

DORIO, a pimp, owner of Pamphila

CHREMES, an Athenian citizen, elder brother of Demipho

SOPHRONA, nanny to Phanium

NAUSISTRATA, wife of Chremes

PHANIUM (Antipho's wife) and PAMPHILA (a lyre-player loved by
Phaedria) do not appear.

An unnamed slave in Demipho's household appears briefly at 152;
he is perhaps MIDA, named at 862.

DORCIUM, named at 152, is probably Geta's concubine; she does not
appear.

Phormio

Prologue (spoken by one of the actors)

Since a certain old author* is unable to hold our author back from his vocation and force him into retirement, he's trying to frighten him off from writing by abusing him: he keeps saying that the plays he's written previously are thin in their language and lightweight in their writing—because he's never written about a young madman having visions of a hind in flight and dogs pursuing her, and the hind crying and begging him to help her!* But if he realized that when his play was very first put on and held its ground it did so thanks to his director's efforts rather than his own, he'd be far less brazenly 10 offensive than he is now [and the plays he's written would enjoy more success].*

Now if there's anyone who says or thinks as follows: 'If the old author hadn't provoked him first, the new one wouldn't be able to find a prologue to speak, if he didn't have someone to abuse'—he can have this as his reply: the prizes are available for everyone who practises the art of poetry;* he has tried to drive the author away from his vocation and into starvation; the author wanted to reply, not to provoke him; if he'd made it a contest of compliments, he'd 20 have had compliments paid to him; he can regard this as a return of his own contribution.

I shall now make myself stop speaking about him, although he for his part does not stop doing wrong. Please listen now to what I want: I bring you a new comedy; the Greeks call it *The Claimant at Law*; in Latin they call it *Phormio*, because the leading part will be played by Phormio the parasite, and he will be most in control of events, if the author is granted your goodwill. Give us your attention; give us a fair hearing in silence, so that we don't suffer the same misfortune as we 30 did when our company was driven from its rightful place by a commotion.* The excellence of our director has restored that place to us, with the aid of your kindness and fair-mindedness.*

The play is set at Athens. The scene shows the exterior of three houses fronting a street, those of CHREMES, DEMIPHO, and DORIO. To one side the street leads to the harbour; to the other it leads to the main square. For convenience, it is assumed in the stage-directions that the harbour is to the audience's left, the main square to the right, and that PHORMIO's house is also off to the right. On this basis, the staging at 712 is perhaps easier if CHREMES' house is not on the right; otherwise, the text does not indicate the relative position of the three houses.

DAVOS enters from the right, carrying a purse

DAVOS My great friend and fellow citizen* Geta came to me yesterday. There was a teeny little bit of cash left owing to him some time ago from a little transaction with me; he wanted me to get it for him. I've got it: here it is (*shows the purse to the audience*). I hear his master's son has got married; I suppose this is being scraped together as a present for his bride. What an unfair arrangement it is, that those who are worse off are always contributing something to those who are wealthier! He's just managed to save this out of his allowance,* a penny at a time, sacrificing his own pleasure, poor chap—and she's going to snatch it all away in one go, without calculating how hard he had to work to acquire it. And then Geta's going to be stung for yet another present when his mistress has had a baby; and then for yet another when it's the baby's birthday, and for his initiation ceremony!* It's the mother who'll take it all; the baby will be the excuse for the gift. (GETA starts to come out of DEMIPHO's house)

50 But is this Geta I see?

GETA (talking back into the house) If a red-headed man* comes looking for me,—

DAVOS (interrupting) He's here! Stop!

GETA (turning to DAVOS, and allowing the door to shut behind him) Ah! But I was setting out to meet you, Davos!

DAVOS (handing over the purse) Here it is: take it! It's good money; you'll find it adds up to what I owed you.

GETA Thank you; I'm grateful to you for taking the trouble.

DAVOS Particularly the way people behave nowadays! This is what things have come to: if someone returns something, you have to be very grateful! But why are you looking upset?

GETA Me? You don't know how frightened we are, and how dangerous things are for us!

DAVOS What do you mean?

GETA I'll tell you, as long as you can keep it quiet.

DAVOS Get away with you, you idiot! When you've seen a man can be trusted in money matters, are you afraid to trust him with a secret? What profit can I make from cheating you over that?

GETA All right, listen!

DAVOS I grant you my attention!

GETA You know our old man's elder brother Chremes, Davos?

DAVOS Of course.

GETA And what about his son Phaedria?

DAVOS As well as I know you.

GETA Both old men happened to go away at the same time: Chremes went off on a trip to Lemnos,* ours to Cilicia* to an old friend there; he tempted the old man by sending him letters all but promising him mountains of gold.*

DAVOS When he was so wealthy, and had money to spare?!

GETA Quiet! That's what he's like!

DAVOS Oh, I should have been a plutocrat!

70

GETA Well, as they set off, both old men left me as the one in charge of their sons.

DAVOS Poor Geta! That was a hard job for you to take on! I've learnt that from experience; that's how I know. I can remember how I was left in charge, and my guardian god was angry with me. I started off by opposing the boy: need I say more? In remaining loyal to the old man, I ruined my shoulder-blades!

GETA That thought did occur to me; after all, it's folly to kick against the pricks.* I began to do anything for them, to fall in with whatever they wanted.

DAVOS You knew how to play the market!

GETA Our boy didn't cause any trouble at all at first. But Phaedria here (*points towards CHREMES' house*) immediately got hold of some little girl who played the lyre and fell passionately in love with her. She was owned by an utterly foul pimp,* and there wasn't a penny to pay with—their fathers had seen to that. There was nothing else left but to feast his eyes, to dance attendance on her, to escort her to and from her music school. We had time to spare, so

we gave Phaedria our assistance. Directly opposite the school where she had her lessons, there was a barber's shop; that was where we generally used to wait for her, on the whole, till it was
 90 time for her to go back home. One day, while we were sitting there, in comes a young man in tears.* That surprised us; we asked him what was up. 'Never', says he, 'have I been so struck as I was just now by what a miserable and heavy burden it is to be poor. Just now I saw a girl here in the neighbourhood mourning miserably for her mother who'd died. She had been laid out facing the street,* and the girl didn't have anyone there to help with the funeral—not a friend, not an acquaintance, not a relative—except for one little old woman. I felt sorry for her. The girl herself was extremely good-looking.'

100 Need I say more? He affected us all. Then Antipho immediately says 'Shall we go and see her?'; and someone else says 'I vote for that; let's go. Take us, please!' We went; we arrived; we saw her.* The girl was beautiful; and what would make you call her even more so was that she wasn't using any aids to beauty; her hair was down, she was barefoot, all a mess, crying, her clothes really shabby. In other words, if she didn't have the essence of beauty ingrained in her looks, these things would have extinguished them. The boy who was in love with that lyre-player simply said 'She looks good enough'; but our boy—

110 DAVOS (*interrupting*) You needn't tell me: he fell in love with her!

GETA And how! Look what it leads up to! The next day he goes straight to the old woman and begs her to let him have her; she absolutely refuses and says he's doing wrong; says the girl's a citizen of Attica,* a respectable girl of respectable parents: if he wants to marry her, he can do it legally; if he has other plans, she refuses. Our boy didn't know what to do: he wanted to marry her, but he was afraid of his absent father.

DAVOS Did he think his father wouldn't give his consent when he returned?

120 GETA Do you think he'd give him a girl without a dowry, of low birth? He'd never do it!

DAVOS What happened in the end?

GETA You'll never guess! There's a man called Phormio, a parasite, a brazen type.—May all the gods destroy him!

DAVOS What did he do?

GETA He gave the following advice. 'There's a law', he said, 'that girls who are orphans have to marry their nearest male relatives; and this same law says that the relatives have to marry the girls.* I'll say you're related to her, and I'll bring a lawsuit against you; I'll pretend I'm a friend of the girl's father. We'll appear in court. Who her father was, who her mother, how she's related to you—all that stuff I'll 130 make up, whatever I think is good and appropriate. When you don't refute any of it, I'll be bound to win! Your father will turn up; there'll be trouble in store for me.—What do I care! At least she'll be ours!'

DAVOS Hilarious! What a nerve!

GETA He persuaded the guy; he did it; we went to court; we lost; he married her.

DAVOS What's that you say?

GETA Just what you heard!

DAVOS Poor Geta! What's going to happen to you?

GETA I really don't know. The one thing I do know is this (*striking a heroic pose*): 'What Fortune brings we'll bear with mind unbowed!**

DAVOS Good! There! That's the way for a man to behave!

GETA All my hopes are pinned on myself!

DAVOS Bravo!

GETA Would you really expect me to go to some advocate who'd 140 plead for me like this: 'Please let him off this time; but if he does anything after this, I won't beg for him'? That's almost tantamount to adding 'When I've gone away, you can kill him if you like'!

DAVOS What about the lyre-player's escort? How's he getting on?

GETA (*shrugging his shoulders*) Not very well.

DAVOS He hasn't got much to pay with, perhaps?

GETA Actually, nothing but hope pure and simple.

DAVOS Has his father returned or not?

GETA Not yet.

DAVOS What about your old man? How soon do you expect him?

GETA I don't know for certain, but I heard just now that a letter had arrived from him and been delivered to the customs officers.* I'm going to fetch it. 150

DAVOS (*starting to move off right*) Nothing else you want from me, is there, Geta?

GETA Enjoy yourself! (*Exit DAVOS, right. GETA shouts into his house*) Boy! Hey! Isn't anyone coming out? (*A slave appears at the door; GETA hands him the purse*) Take this and give it to Dorcium. (*The slave takes the purse into the house, while GETA goes off left. After a short pause, ANTIPHO and PHAEDRIA enter from the right in mid-conversation*)

ANTIPHO To think that this is what things have come to, Phaedria! My dad has my best interests at heart, but I'm terrified of him when the thought of his arrival occurs to me! If I hadn't been so silly, I'd be waiting for him in the right frame of mind!

PHAEDRIA What do you mean?

ANTIPHO How can you ask, when you know perfectly well how recklessly I've behaved? If only it hadn't occurred to Phormio to suggest it! I was keen on the idea, but I wish he hadn't pushed me into it! That's the start of my troubles! Suppose I hadn't got her: in that case I'd have been in a bad way for the first few days, but my mind wouldn't be tortured by worry every day, the way it is now—

160 **PHAEDRIA** (*interrupting, ironically*) I get it!

ANTIPHO —while I wait to see how soon the man turns up who's going to deprive me of my relationship!

170 **PHAEDRIA** Other people are in a bad way because they don't have the object of their love; you're upset because you have it to spare! You're overflowing with love, Antipho! Take it from me, this life you're living is certainly one to go for and pray for. I don't at all mind telling you, if I was allowed to enjoy my love for so long, I'm keen to settle for death right now in return! You can work out the rest, what I'm reaping from not having mine, and what you reap from having yours all the time—to say nothing of the fact that you've got hold of a free-born girl, well brought up, without having to pay a penny, that you've got a wife, just as you wanted, openly and without disgrace! You're a happy man, if you weren't short of one thing: the wit to accept what you've been given without making a fuss! If you had to deal with the pimp I have to, then you'd know what it feels like! That's how pretty well all of us are made: it's our own state we're not satisfied with.

ANTIPHO On the contrary, I think *you're* the lucky one now, Phaedria: you're still in a position to decide what you want from the start, whether to keep hold of your girl, have an affair with her,

or let her go. I'm the unlucky one, because I've fallen into a position where there's no way for me either to let her go or to keep hold of her! (GETA comes into view, running, from the left)

But what's this? Is this Geta I see running in this direction?* Yes, it's him. Oh dear, I really can't bear to think what news he's bringing me now!

GETA (*not noticing ANTIPHO and PHAEDRIA*) You're a dead man, Geta, if you don't think up some plan for yourself double-quick; that's how great the troubles are that suddenly hang over you—and you all unprepared! I don't know how to avoid them, or 180 how to escape from them. If we're not smart in plotting against them, they'll be the ruin of me or my master!* Our recklessness can't be kept hidden a moment longer!

ANTIPHO (*aside*) What brings him here in such a state?

GETA (*as before*) What's more, I've only got a moment to come up with something: the master's here!

ANTIPHO (*aside, not quite hearing*) What the hell's he saying?

GETA When he hears about it, what antidote can I find against his temper? Should I speak to him?—No, I'd only inflame him. Should I keep quiet?—I'd only provoke him. Should I clear myself?—I'd be trying to wash the colour out of a brick!* What a mess I'm in! I'm terrified for myself, but my mind's being tortured for Antipho too! He's the one I'm sorry for, he's the one I'm frightened for now, he's the one who keeps me here now: if it wasn't for him, I'd have looked after myself properly and got my own back on the old man for his temper—I'd have packed up this and that, and I'd have taken straight to my heels and got away from here!

190

ANTIPHO (*aside*) Why's he planning to run away and steal things?

GETA But where can I find Antipho? Which way should I start looking for him?

PHAEDRIA (*to ANTIPHO, aside*) That's you he's naming.

ANTIPHO (*to PHAEDRIA, aside*) I expect he's coming to announce some dreadful piece of news!

PHAEDRIA (*to ANTIPHO*) Really! Don't be silly!

GETA I'll carry on home; that's where he is for the most part.

(Heads towards DEMIPHO's house)

PHAEDRIA (*to ANTIPHO*) Let's call him back!

ANTIPHO (*calling to GETA*) Stay where you are!

GETA (*not looking round*) What? That sounds a bit like an order, whoever you are!

ANTIPHO Geta!

GETA (*turning round and seeing him*) It's just the person I wanted to meet!

ANTIPHO Tell me what news you're bringing, please! And make it clear in a word, if you can!

GETA I'll do so.

ANTIPHO Say it!

GETA Just now at the harbour—(*hesitates*)

ANTIPHO Mine?

GETA You've got it!

ANTIPHO I've had it!

PHAEDRIA (*not understanding as quickly as ANTIPHO*) What?

ANTIPHO What am I to do?

PHAEDRIA (*to GETA*) What are you saying?

GETA (*to PHAEDRIA*) That I've seen his father, your uncle.

ANTIPHO Oh no! What antidote can I find against this disaster

200 now, out of the blue? If my fortunes have come to the point that I'm to be torn apart from you, Phanium, I've no life to go for!

GETA Well, then, if that's the case, Antipho, that's all the more reason for you to stay alert: it's the brave who are favoured by fortune!*

ANTIPHO I can't control myself!

GETA But it's now that you particularly need to, Antipho: if your father realizes that you're nervous, he'll think you've done something wrong.

PHAEDRIA That's true!

ANTIPHO I can't change!

GETA What would you do if you had to do something else that was harder now?

ANTIPHO Since I can't do this, I'd be less able to do that!

GETA (*turning to PHAEDRIA*) This is no good, Phaedria; let's go!

Why are we busy wasting time here? I'm off! (*Starts off towards DEMIPHO's house*)

PHAEDRIA Me too! (*Starts off towards his own house*)

ANTIPHO (*calling to them to stop*) Please! (*They turn back*)

Suppose I pretend? (*Strikes a pose*) Will that do?

GETA You're joking!

ANTIPHO Look at my face.* (*Strikes another pose*) There! Will that 210
do now?

GETA No.

ANTIPHO (*trying again*) What about this?

GETA Nearly!

ANTIPHO (*trying yet again*) And this?

GETA That'll do! Yes, keep it like that! And answer him word for
word, tit for tat; don't let him drive you from the field in fury with
his utterance irate!*

ANTIPHO (*vaguely*) I'm with you.

GETA Say you were driven into it, forced against your will!—

PHAEDRIA By the law and the court!—

GETA Get it? (*DEMIPHO comes slowly into view from the left*)
But who's this old man I see at the end of the street? It's him!

ANTIPHO I can't stay! (*Heads off towards the right*)

GETA Hey, what are you doing? Where are you going, Antipho?
Stop, I say!

ANTIPHO I know myself, and how badly I've behaved; I leave
Phanium and my life in your hands! (*Exit right*)

PHAEDRIA Geta, what's going to happen now?

GETA You're about to be ticked off; I'm going to be strung up and
thrashed, if I'm not mistaken! But you know the advice we gave 220
Antipho just now? That's what we ought to do ourselves, Phaedria!

PHAEDRIA Get away with your 'ought to'! Just tell me what to do!

GETA Do you remember what you two had it in mind to say right
at the beginning of the affair to defend what you'd done—that
Phormio's case had been just and straightforward and unanswer-
able and excellent?

PHAEDRIA I remember.

GETA Well, here you are: that's exactly what you've got to say
now—or something better and cleverer, if possible.

PHAEDRIA I'll do my best.

GETA Now you approach him first; I'll be stationed in hiding here
as a reserve, in case you can't keep it up. (*Withdraws to the back
right of the stage*)

PHAEDRIA All right. (*But he too withdraws, joining GETA, 230
as DEMIPHO finally arrives on stage*)

DEMIPHO (*to himself, not seeing PHAEDRIA and GETA*) Can this really be true? Has Antipho married without orders from me? Didn't he at least have some respect for my authority?—But never mind my authority: what about my *anger*? Is he quite shameless? What a nerve! What an instructor Geta has been!

GETA (*aside*) He's got there at last!

DEMIPHO What will they say? What excuse will they come up with? I'm amazed!

GETA (*aside*) But I'll come up with something; don't worry about that!

DEMIPHO Is this what he'll say to me: 'I didn't want to do it, the law forced me to'—I understand that; I accept it.

GETA (*aside*) Good for you!

DEMIPHO But to hand the case over to the other side deliberately, without saying a word—did the law force him to do that too?

PHAEDRIA (*aside, to GETA*) That's a tough one!

GETA (*aside, to PHAEDRIA*) I'll clear it up; leave it to me!

DEMIPHO I can't decide what to do, because I didn't expect this to happen to me! I can't believe it! I'm so angry that I can't collect my thoughts! That's why everyone, particularly at a time when things are going especially well for them, should think through how to bear trouble and adversity—danger, loss, or exile! A man returning from abroad should always expect his son to have behaved badly, or his wife to have died, or his daughter to have fallen ill, and should reflect that these things hit everyone, that they can happen; that way, nothing will catch him unprepared. If anything turns out better than he expected, he should reckon it all as profit.

GETA (*aside, to PHAEDRIA*) Well, Phaedria, you wouldn't believe how much wiser I am than my master! I've thought through all the troubles I can expect on the master's return: grinding at the mill, getting beaten, wearing fetters, hard labour on the farm*—not one of those will catch me unprepared! If anything turns out better than I expect, I'll reckon it all as profit! But why don't you go up to the guy and start exercising your charms on him? (**PHAEDRIA starts to obey**)

DEMIPHO I see my brother's son Phaedria coming to meet me.

PHAEDRIA Hello, uncle!

DEMIPHO Hello! But where's Antipho?

PHAEDRIA Glad to see—

DEMIPHO (*interrupting his greeting*) Thank you. Answer my question!

PHAEDRIA He's well; he's here. But is everything just as you wanted?

DEMIPHO I only wish it was!

PHAEDRIA What do you mean?

DEMIPHO How can you ask, Phaedria? That's a fine marriage you boys have fixed up here while I was away!

PHAEDRIA What? Are you angry with him now because of that?

GETA (*aside*) An excellent actor!

DEMIPHO Do you expect me *not* to be angry with him? I very 260 much want to see him face to face, to make him realize that it's his own fault that I've now been turned from that lenient father of his into a really fierce one!

PHAEDRIA But he hasn't done anything for you to be angry about, uncle!

DEMIPHO Just look at that! They're the same all through! They're all in it together! Know one, and you'll know them all!

PHAEDRIA It's not like that!

DEMIPHO If A's guilty, B pops up to speak in his defence; when B's guilty, A's ready at hand! They take turns to help each other!

GETA (*aside*) He doesn't know it, but the old man's given a very good picture of how these two behave!

DEMIPHO If it wasn't so, you wouldn't be standing up for him, Phaedria!

PHAEDRIA Uncle, if it *is* the case that Antipho has done some- 270 thing wrong, with the result that he hasn't given due attention to his property or his reputation, then I won't speak in his defence: he must get what he deserves. But if someone, trusting to his own cunning, has happened to lay traps for boys like us, and has won, is that our fault or the jury's? They often take things away from the rich out of envy or give them to the poor out of pity!

GETA (*aside*) If I didn't know the case, I'd believe he was telling the truth!

DEMIPHO Is there any member of a jury who could recognize the justice on your side when you yourself say not a word in reply, as 280 he did?

PHAEDRIA He behaved like a well-brought-up boy: once he'd come to court, he couldn't utter the speech he'd thought up; he was so nervous and self-conscious that he was struck dumb on the spot!

GETA (*aside*) He's doing well! But I'd better go up to the old man as soon as possible. (*Does so*) Hello, sir! Glad to see you safely back!

DEMIPHO (*sarcastically*) Ah! My good guardian! Hello! Truly the pillar of our household, the one I entrusted my son to as I set out from here!

GETA For a long time now I've been listening to you accusing us all
290 unjustifiably—and me most unjustifiably of them all! What did you want me to do about it for you? The laws don't allow someone who's a slave to plead in court, and he can't give evidence either.*

DEMIPHO Never mind all that! I grant what you say: he was ignorant, nervous, young! I accept that you're a slave. But however closely related she is, he didn't have to marry her: you could have done what the law says and given her a dowry; he could have looked for someone else for her to marry.* What possessed him to take a girl with no money as his bride instead of that?

GETA His problem wasn't possession but possessions: he didn't have any cash!

DEMIPHO He could have got some from someone.

300 GETA 'From someone'? Nothing's easier to say!

DEMIPHO As a last resort, if he couldn't get it any other way, he could have taken out a loan.

GETA Ho ho! What a good suggestion—if anyone would lend him money while you're alive,* I mean!

DEMIPHO No! It won't be like this! It can't be! Am I going to allow her to be married to him for one day? They haven't deserved pleasant treatment!—I want to have that man pointed out to me, or to be pointed to where he lives.

GETA Do you mean Phormio?

DEMIPHO The one who represented the woman.

GETA I'll have him here at once. (*Starts off to the right, but stops briefly when DEMIPHO asks his next question*)

DEMIPHO Where's Antipho at the moment?

GETA Not at home.

DEMIPHO Off you go to look for him, Phaedria, and bring him here!

PHAEDRIA I'm off. (*Aside to GETA, gesturing surreptitiously towards DORIO's house, as they go off together to the right*)

I'll go straight there!

GETA (*aside, to PHAEDRIA*) To Pamphila, you mean! (GETA and 310

PHAEDRIA leave; PHAEDRIA plans to slip into DORIO's house by
a back route, unseen by the audience)

DEMIPHO I'll go home* to make my greeting to the gods of
the household now. Then I'll go to the main square and call in
some friends to help me in all this, so that I'm ready for Phormio if
he comes! (*He goes into his house. After a short pause, PHORMIO and GETA enter from the right, in mid-conversation*)

PHORMIO Really? Are you saying that he went off because he was
afraid of his father's return?*

GETA Exactly.

PHORMIO And that Phanium's been left on her own?

GETA Yes.

PHORMIO And that the old man's angry?

GETA Absolutely.

PHORMIO (*becoming self-absorbed as he thinks how to respond to this situation*) The entire enterprise is now in your hands alone,
Phormio! You mashed up this mess;* you're the one who's got to
eat it all up! Get ready for action!

GETA (*urging PHORMIO to think up a solution*) Please!

PHORMIO (*still thinking*) If he asks ...

GETA It's you we pin our hopes on!

PHORMIO (*as before*) Look here, what if he replies ...?

GETA You pushed him into it!

PHORMIO (*as before*) That's the way, I think.

GETA Help us!

320

PHORMIO (*having made his mind up, to GETA*) Bring on the old
man! I've got all my plans drawn up in my mind now.

GETA What are you going to do?

PHORMIO Just what you want: Phanium will stay, and I'll rescue
Antipho from this charge, and I'll divert all the old man's anger so
that it's aimed against me.

GETA You're a hero and a true friend! But what I'm often afraid of,
Phormio, is that your heroism will sally forth only to land you up
in prison!

PHORMIO No, that's not how it is! It's been put to the test; I've already seen which way my feet should go. How many men do you suppose I've flogged quite to death before now? [both foreigners and citizens? The better I know them, the more often I do it!] * Tell me now, have you ever heard of an action for assault being brought against me?

GETA Why's that?

330 PHORMIO Because people don't set a net to catch hawks or kites, which do us harm; they set one to catch birds that don't harm us, because there's profit in the one case but in the other it's a waste of effort. You're in danger if there's anything to be prised out of your hands—each is threatened from a different quarter; everyone knows *I* haven't got a thing. You'll claim they can have me convicted and haul me off into their household;* but they don't want to feed a glutton—and it's sensible of them, in my opinion, if they don't want to reward me for harming them by doing me the greatest possible favour!

GETA *He* can never repay you properly, not as much as you deserve.

PHORMIO No, it's the plutocratic patron whose favours no one repays properly as much as he deserves. Just think: you turn up without paying a share, oiled and washed at the baths, completely relaxed, while he's consumed by the worry and the cost of it! While you're having an enjoyable time, he's snarling. You're free to laugh,* to drink before he does, to take your place sooner. An Indecision Dinner is laid out.

GETA What do you mean by that?

PHORMIO One where you can't decide what you most want to take! When you reckon up how pleasant and how expensive these things are, wouldn't you consider the man who supplies them to be truly an ever-present god?

DEMIPHO comes into view from the right, accompanied by
HEGIO, CRATINUS, and CRITO

GETA (to PHORMIO) Here's the old man! Be careful! The first encounter's the fiercest; if you can withstand it, then you can play with him as you please after that.

DEMIPHO (to his three companions) Well, have you ever heard of anyone being wronged and insulted more than I have been now? Help me, please!

GETA (*to PHORMIO, aside*) He's angry!

PHORMIO (*to GETA*) Just watch this: I'll soon unsettle him! 350

(*Raising his voice so that DEMIPHO can hear*) Immortal gods!
Does Demipho deny that this girl Phanium is a relative of his? Does
Demipho deny that *she's* a relative?

GETA (*playing along with PHORMIO*) He does.

PHORMIO And denies that he knows who her father was?

GETA He does.

DEMIPHO (*to his companions*) I think this is the very man I was
talking about. Follow me! (*Moves towards PHORMIO and GETA;*
but they continue as before, showing no awareness of his presence)

PHORMIO Denies that he knows who Stilpo himself was?

GETA He does.

PHORMIO Just because the poor girl's been left destitute, no one
knows who her father was, and no one cares about *her*! Look what
results from greed!

GETA If you accuse my master of causing suffering, your reputation
will suffer!

DEMIPHO What a nerve! *He* even comes here to accuse *me*, does
he? 360

PHORMIO (*as before*) As for the boy, now, I've no reason to be
angry with *him* for not knowing him: after all, the man was already
getting on a bit, he was poor, had to work for his livelihood, kept
himself in the country for the most part—he had a field there
that my father gave him to farm. In those days the old man often
used to tell me that this fellow took no interest in him, although he
was a relative. And what a man he was! The best I've seen in my
life!

GETA I wish you could see someone as good as you say he was
when you look at yourself!

PHORMIO Will you go to hell? If I hadn't thought so highly of him,
I'd never have taken on such a great row with your household for
this girl's sake, the one he's now rejecting so meanly! 370

GETA Are you going to carry on abusing my master behind his
back, you totally foul creature?

PHORMIO Well, that's what he deserves.

GETA Does he indeed, you jail-bird?

DEMIPHO (*trying unsuccessfully to catch his attention*) Geta!

GETA (*to PHORMIO, as before*) You've swindled us! You've perverted the course of justice!

DEMIPHO Geta!

PHORMIO (*to GETA, sotto voce*) Answer him!

GETA (*pretending to notice DEMIPHO for the first time*) Who's that? Ah—!

DEMIPHO (*attempting to shut him up*) Quiet!

GETA (*refusing to be silenced*) He's just never stopped insulting you behind your back, and saying things that apply to him but not to you!

DEMIPHO Stop it! (*GETA finally quietens down; DEMIPHO turns to PHORMIO, with excessive politeness*)

Young man, first of all, with your kind consent, if you could possibly agree, please, I'd like you to answer me this: explain to me who that man was who you say was a friend of yours, and how he claimed to be related to me.

380 PHORMIO You're fishing for it, just as if you didn't know!

DEMIPHO Me, know?

PHORMIO Yes.

DEMIPHO I say I don't know; remind me about him, since you say I do.

PHORMIO Really? You didn't know your own cousin?

DEMIPHO You're driving me to death! Tell me his name!

PHORMIO (*faltering slightly*) His name? Certainly! (*Stops to think*)

DEMIPHO Why this silence?

PHORMIO (*aside*) Damn, I've had it! I've forgotten the name!

DEMIPHO What? What are you saying?

PHORMIO (*aside to GETA*) Geta, if you can remember what we said it was at the time, tell me! (*Aloud, to DEMIPHO*) No, I won't tell you! You've come here to try and catch me out, as if you didn't know!

DEMIPHO What? Me try to catch you out?!

GETA (*whispering to PHORMIO*) Stilpo!

