ARISTOPHANES

WITH THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF

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IN THREE VOLUMES

I

THE ACHARNIANS
THE CLOUDS
THE KNIGHTS
THE WASPS

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PREFACE

By the assistance of Messrs. G. Bell & Sons the Editors are enabled to include in the Library the famous version of Aristophanes made by Dr. Rogers. His complete edition with its full Introductions, Notes, and Appendices, will remain indispensable to large libraries and scholars, but it is hoped that the present edition will make his work more accessible to the general reader.

Introductions and explanatory notes have been added by the Editors. These for the most part contain only information which can readily be found elsewhere, but in cases where it seemed wise to give Dr. Rogers' exact view of a passage, short extracts from his notes are given in his own words.
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Aristophanes is an elusive poet. The main religious convictions of Aeschylus may be determined with certainty from his extant plays; attentive study of the dramas of Euripides reveals his cardinal opinions on politics, society and religion, and his philosophic attitude; but who can affirm with confidence that he has penetrated the comic mask of Aristophanes and knows his beliefs? The poet’s mocking irony baffles and perplexes his reader at almost every turn.

\[ \text{εὐνήκαθ' δ' λέγει;} --\muά \tauῶν \ 'Απόλλων \ 'γίω \ μὲν \ οὐ. \]

One element of the poet’s irony is his apparent frankness. He has at times the air of desiring to be taken seriously and seems to be expressing honest convictions. He is very suggestive and provokes reflection, but the attempt to reduce his opinions to system reveals the illusion. We become uneasily conscious that the great satirist is laughing behind his mask.

A proof of this deceptive quality of the poet’s humour is found in the diversity of the opinions that have been held as to his purpose in writing. It was once the fashion among modern interpreters to take him very seriously,—the comic poet disappeared in the reformer. He was eulogized as a moralist and patriot, whose lofty purpose was to instruct his fellow-countrymen; as an earnest thinker, who had
GENERAL INTRODUCTION

reflected deeply on the problems of society and
government and had made Comedy simply the
vehicle of his reforming ideas; as a wise and dis-
cerning counsellor, who was competent to advise the
citizens of Athens at a critical time on political
questions and whose judgement of men and measures
was sound; as a stern man withal, resolute in the
performance of duty, the implacable and victorious
foe of all, wherever found, who undermined the
glory of Athens. This view, which Grote combated
(History of Greece, lxvii), finds vigorous expression
in the Apology of Robert Browning:

Next, whom thrash?
Only the coarse fool and the clownish knave?
No! strike malpractice that affects the State,
The common weal—intriguer or poltroon,
Venality, corruption, what care I
If shrewd or witless merely?—so the thing
Lay sap to aught that made Athenai bright
And happy, change her customs, lead astray
Youth or age, play the demagogue at Pnux,
The sophist in Palaistra, or—what's worst,
As widest mischief,—from the Theatre
Preach innovation, bring contempt on oaths,
Adorn licentiousness, despise the Cult.

But my soul bade "Fight!
Prove arms efficient on real heads and hearts!"
I wield the Comic weapon rather—hate!
Hate! honest, earnest and directest hate—
Warfare wherein I close with enemy.
Such was my purpose: it succeeds, I say!
Have we not beaten Kallicratidas,
Not humbled Sparte? Peace awaits our word.
Since my previsions,—warranted too well
By the long war now waged and worn to end—
Had spared such heritage of misery,
My after-counsels scarce need fear repulse.
Athenai, taught prosperity has wings,
Cages the glad recapture.
Thus vaunts the poet, as Browning interprets him, just after the great victory won at Arginusae. "Sparta is at our feet, a new day dawns, the War is at an end. For Athens has at length learnt the bitter lesson she might have been spared had she yielded to my pleas for peace." The actual history of the next twelve months is pathetic. The battle at Arginusae, in which Callicratidas fell, restored the maritime supremacy of Athens, but peace was not secured. The Spartans made overtures, but the Athenian people, paying small heed to the "good counsels" that their Poet had given them in the Acharnians, the Peace, the Lysistrata, and in other comedies no longer extant, followed the lead of drunken Cleophon and rejected the Spartan proposals, just as five years before they had committed the grave error of accepting his advice after the Athenian victory at Cyzicus. Sparta bestirred herself, Lysander was sent out, and within a year Athenian arms suffered irretrievable reverse at Aegospotami.

The poet's counsels of peace were rejected. Peace came only with disaster. His "sage" solutions of many other burning questions were equally ineffective. If Aristophanes was working for reform, as a long line of learned interpreters of the poet have maintained, the result was lamentably disappointing: he succeeded in effecting not a single change. He wings the shafts of his incomparable wit at all the popular leaders of the day—Cleon, Hyperbolus, Peisander, Cleophon, Agyrrhius, in succession, and is reluctant to unstring his bow even when they are dead. But he drove no one of them from power; there is little evidence, indeed, that
he damaged their influence or even disturbed their brazen self-confidence. Cleon, when the poet’s libellous personal abuse became even in his judgement indecent, promptly brought him to his knees. “When Cleon pressed me hard and tanned my hide, and outsiders laughed to see the sport, I confess”—Aristophanes says in the *Wasps*—“I played the ape a bit.” He adds significantly that he failed to get popular support in this quarrel. The inference is that the people did not think badly of Cleon; but modern opinion of the popular leaders in Athens, formed on the evidence that Aristophanes is supposed to furnish, has been persistently unfavourable, and Cleon’s rehabilitation as a sagacious, if turbulent, statesman who consistently maintained the imperial policy of Pericles has been slow.

The poet vehemently protested, it has been said, against the New Education, and viewing the whole intellectual tendency of his time with alarm, pleaded for a restoration of the simple discipline that had moulded the morals and minds and manners of the hardy men who fought at Marathon. Furthermore, he clearly apprehended the evils inherent in the Athenian system of judicature, which committed the administration of justice to a horde of common men, ignorant of the law, swayed by the impulse of the moment, “monsters of caprice and injustice,” and ruthlessly exposed the unrighteousness of its proceedings. Finally, reverent of the best traditions of the stage, he stood forth, it is alleged, as their uncompromising defender, and sternly resisted the innovations that were gradually changing the spirit and the form of tragedy during the last third of the century, and for a generation relentlessly pursued
their chief exponent, concealing an attack that was meant to ruin him under the veil of caricature, parody, burlesque, and satire. But Socrates still frequented, winter and summer, the gymnasia, the market and the schools, and the Sophists continued to discourse and draw their pay; Philocleon, after a single experience of the pleasures of polite society, again forgathered with his cronies before the dawn of day and trudged away to Court; and Euripides, calmly disregarding the malicious strictures of his youthful critic, continued to write tragedy in his own manner and to present on the stage plays that were heard by the young men of Athens with wild acclaim.

This extreme conception of the function of Greek comedy as chiefly censorial and monitory has been modified with larger and more exact knowledge of the times in which the poet lived and of the conditions of life under which he wrote, but it has had unfortunate consequences. These plays have been regarded as a trustworthy source of information in establishing the facts of Greek history, biography, and institutions. So serious an interpretation of a form of literature of which the primary intention must always be entertainment and amusement inevitably obscured the poet's elusive humour. A jest became a statement of fact, a caricature a portrait, a satire a document. The poet's conception, clothed in a fantastical disguise that rivalled the grotesque dress of his own actors, has been essentially misapprehended in an entire play.

On the other hand the mistaken disposition, recently manifested, to regard Aristophanes simply as a jester and to deny that he had any other purpose than to provoke laughter is an extreme, though
natural, reaction. This view denies at the same
time, as might have been expected, the cathartic
efficacy of Greek tragedy. The highest comedy,
typed in the earlier plays of Aristophanes, and in
some of the comedies of Molière, is regenerative.
The purpose of Aristophanes in the _Acharnians_, in
which the action turns upon the impossible and
fantastic whimsy of an Athenian farmer securing
peace with Sparta for himself and his family alone,
is to ridicule the war-party. Nobody would have
been more amused than the poet if he had been told
that his play was to stop the fighting, but he did
believe that the War was an evil, and so far his
heart was honestly in his theme; and I have no
doubt that many a man who had laughed uproari-
ously at the peace-loving farmer set single-handed
in the comedy against a quarrelsome chorus, a
powerful general, the whole tribe of sycophants, and
the demagogue Cleon in the background, went home
from the play less content with the course of his
political leaders and longing in his heart for the good
old days of peace. The instrument by which the
poet probed the popular discontent was that most
effective of all means when skilfully used—a laugh.

To regard Aristophanes as merely a jester is to
mistake the man. Ridicule of contemporary persons,
that is generally good-natured, or systems or pre-
vailing ideas is his main purpose, I think, in his
plays. His praise is for the dead. This ridicule,
which ranges from satire to airy conceit, is made
humorous by centering it in a far-fetched fantastic
conception that is not the less available if it is
impossible. Facts are exaggerated or invented with
superb nonchalance and bewildering semblance of
In these mad revels of unrestrained fancy is difficult to lay hands upon Aristophanes the man. Nevertheless we do discover probable indications of his attachments and beliefs. He lived in an age of intellectual unrest when many vital questions pressed or solution. That a man of his intelligence did not give them consideration and reach conclusions is impossible. No doubt he detested a debauchee—let Ariphrades bear witness,—but he must have sympathized with the revolt of the young men of his day against the severe and meagre discipline in which youth were trained during the first half of the century, and must have shared in their eager interest in the new subjects of knowledge. No doubt he deprecated the vicious use of the skill for which Strepsiades clamours in the Clouds, but he had too keen a mind to fail to distinguish between the right and the wrong use of this power or to reject all study of the art of persuasion because it might be abused. He was himself a skilful dialectician, as the Debates found in nearly all his comedies prove. He was acquainted with Socrates and must have known that he never misused his wonderful dialectical power, and must have felt an expert's special thrill of pleasure in observing with what skill he employed it. Furthermore, the times in which the poet lived were troublous; the fate of Athens again and again stood on the razor's edge. He was not indifferent to the welfare of his country nor of his fellow-countrymen. There is a serious undertone in the Acharnians that gives it an indescribable elevation, and in the Lysistrata, a Rabelaisian play written after the disaster to Athenian arms in Sicily, in which, Thucydidcs records, fleet and army utterly perished, and of the
many who went forth few returned home, there are verses of intensoest pathos that betray the poet's poignant sympathy:

οὐκ ἐστὶν ἀνὴρ ἐν τῇ χώρᾳ; μὰ Δι' οὗ δῆτ', εἴπ' ἔτερπῃ τίς.

Aristophanes, then, was a man of quick sympathies and settled convictions, although positive expression of belief and feeling is naturally rare in his plays, since he was a writer of comedy. Despite this reticence, it is both interesting and important to determine, so far as this may be done, his opinions on the questions that in his day were pressing for answer, and among these especially his political position. Was he an aristocrat? Was he, in particular, as M. Couat believed, a pamphleteer in the pay of the aristocrats? Or was he a democrat? And if a democrat, how is the satirical—but extremely comical—characterization of Athenian Demus in the 

Knights, which his countrymen viewed with good-natured amusement, to be interpreted? To these weighty and significant questions the reader may find an answer by studying the plays for himself.

JOHN WILLIAMS WHITE.

[This Introduction is reprinted from Dr. Loeb's translation of Aristophanes and the Political Parties at Athens by Maurice Croiset. It was originally arranged that the translation of Aristophanes for the Loeb Classical Library should be made by Professor John Williams White of Harvard University, but as he died before his work was completed it was thought that the printing of the above as an Introduction to the volumes which were to have been his work would be a fitting tribute to the memory of one who, while he was alive, took the deepest interest in the welfare of the Library.]
THE ACHARNIANS
INTRODUCTION

The Acharnians was produced at the Lenaean Dionysia in February 425 B.C., and like the Banqueters in 427 and the Babylonians in 426, it was in the name of Callistratus that it was brought out. The prize was awarded to Aristophanes; Cratinus with his Storm-Tossed (Χειμαζόμενον) was second, and Eupolis with his New Moons (Νομηνίαι) last. It is the oldest Greek comedy which has survived.

The general idea of the play is so simple that it needs no special Introduction. "An honest citizen, finding it impossible to get the State to conclude a peace with Sparta, makes a private peace on his own account; and thenceforward is represented as living in all the joys and comforts of Peace, whilst the rest of the City continues to suffer the straits and the miseries of War. But this simple plot is worked out and illustrated with an abundance of laughable and picturesque incidents." a

Indeed Mr. Rogers considers that "if only one of his Comedies had survived to our day, I think that this is the one which would have given us the most comprehensive idea of the range of Aristophanic satire," and he adds: "If it has not the concentrated power of his later plays, yet no other Comedy exhibits the same variety of incident. With the

a Rogers, Introduction, p. xxvi.
prodigality of youth, the poet runs through the whole gamut of his likes and dislikes; his longing for Panhellenic unity, as in the great days of Marathon and Salamis; his efforts for right and justice, τὸ ἐὖ καὶ τὸ δῖκαιον, in Athenian public life; and again the special objects of his aversion, as contravening these aims—the demagogues, the Informers, the war-party, the sophists, the lowering of the old heroic tragedy by Euripides—are all brought before us in turn; the germs of almost all his later efforts are discoverable in this early production.”

The Chorus consists of old men from Acharnae, a town which had especially suffered from the invasion of Archidamus, and which was celebrated for the “manly and soldier-like qualities” of its inhabitants who “at the commencement of the Peloponnesian War furnished a contingent of no less than 3000 hoplites” (cf. l. 180 and note).

* Introduction, p. xxvi.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ
ΚΗΡΣΞ
ΑΜΦΙΘΕΟΣ
ΠΡΕΣΒΕΙΣ
ΨΕΥΔΑΡΤΑΒΑΣ
ΘΕΟΡΟΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ
ΓΤΝΠ Δικαιοπλήδος
ΘΩΓΑΘΡ Δικαιοπλήδος
ΚΗΦΙΣΩΦΩΝ θεράπων Εὐριπίδου
ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ
ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ
ΜΕΓΑΡΕΤΣ
ΚΟΡΑ Α καὶ Β θυγατέρε τοῦ Μεγαρέως
ΣΤΚΟΦΑΝΤΗΣ
ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ
ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΣ
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ Λαμάχου
ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ
ΠΑΡΑΝΤΜΦΟΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΙ
ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ. Ὅσα δὴ δέδηγματήν ἐμαυτοῦ καρδίαν, ἥσθην δὲ βαιά· πάνυ δὲ βαιά· τέτταρα· ἃ δ' ὠδυνήθην, ψαμμοκοσιογάργαρα.

φέρ' ἄδω, τί δ' ἥσθην άξιον χαιρηδόνος; ἐγὼδ' ἔδ' ὦ γε τὸ κέαρ εὐφράνθην ἴδων,

τοῖς πέντε ταλάντοις οἷς Κλέων ἐξήμεσεν.

ταῦθ' ὡς ἐγανόθην, καὶ φιλῶ τοὺς ἵππεις
diὰ τοῦτο τούργον· άξιον γὰρ Ἑλλάδι.

ἀλλ' ὠδυνήθην ἔτερον αὖ τραγῳδικὸν,

ὦ τι "κεχήνη προσδοκῶν τὸν Λισχύλον,

ὁ δ' ἀνείπεν "εἰσαγ', ὦ Θέογνι, τὸν χορὸν." 5

πῶς τοῦτ' ἐσεισέ μοι, δοκεῖς, τὴν καρδίαν;

ἀλλ' ἔτερον ἥσθην, ἥνικ' ἐπὶ Μόσχῳ ποτὲ

Δεξίθεος εἰσῆλθ' ἄσομενος Βοιῶτιοι.

τῆτες δ' ἀπέθανον καὶ διεστράφην ἴδων,

ὦ τι "parable Xαῖρις ἐπὶ τὸν ὀρθῖον.

ἀλλ' οὐδεπώποτ' ἔξ ὦ τοῦ 'γὼ ῥύπτομαι

οὕτως ἐδήχθην ὕπο κονίας τὰς ὀφρὺς

a In the background are three houses: the central one that of Dicaeopolis, the other two those of Euripides and Lamachus. In the foreground is a rough representation of the Pnyx, where D. is awaiting the opening of the Assembly.

b Received as a bribe from certain of the allies to get their tribute-assessment lowered. The Knights compelled him to disgorge.
THE ACHARNIANS

DiCaeopolis. What heaps of things have bitten me to the heart!
A small few pleased me, very few, just four;
But those that vexed were sand-dune-hundredfold.
Let's see: what pleased me, worth my gladfulness?
I know a thing it cheered my heart to see;
'Twas those five talents vomited up by Cleon.
At that I brightened; and I love the Knights
For that performance; 'twas of price to Hellas.
Then I'd a tragic sorrow, when I looked
With open mouth for Aeschylus, and lo,
The Crier called, Bring on your play, Theognis.
Judge what an icy shock that gave my heart!
Next; pleased I was when Moschus left, and in
Dexitheus came with his Boeotian song.
But oh this year I nearly cracked my neck,
When in slipped Chaeris for the Orthian Nome.
But never yet since first I washed my face
Was I so bitten—in my brows with soap,

\(^{a}\) A very dull, frigid poet, cf. T. 170 and note.
\(^{b}\) One of the famous lyrical nomes of Terpander; the
Orthian was another; a spirit-stirring strain as of soldiers
marching to victory. Chaeris was a Theban piper, who used
to slink in to feasts uninvited.
\(^{c}\) υπὸ κοῦ. τ. δ. unexpectedly for υπ' ὄννης τὴν καρδίαν or
the like.
ARISTOPHANES

ως νῦν, ὁπότε οὕσης κυρίας ἐκκλησίας ἐωθινῆς ἐρήμος ἡ πνῦξ αὐτῆ. 20
οἱ δὲ ἐν ἀγορᾶ λαλοῦσι, κἂν καὶ κάτω τὸ σχοινίον φεύγουσι τὸ μεμλτωμένον ὦν' οἱ πρυτάνεις ἦκουσιν, ἀλλ' ἀωρίαν ἦκουσας, εἰτα δ' ὡστιοῦνται πῶς δοκεῖς ἐλθόντες ἀλλήλους περὶ πρῶτου ξύλου, ἀθρόοι καταρρέοντες· εἰρήνῃ δ' ὅπως ἐσταὶ προτιμῶσ' οὐδέν· ὃ πόλις, πόλις. 25
ἐγὼ δ' ἂεὶ πρῶτιστοις εἰς ἐκκλησίαν νοστῶν κάθημαι· κατ' ἐπειδὰν ὃ μόνος, στένω, κέχηνα, σκορδινώμαι, πέρδομαι, ἀπορῶ, γράφω, παρατίλλομαι, λογίζομαι, ἀποβλέπων ἐς τὸν ἄγρων, εἰρήνης ἐρῶν, στυγῶν μὲν ἁστυ, τὸν δ' ἐμὸν δήμον ποθῶν, ὃς οὐδεπώποτ'] εἶπεν, ἀνθρακας πρὸς, οὐκ οἶκος, οὐκ ἐλαιον, οὐδ' ἦδει πρίω, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἐφέρε πάντα χω πρὶς ἁπτῆν· 30
νῦν οὖν ἀτεχνῶς ἦκω παρεσκευασμένος βοᾶν, ὑποκρούειν, λοιδορέως τοὺς ῥήτορας, εάν τις ἄλλο πλὴν περὶ εἰρήνης λέγῃ. ἀλλ' οἱ πρυτάνεις γαρ οὔτοι μεσημβρινοὶ. 35
οὐκ ἡγόρευον; τούτ' ἐκεῖν' οὐγώ 'λεγον· εἰς τὴν προεδρίαν πῶς ἀνὴρ ὑστίζεται.

ΚΗΡΥ. πάριτ' εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν,
πάριθ', ὡς ἀν ἐντός ᾦτε τοῦ καθάρματος. 40
ΑΜΦΙΘΕΟΣ. ἥδη τις εἴπε;
ΚΗΡ. τις ἄγορεύειν βούλεται;
ΑΜ. ἐγὼ.

a A rope dripping with ruddle, used to sweep in loiterers from the Agora.
As now, when here's the fixed Assembly Day,
And morning come, and no one in the Pnyx.
They're in the Agora chattering, up and down
Scurrying to dodge the vermeil-tinctured cord.
Why even the Prytanes are not here! They'll come
Long after time, elbowing each other, jostling
For the front bench, streaming down all together
You can't think how. But as for making Peace
They do not care one jot. O City! City!
But I am always first of all to come,
And here I take my seat; then, all alone,
I pass the time complaining, yawning, stretching,
I fidget, write, twitch hairs out, do my sums,
Gaze fondly country-wards, longing for Peace,
Loathing the town, sick for my village-home,
Which never cried, Come, buy my charcoal, or
My vinegar, my oil, my anything; but
But freely gave us all; no buy-word there.
So here I'm waiting, thoroughly prepared
To riot, wrangle, interrupt the speakers
Whene'er they speak of anything but Peace.
—But here they come, our noon-day Prytanes!
Aye, there they go! I told you how 'twould be;
Every one jostling for the foremost place.

**CRIER.** Move forward all,
Move up, within the consecrated line.

**AMPHITHEUS.** Speaking begun?

**CR.** Who will address the meeting?
**AM.** I.

— These are all city cries. In l. 36 the pun in πλων (lit.
"saw" or "sawyer") is obscure: it may mean "that
grating rasping word."

— Entering in a violent hurry.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ΚΗΡ. τίς ὦν; ᾿Αμφιθεός.
ΑΜ. οὐκ ἄνθρωπος;
ΚΗΡ. ἀλλ’ ἀθάνατος. ὁ γὰρ ᾿Αμφιθεός Δήμητρος ἦν καὶ Τριπτόλεμος. τοῦτον δὲ Κελεὸς γίγνεται. γαμεῖ δὲ Κελεὸς Φαναρέτην τήθην ἐμήν, ἐξ ἃς Λυκίνος ἐγένετ’ ἐκ τοῦτον δ’ ἔγο 50 ἀθάνατος εἰμ’ ἐμοὶ δ’ ἐπέτρεψαν οἱ θεοὶ σπονδὰς ποιεῖσθαι πρὸς Λακεδαιμονίους μόνῳ. ἀλλ’ ἀθάνατος ὦν, ὄνδρες, ἐφοδί’ οὐκ ἔχω’ οὐ γὰρ διδόσαι οἱ πρυτάνεις.

ΚΗΡ. οἱ τοξόται.
ΑΜ. ὁ Τριπτόλεμε καὶ Κελεῖ, περιόψεσθε με; 55 
ΔΙ. ὄνδρες πρυτάνεις, ἄδικείτε τὴν ἐκκλησίαν τοῦ ἄνδρ’ ἀπάγοντες, ὡστις ἥμιν ἦθελε σπονδὰς ποιῆσαι καὶ κρεμάσαι τὰς ἀσπίδας.

ΚΗΡ. κάθησο σίγα.
ΔΙ. μὰ τὸν ᾿Απόλλων ’γω μὲν οὐ, ἢν μὴ περὶ εἰρήνης γε πρυτανεύσητε μοι. 60

ΚΗΡ. οἱ πρέσβεις οἱ παρὰ βασιλέως.
ΔΙ. ποίον βασιλέως; ἀχθομαι ’γω πρέσβει καὶ τοῖς ταῦται τοῖς τ’ ἀλαξονεῦμασιν.

ΚΗΡ. σίγα.
ΔΙ. βασιλαῖς, ὁκτάτανα, τοῦ σχήματος.
ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ. ἐπεμψαθ’ ἦμᾶς ὡς βασιλέα τὸν μέγαν, 65 μισθὸν φέρωντα δύο δραχμὰς τῆς ἡμέρας ἐπ’ Εὐθυμένους ἄρχοντος.

a Scythian archers were the regular police at Athens. A. is ejected as not being an Athenian citizen when he begins to talk of “peace” and complain of the magistrates.
THE ACHARNIANS, 46–67

CR. Who are you?
AM. Amphitheus.
CR. Not a man?
AM. No, an immortal. For the first Amphitheus Was of Demeter and Triptolemus
The son: his son was Celeus; Celeus married Phaenarete, who bare my sire Lycinus.
Hence I’m immortal; and the gods committed To me alone the making peace with Sparta.
But, though immortal, I’ve no journey-money; The Prytanes won’t provide it.

CR. Archers, there!
AM. O help me, Celeus! help, Triptolemus!
DI. Ye wrong the Assembly, Prytanes, ye do wrong it,
Haling away a man who only wants To give us Peace, and hanging up of shields.
CR. St! Take your seat.
DI. By Apollo, no, not I,
Unless ye prytanize about the Peace.

CR. O yes! The Ambassadors from the Great King!
DI. What King! I’m sick to death of embassies, And all their peacocks and their impositions.
CR. Keep silence!
DI. Hey!!! Ecbatana, here’s a show.
AMBASSADOR. Ye sent us, envos to the Great King’s Court,
Receiving each two drachmas daily, when Euthymenes was Archon.

b Enter, clad in gorgeous oriental apparel, the envos sent to the Persian court eleven years previously in the archonship of Euthymenes 437–6 B.C.
ARISTOPHANES

Δ. ο’μοι τῶν δραχμῶν.

ΠΡ. καὶ δὴ ἑτρυχόμεθα διὰ τῶν Καύστρων πεδίων ὀδουπλανοῦντες ἐσκηνημένοι, ἐφ’ ἀρμαμαξῶν μαλθακῶς κατακείμενοι, ἀπολλύμενοι.

Δ. σφόδρα γὰρ ἐσωξόμην ἐγὼ παρὰ τὴν ἐπαλξὺν ἐν φορντῷ κατακείμενος;

ΠΡ. ἐξενιζόμενοι δὲ πρὸς βίαν ἐπίνομεν ἐξ ὑαλίνων ἐκπωμάτων καὶ χρυσίδων ἀκρατον οἶνον ἥδιν.

Δ. ὧν Κραναὰ πόλις, ἄρ’ αἰσθάνει τὸν κατάγελων τῶν πρέσβεων;

ΠΡ. οἵ βάρβαροι γὰρ ἄνδρας ἡγοῦνται μόνους τοὺς πλείστα δυναμένους καταφαγεῖν καὶ πιεῖν.

Δ. ἡμεῖς δὲ λαϊκαστάς τε καὶ καταπύγονας.

ΠΡ. ἐτει τετάρτῳ δ’ εἰς τὰ βασίλει’ ἡλθομεν· ἀλλ’ εἰς ἀπόπατον άγκετο, στρατιῶν λαβὼν, καχεζεν ὁκτὼ μῆνας ἐπὶ χρυσῶν ὀρῶν.

Δ. πόσου δὲ τὸν πρωκτὸν χρόνου ἐξυπηγαγεν;

ΠΡ. τῇ πανσελήνῳ κατ’ ἀπήλθεν οὐκάδε. εἰτ’ ἐξενιζε’ παρετίθει δ’ ἡμῖν ὅλους ἐκ κριβάνου βοῦς.

Δ. καὶ τίς εἴδε πῶποτε βοῦς κριβανῖτας; τῶν ἀλαζονευμάτων.

ΠΡ. καὶ ναὶ μὰ Δὶ’ ὄρνυ τριπλάσιον Κλεωνύμου παρεθηκεν ἡμῖν· ἄνωμα δ’ ἦν αὐτῷ φέναξ.

Δ. ταὐτ’ ἁρ’ ἐφενάκιζες σὺ, δύο δραχμὰς φέρων.

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¹ He calls the Acropolis by this special title (κραναὸς = “rugged”) because it suggests a contrast with the luxury of these envoys.

² For these mythical hills cf. Plaut. Stich. 1.1.26 “Persarum | Montes, qui esse Aurei perhibentur.” eis ἀπότε., “to the 12
DI. O me, the drachmas!

AMB. And weary work we found it, sauntering on,
Supinely stretched in our luxurious litters
With awnings o'er us, through Caystrian plains.
'Twas a bad time.

DI. Aye, the good time was mine,
Stretched in the litter on the ramparts here!

AMB. And oft they fêted us, and we perforce
Out of their gold and crystal cups must drink
The pure sweet wine.

DI. O Cranaan\textsuperscript{a} city, mark you
The insolent airs of these ambassadors?

AMB. For only those are there accounted men
Who drink the hardest, and who eat the most.

DI. As here the most debauched and dissolute.

AMB. In the fourth year we reached the Great King's Court.
But he, with all his troops, had gone to sit
An eight-months’ session on the Golden Hills\textsuperscript{b}!

DI. Pray, at what time did he conclude his session?

AMB. At the full moon; and so came home again.
Then he too fêted us, and set before us
Whole pot-baked oxen—

DI. And who ever heard
Of pot-baked oxen? Out upon your lies!

AMB. And an enormous bird, three times the size
Of our Cleonymus\textsuperscript{c}: its name was—Gull.

DI. That's why you gulled us out of all those drachmas!

\textsuperscript{a} See Index: he was very fat and a rascal; in φέναξ there is a play on φοτιζ.
AM. καὶ νῦν ἄγοντες ἥκομεν Ψευδαρτάβαν, τὸν βασιλέας ὀφθαλμόν.

ΔΙ. ἐκκόψειέ γε κόραξ πατάξας τὸν γε σὸν τοῦ πρέσβεως.

ΚΗΡ. ὁ βασιλέας ὀφθαλμός.

ΔΙ. διαξ Ἡράκλεις· πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ἀνθρωπε, ναὐφρακτον βλέπεις; 95 ἢ περὶ ἄκραν κάμπτων νεώσουκον σκοπεῖς; ἀσκωμ' ἔχεις ποὺ περὶ τὸν ὀφθαλμόν κάτω;

ΠΡ. ἡ γε σύ, βασιλεύς ἁττα σ' ἀπέπεμψεν φράσον λέξοντ᾿ Ἀθηναίουσιν, ὁ Ψευδαρτάβα.

ΨΕΥΔΑΡΤΑΒΑΣ. ἰορταμὰν ἐξαρξ̄ ἀναπισοῦναι σάτρα. 100

ΠΡ. ἔνυήκαθ' ὁ λέγει; 105

ΔΙ. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλων ὡς μὲν ὦ.

ΠΡ. πέμψεις βασιλέα φησίν ὡς χρυσίον.

λέγε δὴ σὺ μεῖζον καὶ σαφῶς τὸ χρυσίον.

ΨΕΥ. οὐ λήψι χρύσο, χαυνόπρωκτ' Ἰαοναῖ.

ΔΙ. οἷμοι κακοδαίμον, ὡς σαφῶς.

ΠΡ. τί δαί λέγει; 110

ΔΙ. ὁ τι; χαυνοπρώκτος τοὺς Ἰαοναῖς λέγει, εἰ προσδοκώσι χρυσίον ἐκ τῶν βαρβάρων.

ΠΡ. οὔς, ἀλλ' ἀχάνας ὃς γε χρυσίον λέγει.

ΔΙ. ποῖας ἀχάνας; σὺ μὲν ἀλαξίων εἰ μέγας.

ἀλλ' ἅπιθ' ἐγὼ δὲ βασινιῶ τοῦτον μόνος. ἐν δὴ σὺ φράσον ἐμοὶ σαφῶς, πρὸς τούτοιν,

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\(^{a}\) "A fellow who will give you false measure," ἀρτάβη being a Persian measure.

\(^{b}\) The Scholiast says: ἐξειςιν τερατώδης τις γελοίως ἐσκενα-σμένος, καὶ ὀφθαλμόν ἔχων ἕνα ἐπὶ πατός τοῦ προσώπου.

\(^{c}\) Because an eye was commonly painted on each side of a ship's bow.

\(^{d}\) This jumble is generally supposed to mean I have just begun to repair what is rotten.
AMB. And now we bring you Pseudo-Artabas a
The Great King’s Eye. b
DI. O how I wish some raven
Would come and strike out yours, the
Ambassador’s.
CRIER. O yes! the Great King’s Eye!
DI. O Heracles!
By Heaven, my man, you wear a war-ship
look c!
What! Do you round the point, and spy the
docks?
Is that an oar-pad underneath your eye?
AMB. Now tell the Athenians, Pseudo-Artabas,
What the Great King commissioned you to
say.
PSEUDO-ARTABAS. Ijisti boutti furbiss upde rotti. d
AMB. Do you understand?
DI. By Apollo, no not I.
AMB. He says the King is going to send you gold.
(To Pseudo.) Be more distinct and clear about
the gold.
PSEUD. No getti goldi, nincompoop Iawny.
DI. Wow, but that’s clear enough!
AMB. What does he say?
DI. He says the Ionians must be nincompoops
If they’re expecting any gold from Persia.
AMB. No, no: he spoke of golden income-coupons. e
DI. What income-coupons? You’re a great big
liar!
You, get away; I’ll test the man myself.
(To Pseudo.)
Now look at this (showing his fist): and answer
Yes, or No!

e ʌχάνη is apparently a large provision-basket.
ARISTOPHANES

ίνα μή σε βάψω βάμμα Σαρδιανικῶν·  
βασιλεὺς ὁ μέγας ἡμῖν ἀποπέμψει χρυσίον;  
(ἀνανεύει.)
άλλως ἄρ' ἐξαπατώμεθ᾿ ὑπὸ τῶν πρέσβεων;  
(ἐπιμεύει.)

‘Ἐλληνικῶν γ’ ἐπένευσαν ἄνδρες οὕτωι,  
κοῦκ ἐσθ’ ὅπως οὐκ εἰσίν ἐνθένδ’ αὐτόθεν.  
καὶ τοῖν μὲν εὐνούχων τὸν ἔτερον τουτονὶ  
ἀγώδ’ ὃς ἐστὶ, Κλεισθένης ὁ Σιβυρτίον.  
ὡς θερμόβουλον πρωκτὸν ἐξυρημένε,  
τοιὸνδε γ’, ὡ πίθηκε, τὸν πώγων ἐχων  
eὐνούχος ἡμῖν ἠλθες ἐσκευασμένος;  
ὁδὶ δὲ τίς ποτ’ ἐστίν; οὐ δῆπον Στράτων.  

ΚΗΡ. σίγα, κάθιζε.  
τὸν βασιλέως ὄφθαλμον ἡ βουλὴ καλεῖ  
eἰς τὸ πρυτανεῖον.

ΔΙ. ταῦτα δὴτ’ οὐκ ἄγχονη;  
kάπετ' ἐγὼ δὴτ’ ἐνθάδι στρατεύομαι,  
tοὺς δὲ ξενίζειν οὐδέποτ' ἵσχει γ’ ἡ θύρα.  
ἀλλ’ ἐργάσομαι τι δεινὸν ἔργον καὶ μέγα.  
ἀλλ’ Ἀμφίθεος μοι ποῦ ’στιν;  

ΑΜ. οὕτοσι πάρα.

ΔΙ. ἐμοὶ σὺ ταυτασὶ λαβὼν ὅκτω δραχμᾶς  
σπονδὰς πούσαι πρὸς Δακεδαμονίοις μόνῳ  
καὶ τοῖσι παιδίουσι καὶ τῇ πλάτιδι.  
ὑμεῖς δὲ πρεσβεύεσθε καὶ κεχίνετε.

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a i.e. red, the colour of blood; cf. P. 1174.
b The two eunuchs in attendance on Pseudo-Artaclas.
c See Index. D. hurls against the effeminate youth two lines parodied, the first from Euripides, πρωκτὸν being substituted for πράγος or the like, the second from Archilochus, who for τὸν πώγων’ has τὴν πυγήν.
d Another beardless effeminate.
Or else I'll dye you with a Sardian dye.\textsuperscript{a}

Does the Great King intend to send us gold?

(\textit{Pseudo-Artafas nods dissent.})

Then are our envoys here bamboozling us?

(\textit{He nods assent.})

These fellows \textsuperscript{b} nod in pure Hellenic style;
I do believe they come from hereabouts.
Aye, to be sure; why, one of these two eunuchs
Is Cleisthenes,\textsuperscript{c} Sibyrtius's son!
O thou young shaver of the hot-souled rump,
With such a beard, thou monkey, dost thou come
Tricked out amongst us in a eunuch's guise?
And who's this other chap? Not Straton,\textsuperscript{d} surely?

\textbf{Crier.} St! Take your seat! O yes!
The Council ask the Great King's Eye to dinner
At the Town Hall.\textsuperscript{e}

\textbf{Di.} Now is not that a throttler?
Here must I drudge at soldiering; while these rogues,
The Town-Hall door is never closed to \textit{them}.
Now then, I'll do a great and startling deed.
Amphitheus! Where's Amphitheus?

\textbf{Am.} Here am I.

\textbf{Di.} Here be eight drachmas; take them; and with all
The Lacedaemonians make a private peace
For me, my wife and children: none besides.
\textit{(To the Prytanes and citizens)}
Stick to your embassies and befoolings, you.

