

UNCLE MAROJE

Published by
SUMMER FESTIVAL DUBROVNIK

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Printed:
»Vjesnik«, Zagreb, 1967.

A Comedy in Five Acts
by Marin Držić

English translation
by
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Marin Držić
UNCLE MAROJE

Characters:

LONG NOSE, the magician (in the prologue)	Tonko Lonza
UNCLE MAROJE a rich Dubrovnik Merchant	Izet Hajdarhodžić
MARO MAROJEV, his son	Zorko Rajčić
BOKČILO servant and innkeeper to Uncle Maroje	Miše Martinović
POPIVA servant to Maro	Ante Dulčić
PERA Maro's betrothed, dressed up as a boy	Ksenija Hajdarhodžić
DŽIVO cousin to Pera	Nikola Car
PERA'S NURSE	Jelica Lovrić-Vlajki
LAURA a Roman courtesan, formerly Manda of Korčula	Zdenka Heršak
PETRUNJELA Laura's maid, formerly Milica of Dubrovnik	Jagoda Antunac-Katić
UGO a rich German	Ivo Kadić
POMET BANQUET servant to Ugo, given this nickname because of his great enjoyment of good food	Pero Kvirgić
TRIPCETA a humanist from Kotor, full of book learning	Ivica Katić
DŽIVULIN of LOPUD	Ljubomir Kapor
NIKO	Ivica Vidović
PIJERO Three young men of Dubrovnik	Richard Simonelli
VLAHO	Davor Borčić

MAZIJA postman and a Moslem from Bosnia	Ante Vican
PAVAO NOVOBRDJANIN friend of Uncle Maroje from the highlands	Uroš Kravljaja
GRUBISA Pavao's son	Fahro Konjho- džić
GULISAV a Croat from the north	Jozo Lepetić
SADI, the JEW	Špiro Guberina
KAMILO a Roman	Zlatko Crnković
CAPTAIN of the watch	Dragan Milivo- jević
THREE ROMAN INNKEEPERS	Josip Marotti, Branko Bonacci, Glauco Verdirosi

This translation is a slightly cut but otherwise unchanged version of the original. It corresponds to the play as produced by *Kosta Spaić* at the Dubrovnik Summer Festival of 1967, on the four hundred years anniversary of Držić's death

Directed by: Kosta Spaić
 Artistic assistant to the director: Davor Šošić
 Assistant director: Izet Hajdarhodžić
 Costumes designed by: Inge Kostinčer
 The Square adapted for the play by: Zvonko Šuler
 Linguistic adviser: Miše Martinović
 Musical assistant: Bogdan Gagić

DUBROVNIK SUMMER FESTIVAL

Director
 Fani Muhoberac
 Artistic director of drama programme
 Kosta Spaić

UNCLE MAROJE

LONG NOSE, THE MAGICIAN, SPEAKS:

I, Long Nose, Magician from the Great Indes, bid a good day, a quiet night, and fruitful year to the illustrious nobles of Dubrovnik, and I salute this ancient people: — men — women, old — young, high and low, people who, living ever at peace¹, look only from afar upon war, that pestilence of human nature. I, as you may well remember, three years ago, travelling round the world, was by good fortune brought to your honourable city and did give you then some proofs of my magic powers. I doubt you have forgotten how this Square², where now you sit, I did before your eyes, you being on it, in a moment turn upon its side; nor how I did transform it into a green wood affording you delight. But before I show you further of my magic, I would reveal a secret to you, a secret worthy of you noble people of Dubrovnik. You must know, when three years past I left you here, I straightway went to The Indes, opened my books of magic and, what would you? — in a moment beheld before my eyes The Ancient Indes!

There found I the true life, happy and sweet spring weather undisturbed by winter's cold, roses and varied flowers unshrivelled by the burning summer heat, and the sun of the east leading the quiet day from dawn to evening and from eve to dawn; the bright Daystar there

¹ »Living in peace« is an allusion to the special skill of Dubrovnik diplomacy which had preserved the Republic in peace for centuries.

² Držić had intended this play, written for the carneval season of 1551, to be performed on the great square in front of the Rector's Palace. It seems, in fact, to have been performed in the City Hall most likely because of bad weather.

hides not herself as here she does, but shows her shining face on the white window at all times; and dawn breaks in red and white roses and departs not from eyes of the beloved watching; while the sweet music of myriad birds on all sides creates everlasting joyousness. And there there is no »mine« and »thine« for all is everyones. The people inhabiting that land are gentle people, quiet people, wise and reasonable people. Nature, that blessed them with intelligence blessed them too with beauty, all are nobly fashioned, untroubled by envy, with no greed among them, they look out frankly, they do not mask their hearts but mirror them in their eyes that all should see their thoughts; and, that I may not tire you with my telling, these people are those we may call true people.

But that you may understand me better, I would tell you all that I did see. In those far off parts I did behold very many manikins of stone, shaped like monkeys, parrots, giraffes and owls, people with heron legs and frog bodies, jesters, gluttons, actors, the dregs of human kind. I asked what these were, what such ugliness could mean. They told me that magicians, like me, of olden times, coming to those parts to practice their magic arts and bringing with them divers kinds of goods to exchange for gold, brought, among other things, giraffes, manikins and owls of wood, shaped like parrots, monkeys, frogs, asses and goats and all possible kinds.

Then the women of those parts — who just like ours have slower wits than men — looking upon these figures began to laugh and say — »How amusing if they could walk and talk«. Whereon the magicians, greedy for gold, breathed life into the giraffes, owls and manikins into those shapes like parrots, monkeys, frogs, asses, goats and things like that.

And to end my tale, these parrot, monkey, frog, giraffe and owl shapes and those resembling goats, in short these would-be people, began to multiply and went among the women of the true people, from which there came to be a greater number of would-be people than of true people. And these would-be people had great skill

in plotting to take power from the true people, which, when the true people saw, they took to arms and drove away all the would-be people until not one was left in these parts.

Then the would-be people, together with the magicians, came to these parts of ours, and the cursed seed of the would-be people — finding lodging in this our world — began to wage war with the true people for domination. Sometimes the would-be people won, sometimes the true. And so it is even today that the true people are the real people and the lords, and the would-be people only would be people and shall always be suppressed.

And now, my respected nobles, you ancient people of fair blood, I shall show you something of my magic, and let the true people speak, and let the would-be people by their speech full of envy, disclose themselves. The secret that I have told you no one until now did hear.

Now, shall I in a moment, here before your eyes, show to you Rome, and in this Rome that you will see before you as you sit, a comedy will be presented. That I may not prey upon your patience with my talking the Prologue will now step forth and tell you what is to come. Only one more thing shall I say to you. It will afford you greater pleasure that now you know what beginning had and where from came would-be people, worthless people, than will the comedy you are about to witness. And the comedy will disclose to you who are the would-be people, and who the quiet people of good understanding, the true people. Enough, I am at your command, put now your wits into the comedy.

PROLOGUE

Noble and gracious gathering, folk ancient and wise, I see how with ears intent and eyes filled with curiosity you stand in expectation of hearing and seeing this evening some fair thing; and I believe, if I do not deceive myself, that you think and hope some truly excellent thing to behold, but truly excellent things have not in these parts until now been performed! And could they be, not even we who are named the Pomet Company¹ have artistry great enough to perform in a way worthy of such a fair and noble gathering as this company here present. But though the comedy may not be so fair and good yet these women are fair who will behold it and you are good who will hearken to it. The comedy will take place in Rome which you will behold from Dubrovnik. Seems not this, Ladies, a little miracle to behold Rome from Dubrovnik? And should the scene be not fair we will blame this upon the weather which removed our architect; and if you do not like the play you will surely like Uncle Maroje, Pomet, Grubiša and the rest. And think not that much labour, oil, books and ink were expended upon this comedy. Six of our Pomet Company have within six days put it together. We do not promise you great things, neither can we promise them. We are not such that we can either promise or perform so much; human legs cannot reach so high.

¹ The Pomet Company seems to have been the most important actors' company in Dubrovnik at that time. It got its name from an earlier comedy of Držić's called *Pomet* which has never been found. *Uncle Maroje* was a sequel to *Pomet* and contains many of the same characters but the scene of the earlier play was in Dubrovnik not in Rome.

But here am I so soon wearying you with my fulsome speech. In two words you shall hear the argument of the comedy *Uncle Maroje*. How Uncle Maroje gave to his son, Maro, five thousand ducats, and sent him on a journey to Ancona, and he from Ancona went not on to Florence but to Rome with his ducats and there did spend them, whereupon Uncle Maroje hearing this, as though run mad the old man went too to Rome with his taverner Bokčilo. What followed next the play will tell you. Other things will happen: Pera, Maro's betrothed hearing of Maro's dissolute behaviour, loving him with her whole heart, and fearing to lose him, in despair goes to Rome with her old nurse, and on the journey disguises herself as a boy and pretends to be servant to her cousin Dživo — what then occurs the comedy will show you. And more I will not say, but will beg you with kindness in your hearts to listen and see, for if you grow to liking us then we and our things will be dear to you, but if otherwise even a fair comedy will seem to you ugly which will be not the play's fault but your own. But you who are good will not be able to do other than to think and speak good, and we will have naught to do with those who are bad for we care little whether they like us or not. And we will send our magician to disentangle matters with them, and may our house be far and far away from such dirty faces as theirs. But here is Uncle Maroje, put all your wits now into this our play. And Good-bye.

ACT I

MAROJE Alas! Alas! That this should be the fate of my old age, to have to chase after a scoundrel son, — a robber. 'Tis like to try and fish gold from the sea, or draw up wealth from some unbottomed pit. Five thousand ducats gave I to my son, as though I'd set a wolf to guard my flock.

BOKČILO Ah, me, what time is this to be from Town!¹

MAROJE I told thee Bokčilo, hold thy complaints, they suit not with my sorrow. Thou mockest me, thou drunkard.

BOKČILO Drunken me! Thy purse knows best the state my belly's in.

MAROJE Did I not buy for thee this day a whole half jug of wine?

BOKČILO Ay, that thou didst, filled me to very full! Since I left Town I've not shit once, have had naught to shit with on thy victuals. A whole half jug of wine he bought for me! Alas, poor me, alas!

MAROJE Unhappy Maroje, miserable Maroje! My son my ducats takes and he my life.

BOKČILO God knows who whom is killing, and which will die first. My soul is faint from hunger and from thirst; feed Bokčilo with thy troubles wouldst thou? Crying for ducats and ducats rusting in thy chests. What good are ducats and thou knowst not to eat with them? Crying because his son has spent what's his. What's money for but to drink, eat and to feast.

MAROJE Has spent what's his thou sayest, drunkard, what's his he's spent!? Oh, oh this pierces me unto the very quick!

BOKČILO Pierces him. Ay, naught pierces deep as truth.

TRIPČETA *Che ha questo pover omo?*²

BOKČILO Misser, in pain; *fiol spenzuto denari, doglia!*³

TRIPČETA By St. Trypho, you are countrymen!

BOKČILO God help thee, Master! *De Ragusa!*⁴ We too are from there!

¹ The Dubrovnik people still today call their city simply Town, as they did in Držić's day.

² What's wrong with that wretched man?

³ His son has spent his money, misfortune. Bokčilo speaks a mixture of Croatian and Italian.

⁴ From Dubrovnik.

MAROJE Bokčilo, come here! Master, he was in error.

TRIPČETA Thou knowest how it is? Tell him beware that devil in himself.

MAROJE I would for love of me thou wouldst pardon him. Bokčilo, come here. Beg this man for pardon.

BOKČILO Where's there a bottle? Without a bottle we can make no peace.

MAROJE Bokčilo here, anon there'll be a bottle.

BOKČILO Good man, forgive me.

TRIPČETA I do forgive thee, but another time be wiser for my anger, like a thunderbolt, generates light and heat. I take thee now as brother. Since thou hast owned thy wrong.

BOKČILO I, cap in hand, as to elder and better!

TRIPČETA I would have thee see my house this day, and estimate my wine.

BOKČILO Wine, wine!

MAROJE Go, Bokčilo, stand aside once more and come not till I call thee.

BOKČILO At your command, though it be drinking time.

MAROJE We'll go into the tavern presently.

BOKČILO Oh, Lord, that we may.

MAROJE Now once more to my sorrows.

TRIPČETA *Nu, caro misser mio, seguitate.*¹

MAROJE 'Tis as I said, I betrothed him, then gave into his hands five thousand ducats, sent him to Ancona to journey on to Florence and there dress his gold in fabrics, on his return would send him on to Sophia. Had he in this done well I would have given all into his hands. Ah, the libertine! He from Ancona went

¹ Go on, dear sir.

on, but not to Florence went he, but to Rome, this city of delights. Who among such luxury could remain unscathed? They say that all his money goes on whores, and I have come to see what I can save.

TRIPČETA Do I perhaps know him here in Rome? What is his name?

MAROJE Maro is he called.

TRIPČETA Maro, — *amaro*¹ truly for thee bitter, though sweet to some courtesan in Rome.

MAROJE Ah, 'tis why I do bewail!

BOKČILO Have you done with your whispering? Whispering lost Bosnia². Master, I die of hunger, make an end!

MAROJE Bokčilo, thou wretch, wait but a little longer, we'll be with thee.

BOKČILO Thank the Lord for that.

TRIPČETA I know here a countryman of yours, from Dubrovnik, a pearl of a gentleman, all in velvet with gold chains around his neck, truly lordly. His name is Signor Marin. 'Tis said his father, Maroje by name is 'mong the richest men in Dubrovnik.

MAROJE Of what age is he?

TRIPČETA A youth of about one and twenty.

MAROJE How long in Rome?

TRIPČETA Some three years, *misser mio*.

MAROJE That's him, that's him! »Signor Marina! — They call him that already! That's my son!

TRIPČETA Here is his Signora. Over there she lives, his mistress. There wilt thou find him, lover of Rome's first courtesan.

MAROJE My soul presages ill.

¹ A play on Maro's name and the Italian word *amaro* which means bitter.

² An old proverb meaning Bosnia was lost through conspiracy.

BOKČILO Master, what's to do?

MAROJE Ill Bokčilo, very ill.

TRIPČETA Master, and it suits thee, let us go into this inn.

BOKČILO May the Lord bless thee.

TRIPČETA Master, thou must know here are three inns. One has the sign *Miseria*...

INNKEEPER *Ecco mi qua.*¹

TRIPČETA ... which you would call Avarice, this one here...

