

TITLE:

Students, A Comedy about the Life of Students, now brought into light for the first time, by author Magister Christopher Stummel

A Play from the same man as about the Judgement of Paris

There has been added a Preface of Louis Willich, and an Epilogue by Magister Christopher Corner

AGAINST ZOILUS:

Why, jealous Zoilus, do you sharpen your teeth by grimacing?

Why does the malign wrinkle furrow your face?

But you, Zoilus, were mocking the poet for being Homeric,

and never do you cease to be the likeness of yourself.

Is it not the job of young men to write juvenalia

if youth itself is captivated by its own studies?

When the harvests are being collected, this age is pleasing to Ceres,

Bacchus in autumn drinks sweet wine.

Thus a mature life after this will give more mature works,

but in the meantime, read thoroughly through these pleasant things with this in mind.

PREFACE:

Preface of Louis Willich of Reszel, sent to doctor of Latin Literature Vulpertus Sueuum,

Syndict of Bratislav, and most fond of the poets.

At one time, I noticed in association with the nature and treatment of argumentation and imitation that there are three types of common poets, of which the first was a useful type of poet, which either is conducive to the erudition and perfection of the minds of young men, such that it produces honesty, and its seeds and glories, since through diverse ranks of single circumstances, it binds the thing called ethics to their duties, or pertains very much to the understanding and adjudication of the world, called in antiquity *physiologika*. But, into the first order, the poems of religious literature also must be classified, very many of which sort by German poets have been recited with the highest praise in my memory, and they flourish, squeezed from the press. Another has been sought for the purpose of pleasing the soul, which, even if it does not at all teach well what is joined with virtue or what to the investigation of the natural world, and also confers propriety to the investigation of the natural world, or what to the piety of life, which is conducive to both civil and Christian, but it provides diligently sonorous nothings and playful things, sometimes a bit obscene. The third of these is those which have not only a desire for care, but also profit. Indeed they delight when rather silly minds stir their affections. But they are profitable, when they direct minds because of the recognition of things either certain, arcane, or human, about which Horace thus sang to the Pisos. "Poets either they mean to profit or to delight, or simultaneously to say pleasant things and ones suitable to life." But first, even if it is not useful, nevertheless sometimes rather durable, is deemed more apt to the elder Catos, thus next, when it delights the human heart in no small way, it is more pleasant, and accommodated more for youth. Lastly, it conforms to each age group, and is well fitted to the whole theatre. For it not only teaches, but also in one labour and in one effort, it delights miraculously. For this reason, this sort of poems, when venal, everywhere will survive, especially in regions placed farther away, when from the sale of these book stores will make no small amount of money, then indeed they will not die, but

will be very much alive as if they endure worthy so to speak of Apollo or cedar oil, and they will persist. Which is what Horace meant in his verses, “He carries everyone’s vote who mixes the useful with the pleasant, delighting and instructing the reader. This is the book to make money for the Sosii; this the one to cross the sea and extend to a distant day its author’s fame.” Having recognized this, it will not be difficult to make a judgement about any poets because of the material, and it is to be sought out. For if Empedocles, to whom nothing except meter was in common with Homer, is not a poet to Aristotle, but because of the undertaken treatment of the nature of the world he desired to be more useful, he is adjudicated rather as a physicist, about which nevertheless the outstanding maxim of Lucretius has been offered to memory in this way,”yet it seems to have contained in it nothing more illustrious than this man, nor more sacred and wonderful and dear. Moreover, the poems of his divine mind utter a loud voice and declare illustrious discoveries, so that he seems hardly to be born of mortal stock.”¹ For what judgement, I ask, will anyone bring forward about Lucretius? Whose work, today, for us badly damaged, nevertheless because of the many glories, both of genius and of art, Cicero pronounced in a letter to his brother Quintus that it was exceptional, and Jerome, quoting from Eusebius attests the same books, emended by Cicero. Is there not a different opinion decided about Varro Atticensis Narbonensis? For here no less Lucretius followed the example of Empedocles. To the same effect, Quintilian prefers to see Lucan as an orator, rather than a poet, since more simply he sang his own history short of any enticement of desire. It is a marvel, then, why Aristotle sought only pleasure in comedy. For him, this type of drama is the imitation of base things, nevertheless not to every kind of malice, but the ridicule of vileness in particular. First here, what is baser, even if that is ambiguous, nevertheless I desire and I hasten to refer to it to

1 Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura* 1.729-734

persons for certain reasons. For he senses in this genre, that the actors are of an inferior sort and also thus worse and viler given the opinion of the crowd, who nevertheless are not shameful in the extreme, just as in tragic circumstances they are accustomed to be as much as possible. Then the plot is conjoined with wickedness, which nevertheless neither offends the pious spectators greatly, nor corrupts their morals. For the philosopher left behind this quote, “a painless and harmless shame, that is wicked, the argument is, free of grief and without any great corruption of honest character. But he presented his example from a ridiculous appearance, which even if vile and perverse it is at all, does not nevertheless effect anyone with grief immediately. Later, the end of it refers to what is laughable, and inspires laughter and delight. But if any snappish person demands to follow that nature of description, scarcely will we greet any comic poet. We admit indeed in Aristophanic comedies (for this man in the memory of Aristotle was called a comic poet by all, and he was about sixty years older than the philosopher) that more things are ridiculous than serious and those things pious and honest which nevertheless appear to be good from a satiric perspective according to the custom of his time. Is it not seen in *Knights*, when he had ridiculed Cleon the tribune of the plebs as if here were an embezzler, to such an extent that after he stained his own face (for the others feared his power), he played the role? And is it not that he had gravely assessed Nicias the general assuredly mild and gentlemanly, as if he were lazy and rustic in this play, which he called the *Gorgias* according to Plutarch? Is it not the same in *Clouds*, which it is written that Plato sent to Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse who was asking about the form of Athenian government, and apart from the controversy, more because of the fine work and ornament of the Attic language, than because of crimes, with which, meteorically, Aristophanes had hastened to ridicule very gravely Socrates the father of philosophy, as cited in the prosecution of Anytus and Melitus? And did he not in *Wasps* charge Philocleon because

of the fiction of his judgement and his false electioneering? For the young wasps were controlled by the desire of making judgements, but the old ones were stung by their own stingers. Why say it with more words? There are few instances with which he teaches and are just like *parerga* the sort which are in the *Plutus* concerning the union of poverty and riches, thus also in *Peace* he proposes the advantages of peace in order to persuade the same to the Greeks now tired by war. Thus I think and believe that Aristotle respected Old Comedy more, the performance of which after that time (for it followed tragedy immediately) was most frequent. To the extent he chided the character of certain citizens by deriding and making a spectacle of them, not little did he profit the republic. For many people took precautions not to be a spectacle to others, and an embarrassment at home. But when the window of excessive freedom had been opened, then it was forbidden by a wide-ranging law that no one was able to put forward a disparaging play, which is also the reason why it was replaced by new comedy, with a plot common to all middle class people and because it had too much bitterness. And thus it brought more delight to the spectators since it was pleasing in plot, since it reflected daily practice, it was useful in terms of its opinions, and because it was especially fit for trimeter in its meter. For which reason, the definition of comedy of the more recent Greeks will be more pleasing in our time such that there is a certain perception of private and civil fortune without any danger of life. Donatus acknowledges the same thing also, but explains that it is danger-free, and adds how there are lessons about what is useful in life, what is to be avoided, not otherwise as in accustomed to be done in ethics, in which also there is an explanation of things to be sought and things to be said. Therefore, Livius Andronicus has a comedy, a reflection of daily life, which Cicero subsequently pronounces an imitation of life, a mirror of manners, and a reflection of the truth. There are many such obvious examples in the plays of Terence, in some of which a roving lust is condemned

sometimes, and the praise of the honest spouse is affirmed, sometimes in other plays, he shows clearly that marriages are not legitimated unless made by the consent of the parents, sometimes in others he shows that disagreement among in-laws is unending, and in others still some plot complications are explained most fully understood with a certain identified question, and through the action are demonstrated as if in a mirror. To this pattern, our age has poured forth many comic authors as if from the Trojan horse, not so unfortunate, whose works and spectacles of matters both profane and sacred have been exhibited to us as brilliantly as possible, and recently Christopher Stummel, a young man as dear to me as possible, an associate of my studies in my house, as if in his homeland, has composed a comedy most deftly, *Manthanontes*, or *Students*, in which the character of those students moving into some academy of students for the sake of enhancing their talents are depicted, the prologue has been set forth in a scholastic manner, such that after the name of the headmaster is given², they join up with bad students, such that they burn through all the things created by all their parents with wine and dice such that they do not desire to live under the rod of any pious or honest preceptor. Soon the resolution is supplied because of the tumult of many riots which the drunks have been accustomed to create because of the frequent incursions into private houses and because of many other unpleasantries. But the climax thus corrects the life of these busybodies such that return to a better lifestyle, lest they seem to bring home onions, just as the German proverb says, instead of garlic. I desire that this comedy, recently composed, be entrusted to you, the alumnus of a better kind, who causes no sorrow for our academy. But if the entire play does not cut the Aristarchans to the quick, it will be imputed to the age and a more perturbed time. However we have conceived a

2 Manuscript reads “dato,” emended to “datur”

great hope from his genius and talent and now accept the flowers at this moment of youth and think well of it, and later you will see the sweetest fruits.

To the Prudent Fathers and Consuls of the Senate of Frankfurt, distinguished by their singular seriousness, at the Oder River, I (Christopher Stummel) send greetings.