PHORMIO (*to DEMIPHO*) What do I care anyway? It's Stilpo.

DEMIPHO Who did you say?

390 PHORMIO Stilpo, I tell you; you knew him.

DEMIPHO I didn't know him, and I didn't have any relative of that name!

PHORMIO Really? Aren't you ashamed in front of these gentlemen? But if he'd left you property worth ten talents—

DEMIPHO May the gods damn you!

PHORMIO —you'd have been the first to come forward with your family tree, reciting it by heart all the way down from your grandfather and your grandfather's great-grandfather!

DEMIPHO Just as you say: if I'd turned up in that case, I'd have said how she was related to me; you do the same! Tell me: how is she related to me?

GETA (*pretending to support DEMIPHO*) Bravo, our man! That's right! (*To PHORMIO, still pretending*) Look here, you: watch out!

PHORMIO I explained it clearly to the people I had to—the judges. If what I said then wasn't true, why didn't your son refute me? 400

DEMIPHO Don't talk to me about my son! Words can't do justice to his stupidity!

PHORMIO Well, if you're so wise, you go to the officials and ask them to grant you a second hearing of the same case, since you're the sole ruler and the only person here who's allowed to get the same case heard twice!

DEMIPHO (*trying to sound conciliatory*) Although I've been wronged, all the same, rather than taking it to court or listening to you, I'll act just as if she were my relative: the law says how much she should be given as a dowry; take her away; I'll give you the five minas!* 410

PHORMIO Ho ho! My dear chap!

DEMIPHO What? It's not an unreasonable request, is it? Can't I even get what the general public's entitled to?

PHORMIO Really? Is that what you claim? When you've had the use of her, just like a prostitute, does the law say you should pay her charges and send her packing? Or was it so that a citizen girl wouldn't do anything disgraceful through poverty that the law said she should be given to her nearest relative, so that she could spend her life with one man? That's what you're trying to prevent.

DEMIPHO Yes, to her nearest relative! But how do we come to be that? Where's the link?

PHORMIO Hang on! You know the rule: when a case has been settled, don't try to reopen it!

DEMIPHO Not reopen it? I will! I won't stop till I've sorted this out!

PHORMIO You're crazy!

420 DEMIPHO Just you wait and see!

PHORMIO Anyway, it's not *you* we have to deal with, Demipho: it's your son who lost the case, not you; you were already past the age for marrying!

DEMIPHO You can treat all of this that I'm saying now as being said by him. —Otherwise, I'll shut him out of the house, together with that wife of his!

GETA (*aside*) He's angry!

PHORMIO (*to DEMIPHO*) It'd be better if you did the same to yourself!

DEMIPHO Are you so determined to oppose me at every turn, you wretched man?

PHORMIO (*to GETA, aside*) He's afraid of us, although he's doing his best to cover it up!

GETA (*to PHORMIO, aside*) You've made a good start!

430 PHORMIO (*to DEMIPHO*) Why don't you accept what has to be accepted? You'd be doing what's best for you to do, and we'd be friends with one another!

DEMIPHO Do you expect me to seek out your friendship? Or to want to see or hear you?

PHORMIO If you get on good terms with her, you'll have someone to cheer you up in your old age. Have a thought for how old you are!

DEMIPHO She can cheer *you* up! Keep her for yourself!

PHORMIO Just don't be so angry!

DEMIPHO Look here, that's enough talk now! If you don't hurry up and take the woman away, I'll throw her out! That's my last word, Phormio!

PHORMIO If you touch her, and don't show the respect due to a woman of free birth, I'll hurl a large-scale lawsuit at you! That's my last word, Demipho! (*To GETA*) Hey, if you need me at all, you'll find me at home.

440 GETA I understand. (*Exit PHORMIO, right*)

DEMIPHO What a lot of care and worry my son's causing me by entangling himself and me in this marriage! And he won't come

out to see me face to face, so that I could at least know what he's got to say about all this, or what he thinks about it. (*To GETA*) Go and see whether he's come back home yet or not.

GETA All right. (*Goes into DEMIPHO's house. DEMIPHO turns to his three companions*)

DEMIPHO You see how things stand: what am I to do? Speak, Hegio!

HEGIO Me? I think Cratinus should say, if you don't mind.

DEMIPHO Speak, Cratinus!

CRATINUS Do you want *me* to say?

DEMIPHO Yes!

CRATINUS I should like you to do what's in your best interest.

What I think is this: it's reasonable and right that what your son has done here in your absence should be rendered null and void; 450 and you'll be able to achieve that. That's my opinion.

DEMIPHO Now you speak, Hegio!

HEGIO I believe Cratinus has spoken with due consideration. But the fact is that there are as many opinions as there are people; each man has his own way of seeing things. For my part, I don't think that what's been done in accordance with the law of the land can be rescinded; and it's disgraceful to try.

DEMIPHO Speak, Crito!

CRITO My view is that further thought is required: it's a serious matter.

CRATINUS Nothing more you want from us, is there?

DEMIPHO You've been very kind. (*HEGIO, CRATINUS, and CRITO depart right*)—I'm much more uncertain than I was before!

GETA returns from his house

GETA They say he hasn't come back.

DEMIPHO I'll have to wait for my brother: whatever advice he 460 gives me about all this, I'll follow it. I'll go to the harbour, to find out how soon he's going to return. (*Exit left*)

GETA And I'll look for Antipho, to let him know what's been going on here. (*ANTIPHO comes into view from the right*)

But here he is himself: I see he's returning just at the right time!

ANTIPHO (*to himself, not seeing GETA*) Well, Antipho, you certainly deserve to be criticized on a great many counts for being so feeble! Fancy going off like that and handing your life

over to other people to protect! Did you think others would take more notice of your interests than you would yourself? I mean, quite apart from anything else, you surely ought to have thought about the girl who's in your home now, and made sure she didn't come to any harm and wasn't let down after putting her trust in you! All the poor girl's hopes are placed in you now! It's you alone she depends on!

470 GETA (*approaching him*) Yes, sir, we've been complaining here about your going off for quite some time too, while you've been away!

ANTIPHO You're just the man I was looking for!

GETA But we weren't any readier to give in for that reason.

ANTIPHO Please tell me: how do I stand? Am I in luck? My dad hasn't sniffed anything out, has he?

GETA Not yet.

ANTIPHO Is there any hope for the future?

GETA I don't know.

ANTIPHO Oh dear!

GETA But Phaedria didn't hesitate to exert himself on your behalf.

ANTIPHO That's nothing new for him.

GETA What's more, Phormio took an energetic part in this, just as he has done in everything else.

ANTIPHO What did he do?

GETA The old man was very angry, but he found the words to keep the lid on him.

ANTIPHO Bravo, Phormio!

GETA I did what I could, too.

ANTIPHO My dear Geta, I'm so grateful to all of you!

GETA Things have begun as I say: so far there are no problems, and your father's going to wait till your uncle arrives.

ANTIPHO Why him?

480 GETA According to what he said, he wants to take his advice on what to do about all this.

ANTIPHO How frightened I am of seeing my uncle return safely now, Geta! From what you say, it depends entirely on his opinion whether I live or die! (*PHAEDRIA and DORIO start to appear from DORIO's house, arguing, with PHAEDRIA trying to hold DORIO back as DORIO tries to break free and leave for the main square*)

GETA Look, here's Phaedria!

ANTIPHO Where?

GETA There, coming out from his gym!

PHAEDRIA Dorio, listen—*please!*

DORIO I'm not listening!

PHAEDRIA Just for a moment!

DORIO No: let go of me!

PHAEDRIA Listen to what I'm going to say!

DORIO But I'm already quite sick of hearing the same thing
a thousand times over!

PHAEDRIA But now I'm going to say something you'd like to hear!

DORIO (*stopping*) Speak: I'm listening!

PHAEDRIA Can't I persuade you to wait for these three days?

(DORIO starts off again)

Where are you off to now?

DORIO (*stopping*) I thought you wouldn't be bringing me anything
new!

490

ANTIPHO (*to GETA, aside*) Help! I'm afraid the pimp may be—

GETA (*aside, interrupting*) —making a hat for his own head!*

(*Sarcastically*) I'm afraid of that too!

PHAEDRIA (*to DORIO*) You still don't believe me?

DORIO You must have second sight!

PHAEDRIA Even if I promise?

DORIO Rubbish!

PHAEDRIA If you do me this favour, you'll say it paid you a very
good dividend!

DORIO Nonsense!

PHAEDRIA Believe me, you'll be glad you did it; that's true, really!

DORIO You're asleep on your feet!

PHAEDRIA Give it a try! It's not a long time!

DORIO You're singing the same old song!

PHAEDRIA You're like a member of my family to me, you're
a father, you're a friend, you're a—!

DORIO (*interrupting*) Just carry on with your chitter-chatter!

PHAEDRIA How could your heart be so hard and unmovable that
you can't be softened either by pity or by prayers?

DORIO How could you be so silly and shameless, Phaedria, that
you try to lead me on with high-flown language and lead my girl
off without paying for her?

500

ANTIPHO (*aside, sarcastically*) He has shown pity!

PHAEDRIA Oh dear, I'm trounced by the truth!

GETA (*aside*) How true to their character they both are!

PHAEDRIA And to think that this trouble has hit me just when
Antipho's got his mind full of the same sort of worry!

ANTIPHO (*stepping forward*) But what's happened, Phaedria?

PHAEDRIA (*instantly forgetting what he has just said*) Oh you're so
lucky, Antipho!

ANTIPHO (*surprised*) Me?

PHAEDRIA Yes: you've got your love at home; and you've never
had to tangle with this kind of trouble!

ANTIPHO I've got her at home? No, I'm holding a wolf by the ears,
as the saying goes: I don't know how I can let go of her, nor how to
keep hold of her either!

DORIO That's exactly my problem with him!

ANTIPHO (*to DORIO, sarcastically*) Hey, you could be a bit more
of a pimp! (*To PHAEDRIA*) He hasn't done anything, has he?

PHAEDRIA Him? He's a man without any feelings: he's sold my
Pamphila!

ANTIPHO What? Sold her?!

510 **GETA** Really? Sold her?!

PHAEDRIA Sold her!

DORIO (*sarcastically*) How disgraceful! A girl he'd paid for with his
own cash!

PHAEDRIA I can't persuade him to cancel his deal with that guy
and wait for me for just three days, while I get hold of the money
that my friends have promised. (*Turns to DORIO*) If I don't give it
to you then, you needn't wait a single hour longer!

DORIO Keep banging on!

ANTIPHO He's not asking for a long time, Dorio: do agree! If you
do him this favour, he'll repay you twice over.

DORIO That's just words!

ANTIPHO Will you let Pamphila be deprived of this city? And, what's
more, can you bring yourself to allow their love to be torn apart?

DORIO I won't be bringing myself to do that, nor will you!

PHAEDRIA May all the gods give you what you deserve!

520 **DORIO** Month after month, against my own better instincts,
I've put up with you promising and not bringing anything, and

bursting into tears; but now, in contrast with all of that, I've found someone who can pay and doesn't cry. Give way to your betters!

ANTIPHO (*to PHAEDRIA, struck by a new thought*) But surely, if I remember rightly, at one stage there was a date fixed as the deadline for *you* to pay him.

PHAEDRIA There was.

DORIO I'm not denying it, am I?

ANTIPHO Has it passed?

DORIO No, but this date's come first!

ANTIPHO Aren't you ashamed to be such a crook?

DORIO Not at all, as long as it brings in a profit!

GETA You pile of shit!

PHAEDRIA Dorio, is that really the way to behave?

DORIO That's how I am; if you like me, I'm at your service!

ANTIPHO Is that how you cheat him?

DORIO No, not at all, Antipho: *he's* the one who's cheating *me*! After all, he knew I was like this; I thought he was different. He's fooled me; I'm no different towards him from what I was. But 530 never mind about that: this is what I'll do anyway:—the soldier said he'd give me the money tomorrow morning; if you bring it to me first, Phaedria, I'll keep to my usual terms: the one who's first to pay will take precedence! Goodbye! (*Exit right*)

PHAEDRIA What am I to do? Where can I find the money for him now, just like that, damn it? I've got less than nothing! It was promised, if only he could have been persuaded to wait just three days!

ANTIPHO Geta, are we really going to let him be made miserable, when he's just helped me so obligingly, as you told me? Don't you think we should try to do him a favour in return, when he needs it?

GETA (*cautiously*) Well, I know that's reasonable.

ANTIPHO Come on, then: you're the only one who can save him.

GETA What am I to do?

ANTIPHO Find the money!

GETA I'd like to; but tell me how.

540

ANTIPHO My dad's back home.

GETA I know; but so what?

ANTIPHO Well, a clever man can take a hint.*

GETA Really?

ANTIPHO Really!

GETA Very fine advice, to be sure! Just go to hell! Can't I count it a triumph if I don't get into trouble as a result of your marriage, without you now telling me to go further for his sake and look for even worse trouble?

ANTIPHO (*to PHAEDRIA*) He's right.

PHAEDRIA What? Am I a stranger to the pair of you, Geta?

GETA I don't think so; but isn't it enough that the old man's angry with all of us already, without us provoking him still further so there's no room left to beg for mercy?

PHAEDRIA Is another man going to take her away from my sight to an unknown land? Really? In that case, while you can, and while I'm here, speak to me, Antipho; look at me!

550 ANTIPHO Why? What ever are you going to do? Tell me!

PHAEDRIA Whatever part of the world she's carried off to, I'm determined to follow—or to die!

GETA I hope your plan turns out all right! But take it easy!

ANTIPHO (*to GETA*) See if you can give him any help.

GETA 'Any help'? *What help?*

ANTIPHO Please try to think of something, Geta! I don't want him to do anything silly that we might regret later.

GETA I am trying. (*Thinks for a few moments, then has an idea*) He's safe, I think—but I'm afraid there'll be trouble!

ANTIPHO Don't be afraid: we'll share the consequences with you, good or bad.

GETA (*to PHAEDRIA*) Tell me how much money you need.

PHAEDRIA Only thirty minas.*

GETA *Thirty?* Gosh, she's very pricey, Phaedria!

PHAEDRIA No, for her that's cheap!

GETA All right then, I'll see that you get them.

PHAEDRIA Oh you lovely man! (*Moves to embrace GETA, who shrinks away*)

GETA Clear off!

PHAEDRIA I need them *now!*

GETA You'll have them now; but I need to get hold of Phormio to 560 help me in my plan.

PHAEDRIA He's ready at hand. Don't be afraid to load any task you like on to him: he'll carry it through; he's the one true friend a man can have.

GETA Let's go to him at once, then! (*Starts to head off right, but pauses as ANTIPHO calls after him*)

ANTIPHO There isn't anything you need my help for, is there?

GETA No; just go home and cheer that poor girl up: I know she's out of her mind with fear in there now.—Hurry up!

ANTIPHO There's nothing I'd be so glad to do! (*Goes into his house*)

PHAEDRIA How are you going to carry out your plan?

GETA I'll tell you as we go along. Just get a move on! (*They go off to the right. After a pause, DEMIPHO and CHREMES enter from the left*)

DEMIPHO Well, what about your reason for setting off to Lemnos, Chremes? Have you brought your daughter back with you?

CHREMES No.

DEMIPHO Why ever not?

CHREMES When her mother saw that I was staying here for rather a long time, and what's more the girl was growing up and couldn't 570 wait while I neglected her, they said she had set off to find me with her entire household.

DEMIPHO So why did you stay there so long, for heaven's sake, when you'd heard that?

CHREMES I was detained by an illness, don't you know?

DEMIPHO How did you catch it? What was it?

CHREMES How can you ask? Old age itself is an illness. But I heard they'd arrived safely from the sailor who brought them.

DEMIPHO Have you heard what happened to my son while I was away, Chremes?

CHREMES Yes, and that makes me uncertain what to do: if I offer this match to someone outside the family, I'll have to explain in detail just how she comes to be my daughter. I knew you were as 580 loyal to me as I am to myself; if an outsider wants to be related to me, he'll keep quiet as long as we remain on good terms, but if he falls out with me he'll know more than he ought to know. And I'm afraid my wife may get to hear of this somehow: if that happens, all that remains is for me to shake myself out and leave the house. After all, I'm the only thing I can call my own.*

DEMIPHO I know that's how things stand, and I'm very worried for you. I'll be untiring in my efforts: I'll keep trying, until I achieve

590 what I've promised for you. (*DEMIPHO and CHREMES remain in conversation on the left of the stage as GETA enters from the right, not seeing them*)

GETA (*to the audience*) I've never seen a cleverer guy than Phormio. I went to the guy to tell him we need money, and how we could get it. I'd scarcely said half, and he understood it all. He was pleased; he congratulated me; he asked where the old man was; he thanked the gods that he was given the opportunity to show that he was a friend of Phaedria's no less than Antipho's. I told the guy to wait in the main square; I said I'd take the old man there. (*Catches sight of DEMIPHO and CHREMES*) But there he is himself! Who's that beyond him? Damn! Phaedria's father's returned. But why am I so afraid? I am an ass! Just because I've been given two men to trick instead of one? I think it's an advantage to have two strings to my bow: I'll try to get the money from this one, as I set out to do from the start; if he gives it, that's fine. If nothing comes of him, then I'll attack the newcomer here!

ANTIPHO comes out of his house

ANTIPHO I wonder how soon Geta's going to return. But I can see my uncle standing there, together with my dad. Oh dear, how terrifying! What will he make my dad do, now that he's come back? (*He stays close to his house, unseen by the others, during the following scene*)

GETA I'll go up to them. (*Does so*) Chremes, sir—!

CHREMES Hello, Geta!

GETA I'm delighted you've come back safely.

CHREMES Thank you.

610 GETA How's things? Lots of surprises for you here on your return?
That's quite normal.

CHREMES Several!

GETA Of course. Have you heard what's happened to Antipho?

CHREMES The whole story.

GETA (*to DEMIPHO*) Did you tell him? (*To CHREMES*) Disgraceful for him to be cheated like that, Chremes!

CHREMES I was discussing it with Demipho just now.

GETA And I've certainly been giving it a great deal of thought as well; and I think I've come up with the cure for our problem.

CHREMES What's that, Geta?

DEMIPHO What cure?

GETA When I left you, I happened to bump into Phormio.

CHREMES Who's Phormio?

DEMIPHO The man who passed her off as a—

CHREMES (*interrupting*) I know.

GETA I decided to put his feelings to the test. I took the guy on one side. 'Phormio', I said, 'why don't you see that we settle this matter 620 between ourselves in a nice friendly way and avoid any unpleasantness? My master's a gentleman: he's not keen to go to court. But I can tell you that all the rest of his friends were absolutely unanimous just now in advising him to send that girl packing!'

ANTIPHO (*aside*) What's he up to? Where's this leading, for heaven's sake?

GETA 'Are you going to say', I continued, 'that he'll pay for it if he throws her out, according to the law of the land? That's been looked into already: watch it! You'll have your work cut out if you start anything with that guy: he's such a good speaker! But suppose he's beaten: even so, it's not his life that's at stake, after all, 630 but his cash.* I could tell that my words were softening the guy up, so I said 'We're on our own here now: tell me, how much would you like to be given, cash in hand, to get my master to back off from the dispute, the girl to clear off, and for you to stop being a nuisance?'

ANTIPHO (*aside*) Is he totally out of his mind?

GETA 'After all,' I said, 'he's a good man: if you make a proposal that's half-way reasonable and fair, I'm quite sure it won't take you as much as three words to settle the bargain.'

DEMIPHO Who told you to say that?

CHREMES (*to DEMIPHO*) Quiet! There couldn't be a better way to achieve the result we want!

640

ANTIPHO (*aside*) I've had it!

DEMIPHO (*to GETA*) Carry on with your story.

GETA At first the guy was out of his mind.

CHREMES Well, how much did he ask for?

GETA How much? Too much! As much as he fancied!

CHREMES Tell us!

GETA He wanted to be given a round talent.*

DEMIPHO A sound thrashing, more like! How utterly shameless!

GETA Exactly what I said to him: 'Really! What if he were marrying off his only daughter? It hasn't made much difference that he didn't bring one up: a girl's been found to ask him for a dowry?' To keep the story short, and cut out his nonsensical suggestions, this was eventually his final word: 'For my part,' he said, 'I always wanted to marry my friend's daughter; and that would have been the right thing to do, because I was well aware that it wasn't in her interests as a poor girl to be given to a rich man and become his slave. But I'll be quite open with you: I needed a wife who'd bring a little something with her, so that I could pay off my debts. And even now, if Demipho's willing to give me as much as I'm getting from the woman who's been betrothed to me, there isn't a girl I'd rather marry than her.'

ANTIPHO (*aside*) I can't decide how to account for his behaviour: is he mad or is he bad? Does he know what he's doing, or doesn't he?

DEMIPHO What if he's up to his ears in debt?

GETA He says there's some land with a mortgage on it for ten minas.

DEMIPHO That's fine: he can marry her at once; I'll pay it off.

GETA And then there's a cottage that's been mortgaged for another ten.

DEMIPHO Ow! That's too much!

CHREMES There's no need to shout! You can recover those ten from me.

GETA 'I'll have to buy my wife a slave-girl,' he says; 'and then we need a certain amount of furniture, and we need money for wedding expenses. As a round figure for all of that, put down—ten minas.*'

DEMIPHO In that case he can bring any number of suits against me: I'm not paying a thing! I'm not going to let that foul creature actually laugh at me!

670 CHREMES (*to DEMIPHO*) Please! I'll pay, quieten down. You just make sure that your son marries the girl we want him to.

ANTIPHO (*aside*) Damn you, Geta! You've done for me with your trickery!

CHREMES (*to DEMIPHO*) It's for my sake she's being thrown out: it's right for me to lose the money.

GETA 'Let me know as soon as possible,' he says, 'if they're giving me that girl, so that I can drop the current one. I need to know: they've agreed to give me the dowry at once.'

CHREMES (*to GETA*) He can have the money at once; he can tell them he's cancelling his agreement with them; he can marry this one.

DEMIPHO And much good may it do him!

CHREMES (*to DEMIPHO*) Actually, as luck would have it, I've brought some cash with me now, the income from my wife's property on Lemnos. I'll take it out of that, and I'll tell my wife 680 you need it. (*Both old men go into CHREMES' house, without noticing ANTIPHON, who now comes forward to attract GETA's attention*)

ANTIPHON Geta!

GETA What is it?

ANTIPHON What have you done?

GETA I've cleaned the old men right out of cash!

ANTIPHON (*sarcastically*) Is that enough?

GETA I really don't know: it's all I was told to do.

ANTIPHON Look here, you villain, you're not giving a straight answer to my question!

GETA What are you talking about, then?

ANTIPHON What am I talking about?! Thanks to you, it's the end of a rope for me—that's what I've been reduced to, without a doubt! May all the gods and goddesses of the upper and lower worlds destroy you with horrible tortures! Yes, if you want a job done, this is the man to give it to—if you want it to be seen to properly, that is! What could have been more unhelpful than to touch that sore 690 spot and mention my wife? You've led my dad to hope that she can be pushed out. Come on, answer me this one now: if Phormio gets given the dowry, he'll have to marry the girl; what's going to happen?

GETA But he won't marry her!

ANTIPHON (*sarcastically*) Obviously! And then, when they demand their money back, he will of course prefer to go to prison, just to help us!

GETA Antipho, you can make anything look bad if you tell it wrong: you're leaving out the good points and mentioning only

the bad ones. Now listen to this in reply: if he does get given the
 700 money, he'll have to marry the girl, as you say; I grant you that. But he'll be given a little bit of time to make preparations for the wedding, after all, and to send out the invitations, and sacrifice to the gods; in the meantime Phaedria's friends will give him the money they've promised, and Phormio will use that to make the repayment.

ANTIPHO What reason will he give? What will he say?

GETA Why ask? I've had a whole series of bad omens since then,' he'll say: 'someone's black dog came into my house; a snake fell down from the roof through the skylight; a hen crowed; a soothsayer told me not to do it; a diviner vetoed the idea; and fancy embarking on a new project before the winter solstice!—

710 That's the best reason of all! That's what'll happen.

ANTIPHO If only it does!

GETA It will: trust me. (*DEMIPHO and CHREMES start to come out of the latter's house; DEMIPHO is holding a bag of money*)

Your dad's coming out: off you go and tell Phaedria he's got his money. (*ANTIPHO goes off right*)

DEMIPHO (*to CHREMES*) Calm down, I tell you: I'll make sure he doesn't cheat us. I'm not a fool: I won't let this out of my hands without getting some witnesses along. I'll specify who I'm giving it to, and why.

GETA (*aside*) How cautious he is, when there's no need for it!

CHREMES (*to DEMIPHO*) Yes, that's what you need to do.— And do it quickly, while he's still keen on the idea: if that other girl of his puts more pressure on him, he may perhaps turn us down.

GETA (*aside*) You've got it in one!

DEMIPHO (*turning to address GETA*) Take me to him, then.

GETA I won't hold you up. (*Starts to lead DEMIPHO off right; but both are delayed by CHREMES' anxious desire to give DEMIPHO further instructions*)

720 **CHREMES** When you've done that, come over to my wife, and tell her to have a talk with the girl before she leaves. She must tell her we're giving her to Phormio to marry, so that she doesn't get angry; and she must explain that he's a more suitable match because she knows him better, and that we haven't departed from our duty in any way: we've given him as much dowry as he wanted.

DEMIPHO What difference does that make to you, damn it?

CHREMES A great difference, Demipho: it's not enough for you to have done your duty if public opinion doesn't approve it. I want this to be done with her full consent too, so that she doesn't say she was thrown out.

DEMIPHO I can do all of that.

CHREMES A woman gets on better with a woman.

DEMIPHO (*finally agreeing*) I'll ask her. (*Exit right, with GETA, leaving CHREMES alone on stage*)

CHREMES I wonder where I can find those women now. (*He stands in indecision close to his own house, as SOPHRONA comes out of DEMIPHO's house*)

SOPHRONA (*to herself*) What can I do? Oh dear! What friend can I find? Who can I turn to for advice about this? Where can I look for help? I'm afraid my mistress is going to be dreadfully ill treated as a result of following my advice: I gather the boy's father is 730 reacting quite violently to what we've done!

CHREMES (*aside*) Who on earth is this old woman who's come out of my brother's house in such a state?

SOPHRONA It was our poverty that drove me to do it: I knew this marriage wasn't secure, but I had to think of some way to keep her alive and safe in the meantime.

CHREMES (*aside*) Good heavens! If my mind isn't playing tricks on me, and my eyesight isn't too poor, I'm sure this is my daughter's nanny that I'm seeing!

SOPHRONA And we can't trace—

CHREMES (*simultaneously, aside*) What shall I do?

SOPHRONA —that father of hers.

CHREMES Shall I approach her, or shall I wait and get a better idea of what she's saying?

SOPHRONA But if I could find him now, I wouldn't be afraid of anything.

CHREMES It's definitely her: I'll talk to her.

SOPHRONA Who's that speaking? (*Looks round, but does not immediately see CHREMES*)

CHREMES (*addressing her*) Sophrona!

SOPHRONA And he's calling me by my name!

CHREMES Turn round and look at me!

SOPHRONA (*doing as she is told*) Gods in heaven! Is this Stilpo?

CHREMES (*alarmed*) No!

740 SOPHRONA Do you deny it? (*She moves towards him; he is still close to his own house*)

CHREMES Move over there a bit, please, Sophrona, away from the door. (*He pushes her towards the other side of the stage*)

Don't address me by that name again!

SOPHRONA What? For heaven's sake, aren't you the person you always said you were?

CHREMES (*looking anxiously towards his house*) Sh!

SOPHRONA Why are you afraid of this door?

CHREMES I've got a fierce wife caged up in here. And as for that name, I gave you people a false one at the time, just in case you happened to blurt it out openly without thinking and my wife somehow got to hear of it as a result.

SOPHRONA There you are! That explains why we poor women have been totally unable to find you here!

CHREMES Look here, tell me what business you have with the household you've just come out from. Where are the others?

SOPHRONA (*bursting into tears*) Oh dear!

CHREMES What? What's the matter? Are they alive?

SOPHRONA Your daughter's alive; her poor mother was so upset about it all that death overtook her.

750 CHREMES That's bad news.

SOPHRONA As for me, given that I was an old woman, abandoned, destitute, unknown to anyone, I did the best I could and settled the girl in marriage with the boy who's in charge of the house here.

CHREMES With Antipho?

SOPHRONA Yes, he's the one.

CHREMES What? Does he have two wives?*

SOPHRONA Well, really! No, he only has this one!

CHREMES What about that other one who's said to be related to him?

SOPHRONA It's her, of course!

CHREMES What are you saying?

SOPHRONA We did it on purpose, so that he could have her without a dowry, since he was in love with her.

CHREMES Ye gods, how often things turn out quite unpredictably
that you wouldn't dare hope for! I've come home to find my
daughter settled in marriage with the boy I wanted, and in the
way I wanted!* This woman all on her own has gone to great
lengths to achieve what the two of us were working particularly
hard to bring about, without our having to do anything! 760

SOPHRONA Now see what's to be done. The boy's father has come
home, and they say he's extremely upset about this.