INNKEEPER *Alla Sciocchezza.*

TRIPČETA ... is the Folly called, and over there, where Plenty feasts on hams and sausages is The Good Life.

INNKEEPER *Vi bacio le mani...*²

BOKČILO Signor, master, lord, king, lead us where the wine's best.

TRIPČETA Of course the best wine's at The Folly, And thou, Signor, from there canst watch thy business.

MAROJE Where lodge those from Dubrovnik?

TRIPČETA Where but at The Avarice. Though some be sometimes found at The Good Life. Signor Marin, thy son, at once did lodge there.

MAROJE My son! My sons are not signors! He lodged at The Good Life then I'll to The Folly... for folly was to let my dinars go.

SECOND INN KEEPER *Alla Sciocchezza, al segno della Sciocchezza bon vin, bone starne, bon capponi, galline, salciotti da Bologna, bon pan sopra tutto. Nasa un poco, signor, che color.*³

¹ Here I am.

² Kiss the hand.

³ At The Folly, at the Sing of Folly here is good wine, good grouse, capons, chickens, Bologna sausages and wonderful bread. Only smell, Sir, can there be better?

BOKČILO Signor, master, let us try the wine.

FIRST INN KEEPER Good heroes of Schiavonia, good wine, by God.

THIRD INNKEEPER *Alloggiate qua da me alla grassezza: vi daro un antipasto, aguazzetto alla tedesca, che vi morderete le dita, vin da Corsica e Claretto di Francia, vitella di latte, fagiani, pavoni et cio che poteti domandar con lingua.*¹

SECOND INNKEEPER *Signor, costui vi dara cose grandi, ma la vostra borsa poi sentira; vi mettera a conto poi fina alli stecchi con che vi netterete i denti. Porco.*²

MAROJE Where gentle folk and signors lodge a poor man may not stay. Here may Signor Marin lodge.

FIRST INNKEEPER Kom here! Small money, mush eat as belly hold.

BOKČILO Let us go, Sir, where they talk like Christians, where they understand us.

MAROJE Quiet Bokčilo, go in.

BOKČILO I agree.

MAROJE What is your name, Signor?

TRIPČETA My name is Tripčeta, at your service.

MAROJE Tripe, Tripeta. Stay with us today, do not leave us, I have great need of thee. Without thee I will not find my bearings here in Rome.

TRIPČETA And I can serve you I am at your command.

UGO Pomet!

POMET Signor.

UGO *Questa signora, tanto crudele al suo serfitor. Mi star sempre tuo serfitor; dinari, vita tuo comando,*

¹ Come to my inn Signors, to The Good Life, I'll give you antipasto, German stye, stew that will make you lick your fingers, Corsican wine, French claret, tender veal, pheasant, peacock, whatever you may want.
² Signor he will serve you wonders and your purse will know it. He even charges the tooth picks you clean your teeth with.

*crudel signora! (Music) Fenga 'l cancar chi ti foler piu ben. Mi foler ben a un pietra; per Dio, matar chi non foler ben a mi. Noch einnal — Musik!*¹

MAROJE That is not my son.

TRIPČETA I am short sighted, it would seem to me it is.

MAROJE My spirits do recover!

POMET Signor Laura. I remember well when thou in Kotor wast called Manda — *non tanta superbia*².

LAURA Che rumori, Petrunjela?³

POMET Now speak'st thou Tuscan, but we are ours⁴ — will we or will we not. And likely the same weather will not last forever; after sweet summer bitter winter comes, and the flower of thy proud beauty could yet the pox down.

UGO *Mi tanto amer, questa crutele, e ella a me foler tanto mal!*⁵

LAURA How now Pomet! Have I not told thee not to bring that German to my door?

POMET Ah, Signora Laura, thou know'st not thy own fortune This German is the richest of all Germans here in Rome, and he is mad for thee. In courtship no freer lordling is than he. I understand not thy temper, others set at him, thou fliest in the face of thy own fortune.

UGO *Ah, cruter queste lacrime non mover tuo cor, cor, pietra non cor!*⁶

¹ That lady is so cruel to me, to her servant. I am forever your servant, my money and my life are at your command. May the plague take him who loves you more. I love a stone. I will kill anyone who does not love me. Music again.

² So don't be so superior now.

³ What are you muttering.

⁴ *To su naši* — (those are ours), is still used by Yugoslavs if they see each other abroad or in company of mixed nationality.

⁵ I love that cruel lady so much, and she wishes me only ill.

⁶ Cruel one, these tears cannot move thy heart, it is a stone, not a heart.

LAURA *Dico, andate con Dio, non vo piu ascoltar le vostre ciance.*¹

POMET Our thanks. There have been other ladies here in Rome, high up as thee, who higher up they were the lower fell.

POMET *Signor Ugo, che tanta desperation pigliar? Star allegro, di bona voglia! Andiamoa far trink, la signora poi voler ben.*²

UGO *Antamo, fer Dio, Bever malvagia e fuggie dolor de cor. Segnora, foler non foler, mi stav vostro serfitor. Musik... Signora...*³

POPIVA *Pomet, Signor Pomet, bagio la man a vostra signoria!*⁴ The once great Pomet, now so little shrunk. Signora Laura will none of thy sweet words, nor cares she for thy rascally German. 'Tis necklaces she wants, and gold and jewels. Seest thou this golden chain? This necklace? And this pendant? They cost 300 ducats, and are a present from my master, Maro Marojev, to Signora Laura.

DUNDO MAROJE (from the inn) Maro Marojev, Bokčilo, didst thou hear?

BOKČILO I heard him, master, thanks be to the Virgin I hear our own tongue spoken.

POMET I see you must be nobles, kings, that can afford all at once presents worth 300 ducats. Where art thou, Uncle Maroje? Couldst thou but see how the ducats that thou sweatedst for are spent!

MAROJE Oh, *l'e fatta!*⁵ Bokčilo didst hear that?

POMET Someone up there is being stuck.

¹ Get away with you, I'll not listen any more to your stupidities

² Master Ugo, why such a desperation? Cheer up. Let us go and drink, The Signora will love you yet.

³ By God, let us go and drink malvasia and drive sorrow from our hearts. Madame, whether you wish it or not, I am your servant... music... Signora...

⁴ I kiss your gentlemanly hand.

⁵ This is the end.

MARO Popiva, why art thou back?

POPIVA Go'st thou not to sup with Signora Laura?

MARO I do.

POPIVA What shall we buy?

MARO A ducat's worth of wine, caviar for a silver piece, a brace of pheasant and a pair of good fat capon, at my smoked meat shop buy sausage and mortadella, then go to my confectioner's, tell him to send me up hot marzipan.

POMET Just for stomach's comfort, when the main meal is done¹

POPIVA Does thy mouth water Pomet? — All will be ordered, Signor.

MARO Wait not dinner for me, I shall dine with the Signora.

POPIVA I will not.

POMET The true and lordly life. I wonder, Signor Marin, how thou'lt make out in Dubrovnik with a piece of meat and bowl of soup so thin thou canst see clear through it to bottom as on the Dead Sea of Lokrum in flat calm².

MAROJE Ah could I get at him I'd run him through!

MARO Pomet, let me see thee here no more, understand me sirrah!

POMET It will be as God wills. I am thy servant! — But with thy father thou hast yet to settle.

MARO Can I come up?

LAURA Thou canst.

POMET But with thy father must thou settle yet.

¹ This remark of Pomet's has special significance. Marzipan was considered such a wasteful and luxurious dish in Dubrovnik that it was forbidden to bake it.

² The Dead Sea is the name of a very shallow lake on the Island of Lokrum still there today.

UGO Pomet!

POMET Signor Ugo!

UGO *Che star tanto qua? Tin non foler beber malvagia? Mi, fer Dio, foler.*¹

POMET *Con voi, signor Ugo, andar in inferno et star ben.*²

UGO *Salutar la signora: »Son fostro servitor«*³

POMET *La signora sera vostra, che voler altro? Et andamo a trink.*⁴

UGO *Per Dio, far meglio.*⁵

MAROJE (from the inn) I'll run him through.

TRIPČETA *Misser mio caro, non si fanno le cose in furia.*⁶

MAROJE Maro, Maro. He's got away, the villain. He's hiding at that trollop's.

BOKČILO Be not so sudden, master! Sheep are driven with shouting, wolves stalked silently.

MAROJE Maro, Maro! I've reached a point where I can stand no more.

TRIPČETA Curb thy anger which thy senses addles.

MAROJE There, I have curbed it, what wouldst thou now?

TRIPČETA Let us go back into the inn.

BOKČILO Oh, blessed be the breast that thou didst suck.

MAROJE And what do then?

¹ What are you waiting for? Aren't you going in to drink Malvasia? I am by God.

² I'll be with you Signor. Even if Hugo were in hell he'd be alright.

³ Let me take leave of the lady, I am your servant Signora.

⁴ She will be yours. What else do you want? Let's go and drink.

⁵ That's the best thing.

⁶ My dear sir, do nothing in anger.

TRIPČETA Wait till the child comes from the house, and when he does so, take him by the hand and turn him from the paths of wickedness. Go quietly with him, for if thou fright him he will run from thee so fast not Giuliano Cesarini¹ with all his dogs will get him.

MAROJE Enough. Do as you think. What e'er you say is best. Let us go in again.

BOKČILO God help thee! Well debated harm is better than advantage undebated. Tripe, master, a measure of wine! Be not my death; my mouth is parched.

TRIPČETA By the Lord, I'll serve thee a jug of wine with all my heart, brother.

BOKČILO The blessed Virgin crown thee with a crown, and strew thy path with flowers and roses, ah sweet blood of Kotor.

TRIPČETA Go in brother.

BOKČILO Go thee before me as my elder and better.

TRIPČETA Leave on thy cap.²

BOKČILO Wait.

PERA Oh, Dživo mine. What a fine city, what a mighty city. I am tired out from walking down this street.

DŽIVO I think 'tis longer than is Crooked Lane.³

PERA What sayest thou Dživo! 'Tis longer than from Town to Luncijata.⁴

DŽIVO Shall I show thee St. Peter's Pera?⁵

PERA Call me not Pera, Dživo, that no one may hear and know me for a girl.

DŽIVO I will not again, it slipped out 'gainst my will.

¹ A Roman nobleman of the time famous for keeping many dogs.

² His red Dalmatian cap.

³ A street in old Dubrovnik

⁴ A hill just outside Dubrovnik, where the Church of the Annunciation (Luncijata) stands.

⁵ St. Peter's was just being built at the time Držić wrote.

PERA Call me Pero, as we did agree.

DŽIVO I will. Seest thou this street? 'Tis the street leading to St. Peter's.

PERA Is that as big as is the church of Our Lady.

DŽIVO How dost thou know how big Our Lady is?

PERA Poor Dživo, how know I? Went I not there to Mass each Christmas with my Aunt?¹ Oh, my aunt, how ill thou'lt think of me for leaving thee like this. Came such misfortune to a wretched girl to leave Town thus in search of her betrothed, she thinks is lost to her. Alas, if I should never find him more. 'Tis three full years since Maro did leave Town, and in those years he's written nor to me nor to his family one single word. Alas, what will they say of me in Town.

DŽIVO What should they say but that with me, thy full first cousin, and thy nurse, thou'st gone to thy betrothed?

PERA Alack the day I did so. I shall never more be free to show my face before my aunt who may not ev'n outlive the foolishness of my foolhardy leaving.

DŽIVO Not show thyself before her, and why not?

PERA Why not? Three hundred ducats took I from her chest for our unhappy journey. Dživo, I am a maid, I have done things no maid ever did, and my sins now do gnaw at me within. Ah me, now know I what it is to be motherless and have need of a mother. I pity every girl who has no mother!

DŽIVO Be not afraid, Pera, all yet will be well.

PERA For three days have we wandered here in Rome, and seen him not nor heard where we might find him.

DŽIVO Peace, someone comes, and it would seem 'tis one from Dubrovnik. 'Tis Dživulin, of Lopud, I once

¹ Girls in Dubrovnik led such a protected life that Pera would only have been to the main church once a year in company of her aunt.

sailed with him. Dživulin, adio! Where go'st thou at such speed?

DŽIVULIN Džuh! 'Tis thee? Ah lad, dost thou remember when I fed thee pap, and thou half dead with seasickness? What brings thee here to Rome?

DŽIVO Dživulin, we are in great need.

DŽIVULIN Is this thy brother with thee? And wouldst put him to sea to waste our biscuits? *Giuraddio*¹, if he should come, *Giuraddio, Giuraddio*. I'll have him straightway by the legs and in the sea with him like bantam cock.

PERA Sir, I'm a good sailor, thou'lt not need mix pap for me, I would be clerk on board.

DŽIVULIN A clerk!

DŽIVO Dživulin, leave that for now. Tell me, where comest thou from.

DŽIVULIN *Misser mio* but now I have come *alle curtellade*.² Met I some fellows by the way; and I alone — just as thou seest me now — with but my sword, my most faithful companion, and my shield, my defender. Ah, ha, they thought to do as they would with this viper that crawls upon the ground! I to myself did say: »You have deceived yourselves; before you have a child of the air, suckled on milk from Igalo, weaned in the crow's nest, a bird without wings, a seagull, a child of the wind«. *Giuraddio* They thought cheaply to rid themselves of me. They attacked, I stood still, put up my shield before me. Whoreson, are you there? Struck blindly, let the blows fall where they would. Struck to one side — hit out on the other, my blow fell upon empty air, I lost my balance. Looked out from behind my shield, no one there before me! There in the distance saw somebody running. Called out »Get you gone, *Giuraddio*, I would not share that which I meted you«.

¹ By God.

² From a swordfight.

DŽIVO Those were some sort of robbers. Hast thou come now from Town?

DŽIVULIN From Lopud, *son de isula de Mezzo*¹. An islander I am and such will live and die. One of your brokers paid me the journey to Ancona.

DŽIVO And who come with you?

DŽIVULIN Some old man who's lost his son and lost his ducats with him.

DŽIVO What's his name?

DŽIVULIN Maroje.

DŽIVO And his son's?

DŽIVULIN Maro.

DŽIVO Came he alone?

DŽIVULIN Brought a servant of some kind with him — ev'n the mass wine drank.

DŽIVO Where go'st thou now?

DŽIVULIN I am vowed to fare to St. Peter's, and go there for indulgence. Then will I to the inns to seek that broker and get my money from him.

DŽIVO Dživulin, I beg thee, when thou hast finished what thou hast to do to meet us by these inns.

DŽIVULIN *Bonora, bonora*¹.