\textsuperscript{a} State guests, and other persons worthy of honour, were entertained in the Town Hall daily.
ARISTOPHANES

KHPR. προσίτω Θέωρος ὁ παρὰ Σιτάλκους.
ΘΕΩΡΟΣ. οδί.
Δ1. ἐτερος ἀλαξών οὔτος εἰσκηρύττεται.
ΘΕΩ. χρόνον μὲν οὐκ ἄν ἦμεν ἐν Θράκη πολύν,
Δ1. μὰ Δ' οὔκ ἂν, εἰ μισθόν γε μὴ 'φερες πολύν.
ΘΕΩ. εἰ μὴ κατένυμε χιόνι τὴν Θράκην ὀλην,
καὶ τοὺς ποταμοὺς ἐπῆς ὑπ' αὐτὸν τὸν χρόνον
ὅτ' ἐνθαδὶ Θέογνις ἡγονίζετο.
τούτων μετὰ Σιτάλκους ἐπινοοῦν τὸν χρόνον.
καὶ δὴντα φιλαθήναιος ᾳν ὕπερφυῶς,
ὅμων τ' ἐραστὴς ἂν ἀληθῆς, ὥστε καὶ
ἐν τοῖσι τοίχοις ἑγραφ', 'Ἀθηναῖοι καλοί'.
ὅ δ' υἷός, ὅν 'Ἀθηναίον ἐπεποιήμεθα,
ηρα φαγεῖν ἀλλάντας ἐξ Ἀπαστουρίων,
καὶ τὸν πατέρ' ἤντιβόλει βοηθεῖν τῇ πάτρᾳ.
ὅ δ' ἄμοισ σπένδων βοηθήσεις, ἔχω
στρατιὰν τοσαύτην ὡστ' 'Ἀθηναίοις ἐρεῖν,
ὅσον τὸ χρῆμα παρνάτων προσέρχεται.
Δ1. κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμην, εἰ τι τούτων πείθομαι
ὅν εἴπας ἐνταύθοι σύ, πλὴν τῶν παρνάτων.
ΘΕΩ. καὶ νῦν ὅπερ μαχιμωτάτον Ἰθακῶν ἔθνος
ἐπεμπίεν ὑμῖν.
Δ1. τούτῳ μέντ' ἢδη σαφές.
KHPR. οἱ Θράκες ὑτε δεῦρ', οὐς Θέωρος ἤγαγεν.
Δ1. τούτι τί ἐστι τὸ κακόν;
ΘΕΩ. 'Οδομάντων στρατός.

a King of the Odrysians in Thrace. Theorus had gone on an embassy to them.
b So frigid a poet that he was nicknamed ξιὼν; cf. 11; T. 170.
c In the first year of the war Athens entered into alliance with Sitalces and made his son Σάδοκος a citizen (Thuc. ii. 18.
crier. O yes! Theorus from Sitalces!

theorus. Here!

di. O here's another humbug introduced.

the. We should not, sirs, have tarried long in Thraee—

di. But for the salary you kept on drawing.

the. But for the storms, which covered Thrace with snow
And froze the rivers. 'Twas about the season
At which Theognis was performing here.
I all that time was drinking with Sitalces;
A most prodigious Athens-lover he,
Yea such a true admirer, he would scribble
On every wall My beautiful Athenians!
His son, our newly-made Athenian, longed
To taste his Apaturian sausages,
And bade his father help his fatherland.
And he, with deep libations, vowed to help us
With such an host that every one would say
Heavens! what a swarm of locusts comes this way!

di. Hang me, if I believe a single word
Of all that speech, except about the locusts.

the. And here he sends you the most warlike tribe
Of all in Thrace.

di. Come, here's proof positive.

crier. The Thracians whom Theorus brought, come forward!

di. What the plague's this?

the. The Odomantian host.

27). The Apaturia was a family or clan festival, to which only those enrolled in a phratry (φρατρία) could be admitted.

D. fears that they will eat up their allies no less than their foes.

A Thracian tribe on the Strymon.
Aristophanes

Δ. ποίων Ὀδομάντων; εἴπε μοι, τούτο τί ἦν; τίς τῶν Ὀδομάντων τὸ πέος ἀποτεθριάκειν;

Θ. τούτων εἳν τις δύο δραχμᾶς μισθὸν δίδο, καταπελτάσονται τὴν Βουστιάν ὀλην.

Δ. τοιοῦδε δύο δραχμὰς τοῖς ἀπεψωλημένοις; ὑποστένοι μεντὰν ὁ θρανίτης λεὼς,

σωσίπολις. οἴμοι τάλας, ἀπόλλυμαι,

ὑπὸ τῶν Ὀδομάντων τὰ σκόροδα πορθούμενοι. οὐ καταβαλεῖτε τὰ σκόροδ᾽;

Θ. ὥ μόχθηρε σύ, οὐ μὴ πρόσει τούτοις ἐσκοροδισμένοις;

Δ. ταυτὶ περιεῖδεθ' οἱ πρυτάνεις πάσχοντὰ μὲ ἐν τῇ πατρίδι καὶ ταῦθ᾽ ὑπ᾽ ἀνδρῶν βαρβάρων;

ἀλλ' ἀπαγορεύω μὴ ποιεῖν ἐκκλησία
toῖς Θραξὶ περὶ μισθοῦ. λέγω δ' ὑμῖν ὅτι
dioσῆμι 'στὶ καὶ ὅποις βέβληκέ με.

Κ. τοὺς Θράκας ἀπίεναι, παρεῖναι δ' εἰς ἕνην.

οἱ γὰρ πρυτάνεις λύουσι τὴν ἐκκλησίαν.

Δ. οἴμοι τάλας, μυττώτων ὀσον ἀπώλεσα.

ἀλλ' ἐκ Λακεδαιμόνων γὰρ Ἀμφίθεος ὅδι. 175
χαίρ', Ἀμφίθεε.

Α. μῆπω, πρὶν ἀν γε στῶ τρέχων

δεῖ γὰρ μὲ φεύγοντ' ἐκφυγεῖν Ἀχαρνέας.

Δ. τί δ' ἔστιν;

Α. ἐγὼ μὲν δεῦρο σοι σπονδᾶς φέρων

ἐσπευδῶν. οἱ δ' ὑσφροντο πρεσβύταλ τίνες

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a The little round πέλη (targe) was distinctly Thracian.
b The ordinary pay of a rower was one drachma a day. The θρανίται who sat on the highest bench and worked the longest oars would be picked men.
c Like cocks which were supposed to fight better when primed with garlic; cf. K. 494.
Di. The Odomantians, pho! Hallo, look here.
Are Odomantians all equipped like this?
The. Give them two drachmas each a day, and these
Will targeteer a Boeotia all to bits.
Di. Two drachmas b for these scarecrows! Oh,
our tars,
Our noble tars, the safeguard of our state,
Well may they groan at this. O! Murder! O!
These Odomantian thieves have sacked my garlic.
Put down the garlic! drop it!
The. You rapscallion,
How dare you touch them, when they're garlic-primed.c
Di. O will you let them, Prytanes, use me thus,
Barbarians too, in this my fatherland?
But stop! I warn you not to hold the Assembly
About the Thracians' pay. I tell you there's a portent d come; I felt a drop of rain!
Crier. The Thracians are to go, and two days hence
Come here again. The Assembly is dissolved.
Di. O me, the salad I have lost this day! e
But here's Amphitheus, back from Lacedaemon.
Well met, Amphitheus!
Am. Not till I've done running.
I needs must flee the Acharnians, clean away.
Di. What mean you?
Am. I was bringing back in haste
The treaties, when some veterans smelt them out,
\(^4\) Lit. "A sign from Zeus."
\(^6\) The loss of the garlic had ruined it.
ARISTOPHANES

"Acharnica," στιπτοί γέροντες, πρίννοι, ἀτεράμονες, Μαραθδωμομάχαι, σφενδάμνουι. ἄπειτ' ἀνέκραγον πάντες, "ὡς μιαρώτατε, σπονδᾶς φέρεις, τῶν ἀμπελίων τετμημένων;" κας τοὺς τρίβωνας ξυνελέγοντο τῶν λίθων: ἐγὼ δ' ἐφευγον· οἱ δ' ἐδίωκον καβόων.

ΔΗ. οἱ δ' οὖν βοώντων· ἄλλα τὰς σπονδὰς φέρεις;

ἈΜ. ἐγωγὲς φημι, τρία γε ταυτί γεύματα. αὐταί μὲν εἰσὶ πεντέτεις. γεύσαι λαβῶν.

ΔΗ. αἴβοι.

ἈΜ. τί ἐστιν;

ΔΗ. οὐκ ἄρεσκουσιν μ', ὅτι ὦξουσι πίττης καὶ παρασκευὴς νεῶν.

ἈΜ. σὺ δ' ἄλλα τασδὶ τὰς δεκέτεις γεύσαι λαβῶν.

ΔΗ. ὦξουσι χαθαί πρέσβεων ἐς τὰς πόλεις ὦξυτατον, ἄσπερ διατριβής τῶν ξυμμάχων.

ἈΜ. ἄλλ' αὐταί σπονδαὶ τριακοντοῦτιδες κατὰ γῆν τε καὶ θάλατταν.

ΔΗ. ὃ Διονύσια,

αὐταί μὲν ὦξουσ' ἀμβροσίας καὶ νέκταρος, καὶ μὴ πιτηρεῖν Σιτὶ ἡμερῶν τριῶν, καν τω στόματι λέγουσι, Βαϊν' ὀτη θέλεις. ταῦτας δέχομαι καὶ σπεύδομαι κακτήμαι, χαίρειν κελεύων πολλά τους 'Acharnēas.

ἐγὼ δὲ πολέμου καὶ κακῶν ἀπαλλαγεῖς ἀξώ τὰ κατ' ἀγροὺς εἰσιῶν Διονύσια.

* Acharnae is a short distance to the S. of Mt. Parnes, and its inhabitants mainly occupied themselves with the manufacture of charcoal from its forests of evergreen oak (πρῶνοι), maple (σφενδάμνοι), and other trees. Archidamus in his first invasion of Attica (431 B.C.) made it his headquarters when ravaging the district; cf. Thuc. ii. 19-23.
Acharnians, men of Marathon, hard in grain
As their own oak and maple, rough and tough;
And all at once they cried, _O villain, dare you_
Bring treaties when our vineyards are cut down?
Then in their lappets up they gathered stones;
I fled away: they followed roaring after.

DI. So let them roar. But have you got the treaties?

AM. O yes, I have. Three samples; here they are. These are the _five-year_ treaties; take and taste—
them.

DI. Pheugh!

AM. What's the matter?

DI. I don't like the things,
They smell of tar and naval preparations.

AM. Then taste the _ten-year_ samples; here they are.

DI. These smell of embassies to all the states,
Urgent, as if the Allies are hanging back.

AM. Then here are treaties both by land and sea
For _thirty_ years.

DI. O Feast of Dionysus!

These have a smell of nectar and ambrosia,
And _never mind about the three days' rations_,
And in your mouth they say, _Go where you please._
These do I welcome, these I pour, and drain,
Nor care a hang about your old Acharnians.
But I, released from War and War's alarms,
Will hold, within, the Rural Dionysia."
ARISTOPHANES

αμ. ἐγὼ δὲ φευξοῦμαι γε τοὺς Ἀχαρνέας.

χορός. τῇδε πᾶς ἔπου, δίωκε, καὶ τὸν ἀνδρα πυθάνου
τῶν ὀδοιπόρων ἀπάντων· τῇ πόλει γὰρ ἄξιον 205
ξυλλαβεῖν τὸν ἀνδρα τοῦτον. ἀλλὰ μοι μηνύ-
σατε,
eἴ τις οἵδ᾽ ὅποι τέτραπται γῆς ο̣ τὰς σπονδᾶς
φέρων.

ἐκπέφευγ᾽, οὐχεται φροῦδος. οὐμοι τάλας τῶν
ἐτὼν τῶν ἐμῶν. [στρ. 210
οὐκ ὅν ἐπ᾽ ἐμῆς γε νεότητος, ὅτ᾽ ἐγὼ φέρων
ἀνθράκων φορτίον
ἡκολούθουν Φαύλλῳ τρέχων, ὅδε φαύλως ἄν ὁ 215
σπονδοφόρος οὗτος ὑπ᾽ ἐμοῦ τότε διωκόμενος
ἐξέφυγεν οὐδ᾽ ἃν ἔλαφρῶς ἄν ἀπεπλίξατο.

νῦν δ᾽ ἐπειδὴ στερρὸν ἡδη τούμον ἀντικνήμιον
καὶ παλαιῷ Δακρατείδῃ τὸ σκέλος βαρύνεται, 220
οὐχεται. διωκτέος δ᾽ μὴ γὰρ ἐγχάνη ποτὲ
μηδὲ περ γέροντας οἰντας ἐκφυγῶν Ἀχαρνέας.

ὅστις, ὥ Ζεῦ πάτερ καὶ θεοί, τοῖσιν ἐχθροῖσιν
ἐσπείσατο, [ἀντ. 225

a Enter, running in pursuit of Amphitheus, twenty-four old Acharnians who constitute the Chorus.

b A celebrated Olympic victor; the adverb φαύλως is a play on his name.
THE ACHARNIANS, 203-225

And I will flee those peppery old Acharnians. Here’s the trail; pursue, pursue him; follow, follow, every man;

Question whosoever meets you
whitherwards the fellow ran.

Much it boots the state to catch him!
(To the audience) O inform me, if ye know,
Where the man who bears the treaties managed from my sight to go.

Fled and gone! Disappears!
O this weary weight of years!
O were I Now as spry
As in youthful days gone by,
When I stuck Like a man
To Phayllus as he ran,
And achieved Second place In the race,
Though a great Charcoal freight
I was bearing on my head,—
Not so light From my sight
Had this treaty-bearer fled,
Nor escaped With such ease From the chase.

Now because my joints have stiffened,
and my shins are young no more,
And the legs of Lacrateides
by old age are burdened sore,
He’s escaped us! But we’ll follow:
but he shall not boast that he
Got away from us Acharnians,
howsoever old we be.

Who has dared Father Zeus!
Gods of heaven! to make a truce,
οἶσι παρ' ἐμοῖ πόλεμος ἐχθροδοπὸς αὐξεται
τῶν ἐμῶν χωρίων.
κοῦκ ἄνήσω πρὶν ἂν σχοῖνος αὐτοῖσιν ἀντεμ-
παγω
οξύς, ὀδυνηρός, * * * ἐπίκωτος, ἢνα
μήποτε πατώσων ἐτι τὰς ἔμας ἀμπέλους.
ἀλλὰ δεῖ ζητεῖν τὸν ἄνδρα καὶ βλέπειν
Βαλλήναδε
καὶ διώκειν γῆν πρὸ γῆς, ἔως ἂν εὑρεθῇ ποτέ. 235
ὡς ἐγὼ βάλλων ἐκεῖνον οὐκ ἂν ἐμπλήμην
λίθοις.

ΔΙ. εὐφημεῖτε, εὐφημεῖτε.
χο. σύγα πᾶς. ἥκουσατ', ἄνδρες, ἄρα τῆς εὐ-
φημίας;
οὗτος αὐτὸς ἐστιν ὃν ζητοῦμεν. ἀλλὰ δεύρο
πᾶς
ἐκποδών· θύσαι γὰρ ἄνήρ, ἡς ἐοικ', ἔξ- 240
ἐρχεται.

ΔΙ. εὐφημεῖτε, εὐφημεῖτε.
προὶ τ' ἐς τὸ πρόσθεν ὀλίγον ἡ κανηφόρος·
ὁ Ξανθίας τὸν βαλλόν ὅρθὸν στησάτω.
ΜΗΤΗΡ. κατάθου τὸ κανοῦν, ὥθυγατερ, ἵν’ ἀπ-
αρξώμεθα.
ΘΥΓΑΤΗΡ. ὁ μῆτερ, ἀνάδος δεῦρο τὴν ἐτυήμων, 245
ἵν’ ἐτνος καταχέω τοὐλατήρους τοὐτοῦ.

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*a σχοῖνος = Schoenus mucronatus, the Dagger-pointed Bulrush, common on all the coasts of the Mediterranean. The spike is supposed to run well up (ἐπίκωτος = "up to the hilt") into the heels of the Lacedaemonians as they trample down the vines.  
*b There is a play on Pallene, or Pellene, a famous Attic deme.
THE ACHARNIANS, 226–246

Who has pledged Faith with those
Who are evermore my foes;
Upon whom War I make
For my ruined vineyard’s sake;
And I ne’er From the strife Will give o’er,
No, I ne’er Will forbear,
Till I pierce them in return,
Like a reed,\(^a\) Sharply barbed
Dagger-pointed, and they learn
Not to tread Down my vines Any more.
Now ’tis ours to seek the fellow,
and Pelténe-wards \(^b\) to look,
And from land to land to chase him,
till we bring the rogue to book.
Never shall I tire of pelting,
pelting him to death with stones.

Di. (Within) Keep ye all the holy silence!

Chor. Hush! we’ve got him. Heard ye, comrades,
“silence” called in solemn tones?
This is he, the man we’re seeking.
Stand aside, and in a trice
He, methinks, will stand before us,
coming out to sacrifice!

Di. (Coming out) Keep ye all the holy silence!
Now, basket-bearer, go you on in front,\(^c\)
You, Xanthias, hold the phallus-pole erect.

Wife. Set down the basket, girl: and we’ll begin.

Daughter. O mother, hand me here the gravy-spoon,
To ladle out the gravy o’er the cake.

\(^a\) Die. celebrates the Rural Dionysia on a small scale with his daughter (who acts as καυνηφόρος) and two slaves, while his wife represents the spectators.
Διόνυσε δέσποτα, 
κεχαρισμένως σοι τήν πομπήν ἐμὲ 
πέμψαντα καὶ θύσαντα μετὰ τῶν οἰκετῶν 
ἀγαγεῖν τυχηρῶς τὰ κατ’ ἄγρον Διονύσια, 250 
στρατιάς ἀπαλλαχθέντα· τὰς σπονδὰς δὲ μοί 
καλᾶς ἔμμενενεκείν τὰς τριακοντούτιδας.

ΜΗ. ἂγ’, ὦ θύγατηρ, ὅπως τὸ κανονὸν καλὴ καλῶς 
οἰσεῖς, βλέπουσα θυμβροφάγον. ὧς μακάριος 
ὀστίς σ’ ὀπύσει, κάκποισεται γαλᾶς 255 
σοῦ μηδὲν ἦττος βδεῖν, ἐπειδὰν ὁρὸς ἦ. 
πρόβανε, κἂν τῶχλω φυλάττεσθαι σφόδρα 
μή τις λαθὼν σοῦ περιτράγη τὰ χρυσία.

ΔΙ. ὧν Ξανθία, σφῶν δ’ ἐστὶν ὁρὸς ἐκτέος 
ὁ φαλλὸς ἔξοπισθε τῆς κανηφόρου. 260 
ἐγὼ δ’ ἀκολουθῶν ἄσομαι τὸ φαλλικὸν. 
σὺ δ’, ὦ γύναι, θεῶ μ’ ἀπὸ τοῦ τέγους. πρόβα.

Φαλῆς, ἔταλε Βακχίου, 
ἐύγκωμε, νυκτοπεριπλάνη- 
te, μοιγέ, παιδεραστά, 265 
ἐκτῳ δ’ ἐτεί προσεῖπον ἐς 
tῶν δῆμων ἐλθών ἁσμένος, 
σπονδὰς ποιησάμενος ἐμαυ-
tῶ, πραγμάτων τε καὶ μαχῶν 
καὶ Λαμάχων ἀπαλλαγείς.

πολλῷ γάρ ἐσθ’ ἡδιον, ὥ 
Φαλῆς, Φαλῆς, κλέπτουσαν εὐ-
ρόνθ’ ὀρικὴν ὑληφόρον 
tῆν Στρυμοδώρου Ὀράτταν ἐκ

a θυμβροφάγον: deumure, ὅμοιο.—Photius.

b She would wear her best ornaments; cf. L. 1189 seq.

28
'Tis well. Lord Dionysus, grant me now
To show the show and make the sacrifice
As thou would'st have me, I and all my house;
Then keep with joy the Rural Dionysia;
No more of soldiering now. And may this Peace
Of thirty summers answer to my hopes.

Di. O daughter, bear the basket sweetly, sweet,
With savory-eating a look. Happy the man,
Whoe'er he is, who weds thee and begets
Kittens as fair and saucy as thyself.
Move on! but heed lest any in the crowd
Should nibble off, unseen, thy bits of gold. b

Di. O Xanthias, walk behind the basket-bearer,
Holding, you two, the phallus-pole erect.
And I'll bring up the rear, and sing the hymn:
Wife, watch me from the roof. Now then, proceed.

(Singing) O Phales, c comrade revel-roaming
Of Bacchus, wanderer of the gloaming,
Of wives and boys the naughty lover,
Here in my home I gladly greet ye,
Six weary years of absence over;
For I have made a private treaty
And said good-bye to toils and fusses,
And fights, and fighting Lamachuses. d

Far happier 'tis to me and sweeter,
O Phales, Phales, some soft glade in,
To woo the saucy, arch, deceiving,
Young Thratta (Strymodore his maiden),

Phales is the φαλός personified.

For Lamachus see Index; his very name suggests fighting.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

tοῦ φελλέως, μέσην λαβόντ', άραντα, καταβαλόντα, κατα-
γιγαρτίο' ὡ Φαλῆς, Φαλῆς.

ἐὰν μεθ' ἡμῶν ξυμπίης,
ἐκ κραυπάλης ἐωθεν εἰ-
ρήνης ῥοφήσεις τρύβλιον.
ἡ δ' ἀσπίς ἐν τῷ φεισάλῳ κρεμήσεται.

χό. οὗτος αὐτός ἐστιν, οὗτος.
βάλλε βάλλε βάλλε βάλλε,
παίε πᾶς τὸν μιαρόν.
οὐ βαλεῖς, οὐ βαλεῖς;

Δ1. Ἡράκλεις, ουτὶ τί ἐστι; τὴν χύτραν συν-

tρύβετε.

χό. σὲ μὲν οὖν καταλεύσομεν, ὡ μιαρὰ κεφαλή. 285

Δ1. ἀντὶ ποίας αὐτίας, ὑχανέων γεραίτατοι;

χό. τοῦτ' ἑρωτᾶς; ἀναισχυντὸς εἰ καὶ βδελυρός,

ō προδότα τῆς πατρίδος, ὡστὶς ἡμῶν μόνος 290

σπεισάμενος εἶτα δύνασαι πρὸς ἐμ' ἀπο-

βλέπειν.

Δ1. ἀντὶ δ' ὅν ἐσπεισάμην οὐκ ἵστε γ'· ἀλλ' ἀκούσατε.

χό. σοῦ γ' ἀκούσωμεν, ἀπολείπ· κατὰ σὲ χώσομεν

τοῖς λίθοις.

Δ1. μηδαμῶς, πρὶν ἄν γ' ἀκούσητ'· ἀλλ' ἀνά-

σχεσθ', ὁγαθοί.

χό. οὐκ ἀνασχήσομαι· μηδὲ λέγε μοι σὺ λόγον.

a Lit. "after the night's debauch."
As from my woodland fells I meet her
Descending with my fagots laden,
And catch her up, and ill entreat her,
And make her pay the fine for thieving.

O Phales, Phales, come and sup,
And in the morn, to brace you up,
Of Peace you'll quaff a jovial cup;
And mid the chimney sparks our useless shield
we'll hang.

chor. That's the man who made the treaty;
There he stands Full in view;
Pelt him, pelt him, pelt him, pelt him,
    Pelt him you! Pelt him you!
di. Heracles! what ails the fellows?
    Hang it all, ye'll smash the pot!
chor. It is you we will smash with our
    stones, you detestable head.
di. O most worshipful Acharnians,
    why? what reason have ye got?
chor. Dare you ask? Traitor base!
    Dare you look me in the face?
You who make, You alone,
    Private treaties of your own!
Shameless heart! Shameless hand!
    Traitor to your fatherland!
di. But ye know not why I did it:
    hear me now the facts declare.
chor. Hear you? No! You're to die;
    'Neath a stony cairn to lie!
di. Not, O not until ye've heard me;
    worthy sirs, forbear, forbear!
chor. No delay! Thee to slay
    We'll immediately begin.
ARISTOPHANES

δις μεμίσηκα σε Κλέωνος ἦτι μᾶλλον, δν ἐ- 300
γῳ τεμώ τούσαν ἐπεεύσι καττύματα.
σοῦ δ’ ἐγὼ λόγους λέγοντος οὐκ ἀκούσομαι
μακρούς,
 erotisk εσπείσω Λάκωνα, ἀλλὰ τιμωρήσομαι.
Δι. ὑγαθοὶ, τοὺς μὲν Λάκωνας ἐκποδῶν ἔσαστε, 305
τῶν δ’ ἐμῶν ὅπων ἀκούσατ’, εἰ καλῶς
ἐσπεισόμην.
Χο. πῶς δὲ γ’ ἂν καλῶς λέγοις ἂν, εἴπερ ἐσπείσω
γ’ ἀπαξ
οἶσιν οὔτε βωμός οὔτε πίστις οὔθ’ ὄρκος μένει;
Δι. οἴδ’ ἐγὼ καὶ τοὺς Λάκωνας, οἷς ἂγαν ἐγκεί-
μεθα,
οὐχ ἀπάντων οντας ἡμῖν αἰτίου τῶν πραγ-
μάτων.
Χο. οὐχ ἀπάντων, ὦ πανούργε; ταῦτα δὴ τολμᾶς
λέγειν
ἐμφανῶς ἡδη πρὸς ἡμᾶς; εἴτ’ ἐγὼ σοῦ
φείσομαι;
Δι. οὐχ ἀπάντων, οὐχ ἀπάντων. ἄλλ’ ἐγὼ λέγων
ὅδι
τόλλ’ ἂν ἀποφηναῖμ’ ἐκεῖνος ἐσθ’ ἀ καδι-
κουμένους.
Χο. τοῦτο τοῦτος δεῖνον ἡδη καὶ ταραξικάρδιον, 315
εἰ σὺ τολμήσεις ύπὲρ τῶν πολεμίων ἡμῖν
λέγειν.
Δι. κἂν γε μὴ λέγω δίκαια, μηδὲ τῷ πληθεὶ δοκῶ,

a For Cleon see Index; the Knights were his special
enemies, and καττύματα refers to his trade as a tanner.

32
No debate! Thee we hate
   Worse than Cleon's a self, whose skin
I'll ere long Cut to shoes
   For the worthy Knights to use.
But from you, who made a treaty
   with the false Laconian crew,
I will hear no long orations,
   I will surely punish you.

Di. Worthy fellows, for the moment
   those Laconians pretermite;
'Tis a question of my treaty,
   was I right in making it.

Chor. Right to make it! when with Sparta
   no engagement sacred stands,
Not the altar, not the oath-pledge,
   not the faith of clasped right hands!

Di. Yet I know that these our foemen,
   who our bitter wrath excite,
Were not always wrong entirely,
   nor ourselves entirely right.

Chor. Not entirely, shameless rascal?
   Do you such opinions dare
Openly to flaunt before me?
   Shall I then a traitor spare?

Di. Not entirely, not entirely!
   I can prove by reasons strong
That in many points the Spartans
   at our hands have suffered wrong.

Chor. This is quite a heart-perplexing,
   terrible affair indeed,
If you mean that you will venture
   for our enemies to plead.

Di. Aye, and if I plead not truly,
   or the people doubt display,
ARISTOPHANES

ὕπερ ἐπιξῆνον ἑθελῆσω τὴν κεφαλὴν ἔχων λέγειν.

χο. εἰπὲ μοι, τί φειδόμεσθα τῶν λίθων, ὡ δημόται, μὴ οὐ καταξαίνειν τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον ἐς φοινικίδα;

Δι. οἶνον οὐδείς τις ύμῶν θυμᾶλως ἐπέζησεν. οὐκ ἀκούσεσθ', οὐκ ἀκούσεσθ' ἐτεὸν, ὑχαρνηδίαι;

χο. οὐκ ἀκούσομεσθα δήτα.

Δι. δεινά τὰρα πείσομαι.

χο. ἐξολοίμην, ἢν ἀκούσω.

Δι. μηδαμῶς, ὑχαρνικοῖ.

χο. ὡς τεθνῆξων ἵσθι νυνί.

Δι. δὴξομὰρ' ύμᾶς ἐγώ. ἀνταποκτενῶ γὰρ ύμῶν τῶν φίλων τοὺς φιλτάτους:

ὡς ἔχω γ' ύμῶν ὄμηρους, οὐς ἀποσφάξω λαβῶν.

χο. εἰπὲ μοι, τί τοῦτ' ἀπελεῖ τοῦποσ, ἄνδρες δημόται,

τοῖς Ἀχαρνικοῖσιν ἥμιν; μῶν ἔχειτο παιδίον
tῶν παρόντων ἐνδον εἰρξάς; ἦ 'πί τῶ θρασύνεται;

Δι. βάλλετ' ἐι βούλεσθ'. ἐγὼ γὰρ τοῦτον διαφθερῶ.

εἴσομαι δ' ύμῶν τάχ' ὀστίς ἄνθράκων τι κήδεται.

χο. ὡς ἀπωλόμεσθ'. ὁ λάρκος δημότης ὦδ' ἔστ' ἐμός.

---

a Die. goes into the house and returns three lines later carrying in one hand a hamper (λάρκος) full of charcoal and in the other a drawn sword. The Scholiast says that the ensuing scene is parodied from the Telephus of Euripides.
THE ACHARNIANS, 318–333

On a chopping-block I’m willing,
   whilst I speak, my head to lay.
chor. Why so slack, my fellow-burghers?
   Let us stone the naughty varlet,
   Let us scarify and shred him
   to an uniform of scarlet.
di. What a red and dangerous ember
    sparkled up within you then!
Won’t you hear me, won’t you hear me,
   good Acharnians, worthy men?
chor. Never, never, will we hear you.
di. That will cause me bitter woe.
chor. If I do, perdition seize me!
di. O Acharnians, say not so.
chor. Know that you must die this instant.
di. Then I’ll make you suffer too.
   For my safety I’ve a hostage,
      one that’s very dear to you.
   Now I’ll bring him out and slay him;
      you shall see your darling’s end.a
chor. O Acharnian fellow-burghers,
   what can words like these portend
To our noble band of brethren?
   Think you that the man can hold
Any child of ours in durance?
      What can make him wax so bold?
di. Now then pelt me; here’s the hostage!
   I will slay and will not spare.
I shall speedily discover
   which of you for charcoal care.
chor. Heaven preserve us! ’tis a scuttle,
   ’tis my fellow-burgher true!

35
ARISTOPHANES

ἀλλὰ μὴ δράσης ὁ μέλλεις. μηδαμῶς, ὡς μηδαμῶς.

Δ1. ως ἀποκτενῶ, κέκραξθ'. ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐκ ἀκού-σομαι. [ἄντ. 335

Χο. ἀπολείς ἃρ' ὁμήλικα τὸν ἄφιλανθρακέα;

Δ1. οὐδ' ἐμοῦ λέγοντος ὑμεῖσ' ἄρτιως ἥκουσατε.

Χο. ἀλλὰ νυνὶ λέγ', εἴ σοι δοκεῖ, τὸν τε Δακε-δαμόνιον αὐτὸν ὅτι τῷ τρόπῳ σου 'στὶ φίλος· ὡς τόδε τὸ λαρκίδιον οὐ προδώσω σοτέ. 340

Δ1. τοὺς λίθους νῦν μοι χαμάζει πρῶτον ἐξεράσατε.

Χο. οὕτωι σοι χαμάι, καὶ σοῦ κατάθου πάλιν τὸ ἔριφος.

Δ1. ἄλλ' ὅπως μὴ 'ν τοῖς τρίβωσιν ἐγκάθηνταί
pou λίθοι.

Χο. ἐκσέσεισται χαμάζ'. οὐχ ὅρας σειόμενον;

345 ἀλλὰ μὴ μοι πρόφασιν, ἀλλὰ κατάθου τὸ

bélos.

ὡς οδὲ γε σειστός ἀμα τῇ στροφῇ γίγνεται.

Δ1. ἐμέλλετ' ἃρ' ἀπαντεῖς ἀνασέειν βοὴν,

ολίγον τ' ἀπέθανον ἀνθρακες Παρνήσιοι,

καὶ ταῦτα διὰ τὴν ἀτοπίαν τῶν δημοτῶν.

ὑπὸ τοῦ δέους ἐκ τῆς μαρίλης μοι συχνὴν 350

ὁ λάρκος ἐνετίλησεν ὡσπερ σηπία.

δεινὸν γὰρ οὕτως ὄμφακιαν πεφυκέναι
tὸν θυμὸν ἀνδρῶν ὡστε βάλλειν καὶ βοᾶν

a i.e. himself.

b i.e. provided you release the λάρκος.

c Die. employs the peculiar word ἀνασέειν because the
preceding speech of the Chorus is full of "shakes."

d μαρίλη is the black dust of the charcoal.
Never do the thing you mention:
neither do, O never do!

DI. Cry aloud! I'm going to slay him;
I shall neither hear nor heed.

chor. You will slay then this charcoal-adorer, its equal in years!

DI. Aye, for when I craved a hearing
you refused to hear me plead.

chor. Ah! but now! Now you may!

Say you love, Say you prize,
Our detested enemies.

Ne'er will I Faithless prove
To the scuttle which I love.

DI. Well then first, the stones you gathered,
throw them out upon the ground.

chor. Out they go! All my hoard!

Prithee, lay aside the sword.

DI. But I fear that in your lappets
other missiles may be found.

chor. All are gone! Every one!

See my garment shaken wide!

Don't evade Promise made.

Lay, O lay the sword aside.

Here's my robe Shaken out,
As I twist and twirl about.

DI. You would then, would you, shake your
cries aloft,
And this Parnesian charcoal all but died,
Slain by the madness of its fellow-burghers.
And in its fright this scuttle, cuttle-wise,
Voided its inky blackness on my clothes.

Alas that men should carry hearts as sour
As unripe grapes, to pelt and roar, nor hear
ARISTOPHANES

εθέλειν τ’ ἀκοῦσαι μηδὲν ἵσον ἵσῳ φέρον,
ἔμοι θέλοντος ὑπὲρ ἐπίζημον λέγειν
ὑπὲρ Λακεδαμονίων ἀπαθ’ ὁσ’ αὖν λέγω·
καίτοι φιλῶ γε τὴν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ἐγώ.

xo. τι οὖν οὐ λέγεις, ἐπίζημον ἐξενεγκών θύραξ',
ο τι ποτ’, ὥ σχέτλιε, τὸ μέγα τοῦτ’ ἔχεις;
πάντω γὰρ ἐμὲ γε πόθος ὁ τι φρονεῖς ἔχει.
ἀλλ’ ἤπερ αὐτὸς τὴν δίκην διωρίσω,
θεὶς δεύρο τοῦπιζημὸν ἐγχείρει λέγειν.

ΔΙ. ἰδοὺ θεάσθε, τὸ μὲν ἐπίζημον τοδί,
ὁ δ’ ἀνὴρ ὁ λέξων οὔτοσί τυννοτοσί.
ἀμέλει μὰ τὸν Δ’ οὐκ ἐνασπιδώσομαι,
λέξω δ’ υπὲρ Λακεδαμονίων ἀ μοι δοκεῖ.
καίτοι δέδουκα πολλά· τοὺς τε γὰρ τρόπους
τοὺς τῶν ἀγροίκων οἴδα χαίροντας σφόδρα
ἐὰν τις αὐτοὺς εὐλογῇ καὶ τὴν πόλιν
ἀνὴρ ἀλαξῶν καὶ δίκαια κάδικα·
κάνταθα λανθάνοις ἀπεμπολωμενοί·
τῶν τ’ αὖ γερόντων οἴδα τὰς ψυχὰς ὅτι
οὔδὲν βλέπουσιν ἄλλο πλὴν ψήφῳ δακεῖν·
αὐτὸς τ’ ἐμαυτὸν ὑπὸ Κλέωνος ἀπαθὸν
ἐπίσταμαι διὰ τὴν πέρυσι κωμῳδιαν.

a A metaphor from wine mingled with an equal quantity of water.
b i.e. I will come out into the open, not skulk behind a shield; cf. Hom. Il. 267 seq., where the archer Teucer keeps dodging behind the shield of Ajax.
c Dic. fears (1) the simple country folk who were deluded by the demagogues, (2) the old dicasts (for whom see the Wasps), and (3) Cleon. Aristophanes had apparently made fun of Cleon and certain officials in the Babylonians which
THE ACHARNIANS, 354–378

A tempered statement mingled half and half; a
Not though I'm willing o'er a chopping-
block
To say my say for Lacedaemon's folk.
And yet I love, be sure, my own dear life.

chor. O why not bring the block
out of doors without delay,
And speak the mighty speech
which you think will win the day?
For really I've a longing

to hear what you will say!
So in the fashion you yourself prescribed,
Place here the chopping-block and start
your speech.

DI. Well look and see, the chopping-block is
here,
And I'm to speak, poor little friendless I.
Still never mind; I won't enshield myself, b
I'll speak my mind for Lacedaemon's folk.
And yet I fear; c for well I know the moods
Of our good country people, how they love
To hear the City and themselves bepraised
By some intriguing humbug, right or wrong,
Nor ever dream they are being bought and
sold.
And well I know the minds of those old men
Looking for nothing but a verdict-bite.
Aye and I know what I myself endured
At Cleon's hands for last year's Comedy.

he had produced at the Great Dionysia the year before,
and Cleon had denounced him for "defaming the State in
the presence of strangers," cf. 503.

39
ARISTOPHANES

εἰσελκύσας γάρ µ' εἰς τὸ βουλευτήριον διέβαλλε καὶ ψευδὴ κατεγλώττιζε µοι κάκυκλοβόρει κάπλυνεν, ὥστ' ὅλιγον πάνι ἀπωλόμην μολυνοπραγμονοῦμενος. νῦν οὖν µε πρῶτον πρὶν λέγειν ἡσατε ἐνσκεφάσασθαι µ' οἴον ἀθλιώτατον.

ΧΘ. τί ταῦτα στρέφει τεχνάζεις τε καὶ πορίζεις τριβάς; [ἀντ. 385
λαβέ δ' ἐμοῦ γ' ἕνεκα παρ' 'Ιερωνύµον σκοτοδασυτυχνότριχα τιν' "Αἴδος κυνῆν. 390
εἶτ' εξάνουιε μηχανὰς τὰς Σισύφου, ὡς σκῆπισν ἅγων οὔτος οὐκ εἰσδέξεται.

ΔΙ. ὦρα ἵστιν ἄρα µοι καρτερὰν ψυχὴν λαβεῖν, καὶ µοι βαδιστέ' ἐστίν ὡς Εὐρυπίδην. 395
παῖ παῖ.