CHREMES There's nothing to be afraid of. But I beg you in the
name of gods and men to make sure no one finds out she's my
daughter!

SOPHRONA No one will find out from me.

CHREMES Follow me: I'll tell you the rest indoors. (*They go into
DEMIPHO's house. DEMIPHO and GETA return from the right*)

DEMIPHO It's our own fault: we ensure that it pays people to be
wicked, because we're too keen to be said to be good and generous.
Look before you leap,* as the saying goes. Wasn't it enough to
suffer an injury at his hands? I've even gone out of my way to
shower him with money, so that he's got something to live on
while he organizes some further piece of criminality! 770

GETA Absolutely!

DEMIPHO The people who get rewarded nowadays are those who
corrupt what's good.

GETA Too true!

DEMIPHO So we've really behaved most foolishly in all of this.

GETA I only hope it comes off according to plan and he marries the
girl.

DEMIPHO Is there still room for doubt about that?

GETA I just don't know if he might change his mind, being the sort
of guy he is.

DEMIPHO What? *Change* it?

GETA I don't know. But perhaps he might: that's all I'm saying.

DEMIPHO I'll do what my brother recommended and bring his
wife over here to talk with her. You go ahead, Geta, and let her
know that she'll be coming. (*Goes into CHREMES' house, leaving
GETA alone on stage*)

GETA The money's been found for Phaedria; nothing's being said
about Demipho's quarrel with us; we've made sure the girl won't

leave here for the time being. What follows now? What's going to happen? You're bogged down in the same patch of mud: you'll have an additional loan to pay off, Geta.* The punishment that was looming over you has been put off till another day, but the blows are on the increase if you don't look out! Now I'll go off home and give Phanium her instructions, so that she isn't afraid of Phormio or anything he says. (*Goes into DEMIPHO's house. Enter DEMIPHO and NAUSISTRATA from CHREMES' house*)

DEMIPHO Come on, then, Nausistrata, do your usual stuff: see that she comes round to our point of view and gives her full consent to doing what has to be done.

NAUSISTRATA I'll do so.

DEMIPHO Give me your practical help now, just as you helped me financially a short while ago.*

NAUSISTRATA I'm happy to do so—but thanks to my husband I'm less able to help than I ought to be, damn it.

DEMIPHO How's that?

NAUSISTRATA Because, damn it, he doesn't take enough trouble over managing the property my father did so well to acquire: *he* used regularly to get income of two silver talents from it! How one man surpasses another!

790 **DEMIPHO** Two? Really?

NAUSISTRATA Yes, and things were much cheaper then, but he still got two talents.

DEMIPHO Impressive!

NAUSISTRATA What do you think of that?

DEMIPHO Certainly!

NAUSISTRATA I wish I'd been born a man: I'd have shown him—

DEMIPHO (*interrupting*) I know that for a fact.

NAUSISTRATA —how to—

DEMIPHO (*interrupting again*) Please spare yourself, so that you've some breath left for her! I don't want a young woman to wear you out!

NAUSISTRATA I'll do as you say. (*They start to head towards DEMIPHO's house but are forestalled by CHREMES coming out of it*)

But I see my husband coming out of your house.

CHREMES (*seeing DEMIPHO but not NAUSISTRATA*) Ah, Demipho! Have you given him the money already?

DEMIPHO I dealt with it at once.

CHREMES I wish you hadn't. (*Catching sight of NAUSISTRATA, aside*) Oh! I see my wife: I nearly said more than I should!

DEMIPHO (*puzzled*) Why do you wish I hadn't, Chremes?

CHREMES (*trying to cover up his confusion*) That's fine now.

DEMIPHO What about you? Have you spoken to her at all, to explain why we're bringing Nausistrata over?

CHREMES (*trying unsuccessfully to shut DEMIPHO up*) I've settled the matter.

DEMIPHO What does she say, then?

CHREMES She can't be taken away.

DEMIPHO Why can't she?

CHREMES Because they love one another.

DEMIPHO What's that got to do with us?

CHREMES A great deal. Besides, I've discovered that she's a relative 800 of ours.

DEMIPHO What? You're out of your mind!

CHREMES You'll find it's true: I'm not saying it for nothing. It's all come back to me.

DEMIPHO Have you gone completely mad?

NAUSISTRATA Well, really! Do be careful not to wrong a relative!

DEMIPHO She isn't!

CHREMES Stop denying it! The name given for her father was different: that was where you went wrong.

DEMIPHO Didn't she know her father?

CHREMES Yes, she did.

DEMIPHO Why did she give a different name?

CHREMES Will you never give in? Won't you understand?

DEMIPHO If you're talking nonsense?

CHREMES You'll ruin me!

NAUSISTRATA I wonder what this is about!

DEMIPHO I certainly don't know!

CHREMES Do you want to know? Well, there isn't a single person more closely related to her than I am and you are: I absolutely guarantee that.

DEMIPHO For heaven's sake, let's go to see her! I'd like us all to share the knowledge of this—or find it isn't true.

CHREMES Look—!

DEMIPHO What is it?

CHREMES Do you have so little faith in me?

DEMIPHO (*realizing he had better not press the point, though still completely puzzled*) Do you want me to believe you? Do you want me to stop asking questions about it? All right: so be it. What about that daughter of our friend?* What's going to happen to her?

CHREMES It's fine.

DEMIPHO So we forget about her?

CHREMES Of course.

DEMIPHO And the other one's to stay?

CHREMES Yes.

DEMIPHO In that case you can go, Nausistrata.

NAUSISTRATA I do think this is more convenient all round than what you'd embarked on: better for her to stay. She seemed really nicely brought up, when I saw her. (*Returns to her house, leaving DEMIPHO and CHREMES on stage*)

DEMIPHO What are you up to?

CHREMES Has she definitely shut the door?

DEMIPHO Definitely.

CHREMES Oh Jupiter, the gods care for us! I've found my daughter married to your son!

DEMIPHO What! How could that happen?

CHREMES This isn't a safe enough place to tell you.

DEMIPHO Well, go indoors, then.

CHREMES Look, I don't even want our sons to find out about this.

(*They go into DEMIPHO's house, as ANTIPHO returns from the right*)

ANTIPHO However my own affairs are going, I'm glad my cousin has got what he wants. How wise it is to fix your heart on desires that you can easily put right when things go against you! As soon as he found the money, he freed himself from worry. As for me, I can't find any cure to help me escape from these troubles: if I could keep it secret, I'd live in fear; if it comes out into the open, I'm in disgrace! And I wouldn't be bringing myself back home now if I hadn't been offered some hope of keeping her. But where can I find Geta? I must ask him when he advises me to seize the opportunity to meet my dad.

Enter PHORMIO from the right, talking to himself

PHORMIO I received the money; I handed it over to the pimp;
I took the woman away; I saw to it that Phaedria got her all to
himself, because she's been given her freedom.* Now there's just 830
one thing left for me to achieve: I must have a break from the old
men so that I can hit the booze. I'll take the next few days off!

ANTIPHO But here's Phormio. (*Addressing him*) Look here!

PHORMIO What?

ANTIPHO What's Phaedria going to do now? How does he say he
wants to take his fill of his love?

PHORMIO He's going to take his turn at acting your part.

ANTIPHO What part?

PHORMIO Running away from his dad!* He asked for you to act
his part in *your* turn, and plead his case. He's going to hit the booze
at my place. I'll tell the old men I'm going to the market at
Sunium* to buy the slave-girl that Geta spoke of a short while
ago: * I don't want them to think I'm getting through their money
when they don't see me here. But there's a noise coming from your
door.* (*The noise is made by GETA, who starts to come out*)

ANTIPHO See who's coming out. (*Keeps away from his house, in
case it is his father*)

PHORMIO It's Geta.

840

GETA (*not seeing the other two*) O Fortune! O Lady Luck!* What
blessings! How suddenly you've come to the aid of my master
Antipho and loaded them on to this day for him!

ANTIPHO (*to PHORMIO*) What ever does he mean?

GETA And you've unloaded the fear from us, his friends! But I'd
better get a move on and load this shoulder of mine with my
cloak* and run to find the man and let him know what's happened.
(*Slings his cloak over his shoulder*)

ANTIPHO (*to PHORMIO*) Do you understand what he's talking
about?

PHORMIO (*to ANTIPHO*) Do you?

ANTIPHO (*to PHORMIO*) Not a word.

PHORMIO (*to ANTIPHO*) Same here.

GETA I'll head for the pimp's: that's where they are now. (*Heads
towards DORIO's house*)

ANTIPHO (*calling him back*) Hey, Geta!

GETA (*not looking back*) Look at that! No surprise there; it's the usual story: as soon as you've set off to go somewhere, you're called back!

ANTIPHO Geta!

GETA He's still at it! (*To ANTIPHO, still without turning round*) You're being a nuisance, but you'll never win against me!

ANTIPHO Won't you wait?

GETA Go and get yourself thrashed!

ANTIPHO That's just what'll happen to you right now if you don't stop, you villain!

850 GETA (*to the audience*) This must be someone from my household: he's threatening to punish me! (*Finally turns round*) But is this the man I'm looking for or not? Yes it is! (*To ANTIPHO*) Come here at once!

ANTIPHO (*moving towards him*) What is it?

GETA You've been given the greatest gift of the whole multitude of men alive! Without dispute, you're the only one loved by the gods, Antipho!

ANTIPHO I'd like that! But I'd like to be told why I should believe it's true!

GETA Will you be satisfied if I drench you in joy?

ANTIPHO You're killing me!

PHORMIO (*intervening*) Why don't you cut out the promises and tell us your news?

GETA Oh, are you here too, Phormio?

PHORMIO Yes; but get a move on!

GETA Listen: here it is. When we'd given you the money in the main square just now, we came straight home, and then (*to* 860 *ANTIPHO*) the master sent me to your wife.

ANTIPHO What for?

GETA I won't bother to tell you: it's not relevant now, Antipho. As I'm starting to head for the women's quarters,* the slave-boy Mida runs up to me, grabs me from behind by my cloak, and pulls me back. I turn round and ask him why he's holding me back; he says it's forbidden to go inside to see the mistress. 'Sophrona took the old man's brother Chremes in there not long ago,' he says, and he's inside with them now. When I heard this, I carried on quietly towards the door on tiptoe. I reached it;

I stopped; I held my breath; I put my ear to the door; then I began to listen carefully, trying to catch what they were saying like this
(cups his ear).

PHORMIO Well done, Geta!

GETA That was how I heard the most wonderful news; in fact I was so pleased that I very nearly let out a shout! 870

ANTIPHO What was it?

GETA What do you think?

ANTIPHO I don't know!

GETA But it's most amazing: your uncle has been discovered to be the father of your wife Phanium!

ANTIPHO What? What are you talking about?

GETA He once had an affair with her mother on Lemnos, but he kept it secret.

PHORMIO You're dreaming! Are you saying she didn't know her own father?

GETA You can be sure there's some reason for it, Phormio. But I was outside the door: do you think I could understand everything they said to one another inside?

ANTIPHO Well, I've heard that story too.*

GETA And what's more, I'll give you a further reason to believe it. The next thing that happens is that your uncle comes out here; not long after, he comes back inside again, together with your father. They both say you have their permission to marry her. Finally, I was 880 sent to find you and fetch you.

ANTIPHO Why don't you carry me off, then? What are you waiting for?

GETA I certainly shall! (*Starts to lead him into the house*)

ANTIPHO Hey, Phormio! Goodbye!

PHORMIO Goodbye, Antipho! Congratulations, from the bottom of my heart: I'm delighted! (*Exeunt GETA and ANTIPHO, leaving PHORMIO alone on stage*) Think of them being given so much luck out of the blue! I now have the perfect opportunity to run rings round the old men and free Phaedria from his monetary worries, so that he doesn't have to go begging to any of his friends. This sum of money will be his to keep just as it's been given, whether they like it or not: events have shown me a way to force them. Now I must assume a new appearance and a new 890

expression.* But I'll withdraw into this alleyway over here (*points off right*) and show myself to them from there when they come out of the house. I had been pretending I was off to the market, but I won't go now. (*Exit right, as DEMIPHO and CHREMES come out from the former's house*)

DEMIPHO I'm very grateful to the gods, brother, and I offer them the thanks they deserve, since this has all turned out successfully for us. Now we must meet Phormio as soon as possible and take back our thirty minas before he can make inroads into them.

PHORMIO *returns from the right, pretending not to see DEMIPHO and CHREMES*

PHORMIO I'll see if Demipho's at home, so that—

DEMIPHO (*interrupting*) But we were coming to find you, Phormio.

PHORMIO To discuss the very same matter, perhaps?

DEMIPHO Yes indeed.

900 PHORMIO I thought as much. Why were you coming to find me?

DEMIPHO It's a silly thing.

PHORMIO Were you afraid I wouldn't do what I'd once undertaken to do? Look here, I may be poor, but so far I've at least taken the trouble to show that people can trust me.

CHREMES (*to DEMIPHO*) Quite the gentleman, isn't he? Just as I told you!

DEMIPHO (*to CHREMES*) Very much so!

PHORMIO And what I've come to tell you, Demipho, is that I'm ready: whenever you like, give me my wife. I've given it top priority, as was only right, once I saw that you two were so keen on it.

910 DEMIPHO But this man here has persuaded me not to give her to you. 'What will people say if you do that?', he said: 'You didn't give her to him earlier, when it was possible to do so honourably; it's shameful for her to be pushed out now.' He said almost exactly all the things you said against me when we met not long ago.

PHORMIO You people are playing a pretty arrogant game with me!

DEMIPHO How come?

PHORMIO Isn't it obvious? I won't be able to marry that other girl either: I mean, how will I have the face to go back to her when I've treated her with such contempt? (*DEMIPHO is lost for words until prompted by CHREMES*)

CHREMES (*to DEMIPHO*) 'What's more, I see that Antipho is reluctant to let her go.' —Say that!

DEMIPHO (*to PHORMIO*) What's more, I see that my son is very reluctant to let the woman go. But come over to the main square, 920 if you will, and give orders for that sum to be credited back to me, Phormio.

PHORMIO Do you mean the sum that I proceeded to pay out to the people I owed it to?

DEMIPHO What's going to happen, then?

PHORMIO If you want to give me the wife you've promised to me, I'll marry her. But if what you want is for her to stay in your house, the dowry should stay with me, Demipho. It isn't right for me to lose out because of you people, when it's for the sake of your pride that I've cancelled my agreement with the other girl, who was offering just as big a dowry.

DEMIPHO Will you go to hell and stop giving yourself airs, you 930 servile creature? Do you still think we don't know you, and what you're up to as well?

PHORMIO You're making me angry!

DEMIPHO Were you going to marry this girl if she was given to you?

PHORMIO Put it to the test!

DEMIPHO The plan you people had was for my son to live with her in your house!

PHORMIO Really! What are you talking about?

DEMIPHO Just you give me my money!

PHORMIO No, just *you* give me my wife!

DEMIPHO Come to court!

PHORMIO All right, then, if you're going to continue to make a nuisance of yourselves—! (*Leaves his threat incomplete*)

DEMIPHO What will you do?

PHORMIO Me? Maybe you think I only take up the cause of women who don't have a dowry; I often champion those who *do* have one too.

CHREMES What's that got to do with us?

940

PHORMIO Nothing! I happen to know a woman hereabouts whose husband had—(*Pauses*)

CHREMES (*alarmed*) What?

DEMIPHO (*to CHREMES*) What is it?

PHORMIO —another wife on Lemnos—

CHREMES I'm done for!

PHORMIO —by whom he had a daughter; and he's bringing her up secretly.

CHREMES I'm dead and buried!

PHORMIO What's more, I'm going to tell her all about it right now.

CHREMES Please don't do that!

PHORMIO (*affecting surprise*) Oh, was it *you*?

DEMIPHO (*aside*) What fun he's having!

CHREMES We'll let you off.

PHORMIO Rubbish!

CHREMES What is it you want? We'll let you keep the money you've got.

PHORMIO I hear you. So what the hell are you up to, playing games with me like this, and changing your minds like silly little children? 'No! Yes! Yes—I mean, no! Take it; give it back!' You unsay what you've said, and you cancel an agreement the moment it's been made!

950 CHREMES (*to DEMIPHO*) How did he find out about it? Who told him?

DEMIPHO I don't know; but I know for certain that I haven't told anyone.

CHREMES There are strange forces at work here, I don't mind telling you!

PHORMIO (*aside*) I've touched a nerve there!

DEMIPHO (*to CHREMES*) Look here, are we going to let this man take all that money from us, when he's laughing at us so openly? I'd rather die, I tell you! Pull yourself together! Be a man, and show some presence of mind! You can see that your misbehaviour has become public knowledge and you can't keep it hidden from your wife any longer. She's bound to hear it from other people, Chremes, and it'll be easier to keep her sweet if we tell her ourselves. Then we'll be able to get our own back on this foul creature any way we like.

960 PHORMIO (*aside*) Damn! If I don't watch out for myself, I'm stuck! They're moving in for the attack, just like gladiators!

CHREMES (*to DEMIPHO*) But I'm afraid it may not be possible to keep her sweet.

DEMIPHO (*to CHREMES*) Don't worry: I'll restore harmony between you, Chremes. I can rely on the fact that the girl's mother isn't on the scene any more.

PHORMIO (*to DEMIPHO and CHREMES*) Is that how you treat me? A very cunning method of attack! You've provoked me, Demipho, and it's certainly not in his interests! (*Turning to CHREMES*) 'Really? You behaved just as you liked when you were away from home, showing no respect for this woman of the highest rank but insulting her in an unprecedented manner; and do you think you're now going to come and wash away your misbehaviour by begging for forgiveness?' That's what I'll say, and I'll make her so inflamed against you that you won't be able to put the fire out if you dissolve in tears!

DEMIPHO May all the gods and goddesses damn him! How could anyone have such a nerve? This villain ought to be deported to some desert place at public expense!

CHREMES I've been driven into such a tight corner that I have absolutely no idea how to deal with him!

DEMIPHO But I know: let's go to court! 980

PHORMIO To court? This way, if that's your fancy! (*Starts to head towards CHREMES' house*)

CHREMES (*to DEMIPHO*) Go after him! Hold him back while I call out some slaves! (*Tries to get past PHORMIO into the house, while DEMIPHO grabs hold of PHORMIO with both hands*)

DEMIPHO But I can't do it on my own: come and help me!
(*CHREMES stops*)

PHORMIO (*to DEMIPHO, as he struggles*) That's one summons for assault against you!

DEMIPHO Bring a case against me, then! (*CHREMES moves closer to PHORMIO*)

PHORMIO And another against you, Chremes!

DEMIPHO (*to CHREMES*) Grab him! (*CHREMES seizes PHORMIO with one hand*)

PHORMIO Is that how you behave? I clearly need to use my voice!
(*Shouts towards CHREMES' house*) Nausistrata, come out!

DEMIPHO (*to CHREMES*) Shut his foul mouth up! (*PHORMIO continues to struggle, and CHREMES is unable to put a hand over his mouth*)

Look how strong he is!*

PHORMIO Nausistrata, I say!

DEMIPHO (*to PHORMIO*) Will you be quiet?

PHORMIO Me be quiet?!

DEMIPHO (*to CHREMES*) If he doesn't comply, punch him in the belly! (*CHREMES makes futile attempts*)

PHORMIO Gouge my eye out, if you like! I know how to get my own back nicely on the pair of you! (*NAUSISTRATA comes out of her house*)

NAUSISTRATA Who's calling me? (*Sees CHREMES and DEMIPHO still struggling with PHORMIO*) What's this? For

990 heaven's sake, darling, what are you fighting for? (*The old men let go of PHORMIO, but CHREMES dares not reply*)

PHORMIO (*to CHREMES*) Well, why've you been struck dumb now?

NAUSISTRATA (*to CHREMES*) Who's this man? (*CHREMES remains silent*) Aren't you going to answer me?

PHORMIO (*to NAUSISTRATA*) Don't expect him to answer you: he hasn't the faintest idea where he is!

CHREMES (*to NAUSISTRATA*) Don't believe a word he says!

PHORMIO (*to NAUSISTRATA*) Go on, touch him: strike me dead if he isn't cold all over!

CHREMES It's nothing!

NAUSISTRATA What's up, then? What's he talking about?

PHORMIO You'll soon find out: just listen!

CHREMES Stop! Don't believe him!

NAUSISTRATA How *can* I believe him, for heaven's sake? He hasn't *said* anything!

PHORMIO The poor fellow's quite mad with fear.

NAUSISTRATA There must be a very good reason for you to be so frightened.

CHREMES Me, frightened?

PHORMIO (*to CHREMES*) That's fine, then: since you're not frightened at all, and there's nothing to my story, *you* tell her!

1000 DEMIPHO (*to PHORMIO*) You scoundrel! Do you expect him to take orders from you to tell her?

PHORMIO (*to DEMIPHO*) That's enough from you! You've done
a fine job for your brother!

NAUSISTRATA (*to CHREMES*) Darling, won't you tell me?

CHREMES But—(*Does not know what to say next*)

NAUSISTRATA What do you mean, 'But—'?

CHREMES There's no need to tell.

PHORMIO No need for *you*; but *she* needs to *know!* (*Turns to NAUSISTRATA*) On Lemnos—

DEMIPHO (*interrupting*) What? What are you saying?

CHREMES (*also interrupting*) Will you be quiet?

PHORMIO (*ignoring their interruptions*)—without your knowledge—

CHREMES Oh god!

PHORMIO —he took a wife.

NAUSISTRATA (*to PHORMIO*) My dear fellow, I hope not!

PHORMIO That's what happened.

NAUSISTRATA No! I've had it!

PHORMIO And by her he had a daughter some time ago, while you
were asleep.

CHREMES (*to DEMIPHO, aside*) What are we to do?

NAUSISTRATA Gods in heaven, what deplorable and wicked be-
haviour!

PHORMIO That's what he did!

NAUSISTRATA Has anyone ever behaved more disgracefully?

When they come to their wives, they grow old, don't they? Demi- 1010
pho, I appeal to you: I can't bear to talk to *him*. Is this why he went
to Lemnos so often, and stayed there so long? Does this account
for the low prices that have reduced our income?

DEMIPHO Nausistrata, I don't deny that he deserves to be blamed
for the way he's behaved; but can't he be forgiven for it?

PHORMIO (*aside*) He's speaking in honour of a dead man!*

DEMIPHO It's not that he doesn't care for you or doesn't like you;
that's not why he did it. About fifteen years ago he got drunk and
had sex with the girl's dear mother, and he never touched her after
that. She's dead now, so that fly isn't in the ointment any more. So
I beg you to take this calmly, the way you always do. 1020

NAUSISTRATA How can I take it calmly? Damn it all, I'd very
much like this to be the end of the matter; but what hope can
I have? Should I think he'll misbehave less from now on because of

his age? If old age makes men behave properly, he was already an old man then. Do my looks make me more desirable now, Demipho, at my age? What reason can you give me now to expect or hope that it won't happen again?

PHORMIO (*aside*) Oyez, oyez: if anyone plans to attend Chremes' funeral, now's the time!* That's how I'll do it: come on, now, come and provoke Phormio, if you want to! I'll see that you're afflicted with disaster, just like him! But that's all right: he can be restored to favour now; I've had him punished enough. She's got something to growl about in his ear non-stop for as long as he lives!

1030 NAUSISTRATA But I suppose I deserved this, did I? Why should I go through all the details now of what sort of wife I've been to him, Demipho?

DEMIPHO I know it all as well as you.

NAUSISTRATA Do you think I deserved this treatment?

DEMIPHO Absolutely not! But since it can't be undone by accusing him, forgive him now. He begs you; he confesses; he apologizes: what more do you want?

PHORMIO (*aside*) Well, before she grants her forgiveness, I must look out for myself and Phaedria. (*Aloud*) Hey, Nausistrata, don't be in too much of a hurry to reply to him: listen to me first.

NAUSISTRATA What is it?

PHORMIO I took thirty minas off your husband by a trick; I gave them to your son; he gave them to a pimp for his girlfriend.

CHREMES What? What are you saying?

1040 NAUSISTRATA (*to CHREMES*) Does it seem so disgraceful to you if your son as a young man has one girlfriend, while you have two wives? Have you no shame? How will you have the face to criticize him? (*CHREMES again remains silent*) Answer me!

DEMIPHO He'll do as you wish.

NAUSISTRATA No, I'll tell you what I've decided now: I'm not forgiving him, and I'm not making any promises, and I'm not replying, till I've seen our son. I'm handing the whole thing over to his judgement: I'll do what he tells me to.

PHORMIO You're a wise woman, Nausistrata!

NAUSISTRATA (*to CHREMES*) Are you happy with that?

CHREMES More than happy! In fact I'm coming out of this quite nicely, and better than I'd hoped.

NAUSISTRATA (*to PHORMIO*) You, tell me what your name is.

PHORMIO My name? Phormio: I'm a great friend of your family, and particularly of your son Phaedria.

NAUSISTRATA Phormio, for my part I assure you that from now on, as far as I can, I'll do and say whatever you want on your behalf.

1050

PHORMIO That's kind of you.

NAUSISTRATA It's no more than you deserve.

PHORMIO Would you like to start by doing something today which will give me much pleasure, Nausistrata, and be a painful sight for your husband's eyes?

NAUSISTRATA I'd love to!

PHORMIO Invite me to dinner!

NAUSISTRATA I most certainly do invite you!

DEMIPHO Let's go in.

NAUSISTRATA Agreed. But where's Phaedria, who's to be our judge?

PHORMIO I'll get him here at once. (*To the audience*) Goodbye, and please give us your applause!* (*Exit right to fetch PHAEDRIA; the others go into the house of CHREMES and NAUSISTRATA*)

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The Brothers

(*Adelphoe*)

First performed in Rome at the Funeral Games for Lucius Aemilius Paullus in the summer of 160

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

For his last play Terence turned once again to Menander, though he tells us in the prologue that he included one scene from a play by Menander's slightly older contemporary Diphilus. Some fifteen small fragments of Menander's play, or pieces of information about it, are known from Donatus' commentary and other sources. As usual, they tell us very little, though Donatus' remark on line 938 (see note) suggests significant remodelling of the closing scenes by Terence.

The play presents two pairs of brothers: in the older generation they are Demea and Micio, in the younger Aeschinus and Ctesipho. Demea is the father of both boys, but he gave Aeschinus to Micio to adopt in early childhood. Micio is a bachelor who lives in town, Demea a married man (though we hear nothing about his wife) who lives on his farm outside Athens. Demea conforms to the stereotype of the hard-working farmer, Micio to that of the pleasure-loving urbanite. Their approaches to the upbringing of the boys differ correspondingly: Demea believes in strictness and restraint, while Micio is more tolerant of youthful excess and encourages Aeschinus to be open with him about his behaviour. Both are concerned that their sons should grow up to behave correctly, but they differ profoundly on how that is to be achieved. Although Aeschinus is strictly no longer his concern, Demea cannot refrain from complaining about Micio's method of upbringing, which he is convinced is ruining the boy's character.

For most of the play Demea is a figure of fun: quick to learn what Aeschinus gets up to, and to criticize Micio for it, he has no idea that Ctesipho is far from the model young man he believes him to be. We are always glad to see stern disciplinarians mocked in comedy, and his conviction that he knows best reinforces our satisfaction at seeing him teased and sent on wild-goose chases. The climax of the play comes when he discovers that Ctesipho is in Micio's house together with a prostitute, a shattering discovery that leads him to reconsider his entire approach to life; that moment is constantly postponed, while Demea becomes more and more outraged at what he hears about Aeschinus' behaviour, but we know that it cannot be postponed for ever.

Demea's outrage is not unreasonable, since Aeschinus has raped the girl next door and got her pregnant and has then been seen stealing a slave-prostitute from her owner just as the girl next door is on the point of giving birth. He was in fact stealing the girl for Ctesipho's benefit, not his own; but his rape of the girl next door is not a good advertisement for Micio's method of upbringing, and the fact that he has said nothing about it to Micio shows that they have not established that openness in their relationship to which Micio aspired. However, Micio learns about it off-stage, and we do not see his immediate reactions; when we see him on-stage, he is able to maintain his air of calm superiority. Terence has so constructed his play that we are bound to join with Micio in laughing at Demea, even when he is being quite unfair to him.

The closing scenes bring a surprise, as Demea comes to dominate at the expense of Micio, making himself popular with the other characters and forcing Micio to agree to a number of things with great reluctance—even to agree to marry the widowed mother of the girl next door. At the very end of the play, Demea denounces Micio's approach to upbringing as having been based on 'acquiescence, indulgence, and extravagance', and he offers himself to the boys as a better-balanced alternative. This is unfair to Micio, who has been seen to care about Aeschinus' character and to worry about him, and who has given him a very telling lecture in one of the most important scenes in the play, at 635–706; even if Micio has not been as successful as he thinks, it does not seem appropriate for Demea to be the one to pronounce the moral, since we could not imagine Demea handling Ctesipho with the skill shown by Micio in that scene. But Demea has been the stronger comic character throughout (even when he was on the receiving end of the mockery), and his triumph at the end is a strong theatrical effect: as long as we do not think too hard about it, we can enjoy the surprise.