PERA Oh, Master Maroje has come. Should he discover that I am here too ah then misfortune indeed has fallen on my head.

DŽIVO He has come, has he? Well, who knows what's for best. Come Pera, we cannot sleep here.

PERA Alas poor Dživo, my honour, life and death now lie within thy hand and God's. I see I have done wrong.

DŽIVO Be not afraid, Pera. Commend thyself to God and let us go. I know what I must do.

¹ From the island of Lopud.

PERA What wilt thou do, dear Dživo? Tell me what.

DŽIVO Let us go, I'll tell thee, let us go.

ACT II

POMET My German and I at table sat and such a platter of roast capon they did bring us. What a capon it look'd to be a goose. Such a capon have I ne'er clapped eyes on, was it broiled or roasted, so golden and juicy and crisp. I could not take my eyes from it. Heart and appetite together swelled. And flanking it a brace of plump partridge, dewy with their own juices. The platter garnished at either end with tender roast veal. Seeming to cry out »eat me, eat me«, and half a rump of hare with bacon, all stuck with cloves, the very smell of which delights the heart, ah sweet spring. And all around the platter's edge blackbirds, sweet blackbirds, *turdus inter avibus*¹, who seemed they had joined hands around the dish and would in verse begin to sing »Oh, ye blessed take!« The very contemplation of these delights drove me to ecstasy.

Then my German, he sighs, and sighs again, and calls me »Pomet!« I return to earth »Signor patron, comanda! «He says »*Pometo! mi star mal*« — »*Mi morir, se non aver la signora; Tu mangiar presto, antar la signora, prometter ducati mille do milla.*² His words killed me. I could not tear myself from the table. I broke the wing off the capon and put it before him, took off the other for myself, tasted the partridge — how I would have delved a little into the secret parts of that delicious capon (whoreson cook what a dish didst thou make of that capon). Then Ugo begins to plead with me »Pomet, antar!³ and I with

¹ Pomet's Latin is seldom correct, it should be *turdus inter aves*, a thrush among birds.

² I am ill, I shall die if I cannot have the Signora, I am so melancholy that I cannot eat. Eat quickly, go to her and offer her a thousand, two thousand ducats.

³ Go

great gallantry »Antar«, I went, I left that heaven on earth, he wrenched me from those delicacies which might satisfy all cravings.

But we must adapt ourselves to the times; he who would rule in this world must be a virtuoso. He who knows how to conduct himself is a king among men. 'Tis not having money, for I've seen many with it yet suppressed; 'tis not being learned for many of that company become somewhat fantastical; 'tis not being a hero, sword in hand, for they are often killed or fill the prisons; 'tis not being a poet nor writing comedies, plough to the hand of all, servant called to everybody's wedding, and getting no thanks but rather »'tis worthless, off with you!«; thus making enemies. Nor is it being a musician, forced to sing by others when he would rather cry.

It needs patience to ride out the bad times and enjoy the good. Those are they who rule. And my pampered stomach deserves my faithful service. I have learned all my art of gallantry for his sake, he never lets me down at a good meal; he is always ready and will take anything.

But I have slipped to philosophizing, who have today great affairs before me, deeds worthy even of me, of Pomet. I must squeeze out Popiva and his master from the house of Signora Laura. Dinars must strew widespread. And here's come Signor Maro's father, Uncle Maroje, to Rome to see what he can salvage from Maro's shipwreck, though all's to the devil gone already. Out with the moneyless wretches! Kings go with ducats: *fate largo*!. I am set to do things in Rome that not Caesar, not Sulla, nor Marius did do. I am to be victorious over my enemies, *triumfus caesarinus*!²

But quiet, someone from the Signora's house comes by: Tis Petrunjela. Twas just her I waited.

¹ Bow down!

² A Caesar's triumph

PETRUNJELA Who is that over there? Marry, how hard he fastens his eyes on me, as though drawn to me! but let him! I'd say he was my countyman; the same blood's in us.

POMET Petre, Petrunjela!

PETRUNJELA 'Tis Pomet, by the Holy Virgin, Pomet.

POMET Little Petrunjela, pretty countrywoman!

PETRUNJELA Pomet, thou wretch, why dost thou hang round here? My lady will have none of you. She sees naught but her joyful Maro, will have no other in the house.

POMET As she is gone upon poor little Maro, so I on my poor little Petrunjela.

PETRUNJELA On thy Petrunjela? As yet I have myself to no one sold.

POMET Then give thyself to me, for thou'lt be mine, and I as return will give to thee myself and all my things. Since I am after dinner and have drunk a little thou seem'st even sweeter. Ah, how soft thou art!

PETRUNJELA Temptation, stand over there, away from me, and let me be. Get thee gone to thy mistresses, the Roman ladies; I'm a Dubrovnik serving-maid.

POMET But, by the Lord, none but thee will e'er my mistress be, and so it please thee little Petrunjela, my pretty partridge.

PETRUNJELA

I'd come said she,
but night it be;
my shoes are off,
and clogs I've not,
if barefoot go,
then thorns prick so;
I am not thine,
For I'm all mine;
and as thou camest,
so thou canst go.

That's the prayer my dead aunt taught to me, and now, good-bye; I can stay with thee no longer. My lady sent me to call Sadi, the Jew, to her to bring a cap of cloth of gold, and a necklace of pearls she thinks to have. Whate'er she fancies Maro buys for her, and she is mad for love of him.

POMET All's well while he can give. Now listen to my uncle's prayer:

Lady this gift
a bushel of grain
may it be
to thee for gain;
and for me
profit be
the thing that
belongs to thee!

PETRUNJELA Saucy Pomet! How thou dost joke, always merry. I'm going! Good-bye!

POMET Wait! Where art thou off to?

PETRUNJELA I've no more time to loiter.

POMET I've something for thy ears. Wishest thy mistress well?

PETRUNJELA I am her faithful maid, because she's good to me.

POMET Then tell her this »The German, my master's mad about thee...«

PETRUNJELA I know.

POMET »... would spend all his estate with thee; and he is worth at least fifty thousand ducats«.

PETRUNJELA I know.

POMET She has squeezed from that Maro all she can and he is spent. His father's here in Rome, to check on his accounts and take him from this business.

PETRUNJELA Ah, Pomet, Maro has much money spent on her, and is still spending; and she's in love with

him, is mad about him. Thy German what he is she knows not, and this one knows full well.

POMET Let her try him, then she'll know him.

PETRUNJELA Should she take him then this one she will lose. Maro's hot tempered, will let her have no lovers but himself, and she misses none else.

POMET Then she's the only courtesan in Rome contents herself with one. Though a Dalmatian, she is not in business versed.

PETRUNJELA Not versed in business? By God, that she is, her affairs prosper well, I know not those of others.

POMET If they stand well look to it they stand better. If Maro's father drags him to Dubrovnik let her then take the German nobleman.

PETRUNJELA To that I cannot answer, but I will speak to her.

POMET Tell her, particularly that his father's come.

PETRUNJELA All will I tell her.

POMET Petrunjela, if this should come about then for thee too, 'twill be better. I know what I do say. For there is someone who would be all thine, dost understand me?

PETRUNJELA

Understand
who can;
lily mine
good-bye,
for my mother
watches over;
I will sleep
thou wilt call;
easy come
easy go.
Adio, Pomo!

POMET

Oh be mine,
Stop thy playing.

Answer me quickly, Petrunjela, my stomach's cordial!

PETRUNJELA I will certainly do it today, and will think much of thee. Adio, Pomo!

POMET Oh, Milica, how thou hast gone up i' the world.

How we do change here in Italy. She name and costume, both has altered quite. I believe when Signora Laura hears that Maro's father's come and thinks to take affairs from out his hands, her dreams will take a different course. Nail drives out nail, the larger coin covers the lesser one: *Contrarius contradia curabuntur!*¹ By the blessed Virgin might I but send that Popiva to the infirmary. This beast of a courtesan, Manda, though she be a Slav takes no thought for the morrow. A following wind's blown up her pride so much she forgets that weather's fickle, and good luck may turn bad. She needs must be taught what **life is and I will be her teacher**. I, at once doctor and philosopher. Now I'll go hence awhile, and find out a little more concerning Uncle Maroje's arrival, that I may know to conduct myself like the philosopher *in literaturis* that I am.

NIKO Oh, Pijero, *per amor di Iddio*,² where shall we find Maro? Since we came here from Florence, a full two days gone, we've looked for him — and neither found him nor know where we might find him.

PIJERO Niko, let us seek out some good company to show us the whorehouses. There we shall straightway find him practising.

NIKO *Per Dio*, you say well, the devil a merchant is our Maro! Five thousand ducats had he from his father, for sure his business here in Rome's with whores.

¹ Opposites rub each other smooth
² For the love of God

Ah whoreson, whoreson, if only we men could be born fatherless, what pleasures then we youngsters could enjoy.

MARO Friends, well met.

PIJERO Well met Signor Marin.

NIKO How we have longed for thee!

VLAHO Maro, adio!

MARO Vlaho! Where from art thou?

VLAHO From Livorno.

MARO *Che bone nove?*¹

VLAHO All's well! And thou, I see, hast fallen on good times; are doing well!

NIKO Sure thou wert born beneath some lucky star; are in delights up to the very neck, — the while we wither.

PIJERO We'll die without one wanton wish fulfilled.

MARO I am myself in bliss with my Signora. While I am in her favour I am happy; let me enjoy life now, while I am young, in age what will be left for us but coughing.

VLAHO How we shall cough, and how our joints will ache.

MARO *N'e vero, anima mia bella?*²

LAURA *Tutto quel che piace a vostra signoria, signor Marino.*³

MAROJE »*Quel che piace a vostra signoria, signor Marino*«², Master! Signor! In velvet and gold chains. Where are my ducats? My five thousand ducats thou thief? Spent upon whores? Thou hast no reply? Ducats, my ducats knave! Thou wouldst escape without answer, thou dog?

¹ What news is there?

² Is it not so my dearest soul?

³ All as pleases your lordship, master Marin.

MARO *Chi sete voi, omo dabben? Che volete?*¹

MAROJE »*Che volete?*«²

MARO *Non vi conšco, andate con Dio!*³

MAROJE He pretends not to know me.

MARO *E pazzo costui!*⁴

MAROJE Thou wilt not know me thief, but wait!

MARO *Arme! Con arme! — Signor capetan, mi vol ammazzar costui!*⁵

CAPTAIN *Piglia, piglia!*⁶

GUARD *Sta forte! Da qua quel curtel!*⁷

MAROJE *Lasciate che ammazzo*⁸ you thief!

GUARDO *Di esser pazzo questo vecchio.*⁹

CAPTAIN *Menatelo in pregion; lo faremo ben guarir della pazzia.*¹⁰

MAROJE Maro, Maro! Come here that I may kill thee!

VLAHO Pijero, Niko did you see that spectacle?

NIKO I can but stand amazed. What could it have been?

PIJERO Did I dream that, or was I awake, Uncle Maroje here in Rome?

VLAHO Said I not, man's happiness lasts but a little time! Spending, whores, the devil and his father, — now you have seen.

NIKO That Uncle Maroje's here in Rome I saw with my own eyes.

¹ Who are you, good sir? What do you want?

² What do you want?

³ I do not know you, get away!

⁴ This man is mad.

⁵ Weapons, he has weapons! Signor Captain. This man would kill me.

⁶ Hold him, hold him.

⁷ Stand! Give me that knife.

⁸ Let me kill him!

⁹ The old man must be mad.

¹⁰ Take him to prison, we'll cure him of his madness.

PIJERO Maro look to thy accounts!

VLAHO He'll render his accounts *item per dolce pisciar!*¹ I know that old man well: he's an obstinate old devil. Will disinherit him. We cannot stand deaf; let's to the Captain and tell him how things stand, that the old wretch comes to no harm.

PIJERO We'll tell him it was his son he ran at. Let us go!

VLAHO Let's go!

LAURA *Ah, signori, o gentilomeni, che rumor fu quello?*²

VLAHO *Signora, certamente non ve l'sappiamo dire.*³

LAURA *E dove ando signor Marino?*⁴

PIJERO *Non sappiamo certo dove se ne ando.*⁵

LAURA *Se lo vedete, di grazia, mandatemelo.*⁶

NIKO *Faremo volentieri, signora.*⁷

VLAHO Signor Marin! Oh, how the name Signor delights me!

NIKO His Signorship may be pissed on now.

ALL Let us go.

LAURA *Misser Sadi, non aveti lassato il collarin di perle?*⁸

SADI *I denari chi mi dara?*⁹

LAURA *In nome de Iddio, lasciatele; como torna signor Marino, subito vi contara i denari, e ci son ora io, et*

¹ Item that sweet pissing.

² Gentlemen, nobles, what was all that noise?

³ Lady, we cannot tell you.

⁴ Where has Master Marin gone?

⁵ We do not know for certain.

⁶ If you see him be kind enough to send him to me.

⁷ We will do it gladly madam.

⁸ Master Sadi, you have not left the pearl necklace?

⁹ Who will pay me for it?

*io e lui siamo una istessa cosa. Spettate, scendo giu alla porta.*¹

SADI *Per Dio, mal volentieri le lascio. Non mi piacque quel che vidi correr quel vecchio drieto il signor Marino. Quel vecchio pareva che dicesse: »I mei ducati!«, ducati nominava, il resto non intendeco. Ma questa signora altre volte me ha pogato liberamente; credo non mi mancara neanche questa volta.*²

LAURA *Misser Sadi!*³

SADI *Eccovi le perle; sono trenta, contatele voi.*⁴

LAURA *Cinque, dieci, quindici, vinti, vinti cinque trenta — sono tutte. Sadi mio, tornate da qua a una ora, et ser Marino vi contentara i vostri cinquanta scudi. Queste perle portaro per amor di signor Marino.*⁵

SADI *O, le vi stanno bene! Non posso piu star con voi, io ho da far; da qua a una ora tornaro da voi.*⁶

LAURA *Andate in bona ora, Sadi mio caro.*⁷

TRIPCETA (alone) *»Rumores fuge«*⁸ 'twas said long ago and should be writ in gold. 'Tis all that's lacking now, a fight *con li sbirri!*⁹ and for whom? The devil and his father. May the blessed Virgin of Kotor miraculously preserve me from great trouble. But I've emptied my purse a little, that wretched servant of his gave a good drink — he would give him neither food nor drink and yet would have him serve him.

¹ In God's name, leave it, when Signor Marin comes he'll pay you immediately. Now I am here, and he and I are one. Wait a moment, I will come down to the door.