ΚΗΦΙΣΟΦΩΝ. τίς οὔτος;

ΔΙ. ἕνδον ἐστ' Εὐρυπίδης; 395
KH. οὐκ ἐνδον ἐνδον ἐστίν, εἰ γνώµην ἔχεις.
ΔΙ. πώς ἐνδον, εἶτ' οὐκ ἐνδον;
KH. ὁρθῶς, ὡ γέρον.

ὁ νοὸς µὲν ἐξώ ξυλλέγων ἐπίλλια οὐκ ἐνδον, αὐτὸς δ' ἐνδον ἀναβάδην ποιεὶ τραγῳδίαν.

ΔΙ. ὥ τρισμακάρι Εὐρυπίδη, 400
ὁθ' ὃ δοῦλος οὔτωσι σοφῶς ὑποκρινεῖται. ἐκκάλεσον αὐτὸν.

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a Κυκλόβορος· ποταμὸς ἐν Ἀθῆναις κελμαρρος, ἀγαν ἡξών. Schol.
b Lit. "helmet of Hades," i.e. of invisibility; cf. Π. ν. 40
How to the Council-house he haled me off,
And slanged, and lied, and slandered, and
betongued me,
Roaring Cycloborus\(^a\)-wise; till I well nigh
Was done to death, bemiryslushified.
Now therefore suffer me, before I start,
To dress me up the loathliest way I can.

chor. O why keep putting off with that shilly-shally
air?
Hieronymus may lend you, for anything I care,
The shaggy "Cap of Darkness"\(^b\) from his
tangle-matted hair.
Then open all the wiles of Sisyphus,
Since this encounter will not brook delay.

Di. Now must my heart be strong, and I depart
To find Euripides.\(^c\) Boy! Ho there, boy!

ccephisophon. Who calls me?
Di. Is Euripides within?
Ce. Within and not within,\(^d\) if you conceive me.
Di. Within and not within?
Ce. "Tis even so.
His mind, without, is culling flowers of song,
But he, within, is sitting up aloft
Writing a play.

Di. O lucky, lucky poet,
Whose very servant says such clever things!
But call him.

845. H. was a poet with a mop of unkempt hair which
almost hid his face; cf. L. 349.
\(^c\) Wanting some beggarly rags Di. resorts to Euripides,
who often dresses his characters in them; cf. 412; F. 842
\(\varkappaιοσυρραπταδης\).
\(^d\) A skit on E.'s style, e.g. Alc. 521 \(\varepsilon\sigma\tau\nu\ \tau\varepsilon\ \kappaο\nu\kappa\ \varepsilon\tau\varepsilon\ \varepsilon\sigma\tau\nu\).
KH.

ἀλλ’ ἀδύνατον.

ΔΙ.

ἀλλ’ ὀμως.

οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἀπέλθοιμ’, ἀλλὰ κόψῳ τὴν θύραν, Εὐρυπίδη, Εὐρυπίδιον, ὑπάκουσον, εἲπερ πῶποτ’ ἄνθρωπων τιν’. Δικαιόπολις καλεῖ σε Χολλείδης, ἐγώ.

ΕΤΡΠΙΔΗΣ. ἀλλ’ οὐ σχολή.

ΔΙ. ἀλλ’ ἐκκυκλήθητ’.

ΕΤ. ἀλλ’ ἀδύνατον.

ΔΙ. ἀλλ’ ὀμως.

ΕΤ. ἀλλ’ ἐκκυκλήσομαι· καταβαίνειν δ’ οὐ σχολή.

ΔΙ. Εὐρυπίδη,

ΕΤ. τί λέλακας;

ΔΙ. ἀναβάδην ποιεῖς, ἐξὸν καταβάδην· οὐκ ἔτος χωλοὺς ποιεῖς.

ἀτὰρ τί τὰ ράκι ἐκ τραγῳδίας ἔχεις, ἐσθητ’ ἐλεεινήν; οὐκ ἔτος πτωχοὺς ποιεῖς.

ἀλλ’ ἀντιβολῶ πρὸς τῶν γονάτων σ’, Εὐρυπίδη, δός μοι ράκιον τι τοῦ παλαιοῦ δράματος.

δεῖ γὰρ μὲ λέξαι τῷ χορῷ ῥήσου μακράν· αὐτὴ δὲ θάνατον, ἦν κακῶς λέξω, φέρει.

ΕΤ. τὰ ποῖα τρύχη; μῶν ἑν οἷς Οἰνεὺς ὁδιὸ δῦσποτμος γεραιῶς ᾑγωνιξετο;

ΔΙ. οὐκ Οἰνέως ἦν, ἀλλ’ ἐτ’ ἄθλωστέρου.

ΕΤ. τὰ τοῦ τυφλοῦ Φοίνικος;

ΔΙ. οὐ Φοίνικος, οὐ,

---

a The adjective marks his deme.

b i.e., “show yourself by means of the eecyclema,” a piece of machinery by which the wall of a house is turned as if on a pivot, disclosing the interior.

c Because you bring them into being on such a dangerous height.
CE. But it can’t be done.

DI. But still . . . !

For go I won’t. I’ll hammer at the door.
Euripides, my sweet one!
O if you ever hearkened, hearken now.
’Tis I, Cholleidian a Dicacopolis.

EURIPIDES. But I’ve no time.

DI. But pivot. b

EUR. But it can’t be done.

DI. But still . . . !

EUR. Well then, I’ll pivot, but I can’t come down.

DI. Euripides!

EUR. Aye.

DI. Why do you write up there,
And not down here? That’s why you make lame heroes. c

And wherefore sit you robed in tragic rags,
A pitiful garb? That’s why you make them beggars.

But by your knees, Eurip’ es, I pray,
Lend me some rags from that old play of yours; d

For to the Chorus I to-day must speak
A lengthy speech; and if I fail, ’tis death.

EUR. Rags! Rags! what rags? Mean you the rags wherein
This poor old Oeneus e came upon the stage?

DI. Not Oeneus, no; a wretcheder man than he.

EUR. Those that blind Phoenix f wore?

DI. Not Phoenix, no;

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a τοῦ Τηλέφου; for this play, to which there are frequent references here, see Index s.v.

b King of Calydon, deprived of his throne by his nephews.

c According to this legend P. was accused by his father Amyntor of seducing his mistress and blinded by him.
This play was produced by Euripides in 431 B.C.

"lame," i.e., after being thrown from Pegasus.

It is not known how Thyestes and Ino came to wear rags.

II. 441 and 442 are said by the Scholiast to be taken from the Telephus.
Some other man still wretcheder than Phoenix.

EUR. What shreds of raiment can the fellow mean?
Can it be those of beggarly Philoctetes a?

DI. One far, far, far, more beggarly than he.

EUR. Can it be then the loathly gaberidine
Wherein the lame b Bellerophon was clad?

DI. Bellerophon? no; yet mine too limped and
begged,
A terrible chap to talk.

EUR. I know the man.

The Mysian Telephus.

DI. Telephus it is!

Lend me, I pray, that hero's swaddling-
clothes.

EUR. Boy, fetch him out the rags of Telephus.
They lie above the Thyesteian rags,
'Twixt those and Ino's." c

CE. (To Di.) Take them; here they are.

DI. (Holding up the tattered garment against the light)
Lord Zeus, whose eyes can pierce through
everywhere,
Let me be dressed the loathliest way I can.
Euripides, you have freely given the rags,
Now give, I pray you, what pertains to these,
The Mysian cap to set upon my head.
For I've to-day to act a beggar's part, d
To be myself, yet not to seem myself;
The audience there will know me who I am,
Whilst all the Chorus stand like idiots by,
The while I fillip them with cunning words. e

EUR. Take it; you subtly plan ingenious schemes.

DI. To thee, good luck; to Telephus—what I
wish him!

* Or "little phraselets" such as E. was fond of.
ARISTOPHANES

eδ γ’· οἶον ἥδη ῥήματιών ἐμπίπλαμαι. 450
ἀτάρ δέομαι γε πτωχικοῦ βακτηρίου.

ΕΤ. τοιτὶ λαβῶν ἀπελθὲ λαίνων σταθμῶν.

Δ1. ὦ θύμ’, ὡρᾶς γὰρ ὡς ἀπωθοῦμαι δόμων, 455
πολλὰς δεόμενος σκευαρίων· νῦν δὴ γενοῦ
γλίσχρος προσαίτων λυπαρῶν τ’. Εὐριπίδη,
δὸς μοι σπυρίδιον διακεκαμμένον λύχνω.

ΕΤ. τὶ δ’, ὦ τάλας, σε τοῦδ’ ἔχει πλέκοις χρέος;

Δ1. χρέος μὲν οὐδέν, βούλομαι δ’ ὄμως λαβεῖν. 455

ΕΤ. λυτηρὸς ἵσθ’ ὧν κάποχώρησον δόμων.

Δ1. φεῦ· εὐδαιμονοῖς, ὡσπερ ἡ μῆτηρ ποτέ.

ΕΤ. ἀπελθὲ νῦν μοι.

Δ1. μᾶλλα μοι δὸς ἐν μόνον,
κοτυλίσκιον τὸ χείλος ἀποκεκρυσμένον.

ΕΤ. φθείρον λαβῶν τὸδ’ ἵσθι δ’ ὀχληρὸς ὄν
δόμοις.

Δ1. οὔτω μὰ Δῆ σοθ’ οἴ οὐτὸς ἐργάζει κακά. 460
ἀλλ’, ὦ γλυκύτατ’ Εὐριπίδη, τουτὶ μόνον,
δὸς μοι χυτρίδιον σπογγίω βεβυσμένον.

ΕΤ. ἀνθρωπ’, ἀφαιρήσει με τὴν τραγῳδίαν.

ΕΤ. ἀπέρχομαι.

καίτοι τὶ δράσω; δεῖ γὰρ ἐνός, οὗ μὴ τυχῶν
ἀπόλωλ’. ἀκούσον, ὦ γλυκύτατ’ Εὐριπίδη.
τουτὶ λαβῶν ἀπεμί κοῦ πρόσεμι’ ἔτι.

ΕΤ. ἀπολείψ μ’. ἰδοὺ σοι. φροῦδά μοι τὰ δρά-

ματα.

a i.e., wearing the rags of T. he feels himself able to talk
like him.

b Probably for carrying scraps; cf. sportula. Telephus
is said to have carried one “in a tragedy” (Diog. Laert.
vi. 87).

46
Yah! why I’m full of cunning words already.\(^a\)

But now, methinks, I need a beggar’s staff.

**EUR.** Take this, and get thee from the marble halls.

**DI.** O Soul, thou seest me from the mansion thrust,
Still wanting many a boon. Now in thy prayer
Be close and instant. Give, Euripides,
A little basket\(^b\) with a hole burnt through it.

**EUR.** What need you, hapless one, of this poor wicker?

**DI.** No need perchance; but O I want it so.

**EUR.** Know that you’re wearisome, and get you gone.

**DI.** Alas! Heaven bless you, as it blessed your mother.\(^c\)

**EUR.** Leave me in peace.

**DI.** Just one thing more, but one,
A little tankard with a broken rim.

**EUR.** Here. Now be off. You trouble us; begone.

**DI.** You know not yet what ill you do yourself.
Sweet, dear Euripides, but one thing more,
Give me a little pitcher, plugged with sponge.

**EUR.** Fellow, you’re taking the whole tragedy.
Here, take it and begone.

**DI.** I’m going now.

And yet! there’s one thing more, which if I get not
I’m ruined. Sweetest, best Euripides,
With this I’ll go, and never come again;
Give me some withered leaves to fill my basket.

**EUR.** You’ll slay me! Here! My plays are disappearing.

\(^a\) Said to be a seller of potherbs; cf. 478.
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Δ1. ἀλλ' οὐκέτ', ἀλλ' ἀπεμ. καὶ γάρ εἰμ' ἄγαν ὀχληρός, οὐ δοκῶν με κοιράνους στυγείν. ὁμοι κακοδαίμων, ὡς ἀπόλωλ'. ἐπελαθόμην ἐν ὕπερ ἐστὶ πάντα μοι τὰ πράγματα. 
Εὐριπίδιον, ὃ φιλτάτιον καὶ γλυκύτατον, κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμην, εἰ τι σ' αὐτήσαιμ' ἔτι, πλὴν ἐν μόνον, τοὐτ' μόνον, τοὐτ' μόνον, σκάνδικα μοι δός, μητρόθεν δέξαμεν.

ΕΤ. ἀνήρ ὑβρίζει· κλείει πηκτὰ δωμάτων.

Δ1. ὃ θύμ', ἀνευ σκάνδικος ἐμπορευτέα. ἄρ' οἴσθ' ὅσον τὸν ἄγον' ἄγωνει τάχα, μέλλων ὑπὲρ Λακεδαίμονίων ἀνδρῶν λέγειν; πρόβασιν ννν, ὃ θυμεὶ γραμμή δ' αὑτῆ. εὔστηκας; οὐκ εἰ καταπίνων Εὐριπίδην; ἐπήνεο· ἄγε ννν, ὃ τάλαινα καρδία, ἀπελθ' ἐκείσε, κἀτα τὴν κεφαλὴν ἐκεὶ παράσχειν, εἴποῦσον ἀττ' ἀν αὐτῇ σοι δοκῆ. τόλμησον, ἵδι, χώρησον, ἀγαμαί καρδίας.

ΧΟ. τὶ δράσεις; τὶ φήσεις; ἀλλ' ἵσθι ννν ἀναίσχυντος ὃν συδηροῦσ τ' ἀνήρ, ὅστις παρασχὼν τῇ πόλει τὸν αὐχένα ἀπασι μέλλεις εἰς λέγειν τάναντια. ἀνήρ ὦ τρέμει τὸ πράγμ'. εἰά ννν, ἐπειδήπερ αὐτὸς αἴρει, λέγε.

Δ1. μή μοι φθονήσῃ', ἄνδρες οἱ θεώμενοι, εἰ πτωχὸς ὃν ἐπείτ' ἐν Ἀθηναίοις λέγειν

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a "Parodied from the Oeneus of Euripides": Schol.
b Here Euripides is wheeled in again, and Dic. advances to the block to make his speech.
c i.e., from which the racers started. Dic. being now well primed with Euripides feels he ought to go ahead.

48
IDE. Enough! I go. Too troublesome by far
Am I, not witting that the chieftains hate me! a
Good Heavens! I'm ruined. I had clean forgotten
The thing whereon my whole success depends.
My own Euripides, my best and sweetest,
Perdition seize me if I ask aught else
Save this one thing, this only, only this,
Give me some chervil, borrowing from your mother.

EUR. The man insults us. Shut the palace up. b

IDE. O Soul, without our chervil we must go.
Knowest thou the perilous strife thou hast to strive,
Speaking in favour of Laconian men?  
On, on, my Soul! Here is the line. c How?  
What?  
Swallow Euripides, and yet not budge?
Oh, good! Advance, O long-enduring heart,
Go thither, lay thine head upon the block,
And say whatever to thyself seems good.
Take courage! Forward! March! O well done, heart!

CHOR. What will you say? What will you do?
Man, is it true
You are made up of iron and of shamelessness too?
You who will, one against us all, debate,
Offering your neck a hostage to the State!
Nought does he fear.
Since you will have it so, speak, we will hear

IDE. Bear me no grudge, spectators, if, a beggar,
I dare to speak before the Athenian people
The speech throughout is probably a parody of one in the *Telephus*, and for ll. 497, 498 the Scholiast quotes the original as—

μη μοι φθονήσητ', ἄνδρες Ἐλλήνων ἄκροι,
εἰ πτωχός ὦν τέτληκ' ἐν ἐσθλοῖσιν λέγειν.

Only citizens and μέτοικοι were present at the “Lenaea.”

They are “clean-winnowed,” only the grain being left, of which the ἀστόι are the flour and the μέτοικοι the bran.
About the city in a comic play.\(^a\)
For what is true even comedy can tell.
And I shall utter startling things but true.
Nor now can Cleon slander me because,
With strangers present, I defame the State.
'Tis the Lenaea, and we're all alone; \(^b\)
No strangers yet have come; nor from the states
Have yet arrived the tribute and allies.
We're quite alone clean-winnowed; for I count
Our alien residents the civic bran.\(^c\)

The Lacedaemonians I detest entirely;
And may Poseidon, Lord of Taenarum,
Shake \(^d\) all their houses down about their ears;
For I, like you, have had my vines cut down.
But after all—for none but friends are here—
Why the Laconians do we blame for this?
For men of ours, I do not say the State,
Remember this, I do not say the State,\(^e\)
But worthless fellows of a worthless stamp,
Ill-coined, ill-minted, spurious little chaps,
Kept on denouncing Megara's little coats.\(^f\)
And if a cucumber or hare they saw,
Or sucking-pig, or garlic, or lump-salt,\(^g\)
All were Megarian, and were sold off-hand.\(^h\)

\(^a\) i.e. as 'Ἐννοσὶγαῖος, the Earth-Shaker. Sparta suffered from earthquakes; cf. Thuc. i. 128. 2; Paus. vii. 25. 1.
\(^b\) He emphasizes this because that was the exact charge; cf. 503.
\(^c\) "The ἐξωμίδες which formed the staple manufacture of Megara; cf. Xen. Mem. ii. 7. 6": R.
\(^d\) i.e. rock-salt.
\(^e\) i.e. after being denounced as Megarian and confiscated; cf. 542. The exclusion of the Megarians from the "market of Athens and Athenian harbours" was put forward by Sparta in 431 B.C. as one of the chief grounds for war; cf. Thuc. i. 139. 1.
καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ σμικρὰ κάπιστὰ, πόρνην δὲ Συμαίθινοι ἱόντες Μεγαράδε
νεανίαι κλέπτουσι μεθυσοκότταβοι.
καθ' οἱ Μεγαρῆς ὀδύναις πεφυσιγγωμένοι ἀντεξέκλεψαν Ἀσπασίας πόρνα δύο.
καντεύθεν ἀρχὴ τοῦ πολέμου κατερράγη Ἥλλην πᾶσιν ἐκ τριῶν λαϊκαστριῶν.
ἐντεύθεν ὀργῇ Περικλής Οὐλύμπιος ἠστραπτ', ἐβρόντα, ἔννεκύκα τὴν Ἑλλάδα,
ἐτίθει νόμους ὁσπέρ σκόλια γεγραμμένους,
ὡς χρὴ Μεγαρέας μήτε γῆ μήτ' ἐν ἀγορᾷ
μήτ' ἐν θαλάττῃ μήτ' ἐν ἡπείρῳ μένειν.
ἐντεύθεν οἱ Μεγαρῆς, ὅτε δὴ 'πείνων βάδην,
Δακεδαιμόνιων ἐδέοντο τὸ ψήφισμ' ὅπως
μεταστραφεῖ ἡ διὰ τὰς λαϊκαστρίας.
οὐκ ἠθέλομεν δ' ἠμεῖς δεομένων πολλάκις.
καντεύθεν ήδη πάταγος ἢν τῶν ἀσπιδῶν.
ἐρεῖ τις, οὐ χρῆν· ἀλλὰ τί ἔχρην εἴπατε.
φέρ', εἰ Λακεδαιμόνιων τις ἐκπλεύσας σκάφει
ἀπέδωτο φήμας κυνίδιον Σερφίων,
καθήσθ' ἄν ἐν δόμοισιν; ἢ πολλοῦ γε δεῖ·
καὶ κάρτα μένταν εὐθέως καθείλκετε
τριακοσίας ναὸς, ἦν δ' ἄν ἡ πόλις πλέα
θορύβου στρατιωτῶν, περὶ τριηράρχου βοῆς,
μισθοῦ διδομένου, Παλλαδίων χρυσουμένων,
στοάς στεναχύσης, σιτίων μετρουμένων,
Still these were trifles, and our country’s way.
But some young tipsy cottabus-players went
And stole from Megara-town the fair Simaetha.
Then the Megarians, garlicked with the smart,
Stole, in return, two of Aspasia’s hussies. 
From these three Wantons o’er the Hellenic race
Burst forth the first beginnings of the War.
For then, in wrath, the Olympian Pericles
Thundered and lightened, and confounded Hellas,
Enacting laws which ran like drinking-songs,
That the Megarians presently depart
From earth and sea, the mainland, and the mart.
Then the Megarians, slowly famishing,
Besought their Spartan friends to get the Law
Of the three Wantons cancelled and withdrawn.
And oft they asked us, but we yielded not.
Then followed instantly the clash of shields.
Ye’ll say They should not; but what should they, then?
Come now, had some Laconian, sailing out,
Denounced and sold a small Seriphian dog,
Would you have sat unmoved? Far, far from that!
Ye would have launched three hundred ships of war,
And all the City had at once been full
Of shouting troops, of fuss with triarchers,
Of paying wages, gilding Pallases,
Of rations measured, roaring colonnades,

a The famous mistress of Pericles.

b The σκόλιον it resembles was by Timocreon of Rhodes:

$c \omega \phi e \lambda \nu \sigma, \omega \tau v \phi \lambda \varepsilon \Pi \lambda \omega \upsilon t \varepsilon, \mid \mu \nu \tau e \gamma \mu \nu \tau \epsilon \nu \tau e \phi \alpha \nu \gamma \nu a i . . .

d Seriphus is a very small island, one of the Cyclades, due east from Sparta. The smallest injury to the smallest “island” would have roused Athens to fury.

d i.e. for figure-heads or the like.
ARISTOPHANES

άσκων, τροπωτήρων, κάδους ἀνουμένων, σκορόδων, ἐλαών, κρομμύων εὖ δικτύουσ, στεφάνων, τριχίδων, αὐλητρίδων, ὑπωπίων. τὸ νεώριον δ᾽ αὖ κωπέων πλατουμένων, τύλων ψοφούντων, θαλαμῶν τροπουμένων, αὐλῶν, κελευστῶν, νυγλῶν, συριγμάτων. ταύτ’ οἶδ’ ὅτι ἂν ἑδράτει τὸν δὲ Τῆλεφον οὐκ οἰόμεσθα; νοῦς ἄρ’ ἡμῖν οὐκ ἐν.

HM. A. ἀλθῆς, ἀπίτριπτε καὶ μιαρώτατε; ταύτι σὺ τολμᾶς πτωχὸς ὅν ἡμᾶς λέγειν, καὶ συκοφάντης εἶ τις ἂν, ὧνείδιας;

HM. B. νῆ τὸν Ποσείδῶ, καὶ λέγει γ’ ἀπερ λέγει δίκαια πάντα κούδὲν αὐτῶν ψεύδεται.

HM. A. εἴτ’ εἰ δίκαια, τοῦτον εἴπειν αὐτ’ ἐχρήν; ἄλλ’ οὐ τι χαίρων ταῦτα τολμήσει λέγειν.

HM. B. οὗτος σὺ πολ’ θεῖς; οὐ μενεῖς; ὡς εἰ θενεῖς τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον, αὐτὸς ἀρθῆσει τάχα.


καὶ ταύτα ἐκ Τῆλεφου: Schol. The speech ends, as it began, with a quotation, and its effect is to split the Chorus into two hostile sections.

54
Of wineskins, oarloops, bargaining for casks,
Of nets of onions, olives, garlic-heads,
Of chaplets, pilchards, flute-girls, and black eyes.
And all the arsenal had rung with noise
Of oar-spars planed, pegs hammered, oar-loops fitted,
Of boatswains’ calls, and flutes, and trills, and whistles.
This had ye done; and shall not Telephus,¹
Think we, do this? we’ve got no brains at all.

semichorus i. Aye, say you so, you rascally villain you?
And this from you, a beggar? Dare you blame us
Because, per chance, we’ve got informers here?

semichorus ii. Aye, by Poseidon, every word he says
Is true and right; he tells no lies at all.

s.c. i. True or untrue, is he the man to say it?
I’ll pay him out, though, for his insolent speech.

s.c. ii. Whither away? I pray you stay. If him you hurt,
You’ll find your own self hoisted up directly.²

s.c. i. Lamachus! Help! with thy glances of lightning;
Terrible-crested, appear in thy pride,
Come, O Lamachus, tribesman and friend to us;
Is there a stormer of cities beside?
Is there a captain? O come ye in haste,
Help me, O help! I am caught by the waist.

---
¹ A scuffle takes place in the orchestra, in which the leader of the first semichorus is worsted.
ΛΑΜΑΧΩΣ. πόθεν βοής ήκουσα πολεμιστηρίας;
πολ χρή βοηθείς; πολ κυδομόν εμβαλείς;
tis Γοργόν εξήγειρεν εκ του σάγματος;
Δ. ὁ Λάμαχ χήρως, τῶν λόφων καὶ τῶν λόχων. 575
HM. Α. ὁ Λάμαχ', οὐ γὰρ οὗτος ἄνθρωπος πάλαι
ἀπασαν ἡμῶν τὴν πόλιν κακορροθεὶς;
ΛΑ. οὕτως σὺ τολμᾶς πτωχὸς ὡν λέγειν τάδε;
Δ. ὁ Λάμαχ χήρως, ἄλλα συγγνώμην ἔχε,
ei πτωχὸς ὡν εἰπόν τι κάστωμιλάμην.
ΛΑ. τί δ' εἶπας ἡμᾶς; οὐκ ἔρεις;
Δ. οὐκ οἶδα πω. 580
ὑπὸ τοῦ δέους γὰρ τῶν ὀπλῶν ἱλιγγιῶ.
ἀλλ' ἀντιβολῶ σ', ἀπένεγκε μοι τὴν μορμόνα.
ΛΑ. ἰδοὺ.
Δ. παράθες νῦν ὑπτίαν αὐτὴν ἐμοί.
ΛΑ. κεῖται.
Δ. φέρε νῦν ἀπὸ τοῦ κράνους μοι τὸ πτερόν.
ΛΑ. τοιτί πτιλον σοι.
Δ. τῆς Κεφαλῆς νῦν μοι λαβοῦ, 585
ἐν' εξεμέσω βδελύττομαι γὰρ τοὺς λόφους.
ΛΑ. οὕτως, τί δράσεις; τῷ πτιλῳ μέλλεις ἐμεῖν;
Δ. πτιλον γὰρ ἔστων; εἴπέ μοι, τίνος ποτὲ
ἀρνυθός ἔστων; ἃρα κομπολακύθου;
ΛΑ. οἷς ώς τεθνήξει.
Δ. μηδαμῶς, ὁ Λάμαχε. 590
οὐ γὰρ κατ' ἰσχύν ἔστων εἰ δ' ἵσχυρὸς εἰ,
tί μ' οὐκ ἀπεψώλησας; εὐπλοὶς γὰρ εἰ.
ΛΑ. ταυτί λέγεις σὺ τὸν στρατηγὸν πτωχὸς ὡν;

a Emblazoned on his shield.
b “L. superciliously calls the huge ostrich feather πτιλον, a term used of the soft and downy plumage of the breast”; R. 56
LAMACHUS. Whence came the cry of battle to my ears? Where shall I charge? where cast the battle-din? Who roused the sleeping Gorgon from its case?

DI. O Lamachus hero, O those crests and cohorts!
S.C. I. O Lamachus, here has this fellow been
With frothy words abusing all the State.

LAM. You dare, you beggar, say such things as those?

DI. O Lamachus hero, grant me pardon true
If I, a beggar, spake or chattered aught.

LAM. What said you? Hey?

DI. I can’t remember yet.
I get so dizzy at the sight of arms.
I pray you lay that terrible shield aside.

LAM. There then.

DI. Now set it upside down before me.

LAM. 'Tis done.

DI. Now give me from your crest that plume.

LAM. Here; take the feather.

DI. Now then, hold my head,
And let me vomit. I so loathe those crests.

LAM. What! use my feather, rogue, to make you vomit?

DI. A feather is it, Lamachus? Pray what bird
Produced it? Is it a Great Boastard’s plume?

LAM. Death and Destruction!

DI. No, no, Lamachus.
That’s not for strength like yours. If strong you are
Why don’t you circumcise me? You’re well armed.

LAM. What! you, a beggar, beard the general so?
ARISTOPHANES

Δ1. ἐγὼ γάρ εἴμι πτωχός;
ΛΑ. ἀλλὰ τίς γάρ εἶ;
Δ1. ὁστὶς; πολύτης χρηστός, οὐ σπουδαρχίδης, ἀλλ’ εξ ὅτου περ ὁ πόλεμος, στρατωνιδῆς, οὐ δ’ εξ ὅτου περ ὁ πόλεμος, μισθαρχίδης.
ΛΑ. ἔχειροτόνησαν γάρ με—
Δ1. κόκκυγες γε τρεῖς.
ταῦτ’ ὅπι ἐγὼ βδελυγτόμενος ἐσπεισάμην,
ὅρων πολιοῦς μὲν ἀνδρὰς ἐν ταῖς τάξεσιν, νεανίας δ’ οίονοι σὺ διαδεδρακότας
tous μὲν ἐπὶ Θράκης μισθοφοροῦντας τρεῖς
δραχμὰς,
Τισσαμενοφαυίππους, Πανουργιππαρχίδας·
ἐτέρους δὲ παρὰ Χάρητι, τοὺς δ’ ἐν Χαόσι
Γερήτοθεοδώρους, Διωμειαλαξόνας,
touς δ’ ἐν Καμαρίνῃ καὶ Γέλα καὶ Καταγέλα.
ΛΑ. ἔχειροτονίθησαν γάρ.
Δ1. αὖτιν δὲ τί
ὑμᾶς μὲν ἀεὶ μισθοφορεῖν ἀμηγέτη,
τωνδ’ δὲ μηδέν; ἐτεόν, ὦ Μαριλάδη,
ὑδή πεπρεσβευκάς σὺ πολίος ὃν ἐνή;
ἀνένευσε· καῖτοι γ’ ἔστι σῶφρων κάργάτης.
τί δαὶ Δράκυλλος κ’Εὐφορίδης ἡ Πρινίδης;
eἰδέν τις υμῶν τάκβαταν’ ἡ τοὺς Χαόνας;
οὐ φασίν. ἀλλ’ ὁ Κουσύρας καὶ Δάμαχος,
ois ὑπ’ ἐράνον τε καὶ ἥρεον πρῶην ποτέ,

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a Silly, empty-headed fellows; “gowks.”
b The personal allusions in these names are obscure.
c The name is a mere pun on Γέλα.
d One of the Chorus; so too with the names in 612.
e ἐνή: the Scholiasts did not understand this, but one renders it “long ago”; no one has explained it satisfactorily.
58
THE ACHARNIANS, 594-615

DI. A beggar am I, Lamachus?
LAM. What else?
DI. An honest townsman, not an office-seekrian,
Since war began, an active-service-seekrian,
But you're, since war began, a full-pay-seekrian.

LAM. The people chose me—
DI. Aye, three cuckoo-birds.\(^a\)
That's what I loathe; that's why I made my treaty,
When grey-haired veterans in the ranks I saw,
And boys like you, paltry malingering boys,
Off, some to Thrace—their daily pay three drachmas—
Phaenippuses, Hipparchidreprobatians,\(^b\)
And some with Chares, to Chaonia some,
Geretotheodores, Diomirogues, and some
To Camarina, Gela, and Grineela.\(^c\)

LAM. The people chose them—
DI. And how comes it, pray,
That you are always in receipt of pay,
And these are never? Come, Marilades,\(^d\)
You are old and grey\(^e\); when have you served as envoy?
Never! Yet he's a steady, active man.
Well then, Euphorides, Prinides, Dracyllus,
Have you Ecbatana or Chaonia seen?
Never! But Coesyra's son\(^f\) and Lamachus,
They have; to whom, for debts and calls unpaid.\(^g\)

\(^a\) i.e. any young nobleman. Coesyra belonged to the great family of the Alcmaeonidae; cf. C. 800.
\(^b\) In Dem. 821. 14 ἐπάνως λένοτε ("he has left his subscription unpaid") is used to describe a rascal; and see L. & S. s.v.
The leader of the Chorus speaks as though the poet in person had "come forth" (παρέβη) to deliver the Parabasis.
Their friends but now, like people throwing out
Their slops at eve, were crying "Stand away!"

LAM. O me! Democracy! can this be borne?
DI. No, not if Lamachus receive no pay.
LAM. But I with all the Peloponnesian folk
Will always fight, and vex them everyway,
By land, by sea, with all my might and main.

DI. And I to all the Peloponnesian folk,
Megarians and Boeotians, give full leave
To trade with me; but not to Lamachus.

CHOR. The man has the best of the wordy debate,
and the hearts of the people is winning
To his plea for the truce. Now doff we our robes,
our own anapaestics beginning.

Since first to exhibit his plays he began,
our chorus-instructor has never
Come forth a to confess in this public address
how tactful he is and how clever.
But now that he knows he is slandered by foes
before Athens so quick to assent,
Pretending he jeers our City and sneers
at the people with evil intent,
He is ready and fain his cause to maintain
before Athens so quick to repent.
Let honour and praise be the guerdon, he says,
of the poet whose satire has stayed you
From believing the orators' novel conceits
wherewith they cajoled and betrayed you;
which is the first that has come down to us "a Parabasis complete in all its seven parts"; see note on W. 1009.
μηδ’ ἥδεσθαι θωπευομένους μηδ’ εἶναι χαυνοπολιτάς.

πρότερον δ’ ὑμᾶς ἀπὸ τῶν πόλεων οἱ πρέσβεις ἐξαπατῶντες

πρῶτον μὲν ἰοστεφάνους ἐκάλουν· καπειδὴ τοῦτο τίς εἶποι,

εὐθὺς διὰ τοὺς στεφάνους ἐπ’ ἀκρων τῶν πυγμίων ἐκάθησθε.

εἰ δὲ τις ὑμᾶς ὑποθωπεύσας λιπαρὰς καλέσειεν Ἀθήνας,

εὐρετο πάν ἄν διὰ τὰς λιπαρὰς, ἀφύων τιμὴν περιάψ.

ταῦτα πονήσας πολλῶν ἁγαθῶν αἵτιος ὑμῖν γεγένηται,

καὶ τοὺς δήμους ἐν ταῖς πόλεσι δεῖξας, ὡς δημοκρατοῦνται.

τοιγάρτῳ νῦν ἐκ τῶν πόλεων τὸν φόρον ὑμῶν ἀπ-ἀγοντες

ήξουσιν, ἰδεῖν ἐπιθυμοῦντες τὸν ποιητὴν τὸν ἄριστον,

ὅστις παρεκκινδύνευος’ εἰπεῖν ἐν Ἀθηναίοις τὰ δίκαια.

οὔτω δ’ αὐτοῦ περὶ τῆς τόλμης ἡδὴ πόρρω κλέος ἤκει,

ὅτε καὶ βασιλεύς, Δακεδαμονίων τὴν πρεσβείαν βασανίζων,

ἡρώτησεν πρῶτα μὲν αὐτοῖς πότεροι ταῖς ναυσὶ κρατοῦσιν·

εἴτα δὲ τούτον τὸν ποιητὴν ποτέρους εἴποι κακὰ πολλά·

τούτους γὰρ ἐφή τοὺς ἄνθρωπους πολὺ βελτίους γεγενήθαι
Who bids you despise adulation and lies
   nor be citizens Vacant and Vain.
For before, when an embassy came from the states
   intriguing your favour to gain,
And called you the town of the violet crown,\(^a\)
   so grand and exalted ye grew,
That at once on your tiptails erect ye would sit,
   those crowns were so pleasant to you.
And then, if they added the shiny, they got
   whatever they asked for their praises,
Though apter, I ween, for an oily sardine
   than for you and your City the phrase is.
By this he's a true benefactor to you,
   and by showing with humour dramatic
The way that our wise democratic allies
   are ruled by our State democratic.
And therefore their people will come oversea,
   their tribute to bring to the City,
Consumed with desire to behold and admire
   the poet so fearless and witty,
Who dared in the presence of Athens to speak
   the thing that is rightful and true.
And truly the fame of his prowess, by this,
   has been bruited the universe through,
When the Sovereign of Persia, desiring to test
   what the end of our warfare will be,
Inquired of the Spartan ambassadors, first,
   which nation is queen of the sea,
And next, which the wonderful Poet has got,
   as its stern and unsparing adviser;
For those who are lashed by his satire, he said,
   must surely be better and wiser,

\(^a\) The famous epithet applied to Athens by Pindar (Frag. 76), \(\text{αι τε λιπαραὶ καὶ ιοστέφανοι καὶ ἀοίδιμοι Ἑλλάδος ἐρεισμα, κλειναὶ Ἀθήναι.}\)
καὶ τῷ πολέμῳ πολὺ νικήσειν, τοῦτον ξύμβουλον ἔχοντας.

διὰ ταῦθ' ύμᾶς Λακεδαιμόνιοι τὴν εἰρήνην προ-
καλοῦνται,
καὶ τὴν Λύγιναν ἀπαιτοῦσιν· καὶ τῆς νῆσου μὲν ἐκεῖνης
οὐ φροντίζουσ᾿, ἀλλὰ ἣν τοῦτον τὸν ποιητὴν ἀφ-
ἐλωνταί.
ἀλλ' ύμείς τοι μῇ ποτ' ἀφῆθ᾽· ὥς κωμῳδήσει τὰ
dίκαια.

φησὶν δ' ύμᾶς πολλὰ διδάξειν ἀγάθ', ὥστ' ευδαι-
μονας εἶναι,
οὐ θωπεύων, οὐθ' ὑποτείνων μυσθοὺς, οὔδ' ἔξαπ-
ατύλλων,
οὐδὲ πανουργῶν, οὐδὲ κατάρδων, ἀλλὰ τὰ βέλτιστα
dιδάσκων.

πρὸς ταῦτα Κλέων καὶ παλαμάσθω
καὶ πᾶν ἐπ' ἐμοὶ τεκτανέσθω.

τὸ γὰρ εὖ μετ' ἐμοὶ καὶ τὸ δίκαιον
ξύμμαχον ἐσταί, κοῦ μῇ ποῦ ἀλῶ
περὶ τὴν πόλιν ὦν ὥσπερ ἐκεῖνος
dειλὸς καὶ λακαταπύγων.

