

The Arbitration

You are a fool, Smikrines. I'll quote you the whole speech from the *Auger*¹ if you still don't see it. [SOPHRONE sees it, and dances with joy.]

SMIKRINES [to SOPHRONE]: Your silly antics make me furious. You obviously know what he means.

ONESIMOS: Of course she does. The old girl got it before you did, that's for sure.

SMIKRINES: It's a shocking story.

ONESIMOS: It's the greatest piece of luck ever!

SMIKRINES: If your story's true, then the child . . .

The end of the play is missing, but there cannot have been much more. Perhaps Charistios appeared, was reconciled with his father-in-law, and invited everyone into his house to celebrate.

The Rape of the Locks¹

[Perikleitromene]

Introductory Note to *The Rape of the Locks*

The date of the play is quite uncertain, and a good deal of it is lost. But the confusion engendered by a combination of and variations upon the conventional themes of lost children and returning soldier is entertaining, and the treatment of the confused characters is sympathetic. Polémon is more human than most boastful soldiers, and the 'lost child with tokens' theme is enlivened by there being two children, only one of whom knows some of the truth, and who share between them the tokens which eventually reveal the truth.

Rape of the Lebes (Perikleiomene)

CHARACTERS

- MISAPPREHENSION, a divine being
- POLEMON, a professional soldier
- SOSIAS, his servant
- GLYKERA, his mistress
- DORIS, her maid
- MOSCHION, a young man
- DAOS, his servant
- PATAIKOS, an old man
- HABROTONON, a guitar-girl?
- Polemon's servant, HILARION; Moschion's adoptive mother, MYRRHINE; and PHILINUS, a friend of Pataikos and possibly also Myrrhine's husband, may also have appeared in the play: but they do not appear in the part which is left to us.

~~Myrrhine~~
~~Philinus~~
~~Hilarion~~

ACT ONE

SCENE: a street in Corinth. There are two houses, one belonging to Myrrhine, the other to Polemon. Pataikos's house may have been shown, but it is nowhere necessary to the action as we have it.

The beginning of the play is lost. A divine Prologue is necessary in this play, to give the audience the information they require: the whole action depends on the fact that the characters do not know all the facts, but the audience must know them. The divinity selected by Menander is Ignorance or Misapprehension. We clearly have most of her speech: its missing opening lines would have explained about Pataikos's wife's death in childbirth, the exposure of the twins, and their discovery by an old woman.

It is clear from the speech that this is a 'postponed prologue', that is, it is not the opening scene of the play. The most likely explanation of the missing scene is that it showed the meeting and greeting between Glykera and Moschion, with Sosias seeing it and reporting it to Polemon, who in a jury cuts off the girl's hair, possibly off stage. It then allows Menander to make a neat dramatic point, by demonstrating to the audience, via the prologue speech, that they have been under a misapprehension too.

MISAPPREHENSION: . . . she decided to keep the girl, but to give the other twin to a wealthy woman who lives here [pointing] and who was desperate for a son. So that was what she did. Some years passed, and the war got worse, and life in Corinth harder, and the old woman was pretty well destitute. The girl (whom you've just seen for yourselves) was now grown up, and a lover had appeared (the explosive man you've just seen). He's a native-born Corinthian, so she gave him the girl as her own daughter. She was already failing and, mindful of the changes and chances of this mortal life, she told the girl the true story of how she'd found her, gave her the baby-clothes she'd been wearing, and explained about her unknown brother-by-birth, and who he was. She knew how chancy life is, and realized that he was the girl's only relative, if ever she needed help. She wanted to be sure, too, that they'd never, through me - I'm IGNORANCE - enter without realizing it into a forbidden relationship. For he's rich and always drinking, and

she's young and pretty – and the chap she was being left with is not reliable.

Well, the old woman died, and not long ago the soldier bought this [pointing] house. So she's living next door to her brother, but she hasn't breathed a word of what she knows – doesn't want to compromise his apparent social standing, wants him to enjoy his good luck. But, quite accidentally, he saw her. He's a bold lad, as I told you, and he's always hanging about the house. Well, yesterday evening she happened to be sending her maid on an errand, and when he saw her at the door, he ran straight up and hugged and kissed her. Now, she knew he was her brother, so she didn't run away. But Someone Elise³ was coming up the road, and he saw what was happening. He's told you the sequel, how he marched off, saying he'd like a word with her 'when it was convenient', and she burst into tears there, quite upset because she wasn't free to greet her own brother.