² I don't like leaving them and I didn't like the way that old man ran after Signor Marin. It seemed to me I heard him yelling »my ducats«. He mentioned ducats, I didn't understand anything else. But this lady always pays promptly and most likely will this time.

³ Master Sadi!

⁴ Here are the pearls, count them. There are thirty.

⁵ Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, they are all here. My Sadi, come back in an hour, and Signor Marin will pay you the whole 150 gold pieces. I will wear these pearls for love of Signor Marin.

⁶ They suit you well. I cannot stay here any longer, I have work to do. I will come back in an hour.

⁷ Go happily my dear Sadi.

⁸ Avoid trouble.

⁹ With the police.

Give a servant food if you'd have him jump to command or else sew up his bottom that he should not eat, and pickle him and put him in the chimney.¹ *Mi moro di fame*², I die of hunger, I'll go and get myself a bite.

BOKČILO Ah, miserable me. Ah, me. What a time to get into a brawe. Oh, oh! My master by the hair dragged off, and I know not but they will do the same with me. Yet, what the devil have I done? Why should they do anything to me? Oh wretch that I am, what they've done — they've done — it's done — and I'm done. I know not where to go nor how, know not the way nor know the language neither, no money have for spending know no one, nor no one me. Oh, oh, sorrow!

FIRST INNKEEPER *Dove e costui? Se n'e fuggito ili traditor! Eccolo, per Dio. A gaglioffa, ti netti e nom voi pagar la oštaria? Il mangiar ti fu dolce, 'l pagar ti e amoro, n'vero?*³

BOKČILO Yes, Maro, Master Maroje will pay.

FIRST INNKEEPER *Che Maro, da qua quel caban, manigoldo!*⁴

BOKČILO Thief he calls me! By the Virgin I have done nothing. Cry not after me!

FIRST INNKEEPER *Cri, cri canta ora kyrieleison e letanie.*⁵

¹ In the chimney to be smoked like a ham.

² I am dying of hunger.

³ Where is he? He's escaped, the thief! Ah here he is! Where are you off to without paying? Its sweet to eat, but bitter to have to pay, eh?

⁴ What, do you mean *Maro*. Give me that coat you thief. (Much of the comedy of this scene is got from the misunderstanding of words between Bokčilo and the innkeeper, neither of whom speak each other's language. For instance the word *amaro*, in Italian means bitter, but Bokčilo takes it to mean Maro, and the Innkeeper than mistakes Bokčilo and thinks he is talking about *maro*, the name of a herb).

⁵ Cry, cry, Kyrie eleison and the Litany.

BOKČILO Litany? Must I confess myself? By God's cross it was not me!

FIRST INNKEEPER »God, God« *che manigoldo.*¹

BOKČILO Oh, God, I should commend my soul to God!

FIRST INNKEEPER *Manigoldo!*

BOKČILO Sir, do not call thief! Oh, I am not to blame, Ow! Ow!

SECOND INNKEEPER *She diavolo urla qua? Che ha costui?*²

FIRST INNKEEPER *Non vol pagar la oštria, e gli ho tolto il gabban.*³

BOKČILO Not me! Sir!

SECOND INNKEEPER *Manda con giavolo sta bestia, introna mezza Roma con suo urlar.*⁴

FIRST INNKEEPER *Che manigoldo, ne?*⁵

SECOND INNKEEPER *Rendegli el gabban e mandalo con giavolo, quel vecchio pagara per lui.*⁶

FIRST INNKEEPER *Dunche gli rendo il gabban?*⁷

SECOND INNKEEPER *Rendeglielo.*⁸

FIRST INNKEEPER *To, va via!*⁹

BOKČILO Ah, may the Lord preserve thee! The Virgin crown thee with a crown! Virgin Mother, have mercy; I thank thee! All have gone. Ah wretch, what more can I expect? Take to thy heels Bokčilo! Ah sorrowful

¹ »God, God« what kind of a thief is this?

² What the devil's this noise? What is this?

³ He won't pay the inn so I've taken his coat.

⁴ Send the brute to the devil. He's deafened half Rome with his howls.

⁵ What a thief?

⁶ Give him back his coat and send him to the devil. The old man will pay for him.

⁷ Give him back his coat.

⁸ Give it back.

⁹ Here you are, now go!

creature that I am, where shall I go? Unknowing what other trap I may fall into? I will go here aside, hide myself, and wait for one of ours to pass. Oh, how thirsty I am, and how numb is my heart. Oh, Holy Virgin, into thy hands!

POMET (alone) Is there a man in this world who handles his fortune as I do? Not long since I went after Uncle Maroje. I looked, was I dreaming or was it true — Uncle Maroje among the Herods and the Pilates led off like Barabbas to prison. So bow I reverentially to Uncle Maroje, and reverentially do I salute the captain; and the captain is mine. Who in Rome is not a friend of Pomet's? I say but two words in the officer's ear, take Uncle Maroje by the arm and walk him out of prison.

And Signor Marin threatens me! Ah, today will it be realized what Pomet really is, a very virtuoso, one *virtutibus praedutus*¹! Pomet, noble king and gentleman, and Pomet's fastidious stomach, is joyful, may consume delicacies, meals, heavenly manna, meats roasted, broiled, fried and refried, sweet cakes, savory sauces, rose water, tender capons' livers, goose, duck, peacock, turkey, eternal blessedness! It is for thee, Pomet, bears all, for thee all this is prepared, Lord and king! Thou art mine, and I thine; thou my master and I thine. But who comes this way? 'Tis Popiva.

POPIVA *Chi t'fatto quelle scarpe?*²
Che ti stan si ben,
*Che ti stan si ben?*²

POMET He sings!

¹ Gifted with all virtues.

² Who made those shoes;

That suit you so well
That suit you so well

POPIVA

Che ti stan si ben,
Gernietta,
*Che ti stan si ben?*¹

POMET In but a little I shall see thee weep!

POPIVA Petrunjela!

PETRUNJELA Bravo!

POPIVA My little cabbage heart, take this.

PETRUNJELA Oh, bitter wormwood mine, thou art welcome when thou bringest gifts!

POPIVA My sweet sleeplessness; how oft the means, to steal my dreams!

PETRUNJELA What dost thou want?

POPIVA Where is the Signora? Can she hear us?

PETRUNJELA Warming herself by the chimney in yonder room, speak freely.

POPIVA Take these. Oh, little Petrunjela, my sweet fever, mischievous bird, see how I feed thee, and thou hard as stone, ah mistress; for whom dost thou preserve thyself, for luckless age?

Give thyself, give do not heed,
give thyself to me, be my bride;
hunger thou'lt not know with me,
cool in summer, warm in winter be.

PETRUNJELA

Sad one mine, I will, I will
I will think upon it;
Since 'tis mine to give myself
I will think upon it.

POMET Swallow that, Popiva, if thou canst.

¹ That suit you so well
Gerniette
That suit you so well

PETRUNJELA And Good-bye, I must go and cook supper.

POPIVA

Dearest lily,
I'll be ready
if not now
when e'r art thou.

PETRUNJELA

O, rose
wait
that day
will come.

POPIVA If not yet come, then come 'twill not!

PETRUNJELA Hands to thyself, I tell thee!

POMET Presumptuous dog. I'll deal with thee in a little.
But here comes Bokčilo. Bokčilo!

BOKČILO Oh Blessed Mother Lunciato, I thank thee!
Pomo, Pomet, let me kiss thy hand? I came with
Master Maroje, may the Lord destroy him. He pulled
a dagger on his son, Maro, and they took him off; I
know not where the devil he is now, and I am left,
alone, and know not tongue nor town.

POMET Bokčilo, I know all. And now I will instruct
thee how to find thy master and thy peace.

BOKČILO May the Mother of the Poor help thee!

POMET Bogo, go to that door over there, knock and
call »Is Popiva within?« Popiva will reply, say to him
thus »Run thy fastest, thy master's father's come,
Master Maroje, and brought with him more than one
hundred bales of camel-hair, as many sacks of pepper
and other goods worth three thousand ducats. Run
to the Bell Inn, thou wilt find him there«. Tell him
to take care of the old man till Maro comes. And say
not that I sent thee. Run thy fastest, fellow, and thou

wilt come where thou canst drink, and eat and rest
as though a king thou wert.

BOKČILO I thank thee, Pomo, may the Lord reward
thee. Upon that door?

POMET Yes, that one.

I from the corner there will watch if he does well.

POPIVA Who's there?

BOKČILO Is Popiva within, servant to Maro?

POPIVA Who's there? Who asks for Popiva?

BOKČILO Bokčilo from Dubrovnik, old servant of old
master Maroje.

POPIVA Where comest thou from?

BOKČILO The old master has come here on pilgrimage.

POMET Good, that I taught him not.

BOKČILO And brought with him bales of camel-hair,
several hundred, sacks of pepper and saffron, another
hundred . . .

POMET Wonderful Bokčilo, nor that did I teach thee.

BOKČILO . . . and merchandize by God's Grace for more
than fifty thousand ducats in coin.

POPIVA Bokčilo, 'tis thee?

BOKČILO Popo, Popivo, come down that I may press
thy hand. The living one sometimes sees, the dead
never.

POPIVA Ah, Bokčilo. Thou hast brought us good news!
Come let me give thee wine.

BOKČILO A true child of Dubrovnik: Bless'd be the
milk that thou wast suckled on!

POPIVA Signora, didst, thou hear?

LAURA I heard.

POPIVA *Bone nove!*

¹ Good news.

LAURA *Bone!* Let the man come up.

POPIVA Bokčilo, the lady bids you enter.

BOKČILO Command, I will obey.

POMET (alone) Good, good, Oh God! What sport, what a jest. Pomet is to be reckoned with you rabble, inhuman miseries! In Pomet you've a rival. I will go now and find Uncle Maroje at the Inn, there will I tell him all and teach him how he may play the fox with Popiva until he gets him home. Then when Uncle Maroje enters the house, — ah, what confusion, what uproar there will be, he'll call for the accounts, — money all gone! Then will I and my German be *eredi delli bene di signora Laura*.¹ Out, out, you moneyless! To Dubrovnik with the devil, to a bowl of soup and a pennyworth of meat divided into ten. Now to the Bell Inn.

ACT III

POPIVA Bokčilo, where saidst thou we should find Maroje?

BOKČILO At the Bell Inn.

POPIVA Come then with me and I will show it thee.

BOKČILO The Signora keeps prodigious wine; Ah, she's a most lovely lady.

POPIVA She's Dalmatian, Bokčilo, suckled on Dalmatian milk. Has Master Maroje brought ducats in gold?

BOKČILO He's brought a chest. 'Tis heavy and I think there's money in it.

POPIVA Our affairs prosper. Let us go quickly.

BOKČILO Is supper cooked at home?

¹ We will be the heirs of Signora Laura's goods.

POPIVA Be easy, there will plenty be of all.

BOKČILO I commend myself to thee, Popo, Popiva, my lord and prince!

POPIVA What else needs one but to be fed and wined?

BOKČILO The Lord cheer thee, that is just what I want. Popo, Popiva my heart sings with thee...

SADI Knock-Knock

LAURA *Chi e giu? Sadi, sete voi?*¹

SADI *Signor Marino sarebbe tornato?*²

LAURA *Non e tornato ancora.*³

SADI *Signora, non averesti voi alle man qualche scudo?*⁴
Ne avevo gran bisogno.

LAURA *Sadi mio, tornate da qua a un pocco, e sarete soddisfatto.*⁵

SADI *Foro quel che piace a vostra signoria.*⁶

LAURA *O, son fastidioso sti giudei!*⁷

SADI *Per Dio di Abram, Isac et Jacob, fui pazzo a lasciar quelle perle! Cortigiane, ah! Bertoni, ah! Non bisogna dormirvi su questo fatto, bisogna sollicitar, infastidirgli e battere il ferro mentre e caldo. Son cento e cinquanta scudi, non sono frašche. Ma ecco signor Marino, per Dio.*⁸

MARO (alone) Oh misfortune, cruel misfortune. Oh the avarice of fathers — not fathers devils. Come to Rome to be my ruin, to be my murderer. Cruel man, to love his money more than his own son, the only son he has.

¹ Who is down there? Is it you Sadi?

² Has Signor Marin returned?

³ Not yet.

⁴ Signora, have you at hand a few gold pieces, I need some badly.

⁵ Come a little later, my Sadi, and you will be paid.

⁶ As you wish madam.

⁷ How annoying these Jews are.

⁸ By Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I was a fool to leave those pearls. I must keep on at them. Strike while the iron is hot. 150 gold pieces is no small sum. But here comes Master Marin

Oh he does shame me. How now shall I go up to Signora Laura? She loves not sorrow nor loves sorrowful lovers. She would share their good fortune with them not their bad. What shall I do? I will to Popiva, with him discuss how we must now proceed.

SADI *Basio la man a vostra signora, signor Marino.*¹

MARO *Che c'e, Sadi?*²

SADI *La trenta perle cha ha tolte la signora, a cinque scudi l'una montano scudi cento e cinquanta.*³

MARO *Voi sete fastidioso, Sadi! Quando vi dico io, tornate da qua un poco dalla signora, et sarete soddisfatto.*⁴

SADI *Quelche piace a vostra signoria, signor Marino; vi son servitore.*⁵

MARO *Addio, vago a casa*⁶

SADI *Andate in bonora! Non vo andar altrimenti a casa! Vo asconderni drieto a questo canton per aspettar questo mio messia.*⁷

MARO I hardly escaped from that devilish Jew! Now has ill-luck begun to dog me. I needs must pay my debts, oh, the devil take dinars, but there are none to take!

LAURA Signor Marin!

MARO *Bene mio!*⁸

LAURA I've heard and I am glad.

MARO What hast thou heard?

LAURA Thou kepst it secret from me.

¹ I kiss your hand Signor Marin.

² What is it Sadi?

³ The thirty pearls the Signora took at 5 gold pieces each, that is 150 gold pieces.

⁴ Do not pester me Sadi. Come to the Signora's later and you will be paid.

⁵ As you wish Master Marin, I am your servant.

⁶ Goodbye — I am going home.

⁷ Good luck — I am not going home. I will hide here behind the house and wait for my gentleman.

⁸ My dearest.

MARO What Signora?

LAURA That thy father's come.

MARO Who told thee so?

LAURA His servant was here. Says he has come on pilgrimage to Rome, says has much merchandize brought with him.

MARO Dost thou speak truly?

LAURA His servant now with Popiva has gone to the *ostarija della campana* to take thy father to thy house.

