

**Hand out for: Johanna Göcke, An Unlikely Alliance? Women and Enslaved People in Roman comedy**

**Type I Support**

**a) Ter. Adelph. 287—291**

<p><b>Sos.</b> Obsecro, mea nutrix, quid nunc fiet?  <b>Can.</b> Quid fiat rogas? recte edepol, spero.      Modo dolores, mea tu, occipiunt primulum.      Iam nunc times? quasi numquam adfueris,      numquam tute pepereris!</p>	<p><b>Sos.</b> For goodness' sake, my dear nurse, what's going to happen now?  <b>Can.</b> You ask what's going to happen? It's going to be all right, I'm sure. Her pains are only just beginning, my dear. Are you worried already, as if you'd never been present at a birth or had a child yourself?      (Translation John Barsby)</p>
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**b) Ter. Heaut. 614—619**

<p><b>Sos.</b> <i>Nisi me animu' fallit, hic profectost anulus quem ego suspicor,/ is quicum expositast gnata. [...] quid est? isne tibi videtur?/</i>  <b>Nu.</b> <i>dixi equidem, ubi mi ostendisti, ilico/eum esse./</i>  <b>Sos.</b> <i>at ut sati' contemplata modo sis, mea nutrix./</i>  <b>Nu.</b> <i>satis./</i>  <b>Sos.</b> <i>abi nunciam intro atque illa si iam laverit mihi nuntia./ hic ego virum interea opperibor.</i></p>	<p><b>Sos.</b> Unless I'm mistaken, this is fact the ring that I think it is, the one with which my daughter was exposed.[...] Well? Do you think it's the one?  <b>Nu.</b> I said it was at once, as soon as you showed it to me.  <b>Sos.</b> Make sure you've examined it closely enough, nurse dear.  <b>Nu.</b> I have.  <b>Sos.</b> Go inside then and, if she's finished her bath, come and tell me. Meanwhile I'll wait here for my husband.      (Translation John Barsby)</p>
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**c) Ter. Adelph. 326**

<p><b>Get.</b> Alienus est ab nostra familia.</p>	<p><b>Get.</b> [He] doesn't want to know us.      (Translation John Barsby)</p>
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**d) Ter. Hec. 340—351,**

<p><b>Sos.</b> <i>ehem Parmeno, tun hic eras? perii, quid faciam misera?/non visam uxorem Pamphili, quom in proxumo hic sit aegra?/</i></p>	<p><b>Sos.</b> (turning round) Oh Parmeno, is that you? Damn it! What can I do, poor me? Am I not to visit Pamphilus' wife, when she is lying sick next door to us here?</p>
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<p><b>Par.</b> <i>non visas? ne mittas quidem visendi causa quemquam./cnam qui amat quoi odio ipse est, bis facere stulte duco:/ laborem inanem ipse capit et illi molestiam adfert./ tum filius tuos intro iit videre, ut venit, quid agat./[...]</i></p> <p><b>Sos.</b> <i>dis gratiam habeo./hem istoc verbo animu' mihi redit et cura ex corde excessit./</i></p> <p><b>Par.</b> <i>iam ea te causa maxime nunc hoc intro ire nolo;/ nam si remittent quidpiam Philumena dolores,/ omnem rem narrabit, scio, continuo sola soli/ quae inter vos intervenerit, unde ortumst initium irae.</i></p>	<p><b>Par.</b> Not visit her? Don't even send anyone to ask about a visit. To love someone who's taken a dislike to you is stupid twice over, if you ask me: you're wasting your own time and you're causing annoyance to the other person. Besides, your son went inside as soon as he arrived to see how she's doing. [...]</p> <p><b>Sos.</b> Thank heaven! Oh! That news has restored my spirit and banished the cares from my heart.</p> <p><b>Par.</b> That's why I particularly don't want you to go in there now. If Philumena's pain eases at all, I'm sure she'll tell him the whole story at once while they're alone together, and explain what came between you, and how this quarrel began. But there he is coming out. How gloomy he looks! (Translation John Barsby)</p>
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**e) Ter. Adelph. 619—624**