All this *Sturm und Drang* has been stirred up with an eye to future developments, to put him [pointing to POLEMON'S house] in a towering fury. He's not really like that, but I led him on, to get the process of discovery started, and to ensure that these young people eventually find their family. So if anyone here was shocked at the scene and thought it 'disgusting', just think again! When a god's at work, even evil turns to good, in the very act.

Goodbye, Ladies and Gentlemen. Be kind to us – and pay attention to what's coming.

[Exit MISAPPRHENSION, left. Enter SOSIAS, right.]

SOSIAS: Our swaggering ruffian of an hour ago, our Mighty Warrior (the one who won't let girls keep their hair), he's in floods of tears over his lurch. His friends have all rallied round, to help him bear up, and I've just left them at their meal. He's got no way of discovering what's going on here, so he's sent me to fetch his army cloak. The devil! He doesn't want the cloak at all, he just wants to keep me on the trot.

[Enter DORIS, from Polemon's house, speaking back over her shoulder. She does not see SOSIAS.]

DORIS: I'll go and see, madam. [She moves towards Myrrhine's house.]
SOSIAS [aside]: It's Doris! How she's grown, how well she looks. These women live the life of Riley, that's quite clear. I'll be on my way.

[He goes into POLEMON'S house.]

DORIS: No one about. Better knock. [Does so] Any girl who gets involved with a soldier has my sympathy. No respect for the law,

not one of them. You can't trust them an inch. What my poor mistress is suffering – done nothing to deserve it, either. [Knocks again] Door!

SOSIAS [entering from Polemon's house and carrying cloak]: He'll be pleased to hear she's in tears now. That's just what he wanted. [He goes off, right.]

DORIS [as door is opened]: Please tell . . .

Some seventy lines are missing, during which Glykera must have moved from Polemon's house to take refuge in Myrrhine's. At the end of the act, Daos is finishing a speech.

DAOS: . . . boys. Here comes a crowd of young lads, pretty merry too. Full marks to Mistress. She's bringing the lass to stay with us – that's being a real mother. Well, must go and find young master. If you ask me, this is the moment for him to come home – at the double. [He goes off, right.]

FIRST CHORAL INTERLUDE

ACT TWO

[Enter MOSCHION and DAOS, *right*.]

MOSCHION: Many's the time, Daos, you've told me tales that weren't true. You're an abominable liar! If you're trying to gammon me now -

DAOS: Whip me immediately, if I am.

MOSCHION: Not enough!

270 DAOS: Then declare war, and give me no quarter. But if it is true, and you find the girl in the house, what about me then? I managed the whole thing for you, Moschion; I persuaded her to come here (and it took some talking to do it); and I persuaded your mother to take her in and to make all provision you could desire. How shall I stand *them*?

MOSCHION: Then think, Daos! What sort of life most appeals to you? Consider carefully, then tell me.⁴

DAOS: Be a mill manager, perhaps?

MOSCHION [*aside*]: He'll go to a mill, all right - the treadmill.

DAOS: No manual labour, now. Don't suggest it.

280 MOSCHION: I fancy making you Minister for Hellenic Affairs, or CO of a regiment.

DAOS: Huh! They'll promptly cut my throat in an army camp, if I'm caught stealing.⁵

MOSCHION: But you'll be able to let out contracts and make a large profit.

DAOS: I'd rather keep a general store, Moschion, or have a stall in the market and sell cheese. I've no desire to be rich, none at all. But shopkeeping would suit me, and give me more pleasure.

MOSCHION: What a dreadful ideal! You know the old saying, 'I hope no honey-seller ever turns virtuous in her old age.'⁶

DAOS: To have a full belly, that's what I like. And I say I've earned it for the services I've mentioned.

290 MOSCHION: Yes, you've done well, Daos. All right, sell your cheese, and good luck to it.

DAOS: 'That's my prayer', as they say. Now, open the door, sir.

MOSCHION: Yes, I must. It's my job now to chat her up, and to cook a snook at the goddamned five-star general.

DAOS: Sure it is.

MOSCHION: You go in first, Daos, go on. Spy out the lie of the land - what Glykera's doing, where my mother is, how they're likely to receive me. You're a smart chap, I don't need to spell it out for you.