However, it is difficult not to think about it, since the play gives prominence to issues that are important to most of us at some stages of our lives, whether as children or as parents; they are presented as issues concerning fathers and sons, but we can easily see them as relevant to both sexes in the Western world of today. Our attitudes to the characters shift in the course of the play, just as many people's attitudes to the issues shift in the course of their lives. We cannot help

wanting to take sides, but at the end we are quite uncertain what conclusion the play invites us to reach: Demea's final speech can be accepted only if we ignore most of what has preceded it. We may well be inclined to feel that the theorizing of the fathers has made very little real difference to the way the boys have turned out (though the liberally brought up Aeschinus is clearly a more positive character than the repressed Ctesipho), but that is not spelt out as the moral. This is a great play, partly because it engages our interest in matters of serious moral concern without dictating answers to the questions it raises. (Similar questions are raised by *The Self-Tormentor*, but in less complex ways.) But it is also a great comedy: Terence has added a scene of knockabout violence from Diphilus' play; he gives us a traditional 'running slave' routine for Geta's entry at 299–329, and he makes some use of the traditional routine of knocking at a door (for the only time in any of his plays) for Aeschinus at 631–41; he gives us one surprise after another in the early stages of the play (the discovery that Aeschinus has not stolen the prostitute for himself but for his brother is soon followed by the discovery that he has got the girl next door pregnant) and an astonishing volte-face at the end. Not least, the movements of Demea contribute a great deal to the theatrical effect: for the first four-fifths of the play he is constantly coming and going, at the mercy of what he is told, and entering the stage with strong expressions of outrage or upset; the reversal at the end is reinforced by the fact that he now stands on stage while other characters come up to him—he is now visibly in control of events. Terence has achieved complete theatrical mastery, and it is tantalizing to think what he might have gone on to do if he had not died so young.

The play was commissioned for performance in 160 at the funeral games for Lucius Aemilius Paullus, who had led the Romans to victory in the Third Macedonian War in 168 and returned to Rome in triumph in 167. The games were put on by his two elder sons, Quintus Fabius Maximus Aemilianus and Publius Cornelius Scipio Aemilianus, both of whom had been given in adoption to other families; the latter became a noted patron of literary figures and of Greek culture as well as having a distinguished political and military career. It is tempting to try to link the play to the circumstances of its first performance, particularly since one of its characters is a boy who

has been given in adoption. The clash between Micio and Demea has been seen as representing a clash between Greek and Roman culture, of which Aemilius Paullus and Marcus Porcius Cato respectively were notable champions. But it is now accepted that Paullus was by no means hostile to Roman traditions, nor Cato as hostile to Greek culture as he sometimes appeared; and the fact that Aeschinus has been adopted seems to be no more than an interesting coincidence —it is after all not very tempting to see Aeschinus and Ctesipho as representing Paullus' two sons. Elements of Paullus can be detected in both Micio and Demea, but that makes it hard to assess his relevance when we see each character in turn dominating over the other. The corrupting effect of Greek culture certainly was a topical issue, and the triumph of Demea at the end can be seen as a reassertion of traditional Roman values (although he is as Greek as Micio); but the particular link of any of this to Aemilius Paullus is more problematic.

Again it is Molière who is the best known of the authors influenced by this play, in *L'École des Maris*; the brothers Ariste and Sganarelle are clearly modelled on Micio and Demea, but the plot is completely different.

Characters

MICIO, a 64-year-old Athenian citizen living in Athens

DEMEA, Micio's elder brother, living in the country near Athens

AESCHINUS, Demea's elder son, adopted by Micio, in love with
Pamphila

SANNIO, a pimp

PARMENO, a slave in Micio's household

SYRUS, a slave in Micio's household

CTESIPHO, Demea's younger son

SOSTRATA, an Athenian widow living next door to Micio

CANTHARA, a nursemaid in Sostrata's household

GETA, a slave in Sostrata's household

HEGIO, an Athenian citizen related to Sostrata, an old friend of
Demea's

STORAX, **DROMO**, and **STEPHANIO**, slaves in Micio's household
(non-speaking parts)

A prostitute owned by Sannio (non-speaking part)

PAMPHILA's voice is heard from her house at 486–7; she is Sostrata's
daughter.

The Brothers

Prologue (spoken by one of the actors)

Since the author has observed that his writings are subjected to scrutiny by hostile men,* and that his enemies are casting aspersions on the play that we're about to act, he will give evidence on his own behalf, you will be the judges of whether what he's done should be praised or criticized. There's a comedy by Diphilus* called (in Greek) *Comrades in Death*; Plautus turned it into a play with the same title in Latin. In the Greek version there's a boy who steals a prostitute from a pimp early in the play; Plautus left that scene out altogether, and this author has taken it up for his *Brothers* and produced a word-for-word translation of it.* That is the play we're about to act, a new one: study it and see whether you think a theft has been committed or whether he's retained a scene that had been omitted through carelessness.

And as for what those malicious people say, that members of the nobility help him and constantly collaborate with him in his writing,* they think this is a strong criticism, but he regards it as the height of praise that he has found favour with men who have themselves found favour with all of you and with the people,* men whose help in war, in peace, and in daily business everyone on some occasion has relied on without seeming arrogant.

Next, don't expect me to tell you the plot of the play: the old men who come on first will disclose part of it and show part of it in action. See that your fair-mindedness reinforces the author's efforts at writing.

The play is set at Athens. The scene shows the exterior of two houses fronting a street, those of MICIO and of SOSTRATA (on the right and left respectively, as seen from the audience). To the audience's right the street leads to the main square, and also to SANNIO's house; to the left it leads to DEMEA's farm in the country; HEGIO also lives off in that direction.*

It is early morning. MICIO comes out of his house and looks anxiously up and down the street, calling out the name of the slave he is hoping to see

MICIO Storax! (Realizes the slave is not there and turns to the audience) Aeschinus hasn't returned from last night's dinner party, nor have any of the slaves who went to fetch him. It's certainly true what they say: if you're away somewhere, or out late, it's better that you should have happen to you what your angry wife accuses you of and suspects you of than what your loving parents do. Your wife, if you're out late, thinks that either you're having an affair or someone's trying to seduce you or you're drinking and enjoying yourself, and that you alone are having a good time, while she's having a bad one. But look what I'm suspecting and worrying about now because my son hasn't returned! I'm afraid he may have caught a chill, or fallen over somewhere, or broken something. Really! To think that anyone could fix or conceive anything in his heart that could be dearer to him than he is himself!

What's more, this boy isn't my son but my brother's son; and he has had a different style of living ever since we were young men. I have pursued this gentle city life of leisure, and as for what some people think a blessing—a wife—I've never had one. He has been the opposite in all the following respects: he's spent his life on the farm; he's always lived a frugal and hard existence; he married; two sons were born. Of them, I adopted this elder one; I've brought him up from childhood; I've regarded him as my own, and loved him accordingly. That's what I take delight in; that's the one thing that's dear to me. I do my best to make him feel the same towards me: I give him things; I overlook things; I don't feel the need to exercise my authority all the time. Finally, when it comes to the things that other boys do behind their fathers' backs, the things that the young

are bound to get up to, I've got my son into the habit of not concealing them from me. A boy who sets about lying to his father or deceiving him, and who dares to behave like that, will be all the more likely to dare to deceive the rest of the world. I believe it's better to keep a hold on your children by inspiring respect and showing generosity than by means of fear.

My brother doesn't agree with me about this, and he doesn't like it. He often comes to me, shouting: 'What are you doing, Micio? 60 Why are you ruining our boy? Why's he having affairs? Why's he drinking? Why do you supply the money for these things, and treat him to all those clothes he doesn't need? You don't need to be so silly!' He doesn't need to be so harsh! He goes far beyond what's reasonable and right; and he goes badly astray, in my opinion at least, in believing that a command is weightier or more solid if it depends on force than if it's imposed by means of friendship. I reason as follows, and I'm convinced of this: if someone is forced by punishment into behaving as he should, he only watches his step for as long as he believes he'll be found out; if he's sure his 70 behaviour will be kept secret, he reverts to his true character. When you attach someone to yourself by kindness, he acts from the heart, he's keen to repay you in kind, and he'll be the same whether he's in your presence or not. This is the mark of a father, to get his son into the habit of acting rightly of his own accord rather than through fear of another; that's the difference between a father and a master. If a man can't do that, he should admit that he doesn't know how to rule over his children.

Sees DEMEA approaching from the right, walking with a stick, as he does throughout the play

But is this the very man I was talking about? Yes, it certainly is. I can see that he's upset about something; I suppose he's about to start a row as usual. (*To DEMEA*) Very good to see you, Demea! 80

DEMEA Ah! Good! You're just the man I'm looking for.

MICIO What are you upset about?

DEMEA Are you asking me, when we've got an Aeschinus? What am I upset about?!

MICIO (*to the audience*) Didn't I say this would happen? (*To DEMEA*) What has he done?

Demea What has he done?! There's nothing he's ashamed to do, and no one he's afraid of, and he doesn't think he's bound by any law! I won't mention what he's done previously: what about this latest achievement of his?

Micio What ever is that?

Demea He's broken a door down and forced his way into another man's house; he's beaten up the owner himself and his entire household to within an inch of their lives; he's stolen the woman he was in love with! Everyone is crying out that it was the most outrageous deed! So many people told me about it on my way here, Micio! It's on the lips of the entire population! In short, if he needs an example for comparison, can't he see how his brother devotes himself to work and stays on the farm, frugal and sober? He doesn't do anything like this! When I make these criticisms of him, Micio, I'm making them of you: you're the one who's allowing him to be corrupted!

Micio There's never anything more unjust than a man without experience, who thinks nothing's right except what he did himself.

Demea What are you getting at?

Micio Just that you misjudge these things, Demea. It isn't outrageous behaviour, believe me, for a young lad to go out with the girls or go drinking—it isn't! Nor to break doors down! If you and I didn't do it, it was our poverty that didn't allow us to. Are you now claiming credit for behaviour that resulted at the time from lack of money? That's wrong: if we'd had the means to do it, we'd have done it. And if you were a human being, you'd let that son of yours do it now, while he's the right age for it, rather than waiting till he's thrown your corpse out of doors—which is what he's waiting for—and doing it later in spite of being past it!

Demea My god, you drive me mad! It isn't outrageous for a young man to behave like that!?

Micio Please, listen: don't keep on battering me about this subject. You gave your son to me to adopt; that made him mine. If he does wrong, Demea, it's me he's answerable to; I bear the brunt of his behaviour. He splashes out on dinners, he goes drinking, he smells of perfume: it's my money he's spending! He's having an affair: I'll give him the cash as long as it suits me—when it doesn't, perhaps she'll shut him out! He's broken a door down: I'll see that

it's mended. He's torn someone's clothes: I'll have them stitched up again. And I thank heaven that I have the means to pay for these things, and so far they don't cause me any worries. In short, either shut up or produce anyone you like to decide between us:^{*} I'll show that you're the one who's the more mistaken on this subject.

DEMEA Oh dear! Learn how to be a father from those who really know!

MICIO You're his natural father; I'm the one who plans his upbringing.

DEMEA Plans? You?!

MICIO Look, if you're going on about it, I'll be off!

DEMEA Is that how you behave?

MICIO Have I got to hear about the same subject again and again?

DEMEA I care about him!

MICIO And I care about him too. But let's each care for his own fair share, Demea: you for the one, me similarly for the other. To care for both of them almost amounts to demanding back the one you gave me.

DEMEA Oh, Micio!

MICIO That's my view of the matter.

DEMEA (*giving in, but not calming down*) All right, then: if that's how you want it, let him pour the cash away, let him ruin, let him be ruined! It's nothing to do with me! Now if one single word after this—

MICIO (*interrupting*) Are you getting angry again, Demea?

DEMEA (*in some confusion*) Don't you believe me? Am I asking you to return the one I gave you? It's difficult: I'm not unrelated to him. If I interfere—all right, I'll shut up. You want me to care for one of them; I do so. And I thank heaven that he is as I want him to be. That one of yours will realize later himself—I don't want to say anything too harsh against him! (*Exit left, leaving MICIO alone on stage*)

MICIO There's something to what he says, but it isn't the whole story. Still, this does rather worry me—but I didn't want to show him that I was upset. This is what the man's like: when I'm trying to quieten him down, I do my best to oppose him and discourage him, but still his reaction is scarcely that of a human being. But if I were to reinforce his anger, or even joined in with it, I'd clearly be

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as mad as he is! All the same, Aeschinus does us no small wrong in this matter: is there a tart hereabouts that he hasn't had an affair with? Is there one he hasn't given something to? Finally, just the other day—I suppose he was getting sick at last of the lot of them—he said he wanted to marry. I was hopeful that his youth had finally simmered down; I was pleased. But now look: he's at it again! Still, whatever's up, I want to find out, and meet him, if he's in the main square. (*Exit right. After a short pause (long enough to make it plausible that MICIO has not bumped into the new arrivals on leaving the stage), AESCHINUS runs in from the same direction, bringing a prostitute with him and accompanied by PARMENO, DROMO, STEPHANIO, and STORAX; SANNIO follows hard on their heels, appealing to the general public for help*)

SANNIO Help, citizens! I'm an innocent victim: give me your support! Help a helpless man! (*They all come to a standstill outside MICIO's house*)

AESCHINUS (*to the prostitute*) Steady on! Just stand right here now! What are you looking round for? There's no danger: as long as I'm here, he'll never touch you!

SANNIO Yes I will, whatever anyone says!

AESCHINUS He's a scoundrel, but he certainly won't ever do anything to earn himself a second beating!

SANNIO Aeschinus, listen here; I don't want you to say you didn't 160 realize what I was like. I'm a pimp!

AESCHINUS I know!

SANNIO Yes, but one you can really count on, as much as any there's ever been. As for you clearing yourself later by apologizing for the wrong you've done me,* I won't take *that* much notice of it (*makes a rude gesture*)! Take it from me, I'm going to insist on getting what I'm entitled to! And you won't ever make up with words for the damage you've done me with your behaviour! I know the sort of thing you people say: 'I apologize! I'll admit on oath that you should never have been wronged like that!'*—But *I have* been treated the way I shouldn't have been!

AESCHINUS (*to the girl, ignoring SANNIO*) Go ahead! Hurry, and open the door! (*She moves towards the door*)

SANNIO And aren't you taking any notice of what I said?

AESCHINUS (*to the girl*) Go inside now! (*She hesitates, as SANNIO moves to prevent her*)

SANNIO I certainly won't let her!

AESCHINUS (*intervening, and calling to PARMENO*) Over there towards him, Parmeno! You've gone too much over to that side! Stand here next to him! (*PARMENO obeys*)

Yes, that's where I want you. Now make sure you don't take your eyes off mine the slightest bit! I don't want any hesitation: if I nod, 170 stick your fist straight on his jaw!

SANNIO I'd just like to give that a try! (*Moves towards the girl*)

AESCHINUS (*to PARMENO*) Hey, look out!

PARMENO (*hitting SANNIO*) Let go of the woman!

SANNIO Ow! You shouldn't have done that!

AESCHINUS He'll do it again, if you don't watch out! (*PARMENO hits SANNIO again*)

SANNIO Ouch! Help me!

AESCHINUS (*to PARMENO*) I hadn't nodded; but do err in that direction all the same! (*To the girl*) Off you go now! (*She goes indoors, together with PARMENO, DROMO, STEPHANIO, and STORAX*)

SANNIO What's going on here? Are you the king of this place, Aeschinus?

AESCHINUS If I was, you'd have been given the decorations your excellent qualities deserve!

SANNIO What have you got to do with me?

AESCHINUS Nothing.

SANNIO Well, do you know what I'm like?

AESCHINUS I don't feel the need.

SANNIO Have I laid a finger on anything of yours?

AESCHINUS If you had done, you wouldn't like the consequences!

SANNIO How can it be any more right for *you* to have *my* girl, one I've paid money for? Answer me that!

AESCHINUS You'll find it better not to make a scene here in front 180 of the house: if you carry on being a nuisance, you'll be taken straight off indoors, and there you'll be done over with whips to within an inch of your life!

SANNIO Whips?! When I'm free-born?!

AESCHINUS That's what'll happen!

SANNIO What a foul man! Is this where they say all free men are given equal treatment?

AESCHINUS If you've quite had your fill of ranting, pimp, please listen here now!

SANNIO Am I the one who's been ranting, or have you been ranting against me?

AESCHINUS Drop that, and get back to the point!

SANNIO What point? What must I get back to?

AESCHINUS Do you want me to tell you about your interests now?

SANNIO I certainly do, as long as you say something fair.

AESCHINUS Really! The pimp doesn't want me to say anything unfair!

SANNIO I'm a pimp, I admit it, the universal destruction of young men, a double-crossing disaster for them! All the same, I haven't caused *you* any wrong!

AESCHINUS That's the one thing that's still to come, of course!

190 SANNIO Please get back to what you'd started to say, Aeschinus!

AESCHINUS You bought this girl for twenty minas,* and much good may it do you! You'll be paid that sum of money.

SANNIO What if I don't want to sell her to you? Will you force me?

AESCHINUS Of course not.

SANNIO That's what I was afraid of. (*SANNIO is relieved, but AESCHINUS has a surprise for him*)

AESCHINUS And I don't think she should be put on sale, because she's of free birth: I hereby formally declare her to be free-born!* Now consider which you want, to take the money or to get up your case. Think about it till I come back, pimp! (*Goes into his house, leaving SANNIO alone on stage*)

SANNIO Great god almighty, I'm not the least bit surprised at people who begin to go mad after being wronged! He dragged me out of my house and beat me up; he took my girl without my consent; he smashed more than five hundred punches into me—

200 yes, *me*, damn it! In return for these unkindnesses he demands that she be handed over to him at cost price!* Still, since he *has* been a good client, I might as well agree: he's only demanding what he's entitled to! Come on, then, that's what I *want*, if only he does refund the money! (*Losing confidence again*) But this is what

I foresee happening: when I've said I'm handing her over for so much, he'll immediately produce people to witness that I've sold her; as for the money—that's just a dream! 'Later! Come back tomorrow!'—I can even put up with him saying *that*, if only he does refund me. It's wrong, but all the same I see how things stand: when you've begun in this trade, you have to put up with wrong-doing from young men, and shut up about it.—But no one's going to pay; I'm wasting my own time in doing these calculations!

SYRUS comes out of Micio's house, talking back to
AESCHINUS through the doorway

SYRUS Quiet! I'll meet him myself now. I'll see that he accepts it with pleasure, and even says that he's been treated well! (*Closes the door behind him and turns to Sannio*)

What's this, Sannio? I hear you've quarrelled about something 210 with my master!

SANNIO I've never seen a contest more unfairly matched than this one between us was today: I took the beating, he gave it out—we were both quite exhausted!

SYRUS It was your fault!

SANNIO What should I have done?

SYRUS You ought to have been obliging to the young man.

SANNIO How could I have been more obliging? I only made my face his punch-bag, didn't I?

SYRUS Come on, you know what I mean! In the right circumstances, if you don't bother about money, that sometimes makes you the biggest profit. What? Were you afraid that if you retreated a little bit for now from what you're entitled to, and showed yourself obliging to the young man, that wouldn't pay you a good dividend? You're the biggest fool alive!

SANNIO I don't pay good money to buy hope!

SYRUS You'll never make a profit. Get away with you! You don't know how to bait a trap for people, Sannio! 220

SANNIO I can believe your way's better; but I've never been so clever that I didn't prefer to take what I could straight away.

SYRUS Come on, I know how your mind's working: as if the twenty minas were really of any interest to you, as long as you can please him! Besides, they say you're going on a trip to Cyprus.*

SANNIO (*horrified that this is known*) What?!

SYRUS They say you've bought a lot of goods here to take over there, and hired a boat. I know your mind's set on that. When you return from there, however, as I'm sure you will, you'll deal with this business.

SANNIO I'm not moving an inch! (*Aside*) Damn, I've had it! That's what they were hoping for when they started on this!

SYRUS (*aside*) That's frightened him; I've touched a nerve there!

SANNIO (*continuing aside*) What a crook! Look at how he's caught me at the very worst moment! I've bought several women,

230 and other goods too that I'm exporting from here to Cyprus; if I don't go to the market there, I'll lose heavily. But if I abandon this matter now, I'll be trying to reopen a case that's been settled when I return from there—there's no hope; the business will have gone cold: 'You've come at last, have you? Why did you allow it? Where were you?' So it'll be better to cut my losses than to stay here for such a long time now or follow it up later!

SYRUS Have you finished adding up what you can reckon your return's going to be?

SANNIO Is this the way for him to behave? Is this what Aeschinus gets up to—thinking he can take her from me by hassling me?

240 SYRUS (*aside*) He's tottering! (*To SANNIO*) I've got this one suggestion; see if it's good enough for you: rather than risking whether you keep the whole sum or lose it, Sannio, split the difference! He'll scrape together ten minas from somewhere!

SANNIO Oh no! Can't I even be certain of recovering my outlay any more, damn it? Is he completely shameless? He's knocked all my teeth about, and my head's just one big bump besides from his punches; is he even going to cheat me on top of that? I'm not going anywhere!

SYRUS As you like! Nothing you want, is there? Shall I go? (*Makes as if to go back indoors; SANNIO hastily calls him back*)

250 SANNIO Yes, there is: *please*, Syrus! Never mind what he's done: I don't want to take it to court. At least let me be refunded my money, the amount I paid for her, Syrus! I know you haven't used me as a friend before: you'll find I don't forget; I'll show my gratitude!

SYRUS I'll do my best. (*CTESIPHON comes into view from the left*)

But I can see Ctesiphon; he's glad about his girlfriend!

SANNIO What about my request?

SYRUS Hang on just a bit!

CTESIPHON (*to himself, not seeing SANNIO and SYRUS*) You'd be glad to have a favour done for you by anyone, when you need it; but it really is a positive pleasure if the man who does you the favour is the one who ought to. Oh my brother, my brother, how can I praise you now? I know for an absolute fact that however extravagantly I put it I shall never say anything to match your merit! So I think I've got this one special possession, more so than anyone else: no one on earth has a brother who's more outstanding for his exceptional talents!

SYRUS Hello, Ctesiphon!

CTESIPHON Hello, Syrus! Where's Aeschinus?

SYRUS He's here, waiting for you at home.

CTESIPHON (*surprised and delighted*) What?

260

SYRUS What is it?

CTESIPHON What do you think? It's thanks to him, Syrus, that I'm alive now! What an amazing man! He thought he should put everything second to my interests: he's taken on himself criticism, notoriety, trouble, and wrongdoing that were my business! He couldn't have done more! (*Hears the sound of Micio's door opening as AESCHINUS comes out, followed by DROMO and STEPHANIO, who remain in the background*)

What ever did the door make that noise for?*

SYRUS Hang on, hang on! He's coming out of doors himself!

AESCHINUS (*looking round for SANNIO*) Where's that godless man?

SANNIO (*aside*) It's me he's looking for! He isn't bringing anything out, is he? Damn! I can't see anything!

AESCHINUS (*catching sight of CTESIPHON*) Ah! Good! You're just the man I'm looking for. How's things, Ctesiphon? Everything's quite safe: do stop being so miserable!

CTESIPHON I do indeed stop it, since I have you as my brother! Oh my dear Aeschinus, oh my own true brother! Ah!—I daren't praise you more fully right to your face, in case you think I'm doing it to flatter you and not because I'm really grateful!

270

AESCHINUS Come on, silly! As if we didn't know one another by now, Ctesiphon! What upsets me is that we were almost too late in finding out, and things nearly got to such a state that even if everyone wanted to help you they wouldn't be able to!

CTESIPHO I was ashamed.

AESCHINUS But that's stupidity, not shame! Almost running away from home for such a trivial thing! It doesn't bear talking of! Heaven forbid it, say I!

CTESIPHO Sorry!

AESCHINUS (*turning to SYRUS*) What's Sannio got to say to us now?

SYRUS He's been softened up!

AESCHINUS I'll go to the main square to pay him off; you go indoors to her, Ctesiphon. (*Prepares to move off right, beckoning to SANNIO, SYRUS, DROMO, and STEPHANIO to follow him*)

SANNIO (*to SYRUS, aside, still anxious about how much he will be paid*) Syrus, insist on it!

SYRUS (*aloud, to tease SANNIO*) Let's go: this man's in a hurry to get to Cyprus!

SANNIO Not as much as you'd like! I'm still around here, with time to spare!

SYRUS You'll be refunded: stop worrying!

SANNIO But he must refund me in full!

SYRUS He'll refund you in full; just shut up and follow this way!

280 SANNIO All right. (*AESCHINUS, SYRUS, DROMO, STEPHANIO, and SANNIO head off right*)

CTESIPHO (*calling after them*) Hey! Hey, Syrus! (*SYRUS turns back; the others continue off stage*)

SYRUS Yes, what is it?

CTESIPHO Please, I beg you, pay off that foul, foul man as soon as you can! Otherwise, if he gets angrier, this might leak out to my dad somehow—and then I'll have had it for ever!

SYRUS That won't happen: cheer up! Meanwhile, you enjoy yourself with her indoors, and tell them to spread the couches for us* and get everything else ready; when this business has been settled, I'll report back home at once with the food.

CTESIPHO Yes, please do! Now this has gone off so well, let's spend today having a party! (*Goes into Micio's house, while SANNIO*

goes off right. After a short pause, SOSTRATA and CANTHARA come out of their house; SOSTRATA is in a state of some anxiety, CANTHARA gradually calms her down)

SOSTRATA Help, my dear nanny, what's going to happen now?

CANTHARA What's going to happen? What a question! It'll turn out quite all right, I'm sure! The pains are only just beginning now, my dear; are you afraid already, as if you'd never been present at a birth, never had a baby yourself?

290

SOSTRATA Oh dear, I haven't got anyone; we're on our own, and Geta isn't here; there's no one for me to send to the midwife, or to go and fetch Aeschinus.

CANTHARA Well, *he'll* certainly be here before long. He never lets a single day go by without coming—he always comes!

SOSTRATA He is the only cure for my misery.

CANTHARA Given what's happened, things couldn't have turned out better than they have, madam, seeing that a rape was committed against her—above all as far as he's concerned, being the sort of man he is, from such a family and with such a character, born in such a great household!

SOSTRATA He is exactly as you say. I pray to heaven to keep him safe for us!

GETA runs in from the right,* not noticing the two women

GETA Now is the hour when, if everyone put all their plans together and tried to find a cure for this trouble, they'd bring no 300 help! It affects me, my mistress, and my mistress's daughter! Oh no! This is terrible! So many things suddenly blockade us, and there's no way out: violence, poverty, injustice, desertion, disgrace! What an age! What crimes, what godless generations, what an irreligious man!

SOSTRATA (aside) Oh dear, what's this? This is Geta; why ever is he in such a flap, and such a hurry?

GETA Neither his promise nor his oath nor pity restrained him or reined him in, nor the fact that she was on the point of giving birth—the wretched, innocent girl he'd assaulted and raped!

SOSTRATA (aside) I can't quite follow what he's saying!

CANTHARA (to SOSTRATA, aside) Please let's go up closer to him, Sostrata! (They move a little closer to GETA, towards the right of the stage, but he still does not notice them)

310 GETA Oh, I'm desperate, I'm almost out of my mind, I'm burning with anger! There's nothing I'd rather do than meet that entire household and throw up all this anger of mine over them while this sickness is fresh! I'd be happy with that as their punishment if I could just get my own back on them! First I'd extinguish the life of the old man himself who brought up that villain; and then as for Syrus, who gave him the idea, aah how I'd tear him apart! First I'd take him by his middle and lift him into the air; and I'd set him head first on the ground and scatter his brains all over the street! The boy himself? I'd tear his eyes out, and then drive him headlong! As for the rest, I'd knock them down, chase them, seize them, beat them up, and lay them flat!—But I'd better get a move on and break this disastrous news to my mistress at once! (*Heads towards SOSTRATA's house*)

320 SOSTRATA Let's call him back: Geta!

GETA (*not looking round*) What? Whoever you are, leave me alone!

SOSTRATA I'm Sostrata!

GETA (*turning round*) Where is she? You're just the person I want:

I'm looking for you! Our meeting couldn't have been better timed!

Madam—(*He suddenly seems short of breath and unable to complete his sentence*)

SOSTRATA What is it? What are you so jittery about? (GETA groans)

CANTHARA What's the hurry, my dear Geta? Get your breath back!

GETA We've utterly—

SOSTRATA Well, what do you mean by 'utterly'?

GETA —had it! We're done for!

SOSTRATA Tell me what's the matter—*please!*

GETA Now—

SOSTRATA What's this 'now', Geta?

GETA —Aeschinus—

SOSTRATA Well, what about him?

GETA —has turned his back on our household!

SOSTRATA What?! I've had it! Why?

GETA He's fallen in love with another girl!

SOSTRATA Oh no! This is terrible!

GETA He makes no secret about it, either: he stole her himself from her pimp, quite openly!

SOSTRATA Is this absolutely certain?