δεῦρο Μοῦσ' ἐλθὲ φλεγυρά, πυρὸς ἔχουσα μένος, ἐν-
tονος, Ἀχαρνικῇ.

οἶον ἐξ ἀνθράκων προινῶν φέμαλος ἄνήλατ', ἐρεθι-
ζόμενος οὐρίᾳ ριπίδι,

ἡνίκ' ἄν ἐπανθρακίδες ὦσι παρακείμενοι,

---

α Aegina had become tributary to Athens about 455 B.C.; its autonomy was demanded by Sparta at the outset of the

64
And they'll in the war be the stronger by far, 
   enjoying his eounsel and skill. 
And therefore the Spartans approach you to-day 
   with proffers of Peace and Goodwill, 
Just asking indeed that Aegina \( ^a \) ye cede; 
   and nought do they care for the isle, 
But you of the Poet who serves you so well 
   they fain would despoil and beguile. 
But be you on your guard nor surrender the bard; 
   for his Art shall be righteous and true. 
Rare blessings and great will he work for the State, 
   rare happiness shower upon you; 
Not fawning, or bribing, or striving to cheat 
   with an empty unprincipled jest; 
Not seeking your favour to curry or nurse, 
   but teaching the things that are best. 

And therefore I say to the people to-day, 
Let Cleon the worst of his villainies try, 
His anger I fear not, his threats I defy! 
For Honour and Right beside me will fight, 
   And never shall I 
In ought that relates to the city be found 
Such a craven as he, such a profligate hound. 

O Muse, fiery-flashing, with temper of flame, 
   energetic, Achærian, come to my gaze, 
Like the wild spark that leaps from the evergreen oak, 
   when its red-glowing charcoal is fanned to a blaze, 
And the small fish are lying all in order for the frying; 

war, 431 B.C., but the Athenians at once expelled all the inhabitants and colonized it (Thuc. ii. 27). Aristophanes may have been of Aeginetan origin; see Rogers' Introd. p. ix.
οἱ δὲ Θασίαν ἀνακυκῶσι λιπαράμπυκα,
oi de Thasiain anakukôsi liparámpyka,
oi de báptwson, outw sobarón ethe melos eütonov
agroukótonov,
ws éme láboûsa tôn dêmôthen.

οἱ γέροντες οἱ παλαιοὶ μεμφόμεσθα τῇ πόλει.
oi gerontes oi palaioi memfómestha tē polēi.
oὐ γὰρ ἄξιως ἑκείνων ὃν ἐναμακχήσαμεν
γηροβοσκούμεσθ᾽ ύφ᾽ ὑμῶν, ἀλλὰ δεινὰ πάσχομεν.
oūtines gerontas andras embalonastes eis grafaías
ὑπὸ νεανίσκων ἐάτε καταγελάσθαι ῥητόρων,
oûdein ontas, allâ kwofoûs kai parêxepulmenous,
ois Poseidôn asофálleios estin h bakhtoria·
touthorúkontes de gyra tê wîtho prôsestamen,
oûx orôntes oudeiv ei mh tês dikês tênh elûghen.
o de neanías, eautô spoudássas xynhgorêin,
es tâchos pâiei xynáptow strogynûlos tois rîmasi·
kat' anelkúnas érwtâ, skandálhîrî istas epôn,
ándra Títhwôn synparâttov kai tarâttov kai kükówn.

a Θασία, sc. ἀλμη, is a sort of pickle, and perhaps the
Pindaric epithet λιπαράμπυκα (“with shining frontlet”) refers
to the gleam of the fish as they are dipped in it.
b The Scholiast explains as = τῷ βῆματι (cf. P. 690), “the
orator’s stand”; but Rogers thinks there “would be in every
dicastery a sort of stone altar on which the witnesses and
others took their oaths.”
c i.e. the fog in which it had become enveloped.
And some are mixing Thasian, a richly dight, shiny-bright,
And some dip the small fish therein;
Come, fiery-flashing Maid, to thy fellow-burgher’s aid,
With exactly such a song, so glowing and so strong,
To our old rustic melodies akin.

We the veterans blame the City.
Is it meet and right that we,
Who of old, in manhood’s vigour,
Fought your battles on the sea,
Should in age be left untended,
Yea exposed to shame and ill?
Is it right to let the youngsters
Air their pert forensic skill,
Grappling us with writs and warrants,
Holding up our age to scorn?
We who now have lost our music,
Feeble nothings, dull, forlorn,
We whose only “Safe Poseidon”
Is the staff we lean upon,
There we stand, decayed and muttering,
Hard beside the Court-house Stone,
Nought discerning all around us
Save the darkness of our case.
Comes the youngster, who has compassed
For himself the accuser’s place,
Slings his tight and nipping phrases,
Tackling us with legal scraps,
Pulls us up and cross-examines,
Setting little verbal traps,
Rends and rattles old Tithonus
Till the man is dazed and blind;
ο δ' υπὸ γῆρως μασταρύζει, κατ' ὀφλῶν ἀπέρχεται·
εἶτα λύζει καὶ δακρύζει, καὶ λέγει πρὸς τοὺς φίλους, 690
οὐ μὲ ἔχρην σορὸν πρίασθαι, τοῦτ' ὀφλῶν ἀπέρχομαι.

ταῦτα πῶς εἰκότα, γέροντ' ἀπολέσσα, πολίον ἄνδρα,
περὶ κλεψύδραν,
πολλὰ δὴ ἐξυμπονήσαντα, καὶ θερμὸν ἀπομορφᾶμεν
ἀνδρικὸν ἵδρωτα δὴ καὶ πολῦν,
ἀνδρ' ἀγαθὸν ὅντα Μαραθῶν περὶ τὴν πόλιν;
εἰτα Μαραθῶν μὲν ὀτ' ἦμεν, ἐδιώκομεν·
νῦν δ' ὑπ' ἄνδρῶν ποιηρῶν σφόδρα διωκόμεθα,
κἀτα προσαλισκόμεθα.

πρὸς τάδε τί ἀντερεῖ Μαρφίας;

τῷ γὰρ εἰκὸς ἄνδρα κυφὸν, ἡλίκον Θουκυδίδην
ἐξολέσθαι συμπλακέντα τῇ Σκυθῶν ἐρημία,
τῷ δὲ Κηφισοδήμῳ, τῷ λάλῳ ξυνηγόρῳ;
ὡστ' ἐγὼ μὲν ἡλέησα κατεμορφᾶμην ἵδων
ἀνδρα πρεσβύτην υπ' ἄνδρος τοξότου κυκώμενον,
ὅσ μὰ τὴν Δήμητρ', ἐκεῖνος ἦνικ' ἦν Θουκυδίδης,

---

a Here in the sense of "prosecutors."

b  φιλόνεικος καὶ φιλάρως καὶ θαυμβώδης ῥήτωρ: Schol.

c An aristocratic leader, the rival of Pericles, ostracized

444 B.C. Cephisodemus and Evathlus (710) were two of his
accusers; the former probably "had some Scythian blood in
his veins," and "a Scythian wilderness" seems to stand for
something barbarous, inhuman; cf. Aesch. P.V. 2 Σκύθην ἐς
ὁμον, ἁβατὸν εἰς ἑρμῆλαιν.

68
Till with toothless gums he mumbles,  
then departs condemned and fined;  
Sobbing, weeping, as he passes,  
to his friends he murmurs low,  
All I've saved to buy a coffin  
now to pay the fine must go.

How can it be seemly a grey-headed man by the  
Water-clock's stream to decoy and to slay,  
Who of old, young and bold, laboured hard for the  
State, who would wipe off his sweat and return  
to the fray?

At Marathon arrayed, to the battle-shock we ran,  
And our mettle we displayed, foot to foot, man to  
man,  
And our name and our fame shall not die.  
Aye in youth we were Pursuers on the Marathonian  
plain,  
But in age Pursuers a vex us, and our best defence  
is vain.  
To this what can Marpsias b reply?

Oh, Thucydides c to witness,  
bowed with age, in sore distress,  
Feebly struggling in the clutches  
of that Scythian wilderness  
Fluent glib Cephisodemus,—  
Oh the sorrowful display!
I myself was moved with pity,  
yea and wiped a tear away,  
Grieved at heart the gallant veteran  
by an archer mauled to view;  
Him who, were he, by Demeter,  
that Thucydides we knew,
οὐδ' ἂν αὐτὴν τὴν 'Ἀχαιὰν ῥαδίως ἤνέσχετο, ἀλλὰ κατεπάλαυσε μὲν γ' ἂν πρῶτον Ἐυάθλους δέκα, κατεβόησε δ' ἂν κεκραγὼς τοξότας τρισ-χιλίους, περιετόξευσεν δ' ἂν αὐτοῦ τοῦ πατρὸς τοὺς ἔγγενεῖς. ἀλλ' ἐπειδὴ τοὺς γέροντας οὐκ ἦδ' ὑπνοῦ τυχεῖν, ψηφίσασθε χωρίς εἶναι τὰς γραφάς, ὡς ἂν ἦ τῶ γέροντι μὲν γέρων καὶ νωδὸς ὁ ἄευγγερος, 715 τοῖς νέοισι δ' εὑρύπρωκτος καὶ λάλος χω Κλενίου. καξελαύνειν χρή τὸ λοιπόν, κἂν φύγῃ τις, ζημιοῦν τὸν γέροντα τῶ γέροντι, τὸν νέον δὲ τῷ νέῳ.

Δ1. ὦροι μὲν ἄγορᾶς εἶσων οἴδε τῆς ἐμῆς. ἐνταῦθ' ἄγοράζεων πᾶσι Πελοπονησίους ἔξεστι καὶ Μεγαρεῖου καὶ Βοιωτίους ἐφ' ὡτε πωλεῖν πρὸς ἐμὲ, Δαμάχῳ δὲ μή. ἄγορανομοὺς δὲ τῆς ἄγορᾶς καθισταμαι τρεῖς τοὺς λαχῶντας τοῦσ' ἴμάντας ἐκ Λεπρῶν. ἐνταῦθα μήτε συκοφάντης εἰσίτω

\[\text{a i.e. Demeter. Plutarch and Hesychius derive the title 'Achaea from 'Aχη, sorrows, but though this is doubtful, "it may perhaps explain the epithet given in the translation": R.}
\[\text{b Evathylos was a pugnacious orator whose name suggests that he was "a good fighter".}
\[\text{c Alcibiades.}
\[\text{d In this new scene what was the Pnyx somehow becomes the market-place of Dicaeopolis.}

70
Would have stood no airs or nonsense
from the Goddess Travel-sore, a
Would have thrown, the mighty wrestler,
ten Evathluses b or more,
Shouted down three thousand arehers
with his accents of command,
Shot his own accuser's kinsmen
in their Scythian fatherland.
Nay, but if ye will not leave us
to our hardly earned repose,
Sort the writs, divide the actions,
separating these from those;
Who assails the old and toothless
should be old and toothless too;
For a youngster, wantons, gabblers,
Cleinias' son c the trick may do.
So for future fines and exiles,
fair and square the balance hold,
Let the youngster sue the youngster,
and the old man sue the old.

vi. These are the boundaries of my marketplace; d
And here may all the Peloponnesian folk,
Megarians and Boeotians, freely trade
Selling to me, but Lamaehus may not.
And these three thongs, of Leprous make, I
set
As market-clerks, e elected by the lot.
Within these bounds may no informer eome,
Aristophanes

μήτ' ἀλλος ὅστις Φασιανός ἐστ' ἀνήρ.
ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν στῆλην καθ' ἣν ἐσπεισάμην
μέτεμ', ὥν στῆσω φανερὰν ἐν τάγορα.

Megarets. ἁγορὰ'ν Ἀθάνας χαῖρε, Μεγαρεῖσιν φίλα.
ἐπόθουν τυ ναὶ τὸν Φίλιον ἀπερ ματέρα.
ἄλλ', ὃ πονηρὰ κώρυχ' ἀθλίου πατρός,
ἀμβατε ποταν μάδδαν, αἱ χ' εὑρητε πα.
ἀκοῦετε ὅ', ποτέχετ' ἐμὺν τὰν γαστέρα·
πότερα πεπράσθαι χρήδδετ', ἥ πεινήν κακῶς;
Kora. πεπράσθαι πεπράσθαι.

Me. ἐγὼνγα καύτος φαμί. τὶς δ' οὕτως ἄνους
ὅς ὡμέ κα πρίατο, φανερὰν ἕμμαν;
ἄλλ' ἔστι γάρ μοι Μεγαρικά τις μαχανά.
χοίρους γάρ ὡμέ σκευάσας φασώ φέρειν.
περίθεσθε τάσδε τὰς ὀπλὰς τῶν χοιρίων.
ὅπως δὲ δοξεύτ' ἴμεν εξ ἀγαθὰς υὸς.
ως ναι τὸν 'Ερμᾶν, αὔτερ ἴξεύτ' οἰκαίς
ἀπρατα, πειρασείσθε τᾶς λυμῶ κακῶς.
ἄλλ' ἀμφίθεσθε καὶ ταῦτα τὰ ῥυγχαία,
κήπειτεν ἐς τὸν σάκκον ὡδ' ἐσβαίνετε.
ὅπως δὲ γρυλιζῦστε καὶ κοῦετε
χήσειτε φωνὰν χοιρίων μυστηρικῶν.
ἐγὼν δὲ καρυξῶ Δικαιόπολιν ὁπα.
Δικαιόπολι, ἥ λῆς πρίασθαι χοιρία;

Δ1. τί ἀνήρ Μεγαρικός;

a Lit. “from the river Phasis” in Colchis, but here the word is taken as derived from φάσις = “an information,” cf. φαρώ 827.

b Treaties were regularly inscribed on στῆλαι.

c Exit Dicaeopolis and a half-starved Megarian enters, followed by two little girls whom he bids “mount” (cf. ἀμβατε) the stage from the side-scenes.
THE ACHARNIAINS, 726–750

Or any other syeo-Phasian a man.
But I’ll go fetch the Treaty-Pillar b here,
And set it up in some conspicuous place. c

MEGARIAN. Guid day, Athanian market, Megara’s luve!
By Frien’ly Zeus, I’ve miss’t ye like my mither.
But ye, puir bairnies o’ a waefu’ father,
Speel up, ye’ll aiblins fin’ a barley-bannock.
Now listen, bairns; atten’ wi’ a’ yere—
paineh; d
Whilk wad ye liefer, to be sellt or elemmed?

GIRLS. Liefer be sellt! Liefer be sellt!

MEG. An’ sae say I mysel’! But wha sae doited
As to gie aught for you, a sicker skaith?
Aweel, I ken a pawkie Megara-trick, e
I’se busk ye up, an’ say I’m bringin’ piggies.
Here, slip these wee bit clooties on yere nieves,
An’ shaw yeresells a decent grumphie’s weans.
For gin’ I tak’ ye hame unsellt, by Hairmes
Ye’ll thole the warst extremities o’ elemmin’.
Ne’est, pit thir lang pig-snowties owre yere nebs,
An’ stech yere bodies in this sackie. Sae.
An’ min’ ye grunt an’ grane an’ g-r-r awa’,
An’ mak’ the skirls o’ little Mystery piggies.’
Mysel’ will ea’ for Dicaeopolis.
Hae! Dicaeopolis!
Are ye for buyin’ onie pigs the day?

DI. How now, Megarian?

a τὸν νιόν was expected for τὴν γάστερα.
b The Megarians claimed to be the inventors of Comedy; cf. W. 57.
c Sucking-pigs sacrificed to Demeter before initiation; cf. P. 374, 375.
ARISTOPHANES

ME. ἀγοράσοντες ἱκόμες. 750

ΔΙ. πῶς ἔχετε;

ΜΕ. διαπεινάμες ἄεὶ ποττὸ πῦρ.

ΔΙ. ἀλλ’ ἤδυ τοι νη τὸν Δ’, ἦν αὐλὸς παρῇ.

ΤΙ δ’ ἄλλο πράττεθ’ οἱ Μεγαρεῖς νῦν;

ΜΕ. οία δή.

ὅκα μὲν ἐγὼ τηνῶθεν ἐμπορευόμαν,

ἀνδρεῖς πρόβουλοι τοῦτ’ ἔπρασσον τὰ πόλει,

ὅπως τάχιστα καὶ κάκιστ’ ἀπολοίμεθα. 755

ΔΙ. αὐτίκ’ ἄρ’ ἀπαλλάξεσθε πραγμάτων.

ΜΕ. σά μᾶν;

ΔΙ. τί δ’ ἄλλο Μεγαροὶ; πῶς ο σῖτος ὤνιος;

ΜΕ. παρ’ ἀμε πολυτίματος ἀπερ τοι θεοὶ.

ΔΙ. ἄλας οὐν φέρεις;

ΜΕ. οὐχ ὑμὲς αὐτῶν ἄρχετε; 760

ΔΙ. οὐδὲ σκόροδα;

ΜΕ. ποία σκόροδ’; υμὲς τῶν ἄεὶ,

ὅκκ’ ἕσβάλητε, τῶς ἀρωραῖοι μῦς,

πάσσακι τὰς ἄγλυθας ἐξορύσσετε.

ΔΙ. τί δαι φέρεις;

ΜΕ. χοίρους ἐγώνυγα μυστικάς.

ΔΙ. καλῶς λέγεις· ἐπίδειγξον.

ΜΕ. ἀλλὰ μᾶν καλαί. 765

ἀντεινον, αἶ λῆς· ὃς παχεῖα καὶ καλά.

ΔΙ. τοιτ’ τί ἦν τὸ πράγμα;

ΜΕ. χοίρος ναὶ Διά.

ΔΙ. τί λέγεις σὺ; ποδαπῇ χοίρος ἤδε;

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"We have starving-bouts by the fire." But Die. is supposed to hear διαπίνομεν, "have drinking-bouts." "In the translation the Megarian uses ‘greeting’ in the Scotch sense of weeping; the Athenian understands it in the sense of exchanging greetings": R. 74
Come to niffer, guidman.

How fare ye all?

A' greetin' by the fire.\(^a\)

And very jolly too if there's a piper.
What do your people do besides?

Sae sae.

For when I cam' frae Megara toun the morn,
Our Lairds o' Council were in gran' debate
How we might quickliest perish, but an' ben.

So ye'll lose all your troubles.

What for no?

What else at Megara? What's the price of wheat?

Och! high eneugh: high as the Gudes, an' higher.\(^b\)

Got any salt?

Ye're maisters o' our saut.\(^c\)

Or garlic?

Garlic, quotha! when yeresells,
Makin' yere raids like onie swarm o' mice,
Howkit up a' the rooties wi' a stak'.

What have you got then?

Mystery piggies, I.

That's good; let's see them.

Hae! They're bonnie piggies.
Lift it, an't please you; 'tis sae sleek an' bonnie.

What on earth's this?

A piggie that, by Zeus.

A pig! What sort of pig?

\(^a\) \(\pi\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu\n
ARISTOPHANES

ΜΕ.

η οὖν χοίρος ἐσθ' ἄδ';

ΔΙ.

οὐκ ἔμοιγε φαίνεται.

ΜΕ.

οὐ δεινά; θᾶσθε τοῦτο τὰς ἀπιστίας.

οὐ φατι τάνδε χοϊρον ἧμεν. ἄλλα μᾶν,

αἱ λῆς, περὶδον μοι περὶ θυμητιδαν ἄλων,

αἱ μὴ 'στιν οὔτος χοῖρος Ἐλλάνων νόμω.

ΔΙ. ἄλλ' ἐστιν ἀνθρώπου γε.

ΜΕ.

ναὶ τὸν Διοκλέα,

ἐμά γα. τοῦ δὲ νῦν εἶμεναι τῖνος δοκεῖς;

ἡ λῆς ἀκοῦσαι φθεγγομένας;

ΔΙ. νη τοὺς θεοὺς ἐγώγε.

ΜΕ.

φῶνει δὴ τὰ ταχέως, χοϊρόν.

οὐ χρησθα; σιγᾶς, ὥς κάκιστ' ἀπολογμένα;

πάλιν τοῦ ἀποισῶ ναὶ τὸν Ἐρμᾶν οὐκαδις.

ΚΟ. κοί, κοί.

ΜΕ. αὕτα 'στὶ χοῖρος;

ΔΙ. νῦν γε χοῖρος φαίνεται.

ἀταρ ἐκτραφεῖς γε κύσθος ἐσται πέντ' ἐτῶν.

ΜΕ. σάφ' οὕσθι, ποττάν ματέρ' εἰκασθήσεται.

ΔΙ. ἄλλ' οὐδὲ θύσιμος ἐστιν αὐτηγί.

ΜΕ. σά μᾶν;

πᾶ δ' οὐχὶ θύσιμος ἐστί;

ΔΙ. κέρκον οὐκ ἔχει. 785

ΜΕ. νέα γὰρ ἐστιν. ἄλλα δελφακομένα

ἐξεῖ μεγάλαν τε καὶ παχεῖαν κήρυθράν.

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*a* "The next twenty-six lines are largely occupied with a play on the double meaning of χοῖρος, (1) a pig, and (2) τὸ γυναικεῖον αἴδοιον, doubtless portrayed on the σάκκος": R.

*b* i.e. flavoured with thyme.
MEG. A Megara piggie. What! no a piggie that? a
DI. It doesn't seem so.
MEG. 'Tis awfu'! Och the disbelievin' carle! Uphaudin' she's na piggie! Will ye wad, My eantie frien', a pinch o' thymy b saut She's no a piggie in the Hellanian use c?
DI. A human being's—
MEG. Weel, by Diocles, She's mine; wha's piggie did ye think she was? Mon? wad ye hear them skirlin'? DI. By the Powers, I would indeed.
MEG. Now piggies, skirl awa'. Ye winna? winna skirl, ye graceless hizzies? By Hairmes then I'se tak' ye hame again.
GIRLS. Wee! wee! wee!
MEG. This no a piggie?
DI. Faith, it seems so now, But 'twont remain so for five years I'm thinking.
MEG. Trowth, tak' my word for't, she'll be like her mither.
DI. But she's no good for offerings.
MEG. What for no?
What for nae guid for offerins?
DI. She's no tail.d
MEG. Aweel, the puir wee thing, she's owre young yet.
But when she's auld, she'll have a gawcie tail.

a i.e. in the Hellenic tongue.
b Therefore not "without blemish" and so unfit for sacrifice.
ARISTOPHANES

άλλ' αἰ τράφεν λῆ, ἀδε τοι χοίρος καλά.

Δ1. ὡς ξυγγενής ὁ κύσθος αὐτῆς θατέρα.

ΜΕ. ὀμοματρία γάρ ἐστι κήκ τωντὼ πατρός.

α) δ' ἀν παχυνθῇ καναχυοιανθῇ τριξί,
κάλλιστος ἔσται χοίρος 'Αφροδίτα θύειν.

Δ1. ἀλλ' οὖχι χοίρος τάφροδίτη θύεται.

ΜΕ. οὐ χοῖρος 'Αφροδίτα; μόνα γα δαμιόνον.
καὶ γίγνεται γα τάνδε τὰν χοῖρων τὸ κρῆς
ἀδιστον ἀν τὸν ὀδελὸν ἁμπεπαρμένων.

Δ1. ᾑδη δ' ἀνευ τῆς μητρὸς ἐσθίοιεν ἂν;

ΜΕ. ναι τὸν Ποτειδᾶ, κἂν ἄνευ γα τῷ πατρός.

Δ1. τί δ' ἐσθίει μαλιστα;

ΜΕ. πάνθ' ἂ κα διδῶς.

αὐτός δ' ἑρώτη.

Δ1. χοίρε χοίρε.

ΚΟ. Α. κοῖ, κοῖ.

Δ1. τρώγοις ἄν ἐρεβίνθους;

ΚΟ. Α. κοῖ, κοῖ, κοῖ.

Δ1. τί δαί; Φιβάλεως ἱσχάδας;

ΚΟ. Α. κοῖ, κοῖ.

Δ1. τί δαί σὺ; τρώγοις ἄν;

ΚΟ. Β. κοῖ, κοῖ, κοῖ.

Δ1. ὡς ἄξυ πρὸς τὰς ἱσχάδας κεκράγατε.

ἐνεγκάτω τις ἐνδοθεν τῶν ἱσχάδων
τοῖς χοιριδίοισιν. ἀρα τρώξονται; βαβαί,
οἰον ροδιάξους'. ὃ πολυτίμηθ' Ἡράκλεις.
ποδαπά τὰ χοιρί; ὡς Τραγασαία φαίνεται.

ΜΕ. ἀλλ' οὔτι πάσας κατέτραγον τὰς ἱσχάδας,
ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτῶν τάνδε μίαν ἀνειλόμαν.

a Phibalis was a low-lying district of Megara bordering on Attica.

b Τραγασαία with a play on τραγείων, to eat; Tragassae was
But wad ye rear them, here's a bonnie piggie!

**Di.** Why she's the staring image of the other.

**Meg.** They're o' ane father an' ane mither, baith. But bide a wee, an' when she's fat an' curlie She'll be an offerin' gran' for Aphrodite.

**Di.** A pig's no sacrifice for Aphrodite.

**Meg.** What, no for Her! Mon, for hirsel' the lane. Why there's nae flesh sae tastie as the flesh O' thae sma piggies, roastit on a spit.

**Di.** But can they feed without their mother yet?

**Meg.** Poteidan, yes! withouten father too.

**Di.** What will they eat most freely?

**Meg.** Aught ye gie them. But spier yoursely'.

**Di.** Hey, piggy, piggy! Wee!

**First Girl.** Do you like pease, you piggy?

**Di.** Wee, wee, wee!

**First Girl.** What, and Phibalean a figs as well?

**Di.** Wee, wee!

**First Girl.** What, and you other piggy?

**Second Girl.** Wee, wee, wee!

**Di.** Eh, but ye're squealing bravely for the figs. Bring out some figs here, one of you within, For these small piggies. Will they eat them? Yah!

Worshipful Heracles! how they are gobbling now.

Whence come the pigs? They seem to me Aetallian. a

**Meg.** Na, na; they haena eaten a' thae figs. See here; here's ane I pickit up mysel'.

a small town near Troy. "'Eat-all-ians' in the translation is intended to recall Aetolians"; R.


ARISTOPHANES

\(\Delta\). νὴ τὸν ΣΙ\' ἀστείω γε τῷ βοσκήματε·
πόσου πρὶν μαί σοι τὰ χοιρίδια; λέγε.

ΜΕ. τὸ μὲν ἄτερον τούτων, σκορόδων τροπαλλίδος,
τὸ δ' ἄτερον, ἀι λῆς, χοῖνικος μόνας ἀλῶν.

ΔΙ. ὥνησομαῖ σοι· περίμεν' αὐτοῦ.

ΜΕ. ταῦτα δή. 815
'Ἐρμᾶ ἀμπολαίε, τὰν γυναῖκα τὰν ἐμὰν
οὔτω μ' ἀποδόσθαι τὰν τ' ἐμαυτῷ ματέρα.

ΣΤΚΟΦΑΝΗΣ. ὄνθρωπε, ποδαπός;

ΜΕ. χοιροπῶλας Μεγαρικός.

ΣΤ. τὰ χοιρίδια τοῖνυν ἐγὼ φανῷ ταδὶ
πολέμῳ καὶ σε.

ΜΕ. τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν', ἵκει πάλιν 820
ὦθεντερ ἀρχὰ τῶν κακῶν ἅμων ἐφι.

ΣΤ. κλάων Μεγαριεῖς. οὐκ ἀφῆσεις τὸν σάκον;

ΜΕ. Δικαιόπολι Δικαιόπολι, φαντάζομαι.

ΔΙ. ὑπὸ τοῦ; τίς τὰ φαίνον σ' ἐστίν; 'Αγορανόμοι,
τοὺς συκοφάντας οὐ θύρας, ἔξειρξετε; 825
τῇ μαθὼν φαίνεις ἄνευ θυραλλίδος;

ΣΤ. οὐ γὰρ φανῷ τοὺς πολεμίους;

ΔΙ. κλάων γε σύ,
εἰ μὴ 'τέρωσε συκοφαντήσεις τρέχων.

ΜΕ. οἶνον τὸ κακὸν ἐν ταῖς 'Αθάνας τοῦτ' ἐν.

ΔΙ. θάρρει, Μεγαρίκ' ἀλλ' ἂς τὰ χοιρίδι' ἀπέδουν 830
τυμῆς, λαβὲ ταυτὶ τὰ σκόροδα καὶ τοὺς ἀλὰς,
καὶ χαίρε πόλλ'.

ΜΕ. ἀλλ' ἁμῖν οὐκ ἐπιχύριον.

ΔΙ. πολυπραγμοσύνη νυν ἐς κεφαλὴν τρέποιτ
ἐμοί.

ΜΕ. ὡ χοιρίδια, πειρήσθε κάνει τῷ πατρὸς
παίειν ἐφ' ἀλὶ τὰν μάδδαν, αἰ καὶ τις διδῶ. 835

80
DI. Upon my word, they are jolly little beasts.
What shall I give you for the pair? let's hear.
MEG. Gie me for ane a tie o' garlic, will ye,
An' for the tither half a peck o' saut.
DI. I'll buy them: stay you here awhile.
MEG. Aye, aye. Traffickin' Hairmes, wad that I could swap
Baith wife an' mither on sic terms as thae.
INFORMER. Man! who are you?
MEG. Ane Megara piggie-seller.
INF. Then I'll denounce your goods and you yourself
As enemies!
MEG. Hech, here it comes again,
The vera primal source of a' our wae.
INF. You'll Megarize to your cost. Let go the sack.
MEG. Dicaeopolis! Dicaeopolis! Here's a chiel
Denouncin' me.
DI. (Re-entering) Where is he? Market-clerks,
Why don't you keep these sycophants away?
What! show him up without a lantern-wick?^a
INF. Not show our enemies up?
DI. You had better not.
Get out, and do your showing other-where.
MEG. The pest thae birkies are in Athans toun!
DI. Well never mind, Megarian, take the things,
Garlic and salt, for which you sold the pigs.
Fare well!
MEG. That's na our way in Megara toun.^b
DI. Then on my head the officious wish return!
MEG. O piggies, try withouten father now
'To eat wi' saut yere bannock, an' ye git ane.

^a There is a play on the double meaning of φαίνω, (1)
"give light," (2) "lay an information."

^b i.e. we always "fare ill."
ARISTOPHANES

χο. εὐδαίμονεὶ γ’ ἀνθρωπὸς. οὐκ ἢκουσας οἳ προ-
βαινει
tὸ πράγμα τοῦ βουλεύματος; καρπώσεται
γὰρ ἀνήρ
ἐν τάγορα καθήμενος·
κἂν εἰσίν τις Κτησίας,
ἡ συκοφάντης ἄλλος, οἱ-
μόχων καθεδεῖται.

οὐδ’ ἄλλος ἀνθρώπων ὑποψωνῶν σε πημανεῖ τι·
οὐδ’ ἐξομορίζεται Πρέπτις τὴν εὐρυπρωκτίαν σοι,
οὐδ’ ὤστει Ἀλέξανδρῳ.
χλαίναν δ’ ἔχων φανήν δίει·
κοῦ ἐντυχὼν σ’ Ἀπέρβολος
δικῶν ἀναπλήσει·

οὐδ’ ἐντυχὼν ἐν τάγορα πρόσειοι σοι βαδίζων
Κρατῖνος ἀποκεκαρμένοις μοιχῶν μὰ μαχαίρα,
ὁ περιπόνηρος Ἀρτέμων,
ὁ ταχῦς ἀγαν τὴν μουσικήν,
ὅζων κακὸν τῶν μασχαλῶν
πατρὸς Τραγασάιον.

οὐδ’ αὕθις αὖ σε σκώψεται Παῦσων ὁ
παμπόνηρος;

Λυσίστρατός τ’ ἐν τάγορᾶ, Χολαργέων ὀνειδὸς, 855

a καταπνυγὼν : Schol.
b See Index.

c Not the great Cr., but some young dandy, whose hair was
“trimmed adulterer-wise” with a razor (μιὰ μ. as opposed to
“double-bladed scissors); see R. But L. & S. (s.v. μοιχός)
explain κείρεσθαι μοιχῶν μ. μ. as a punishment for adultery.

d Artemon was an engineer employed by Pericles in sieges.
Being lame, he had to be carried to the works in a litter,
and so was nicknamed ὁ περιφόρητος, which περιπόνηρος recalls.
But the phrase Περιφόρητος Ἀρτέμων was also a proverbial
saying derived from an earlier Artemon, satirized by Anacreon.

82
chor. A happy lot the man has got:
    his scheme devised with wondrous art
Proceeds and prospers as you see;
    and now he'll sit in his private Mart
The fruit of his bold design to reap.
And O if a Ctesias eome this way,
Or other informers vex us, they
Will soon for their trespass weep.

No sneak shall grieve you buying first
    the fish you wanted to possess,
No Prepis a on your dainty robes
    wipe off his utter loathsomeness.
You'll no Cleonymus jostle there;
But all unsoiled through the Mart you'll go,
And no Hyperbolus b work you woe
With writs enough and to spare.

Never within these bounds shall walk
    the little fop we all despise,
The young Cratinus c neatly shorn
    with single razor wanton-wise,
That Artemon-engineer of ill,d
    Whose father sprang from an old he-goat,e
And father and son, as ye all may note,
    Are rank with its fragrance still.

No Pauson,f seurvyn knave, shall here
    insult you in the market-place,
No vile Lysistratus, to all
    Cholargian folk a dire disgrace,
     as a rascal (πόνηρος) who, having become wealthy, was noted
for his luxury and never moved except on a litter; see Plut.
Pericles, ch. 27.
  * For Τραγασαῖος see 808; here the name is only introduced
to suggest τράγος "a he-goat."
  * A starveling painter and caricaturist.
ARISTOPHANES

ο περιαλουργὸς τοῖς κακοῖς,
ρηγὸν τε καὶ πεινῶν ἄει
πλεῖν ἡ τριάκονθ' ἡμέρας
τοῦ μηνὸς ἐκάστην.

BOIOTOS. ἱππὸς Ἑρακλῆς ἐκαμόν γατὰν τύλαν κακῶς. 860
κατάθον τῷ τὰν γλάχων' ἀτρέμας, Ἰσμήνιχε
ὑμές δ', οὗτοι Θείβαθεν αὐληταί πάρα,
τοῖς ὄστινοις φυσεῖτε τὸν πρωκτὸν κυνός.

DI. παῦ' ἐς κόρακας. οἱ σφῆκες οὐκ ἀπὸ τῶν
θυρῶν;
πόθεν προσέπτανθ' οἱ κακῶς ἀπολούμενοι
ἐπὶ τὴν θύραν μοι Χαιρίδεις βομβαύλιοι;

BOI. νεὶ τὸν Ἱόλαον, ἐπιχαρίττως γ', ὦ ἔνει.
Θείβαθε γὰρ φυσάντες ἐξόπισθε μου
tάνθεια tās γλάχων ἀπέκιξαν χαμαί.
ἀλλ' εἴ τι βούλει, πρίασο, τῶν ἐγὼ φέρω,
tῶν ὀρταλίχων, ἡ τῶν τετραπτερυλλίδων.

DI. ὁ χαῖρε, κολλικοφάγε Βοιωτίδιον.
tί φέρεις;

BOI. ὅσ' ἐστίν ἀγαθὰ Βοιωτοῖς ἀπλῶς,
ὅριγανον, γλαχαί, ψιάθως, θρυαλλίδας,
νάσσας, κολούως, ἀτταγᾶς, φαλαρίδας,
τροχίλως, κολύμβως.

DI. ὥσπερεί χειμῶν ἂρα
ὄρνιθιας εἰς τὴν ἀγορὰν ἐλήλυθας.

---

84a ὄστινοις, sc. αὐλοῖς, the pipes being made of bone.
Many suppose τῶν π. κυνός to describe the tune they are to
 strike up, but R. thinks that they play a sort of bagpipes
 made of dog-skin, so that π. κυνός may be taken literally.

84b See Index, s.v. Chaeris.

84c ὀρταλίχων = ἀλεκτρὸνων in the Boeotian dialect: Schol.
That deep-dyed sinner, that low buffoon,
Who always shivers and hungers sore
Full thirty days, or it may be more,
In every course of the moon.

BOEOTIAN. Hech sirs, my shouther’s sair, wat Heracles!
Ismeny lad, pit doon thae pennyroyal
Wi’ tentie care. Pipers wha cam’ frae Thaibes
Blaw oop the auld tyke’s hurdles wi’ the banes.\(^a\)

DI. Hang you! shut up! Off from my doors,
you wasps!
Whence flew these curst Chaeridian\(^b\) bumble-drones
Here, to my door? Get to the ravens!
Hence!

BOE. An’ recht ye are, by Iolaus, stranger.
They’ve blawn behint me a’ the wa’ frae Thaibes,
An’ danged the blossom aff my pennyroyal.
But buy, an’t please you, onie thing I’ve got,
Some o’ thae cleckin’\(^c\) or thae four-winged gear.\(^d\)

DI. O welcome, dear Boeotian muffin-eater,
What have you there?

BOE. A’ that Boeoty gies us.
Mats, dittany, pennyroyal, lantern-wicks,
An’ dooks, an’ kaes, an’ francolins, an’ coots,
Plivers an’ divers.

DI. Eh? Why then, methinks,
You’ve brought fowl weather to my marketplace.

\(^a\) \textit{tetrapterulldw} is a surprise for \textit{tetrapódw}.
ARISTOPHANES

BOI. καὶ μὰν φέρω χάνας, λαγώς, ἀλώπεκας, σκάλοπας, ἔχινως, αἰελούρως, πυκτίδας, ἱκτίδας, ἐνύδριας, ἐγχέλεις Κωπαίδας. 880

ΔI. ὁ τερπνότατον σὺ τέμαχος ἀνθρώποις φέρων, δός μοι προσεπεῖν, εἰ φέρεις, τὰς ἐγχέλεις.

