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**The Man She Hated**  
**[Misoumenos]**

### *Introductory Note to **The Man She Hated***

This play, about a professional soldier who acquires a girl by conquest, falls in love with her and is, until the last minute, refused by her as lover and husband, was very popular in antiquity. Eleven pieces of papyrus, dating from the third to the sixth century A.D., preserve fragments of it. These fragments do not always connect, and some of the details of the plot remain obscure. The girl is found by her father, and freed; the soldier finally marries her; there is some lively and economical writing, and some interesting characterization which produces an interesting situation. But difficulties remain. The setting of the play is not clear, it may or may not be Athens; Demneas has come from Cyprus, where Thrasonides has recently been fighting, and where presumably both Krateia and the spoils were acquired. Among these spoils is a sword which she recognizes as her family property, and which causes the trouble, because the conclusion she naturally draws is that Thrasonides has killed its owner. Demneas too recognizes the sword, but whether (and if so, how) it had been given to his son, and whether Kleinias is that son, cannot be determined. It is possible to construct a scenario, but for the moment any such scenario can only be rated as 'possible'.

## CHARACTERS

THRASONIDES, a professional soldier  
GETAS, his servant  
KRATHEIA, a girl, his captive  
DIMEAS, her father  
KLEINIAS, Thrasonides' neighbour  
AN OLD WOMAN, Kleinias's servant  
KRATHEIA'S NURSE  
A COOK

*The last two characters do not speak in the extant fragments.*

## ACT ONE

SCENE: a street in a city, possibly Athens. There are two houses, one belonging to Thrasonides, the other to Kleinias.

[Enter THRASONIDES, from his house.]

THRASONIDES: O Night, you are the god with the greatest share of love; at night most words of love are spoken, most lovers' cares conceived. Have you ever seen a man more miserable, a lover more star-crossed? Here stand I, at my own front door, and I pace up and down in this narrow street, although it's almost midnight, and I could be in bed and in possession of the girl I love. For she's in my house, and I have the right, and I want this as passionately as any raving lover – and I don't do it. I prefer to stand outside, in the winter air, shivering with cold and talking to the night!

A10

GETAS [emerging from the house]: God! This weather's not fit for the proverbial dog to be out in. But as if it were midsummer, my master's strolling up and down, debating like a philosopher. Look at him! He'll be the death of me. I'm not made of solid oak . . . [To THRASONIDES] Poor man, why aren't you in bed and asleep? [He falls in behind him.] You're wearing me out, walking up and down. Are you sleep-walking? If you're awake, wait for me!

A20

THRASONIDES: Have you come out to see what I'm doing? Did someone tell you to do this – I certainly didn't – or is this your own idea?

GETAS: Well, I certainly had no instructions, they're all sound asleep in there.

THRASONIDES: Getas, I think you're here to look after me!

GETAS: Come in now, do, dear sir.

THRASONIDES: You're always a good *aide-de-camp*.

GETAS: And you're shaking like a leaf . . . I? Haven't had a chance to

A30

talk to you yet. You only got back home yesterday after a long absence.

THRASONIDES: Well, when I set sail from headquarters, I was pretty stout-hearted. My assignment was to act as escort to the spoils, a mere dogsboddy.

GETAS: So what's upsetting you now?

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THRASONIDES: I've been grievously insulted.

GETAS: Who by?

THRASONIDES: By the girl-prisoner. I bought her, treated her like a free girl, as the lady of the house; gave her maids, gold trinkets, dresses; thought of her as my wife.

GETAS: Then what? How are you being insulted?

THRASONIDES: I'm ashamed to talk about it. Things have gone all wrong.

GETAS: Still, tell me.

THRASONIDES: She hates me like poison.

GETAS: She's the Magnetic Stone . . .

THRASONIDES: No need for such an idea. It's quite normal and human.

GETAS: Even if she were her own mistress . . .

*There is a gap in the text.*

150 THRASONIDES: I wait for the right moment,<sup>3</sup> for a real rainstorm at night, thunder and lightning, and I'm in bed with her.

GETAS: Then what?

THRASONIDES: Then I call out. 'My girl,' I say, 'I must go out at once to see a man.' 'What did you say his name was?' - that's what any woman would say - and 'Poor dear, in all this rain? Do wait a bit.'

*Some twenty lines are missing or mutilated.*

THRASONIDES: She's the one. Give me your heart, darling. If you neglect me, you'll make me jealous, distressed, a raving lunatic.