MARO Has Popiva done that?

LAURA Why not?

MARO First should he have come to me. — Oh, whore-son, traitor. I'll kill him for this. I must find him as quickly as I can.

LAURA Go.

SADI *Ben trovata la signoria vostra, signor Marino!*¹

MARO *Sadi, o un afaccenda di gran inportanza, non mi dar fastidio ora!*²

SADI *Signor, ho a far un pagamento, ora ora, di ducento ducati, altramente andaro in pregione.*³

MARO *Non tegli posso dar ora.*⁴

SADI *Rendetime dunque le mie perle, che io non mi posso passar altrimenti!*⁵

LAURA *Soddisfatelo in sua malora, poich'etanto inportuno.*⁶

MARO *To qua: cinque, dieci, quindecim, etc. etc. Sete soddisfatto?*⁷

¹ Well met Master Marin.

² I have very important work to do, Sadi, do not pester me.

³ Sir, I must immediately pay a sum of 200 ducats or I'll be put in prison.

⁴ I cannot give you them now.

⁵ Then give me back my pearls. I don't know what I'll do otherwise.

⁶ Give him his money and let the devil take him when he pesters so.

⁷ Here, five, ten, fifteen, etc. etc. are you satisfied.

SADI *Signor si, fran merce alla signoria vostra! Se non avevo bisogno ora, non vi davo fastidio. Abbiateme per Escusato. Un'altra volta servitive della roba mia, don danari et senza, a ogni vostro piacer.*¹

LAURA *Sadi, ricordatevi di quel pendente.*²

SADI *Signora si, mi ricordo bene.*³

MARO What e'er thou wishest, Signora. That we may see it I will go attend to this business.

LAURA I await thee at supper.

MARO I know not if I shall be free to come.

LAURA Steal then the time.

MARO I will do all thou wishest.

MARO The devil take the very time and moment that that Jew appeared! He took from me one hundred fifty ducats. Oh, Popiva, thou hast ruined me, taking that devil father to my house who'll look at my affairs!

POPIVA Master, thy father's come!

MARO He comes cheerfully and my heart is crying. The devil take thy soul.

POPIVA Master, in God's name what is it? What's happened? Have I done wrong? If so I will do all to mend my fault.

MARO Hast thou done wrong? Thou hast ruined me!

POPIVA In God's name how? In what way ruined thee?

MARO Alas, there is no remedy, you dog! My unfatherly father's come to ruin me, disgrace me here in Rome, scrutinize my accounts, bring me to punishment.

¹ Yes, thank you very much. If I had not needed it at once I would not have troubled you. Another time you shall have my wares with payment or without.

² Sadi, I remember you had a pendant.

³ I remember well Signora.

POPIVA They say that he on pilgrimage has come and has brought splendid goods and merchandize. And so he says.

MARO Is God's enemy to be believed? Thou knowst not how he found me at the Signora's and how he then ran at me with a great knife. And I, surprised, did improvise a tale I knew him not and treated him as mad. The captain of the guard took him off to prison for carrying arms. Why the devil did they not hang him, before he brought these troubles on my head. I know not how the devil they let him go. The penalty for arms in Rome is hanging.

POPIVA Someone is jesting here at our expense! And it can be no other one than Pomet. Fortune's a bitch.

MARO I know not who it is nor what it is, but see ill fortune tumbling round my head. I have a mind to draw my knife upon me, that then I need not suffer all these sorrows.

POPIVA Master, it is not good to fall to desperation and give in. There is a remedy for all but death. Let us look for the remedy! It is the storm discovers the good sailor. Go to the Signora and tell her all.

MARO That is as if to say »Go, take a rope and hang thyself!« — Tell the Signora all.

POPIVA Listen to me, for Godsake let me speak.

MARO Speak on, I will listen. Oh, fortune.

POPIVA I say, go to the Signora and in two words tell her all: »Signora, now is the time I need thy help, and if until now I have been thine, with so much, now will I thine be with my whole estate. Thou knowest well who I am and who my father, My father's of the world's most grasping man. He will require to look at my accounts, and all my money I have spent on thee: he'll take me for a spendthrift, fathers are such«. Then tell her, if Sadi, the Jew would provide us with fabrics for some three thousand dinars, and

she would go bond for us; then could we make a fine showing, nothing more. The Signora has in her bank four thousand gold pieces which perhaps thou knowest not. Take heed of naught but how this ruse may work.

MARO And if we get goods for three thousand ducats, and the Signora promises, what then are we to do?

POPIVA Why, all and everything. Thou must discard that velvet and dress like a merchant. Go next to thy father, make him believe that he whom he first saw was never thee, but one that looks like thee. And when he calls for thy accounts, show him the bales of fabrics.

MARO Let us go Popiva. I will do all thou hast suggested. Go thou ahead and take me where thou knowest. One needs for this a lion's heart and a whore's brazeness.

POPIVA Let's go, let's go.

PETRUNJELA (alone) Jesus, Ave Maria. When someone thus sets herself on someone then she neither eats nor sleeps, but all the time wants him, all the time thinks of him. My lady, since she heard that Maro's father's come, and brought much merchandize, goes about talking thus: »Oh, I forgot, to tell Maro to stop by at draper Luke's and bring me a piece of crimson velvet for a dress«, and »oh, I forgot to have bought that piece of white ruffing«; Ugh, those Dubrovnik sluts, who do wax themselves, and with dried grapes rub their mouths to redden them. But I waste my time with chatter. Poor me, where shall I now find Maro? »Run you'll catch him«, said she. Catch him — me! I'll not go after him. I will stand here aside, and will, for my soul's sake consider these blessings of the Lord¹, and will reflect upon which of all these would I most gladly take as husband.

¹ Here Petrunjela means the audience before her to whom the next part of her monologue is addressed.

That one has a big nose, Ugh, I'd not take him as a present. And that one, what a mouth he has! I'd not take him neither for fear he'd eat me straight.

TRIPČE *Omo coperto...*

PETRUNJELA But who comes here? One with both nose and hump, who something to himself is muttering. I'll listen what the donkeylike monster blabbers.

TRIPČE He who is born a beast, they say, a beast will die, what e'er is born of cat the mice will chase, the fox's litter ever will be crafty, the greyhound's whelps will always hares pursue, all the miserable snake brood throw out poison. Cherish the serpent and 'twill bite thee, consort with it and it will poison thee. *Oomo coperto di lupo cerviero, intrinsecus autem sunt lupi rapaces.*¹

PETRUNJELA Lord, this is some school-master. None but he can understand what he says. The wretch looks ruptured.²

TRIPČE *E per tornar.*³ Consort with the the good if good thou wouldst have. I almost went dinnerless today because of a beast.

PETRUNJELA Poor me, ah, ah, my heart cannot resist talking to him since he's one of ours. Countryman, good-day to thee! Ours, ours are what I like! And she said:

I've none now,
Those not ours
Have no power;
ours did twice.
'tis not lies
night and day
livest thou nearby?

¹ Men who come with sheep's clothing but inwardly are ravaging wolves.

² A local Dubrovnik belief was that the men from Kotor suffered from hernia.

³ But to return.

Canst read me this riddle?

»Hard thee,
soft me;
hard in soft,
we will be;
when we're through;
thou wouldst again;
and I too.«

TRIPČE By Saint Trypho, this is what I wanted! Be thou happy and be it good luck that brought me to thee my sweet and merry countrywoman. By the Lord, I'll read thy riddle for thee for coming here I've found what I did want!

»I am thine,
be thou mine;
thine to me,
mine to thee;
sweet the dream
and the peace;
with goodwill
and with no toil«.

Read thou my riddle that I may read thine.

PETRUNJELA Read this one:

No one come
no one gone;
as it seems;
then all
was just dreams«.

TRIPČE By the Lord, it need be no dream and you wish so my sweet, dear countrywoman.

I mine,
thee thine
between us
each give his own,
so from two
one will be;
and with thee,
sun shines on me.

PETRUNJELA Oh countryman, what a wit thou art, ah, ah, ah!

TRIPČE By Saint Trypho, the bleseed, what a pearl thou art, *gioia de oriente*¹. I would make my life with thee and thou so wish'd.

PETRUNJELA Petrunjela Oh I would,
if I could;
but my mother
watches over.
Spare your pain,
all's in vain
thou seem'st dense,
wont take my sense.

UGO Pomet!

PETRUNJELA Someone comes. Stand aside that they may not think something.

UGO Pomet!

TRIPČE Who the devil is it?

UGO *Ah, traditor Pomet, ah, ma fraj!*²

PETRUNJELA What's that he says?

UGO *Garzona cognoscer, mi son serfitor de tua patrona; mi star suo serfitor, et ele mi foler tanto mal. Mi trar ducati mille, to mila, quanto foler.*³

TRIPČE Why the devil has he come just now to annoy, interfere and spoil my business.

PETRUNJELA *Misser, parlar signora, mi non ghe parlar mi non se impazzo, no, no.*⁴

UGO *Che foler? Ti foler combatter con mi?*⁵

TRIPČE *Se anche combatter, quando bisogna.*⁶

¹ A jewel from the East.

² Oh, traitor Pomet, hey there girl!

³ Do you know me girl, I am thy mistress's servant, I would serve her, and she hates me. I will give her a thousand ducats, two thousand, as many as she wants.

⁴ Sir, you must speak to my Lady, I will not talk to her, I will not be mixed in this.

⁵ What do you want? Do you want to fight with me?

⁶ I know how to fight if need be.

UGO *Fer Tio! fer Tio, se tu star attorno qua se lasciar braghe e vita. Levar qua, fuggir de qua!*¹

PETRUNJELA *Misser, signor, non ghe far piazza!*²

UGO *Fer Tio, mattar te ancora, puttana, e puttana tua padrona matter. Fenga cancar a tutti! Puttana!*³

PETRUNJELA *Puttana dir a signora, a mi šon puttana.⁴
I a strumpet, Oh, thou scurrilous liar! Tua madre, sciurelle, fratelli e tuo padre puttane!*⁵

UGO *Puttana! Mattar, tu non viver; puttana ti et tua patrona.*⁶

PETRUNJELA *Madonna cara, madonna, averzi!*⁷

LAURA *Che rumori son questi?*⁸

PETRUNJELA *Madonna, he is trying to kill us!*

TRIPČE *Vado do longavia al governor! Saperai traditor tudeški⁹ who you have to deal with.*

UGO *Ti fenga il cancar, puttana!*¹⁰

LAURA *Signor Ugo, a gentiluomini pari toi non si conviene far questa cose.*¹¹

UGO *Puttana!*¹²

POPIVA *Signora Laura, why is this German brawling?*

LAURA *I know not! It seems he has gone crazy.*

POPIVA *Signora Laura, thou seest for thyself, that is Pomet's master, and thus too is his servant! Ah, ah,*

¹ By God, by God, if you hang around here, you'll lose your life. Get away from here, be off!

² Sir, sir, leave him alone.

³ By God, I'll kill you strumpet, and that whore your mistress.

⁴ My mistress a whore! I a strumpet!

⁵ Your mother, sisters, brothers and your father are whores.

⁶ Whores! I'll kill you, you'll, not live! you and your mistress, both whores.

⁷ Lady, dear lady, open up!

⁸ What is all the noise?

⁹ I'll go straight away for the governor. Then you'll know, you treacherous dog.

¹⁰ May the cancer take all whores.

¹¹ Master Hugo, it is not fitting for noblemen like you to do such things.

¹² Whores!

what a mock I'll make of Pomet, that knave, when he does but discover Maro's father's here and with much trade! Oh, Signora, what a gentleman is Maro's father. Didst thou but see him! What a presence! The lordly man that verily he is. When he learned what there is 'twixt thou and Maro, »Youth is thus« he said, »and I, when I was young, was worse than he«. It pleases me that he has found himself a noble woman«. But to return, that knave Pomet, when he did discover that Master Maroje is here with so much riches, did see that he and his German have no place near thy house.

LAURA *No place near my house?! Believe me, they'll look only from afar. I Maro truly love with all my heart, and, as thou seest, drive all others from me and only him will have, love only him, and will until I die.*

POPIVA *'Tis to be seen, Signora. And thy beauty and thy mettle, which have not their peer throughout all Rome, cannot other do than love him who adores thee, him who most certainly is worthy of thy love. But there is one mather — he is in some worry and vexation.*

LAURA *Why, what ails him? Can I be of help to him in this?*

POPIVA *Oh, I forgot to tell thee: we were at the furriers and thy sable lining's done.*

LAURA *When will he bring it?*

POPIVA *He said tomorrow morning.*

LAURA *And the other fur?*

POPIVA *'Tis done. Maro himself was there. Ah how much that young gentleman does love thee!*

LAURA *He has there a partner. But tell me, what is't that vexes him?*

POPIVA *He would show his father that, as is the habit among merchants, he has something gained from*

trading here, then would his father more freely give his estate into his hands. One baits the hook with small fish to catch big — thou understand'st?

LAURA Ah, ah, thou sayest well. Can I help in this?

POPIVA Signora, what canst thou not to? Thou canst do all. But we must needs be crafty. No matter, we will discuss how 'tis to be accomplished, we will talk of it further. Ah, Signora, we must use all the invention that we have for our own benefit. For what he is, that art thou also; what thou art is he; his possessions thine, and I your humble servant. From now I think we shall live more grandly, the more ducats there are the more are there to spend; for what are ducats for except to spend.

LAURA Thou speakest truth. I am prepared to give my life for Maro, how would I grudge him less.

POPIVA Thou wert ever a true lady, and will ever be. I will go to Gianpietro, the goldsmith, and have him bring that ruby and diamond.

LAURA Go, and if thou seest Maro tell him to come to me.

POPIVA I will, Signora.

POPIVA (alone) Could I, could I ever have found the Signora at a better moment than I did? And what can possibly be sweeter than to worst Pomet at his work? Ah, Maro, where art thou Maro? Do but appear for thou art needed now. By the Lord, he comes. Ah, master, thou ne'er camest at a fairer time than now. I have the best of Pomet, have told the Signora, in convincing manner, she should no ill believe that Pomet speaks of us; she is ready to do all we would. Let us go now ere that traitor Pomet comes.

MARO Ah, Popiva, now do I know thy worth, thou art a faithful and ingenious servant.

POPIVA Let us go now to the Signora, we must not let this chance slip. Hast thou talked with the Jew?

MARO I have. Gave him one hundred ducats as a present and he will serve me with fabrics up to three thousand, but the dog will no other way than that the Oligiato Bank, where the Signora keeps her money, should transfer three-thousand across to him.