Truly it is said, most humane fathers, “Our native land leads all with inexpressible sweetness and never allows us to be forgetful of it.”³ Even if Ovid said this, far away from Italy in the Pelignian hearth among the harsh and rough people of Tomas, nevertheless I have often noticed that there is impressed and situated in all men some singular love of the place where they were born. A most obvious example of which can be understood from Odysseus, who put his own Ithaca, like a nest fixed among harsh little rocks, before immortality, consequently he desired to be able to see the smoke from his homeland’s hearths. And when I think about the same matter, I also discover the seeds of this same love. For who, placed beyond nature, or clearly without love, would think otherwise in his heart? Then, it was in my heart most often to leave behind very visible footsteps of love for my country, which now I have thought to be able to make most easily, since I have decided to issue forth the prelude of my genius into the light by the persuasion and advice of learned men, such that I give official notice of this labour to you, most human fathers, who sit at the helm of my fatherland. For deservedly my fatherland ought to reclaim the enjoyment of my studies from me, just as I received this benefit from it, if I were to have made any progress in my studies. But someone may say, how much utility will the fatherland be able to receive from comedy? To this, Cicero will respond for me, who spoke thus about written drama: For I think these things have been put together by poets in order that we see our habits effected in other personas and

3 Ovid, *Epistulae ex Ponto* 3

our vision of daily life expressed.⁴ Here, fathers, are taught what pertains to the raising of native talent in children, that cost is not to be spared, nor nevertheless to be spent profusely toward luxury. For the former slows down those who are progressing, but the latter turns them from their studies completely. Therefore one must look for when and where it should be given. Even your sons, my friends, will be able to drink in this salutary doctrine, who in part are peers and in part will rise grow up in the coming time. For comedy teaches that attention must be actively given to literature, and wicked companionships should be avoided, and one must not give in to love, each of which leads away from the Muses, and closes off the path of progress. Which we learn by experience, when adolescents, of not common good hope, who hang on too much to depraved companionship, once alienated from their studies, they deceive the hope and expectation of their parents. I know also that those who give attention to love and are enticed by charming women, that wickedly, against the wishes of their parents, they are chained down in a marriage-like union. For you would discover that there are some who nourish beautiful daughters at home, practice bird-catching, that they lure in all too little cautious young men, and from there, like bird-catchers, who place a songbird in an area, to which, when other birds playfully fly to them, as if all things were safe, they are covered by a net with great danger to their lives. Thus also it happens to certain young men that wickedly they are taken in by their playfulness. But nevertheless, I do not speak ill of marriage, this I wish, that openly and honestly with the consent of both parents that this contract be made. Therefore, most humane fathers, calmly receive this meagre gift refined by my labour to please your children, and think well of it, and favour adherence to the Muses as you do: do not let the studies decline where you live, which seem to threaten ruin everywhere. For, in

4 Cicero, *Pro Roscio*

this ever worsening age, Satan works this especially into the last old age of the world, that he destroys schools, without which the purity of the Christian doctrine cannot be preserved.

Be Well.

PROLOGUE

A huge admiration of me holds you, however many of you are present, best spectators, that I undertook such a labour of my own accord. Many will call me desirous of praise, many will call me a bit daring, mocking the work very much and they will raise their ears up high like a stag, if they would be able to find something of flaw. For often a very small error obscures the best things and vices more than virtues are obvious. But these men do not move me at all, nor do I make of this: if the same man encounters Terence and Homer: who if they were living now, however much they might be praised, they would be the most denigrated of all. To please everyone is not a light matter, because no one will surpass, nor have surpassed. Nevertheless indeed I persuade myself firmly that I am loved by many, in which very few words I will explain why I have entered the province of writing, turn your mind diligently. By many I have been asked with wicked implications that I write something worthy of effort and study: whom when I was unwilling to resist them, because there were very many benefits of theirs brought to me, I brought my attention to writing comedy, from which I saw that I would get ample benefits, not without the greatest effort, for the beautiful things are always most difficult. I have seen also that many men also hasten to the holy grounds of Pallas, but not many arrived. I wished to show what is the cause of this through the presentation of the deed. Accordingly labour deters many from this effort, which all of us flee from equally, since no one is able to ascend without this to the peak of learning. And a depraved fellowship seduces many, many food seduces, a desire for bad things seduces,

leisure, venery, games, and the most wicked plagues of youth. Because of this, be present with your mind, and attend with silence, so that you may be fair judges after this. He whom now clothed in the comic boot you see to enter, at one time perhaps you will see in the tragic one. Now let the plot of the comedy be told.

Philargyrus although rich in money reluctantly persuaded by his neighbours has sent his son Philomathes with the sons of those people to study liberal arts, who giving attention to letters reaches to the highest pinnacle of learning. But Acolastus and Acrates, when they joined themselves to wicked company, they are corrupted top to bottom through Colax, Philostatius and Myspolus. Acrates loses immediately a great deal of money through gambling and a great deal of drinking, he raises debt, and makes names for himself, Acolastus rapes Deleasthisa, the daughter of Euprositus, violating the girl with her father absent, and he promises that he will make her a wife at home, from which when her mother recognized that the girl had been made pregnant, she uncovered the matter to her husband. And he, bearing this insult badly, forced Acolastus to lead his violated daughter and keep faith which he made with a holy vow. Eubulus, however, with the whole thing revealed through letters, soon to that place made a journey to the daughter, and he goes after him, fights back, denying that he can be forced by law to marry the girl. That one insists, and they castigate each other with much scoffing. Finally persuaded by Philostorgus, he gives this woman to his son as a wife, and the wedding is celebrated. But Acrates fools his father with a trick, he scams him out of money, claiming that he has been labouring with a fever and he gives money to the money lender.

ACT 1 SCENE 1

Philargyrus: For nights and days this stimulus urges me very much, nor did I see sleep with my eyes last night. To that extent, my son worries me, because he wishes money to be given to himself, in order that he waste time on fine arts, and so that he may learn the various ways of people. But he demands too great an abundance of money than I was able to scrape together scarcely with great labour and great sweat, he would use it and lose it*, now as young men are, many indulge in love and prostitutes, and they waste their fatherly sweats in this cause, by drinking too much of the night, by gambling, and by other things which worry my soul very much. For few now pursue wisdom, such that scarcely 100 out of 1000 are able to pursue the goal desired by their studies. But I see Eubulus and Philostorgus at a distance coming, I will go forth and I will speak with them amicably. Greatest Greetings!

Eubulus: We have eternal Gratitude, but why are you so sad? Or what is it that keeps your soul unhappy? Your wrinkled forehead is a sign of grief. Tell us what it is?

Philargyrus: Do you know my son Philomathes eldest son?

Eubulus: Well, but what sin or crime has he committed?

Philargyrus: Nothing, but soon you will hear the reason. He, from age oncoming, burning with as great a love as possible of studies, always he lours on the fine arts, such that he was in no way able to be torn away, which at first indeed it pleased me. Everyone were bearing forth me miraculously with praise, because I had a son so embellished with diverse inheritances of the mind, who not as others are accustomed, betrayed to the sweet enticements of lust, but who put attention on his studies constantly, spurning love, fleeing from bad interactions, which corrupt a chaste and good character. How I was pleased with myself, how I was flattering myself, wretched man that I am, because with one voice all men declared me blessed. Now, wretched dead, scarcely do I have a vital spirit, so I have scared and shocked myself this much.

Philostorgus: Tell in a word, what has you doing poorly? What is the point of such long riddles?

Philargyrus: Soon you will hear, he came to me yesterday, lamenting: Father, I am not able to live among morons, please send me to some academy, so that I am able to pay attention to the study of philosophy, which Cicero calls rightly the leader of life: Or I am able to apply my mind to the knowledge of law, by which the society of our life is saved: or to sacrosanct Theology, if you wish, which opens for us the way to eternal salvation, teaching in what footsteps it is right to stand, so that the heavenly father confers eternal life to us, because of the death of his only son, who on our behalf placated anger with his death, and bore us into heaven. Lest in the same as they say mud always I am stuck. For I have thoroughly learned the trivial arts as they call them to the letter, lest I waste my life in these childish affairs, in order that I be able to ascend to higher things. After he said this, fear struck my body, and, as if struck by thunder, I speak forth no words. For if he had said: from a high cliff into the sea with you soon thrown headlong: I would have born it just as easily. And so from where I would get so great a sum of money: or from where would I gather together so great an amassment for my son? Since I am scarcely able to scrape together so much day to day, as much as daily we use, for my household is expensive and costly. On account of this, so many cares and so many irritations drive me living to death, and drag me in different directions, and here my son demands an unheard of amount of money, and there my wife seeks expensive clothes, here the field, and here again the vines must be cultivated. And here the house must be repaired, and there the farmhouse. There are these furies, which vex me in wondrous ways, such that I think, Eubulus, I was born with Jove on my wrong side.

Eubulus: Truly, you seem to be a stupid and incompetent man, who delays a growing boy, and do not encourage him. You yourself are destroying your son, you counsel poorly your son, while you impede him inflamed with eagerness. You will earn a grave punishment, in my opinion, Philargyrus. You see how there is a rarity of learned people, whom you ought to have supported, not only do you impede them, but you also make them lazy. I am not able to approve of this stubbornness, especially since you abound in such supplies. You are deserving of the mill, while you terribly put the health of your son second to your own, your wealth of which the usufruct has been given to you, not dominion. What, I beg, would God say, who struck the whole world with his nod, and who put you in charge of this wealth. What, I say, will it benefit you, when he calls you from this curriculum of life? After completing your duty, you will bear away not a single coin. Why do you labour such that you collect wealth: besides that, when he presents you with his reasons, he will punish you, condemned to a great punishment, since he has prosecuted you on these grounds, that you did not hide it, but that you helped your neighbour in need. Out with it, you dog, what will you do with your poor neighbour? You who do not supply the tuition to your son for the study of letters, for which reason Themistocles spoke rightly, that he preferred a man without money, and that money was not useful without a man. Willingly, I support his opinion: for how does this wealth help you, since you do not know how to use it? I, by Hercules, would convert all my material wealth into my son's education, but he does not care a bit for the beatings, nor yet does he wish to obey my words. Therefore come on, pay out your full common wealth, and give out your money for your son's studies. For you see how it is impossible to preserve the communal life of society without learned men. These man compelled us, living by the habit of animals dispersed on high mountains, through broad laws, they girded new cities with walls, in order that they live safe from violent incursions of people outside. But in order

that they restrain the power of evil people with laws, society having been born is saved through these men. So, if you wish, I will send my son together.

Philargyrus: You weary me and torment me with your annoying words, in the same way as if I did not know their lifestyle, for after they have scammed their poor fathers with sly words out of money, all the crimes they commit under the pretext of an honest name. They whore around, they drink every day, and they stir up whatever excitement they like, they make attacks on other's houses, here murder, there fights, they steal handmaidens in the street, and when they lie down with the daughters of citizens, they give faith and they intend to promise to marry them, that which they impregnated girls demand. But what is more, what displeases me most is that they corrupt the married wives of citizens. Hence often some are killed, or thus they are injured such that there is not hope for life any more. Or, after being arrested, they are punished with a grave penalty. Therefore, whoever wishes, let him send his son, I have decided on my own not to send mine. For I know how hard the road is and how it is filled with many brambles, which leads to knowledge. Why since they are unable to follow without labour, nor is it granted to climb to the highest point without labour, soon they bring themselves into pleasure, to which the wide and pleasant road and in the long run more run down, for also this age is more disposed to the delights and desires of the body, than to study, especially when it is allowed to run in the open field, and when there is no one who would restrain them, who might hold them back with reins or restrain their petulance.