GETAS: You poor unfortunate man.

THRASONIDES: If she'd only call me 'darling,' I'd make offerings to all the gods of heaven.

160 GETAS: What on earth can have gone wrong? It's not even as if you were particularly disagreeable - not enough to speak of. Of course, you don't get much pay as a soldier, that's a drawback. But your face is very refined. Still -

THRASONIDES: Damn you! We must find out what the trouble is, demonstrate some necessary cause.

GETAS: Well, sir, women are a rotten lot.

*There is a gap in the text.*

100 GETAS: From what you say, sir, she . . . sucks up to you . . . hasn't she always got some plausible excuse?

*The rest of the act is lost. Some minute fragments of the play, cited by later authors, supply the information that Thrasonides' boasting of his exploits had turned Krateia against him; that he asks for a sword (presumably to kill himself) and is refused it; that his recent soldiering has been in Cyprus; and that all the swords in the house have been collected and put safely out of sight in (as appears from l. 176) Kleinias's house. There would have been a choral interlude.*

[FIRST CHORAL INTERLUDE]

## ACT TWO

Some ninety very fragmentary lines remain of this act. There are indications of a conversation between Thrasonides and Cetas, and of another between (possibly) the Old Woman and a 'stranger' who is presumably Demas. He had come to the city for some purpose not connected with his daughter, but in the course of this conversation he discovers that a girl called Krateia is living next door. He apparently asks his interlocutor to get the girl out into the street, so that he can see if she is his daughter. Then there would have been the next choral interlude.

### [SECOND CHORAL INTERLUDE]

## ACT THREE

The act starts with a conversation between two people, possibly servants, one of whom may be Krateia's Nurse.

— . . . suppliant. Saying what?

— Oh dear, are you going to fight with me?

— Not at all, but . . . he's living a terribly miserable life.

— Oh?

— Why, when he was happy and envied — for that's what he was — why did she stop him?

— She knows her own business best.

Then, after two badly damaged lines:

— What's this? Whoever is it? This whispering's from a certain person, I'm sure. Off with you! 140

The next eighteen lines offer only scattered words. A ring is mentioned, and clothing, beating the ground, a libation to be made, suppliants, and a hope for heaven's favour. Someone finally says 'Let's go' and the stage is left empty for a soliloquy by (probably) Cetas. The text is damaged, and some of the translation can be only approximate.

GETAS: . . . Left. A man sang, a fat-faced pig of a man . . . to watch the woman from outside . . . is he . . . once the other one sang . . . well, heavens above, as the proverb goes, 'perfectly right and proper' for a man who's drinking to sing. [Apostrophizing the singer] You make good listening, you that's come to visit. But why are you still twisting and turning as you offer your contributions, if you're not intending some harm to us? Nonsense! Shall I tell Master to invite him back to dinner? For it's quite clear . . . I'll go now . . . and try to discover something of what's being said and done. [He goes into Thrasonides' house.] 170

OLD WOMAN [entering from Kleinias's house]: I never saw such a peculiar visitor, I really didn't. Honestly, what is he up to? When he caught sight of our neighbour's swords in our house, he told us to bring them out, and he spent ages examining them. 180

Several badly damaged lines follow, in the course of which Demas emerges from Kleinias's house and asks where the owner of the swords lives.

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DEMBAS: . . . knock at the door, please.  
OLD WOMAN: Knock yourself. Why bother me? I'm off. I've shown you the house. Call him out and talk to him yourself.  
DEMBAS: It's awkward. I recognize this sword as my own.  
OLD WOMAN: Knock at the door.

*Some ten mutilated lines follow, including the statement 'I've just had this thought' and then Dembas advances to Thrasonides' door.*

DEMBAS [knocking]: Door! Door! Oh, I'll just move back here. [He moves away.] The door's opening, someone's coming out.

[Enter KRATHEIA and NURSE, from Thrasonides' house.]

KRATHEIA: I couldn't have put up with that a moment longer! . . .

DEMBAS: O God, what vision is this? The thought never entered my head . . .

[NURSE whispers to KRATHEIA and indicates DEMBAS.]

KRATHEIA: What do you mean, Nurse? Whatever are you telling me?

My father? Where?

DEMBAS: Kratcia, my child!

KRATHEIA: Who's calling me? Daddy! Oh, Daddy darling, how marvellous!

[She runs to him and they embrace.]