POPIVA Now leave melancholy. We know what must be done with whores. Thou hast now a scoundrel's work before thee, must flatter, know how to dissemble. Here comes Sadi, the Jew.

MARO Leave him to me, Popiva.

POPIVA *Sadi, siete informato d'ogni cosa?*¹

SADI *D'ogni cosa?*²

POPIVA *Fa che tu sei accorto.*³

SADI *Non accadon troppe parole con me.*⁴

MARO (Knock-knock)

LAURA *Signor Marin!*⁵

MARO *Padrona mia dolce!*⁶

LAURA *Petrunjela, tira.*⁷

POMET (alone) Is there anyone in the world more in fortune's favour than I am! All that I would I have where e'er I go. She is in love with me, which no wonder is *cum sapiente fortuna semper conversabunter.*⁸ 'Tis the clever fortune follows. I found Uncle Maroje at the *Oštarija della Compana*. Told him all in short, took him by the arm and led him, led him to Signor Maro's house. Told Uncle Maroje that Popiva will come with Bokčilo, and said to him »Give Popiva to believe thou hast brought much merchandize, for they intend strange business with the Signora. Popiva will be glad to take thee to the house«. At that Popiva

¹ Sadi, are you informed, do you know everything?

² Everything.

³ Be careful!

⁴ You do not need to waste words with me.

⁵ Sir Marin.

⁶ My swwe mistress.

⁷ Petrunjela draw (the bolts).

⁸ Fortuna ever goes with the wise.

and Bokčilo come out; I hide myself behind the corner. How the old devil did join in the game, but I did teach him! Without me he could not move! There was Popiva, so polite — »Welcome master«, and took him to Maro's. My ruse is working. Now will I run, fly, to take possession of Signora Laura. (knock-knock) *Signora Laura, padrona mia bella.*¹

PETRUNJELA Pommet!

POMET Friend!

PETRUNJELA Pommet, the Signora is not within, she has work, is busy.

POMET Petrunjela. Signora Laura, but two words with thy gracious pleasure. Is Signor Marin up?

PETRUNJELA

Up — down,
pray — make;
I'll not now; —
get away; —
what a devil;
open dear;
what temptation —
Pomo, 'tis thee!

POMET Little Petrunjela, no joking now! 'Tis an affair for you, just six words to Signora Laura.

SADI

*La signora e signora;
fratel, ande in bona ora!
Oggi non si da ricetta
ne a Pomo ne a Pometto*²

POMET Petre, wretch, what is this joking? Petrunjela, by the Holy Cross stop this foolishness!

¹ Lovely lady.

² The signora's a signora;
go happily brother!
Today she will see, neither Pomo nor Pomet.

PETRUNJELA Others did take, from us the cake, us did save from a knave.

Knave out!
Lady down,
that by temptation
thou be'est not found.

POMET Is the devil in the woman?! I've work for thee Petrunjela; Thou'rt out of thy senses!

POPIVA Scoundrel! »Master Maroje has come« — anything else? »He's a miser« — anything else? »He'll look at Maro's accounts« — anything else? »Maro's a spendthrift« — anything else? — »His father will take him back to Dubrovnik« — anything else? Thou and thy German would come here with ducats; she'll none of you, not have you, this house has passed sentence on you. There's no drink for you here.

MARO Just wait you trickster! This way villain!

POMET I know not what I've done to thee, Signor Marin.

MARIN Be off thief! I'll catch thee, fear not.

LAURA *E, lascialo andar, signor Marin e un poltron;*¹
let him go to the devil.

POPIVA Master, let us do what must be done, and leave him to the devil.

LAURA Signor Marin, will you not come up?

MARO Signora, I will go do what I must and come back to thee again. *Petrunjela, piglin questa spada, bene mio.*²

LAURA Remember to come for supper.

MARO I will. — Good, by God's sufferings, good. I have drawn on the Signora three thousand ducats. That whoreson almost spoiled my business for me. *Basta,* luck is with us. I will doff this velvet, dress like a

¹ Let him go, Signor Marin, let him go he is a wastrel.

² Petrunjela, take this sword my dear.

merchant, go to my father and pretend that I have seen him not. One needs must be brazen as a strumpet in this business . . .

POPIVA That we did well! Popiva now may sing for his master and Signora Laura. To produce three thousand ducats from the seas' depths! Who else could do what I have — wring three thousand ducats from a Roman courtesan, take the heart from her body? And she in her fancy sees herself as Maro's wife. Marry a whore, a fine thing that would be. And he were clever, he'd take these three thousand ducats, rid himself of her and run off with them. But he knows not how, ah would it were mine to do! I'll go now and find him and we'll play the devil with his father. When Maroje sees the goods, 'twill be ours, to do as we will.

ACT IV

PERA Ah nurse. Why did we e'er leave Town? I came to search for my betrothed and now, alas, he is so lost that he cannot be found.

NURSE He who goes to evil woman, daughter, is already lost. Our sins have led us here where people run from their own blood.

PERA Led us to parts where people's hearts are stone! Think'st thou Maro knows not that I have followed him to Rome? Has our love now come to this — that he feigns not to know!

NURSE Who is there knows not thou art here? All know already save only he, my child, for he will not. Among whores has he fallen and there will lose his soul. Ah, youth, youth, reckless youth! When you come to my years then will you know how foolish are the winds you do steer by.

PETRUNJELA The rogue. What did he say about . . .

PETRA Nurse, a maid has come out there, looks like a countrywoman. Let us ask her who she is and can she help us in our distress.

NURSE Hush, she speaks!

PETRUNJELA Petre, luck was not with you. Why came that impudent varlet talking ill of Maro, of Maro, Oh . . .

NURSE It seems she talks of Maro, and she speaks our tongue.

PETRUNJELA . . . of our good Maro!

NURSE Daughter, good-day.

PETRUNJELA Who is this? Who are you? Thou seemest a Dubrovnik woman.

NURSE From Dubrovnik have we come on pilgrimage. Daughter, knowest thou aught of one Maro Marojev of Dubrovnik?

PETRUNJELA Askest thou for our Maro? A young nobleman of one and twenty years, a gentle youth?

NURSE 'Tis he, 'tis he! Does he live with you?

PETRUNJELA With us from morning until evening lives and leaves us not.

NURSE And who are you, sister, tell me?

PETRUNJELA I live with a lady who's Rome's first courtesan. Maro does love her and gives her all he has.

PERA Ah me, ah me! I die!

NURSE Poor wretch!

PETRUNJELA Poor thing, what ails thee?

PERA It is nothing; my heart did feel a pang.

PETRUNJELA Is this youth from Town?

NURSE Poor fellow, he too is from Town.

PETRUNJELA Wouldst thou perhaps try my lady.

NURSE My sister, courtesans are wicked and not good; they are a great misfortune, evil and dissolution; they are the plague of heedless youth.

PETRUNJELA Ah, those like yours from Pella and Podmirje¹ who shake fleas from themselves the whole day long. This is a lady and a queen, rich, her house full of silver and of gold. Maro has spent on her more than five thousand ducats.

PERA Oh, oh, alas!

PETRUNJELA What ails the poor child?

NURSE Is aught amiss?

PERA Oh, this does wring my heart!

PETRUNJELA Thou hast caught cold. As I did say, Maro has spent five thousand ducats on her and he thinks to wed her.

PERA Ah, me!

PETRUNJELA What ails the boy?

NURSE »Wed her« thou sayest. Nay, that he cannot for he is not free.

PETRUNJELA How not free?

NURSE He was betrothed three years ago.

PETRUNJELA Betrothed, Maro betrothed? Can it be true, my dear. Ah the traitor, and he told my lady that he would surely wed her.

NURSE Wed her? 'Tis not to be borne! I'd have thee know that he's betrothed and that she to whom he's pledged is here in Rome. Things cannot be done thus. No, by the Lord, tell thy mistress that. Didst thou hear, poor wretch?

PERA Ah, nurse, didst thou hear his faithlessness?

DŽIVO Why went you out without me?

¹ Pelili (today Peline) and Podmirje, streets below the walls of Dubrovnik where prostitutes used to wait for the young men of the town.

PERA Oh, Dživo, we did wrong for we heard that which gives great sorrow and misery, and will be our death.

DŽIVO In God's name what?

PERA We have heard with whom Maro deals, how he has spent all on a whore an evil woman, whom he says he'll take to wife.

DŽIVO That is all that was lacking! Ah, traitor, ah, conscienceless fool has our house deserved that of thee!?

PERA Have I deserved this of him?

DŽIVO Let us go, we must be circumspect in this. His father is here and I know what to do.

NURSE Ah foolish youth, what heedless things you do. The sorrow of your miserable mothers, the pain of your sad fathers, ah you do blow as the wind listeth.

MAROJE The longer one does live the more one learns. And I an old man and have learned not how to live. But now my schooling has begun and I am learning, by the Lord, I'm learning. My son's my teacher, he it is thwacks me, he shows me the rules. The lesson he taught me I have studied well. Pretending not to know me. Get thee gone old man, *non ti cognošco!*¹ And I, I will pretend I believe him. Thus will I something snatch from the lion's jaws. And then will do as he did say »I know thee not«, and when I come to Town I'll make my will: to the commune, all to the commune. I've taken in his house what little I could find, embroidered breeches, a velvet robe he wore about the house, and there may yet be something better to cover the expense of this unhappy journey — yes unhappy. Oh, where have my ducats gone! Where is Bokčilo with the merchandize? In some tavern I'll be bound *L'e fatta.*² Bokčilo! Thou wretch!

BOKČILO A wretched wretch indeed.

¹ I do not know you.

² All is ended.

MAROJE Thank God.

BOKČILO I can hardly move under this load. Was it for porter that thou brought'st me with you? Oh, will I ever come again to my poor home to sit with jug of wine and sing, thou, without me wouldst have to pay out thy ducats.

MAROJE Everything will be done, Bokčilo, all will be all right.

BOKČILO Where shall we throw this. The burden of it's broken me down quite.

MAROJE I carry the burden too, these are my ducats, turned to embroidered breeches.

BOKČILO May the Lord do away with words, they've almost broken me.

MAROJE *Santa Maria*, oh, how I do suffer. Bokčilo — what hast thou done?!

BOKČILO Done! Crush thyself and thou wouldst, I would return to my wife with my health unbroken.

MAROJE Without a servant, — bad; and with one — bad and worse if they are such. Bokčilo, is it thus thou handlest my goods?

BOKČILO Master, is it thus thou dost feed a servant?

MAROJE Take them up, and put them in the inn.

BOKČILO Why hast thou taken these embroidered breeches, in God's name.

MAROJE I wear torn and he embroidered. Now would they their bottoms line with silk.

BOKČILO Thou shouldst have our breeches: we're buried in the ones we marry in.

MAROJE Someone comes by.

BOKČILO Master, 'tis Popiva!

MAROJE And my teacher too it seems. He is not now in velvet. Little by little we have now begun; I'll see him in homespun yet. They are discussing something.

BOKČILO Master, they know well this place and all its customs; can sell us and they so wish.

MAROJE Verily, Bokčilo, those are no idle words, they may do ill as they have done already. Let us go with our goods into the inn. There — lift them up!

BOKČILO Lift that? Not one inch, find thyself a porter, master.

MAROJE Bokčilo, thoult be my ruin! My whole business goes to waste upon this drunkard.

MARO Ah, Popiva, I would not now have come.

POPIVA Why art thou afraid? Thou goest to thy father.

MARO To my father! To a basilisk I'm going, who 'll poison me with his looks. To a man I'm going who loves only money, and no more feels love of son, kinsman or friend.

POPIVA All's got by patience. When thou dost come to him, pretend thou hast ne'er seen him here before.

MARO My unfatherly father has dinars like the sands; I would not that he should disinherit me, let us go. Who have we here? Bokčilo, God's sufferings, Bokčilo, what art thou doing here?

BOKČILO Master Maro, let me kiss thy hand! My crown, my honey! Suckled on blessed milk, my good master. Thy father is come.

MARO My father!

BOKČILO Master, good news for me, and for thee, Maro!

MARO My father.

MAROJE Maro, Maroje, *bevegna*.¹

¹ Welcome.

MARO My father.

MAROJE My Maro.

MARO Father how art thou?

MAROJE How much I have longed to see thee!

POPIVA A good start!

MARO Since I heard thou wast here I've tramped all Rome looking for thee.

MAROJE Rome is big, 'tis not so easy to find each other here.

MARO What brings thee here to Rome?

MAROJE First I have come on pilgrimage, second to see thee, and how does thy business; thou lookest well.

MARO Yes, father I'm well, I'm well. And thou, hast thou been well all this time? Thou too dost not look ill.

POPIVA Look how they do fawn upon each other. Ah that their hearts spoke thus!

BOKČILO Father and son, by the grace of God.

MARO Father, leave the inn and come to my house. Hast thou brought merchandize?

MAROJE I have, Bokčilo, stand there aside.

POPIVA Lord, what will happen now?

BOKČILO Father and son, by God's good grace.

MAROJE Maro, I'd have thee tell me truly. I wished not to ask before them — was it indeed thee whom I saw before? He seemed to me thy image. If thou art ashamed of anything, hide it not from me — I too was young once.

MARO I, father? I not come to thee! Ah, what is this thou sayest? But be not surprised, others have before been thus mistaken. For there is one here in Rome, whom they call Signor Marin, in velvet with gold chains around his neck. A man just like me, though I am a poor merchant.

MAROJE Enough, if it was thus why then was I deceived?

MARO As many others have been!

MAROJE Now I will tell thee: I have brought some gold in bars and some gold leaf, but did so secretly. Have you a storehouse where we can keep these things?

MARO I have father, full of merchandize.

MAROJE I would put this gold 'neath lock and key. Is thy store secure?

MARO Most secure!

MAROJE Let us go and I'll look at thy goods, then come home and I will rest a little. Hast thou a good dwelling? Is't comfortable?

MARO Very comfortable.

POPIVA Foxes, both son and father. Oh Lord, who here will win?

BOKČILO Sweet and sweeter by God's Grace.

MAROJE Wait Maro — Bokčilo, come here! Here's money for wine.

BOKČILO May thy hand be ever honoured! Since thou hast given me for wine give me for meat, and thou'lt see what I'll do for thee.

MAROJE For meat, Bogo, lift this.

MARO Has thou a letter for me, father, from my betrothed?