<p><b>Ae.</b> <i>“abi, abi iam, Aeschine,/ satis diu dedisti verba, sat adhuc tua nos frustratist fides.”/ “hem! quid istuc, obsecro” inquam “est?” “valeas, habeas illam quae placet!”</i></p>	<p><b>Ae.</b> “Go away, go away, Aeschinus,” she shouted; “You’ve deceived us long enough. We’ve had enough of your broken promises.” “What!” I said, “What’s this all about, for goodness’ sake?” “Good riddance!” she said, “Have the girl you prefer.” (Translation John Barsby)</p>
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**Type I Variation**

**a) Plaut. Cist. 591—598**

<p><b>Pha.</b> <i>Quid nunc vis facere me?/</i></p> <p><b>Lam.</b> <i>Into abi atque animo bono es. [...]/</i></p> <p><b>Pha.</b> <i>Lampadio, opsecro, cura.</i></p> <p><b>Lam.</b> <i>perfectum ego hoc dabo negotium</i></p> <p><b>Pha.</b> <i>Deos teque spero./</i></p> <p><b>Lam.</b> <i>Eosdem ego, uti abeas domum.</i></p>	<p><b>Pha.</b> What do you want me to do now?</p> <p><b>Lam.</b> Go inside and take heart [...]</p> <p><b>Phan.</b> Lampadio, please take care of it.</p> <p><b>Lam.</b> I'll sort this business out properly.</p> <p><b>Phan.</b> I put my hope in the gods and you.</p> <p><b>Lam.</b> I also put mine in them . . . that you'll go home. (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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**b) Plaut. Cist., 768—771**

<p><b>Pha.</b> <i>Quid fit, Lampadio?/</i></p> <p><b>Lam.</b> <i>Quod tuom est teneas tuom.[...]/</i></p> <p><b>Pha.</b> <i>Tibi auscultabo.</i></p>	<p><b>Pha.</b> What to do, Lampadio?</p> <p><b>Lam.</b> Keep as yours what belongs to you.[...]</p> <p><b>Pha.</b> I'll follow your advice.</p>
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	(Translation Wolfgang de Melo)
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**c) Plaut. Merc. 817—829**

<p><b>Syra</b> <i>Ecastor lege dura vivont mulieres/multoque iniquiore miserae quam viri./ nam si vir scortum duxit clam uxorem suam,/ id si rescivit uxor, impunest viro;/ uxor virum si clam domo egressa est foras,/ viro fit causa, exigitur matrimonio./ utinam lex esset eadem quae uxori est viro;/ nam uxor contenta est, quae bona est, uno viro:/ qui minus vir una uxore contentus siet? / ecastor faxim, si itidem plectantur viri, si quis clam uxorem duxerit scortum suam,/ ut illae exiguntur quae in se culpam commarent, /plures viri sint vidui quam nunc mulieres.—</i></p>	<p><b>Syra</b> Women really do live under a harsh and much unfairer law than men: if a man hires a prostitute behind his wife's back and the wife finds out about it, the husband goes unpunished. If a wife leaves the house behind her husband's back, the man thereby gets grounds to throw her out of the marriage. Would that there was the same law for the husband as for the wife: a wife who is good is content with a single husband. Why should a husband be any less content with a single wife? If husbands were to be punished in the same way if one hires a prostitute behind his wife's back just as guilty women are thrown out, I'd bet there would now be more divorced men than women. (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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**d) Plaut. Amph. 1101**

<p><b>Bro.</b> <i>Mitte istaec atque haec quae dicam accipe.</i></p>	<p><b>Bro.</b> Stop that and take in what I'm telling you. (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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**Type II Hostility**

**a) Plaut. Asin., 887—889**

<p><b>Art.</b> <i>Ille ecastor suppilabat me, quod ancillas meas/suspicabar atque insontis miseras cruciabam.</i></p>	<p><b>Art.</b> (quietly) Good god, he's the one who was robbing me! And I suspected my maids and tortured the poor creatures even though they were innocent. (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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**b) Plaut. Amph. 742**

<p><b>Alc.</b> <i>iterum iam hic in me inclementer dicit, atque id sine malo.</i></p>	<p><b>Alc.</b> He's abusing me the second time already, and without punishment. (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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**c) Plaut. Amph. 855—857**