BOI. πρέσβειρα πεντήκοντα Κωπάδων κορᾶν, ἕκβαθι τῶδε, κηπιχάρττα τῷ ἔνω.

ΔI. ὁ φιλτάτη σὺ καὶ πάλαι ποθομένη, Ἡλθες ποθευτή μὲν τρυγωδικοῖς χοροῖς, φίλη δὲ Μορύχω. δμῶς, ἔξυνγκατε τὴν ἐσχάραν μοι δεῦρο καὶ τὴν ριπίδα. σκέψασθε, παῖδες, τὴν ἀρίστην ἐγχέλυν, ἥκουσαν ἐκτῷ μόλις ἔτει ποθομένην. 890

προσείπατ' αὐτήν, ὁ τέκν': ἀνθρακας δ' ἐγὼ ὑμῖν παρέξω τῇσδε τῆς ἕνης χάρων. ἀλλ' ἐκφερ' αὐτήν. μηδὲ γὰρ θανῶν ποτε σοῦ χωρίς εἴην ἐντευτεύλαμενής.

BOI. ἐμοὶ δὲ τιμὰ τᾶςδε πᾶ γενήσεται; 895

ΔI. ἄγορᾶς τέλος ταύτην γέ που δώσεις ἐμοί'. ἀλλ' εἰ τι πωλείς τῶντε τῶν ἄλλων, λέγε.

BOI. ἰώγα ταῦτα πάντα.

ΔI. φέρε, πόσου λέγεις; ἡ φορτὶ' ἐτερ' ἐντεὐθεν ἐκείσ' ἄξεις;

BOI. ἰὼ

ὅ τι γ' ἔστ' ἐν Ἀθάναίς, ἐν Βοιωτοῖσιν δὲ μῆ. 900

a A parody of Aesch. Fr. 174 δέσποινα πεντήκοντα Νηριδῶν κορῶν.

b "He is thinking of the ἐπωίκα, the triumphal banquet to which the Chorus would presently be invited by the Choregus": R.
THE ACHARNIANS, 878–900

BOE. Aye, an’ I’m bringin’ maukins, geese, an’ tods. Easels an’ weasels, urchins, moles, an’ cats, An’ otters too, an’ eels frae Loch Copaïs.

DI. O man, to men their daintiest morsel bringing, Let me salute the eels, if eels you bring.

BOE. Primest o’ Loch Copaïs’ fifty dochters a Come oot o’ that; an’ mak’ the stranger welcome.

DI. O loved, and lost, and longed for, thou art come, A presence grateful to the Comic choirs, b And dear to Morychus. c Bring me out at once, O kitchen-knaves, the brasier and the fan. Behold, my lads, this best of all the eels, Six years a truant, d scarce returning now. O children, welcome her; to you I’ll give A charcoal fire for this sweet stranger’s sake. Out with her! Never may I lose again, Not even in death, my darling dressed in— beet. e

BOE. Whaur sall I get the siller for the feesh? DI. This you shall give me as a market-toll. But tell me, are these other things for sale?

BOE. Aye are they, a’ thae goods. DI. And at what price? Or would you swap for something else? BOE. I’se swap For gear we haena, but ye Attics hae.

a A famous epicure; cf. W. 506, P. 1008.
b i.e. since the beginning of the war.
c A parody of the conclusion of Admetus’s address to his wife who is giving her life for his, Eur. Ale. 367 μηδὲ γὰρ βανῶν ποτε | σοῦ χωρίς εἶην, τῆς μοῦνης πιστῆς ἐμοὶ.
Δ1. ἀφύσις ἄρ' ἄξεις πριάμενος Φαληρικὰς ἦ κέραμον.

ΒΟΙ. ἀφύσις ἦ κέραμον; ἀλλ' ἔντ' ἐκεῖ· ἀλλ' οὐ τι παρ' ἄμων μη 'οτι, τὰδε δ' αὖ πολύ.

Δ1. ἐγώδα τοῖνυν· συκοφάντην ἐξαγε, ὤσπερ κέραμον ἐνδησάμενος.

ΒΟΙ. νεὶ τὼ Σιώ, 905 λάβομι μεντὰν κέρδος ἀγαγῶν καὶ πολύ, ἀπερ πίθακον ἀλητρίας πολλᾶς πλέων.

Δ1. καὶ μὴν ὅδι Νίκαρχος ἐρχεται φανῶν.

ΒΟΙ. μικκός γα μᾶκος οὖτος.

Δ1. ἀλλ' ἀπαν κακόν.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΣ. ταυτὶ τίνος τὰ φορτὶ ἐστὶ;

ΒΟΙ. τῶδ' ἐμὰ 910 Θείβαθεν, ἵττω Δεὺς.

ΝΙ. ἐγὼ τοῖνυν ὅδι φαίνω πολέμια ταῦτα.

ΒΟΙ. τί δαὶ κακὸν παθῶν ὀμναπτίουσι πόλεμον ἥρω καὶ μάχαν;

ΝΙ. καὶ σὲ γε φανῶ πρὸς τοῖσδε.

ΒΟΙ. τί ἄδικεμένος;

ΝΙ. ἐγὼ φράσω σοι τῶν περιστώτων χάριν. 915 ἐκ τῶν πολεμίων γ' εἰςάγεις θρυαλλίδας.

Δ1. ἐπείτα φαίνεις δήτα διὰ θρυαλλίδος;

ΝΙ. αὕτη γὰρ ἐμπρήσειεν ἄν τὸ νεώριον.

Δ1. νεώριον θρυαλλί; οἶμοι, τίνι τρόπῳ;

ΝΙ. ἐνείπεις ἂν ἐς τίφην ἀνὴρ Βοιώτιος ἄψας ἄν εἰσπέμψειεν ἐς τὸ νεώριον 920

* Lit. “anchovies”; the Phaleric ones were noted, cf. B. 76.
DI. Well then, what say you to Phaleric sprats, a
Or earthenware?

BOE. Sprats! ware! we've thae at hame.
Gie us some gear we lack, an' ye've a rowth o'.

DI. I'll tell you what; pack an INFORMER up,
Like ware for exportation.

BOE. Mon! that's guid.
By the Twa Gudes, b an' unco gain I'se mak'.
Takin' a monkey fu' o' plaguy tricks.

DI. And here's Nicarchus c coming to denounce you!

BOE. He's sma' in bouk.

DI. But every inch is bad.

NICARCHUS. Whose is this merchandise?

BOE. 'Tis a' mine here.

NIE. Frae Thaibes, wat Zeus, I bure it.

TIEN. Then I here Denounce it all as enemies!

BOE. Hout awa!

NIE. Do ye mak' war an' enmity wi' the burdies?

NIE. Them and you too.

BOE. What hae I dune ye wrang?

NIE. That will I say for the bystanders' sake.

DI. A lantern-wick you are bringing from the foe.

NIE. Show him up, would you, for a lantern-wick?

DI. Aye, for that lantern-wick will fire the docks.

DI. A lantern-wick the docks! O dear, and how?

NIE. If a Boeotian stuck it in a beetle,
And sent it, lighted, down a watercourse.

---

b The two gods (τῶ θεῶ) of a Boeotian are Zethus and Amphion.
c Some unknown sycophant.
d τῶν περ. χάρων: apparently a favourite phrase with the orators.
e "A water-channel by which the superfluous water was carried down from the city into the sea at the Peiraeus": R.
ARISTOPHANES

δι' ὑδρορρόας, βορεάν ἐπιτηρήσας μέγαν. κείτερα λάβοιτο τῶν νεῶν τὸ πῦρ ἀπαξ, σελαγοῦντ' ἐν αἴφνης.

ΔΙ. ὁ κάκιστ' ἀπολούμενε, σελαγοῦντ' ἐν ὑπὸ τίφης τε καὶ θρυαλλίδος; 925

ΝΙ. μαρτύρομαι.

ΔΙ. ἐυλάμβαν' αὐτοῦ τὸ στόμα· δόσ μοι φορτῶν, ἵν' αὐτὸν ἐνδήσας φέρω, ὡσπερ κέραμον, ἵνα μὴ καταγῇ φοροῦμενος.

ΧΟ. ἐνδήσον, ὦ βέλτιστε, τῶ ἐξένως καλῶς τὴν ἐμπολίνν οὔτως ὅπως ἐν μὴ φέρων κατάξη.

ΑΓ. ἐμοὶ μελήσει ταῦτ', ἐπεί τοι καὶ ψοφεῖ λάλον τι καὶ πυρορραγεῖσ κάλλως θεοίσων ἓχθρόν.

ΧΟ. τί χρήσεται ποτ' αὐτῷ; πάγχρησθον ἀγγος ἐσται,

ΔΙ. κρατήρ κακῶν, τριπτήρ δικῶν, φαίνειν ὑπευθύνους λυχνοῦ- χος, καὶ κύλιξ τὰ πράγματ' ἐγκυκάσθαι.

ΧΟ. πῶς δ' ἐν πεποιθοῖ τις ἀγ- γείῳ τοιοῦτῳ χρώμενος [ἀντ. 940

---

a Die. lays hands on Nicarchus who calls the world to witness the assault.

b δικῶν, unexpectedly for ἐλαῶν. τριπτήρ is the vat into which the oil pressed from olives ran: the Informer squeezes "oil" from lawsuits.

90
Straight to the docks, watching when Boreas blew
His stiffest breeze, then if the ships caught fire,
They’d blaze up in an instant.

Di.
Blaze, you rascal!
What, with a beetle and a lantern-wick?

Nic.
Bear witness! a

Di.
Stop his mouth, and bring me litter.
I’ll pack him up, like earthenware, for carriage,
So they mayn’t crack him on their journey home.

Chor.
Tie up, O best of men, with care
The honest stranger’s piece of ware,
For fear they break it,
As homeward on their backs they take it.

Di.
To that, be sure, I’ll have regard;
Indeed it creaks as though ’twere charred,
By cracks molested,
And altogether God-detested.

Chor.
How shall he deal with it?

Di.
For every use ’tis fit,
A cup of ills, a lawsuit b can,
For audits an informing pan,c
A poisoned chalice
Full filled with every kind of malice

Chor.
But who can safely use, I pray,
A thing like this from day to day

a Lit. “a lampstand to show up (cf. 826 n.) those who had to give in their accounts.”
κατ' οίκιαν
τοσόνδ' αεὶ ψοφοῦντι;

Δι. ἵσχυρόν ἦστιν, ἄγαθ', ὥστ' οὖκ ἂν καταγείη ποτ', εἰ-
περ ἐκ ποδῶν
κατωκάρα κρέμαιτο.

χο. ἥδη καλῶς ἔχει σοι.
βοι. μέλλω γέ τοι θερίδδειν.

χο. ἀλλ', ὁ ξένων βέλτιστε, συν-
θέριζε, καὶ πρόσβαλλ' ὅποι
βούλει φέρων
πρὸς πάντα συκοφάντην.

Δι. μόλις γ' ἔνεδησα τὸν κακῶς ἀπολούμενον.
αἴρον λαβὼν τὸν κέραμον, ὁ Βοιώτιε.

βοι. ὑπόκυπτε τὰν τύλαν ἱών, Ἰσμήνιχε.

Δι. χώπως κατοίσεις αὐτὸν εὐλαβοῦμενος.
πάντως μὲν οὐσίες οὐδὲν υγίες, ἀλλ' οἷως
κἀν τοῦτο κερδάνησ' ἄγων τὸ φορτίον,
εὐδαμονίησεις συκοφάντῶν γ' οὖνεκα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ. Δικαιόπολι.

Δι. τίς ἔστι; τί μὲ βωστρεῖς;
ΘΕΡ. ὅ τι;
ἐκέλευε Λάμαχος σε ταύτης τῆς δραχμῆς
εἰς τοὺς Χόας αὐτῶ μεταδοῦναι τῶν κιχλῶν,
τριῶν δραχμῶν δ' ἐκέλευε Κωπᾶδ' ἐγχελυν.

---

a He had been warned off the markets, 722.
b The second day of the Anthesteria, which R. would
THE ACHARNIANS, 942–962

In household matters,
A thing that always creaks and clatters?

Di. He's strong, my worthy friend, and tough:
    He will not break for usage rough,
    Not though you shove him
    Head foremost down, his heels above him.

Chor. (To Boeotian) You've got a lovely pack.
Boe. A bonnie hairst I'se mak'.

Chor. Aye, best of friends, your harvest make,
    And whereso'er it please you take
    This artful, knowing
    And best equipped informer going.

Di. 'Twas a tough business, but I've packed the
    seamp.
    Lift up and take your piece of ware, Bocotian.
Boe. Gae, pit your shouther underneath, Ismeny.
Di. And pray be careful as you take him home.
    You've got a rotten bale of goods, but still!
    And if you make a harvest out of him,
    You'll be in luck's way, as regards informers.

Servant. Dicaeopolis!
Di. Well? why are you shouting?
Serv. Why?
    Lamachus a bids you, towards the Pitcher-
    feast, b
    Give him some thrushes for this drachma here,
    And for three drachmas one Copaîc eel.

identify with the Lenaea, at which this play was presented.
Those who attended the feast seem to have brought their
own provisions.
Δι. ὁ ποῖος οὗτος Λάμαχος τὴν ἔγχελων;
Θερ. ὁ δεινός, ὁ ταλαύρνος, ὃς τὴν Γοργώνα πάλλει, κραδαίνων τρεῖς κατασκίους λόφους. 965
Δι. οὐκ ἂν μὰ Δί’, εἰ δοῖ γε μοι τὴν ἀσπίδα· ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ ταρίχει τοὺς λόφους κραδαίνετω· ἂν δ’ ἀπολυγαίην, τοὺς ἀγορανόμους καλῶ. ἐγώ δ’ ἐμαυτῷ τὸδε λαβῶν τὸ φορτίον εἰσειμ’ ὑπαὶ πτερύγων κιχλὰν καὶ κοψίχων. 970

Χο. εἴδες ὦ, εἴδες, ὦ [στρ. πᾶσα πόλι, τὸν φρόνιμον ἄνδρα, τὸν ὑπέρσοφον, οἵ’ ἔχει σπεισάμενος ἐμπορικὰ χρήματα δι’ ἐμπολᾶν, ὃν τὰ μὲν ἐν οἰκίᾳ χρήσιμα, τὰ δ’ αὖ πρέπει χλιαρὰ κατεσθίειν. αὐτόματα πάντ’ ἀγαθὰ τῶδε γε πορίζεται.

οὐδέποτ’ ἐγὼ Πόλεμον οἰκαὶ ὑποδέξομαι, οὐδὲ παρ’ ἐμοὶ ποτὲ τὸν Ἀρμόδιον ἄσεται ἐγκατακλυέις, ὅτι παροίνοις ἀνήρ ἐφιν, 980 ὅστις ἐπὶ πάντ’ ἀγάθ’ ἔχοντας ἐπικωμάσας, εἰργάσατο πάντα κακὰ κανέτρεπε καξέχει, καμάχετο, καὶ προσέτι πολλὰ προκαλομένου,

---

a A soldier’s fare, cf. 1101.
b i.e. the thongs described 724.
c “Between the marketing scenes and the banqueting scenes Λ. interposes an idyllic description of War and Peace”; R.
d For this drinking-song cf. 1093 n.
DI. Who is this Lamachus that wants the eel?

SERV. The dread, the tough, the terrible, who wields
The Gorgon targe, and shakes three shadowy
plumes.

DI. An eel for him? Not though his targe he
gave me!
Let him go shake his plumes at his salt fish.a
If he demur, I'll call the Market clerks.b
Now for myself I'll carry all these things
Indoors, to the tune o' merles an' mavises wings.

CHOR. Have ye seen him, all ye people,
seen the man of matchless art,
Seen him, by his private treaty,
traffic gain from every mart,
Goods from every neighbour;
Some required for household uses;
some 'twere pleasant warm to eat;
All the wealth of all the cities
lavished here before his feet,
Free from toil and labour.

War I'll never welcome in
to share my hospitality,
Never shall the fellow sing
Harmodius d in my company,
Always in his cups he acts
so rudely and offensively.
Tipsily he burst upon
our happy quiet family,
Breaking this, upsetting that,
and brawling most pugnaciously.
Yea when we entreated him
with hospitable courtesy,
πινε, κατάκεισο, λαβὲ τὴνδε φιλοτησίαν,
tὰς χάρακας ἥπτε πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐτὶ τὸ πυρί,
ἐξέχει θ' ἡμῶν βία τὸν οἴνον ἐκ τῶν ἀμπέλων.

εἰδεσ ὡς ἐπτέρω-
ταὶ τ' ἐπὶ τὸ δείπνον ἀμα καὶ μεγάλα δὴ φρονεῖ
tοῦ βίου δ' ἐξέβαλε δείγμα τάδε τὰ πτερὰ πρὸ τῶν
θυρῶν.

ὄ Κύπριδι τῇ καλῇ
καὶ Χάρισι ταῖς φίλαισ
ἐνυτροφε Διαλλαγῆ,
ὡς καλὸν ἕχουσα τὸ πρόσωπον ἃρ' ἐλάνθανες.

πῶς ἂν ἐμὲ καὶ σὲ τις Ἐρως ἔνυναγάγοι λαβὼν,
ὡσπερ ὁ γεγραμμένος, ἔχων στέφανον ἀνθέμων;
ἡ πάνω γερόντιον ἵσως νενόμικας με σὺ;
ἀλλὰ σε λαβὼν τρία δοκῶ γ' ἂν ἐτὶ προσβαλεῖν·
πρῶτα μὲν ἂν ἀμπελίδος ὀρχὸν ἐλάσαι μακρόν,
ἐίτα παρὰ τὸνδε νέα μοσχίδια συκίδων,
καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἠμερίδος ὀρχὸν, ὁ γέρων ὃδι,
καὶ περὶ τὸ χωρίων ἐλᾶδας ἀπαν ἐν κύκλῳ,

---
a The κύλις φιλοτησία (cf. L. 203) was exactly our “loving-
cup.”
b i.e. vine-props.
c Though he is old he thinks that, if she marries him, he
can “still throw into the bargain three things” which he
then describes.
d ἠμερίδις seems to have been grown on lofty trellis-work,
and originally on the walls of the dwelling-house; see R.
Sit you down, and drink a cup, 

\[\text{a Cup of Love and Harmony},^a\]

All the more he burnt the poles \(^b\)
we wanted for our husbandry,
Aye and spilt perforce the liquor 
treasured up within our vines.

Proudly he prepares to banquet. 

Did ye mark him, all elate, 
As a sample of his living 
est these plumes before his gate? 
Grand his ostentation!

O of Cypris foster-sister, 
and of every heavenly Grace, 
Never knew I till this moment 
all the glory of thy face, 
Reconciliation!

O that Love would you and me 
unite in endless harmony, 
Love as he is pictured with 
the wreath of roses smilingly. 
Maybe you regard me as 
a fragment of antiquity:
Ah, but if I get you, dear, 
I’ll show my triple husbandry.\(^c\)
First a row of vinelets will I 
plant prolonged and orderly, 
Next the little fig-tree shoots 
beside them, growing lustily, 
Thirdly the domestic vine; \(^d\) 
although I am so elderly. 
Round them all shall olives grow, 
to form a pleasant boundary.
STEPH\' \'αλείφεσθαι σ' απ' αυτών καμέ τα\' ως νουμηνίας.

ΚΗΡ. ὁκούετε λεώ· κατὰ τα πάτρια τους χόας πίνειν ὑπὸ τῆς σάλπυγγος· ὅς δ' ἀν ἐκπή πρώτιστος, ἀσκόν Κησσιφώντος λήψεται.

ΔΙ. ὁ παιδεί, ὁ γυναίκε, οὐκ ἦκούσατε; τὶ ἥρα; τοῦ κήρυκος οὐκ ὁκούετε; ἀναβραττε', ἐξοπτάτε, τρέπετ', ἀφέλετε τὰ λαγών ταχέως, τοὺς στεφάνους ἀνείρετε. φέρε τους ἀβελίσκους, ἵν' ἀναπειρω τὰς κίχλας.

ΧΟ. ξηλῶ σε τῆς εὐβουλίας,
μᾶλλον δὲ τῆς εὐχίας,
ἀνθρωπε, τῆς παρούσης.

ΔΙ. τὶ δῆτ', ἐπειδὰν τὰς κίχλας ὀπτωμένας ἠδητε; ΧΟ. οἴμαι σε καὶ τοῦτ' εὖ λέγειν.

ΔΙ. τὸ πῦρ ὑποσκάλευε.

ΧΟ. ἡκουσας ὡς μαγειρικῶς
κομψός τὲ καὶ δειπνητικῶς
αὐτῷ διακονεῖται;

ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ. οἴμοι τάλας.

ΔΙ. ὁ 'Πράκλεις, τίς οὗτος;
ΤΕ. ἀνὴρ κακοδαίμων.

ΔΙ. κατὰ σεαυτών νῦν τρέπου.

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\[a\] Enter Crier, while the ecyclēma exposes to view the interior of D.'s house.

\[b\] i.e. not an ordinary ἁσκός οἶνον, but a huge one made out of the skin of Ctesiphon who was παχὺς καὶ προγάστορ: Schol.

\[c\] "The unwonted savour of the roasting and stewing meat has quite subdued the hearts of the old Acharnians": R. 98
Thence will you and I anoint us, darling, when the New Moon shines.

crier.\(^a\) O yes! O yes!

Come, drain your pitchers to the trumpet’s sound,
In our old fashion. Whoso drains his first,
Shall have, for prize, a skin of—Ctesiphon.\(^b\)

di. Lads! Lassies! heard ye not the words he said?
What are ye at? Do ye not hear the Crier?
Quick! stew and roast, and turn the roasting flesh,
Unspit the haremeat, weave the coronals,
Bring the spits here, and I’ll impale the thrushes.

chor. I envy much your happy plan,\(^c\)
I envy more, you lucky man,
The joys you’re now possessing.

di. What, when around the spits you see
the thrushes roasting gloriously?

chor. And that’s a saying I admire.

di. Boy, poke me up the charcoal fire.

chor. O listen with what cookly art
And gracious care, so trim and smart,
His own repast he’s dressing.

farmer.\(^d\) Alas! Alas!

O Heracles, who’s there?

far. An ill-starred man.

Then keep it to yourself.

\(^a\) Enter Dercetes an Athenian farmer. His farm was at Phyle just on the Attic side of a pass between Bocotia and Attica.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ΓΕ. ὃ φίλτατε, σπουδαί γάρ εἰσὶ σοὶ μόνῳ, μέτρησον εἰρήνης τί μοι, κἂν πέντε ἔτη.
ΔΙ. τί δὲ ἔπαθε;
ΓΕ. ἐπετρίβην ἀπολέσας τῷ βοῦ.
ΔΙ. πόθεν;
ΓΕ. ἀπὸ Φυλῆς ἔλαβον οἱ Βοιώτιοι.
ΔΙ. ὃ τρισκακόλαμιν, εἶτα λευκὸν ἀμπέχει;
ΓΕ. καὶ ταῦτα μέντοι νῦν Δι' ὁπερ ὦπερ μ' ἐπρέφην ἐν πᾶσι βολίτοις.
ΔΙ. εἶτα ίππι τὸν δέει;
ΓΕ. ἀπόλωλα τῷφθαλμῷ δακρύνων τῷ βοῦ.
 ἀλλ' εἰ τι κῆδει Δερκέτου Φυλασίου,
ὑπάλευψαν εἰρήνη με τῷφθαλμῷ ταχύ.
ΔΙ. ἀλλ', ὃ πόνηρ', οὐ δημοσιεύων τυγχάνω.
ΓΕ. ἰθ' ἀντιβολῶ σ', ἣν πως κομίσωμαι τῷ βοῦ.
ΔΙ. οὐκ ἔστων, ἀλλὰ κλαεῖ πρὸς τοῦ Πιττάλου.
ΓΕ. σφ' ἀλλὰ μοι σταλαγμὸν εἰρήνης ἕνα
eis τὸν καλαμίσκον ἐνστάλαξον τούτοι.
ΔΙ. οὖδ' ἂν στρυβηλικίγξ· ἀλλ' ἂπιὼν οὐμῶζέ ποι.
ΓΕ. οἶμοι κακοδαίμων τοῖν γεωργοῖν βοιδίοιν.

ΧΟ. ἀνὴρ ἐνεύρηκέν τι ταῖς
σπουδαίσιν ἢδυ, κοῦκ ἐου kêν οὐδενὶ μεταδώσειν.
ΔΙ. κατάχει σὺ τῆς χορδῆς τὸ μέλι· τὰς σηπίας
στάθεις.
ΧΟ. ἦκουσας ὅρθιασμάτων;
ΔΙ. ὀπτάτε τάγχειεα.

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*a* ἐν πᾶσι βολίτοις (lit. in the midst of every kind of cow dung) is substituted for the expected ἐν πᾶσιν ἄγαθοῖς.

*b* For δημοσιεύων thus used cf. Plato, Gorg. 514 D.

*c* Probably one of the state doctors.
THE ACHARNIANS, 1020–1043

FAR. O—for you only hold the truees, dear—
Measure me out though but five years of Peace.

DI. What ails you?
FAR. Ruined! Lost my oxen twain.

DI. Where from?
FAR. From Phyle. The Boeotians stole them.

DI. And yet you are clad in white, you ill-starred loon!

FAR. They twain maintained me in the very lap
Of affluent muckery. a

DI. Well, what want you now?
FAR. Lost my two eyes, weeping my oxen twain.
Come, if you care for Dercetes of Phyle,
Rub some Peace-ointment, do, on my two eyes.

DI. Why, bless the fool, I'm not a public surgeon. b
FAR. Do now; I'll maybe find my oxen twain.

DI. No, go and weep at Pittalus's c door.
FAR. Do, just one single drop. Just drop me here
Into this quill one little drop of Peace.

DI. No, not one twitterlet; take your tears elsewhere.

FAR. Alas! Alas! my darling yoke of oxen.

CHOR. He loves the Treaty's pleasant taste;
He will not be, methinks, in haste
To let another share it.

DI. Pour on the tripe the honey, you!
And you, the cuttle richly stew!

CHOR. How trumpet-like his orders sound.

DI. Be sure the bits of eel are browned.
ARISTOPHANES

Δ. ὅπτατε ταυτὶ καὶ καλῶς ξανθίζετε.
ΠΑΡΑΝΤΜΦΟΣ. Δικαίωπολι.

Δ. τῖς οὕτοις; τῖς οὕτοις;
ΠΑ. ἔπεμψε τῖς σοι νυμφίος ταυτὶ κρέα ἐκ τῶν γάμων.

Δ. καλῶς γε ποιῶν, ὅστις ἤν.
ΠΑ. ἐκέλευε δ' ἐγχέαυ σε, τῶν κρεών χάριν, ἵνα μῇ στρατεύοιτ', ἀλλὰ βυνοὶ μένων, ἐς τὸν ἀλάβαστον κύαθὸν εἰρήνης ἕνα.

Δ. ἀπόφερ' ἀπόφερε τὰ κρέα καὶ μὴ μοι δίδου, ὥς οὖκ ἀν ἐγχέαυμι μυρίων δραχμῶν. ἀλλ' αὐτῇ τίς ἐστίν;
ΠΑ. ἡ νυμφεύτρια
dεῖται παρὰ τῆς νύμφης τί σοι λέξαι μόνω.

Δ. φέρε δὴ, τί σὺ λέγεις; ὡς γέλοιον, ὦ θεοί, τὸ δέημα τῆς νύμφης, ὃ δεῖται μου σφόδρα, ὅπως ἂν οἰκουρὶ τὸ πέος τοῦ νυμφίου.

Δ. φέρε δεύρῳ τὰς σπουδὰς, ἵν' αὐτῇ δῶ μόνῃ. ὅτι' γυνὴ 'στὶ τοῦ πολέμου τ' οὖκ ἄξια. ὑπεχ' ὄδε δεύρῳ τοῦξάλειπτρον, ὦ γύναι. οἴσθ' ὡς ποιεῖτε τοῦτο; τῇ νύμφῃ φράσον, ὅταν στρατιώτας καταλέγωσι, τούτῳ νῦκτωρ ἀλειφέτω τὸ πέος τοῦ νυμφίου. ἀπόφερε τὰς σπουδὰς. φέρε τὴν οἰνήρυσιν, ἵν' οἶνον ἐγχέω λαβῶν ἐς τῶν χῶσ.

—

a παράνυμφος ορ πάροχος.
THE ACHARNIANS, 1044–1068

chor. The words you speak, your savoury rites,
    Keep sharpening so our appetites
    That we can hardly bear it.

di. Now roast these other things and brown them nicely.
groomsman.¹ O Dicæopolis!
di. Who's there? who's there?
gr. A bridegroom sends you from his wedding-banquet
    These bits of meat.
di. Well done, whoe'er he is.
gr. And in return he bids you pour him out,
    To keep him safely with his bride at home,
    Into this ointment-pot one dram of Peace.
di. Take, take your meat away; I can't abide it.
    Not for ten thousand drachmas would I give him
    One drop of Peace. Hey, who comes here?
gr. Bringing a private message from the bride.
di. Well, what have you to say? What wants the bride?

Afflicts to listen.
O heaven, the laughable request she makes
To keep her bridegroom safely by her side.
I'll do it; bring the truces; she's a woman,
Unfit to bear the burdens of the war.
Now, hold the myrrh-box underneath, my girl.
Know you the way to use it? Tell the bride,
When they're enrolling soldiers for the war,
To rub the bridegroom every night with this.
Now take the truces back, and bring the ladle.
I'll fill the winecups for the Pitcher-feast.
The meaning is: "Do you wish to fight with such a Geryon as I am, one who would encounter Hercules?" 

The vessel in which he carried his provisions; cf. Hom. Od. vi. 76. "Those who invited to a feast," says the
chor. But here runs one with eyebrows puckered up. Methinks he comes a messenger of woe.

crier. O toils, and fights, and fighting Lamachuses!
lam. Who clangs around my bronze-accoutred halls?
crier. The generals bid you take your crests and cohorts,
And hurry off this instant; to keep watch
Amongst the mountain passes in the snow.
For news has come that at this Pitcher-feast
Boeotian bandits mean to raid our lands.
lam. O generals, great in numbers, small in worth!
Shame that I may not even enjoy the feast.
di. O expedition battle-Lamachaean!
lam. O dear, what you! Do you insult me too?
di. What would you fight with Geryon, the four-winged?"a
lam. O woe!
O what a message has this Crier brought me!
di. Oho! what message will this runner bring me?

messenger. Dicaeopolis!
di. Well?
mess. Come at once to supper,
And bring your pitcher, and your supper-chest."b
The priest of Baechus sends to fetch you thither.
And do be quick: you keep the supper waiting.
For all things else are ready and prepared,

Scholiast, "furnished garlands, perfumes, sweetmeats, etc.,
and the guests brought provisions (ἐψυχατα)."

105
ARISTOPHANES

κλίναι, τράπεζαν, προσκεφαλαία, στρώματα, 1090
στέφανοι, μύρον, τραγήμαθ', αἱ πόρναι πάρα,
άμυλοι, πλακοῦντες, σησαμοῦντες, ἱτρια,
ὄρχηστρίδες, τὰ φίλταθ' Ἀρμοδίον, καλαί.
ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα σπεῦδε.

ΛΑ. κακοδαίμων ἔγω.

ΔΙ. καὶ γὰρ σὺ μεγάλην ἐπεγράφου τὴν Γοργόνα. 1095
σύγκλειε, καὶ δείπνον τὸς ἐνσκευαζέτω.

ΛΑ. παῖ παῖ, φέρ' ἔξω δεύρο τὸν γύλιον ἐμοί.

ΔΙ. παῖ παῖ, φέρ' ἔξω δεύρο τὴν κίστην ἐμοὶ.

ΛΑ. ἀλας θυμίας οἶсе, παῖ, καὶ κρόμμωνα.

ΔΙ. ἐμοὶ δὲ τεμάχη· κρομμύδοις γὰρ ἀχθομαί. 1100

ΛΑ. θρίον ταρίχους οἶσε δεύρο, παῖ, σαπροῦ.

ΔΙ. κάμοι σὺ δημοῦ θρίον· ὄπτήσω δ' ἐκεῖ.

ΛΑ. ἐνεγκε δεύρο τῷ πτερῶ τῷ κ τοῦ κράνου.

ΔΙ. ἐμοὶ δὲ τὰς φάττας γε φέρε καὶ τὰς κίχλας.

ΛΑ. καλὸν γε καὶ λευκὸν τὸ τῆς στρουθοῦ πτερόν. 1105

ΔΙ. καλὸν γε καὶ ἕκαθον τὸ τῆς φάττης κρέας.

ΛΑ. ὄνθρωπε, παῦσαι καταγελῶ μοῦ τῶν ὀπλῶν.

ΔΙ. ὄνθρωπε, βουλεί μὴ βλέπειν εἰς τὰς κίχλας;

ΛΑ. τὸ λοφεῖον ἐξενεγκε τῶν τριῶν λόφων.

ΔΙ. κάμοι λεκάνων τῶν λαγωνῶν δὸς κρέων. 1110

ΛΑ. ἀλλ' ἢ τριχόβρωτες τοὺς λόφους μοῦ κατ-

ἐφαγον;

ΔΙ. ἀλλ' ἢ πρὸ δείπνου τὴν μύμαρκυν κατέδομαι;

ΛΑ. ὄνθρωπε, βουλεί μὴ προσαγωρεύειν ἐμε';

ΔΙ. οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἔγω χω παῖσ ερίζομεν πάλαι.

βουλεί περιδόσθαι, κατιπρέφαι Λαμάχων, 1115

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a The Scolium began Φίλταθ' Ἀρμόδι', o ὁ τι πω τέθνηκας, but
Λ., "reading φίλταθ' as the neuter plural and combining
Ἀρμόδι' o ὁ into Ἀρμοδίον contrives to hint at the irregularities
of this popular favourite": R.

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The couches, tables, sofa-cushions, rugs, Wreaths, sweetmeats, myrrh, the harlotry are there, Whole-meal cakes, cheese-cakes, sesame-, honey-cakes, And dancing-girls, Harmodius' dearest ones.\(^a\) So pray make haste.

LAM. O wretched, wretched me!

Di. Aye the great Gorgon 'twas you chose for patron.

Now close the house, and pack the supper up.

LAM. Boy, bring me out my soldier's knapsack here.

Di. Boy, bring me out my supper-basket here.

LAM. Boy, bring me onions, with some thmy salt.

Di. For me, fish-fillets: onions I detest.

LAM. Boy, bring me here a leaf of rotten fish.

Di. A tit-bit leaf for me; I'll toast it there.

LAM. Now bring me here my helmet's double plume.

Di. And bring me here my thrushes and ring-doves.

LAM. How nice and white this ostrich-plume to view.

Di. How nice and brown this pigeon's flesh to eat.

LAM. Man, don't keep jeering at my armour so.

Di. Man, don't keep peering at my thrushes so.

LAM. Bring me the casket with the three crests in it.

Di. Bring me the basket with the hare's flesh in it.

LAM. Surely the moths my crest have eaten up.

Di. Sure this hare-soup I'll eat before I sup.

LAM. Fellow, I'll thank you not to talk to me.

Di. Nay, but the boy and I, we can't agree. Come will you \(^b\) bet, and Lamachus decide,

\(^a\) He addresses the "boy."

\(^b\) He addresses the "boy."
πότερον ἀκρίδες ἂδιόν ἐστιν, ἡ κίχλαι;
ΔΑ. οἷς ὡς ὑβρίζεις.
ΔΙ. τὰς ἀκρίδας κρύει πολὺ.
ΛΑ. παὶ παὶ, καθελὼν μοι τὸ δόρυ δεῦρ' ἐξω φέρε.  
ΔΙ. παὶ παὶ, σὺ δ' ἀφελῶν δεúdo τὴν χορδῆν φέρε.
ΛΑ. φέρε, τοῦ δόρατος ἀφελκύσωμαι τοῦλυτρον.  
'εὔ', ἀντέχου, παὶ.
ΔΙ. καὶ σὺ, παὶ, τοῦδ' ἀντέχου.
ΛΑ. τοὺς κιλλίβαντας οἶσε, παὶ, τῆς ἁστίδος.  
ΔΙ. καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς τοῦς κριβανίτας ἐκφере.  
ΛΑ. φέρε δεῦρο γοργόνωτον ἁστίδος κύκλον  
1120  
ΔΙ. κάμοι πλακοῦντος τυρόνωτον δὸς κύκλον.  
ΛΑ. ταῦτ' οὗ κατάγελῶς ἐστιν ἀνθρώποις πλατύς;  
ΔΙ. ταῦτ' οὗ πλακοῦς δὴτ' ἐστὶν ἀνθρώποις γλυ-
κύς;
ΛΑ. κατάχει σὺ, παὶ, τούλαιον. ἐν τῷ χαλκῷ  
ἐνορὼ γέροντα δειλίας φευξούμενον.  
ΔΙ. κατάχει οὗ τὸ μέλι. κανθάδ' ἐνθηλος γέρων  
1130  
κλαεῖν κελεύων Λάμαχον τὸν Γοργάσου.  
ΛΑ. φέρε δεῦρο, παὶ, θώρακα πολεμιστήριον.  
ΔΙ. ἔξαιρε, παὶ, θώρακα κάμοι τὸν χόα.  
ΛΑ. ἐν τῷδε πρὸς τοὺς πολεμίους θωρηξομαι.  
ΔΙ. ἐν τῷδε πρὸς τοὺς συμπότας θωρηξομαι.  
1135  
ΛΑ. τὰ στρώματ', ὁ παὶ, δήσου ἐκ τῆς ἁστίδος.  
ΔΙ. τὸ δεῖπνον, ὁ παὶ, δήσου ἐκ τῆς κυστίδος.  
ΛΑ. ἔγω δ' ἐμαυτῷ τὸν γύλιον οἰῶν λαβών.  
ΔΙ. ἔγω δὲ θοιμάτων λαβὼν ἐξέρχομαι.  
ΛΑ. τὴν ἁστίδ' αἰροῦ, καὶ βάδις', ὁ παὶ, λαβῶν.  
1140  
νίφει. βαβαιάξ: χειμέρια τὰ πράγματα.