MAROJE I have not, my Maro, I left in such a hurry that I did not tell them: but they are all well. Bokčilo, go with us, do not go before us, Maro, I have the thing I told thee of.

POMET (alone) May the devil take good luck and bad. Fortune is not as woman shown for nothing for she turns now this way, now that, now to fair times now bad, at one moment caresses at the next suffocates

you — 'tis a womanish disposition! How I was prospering until a while ago, lead would float for me with my German. He is mine no longer! Driven me from his house. Ah belly, my dear sir, where now shall we console ourselves. From now on thou must sometimes be satisfied with sprats. But even in bad luck I am not like some who love their friends in good times, not in bad. Indeed I am filled with tenderness for thee, I am most sorry for thee. I know not what devil is in my German. A thousand things he blames me of. Came at me with a great knife, and I took to my heels and said to my belly »'Tis Lent for thee! From now on thou must fast a little«. But someone from above looks at me. Perchance that devil has sent someone to attack me. I'd better hide.

GULISAV *Oh, quel omo dabben!*¹

POMET Ah?

GULISAV O, a countryman!

POMET What wouldst thou?

GULISAV Nay, Sirrah, do not run!

POMET Where art thou from? Who art thou?

GULISAV I am a friend, go not away.

POMET Thus often say enemies, then show a knife.

GULISAV I am a friend.

POMET Brother, forgive me, I see thou art a good man. Give me thy hand! Where dost thou come from?

GULISAV I come from German lands, my boy, about great business. I am sent by Ondardo, the German, a nobleman from Augsburg to find for him his daughter who he lost eight years ago.

POMET What was that daughter's name?

¹ Hey, Good Sir!

GULISAV Magdalena. Ondardo was long in Venice where he traded, and there did love a Venetian noblewoman and by her had a daughter Magdalena. The girl grew up as a great lady, and by misfortune on her cast his eye a neighbouring nobleman of Venice and she on him, and with him ran away. The father now does all he can to find his daughter who has not returned since she did go away. He could not find her, then, and now may seek a hundred years for her.

POMET What would her father with her?

GULISAV His wife is dead, his children also and he's a great estate. Then he remembered the maid Magdalena and has sent me to find her, to ask, to look and to promise to him who finds her ...

POMET To promise what?

GULISAV One hundred gold pieces, to whoever finds her for me.

POMET That would not be bad. But where to find her?

GULISAV If she's alive, my brave, then, she'll be found.

POMET And if another Magdalena says »I am she« to come to the estate, and she be not his daughter?

GULISAV Boy, there are marks! Under her left tit she does have a mole and on her arm a mark that's known to me.

POMET Good sir, I have heard; I'll enquire everywhere, that I may get the hundred gold pieces. Where wilt thou lodge?

GULISAV Here at the *de la Grassezza*. Come thou and drink with me.

POMET Thank you friend; we will meet again — now I have work to do.

POMET (alone) Oh that the devil but peed rose water that fortune might turn in my favour, that Mande should be Magdalena, then would I get the gold. But I fear my luck will not turn thus today and these

are but fantasies he would have taken me home to be his guest, he would have tricked me. But here comes Petrunjela talking to herself. Something must have happened. Petre, Petrunjela!

PETRUNJELA Pomet!

POMET Petre. What is it, Petre?

PETRUNJELA Ah Pomet, terrible things have I to tell! All traitors and all villains! Oh, three thousand ducats! »My Maro« has gone, that devil Maro and his father.

POMET By God. So Maro's tricked you. And Pomet you would not listen to but laughed at him. Now you do know! Crying Petrunjela, what have the villains done?

PETRUNJELA Done, done! Squandered three thousand ducats, My lady sent me to spy out what Maro's father did. I saw Sadi the Jew and asked him which was Maro's father. He showed to me a louse in torn old homespun opening a store, and behind him a line of porters. I looked to see what the old man would do. He took all the goods out and carried them, with the porters the devil knows where. Then Sadi the Jew said he would go — to the bank for the Signora's bond.

POMET Now you have it! Ah, Petrunjela now you know who your friend is. But before thou goest home I must ask thee something.

PETRUNJELA Ask.

POMET Is thy mistress from the land of Germany?

PETRUNJELA She is. She told me once her father is German, but knows naught of him.

POMET Why is she called here Signora Laura, and in Kotor was called Mande?

PETRUNJELA Her first name was Magdalena. Thus was she called in Kotor Mande, and here in Rome changed it to Laura for many reasons: and in part for her father would seek her out to kill her.

POMET Has thy mistress a mole 'neath her left tit?

PETRUNJELA She has. Pomet, thou wretch, what dost thou.

POMET Petre, thou has made me a king today! From now on ask what thou wouldst from me.

PETRUNJELA What shall I ask?

POMET Petrunjela, I have something else to delight thee. Ask Signora Laura this »If the German, my master, would take thee to wife wouldst thou have him?«, and tell her too »he is rich, has fifty thousand ducats.«

PETRUNJELA 'Tis a great thing, Pomo! Who could refuse it? I promise for her, she will do it, the more since she is German.

POMET Go tell her, I will come in a little.

PETRUNJELA May God love thee, Pomo, since thou lov'st us so much.

POMET Oh luck, dear luck, sweet fortune, now know I that thou but mockest me. 'Tis clear thou sportest with me but thou lov'st me, yes lov'st me, and I am mad with love of thee. Signor Ugo, I will make thee happy. I'll give thee Signora Laura to be thine 'till death, and that with great estate. But who comes here? Uncle Maroje and Bokčilo.

MAROJE Bokčilo! We have won, I am secure of more than three thousand ducats, snatched from the lion's jaw!

BOKČILO Oh, my back! How heavy were those bales, I'm broken quite.

MARO Whoreson, whoreson!

MAROJE Quiet Bokčilo! Ah, there is that master of mine! I'll make out that I know him not; pay him in the same coin he paid me.

MARO Oh, whoreson and I left the keys of my storehouse to that devil! But here he is, Popiva, stand aside — Father, father.

POMET Watch how they do conduct themselves.

BOKČILO Now do we go from tricks to trickery.

MAROJE Whose art thou?

MARO The devil's if thou wouldst thus. What is this thievery. Give me my store keys, the goods there are not mine.

MAROJE *Assasin, allassasino!* Bokčilo, help, *ladro, al ladro!*

MARO Thou art no father but a devil rather!

POMET Have you ever seen the like of this? Was ever such a comedy e'er played?

MAROJE Bokčilo. we have won.

BOKČILO Master, thou art his father, he thy son, you must make peace.

MAROJE Among hounds and foxes there is no peace. Now I am the fox as he did teach me. Let us go into the inn that thou mayest come to thy own. Go in.

BOKČILO All right. This indeed was not to be expected.

POMET (alone) What a comedy I have beheld! Signor Marin has slunk away like gelded wolf, and the Signora's ducats with Uncle Maroje lie. But who was here the maestro? Who but Pomet! I showed him where the wind blew from, he hoisted the sails. But who have we here? Some new arrival. It looks like Mazija with letters. It is! Perchance more good luck comes my way with him. Mazija, be ready, I'll feast thee like a Bosnian.²

¹ Thief, catch the thief.

² Mazija is a Bosnian Moslem and speaks a Bosnian variant of Croatian. There were no regular postmen then, but private persons would undertake to carry letters.

POMET Mazija, *bevegna!*¹

MAZIJA Pomo, Pomet, let me touch thy hand. Holy Lady, I thank thee! 'Tis a good augur I met thee.

POMET Trickster what is thy trickery now?

MAZIJA I will this time drink, eat and feast in lordly manner.

POMET Flatterer, who art thou flattering.

MAZIJA By Holy Mary, I would rather meet thee than meet the Pope.

POMET And why, thou littoral pirate?

MAZIJA Why, it would seem that thou art brother sworn to all good foods; where thou art there is food, drink and enjoyment. Take me as servant, I'd rather serve thee than any bishop.

POMET Mazija, thou knowest not yet who I am in Rome. But follow me, tosspot, stay within my shadow, and thou wilt see who Pomet Banquet is.

MAZIJA Now thou art a great man, I but a poor one.

POMET Mazija, come close! What news is there from Town?

MAZIJA The news is: Malašica sells cheeses, before Orlando² wine is sold which the lads do drink; bread is not lacking in Luča nor water in the fountain.

POMET Fair, brother, that is all old! Hast thou any letters?

MAZIJA Dost thou know where Maro Marojev lodges? I have a letter for him from Town.

POMET I know, I'm with him very often, I will give it to him.

MAZIJA Another's for some Dživo. So much I trust thee, Pomo, take thou them for me.

¹ Welcome.

² A statue of Roland still standing in the centre of Dubrovnik

POMET I will, *lassa far a mi*.¹

MAZIJA Some widow in Town has died, her sons and daughters too, and left a great estate.

POMET Who is the widow?

MAZIJA I know not, here in the letter 'tis written. I will be off for I have a hundred things to do. Pomo, next time I would we drank together.

POMET Aye, Mazija, that we stay a little and that I give thee Bosnian treating, tosspot.

MAZIJA As a brother, thanks knave.

POMET (alone) Pomet will first know what the news is; and may it be good news for Pomet too. I have the letters; I will open them. Signor Ugo, *la signora l tua!*²

GRUBIŠA Father, father!

PAVO Master Kamilo, dost thou know thy way about this place?

KAMILO *Misser si*, I all know.

GRUBIŠA Ah, Father, wretched Grubiša, where dost thou find thyself, where the people, all talk with »shus«, »shu-pshu«, that not one word is to be understood.

PAVAO Quiet. Where is *alla Sciocchezza* Inn?

INNKEEPER *Alla Sciocchezza, alla Sciocchezza! Che domandate?*³

GRUBIŠA Hark at that »shau-shau« as though he were a swine.

PAVAO Ask him if anyone from Dubrovnik lodges here.

KAMILO *Sarebbe qui alloggiato nisciun Ragužeo?*⁴

¹ Just leave them to me.

² The Signora is thine!

³ What do you want with *Alla Sciocchezza*?

⁴ Is there anyone here from Ragusa?

INNKEEPER *Credo di si: I Raguži sempre alloggianno que alle Miseria*.¹

SECOND INNKEEPER *Ah, q'e un vecchio*.²

KAMILO Yes, an old man.

PAVAO That will be Maroje, my friend; They say he has been in Rome three days.

INNKEEPER Kom here. Small momey, much eat as belly hold.

GRUBIŠA Ah wretch, this Italian tongue of his. Why cannot they talk like Christians? Hast thou wine?

PAVAO Quiet, swine, is it for thee to talk.

INNKEEPER Wine good, wine good drink, fine Serving, Kom.

KAMILO *O che spasso!*³ Master Paulo, go in the inn, eh find old man Maroje, eh.

PAVAO Thou, wilt thou not go up?

KAMILO I will, I will, presently.

GRUBIŠA Wretched Grubiša landed in Latin land where they eat frogs and snails.

INNKEEPER *Scusi*.

GRUBIŠA Where they drink no toasts, and pour water in the wine. Ah, fortune, ill fortune, where hast thou brought me? Where art thou Pribrat, Radat, Vukmir, Obrad, my dear companions? Ah far away, poor me!

KAMILO *O, che spasso di questa bestia!*⁴

INNKEEPER *Che urli tu, ciera di buo?*⁵

GRUBIŠA *Buo, buo*.

PAVAO Grubiša, get up, there thou swine. 'Tis too long since. I did whip thee.

¹ I think there is. Those from Ragusa always lodge at the Miser.

² Yes, there's and old man here.

³ Oh he is funny

⁴ What game are you having with this animal!

⁵ What are you bellowing about, you ox?

GRUBIŠA Take this! This one would stab me. Stab not I tell thee, my brave.

INNKEEPER *Brave, brave, va con diavolo!*¹

KAMILO *E mendalo al burdello; a un poveraccio.*²

GRUBIŠA Ah! Ah!

LAURA Traitor, where, where is that traitor, I would have his blood. My three thousand ducats. Assassin.

PETRUNJELA *Madona mia.*

LAURA Assassin, traitor.

ACT V

POMET (alone) *Honores mutant moribus*³ And who sees me now that I have changed my clothing will say »Pomet Banquet has run mad!«, knowing not that now an *abate* am I, a count, a cavalier. For now I know for sure, for certain that Signora Laura is Magdalena, Ondardo of Augsburg's daughter. I will go now quickly to Signora Laura, to Signora Magdalena, and tell her all. Signora Laura, *Padrona mia!*

LAURA Pomet, 'tis thee? Come up!

POMET Ah lady, hadst thou spoken thus earlier thy three thousand had not sunk.

LAURA My ill fortune did wish it so.

POMET Signora Laura, I bring thee news I think will please thee greatly.

LAURA A man such as thou art can only bring good news.

PETRUNJELA Look what a gallant he's become with gold chains as though to wedding going.

POMET Ah by the Lord, Petre, to a wedding. Signora Laura, I stepped in with my right foot, 'tis a good omen.

¹ Go to the devil.

² Send him to a brothel, it some poor fool

³ Honours alter habits.

LAURA Come in.

MARO Oh, open earth and swallow me, that I suffer no longer. I've nothing left neither for food nor lodging. And the key of my house with my rascally father, who is my death. Ah signora, ah whore. Popiva, seest thou where misfortune has brought us, I must now lie, must fly from debtors, from the officers. My only hopes now are in thieving! If we tonight cannot by some means steal from Signora Laura then I know not where we'll go nor how. Oh death, where art thou?

POPIVA Master, Now there is time neither to lose nor cry. Let us go to the Signora this evening to sup and sleep. And we will lighten her of some gold chains, the pendant and the ruby.

MARO We will, we will.

POPIVA How »we will«. Here thou art before the Signora's door.

MARO Yes, knock Popiva.

PETRUNJELA *Chi batte guiso?*¹

POPIVA Petrunjela, open. Petre, why art thou thus...

PETRUNJELA I am looking at thee, Popo. I fell in love with thee. Wretch, how well it fitted for thee.

POPIVA Petre, little Petrunjela!

LAURA Signor Marin!

MARO *Signora mia bella!*²

LAURA Did I deserve of thee what thou hast done?

PETRUNJELA Oh thou unscrupulous: thou wretch, would with these nails to tear out those eyes?

LAURA Quiet, Petrunjela!

POPIVA Petre, Petre, what is this anger?

PETRUNJELA Thou hast stolen three thousand ducats from the Signora, ah!

¹ Who knocks down there?

² My lovely lady!

MARO Did Pomet lie to thee thus?