Philostorgus: Indeed you are a ridiculous man, and you are not endowed with a sane mind, as long as you wish to restrain this age group with annoying chains, like snails spend their life, or of Timon, who, fleeing the commerce of men, he hid away alone in his own house. Don't you know how greatly Homer commended Odysseus, because he understood the ways of many men, and he wandered around many regions. He says, "he knew the mind

of many men.” And for this reason now he calls himself “*poluthropon*.” Now “much anger,” because he was able to himself in every way, strengthening himself with clever plans, since depressed by harsh fates and by many losses, he gained prudence. For this reason, if you are wise, do not forbid your son parties and mutual gatherings. In these things they learn more, than if they cling to their charters for nights and days. Tell them to join the most worthless people to himself, for when, once deceived, he begins to lack, after this he will not believe anyone, I know. If also sometimes it happens that he goes to little prostitutes, what if he will have been defrauded, he will not have faith toward them, but he will turn away of his own accord, finally this wisdom is true, if anyone from a received loss and learned. Therefore not so easily are they able to be cheated as fools, who rashly rush into whatever tricks, not informed by these things, they take care of themselves. Besides, it is clear, after they enter into government, they rule it with wonderful prudence. But those who are inexperienced of the world, they do not benefit at all, nor are they able to say anything in a meeting. For this reason, a certain freedom must be given to young men and we must not use overly hard censure. After it grows tedious for them, they will stop, I know, and they will reform their life for the better also. So, if it is pleasing, I will send my son together.

Philargyrus: Come now, as it is pleasing, I accede to your opinion, your plan satisfies me, therefore let me not be in delay, let us go inside. Hey boy, call out Philomathes, you and yours also, give the command to fetch them.

Eubulus: Go forward, I will follow, it will happen, and there will be no delay.

ACT 1 SCENE 2

Philomathes: Indeed I am glad, but I wonder why my father so suddenly commanded me to be fetched by the boy, unless it is this, which always sits on my mind. He wishes to

send me into a trade of the noble arts, in order that I cultivate my mind with these things against which I have sought, and always will seek while I am alive, although so obstinately he had convinced himself that he was not willing to give such great sums to my study. But I will find out what it is, and I will go home. But unless I am deceived, I see Acrates hastening, and I will ask Acolastus what is new. Hello friends, why are you hurrying? What is it?

Acolastus: Your father led our fathers with himself, who call us through slaves, so that without delay we come immediately to the house of your father.

Philomathes: Come, let us go, I wonder what all this is.

Acrates: I know well enough, it will be a meeting to be heard by all of us. Therefore, find out from them what they wish and we will follow.

ACT 1 SCENE 3

Philomathes: Greetings most humane fathers, by your command having been summoned here without delay we are now present, obedient to your commands most promptly.

Eubulus: You have done a very pleasing thing to us, best young men, because you fly to us here so quickly, with all business put aside, and we praise deservedly, your obedience, for which reason, I will say what the cause is, that we called you here, among us for a long time we have taken counsel, much and for a long time, how finely it is right for you to enter into a path of living. It seemed best to us, dearest young sons, not because of light reasons, that you join yourselves to the study of good arts. For this reason, if this plan is pleasing, in the fewest words, show your mind, whoever wishes to speak, not hold us in suspense for a long time. Immediately, we will send you to the Academy, and we will provide tuition, as much as will be enough.

Philomathes: Extremely, they have thrilled me, the things you just said, through the quick. There was not anything which was able to affect me with such joy, especially, while I have been alive, anything which I was able to obtain with improper prayers, but now it is brought to me voluntarily: therefore, I promise you that I will work hard with all my might, that I not waste in vain my father's goods! Rather, that I return after a long time, that I return more learned than I had been before.

Acolastus: Although, father, I am somewhat hesitant, now nevertheless, I give faith that I will give my attention resolutely to the natural arts.

Acrates: I promise you the same thing, most humanistic fathers.

Eubulus: This modest response from all of you thoroughly pleases me. Therefore, in a short time, you all will be sent into foreign shores. Listen attentively just a little to me, and pay attention. For I will inform you with health-bringing ditties. For while you ignore the perverse customs of the age, unaware of the world, into what sort of trickeries you will fall. Therefore, first, since there lives no animal more pestilential than a woman, beware lest they lure you with most sweet words into love of them, such that, whereas gall lies deep under their skin, but on the outside, it is smeared on the outside with extremely sweet honey. Nothing is words, for after they have scammed unaware youths of their money, they throw them out, they elude them, and they display their pointing finger, for there is nothing more inconstant than a woman. Whose mind not otherwise shifts now here now there, just as a ship which lacks a captain it disturbed with various winds on the great sea, which is why also enormous inconveniences come from women, which now would be quite long to number individually, and so to everyone these things are very obvious, therefore as it is permitted, toss of this yoke from your necks, besides also, I ask, flee bad interactions. For through these young men of good character are often led into the greatest destruction, and more often into

crises of life. Flee constant drinking, gambling, and the like, from which conflicts, arguments, deaths, nor not the worst kinds of pestilence arise, and abundantly, just as from the sea all waves come, flee, no less than if they are the most pernicious plagues, flee yes-men, for who would spend life better among crows than among those, indeed, inasmuch as they devour the living, but only if they are the cadavers of dead men as it is handed down, the worthy and memorable opinion to know. Next, endure and abstain, as to what we embrace throughout our whole life, according to the saying of Epictetus. And day and night, lean diligently on your fine studies. Begin your life as the laws, and the customs of this region, will bear. Therefore bury deep these words of mine in your senses. Inside, the money will be counted, lest it be delayed. For this reason, we will go and we will prepare for the road which they are looking down, in order that tomorrow, first thing in the morning, which may the gods turn out well, you may set out happily.

Philomathes: It will be done father. Oh, how lenient this is, I am ripped apart wretchedly, they fill me with such great unexpected joy. And so gods, which thanks the gods are able to give to you, I give, greatest God, because you have poured this mentality into our fathers. Therefore, cover us with your grace from heaven, and be abundant, in order that their studies succeed as happily as possible.

ACT 1 SCENE 4

Eubulus: By the gods I beg your faith, how great is the iniquity of inexperienced humans, who from infancy immediately wish their sons to become old, nor do they allow them to play with their companions. And if it is a crime to drink, or occasionally to visit prostitutes, how could it not be forgiven? If indeed we, while time endures, have done the same, for I know with how great an effort I scarcely persuaded my neighbour, whom they call

Philargyrus, to send his son to the study of letters. But while he looks out for the well being of his son poorly, he fears in vain (as they say) that the sky may fall down, that he may have a love affair, that he may drink, that is, that he smooths out his forehead. Since he himself, to this point of age, has not done these things. But when now they have gone off to the studies of the liberal arts, may god make it that he succeed well.

CHORUS PRIMUS:

Foolish man, why do you about to die gather immense amounts of gold?

What do all the riches of the world profit you?

You do not know how brief human life is, and you think

Death will uproot the incautious man,

and your bloody threads it will cut with its scythe.

Happier the ferryman of black Orcis awaits you,

saying I will bring great rewards from the rich man.

ACT 2 SCENE 1

Acolastus: Tired from so long a journey, would that we find a suitable reception, where we are able to restore our languishing strengths of mind and body with food and banquets and other things. In this block they say that a certain good man and a cheerful host lives, let us turn aside to his house, and let us restore our tired bodies. Therefore I will knock on the doors. Hey, immediately, someone open up the door.

Danista: I rejoice that you have come unharmed and I am very happy, but why is it that you have come to me, and for what reason I wish to know, briefly explain the reason for your arrival.

Acolastus: We have been sent here for the study of letters on the advice of our fathers. Since the fame of the university has grown far and wide. We seek that you are willing to receive us, and as splendidly as possible. As it is becoming to restore us with a buffet.

Danista: There is no need for more words, it will happen, but that now all things have been prepared, let there be no delay. Come inside so that you have dinner.

Acolastus: We will follow you immediately, our host.

ACT 2 SCENE 2

Musopolus: Come on come on, if you have free time, flatterer, we will walk for a while. For who alone was now able to hide in this house? With so serene a sky and so pleasant a season in which the fecund land produces the richest fruits.

Colax: You speak rightly, I go with you, and we will talk a little about certain matters, for it is not right that we pass our time with empty sillinesses.

Musopolus: Your plan thoroughly pleases me.

Colax: Therefore we will bear among ourselves the harmony of the ethereal orbs, and first you tell me your thoughts.

Musopolus: You propose then a difficult matter. Nevertheless I will explain: They divide the ethereal region into eight celestial spheres, of seven planets, which they call Wanderers, and an eighth and greatest sphere adds a firmament to these which now many people also call the heavens. These things since they are moved in a circular manner, some more slowly and others more swiftly, they make distinct sounds. Nor is it possible to happen that the movement of the orbs would be silent, for the same reason that the air, percussed with a stick, renders a sound. And this music, because of its sweetness, they call the Muses. And the lunar globe is Clio, and they call Mercury Euterpe. And Venus Thalia, the Sun

Melpomene, Mars Terpsichore, Jupiter Erato, and the saturnian star is called Polyhymnia, and they call the whole sky Urania, thus the name indicates which thus harmonizing they make a sound finally, which because of its sweetness is called Calliope, and because of this she is most important to the Ascræan poet⁵, she who becomes the harmony of the celestial orbs from their concordance. And thus eight singing boys come to have one voice, which happens from the concordance of their boy-like voices.

Colax: You say wondrous things, I wonder at the intelligence of the human mind. But how does it happen that the sweetest sound is not able to be perceived?

Musopolus: Since the earth is not notable because of its scant size in respect to the sky, there is so great an amplitude in the celestial sphere, therefore they render a sound, also very great, which the smallnesses of our ears are not able to capture: so we are, from the perspective of heaven, we are atoms like Democritus', just like people who inhabit the Catadupa of the Nile for a long time⁶, they do not hear the amplitude of the crashing.

Colax: You are philosophizing sweetly to me, continue if you have time.

Musopolus: Since these things soothe the ears, thus they appear most correct: but I will argue that there is not a harmony of the celestial spheres, with firm arguments, and you soon will assent. For they are not beaten, nor if they were beaten would they give out even a very small sound, for the bodies of the heavens are very thick, and the limit of the sound demonstrates an absurdity. For sound is created from the collision of collided bodies, in which the beaten air reaches our ears. There are three things, the impact, the air, and the bodies having collided, but there there is not anything which causes the collision nor do they touch themselves together jointly, therefore they are not able to collide themselves together.

5 i.e. Hesiod

6 Manuscript reads "divitiis," emended to "diutius"

And so, let us grant that they collide together, sound without air will not happen in any case, which having been beaten, makes a sound. Moreover, anyone who is competent and of a sane mind will gather that above the globe of the moon there is not air shining, since nothing over the moon is liable to change and is able to be shown, much less to corruption. Furthermore, he would be judged possessed of no reason and contrary to all nature, if anyone were to say that the air is not subject to change. For this reason, with principles and all causes laid out, it is proven that sound is not able to exist due the circumgyration, for which reason it will never persuade me. But enough talk, now I will bear myself elsewhere.

Colax: By Heracles, your mind's sagacity about the universe is divine. But indeed, since business affairs take you elsewhere, I will not now detain you any longer, and I give you not only great thanks, but also I have great thanks, I will go from here, and you be well.

