

PHORMIO

Terence

Translated by Christopher Kelk

© Copyright 2022 Christopher Kelk, All Rights Reserved.
Please direct enquiries for commercial re-use to chriskelk@sympatico.ca.

CONTENTS

ARGUMENT	2
PROLOGUE	2
I.i	3
I.ii	4
I.iii	9
I.iv	11
II.i	16
II.ii	21
II.iv	31
III.i	32
III.ii	34
III.iii	40
IV.i	43
IV.iii	45
IV.iv	50
IV.v	52
V.i	53
V.ii	57
V.iii	58
V.iv	64
V.v	64
V.vi	65
V.vii	69
V.viii	76

ARGUMENT

Chremes set sail, with brother Demipho,
Who left his son in Athens - Antipho.
He had a wife and daughter on the isle
Of Lemnos; he was married, too, meanwhile,
To a dame in Athens; he'd a son and heir
Who lived in Athens also – that is where
He loved a lutanist. The Lemnian wife
To Athens came and it was there her life
Came to an end. Since Chremes was elsewhere,
The daughter paid the funeral rites, but there 10
Did Antipho see her and desperately
He fell in love and married her (this he
Had brought about thanks to a servant). Then,
On their return to Athens, the old men,
Enraged, made a decision then to pay
Thirty minas for the slave to take away
The girl and have her married. With this sum
The lutanist was bought and Phanium
(That's Chremes' daughter) Antipho then might 20
Keep, too, with her identity brought to light.

PROLOGUE

Since that old poet can't draw me away
From writing, forcing me to waste my day,
By calumny he tries to frighten me
From my pursuit – he says that previously
My plays were poor in language, lacking flair,
Since I had never written anywhere
The tale of some mad youth seeing a hind
Take flight from hounds and vowing to be kind
In coming to her aid. But, had he known 10
This play, when first presented, held its own
More owing to the merits of the cast
Than to its own, he'd have curtailed his blast
Of censure. Should someone believe or say,
If that old bard had not made his foray,
The new one's prologue would not have been made
Had there not been someone to be inveighed

Against, tell him: all those whose labour lies
 In the dramatic arts may win the prize.
 He'd drive me to the poorhouse; but if he
 Had spoken civilly, then civilly 20
 Would he have been addressed. But let him take
 This tit-for-tat. This talk of him I'll make
 An end of when the fellow makes an end
 Of his offending. Now you must attend
 To what I ask: I bring you a new piece
 (It's called *Epidikazomenos* in Greece,
 Though *Phormio* in Rome). This name will be
 The name of the protagonist – it's he
 Who mainly will advance the plot, should you
 Approve my work. Now pay attention, do; 30
 Be silently impartial, lest we know
 Again the fate we knew some time ago –
 A brawl caused our eviction from that place.
 Thanks to the actor's merit and the grace
 And candour that you manifested, too,
 In backing him, we now are back with you.

I.i

Davus:
 Geta, my fellow-citizen and staunch chum,
 Came yesterday: a small residuum
 Of his account for quite some time I'd let
 Stay in my hands. He wanted it offset. 40
 This have I done and now I'm on my way
 To give it him. His master's son, they say,
 Has wed: this tiny modicum, I'm sure,
 He's scraped together so as to procure
 A wedding gift. Why must the indigent
 Always be giving to the opulent
 Something? This wretch, degree by small degree,
 Has from his ration scraped up selflessly
 What *she* will take away with not a whit
 Of thought to all the toil involved with it. 50
 Besides, he will be forced to give another
 After his mistress has become a mother,
 Another on his birthday, then when they
 Initiate him – these she'll take away,
 The child a pretext only. Don't I see
 Geta?

I.ii

[Enter Geta]

Geta:
Should a red-haired man inquire of me –

Davus:
Stop there! He's here.

Geta:
Oh, I've been trying to meet
You, Davus.

Davus:
Here's the cash – it's there, complete!
Already counted!

Geta:
I'm obliged to you
For not neglecting the amount that's due, 60
Especially since in the present mood,
When being reimbursed, one's gratitude
Should be immense.

Davus:
Why are you so depressed?

Geta:
With such alarm and peril am I stressed –
You've no idea!

Davus:
What's up?

Geta:
You'll know at once –
But keep it secret.

Davus:
Out upon you, dunce!
You've seen my trust with cash, yet timidly
You will not trust some secret thing with me.

What would I gain from my deceit?

Geta:

O.K.,

Then listen.

Davus:

I'm all ears.

Geta:

Are you *au fait*

70

With the elder brother of our gentleman,
One Chremes?

Davus:

Yes, of course.

Geta:

Alright, and can

You say you know Phaedria, his son?

Davus:

As well

As I know you.

Geta:

Well, then, my tale I'll tell:

Both old men travelled simultaneously,

The one to Lemnos, while concurrently

Our man went to Cilicia to stay

With an old pal who, so that he might sway

His friend, had sent him letters and a vow

Of gold - a mountain's worth.

Davus:

He has that now –

80

Why add more?

Geta:

Quiet! That's his way.

Davus:

A king

Is what *I* should be!

Geta:

Both, abandoning
Their sojourns, left me as a guardian
To both their sons.

Davus:

An onerous duty, man!

Geta:

Ain't it the truth? My genius, I thought,
In anger had forsaken me. I sought
At first to thwart them. While my loyalty
Remained, my back sustained some injury.
But then I thought, "Why fight it?" I began,
Therefore, to cater to their every plan.

90

Davus:

You knew the market price.

Geta:

Well then, our lad
Phaedria at first got up to nothing bad.
Soon he'd picked up a lutanist whom he
Loved madly, but she lived in slavery
To a foul pimp. Those fathers took great heed
To give him nothing. Phaedria would feed
His eyes on her and follow her about
And take her to and from her school. Without
A thing to do, we'd help the lad. The school
Was opposite a barber's shop – we'd cool
Our heels there usually to wait till she
Came home again. Meanwhile, one day while we
Sat there, a youth came weeping. In surprise
We asked him why he had tears in his eyes.
"Never," he said, "has poverty been so
Grievous than now – I'm sunk so very low.
Just now I've seen a wretched local maid
Lamenting her dead mother, who was laid
Out cold before her. There was not one friend,
Acquaintance or relation who might tend
To her, except one maid. My sympathy
Was roused. She was a beauty." In short, we
Were all moved. "Do you wish, " said Antipho,
"To visit her?" "I think we ought to go,"
The other said. "Lead us." We went, we came,
We saw - she *was* a beauty. She could claim
More beauty still, because her beauty there

100

110

Was hardly heightened, for her feet were bare,
Her hair dishevelled, her apparel mean;
She was in tears, neglected; had there been
No excess charm in her, her comeliness
Would then have been reduced to nothingness.
Now, he who loved the lutanist said, "Oh,
She's nice enough." Our youth, though –

120

Davus:

Oh, I know –

Fell for her.

Geta:

Yes, and how! You'll see. Next day
He went straight to the crone, beseeching, "Pray
Let me have her." "This is unwarranted –
She's an Athenian citizen," she said,
"Well-born, well-bred. If you would marry her,
Do so – but legally. If not, then, sir,
No deal!" He, at a loss, had the desire
To marry her but feared his absent sire.

130

Davus:

Why? Would he not have given him leave had he
Returned?

Geta:

A girl of obscure pedigree
And dowerless? No, never.

Davus:

In the end

What happened?

Geta:

There's a parasite, old friend,
One Phormio, a self-assured young man
(God curse him!)

Davus:

What did he do?

Geta:

Well, his plan
Was this: "the law states orphan girls must wed
Their next of kin. I'll say that's you; that said,

140

I will arraign you and pretend to be
Her father's friend; before the judges we
Will cite her father, mother and how you
Are kin to her; all this I'll state as true
(It's suited to my purpose); no detail
Of this will you refute; I shall prevail;
Your father will return and we will row –
So what? She'll still be ours."

Davus:

A witty vow!

Geta:

It worked – they came to court. A crushing blow!
They wed.

Davus:

What's that you say?

Geta:

You heard – you know.

150

Davus:

What's to become of you?

Geta:

I honestly
Don't know, but I will with serenity
Bear what the gods may send.

Davus:

A manly view!

Geta:

All of my hope is in myself.

Davus:

Well, you
Have earned my praise for that.

Geta:

Perhaps I'll see
If someone will speak for me with this plea:
"Forgive him this time, but, should he offend
Once more, I'll drop him." But let him not end
With "When I leave, then kill him."

Into my mind, Phaedria, I'm filled with terror.
I should have waited for him – tactless error!