LAURA Petrunjela with her own eyes saw it, traitor, how that old scarecrow did take the goods, and the Jew at once to the bank to claim my bond.

MARO Thou sawest that Petre?

PETRUNJELA I did, I did!

LAURA Had I deserved that from thee Maro?

MARO What, Signora?

LAURA And thou'st a letter from thy betrothed, and did tell me that thou wast not betrothed! *Basta!* On two counts have I been deceived by thee, until now not one of my company was cheated thus! Think'st thou there is no justice here in Rome? Think'st thou to have my three thousand ducats without a scandal and great shame to thee.

MARO Signora, thou art not well informed. I cannot here, from the street, my reasons give.

POPIVA Open a little, lady, that we may come in. Things are not thus as they have painted been.

PETRUNJELA That you may yet pick something else up from us? In God's name let us not let thieves come in!

POMET Who is down there? Ah Master Marin, I'm sorry, the seats are full, thou hast nowhere to sit, and the comedy began long since! Popiva tell thy master, wolf has cheated fox.

MARO Whoreson, villain thou! Surely one day I will have thy blood.

POPIVA Thou thief, come down that I may show thee with whom thou hast to deal!

POMET Me come down? Now I am up and 'tis you who are down! This was your place not very long ago, but now, poor wretches, you have fallen, for the wicked do not become an honourable seat.

MARO Oh, thou swindling cheat! — Listen Signora Laura — open up or by the crucifixion I will burn him in the house.

POPIVA Shall we break down the door!

LAURA Break the door?! Petre, get me a mortar. /

MARO Ah whores, whores. Who would have dealings with you.

POPIVA *L'e fatta!*¹ May we fall in with Pomet somewhere, may we have his blood. /

MARO By all means, I will kill him where he stands.

POPIVA Master, do not yet give up, if needs be we will go for soldiers — let the drum sound.

MARO Popiva; I would kill Pomet — *che lo ammatiamo*² — then will they not say we escaped as bankrupts but as murderers rather which is lesser shame.

POPIVA Master, in life — in death, I follow thee.

MARO We will force our way into Laura's — ah the bitch! Slaughter all who come beneath our hands! I am desperate — Father — devil! Then will I kill myself. Let us go and get ourselves weapons.

PIETRO So desperate he is, I fear that he will cause some mischief.

NIKO Let us go after him, we'll leave him not, lest in his fury he should do some ill.

VLAHO Let's go, let's go.

DŽIVULIN Ah, ah, *Giuraddio*, that red-beard Djuho of ours, who has to pay me, is nowhere to be found; he lied to me like an Indian frog. Shall I, by God, ever meet up with him? Could I but play at bowls with him and kick him in the bottom, that the whirlwind fly off with him. He's nowhere, by our Glorious Lady!

¹ It is ended.
² Kill him.

But who comes here? I will stand aside a little and spy on the countenance of the enemy.

TRIPČE By the protectress of Kotor, *can, becco futuo*.¹ Now find weapons on me! Where is that son of a mother with seven husbands? Not to be seen by St. Julian, guardian of heroes. Come out *can, becco futuo*!

DŽIVULIN Ah ha, This is one of my Djuho's tricks! He has sent him, it cannot be otherwise by Our Lady of Pšunj. I knew that he would try to get away and not pay his passage.

TRIPČE *Eccomi in compagna!*² If there's anyone there come out. This is no place for hiding; Out, whoever is not a woman.

DŽIVULIN Sirrah, who dost thou seek? If a man, here he is upon the square; if a woman, they are indoors spinning hemp. Art thou he? Who sent thee?

TRIPČE Art thou he who is seeking me? Here I am! Why starest thou so closely? Enough of thy staring.

DŽIVULIN Tell me, are we not to look for our own money?

TRIPČE And you tell me; what thou canst not get *per amor*³ shouldst thou try *per forza*.⁴

DŽIVULIN *Giuraddio*, by the Mother of Pšunj, talk less!⁵

TRIPČE Yell not, like a beast. *Sta largo*⁶ for if we start playing with our fists, by the Blessed Virgin, thou'lt know with whom thou hast to deal.

DŽIVULIN Knowest thou not with whom thou talkest? I am an islander from Lopud, lightning and fire!

¹ Dog, corrupt goat.

² Here I am, ready to fight.

³ By love.

⁴ By force.

⁵ It is here that the original, incomplete manuscript of *Uncle Maroje* finishes. The ending of the play was partly written by Mihovil Kombol, professor of Croatian literature and published in the periodical *Theatre* in 1955, and partly by the writer Ranko Marinković for this production

⁶ Stand quiet

Raised aboard ship. Come on if thou art not woman! To me, to me! Hold me, or I'll strangle him!¹

INNKEEPER *Ohime, gente con arme in piazza! Signori Ragusei.*²

PAVAO What is this uproar here, before the house?

MAROJE Master Tripče, what dost thou here with arms?

TRIPČE This braggart here does threaten me: I know not who he is nor what he wants.

DŽIVULIN I know what thou dost want. Thou art sent to me by that broker Djuho, who paid me not his passage to Ancona, but I'll not be put on thus.

TRIPČE Which Djuho? What Djuho? What's he to me?

MAROJE Dživulin, Dživulin, this is Master Tripče, our neighbour from Kotor.

DŽIVULIN Oh, he is from Kotor, the potters'town.

TRIPČE May you be struck dumb,³ fool!

Hast thou, master, made up with thy son?

MAROJE Made up with the devil! There's no making up with him. I have a son no longer.

KAMILO That can say not: no have son when have son.

PAVAO Said I not, all would arrange itself that Pera, Maro's betrothed, had left Dubrovnik with her cousin Dživulin and her nurse? They will be now in Rome. Her aunt left to her her whole estate now when she died.

PERA Oh, my aunt!

PAVAO By God's beard, here they are!

DŽIVULIN Here we are Uncle Maroje, there's no need more to hide, the truth must be told.

¹ The remark »Hold me or I'll strangle him« is addressed to any bystanders and is a famous old Dalmatian joke of the »hero« who to escape fighting, calls on all around to hold him off from his enemy lest he should kill him.

² Men with arms! Signors from Dubrovnik!

³ For some reason the Kotor people didn't like the idea that they were potters.

MAROJE What wouldst thou say?

DŽIVO Uncle Maroje, I'll not hide the fault was mine. 'Tis I did tell my cousin Pera to take three hundred ducats from her aunt's chest and go with me to seek her faithless betrothed.

MAROJE You have come that there be not just one scandal with my son but another with his betrothed.

DŽIVO It seemed to me that I was doing right, and now has everything turned round to ill, my council and our journey here to Rome. Yet is the blame not all upon my head, 'tis three years now since Maro did leave Town, and in that time no single letter did send home. Our house never deserved that of him, and you yourself betrothed him to my cousin.

MAROJE Your house did not deserve? Did I deserve that which he did to me? Here he is now, take him, may you be proud of him.

NIKO Master, we have brought you Maro here, and taken this knife from him, which, had we not, I fear he would have done himself some mischief.

PERA Ah, nurse!

MAROJE I have naught here to say. As a man does so must he take what comes.

PAVAO Be not thus, remember what I said to thee before.

TRIPČE Master, not thus; see he is in despair.

BOKČILO Master, he is thy son, abandon him not thus.

KAMILO *Misser, non cosi in furia*¹. Furia not good.

MARO Father, I see now how my evil ways have brought me all to ruin. Canst thou forgive me? I will be different now; am different already having passed through such a school and recognized my folly.

¹ Do not do thus in anger.

PAVAO He was led astray by youth and by the purse full of ducats that thou gavest him. Take the child home to Dubrovnik with thee, marry him, and when his children start to cry and when he sees how hard is money gained then he will come to greater understanding.

BOKČILO He will come to be like you, who sit upon your ducats and chew shit.

MARO Father!

UGO (from the terrace) Pomet!

TRIPČE There is that German who would have fought with me. Now smiles he, and makes out he does not know me.

POMET Master Tripče, my master Ugo is a gallant gentleman; what he did he did without me, in *furia*. *Non e vero Misser Ugo, che non volevate far mal a misse Tripe?*¹

UGO *Non folevo, non folevo, brego scusar.*²

TRIPČE All right, so that 'tis known that I do fear no German.

PAVAO Maroje, Maroje, he is thy son.

MARO Forgive me Father.

MAROJE I will not.

MARO Pera, forgive me.

PERA I will not.

POMET I see you all are fallen to melancholy, and melancholy is not good for it sits heavy on the stomach. One must not give oneself to it, for upon bad times good times follow after. *Post nubilorum Phoebus.*³ When you hear the news which I do bring you, news to delight your hearts, then will you say: Let

¹ In anger without meaning. Master Ugo, is it not true that you did not wish ill to master Tripče?

² I did not, I did not, excuse me please.

³ After rain — sun.

us have Pomet, we cannot do without him. First, two letters of importance from Dubrovnik, one for Signor Dživo...

DŽIVO Give...

POMET Wait, go to the devil. I'll not give it thee... the second for Master Maro. This is what they say thy aunt in Dubrovnik's dead...

PERA Oh, (Pera and the nurse cry)

BOKČILO Thank the Lord.

POMET ... and has left a great estate to be divided between her niece and Signor Marin to be given to him when he leads Pera from the church.

DŽIVO Good.

MARO Good.

PAVAO There, you see that I have spoken truth. (Maro and Maroje embrace)

NIKO Ah, there's a very devil in this Pomet.

PIJERO And our good, honest Maro once more has the wind behind him.

POMET Now I'll give you more news, you will hear wonders such as you never before did hear. A countryman of ours has come from German lands sent by rich Signor Ondardo of Augsburg, to find his daughter Magdalena, lost eight years ago to whom he would now leave his great estate. There are some signs?

BOKČILO What signs?

POMET A mole by the left tit. And Pomet has found her: It is a victory like that Caesar's who said *Veni, vidi, vici*. Magdalena, daughter and heiress of Signor Ondardo, was once in Kotor called Mande, and is now Signora Laura called; here stands her house before you. And now what is there left for me to do but to take my master, to possession of Signora Laura, that Ger-

man may take German and ours take ours! Signor Ugo.

UGO *Musik*.

POMET Why stand you spellbound thus? Go, drink your full!

BOKČILO Aye, that is what we need. Pomo, great and famous Pomo.

MAROJE Quiet, thou drunkard!

BOKČILO Let's drink!

INN KEEPERS Drink... drink...

POMET Drink, drink, poor souls, my master celebrates Victory. And we will do our work up here, will we not, Petre?

POPIVA Thou thief! (sadly) Little Petrunjela.

PETRUNJELA (imitating him) Popiva...

Stand off my dear,
far from here,
I have mine,
and will not thine.

POMET Thou hearest Popiva? Off, off, basket head, find thyself service in Dubrovnik. The great world is not for thee. *Pometeus Augustus Triumfator*, The great Master of Ceremonies now reigns here. At just the right moment he discovered the mole beneath the left... and with that mole a treasure of a hundred ducats. And her it made Magdalena Ondardo of Augsburg for my German. Who may ascend on the wings of *amor* into delight and glory... and I — for I am no giraffe, monkey, owl, goat on a donkey, like some here called Popiva — will take this country-woman, Milica, little devil, Petr-tru-trunjella. *Cur? Quare!* One should not strain ones patience.

POPIVA Ah, could I but have thy blood!

¹ Why? What for?

POMET Get thee gone to a butcher Popiva. And I will say to thee: thou hadst a great master, but thou knewest not how to sail. Patience, patience Popiva. Let me recommend thee to another master, — Bokčilo there ...

BOKČILO Pomo ...

POMET Bear with him Bokčilo. I recommend myself to thee. Quicken his brain a little brother. Adio to you adio, to all who go now to Town. May you all have fortune as good as mine.

POPIVA Bitch.

POMET And a following wind to you? *Buon viaggio* to thee too, Signor Marin ... May all be well for thee in Dubrovnik.

BOKČILO For whom.

POMET *Allegro e di bona voglia!* Thoult tighten thy purse strings a little, a penn'orth of meat and a bowl of soup, as we did say, thou wilt have fresh air to enjoy. But be consoled for I hear that great business is in preparation in Dubrovnik.

BOKČILO What?

POMET 'Tis now a time of enjoyment there.

BOKČILO Why?

POMET Some comedies ...

BOKČILO Comedies ...?

POMET Are playing like this one of ours. Why stand you here spellbound? Move off. Enough of this beholding Rome from Dubrovnik. Now we are in Dubrovnik. Look there are people looking at you ... people ... true ... people.

End of the Comedy

* * *

The sparkling comedy *Uncle Maroje* was written by Marin Držić (1508—1567), greatest of the sixteenth century Dubrovnik playwrights, and is holds a special place among the many works of this author. It presents an exuberant and picturesque fresco of the life of Renaissance Dubrovnik and it has a great deal to tell us of the unusual creative character and strength of the dramatist who, a whole century earlier than Moliere, wrote a comedy on the theme of the Miser, and also dealt with the motif of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In dramatic form the play is of great interest. It is not confined within any conventional limits of the time, but constantly reaches out beyond them. In his *Uncle Maroje* Držić created a rich gallery of types, intensely different in their psychology, and in doing so he has left us a valuable artistic record of Dubrovnik and of the people of those parts at that time. The tale he based his plot on is simple enough — the story of a father, Uncle Maroje, from Dubrovnik who, having given money to his son, does all he can to save as much as he can from the boy's lavish spending in Rome. He has embroidered this basis with a whole range of interesting and witty situations which are not really part of the main theme, but for this very reason, and because of their unusualness and plastic mobility, recreate a rich tableau of Renaissance life. Relations between people from various towns and parts of the country, the characteristics of their dialect, precise, psychologically convincing descriptions of their individual characteristics, all provide unique

matter for this comedy. These »locals« walk about Rome led by the magic wand of a dramatist who allows them to be embroiled in situation after situation, involves them in intrigues, then immediately releases them. And in all this he shows himself a fine humorist, a convincing satirist and, above all, a great connoisseur of people, treasuring their foibles with sympathy.

How well developed Držić's aesthetic and ethical sense was can be seen from the prologue to the play in which the Magician speaks of a land described with Utopian imagination. The language of this whole section discloses the existence of a poetic personality. The entire language of the play is in fact extremely poetic and varied and I am of the opinion that it is the richest and most poetically fine of all our dramas.

Uncle Maroje was written in 1550, and performed, in all likelihood, at the carnival of 1551. It is being performed in Dubrovnik 400 years later in exactly the same form as it was written by the immortal Držić.

Davor Šošić