ACT 2 SCENE 3

Philomathes: And indeed we have neatly cared for our flesh and quite nicely we have restored the strength of our body, therefore now it remains that we submit ourselves to the most learned teacher who might lead us to the highest peak of learning, so that the studies proceed with happy auspices.

Acolastus: You caution rightly, therefore let us go in order that we trust a learned, pious man and one whose faith is obvious to all (for these virtues are rare in the city) in order that not only we learn the liberal arts by the guidance of this man, but also that we inform our mind with chaste morals, which are appropriate for us.

Acrates: Do you see the well-groomed teenager? Certainly his appearance indicates that he is studious, therefore we will seek from him, who is the standard bearer in this

academy, so famous and well known, lest we trust an unlearned person, and lest (as people say) the blind lead the blind, you inquire about the matter from him Philomathes.

Philomathes: Hello young man.

Colax: I give great thanks to you, in a few words, clarify what you wish, for it is not appropriate for me to chitchat much with you, but business calls me elsewhere, speak in one word.

Philomathes: It will be. We seek that you return us more informed, who surpasses the others, and who in this academy always educates as many students as possible, for we were sent here also in order that we join our minds to the liberal arts.

Colax: I do not judge you to have been born in the lowest place, because our character, our modest face, and also our clothing, our gait, show it clearly. Therefore, I will do gladly what you have sought, and I will lead you to the teacher, who outshines now the others by a great distance in zeal, piety, learning, and faith, which is now almost extinct. Therefore, if you wanted to commit yourself to his faith, follow me, for I will lead you there.

ACT 2 SCENE 4

Colax: Hello hello, will anyone come forth?

Phrontistes: Who is it who jumps on the door with his heels, what do you want, or what do you desire?

Colax: Is the teacher home?

Phronistes: He is, but to me, not to send in anyone to him, he ordered seriously. But wait, soon I will return myself here outside. Colax is here, leading three young men, he wishes to be let in and to talk to you, he ordered me first to come in in order that I seek whether admission to himself is allowed to you a little.

Pedeutes: Come let him in.

Colax: What now? Is it okay?

Phronistes: All of you go in now.

Colax: Hello teacher.

Pedeutes: Thank you, but what do you want with this bunch?

Colax: That I introduce them to you here, they have sought this, but what they want soon you will hear.

Pedeutes: Your arrival is most excellent for me. But why you have come here, I would wish to know.

Philomathes: We, with the brilliance of your name and of the school having been excited, we have come down here at the advice of our fathers so that we throw our minds to the study of the fine arts, imbued with which not only can we benefit the church, but also the republic. Therefore, since you surpass others by far in the study of teaching and (what is now most rare) faith, we seek that you wish to receive us into your discipline, we promise continual diligence, and we will show ourselves to be grateful toward you, not only with tuition, but also with your memory, which the river of forgetfulness will not be able to extinguish while I live.

Pedeutes: Indeed, the talent which has been entrusted to me I will not bury in the ground, but the free supply of using which will be given to use. For I have always lavishly have I studied to try to be a profit to all people, therefore, lest I seem to conceal the light, I gladly receive you. For good inborn talent promises much to me, which shines forth in you with a great thing. Which nature also shows in many ways. Besides that, because the mediocrity of my forehead and of my hair and also my medium colour hair, neither too black nor too white, and my curly hair show my genius and my good memory: but also all the lines

of my body promise something immense and great in me. For of this school, the law is, that not anyone enter *ageometros*, therefore if you exhibit intelligence I do not doubt that in enough time you will exhibit the richest fruits. But since it is not allowed to run to the muses on a broad road, but a narrow one and one all too filled with many thorn bushes, to the high top of a mountain, on which Phoebus sits, surrounded by nine virgins, his sonorous lyre with his thumb: put aside your laziness, banish all lethargy, for lazy people are fended off from this hill faraway, of course he who ascends through much sweating, and diligent late nights, therefore there is need here of labour yet untested, if anyone wishes to pluck the fruits of wisdom. For Isocrates said the roots of literature are bitter, but the fruits are very sweet. For here the ancients depicted Mercury and Heracles joined to desire, indeed because genius, love, and labour is required in him who wishes to ascend to the jagged and steep hill of knowledge. Strongly put yourselves to the labour, as if the hand pushes up against the burden. For through much labour, the gods sell all good things to humans, thus it will be granted for you to run freely to the muses, whom, with me as your leader, you will see shortly, and taught by whom you will clarify the knowledge of many things with immortal fame. For not only do letters incline toward the gaining of wealth, but also they gain the favour of kings and earls, for although the learned man is without resources, he is richer by far than the unlearned man of all the riches people. For the learned man does not fear fire, or bad luck, or exile, but he carries all good things in himself. Therefore, hasten forth with labour and vigilance to ascend to the highest peak of learning. And at whose house care and effort reside: in me neither study, nor faith will be lacking for you.

Philomathes: Let it be, teacher, and we will sweat with all our limbs and always we will cling onto letters. For I know what lazy and soft negligence can do. For not only are there many kindlings for vice, but also it renders the strength of your genius and corrupts it,

which labour very much increases, as it is possible to see in the hardest iron, which when it lies around, it is quickly eroded by scabrous rust and consumed, but with as much use as possible, therefore let us lean on all our strength. We will actively flee no labours, in order that we can penetrate the most intimate recesses of the mountain, therefore be well, my most brilliant teacher.

Pedeutes: And you best youths. May god bless your pious efforts.

ACT 2 SCENE 5

Musopolus: Yesterday, indeed, strenuously, all the way to the last hour of the night we drank, and all of us, Colax, as yet were inebriated, such that we were scarcely able to stand, but we were falling prone on our faces, as they are accustomed to do who labour with epilepsy. If short epilepsy is drunkenness, as learned men say. When, therefore, satiety of drinking had taken us, we went into the forum. First, a large crowd of craftsmen ran into us, who, rushing down on us with their swords drawn, made an attack with great force, thus we attacked them with manly spirit⁷, so much that once defeated they turned their backs. And we wounded many such that scarcely there was any hope of life. With a clamour arisen, against us, there rose a cloud of watchmen, shining with arms, some draw their swords, and others, with a great tumult, twist their hunting spears, which we drive immediately into flight just as an eagle is accustomed is accustomed to drive doves, or a wolf lambs, as a lion a deer: I was dying with laughter, because so shamefully they to whom the senate of the city has committed their well being fled.

Colax: Come, what happened after? Have the citizens been roused to action? For they are accustomed to be ready against the students.

⁷ Manuscript reads “animi,” emended to “animo”

Mysopolus: Absolutely, they soon ran with a great clamour after drawing up their arms. But we flee to our asylum. For what fool would fight it out with such a crowd?

Colax: I praise and cannot help but admire this deed of daring so great. For why would you not push away a force brought onto you by force from yourselves. For brutish things, although they are experienced of our reason, they put forward outside force, why would this not be permitted to us? But, we will make these things forgotten⁸, go to the nearest tavern, and we will go to the wine bar. But is that Acrates and Acolastus, who is coming forward to meet us? By Heracles, it is, I wonder what this is, and why they hasten greatly.

Mysopolus: They are about to go, by chance, to a class.

Colax: I will wait for them and I will ask them.

ACT 2 SCENE 6

Colax: Best greetings friends, but hey, where are you striding? Why are you hastening?

Acolastus: No reason, except since for a long time the hour has been heard, in order that soon I bring myself to the lecture. If indeed after missing it, the lecture never happens again, nor like the Euboan Euripus never moves back and forth.

Colax: Oy, you to a lecture?

Acrates: So where are you going?

Colax: We go to a dinner party at the house of the father of Deleasthisa, where we will drink some quantity, for we have set out this whole day to good spirit, which we will spend with many delights. Therefore, if you wish to go with us, you will be very well received, I know, where there are, besides, many youths, adorned with tested faith and chaste

⁸ Manuscript reads “missae,” emended to “missa”

character, in whom there is nothing pretended, rather, with an open heart they do all things, with whom very safely you may gleam in the shadows. There is nothing which you should fear, I will willingly vouch for you.

Acrates: I cannot, since the little hour of the lecture is particularly pressing, which we cannot freely neglect: then father seriously forbid drinking sessions for me, ordering, for days and nights, that I lie on the liberal arts.

Mysopolus: I do not obey my father in these matters, such that while the vital spirit rules the soul, while the age is spring, while the powers of the body are strong, I will spend this life happily in many and various illicit activities. For this age, with a fleeting step, quickly flies by. Therefore, there will be no place for sadness in my house. I know what worn-out old age brings with itself, sorrow, languor, weakness of the body, into which so many diseases, so many great misfortunes fall, and madnesses, and the unexpected arrival of death must be awaited, hour by hour, and other such things. After I will have come to that turning point after running a mile, then I will be wise, then I will be prudent, when I will have been destitute of strength, I will stop of my own accord, and I will look down on the habits of this age with them, I will reduce them to nothing such that there is nothing left over. For since it has not been permitted to pay attention to these matters themselves, either through frowning teachers and strict fathers or through poverty, they prohibit the same things and prevent us, I have seen themselves envying our happiness. Therefore, I will thoroughly enjoy these delights, which youth brings, and you, if you were wise, you would do this with me, I know. Therefore I ask if it is possible that it be done that you go there with me, and I in turn will not fear to go to the dangers of death, you will call me another Pylades, who had often called himself Orestes, son of Agamemnon, when they were with Thoas, the king of Scythia, in order that he snatch himself from the dangers of death, he did not hesitate to put his life in

danger. Therefore, you will join to yourself many outstanding young men in friendship, and who were born from a most noble line.

Acolastus: Let us go together. But after this, I will be more diligent. For I cannot always die upon homework and studies.

CHORUS SECUNDUS

However many people worship the gods of the peak of Pieria
and the unshorn leader of the muses,
night and day let them think in their heart
and let them flee depraved and daring people
just like the sweet songs of the sirens.

For not only do these men stain their virginal natures,
but also a spur to worse things
they are the foul ruin bubbling with deceit.