Phaedria:
What's up?

Antipho:
 You ask me that? – we were a team
In this bold enterprise! Would that this scheme
Had never crossed the mind of Phormio
And he had not persuaded me to go
Ahead with it – the spring of my distress.
Then I would not have gained her. Oh, I guess
I might have been uneasy for a spell
But not tormented by this daily hell. 180

Phaedria:
I hear you.

Antipho:
 I expect him every hour –
Then he will part us.

Phaedria:
 Others' lack of power
To gain their love brings them anxiety,
While you lament a superfluity
Of love. You have a surfeit, Antipho.
Upon my life we all should seek to know
A life like yours. O would that I were blessed
To spend my life with her I love the best –
Happy I'd be. Against your affluence
Now weigh my paucity: at no expense 190
You've gained a well-born, genteel girl, a wife
Of stainless reputation – such a life
Of joy except that equanimity
Has passed you by. You'd find that quality
If you dealt with that pimp as I have done.

Antipho:
Still, Phaedria, *you* seem the lucky one.
You may without restraint do what you please –
Keep her or let her go. Neither of these
May *I* do – I've no rights nor liberty.
But look, there's Geta hurrying to me. 200
I dread the news he brings.

Liv

[Enter Geta]

Geta: You're a dead man
Unless you come up quickly with a plan,
Geta. You're unprepared and evils loom.
I don't know how to dodge my certain doom.
If we don't act adroitly, grief will drop
On me or on my master. I can't stop
Folk knowing now about our brazenness.

Antipho: [to Phaedria]
What's up with him?

Geta: To put to rights this mess
I've very little time. My master's near
At hand.

Antipho: [to Phaedria]
What's all this mischief?

Geta: He'll soon hear 210
Of it. What shall I do to stem his pique?
I'll irritate him if I choose to speak,
Provoke him if I'm silent; if I make
Excuses, well, I might as well then bake
A baked brick and try washing it. Oh hell!
I'm so afraid, though discomposed as well
For Antipho. He keeps me here – without
The man I would have headed out
And saved myself, avenging the old man
For being crabby, grabbing what I can. 220

Antipho: [to Phaedria]
How can he manage that?

Geta: Where's Antipho?

Phaedria: [to Antipho]

That's you!

Antipho:

I fear he bears bad news.

Phaedria:

Oh no,

Are you quite sane?

Geta:

I'm off home – usually

He's there.

Phaedria: [to Antipho]

Let's call him back.

Antipho:

Stop instantly!

Geta:

Whoever you are, I'll bow to your command.

Antipho:

Geta!

Geta:

The man I wanted – here at hand!

Antipho:

Tell me your news, and in one word, I pray.

Geta:

I will.

Antipho:

Then speak.

Geta:

Now at the harbour bay –

Antipho:

My father?

Geta:

Yes, you've got it.

Antipho:

Then I'm dead.

Phaedria:

Nah!

Antipho:

What am I to do?

Phaedria: [to Geta]

What's that you said?

230

Geta:

I've seen his dad, your uncle.

Antipho:

Remedy

For this so sudden blow I cannot see.

O Phanium, if Fate takes me from you,

My life's not bearable.

Geta:

Here's what you do,

Therefore – be more alert, for Fortune backs

The brave.

Antipho:

I'm not myself.

Geta:

But, sir, the facts

Need you to be so now especially,

For if he senses your timidity,

Your father will assume some guilt in you.

Phaedria:

That's true.

Antipho:

I cannot change.

Geta:

What would you do

If faced with something else more burdensome?

240

Antipho:

I'm even less equipped for that.

Geta:

Come, come,
You're useless. Phaedria, why do we stew
In vain here, wasting time? I'm off.

Phaedria:

Me too.

Antipho:

What if I should adopt a certain air?

Geta:

Don't be a fool.

Antipho:

Look at me [adopts an air]. Is that fair
Enough?

Geta:

No.

Antipho:

This? [adopts another air]

Geta:

You're warmer.

Antipho:

This? [adopts another air]

Geta:

O.K.,
Just keep to that: whatever he may say,
Reply in kind. Don't let him agitate
You with his bluster.

Antipho:

Yes, I get it.

Geta:

State
That you were forced...

Phaedria:

...by law!

Geta:

You follow me?

Who is that old man down the street I see?

It's him!

Antipho:

I cannot stay.

Geta:

What's up with you?

Where are you off to, Antipho? Stay, do.

Antipho:

I know myself – and that offence of mine.

My Phanium – my life, too – I consign

To you. [exit]

Phaedria:

What now?

Geta:

You'll hear controversy

And, if I'm not mistaken, I will be

Strung up. Our own advice to Antipho,

Though, we must take.

Phaedria:

No "musts", man, let them go.

260

Just tell me what to do.

Geta:

Do you recall

Your words at the beginning of it all

In order to protect ourselves? The cause,

You said, was just and clear, within all laws,

Unanswerable.

Phaedria:

I do.

Geta:

That plea we need,

Unless there's something likelier.

Phaedria:

Indeed

I'll do my best.

Geta:

Go first. Right here I'll stay
As back-up if you need my help.

Phaedria:

O.K.

II.i

[Enter Demipho]

Demipho: [to himself]

Is Antipho, then, wed against my will?
Has he no shame? Does he not feel a chill
At my authority? – authority??
No, my *displeasure*. Such audacity!
O Geta, rare advice!

270

Geta:

Right at the end
He had to say that!

Demipho:

How will they defend
Themselves, I wonder.

Geta: [aside]

Oh, I'll find a way.
What next?

Demipho:

"I had to do it," will he say?
"It was the law." Yes, yes, that's true.

Geta: [aside]

Indeed.

Demipho:

But knowingly, in silence, to concede
The case – was *that* the law?

Phaedria:

He's pitiless!

Geta:

Hush, let me think.

Demipho:

I don't know, I confess, 280
What I should do. It's all beyond belief,
Unlooked-for. One should think upon one's grief
In loss and risk when back from overseas –
A son's offence, a wife's death, the disease
Of a daughter – knowing it's all prevalent.
Thus nothing new may cause bewilderment.
What is beyond one's hopes one must believe
Will turn to gain.

Geta:

Oh, no-one can conceive
How much more wisdom can be found in me
Than in my master. Each adversity 290
Of mine I've pondered: should he reappear,
He'll send me to the mill to grind, I fear,
Beat me, put me in chains, force me to sweat
Out in the fields – all this will not be met
With wonder. What will unexpectedly
Occur I'll count as gain. Now hastily
Go to him; first off make him warm to you.

Demipho:

Why, Phaedria's approaching – my nephew.

Phaedria:

Uncle, hello.

Demipho:

Hello. Where's Antipho?

Phaedria:

I'm glad you're safely back.

Demipho:

Yes. Let me know 300

Your answer.

Phaedria:
He's nearby. He, too, is well.
Is everything alright?

Demipho:
I wish!

Phaedria;
Well, tell
Me what's the matter.

Demipho:
Oh, the nerve of you
To ask me that! While I'm away, you two
Contrive a lovely marriage!

Phaedria:
And that's got
You mad?

Geta: [aside]
Nice acting, that!

Demipho:
How can I not?
I long to get him in my sights that he
Might learn that through his own delinquency
His father's turned from mellow to severe.

Phaedria:
No sin has he committed, uncle dear,
To cause your wrath.

310

Demipho:
They're in collusion – see!
Know one, know all! It's a conspiracy!

Phaedria:
Not true.

Demipho:
When one's in trouble, to his aid
There comes the other. They take turns to trade
Support.

Geta:

Well, there unwittingly he drew
An accurate picture of them.

Demipho:

Phaedria, you
Would not have helped things if that had been so.

Phaedria:

If any sin pertained to Antipho
To harm his profit or his reputation,
He should be punished in retaliation. 320
But if for this poor youth there was a trap
That had been laid by some designing chap
Successfully, then who should we reprove,
Ourselves or else the judges, who remove,
Through envy, money from the rich and give
It to the poor through pity?

Geta:

As I live,
I'd say he tells the truth – except I know
The facts of these proceedings. Is there, though,
A judge who knows your rights when you would say
Nothing in your defence – like him?

Geta:

When they 330
Went to those judges, he performed the part
Of a noble youth. He could not speak his heart –
His modesty confused him in his fear.

Geta: [aside]

Well, good for him! But what am I doing here?
Approach the codger. [to Demipho] Sir, it gladdens me
To see you safely back.

Demipho:

Oh, fine trustee
Of all my kin, good-day! I went away
While trusting you to be my son's mainstay!