<p><b>Sos.</b> <i>Nunc quidem praeter nos nemo est. dic mihi verum serio:/ ecquis alius Sosia intus, qui mei similis siet?/</i></p> <p><b>Alc.</b> <i>Abin hinc a me dignus domino servos?/</i></p> <p><b>Sos.</b> <i>Abeo, si iubes.</i></p>	<p><b>Sos.</b> Now there isn't anyone here apart from us. Tell me the honest truth: is there another Sosia inside, who resembles me?</p> <p><b>Alc.</b> Will you go away from me, a slave worthy of his master?</p> <p><b>Sos.</b> I'm going if you tell me to. (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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**d) Plaut. Amph. 782—783**

<p><b>Sos.</b> <i>Aut pol haec praestigiatrix multo mulier maxima est/ aut pateram hic inesse oportet.</i></p>	<p><b>Sos.</b> Either this woman is by far the greatest trickster or the bowl ought to be in here. (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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**e) Plaut. Stich., 333—334**

<p><b>Pin.</b> <i>Quid mecum est tibi?/</i></p> <p><b>Pan.</b> <i>Mein fastidis, propudiose? eloquere propere, Pinacium.</i></p>	<p><b>Pin.</b> What business have you with me?</p> <p><b>Pan.</b> Are you putting on airs with me, you shameless creature? Tell me quickly, Pinacium. (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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**f) Plaut. Stich. 361—363**

<p><b>Pan.</b> <i>Non ecastor, ut ego opinor, satis erae morem geris.</i></p> <p><b>Pin.</b> <i>Immo res omnis relictas habeo prae quod tu velis.</i></p> <p><b>Pan.</b> <i>Tum tu igitur, qua causa missus es ad portum, id expedi.</i></p>	<p><b>Pan.</b> (to Pinacium) You really aren't obeying your mistress well enough, I think.</p> <p><b>Pin.</b> On the contrary, I regard everything as of no account by comparison with what you want.</p> <p><b>Pan.</b> Then tell me about the job you were sent to the harbor for. (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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**g) Plaut. Cas. 309—341**

<p><b>OI.</b> <i>Una edepol opera in furnum calidum condito/ Atque ibi torreto me pro pane rubido,/ Era, qua istuc opera a me impetres quod postulas. [...] Quid tu me vera libertate territas?/ Quin si tu nolis filiusque etiam tuos,/ Vobis inuitis atque amborum ingratiis/ una libella liber possum fieri./</i></p> <p><b>Ly.</b> <i>Quid istuc est? quicum litigas, Olympio?/</i></p> <p><b>OI.</b> <i>Cum eadem qua tu semper./</i></p> <p><b>Lys.</b> <i>Cum uxore mea?/</i></p> <p><b>OI.</b> <i>Quam tu mi uxorem? quasi venator tu quidem es:/ Dies atque noctes cum cane aetatem exigis./</i></p> <p><b>Lys.</b> <i>Quid agit? quid loquitur tecum? /</i></p> <p><b>OI.</b> <i>Orat obsecrat, ne Casinam uxorem ducam. [...] Negavi enim ipsi me</i></p>	<p><b>OI.</b> (into the house) You could as soon put me in a hot oven and bake me as dark bread, my mistress, as obtain from me what you ask. [...] (still into the house) Why are you threatening me with your talk about my freedom, mistress? Even if you and also your son don't want it, I can become free for a farthing against your wishes and against the will of both of you.</p> <p><b>Lys.</b> What's that? Who are you arguing with, Olympio?</p> <p><b>OI.</b> With the same woman you are always arguing with.</p> <p><b>Lys.</b> With my wife?</p>
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<p><i>concessurum lovi,/ Si is mecum oraret. [...]</i>  <i>Nunc in fermento totast: ita turget mihi./ [...]</i>  <i>Verum edepol tua mihi odiosast amatio:/</i>  <i>Inimica est tua uxor mihi, inimicus filius,/</i>  <i>Inimici familiares</i></p>	<p><b>OI.</b> What wife are you talking about? You're like a hunter: day and night you spend your life with a bitch.</p> <p><b>Lys.</b> What's she doing, what's she talking about with you?</p> <p><b>OI.</b> She begs and entreats me not to marry Casina. [...] Well, I told her I wouldn't give in to Jupiter himself, if he were to plead with me. [...] Now she's all in a seething rage, to judge from the way she's swelling with anger at me. [...] But your love affair is annoying me. Your wife is my enemy, your son is my enemy, the other members of the household are my enemies.</p> <p>(Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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### Type III Alliance