GETA Absolutely: I saw it myself with my own eyes, Sostrata!
SOSTRATA Oh no, no! What can you believe now? Who can you believe? Our Aeschinus, the light of all our lives, the man in whom 330 all our hopes were placed? The man we depended on? The one who swore he would never live a single day without her? The one who said he would put the baby in his father's lap and so beg his father to allow him to marry her?

GETA Madam, stop crying; you'd do better to look to the future and think what we ought to do about this: should we put up with it, or should we tell someone?

CANTHARA Really! Honestly! My dear fellow, have you gone mad? Do you think this should be made public?

GETA No, I don't. For a start, his own behaviour shows that he's turned his back on us. If we make it public now, he'll deny it, that's for sure; your reputation and your daughter's life will be put at risk. And even if he admits it, given that he's in love with another 340 woman, it's not in her interest to marry him. So it must be kept quiet at all costs!

SOSTRATA No, absolutely not! I won't!

GETA What will you do?

SOSTRATA I'll make it public!

CANTHARA What? My dear Sostrata, be careful!

SOSTRATA Things couldn't possibly be in a worse position than the one they're in now. First, she hasn't got a dowry. What's more, she's lost what was next best thing to a dowry: she can't be given in marriage as a virgin. This is what's left to us: if he denies it, I have the ring that he lost* as my witness. In short, since I'm well aware that I'm not in any way to blame for this, and that no money has passed between us, or anything else that would reflect badly on her or me, I'll go to court, Geta!

GETA All right; I give in: your plan's better!

SOSTRATA You, as quick as you can, go and tell the whole story in 350 detail to Hegio, her relative. He was my dear Simulus' best friend* and was on very good terms with us.

GETA Yes, there's no chance that anyone else will look after us!

(Exit left)

SOSTRATA You, Canthara dear, go quickly; run and fetch the midwife, so that she doesn't keep us waiting when we need her!

(CANTHARA goes off right; SOSTRATA goes back into her house.
After a short pause, DEMEA reappears from the left)

DEMEA This is terrible! I've heard that my son Ctesipho was in on the theft as well as Aeschinus! That's the one disaster left for me, damn it, if he can take even a boy who's good for something and lead him into wicked ways! Where shall I look for him? I should think he's been taken off to some low dive! That foul man persuaded him, that's for sure! (SYRUS comes into view from the right, accompanied by DROMO and STEPHANIO, who are carrying the food they have just bought)

But here's Syrus coming, I see; I'll find out from him now where he is.—But he's from their gang, of course: if he realizes I'm looking for him, he'll never tell me, the villain! I won't show him that's what I want.

SYRUS (*to the world at large, not seeing DEMEA*) We've just told the old man in detail how the whole thing stood; I've never seen a creature look happier!

DEMEA (*aside*) My god, the man's out of his mind!

SYRUS He praised his son, and he thanked me for suggesting the idea.

DEMEA I'm bursting!

SYRUS He paid up the money on the spot. What's more, he gave us 370 half a mina to spend on ourselves; that's been laid out on just what we wanted!

DEMEA There you are! That's the man to entrust something to if you want it properly seen to!

SYRUS (*suddenly noticing him*) Ah, Demea! I hadn't seen you! How's things?

DEMEA How's things?! I can't tell you how astonished I am at the way you people choose to behave!

SYRUS Yes, it is silly, to be honest with you, and absurd! (*Turns to give instructions to DROMO*) Clean up the rest of the fish, Dromo; let that enormous eel swim around in the water for now. When I come in, we'll fillet it—but not before! (*Sends DROMO in to MICIO's house*)

DEMEA Disgraceful behaviour!

SYRUS (*to DEMEA*) I certainly don't like it, and I'm often shouting about it. (*To STEPHANIO*) See that those salt fish are left to soak nicely, Stephanio! (*Sends STEPHANIO indoors*)

DEMEA Ye gods, does he think it's his job, or does he think it'll count to his credit, if he ruins his son? Oh no! This is terrible! I think I can already see the day when he goes broke and runs off somewhere to serve as a soldier!

SYRUS Oh Demea, what a wise man you are, to be able to see not only what's right in front of your feet but even what's going to happen in advance!

DEMEA But what about that lyre-player?^{*} Is she in your house now?

SYRUS Yes, there she is inside.

DEMEA Look here, is he going to keep her at home?

SYRUS I believe so. Crazy, isn't it?

DEMEA Can it be true?

SYRUS It's this absurd mildness of his father's: he's so perversely 390 obliging!

DEMEA I'm quite ashamed and upset at my brother!

SYRUS There's a great difference between you, Demea—I'm not saying this because I'm in your presence—an enormous difference! You are the personification of wisdom, every inch of you; he's asleep on his feet! I mean to say, would you allow that son of yours to behave like this?

DEMEA Allow him to? Wouldn't I have got a sniff of it six whole months before he began to do anything?

SYRUS You don't need to tell me how alert you are!

DEMEA I just pray that he'll stay as he is now!

SYRUS Sons are always exactly as their fathers want them!

DEMEA By the way, have you seen him today?

SYRUS Your son? (*Aside*) I'll drive him off to the farm! (*To 400*

DEMEA) I think he's been doing something on the farm for some time.

DEMEA Do you know for a fact that he's there?

SYRUS Of course! I went part of the way with him myself.

DEMEA That's excellent! I was afraid he might be sticking around here.

SYRUS And he was very angry.

DEMEA Why was that?

SYRUS He went up to his brother in the main square and started a row about that lyre-player.

DEMEA Did he just?

SYRUS Really! He wouldn't shut up! Just as the money was being counted out, the fellow turns up out of the blue and starts shouting: 'Aeschinus, to think that you can behave so disgracefully! To think that you can do things so unworthy of our family!'

DEMEA Oh, I weep for joy!

410 SYRUS 'It's not this money that you're wasting, but your life!'

DEMEA Heaven preserve him! He's a chip off the old block!

SYRUS You bet!

DEMEA Syrus, he's full of tags like that!

SYRUS I'll say! He had a teacher at home to learn them from!

DEMEA I take trouble over it: I don't overlook anything; I get him into the habit. In fact I tell him to look into everyone's lives, as if into a mirror, and to learn from the example of others: 'Do this!'

SYRUS Quite right!

DEMEA 'Don't do that!'

SYRUS Clever!

DEMEA 'This is praiseworthy.'

SYRUS Just the thing!

DEMEA 'This is blameworthy.'

SYRUS Excellent!

DEMEA Furthermore—

SYRUS (*interrupting*) Look, I really haven't got time to listen now.

420 I've got the fish I wanted; I must make sure nothing goes wrong with them. That's just as disgraceful for us, Demea, as it is for you not to do as you were just saying; and to the best of my ability I give instructions to my fellow slaves just like the instructions you give: 'This is over-salted; this is burnt; this one hasn't been properly washed. That one's right: remember to do it like that next time.' I take trouble to teach them as well as my wits allow. In fact I tell them to look into the dishes, Demea, as if into a mirror, and I teach them what needs to be done. I realize our behaviour is silly, but what can one do? You have to take a man as you find him. Nothing you want, is there? (*Starts to head indoors but is detained by Demea's reply*)

DEMEA Yes, for you people to come to your senses!

SYRUS Are you heading off to the farm?

DEMEA Directly.

SYRUS Yes, what can you achieve here? If you give good instructions, no one takes any notice! (*Goes indoors, leaving DEMEA alone on stage*)

DEMEA I certainly shall head off, since the person I came here for has gone to the farm. He's the one I care for, he's my concern; since that's what my brother wants, he can see to the other one himself! (*Sees HEGIO and GETA in the distance, approaching from the left*) But who's that I see in the distance? Is it Hegio, from our tribe?* Yes, it is, if my eyes don't deceive me. Excellent! He's been a friend of mine ever since we were children. Heaven knows, there really is 440 a great shortage of citizens of his stamp nowadays: he's a good man, one you can trust, the way men used to be. He wouldn't be in a hurry to cause the state any trouble! I'm so pleased when I see that there are still men like him left. Yes, even now it's a pleasure to be alive! I'll wait for him here, so that I can say hello and have a chat with him. (*HEGIO and GETA now reach the stage, not seeing DEMEA*)

HEGIO Heavens above, what outrageous behaviour, Geta! What a story!

GETA That's what has happened.

HEGIO Such a mean act to be committed by a member of that family! Aeschinus, I swear you're not your father's son! 450

DEMEA (*aside*) He's obviously heard about that lyre-player.* He's upset about it, though he's nothing to do with the family, and the boy's father couldn't care less! Oh dear! If only he was around here somewhere and could hear this!

HEGIO (*still not noticing DEMEA*) If they don't do the right thing, they won't get away with it like this!

GETA All our hope rests in you, Hegio: you are the only help we have, you're our protector, you're like a father to us. The old man entrusted us to you on his deathbed; if you abandon us, we've had it!

HEGIO Don't say such a thing! I won't do that, and I don't think it would be right.

DEMEA I'll go up to him. (*Does so*) A very warm welcome, Hegio! 460

HEGIO Ah, you're the very man I wanted to see. Hello, Demea.

DEMEA What's up?

HEGIO Your elder son Aeschinus, the one you gave to your brother to adopt, has not behaved as a proper gentleman should!

DEMEA What do you mean?

HEGIO You know our friend and contemporary Simulus?

DEMEA Of course.

HEGIO He has raped his young daughter.

DEMEA What!

HEGIO Hang on! You haven't heard the most serious part yet, Demea.

DEMEA Is there anything worse than that?

HEGIO Worse indeed. At least you can tolerate that, one way or
470 another: he was led on by the night, by passion, by wine, by youthful spirits; it's only human.* When he realized what he'd done, he went to the girl's mother entirely on his own initiative: he wept, he begged, he implored her; he gave his word, he swore he'd marry her. They forgave him; they kept it quiet; they trusted him. As a result of the rape, the girl became pregnant; that was nine months ago.*—And that fine fellow of ours, believe it or not, has got himself a lyre-player to live with and is abandoning the other one!

DEMEA Are you sure about that?

HEGIO The girl's mother is available for questioning, and the girl herself; and the facts speak for themselves. What's more, there's
480 Geta here: as slaves go, he's not bad, and he's competent. He feeds them; he maintains the entire household on his own. Take him, tie him up, interrogate him.

GETA Yes, and you can torture me if it isn't true,* Demea. Anyway, he won't deny it: produce him to face me in person.

DEMEA (*aside*) How embarrassing! I don't know what to do or what to reply to him.

PAMPHILA (*heard crying from inside her house*) I'm in agony! I can't stand the pain! Juno, goddess of childbirth, help me, save me, please!*

HEGIO What, that isn't her giving birth, is it?

GETA It certainly is, Hegio.

HEGIO There, she's appealing to the honour of your family now,
490 Demea: grant her of your own free will what the laws force you to do. First of all I pray to the gods that you will deal with this as you should. But if you have other ideas, I, Demea, shall defend this girl

and her late father with all my strength. He was a relative of mine: we were brought up together from our earliest childhood; we always were together in war and in peace; we survived harsh poverty together. That's why I'll make every effort: I'll act for her, I'll go to law, I'll even give up my life rather than abandon those women.—What's your reply to that?

DEMEA (*lamely*) I'll go to meet my brother, Hegio. [Whatever advice he gives me about all this, I'll follow it.]*

HEGIO But see that you reflect on this, Demea: people like you 500 have a very easy life, and you're particularly powerful, wealthy, lucky, and well born; so it's particularly important that you should give fair recognition to fair dealing, if you want to be regarded as honest men.

DEMEA Come back later: everything that should be done will be done.

HEGIO That's how you ought to act. Geta, take me indoors to Sostrata. (HEGIO and GETA go into SOSTRATA's house, leaving DEMEA alone on stage)

DEMEA I said this would happen! I only wish this could be the end of it. But that extreme permissiveness of his is bound to lead to some awful disaster. I'll go and find my brother and throw this lot up over him! (Exit right, not to the farm as he had been planning. 510 After a brief pause, HEGIO reappears from SOSTRATA's house, talking back to her through the doorway)

HEGIO Keep your spirits up, Sostrata, and cheer her up as best you can. I'll go to meet Micio, if he's in the main square, and I'll tell him what's happened in detail. If it's the case that he's going to do his duty, let him do it. But if he has other ideas about this affair, let him give me his answer, so that I can know as soon as possible what I'm to do. (Exit right. CTESIPHO and SYRUS come out of MICIO's house)

CTESIPHO You say my dad's gone off to the country?

SYRUS Long ago.

CTESIPHO Say more, please!

SYRUS He's on the farm. At this very moment he's working on some job, I imagine.

CTESIPHO I only hope he is! As long as he doesn't do himself any harm, I'd like him to have tired himself out so much that he couldn't get out of bed for absolutely the whole of the next three days! 520

SYRUS Amen to that—or better than that, if at all possible!

CTESIPHO I agree: I'm absolutely desperate to spend the whole of today enjoying myself, the way I've begun! And I really hate that farm of ours, just because it's close to town—that's the only reason: if it was further away, he'd have been overtaken by nightfall there before he could come back here again. As it is, when he doesn't see me there, he'll hurry straight back here, that's for sure. He'll ask me where I've been: 'I haven't seen you for the whole of today.' What shall I say?

SYRUS Doesn't anything occur to you?

CTESIPHO Nothing at all.

SYRUS So much the worse for you! Doesn't your family have any dependants, or friends, or regular guests?

CTESIPHO It does. So what?

SYRUS Can't you say you were giving them some help?

CTESIPHO When I wasn't? It can't be done.

SYRUS Yes it can.

530

CTESIPHO During the day, yes. But if I spend the night here, what reason can I give, Syrus?

SYRUS Well, if only it was the custom to give help to one's friends at night too! But don't worry about it: I'm quite an expert on his feelings. When he's up to boiling point, I make him as gentle as a lamb.

CTESIPHO How?

SYRUS He loves to hear you being praised. I make you seem a god in his eyes: I tell him of your excellent qualities.

CTESIPHO My excellent qualities?

SYRUS Yours. Tears of joy immediately roll down his cheeks, as if he were a child. (*Sees DEMEA approaching from the right*)

But look out!

CTESIPHO What's up?

SYRUS Talk of the devil!*

CTESIPHO Is it my dad?

SYRUS In person.

CTESIPHO Syrus, what are we going to do?

SYRUS Just run along inside; I'll see to it.

CTESIPHO (*moving back towards MICIO's house*) If he asks, you haven't seen me anywhere, OK?

SYRUS Do shut up! (*CTESIPHO lurks near the door of the house.*)

DEMEA reaches the stage but does not see SYRUS or CTESIPHO)

DEMEA I am indeed an unlucky man! First of all, I can't find my
540 brother anywhere in the world; and furthermore, while I was looking for him, I saw a hired hand from the farm: he says my son isn't in the country. I don't know what to do!

CTESIPHO (*whispering*) Syrus!

SYRUS (*whispering*) What is it?

CTESIPHO Is he looking for me?

SYRUS Yes.

CTESIPHO I'm done for!

SYRUS Just stop worrying!

DEMEA Damn it, what's the meaning of all this bad luck? I just can't make it out, except that I believe I was fated at birth to put up with misery. I'm the first to hear of our troubles, the first to get to know of everything, and, what's more, the first to bring the news—and I'm the only one who gets upset if something happens!

SYRUS (*aside*) He makes me laugh! He says he's the first to know; in fact he's the only one who doesn't know anything at all!

DEMEA Now I've come back, to see if my brother happens to have returned home.

CTESIPHO Syrus, please, see that he doesn't rush straight in here!

550 SYRUS Will you shut up? I'll take care of that.

CTESIPHO Well, I certainly won't just leave it in your hands: I'm going to shut myself away with her in some back room right away—that's the safest thing.

SYRUS Go on, then, but I'll still get rid of him. (*CTESIPHO goes into the house, just in time to avoid being seen by DEMEA*)

DEMEA But there's that scoundrel Syrus!

SYRUS (*pretending to come out of the house, talking to himself*) Well, no one can stand it here at all, if this is the way it goes! What I want to know is how many masters I've got! What a misery my life is!

DEMEA What's he yapping about? What does he mean? (*To SYRUS*) I say, my good fellow, is my brother at home?

SYRUS What the hell do you mean by 'my good fellow'? I'm done for!

DEMEA What's the matter?

SYRUS Are you asking? Ctesiphon beat me up, damn it, and that lyre-player: he literally killed us!

DEMEA What? What's that you say?

SYRUS Look: he's cut my lip!

DEMEA Why?

SYRUS He said it was my idea to buy her.

DEMEA Didn't you say just now that you'd seen him off on his way

560 to the farm?

SYRUS And so I had. But then he came back, raving! He showed no mercy: he wasn't ashamed to beat up an old man! Why, it isn't long since he was a little boy just *so* high and I carried him in my arms!

DEMEA Good! Ctesiphon, you're your father's son! Yes indeed, I reckon you're a man!

SYRUS 'Good', do you say? He'll keep his hands to himself from now on, if he's got any sense!

DEMEA Bravely done!

SYRUS Extremely! He beat a wretched woman and me, a poor slave who didn't dare to hit him back! Oh yes, very bravely!

DEMEA He couldn't have done better: just like me, he can see that you're the brains behind this affair. But is my brother at home?

SYRUS No.

DEMEA I wonder where I can find him.

SYRUS I know where he is, but I'm certainly not going to tell you.

DEMEA What? What's that you say?

570 SYRUS That's how it is.

DEMEA (*raising his stick*) Well, you'll have your brain smashed in right away!

SYRUS I just don't know the name of the man; but I do know where the place is.

DEMEA Tell me the place, then.

SYRUS Do you know that arcade down by the market?

DEMEA Of course I do.

SYRUS Go uphill past it, straight along the road. When you get to the top, there's a slope downwards: hurl yourself down that. Next, there's a little shrine on this side, and there's an alleyway thereabouts.

DEMEA Which one?

SYRUS There where there's also a big fig-tree.

DEMEA I know it.

SYRUS Go down that one.

DEMEA But you can't get through that alleyway!

SYRUS You're absolutely right! Really! Can you believe I'm a human being? I made a mistake: go back to the arcade; yes, you'll get there much more directly this way, and there isn't so far to walk. Do you know the house of wealthy old Cratinus? 580

DEMEA I do.

SYRUS When you've passed that, go left straight along that road; when you come to the temple of Diana, go to the right. Before you reach the gate, just by the pond, there's a bakery, and a workshop opposite: that's where he is.

DEMEA What's he doing there?

SYRUS He's placed an order for some garden benches, with legs of holm-oak.

DEMEA For you people to sit on while you drink: very good indeed! But I'd better get on and head towards him. (*Exit right*)

SYRUS (*to Demea's departing back*) Yes, off you go! I'll keep you busy! It's what you jolly well deserve! Death on toast,* that's what you are! (*To the audience*) It's a bore Aeschinus is so late back: lunch is being spoiled. And Ctesipho's totally wrapped up in his love-life. I'm going to look after myself now: I'll go off and help myself to all the nicest dishes, one by one; and I'll spin the day out 590 little by little with sips from the wine-ladies! (*Exit to Micio's house, while Hegio enter from the right*)

MICIO I can't see any reason why I should be praised so much for this, Hegio. I'm doing my duty: a wrong has arisen from my house, and I'm putting it right. Or did you suppose I'm one of those men who think that *they* are being wronged if you complain of a wrong that they themselves have committed, and who go on the attack and accuse *you*? Just because I haven't done that, are you thanking me?

HEGIO No, not at all: I have never imagined you to be other than you are. But please come with me to the girl's mother, Micio, and tell her yourself exactly what you've told me, that this suspicion was all caused by his brother and that lyre-player. 600

MICIO If that's what you think right, or if that's what needs to be done, let's go.

HEGIO Good for you: she's wasting away with anguish and distress, and now you'll put her mind to rest—and you'll be doing

your duty too. But if you think otherwise, I'll tell her myself what you've told me.

MICIO No, I'll go.

HEGIO Good for you. When people aren't so well off, they're always more suspicious, somehow, and readier to take everything as an insult: because of the weakness of their own position, they always think they're under attack. So it's more likely to satisfy her if you clear things up in person.

MICIO That's both right and true.

HEGIO Follow me this way indoors, then.

MICIO Certainly. (*They both go into SOSTRATA's house. AESCHINUS enters from the right*)

610 AESCHINUS My mind's in torture: what a load of trouble to be piled up against me out of the blue! I don't know what to do with myself, or what to do next! My limbs are weak with fear, my mind's dull with terror: I'm incapable of holding to a firm plan. Oh, how am I to get myself out of this mess? So much suspicion has fallen on me now, and it's not undeserved: Sostrata thinks I bought this lyre-player for myself; that's what the old woman* told me. She'd been sent from here to the midwife, as it happened, and when I saw her I went straight up to her and asked how Pamphila was getting on: had her labour already begun? Was she fetching the midwife because of it? She shouted at me: 'Go away, go to hell, Aeschinus! You've fooled us long enough, your promises have taken us in enough already!' 'What? What on earth are you talking about?', I said. 'Goodbye! You can keep the one you're keen on!' I realized at once that that was what they suspected, but all the same I checked myself from saying anything about my brother to that old chatterbox and making the thing public knowledge.

620 Now what am I to do? Shall I tell them she's my brother's girlfriend? But it's absolutely essential that that doesn't get out. And never mind about that: it might still be possible to keep it a secret; what I'm afraid of is that they might not believe it. There are too many coincidences: I stole her myself, I paid the money over, she was taken off to my home. I must admit this is all my fault: I should have told my father about this affair, however bad it was; I should have persuaded him to let me marry her. So far I've just been putting it off: Aeschinus, it's time to wake up!

Now this is the first thing I must do: I'll go to the women to clear my name: I'll go up to the door.* (*Does so, but hesitates to knock*) Oh dear! I always start shaking when I begin to knock here, damn it! (*Finally starts knocking, and calling to those inside*) Hey! Hey! It's me, Aeschinus! Someone come and open the door quickly! (*The door starts to open*) Someone's coming out! I'll move over here. (*Withdraws to one side, as MICIO comes out of the house*)

MICIO (*speaking back into the house*) You do as I've said, Sostrata.

I'll go and find Aeschinus and let him know what we've arranged.—But who knocked at the door here? (*Looks around*)

AESCHINUS (*aside*) Oh god, it's my dad! I've had it!

MICIO (*catching sight of him*) Aeschinus!

AESCHINUS (*aside*) What's he up to here?

MICIO Did you strike this door?* (*Aside*) No reply. Why don't I tease him a little? That's a good idea; after all, he wasn't prepared to tell me about this himself. (*To AESCHINUS*) Aren't you going to 640 answer me?

AESCHINUS What, me? That door? Not as far as I know!

MICIO (*with mild irony*) Of course not; I did wonder what you could be up to here. (*Aside*) He's blushing.* all's well.

AESCHINUS Tell me, dad, please: what business do *you* have there?

MICIO None of my own. A friend brought me here from the main square just now to give him some support.

AESCHINUS Why?

MICIO I'll tell you. The people who live here are some poor women; I don't think you know them—in fact I'm sure you don't, because it's not long since they moved here.

AESCHINUS Well, what next?

MICIO They're a girl and her mother.

AESCHINUS Go on.

MICIO The girl doesn't have a father any more; this friend of mine is 650 her closest male relative, so according to the law she has to marry him.*

AESCHINUS I've had it!

MICIO What's the matter?

AESCHINUS Nothing.—Quite all right.—Go on.

MICIO He's come to take her away with him, because he lives at Miletus.*

AESCHINUS What! Take the girl away with him?

MICIO That's right.

AESCHINUS All the way to Miletus? Really?

MICIO Yes.

AESCHINUS I feel awful! What about the women? What do they say?

MICIO What do you expect them to say? Nothing, of course. The mother's made up some story about a baby boy being born from some other man, though she won't tell us his name: he came first, she says, so the girl shouldn't be married to my friend.

660 AESCHINUS Look here, don't you think that's right, then?

MICIO No.

AESCHINUS Really not? Is he going to take her away from here, dad?

MICIO Why shouldn't he take her?

AESCHINUS You've behaved harshly, and unfeelingly, and even—if I have to speak more frankly, dad—meanly!

MICIO Why?

AESCHINUS How can you ask? After all, how do you think the poor man who slept with her first is going to feel? The wretched fellow may well be desperately in love with her right now: how's he going to feel when he sees her snatched away from before his very eyes and removed from his sight? Outrageous behaviour, dad!

MICIO How do you make that out? Who's engaged her to him?

670 Who's given her? Who's she married, and when? Who's given his consent to all of this? Why's the man married a girl from outside his family?*

AESCHINUS Was a girl of her age supposed to sit at home waiting for a relative to turn up here from there? That's what you ought to have said, dad; that's the line you should have taken.

MICIO Ridiculous! Argued a case against the man I'd come to support? But what's all that got to do with us, Aeschinus? What have we to do with these people? Let's go! (*Makes as if to head for his house, but sees that AESCHINUS is crying*)

What's the matter? What are you crying for?

AESCHINUS Dad, please, listen to me!

MICIO (*finally dropping his pretence*) Aeschinus, I've heard the whole story; I know everything. I love you, and that's why I

680 particularly care about your behaviour.

AESCHINUS I hope I'll deserve your love as long as you live, dad, and I'm extremely upset that I've behaved so badly; I'm ashamed to stand before you.

MICIO I can well believe it: I know your open-hearted spirit. But I'm afraid you're just too thoughtless. After all, what city do you think you're living in? You raped a girl, when it was against the law for you to lay a finger on her.* That was your first wrong, and a great one, but at least it was understandable: you're only human; other people have done the same thing often enough, perfectly respectable people.* But after it had happened, tell me, did you consider at all? Did you look to your own future at all and ask yourself what was to be done, or how it was to be done? If you were ashamed to tell me yourself, how was I to find out? While you 690 dithered over this, nine months went by.* You've been treacherous to yourself, to the poor girl, and to your son—as treacherous as you could be. What? Did you think the gods would sort this out for you while you were asleep? Did you think she would be escorted home as a bride* to your bedroom without your having to lend a hand? I hope you won't take so little trouble over everything else! (*Pause, to mark the end of his lecture*) Cheer up: you can marry her!

AESCHINUS What?

MICIO Cheer up, I said.

AESCHINUS Dad, please, are you teasing me now?

MICIO Me, tease you? Why should I?

AESCHINUS I don't know: because I'm so desperately keen for this to be true, that makes me all the more afraid.

MICIO Go off home and pray to the gods that you'll be able to fetch your bride: off you go!

AESCHINUS What? My bride, now?

MICIO Now.

AESCHINUS Now?

MICIO Now, as soon as possible!

AESCHINUS May I be hated by all the gods, dad, if I don't love you 700 more than my own eyes!*

MICIO What? More than her?

AESCHINUS Just as much!

MICIO How very kind!

AESCHINUS But where's that man from Miletus?

MICIO Vanished—gone away—climbed on to his ship. But get a move on!

AESCHINUS You go home, dad; you be the one to pray to the gods: I know for a fact that they'll take more notice of you, because you're a much better man than me!

MICIO I'll go in to see that everything necessary is made ready; you do as I've said, if you've got any sense. (*Goes into his house, leaving AESCHINUS alone on stage*)

AESCHINUS What's happening here? Is this what's meant by being a father, or by being a son? If he were my brother or my best friend, what more could he do to fall in with my wishes? Shouldn't I love him? Shouldn't I hug him to my breast? Well, shouldn't I? In fact he's so obliging he makes me quite worried that I might do something unconsciously against his wishes. I'll be alert and be careful not to! But I'd better hurry along indoors: I don't want to hold up my own wedding! (*Goes into his house, leaving the stage empty. DEMEA enters from the right*)

DEMEA I'm exhausted from all this walking! God damn and blast you, Syrus, you and your directions! I've crawled all over the town: the gate, the pond—everywhere! There wasn't any workshop there, and there wasn't a single person who said he'd seen my brother. Well, now I'm jolly well going to plant myself outside his house and stay there till he comes back! (*MICIO comes out of his house, talking back to AESCHINUS through the doorway.—DEMEA had not expected him to be at home!*)

MICIO I'll go and tell them there's no delay on our side.

720 DEMEA But there he is! I've been looking for you for ages, Micio!

MICIO What's up?

DEMEA I've got news for you: yet more crimes—enormous ones—committed by that *excellent* young man!

MICIO Have you now?

DEMEA Unprecedented! He deserves to be hanged!

MICIO Steady on!

DEMEA You just don't realize what sort of a man he is!

MICIO Yes I do.

DEMEA Oh you fool: you imagine I'm talking about the lyre-player. This wrong's been committed against a citizen girl!

MICIO I know.

DEMEA What? You know? And you tolerate it?

MICIO Why shouldn't I tolerate it?

DEMEA Tell me, doesn't it make you scream? Doesn't it drive you mad?

MICIO No. Mind you, I'd rather—

DEMEA (*interrupting*) A boy's been born!

MICIO Heaven bless him!

DEMEA The girl doesn't have a penny!

MICIO So I've heard.

DEMEA And he'll have to marry her without a dowry!

MICIO Evidently.

DEMEA What's going to happen now?

MICIO What the circumstances demand, of course: the girl will be 730 moved from there to here.

DEMEA Good god, is that the way to deal with it?