DEMBAS: I've found you, my child.

KRATHEIA: I've longed for you, and here you are. I thought I'd never see you again.

GETAS [emerging from the house]: She came outside. Heavens, what's this? What are you doing with her, fellow? Yes, you - what are you doing? I knew it! Caught in the act, this is the chap I've been looking for. Got you! He looks old, grey-haired and sixtyish, but he'll still live to regret it. Hey, you, who do you think you're hugging and kissing?

KRATHEIA: It's my father, Getas.

GETAS: A likely story! [To DEMBAS] Who are you? Where've you come from?

DEMBAS: I've come from . . . and I am her father.<sup>5</sup>

GETAS: Is he really your father, Kratcia?

KRATHEIA: Yes, he really is.

GETAS: Well! And this is your master, old Nurse? Have you come from home, sir?

DEMBAS: I wish I had.

GETAS: You are in fact away from home?

DEMBAS: I've come from Cyprus. And here I see my daughter, my most precious possession. Others of my household have clearly

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been scattered in different directions by War, the common enemy.  
GETAS: That's life. That's how your daughter was taken prisoner and came to us. But I'll run and get Master for you.

DEMBAS: Do that.

[GETAS goes off, right.]

*Six badly damaged lines seem to indicate a conversation about the possible fate of Dembas's son, whose sword he had recognized among those from Thrasonides' house.*

KRATHEIA: If he's no longer alive, where does the story come from?  
DEMBAS: My life is done.

KRATHEIA: And what a bitter fate is mine. This is tragic, Father dear. He is dead.

DEMBAS: And dead at the hands of the last man who should have killed him.<sup>6</sup>

KRATHEIA: You know who it was?

DEMBAS: I do.

KRATHEIA: I was taken prisoner. I'm a servant now . . .

DEMBAS: Why, Kratcia . . .

KRATHEIA: The man who did this. . . But, Father . . . we must work out a plan . . . I've lived as I had to . . .

DEMBAS: How strange and sad is human life. [They go into Thrasonides' house, as THRASONIDES and GETAS enter, right.]

THRASONIDES: Kratcia's father has arrived, you say. Now you will make me the happiest or most miserable of mortal men. For if he won't approve of me and give her to me in lawful marriage, that's the end of Thrasonides. I hope not. But let's go in. No more guessing, we've got to know. I shrink and shake as I go in. My heart is prophesying some disaster, Getas. I'm frightened. But better get it settled once and for all, no more guesswork. The whole thing is very remarkable.

[They go into the house, as KLEINIAS enters, right, with COOK.]

KLEINIAS: Our visitor, that's one, Cook, and I make two, and the third is a woman belonging to me (if she's actually arrived: for I'm in agony too). Otherwise, only the visitor. For I'll be running round the city, looking everywhere for her. Come on in, Cook. Quick action, concentrate on that. [They go into Kleinias's house.]

THIRD CHORAL INTERLUDE

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## ACT FOUR

[Enter KLEINIAS from his house, talking back over his shoulder.]

280 KLEINIAS: What's that? He recognized the sword, you say, the one left in our house, and went off to the neighbours when he heard it belonged to them? When did they bring it here? Why to us, woman? . . . There's the door. Someone's coming. I'll get the whole story properly now.

[Enter GETAS, from Thrasonides' house, grumbling to himself. He ignores KLEINIAS, and walks agitatedly up and down.]

GETAS: God Almighty, the heartlessness of these two! Extraordinary! Inhuman too, it really is.

KLEINIAS: Has our visitor recently called at your house, Getas?

GETAS: God, what a nerve! . . . to marry her . . . ?

KLEINIAS: Am I to understand . . . ?

GETAS: He says . . .

290 KLEINIAS: Is Demcas . . . ?

GETAS: . . . not a bit . . . 'For, as you see, Demcas,' says the Master, . . . 'and you're her father and legal guardian.' That's what he says, tears in his eyes as he pleads. [Sardonically] Might as well play a harp to a donkey.

KLEINIAS: I'll fall into step with him, I think. [He does so.]

GETAS: The only answer he gets is this: 'I want my daughter from you, I've come to ransom her, I'm her father.' 'And I'm asking permission,' [says Master,] 'to marry her, now that I've met you, Demcas.'