#### a) Plaut. Cas. 144—160

<p><b>Cleo.</b> <i>Obsignate cellas, referte anulum ad me:/ Ego huc transeo in proximum ad meam vicinam./ Vir siquid uolet me, facite hinc accersatis./</i></p> <p><b>Par.</b> <i>Prandium iusserat senex sibi parari./</i></p> <p><b>Cleo.</b> <i>St, tace atque abi: neque paro neque hodie coquetur:/ Quando is mi et filio advorsatur suo/ Animi amorisque causa sui,/ Flagitium illud hominis. Ego illum fame, ego illum siti,/ Maledictis malefactis amatorem ulciscar./ Ego pol illum probe incommodis dictis angam:/ Faciam, uti proinde ut est dignus uitam colat,/ Acheruntis pabulum,/ Flagiti persequentem,/ Stabulum nequitiae./ Nunc huc meas fortunas eo questum ad vicinam.</i></p>	<p><b>Cleo.</b> [...] Seal the pantries and return the ring to me. I'm going next door here to my neighbor. If my husband wants anything from me, do fetch me from here. [...]</p> <p><b>Par.</b> The old master had ordered that lunch should be prepared for him.</p> <p><b>Cleo.</b> Hush! Be quiet and be off. [...] I'm not preparing any and it won't be cooked today since he's opposing me and his son for the sake of his pleasure and love, that disgrace of a man! I'll take revenge on that lover with hunger, with thirst, with harsh words, and with harsh treatment, I'll torture him thoroughly with uncomfortable words, I'll make sure he leads the life he deserves, this fodder for the Underworld, seeker of disgrace, heap of infamy.</p> <p>(Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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#### b) Plaut. Asin. 868

<p><i>Quin tu illum iubes ancillas rapere sublimen domum?</i></p>	<p>Why don't you order your maids to pick him up and drag him home?</p> <p>(Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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#### c) Plaut. Asin. 84—87

<p><b>Lib.</b> <i>Cupis id quod cupere te nequiquam intellego./ dotalem servom Sauream uxor</i></p>	<p><b>Lib.</b> You're desiring something that I can see you're desiring in vain. Your wife brought the</p>
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<p><i>tua / adduxit, cui plus in manu sit quam tibi./</i>  <b>Dem.</b> <i>Argentum accepi, dote imperium vendidi.</i></p>	<p>slave Saurea as part of her dowry; even he might well have more in his pocket than you.  <b>Dem.</b> (bitterly) I took the money and sold my authority for the dowry.  (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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**d) Plaut. Cas. 403—409**

<p><b>Lys.</b> <i>Percide os tu illi odio: age, ecquid fit?/</i>  <i>Cave obiexis manum./</i>  <b>Ol.</b> <i>Compressan palma an porrecta ferio?</i>  <b>Lys.</b> <i>Age ut vis./</i>  <b>Ol.</b> <i>Em tibi./</i>  <b>Cle.</b> <i>Quid tibi istunc tactiost?/</i>  <b>Ol.</b> <i>Quia Iuppiter iussit meus./</i>  <b>Cle.</b> <i>Feri malam ut ille rursum. /</i>  <b>Ol.</b> <i>Perii: pugnis caedor, Iuppiter./</i>  <b>Lys.</b> <i>Quid tibi tactio hunc fuit? /</i>  <b>Chal.</b> <i>Quia iussit haec Iuno mea./</i>  <b>Lys.</b> <i>Patiundumst, siquidem me vivo mea uxor imperium exhibet.</i></p>	<p><b>Lys.</b> (to Olympio) Hit the face of this tedious creature. Go on, are you doing anything? (to Chalinus) Don't raise your hand.  <b>Ol.</b> Should I hit him with my fist or with the flat of my hand?  <b>Lys.</b> Do as you wish.  <b>Ol.</b> (punching Chalinus) Take that!  <b>Cleo.</b> What did you touch him for?  <b>Ol.</b> My Jupiter told me to.  <b>Cleo.</b> (to Chalinus) Hit his cheek in return, like him. (he obeys)  <b>Ol.</b> I'm dead! I'm being hit with fists, Jupiter.  <b>Lys.</b> (to Chalinus) What did you touch him for?  <b>Chal.</b> My Juno told me to.  <b>Lys.</b> I have to bear it if my wife is in command while I'm alive.  (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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**e) Plaut. Cas. 950—968**