DAOS: I'm on my way. [*He goes into Myrrhine's house.*]

300 MOSCHION: I'll walk up and down in front of the house and wait for you. Yes, she did show some sort of feeling when I went up to her last night. As I ran forward, she didn't run away, but flung her arms round me and hugged me. I'm quite good-looking, they tell me, and quite good company, I do think. And (if I may say so without offence) the girls all like me.

DAOS [*emerging from the house*]: Moschion! She's bathed, and sitting there, all ready.

MOSCHION: The darling!

DAOS: Your mother's bustling about, busy with this and that. Lunch is ready, and by the look of things, I'd say they're waiting for you.

MOSCHION: Well, I've known for years now that I'm attractive! Did you tell them I was here?

DAOS: No, of course not.

MOSCHION: Well, go and tell them now.

DAOS: About turn! See, I'm on my way. [*Re-enters house.*]

MOSCHION: She'll be shy when we go in, naturally, and hide behind her veil. That's what women do. Now my mother - I must kiss her as soon as I go in, win her over completely, make sure she's on my side, be her 'own dear boy'. She's really shown very proper feeling in this whole business. Ah, here comes someone. [*Anxiously, as DAOS comes out*] What's wrong, boy? You look worried, Daos.

DAOS: I'm worried all right. It's most peculiar. When I went in and told your mother you were here, 'None of that!' she says, 'how did he get wind of this? Have you been gossiping, telling him that because she was frightened, she's run for refuge to our house? Yes, that's it. Damn you, she says, 'out of my way, boy, I'm busy.' The prize has been whisked away from under your nose. She wasn't a bit pleased to be told you were here.

MOSCHION: You rat, you've done me down!

DAOS: That's a laugh. It wasn't me, it was your mother -

MOSCHION: Was it really? But you told me she came of her own free will, didn't you? And that she came because of me? And that you persuaded her to come?

DAOS: I told you that I persuaded her to come? I never did! I'd never tell you a lie, sir.⁷

330 MOSCHION: Then you didn't tell me ten minutes ago that you had persuaded Mother to take the girl in, for my sake?

DAOS: Well . . . you see . . . Yes, I did say that, I remember now.

MOSCHION: And that you thought she was doing it for me?

DAOS: Oh, I can't say that. But I was trying to persuade her -

MOSCHION [grimly]: I see. Come here.

DAOS [nervously]: Where? Not far, I hope.

MOSCHION: You'll find out.

DAOS: Tell you what, sir, I - [MOSCHION grabs him] now, just a minute!

MOSCHION: You're making a fool of me.

DAOS: I'm not, honest I'm not. I wouldn't do a thing like that. If

you'll just listen. Perhaps she doesn't want the affair to develop in a,

you know, in a rush, all anyhow. Before you discover what's

happened, she wants to know what you have to say. Yes, that's it!

For she's not come here like a call-girl, or a common street-walker.

MOSCHION: Now you're talking.

DAOS: Try it out. You know the situation, of course. She's left her

home and her lover, I tell you no lie. If you want her

for three or four days, Someone will give you her devoted

attention. She told me so. And you should be told it now.

MOSCHION: Where can I deposit you in safe custody, Daos? You're

sending me round in circles. Lies a minute ago, now your bab-

blings make some sense.

DAOS: You don't give me any peace to think. All right, change your

tactics, go in - and behave!

MOSCHION: While you take off?

DAOS [sarcastically]: Well, of course! You can see how well provided I

am with foreign currency . . .

MOSCHION: If you come in, you could be of some assistance to me.

DAOS: I'll be glad to, sir.

MOSCHION: Right, you win. [He goes into Myrrhine's house.]

DAOS [relaxing]: That was close! I'm shaking like a leaf. This plotting's not as easy as I thought.

[Enter sosias, right, carrying cloak and sword. He does not see

DAOS.]

SOSIAS: Back again I'm sent with cloak and sword, to see what's

doing, then go and report. For two pins I'd tell him I found his rival

in the house, to make him spring into action. But I'm sorry for

him. I've never seen Master so miserable, it's a real nightmare.

What a Welcome Home! [He goes into Polemori's house.]

DAOS: The General's home! That certainly makes things awkward.

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And that's not to mention the nub - if our Master comes back from the country sooner than expected, there'll be a fine furore when he appears on the scene.

SOSIAS [emerging from house and shouting back over his shoulder]: You let her go, you sacrilegious swine, you let her out?

DAOS: Here he comes again, in a fine fury too. I'll just step out of his way. [He lurks behind a convenient piece of scenery.]