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a To which L. when at war will be reduced.

b τὸν Γοργάσου, "son of Gorgasus" is merely another reference to his Gorgon shield.
THE ACHARNIANS, 1116-1141

Locusts or thrushes, which the daintier are?

LAM. Insolent knave!

DI. (To the boy) Locusts, he says, by far.

LAM. Boy, boy, take down the spear, and bring it here.

DI. Boy, take the sweetbread off and bring it here.

LAM. Hold firmly to the spear whilst I pull off The case.

DI. And you, hold firmly to the spit.

LAM. Boy, bring the framework to support my shield.

DI. Boy, bring the bakemeats to support my frame.

LAM. Bring here the grim-backed circle of the shield.

DI. And here the cheese-backed circle of the cake.

LAM. Is not this—mockery, plain for men to see?

DI. Is not this—cheese-cake, sweet for men to eat?

LAM. Pour on the oil, boy. Gazing on my shield, I see an old man tried for cowardliness.

DI. Pour on the honey. Gazing on my cake, I see an old man mocking Lamachus.\(^a\)

LAM. Bring me a casque, to arm the outer man.

DI. Bring me a cask to warm the inner man.

LAM. With this I’ll arm myself against the foe.

DI. With this I’ll warm myself against the feast.\(^b\)

LAM. Boy, lash the blankets up against the shield.

DI. Boy, lash the supper up against the chest.

LAM. Myself will bear my knapsack for myself.

DI. Myself will wear my wraps, and haste away.

LAM. Take up the shield, my boy, and bring it on. Snowing! good lack, a wintry prospect mine.

\(^a\) \(\thetaωρήσεωθαι\) means either (1) “put on a breast-plate,” or (2) “get drunk.”

109
Δι. αὐρον τὸ δεῖπνον: συμποτικὰ τὰ πράγματα.

χο. ἵτε δὴ χαιροντες ἐπὶ στρατιῶν, ὡς ἀνομοίων ἐρχεσθον ὦδὸν, τῷ μὲν πίνειν στεφανωσαμένω, σοὶ δὲ ρίγων καὶ προφυλάττειν, τῷ δὲ καθεύδειν μετὰ παιδίσκης ὕραιοτάτης, ἀνατριβομένῳ τε τὸ δεῖνα.

'Ἀντίμαχον τὸν Ψακάδος, ἵππαρφεά, τῶν μελέων ποιητήν, [στρ. 1150 ὡς μὲν ἀπλώ λόγῳ κακῶς ἐξολέσειν ὦ Ζεὺς. ὦς γ' ἐμὲ τὸν πλήμινα Λήμναια χορηγῶν ἀπέκλειεσε δεῖπνων. δ' ἐτ' ἐπίδομι τευτίδος δεόμενον, ἥ δ' ὑπτημένη σίζουσα πάραλος, ἐπὶ τραπέζῃ κείμενη, ὀκέλλοι: κάτα μελ- λοντος λαβεῖν αὐτοῦ κύων ἀρπάσασα φεύγοι.

---

a Exeunt Die. and Lam., one to war the other to a banquet. They return 1189.

b In 1149 τὸ δεῖνα = τὸ αἰδοῖν: Schol.

c Otherwise unknown. He is called ὁ Ψακάδος "because always spitting": Schol. The "shutting out" of Aristophanes may have been when he produced the Δαιταλεῖς two years before.

d A well-known dainty. Here it is supposed to come in on its table (Iv. 1216, "bring in the tables") and to "come ashore" or "land" just close to Antimachus. πάραλος is explained by the Schol. either as "beside the salt" or "by the sea-shore." R. says it simply = "marine," and that "the cuttle gliding along on its table is likened to" the famous state trireme Paralus.

110
Take up the chest; a suppery prospect mine.

Off to your duties, my heroes bold.\(^a\)
Different truly the paths ye tread;
One to drink with wreaths on his head;
One to watch, and shiver with cold,
Lonely, the while his antagonist passes
The sweetest of hours with the sweetest of lasses.\(^b\)

Pray we that Zeus calmly reduce
to destruction emphatie and utter
That meanest of poets and meanest of men,
Antimachus,\(^c\) offspring of Sputter;
The Choregus who sent me away
without any supper at all
At the feast of Lenaea; I pray,
two Woes that Choregus befall.
May he hanker for a dish
of the subtle cuttle-fish\(^d\);  
May he see the cuttle sailing
through its brine and through its oil,
On its little table lying,
hot and hissing from the frying,
Till it anchor close beside him,
when alas! and woe betide him!
As he reaches forth his hand
for the meal the Gods provide him,
May a dog snatch and carry off the spoil,
off the spoil,
May a dog snatch and carry off the spoil.
τοῦτο μὲν αὐτῷ κακὸν ἐν· καθ’ ἑτερον νυκτερινῶν γένοιτο.

[ἄντ. ἡπιαλῶν γὰρ οἶκαδ’ ἐξ ἱππασίας βαδίζων, εἴτα κατάξειέ τις αὐτοῦ μεθύων τὴν κεφαλήν Ὅρεστῆς μανόμενον· δ’ ἐδε λίθων λαβεῖν βουλόμενος, ἐν σκότῳ λάβοι τῇ χειρὶ πέλεθον ἀρτίως κεχεσμένον· ἐπάξειεν δ’ ἕχων τὸν μάρμαρον, καπειθ’ ἀμαρτῶν βάλοι Κρατίνον.

ΘΕΡ. ὡ δμιόνες οἵ κατ’ οἰκόν ἐστε Λαμάχου, ὑδωρ ὑδωρ ἐν χυτριδίως θερμαίνετε· ὀδόνα, κηρωτὴν παρασκευάζετε, ἐρ’ οἰσυπηρὰ, λαμπάδιον περὶ τὸ σφυρόν. ἀνὴρ τέτρωται χάρακι διαπηδῶν τάφρον, καὶ τὸ σφυρὸν παλίνορρον ἐξεκόκκισε, καὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς κατέαγε περὶ λίθον πεσόν, καὶ Γοργόν’ ἐξήγειρεν ἐκ τῆς ἀσπίδος. πτίλον δὲ τὸ μέγα κομπολακύθου πεσόν

\[\text{α} \quad \text{A foot-pad; cf. B. 712, 1491.}

\[\text{b} \quad \text{In 1172 μάρμαρος, "a stone of bright spar," is a Homeric word (Il. xii. 380; Od. ix. 499) purposely substituted for πέλεθος.}

\[\text{c} \quad \text{See 849.}

\[\text{d} \quad \text{Apparently the Gorgon on his shield is detachable.}

112
THE ACHARNIANS, 1162-1182

Duly the first Woe is rehearsed;
attend whilst the other I'm telling.
It is night, and our gentleman, after a ride,
is returning on foot to his dwelling;
With ague he's sorely bested,
and he's feeling uncommonly ill,
When suddenly down on his head
comes Orestes's club with a will.
'Tis Orestes, hero mad,
'tis the drunkard and the pad.
Then stooping in the darkness
let him grope about the place,
If his hand can find a brickbat
at Orestes to be flung;
But instead of any brickbat
may he grasp a podge of dung,
And rushing on with this, Orestes may he miss,
And hit young Cratinus in the face, in the face,
And hit young Cratinus in the face.

ATTENDANT. Varlets who dwell in Lamachus's halls,
Heat water, knaves, heat water in a pot.
Make ready lint, and salves, and greasy wool,
And ankle-bandages. Your lord is hurt,
Pierced by a stake whilst leaping o'er a trench.
Then, twisting round, he wrenched his ankle out,
And, falling, cracked his skull upon a stone;
And shocked the sleeping Gorgon from his shield.
Then the Great Boastard's plume being cast away
πρὸς ταῖς πέτραισιν, δεινῶν ἐξηύδα μέλος.
"ὦ κλεινὸν ὄμμα, νῦν πανύσατόν σὲ ἰδὼν
λείπω φάος τούρανον· οὐκέτ᾽ εἰμ᾽ ἐγὼ." 1185

τοσαῦτα λέεις εἰς ὕδρορρόαν πεσοῦν ἀνίσταται τε καὶ ξυναντᾷ δραπέταις,
ληστᾶς ἐλαύνων καὶ καταστέρχων δορί.
ὅδε δὲ καυτός· ἀλλ᾽ ἀνοιγε τὴν θύραν.

Λ. άππαναί, ἀππαναί. [στρ. 1190]
στυγερὰ τάδε γε κρυσπα πάθεα· τάλας ἐγὼ.
διόλλυμαι δορὸς ὑπὸ πολεμίου τυπεῖς.
ἐκεῖνο δ᾽ οὖν αἰακτὸν ἂν γένοιτο,
Δικαιόπολις εἲ μ᾽ ἵδοι τετρωμένον,
κρῆ ἐγχάνοι ταῖς ἐμαῖς τύχαισιν.

Δ. ἀππαναί, ἀππαναί. [ἀντ.
τῶν τιτθίων, ὡς σκληρὰ καὶ κυδώνια.
φιλήσατον μὲ μαλθακῶς, ὃ χρυσίω,
τὸ περιπεταστὸν κάπιμανδαλώτον.
τὸν γὰρ χόα πρῶτος ἐκπέπωκα.

Λ. ὃ συμφορὰ τάλανα τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν.
ἰὼ ἱὼ τραυμάτων ἐπωδύνων.

Δ. ἵ, ἵ, χαῖρε Δαμαχίππιον.

Λ. στυγερὸς ἐγὼ.

Δ. μογερὸς ἐγὼ.

Λ. τί με σὺ κυνεῖς;

Δ. τί με σὺ δάκνεις;

Λ. τάλας ἐγὼ τῆς ἕυμβολῆς βαρείας.

Δ. τοῖς Χουσί γὰρ τῖς ἕυμβολάς σ᾽ ἐπραττεν;

Λ. ἰὼ ἱὼ Παιάν ἱὼ Παιάν.

Δ. ἀλλ᾽ οὐχὶ τήμερον Παιώνια.

---

ᵃ Re-enter L. wounded, supported by attendants, and Dic.
jovial between two courtesans.

114
Prone on the rocks, a dolorous cry he raised,  
O glorious Eye, with this my last fond look  
The heavenly light I leave; my day is done.  
He spake, and straightway falls into a ditch:  
Jumps up again: confronts the runaways,  
And prods the fleeing bandits with his spear.  
But here he enters. Open wide the door.

LAM. a O lack-a-day! O lack-a-day!  
I’m hacked, I’m killed, by hostile lances!  
But worse than wound or lance ’twill grieve me  
If Dicaeopolis perceive me  
And mock, and mock at my mischances.  
DI. O lucky day! O lucky day!  
What mortal ever can be richer,  
Than he who feels, my golden misses,  
Your softest, closest, loveliest kisses. b  
’Twas I, ’twas I, first drained the pitcher.

LAM. O me, my woful dolorous lot!  
O me, the gruesome wounds I’ve got!  
DI. My darling Lamaehippus, is it not?  
LAM. O doleful chance!  
DI. O cursed spite!  
LAM. Why give me a kiss?  
DI. Why give me a bite?  
LAM. O me the heavy, heavy charge c they tried.  
DI. Who makes a charge this happy Pitcher-tide?  
LAM. O Paean, Healer! heal me, Paean, pray.  
DI. ’Tis not the Healer’s festival to-day.

b In 1199 their breasts are compared to “quinctes,” μήλα κυδώνια; and 1201 describes δύο εἰδὴ φιλημάτων ἐρωτικῶν: Schol.

c Cf. 1000-2. In 1210 υμβολή is “a hostile encounter”; in 1211 the “contribution” made by a guest to a common entertainment.
ΔΑ. λάβεσθέ μου, λάβεσθε τοῦ σκέλους· παπαί, προσλάβεσθ', ὃ φίλοι.

ΔΙ. ἐμοὶ δὲ γε σφῶ τοῦ πέος ἄμφω μέσου προσλάβεσθ', ὃ φίλαι.

ΔΑ. ἱλιγγιῶ κάρα λίθῳ πεπληγμένος, καὶ σκοτοδίνω.

ΔΙ. κάγῳ καθεύδειν βούλομαι καὶ στύομαι καὶ σκοτοβινώ.

ΔΑ. θύραζε μ' ἕξενέγκατ' ἐς τοῦ Πυττάλου παιωνίαιοι χερσίν.

ΔΙ. ως τοὺς κριτᾶς με φέρετε· ποῦ ἵστων ὁ βασιλεὺς;

ἀπόδοτε μοι τὸν ἀσκόν.

ΔΑ. λόγχη τις ἐμπέπηγε μοι δι' ὀστέων ὀδυρτά.

ΔΙ. ὀρατε τούτοις κενῶν. τήνελλα καλλίνικος.

ΧΩ. τήνελλα δήτ', εἴπερ καλεῖς γ', ὃ πρέσβυ, καλλίνικος.

ΔΙ. καὶ πρός γ'. ἀκρατον ἐγχέας ἀμυντιν ἐξελαφα.

ΧΩ. τήνελλα νυν, ὃ γεννάδα. χώρει λαβῶν τὸν ἀσκόν.

ΔΙ. ἐπεσθέ νυν ἄδουτε ὃ τήνελλα καλλίνικος.

ΧΩ. ἄλλα ἐφόμεσθα σῆν χάριν τήνελλα καλλίνικον ἤ·

δουτε σὲ καὶ τὸν ἀσκόν.

— i.e. of the Pitcher-feast who are to award him the ἄσκος ὀίνου as the best drinker. But A. is also appealing to
LAM. O lift me gently round the hips,  
    My comrades true!
DI. O kiss me warmly on the lips,  
    My darlings, do!
LAM. My brain is dizzy with the blow  
    Of hostile stone.
DI. Mine's dizzy too: to bed I'll go,  
    And not alone.
LAM. O take me in your healing hands, and bring  
    To Pittalus this battered frame of mine.
DI. O take me to the judges.  
    Where's the King  
    That rules the feast? hand me my skin of 
    wine.
LAM. A lance has struck me through the bone  
    So piteously! so piteously!  
    (He is helped off the stage.)
DI. I've drained the pitcher all alone;  
    Sing ho! Sing ho! for Victory.
CHOR. Sing ho! Sing ho! for Victory then,  
    If so you bid, if so you bid.
DI. I filled it with neat wine, my men,  
    And quaffed it at a gulp, I did.
CHOR. Sing ho! brave heart, the wineskin take,  
    And onward go, and onward go.
DI. And ye must follow in my wake,  
    And sing for Victory ho! sing ho!
CHOR. O yes, we'll follow for your sake  
    Your wineskin and yourself, I trow.  
    Sing ho! for Victory won, sing ho!

the πέντε κριταί of the theatrical contest to give the prize to him.  
βασιλεύς is the ἀρχων β. who presided at the Lenaea.  
τὴν ἐλλάκτω: the opening of a Song of Victory by Archilochus;  
cf. B. 1764.
INTRODUCTION

This play was exhibited at the Lenaean festival, in February 424 B.C., and obtained the prize, Cratinus being second with the Satyrs, and Aristomenes third with the Woodcarriers.

It was an attack on Cleon, then at the height of his power; for a few months before he had by a lucky and extraordinary chain of events gained an unequalled pre-eminence.

Cleon, a leather-seller, son of Cleaenetus, was a most persuasive orator, full of resource, but corrupt and rapacious beyond others; he amassed a huge fortune in his political life. His ignoble character is clear from the speech which Thucydides puts in his mouth, advocating the massacre of the people of Mitylene (iii. 36, iv. 21). He had long been a bitter assailant of Pericles; and when Pericles died, Cleon took his place as popular leader. But his success was due to the affair of Pylus.

Demosthenes, the Athenian general, had seized and fortified Pylus, a hill on the west of the Peloponnese, overlooking an important harbour which lay between the mainland and the island of Sphaeteria. He intended to settle here the Messenian exiles who had settled at Naupactus, for this nation was the inveterate foe of Sparta. There his party was
THE KNIGHTS

attacked by the Spartans, who disembarked a large force upon the island opposite. The Athenian fleet came to the rescue, and blockaded this force in Sphaeceria. The danger of their troops led the Spartans to sue for peace, which might then have been had upon honourable terms.

But Cleon, who was no statesman, demanded such terms as were really out of the Spartans' power to grant; and when they did not reject even those, but proposed a conference, he procured that they should be rebuffed with contumely. He expected that the troops in Sphaeceria would now surrender; but time went on, winter approached, and yet they held out. Suddenly an accidental fire cleared the island of its wood, and Demosthenes seeing his opportunity, prepared to attack.

At Athens, disquieting rumours were rife; and Cleon accused the generals of cowardice; whereupon cries arose, asking why he did not go himself; and Nicias, who was present, offered to resign his post as Strategus in favour of Cleon. Thus driven into a corner, Cleon declared he would finish the business in twenty days; and taking a few hundred men with him, set sail for Sphaeceria. When he arrived, he left Demosthenes to do all the work, to carry out, in fact, the scheme which he had already in hand; and when the general and his troops had won a complete victory, he returned with them and the prisoners to Athens, having himself done nothing whatever except to return within twenty days. This was in 425 B.C., and the Knights was exhibited at the Lenaea of the following year.

The "Knights" who compose the Chorus stand for the 1000 young men who constituted the
Athenian cavalry and, being drawn from the wealthier and more educated classes, are the natural enemies of demagogues. Demus is a respectable old householder who represents the sovereign people of Athens.
Τά τού δραμάτος προσώπα

Δίμος
Παφλαγών
Νικιάς
Διμοσθένης
Αλαντονωλιάς
Χορός Πηνεών

οικέται
ΙΠΠΕΙΣ

ΔΗΜΟΣΘΕΝΗΣ. Ἡ ατταταιάξ τῶν κακῶν, ιατταται. κακῶς Παφλαγόνα τὸν νεώνητον κακὸν αὕταῖσι βουλαῖσι ἀπολέσειαν οἱ θεοὶ. εἶς οὖ γὰρ εἰσήγησεν εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν, πληγὰς ἀεὶ προστρίβεται τοῖς οἰκέταις.

ΝΙΚΙΑΣ. κάκιστα δὴ οὕτως γε πρῶτος Παφλαγόνων αὕταῖς διαβολαῖς.

ΔΗ. ὅ κακόδαιμον, πῶς ἔχεις; ΝΙ. κακῶς καθάπερ σύ.

ΔΗ. δεῦρο νῦν πρόσελθ', ἵνα ἐξυιαλίαν κλαύσωμεν Οὐλύμπου νόμον.

ΔΗ. καὶ ΝΙ. μῦ μῦ, μῦ μῦ, μῦ μῦ, μῦ μῦ, μῦ μῦ.

ΔΗ. τί κινυρόμεθ' ἀλλως; οὐκ ἔχρην ξητεῖν τινα σωτηρίαν νῶν, ἀλλὰ μὴ κλάειν ἐτί; ΝΙ. τίς οὖν γένοιτ' ἂν; λέγε σὺ.

ΔΗ. σοῦ μὲν οὖν μοι λέγε, ἵνα μὴ μάχωμαι.

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*a In the foreground is a loose arrangement of stones, which will, later on, be taken to represent the Pnyx. Behind are three houses; the central one, with a harvest-wreath over the door, is the abode of Demus; whilst the others serve for Paphlagon, who is Cleon, and the Sausage-seller. Out of the house of Demus run two slaves, howling; their masks represent the two famous Athenian generals, Nicias and Demosthenes.*
DEMOSTHENES. O! O! This Paphlagon, with all his wiles, This newly-purchased pest, I wish the Gods Would "utterly abolish and destroy"! For since he entered, by ill-luck, our house, He's always getting all the household flogged.

NICIAS. I wish they would, this chief of Paphlagons, Him and his lies!

DE. Ha! how feel you, poor fellow?

NIC. Bad, like yourself.

DE. Then come, and let us wail A stave of old Olympus, both together.

BOTH. (Sobbing) Mumu! Mumu! Mumu! Mumu! Mumu!

DE. Pah! What's the good of whimpering? Better far To dry our tears, and seek some way of safety.

NIC. Which way? You, tell me.

DE. Rather, tell me you, Or else we'll fight.

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b Παφλαγών, a servile name describing the slave's country; but also = "a blusterer," from παφλαγώς, cf. 919.

c πρῶτος: "first," i.e. "worst." διαβολή and διαβάλλω are used regularly of C.'s "slanderous accusations"; cf. Thuc. ii. 27. 4.

d A famous legendary flute-player; here, however, spoken of as a poet.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

NIL. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλων γω μὲν οὖν ἀλλ’ εἰπὲ θαρρῶν, εἶτα καγὼ σοι φράσω. 15

ΔΗ. πῶς ἂν σὺ μοι λέξεις ἀμὴ χρή λέγεων;

NIL. ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἐνι μοι τὸ θρέττε. πῶς ἂν οὖν ποτε εἴποιμ’ ἂν αὐτὸ δήτα κομψευριπυκὼς;

ΔΗ. μὴ μοι γε, μὴ μοι, μὴ διασκαινίκισῆς ἀλλ’ εὑρέ τιν’ ἀπόκινον ἀπὸ τοῦ δεσπότου. 20

NIL. λέγε δὴ “μόλωμεν” ἐνυχέσε ὡδὶ ἦλλαβῶν.

ΔΗ. καὶ δὴ λέγω: μόλωμεν.

NIL. ἐξόπισθε νῦν “αὐτὸ” φαθὶ τοῦ “μόλωμεν.”

ΔΗ. αὐτὸ.

NIL. τάνν καλῶς.

ωσπέρ δεφόμενος νῦν ἀτρέμα πρῶτον λέγε τὸ “μόλωμεν,” εἶτα δ’ “αὐτὸ,” κατεπάγων πυκνῶν. 25

ΔΗ. μόλωμεν αὐτὸ μόλωμεν αὐτομολῶμεν.

NIL. ἡν, οὐχ ἢδύ;

ΔΗ. νὴ Δία, πλὴν γε περὶ τῶ δέρματι δέδοικα τούτοι τὸν οἰωνόν.

NIL. τὶ δαί;

ΔΗ. ὅτι η τὸ δέρμα δεφομένων ἀπέρχεται.

NIL. κράτιστα τούνν τῶν παρόντων ἐστὶ νῦν, θεῶν ἱόντε προσπεσεῖν τοῦ πρὸς βρέτας. 30

ΔΗ. ποιον βρεττητέτας¹; ἐτεόν ἥγεῖ γὰρ θεούς;

NIL. ἐγὼγε.

¹ Most mss. βρέτας: VM βρεττητάς: Schol. βρεττητάς: Rogers βρεττητάς, suggested also by Neil.

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ᵃ From Eur. Hipp. 345, where Phaedra urges the nurse to put in words what she shrank from saying herself.
ᵇ An allusion to E.'s mother selling potherbs; cf. A. 478.

126
By Apollo, no not I.
You say it first, and then I'll say it after.
O that thou said'st the thing that I would say.\(^a\)

I've not the pluck. I wish I could suggest
Some plan in smart Euripidean style.

Don't do it! Don't! Pray don't be-chervil \(^b\)
me
But find some caper-cutting trick \(^c\) from master.

Will you say sert, like that, speaking it crisply?
Of course I'll say it, sert.
Say de.

Yes, that's very nicely said.
Now, first say sert, and then say de, beginning
Slowly at first, but quickening as you go.

Aye; sert-de, sert-de, sert, de-sert.

Do you not like it?
Like it, yes; but—

There 'tis!

What?

There's an uncanny sound about desert.

Uncanny? How?

They flog deserters so.

O then 'twere better that we both should go,
And fall before the statues of the Gods.

Stat-at-ues \(^d\) is it? What, do you really think
That there are Gods?

I know it.

\(^a\) \(\delta\nu\beta\kappa\nu\sigma\): "a form of vulgar dance," Schol. The word also suggests "moving off."

\(^d\) The pious Nicias had in two tragic lines (cf. Aesch. \(P.V.\)
224; \(S.a.T.\) 92, 93) suggested a resort to prayer, but his
teeth chattered as he pronounced \(\beta\rho\epsilon\tau\alpha\), and D. mocks him.
ARISTOPHANES

ΔΗ. ποίων χρώμενος τεκμηρίων;
ΝΙ. ὅτι θεοὶς ἑχθρὸς εἰμ᾽, οὐκ εἰκότως;
ΔΗ. εὖ προσβιβάζεις μ᾽, ἀλλ᾽ ἑτέρα ποι οἰκεπτέον. 35
βούλει τὸ πράγμα τοῖς θεατάσιν φرأσω;
ΝΙ. οὐ χείρον. ἐν δ᾽ αὐτοὺς παρατησώμεθα,
ἐπίδηλον ἡμῖν τοῖς προσώποισι ποιεῖν,
ἡν τοῖς ἐπεσι χαίρωσι καὶ τοῖς πράγμασι.
ΔΗ. λέγωμι ἢν ἡδη. νῦν γάρ ἐστὶ δεσπότης
ἀγροικὸς ὀργήν, κυαμοτρῶξ, ἀκράχολος,
Δῆμος Πυκνότης, δύσκολον γερῶντιον,
ὑπόκωφον. οὕτος τῇ προτέρᾳ νομομνίᾳ
ἐπρίατο δούλον, βυρσοδέψην, Παφλαγόνα,
pανουργότατον καὶ διαβολώτατον των.
οὕτος καταγινοῦσ τοῦ γέροντος τοὺς τρόπους,
ὁ βυρσοπαθλαγὼν, ὑποπεσών τὸν δεσπότην
ἡκαλλ᾽, ἐθώπευ', ἐκολάκευ', ἔξηπάτα
κοσκυλματίοις ἀκροίσι, τοιαύτη λέγων·
ο διῆμε, λουσαί πρῶτον ἐκδικάσας μίαν,
ἐνθου, ῥόφησον, ἐντραγ', ἔχε τριμβόλον.
βούλει παραθῶ σοι δόρπον; εἶτ' ἀναρπάσας
ὁ τι ἢν τις ἡμῶν σκευάσῃ, τῷ δεσπότῃ
Παφλαγών κεχάρισται τοῦτο. καὶ πρῶῃ γ' ἐμοῦ
μᾶζαν μεμαχῶτος ἐν Πύλῳ Λακωνικῆν,
pανουργότατά πως περιδραμῶν ὑφαρπᾶσας
αὐτῶς παρέθηκε τῇ ὕπ᾽ ἐμοὶ μεμαγκυμένην.
ἡμᾶς δ᾽ ἀπελαύνει, κοῦκ ἐὰν τὸν δεσπότην

a ὅτι εἰ μὴ ἃραν θει, οὐκ ἢν ἡμῶν θεῶς ἑχθρός. Schol.
b Instead of his deme or place of residence, he is described
as living in the Pythynx where public assemblies were held.
c Beans were used for voting purposes.
d Instead of “with little coaxing speeches” or the like.
128
DE. I'm such a wretched God-detested chap.\(^a\)

NIC. Not a bad plan; but let us ask them first
To show us plainly by their looks and cheer
If they take pleasure in our words and acts.

DE. I'll tell them now. We two have got a master,
Demus of Pnyx-borough,\(^b\) such a sour old man,
Quick-tempered, country-minded, bean-consuming;\(^c\)
A trifle hard of hearing. Last new moon
He bought a slave, a tanner, Paphlagon,
The greatest rogue and liar in the world.
This tanning-Paphlagon, he soon finds out
Master's weak points; and cringing down
before him
Flatters, and fawns, and wheedles, and cajoles,
With little apish leather-snippings,\(^d\) thus;
O Demus,\(^e\) try one case, get the three-obol,
Then take your bath, gorge, guzzle, eat your fill.
Would you I set your supper? Then he'll seize
A dish some other servant has prepared,
And serve it up for master; and quite lately
I'd baked a rich Laconian cake at Pylus,
When in runs Paphlagon, and bags my cake,
And serves it up to Demus as his own.
But us he drives away, and none but he

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\(^a\) Here Demus deserts the Assembly for his other favourite haunt, the δικαστήριον. There were 6000 dicasts and their fee was three obols a day (see W. Introd.). Here Demus is to get a full day's pay for trying a single suit.

\(^b\) μαθαν μεμαχωτος (from μάσω, knead) is a play on μάχη μεμαχωμένου. Cleon is accused of filching from Demosthenes the victory which he had all but gained.
ARISTOPHANES

άλλων θεραπεύειν, άλλα βυρσίνην ἔχων
dειπνοῦντος ἐστώς ἀποσοβεῖ τοὺς ῥήτορας. 60
ζηδεί δὲ χρησιμοῦσ· ο δὲ γέρων σιβυλλιᾶ.
ό δ' αὐτὸν οὐς ὅρα μεμακκοκότα,
tέχνην πεποίηται. τοὺς γὰρ ἐνδον ἀντικρυς
ψευδὴ διαβάλλει: κατὰ μαστιγούμεθα
ἡμεῖς. Παφλαγῶν δὲ περιθέων τοὺς οἰκέτας
αἰτεῖ, ταράττει, δωροδοκεῖ, λέγων τάδε:
ὁράτε τὸν Ὁλαν δι' ἐμὲ μαστιγούμενον;
εἰ μὴ μὴ ἀναπείσετ', ἀποθανεῖσθε τήμερον.
ἡμεῖς δὲ δίδομεν· εἰ δὲ μή, πατοῦμενοι
ὑπὸ τοῦ γέροντος ὄκταπλάσια χέζομεν. 70
νῦν οὖν ἀνύσαντε φροντίσωμεν, ὤγαθὲ,
ποίαν οὖν νῦ τρεπτέον καὶ πρὸς τίνα.
NI. κράτιστον ἔκεινην τὴν "μόλωμεν," ὤγαθὲ.
ΔΗ. ἀλλ' οὖχ οἶν τὸν Παφλαγόν' οὖδ' ἔδει παλεῖν
ἐφορᾶ γὰρ αὐτὸς πάντ'. ἔχει γὰρ τὸ σκέλος
tὸ μὲν ἐν Πύλῳ, τὸ δ' ἔτερον ἐν τῇ κκλησίᾳ,
tοσοῦνδε δ' αὐτοῦ βῆμα διαβεβηκότος
ὁ πρωκτός ἐστιν αὐτόχρημ' ἐν Χάοσι,
tῶν χεῖρ' ἐν Αἴτωλοῖς, δ' ὅ νοσ ἐν Κλαυτίδων.
NI. κράτιστον οὖν νῦν ἀποθανεῖν. ἀλλὰ σκόπει,
ὅπως ἂν ἀποθάνωμεν ἀνδρικῶτατα.

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a For the vogue of oracles at this time cf. Thuc. ii. 8. 2; ii. 28. 3.
b The Ἡδονες are selected because the name suggests
χαίνειν (ὡς εὐρύπρωκτον αὐτὸν διαβάλλει: Schol.) just as Αἴτωλοι
suggests αἴτεῖν "to beg."
c Lit. "Thief-deme"; there was an actual deme Κρωπίδαι.
THE KNIGHTS, 59–81

Must wait on master; there he stands through dinner
With leathern flap, and flicks away the speakers.
And he chants oracles, till the dazed old man
Goes Sibyl-mad; then, when he sees him mooning,
He plies his trade. He slanders those within
With downright lies; so then we’re flogged, poor wretches,
And Paphlagon runs round, extorting, begging,
Upsetting everyone; and Mark, says he,
There’s Hylas flogged; that’s all my doing;
better
Make friends with me, or you’ll be trounced to-day.
So then we bribe him off; or if we don’t,
We’re sure to catch it thrice as bad from master.
Now let’s excogitate at once, good fellow,
Which way to turn our footsteps, and to whom.

NIC. There’s nothing better than my sert, good fellow.

DE. But nought we do is hid from Paphlagon.
His eyes are everywhere; he straddles out,
One foot in Pylus, in the Assembly one.
So vast his stride, that at the self-same moment
His seat is in Chaonia, and his hands
Are set on Begging, and his mind on Theft.

NIC. Well then, we had better die; but just consider
How we can die the manliest sort of death.
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ΔΗ. πῶς δή τα πῶς γένοιτ' ἄν ἀνδρικώτατα;
ΝΙ. βέλτιστον ἡμῖν αἴμα ταύρειν πιέιν.

ο Θεμιστοκλέους γὰρ θάνατος αἰρετώτερος.
ΔΗ. μὰ Δ' ἅλλ' ἀκρατον οἶνον άγαθοῦ δαίμονος. 85

νήσως γὰρ ἄν χρηστόν τι βουλευσαίμεθα.
ΝΙ. ἰδοὺ γ' ἀκρατον. περὶ ποτοῦ γοῦν ἐστὶ σοι;

πῶς δ' ἄν μεθύων χρηστόν τι βουλεύσωι' ἀνήρ;
ΔΗ. ἀλήθες, οὖτος; κρονυχυτρολήραυν εἰ.

οἴνον σὺ τολμᾶς εἰς ἐπίνοιαν λουδορεῖν;
οἴνον γὰρ εὔροις ἃν τι πρακτικώτερον;

όρας; ὅταν πίνωσιν ἄνθρωποι, τότε

πλουτοῦσι, διαπράττουσι, νικῶσι δίκας,
εὐδαμονοῦσιν, ὡφελοῦσι τοὺς φίλους.

ἀλλ' ἐξένεγκε μοι ταχέως οἴνου χόα,

τὸν νοῦν ἵν' ἄρδω καὶ λέγω τι δεξιόν.
ΝΙ. οὕτω, τί ποθ' ἡμᾶς ἐργάσει τῷ σῷ ποτῷ;
ΔΗ. ἀγάθ'. ἅλλ' ἐνεγκ'. ἐγὼ δὲ κατακλινήσομαι.

ἣν γὰρ μεθυσθὼ, πάντα ταυτὶ καταπάσω

βουλευματίων καὶ γνωμιδίων καὶ νοίδίων.

ΝΙ. ὡς εὐτυχῶς ὅτι οὐκ ἐλήφθην ἐνδοθεν

κλέπτων τὸν οἶνον.
ΔΗ. εἰπέ μοι, Παφλαγών τί δρᾷ.

ΝΙ. ἐπίπαστα λείξας δημιοπραθ' ὦ βάσκανος

ρέγκει μεθύων ἐν ταῖσι βύρσαις ὑπτίως.
ΔΗ. ἰθι νυν, ἀκρατον ἐγκανάξον μοι πολὺν

σπονδήν.
ΝΙ. λαβὲ δὴ καὶ σκέισον ἀγαθοῦ δαίμονος.

ἀ He is said to have so poisoned himself when unable to
fulfil his promises to the Persian king; cf. Plut. Them. 31.

b Lit. "having licked up cakes made out of confiscation
sales, sprinkled with honey."

c i.e. as a libation.
DE. The manliest sort of death? Let's see; which is it?

NIC. Had we not better drink the blood of bulls? 'Twere fine to die Themistocles's death.¹

DE. Blood? no: pure wine, to the toast of Happy Fortune!
From that we'll maybe get some happy thought.

NIC. Pure wine indeed! Is this a tippling matter? How can one get, when drunk, a happy thought?

DE. Aye, say you so, you water-fountain-twaddler? And dare you rail at wine's inventiveness? I tell you nothing has such go as wine. Why, look you now; 'tis when men drink, they thrive,
Grow wealthy, speed their business, win their suits,
Make themselves happy, benefit their friends.
Go, fetch me out a stoup of wine, and let me
Moisten my wits, and utter something bright.

NIC. O me, what good will all your tippling do?

DE. Much; bring it out; I'll lay me down awhile; For when I'm drunk, I'll everything bespatter With little scraps of schemes, and plots, and plans.

NIC. I've got the wine; nobody saw me take it. Wasn't that luck?

DE. What's Paphlagon about?

NIC. Drunk! Snoring on his back amidst his hides,
The juggler; gorged with confiscation pasties.²

DE. Come, tinkle out a bumper of pure wine, To pour.³

NIC. Here, take; and pour to Happy Fortune.
ARISTOPHANES

ἠλχ’ ἐλκε τὴν τοῦ δαίμονος τοῦ Πραμνίου.

ΔΗ. ὁ δαίμον ἀγαθε, σὸν τὸ βουλευτ', οὐκ ἐμόν.

ΝΙ. εἶπ', ἀντιβολῶ, τί ἔστι;

ΔΗ. τοὺς χρησμόνς ταχ' κλέψας ἐνεγκε τοῦ Παφλαγόνος ἐνδοθεν, ἔως καθεύδει.

ΝΙ. ταῦτ'. ἀτὰρ τοῦ δαίμονος δέδουχ' ὅπως μὴ τεύξομαι κακοδαίμονος.

ΔΗ. φέρε νυν ἐγὼ 'μαυτῷ προσαγάγω τὸν χόα, τὸν νοῦν ὑ' ἀρδώ καὶ λέγω τι δεξίων.

ΝΙ. ὡς μεγάλ' ο Παφλαγῶν πέρδεται καὶ βέγκεται, ἐλαθον αὐτὸν τὸν ἱερὸν χρησμὸν λαβὼν, ὄνπερ μάλιστ' ἔφυλαττεν.

ΔΗ. ὁ σοφώτατε,

φέρ' αὐτόν, ὑ' ἀναγνώρισας τι. φέρ' ἵδω τι ἁρ' ἔνεστιν αὐτόθι.

ΔΗ. ὁ λόγιος. δὸς μοι δὸς τὸ ποτήριον ταχ'.

ΝΙ. ἰδού' τί φησ' ὁ χρησμός;

ΔΗ. ἐτέραν ἐγχεων.

ΝΙ. ἐν τοῖς λογίοις ἔνεστιν "ἐτέραν ἐγχεον";

ΔΗ. ὁ Βάκι.

ΝΙ. τί ἔστι;

ΔΗ. δὸς τὸ ποτήριον ταχ'.