Geta:

For some time now your censure have I heard,
And we do not deserve it – not one word – 340
Particularly I – I've not been freed,
As yet, and thus am not allowed to plead

A case or be a witness. What did you
Expect of me?

Demipho:

I own all that is true;
Unused to lawsuits, he had cause to fear,
And you're a slave, and yet, however near
In kin she is to us, there was no need
To marry her. The law enjoins, indeed,
You may provide a dowry and then she
May seek another. Why, instead, did he
Bring home that pauper?

350

Geta:

No sure reason why,
But he was broke.

Demipho:

He could have borrowed.

Geta:

Aye,
Easily said!

Demipho:

At least on interest
If all else failed.

Geta:

Oh, fine words! I'm impressed!
Who'd lend him money while you live?

Demipho:

No way!
She shan't reside with him one single day!
She isn't worthy. I want you to show
Me him, or where he lives.

Geta:

What, Phormio?

Demipho:

The man who'll speak for her.

Geta:

I'll bring him here.

Demipho:
Where's Antipho?

Geta:
Out somewhere.

Demipho:
Disappear 360
And find him, Phaedria. Bring him to me.

Phaedria:
I'm off.

Geta:
Yes, to Pamphila's, certainly.

Demipho:
I'll greet my household gods and then I'll walk
On to the forum so that I may talk
With friends and ask their help that I may be
Not unprepared when Phormio comes to me. [exit]

II.ii

[Enter Phormio]

Phormio:
Fearing his father, he has gone away?

Geta:
That's right.

Phormio:
And Phormio's left alone, you say?

Geta:
Correct.

Phormio:
The old man's mad?

Geta:
Exceedingly.

Phormio: [to himself]
Upon you, Phormio, this catastrophe
Now rests. You've hashed it up, the thing's a mess.
Now you must swallow it. Come on.

370

Geta:
Oh yes,
I beg of you.

Phormio: [to himself]
If he should ask –

Geta:
In you
Lies all our hope.

Phormio: [to himself]
I wonder, will this do? –
He sends her back.

Geta:
You forced him!

Phormio: [to himself]
Yes, that's wise.

Geta:
Help us!

Phormio:
So bring his dad before our eyes.
I've got it all mapped out.

380

Geta:
What is your plan?

Phormio:
He'll keep the girl and I will clear the man
Of this offence and turn the old man's spleen
Against myself.

Geta:
Brave friend! But I have been
So often anxious lest your bravery
Should put us in the stocks.

Phormio:

That will not be.

I've checked the dangers and I know the way
My feet must go. How many, would you say,
- Both citizens and foreigners – have I
Flogged – even fatally? Such things I try
The more I know about them. Have you ever
Heard of an action brought against me? Never.

390

Geta:

How come?

Phormio:

Because it's not for birds of prey
The net is spread – they put us in harm's way.
It's spread for those who cause *no* injury,
For there lies profit, while profligacy
Comes from the others. When there is something
That can be gained, danger is threatening
From others. But I have damn-all and they
Know that. "They'll take you as their slave," you'll say.
To feed a hungry guy? No, in my view
He who won't benefit a person who
May injure him is wise.

400

Geta:

He cannot be
Thankful enough for your benignity.

Phormio:

There's never gratitude enough, indeed,
That one can give his patron who will feed
Him free of charge when he comes, squeaky-clean,
Anointed, from the baths where he has been
At leisure, while the patron is with care
And his expenses eaten up. While there
Is everything to please you, he is sore.
You laugh, you drink and settle down before
The rest. You're served a banquet full of doubt –

410

Geta:

What do you mean by that?

Phormio:

You can't work out

Which item is the best. When you have thought
How choice and costly is the food he's bought,
Must you not think that he's a god?

Geta:

Look there –
The old man is approaching. Have a care –
First onset is the fiercest.

[Enter Demipho, Hegio, Cratinus, Crito]

Demipho

Oh the scorn!
Was there an outrage that was ever borne
More heavily than this? I beg of you,
Help me.

420

Geta:

He's angry.

Phormio:

You, wait for your cue.
I'll give him hell. God, Demipho disputes
That Phanium is kin?

Geta:

Yes.

Phormio:

And refutes
That he knows who her father was?

Geta:

That's true.

Demipho:

That is the man I spoke of. Follow, do.

Phormio:

Nor does he know who Stilpho was?

Geta:

Agreed.

Phormio:

Because she was renounced in dire need,

Her dad disowned and she disgraced. Oh hell,
The fruits of greed! Badmouth my master? Well, 430
You'll get a mouthful if you do.

Demipho:

Has he
Come here on purpose just to lambast *me*?

Phormio:

Now just because the youth is unaware
Of who her father was I will not bear
Him any malice. For that man is old
And poor and by hard toil keeps his household;
He's chiefly out of town where he'd a plot
Of land to cultivate (my father got
It him). Meanwhile the old man says that he,
His kinsman, has neglected him. And, gee, 440
I've never seen a better man.

Geta:

Watch out –
Mind what you say.

Phormio:

Get lost. There is no doubt
That if I'd not admired him, then she
Would not have garnered for her family
My rancour – in a most ungenerous fashion
He slights them now.

Geta:

Are you still in a passion,
Cursing my master, swine, while he's away?

Phormio:

Well, he deserves it.

Geta:

Oh how dare you say
Such things, you jailbird?

Demipho:

Geta!

Phormio:

Falsify

The laws, you thief, would you?

Demipho:

Geta!

Phormio: [aside]

Reply.

450

Geta:

Who is it? Oh!

Demipho:

Be quiet!

Geta:

Night and day

He would revile you while you were away -

All lies - to his advantage.

Demipho:

Shush! I yearn,

With your permission, my good youth, to learn,

If you are pleased to answer, who this chum

You speak of was. Tell me - how did it come

About that he said he and I were kin?

Phormio:

Oh yes, go on, pretend to reel it in

As if you didn't know!

Demipho:

How could I do?

Phormio:

You know!

Demipho:

Well, if I do, you'll have to cue

My memory.

460

Phormio:

You really do not know

Your cousin on your mother's side?

Demipho:

Oh! Oh!

You're killing me. His name! Just tell it me!

Phormio:
His name?

Demipho:
Come on, speak up!

Phormio: [aside]
Calamity!
I can't recall.

Demipho:
Tell me.

Phormio:
Geta, d'you know
The name that only just a while ago
I told you? Tell it me. [to Demipho] I'll not tell you –
You know it well and now come here to screw
The facts from me.

Demipho:
I what?

Geta: [aside to Phormio]
Stilpho.

Phormio:
O.K.,
It's Stilpho.

Demipho:
What was that?

Phormio:
Stilpho, I say.
You know him.

Demipho:
I do *not* know him, nor do
I have a relative by that name.

Phormio:
Aren't you
Ashamed? If he had left to you, however,

Ten talents –

Demipho:

Curse you!

Phormio:

- you'd at once endeavour
To trace the forebears in your ancestry
Three generations back.

Demipho:

Presumably,
And then I would have told you how we two
Were relatives. So now I'm asking you
That question.

Geta: Well said, sir. [to Phormio] Watch out – you hear?

Phormio:

My duty I've already made quite clear.
Why did your son not prove it was untrue
If such it was?

480

Demipho:

Speak of my son, would you?
He's just too dumb to waste words on.

Phormio:

Well then,
Since *you* are wise, go to the courts again
For a retrial. You're preeminent
Around here and alone can gain consent
For that.

Demipho:

Though wronged, I want no litigation
Nor words from you – let's say she's a relation
And rates a dowry. So take her away.
Here's five minae.

Phormio:

Oh very funny!

Demipho:

Pray,
Is that unfair? Or am I to obtain

490

Not even this, which is my legal gain?

Phormio:

Are you allowed to treat her like a whore,
Then pay her hire and send her packing or,
Lest poverty disgrace her, mustn't she
Nor rather wed her next-of-kin and be
With just one man, which you would thwart?

Demipho:

Just so,
Her next-of-kin, yes. For what reason, though,
Should she be ours?

Phormio:

A thing tried once, they say,
Can't be retried.

Demipho:

Oh no? I'll plug away
Till I succeed. 500

Phormio:

That's nonsense!

Demipho:

Leave me be.

Phormio:

To sum it up, you're nothing, sir, to me.
Your son is damned, not you; your marrying days
Are past.

Demipho:

Imagine what I say he says
As well or both of them I'll ostracize.

Geta: [aside]

That's quite a passion.

Phormio:

You will be more wise.

Demipho:

Are you resolved, you wretch, to lay on me
Your very best?

Phormio: He's scared of us, though he
Conceals it well.