SOSIAS: Gone straight next door, I suppose, to her boy-friend,

leaving us lamenting long and hard.

DAOS [aside]: The General has a prophet on his staff! He's not far off

the mark.

SOSIAS: I'll go and knock. [He moves towards Myrrhine's house.]

DAOS [moving forward]: What the devil do you want? Where are you

going?

SOSIAS: You live here?

DAOS: Perhaps I do. What's it to you?

SOSIAS: For heaven's sake, have you all gone mad? Keeping a

free-born woman under lock and key, in defiance of her legal

guardian's wishes. The effrontery!

DAOS: That's a filthy lie.

SOSIAS: Do you think we've got no guts, that we're not men?

DAOS: Oh, sure, real pound-an-hour men. And when he takes

command of a tuppenny-ha-penny lot like you, we'll easily beat

you.

SOSIAS: This is an outrage! Answer me, do you admit you've got

her?

DAOS: Go lose yourself, chum.

SOSIAS [shouting]: Hilarion! Oh, he's gone. This chap [pulling a

servant forward] will be my witness. Now! You admit you've got

her?

DAOS: No lodgers here.

SOSIAS: Some of you will be sorry before long, I'll see to that. Who

do you think you're fooling? Tell me that! What's your game?

We'll storm this 'bijou residence' in ten minutes, no bother. Go put

the Great Lover on red alert.

DAOS: Poor man, I'm sorry for you. You're wasting your time,

imagining she's with us.

SOSIAS: Our flying column - call them tuppenny-ha-penny chaps if

you like - they'll dismantle the whole place before you can spit.

DAOS: Just a joke. You're really desperate, a cornered rat.

SOSIAS: This, in a civilized country!

DAOS: I tell you, we haven't got her.

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SOSIAS: Huh! I'm a regular soldier. I'll show you.

DAOS: Oh, go to hell, you're off your head. I'm going in. [Does so.]

DORIS [emerging from Myrrhine's house as DAOS goes in]: Why, Sosias.

SOSIAS: Doris, if you come near me, I'll do you a serious injury.

You're mainly to blame for this coil.

DORIS: For pity's sake! Tell him that she's fled in mortal terror to a

woman friend.

SOSIAS: Oh? To a woman friend? In mortal terror?

DORIS: Yes, she's gone next door, to Myrrhine, cross my heart and

hope to die.

SOSIAS: Oh, really? Where her honey is, here in this house!

DORIS: I know what you're thinking, Sosias, but it's not true.

SOSIAS: Oh, go away, go away. I don't want to hear any more lies.

About sixty lines of text are missing here, from the end of this act and the start of the next. Doris must have gone back into Myrrhine's house and Sosias clearly went off to fetch Polemon. Then would follow the choral interlude.

[SECOND CHORAL INTERLUDE]

ACT THREE

Sosias has returned with Polemon, and they are accompanied by Habrotonon and some servants. Pataikos, whether he came with them or arrived independently, is also on stage, and has clearly been counselling caution. Equally clearly, Sosias has been drowning his sorrows.

SOSIAS: He's been bribed by the other side, believe me. He's a traitor to you and your force.

PATAIKOS [to SOSIAS]: Go and sleep it off, friend, and give the war a rest. [To POLEMON] It's you I'm talking to; you're not quite so drunk.

POLEMON: Not quite so - ? Me? I had no more than one glass.

I saw all this coming - what a mess! - and I was taking precautions.

PATAIKOS: Good. Now, take my advice -

POLEMON: What do you want me to do?

PATAIKOS: A good question. As I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted -

SOSIAS: Habrotonon, sound the charge!

PATAIKOS: Before I start, send this fellow and his 'troops' into the house.

SOSIAS: Your tactics are terrible. [To POLEMON] He'll stop the war,

when we could be storming the ramparts.

POLEMON: That's because he -

SOSIAS: Pataikos is a disaster. [To his 'troops'] We're leaderless!

PATAIKOS: For God's sake, man, go away.

SOSIAS: I'm going. [He moves over to HABROTONON and the servants.]

I expected you to do something, Habrotonon. You've got plenty of siege-tactics, you can make a frontal assault, or encircle the target, can't you? [She moves away, insulted.] Where are you going, darling? The tart's blushing! You don't mind my jokes, do you?

[HABROTONON sweeps off the stage, probably followed by the 'troops'. SOSIAS probably subsides into a corner to sleep it off.]