ΝΙ. πολλῷ γ' ο Βάκις ἔχρητο τῷ ποτηρίῳ.

ΔΗ. ὁ μιαρῇ Παφλαγών, ταυτ' ἁρ' ἔφυλαττον πάλαι,

τὸν περὶ σεαυτοῦ χρησμὸν ὁρρωδῶν.

ΝΙ. τη';

ΔΗ. ἑνταῦθ' ἐνεστὶν αὐτὸς ὃς ἀπόλλυται.

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a He bids drink to “Good Luck” in good liquor. The fame of “Pramnian wine” is Homerix (Il. xi. 639; Od. iv. 235), but little else is known about it: see R.

134
Quaff, quaff the loving-cup of Pramnian Fortune.

DE. O Happy Fortune, thine’s the thought, not mine!

NIC. Pray you, what is it?

DE. Steal from Paphlagon, While yet he sleeps, those oracles of his, And bring them out.

NIC. I will; and yet I’m fearful That I may meet with most unhappy Fortune.

DE. Come now, I’ll draw the pitcher to myself, Moisten my wits, and utter something bright.

NIC. Paphlagon’s snoring so! He never saw me. I’ve got the sacred oracle which he keeps So snugly.

DE. O you clever fellow you, I’ll read it; hand it over; you the while Fill me the cup. Let’s see: what have we here? O! Prophecies! Give me the cup directly.

NIC. Here! What do they say?

DE. Fill me another cup.

NIC. Fill me another? Is that really there?

DE. O Bakis!

NIC. Well?

DE. Give me the cup directly.

NIC. Bakis seems mighty partial to the cup.

DE. O villainous Paphlagon, this it was you feared, This oracle about yourself!

NIC. What is it?

DE. Herein is written how himself shall perish.

\[b\] A Bocotian seer; cf. 1003 and Index.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΕΩΝ

Ν. καὶ πῶς;  
ΔΗ. ὅπως; ὁ χρησμὸς ἀντικρυς λέγει ῥς πρῶτα μὲν στυπησοπώλης γίγνεται, ὃς πρῶτος ἔξει τῆς πόλεως τὰ πράγματα. 130  
Ν. εἰς οὗτοςι πώλης. τί τούντεύθεν; λέγε.  
ΔΗ. μετὰ τοῦτον αὕθις προβατοπώλης, δεύτερος.  
Ν. δύο τῶδε πώλα. καὶ τί τόνδε χρὴ παθεῖν;  
ΔΗ. κρατεῖν, ἔως ἐπεροσ ἄνηρ βδελυγμέτερος αὐτοῦ γένοιτο μετὰ δὲ ταῦτ᾽ ἀπόλλυται. 135  
ἐπιγίγνεται γὰρ βυρσοπώλης ὁ Παφλαγὼν, ἀρταξ, κεκράκτης, Κυκλοβόρου φωνὴν ἔχων.  
Ν. τὸν προβατοπώλην ἦν ἀρ᾽ ἀπολέσθαι χρεὼν ὑπὸ βυρσοπώλου;  
ΔΗ. νη Δί᾽.  
Ν. οἷμοι δείλαιος. πώθεν οὖν ἂν ἔτι γένοιτο πώλης εἰς μόνος; 140  
ΔΗ. ἐτ′ ἐστὶν εἰς, ὑπερφυὰ τέχνην ἔχων.  
Ν. εἴπ᾽, ἀντιβολῶ, τίς ἐστιν;  
ΔΗ. εἴπω;  
Ν. νη Δία.  
ΔΗ. ἄλλαντοπώλης ἔσθ᾽ ὁ τούτον ἐξελῶν.  
Ν. ἄλλαντοπώλης; ὁ Πόσειδον τῆς τέχνης.  
φέρε ποῦ τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον ἐξευρήσομεν; 145  
ΔΗ. ζητῶμεν αὐτόν.  
Ν. ἀλλ᾽ ὁδὶ προσέρχεται ὡςπερ κατὰ θείον εἰς ἀγοράν.  
ΔΗ. ὃ μακάριε  
ἄλλαντοπώλα, δεύρο δεύρ᾽, ὃ φίλτατε,
THE KNIGHTS, 128–148

NIC. How shall he?
DE. How? The oracle says straight out, That first of all there comes an oakum-seller a Who first shall manage all the State's affairs.
NIC. One something-seller; well, what follows, pray?
DE. Next after him there comes a sheep-seller. b
NIC. Two something-sellers; what's this seller's fortune?
DE. He'll hold the reins, till some more villainous rogue Arise than he; and thereupon he'll perish. Then follows Paphlagon, our leather-seller, Thief, brawler, roaring as Cycloborus c roars.
NIC. The leather-seller, then, shall overthrow The sheep-seller?
DE. He shall.
NIC. O wretched me, Is there no other something-seller left?
DE. There is yet one; a wondrous trade he has.
NIC. What, I beseech you? Shall I tell you?
DE. Aye.
NIC. A sausage-seller ousts the leather-seller.
DE. That's the question.
NIC. A sausage-seller! Goodness, what a trade! Wherever shall we find one?
DE. Why here comes one, 'tis providential surely, Bound for the agora.
NIC. Hi, come hither! here!
DE. You dearest man, you blessed sausage-seller!

fell in battle with the Carians 428 B.C. (Thuc. iii. 19); mentioned again 765.  
 c Cf. A. 381.
ARISTOPHANES

ἀνάβανε σωτήρ τῇ πόλει καὶ νῦν φανεῖς.

ΑΛΛΑΝΤΟΠΩΛΗΣ. τί ἔστι; τί με καλεῖτε;

ΔΗ. ἰδὺ δή, κάθελ' αὐτοῦ τουλεών, καὶ τοῦ θεοῦ τὸν χρησμὸν ἀναδίδαξον αὐτοῦ ὡς ἔχει· ἐγὼ δ' ἢν προσκέψομαι τὸν Παφλαγόνα.

ΔΗ. ἀγε δή σοι κατάθου πρώτα τὰ σκεύη χαμαί· 155 ἔπειτα τὴν γῆν πρόσκυνοι καὶ τοὺς θεοὺς.

ΑΛ. ᾧνόν· τί ἔστων;

ΔΗ. ὃ μακάρι', ὃ πλούσιε,

ω νῦν μὲν οὐδεῖς, αὐρίων δ' ὑπέρμεγας· ὃ τῶν 'Αθηνῶν ταγέ τῶν εὐθαμονων.

ΑΛ. τί μ', ὑγάθ', οὐ πλύνειν ἔγας τὰς κοιλίας τουλείν τε τοὺς ἀλλόντας, ἀλλὰ καταγελᾶς;

ΔΗ. ὃ μῶρε, ποῖας κοιλίας; δευρί βλέπε.

τὰς στίχας ορᾶς τὰς τῶν διώ τῶν λαῶν;

ΑΛ. ὄρω.

ΔΗ. τούτων ἀπαντών αὐτὸς ἀρχέλας ἔσει,

καὶ τῆς ἀγορᾶς καὶ τῶν λιμένων καὶ τῆς πυκνός·

βουλὴν πατήσεις καὶ στρατηγοὺς κλαστάσεις, δῆσεις, φιλάξεις, ἐν Πριτανείῳ λαἰκάσεις.

ΑΛ. ἐγώ;

ΔΗ. σὺ μέντοι· κουδέπω γε πάνθ' ὀρᾶσ.

ἀλλ' ἐπανάβηθι κατὶ τουλεών τοδί καὶ κάτιδε τὰς νῆσους ἀπάσας ἐν κύκλῳ. 170

ΑΛ. καθορῶ.

ΔΗ. τί δαί; τάμπορια καὶ τὰς ὀλκάδας;

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*a For ἀνάβανε, which summons the second actor on to the stage, see R.

*b Exit Nicias.

*c λαϊκάσεις is a surprise instead of δειπνήσεις, the right
Arise,* a Saviour to the State and us.

Sausage-seller. Eh! What are you shouting at?

De. Come here this instant,

And hear your wonderful amazing luck.

Nic. Make him put down his dresser; tell him all
The news about that oracle we've got.
I'll keep an eye on Paphlagon the while.⁠¹

De. Come, put you down those cookery imple-
ments,

Then make your reverence to the Gods and
earth,—

S.s. There! what's the row?

De. O happy man, and rich,
Nothing to-day, to-morrow everything!
O mighty ruler of Imperial Athens!

S.s. Good fellow, let me wash the guts, and sell
My sausages. What need to flirt me so?

De. You fool! the guts indeed! Now look you
here.

You see those people on the tiers?

S.s. I do.

De. You shall be over-lord of all those people,
The Agora, and the Harbours, and the Pnyx.
You'll trim the Generals, trample down the
Council,
Fetter, imprison, make the Hall your brothel.⁠²

S.s. What, I?

De. Yes, you yourself! And that's not all.
For mount you up upon the dresser here
And view the islands all around.

S.s. I see.

De. And all the marts and merchant-ships?

to dine in the Prytaneum being a well-known reward of
public service; cf. 766.

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* Arise is a very common word in the Classical Greek literature, meaning to arise, to get up, or to be a saviour to.

⁠¹ Paphlagon is an ancient city in northern Asia Minor.

⁠² The Hall is metaphorically referring to the public buildings in Athens, used for meetings and other public events.

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ARISTOPHANES

Ἀ. ἐγώγε.

ΔΗ. πῶς οὖν οὐ μεγάλως εὐδαιμονεῖς; ἔτι νῦν τὸν ὄφθαλμόν παράβαλλ᾽ εἰς Καρίαν τὸν δεξιόν, τὸν δ᾽ ἐτερον εἰς Καρχηδόνα.

Ἀ. εὐδαιμονήσω γ', εἰ διαστραφῆσομαι.

ΔΗ. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ διὰ σοῦ ταῦτα πάντα πέρναται. γίγνει γάρ, ὡς ὁ χρησμὸς οὔτοσι λέγει, ἀνὴρ μέγιστος.

Ἀ. εἰπὲ μοι, καὶ πῶς ἐγὼ ἀλλαντοπώλης ὄν ἀνὴρ γενήσομαι;

ΔΗ. δι' αὐτὸ γάρ τοι τούτο καὶ γίγνει μέγας, ὡσ τὴν πονηρὸς κάξ ἀγορᾶς εἰ καὶ θρασύ.

Ἀ. οὐκ ἀξίω 'γω 'μαυτὸν ἰσχύειν μέγα.

ΔΗ. οἷμοι, τί ποτ' ἐσθ' ὅτι σαυτὸν οὐ φης ἄξιον; ἐννειδέναι τί μοι δοκεῖς σαυτῷ καλὸν. μῶν ἐκ καλῶν εἰ καγαθῶν;

Ἀ. μὰ τοὺς θεοὺς, εἰ μὴ 'κ πονηρῶν γ'.

ΔΗ. ὁ μακάριε τῆς τύχης, ὃσον πέπονθας ἀγαθὸν εἰς τὰ πράγματα.

Ἀ. ἀλλ', ὁγάθ', οὔδὲ μουσικὴν ἐπίσταμαι, πλὴν γραμμάτων, καὶ ταῦτα μέντοι κακὰ κακῶς.

ΔΗ. τοὐτὶ μόνον σ' ἐβλασφεν, ὅτι καὶ κακὰ κακῶς. ἡ δημαγωγία γὰρ οὖ πρὸς μουσικοῦ ἐτ' ἔστιν ἀνδρὸς οὔδὲ χρηστοῦ τοὺς τρόπους, ἀλλ' εἰς ἀμαθῆ καὶ βδελυρόν. ἀλλὰ μὴ παρῆσ ἀ σοῦ διδάσκε ἐν τοῖς λογίοισιν οἱ θεοὶ.

Ἀ. πῶς δήτὰ φησ' ὁ χρησμός;
THE KNIGHTS, 172-195

s.s. I see.
DE. And aren't you then a lucky man? And *that's* not all. Just cast your eyes askew, The right to Caria, and the left to Carthage.

s.s. A marvellous lucky man, to twist my neck! 
DE. Nay, but all these shall be your—perquisites. You shall become, this oracle declares, A Man most mighty!

s.s. Humbug! How can I, A sausage-selling chap, become a Man? 
DE. Why, that's the very thing will make you great, Your roguery, impudence, and agora-training.

s.s. I am not worthy of great power, methinks.
DE. O me, not worthy! what's the matter now? You've got, I fear, some good upon your conscience.

Spring you from gentlemen?

s.s. By the powers, not I. From downright blackguards.
DE. Lucky, lucky man, O what a start you've got for public life.

s.s. But I know nothing, friend, beyond my letters, And even of them but little, and that badly.
DE. The mischief is that you know ANYTHING. To be a Demus-leader is not now For lettered men, nor yet for honest men, But for the base and ignorant. Don't let slip The bright occasion which the Gods provide you.

s.s. How goes the oracle?

a Or "get a squint" ; *cf. B. 677.*

b *πέρναται: δέον εἶπεῖν διοικεῖται.* Schol. "Are sold" instead of "are administered through your agency."

c *Cf. 1255.*

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ΔΗ. εὖ νὴ τοὺς θεοὺς 195
καὶ πουκίλως πῶς καὶ σοφῶς ἴησυχόνοις.
'Αλλ' ὁπόταν μάρφη βυρσαίετος ἀγκυλοχείλης
γαμφηλήσι δράκοντα κοάλεμον αἰματοπόττην,
δὴ τότε Παφλαγόνων μὲν ἀπόλλυται ἡ σκοροδ-
άλμη,
κοιλιοπώλησιν δὲ θεός μέγα κύδος ὑπάξει. 200
αἱ κεν μὴ πωλεῖν ἀλλάντας μᾶλλον ἐλωνταί.
ΑΛ. τῶς οὖν πρὸς ἐμὲ ταῦτ' ἐστίν; ἀναδίδασκε μὲ.
ΔΗ. βυρσαίετος μὲν ὁ Παφλαγῶν ἐσθ' οὔτοις.
ΑΛ. τί δ' ἀγκυλοχείλης ἐστίν;
ΔΗ. αὐτὸ που λέγει,
ὅτι ἀγκύλαις ταῖς χερσίν ἄρταξαν φέρει. 205
ΑΛ. ὁ δράκων δὲ πρὸς τί;
ΔΗ. τοῦτο περιφανέστατον.
ὁ δράκων γὰρ ἐστὶ μακρὸν ὁ τ' ἀλλὰς αὖ
μακρὸν·
eἰθ' αἰματοπόττης ἐσθ' ὁ τ' ἀλλὰς χω ὃ δράκων.
tὸν οὖν δράκοντα φησι τὸν βυρσαίετον
ἡδὴ κρατήσειν, αἱ κε μὴ θαλφῆ λόγοις. 210
ΑΛ. τὰ μὲν λόγι' αἰκάλλει μὲ· θαυμάζω δ' ὅπως
τὸν δήμον οἶδος τ' ἐπιτροπεῖν εἰμ' ἐγώ.
ΔΗ. φαυλότατον ἔργον· ταῦθ' ἀπερ ποιεῖς ποίει·
tάραττε καὶ χόρδειν' ὁμοῦ τὰ πράγματα
ἀπαντα, καὶ τὸν δήμον ἀεὶ προσποιοῦ
ὕπογλυκαίων ῥηματίως μαγειρικοῖς.
τὰ δ' ἄλλα σοι πρόσεσει δημαγωγικά,

α The oracles are written in the recognized oracular style.
DE. Full of promise good,
    Wrapped up in cunning enigmatic words.
NAY, BUT IF ONCE THE EAGLE,
    THE BLACK-TANNED MANDIBLE-CURVER,
SEIZE WITH HIS BEAK THE SERPENT,
    THE DULLARD, THE DRINKER OF LIFE-BLOOD,
THEN SHALL THE SHARP SOUR BRINE
    OF THE PAPHLAGON-TRIBE BE EXTINGUISHED,
THEN TO THE ENTRAIL-SELLERS
    SHALL GOD GREAT GLORY AND HONOUR
 render, unless they elect
    TO CONTINUE THE SALE OF THE SAUSAGE.
S.S. But what in the world has this to do with me?
DE. The black-tanned Eagle, that means Paphlagon.
S.S. And what the mandibles?
DE. That's self-evident.
    His fingers, crooked to carry off their prey.
S.S. What does the Serpent mean?
DE. That's plainer still.
    A serpent's long; a sausage too is long.
Serpents drink blood, and sausages drink blood.
The Serpent then, it says, shall overcome
    The black-tanned Eagle, if it's not talked over.
S.S. I like the lines: but how can I, I wonder,
    Contrive to manage Demus's affairs.
DE. Why nothing's easier. Do what now you do:
    Mince, hash, and mash up everything together.
Win over Demus \( ^c \) with the savoury sauce
    Of little cookery phrases. You've already
Whatever else a Demagogue requires.

\( ^b \) Used in tanning.
\( ^c \) The Greek has a play on \( ^\delta\eta\mu\os \), "people," and \( ^\delta\eta\mu\os \), "fat."
ARISTOPHANES

φωνῇ μιαρά, γέγονας κακώς, ἀγόραιος εἰ·
ἐχεις ἀπαντα πρὸς πολιτείαν ἃ δεῖ·
χρήσμοι τε συμβαίνουσι καὶ τὸ Πυθικόν. 220
ἀλλὰ στεφανοῦ, καὶ σπέιδε τῷ Κοαλέμῳ·
χώπως ἀμυνεῖ τὸν ἄνδρα.

ΑΛ. καὶ τίς ξύμμαχος
gενήσεται μου; καὶ γὰρ οἱ τε πλούσιοι
dεδίασιν αὐτὸν οὗ τε πένης βδύλλει λεώς.

ΔΗ. ἀλλ' εἰσὶν ἐππεισ ἄνδρες ἀγαθοὶ χίλιοι 225
μισοῦντες αὐτὸν, οἱ βοηθήσουσι σοι,
καὶ τῶν πολιτῶν οἱ καλοὶ τε καγαθοὶ,
καὶ τῶν θεατῶν ὡστὶ ἔστι δεξιός,
κἀγὼ μετ' αὐτῶν· χώθ θεὸς ἔυλλήψεται.
καὶ μὴ δέδιθ'· οὗ γὰρ ἔστων ἔξηκασμένος. 230
υπὸ τοῦ δέους γὰρ αὐτὸν οὔδεις ἐθελε
tῶν σκευοποιῶν εἰκάσαι. πάντως γε μὴν
gνωσθήσεται· τὸ γὰρ θέατρον δεξιόν.

ΝΙ. οὐμοι κακοδαίμων, ὁ Παφλαγῶν ἐξέρχεται.

ΠΑΦΛΑΓΩΝ. οὐ τοι μὰ τοὺς δώδεκα θεοὺς χαίρήσετον, 235
οτὶ ἑπὶ τῷ δήμῳ ἔνυόμυνην πάλαι.
τοιτὶ τῷ δρᾶ τὸ Χαλκιδικὸν ποτήριον;
οὐκ ἐσθ' ὅπως οὐ Χαλκιδέας ἀφίστατον.
ἀπολείσθων, ἀποθαμεῖσθον, ὦ μιαρωτάτω.

ΔΗ. οὔτος, τί φεύγεις; οὐ μενεῖς; ὦ γεννάδα
ἀλλαντοπῶλα, μὴ προδῶς τὰ πράγματα.

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a The Athenian cavalry numbered 1000, each of the ten tribes contributing 100.
b This actor, unlike the representatives of Nicias and Demosthenes, wore no portrait mask, whatever the reason was.
c Enter Nicias.
d Enter Paphlagon.
A brutal voice, low birth, an agora training;
Why you've got all one wants for public life.
The Pythian shrine and oracles concur.
Crown, crown your head; pour wine to mighty —Dulness;
Prepare to fight the man.

But what ally
Will stand beside me, for the wealthy men
Tremble before him, and the poor folk blench.

A thousand Knights, all honest men and true,
Detest the scoundrel, and will help the cause;
And whosoever is noblest in the State,
And whosoever is brightest in the tiers,
And I myself. And God will lend his aid.
And fear him not; he is not pictured really;
For all the mask-providers feared to mould
His actual likeness; but our audience here
Are shrewd and bright; they'll recognize the man.

Mercy upon us! here comes Paphlagon.

By the Twelve Gods, you two shall pay for this,
Always conspiring, plotting ill to Demus!
What's this Chalcidian goblet doing here?
Hah! ye're inciting Chalcis to revolt.
Villains and traitors! ye shall die the death.

(To S.S.) Hi! where are you off to? Stop!
For goodness' sake,
Don't fail us now, most doughty Sausage-seller!

The Twelve Gods are Zeus, Poseidon, Apollo, Ares, Hephaestus, and Hermes; Hera, Athene, Artemis, Aphrodite, Demeter, and Hestia.

"The reference to the Chalcidians is doubtless to Chalcidice in Thrace": R.
ARISTOPHANES

άνδρες ἱππεῖς, παραγένεσθε· νῦν ὁ καιρὸς. ὃ
Σήμων,
ὁ Παναίτι', οὖκ ἐλάτε πρός τὸ δεξίον κέρας;
άνδρες ἐγγύς· ἄλλ' ἄμυνοι, κάτωναστρέφον πάλιν.
ὁ κοινορτὸς δὴ λος αὐτῶν ὡς ὁμοί προσκειμένων.
ἄλλ' ἄμυνοι καὶ δίωκε καὶ τροπὴν αὐτοῦ ποιοῦ.

χορος. παίε παίε τὸν πανούργον καὶ παραξιπόστρατον
καὶ τελώνην καὶ φάραγγα καὶ Χάρυβδων ἀρπαγῆς,
καὶ πανούργον καὶ πανούργον· πολλάκις γὰρ αὐτ' ἔρω,
καὶ γὰρ οὗτος ἄν πανούργος πολλάκις τῆς ἡμέρας.
ἄλλα παίε καὶ δίωκε καὶ τάραττε καὶ κύκα
καὶ βδελύττου, καὶ γὰρ ἡμεῖς, κάπικείμενοι βόαν
ἐυλαβοῦ δὲ μὴ 'κφύγη σε· καὶ γὰρ οἶδε τὰς ὁδοὺς,
ἀσπερ Εὐκράτης ἐφευγεν εὐθὺ τῶν κυρηβίων.

πα. ὃ γέροντες ἡλιασταὶ, φράτορες τριωβόλου,
οὐς ἐγὼ βόσκω κεκραγὼς καὶ δίκαια κάδικα,
παραβοηθεῖθ', ὡς ὑπ' ἄνδρον τύπτομαι ἐνυμομοτῶν.

χο. ἐν δίκη γ', ἐπει τὰ κοινὰ πρὶν λαχεῖν κατεσθίειν,

---
a The Knights enter the orchestra.
b The two Hipparchoi who commanded the two divisions of the Knights.
c Ταραξιπόσ seems to have been a title of Poseidon Hippios (Pausanias, vi. 20).
d The allusion is unknown, but the person Eucrates was a dealer in oakum, bran, and such things.
e The Heliasts were 6000 citizens, chosen by lot yearly from all citizens over 30. From these dicasts were chosen for each case. Three obols were the day's pay.
Hasten up, my gallant horsemen, a
now's the time your foe to fight.
Now then Simon, now Panactius, b
charge with fury on the right.
Here they're coming! Worthy fellow,
wheel about, commence the fray;
Lo, the dust of many horsemen
rushing on in close array!

Turn upon him, fight him, smite him,
scout him, rout him, every way.

HORUS. Smite the rascal, smite him, smite him,
troubler of our Knightly train, c
Foul extortioner, Charybdis,
bottomless abyss of gain.
Smite the rascal; smite the rascal;
many times the word I'll say,
For he proved himself a rascal
many, many times a day.
Therefore smite him, chase him, pound him,
rend and rattle and confound him!
Show your loathing, show as we do;
press with angry shouts around him.
Take you heed, or he'll evade you;
watch him closely, for the man
Knows how Eucrates d escaped us,
fleeing to his stores of bran.

APH. O my Heliastic e veterans,
of the great Triobol clan,
Whom through right and wrong I nourish,
bawling, shouting all I can,
Help me, by conspiring traitors
shamefully abused and beaten.

HOR. Rightly, for the public commons
you before your turn have eaten,
κάποσικάζεις πιέζων τοὺς υπευθύνους, σκοπῶν ὃστις αὐτῶν ὁμός ἦστιν ἡ πέτων ἡ μὴ πέτων· κἂν τιν' αὐτῶν γνῶς ἀπράγμον' οὔτα καὶ κεχακνοτά, καταγαγών ἐκ Χερρονήσου, διαβάλων, ἀγκυρίσας, εἰτ' ἀποστρέφασ τὸν ὀμον, αὐτὸν ἐνεκολῆβας· καὶ σκοπεῖς γι' ὑπὸ πολιτῶν ὃστις ἦστιν ἀμυνόκων, πλούσιος καὶ μὴ πονηρὸς καὶ τρέμων τὰ πράγματα.

πα. ξυνεπίκεισθ' ὑμεῖς; ἐγὼ δ', ὀνδρες, δ' ὑμᾶς τύπτομαι,

ὅτι λέγειν γνώμην ἐμελλον ὃς δίκαιον ἐν πόλει ἰστάναι μνημείον ὃμων ἦστιν ἀνδρείας χάρων.

χο. ὡς δ' ἀλαξίων, ὡς δ' μάσθης· εἰδες οι' ὑπέρχεται ὠσπερεὶ γέροντας ἡμᾶς, κάκκοβαλικεύεται;

ἀλλ' ἐὰν ταῦτη παρέλθῃ, ταυτὴ πεπλήξεται· ἦν δ' ὑπεκκλην' γε δευρί, πρὸς σκέλος κυρηβάσει.

πα. ὁ πόλει καὶ δήμ', ὃφ̄' οἴων θηρίων γαστρίζομαι.

χο. καὶ κέκραγας, ὠσπερ ἀεὶ τὴν πόλιν καταστρέφει;

ἀλ. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σε τῇ βοη ταύτῃ γε πρῶτα τρέψωμαι.

---

a The word is meant to recall συκοφάντης, sycophantes, the informer or blackmailer. This introduces the image of the fig (σῦκον), which is mixed later with terms of the wrestling-school. All public officials had their accounts scrutinized, or audited, at the end of their year of office.

b A play upon διαλαβῶν, “grasping,” and διαβαλῶν, “calumniating.” So 491, διαβολάς for διαλαβάς.

c The “hook” is a wrestling term.

d He tries to escape, head down (a stage direction, according to the Scholiast).
And you squeeze\(^a\) the audit-passers, pinching them like figs, to try
Which is ripe, and which is ripening, which is very crude and dry.
Find you one of easy temper, mouth agape, and vacant look,
Back from Chersonese you bring him, grasp him firmly,\(^b\) fix your hook,\(^c\)
Twist his shoulder back and, glibly, gulp the victim down at once.
And you search amongst the townsmen for some lambkin-witted dunce,
Wealthy, void of tricks and malice, shuddering at disputes and fuss.

**PAPH.** You assail me too, my masters?
'tis for you they beat me thus;
'Tis because I thought of moving that 'twere proper here to make
Some memorial of your worships for your noble valour's sake.

**CHOR.** Hear him trying to cajole us!
O the supple-bending sneak, Playing off his tricks upon us, as on dotards old and weak.
Nay, but there my arm shall smite him if to pass you there he seek;
If he dodge in this direction, here against my leg he butts.\(^d\)

**PAPH.** Athens! Demus! see the monsters, see them punch me in the guts.

**CHOR.** Shouting, are you? you who always by your shouts subvert the town.

**s.s.** But in this I'll first surpass him; thus I shout the fellow down.
A Greek proverb. A cake was the prize at drinking parties for the man who kept awake all night.


To be a guest at the public dinner in the Prytaneum was a recognized honour. This was awarded to Cleon after his success at Sphacteria. At that time Cleon had bitterly attacked Nicias and Demosthenes.

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THE KNIGHTS, 276–297

chor. If in bawling you defeat him,  
     sing we ho! for Victory's sake.  
If in shamelessness you beat him,  
     then indeed we take the cake.a

paph. I denounce this smuggling fellow;  
     contraband of war he takes  
For the Peloponnesian galleys,  
     frapping them with—girdle-cakes.b

s.s. I denounce this juggling fellow;  
     at the Hall, from day to day,  
In he runs with empty belly,  
     with a full one hies away.c

chor. Fish, and flesh, and bread exporting,  
     and a hundred things like these,  
Contraband of peace, which never  
     were allowed to Pericles.

paph. Death awaits you at once, you two.  
s.s. Thrice as loud can I squall as you.  
paph. Now will I bawl you down by bawling.  
s.s. Now will I squall you down by squallling.  
paph. Lead our armies, and I'll backbite you.  
s.s. I'll with dog-whips slash you and smite you.  
paph. I'll outwit you by fraud and lying.  
s.s. I'll your pettitoes chop for frying.  
paph. Now unblinking regard me, you.  
s.s. I was bred in the agora too.  
paph. Say but g-r-r, and to strips I'll tear you.  
s.s. Speak one word, and as dung I'll bear you.  
paph. I confess that I steal. Do you?  
s.s. Agora Hermes a! yes, I do.

a An image of Hermes, as patron of commerce and of tricks, stood in the market-place.
ARISTOPHANES

κάπιορκῶ γε βλεπόντων.

πα. ἀλλότρια τοίνυν σοφίζει,
καὶ σε φαίνω τοῖς πρυτάνεσιν,
ἀδεκατεύτους τῶν θεῶν ἔρας ἔχοντα κοιλίας.

χο. ὦ μιαρὲ, καὶ βδελυρέ, καὶ κατακε- [στρ. α
κράκτα, τοῦ σοῦ θράσους
πᾶσα μὲν γῆ πλέα,
πᾶσα δ' ἐκκλησία,
καὶ τέλη, καὶ γραφαί,
καὶ δικαστήρι', ὦ
βορβοροτάραξι, καὶ
tὴν πόλιν ἁπασαν Ἡ-
μῶν ἀνατευρβακός,
όστις ἡμῶν τὰς Ἀθήνας ἐκκεκὼφωκας βοῶν,
κατὰ τῶν πετρῶν ἀνωθεν τοὺς φόρους θυνοσκοπῶν.

πα. οἴδ' ἐγὼ τὸ πράγμα τοῦθ' οθεν πάλαι καττύτεται.

ἀλ. εἰ δὲ μὴ σὺ γ' οἴσθα κάττυμ', οὖν' ἐγὼ χορδεύματα,
όστις ὑποτέμνων ἐπώλεις δέρμα μοχθηροῦ βοῦς
tοῖς ἀγροίκουσιν πανούργως, ἢστε φαινεσθαι παχύ,
καὶ πρὶν ἡμέραν φορήσαι, μεῖζον ἦν δυνὸν δοχμαίν.

νη. νὴ Δία κάμε τοῦτ' ἐδρασε ταῦτάν, ὡστε καὶ γέλων

a i.e. "you are poaching on my preserves": R.
b Lit. "I denounce you to the Prytanes," who are sitting among the spectators: cf. 278.
c κοιλίας, "guts," for οὐσίας, "estates": Schol. Estates of certain offenders were confiscated, and a tithe paid to Athena. Tithes of their profits were also consecrated by private persons.

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THE KNIGHTS, 298–319

If I’m seen, I’m a perjurer too.

PAPH. Someboday else’s tricks you’re vaunting;\(^a\)
Now to the Prytanes off I’ll run,\(^b\)
Tell them you’ve got some holy pig-guts.
Tell them you’ve paid no tithe thereon.\(^c\)

CHOR. O villain, O shameless of heart,
O Bawler and Brawler self-seeking,
The land, the Assembly, the Tolls,
are all with thine impudence reeking,
And the Courts, and the actions at law;
they are full unto loathing and hate!
Thou stirrest the mud to its depths,
perturbing the whole of the State.
Ruffian, who hast deafened Athens
with thine everlasting din,
Watching from the rocks the tribute,
tunny-fashion, shoaling in.\(^d\)

PAPH. Well I know the very quarter
where they cobbled up the plot.

S.S. You’re a knowing hand at cobbling,
else in mincing meat I’m not;
You who cheated all the rustics
with a flabby bullock-hide,
Cutting it aslant to make it
look like leather firm and dried;\(^e\)
In a day, the shoes you sold them
wobbled half a foot too wide.

NIC. That’s the very trick the rascal
played the other day on me,
in gratitude. Instances are recorded of butcher, baker, tanner,
potter, fuller, and washerman. (Greek Votive Offerings, p. 59.)
\(^d\) An allusion to the watchers set to look out for shoals of
tunny, who announce their advent with stentorian voice.
\(^e\) The slanting cut makes the leather seem thicker than it is.
πάμπολυν τοῖς δημόταις καὶ φίλοις παρασχεθέν. πρὶν γὰρ εἶναι Περγασῆσι, ἐνεον ἐν ταῖς ἐμβάσιν.

καὶ μὴν ἀκούσαθ' οἶδός ἐστιν οὕτωσι πολίτης.

οὐκ αὖ μ᾽ ἐάσεις;

μὰ Δί', ἔπει κάγῳ πονηρός εἰμι.

εἰὼν δὲ μὴ ταύτης γ' ὑπείκῃ, λέγ᾽ ὁτι κάκος πονηρὸν.

οὐκ αὖ μ᾽ ἐάσεις;

μὰ Δία.

ναὶ μὰ Δία.

μὰ τὸν Ποσειδῶ,

ἄλλ᾽ αὐτὸ περὶ τοῦ πρῶτος ἐπιεῖν πρῶτα διαμαχοῦμαί.

——

a An Attic Deme.

b Arecheptolemus, 794 below. He tried to end the war, but was foiled by Cleon. Being involved with the Four Hundred, he was afterwards condemned to death.
And my friends and fellow burghers
laughed with undissembled glee,
I was swimming in my slippers
ere I got to Pergasae. a

chor. So then thou hast e'en from the first
that shameless bravado displayed
Which alone is the Orators' Patron.
      And foremost of all by its aid
Thou the wealthy strangers milkest,
    draining off their rich supplies;
And the son of Hippodamus b
    watches thee with streaming eyes.
      Ah, but another has dawned on us now,
Viler and fouler and coarser than thou,
    Viler and fouler and coarser by far,
One who'll beat thee and defeat thee
    (therefore jubilant we are),
    Beat thee in jackanapes tricks and rascality,
    Beat thee in impudence, cheek, and brutality.
O trained where Men are trained who best
    deserve that appellation,
    Now show us of how little worth
    is liberal education.

s.s. The sort of citizen he is, I'll first expose to view.
paph. Give me precedence.
s.s. No, by Zeus, for I'm a blackguard too.
chor. And if to that he yield not, add "as all my fathers
were."
paph. Give me precedence.
s.s. No, by Zeus.
paphi. O yes, by Zeus.
ss. I swear
    I'll fight you on that very point; you never shall
    be first.
πα. οἶμοι, διαρραγήσομαι.

αλ. καὶ μῆν ἐγὼ οὖ παρῆσο. 340

χο. πάρες πάρες πρὸς τῶν θεῶν αὐτῷ διαρραγήσαι.

πα. τῷ καὶ πεποιθῶς ἀξιοῖς ἐμοῦ λέγειν ἕναντα;

αλ. οτῇ λέγειν οἶός τε κάγῳ καὶ καρυκοποιεῖν.

πα. ἰδοὺ λέγειν. καλῶς γ' ἁν οὖν σὺ πράγμα προσ-

πεσόν σοι

ἀμοσπάρακτον παραλαβὼν μεταχειρίσαιο χρηστῶς. 344

ἀλλ' οἶσθ' ὁ μοι πεπονθέναι δοκεῖς; ὅπερ τὸ πλῆθος.

εἴ πον δικίδιον εἶπας εὗ κατὰ. ἔξον μετοίκου,

τὴν νύκτα θρυλῶν καὶ λαλῶν ἐν ταῖς ὁδοῖς σεαυτῷ,

ὕδωρ τε πίνων, κάπιτεικνὺς τοὺς φίλους τ' ἀνιῶν,

ὡν δυνατός εἶναι λέγειν. ὦ μῷρε τῆς ἀνοίας. 350

αλ. τί δαί σὺ πίνων τὴν πόλιν πεποιηκας, ὃςτε νυνὶ

ὕπο σοῦ μονωτάτου κατεγλωττισμένην σιωπᾶν;

πα. ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἀντέθηκας ἀνθρώπων τῷ'; ὡστις εὐθὺς

θύνειαι θερμὰ καταφαγῶν, κἂν ἐπιπιοῦ ἀκράτου

οῖνου χόα κασαλβάσω τοὺς ἐν Πύλῳ στρατηγοῦς. 355

αλ. ἐγὼ δὲ γ' ἡμνιστρον βοῦς καὶ κοιλίαν ὑείαν

---

α The speaker intends this to repeat the words of 338, but the chorus misunderstand him to refer to “I shall burst.”

b In later days, it was a gibe against the orator Demosthenes that he was a water-drinker; and something of the sort may be meant here.
THE KNIGHTS, 340-356

PAPH. O, I shall burst.

s.s. You never shall.\(^a\)

chor. O let him, let him burst.

PAPH. How dare you try in speech to vie
with me? On what rely you?

s.s. Why I can speak first-rate, and eke
with piquant sauce supply you.

PAPH. O speak you can! and you're the man,
I warrant, who is able
A mangled mess full well to dress,
and serve it up to table.
I know your case, the common case;
against some alien folk
You had some petty suit to plead,
and fairly well you spoke.
For oft you'd conned the speech by night,
and in the streets discussed it,
And, quaffing water,\(^b\) shown it off,
and all your friends disgusted.
Now you're an orator, you think.
O fool, the senseless thought!

s.s. Pray what's the draught which you have quaffed
that Athens you have brought
Tongue-wheedled by yourself alone
to sit so mute and still?