Geta: [aside to Phormio]
A good beginning there!

Phormio:
If you bear everything that you must bear,
You'll do a worthwhile thing, and then we'll be
Close friends.

Demipho:
Close friends? As if I'd want to see
Or hear you anymore!

Phormio:
But if you two
 Can find accord, then that will gladden you
 In your old age – consider that.

Demipho:
Oh why
Not keep her, then, yourself?

Phormio: Do modify
Your anger!

Demipho:
 Act! The time for words is past.
 Unless you take the girl and do it fast
 I'll turn her out of doors.

Phormio:
If you would dare
To treat a noble maid that way, beware: 520
I'll bring a whopping action, Demipho,
Against you. If you need me, let me know –
I'll be at home.

Geta:
I get it. [exit Phormio]

II.iv

Demipho:

What distress
My son affords me. This whole nuptial mess
Involves us both! And he's not here that I
At least may hear his views. [to Geta] Begone and try
To see If he's gone home or not.

Geta:

I go.

Demipho: [to the assistants] You see now how things stand. Look, Hegio,
What should I do?

Hegio:

Cratinus knows, I feel,
If you agree.

Demipho:

Cratinus, I appeal
To you.

530

Cratinus:

You want my counsel?

Demipho:

Yes, I do.

Cratinus:

I think that you should do what favours you.
Your son's deed in your absence now should be
Put back to square one: thus will victory
Be yours.

Demipho:

Now, Hegio, *your* evaluation.

Hegio:

I think he spoke with due deliberation.
There are as many viewpoints, though, as folk –
Each has his way – and one may not revoke,
I think, a carried law – it's wrong to try.

Demipho:

Speak, Crito.

Crito:

More discussion – that's what I
Propose. Tough case! 540

Hegio:

You need us anymore?

Demipho:

No thank you. [exeunt assistants] I'm more shaky than before.

[Enter Geta]

Geta:

They say he's not come back.

Demipho:

Then I must stay
And wait for Chremes, and what he will say
In counsel I will follow. Now I'll go
Down to the port to ask if any know
When he'll return.

Geta:

And I will go seek out
Antipho so that he'll be in no doubt
Of what occurred here. But look there – I see
That he is coming, just propitiously. 550

III.i

[enter Antipho]

Antipho:

In many ways you're guilty, Antipho,
For this dismay you're feeling – just to go
Away and place your very sustenance
In others! Did you think they could advance
You better than yourself? For certainly
You should have entertained some sympathy,
Despite how other matters stood, for her
Who lives with you, in case she should incur

Some harm through trusting you. Poor creature, she
Has placed all of her hopes and property
In you.

560

Geta:
Master, we have for some large span
Of time rebuked your absence.

Antipho:
Just the man
That I've been seeking.

Geta:
I'm remiss as well,
However.

Antipho:
Tell me where my fortunes dwell.
Has Dad guessed something?

Geta:
No, not yet.

Antipho:
Is there
Yet hope?

Geta:
I don't know.

Antipho:
Ah! I'm in despair!

Geta:
But Phaedria has risked both life and limb
On your behalf.

Antipho:
That's typical of him.

Geta:
And Phormio has showed himself to be
A man of energy.

Antipho:
What is it he

570

Has done?

Geta:

He gagged the old man in his gall.

Antipho:

Fine chap!

Geta:

I helped as well.

Antipho:

I love you all.

Geta:

That's how things stood; and they're still peaceful now.

Your father's waiting for your uncle.

Antipho:

How

Is that?

Geta:

He wants his help in this affair.

Antipho:

To see my uncle safe-arrived will scare

Me half to death. He said, from what I hear,

I am to live or die.

Geta:

Phaedria's near.

Antipho:

Where?

Geta:

Coming from "The Wrestling-House".

III.ii

[Enter Phaedria and Dorio]

Phaedria:

Now see,

Dorio...

Dorio:

No!

Phaedria;

Let me speak one word...

Dorio:

No, leave me be.

580

Phaedria:

No, listen...

Dorio:

Look, I'm tired of hearing what
I've heard a thousand times.

Phaedria:

The news I've got
Will please you.

Dorio:

I'm all ears..

Phaedria:

Can't I sway you
To stay three days? Where are you going to?

Dorio:

I wondered if you'd something new to tell.

Antipho:

I fear for this procurer.

Geta:

I as well.

Phaedria:

You don't believe me?

Dorio:

No, you're blabbering.

Phaedria:

I promise.

Dorio:

Crap.

Phaedria:

Your kindness, you will find,
Will bring you profit.

Dorio:

You're out of your mind.

Phaedria:

You *will* be glad.

Dorio:

All dreams!

Phaedria:

It won't take long
To try it.

Dorio:

You still sing the same old song.

Phaedria:

You'll be my kinsman, father, friend...

Dorio:

Oh, twitter
Away!

Phaedria:

To be so harsh, severe and bitter
That you're not moved by prayers or sympathy!

590

Dorio:

To be so black and thoughtless endlessly
That you can use fine words and think you can
Take her for nothing!

Antipho: [aside to Geta]

I pity the man.

Phaedria:

I'm done for.

Geta:

Oh how well both men sustain
Their characters.

Phaedria:

How awful that the pain
Of my distress occurred when Antipho
Was being inconvenienced also.

Antipho:

What is the matter, Phaedria?

Phaedria:

Lucky you,
My cousin.

Antipho:

Lucky? I?

Phaedria:

Of course, you who
Possess your love and are not in the mess
I find myself in now.

600

Antipho:

Do I possess
My love? Well, I am holding, as they say,
A wolf by both its ears. I have no way
Of knowing how to lose or keep her.

Dorio: [pointing to Phaedria]

He
Is in the same boat.

Antipho:

Show yourself to be
The pimp you are. What has he done?

The swine
Has sold my Pamphila – that girl was mine!

Geta:

What? Sold her?

Antipho”

Sold her?

Phaedria:

Sold her.

Dorio: [sarcastically]

Shame! To buy
A wench with one's own money!

Phaedria:

Nor can I
Get him to wait three more days and reverse
The deal so I may put into my purse
The cash my friends have promised me. If you
Have not been paid by then, you've license to
Wait not one hour more.

610

Dorio:

Oh, excellent!

Antipho:

It's not a long time, Dorio. Consent –
He'll pay you double for your gracious heart.

Dorio:

Words, words!

Antipho:

So will you tear their love apart
And take her from this city?

Dorio:

It's not I
Nor you who do that.

Geta:

May the gods supply
You with your just deserts.

620

Dorio:

For months on end
Against my will I've stomached you, my friend –
Your vows, your tears, your failure to provide
The cash. But now I've found one who, dry-eyed,
Will pay up. For your betters, now, make way.

Antipho:
As I remember, though, there was a day
Prescribed for payment.

Phaedria:
Yes, that's true.

Dorio:
Do I
Deny that fact?

Antipho:
Well, has that day passed by?

Dorio:
No. *This* precedes it.

Geta:
Oh, the perfidy!
Aren't you ashamed?

Dorio:
Not while it profits me. 630

Geta:
You pile of shit!

Phaedria:
You think that this is right?

Dorio:
That's how I am. If that suits you, you might
Make use of me.

Antipho:
You'd toy with him, would you?

Dorio:
Oh no, *he* toys with *me*. He always knew
My character. I find he's not the same
As he appears. He's played an artful game.
I am not changed. Tomorrow at daybreak,
However, the captain says he'll come to make
His payment. Phaedria, I will obey
My own precept: whoever comes to pay
Before the other wins the prize. Goodbye! 640

III.iii

Phaedria:

What can I do? How, in a twink, can I
Acquire the cash? I might as well be dead.
I'm destitute! The cash was warranted
Had I three days in hand.

Antipho:

Geta, shall we
Allow this man to suffer after he,
As I have said, showed me such kindness?
Let's pay him back.

Geta:

That's honourable.

Antipho:

Yes,
And you're the one can do it.

Geta:

In what way?

Antipho:

Procure the cash.

Geta:

I'm dying to, but say
From where.

650

Antipho:

My father's back.

Geta:

I know. And so - ?

Antipho:

A word to the wise will do.

Geta:

Then, Antipho,
That's it?

Antipho:
It is.

Geta:
You counsel famously!
Get lost! If I meet no adversity
Through his marriage, shall I not rejoice? Yet you
Would have me, for his sake, seek out anew
More trouble.

Antipho:
Well, that's true.

Phaedria:
Look, have we met
Before this, Geta?

Geta:
‘Course we have, and yet
That the old man is angry with us all
Is no small matter – so are we to gall
Him further? That would leave us no leeway
For pleas.