PATAIKOS: Now, Polemon, if the sort of thing you've been telling

me about had happened to your lawful wedded wife -

POLEMON: This is outrageous, Pataikos!

PATAIKOS [mildly]: It does make a difference.

POLEMON: I regard her as my lawful, wedded wife.

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PATAIKOS: No need to shout. Who 'gave away the bride'?

POLEMON [sulkily]: She did.

PATAIKOS [drily]: Quite so. Perhaps she liked you then, and doesn't any longer. Now that you're not treating her properly, she's left.

POLEMON: Not treating her properly? Me? That hurts me more than anything you've said yet.

PATAIKOS: Oh, you're in love, I'm well aware of that. That's why you're behaving so stupidly. But what are you trying to do? Who are you trying to take by force? You have no legal standing, she's her own mistress. The only course open to a disconsolate lover, is persuasion.

POLEMON: What about the man who seduced her when I was away?

Isn't he in the wrong?

PATAIKOS: Yes, he is, and you can charge him with it, if you ever come to conclusions with him. But if you use force and he takes you to court, you'll lose your case. His offence entitles you to charge him, but not to assault him.

POLEMON: Not even now?

PATAIKOS: Not even now.

POLEMON: I don't know what to say, damned if I do. I might as well go hang myself. Glykera's left me, Pataikos, left me - Glykera! Look, do you think you could - you know her, you've often talked to her - would you go and have a word with her, be my ambassador? Please!

PATAIKOS: Why, of course I will.

POLEMON: I imagine you know how to put a good case, Pataikos?

PATAIKOS: Pretty well.

POLEMON: But you must, it's vital! Everything depends on that. If I've ever treated her badly - if I don't from this day forth do all I can to love and cherish her - just come and see what I bought for her -

POLEMON: Do come and see, Pataikos, please! You'll have all the more sympathy with me then.

PATAIKOS: Oh, dear!

POLEMON: This way, come on. [He pulls PATAIKOS towards his house.] What a wardrobe she had! And how beautiful she looks when she puts on one of these dresses! Perhaps you never saw her like that?

PATAIKOS: Oh, yes, indeed I did.

POLEMON: And she's so tall - a splendid sight! [Pause] I'm mad, raving on about her height. That's nothing to do with the case.

PATAIKOS: Nothing at all.

520

POLEMON: You think not? But you must see her wardrobe. This way!

PATAIKOS [resignedly]: All right, I'm coming. [They go into Polemon's house.]

MOSCHION [entering from Myrrhine's house, and addressing their backs]: Yes, go in and be damned to you. They've scuttled away with spears in hand before me. That lot couldn't storm a swallow's nest, for all their malice. Daos told me they'd got a squad of mercenaries: the famous mercenaries seem to be just Sosias here. [Addresses audience] Of all the unhappy devils now alive - and there's a fine crop of them all over Greece just now, God knows why - I don't believe there's a single one as miserable as me. When I went in just now, I did none of the things I normally do: didn't go and see my mother, didn't send for any of the servants. I went straight to my room and lay down. I was quite calm, and I sent Daos to my mother to report that I was home, nothing more. He found them at lunch, and without a thought of me he stayed there, stuffing himself. And I lay there, saying to myself, 'Any minute now Mother'll be here, with a message from my darling, saying how we can meet.' I was rehearsing a speech . . .

The end of the act, about a hundred and sixty lines, is lost. By the time it ends, somehow, whether by eavesdropping or in a dramatic scene with Myrrhine or her husband, Moschion has discovered that Glykera is a respectable girl and a foundling, and that he is a foundling himself. There would follow the choral interlude.

[THIRD CHORAL INTERLUDE]

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ACT FOUR

The beginning of the act is missing, and when the text resumes, Glykera and Pataikos are conversing.

710
GLYKERA [*defending herself from a charge of having pursued MOSCHION to his mother's house*]: My dear friend, what good would it have done me to run for refuge to his mother? You're not thinking straight! To get him to marry me? Hardly: he wouldn't marry a girl like me. To become his mistress? Then, you must admit, I'd have been anxious to conceal the fact from his family — and so would he. Instead, with apparent recklessness, he's established me in his father's house, and I've apparently been so silly as to antagonize his mother, and raise in all your minds a suspicion that could no longer be glossed over. I'd be ashamed to behave like that, Pataikos. Did you really believe all this tarradiddle? Did you come here with the idea that I was that sort of girl?