MICIO What more could I do?

DEMEA What could you do? Even if you're not really upset by it, a man ought at least to pretend!

MICIO But I've already engaged the girl to marry him. The matter's settled; the wedding's on; I've removed all their fear. That's what a man really ought to do!

DEMEA But are you pleased at what's happened, Micio?

MICIO No, if I could change it; as it is, since I can't, I bear it with equanimity. The life of man is like a game of dice:^{*} if the throw doesn't give you the number you most need, you have to use 740 your skill to make the best of the number it does happen to give you.

DEMEA 'Make the best'? Thanks to your skill, of course, twenty minas have gone down the drain for the lyre-player! She'll have to be thrown out somewhere as quickly as possible: if you can't get a price for her, you'll have to give her away!

MICIO There's no reason to throw her out, nor do I have any intention of selling her.

DEMEA What are you going to do, then?

MICIO She'll stay with us.

DEMEA Ye gods in heaven! Mistress and married wife together in the home?

MICIO Why not?

DEMEA Are you sure you're in your right mind?

MICIO I certainly think so.

DEMEA I'll tell you this: the way I see your silly mind working,
I suppose your aim will be to have someone to accompany you
750 while you sing songs!

MICIO Why not?

DEMEA And is a newly-married bride going to learn those same
skills?

MICIO Evidently.

DEMEA Will you lead the chain in a dance with them?*

MICIO Good idea!

DEMEA Good idea?!

MICIO And you'll join us if necessary!

DEMEA Oh no! Aren't you ashamed of this?

MICIO You really must stop being so angry now, Demea: make
yourself cheerful and glad for your son's wedding, as you should!
I'm going to talk to these people; then I'll come back here. (*Goes
into SOSTRATA's house, leaving DEMEA alone on stage*)

DEMEA Great god, what a way to live! What behaviour! What
760 madness! A wife's going to come without a dowry; there's a lyre-
player inside; the family's extravagant, the son ruined by high
living, the father off his head! Salvation herself,* if she wanted
to, just can't save this household! (*SYRUS comes out of MICIO's
house, somewhat drunk, and talking to himself*)

SYRUS Well, Syrikins, you certainly have treated yourself nicely
and carried out your duties in style! Yes indeed! But after stuffing
myself full of everything indoors, I felt like taking a walk out here.

DEMEA (*to no one in particular*) Just look at that! Model behaviour!

SYRUS But look! Here's our old man! (*To DEMEA*) What's up?
What are you upset about?

DEMEA Oh the scoundrel!

SYRUS Steady on! Are you spouting words here, Mr Wisdom?

DEMEA If you belonged to me—

770 SYRUS (*interrupting*) You'd be rich for sure, Demea, and you'd
have put your finances on a sound basis.

DEMEA (*ignoring the interruption*) —I'd make an example of you
for everyone to see!

SYRUS Why? What have I done?

DEMEA What a question! In the middle of the trouble, when a monstrous crime has been committed—and it's only just been properly sorted out—you people are drinking, you scoundrel, as if you had some achievement to celebrate!

SYRUS (*aside*) I do wish I hadn't come out here! (*DROMO opens the door of MICIO's house and calls to SYRUS*)

DROMO Hey, Syrus! Ctesiphon wants you to come back!

SYRUS (*to DROMO, aside*) Go away! (*DROMO does so*)

DEMEA What's he saying about Ctesiphon?

SYRUS (*to DEMEA*) Nothing.

DEMEA Look here, you villain, is Ctesiphon inside?

SYRUS No.

DEMEA Why did he name him?

SYRUS It's someone else, just a guy who hangs around here, a short chap: do you know the one?

DEMEA (*heading for the door*) I'll soon find out.

SYRUS (*trying to restrain him*) What are you doing? Where are you going?

DEMEA Let go of me!

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SYRUS Don't, I tell you!

DEMEA Won't you keep your hand off me, you blackguard? (*Raises his stick*) Or would you rather I knocked your brains out here and now? (*Goes into MICIO's house*)

SYRUS He's gone. Well, *he's* not a very convenient gatecrasher, particularly for Ctesiphon! What shall I do now? All I can think of is to go off into a corner somewhere while this rumpus quietens down and sleep off my little drop of wine: that's what I'll do. (*Goes back into MICIO's house. After a short pause, MICIO comes out of SOSTRATA's house, talking back through the doorway*)

MICIO Everything's ready on our side, as I said, Sostrata: when you want to—(*He is interrupted by a loud banging on the door of his own house, as DEMEA struggles to open it from the inside*)

Who ever was that in my house striking so hard on the door?*

DEMEA (*coming out*) Woe is me!* What am I to do? How shall I act? What cries can I utter, what plaints? O heaven, O earth, O seas of Neptune!

790 MICIO (*to no one in particular*) There you are: he's discovered the whole affair. That's what he's shouting about now. That's done it! There's trouble in store: I'd better go to the rescue. (*Moves towards DEMEA*)

DEMEA Ah, there he is, the corruption of both our children!

MICIO Look, do control your anger; get a grip on yourself.

DEMEA I'm in control! I've got a grip! I'll cut out all the abuse: let's just reckon up the facts. Didn't we have an agreement—on your initiative, in fact—that you wouldn't care for my son and I wouldn't care for yours? Well, didn't we?

MICIO We did; I don't deny it.

DEMEA Why's he drinking in your house now? Why are you offering hospitality to my son? Why do you buy him a girlfriend, Micio?

800 Isn't it only fair that I should have the same rights as you have over me? I'm not looking after your son, so stop looking after mine!

MICIO It isn't fair, what you're saying.

DEMEA No?

MICIO No; there's the old saying: friends should share and share alike.*

DEMEA Very clever! Just come up with that one at last, have you?

810 MICIO Listen a bit, if it's no trouble, Demea. First of all, if what's eating you up is the expense the boys are incurring, please look at it this way: you once supported the two of them as best your means would allow, because you thought your property would be enough for them both; and at that stage I'm sure you thought I would get married. Stick to that old plan as before: hoard, scrimp, save; be sure to leave them as much as possible—make *that* what you're famous for. Let them make use of *my* wealth, which has turned out unexpectedly. Nothing will be lost from your capital; whatever gets added from me you can regard entirely as profit. If you're willing to take the right view of the matter, Demea, you'll relieve me, yourself, and them of trouble.

DEMEA Never mind about the money: it's the *behaviour* of the pair of them—

820 MICIO (*interrupting*) Hang on: I know; I was just coming to that.

There are many indications in a man, Demea, from which you can easily come to a conclusion, so that when two men perform the same action you can often say '*This man can safely be allowed to*

do that, the other can't—not because there's any difference in the action, but just in the man who performs it. I can see such indications in those boys, so I'm confident they will turn out as we want them to: I can see that they have sense and understanding, they feel shame when appropriate, they're fond of one another. It's clear that they have an open-hearted character and spirit: you can bring them back to the right path any day you like. You may be afraid that in money matters, nonetheless, they're a little too 830 careless. Well, my dear Demea, in all other respects our wisdom increases with age; there's just this one fault which old age brings to men: we're all more careful with our money than we should be.

In that respect age will make *them* sharp enough!

D E M E A I just hope those excellent calculations of yours, Micio, and that fair-mindedness of yours, aren't utterly going to ruin us!

M I C I O Be quiet: that won't happen. Now shut up about all that, and give yourself over to me for today: wipe that frown off your face.

D E M E A I suppose circumstances force me to: I'll have to do it. But tomorrow I'll go back to the farm with my son at the crack of 840 dawn.

M I C I O The middle of the night is what I'd recommend! Just make yourself cheerful for today.

D E M E A And as for that lyre-player, I'll drag her off there with me at the same time!

M I C I O That'll win the day: that way you'll tie your son to the place from now on. Just be sure to keep her safe!

D E M E A I'll see to that. And there I'll have her covered with ash, smoke, and flour from cooking and grinding; what's more, I'll make her collect straw right in the middle of the day: I'll bake her as black as coal!

M I C I O Good idea! Now I think you're being sensible. And for my 850 part I'd then force your son to sleep with her, even if he doesn't want to!

D E M E A Are you laughing at me? You're lucky if you can take it like that: I *feel* it!

M I C I O Oh, are you carrying on?

D E M E A All right, I'll stop now.

MICIO Go inside, then, and let's spend today in the proper manner. (*They both go into MICIO's house, leaving the stage empty. After a pause, DEMEA comes out from the house, having had time to reflect on the events of the day*)

DEMEA (to the audience) No one has ever done his sums so well in the account book of his life that events, time, and experience don't always bring him something new, something to learn from. The result is that you don't know what you thought you knew, and experience teaches you to reject what you thought most important for yourself. That's what has happened to me now: that harsh life that I have lived so far I now abandon when I have almost run its course. Why do I do that? Events themselves have taught me that nothing is better for a man than to be obliging and kind. Anyone can easily see that's true from me and my brother. He has always spent his life in a relaxed way, dining out, being kind and gentle, attacking no one to his face, with a smile for everyone. He's lived for himself; it's on himself that he's spent his money. Everyone speaks well of him, and everyone's fond of him. *I*, that rustic, fierce, severe, mean, aggressive, close-fisted man, got married: what misery I've seen as a result! Sons were born: that meant more worry. Ah well! While I devoted myself to making as much money as I could for their sake, I've worn away my life and my years in acquiring it. Now, at the end of my life, this is the return I get from them for my hard work: hatred! *He*, without doing a stroke of work, gets all the advantages of fatherhood: they love him, they avoid me; they trust him with all their plans; they're fond of him, they both spend their time with him, and they leave me deserted. For him, they pray for long life; in my case, they can't wait for my death—that's for sure. So those whose upbringing cost me so much labour it has cost him hardly any expense to make his own: I get all the misery, he gains the pleasure.

Well, come on then: let's see now whether I can compete with him in being charming and generous, since he's issued this challenge! I too have a right to be loved and valued by my own children. If that's achieved by giving gifts and by gratifying their wishes, I'll beat all comers! If the money runs out, that concerns me least of all because I'm the eldest.

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SYRUS *comes out of MICIO's house*

SYRUS Hey, Demea! Your brother asks you not to go too far away.

DEMEA Who's that? Oh, my dear Syrus, hello! How are you? How's things?

SYRUS Fine.

DEMEA That's excellent! (*Aside*) Look! I've already added on three things for a start which didn't come naturally to me: 'Oh my dear', 'How are you?', and 'How's things?'! (*To SYRUS*) You're clearly a slave with all the virtues of a free man, and I'd be glad to do you a favour.

SYRUS Thank you!

DEMEA But I really mean it, Syrus: you'll find that out in practice in the very near future.

GETA *comes out of SOSTRATA's house, talking back through the doorway*

GETA I'm going next door, madam, to see how soon they're going to fetch the girl.* (*Turns and sees DEMEA*) But here's Demea! Greetings!

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DEMEA Oh, what's your name?

GETA Geta.

DEMEA Geta: I've come to the conclusion today that you're a man of the greatest worth. To my mind, a slave is quite sufficiently tried and tested if he cares for his master, as I have seen that you do, Geta; and for that reason, if the chance comes along at all, I'd be glad to do you a favour. (*Aside*) I'm having a go at being charming, and it's working well!

GETA You're a good man, if that's what you think.

DEMEA (*aside*) I'm gradually beginning to win the working-class vote!

Enter AESCHINUS from his house, talking to himself

AESCHINUS They're killing me! They're so keen to celebrate the wedding in solemn style! They're taking all day to get things ready! 900

DEMEA How are things, Aeschinus?

AESCHINUS Oh, dad, are you here?

DEMEA I am indeed your dad, both in spirit and in body: I love you more than my own eyes.* But why aren't you fetching your bride home?

AESCHINUS I want to, but what's holding me up is the pipe-player and choir for the wedding hymn.

DEMEA Well, would you like to take advice from an old man?

AESCHINUS What?

DEMEA Forget about that stuff—the wedding hymn, crowds of people, torches, pipe-players*—and order that garden wall to be knocked down as quickly as possible: bring her through that way; make it all one house; bring over her mother and the whole household to our place!

910 AESCHINUS What a good idea: dad, you're absolutely wonderful!

DEMEA (*aside*) Yippee! Now I'm called wonderful! My brother's house will be turned into a passageway; he'll bring a crowd of people into his house; it'll cost him a lot—what do I care? I'm 'wonderful!' I'm coming into favour! Now tell that moneybags to pay out twenty minas! (*To SYRUS*) Syrus, hurry up! Go and do it!

SYRUS Do what?

DEMEA Knock it down! (*Exit SYRUS to MICIO's house; DEMEA turns to GETA*)

You go and bring them over!

GETA Heaven bless you, Demea! I can see that you want our household to be treated really well.

DEMEA I think you deserve it. (*Exit GETA to SOSTRATA's house.*

DEMEA *turns to AESCHINUS*)

What do you say?

AESCHINUS I agree.

920 DEMEA It's much better than having her brought this way through the street when she's just given birth: she's not well.

AESCHINUS Yes, I've never come across a better idea, dad.

DEMEA I'm like that! But here's Micio coming out of doors.

MICIO (*coming out of his house*) My brother's order? Where is he? (*Sees DEMEA*) Is this *your* order, Demea?

DEMEA It is indeed: I want us to do as much as possible to unite this household, in this and in all other respects; I want us to cultivate their friendship, to help them, to forge links with them.

AESCHINUS (*to MICIO*) Yes, please, dad!

MICIO I don't disagree.

DEMEA Yes, but *this* is what we really ought to do: first of all, this boy's wife has a mother.

MICIO She has: so what?

DEMEA She's a good and decent woman.

MICIO So they say.

DEMEA Getting on a bit. 930
MICIO I know.
DEMEA She's well past the age to bear children, and there's no one to look after her: she's on her own.
MICIO (*aside*) What's he driving at?
DEMEA It's right that you should marry her; and *you* (*turning to AESCHINUS*) should help to make it happen.
MICIO Me marry?!
DEMEA You!
MICIO Me?
DEMEA Yes, you!
MICIO Don't be silly!
DEMEA (*to AESCHINUS*) If you were a man, he'd do it!
AESCHINUS (*to MICIO, pleadingly*) Dad!
MICIO (*to AESCHINUS*) And what are you doing listening to him, you ass?
DEMEA (*to MICIO*) You're wasting your time: there's no alternative.
MICIO (*to DEMEA*) You're off your head!
AESCHINUS Let me win you round, dad! (*Takes MICIO by the arm*)
MICIO (*shaking himself free*) You're crazy: take your hands off me!
DEMEA Come on, do your son a favour!
MICIO Are you quite mad? Do you want me to become a bridegroom at the grand old age of 64, and marry a decrepit old woman?* Is that what you're advising me?
AESCHINUS Yes, do: I've promised them!
MICIO Promised, have you? Give what's yours to give, young man! 940
DEMEA Come on: suppose he were to ask you for something bigger!
MICIO As if anything could be bigger than this!
DEMEA Do him a favour!
AESCHINUS Don't make a fuss about it! (*Takes MICIO by the arm again*)
DEMEA Go on, promise! (*Takes MICIO by the other arm*)
MICIO Won't you let go?
AESCHINUS Not unless I can win you round.
MICIO This is naked violence!
DEMEA Come on, be generous, Micio!

MICIO (*finally caving in*) I think this is perverse, silly, absurd, and quite inconsistent with my way of life; but if you two are so keen on the idea, I'll do it. (*They release their hold on him*)

AESCHINUS Good for you: I'm right to love you!

DEMEA (*aside*) But what can I say, now that this is turning out as I want? (*To MICIO*) What about the next thing? There's Hegio: he's these people's closest relative; that makes him part of our family, and he's poor. We ought to do something to help him.

MICIO Do what?

DEMEA There's a small patch of land that you rent out here on the edge of town: let's give it to him so he can enjoy the income from it.

MICIO Do you call that small?

950 DEMEA Even if it's big, we must still do it. He's like a father to the girl; he's a good man; he's one of us: it's right to give it to him. After all, Micio, aren't I taking over what you said so well and so wisely just now: 'It's a fault common to all of us that we're too careful with our money in old age'? We should avoid that stain on our reputation.

AESCHINUS That's well said, and that's what really ought to happen, dad!

MICIO All right, then: I'll hand it over, since that's what *he* wants (*referring to AESCHINUS*).

DEMEA I'm delighted: now you're my brother in spirit as well as in body! (*Aside*) I'm cutting his throat with his own sword!

Enter SYRUS from MICIO's house

SYRUS Your orders have been carried out, Demea.

DEMEA You're a good fellow. That's why I really do think the right thing, in my judgement anyway, is for Syrus to be given his freedom today.

960 MICIO Him given his freedom? What ever for?

DEMEA Lots of reasons.

SYRUS Oh my dear Demea, you *are* a good man! I've looked after both of them carefully for both of you ever since they were children; I've taught them, advised them, and always given them good instructions about everything, as good as I could.

DEMEA We can see that. And what's more he's taught them to buy food on credit, to bring a tart into the house, and to arrange a

dinner-party in broad daylight: those are the services of no ordinary mortal!

SYRUS Oh you wonderful man!

DEMEA Finally, he assisted today in the purchase of that lyre-player; he saw to it. It's right for him to be rewarded for it: that'll make others better. Above all, *he* wants it to happen (*referring to AESCHINUS*).

MICIO (*to AESCHINUS*) Do you want this to happen?

AESCHINUS I certainly do.

MICIO Well, if that's what *you* want: Syrus, come here, come to me.

(SYRUS does so, and MICIO lays a hand on his head)

Live in freedom!*

970

SYRUS Thank you. I'm grateful to you all, and particularly to you, Demea.

DEMEA I'm delighted.

AESCHINUS So am I.

SYRUS I'm sure you are. I only wish my joy could be made complete and I could see my wife Phrygia free as well as myself!

DEMEA An excellent woman!

SYRUS Yes, and she was the first to give her breast today to your grandson, this boy's son.

DEMEA Well I really must say, if she was the first to give her breast, there's no doubt that it's right for her to be freed.

MICIO For that reason?

DEMEA For that. What's more, you can claim whatever she's worth from me.

SYRUS May all the gods always grant you everything you want, Demea!

MICIO You've come off nicely today, Syrus!

DEMEA What's more, Micio, if you do your duty and give him a small sum of ready cash to make use of, he'll soon pay you back. 980

MICIO (*refusing*) I'll give him less than a small sum!

DEMEA But he's a good fellow!

SYRUS I will pay you back: just give it to me!

AESCHINUS (*to MICIO*) Come on, dad!

MICIO I'll think about it later.

DEMEA (*seeing that MICIO has weakened*) He'll do it.

SYRUS (*to DEMEA*) Oh you excellent man!

AESCHINUS (*to DEMEA*) Dad, you're amazing!

MICIO (*to DEMEA*) What are you up to? What's happened to change your behaviour so suddenly? What's taken your fancy? What's this sudden generosity?*

DEMEA I'll tell you. I wanted to show that, while they think you obliging and amazing, that doesn't spring from a sincere way of life, nor from what's reasonable and right, but from acquiescence, indulgence, and extravagance, Micio. (*Turns to AESCHINUS*) And now, Aeschinus, if the reason you boys hate my being alive is that I don't simply gratify absolutely every desire of yours, whether 990 right or wrong, then I'll forget it: pour the stuff away, go and spend, do what you want. But you might prefer this: because you're young, there are some things you don't see too clearly, some things you're much too keen on; your judgement isn't what it might be. If you want me to control you in these respects, and correct you, and help you where appropriate, here I am to do that for you.

AESCHINUS (*to DEMEA*) Dad, we leave it in your hands: you know better what needs to be done. But what's going to happen about my brother?

DEMEA I'll let him keep her—but she'd better be the last!

MICIO Quite right! (*To the audience*) Please give us your applause!*

Explanatory Notes

The line references are to those of the Latin text given here in the margins. Notes to stage directions begin ‘s.d.’, using the previous line reference where necessary, or page number of this edition if preceding the play.

The Girl from Andros (*Andria*)

- 5 *prologues*: the use of the plural here has led some scholars to conclude that this prologue cannot have been written for the first performance of *The Girl from Andros*, given that it was Terence’s first play. But it is easily understood as a rhetorical plural. It is presumably also for rhetorical effect that Terence’s critic, the ‘malicious old author’ of line 7, becomes plural in the rest of the prologue. (The prologue to *The Eunuch* (lines 19–21) suggests that it was somehow possible for Terence’s critic to inspect a copy of the play before its first performance.)
- 7 *malicious old author*: Donatus (in his commentary on the plays of Terence written in the fourth century AD) identifies Terence’s critic, to whom he replies in other prologues as well, as Luscius of Lanuvium, a rival playwright of whom very little is otherwise known.
- 9 *Menander...Perinthos*: see the Introductory Note to this play. Perinthos was a Greek city on the northern coast of the Sea of Marmara, halfway between Byzantium and the Hellespont. For Andros, see on line 70.
- 16 ‘spoiled’: the Latin verb is *contaminari*, which has led modern scholars to use the noun *contaminatio* ('spoiling') as a term of art in discussing Terence’s procedure of incorporating material from another Greek play into the primary play which he was adapting. (Line 17 of the prologue to *The Self-Tormentor* shows that it was the Greek plays that Terence was accused of spoiling, not his Latin versions.) He followed the same procedure in *The Eunuch* and *The Brothers* but was there accused of ‘theft’ (plagiarism from earlier Latin comedies), not *contaminatio*.
- 18 *Naevius, Plautus, and Ennius*: three of Terence’s greatest predecessors. Naevius (who produced plays from 235 to 204) and Ennius (239–169)

were better known for other types of composition, but Plautus (active between about 205 and 184) wrote only comedies; plays by Plautus are the earliest Latin works to have survived complete. Terence may mean simply that these authors had adapted Greek plays with some freedom, not necessarily by ‘spoiling’ them in the sense defined in the previous note. It certainly seems to be true that Plautus was very free in his adaptations; indeed, he is generally held to have been far freer than Terence.

- p. 10 s.d. *house* . . . *Charinus*: some editors place Charinus’ house off-stage, leaving only two houses visible to the spectators. But 957 ‘I’ve come out’ suggests very strongly that Charinus’ house too is visible, and nothing tells against this.

s.d. *altar*: the altar was a regular feature of the Greek and Roman comic stage, corresponding to the representation of Apollo of the Streets in the form of a pillar with a conical top that stood outside Athenian houses in real life; we should perhaps imagine such an altar as being visible even in plays where it is not mentioned in the text. Its exact position on the stage is not clearly indicated. Altars were decorated with foliage as a preliminary to the performance of a sacrifice; we may speculate that Simo has so decorated it as part of his pretence that a wedding is to take place.

s.d. *left* . . . *square*: that the main square lies to the audience’s left is deduced from 734–45: at 734–5 Davos says that he will pretend to be arriving ‘from the right’, and at 744–5 he pretends to be coming from the main square; since actors generally face the audience as much as possible, we should expect Davos’ right to be the audience’s left as he speaks at 734–5.

s.d. *provisions*: these are clearly not lavish by the standards of a wealthy household, to judge from what Davos says at 360 (‘A tiny amount of food?’) and from his discussion with Simo at 450–6.

- 51 *military service*: Athenian males in Menander’s lifetime did two years of military service between the ages of 18 and 20, during which time they were known as ‘ephebes’; Terence’s Latin text in fact preserves this Greek term here.

- 55 *the things that pretty well all young lads do*: the hobbies specified were in fact the preserve of the wealthiest families.

- 61 *nothing in excess*: one of the most famous Greek proverbial maxims; Sosia’s moralizing does not sparkle.

- 70 *Andros*: the most northerly of the Cyclades, in the southern Aegean. In addition to her own desire to make a fresh start in life, Chrysis had

another motive for moving to Athens of which Simo knows nothing, namely to help Glycerium find her family; see Crito's question at 806: 'Has she found her parents here yet?'

- 83 *out for the count*: Simo uses the Latin verb that was applied to a gladiator who had been mortally wounded.
- 87 *joint lovers*: it was an accepted fact of Athenian life that a woman in Chrysis' position might be kept by a number of men at the same time. This must be borne in mind in assessing the ending of *The Eunuch*.
- 100–1 *to seek me out... with a very large dowry*: the normal expectation in these plays is that a girl will be given in marriage with a dowry, unless her family is very poor, and also that parents will try to arrange the marriages of their offspring. It was perhaps more normal for the boy's family to take the initiative.
- 117 *The corpse was carried out*: the funeral starts with the carrying of the corpse from the house where it has been laid out.
- 123 *beautiful and noble*: at 274 Pamphilus says she has been 'taught and brought up well and properly'; this is appropriate (or so the audience will feel) for a girl who is destined to be reunited with her Athenian citizen family. Indeed the audience may already begin to suspect this will be the outcome. (In Thornton Wilder's *The Woman of Andros* Glycerium is visibly pregnant at the time of this funeral, a detail which may draw our attention to a certain chronological vagueness in Terence's account: how much time has elapsed between the day of the funeral and the day of the play's action, on which Glycerium gives birth?)
the accompanying slave-girls: like Bacchis in *The Mother-in-Law* and *The Self-Tormentor* and Thais in *The Eunuch*, Chrysis has been so successful at her trade that she has acquired a number of slaves.
- 126 *That's what those tears were for: hinc illae lacrimae*: this became a proverbial expression used to convey a sudden realization, even in contexts where tears were irrelevant.
- 146 *treating this foreign girl as if she were his wife*: officially, a citizen could not marry a non-citizen, either at Athens or at Rome. Such couples could cohabit, but presumably Pamphilus and Glycerium have not in fact openly set up house together. They have, however, entered into a relationship with each other, and Pamphilus himself claims at 273 to have treated Glycerium as if she were his wife.
- 147 *I denied it hotly*: Simo is not very straight in his dealings with his old friend.

- 159 *that rascal Davos*: Davos is introduced to the audience as a scheming slave of the type that had become traditional on the Roman stage and is found particularly in the comedies of Plautus, one who delights in trickery as much for its own sake as for the sake of its ultimate purpose.
- 168–71 *Now it's your job... I'll see to it*: in fact nothing more is heard of Sosia; he was a convenient device for introducing the story.
- 179 *a heavy punishment for you*: references to slave-punishments are common in these plays; cf. 199 'I'll flog you with the whips and send you to work at the mill', 600 'straight off to the mill', 621 'crucifixion'. At 860–5 Davos is taken indoors to have his hands and feet tied together.
- 194 *not Oedipus*: Oedipus as a young man had saved the city of Thebes from a plague by solving the riddle of the Sphinx.
- 199 *work at the mill*: see on 179. For a slave, to be sent to work at the mill on his master's country property was to be condemned to hard labour, since the mills in question were hand-driven.
- 208 *my master*: this must here refer to Pamphilus, which is possible since Davos is a slave in the service of the son as well as the father. But the ambiguity here is awkward, given that Davos has just been on stage with Simo, to whom he has referred as his 'master' at 175 and 183. Line 208 ('if we're not smart... my master') is repeated in the manuscripts either before or after line 181 of *Phormio*, where it has been suspected of being interpolated from this passage; the addition of a line to amplify or heighten a point is a common type of interpolation in ancient texts. In fact the awkwardness is greater here.
- 216 *his wife or his mistress*: of course she could not literally be his wife at this stage; see on 146.
- 219 *let the baby live, whatever it turns out to be*: the normal thing to do with unwanted babies was to leave them somewhere out in the open to die (to 'expose' them); at 464–9 Simo is astonished to hear that Pamphilus proposes not to expose his child by a foreign woman (i.e. a woman he cannot marry: see on 146). The point of 'whatever it turns out to be' is that girls were normally more likely than boys to be exposed at birth; cf. *The Self-Tormentor* 626–7.
- 221 *citizen of Attica*: Attica was the Greek region of which Athens was the capital; to be an Athenian citizen was to be a citizen of Attica.

- 226–7 *I'll be off... over this*: in fact Simo meets Pamphilus before Davos can do so.
- 290 *by... her defencelessness*: as (apparently) a non-citizen resident at Athens, Glycerium is in an insecure position; at 382 Davos takes it for granted that Simo will be able to ‘throw her out of town’ if he wishes to.
- 295 *husband... guardian, and father*: these terms are not to be understood literally. At Rome, a fatherless citizen woman required a ‘guardian’ (*tutor*), but he could not be appointed in this way at the behest of another woman; nor could a woman be given in marriage by a woman.
- 338 *what good news I bring*: the arrival of a slave with a piece of news (good or bad) is a stock scene of Roman comedy. It is known as a ‘running slave’ scene (the term used by Terence in the prologues to *The Self-Tormentor*, lines 31 and 37, and *The Eunuch*, line 36), since the speed of the slave’s arrival is often remarked on, and Plautus sometimes makes the slave utter a lengthy monologue commenting on the urgency of his business before he gets down to delivering his news. Terence is here much more restrained; he preserves more of the traditional flavour of such scenes at *Phormio* 177 ff. and *The Brothers* 299 ff. One traditional element that he retains at 344–5 is that the slave has to be recalled by the very person he is trying to find (‘Davos! Come here!... the very man I’m looking for!'); but this too is here reduced to a minimum.
- 369 *an obol's worth of vegetables*: Terence consistently preserves references to Athenian currency, as at lines 451 and 951 below. An obol was worth one-sixth of a drachma, a fairly trivial sum.
- 377–8 *before discovering... rightly too*: I accept Bothe’s transposition of these two lines; in the manuscripts ‘even he... rightly too’ comes before ‘before discovering... the marriage’.
- 386 *shut up in here*: Pamphilus evidently takes it for granted that he will stay in his father’s house after his marriage; see also on 952.
- 396 *one with no money*: a father who could not afford to give his daughter a dowry (see on 100–1) might well feel that he could not be choosy about the husband he accepted for her.
- 401 *I've promised to let it live*: see on 219.
- 473 *Juno, goddess of childbirth*: Glycerium calls on Juno Lucina, the goddess believed by the Romans to preside over childbirth. The

Greeks attributed this function to Artemis, whose Latin equivalent was Diana.