660

Phaedria:
Some other man will take away
My girl to some new place. So speak to me
While you still have the opportunity.
Look at me while I'm here.

Antipho:
So I may – what?

Phaedria:
I'll find whatever godforsaken spot
She's taken to or die.

Antipho:
May you succeed,
But careful! [to Geta] What support that he may need –
Provide it.

Geta:
How?

Antipho:

 Please, Geta, try, I pray,
Lest he do something on some later day
That we'll regret.

670

Geta:

 I'm trying now – well, he
Is fine, I think. I fear some devilry,
However.

Antipho:

 Don't. Both good and bad we'll share.

Geta:

What is the sum we need?

Antipho:

 Not much – there, there! –
Just thirty minae.

Geta:

 Wow, that's quite a heap
Of money. She's expensive.

Antipho:

 No, she's cheap.

Geta:

O.K. I'll get them for you.

Phaedria:

 Lovely man!

Geta:

Well, off you go.

Phaedria:

 Be as swift as you can –
I need them now.

Geta:

 I will, but Phormio
Must help me.

Antipho:

 Well, he's ready. Off you go,

680

Load him with questions most courageously.
He'll bear them; he's a loyal friend to me.

Geta:
Let's go at once, then.

Antipho:
Do you need me, too?

Phaedria:
No thanks. Go home and, please, I beg of you,
Console that poor thing who, half-dead with fright,
I'm sure is there.

Antipho:
I will, with more delight
Than anything.

Phaedria:
How will you do this, though?

Geta:
Well, first begone. I'll tell you as we go.

IV.i

[Enter Demipho and Chremes]

Demipho:
Well, did you bring your daughter back, my brother,
From Lemnos as you planned?

Chremes:
No.

Demipho:
Why?

Chremes:
Her mother, 690
Since I in Athens made a lengthy stay
And since our girl was growing day by day
And needed me, they say set off to see

If she could find me, with her family.

Demipho:

Hearing of this, then, why had you remained
For such a long time there?

Chremes:

I was detained

By illness.

Demipho:

Which was - ?

Chremes:

You ask this of me?

Old age itself, sir, is a malady.

Their captain tells me, nonetheless, that they
Alighted safely.

Demipho:

While I was away

700

How did my son get on?

Chremes:

There is the danger –

If I would wed my daughter to a stranger,

I must disclose her family history.

Now I've been certain that your loyalty

To me is like mine to myself; if some

Stranger, though, calls me Dad, he will be mum

As long as we are friends; if he should go

Against me, he'll know more than he should know;

I fear my wife will learn this, in which case

I'll have to leave my home, for in that place

710

It's me alone on whom I can rely.

Demipho:

I know – it worries me a lot, and I

Shall never cease to try to bring about

My promises to you.

[Enter Geta]

Geta:

Without a doubt
I've never ever seen a slyer man
Than Phormio – I asked him how we can
Acquire the cash we need. I barely could
Speak half my words before he understood.
He laughed out loud and complimented me,
Asked of the fellow's whereabouts, then he
Thanked all the gods he was allowed to show
That, having given aid to Antipho,
He'd give no less to Phaedria. "Away,"
I said, "Wait at the forum – I'll convey
The old man thither." There he is, though, see!
But who's the one behind him? It must be
Phaedria's father. Great! What did I fear?
Oh, what an idiot! Now two are here –
Not one – for me to dupe. It's preferable
To have two hopes, I think. I'll try to gull
My first mark. If he bites, that's fine; if not,
I'll see what from this other can be got.

IV.iii

[Enter Antipho, Demipho and Chremes]

Antipho:
At any time now Geta should be here.
There's Chremes standing by my dad. I fear
His influence upon him.

Geta:
I'll waylay
Both of them. Chremes, I bid you good-day.

Chremes:
And I you, Geta.

Geta:
I am glad that you
Are safely back.

Chremes:
I'm sure you are.

Geta:

How do
Things stand?

Chremes:

Since I arrived, there have occurred
Great changes, as is common.

Geta:

Have you heard
About our Antipho? 740

Chremes:

Yes, everything.

Geta: [to Antipho]

You told him? Oh, a most disgraceful thing,
Chremes!

Antipho:

I was discussing that just now
With him.

Geta:

Well, I believe that I somehow
Have racked my brains and found a remedy.

Chremes:

What is it?

Demipho:

Yes, what?

Geta:

Accidentally,
After I left you, I met Phormio.

Chremes:

Who's he?

Demipho:

Her patron.

Chremes:

Ah yes, now I know.

Geta:

I thought I'd sound him out. I took the man
Aside and said, "Why don't we, if we can,
Settle the matter graciously and not
Resort to devilry? My master's got
A liberal nature; he hates litigation,
Yet all his friends give one recommendation –
To turn her out."

750

Antipho:

What *is* he trying to say
And how will everything turn out today?

Geta:

"Will you say he'll incur a penalty
If he ejects her? That's been scanned. You'll be
In quite a sweat if you should undertake
To take him on because - make no mistake –
He's fluent. Say he's beaten – even yet
His money, not his life, is under threat."
I sense I've softened him. It's just we two,
So I ask, "How much money, then, do you
Require to drop this suit?"

760

Antipho: [aside]

He's wrong in the head!

Geta:

"If you should ask a moderate price," I said,
"I'm sure, since he's a reasonable fellow, you
Won't need to bandy three words with him."

Demipho:

Who

Told you to say that?

Chremes:

Well, this is a plan
That could not have been better thought up, man.

770

Antipho:

I'm done for.

Chremes:

Well, go on.

Geta:

Initially

He raved.

Demipho:

What did he ask for?

Geta:

Totally

Too much.

Chremes:

How much?

Geta:

Well, let's say he's to pay

One whole talent...

Demipho:

To hell with him, I say.

Has he no shame?

Geta:

I asked him the same thing.

I said, "Suppose that he were marrying
His only daughter off. That he has none
Has been no use to him when there is one
Demanding quite a sum." In brief, to skip
His nonsense, these last words fell from his lip:
"I from the first desired to have a wife,
The daughter of a friend, to share my life,
As is but right – I saw how burdensome
Her life would be for a poor girl to come
As slave into a rich man's family.
But now I'm speaking with you openly,
So – I desired a wife who'd bring some dough
To pay off all my debts. If Demipho
Pays what for my fiancée I'd be paid,
There's none I'd rather marry than this maid."

780

790

Antipho:

Is this transgression or foolhardiness,
Sense or stupidity? It's hard to guess.

Demipho:

What if his debt should put him in harm's way?

Geta:
For ten minae his land, I heard him say,
Is mortgaged.

Demipho:
I'll provide the cash, then. Let
Him wed her.

Geta:
There's another mortgage yet –
His house for ten more.

Demipho:
Ah, too much! Hellfire!

Chremes:
Hush. He'll get them from me.

Geta:
He must acquire
A maid to serve his wife, and furniture,
And pay the wedding costs. He can procure
All this for ten more. 800

Demipho:
That's it!! Let him bring
Six hundred suits against me – he'll not wring
A thing from me. The swine is mocking me!

Chremes:
Be still. I'll pay this, too, as long as he
Weds her we want for him.

Antipho:
Geta, I'm dead!
Your treachery has killed me.

Chremes:
On my head
Must be this loss and it is only just
I bear the cost.

Geta:
He told me that I must
Inform him straightaway that he might know

That he can wed the lady and let go
The other, since those other men agreed
To pay directly.

810

Chremes:

He'll have her indeed!
Let him announce that he breaks off the pact
To wed the other.

Antipho:

May his life be racked
With woe for it!

Chremes:

Well, incidentally
I've brought some cash, which my wife's property
Brings in as rent. I'll tell her you have got
To have it.

IV.iv

Antipho:

Geta.

Geta:

Yes, what is it?

Antipho:

What

Have you been up to?

Geta:

I've been diddling
Those two old men.

Antipho:

Well, is that quite the thing?

820

Geta:

I don't know; that's what I was told to do.

Antipho:

You rogue, I ask of you one thing and you
Answer me something else.

Geta:

What did you need

To know?

Antipho:

This is a pretty pass indeed –
Your fault! To the divinities I pray –
Above us and below the earth – that they
Confound you. Lord, if you want something done,
Ask him – from tranquil seas you'll find you'll run
Onto the rocks. There's no less useful thing
Than touching on this sore or mentioning
My wife. My father hoped that he'd expel
The maid. If Phormio takes the cash, then – hell,
He'll marry her. What then?

830

Geta:

He won't.