720
PATAIKOS: Heavens, no. I only hope that you can prove that what you say is true. I certainly believe you.

GLYKERA: Even so, you can go back and tell him to find some other girl to insult in future.

PATAIKOS: It wasn't so very dreadful, what he did.

GLYKERA: It was abominable! Making me look like a slut . . . 8

Some fifteen lines are missing here. When the text resumes, Glykera is telling Pataikos that she is free-born, and has some tokens of her identity.

GLYKERA: I've got some things belonging to my father and mother.

I always keep them by me, and look after them very carefully.

PATAIKOS: So what do you want me to do?

GLYKERA: I want you to fetch them from Polemon's house.

PATAIKOS: Have you deserted the poor chap altogether, then? Is that what you mean?

GLYKERA: Just do as I ask, please, and I'll be grateful.

PATAIKOS: It shall be done. But it's foolish. You ought to think of all that's involved.

GLYKERA: I know my own business best.

PATAIKOS: You're quite sure? All right, then, do any of the maids know where your things are?

GLYKERA: Doris does.

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PATAIKOS [*to a servant*]: Then one of you fetch Doris out here. [To GLYKERA] Even so, Glykera, do make your peace with Polemon on the terms I now propose —

DORIS [*entering from Polemon's house*]: Oh, madam!

GLYKERA: What's wrong?

DORIS: This is terrible!

GLYKERA: Bring me out the little box, Doris, the one containing the bit of embroidery. [DORIS looks bewildered.] For goodness' sake, you know what I mean, the box I gave you to look after. Why are you crying, you silly girl?

[DORIS fetches the box, and PATAIKOS looks with interest at its contents.]

PATAIKOS [*to himself*]: Now that's queer, by God it is. Nothing's impossible in this life. (*Some seven lines are missing here.*) I've seen a piece of embroidery like that before. Wasn't the next figure a goat or a cow of some animal like that?

GLYKERA: Not a goat, my friend, it's a stag.

PATAIKOS: Something with horns, anyhow. And the third figure was a winged horse. This is my wife's work, my poor, dear wife.

[Enter MOSCHION, right, not seeing them. They do not see him.]

MOSCHION: It's not impossible, I have to face it, that my real mother had a daughter at the same time as she had me. If that's true, and Glykera is my sister, then I'm in the devil of a mess! [Broods.]

PATAIKOS: God, is something still left of my family?

GLYKERA: Go on, ask me anything you like.

PATAIKOS: Where did you get these things? Tell me.

GLYKERA: I was found wrapped in the embroidery, when I was a baby.

MOSCHION [*aside*]: Hold it! I'm being swept towards a crisis in my life.

PATAIKOS: Tell me, were you alone when you were found?

GLYKERA: Oh no, my brother and I were exposed together.

MOSCHION [*aside*]: That answers one of my questions.

PATAIKOS: Then how did you come to be separated?

GLYKERA: I could tell you the whole story, for I've been told it. But confine your questions to my own story: I've every right to tell that, but I gave her my word not to mention the other. 790

MOSCHION [*aside*]: Another piece of clear confirmation! She gave her word to my 'mother'. I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels!

PATAIKOS: Who found you, then, and brought you up?

GLYKERA: A woman brought me up, the one who found me.

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PATAIKOS: Did she say anything about where she found you?
GLYKERA: She said there was a spring — yes, and that the spot was shady.

PATAIKOS: That's what the man who left you there told me.

GLYKERA: Who was that? May I know?

800 PATAIKOS: He was a servant. But the man who grudged you life — was I.

GLYKERA: You abandoned your own child. But why?

PATAIKOS: Life is full of mysteries, my child. Your mother died in childbirth, and the day before —

GLYKERA: What happened? You frighten me.

PATAIKOS: I lost all my money. And I'd had a good income all my life.

GLYKERA: In a day? What happened? Heavens, how dreadful!

PATAIKOS: I heard that the ship that provided our livelihood had foundered in the angry surge of the Aegean sea.

GLYKERA: That was a sad day for me.

810 PATAIKOS: I thought that for a beggar to bring up children who would be an extra burden on him, was an act of absolute folly.

Two badly damaged lines follow, which cannot be restored.

GLYKERA: . . . there were necklaces, too, and a small brooch set with stones, to identify the exposed children.

PATAIKOS: Show me that brooch.