300 KLEINIAS: Our friend clearly has gone visiting. He's talking about 'Demcas'.

GETAS: For heaven's sake, could he not take what's happened like a rational human being? No: wild boar on the mountain, as they say. But that's not the real trouble. She looked away again as he said, 'Please, Krateia, don't leave me. You were a virgin when I took you prisoner, I had the name of being your first lover; I loved, I do love you, I adore you, Krateia darling. What have I done to offend you? I'll die if you leave me, and then you'll know.' She didn't even answer him.

310 KLEINIAS: What on earth's the matter?

GETAS: She's uncivilized, a she-lion . . .

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KLEINIAS: Dammit, are you still ignoring me? I'd never have believed it.

GETAS: He's off his head, absolutely. I wouldn't have ransomed her, by God I wouldn't. It's a Greek custom and goes on everywhere. We're well aware of that. But it's right to show compassion for one who pities you. And when you two don't show any to me, I won't pay any notice or heed to you either. You have none? Then there's nothing strange in my . . . He'll rant and he'll plan to kill himself as he comes to a standstill. His eyes flash fire. Not a word does she say, and he tears his hair. [He bumps into KLEINIAS.]

KLEINIAS: Hey, you'll knock me to pieces.

GETAS: Oh good-day, Kleinias. [Aside] Where's he sprung from?

KLEINIAS: My visitor seems to be causing some trouble with his visit to you.

*The next thirty-four lines are almost illegible. All that can be discovered is that the conversation continues, at least one of the interlocutors leaves the stage, and Thrasonides emerges and soliloquizes.*

THRASONIDES: All right, I'm in love, and there's a rock in my heart. I'm hiding my sickness from my companions . . . how can I bear it? Drink will only strip the bandage from my wound that would rather not be exposed.

*Twenty-four mutilated lines follow.*

What's this? You've been well treated? Are you acting as her advocate? Tell me . . . If it was an accident, then I blame . . .

*The rest of the speech is very fragmentary, but the words that survive show that Thrasonides is arguing with himself about his relationship with Krateia. There would have followed the choral interlude.*

[FOURTH CHORAL INTERLUDE]

6. Both the form of the saying, and its exact meaning, are doubtful.
7. The text of this line is uncertain.
8. The text is fragmentary, but the words that survive are significant, and the general sense is clear.
9. The text is damaged, but the general sense is clear.
10. See note 9.
11. Some line endings are damaged, but the sense is clear.
12. See *The Girl from Samos*, note 4.

### The Shield

1. See A. R. W. Harrison, *The Law of Athens* (Oxford, 1968), pp. 10-12, 132f.
2. He wanted to win enough to provide for her dowry.
3. A few lines are damaged here, but the sense is clear.
4. Because they had no self-interest to serve. And as their evidence would be accepted only under torture, it was thought to be reliable.
5. Because Daos would also be inherited as part of Kleostratos's estate.
6. He has not stolen any oil. Cooks were proverbial thieves.
7. An heiress's inheritance had to be kept in trust for her children.
8. The text is damaged here.
9. An approximation of the sense, based on the words that survive.
10. The great medical schools of the ancient world were in areas where Doric, not Attic (Athenian) Greek was spoken. And doctors were old-established comic figures.
11. The opening line of Euripides' *Sthenobola*. See Aristophanes, *Frogs* 1217.
12. From Chairemon's *Achilles, Killer of Thersites*. See *Journal of Hellenic Studies* 1970, 22f.
13. From Aeschylus's *Niobe*. See Plato, *Republic* 380a.
14. The source is unknown, but the language is tragic.
15. A fourth-century tragedian. See *Hermes* 1954, 300f.
16. The opening line of Euripides' *Orestes*.
17. There is an indication only of a brief reply here.
18. Euripides, *Orestes*, 232.
19. A short comment of this kind is clearly missing from the text.
20. The exact meaning of the allusion is lost to us. But Smikrines' suspicious nature is clear.
21. Enough text remains to produce an approximation of the dialogue.