ACT 3 SCENE 1

Acolastus: Immortal God, how great a fire burns in me, which since it creeps all through my veins, it ignites my whole heart with furious flames: such that I seem to emit a flame in place of words as much as Enceladus inflamed Trinacriam⁹, while he vomits angrily burning flames: bold, I would dare to affirm to my elders that I am tortured by passions, indeed that the words seem to be flaming, to this extent, the beauty of the shape of Deleasthisa cooked me, and the chastity of her character. I am silent about the other things such of her body as her soul. For so great is the splendour of her beauty such that scarcely can

9 i.e. Sicily

I believe that any other girl exists, with whom it is possible for her to be deservedly compared, but that also she is most worthy of Jove, son of Saturn. Who captivated now by the most beautiful forms of Europa, Callisto, Io, Semele. But on account of her beauty he would have grown hot more than Paris, son of Priam, would have preferred to Venus, and she, most worthy, would carry off the golden apple. Why should I mention her dark eyes? Why should I mention her neck whiter than ivory? Why should I mention her hair just like gold? And then, the bloody colour mixed in her milky face, why should I mention her *spargantes mastoi*? In sum, the praiseworthy appearance of her body is such that in her, I would think that all the gods and goddesses would bring in contest splendid gifts, as she is shaped with singular care. Certainly, Venus gave her beauty, Minerva gave her the goods of mind, the Atalantian young man¹⁰ gave her charm of speaking, for how often the words of the girl come into my mind, which were made between us yesterday: thus I am beginning to burn, such that unless I satisfy my love, it has been done for me, and there will be no more hope of life. Oh would that such a sea would separate me from you, which separated the boy from Abidis and the girl from Sestia, I would not fear the impetuous sea, but that I would immediately swim across to you, so that there would be for me an abundance of you. For love despises the timid and lazy, nor do I fear that a miserable wretch would be drowned. Not always does the same outcome await all people. Therefore, you, beautiful Venus, breathe on¹¹ my beginnings, and make that I, unhappy, enjoy the girl. For you are accustomed to be present for those who bravely deserve it under the signs of Cupid, your son. Therefore, make it such that the girl burns with equal love. The handsome Hippomanes has passed Atalante through you in running, after he threw out golden apples, and hindered by picking up these, she was conquered. Through your

10 i.e. Mercury

11 Manuscript reads “aspiria,” emended to “aspira”

blessing, Paris snatched Helen, because of whom all of Asia was overturned by its foundations. But why do I babble about love now found to be foolish? I will approach the matter, behold now opportunity comes forward, and there will be given far and wide an opportunity to converse. And I will reveal my love with judges removed. If my prayers amount to nothing, I will add gifts which reconcile the gods, not least a woman's mind.

ACT 3 SCENE 2

Deleasthisa: Now for the first time, by heavens, I feel, now miserable I understand what love is capable of, which so often I have despised most unworthily, and all girls as if not composed of a sane mind, and who have allowed themselves to be taken by loved most wickedly, I mean, Medea, Scylla, and the daughter of the king of Minos. Now I am driven to sing a palinode, for the strength of the wing bearing god is greater than that unwarlike little women are unable to oppose themselves to it, who forced under his will greatest Jupiter, that he assumed the form of a bull or a swan, therefore I am a fool, because often I have often despised love in the worse terms, and so love, as it leads its followers, thus it drags those fighting back. This which I am now experiencing, I am miserable who am being exorcized in amazing ways. For the manly form of Acolastus cooks me, who by chance was present at our house party yesterday. Afterwards, I saw him, and I conceived flames in my heart, such that unless I enjoy his love that I desire, I will die completely, therefore I pray as a suppliant to the immortal¹² gods, in order that they join us with the desired marriage rituals with Juno overseeing: but if it will not be so, I will end my life by the sword, and I will cut short the threads of fate even if the Fates are unwilling.

12 Manuscript reads "imortales," emended to "immortales"

Acolastus: Raise your ears Acolastus, your business and health are at stake now. Make that you do not grow soft, that you make¹³ yourself powerful of your own vow. I cannot continue but that I greet her and speak. Greetings, my Venus, and hello my sweetest grace.

Deleasthisa: Wow Acolastus, hello, why are you sad from the lowest heel to the highest summit? Why are you pale? Why do you lead sighs? Has something evil touched you? For these ages are full of the treachery of men, while each person desires for himself something better than another person's, describe what afflicts you, my little heart.

Acolastus: Woe is me.

Deleasthisa: By the gods, I beg you and beseech you, my little soul, that you reveal to me bravely what bites at you, wretched man, with all my strength I will pay attention so that I advise you well.

Acolastus: Nothing at all, isn't the sky is clear all around?

Deleasthisa: Your thoroughly sad face indicates that you have the greatest pains, which unless you make it known to me, I will totally die. Come, tell me, can anyone tend to your griefs?

Acolastus: By Hercules, no one except you can, therefore help me.

Deleasthisa: There will be no delay for me, you, at least, open your mind to me.

Acolastus: Come now, while you seek to know to this extent these things, my delight, give faith that you will trust no one, and nowhere on Earth will you divulge.

Deleasthisa: Behold my right hand, which is a symbol of my faith. You will call me Angerrona, and Egyptian Harpocrates.

13 Manuscript reads "faciam," emended to "facias"

Acolastus: When you were sitting next to me recently at the extravagant banquet, I began to watch your very laudable beauty with which you are outstanding, and with which you surpass all others by a mile. As Hesperus conquers the most shining stars and as the Sun surpasses the moon with the greatest gleam, thus no other girl will be equal to you in the praise of your form., but just as with the Sun present all the stars fade away, so with you the collected forms of all girls will be made dark. For the individual parts of your body are worthy of the most ample praise, and by narrating them or adorning them, scarcely would I think that Hercules Gallicus could do it sufficiently, or Nestor.¹⁴ Who could worthily praise your two eyes shining on your forehead, from which a thousand graces shine in large numbers? Who could praise your rosy mouth or your blushing cheeks? Who could praise your black eyelids? Who could celebrate the especially golden hair of your head? Who could praise the breasts sticking out from the top of your chest? Finally, all things respond to themselves which are on your body. Nothing too big, nothing too small, the symmetry is correctly confirmed such that I am not able to wonder enough at what things while I look around them one by one, Deleasthisa, I begin to love you too distraction, for through your eyes flows a savage love into the deepest inner parts of my heart, as if through darts, love which has cruelly transfixed me with flame-bearing arrows, to the extent that I have no quiet neither by day nor night can I take sleep, but your form is always visible to me, that unless I will have filled up my love, I will die completely in the prime of my age, just like a rose which when it has been snatched by the greatest heat of the sun, it soon withers¹⁵ and falls. Since, therefore, in your hand are as much death as life, I beseech you as a suppliant that you gift life to me, nor that you allow me to die by death, and you acquiesce to my wish, my dear.

14 Lucian, *Heracles*, Loeb p. 65-66

15 Manuscript reads "marcessit," emended to "marcescit"

Demand whatever you wish, especially most precious gifts, for I cannot deny you anything, rather, I will bestow it upon you soon.

Deleasthisa: Oh unworthy deed, by God, audacious impudence: With what affrontery do you dare to stir me up about adultery, you shameless man? Do you think me saleable or that I keep my untouched chastity in public? Or do you think that you are now talking with a prostitute in public? Nor do you have an account of me, impudent dog. If I had not given trust to you, oh what troubles I would give. I do not have the same rationale which you have, young man. For I would compare all virgins to your silk clothing, for young men are like gold as pure as possible, for just like that silk, once it has taken vile stains or if it has been sunk into the most impure mud, it cannot be washed out by any art or the greatest labour, but gold, although stained, can be thus washed, even so that it shines more than it did before, if it were pure and clear. Thus young men do not consider it anything because there is nothing against them, but we if we have been even once sprinkled even with a thin mark, never will we clean the infamy that has been received by us. Therefore, it is right for us to watch out¹⁶ cautiously that we not lose our modesty in wicked fashion, what is the greatest dowry for us, which once injured, never do you redeem even with the greatest amount of money.

Acolastus: Oh Immense Cruelty, Oh savagery of a Tigress. Do you not feel pity for me, whom you see to waste away with excessive love, not otherwise as once miserable Clytia¹⁷ did, since now I have suffered your rejection, I will follow the example of many and either by the sword or the noose I will seek life in order that you will pay the punishment who are the most cruel cause for me of a savage death. Deleasthisa, I give faith, and I swear to the

16 Manuscript reads “invihilare,” emended to “invigilare”

17 More regularly written “Clutie”

stars who are my witnesses that I will lead you home as my wife, if you will accept it from me.

Deleasthisa: May the gods destroy you with this boldness, you wicked man.

Acolastus: Where are you running, hear one word.

Deleasthisa: I do not listen to you, most petulant one. (exits)

Acolastus: I am not able not to admire to cunning of all women, such that I think that all of them had been taught at the same school, because they have learned to pretend so well, and be crafty, this which now in Deleasthisa I have recognized most certainly. She who burns with such great love, she pretends best of all, thus is the inborn nature of women settled with this character, that by how much more they desire, by so much more strongly they oppose themselves. All the more they seek, thus they fight back more and deny. For voluntarily they wish to be forced, and by fighting back they seek. But I will bear myself to her, so that inside I might win her back for myself, and I may seek that a most elegant dinner party occur for us: for I have invited to dinner Colax, with Mysopolus, and Phylostadius and indeed Acrates himself, with whom I will relax tomorrow, since her father with my mother have set out to their friends.

ACT 3 SCENE 3

Acolastus: Hey boy, strew the table, after that, take yourself most quickly to Colax and the others so that they come without delay, and say that everything is ready, then call anyone who plays on the flute for us while we are having dinner, and make sure that nothing is missing, and you, Deleasthisa, prepare small crowns which you can give to our guests as they arrive, and after you receive them with words and a pleasant or flattering embrace, make

sure that all things are overflowing and that nothing is missing. I will pay tomorrow abundantly, hold in your memory if you will have put out more.

Deleasthisa: It will be cared for well, you at least, see to it that you delight your guests, either through cups or through witty humour.

Acolastus: I will put forward all my energies in order that I conduct myself strenuously in drinking and that they not depart sober, to see if I deserve¹⁸ this praise most ample.

Colax: Many Greetings

Acolastus: I give great thanks to you because you have come, my sweet jolly companions

Mysopolus: But you do will not do this later, I think. Because you have party-goers eager to eat and drink.

Deleasthisa: Your arrival is most welcome to me.

Colax: With this embrace, my heart jumps up for joy.

Deleasthisa: These little crowns, the gifts of our garden, accept them with a calm mind, and do not spurn these little gifts.

Philostatius: How sweet these little crowns smell.

Acolastus: Boy, bring fresh water, so that they can wash their hands.

Acrates: Do you think we are going to a sacrifice? What things will it be a crime to do with our hands unwashed?

Acolastus: Lie down. Now it pleases me to indulge myself. Indulging my life congenially, while I spend my life well in the delights of Alexander, while my age allows this

18 Manuscript reads "meretur," emended to "meremur"

and the strength of our bodies thrives, drink up or get out¹⁹; in the parties of the Greeks there was an often practised law, which here we will preserve diligently, therefore, Colax, I will toast this cup for you, that it may be happy and auspicious.

Colax: I receive it happily, and I have the greatest thanks.

Acolastus: But to you, Mysopolus, I give this canthara to drink in one drink. But you, Deleasthisa, my sweet, you will drink first.

Mysopolus: I accept it, let there be health.

Colax: Hello Acrates, I give this cup which you see to you to drink first.