GLYKERA: I haven't got it any longer. I presume my brother has it.?

MOSCHION [*aside*]: The man's my father, I do believe!

PATAIKOS: Can you describe the things?

GLYKERA: There was a crimson girdle —

PATAIKOS: There was indeed.

GLYKERA: — with a row of girls dancing on it.

MOSCHION [*aside*]: That settles it!

GLYKERA: And a fine, thin cloak, and a gold head-band. That's all.

PATAIKOS: I can't restrain myself any longer. My darling daughter!

[*He embraces GLYKERA.*]

MOSCHION [*coming forward*]: And if I'm your son, could I not have a hug too?¹⁰

PATAIKOS: Heavens, who's this?

MOSCHION: Want to know who I am?

Between one hundred and two hundred lines are missing here, from the end of this act and the start of the next. Moschion must have been established as Pataikos's son, and there would be the choral interlude.

[FOURTH CHORAL INTERLUDE]

120

ACT FIVE

Glykera's relationship with Polemon has still to be resolved. Glykera's own feelings, Pataikos's championship of Polemon, and perhaps Moschion's opposition have clearly produced a change of heart and purpose. But Polemon does not know that, and his discovery of her real status has left him gloomily convinced that he has lost her for ever. The text resumes as he converses with Doris.

POLEMON: . . . to hang myself.

DORIS: Oh, don't do that. ¹¹

POLEMON: But what'll I do, Doris? How can I live without her? Life will be a desert.

DORIS: She'll come back to you —

POLEMON: In God's name —

DORIS: — if you behave properly.

POLEMON: I'd do anything. Oh, marvellous! Go in to her now. I'll set you free tomorrow, Doris. Just a minute, let me tell you what to say — she's gone. Oh, Love, you've stormed my citadel. It was her brother she was kissing, not a lover. But like a Fiend, a jealous Fiend, I didn't wait to ask questions, but fell into a drunken rage.

Then I was for hanging myself — and quite right too. [DORIS comes out.] What's the verdict, dear Doris?

DORIS: Good news. She'll come.

POLEMON: She wasn't just teasing?

DORIS: Oh, no, she was just getting dressed. Her father was still asking questions. Now, you must celebrate the good news of her good fortune.

POLEMON: Yes, indeed, how right you are. The cook's already in the house. Tell him to kill the pig.

DORIS: But where's the basket, and all the other things we need?¹²

POLEMON: The basket can be prepared later. Get the pig killed. Better still, I'll do it myself. I'll get a garland from an altar, and put it on.

DORIS: Well, that'll certainly make you look much more convincing.

POLEMON: Can't you fetch her out?

DORIS: I do assure you, she's just coming, with her father.

980

990

1000

121

The Rape of the Locks

POLEMON: Oh, how can I face her father? [*He hears someone coming, and dashes into his own house.*]

DORIS: Really! You'd think it was a disaster to hear a door opening. I'll go in myself, and do what I can to help. [*She goes into Polemon's house, as PATAIKOS and GLYKERA emerge from Myrrhine's.*]

PATAIKOS: I'm delighted to hear you say you'll be friends again! To accept an honourable settlement when you're in a strong position — that's proof that you're a true Greek. Boy! Run in and call Polemon, quickly now.

710 POLEMON [*emerging from his house*]: I'm coming. I was just getting ready to celebrate Glykera's good fortune. I hear she's found her father.

PATAIKOS: Yes, she has. Now listen to me. I formally give her to you in marriage, to bear legitimate children —

POLEMON: I take her.

PATAIKOS: — and a handsome dowry with her.

POLEMON: That's very generous of you.

PATAIKOS: And in future, my friend, forget you're a soldier, and don't make any more sudden assaults.

POLEMON: Good God, no! When it's nearly been the death of me this time, am I likely to do anything like that again? I'll never criticize Glykera. Just say you forgive me, darling.

720 PATAIKOS: This time, anyway, your crazy action has been the start of happiness for us all.

POLEMON: Yes, true.

PATAIKOS: So you've got your forgiveness.

POLEMON: Come and help us celebrate, Pataikos.

PATAIKOS: Thank you, but I've got another wedding to arrange. I'm getting Philinos's daughter for my son. God . . .

The play is almost over, but the last few lines of the text are missing. Perhaps they contained an expression of gratitude to heaven from Pataikos.