- 507 *a baby... in front of the door*: Davos here presents this as a device intended to fool Simo (cf. 516: ‘if they can’t get you to see a baby’). In fact nothing comes of it at this stage, although later Davos brings the baby out so that *Chremes* can see it.
- 513 *that turned out to be a lie*: nothing justifies this claim, other than Simo’s suspicions in this very scene.
- 515 *to bring along a baby as well*: supposititious babies are listed by Terence in the prologue to *The Eunuch* (line 39) among the stock motifs of comedy—together with ‘the deception of an old man by a slave’! Simo is ready to suspect that he is having a traditional theatrical trick played on him, but he fails to realize the way in which he is really being tricked.
- 546 *give the order for her to be fetched*: cf. 581 ‘Why isn’t the bride being fetched?’, 741 ‘I’ve come back to give the order for her to be fetched’, 848 ‘Fetch the bride whenever you want’. It seems to be taken for granted that the wedding ceremony will take place in the bridegroom’s house and will be preceded by the formal fetching of the bride in a procession from her house; other evidence suggests that it was normal both at Athens and at Rome for this procession to take place only after some initial ceremonies (including the wedding feast) in the bride’s house, but there were exceptions.
- 555 *when lovers feud, their love’s renewed*: the Latin has a proverbial ring; and similar thoughts are found elsewhere, though not exactly in these words.
- 600 *the mill*: see on 199.
- 682 *Hmm...: a scene in which a slave thinks up a new plan on stage* is another stock scene of Latin comedy; cf. *The Self-Tormentor* 668–78, *Phormio* 553–60.
- a noise from Glycerium’s door*: the sound of a door opening is often the first sign that a character is about to come on stage from indoors, a device inherited by the Latin playwrights from Greek drama. The noise is presumably made by a squeaking hinge or by the rattling of bolts.
- 698 *Apollo’s oracle*: the oracle of Apollo at Delphi on the Greek mainland was the most famous of all Greek oracles.
- 733 *I must reject the first plan I was laying*: of course we cannot say what this first plan was; the effect is to show Davos’ skill in improvising and adapting to a new situation.

- 769 *Canthara*: presumably another slave in Glycerium's household, mentioned only here.
- 771 *respectable women*: literally, 'women of free birth'; we cannot say who they were.
- 780–1 *that she's a citizen of Attica... marry her*: see on 221. Both at Athens and at Rome a citizen boy who had got a citizen girl pregnant could be threatened with dire consequences by her family if he did not agree to marry her; 'forced by the law of the land' is a loose way of conveying this.
- 786 *to be tortured*: as elsewhere, the physical punishment of slaves is taken for granted, even by another slave.
- 805 *as they say*: Mysis quotes a proverbial expression found in both Greek and Latin.
- 807 *an unlucky landfall for me*: Crito has just arrived from Andros.
- 810–12 *I'm a stranger... to court*: an outsider was bound to be at a disadvantage in an ancient court.
- 840 *Davos told me earlier*: see on 507.
- 860 *Dromo*: Dromo is clearly a *lorarius* or 'flogger', a slave kept to administer punishments to other slaves. Simo is convinced that Pamphilus and Davos are hatching a plot of which Crito is part; for him, this is the last straw.
- 879–80 *traditions and laws of his city*: Simo believes that Pamphilus is planning to pass off a non-citizen woman as a citizen so that he can live with her as if they were legally married. That would be against the law, as it would entail claiming, for any offspring of their union, citizenship rights to which they were not entitled.
- 918 *If I wasn't... meet that point*: Pamphilus perhaps means that his father is the one who has really been up to tricks on this very day.
- 919 *Swindler*: this is exactly what Crito had feared he would be called at 815, though he did not foresee this context.
- 930 *Rhamnus*: a district of Attica, on the NE coast opposite the island of Euboea.
- 935 *to avoid the war and follow my tracks to Asia*: according to the version reported by Davos at 221, Phania had been travelling on business, as perhaps Chremes too had been. Terence's audience presumably did not ask themselves what 'the war' referred to, but it may have had a specific reference for Menander's original audience, probably reminding them of the years of violence for Athens

that had followed Alexander's death in 323. 'Asia' means Asia Minor.

941 *looking for a knot in a bulrush*: looking for something that does not exist; a proverbial expression for looking for difficulties where there are none.

951 *ten talents*: one talent = 60 minas = 6,000 drachmas. This is a very large sum for a dowry, not unthinkable for the very wealthiest families at Athens, but considerably larger than the dowries mentioned in the remains of Greek New Comedy (which themselves have been suspected—perhaps wrongly—of being unrealistically large). Almost certainly Terence has inflated the figure he found in Menander's text.

952 *for her to be moved over to our house*: it is now taken for granted that Glycerium will move into her father-in-law's house (see also on 386), but that she will be moved without the ceremony of a formal procession—luckily for her, since she has only just given birth.

959–61 *I believe... in my joy*: Donatus tells us that Terence imported this passage from Menander's *The Eunuch*, a play that he was to take as the prime source for his adaptation five years later. Nothing exactly like this comes in Terence's version of that play, though there are places where a character could appropriately have said it. As Donatus notes, the view of the gods expressed here is Epicurean.

980 *Don't wait... Please give us your applause*: I have made Pamphilus the speaker of the last two lines. The 'betrothal' is that of Charinus and Philumena. The appeal for applause is traditional at the end of these comedies, but it is uncertain in whose mouth it should come. The Oxford Classical Text makes Davos the speaker of 'Don't wait... settled inside' and (influenced by a mysterious sign in the manuscripts and by Horace, *The Art of Poetry* 155) puts the appeal for applause, in this and in all the other plays, in the mouth of a *cantor* (a 'singer' or perhaps 'piper').

Some manuscripts preserve part of an alternative ending to the play, not written by Terence: see the end of the Introductory Note.

The Mother-in-Law (*Hecyra*)

7 *in order to sell it a second time*: see on *The Eunuch* 20, and on 57 below. On this occasion the games were given not by the aediles but by the sons of Aemilius Paullus.

- 9 *Lucius Ambivius Turpio*: we have independent evidence that this was the name of the leader of the company that gave the first performance of all of Terence's plays. This prologue is our main source of knowledge about him, though we must bear in mind that Terence has written it to present him in the best possible light. See also on the beginning of the prologue to *The Self-Tormentor*.
- 14 *Caecilius*: a comic playwright much admired in antiquity, who had died in 168. Nothing else is known of his career, though some fragments of his plays survive.
- 40 *gladiators*: gladiatorial shows were regularly put on at funeral games. This second attempt to perform the play was made at the funeral games for Aemilius Paullus in 160; see the Introductory Note to *The Brothers*.
- 57 *at my own price*: the implications of this expression are unclear: does it mean 'bought at my own expense' or 'bought [normally by the aediles—see on *The Eunuch* 20] at a price suggested by me'? Line 7 above suggests that the playwright was himself in a position to sell his play even after its unsuccessful first performance. But we do not know who (if anyone) could be said to own the play after it had been performed, nor who paid whom to bring it back for a second and third attempt.
- 86 *Corinth*: the city near the isthmus that links central Greece and the Peloponnese, some 95 km from Athens, destined to be destroyed by a Roman general in 146 BC. It was a prosperous commercial centre and notorious for its luxurious lifestyle.
- 108–9 *put my back in your hands*: slaves in ancient comedy constantly have the threat of punishment hanging over them; see on *The Girl from Andros* 179 (p. 308).
- 171 *Imbros*: an island in the NE Aegean Sea, some 25 km west of the Dardanelles. It had been colonized by Athens, and the settlers' descendants retained their Athenian citizenship and links.
- 184 *sacrifice*: it was normal for a sacrifice to be followed by a meal at which the meat from the sacrificial victim was eaten, and for guests to be invited.
- 201 *In fact...daughters-in-law*: this line was deleted by Bentley. It weakens the force of Laches' tirade, and it is also suspect on grounds of metre.
- 242 *at your insistence*: in fact, as we learn at 116–24 and 686–7, it was Laches himself who had forced their son to marry.

- 314 *tell them I've arrived*: it was a Roman (not, as far as we know, Athenian) practice for the return of a husband from a journey to be announced to his wife before he appeared in person.
- 335 *strung up for torture*: the evidence of slaves was admissible in an Athenian or Roman court only if it had been obtained under torture, clearly in the strange belief that it would not otherwise be reliable. In practice slaves were rarely if ever tortured for this purpose at Athens.
- 338 *Aesculapius... Salvation*: Aesculapius (Greek Asclepius) was the god of healing; Salvation (Salus), to whom a temple was dedicated at Rome in 302 BC, came to be identified with the Greek goddess Health (Hygieia), who was believed to be a daughter of Asclepius.
- 378 *grasped my knees*: a standard gesture of supplication.
- 393–4 *they say she didn't... the seventh month since she came to you*: see Parmeno's narrative at 135 ff. The lines here most naturally suggest that Pamphilus and Philumena have been married for seven months but did not start to have sexual intercourse until five months ago. This conflicts with Phidippus' claim at 531 that Philumena has given birth 'at the right time', a claim that has led some scholars to interpret 'since she came to you' here as meaning 'since she began to have intercourse with you' and to suppose that the couple have been married for nine months. On that view, Pamphilus is shocked to discover his wife producing a baby seven months after the start of marital intercourse. It is more straightforward to suppose that Phidippus (who of course knows nothing about the first two months of abstinence) speaks somewhat rhetorically at 531 and has not stopped to calculate precisely how long it is since his daughter married.
- 400 *exposed immediately*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 219 (p. 308).
- 421 *thirty days or more*: clearly a considerable exaggeration.
- 433 *Myconos*: one of the Cyclades Islands, close to Delos. It is not on the most direct route from Imbros to Athens, but it is not implausible that the ship on which Pamphilus travelled had come via Myconos.
- 470–1 *couldn't reasonably have any complaint to bring against me*: this does not fit with what we know about Pamphilus' behaviour in the early stages of his marriage (see 164–6, 302–3), but of course he is not being straight with the old men here.
- 502 *repay the dowry*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 100–1 (p. 307). The dowry had to be returned to the wife's family in the case of divorce.
- 521 *The noise of the door opening*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 682 (p. 310).

- 531 *at the right time*: see on 393–4.
- 532 *have the baby die*: cf. 400. Phidippus rightly assumes that this must be in Myrrina's mind.
- 574 *he himself forcibly pulled off a ring...as he left her*: as noted in the introductory note to this play, in other plays it is the girl who manages to take something from her rapist which will serve to identify him; Pamphilus' behaviour here is unexplained. At 829 Bacchis tells us that he claimed to have pulled the ring from the girl's finger 'while she was struggling', which perhaps makes it sound more like an accidental by-product of her struggle than Myrrina's 'as he left her' here. It is not surprising that the girl's mother represents the theft as a further gratuitous insult while the boy himself strives to give a different impression.
- 592 *festivals*: religious festivals were often an occasion for women to meet.
- 705 s.d. *in the direction of the harbour*: the text does not in fact make clear where he runs off to, but it is perhaps more entertaining later if Parmeno enters from one direction at 799 and is sent off in the other at 815.
- 711 *told me so herself*: see 536–9.
- 752 *I've kept Pamphilus away from me since he married*: this is not altogether true, if we believe Parmeno's account at 157–9. But Parmeno does there say that Bacchis instantly cooled towards Pamphilus.
- 773 *any torture you like in your enquiries*: see on 335.
- 790 *friendly...why you've come*: At this point most manuscripts give Phidippus a line that essentially repeats what Laches has just said: 'But I guarantee they'll be friendly to you when they discover the facts.' The repetition is awkward, and it is better for Phidippus to have left the stage at 785, as indicated in the translation.
- 815 s.d. *towards the harbour*: it is not explained how Parmeno knows where to go to find Pamphilus, nor how he succeeds in doing so.
- 822 *about nine months ago*: the Latin says 'ten months', but in contexts like this the Romans calculated in lunar months whereas we calculate in calendar months.
- 829 *some girl in the street*: it is not explained what a respectable girl like Philumena was doing out of doors on her own after dark.
- 880 *Please give us your applause*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 980 (p. 312).

The Self-Tormentor (*Heauton Timorumenos*)

Prologue. *Lucius Ambivius Turpio*: the identity of the speaker is not given explicitly but is a safe deduction from lines 44–5 (where ‘it’s me they come running to’ is contrasted with ‘they take it to another company’), and from the general similarity of this prologue to the second prologue to *The Mother-in-Law* (where it is explicit that the speaker is the leader of the company). The opening sentence suggests that it was normal at this time for a prologue of some kind to be delivered at performances in Rome, and that it was normally delivered by a younger member of the company. Terence has good reason to aim for an unusual effect: this is his first production since the disastrous first attempt to stage *The Mother-in-Law* two years earlier. In fact the prologue is rather rambling, but it amounts to a plea that Terence’s play should be given a fair hearing in spite of its being less boisterous than the audience might like.

- 4 *a fresh comedy taken from a fresh Greek play*: in other words, the play is new, and it is based on a Greek original that has not previously been adapted into Latin.
- 5 *The Self-Tormentor*: Terence in fact reproduces Menander’s Greek title here, following his regular practice in his prologues (though in the case of *Phormio* he draws attention to the fact that his Latin version does not use the Greek title).
- 6 *it is compound, but it has a unified plot*: the interpretation and implications of this line are much disputed; the words translated ‘compound’ and ‘unified’ mean more literally ‘double’ and ‘single’. Terence is perhaps saying that the plot forms a unified whole in spite of having two main strands (or being spread over two days).
- 7–8 *who wrote it, and who the Greek play is by*: it is curious that Terence withholds this information on the grounds that *most* of his audience know it, rather than enlightening the rest; and in general it is hard to tell how much prior knowledge of his plays Terence assumes in his audience. At any rate, he never names himself in his prologues, and he does not consistently name the authors of his Greek originals.
- 17–20 ‘spoiled’... *the precedent of good writers*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 16 and 18. As far as we know, Terence had so far attempted to put on two plays, only one of which had been based on more than one Greek original. There seems to be some reckless exaggeration here, either on the part of Terence’s critics or on Terence’s part in reporting the criticism, which in any case probably had no relevance to this particular play.

- 22 *a certain malicious old author*: Luscius of Lanuvium (see on *The Girl from Andros* 7, p. 305).
- 24 *the talent of his friends*: in the prologue to *The Brothers* (15–21) Terence responds to the charge that ‘members of the nobility help him and constantly collaborate with him in his writing’. Suetonius’ *Life of Terence* preserves an anecdote which makes Gaius Laelius the author of a passage in this play starting with Bacchis’ words at 723, ‘I must say Syrus’ promises were a bit much’. We cannot doubt that Terence at least had powerful backers, as discussed in the Introduction to this volume. Laelius was a close associate of Scipio Aemilianus.
- 31–2 *Recently... madman*: the first of these sentences is clearly a criticism of a scene in a recent play by Luscius, apparently a traditional ‘running slave’ scene (see on *The Girl from Andros* 338)—and apparently a pointless criticism. The second sentence is probably best interpreted (with *Brothers* in his edition) as ‘Why should our author do a service for a mad poet like Luscius (instead of exposing his faults)?’
- 37–9 *running slave... grasping pimp*: a list of some of the more colourful traditional comic characters, who are indeed largely absent from this play (though Chremes is something of an ‘angry old man’ at some points). For a ‘gluttonous parasite’ see Gnatho in *The Eunuch*, for a ‘grasping pimp’ Dorio in *Phormio* and Sannio in *The Brothers*; Phormio can be seen as a ‘shameless swindler’, although he is referred to as a ‘parasite’ in the prologue to *Phormio* and in the text of that play. This and the similar list of stock characters and situations at *The Eunuch* 36–40 provide evidence for what Roman audiences expected to see. One character listed in *The Eunuch* and not here is the ‘bad prostitute’; maybe this is not a part that Ambivius expected to play, but the contrast he draws between this play and others manages to pass over the presentation in this play of the flamboyant Bacchis and her numerous entourage.
- 46 *words, pure and simple*: of course the play contains actions as well, but the humour springs mainly from the complications of the plot and the subtlety of the presentation of Chremes. Did Ambivius himself play this part? If so (or if he played Menedemus), it presumably did not take him long to put on his mask (and a new costume?) between the end of the prologue and the opening of the play. Otherwise the likeliest part for him to have played is Syrus.
- 48–50 *If I have never... as much as possible*: these lines are repeated in most manuscripts from the prologue to *The Mother-in-Law* (lines 49–51), where they fit slightly better. It is not inconceivable that Terence used

the same lines in two prologues, but more probably they have been interpolated here.

- p. 103 s.d. *off to the left... their houses*: Bacchis' remarks at 731–2 place Charinus' house off to the right (i.e. audience left), and next to Chremes' farm; otherwise there are no explicit indications in the text. Some editors place Phania's house on stage; see on 170–1, after which point it would (if it is on stage) be ignored for the rest of the play.

s.d. *enter from the right*: some editors believe that Menedemus is shown on stage working his land at the beginning of the play, and that Chremes comes upon him thus occupied; on that view, Chremes at 88–9 urges him to stop working, and Menedemus tries to insist that he will continue to work while telling his story. That is a possible interpretation of the Latin; but I have preferred the alternative, that Menedemus tries to insist on torturing himself pointlessly by refusing to put down his heavy mattock.

- 96 *Corinth*: see on *The Mother-in-Law* 86. It is not explained why the old woman had moved from there to Athens, but it appears from line 629 that she has been settled in Athens for many years.

- 98 *as if she were his wife*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 146 (p. 307).

- 111–12 *I went off to Asia... fighting in wars*: there were many opportunities for service as a mercenary soldier in the fourth- and early third-century Greek world which is the background to Menander's comedies. 'Asia' means Asia Minor.

- 117 *the king*: presumably one of the generals of Alexander who fought over his empire for several decades after his death in 323 BC and who started to claim the title of 'king' in 306.

- 131 *just for myself*: we do not learn what has happened to Menedemus' wife.

- 145 *fifteen talents*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 951 (p. 312). This is a considerable sum of money.

- 162 *Dionysia*: a Greek festival in honour of the god Dionysus. A festival known as the Rural Dionysia was celebrated in the country districts of Attica (where the play is set) in December each year.

- 170 s.d. *a short pause, after which he reappears*: if Phania's house is on-stage, Chremes must here knock at its door and be seen to have a conversation with whoever opens it before returning to the centre of the stage. I prefer to think that he goes off briefly to the right here, just as he goes off briefly to the left at 502–7. Since there is no one

else on stage, that requires a brief pause at this point, but I find that less awkward than the dumb show required by the alternative view. There is a similar pause at 873–4. (The Oxford Classical Text fills the gap by suggesting a Dance of the Dinner-Guests at this point; there is no evidence for this. It was Menander's regular practice to have a chorus give some sort of musical performance between the acts into which his plays were divided, but this is not a feature of Latin comedy.)

- 173 s.d. *noise of the door opening*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 682.
- 191 *his slave*: Dromo; perhaps he had accompanied Clinia on campaign in Asia, but nothing is said about this.
in town: probably Athens, not the local country town; see on 233.
- 226 *well and properly brought up*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 123, and below on 269–70.
- 233 *the place*: Clinia presumably refers to the temptations that inevitably abound in a large city like Athens.
- 269–70 *the old woman, who was previously said to be her mother, wasn't really*: a further clue for the audience (see on 226) that Antiphila's true parentage will be discovered in the course of the play.
- 335 *taken off to your mother*: to the women's quarters in Chremes' house; in Attica the women had separate quarters at the back of the house.
- 342 *sleep peacefully on either ear*: a proverbial expression.
- 356 *I'll have my back lashed*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 179 (p. 308).
- 409 *The old man's been expecting you for some time now*: this is simply what Syrus says to get everyone indoors. Chremes does know that Clinia has been invited to dinner in his house (cf. 183), and that Dromo and Syrus have been sent to Antiphila (191), but Syrus was not present when Chremes was told this.
- 409–10 s.d. PAUSE: there must be at least a short pause here before Chremes comes out from the house into which a large party of people has just been ushered. During this pause, we are to suppose that several hours have elapsed: when Chremes appears, his first words make clear that it is now dawn of the next morning. For modern taste, a substantial interval would be appropriate at this point, but as far as we know there were not normally long intervals in the middle of performances at Rome. It is very unusual, but not unparalleled, for a night to intervene in the action of this type of comedy.

- 475 *talent...mina*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 951 (p. 312).
- 500 *they've called me in to arbitrate*: a reference to the common Athenian practice, also found in some circumstances at Rome, of calling in an individual to arbitrate a dispute.
- 513 *I must aim a trick at the old man*: Syrus clearly has Chremes in mind; although he claimed at 329 that bringing Bacchis along would help him to get the money that Clitipho had promised her, he still does not know how he expects to achieve this. Chremes of course assumes that Syrus is referring to Menedemus.
- 520–1 *the proverbial eagle in old age*: eagles were proverbial for retaining their vigour in old age.
- 530 *sent to the mill*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 199 (p. 308).
- 597 *I thought of one just now*: we cannot say when Syrus has thought of a trick in the time since Chremes asked him to at 546ff. He seems rather to be making it up as he goes along, although he tells Chremes that he has already thought it out.
- 603 *as security for that cash*: strictly speaking, it was illegal to make loans on the security of the person at Athens, at least if that person was an Athenian citizen; we do not know if non-citizens were so well protected by the law, nor indeed how effective the law was in practice.
- 605–6 *she says she'll then give him the girl*: this perhaps means that Bacchis is (according to Syrus) asking Clinia to lend her 1,000 drachmas and offering Antiphila as security for the loan.
- 608 *a captive from Caria*: in SW Asia Minor (part of modern Turkey). A girl from these parts could have been captured as war booty or (since Caria had a long coastline) by pirates.
- 611 *Just the answer I want*: this is as mystifying for the audience as for Chremes. Since Syrus' plan is about to be overtaken by events, the playwright never has to reveal how it would have worked (cf. on *The Girl from Andros* 733). Alternatively, Syrus here hints to the audience that his real aim is to get the money from Chremes, not Menedemus; that adds bite to his final remark, 'You'll know soon!'
- 613 *that great noise coming from our door*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 682. Here the 'great noise' helps to convey Sostrata's excited state.
- 615 *the one my daughter was exposed with*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 219 (p. 308).

- 628 *new charges*: Chremes will have to provide a dowry for his newly discovered daughter, as he himself remarks at 838.
- 653 *That was right of you: you saved yourself and her*: Chremes is perhaps being sarcastic here, though after his lecture to Sostrata at 638–43 ('But just think how well you planned ahead...') it is hard to be sure. Perhaps he genuinely praises Sostrata for having given her daughter the possibility of establishing her true parentage by means of the ring (and for having salved her own conscience thereby).
- 672 *without having to expose my flank*: Syrus uses the military language often found in the mouth of a scheming slave in Latin comedy, but he also puns on the flogging he can expect to receive if Chremes discovers the truth.
- 675 *Tries to think of a plan*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 682 (p. 310).
- 719 *What if the sky fell in now?*: a proverbial expression for the worst disaster imaginable.
- 724 *ten minas*: = 1,000 drachmas, the sum that Syrus told Chremes was owed to Bacchis at 601. This is the first we hear that Syrus has offered Bacchis a specific sum of money on Clitipho's behalf, although it has been clear since 329 that Syrus is scheming to obtain for Clitipho some money that Clitipho has promised to give her.
- 743 s.d. *Ushers... Clinia*: Clinia at last enters his father's house; it is a sign of how peripheral he has become to the plot that so little is made of the fact that this completes his homecoming. This is indeed the last we see of him, and also of Bacchis, though the audience cannot realize that at this stage.
- 747 *how big a loss this small amount of profit will bring him*: as elsewhere, we cannot say what Syrus has in mind; the remark conveys his continuing confidence that he will succeed in outwitting Chremes.
- 778 *jewellery and clothes*: this phrase was regularly used at Athens to refer to the personal effects or trousseau of a bride; sometimes slaves were added to the list of her personal possessions, as at 893. Normally these items were provided by the bride's father in addition to her dowry, and I do not know of other evidence that it was customary for the bridegroom to contribute towards them. But there is evidence for the giving of presents by the bridegroom from later periods at Rome, and it is not surprising to find the same custom at Athens, if that is what this amounts to. Jewellery, clothes, and slaves are of course also the sort

of thing lovers would give (or provide the money for) to their mistresses, as is implied by Clinia's remark at 252–3, 'Where do you think she's got slave-girls, jewellery, and clothes from...?'

According to Syrus' pretence, Clinia is to obtain money to spend on Bacchis by pretending that he wants it to buy wedding presents for Antiphila. If the scheme works, Clinia will in fact hand the money over to Clitipho to give to Bacchis (and Antiphila, whom Clinia really does want to marry, will not get her presents!); but Chremes cannot realize that.

790 *But do you remember what I told you:* at 603 ff. ('She was left to the tart as security for that cash...').

796 *the highest legalism is often the lowest cunning:* this became a proverbial expression for the undesirability of applying the strict letter of the law in all circumstances.

798 *everyone knows... tidy sum:* this is roughly what I think this line ought to mean. It may well be an interpolation; if not, it is clearly corrupt and has not yet been satisfactorily emended.

837 *Another ten will follow these for her get-up:* this probably refers to any clothes and jewels that Antiphila happens to possess; Chremes speaks as if Antiphila were simply a slave for sale, whose owner (Bacchis) will insist on being paid an extra sum for the value of her possessions.

838 *a further two talents for her dowry:* see on *The Girl from Andros* 100–1, 951. A dowry of two talents would not be abnormally large in Greek New Comedy; in Athenian life it would be a sign of some wealth.

851a *Have I got it wrong... fallen from them:* this line is surely an interpolation: Menedemus should not yet be giving way to despair.

873–4 s.d. PAUSE: see on 409/10. Again we must suppose at least a short pause before Menedemus comes out from the house he has just entered.

942 *the whole of my property as her dowry:* it is sometimes suggested that Chremes is pretending here, and that this is a trick to bring Clitipho to his senses. He certainly does want to bring Clitipho to his senses, but I see no reason to doubt that he genuinely hopes to do so by giving the whole of his property as his daughter's dowry. Cooler reflection would make him realize that, among other things, he had to make some arrangement for his own and Sostrata's upkeep in these circumstances; but at this stage he is not capable of cool reflection.

- 948 *And he should get ready to fetch his bride at once*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 546 (p. 310).
- 975 *a refuge*: literally, ‘an altar’, a place at which sanctuary could be sought, as in the papyrus fragment of *The Girl from Perinthos* (see the Introductory Note to *The Girl from Andros*).
- 973–7 *Why this extraordinary behaviour... what I'm doing*: this passage is remarkable both for Syrus' readiness to take all the blame and for Chremes' leniency towards him, in marked contrast to his threats at 950–4, ‘but as for Syrus...what he's done to me?’ Syrus is not altogether reassured: see 1001–2, ‘I'll go to Menedemus here...I don't trust our old man at all!’
- 1036 *the way they say Minerva was from Jupiter's*: Chremes refers to the Greek myth of the birth of Athena (= Minerva in Latin), who sprang fully armed from the head of Zeus (= Jupiter) when it was cut open with an axe by Hephaestus (= Vulcan). In effect, Chremes says ‘Even if I were your father and mother in one...’
- 1061 *our Phanocrates*: it is not clear what Sostrata means by ‘our’, but perhaps Phanocrates is related in some way to their family. This is the only mention of him in the play, just as Archonides is mentioned only at 1065.
- 1067 *please give us your applause*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 980 (p. 312).

The Eunuch (*Eunuchus*)

- 8 *turned good Greek plays into bad Latin ones*: as usual (see on *The Girl from Andros* 7), Terence criticizes Luscius of Lanuvium, probably for being over-faithful in his translations of Greek plays. Nothing survives of his version of *The Apparition*; Terence does not say what he thinks was wrong with it, but perhaps a line or more in which he did so has been lost from the text. Donatus quotes two lines from Luscius' version of *The Treasure* (perhaps also based on a play by Menander) and gives a partial summary of the play. The scene of dispute which Terence criticizes concerned the ownership of some treasure which was found in a tomb: the owner of the land on which the tomb stood ('the defendant') claimed that he had himself deposited the treasure in the tomb; the son of the dead man claimed that it was his property and should be handed over to him. Terence objects

to the legal absurdity of making the man in possession of the treasure state his claim to its ownership before the rival claimant has put his case for being its rightful owner. This is a trivial objection, insensitive to the dramatic advantages to be gained by making the eventual loser speak first in a staged dispute.