Antipho:

I know,

But for our sake he will prefer to go
To jail.

Geta:

But things will get worse, there's no doubt,
If you recount the bad side. You leave out
The good, which is: although, if they should pay
The man, he'll marry her, just as you say,
Allow some time for wedding preparations,
For sacrifices and for invitations.
Meanwhile will Phaedria's friends give what they swore
They'd give – thus he'll repay it.

840

Antipho:

But wherefore?

What grounds will he present?

Antipho:

You ask that, when
I've seen so many prodigies since then?
A strange black dog entered the house, then through
The skylight came a snake, then a hen crew.
The seer forbade it and the priest said no.
Besides I cannot justly undergo

New work before the winter. No, the action
Is this one.

Antipho:

Would it were!

Geta:

Take satisfaction –

850

It is. Here comes your father. Off, away,
Tell Phaedria the money's on its way.

IV.v

[Enter Demipho and Chremes]

Demipho:

Be quiet. I'll watch out for any hoax.

I'll not just part with this without some folks
Are found as witnesses. To whom and why
I give it I'll have stated.

Geta: [aside]

My oh my,

There's no need for such caution.

Chremes:

Yes, you need

To do precisely that and with all speed
While he's still in the mood, for, should he see
The other is more pressing, then maybe
He'll throw us over.

860

Demipho:

That's the very thing!

So take me to him.

Geta:

I'm not dawdling.

Chremes: [to Demipho]

And then go to my wife so that she may
Call on the maid before she goes away.
Tell her we're giving her to Phormio

That we won't rouse her wrath, and that he's so
Much better for her since he knows her well
And that we did not shirk our duty. Tell
Her we give him the sum he asked for.

Demipho:

What

The devil do you care?

Chremes:

I care a lot.

870

That you have done your duty will not do
Unless common report approves it too.
You see, I must get her acknowledgement
As well as his lest she say she was sent
Away.

Demipho:

Well, surely *I* can do that.

Chremes:

No,

Another woman's better.

Demipho:

Then I'll go

And ask her.

Chremes:

Let me think where I can find

Them both.

V.i

[Enter Sophrona]

Sophrona:

What can I do? I'm in a bind.

What friend is there to whom I can express
My plans? Where is there help in my distress?
My mistress through my counselling, I fear,
May suffer undeservedly. I hear
The father of the youth took most amiss

880

What has occurred.

Chremes:

But look here – who is this?
A crone half-dead with fright has just appeared
From Demipho's house.

Sophrona:

The poverty I feared,
Although I thought the marriage was unsound,
Forced me to see her safe.

Chremes:

Well, I'll be bound,
Unless I'm tricked by sight or memory
I see my daughter's nurse.

Sophrona:

Nor can we see –

890

Chremes:

What should I do?

Sophrona:

Her father.

Chremes:

Shall I go
To her or wait till I more surely know
What she is saying?

Sophrona:

If he's brought to light,
I'll have no justification then for fright.

Chremes:

It's she! I'll speak to her.

Sophrona:

Who's speaking? Who?

Chremes:

Sophrona!

Sophrona:

That's my name!

Chremes:

Just turn round, do!

It's I!

Sophrona:

Oh heavens! Stilpho?

Chremes:

No.

Sophrona:

You say

You're not him?

Chremes: [sotto voce]

Step a little bit this way,

Sophrona, please, and do not use that name

With me.

Sophrona:

You say that you are not the same

900

As you said that you were?

Chremes:

Shush!

Sophrona:

What do you fear

About this door?

Chremes:

My shrewish wife is here

Behind it. For that name deceptively

I once used, hoping it imprudently

Would not be blabbed abroad or that my wife

Might not learn of it somehow.

Sophrona:

On my life,

That's why we fools could not discover you

Around here.

Chremes:

Tell me, what have you to do

With that household? Where are the ladies?

Sophrona:

Oh!

Chremes:

What's wrong? Are they still living?

Sophrona:

Well, although

910

The daughter's still alive, the mother died
Of grief.

Chremes:

How sad!

Sophrona:

And as for me, I tried
As best I might – although I am alone,
An aged woman, indigent, unknown –
To wed the maid to the young man who lives there.

Chremes:

You mean to Antipho?

Sophrona:

Yes, yes, I swear!

Chremes:

Has he two wives, then?

Sophrona:

No, just one.

Chremes:

But, hey,
What about the other, who's his kin, they say?

Sophrona:

That's her!

Chremes:

What?

Sophrona:

It was done intentionally
That they might wed without a marriage-fee.

920

Chremes:

Our trust in you's fulfilled, I have to say!
How often do things turn out in a way
You never dared to hope – by accident!
On my return I found the very gent
I wanted for my daughter. Demipho
And I tried hard to make it happen so.
Alone, with little help from us, has he
Brought it about.

Sophrona:

What's to be done now? See –
His father's back. He takes the news, they say,
Extremely badly.

Chremes:

Never fear, but, pray,
Let no-one know she's mine.

930

Sophrona:

I won't.

Chremes:

Now come
Inside and you'll learn the residuum.

V.ii

[Enter Demipho and Geta]

Demipho:

It's our fault that we gain by falsity,
Though we in others' eyes prefer to be
Upright and generous. So, "Do not roam,"
So goes the saying, "far beyond your home".
It's not enough to bear an injury
But money must be given, too, so he
May live while thinking up some new offence?
It's clear as crystal that, at our expense,
Those who take right and make it wrong derive
Some benefit from it.

940

Demipho:

Geta, you and I've
Been very foolish. Would we had an out
By marrying her off.

Demipho:

Is there some doubt
Of that?

Geta:

Well, as I know the man, he may
Just change his mind.

Demipho:

What? Change it?

Geta:

"*May*," I say.

Demipho:

I'll take Chremes' advice and bring her hither
And talk to her. Now, Geta, hurry thither.
Tell her Nausistrata's about to call
On her. [exit into house]

Geta:

Well, Phaedria's cash – We've got it all.
The lawsuit's hushed up. We have taken care
That she stay here for now. However, where
Do we go now from here? The same old clay
Still bogs you down. You borrow – then you pay.
Just one day has been bought to stem the woe
That looms on us. The snares much greater grow,
So watch out. I'll go in now to persuade
Young Phanium she should not be afraid
Of Phormio or what he says.

950

V.iii

[Enter Demipho and Nausistrata]

Demipho:

Come now,

Nausistrata! As is your wont, somehow
Keep her content with us, and willingly
Let her do what she must.

960

Nausistrata:

I will.

Demipho:

Help me

As you did with the money.

Nausistrata:

Would I could

But I can be less helpful than I should –
It's Chremes' fault.

Demipho:

How so?

Nausistrata:

He's not maintained

So well the farms my father had attained
Industriously – two talents he'd accrue
For them. Those men were poles apart.

Demipho:

What? Two?

Nausistrata:

Yes, even in hard times.

Demipho:

Phew!

Nausistrata:

Staggered?

Demipho:

Oh,

Indeed!

Nausistrata:

I wish I'd been a man; I'd show –

970

Demipho:

I'm sure you would –

Nausistrata:

How –

Demipho:

Save it, lady, do,
For her – she's young and may be a match for you.

[Enter Chremes]

Nausistrata:

I'll do your bidding. Chremes now I see
Emerging from your house.

Chremes:

The currency –
Has it been settled, Demipho?

Demipho:

I've seen
To that in haste.

Chremes:

I wish it hadn't been.
Whoops, here's my wife – I've said too much, I fear.

Demipho:

Why, Chremes?

Chremes:

Everything's alright.

Demipho:

Look here,
Did you say why we're bringing her?

Chremes:

Well, I
Arranged the matter.

Demipho:

What was her reply?

980

Chremes:

She'll not be brought.

Demipho:

Why?

Chremes:

They're so amorous,
Each of the other.

Demipho:

So, what's that to us?

Chremes:

It means a lot. Moreover I have found
She's kin to us.

Demipho:

What? Are you of sound mind?

Chremes:

It's true. I'm not being rash. My memory
Is back.

Demipho:

You're raving!

Nausistrata:

Don't cause injury,
Please, to a kinswoman.

Demipho:

But she is none.

Chremes:

Do not deny it; her father took on
A different name – that's how you made a blunder.

Demipho:

Did she not know her father?

Chremes:

Oh, by thunder,
She knew him.

980

Demipho: [aside]

Why, then, use another name?

Chremes:

Why will you never listen? What's your game?

You just won't understand.

Demipho:

If you won't tell

Me anything-

Chremes:

I'm on the road to Hell!

Nausistrata:

I wonder what this means.