The Shield
[Aspis]

5. Otherwise unknown. Skarphe was a town in northern Greece, near Thermopylae.
6. It was neither polite nor politic to pass without greeting the statue or shrine of a god, especially the god Pan. (See l. 433.)
7. The shrine of Leos, in the Market Place at Athens, was a popular meeting place.
8. It is 'worth about two talents', and it was possible to live (frugally) on an estate worth about three quarters of one talent (pseudo-Demosthenes, 42, 22).
9. A district on the east side of Mount Hymettus.
10. This may be her daughter (see Act Five), or a maid.
11. The text is damaged, but the general sense is clear.
12. A fable of Aesop's (122, Hausrath's edition) tells of the gardener who climbed down a well to rescue his dog, and was bitten for his pains.
13. The *aulos* was a wind-instrument, a pipe (single or double), rather like our oboe.
14. Three badly damaged lines follow, in which Sikon starts to describe the party.

The Girl From Samos

1. The text is uncertain, but the point seems to be that Moschion, though adopted, was treated exactly as a son of the house.
2. According to the myth, Adonis was a beautiful boy, loved by Aphrodite, the goddess of love. After his accidental death, he was allowed to spend part of the year on earth, but had to return to the Underworld for the rest. The Athenian festival was held in the spring, and consisted of mourning for death followed by celebration of rebirth. Quick-growing seeds were planted in trays (the 'gardens'), symbolizing the renewal of life. The festival was an especial favourite of women.
3. The text is uncertain.
4. This contained barley, garland and knife, for the preliminary sacrifice.
5. The general sense of two damaged lines.
6. Amyntor was jealous of his son Phocnix's attentions to his (Amyntor's) mistress, and cursed him and sent him into exile. According to Euripides' *Phoenix*, he also blinded him.
7. A notorious hanger-on of the generation before Menander.
8. Nothing is known of him.
9. Moschion says he will go to Bactria or Caria, the two areas where a mercenary soldier of the time could most easily find employment. Bactria (on the borders of modern USSR and Afghanistan) was in

- turnmoil after Alexander's partial conquest, and Caria (now in south-west Turkey) was fighting off Persian claims to sovereignty.
10. There are a few small gaps in the text of the speech, but the general sense is clear.

The Arbitration

1. She was, in fact, a 'harp-girl'. Such girls were high-class courtesans, who provided music (and other amenities) for men's parties.
2. Not *vin ordinare*, but not a really expensive vintage either. Smikrines is very careful with his money.
3. Twin sons of Tyro by the god Poseidon. They were exposed, rescued and finally recognized in time to rescue their mother. Several dramatists, including Sophocles, are known to have treated the story.
4. As, for example, in Menander's own *Rape of the Locks*, in Sophocles' *Tyro* and in Euripides' *Iphigenia in Tauris*.
5. Syros was a slave of Charistatos, but obviously allowed to live and work on his own, provided that a certain proportion of his earnings was paid to his master. Such an arrangement was not uncommon.
6. Onesimos had told Charistos about his wife's having a child. See l. 903.
7. Literally, to 'carry Athena's basket'. The girls carrying baskets in the Panathenaic procession had to be virgins.
8. A festival of Artemis, celebrated in a village in Attica.
9. The last two lines are damaged, but the general sense is clear.
10. The verse endings are missing, but the general sense is clear.
11. The quotation comes from a lost play of Euripides, which told the (very apposite) story of how Auge was raped by Heracles during a nocturnal festival, bore a child, and recognized the father later by a ring he had left with her.

The Rape of the Locks

1. The Greek title means 'the girl who gets her hair cropped'. But I like the neatness and allusiveness of the title suggested by G. B. Shaw to Gilbert Murray (*The Rape of the Locks*, Allen and Unwin, 1942, p. 6).
2. See note 1 on *The Arbitration*.
3. Sosias.
4. The text of this, and of the next ten lines, is doubtful.
5. This may be a reference to a recent historical occurrence. One Alexander was murdered by his troops in 314-313 B. C.

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' *Sikneboia*. 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 Sikyonian

1. Sikyon 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 Sikyonian of the title.
2. See Introduction, p. 15 and E. W. Handley in *BICS* 12 (1965), 38.
3. Literally, a man who cats 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 Cantabrigus* l. 46.
8. Various Greek states had agreed terms for the settlement of disputes between their nationals. Boeotia 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' distinguishes him from any other Athenian who might have the (relatively common) name of Bleps.
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.

The Man She Hated

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