<p><b>Lys.</b> <i>uapulo hercle ego inuitus tamen etsi malum merui. hac dabo protinam &lt;me&gt; et fugiam.</i>  <b>Chal.</b> <i>heus! sta ilico, amator.</i>  <b>Lys.</b> <i>occidi! reuocor: quasi non audiam, abibo.</i>  <b>Chal.</b> <i>ubi tu es, qui colere mores Massiliensis postulas? nunc tu si uis subigitare me, proba est occasio. 965redi sis in cubiculum; periisti hercle. age, accede huc modo. nunc ego tecum aequom arbitrum extra considium captauero.</i>  <b>Lys.</b> <i>hac iter faciundum est, nam illac lumbifragium est obuiam perii! fusti defloccabit iam illic homo lumbos meos.</i></p>	<p><b>Lys.</b> I'm getting a beating, against my will, even though I've deserved a thrashing. I'll run off this way and flee. [...]  <b>Chal.</b> Hey there! Lover, stop where you are.  <b>Lys.</b> It's over with me! I'm being called back; I'll go away as if I didn't hear.  <b>Chal.</b> Where are you, you who wish to follow the customs of Marseille? If you want to get me into bed now, you have a decent opportunity. Come back to the bedroom, will you? You're dead. Go on, just come here. Now I'll get a fair umpire with you, outside the regular bench of judges. (raises Lysidamus' walking stick)  <b>Lys.</b> I'm dead! He'll smash my loins with his club now. I have to turn this way: that way a loin wreck is facing me.  (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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**f) Plaut. Cas. 642—645**

<p><i>Lys. in malam a me crucem./ Pectus auris caput teque di perduint./Nam nisi ex te scio quicquid hoc est cito, hoc/ lam tibi istuc cerebrum dispercutiam, excetra tu,/ Ludibrio, pessuma, adhuc quae me habuisti.</i></p>	<p><b>Lys.</b> Get away from me and get hanged! May the gods destroy you, breast, ears, and head! Unless you tell me quickly what this is all about, I'll smash your brains to pieces with this here (holds up his walking stick) this instant, you serpent. You've been making a fool of me all this while, you wicked woman! (Translation Wolfgang de Melo)</p>
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### Cato the Elder on the *servus recepticius*

#### **Aulus Gellius 17,6, 1—7.**

<p><i>M. Cato Voconiam legem suadens verbis hisce usus est: "Principio vobis mulier magnam dotem adtulit; tum magnam pecuniam recipit, quam in viri potestatem non conmittit, eam pecuniam viro mutuam dat; postea, ubi irata facta est, servum recepticium sectari atque flagitare virum iubet. [...] Libri statim quaesiti allatique sunt Verrii Flacci De Obscuris Catonis. In libro secundo scriptum et inventum est, "repticium servum" dici nequam et nulli pretii, qui, cum venum esset datus, redhibitus ob aliquod vitium receptusque sit. "Propterea," inquit, "servus eiusmodi sectari maritum et flagitare pecuniam iubebatur, ut eo ipso dolor maior et contumelia gravior viro fieret, quod eum servus nihili petendae pecuniae causa conpellaret.[...] quando mulier dotem marito dabat, tum quae ex suis bonis retinebat neque ad virum tramittebat, ea "recipere" dicebatur, sicuti nunc quoque in venditionibus "recipi" dicuntur, quae excipiuntur neque veneunt.</i></p>	<p>"Marcus Cato, when recommending the Voconian law, spoke as follows: "In the beginning the woman brought you a great dowry; then she holds back a large sum of money, which she does not entrust to the control of her husband, but lends it to her husband. Later, becoming angry with him, she orders a <i>servus recepticius</i>, or 'slave of her own,' to hound him and demand the money. [...] "In the second book was found the statement that <i>servus recepticius</i> was the name applied to a slave that was worthless and of no value, who, after being sold, was returned because of some fault and taken back. "Therefore," says Flaccus, "a slave of that kind was bidden to hound her husband and demand the money, in order that the man's vexation might be greater, and the insult put upon him still more bitter, for the very reason that a worthless slave dunned him for the payment of money. [...]gave the dowry to her husband, what she retained of her property and did not give over to her husband she was said to "hold back" (<i>recipere</i>), just as now also at sales those things are said to be "held back" which are set aside and not sold. [When the woman (Translation John C. Rolfe)</p>
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