Acrates: I have it willingly.

Mysopolus: Philostatius, I salute you kindly with this canthara.

Philostatius: I will libate back, but place it on the table emptied.

Mysopolus: You will see, brilliantly I will drink, not otherwise have you have experience with me.

Acolastus: Hey boy, fetch as I have ordered someone to play the pipes. If you do not do this rightly, later you will be beaten. Then come here to the table and since a silly song.

Puer: Here he is

Acolastus: Stretch your strings good man, and excite us with a delightful little song, if you are capable at all.

ODE TO THE ADULTERY OF VENUS AND MARS FROM HOMER ODYSSEY 8

Well-dressed Apollo saw Mars cherishing Venus,
and him lying on a wedding bed laid out,
he who rules the flying chariot of the sun.

19 *Aut Bibat Aut Abeat*

He announces quickly to the lame blacksmith
who devises heavy traps with his tricky mind,
making small chains he stretches nets.
And he set out into Lemnos, seeing which,
stiff Mars ran to the chamber seeking joys,
and when they fell upon the bed, the chains
capture the desirous lovers, unaware of the trap,
from which no ability of escape is given to those captured.
Vulcan, after seeing they were captured,
he calls together all the gods and goddesses
so that they see the shame of rigid Mars with Venus.
And Venus, wrapped up in the embrace of Mars,
she provided unrestrained laughter to the gods
because she was not able to enfold her *pudenda* with clothing.
There was not anyone of such a way of life
who desired to endure the embraces of Venus,
except the shining child of Atlas and of Pleione.

Acolastus: Indeed I also would allow myself to be chained with Venus.²⁰

Acrates: It has been eaten enough, and we have satisfied our hunger. Order some playing cards brought here. Clear the table, and we will play for a little while, for what the die can do, it is pleasing to experience.

Acolastus: Hey boy, bring forth two fascicles. Take the tablecloth with the food, and bring immediately pure water so that they wash their hands, let there be no delay.

²⁰ Manuscript reads “mecum,” emended to “me cum”

Mysopolus: Acrates, deal the cards, but let deceit and trickery be absent. We will throw together money into this circle, in order that he who is about to win will soon carry it away, now Fortune, roll your wheel, now look on my wishes with a kind face, as victor, I will offer you sheep.

Acrates: Let us test what fortune brings, you Colax are first.

Acolastus: Come here, Deleasthisa, let us play a little. You will bet your clothing woven with gold, I will put down two armfuls of shaggy silk, come sit here.

Deleasthisa: However it pleases you, give me the cards, I will defeat you most certainly.

Acrates: This is my money, I have won the game.

Philostatius: I do not give generously.

Acrates: Why not?

Philostatius: Return the money, you bastard.

Acrates: I will not.

Philostatius: But I, you scoundrel, I say you did not win.

Acrates: On what grounds?

Philostatius: You did not play honestly, but sneakily you stacked the deck, and removed a card from the middle, then secretly, what you didn't like, you dropped under the table, you shameless pig, and behold, it lies there beneath your feet, so return my money.

Acrates: But I will not return it, it is permitted for you to tear yourself apart down the middle.

Philostatius: I would fight you²¹ with this dagger unless you return the money.

21 Manuscript reads "pugnam," emended to "pugnem"

Acrates: As you wish, I will do likewise, and I will test your strength. (Philostatus stabs Acrates) Oh wicked crime, alas you wretched murderer. Acolastus, come help, why do you waste time?

Acolastus: Oh what a terrible crime to permit in someone else's house? Does it not shame you to undertake such great disturbances in the middle of the night.

Acrates: Why do you wait? Get vengeance, murder him.

Acolastus: Let all the demons carry you aloft. Or do you consider your crime light, to make such great violence in another person's house? Move yourself away from here now, or I will throw you outside with clubs. Do you now return this thanks in exchange for my good deeds?

Philostatus: What do you want for yourself? You will not terrify me with your savage words. Now my fist will stick²² in your jaw, unless you shut your mouth.

Mysopolus: What are you doing Philostatus? It is not becoming to cause such a tumult in someone else's house, for this crime is a matter of capital punishment, come on we will go home. I will lead you all the way to your dorm room, through the city street, for it is much more tranquil than other places. But behold a large mob of shouting plumbers is coming to meet us.

Cerdones: ba ba bu

Philostatus: There are hardly two, be silent. You see a wondrous spectacle, we will drive them into flight. For dogs who bark violently, they bite less. Colax, come to my right, and you Mysopolus, to this side, prevent approach lest any flight be open for them. Crying a horrendous cry, I will follow these men with my sword drawn, as if I am driving prey into hunting nets, you, scatter them to the land, have you understood me?

²² Manuscript reads "baerebit," emended to "haerebit"

Colax: Good.

Cerdones: ba ba bu

Philostatius: ho ho ho

Cerdones: Alas alas, unarmed we are being slaughtered.

Colax: They have given enough punishment, let us join ourselves together on foot.

ACT 3 SCENE 4

Philomathes: Finally from daily use, I have verified that Homer spoke truly when he said that as many sons as possible are dissimilar to their fathers, some worse, very few better.²³ Of this case, Acrates and Acolastus²⁴ present the most clear example, who waste all the things, which their fathers earned with difficulty through the greatest labour and sweat. But there happens to be an old proverb spread broadly through conversation: a stingy man calls for a wasteful man,²⁵ while I investigate all things very attentively, I understand this: since Parnassus is high up, and to it a path narrow and besieged with countless thorn-bushes and spines, it is rocky and not except through great sweat passable, over which monsters with the worst expression watch, which do not permit those ascending to go forward, but deter them: Lust, Poverty, and Loneliness, although with a lofty voice the Muses call them, and granted they show them laurel branches: that many people are surrounded by these monsters while they pay attention to them, they separate themselves entirely from their studies: which pertains also to my fellow compatriots, who while they temper their lust too little, they send back a message to the Muses and Apollo. Therefore, to these men, if they should be at home,

23 *Odyssey* 2.276-277

24 Manuscript reads "Acolastolastus," emended to "Acolastus"

25 Martin Luther, *Ecclesiastes Solomonis*

I will comport myself so that I lead them back into the way and back to being fruitful. But behold, I see Acolastus.

ACT 3 SCENE 5

Philomathes: Hello. Opportunely indeed you come to meet me. But where is Acrates?

Acolastus: At home, he feels a little ill.

Philomathes: Ill? By some disease? A lethal one?

Acolastus: I think not

Philomathes: But whence so suddenly did this sudden disease make him weak?

Perhaps he drank a little too much.

Acolastus: By Hercules I don't know.

Philomathes: This is not the sort of thing you should cover up, I have learned the matter from the beginning. But I cannot to marvel enough at why you chase these whirlpools, why you join yourselves to them, and why you have business with the most pernicious wretches, who practice neither honesty nor piety.

Acolastus: Yesterday, they came to me, therefore I appropriately was treating them very generously.

Philomathes: How miserable, that the matter has returned to this point, that if you wish well to anyone, unless you quickly make this person drunk with many goblets, they declare the agreements of friendship broken. Did the words of your father depart from you so quickly, with which he was warning us, as you know, that we not join ourselves to such people who drag us away from our studies of the liberal arts, and stain our life with their depraved characters, having wasted our time most terribly. You will see into what evils they will thrust you unaware, after they lure you away with sweet words.

Acolastus: But if I do not do this, they often call me Timon or a Philosopher.

Philomathes: Let them say that, permit it, what they wish. For they have no faith nor observance of what is just. Those whom you see in public and think are the best, trust them the least, for they are the most perverse, who deceive you among other people, even though often in public, they promise to pour forth their life for you. For they are the sort who are endowed with a double tongue, and they breathe honey and poison from one mouth and in one breath.

Acolastus: I don't think so, for I've seen their faithfulness.

Philomathes: Faith? In what way? Even though Acrates has been stabbed with a life-threatening wound by them? Outstanding faith. They would have all but thrown you from your own home?

Acolastus: It's not life-threatening, he hardly grazed him with the dagger, just a little, after he was overwhelmed with much wine.

Philomathes: Look at what you're doing, will you not so quickly know the men of your time, but even if you consumed a hundred modii of salt with people here, scarcely you would have perceived the inborn nature of anyone. Often cruel serpents hide beneath the flowers, and the roses²⁶ often hide their thorns.

Acolastus: I cannot separate myself completely from these men, nor did my father event prevent that I join good men to myself with friendship, and scorn good will.

Philomathes: Friendship among thieves?

Acolastus: By Jupiter, what does it matter to you? If I waste anything, it will be from my wealth.

26 Manuscript reads "rose," emended to "rosae"

Philomathes: Go ahead and waste. Thus are men now who although they do not look after themselves, they still do not hear others warning them well.

CHORUS TERTIUS

You who wish with great effort
to pursue the liberal arts, to lift a brilliant
name to the stars, spurn women's lust
and gambling, and lavish banquets.
These three things bait incautious youths,
and give an opening to many crimes,
and they give birth to the disdain of the nine sisters.
Attach yourself firmly to honest studies.

ACT 4 SCENE 1

Euprositus: Do you say that it is true, that a crime has been presented (woe is me) to our daughter while we were absent?

Eleutheria: It is so.

Euprositus: Who has done it?

Eleutheria: Acolastus

Euprositus: There is no faith in the world, by Jupiter, alas the wrong, I am hardly of a sound mind, thus the blood boils around my heart, and it stirs my mind to rage. If the scoundrel were now given to me face to face, I would drive this sword into his ribs with maximum force, and I would splatter this road with his wretched head. Acolastus, what a man you are, you have conducted yourself bravely. You, man, broke down by war a little girl: you

have snatched away her virtue: come, present yourself before me, I will vomit up this created rage against you deservedly.

Eleutheria: He has given an oath that he would marry her, therefore, suppress your boiling anger, my husband. The appearance of the girl has pleased the young man, for modesty with beauty makes the greatest argument, for love, place, and occasion have added spurs. It must be done in a friendly and gentle fashion with the young man. The will of the girl was present and he acted like a good man, I will persuade him and he will come to me in order to marry her, I know that the in-born nature of a man is tractable, order him to be summoned by a servant.

Euprositus: Go, summon Acolastus to come here quickly, I ask.