Demipho:

Well, I don't know.

Chremes:

You'd like to? Well, by God, there's no-one so
Kin to us both than her.

Demipho:

God! In that case

I'll trust you. Let us go now to her place
To satisfy me one way or the other.

Chremes:

Ah!

Demipho:

What is it?

Chremes:

I'm shocked that you – my brother –
Should put so little trust in me.

990

Demipho:

Would you

Have me believe you, take it all as true?

Alright, that's fair enough. What should we do
With our friend's daughter?

Chremes:

She'll do fine.

Demipho:

Do you

Mean we should drop her, then?

Chremes:

Why not?

Demipho:

And she –

The other one – should stay?

Chremes:

Obviously.

Demipho:

Nausistrata, then, you may go.

Nausistrata:

I'd say

It's better for us all that she should stay

Than what you first proposed, for in my eyes

She was genteel.

Demipho:

But what can we surmise

1000

From all this?

Chremes:

Did she close the door?

Demipho:

Just now.

Chremes:

The gods are kind. My daughter's made her vow

In marriage to your son.

Demipho:

How can that be?

Chremes:

It's not too safe in this locality

To tell.

Demipho:

Well, go in.

Chremes:

It would be amiss

If either of our sons should learn of this.

V.iv

[Enter Antipho]

Antipho:

My brother's plans have turned out well – I'm glad,
Even if my own affairs should turn out bad.
How wise to think as he does, so that when
Things go awry, to make them straight again 1010
Is easy. He has got the money, he
Is carefree. For myself, no remedy
From this predicament can I procure.
I'm fearful if it stays concealed, for sure,
And shamed if it's revealed. Nor should I go
Back home but for the chance that hope may show
Me how to gain her. Now I wonder where
I can find Geta so that he might share
Advice upon the opportunity
Of meeting with my father peril-free. 1020

V.v

[Enter Phormio]

Phormio:

The cash I got I gave the pimp. I brought
The woman so that Phaedria, as he ought,
Might keep her now she's free. There's yet one thing
To do – to win some time for partying
From those old men. The next few days I'll go
Out on a bender.

Antipho:

But here's Phormio.
What can you tell me?

Phormio:

What?

Antipho:

What Phaedria now
Will do, I mean. Did he inform you how
He means to spend his honeymoon?

Phormio:

He'll play
Your part.

Antipho:

What part?

Phormio:

He plans to run away 1030
From his father and begs that you'll plead his case
In due return – he's going to my place
To have some drinks. "I'm going to the fair
At Sunium," I'll tell the old men, "where
I plan to buy the maid whom recently
Our Geta mentioned": thus, when they don't see
Me here, they won't believe I'm squandering
Their money. Hey, what is that clamouring
There at your door?

Antipho:

Well, see who's coming out.

Phormio:

It's Geta.

V.vi

[Enter Geta]

Geta:

Oh, what fortune's come about 1040
To bless my boss today.

Antipho:

What does he mean
By that, I wonder.

Geta:

 We, his friends, have been
Relieved of fear. But why do I delay
In girding up my loins when on my way
To tell him what has happened?

Antipho:

 Do you know
What he is on about?

Phormio:

 Don't you?

Antipho:

 Not so.

Phormio:

Nor I.

Geta:

 I'm off to see the pimp 'cos they
Are there.

Antipho:

 Hey, Geta!

Geta:

 Charming! Bid me stay
When I've just set off!

Antipho:

 Geta!

Geta:

 At it still?
You'll never vanquish me with your ill-will.

1050

Antipho:

Stop!

Geta:

 Sod you!

Antipho:

 No, sod *you*, you so-and-so,

If you don't stop.

Geta:

 This is someone I know
Quite well if he addresses me that way.
Is this the man I seek or not? Hey, hey,
That is the man. Speak to him!

Antipho:

 What's the matter?

Geta:

 Oh,
Most blessed of all mortals, Antipho!
The gods love you alone, that's plain as day.

Antipho:

I wish! But why should I trust what you say?

Geta:

It's not enough I plunge you in a sea
Of pure delirium?

Antipho:

 You're killing me.
Look, you can shove your promises! Just tell
Me what you've brought.

1060

Geta:

 Ah, Phormio's here as well?

Phormio:

I'm here. Go on!

Geta:

 O.K., then. When we paid
You at the forum recently, we made
Our way at once to Chremes, and meanwhile
My boss sent me off to your wife.

Antipho:

 Why?

Geta:

 I'll
Not tell you that – it doesn't fit the case

At hand. When I was headed for the place
Where the women live, there ran to me that lad,
Young Mida. He pulled on my cloak and bade
Me turn around. "Why hold me back?" I said.
"To see my mistress is prohibited,"
He said. "Sophronia, just two ticks ago,
Announced Chremes, the brother of Antipho.
I, too, was there" On hearing this, I stole
On tiptoe to the door, placed my ear-hole
Against it as I held my breath and stood
Right there and listened to them; and I could
Hear every word this way.

1070

Phormio:

Well done, my boy.

Geta:

While there, I almost shouted out with joy
On hearing splendid news.

1080

Antipho:

Which was - ?

Geta:

Well, guess.

Antipho:

I can't.

Geta:

A marvellous prodigiousness!
That Phanium your wife's the progeny
Of Uncle Chremes.

Antipho:

What?

Geta:

In secrecy
He lived on Lemnos with her mother.

Phormio:

Oh,
Come on! As if the woman couldn't know
Her father!

Geta:

No, there's cause. Can't you assume
I heard all that they said inside that room
From outside?

Antipho:

I have heard that tale before.

Geta:

And that you may believe it all the more – 1090
Chremes, when he came back, soon exited
The house with Demipho and both men said
That you may have her.

Antipho:

Chop, chop, then.

Geta:

Alright.

[Exeunt Antipho and Geta]

Phormio:

What unexpected luck! A true delight
To have a splendid opportunity
To diddle those old codgers and to see
Young Phaedria's money problems go away –
He need not ask his confidants to pay.
The cash he has will yet be paid outright
Regardless of their wants. I've brought to light 1100
A way to force it from them. I must take
Upon me a new air. But now I'll make
My way along this alley here and show
Myself to them when they come out. Although
I told them I was going to the fair,
I was pretending – I'm not going there. [Exit]

V.vii

[Enter Demipho and Chremes]

Demipho:

I thank the gods – with reason – heartily,
Chremes, since things turned out successfully.

We must meet Phormio soon lest he should blow
The cash we need.

Phormio:

I'll see if Demipho

1110

Is home so –

Demipho:

Phormio, we've come to you.

Phormio:

Perhaps for the same reason.

Demipho:

Yes, too true.

Phormio:

That's what I figured. Why, though, are you here?

Demipho:

Oh, don't be silly!

Phormio:

Did you maybe fear

I'd break my vow. I may be indigent

But in one thing I've kept my true intent –

To keep my word.

Chremes:

Is she not, Demipho,

Genteel, as I have said?

Demipho:

Extremely so.

Phormio:

I'm here to tell you that I'm standing by.

Give me my wife, whenever you please, for I

1120

Postponed all of my business, as is fit,

On finding out how much you wanted it.

Demipho:

He urged, though, that she not be given me.

“What would folk say if you did that?” said he.

When the time was right, you didn't give her; now

To turn her out is shameful. Anyhow,

Almost all his advice was literally
What you yourself said face-to-face to me.

Phormio:
What arrogant insults!

Demipho:
How so?

Phormio:
Oh, *you* know!
I can't now wed the other. How'll I go
And face her slighted self? 1130

Chremes:
And then, I see
That Antipho will not part company
With her. [aside to Demipho] Say so.

Demipho:
And then, I see that he –
My son – won't part with her. However, go
Off to the Forum. Tell them, Phormio,
That they're to put the cash in my account.

Phormio:
What, after I transferred the whole amount
To those I owed it to?

Demipho:
Alright, what now?

Phormio:
If you will give me her and keep your vow,
I'll marry her. But if you wish that she
Should stay with you, the cash remains with me.
This craftiness I bear is a disgrace –
I left the other girl to save *your* face,
And she gave just as much. 1140

Demipho:
Such swaggering!
Get lost, you bum! We both know everything –
You think we don't?

Phormio:

You're galling me.

Demipho:

If she

Were given, would you wed her?

Phormio:

Why not see

That for yourself?

Demipho:

Your plan was that she might

Live with my son *chez vous*, is that not right?

Phormio:

What?

Demipho:

Will you give the cash?

Phormio:

Well, tell me straight,

Will you give me my wife?

Demipho:

The magistrate

Will sort you out!