### The Silyonians

1. Silyon was (and is) a town on the south side of the Gulf of Corinth. Until the action of the play begins, Stratophanes has thought himself to be a native of this town, and he is the Silyonian of the title.
2. See Introduction, p. 15 and E. W. Handley in *BICS* 12 (1965), 38.
3. Literally, a man who eats at someone else's table. The parasite made a living by attaching himself to a wealthy man and, in return for small services and agreeing with everything his patron said, being fed at his patron's table.
4. The Prologue is damaged, but it is clearly spoken by a god (no human character could know all these facts) and its general tenor is clear.
5. Now part of Turkey.
6. Probably Stratophanes.
7. Cf. *Old Comaenchorus* l. 46.
8. Various Greek states had agreed terms for the settlement of disputes between their nationals. Bocoitia was the territory immediately north-west of Attica.
9. That is, an Athenian citizen.
10. Because of the gaps in the text, it is not clear which act's ending is indicated here. However, a numeral in the papyrus makes it clear that the next section begins with Act Four.
11. Resident foreigners in Athens clearly had to guard their tongues in the community that allowed them in.
12. The speech has links of style and content with that in Euripides, *Orestes* 866 ff. The first few lines are damaged, but the sense is clear.
13. The animal would be sacrificed, its entrails given to the god, and the rest eaten by the male members of the community.
14. The Eleusinian's distinguishes him from any other Athenian who might have the (relatively common) name of Blyepes.
15. Any citizen had the right to arrest a kidnapper caught in the act.
16. The text is damaged from here to the end of the act, and only approximate translation is possible.
17. This was the 'family' name of one of the districts of Athens.
18. The text is damaged, but the general sense is clear.
19. The text is damaged here.

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1. The latest (so far) of these was first published in 1977, and so does not appear in the Oxford Classical Text. My translation of it is based on

Notes:

- the text published by Professor E. G. Turner in *Proceedings of the British Academy* LXXIII (1977), 315-31.
2. A case can be made for either Thrasonides or Getas to speak these lines. Thrasonides would have been in charge of official spoils, Getas (like Daos in *The Shield*) in charge of his master's share. In any event, the recent arrival of that share is what has triggered the dramatic action.
  3. This seems to be some sort of 'test' of Krataeia's affections.
  4. The meaning of this remains obscure.
  5. This and the next few lines are damaged, but the general sense is clear.
  6. Presumably Thrasonides (he had the sword). This may be why Krataeia steadfastly refuses to have anything to do with Thrasonides. The son must later have been found to be alive (is he Kleinias?), in order to produce the dénouement.
  7. The text of the next seven lines is badly damaged.
  8. The text is damaged, and the translation is approximate.

*The Double Deceiver*

1. E. W. Handley, *Mentander and Plautus: A Study in Comparison* (London, Lewis, 1968).
2. That is, she will be wasting her time. A corpse cannot hear.
3. In Plautus, *The Two Bacchises*, 277 ff., the servant's story is that the man who owed the money plotted with the crew of a pirate ship in Ephesus harbour to attack the ship in which the young man was sailing, and steal the money back from him.

*The Farmer*

1. The first edition was by J. Nicole (Basle and Geneva, 1897-8).
2. Parts of the first four lines are missing, and this is an approximation of the sense.
3. Gorgias, the girl's brother, appears to be the 'head of the family', and his consent would be necessary for her marriage.
4. Part of the ritual of a Greek wedding. See *The Girl From Samos*, Act Three.
5. This was quite legal in ancient Greece, provided the common parent was the father and not the mother.
6. The text of the next few lines is uncertain.
7. The text is damaged, but the general sense is clear.
8. The text is damaged here.

Notes

*The Taddy*

1. A *kolax* was someone who made himself agreeable and useful to another man, and expected favours in return for services rendered.
2. Terence, *Eunuch* 30-32.
3. A famous Olympic champion all-in wrestler, of the fourth century B. C.
4. The text is damaged, but the sense is clear.
5. The text is very uncertain here.

*The Harpist*

1. The *kithara* was a stringed instrument, played by plucking the strings. It differed from the harp in having its strings of equal length. The harp is, however, our nearest equivalent.
2. Both text and meaning are uncertain, and the situation is far from clear.
3. Note 2 applies here.
4. The 'statues of Hermes' were in the market-place of ancient Athens, and seem to have been at this time the haunt of the rich and idle.
5. The text is damaged, but the general sense is clear.
6. A district of Attica, a suburb of Athens.

*The Hero*

1. The next seven lines are damaged, but the general sense is clear.
2. The lines that follow are damaged, and the sense can only be approximate.

*The Phantom*

1. On Terence, *Eunuch* 9.
2. Text and interpretation are uncertain.

*The Girl Possessed*

1. The Corybantes were the frenzied followers and priests of the goddess Cybele, the great 'Mother-goddess' of Anatolia, whose worship was known in Greece by the fifth century B. C.