ACT 4 SCENE 2

Acolastus: How is it, Immortal Gods, that pleasure and joy in love never lead to a happy death, but heavy grief follows this behind. By my misfortunes, demented as I am, I now understand why Love is captured by the eye and why he is a boy. For often he makes the most prudent people blind, and to have no wisdom at all, just like boys: which I have now experienced through my misfortune, I who throw myself in the face of so many dangers, blind and infantile, understanding nothing that was to come, what end could follow this love. And to this extent, I involved myself willingly in so many crises that I cannot free myself from them. I squeezed the virgin, who now bears a child, and I gave my faith and said I would marry her, which matter thus tortures me as nothing before. I am pushed this way and that like a ship on the sea, when the blasting winds go into battle. How I do not know what to do, what is to become of me (mi not me), miserable man. Should I marry her? My father stands in the way, who will surely treat me in terrible ways: what will he say? "Did I send

you in order that you violate girls here? Or to learn the liberal arts, to shape your life with good character? Or did I not say these things before, when do you see Philomathes cling to love in this way, who should also have warned you not to waste our family wealth so vilely without gaining the benefit of your studies.” Deep down I do not know what I should answer back to my father. What should I not say? Piety, fairness, love, laws, faith, religion, drive the cause of Deleasthisa, and to this extent the force me willing or not, drag me, coerce me, threatening punishment if I do not marry her, since it is proper. If I push back against them, or show any reluctance, I would deserve to have the earth open up and swallow me alive, just as it absorbed Amphiaraus the Argive. Now, what remains except that I throw myself from a high mountain or I seek the inner parts of my soul with a sword. So many difficulties besiege me, such that I would prefer to die rather than enjoy such a life. But while I am among the living, no one will take this woman from me, who, wretched woman, who entrusted her body to me. I will not desert her, I have decided, but I will lead her home. Therefore, I will bring myself to the father of the girl, who is afraid that I will not marry her, and that I will cleanse myself, and leave her weeping for a long time, pleading for my faith.

ACT 4 SCENE 3

Euprositus: With what face, while we were absent, did you dare, you butcher, to violate our house and burn up our good name? Scarcely do I contain myself but that I put my hands into your hair and rip you apart just like the Thracian women did the Oeagrian prophet²⁷, you now who stained our household with such vile infamy. How can you stand there? Where is your modesty, where is your shame? What are you saying you rascal?

Acolastus: Hear just one word, I have sinned, I admit it, I seek mercy as a suppliant.

²⁷ i.e. Orpheus

Euprositus: Mercy? You who have committed a crime worthy of the bull of Phaleron²⁸. Do you think I am a fool?

Acolastus: I do not desire mercy in order that I be willing to avert²⁹ guilt but to suppress this raging anger of yours. But what has been done to the very best girl cannot be rendered undone, but rather, have perspective, her beauty, our youth, our love, compelled me to it. You know what love is capable of, whose either weapons or burning torches Supreme Jupiter was not able to avert from himself. Come now, I have dishonoured the girl, I will treat her with the highest honours, and I make her into a wife, which may it turn out auspiciously I pray to God, while I am living, no one will take me from her except death. And I have chosen this woman for myself, beside all others, with whom I will spend my life. Therefore, stop being upset, you see the love and youth of both of us.

Euprositus: If you do not do this, I will force you by law and custom.

Eleutheria: This girl, my son, as you know, we have as our only daughter, the solace of our old age, whose bud you have plucked, who if you do not marry, soon you will put an end to her life. Therefore, by my person, I implore you that you not desert us, you will have an ample dowry, and while I live, I will generously furnish all things for your life, have pity on my old age.

Acolastus: Don't cry, while breath nourishes this soul, never will I desert you. And more quickly will heaven produce flowers or the earth produce than bitter misfortune or some grave misfortune will snatch Deleasthisa from me, and will separate me from her while I live. But I will take myself home now, now that I have obtained the necessary bands, I will inform my father about this matter through a letter.

28 Manuscript reads "Phaliridis," emended to "Phaleridis"

29 Manuscript reads "averrtere," emended to "avertere"

ACT 4 SCENE 4

Danista: Crazy man that I am, I entrusted twenty gold pieces to Acrates recently. And now my deadline for repayment has flown away, on account of which he flees my sight, and does not come to meet me, which I sensed long ago: as soon as he sees me, he throws himself down another street. Therefore, if it were given to me face to face, I would abuse him, for bad names often must be used. There are men in our age adorned with these morals such that unless you seek back what is yours, they would return it not of their own accord, or if anyone returns anything, great thanks must be given to this person to such and extent that Faith herself withdrew from here to the gods, and Perfidy, sent from Hell, has invaded all. Behold, him whom I seek, I will follow him soon from the back, lest he hide himself someone else if he sees me. Hello my good fellow, when would you return what is owed?

Acrates: Owed? What?

Danista: The debt.

Acrates: How much?

Danista: Twenty gold pieces.

Acrates: How much did you give in return?

Danista: You do not know? You impudent man: I gave you ten, which you squandered recently with dice, and another ten eight days ago, which you spent on a prostitute and a surgeon, because he had taken care of the wound you received at a party, and the disease with which the prostitute had gifted you, when she slept with you, for two whole months at least. Therefore, return what you owe, I will bring the matter to the dean.

Acrates: Not much is missing, but that I throw you forth into this mud because you dare to accost me face to face in the public road. Did I not say to you that I sent a messenger to my home country, who will come as soon as possible, and I will pay off the debt to you.

Danista: Where do you snatch yourself off to? Oh the uncontrolled licentiousness of men. You will make it such that I will entrust money to no one.

Acrates: How now should I lie or what fabrication should I put forward to scam my father of money, and that I pay off my debt to this man. I will say that for almost half a year I have struggled, seized by yellow fever, and that in this way I spent all the money. If my father learns that I have business with prostitutes, that I gamble, that I drink for days and nights, he would take it very badly.

ACT 4 SCENE 5

Eubulus: I would like Philostorgus to meet me now, but he himself is coming outside, I will go to him, and I will find out what he wishes.

Philostorgus: I was looking for you, hello.

Eubulus: Hello to yourself

Philostorgus: Why do you wrinkle your brow?

Eubulus: A letter has been sent to me by my son, in which he writes that he has violated the daughter of a certain Euprositus, and he is forced by him to marry her according to the law, which matter pains my soul to such a point that I would rather die than live. Would that death had extinguished you in the first threshold of life, so that you be the cause of sorrows for me. Acolastus, Acolastus, how often did I warn you faithfully not to cling to most shamefully lost companions, and not to allow yourself to be taken in by womanly sweet-talking. That which I feared happens not without my great sorrow. How unfairly has it

been prepared that those who have sons who are obedient, to them they permit nothing, and they also spend money most stingily. We, however, who agree to whatever is pleasing to them, we generally have sons as depraved as possible. Now finally I understand that money and freedom are the greatest corruptors of young men. But would that either my son or myself depart from the living, lest I never again see that most impure scoundrel. But if he were given into my sight, I would destroy him, have you heard anything³⁰ about your son?

Philostorgus: Nothing, except that he writes that he has been struggling with a fever for some time: seeking that I send twenty gold pieces to him, namely, as much as he spent there to cure his disease. Therefore, will you not allow your son to marry?

Eubulus: I will not by Hercules, but that with my own hands I would rather kill him than permit this to that utter scoundrel.

Philostorgus: So what will you do?

Eubulus: What you ask? Tomorrow when the day has dawned, I will take a journey that I set out to him: understand? You, if you wish, can come with me.

Philostorgus: You advise rightly. Go home and prepare what is necessary for the journey.

CHORUS QUARTUS

There's nothing worse alive than a woman,
for she vomits a flame from her poisonous mouth,
and she puts out nets with which she lures tender young men.
She breathes, spewing flames, just like Etna,
to destroy stupid and miserable lovers.

30 Manuscript reads "nihil ne," emended to "nihilne"

Flee this plague, I pray, you who seek the Nine Goddesses.

ACT 5 SCENE 1

Acolastus: After Jupiter had been deceived by Ate, this one, he snatched by the hair and threw her down from heaven, nor ever did she enjoy interaction with the gods. But she walks among people with a swift foot, mixing in calamities and the greatest ruins. Now she seeds a thousand quarrels for me. On this side, the father of the girl, on the other my own father, threaten me with Geta-like feelings, one if I don't marry her, and the other if I do. All escape routes are blocked by which I might turn myself from these troubles. My difficulties encircle miserable me, such that unless God snatches me from so many evils, I will be reduced, unhappy me, to extreme insanity. I hear that my father has arrived. Here, complaints have been prepared for me, by which, woe is me, I will be handled. But I will turn myself to the Prayers³¹, the daughters of Jove³², those who follow with slow and lingering feet: I will be a suppliant to them and I will speak prayerful words so that they be willing to snatch me from such disasters, I who began to love under and unlucky star. Prayers, Prayers, save wretched me with your help. To you I come seeking counsel and assistance, hurry with swift feet. If you deny help to me I will perish entirely. If I had known that I would have so many quarrels and so many troubles from this matter, I would never have done it. Blessed is he who far from his chains is able to spend time diligently in the liberal arts. O if the passed times were able to be turned back, I would never have involved myself incautiously in so many difficulties. It is rightly said, women are a damnable thing, good and bad. For how much the chastity of Penelope is praised, nevertheless suitors were the cause of the destruction which

31 *Iliad* 9.502-507

32 Manuscript reads "Ionis," emended to "Iovis"

Odysseus undertook. And the daughter of Tyndareus gave destruction to all of Asia: thus my Deleasthisa gave birth to a great many quarrels for me, but I will bring myself to my father, so that I may hear whether he is angry because of this. My mind, by Hercules, portends misfortune for me. But unless I am mistaken, I see my father coming here.

ACT 5 SCENE 2

Euprositus: Do you hear, wife, whether Acolastus was here today?

Eleutheria: I don't think so.

Euprositus: This I fear, that he has fled away, or that he has betaken himself to some other place. What superstition he begets for me because he always procrastinates, and because he rarely comes here now as is his habit (supply more).

Eleutheria: Do not fear. He is a good young man, he will not do that, I have conceived good hope, but perhaps he will come to dinner.

Euprositus: Therefore prepare dinner. I will go into the forum for a little while, to hear whether there is anything new, of which our ages are most full.

ACT 5 SCENE 3

Eubulus: Hello good man, today I will make it such that you know your father's worth, and not without punishment will you bear the fact that you violated the girl, and, with me unwilling, you wish to marry this same one, you wretch.

Acolastus: Father, have mercy on me, I beg you father.

Philostorgus: You do not make yourself worthy.

Eubulus: Why?

Philostorgus: Are you going to kill your son?

Eubulus: He will die.

Philostorgus: Ah, don't be savage.

Acolastus: Is this being a father?

Eubulus: And is this being a son?

Acolastus: I am wretched.

Philostorgus: Eubulus, by Hercules I will not allow you to make a slaughter in my presence. Come now, can you so easily strip off your fatherly spirit?

Eubulus: I would not be stripping off the spirit of fatherhood; because with his unbothered forehead he does not recognize me as a father, a man whose words he should deservedly obey. Do you know how from birth he is contrary and backturning to me, he who will turn that prostitute into his wife with me, his father, unwilling, not without the greatest shame, since the moron does not see how much treachery has been set up for him. Those women who are unable to be pawned off on anyone, thus they bait lovers, such that they marry the same women they violate. Before so many years, if you had married a wife, you would be a husband. See how he stands, how he shows no sign of genuine shame: come, fetch Euprositus, we will see by what law she can create a marriage for you, since she is lavish with her own shame itself. (Acolastus exits) Either by drink or by food, the prostitute stretched forth love to this man, and he is so sunken in love that he is not able to be dragged out from there.