Phormio:

If that's your attitude,

Let's go.

Demipho:

What will you do?

Phormio:

You think my mood

Is to protect the dowerless, you pair?

I serve the dowried, too.

Chremes:

What do we care?

Phormio:

You don't. There is a lady whom I know –

She lives just over there – whose husband –

Chremes:

Oh!

Demipho:
What's up?

Phormio:
- was married to another wife
On Lemnos.

Chremes:
Now I've had it!

Phormio:
They gave life
To a girl whom he is raising secretly.

Chremes:
I'm dead!

Phormio:
I'm off to tell their history.

Chremes:
Please don't.

Phormio:
Oh, is it you?

Demipho:
He's joking!

Chremes:
Look,
We'll spare you –

Phormio:
Bull!

Chremes:
Yes, let you off the hook
For all the cash you have. Is that OK?

1160

Phormio:
I hear you. Why d'you mess with me this way,

You idiots, with your stupid talk? “I’ll not,
I will, I’ll not, I will. Take what I’ve got;
No, give it back.” What’s said becomes unsaid,
A bargain’s now no bargain.

Chremes:

[aside] Who has fed
Him all this information?

Demipho:

I don’t know.
I know for sure *I’ve* told nobody, though.

Chremes:

A miracle!

Phormio:

That’s stumped them!

Demipho:

For God’s sake,
Is he to bilk us of all that and make
Us laughingstocks? I’d rather snuff it. Be
Steadfast with ready wit, for you can see
News of your slip’s got out; you can’t conceal
It from your wife. Better that we reveal
What she will hear from others. Then we can
Take our revenge upon this seedy man
In our own way, Chremes.

1170

Phormio:

I’d best take care
Or I am stuck. A gladiatorial air
Is what these fellows have – they’re setting out
To challenge me.

Chremes:

[to Demipho] And yet I feel some doubt
That she can be appeased.

1180

Demipho:

Cheer up! I’ll see
You’re back in her good books. Remember – she
Who bore the child is dead.

Phormio:

Is thus your way
Of dealing with me? Oh, well done, I say!
Come on. Have you not galled me, Demipho,
While hardly helping him? [pointing to and now addressing Chremes]. Is it not so?
You did just what you felt like over there
In Lemnos and you do not seem to care
One bit for this fine lass – outrageously,
In fact, you hurt her. Now you come to me 1190
And beg forgiveness. I will make her so
Incensed with you that you shan't quench her, though
You shed huge tears.

Demipho:

May each divinity
Cast plague on you! That such effrontery
Exists in *any* man! It's a disgrace!
He should be exiled to some desert place
At public charge.

Chremes:

I'm at such an impasse
I don't know how to handle it, alas!

Demipho:

I do – let's go to court.

Phormio:

No, here will do [pointing to the house].
That is, if it is all the same to you. 1200

Chremes:

Go follow after him and hold him back
While I call out the slaves.

Demipho:

Brother, I lack
The strength to do it on my own. Help me
And quickly.

Phormio:

[to Demipho, who seizes him] There's one charge of battery
Against you.

Demipho:

Sue me, then!

Phormio:

And one for you,

Chremes.

Chremes:

Grab him.

Phormio:

So this is what you'd do?

Then I must speak. Nausistrata's come out.

Chremes:

Just stop his filthy mouth. See there! – the lout
Is strong.

Phormio:

Nausistrata!

Demipho:

Shut up!

Phormio:

What, me?

1210

Demipho:

Look, plant your fists into his gut if he
Won't follow.

Phormio:

Or gouge out an eye. Nothing
Will stop me from a total reckoning.

V.viii

[Enter Nausistrata]

Nausistrata:

Who's calling me? I ask you, Chremes, what
Is this uproar?

Phormio:

Aha! The cat has got
His tongue!

Nausistrata:

Who is this man? Now why don't you

Reply?

Phormio:

Reply? He hasn't got a clue
Of where he is.

Chremes:

Don't credit anything
He says.

Phormio:

Touch him – if he's not shivering
In a cold sweat, kill me.

Chremes:

It's nothing.

Nausistrata:

So

What is he on about?

Phormio:

You soon will know.

1220

Listen.

Chremes:

Will you believe him?

Nausistrata:

How can I
Believe him since he hasn't spoken?

Phormio:

Why,
The swine is mad with fright.

Nausistrata:

That cannot be
Without some cause.

Chremes:

You think he frightens me?

Phormio:
Alright, since you're not frightened and what I'm
About to say is nothing, p'raps it's time
For *you* to say it.

Demipho:
Villain, shall he tell
It at your say-so?

Phormio:
You've done very well
For Chremes.

Nausistrata:
Husband, won't you speak?

Chremes:
But –

Nausistrata:
Yes?
But what?

Chremes:
There is no need.

Phormio:
For you, I guess, 1230
But here in Lemnos –

Demipho:
What is that you said?

Chremes:
Shush!

Phormio:
Unbeknownst to you –

Chremes:
Ahh!

Phormio:
Chremes wed
Another.

Nausistrata:
God forbid, sir!

Phormio:
No, it's true.

Nausistrata:
I'm done for!

Phormio:
And he had a daughter, too –
You never dreamed of such a thing.

Chremes:
What can
We do?

Nausistrata:
By God, a wicked, evil man!

Phormio: [aside to Chremes]
You've had it.

Nausistrata:
Has there been a shabbier deed?
Men grow too old for their own wives. I need
To ask you, Demipho – it sickens me
To talk to *him* - : are these the trips that he
So often took? And is that why he stayed
So long there and why those low prices made
Our rents decline?

1240

Demipho:
I don't deny that he
Is culpable; however, he may be
Pardoned.

Phormio:
He's speaking to the dead.

Demipho:
Not through
Neglect or hatred of you did he do
These things. When drunk, some fifteen years ago,
He wooed that poor young woman and then – lo!

The girl was born, and from that moment on
He never touched her. Now she's dead and gone - 1250
The only problem left. Accordingly,
I beg, bear this with equanimity
As in all other things.

Nausistrata:

Why should I bear
This stoically? I want the whole affair
To end. I've had it. What's to hope for? Can
I think that he will be a better man
Now that he's old? Was he not old then, too,
If old age makes men virtuous? And do
I look more comely at my age? And so,
What can you offer to me, Demipho, 1260
To make me hope that he'll not go astray
Again?

Phormio:

It's time for those who wish to stay
For Chremes' funeral. I'll provide it. He
Who wants to challenge Phormio will be
A readied victim just like him. Alright,
Let her forgive him. My revenge is quite
Sufficient now, and she'll have every day
Something to din into his ears.

Nausistrata:

So say –
Was it *my* fault? Should I now, Demipho,
Tell all I did in wedlock?

Demipho:

This I know 1270
As well as you.

Nausistrata:

The blame, then, falls on me?

Demipho:

Of course not. But what has been done can't be
Undone by harsh words. Pardon him. Regret,
Beseeching, owning up have all been met.
What more d'you want?

Phormio: [aside]

But first I must attend
To Phaedria and myself. [to Nausistrata] I urge you – lend
Your ears to me before you recklessly
Reply.

Nausistrata:
What is it?

Phormio:
By my strategy
I wrested thirty minae from this man.
I gave them to your son – that way he can
Possess his girl; the pimp received the dough. 1280

Chremes:
What's that you say?

Nausistrata:
Well, doesn't it seem so
Improper that your son, while young, should not
Enjoy one mistress? You yourself had got
Two wives! Have you no shame? How can you scold
Your son? Well?

Demipho:
He'll do as you wish.

Nausistrata:
Now hold –
I don't forgive nor will I guarantee
A thing until I see my son: what he
Decides I will abide by. I will do
All he commands me.

Phormio:
Nausistrata, you 1290
Are a wise woman.

Nausistrata:
Satisfied?

Demipho:
Oh yes.

Chremes:
I've got off pretty well, I must confess,

Beyond my expectations.

Nausistrata: [to Phormio]

Please tell me

Your name.

Phormio:

It's Phormio. Your family
All know me well, and I'm a special pal
To Phaedria.

Nausistrata:

Then, Phormio, I shall
Both say and do your bidding ever after.

Phormio:

You're kind.

Nausistrata:

You've earned it.

Phormio:

Well, to cause my laughter
And Chremes' tears, will you do this for me?

Nausistrata:

Yes, what?

Phormio:

Let me dine with you.

Nausistrata:

Certainly.

1330

Phormio:

Let's in.

Nausistrata:

Where's Phaedria, our judge?

Phormio:

I'll bring
Him here.[to the audience] Farewell and let your plaudits ring.