- 20 *after the aediles had bought it*: the aediles were the officials in charge of the festivals at which plays were performed, and they paid the costs of productions from public funds (perhaps supplemented from their own resources). They probably negotiated a fee with the director of the company of actors, including a sum to be paid to the author on the occasion of a play's first performance. Presumably this was considerably less than the 8,000 sesterces eventually earned by this play as an exceptional bonus payment.
- 22 *a run-through began*: presumably a rehearsal at which the aediles happened to be present.
- 25 *by Naevius and Plautus*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 18; probably Plautus had revised Naevius' play. Since Menander is the only Greek author known to have written a play called *The Toady*, it is likely that Naevius based his play on Menander's, as Terence has done.
- 26 *the parasite and the soldier*: two of the stock characters of ancient comedy, sometimes forming a pair, as in this play and in the opening scene of Plautus' *The Braggart Soldier*. The soldier is a mercenary, the parasite his hanger-on who both flatters and mocks his empty-headed patron.
- 30 'The Toady' by Menander: see the Introductory Note to *The Eunuch*.
- 36–40 *a running slave... suspicion*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 338 and 515, *The Self-Tormentor* 37–9. Terence shifts the ground to a discussion of stock characters, situations, and plot-elements which has little relevance to Luscius' accusation that he has reused specific characters from a particular play. But I do not believe he can have written line 38 ('a parasite glutinous and a soldier boastful'), which I have accordingly marked for deletion as an interpolation: given that a parasite and a soldier are the very characters under discussion, it makes no sense to include them in his list of characters which it is (by implication) 'more allowable' for him to use.
- p. 157 s.d. *The scene... farm*: the one clear indication of direction in the text is at 835, where Pythias sees Chaerea approaching 'on the left' (i.e. on the audience's right) from Antipho's house. It should be noted that I have made Antipho appear from the right at 519, coming

from the place where Chaerea and his friends had originally planned to hold their dinner-party; but Chaerea himself enters at 292 from the left (the same direction from which Gnatho had entered at 228), from the house of Discus the freedman (608), where he has in fact arranged for the party to take place. Neither comes directly from the harbour, where they are stationed on guard-duty. On the movements of Chaerea and Gnatho at 287–9 see the final paragraph of ‘Performance Conditions and Stage Directions’ towards the end of the Introduction (p. xxii).

- 108 *That can be kept secret*: Parmeno means that Thais has effectively admitted that her mother was no better than she is, since a woman settled in a city of which she is not a citizen is (in the world of these plays) likely enough to be a prostitute. This is indeed confirmed by the next detail in Thais’ narrative: her mother was the sort of woman to whom a businessman (probably a man from elsewhere temporarily in Rhodes on business) gave a present, just as Thais expects to receive presents from her lovers. Girls were given as gifts to prostitutes either to be added to their retinue of servants or to be trained up as prostitutes themselves so as to supplement the household income later on. (Samos and Rhodes are both large islands close to the coast of Asia Minor.)
- 110 *kidnapped from here, from Attica*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 221. Kidnapping by pirates was a real danger in the ancient world; the pirates would ransom their victims or (as in this case) sell them into slavery. This real-life background was useful to playwrights who wished their plots to culminate in the recognition of a child who had been kidnapped.
- A citizen?*: even if Thais is not yet certain, this question and its answer at least make the audience aware that the girl is likely to be restored to her citizenship by the end of the play.
- 115 *Sunium*: the promontory at the southernmost tip of Attica.
- 117 *as if she were her own daughter*: this is surely meant to convey that the girl has had a respectable upbringing (see on *The Girl from Andros* 123), even if the only accomplishment that we hear of is the girl’s musical skill, and even if the woman bringing her up was a prostitute.
- 126 *Caria*: in SW Asia Minor (part of modern Turkey), the scene of some military activity involving mercenary soldiers in Menander’s lifetime. A soldier fighting here could well visit the nearby island of Rhodes, as we are about to learn that Thais’ lover (Thraso) has done.

- 133 *could play the lyre*: a useful accomplishment if she was to be trained up as a prostitute, since prostitutes were often hired out as musical performers as well as for sexual services.
- 143 *Anything more than that?*: this delicately phrased question introduces another reassuring hint for the spectators; this is a world in which respectable citizen girls do not lose their virginity before marriage, unless they lose it to the man they are eventually going to marry.
- 148 *no friend, no relative*: as a foreign woman at Athens, Thais is in a very weak position. She is realistically portrayed as needing to think about her own security.
- 169 *twenty minas*: 2,000 drachmas. We are told that Cato (an elder statesman at Rome in Terence's lifetime) never paid more than the equivalent of 1,500 drachmas for a slave, and he was not a man to waste money on luxuries. So twenty minas is a low price for two slaves, even if it is a lot of money for a boy to spend on presents for his girlfriend. We shall not be surprised to see later in the play that these are unimpressive specimens.
- 290 *the Piraeus... public guard duty*: the Piraeus is the harbour of Athens, some seven kilometres south-west of the city. The first year of military service (for which see on *The Girl from Andros* 51) was spent in barracks there.
- 319 *whether by force or by stealth or by loan*: Roman legal terminology, defining circumstances in which the acquisition of property does not confer rights of ownership. This is a rare case where Terence makes one of his Greek characters use a distinctively Roman formula—to reinforce his insistence that he must get hold of the girl he has seen!
- 381 *you'll get the bean; I'll get the shelling*: evidently a proverbial expression, though not found elsewhere.
- 397 *The king*: see on *The Self-Tormentor* 117 (p. 318).
- 426 *Are you hunting for meat when you're a hare yourself?*: the point is that the young Rhodian is himself sexually desirable and should accept the role of pursued rather than pursuer. We are told that this joke was already to be found in a play by Livius Andronicus, whose first production at Rome was in 240 bc.
- 491 *snatch the food from a funeral pyre*: a proverbial expression. Offerings of food were burnt together with the corpse on the pyre.
- 513 *a party following a sacrifice to the gods*: see on *The Mother-in-Law* 184.

- 585 *as the story goes*: Danae had been imprisoned by her father to prevent her from conceiving and producing a son who (he had been told by an oracle) would kill him. In the traditional story Jupiter turned himself into a shower of gold in order to get into Danae's room and have sex with her, and their son Perseus did eventually kill her father. In this version Jupiter turns himself into a man, climbs on to the roof, and throws the gold down from there—an appropriate painting to hang in the house of a prostitute, where it reminds the onlooker that even the greatest god had to pay for his pleasures. But this is not quite the message that Chaerea derives from it.
- 590 'The one whose thunder...regions of the sky': Donatus tells us that Terence is parodying Ennius here; he may perhaps even be quoting from one of his tragedies.
- 776 *his troop of thieves*: it seems from 816 that Sanga works in Thraso's kitchen; cooks and their assistants were notoriously dishonest and untrustworthy in ancient comedy.
- 783 *what Pyrrhus used to do*: Pyrrhus was king of Epirus (in NW Greece) in the early third century BC, a master tactician who won two famous 'Pyrrhic' victories against the Romans, at Heraclea in 280 and Ausculum in 279. At the latter battle he is reported to have stationed himself and his crack cavalry troop outside the main battle line.
- 957 *what's done to adulterers*: some ancient sources suggest that adulterers caught in the act could be castrated, or subjected to such indignities as having a radish inserted into their anus. Such punishments were no doubt commoner in the public imagination than in practice.
- 985 *lyre-player*: i.e. prostitute; see on 133.
- 1024 *just like a shrew*: shrews were proverbial for squeaking loudly while eating and thus revealing their whereabouts to predators.
- 1027 *Hercules was Omphale's slave*: Hercules was a son of Jupiter and famous for his superhuman strength and achievements. But at one stage he had to serve a period of slavery to the Lydian queen Omphale, suffering the further degradation of having to wear a woman's clothes and perform a woman's tasks, while she stood over him with his lion-skin and club (his traditional attributes) and also beat him with a slipper. As Gnatho is quick to point out, the precedent is not a comfortable one for Thraso.
- 1029 *a noise from her door*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 682 (p. 310).
- 1085 *pushing this rock up the hill*: Gnatho alludes to the proverbial punishment of Sisyphus in the Underworld, where he was condemned to

push a rock up a hill from which it always rolled back down. But ‘rock’ is also a term of abuse appropriate for Thraso, implying stupidity.

- 1094 *please give us your applause*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 980 (p. 312).

Phormio

- 1 *a certain old author*: Luscius of Lanuvium (see on *The Girl from Andros* 7, p. 305).
- 6–8 *because he’s never written...begging him to help her*: clearly a reference to a melodramatic scene in one of Luscius’ plays. The young man is presumably mad from love, but otherwise we know nothing about this play.
- 11a *and the plays...more success*: this line is not found in the oldest manuscript of Terence and is generally agreed to have been interpolated into the other manuscripts. It appears to be based on line 3 of *The Girl from Andros*, and it does not fit the run of the argument here.
- 16–17 *the prizes...art of poetry*: this must refer metaphorically to success as a dramatic poet, since Roman playwrights (unlike their Greek counterparts) did not compete for prizes in a competition.
- 32 *by a commotion*: a reference to the unsuccessful first production of *The Mother-in-Law* four years earlier. It is curious that Terence refers to this and not to the unprecedented success of *The Eunuch* earlier in 161; we might have expected a more triumphant tone altogether in this prologue, if the generally accepted chronology of Terence’s plays is correct.
- 33–4 *the excellence of our director...fair-mindedness*: two plays have intervened since the first production of *The Mother-in-Law*. Terence evidently did not mind the contradiction between his criticism of Luscius in line 10 for relying on his director’s efforts and his acknowledgement here that he himself has been helped by his director (who was also the leading actor in the company).
- 35 *fellow citizen*: it is possible that the names of Davos and Geta indicate a shared origin in Thrace (modern Bulgaria, approximately), but more probably this is a jokey way of indicating that they are both slaves, since slaves had no citizen rights.

- 43 *out of his allowance*: it was possible for slaves in this way to build up a capital sum of their own with which they might hope to purchase their freedom.
- 49 *initiation ceremony*: Donatus tells us that Apollodorus referred more explicitly to initiation in the mystery religion associated with the island of Samothrace, in the NE Aegean sea.
- 51 *a red-headed man*: slaves in ancient comedy regularly had red hair.
- 66 *Lemnos*: an island in the NE Aegean Sea. Like Imbros (see on *The Mother-in-Law* 171), it had been colonized by Athens, and the settlers' descendants retained their Athenian citizenship and links.
- Cilicia*: a district in SE Asia Minor (now part of Turkey), directly north of Cyprus.
- 68 *promising him mountains of gold*: a proverbial expression.
- 78 *to kick against the pricks*: a proverbial expression first found in Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*.
- 83 *foul pimp*: prostitutes were often trained up as musicians, this being one of the entertainments they offered their clients; cf. on *The Eunuch* 133 (p. 326).
- 92 *a young man in tears*: according to Donatus, Apollodorus made the barber himself tell the following story, since he had cut the girl's hair—a detail of Athenian mourning ritual not reproduced by Terence for his Roman audience.
- 97 *facing the street*: the corpse was traditionally laid out just inside the front door, with its feet towards the door. It was thus easily visible from the street if the door was left open.
- 103–4 *we went; we arrived; we saw her*: Julius Caesar surely had this passage in mind when he said 'I came; I saw; I conquered'.
- 114 *a citizen of Attica*: see on 66 *Lemnos* and on *The Girl from Andros* 221.
- 125–6 *There's a law... marry the girls*: this was an Athenian, not a Roman, law; Terence's audience accept that they are watching a play set in Athens. Phormio has acted as the 'claimant at law' of the Greek title (see line 25 of the prologue), entering a claim on behalf of the orphaned girl. The summary of the law here is a little bald: what it said was that, if a citizen girl was orphaned and had no brothers, her closest male relative had either to provide her with a dowry and arrange a suitable marriage for her or marry her himself. Demipho points out at 296–7 that the provision of a dowry was an alternative to marrying the girl.

- 138 *What Fortune brings... unbowed*: this may not allude to any particular passage in tragedy or epic, but the style is grandiloquent.
- 150 *customs officers*: these officials monitored mail from abroad, as a check against evasion of import and export dues.
- 177 *running in this direction*: the prelude to a traditional ‘running slave’ scene; see on *The Girl from Andros* 338 (p. 309), and on 844 below.
- 181a *my master*: Antipho; see on *The Girl from Andros* 208 (p. 308).
- 186 *trying to wash the colour out of a brick*: a proverbial expression for futile endeavour.
- 203 *it's the brave who are favoured by fortune*: another common proverbial expression.
- 210 *Look at my face*: Terence’s actors almost certainly wore masks, although ancient evidence is contradictory on this point. But that does not prevent his characters from speaking as if changes of expression could be visible; see also Phormio’s remark at 890.
- 213 *drive you from the field... utterance irate*: this appears to be a parody of tragic style.
- 249–50 *grinding at the mill... hard labour on the farm*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 199 (p. 308).
- 291–2 *The laws don't allow... give evidence either*: in fact Geta could have been compelled to give evidence under torture (cf. on *The Mother-in-Law* 335); but he is hardly to be blamed for not having volunteered for this.
- 297 *looked for someone else for her to marry*: see on 125–6.
- 305 *while you're alive*: Antipho is still under Demipho’s control, and Demipho might simply repudiate the debt.
- 311 *I'll go home*: unusually, we shall not see Demipho setting off for the main square, although his next entry will be from there at 348; we must imagine him to go there behind the scenes.
- 315 *Really... return*: Donatus has an interesting comment on Phormio’s entry here: ‘The story is still told about Terence and the drunken Ambivius who, when he was going to perform this play, delivered these lines by Terence [evidently at a rehearsal] yawning, drunk, and scratching at his ear with his little finger; whereupon the author exclaimed that that was how he had thought of the parasite when he wrote it—and he was immediately calmed down, having been angry because he had caught him full of food and drink.’

- 318 *you mashed up this mess*: a proverbial expression; Donatus remarks that it is appropriate for a parasite, since it has to do with food.
- 328 *both foreigners and citizens...the more often I do it*: this absurd line has clearly been interpolated into the text.
- 334 *haul me off into their household*: enslavement for debt had been outlawed at Athens by a law of Solon's in the early sixth century (cf. on *The Self-Tormentor* 603), though it may well have continued in practice; at Rome a debtor could be kept in custody by his creditor until the debt had been paid off. The passage that follows here is the place in the play where Phormio is most clearly presented as a traditional gluttonous parasite.
- 339–41 *Just think...free to laugh*: Donatus quotes some lines, probably from Ennius' *Satires*, which appear to have been the model for this passage; he says there was no corresponding passage in Apollodorus' Greek play.
- 410 *the five minas*: one-twelfth of a talent (see on *The Girl from Andros* 951). This is the minimum sum that Demipho would have been required by law to provide if he really were the girl's nearest male relative.
- 491 *making a hat for his own head*: a variant on the common imprecation ‘May it fall on your head!’
- 541 *a clever man can take a hint*: literally, ‘a word is enough for a wise man’, an expression also found in Plautus’ *The Persian* that became proverbial.
- 557 *only thirty minas*: this is an average price in comedy for a sex-slave, who is a luxury item; at *The Brothers* 191 the pimp is said to have bought a girl for twenty minas (cf. on *The Eunuch* 169, p. 326).
- 587 *I'm the only thing I can call my own*: the family wealth is all in his wife's name; see below, lines 680, 788 ff., 940.
- 631 *not his life...but his cash*: in other words, the worst he has to fear is a fine if he loses the case; since he is a wealthy man, he will not be deterred by the danger of that from throwing the girl out.
- 644 *a round talent*: sixty minas, twice the sum actually required to buy Phaedria's girl from the pimp (cf. 557).
- 667 *ten minas*: this brings his total demand to thirty minas, the sum Phaedria requires. In the world of comedy this would be a modest dowry for men like Demipho and Chremes to provide for daughters

of their own, but more than would be expected for a girl from a poorer background.

754 *does he have two wives?*: Chremes is astonished to think that his nephew may have done this, but it is what he himself has done; cf. Nausistrata's reproach at 1041.

759 *in the way I wanted*: i.e. without publicity.

768 *Look before you leap*: literally, 'Don't run beyond the hut', i.e. (probably) 'Don't run so far to avoid trouble that you have no place of refuge left'.

780 *an additional loan to pay off, Geta*: in other words, Geta expects to be punished even more severely when the truth comes out. (Literally, his language suggests paying off a loan that was taken out to pay off a previous loan.)

786 *a short while ago*: cf. 681 'I'll tell my wife you need it'.

812 *of our friend*: in Nausistrata's presence Demipho conceals the fact that he is actually asking about Chremes' daughter.

830 *she's been given her freedom*: in other words, she has been formally released from slavery, not simply transferred from one owner to another. When Phormio says this will enable Phaedria to keep her to himself, he presumably means that no one else will now be in a position to dispose of her, whatever happens about the money that has been tricked out of Chremes.

835 *acting your part...Running away from his dad*: Antipho ran away from his father at 216–18.

837 *Sunium*: see on *The Eunuch* 115 (p. 325); the site of a slave market.

838 *Geta spoke of a short while ago*: cf. 665.

840 *a noise coming from your door*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 682 (p. 310).

841 *Fortune...Lady Luck*: two distinct divinities at Rome (Fortuna and Fors Fortuna), representing different aspects of the Greek goddess Tyche, who has been seen as the presiding deity of Greek New Comedy and speaks the prologue of Menander's *The Shield*. According to Donatus on this line, Fortuna was the goddess of uncertain events, Fors Fortuna of happy outcomes.

844 *load this shoulder of mine with my cloak*: it was typical of the 'running slave' in comedy (see on *The Girl from Andros* 338) to throw his cloak over his shoulder. At 177 Geta ran on stage to bring bad news; here he plans to run off to deliver good news. In fact he plans only to go to the pimp's house, whose door we can see on stage; and since Antipho is present he does not even have to go that far. But at 847–51 Terence

reproduces the traditional motif of the slave being called back by the very person he is looking for.

862 *women's quarters*: at Athens the women had separate quarters at the back of the house.

877 *I've heard that story too*: Antipho cannot have heard exactly what Geta has just reported, but he surely has heard that Phanium had come to Athens from Lemnos in search of her father.

890 *a new appearance and a new expression*; see on 210 above.

985–7 *Grab him... Shut his foul mouth up... how strong he is*: both the stage action and the distribution of speakers are uncertain here; the Oxford Classical Text makes Chremes the speaker at both these points.

1015 *in honour of a dead man*: an allusion to the tradition of funeral orations.

1026 *Oyez... now's the time*: Phormio now speaks as if he were an official crier announcing the start of a funeral procession.

1055 *Goodbye... applause*; see on *The Girl from Andros* 980 (p. 312).

The Brothers (*Adelphoe*)

2 *hostile men*: doubtless yet again Terence's old rival and enemy Luscius; see on *The Girl from Andros* 7 (p. 305).

6 *Diphilus*: an author of Greek New Comedy, slightly older than Menander. Nothing is known about his *Comrades in Death*; of Plautus' version one four-word fragment survives, quoted by an ancient grammarian. For Plautus, see on *The Girl from Andros* 18.

11 *a word-for-word translation of it*: from Terence's account, the scene in question is clearly lines 155–96. We are in no position to judge how closely Terence has in fact followed the Greek (cf. on 194).

15–16 *And as for what... collaborate with him in his writing*: see on *The Self-Tormentor* 24. Terence does not deny the charge but instead turns it into a compliment to his backers.

19 *with all of you and with the people*: in other words, not only the audience but the people as a whole. It is generally assumed that the 'members of the nobility' referred to here include the two sons of Aemilius Paullus who organized the funeral games at which this play was performed (see the Introductory Note), above all Scipio Aemilianus. They were really

too young to have made much of a mark by 160, but we should not be surprised by a certain amount of exaggeration on such an occasion.

p. 264 s.d. *right and left*: these directions can be reversed throughout if preferred; there are no clues in the text, and they have been given for convenience only. There are two reasons for placing Micio's house nearer to the main square and Sostrata's nearer to the country: the latter makes the staging of Geta's entry at 299 easier, and the former makes it more plausible that Demea does not see Ctesipho and Syrus at 540. There is a slight awkwardness at 155, where Micio exits in the same direction as the new characters enter from, but ancient dramatists were not always sensitive to such things. (There is a similar awkwardness at *The Eunuch* 287–9, where Chaerea does not see Gnatho in the wings.) If desired, the awkwardness could be avoided by placing Sannio's house off to the left, in which case it would probably be best to make Demea come from the left on his first entry as well, and also Geta at 299.

123 *produce anyone you like to decide between us*: see on *The Self-Tormentor* 500 (p. 320).

162–3 *apologizing for the wrong you've done me*: evidently a public statement of regret would in some circumstances be expected to be accepted as compensation for mistreatment.

165–6 *I'll admit on oath... wrangled like that*: again, it seems likely that Sannio is referring to a publicly-declared formula of apology that serves to reinstate the honour of the victim and thus acts as some kind of reparation.

191 *for twenty minas*: see on *Phormio* 557 (p. 331).

194 *declare her to be free-born*: it would be a serious offence to keep a free-born Athenian citizen as a slave. Aeschinus' claim here is evidently a bluff intended to frighten Sannio, since nothing comes of it in the rest of the play. Some scholars have thought it an element inappropriately retained by Terence in translating Diphilus' scene 'word for word' (see line 11 of the prologue), i.e. a claim that was true in Diphilus' play but has no function in Menander's. But Terence was a successful playwright, and we should expect him to have included these words for a purpose.

199–200 *he smashed... at cost price*: the manuscripts (and the Oxford Classical Text) have these lines in the reverse order ('In return... cost price' preceding 'he smashed... damn it!'). I agree with those

editors who feel they make better sense in the order in which I have translated them.

- 224 *Cyprus*: an important trading centre.
- 264 *Whatever did the door make that noise for?*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 682 (p. 310).
- 285 *spread the couches for us*: Greeks and Romans reclined on couches at dinner parties. ‘for us’ need not be taken to imply that Syrus as a slave expects to be reclining on a couch himself as one of the diners, though Donatus does so take it in his commentary and regards the effect as extremely comic.
- 299 *Geta runs in from the right*: a ‘running slave’ scene; see on *The Girl from Andros* 338 (p. 309). This is Terence’s most extended example of the device.
- 347 *the ring that he lost*: it presumably fell off his finger while he was raping Pamphila, or she managed to pull it off; see on *The Mother-in-Law* 574 (p. 315). The Oxford Classical Text here reads *miserat* (‘he sent’), the reading of the oldest manuscript, for *amiserat* (‘he lost’), the reading of the others; but it is not clear why Aeschinus should have *sent* a ring to the house next door.
- 352 *my dear Simulus’ best friend*: Simulus was Sostrata’s husband, now dead (cf. 493 ‘this girl and her late father’). According to Donatus, Hegio was Sostrata’s brother in Menander’s original Greek play; Terence has made him more distantly related to her family, perhaps to make her seem slightly more isolated.
- 388 *lyre-player*: i.e. prostitute; see on *The Eunuch* 133 (p. 326).
- 439 *from our tribe*: the citizen population both at Athens and at Rome was divided into ‘tribes’ (essentially on geographical, not ethnic, principles) for various administrative purposes.
- 450–1 *He’s obviously heard about that lyre-player*: Demea does not realize how much more shocking Aeschinus’ behaviour appears to Hegio and Geta; his complacent criticisms of Micio here are the prelude to his learning about Aeschinus’ treatment of the girl next door. None of these characters knows the full truth about the theft of the lyre-player.
- 471 *it’s only human*: see the discussion of ancient attitudes to rape towards the end of the Introduction (pp. xix–xx).

- 475 *that was nine months ago*: literally, ‘this is the tenth month’; see on *The Mother-in-Law* 822 (p. 315).
- 483 *you can torture me if it isn’t true*: see on *The Mother-in-Law* 335. But it is illogical of Geta to say ‘if it isn’t true’, when his purpose in offering himself for torture is to confirm the truth of what he is claiming; the notion of torture as a punishment seems also to be present to his mind.
- 487 *Juno... save me, please*: repeated from *the Girl from Andros* 473; see the note there (pp. 309–10).
- 499a *Whatever advice... I’ll follow it*: this line has been interpolated into the manuscripts from *Phormio* 461; it is not appropriate for Demea to say it here.
- 537 *Talk of the devil*: literally, ‘The wolf in the story’, a proverbial expression presumably based on a story in which a wolf appeared on being spoken of; we do not know the story.
- 587 *Death on toast*: literally, ‘Funeral feast’.
- 617 *the old woman*: Canthara.
- 632 *I’ll go up to the door*: a door-knocking scene was a familiar routine in ancient comedy, offering many opportunities for comic effects and also sometimes helping to focus attention on the house behind the door or on the scene that immediately followed. This is the only occurrence of such a scene in Terence, and it is the prelude to the important meeting between Aeschinus and Micio. It is artificially contrived, since Aeschinus would normally be expected to walk into the house of his beloved without knocking, at least during the daytime. Comedy is added by the fact that he takes fright when the door starts to open at 635, rather than supposing that it is being opened in response to his knock.
- 638 *Did you strike this door?*: Donatus notes that the verb translated ‘strike’ is a high-flown word more suited to tragedy than to comedy; it is not the verb normally found in comedy for knocking at the door. The effect seems to be to establish an artificial tone for the scene of teasing that follows, reinforcing the artificiality of the door-knocking itself.
- 643 *He’s blushing*: see on *Phormio* 210 (p. 330).
- 652 *she has to marry him*: Micio invokes the Athenian law that is crucial to the plot of *Phormio*; see on *Phormio* 125–6 (p. 329).
- 654 *Miletus*: a Greek city south of Ephesus on the west coast of Asia Minor (on the SW seaboard of modern Turkey), near the mouth of the river

Maeander. This fictional relative must be supposed to be an Athenian resident there.

- 672 *a girl from outside his family*: it was common in the ancient world for marriages to be arranged between cousins.
- 686 *against the law for you to lay a finger on her*: although the violation of a citizen girl was accepted socially as natural behaviour for a boy, it was a serious offence. If Aeschinus had not been willing to marry the girl, society would not have been so tolerant of his act. (See on *The Girl from Andros* 780–1, p. 311.)
- 688 *perfectly respectable people*: see the discussion of ancient attitudes to rape towards the end of the Introduction (pp. xix–xx).
- 691 *nine months went by*: the Latin says ‘ten months’; cf. line 475, and see on *The Mother-in-Law* 822 (p. 315).
- 694 *escorted home as a bride*: a reference to the important stage of the marriage ceremony, both at Athens and at Rome, when the bride was brought in procession to her new home. (cf. on *The Girl from Andros* 546, p. 310.)
- 701 *love you more than my own eyes*: a proverbial expression, used by Demea to Aeschinus at 903.
- 739 *like a game of dice*: Micio refers to a game like backgammon in which the fall of the dice limits but does not entirely dictate the moves available to the players. The comparison of life to a game of dice, implying that we are (at least to some extent) at the mercy of external forces, was a commonplace.
- 752 *lead the chain in a dance with them*: literally, ‘dance between them, pulling on the rope’. Nothing more is known about this (doubtless improper) type of dance.
- 761 *Salvation herself*: see on *The Mother-in-Law* 338 (p. 314).
- 788 *striking so hard on the door*: Micio uses the same verb as at 638 (see note), here preparing the way for Demea’s paratragic outburst. For the noise of a door opening see on *The Girl from Andros* 682 (p. 310); here it is presumably Demea’s upset state that causes him to ‘strike’ the door as he struggles to release its bolt.
- 789 *Woe is me*: Demea exclaims in high tragic style, culminating in invocation of the elements.
- 804 *friends should share and share alike*: a Greek proverb, quoted by both Plato and Aristotle. We know that Menander included it in the Greek original of this play.

- 890 *to fetch the girl*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 546 (p. 310).
- 903 *I love you more than my own eyes*: Demea uses the proverbial expression Aeschinus himself had used to Micio at 701.
- 907 *the wedding-hymn... pipe-players*: these are all elements of the procession that escorts the bride to her new home (see on 694).
- 938–9 *Do you want me to... marry a decrepit old woman*?: Donatus comments at this point that in Menander's play the old man did not make a fuss about the marriage. This suggests that Terence has altered the emphasis considerably in this closing scene.
- 970 *Live in freedom*: it is not known what formal gesture, if any, accompanied the manumission of a slave at Rome at this period, nor whether a simple informal ceremony like this sufficed. Terence may here be reproducing what he found in Menander's play; we should not necessarily expect him to reflect contemporary Roman practice.
- 985 *What's taken your fancy? What's this sudden generosity*?: this is an imitation of what must have been a well-known line by Caecilius (for whom see on *The Mother-in-Law* 14, p. 313).
- 997 *Please give us your applause*: see on *The Girl from Andros* 980 (p. 312). Unusually, the text gives no further indication that the actors leave the stage at the end of this closing scene.