Philostorgus: Act more humanely, for you will scarcely obtain that he not marry her.

Eubulus: If harsh words do no good, what will lenient ones do? But unless my eyes deceive me, I see those people coming.

ACT 5 SCENE 4

Euprositus: Do you say thus that you have been worked over by such an impetuous father in your mind and that you are unwilling to marry my daughter, whom you yourself as you well know forced by violence?

Acolastus: And if the father of Acrates, Philostorgus, had not been present, he would have killed me quite cruelly, after forgetting his paternal duty. But they are awaiting us, so let us go quickly.

Euprositus: Is this your father, who controls you?

Acolastus: He is the one who strokes his flowing beard with his hand, who thoughtfully inclines his head toward the ground.

Euprositus: I will proceed and talk to him: Hello there.

Philostorgus: Thank yourself

Eubulus: Come now good man, will you force my son to marry your daughter? By what law? Or laws?

Euprositus: The laws of this land, for care is taken among us, if anyone should violate a virgin, he should marry the same girl, or he would pay the penalty with his head. Therefore, if he does not wish to, I will proceed by right and laws.

Eubulus: Nice law, which opens the window to desire. For if anyone has adult daughters at home, such that he is not able to foist them on anyone, by this rationale, he could entice young men, inexperienced in the world, into a net, in order to marry girls who have been violated. And it would be possible to play the pimp under an honest name, and to head off to other lands such that the opportunity would be greater for them. But virgins must be watched over with vigilant care, and must be protected from constant companionship of young men.

Euprositus: You demand³³ a harsh provincial command for me, if indeed I were to prefer to be his guardian rather than to watch over this girl, who is not able to be a guardian of herself.

Eubulus: You crafty old man.

Euprositus: What did you say?

Eubulus: I was saying that my son will not marry your daughter.

Euprositus: By what reasoning?

Eubulus: Since my son is not yet 25 years old, he is not of his own law, and he does not dare to undertake anything without his parents, not least, that I say he cannot form a marriage while his parents are unwilling. Therefore, you will not be able to place your daughter with my son, nor should you, since my son is subject to me up to this point.

Euprositus: Therefore, should I bear the infamy with which he splattered me and my household? By Hercules I will not bear it, rather, I will extravagantly spend all my estate on lawyers, rather than that your son carries this off unavenged. Who, regardless of circumstance, since they are able to make a good business deal from a bad legal case, from a good one, they can make a *very* good one: come now, would you be about to bear it with a tranquil mind if someone had violated your daughter?

Eubulus: I would not like it if that happened. But why did she let him in? Why did this foolish girl not push him away from her? For young men are not as at fault as girls: and of course, since they, not unlike dogs with keen scent, seek out prey, which once spotted, they track it, and when apprehended, they grab it with their teeth.

Euprositus: Why did Lucretia, the pinnacle of modesty, not fight back? As if weak girls were able to put themselves up against men. But since equity has no place among you,

33 Manuscript reads “damandas,” emended to “demandas”

with the law as my sword, I will deal with you and I will drag this young man into court, such that even if he is not willing, as I have said, he will pay the penalty with death, according to the laws of our region and our public decrees.

Philostorgus: Eubulus, you are being too unfair, I do not approve, he demands a fair thing. For it is better that these laws be preserved lest the opportunity to sin be given to wicked young men to attack whatever unmarried girls they choose. Besides, there is nothing which you can plead, for the father is a man of proven faith, not infamous for any crime, made powerful by his riches: the girl herself, besides the fact that she is beautiful, she has led her life chastely and austerely, as the whole city witnesses, which declares that this man has committed an unspeakable crime, and who is most deserving of whatever punishment. On top of that, love, fairness, religion press the matter. Love, indeed, because if you should separate him from her, it's all over concerning the life and health of your son: seeing that he will assume the danger of life for his own self. Moreover, it is fair, since if a person inflicts harm on something, that this same man atone for it. Finally, religion also warns that a sacred oath must be kept, by which you have tied down yourself.

Acolastus: Father, if you wish me, living, to be miserable, take me away from her.

Eubulus: You may have her, go away, farewell, delight yourself with her.

Acolastus: Allow that I implore you father.

Eubulus: Go, you will lead her.

Acolastus: Oh most lenient father, now I will hold you in my embrace.

Eubulus: Tell me the dowry Euprositus.

Euprositus: I will give five hundred gold pieces.

Eubulus: This is pleasing, let us go inside now, where we will take care of what remains, if anything does remain: lead us into your home.

Euprositus: It will be done, follow me.

Philostorgus: Soon, I will follow, but first I will visit my son, to whom I will count out the money which he owes.

Euprositus: Follow

Eubulus: I will

ACT 5 SCENE 5

Acolastus: I cannot express how happy I am, because I have been carried into the port from such turbulent waves, and the sea now has quieted down. But, the one whom now I long for most of all to be given to me, to whom I may tell these sudden joys, I see Acrates with a smiling face, but I would very much wish to know what joy so great has been given to him.

Acrates: Since all things have fallen out according to my hopes, I cannot help but smooth out my forehead from joy such that I bear myself to my jolly companions, with whom I may gladly spend this delightful day, while my purse is swelling (O most generous father) and when there will be no more, we will be in need after that.

Acolastus: I will go meet him, hello Acrates, what joy has arisen for you? For you seem to be more cheerful than usual.

Acrates: Hello Acolastus, Fortune has given herself to me today, she has affected me with such hopeful joy. For my father has counted out all the money which I owed and he has put faith in my words, for I had written to my father that I was toiling with a fever for six months, and I had spent a great deal of money, but he did not know into what usury I had converted it. Besides, he has given to me a large sum of silver for expenses, therefore I am overflowing with joy. But, how how are your affairs? Say, I beg you.

Acolastus: Deleasthisa is given to me to marry, and the wedding is being prepared, for which the matter is now all taken care of. My irritated father has gained favour with Euprositus, to whom he has given himself entirely, whom he esteems most highly. Let us go inside, and let us spend this day delightfully. This is not what you might expect, my marriage will be celebrated inside, but farewell and applaud.

CHORUS QUINTUS

The still of the sail-flying sea
renders the images of men before it,
when fierce Hippotades dominates
the ferocious brothers of the cloud in prisons.³⁴

Thus splendid comedy
repairs vice, and uncovers evil character,
and teaches good character,
such that you begin a life for the better, warning others.

EPILOGUE (Iambic Trimeter)

Added by Master Christopher Corner

I wish the greatest happiness for you, who have witnessed this play, which neatly teaches to what studies and characters young men should be handed over, who engage in good letters, although they do not do this with similar care and industry. But you wish to know what it is and you wonder because you see me also now come forth as a young man, and assume to

³⁴ Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 11.430

final role of what is to be done. But why I am coming here I will explain in a few words: please give me at least a space to speak a few words. For let me say these things which are not inconsistent with your character and your wishes. Your candour, your very great probity, and the soul of this man who makes these festivities, make it such that I entrust the poetic chorus to your keeping, written in my small words of which I am capable, and I will say how comedies are useful, and what this recent play is concerned with. But we offer many thanks to you, because you came to this show. Your goodness and fairness demand that you make this a study of goodness in a calm fashion, which we have undertaken for the sake of your prestige. For the more you love good literature, study with new effort even more. Therefore, oh most brilliant listeners, we all ask in exchange for your wisdom and the singular outstandingness of your virtue, save the Muses in this so miserable a time, and defend them who have no help³⁵. For you see how many haters they endure now, such that their fury rages throughout the entire world against those, whom the most chaste Muses favour. Who now neglects³⁶ to despise such sacred letters, by which the noble orbs of the world are ruled? Who is there to whom it was not more pleasing to follow barbarous and audacious people rather than letters? Whom do bad people and uneducated people not have as patrons? But we are wretched, who embrace the highest things and who are eager for an innocent life, we are scorned, we are neglected by almost everyone. Therefore, all of you, love us generously, and make it such that our study always flourishes. Your dignity and glory demand this. But you, young man, dedicated to the sacred letters, learned follower of the noble chorus of the Muses, love comedies, follow them and admire them; listen, teach, do, proceed with much praise. For he who does this is said to know how human life is overwhelmed by many troubles and

35 Manuscript reads “auxlii,” emended to “auxilii”

36 Manuscript reads “negligit,” emended to “neglegit,” although “negligo” is a recognized variant of “neglego”

torments and misfortunes and miseries, how uncertain misfortune rules nearly everything. For comedies are a demonstration of this part of life, the ones which imitate and recall the conditions of all mortals, their character, desire, eagerness, and their way of life. They touch on the errors and vices of individuals and they remind each person about their duty in life. If you wish to follow something, you should follow what you think is right: if you wish to avoid anything, I ask, direct your mind this way. If you wish to know what the prudence of old men brings, if you do not know what becomes the flower of age or how much trickery of servants there is and how cunning they are, how great the craftiness and deceit of prostitutes is, you see the likeness of these in comedies, which Terence, outstanding in elegance, and old Plautus, rejoicing in jokes, produced. But discern what happens now in our time, in which good things do not thrive any more than before, in which an elegant young man, devoted to the art of poetry, not only studies profane comedies, but also teaches sacred histories in a playful fashion, and in comic dress intends to make men good, and lead them to the study of piety, which also our new comic playwright here presents, not a new thing, but one particularly useful in this age, since he gives it to be seen in a pleasant production. You see these young men in this circle, and their most excellent parents sitting next to them, who when they wish them to do their very best in pleasant letters, and also to become good men, they send them to literate and celebrated men, and not sparing the greatest expenses. But only some, after embarking on the undertaken road, to which they wish, they come upon a turning point by chance, and, having been made more intelligent, they seek again the house of their father, with the greatest praise, as in the case of good Philomathes. Acolastus, however, and Acrates, when given money, they make an incredible ruse for their parents, bearing the name of “students” on themselves, but in the meantime, alas, they give themselves to wicked luxury, and they care for good letters hardly at all. They are eager for games, and engage with

unseemly women, they squander their days in goblets and leisure. They borrow money and with much debt weigh down their family. Finally, they return home endowed with no skill, and are a heavy cross and irritation to their own. But let us recognize what our function is over which God the Father made us individually, and let us take care of that with eagerness and the greatest fidelity, not hesitating at all that God, thrice best, will help our efforts such that he has guaranteed that he would do this with care. But think on these good words which I have said. For now the chorus of the Muses is being led elsewhere, you, meanwhile, do well, thrive, and applaud.

THE END