PAPH. Who to compare with me will dare?
I'll eat my tunny grill,
And quaff thereon a stoup of wine
which water shall not touch,
And then with scurrilous abuse
the Pylian generals smutch.

s.s. I'll eat the paunch of cow and swine,
and quaff thereon their stew,
καταβροθίσας, κατ' ἐπιτυχών τὸν ζωμὸν ἀναπόνπτος

λαρυγγώ τοὺς ρήτορας καὶ Νικίαν ταράξω.

χο. τὰ μὲν ἄλλα μ’ ἤρεσας λέγων· ἐν δ’ οὐ προσιτεῖα με
tῶν πραγμάτων, στὶνό μόνος τὸν ζωμὸν ἐκροφήσεις. 360

πα. ἄλλ’ οὐ λάβρακας καταφαγῶν Μιλησίους κλονήσεις.

αλ. ἄλλα σχελίδας ἐδηδοκῶς ὑνήσομαι μετάλλα.

πα. ἔγω δ’ ἐπεισηδῶν γε τὴν βουλῆν βία κυκῆσω.

αλ. ἔγω δὲ κυνῆσο γε σου τὸν πρωκτὸν ἀντὶ φύσκης.

πα. ἔγω δὲ γ’ ἐξέλξω σε τῆς πυγῆς θύραξε κύβδα. 365

χο. νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ κἀμε τὰρ’, ἦπερ γε τοῦτον ἐλκης.

πα. οἰόν σε δήσω ἵν τῷ ξύλῳ.

αλ. διωξομαί σε δειλίας.

πα. ἡ βύρσα σου θρανεύσεται.

αλ. δερῶ σε θύλακον κλοπῆς.

πα. διαπατταλευθήσει χαμαί.

αλ. περικόμματ’ ἐκ σου σκευάσω.

πα. τὰς βλεφαρίδας σου παρατίλω.

αλ. τὸν πηγορεώνα σοφκτεμῶ.

δή. καὶ νὴ Δῆ ἐμβαλόντες αὐ-
tῶ πάτταλον μαγειρικῶς
es τὸ στοῖ’, εἰτα δ’ ἐνδοθεν
tὴν γλώτταν ἐξειράντες αὐ-
tοῦ σκεψόμεσθ’ εὐ κάνδρικῶς
κεχμότοσ
τὸν πρωκτόν, εἰ χαλαζά.”

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“...The Milesian basse was a prime favourite with Hellenic epicures”; R. Somehow Cleon had got money out of the Milesians, cf. 9:32.

* The reference is unknown.

* The terms in the following passage are drawn from the speakers’ trades.
And rising from the board with hands
which water never knew
I'll throttle all the orators, and flutter Nicias too.

CHOR. With all beside I'm satisfied,
but one thing likes me not,
You speak as if you ate alone
whatever stew you've got.

PAPH. You'll not consume your basse and then
Miletus bring to grief.\(^a\)

S.S. But mines I'll purchase \(^b\) when I've first
devoured my ribs of beef.

PAPH. I'll leap the Council-chamber in,
and put them all to rout.

S.S. I'll treat you like a sausage-skin,
and twirl your breech about.

PAPH. I'll hoist you by your crupper up,
and thrust you through the gate, sir.

CHOR. If him you thrust, me too you must;
you must as sure as fate, sir.

PAPH. Your feet in the stocks I'll fix full tight.

S.S. And you for your cowardice I'll indict.

PAPH. Outstretched on my board your hide I'll pin.\(^c\)

S.S. "Pickpocket's purse" I'll make your skin.

PAPH. Your limbs on the tanhouse floor I'll stake.

S.S. Your flesh into force-meat balls I'll bake.

PAPH. I'll twitch the lashes off both your eyes.

S.S. I'll cut your gizzard out, poulterer-wise.

DE. Prop open his mouth with all your strength;
Insert the extender from jaw to jaw;
Pull out his tongue to its utmost length,
And, butcher-fashion, inspect his maw,
And whilst his gape is so broad and fine,
See if he's not The symptoms got
Which show that he's nought but a measly swine.
ARISTOPHANES

ΧΟ. ἰν ἄρα πυρὸς γ' ἔτερα θερμότερα,
kαὶ λόγοι τῶν λόγων
ἐν πόλει τῶν ἀναι-
dῶν ἀναιδέστεροι·
kαὶ τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἰν ἄρ' οὐ
φαύλον ὁδ' [οὐδαμὺς].¹
ἀλλ' ἐπιθι καὶ στρόβει,
μηδὲν ὀλίγον ποιεῖ:
νῦν γὰρ ἔχεται μέσος.

ΑΛ. ἀλλ' ὦμως οὗτος τοιούτος ὦν ἁπαντα τὸν βίον,
κἂν' ἄνηρ ἐδοξεν εἶναι, τάλλοτρῳν ἄμων θέρος.
νῦν δὲ τοὺς στάχυς ἐκεῖνους, οὓς ἐκείθεν ἡγαγεν,
ἐν ξύλω δήσας ἀφαίε κἀποδόσθαι βουλετάι.

ΠΑ. οὐ δέδοιχ' ύμᾶς, ἐως ἃν ζῆ' τὸ βουλευτήριον
καὶ τὸ τοῦ Δήμου πρόσωπων μακκοῦ καθήμενον.

ΧΟ. ὡς δὲ πρὸς πᾶν ἀναιδεύεται κοῦ μεθί-
στησι τοῦ χρώματος τοῦ παρεστήκοτος.
ἐί σε μὴ μισῶ, γενοῦμην ἐν Κρατίνου κώδιον,
καὶ διδασκόμην προσάδεων Μορσίμου τραγῳ-
δίων.

¹ οὐδαμὺς inserted by Rogers to complete the metre.

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¹ "Cleon had done what he declared that the generals ΑΝΔΡΕΣ ἔδω would do, viz.: sail to Pylus and bring back the Spartans as captives, Thuc. iv. 27. "He had reaped the harvest which Demosthenes had sown": R.

² Cratinus was a good bottle-man, and his sheepskin might be expected to fare ill. He was a competitor in this contest with Aristophanes.
There are things, then, hotter than fire;  
there are speeches more shameless still  
Than the shameless speeches of those  
who rule the City at will.

No trifling task is before you;  
upon him and twist and garotte him.

Do nought that is little or mean;  
for round the waist you have got him.

If in this assault you knead him  
limp and supple to your hand,  
You will find the man a craven;  
I his habits understand.

Truly for an arrant coward  
he has all his life been known;  
Yet a Man he seemed but lately,  
reaping where he had not sown.

Now the ears of corn he brought us,  
he aspires to parch and dry,  
Shuts them up in wood and fetters,  
hopes to sell them by and by

You and your allies I fear not,  
while the Council lives, and while  
Demus moons upon the benches  
with his own unmeaning smile.

O see how he brazens it out!  
The colour remains as before  
In his shameless impudent face.  
And O, if I hate you not sore,  
Let me be a filthy sheepskin,  
that whereon Cratinus lay,

Or let Morsimus instruct me  
as the Chorus to his Play.

Morsimus was a worthless tragedian.
ARISTOPHANES

ω περὶ πάντ’ ἐπὶ πᾶσι τε πράγμασιν
dωροδόκουσιν ἐπὶ ἄνθεσιν ἵζων,
eἵθε φαύλως, ωσπερ εὕρεις, ἐκβάλοις τὴν ἐνθέσιν.
ἀσαιμι γὰρ τὸν ἅν μόνον,
πίνε πῶς ἐπὶ συμφοραῖς
τὸν Ἰουλίου τ’ ἅν οἴομαι, γέροντα πυροπίπην,
ἡσθέντ’ ἤπαινωνσαι καὶ Βακχέβακχον ᾧσαι.

πα. οὗ τοί μ’ ὑπερβαλεῖσθ’ ἄναιδεία μὰ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, ἡ μὴ ποτ’ ἀγοραῖον Δίως ὁπλάγχνοισι παραγενοῦμην.

αλ. ἔγωγε νὴ τοὺς κονδύλους, οὐς πολλά δὴ ’π’ πολλοῖς ἢπεσχόμεν ἐκ παιδίου, μαχαίριδων τε πληγάς,
ὑπερβαλείσθαι σ’ οἰόμαι τοῦτοισι, ἡ μάτην γ’ ἃν ἀπομαγδαλίας σιτούμενος τοσοῦτος ἐκτραφεῖν.

πα. ἀπομαγδαλίας ὁσπερ κώνων; ω παμπόνηρε, πώς οὖν κυνός βορᾶν σιτούμενος μάχει σ’ κυνοκεφάλλως;

αλ. καὶ νὴ Δί’ ἄλλα γ’ ἔστι μον κόβαλα παιδὸς ὄντος.
ἐξητάτων γὰρ τοὺς μαγείρους ἃν λέγων τοιαύτης
σκέψασθε, παϊδεῖς: οὐχ ὀρᾶθ’; ὥρα νέα, χελιδών.
οἱ δ’ ἐβλεποῦν, κἀγὼ ’ν τοσοῦτῳ τῶν κρεῶν ἐκλεπτοῦν.

a A ditty of Simonides.
b πυροπίπης, “one who keeps a loving eye on the bread” (cf. the Homeric παρθενοπίπης), was a nickname given by Cratinus to this old pantler at the Prytaneum.
c A statue of Zeus under this title stood in the Agora, and another in the Pnyx.
d Pieces of dough used to clean the fingers, and then thrown to the dogs.
e See Baumeister, Denkmäler, fig. 2126, p. 1985.
THE KNIGHTS, 402-420

Thou in all places, and thou at all hours,
Flitting and sitting in bri-berry flowers,
Sucking and sipping the gold they contain,
Mayest thou lightly, as 'twas swallowed,
cast thy mouthful up again.

Then will I ever the roundelay sing

*Drink for the luck which the Destinies bring,*\(^a\)

And old Iulius's son, the pantler Prytanean,\(^b\)
For joy will "Bacche-Bacchus" shout,
and chant his Io-Pacan.

**PAPH.** Think you in shamelessness to win?

No, by Poseidon, no!

Or may I evermore the feasts

of Agora Zeus\(^c\) forgo.

**s.s.** Now by the knuckles which in youth

would discipline my head,
And those hard-handled butchers' knives

they often used instead,

I think in shamelessness I'll win;

else vainly in the slums

Have I to such a bulk been reared

on finger-cleaning crumbs.\(^d\)

**PAPH.** On finger-pellets like a dog?

And reared on these, you seek
To fight a dog-faced fierce baboon!

I marvel at your cheek.

**s.s.** And lots of other monkey-tricks

I practised as a boy.

O how I used to chouse the cooks

by shrieking out *Ahoy*!

*Look lads, a swallow! spring is here.*

*Look up, look up, I pray.*\(^e\)

So up they looked whilst I purloined

a piece of meat away.

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ARISTOPHANES

xo. ὃ δεξιώτατον κρέας, σοφῶς γε προῦνοίησων· ὀπερ ἀκαλήφας ἐσθίων πρὸ χελιδόνων ἐκλεπτεῖς.

ΑΑ. καὶ ταῦτα δρῶν ἐλάνθανόν γ'. εἰ δ' οὖν ἰδοί τίς αὐτῶν,
ἀποκρυπτόμενος εἰς τὰ κοχώνα τοὺς θεοὺς ἀπώμυν· ὅστ' εἶπ' ἀνήρ τῶν ῥητόρων ἰδὼν με τοῦτο δρῶντα. θ' οὐκ ἐσθ' ὅπως ὅ παις ὄδ' οὐ τὸν δήμου ἐπιτροπεύσει.

xo. εὕ γε ξυνέβαλεν αὐτ'. ἀτάρ δηλόν γ' ἀφ' οὗ ξυνέγνω
ὀτιῇ 'πιωρκεῖς θ' ἱρπακῶς καὶ κρέας ὁ πρωκτός εἰχεν.

ΠΑ. ἐγὼ σε παῦσω τοῦ θράσους, οἴμαι δὲ μᾶλλον ἄμφων.
ἐξεμι γάρ σοι λαμπροὺς ἦδη καὶ μέγας καθιείς, ἐκ ὁμοῦ ταράττων τὴν τε γῆν καὶ τὴν θάλατταν ἑικη.

ΑΛ. ἐγὼ δὲ συστείλας γε τοὺς ἄλλαντας εἰτ' ἀφήσων κατὰ κύμ' ἐμαυτὸν οὐριον, κλάειν σε μακρὰ κελεύσας.

ΔΗ. κάγωγ', ἐάν τι παραχαλᾶ, τὴν ἀντλίαν φυλάξω.

ΠΑ. οὗ τοι μὰ τὴν Δήμητρα καταπροίζει τάλαντα πολλὰ κλέφας 'Ληναίων.

xo. ἀθρεῖ, καὶ τοῦ ποδὸς παρίει· ὅς οὗτος ἡδη Κακίας καὶ Συκοφαντίας πνεί.

a Κακίας, the name of "the north-east wind, one of the most violent winds in the Mediterranean," was proverbially explained as "bringing evils" (ἐλκων κακά), and Aristophanes coins Συκοφαντίας on its analogy.
chor. Shrewd body, you were provident,
and stole away your meat
Before the vernal swallow came,
as folk their nettles eat.
s.s. And no one caught me out, or else,
if any saw me pot it,
I clapped the meat between my thighs
and vowed I hadn’t got it;
Whereat an orator observed,
who watched me at my tricks,
Some day this boy will make his mark
as leader in the Pnyx.
chor. His inference was just; but still
’tis plain from whence he drew it;
He saw you filch the meat away,
and swear you didn’t do it.
paph. I’ll stop your insolence, my man;
your friend’s and yours together.
I’ll swoop upon you like a gale
of fresh and stormy weather,
And all the land and all the sea
in wild confusion throw.
s.s. But I will furl my sausages,
and down the tide will go
With prosperous seas, and favouring breeze,
at you my fingers snapping.
de. And if your bark a leak should spring,
the water I’ll be tapping.
paph. Full many a talent have you filched,
and dearly shall you pay,
You public-treasury thief!
chor. Look out, and slack the sheet away,
I hear a loud Nor’-Easter there
or Sycophanter a blow.
πα. σὲ δ’ ἐκ Ποτιδαίας ἔχοντ' εὖ οἶδα δέκα τάλαντα.

αλ. τί δήτα; βουλεῖ τῶν ταλάντων ἐν λαβών σωπάν;

χο. ἀνήρ ἄν ἥδεως λάβοι. τοὺς τερβίους παρέι.

αλ. τὸ πνεὺμ’ ἔλαττον γίγνεται.

πα. [δωροδοκίας]¹ φεῦξει γραφᾶς ἐκατονταλάντους τέτταρας.

αλ. σὺ δ’ ἀστρατείας εὐκοσιν, κλοπῆς δὲ πλεῖν ἢ χιλίας.

πα. ἐκ τῶν ἀλιτηρίων σὲ φη-μι γεγονέναι τῶν τῆς θεοῦ.

αλ. τὸν πάππον εἶναι φημὶ σου τῶν δορυφόρων—

πα. ποίων; φράσον.

αλ. τῶν Βυρσίνης τῆς Ἰππίου.

πα. κόβαλος εἰ.

αλ. πανούργος εἰ.

χο. παί’ ἀνδρικῶς.

πα. ιοῦ ιοῦ,

τύπτουσι μ’ οἱ εὐνωμόται.

χο. παί’ αὐτὸν ἀνδρικῶτατα, καὶ γάστριζε καὶ τοὺς ἐντέρους καὶ τοὺς κόλοις,
χώπας κολά τὸν ἄνδρα.

ὡ γενικώτατον κρέας ψυχῆν τ’ ἄριστε πάντων,
καὶ τῇ πόλει σωτήρ φανείς ἥμιν τε τοῖς πολίταις,

¹ Inserted by Rogers.

—Potidaea had surrendered on terms some five years before this, Thuc. ii. 70. No doubt Cleon had attacked the generals.

b The great family of the Alcmeonidae was put under a curse for the murder of Cylon’s friends in sanctuary, about 200 years before, Thuc. i. 126. The charge was revived against Cleisthenes, and later against Pericles, possibly also against Alcibiades. Here
PAPH. From Potidaea you received ten talents, that I know.\(^a\)

s.s. Will you take one, and hold your tongue?

chor. He'd take it like a shot.

s.s. Let out the yard-arm ropes a bit.

s.s. The gale has milder got.

PAPH. You'll have, for bribery and deceit,
Four hundred-talent writs to meet.

s.s. And you, for cowardliness a score,
For theft a thousand writs and more.

PAPH. From that old sacrilegious race \(^b\)
I'll say that your descent you trace.

s.s. Your father's father marched, I'll swear,
As body-guard to—

PAPH. Whom? Declare!

s.s. To Hippias's Byrsine.\(^c\)

PAPH. You jackanapes!

s.s. You gallows-tree!

chor. Strike like a man!

PAPH. O help me! Oh!

These plotting traitors hurt me so.

chor. Strike, strike him, well and manfully,
And with those entrails beat him,
And strings of sausage-meat, and try
Meet punishment to mete him.

O noblest flesh in all the world,
O spirit best and dearest,

To City and to citizens

a Saviour thou appearest.

it is used as a comic threat against the Sausage-seller, the last man to belong to such a family.

\(^a\) The wife of Hippias the tyrant was Myrsine; for which, to suit the tanner's trade, Aristophanes substitutes Βυρσίνη "a leather strap."
ARISTOPHANES

πώς εὖ τὸν ἄνδρα ποικίλως θ᾽ ὑπῆλθες ἐν λόγοισιν. 460
πῶς ἂν σ᾽ ἑπανείσαμεν οὕτως ὁπερ ἡδόμεσθα; ΠΑ.

ταυτὶ μὰ τὴν Δῆμητρά μ᾽ οὐκ ἐλάθανεν  ἂλλ᾽ ἡπιστάμην
τεκτανόμενα τὰ πράγματ᾽, ἀλλ᾽ ἡπιστάμην
γομφούμεν ἀυτὰ πάντα καὶ κολλώμενα.

ΧΟ. οἴμοι, σὺ δ᾽ οὐδὲν ἐξ ἁμαξουργοῦ λέγεις;

ΑΛ. οὐκουν μ᾽ ἐν Ἀργείᾳ γ᾽ οἶα πρᾶττει λαμπάνει. 465
πρόφασιν μὲν Ἀργείους φίλους ἦμων ποιεῖ,
ἐφ᾽ ἑκεῖ Λακεδαιμονίως ἔνδοξενεται.

καὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἐφ᾽ οὐσίν ἐστὶ συμφυσώμενα
ἔγουδ᾽. ἐπὶ γὰρ τοῖς δεδεμένοις χαλκεύται.

ΧΟ. εὖ γ᾽ εὖ γε, χάλκευ᾽ ἀντὶ τῶν κολλωμένων. 470

ΑΛ. καὶ ἔσορποτοῦσιν ἄνδρες αὐτ᾽ ἐκεῖθεν αὖ,
καὶ ταῦτα μ᾽ οὔτ᾽ ἀργύριον οὔτε χρυσίον
δὸς ἀναπείσεις, οὔτε προσπέμπων φίλους,
ὧς ἐγὼ ταῦτ᾽ οὐκ Ἀθηναίοις φράσεω.

ΠΑ. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν αὐτίκα μάλ᾽ εἰς βουλὴν ἱὼν
heimerαπάντων τὰς ἐνυμοσίας ἔρω,
καὶ τὰς ἐνυμόδους τὰς νυκτερινὰς ἐν τῇ πόλει,
καὶ πάνθ᾽ ἡ Μήδους καὶ βασιλεῖ ἐνυμίνυτε,
καὶ τὰκ Βουωτῶν ταῦτα συντυρούμενα.

ΑΛ. πῶς οὖν ὁ τυρὸς ἐν Βωιωτῶι ἀνίος; 480
ΠΑ. ἐγώ σε νῇ τὸν Ἡρακλέα παραστόρω.
ΧΟ. ἀγε δὴ σὺ τίνα νοῦν ἡ τίνα γνῶμην ἔχεις;
νυνὶ διδαξεῖς, εἴπερ ἀπεκρύψω τότε

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*a A thirty years' truce between Sparta and Argos was running out; both Sparta and Athens were now bidding for the Argive support.

*b The process for treason was impeachment before the Council, ἐσαγγελία.

*c Demosthenes was intriguing with Boeotian cities to establish democracy there, Thuc. iv. 76. Cheese was an important product of Bocotia.

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THE KNIGHTS, 459–483

How well and with what varied skill
thou foil’st him in debate!
O would that I could praise you so,
as our delight is great.

PAPH. Now, by Demeter, it escaped me not
That these same plots were framing; well I knew
How they were pegged, and fixed, and glued together.

CHOR. O, me!
(To S.S.) Can’t you say something from the cartwright’s trade?

S.S. These Argos doings have escaped me not.
He goes, he says, to make a friend of Argos,
But ’tis with Sparta he’s colloquing there.
Aye and I know the anvil whereupon
His plan is forged: ’tis welded on the captives.

CHOR. Good! good! return him welding for his glue.

S.S. And men from thence are hammering at it too.
And not by bribes of silver or of gold
Or sending friends, will you persuade me not
To tell the Athenians how you are going on.

PAPH. I’ll go this instant to the Council-board,
And all your vile conspiracies denounce,
And all your nightly gatherings in the town,
And how you plotted with the Medes and King,
And all your cheese-pressed doings in Boeotia.

S.S. Pray, how’s cheese selling in Boeotia now?

PAPH. I’ll stretch you flat, by Heracles I will. [Exit

CHOR. Now then, what mean you? what are you going to do?
Now shall you show us if in very truth
ARISTOPHANES

eis tā koxówa tò kreira, ós autós légeis. 485
theúsai gar ázás eis tò bouleutērimon,
òs oútos eispestóvn ékeínei diabalei
ημᾶς ἀπαντας καὶ κραγὸν κεκράζεται.

ΑΛ. ἀλλ' εἴμι· πρῶτον δ', ós ἔχω, τὰς κοιλιὰς
καὶ τὰς μαχαίρας ἑνθαδὶ καταθήσομαι.

ΔΗ. ἐχε νῦν, ἄλειψον τὸν τράχηλον τοιτῷ,
ἐν ἑξολισθάνειν δύνη τὰς διαβολὰς.

ΑΛ. ἀλλ' εὗ λέγεις καὶ παιδοτριβικῶς τανταγί.

ΔΗ. ἐχε νῦν, ἐπέγκαψον λαβὼν ταδί.

ΑΛ. τί δαί;

ΔΗ. ἵν' ἄμεινον, ὡ τᾶν, ἐσκοροδισμένος μάχη.
καὶ σπεῦδε ταχέως.

ΔΗ. μέμνησό νῦν 495
dáknev, diabálleiv, toûs lópous katésbheiv,
χώπως tâ kállai' ἀποφαγῶν ἡξεις πάλιν.

ΧΟ. ἀλλ' ἵθι χαίρων, καὶ πράξειας
κατὰ νοῦν τὸν ἵμων, καὶ σε φυλάττοι
Zeús ἄγοραῖος· καὶ νυκήσας
αὐθίς ἐκείθεν πάλιν ὡς ἡμᾶς
ἐλθοὺς στεφάνοις κατάπαστος.

υμεῖς δ' ἡμῖν πρόσχετε τὸν νοῦν
toûs τ' ἀναπαίνοις, ὡ παντοῖας
ἡδὴ Μοῦσης
πειραθέντες καθ' ἑαυτούς.

a The Scholiast says that he gives him lard; but perhaps it is a draught of wine, 493. The garlic was to prime him like a fighting cock.
170
THE KNIGHTS, 484–506

You stole the meat and hid it as you said.
So to the Council-house you’ll run, for he
Will burst in thither, and against us all
Utter his lies and bawl a mighty bawl.

s.s. Well, I will go; but first I’ll lay me down
Here, as I am, these guts and butchers’-knives.

d.e. Here take this ointment and anoint your neck,\(^a\)
So can you slip more easily through his lies.\(^b\)

s.s. Well now, that’s good and trainer-like advice.

d.e. And next, take this and swallow it.

s.s. What for?

d.e. Why, if you are garlic-primed, you’ll fight
 much better.
And now begone.

s.s. I’m off.

d.e. And don’t forget
To peck, to lie, to gobble down his combs,
And bite his wattles off. That done, return.

chor. Good-bye and good speed: may your daring
 sueceed,
And Zeus of the Agora help you in need.\(^c\)
May you conquer in fight, and return to our
 sight
A Victor triumphant with garlands bedight.
But ye \(^d\) to our anapaests listen the while,
And give us the heed that is due,
Ye wits, who the Muse of each pattern and style
Yourselves have attempted to woo.

\(^a\) διαβολάς for διαλαβάς. So 496.
\(^b\) 498-99 come from Sophocles, according to the Scholiast.
\(^d\) Here the Chorus turns directly to the audience, and the Parabasis proper, 507-46, follows.
el mêν τις ἀνήρ τῶν ἀρχαίων κωμῳδοδιδάσκαλος ἕμâς ἡμάγκαζεν λέξοντας ἐπὶ πρὸς τὸ θέατρον παραβήναι, οὐκ ἀν φαύλως ἔτυχεν τούτου· νῦν δ' ἄξιός ἐσθ' ὁ ποιητής, ὅτι τοὺς αὐτοὺς ἦμῖν μισεῖ, τολμᾶ τε λέγειν τὰ δίκαια, διὰ καὶ γενναῖος πρὸς τὸν Τυφώ χωρεῖ καὶ τὴν ἐριώλην. α δὲ θαυμάζειν ὑμῶν φησιν πολλοὺς αὐτῷ προσίωντας, καὶ βασανίζειν, ὡς οὐχὶ πάλαι χορὸν αὐτοῆ καθ' ἑαυτόν, ἕμᾶς ἦμῖν εἴκελεν φράσαι περὶ τούτου. φησὶ γὰρ ἀνήρ οὐχ ὑπ' ἀνοίας τούτῳ πεπονθός διατρίβειν, ἀλλὰ νομίζων κωμῳδοδιδασκαλίαν εἶναι χαλεπώτατον ἔργον ἀπάντων· πολλῶν γὰρ δὴ πειρασάντων αὐτῆν ὀλίγοις χαρίσασθαι· ἕμâς τε πάλαι διαγυνώσκων ἐπετείους τὴν φύσιν ὄντας, καὶ τοὺς προτέρους τῶν ποιητῶν ἁμα τῷ γῆρα προ- διδόντας·

τούτῳ μὲν εἶδὼς ἄπαθε Μάγνης ἁμα ταῖς πολιάς κατ- 

ιούσαις,
If one of the old-fashioned Comedy-bards
had our services sought to impress,
And make us before the spectators appear,
to deliver the public address,
He would not have easily gained us; but now,
with pleasure we grant the request
Of a poet who ventures the truth to declare,
and detests what we also detest,
And against the Tornado and Whirlwind, alone,
with noble devotion advances.

But as for the question that puzzles you most,
so that many inquire how it chances
That he never a Chorus had asked for himself,
or attempted in person to vie, a
On this we’re commissioned his views to explain,
and this is the Poet’s reply;
That ’twas not from folly he lingered so long,
but discerning by shrewd observation
That Comedy-Chorus-instruction is quite
the most difficult thing in creation.
For out of the many who courted the Muse
she has granted her favours to few,
While e’en as the plants that abide but a year,
so shifting and changeful are you;
And the Poets who flourished before him, he saw,
ye were wont in their age to betray.
Observing the treatment which Magnes b received
when his hair was besprinkled with grey,
ARISTOPHANES

δὲ πλείστα χορῶν τῶν ἀντιπάλων νίκης ἑστησε τρο-παιά:

πάσας δ' ὑμῖν φωνὰς ίείς καὶ ψάλλων καὶ πτερνικων καὶ λυδίων καὶ ψηνίων καὶ βαπτόμενος βατραχείως οὐκ ἐξήρκεσεν, ἀλλὰ τελευτῶν ἐπὶ γῆρως, οὐ γὰρ ἐφ' ἢβης,

ἐξεβλήθη πρεσβύτης ὁν, ὅτι τοῦ σκώπτειν ἀπελεύθη· εἰτὰ Κρατίνου μεμνημένος, δὲ πολλῷ δεύσας ποτ' ἐπαίνῳ διὰ τῶν ἄφελῶν πεδίων ἔρρει, καὶ τῆς στάσεως παρα-σύρων

ἔφορε ηῶς ὅ καὶ τᾶς πλατάνους καὶ τοὺς ἐχθροὺς προβελύμονος·

ἀσαι δ' οὐκ ὡς ἐν ἔμμοποσίῳ πλήν, Δωροὶ συκοπέδιλε, καὶ, Τέκτονες εὐπαλάμων ύμινον οὔτως ἤμησεν ἐκεῖνος. ἵνα δ' ὑμεῖς αὐτὸν ὀρῶντες παραληροῦντ' οὐκ ἔλεειτε, ἐκπιπτοσίων τῶν ἠλέκτρων, καὶ τοῦ τόνου οὐκ ἔτ' ἐν-όντος,

τῶν θ' ἄρμονῶν διαχασκοῦσών· ἀλλὰ γέρων ὁν περι-έρρει,

ὡσπέρ Κοῦνας, στέφανον μὲν ἔχων αὐν, δを見つけ δ' ἀπ-ολωλῶς,

---

a Cratinus, another writer of comedies, now in his old age a toper and despised. He won the second place in this contest with The Satyrs. Next year he was again second to A., with the Χειμαχόμενοι, The Storm-tossed; and the year following he was first with Ηυτίνη, The Flagon, A. being third with The Clouds.

b Songs of Cratinus from the Eunidae, a play full of parodies.
Than whom there was none more trophies had won
in the fields of dramatic display.
All voices he uttered, all forms he assumed,
the Lydian, the fig-piercing Fly,
The Harp with its strings, the Bird with its wings,
the Frog with its yellow-green dye.
Yet all was too little; he failed in the end,
when the freshness of youth was gone by,
And at last in his age he was hissed from the stage
when lost was his talent for jeering.
Then he thought of Cratinus who flowed through the plains
'mid a tumult of plaudits and cheering;
And sweeping on all that obstructed his course,
with a swirl from their stations he tore them,
Oaks, rivals, and planes; and away on his flood
uprooted and prostrate he bore them.
And never a song at a banquet was sung
but Doro fig-sandaled and true,
Or Framers of terse and artistical verse,
such a popular poet he grew.
Yet now that he drivels and dotes in the streets,
and Time of his ambers has reft him,
And his framework is gaping asunder with age,
and his strings and his music have left him,
No pity ye show; no assistance bestow;
but allow him to wander about
Like Connas, with coronal withered and sere,
and ready to perish with drought;

“St. Bribitt with shoes of blackmail,” recalls hymns to some
goddess χρυσοπέδιλος, “with golden sandals.”
The Scholiast says Connas was “a flute-player and drunkard
who used to go from feast to feast garlanded, and after winning
many victories at Olympia, fell into poverty.” The line em-
bodies a proverb, Δελφὸς ἀνήρ, στέφανων μὲν ἔχων, διψει δ’ ἀπολωλώς,
used of persons sacrificing while themselves in want.
ARISTOPHANES

δὲν χρῆν διὰ τὰς πρωτέρας νίκας πίνειν ἐν τῷ Πρυ- 
tανείῳ,
καὶ μὴ ληρέων, ἀλλὰ θεᾶσθαι λυπαρὸν παρὰ τῷ Διονύσῳ. 
οὔς δὲ Κράτης ὄργας ὑμῶν ἤνεχετο καὶ στυφελιγμοὺς. 
ός ἀπὸ σμικρᾶς δαπάνης ὑμᾶς ἀριστίζων ἀπέπεμπεν, 
ἀπὸ κραμβοτάτου στόματος μάττων ἀστειοτάτας ἐπι-
νοιας.
χοῦτος μέντοι μόνος ἀντήρκει, τότε μὲν πίπτων, τότε 
δ' οὐχὶ.
ταῦτ' ὄρρωδὼν διέτριβεν ἀεὶ, καὶ πρὸς τούτοις ἐφασκεν 
ἐρέτην χρῆναι πρῶτα γενέσθαι, πρὶν πηδαλίους ἐπι-
χειρεῖν,
κατ' ἐντεῦθεν πρωρατεῦσαι καὶ τοὺς ἀνέμους διαθρῆσαι, 
κατα κυβερνᾶν αὐτὸν ἑαυτῷ. τούτων οὖν οὐνεκα πάντων,
ὅτι σωφρονίκως κούκ ἀνοήτως ἐσπηδήσας ἐφλυάρει, 
ἀἱρεσθ' αὐτῷ πολὺ τὸ ῥόθιον, παραπέμψατ' ἐφ' ἐνδεκα 
κόπαις

θάρυμβον χρηστῶν λημαίτην,
ἳν' ὁ ποιητής ἀπίη χαίρων,
κατὰ νοῦν πράξας,
φαιδρὸς λάμποντι μετώπῳ.

---

\[a\] A variation on the δεπνεῖν ἐν τῷ Πρυτανείῳ, "to dine in the Prytaneum," the reward for distinguished public service.

\[b\] His statue being placed in the theatre during the plays.

\[c\] Crates, like Magnes, was dead at this time. His subjects foreshadowed the New Comedy of manners.
Who ought for his former achievements to drink
in the Hall, nor be laid on the shelf,
But to sit in the Theatre shining and bright,
beside Dionysus himself.

And then he remembered the stormy rebuffs
which Crates endurred in his day;
Who a little repast at a little expense
would provide you, then send you away;
Who the daintiest little devices would cook
from the driest of mouths for you all;
Yet he, and he only held out to the end,
now standing, now getting a fall.
So in fear of these dangers he lingered; besides,
a sailor, he thought, should abide
And tug at the oar for a season, before
he attempted the vessel to guide;
And next should be stationed awhile at the prow,
the winds and the weather to sean;
And then be the Pilot, himself for himself.

So seeing our Poet began
In a mood so discreet, nor with vulgar conceit
rushed headlong before you at first,
Loud surges of praise to his honour upraise;
salute him, all hands, with a burst

Of hearty triumphant Lenaean applause,
That the bard may depart, all radiant and bright
To the top of his forehead with joy and delight,
Having gained, by your favour, his cause.

\[d\] "With eleven oars a side": a phrase not understood. The explanations given are mere guesses.

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ARISTOPHANES

ιππί' ἀναξ Πόσειδον, ὦ
χαλκοκρότων ἱππῶν κτύπος
καὶ χρεμετισμὸς ἀνδάνει,
καὶ κυνάμβολοι θοαί
μισθοφόροι τριήρεις,
μειρακίων θ' ἀμιλλὰ λαμ-
πρυνομένων ἐν ἀρμασὶν
καὶ βαρυδαμονοῦντων,
δεῦρ' ἔλθ' ἐς χορόν, ὦ χρυσοτρίαιν', ὦ
δελφίνων μεδέων, Σουνιάρατε,
ὁ Γεραίστικοι παῖ Κρόνου,
· Φορμίωνι τε ψίλτατ', ἐκ
tῶν ἄλλων τε θεῶν Ἀθη-
ναίοις πρὸς τὸ παρεστός.

εὐλογήσαι βουλόμεσθα τοὺς πατέρας ἡμῶν, οτι 565
ἀνδρεῖς ἴσαν τήδε τῆς γῆς άξιοι καὶ τοῦ πέπλου,
oἵτινες πεξαῖς μάχαισιν ἐν τε ναυφράκτων στρατῶν
πανταχοῦ νικώντες ἀεὶ τῆν έκόσμησαν πόλιν,
oὔ γάρ οὐδεὶς πώποτ' αὐτῶν τοὺς ἐναντίον ἑδών
ηρίθμησεν, ἀλλ' ο θυμὸς εὐθὺς ἤν ἀμυνίας.

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a Geraestus, S.W. of Euboea, where was a temple of P.; Sunium, S. of Attica.
b Phormio, the Athenian naval commander, distinguished for courage, honesty, and patriotism, and a popular hero. See Thuc. ii. 68-69 on a late victory of his. He seems to have been dead at this time.
c An embroidered robe, raised like a sail upon the mast
THE KNIGHTS, 551-570

Dread Poseidon, the Horseman’s King,
Thou who loveth the brazen clash,
Clash and neighing of warlike steeds;
Pleased to watch where the trireme speeds
Purple-beaked, to the oar’s long swing,
Winning glory (and pay); but chief
Where bright youths in their chariots flash
Racing (coming perchance to grief);
Cronus’s son,
Throned on Geraestus and Sunium a bold,
Swaying thy dolphins with trident of gold,
Come, O come, at the call of us;
Dearest to Phormio b thou,
Yea and dearest to all of us,
Dearest to all of us now.

Let us praise our mighty fathers,
men who ne’er would quake or quail,
Worthy of their native country,
worthy of Athene’s veil c;
Men who with our fleets and armies
everywhere the victory won,
And adorned our ancient city
by achievements nobly done.
Never stayed they then to reckon
what the numbers of the foe,
At the instant that they saw him,
all their thought was At him go d!

of a ship, which was carried through the city at the great Panathenaea, and dedicated to Athena Polias on the Acropolis. The Knights took part in the procession, and are so represented on the Parthenon frieze. See 1180, B. 827.

a The word, which happens also to be a proper name, is used as an epithet according to its verbal meaning.

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ARISTOPHANES

εἰ δὲ ποιν πέσουεν ἐς τὸν ὁμον ἐν μάχη τινί,
tοῦτ' ἀπεφήσαντ' ἄν, εἰτ' ἤρνοντο μὴ πεπτωκέναι,
ἀλλὰ διεπάλαιον αὖθις. καὶ στρατηγὸς οὖν ἂν ἔς
τὸν πρὸ τοῦ σίτησιν ἤτησ ἐρόμενος Κλεάνετον
νόν δ' ἕαν μὴ προεδρίαν φέρωσι καὶ τὰ σιτία,
οὐ μαχεῖσθαι φασίν. ἡμεῖς δ' ἄξιοὺμεν τῇ πόλει
προῖκα γενναίως ἄμυνεν καὶ θεοῖς ἐγχωρίοις.
καὶ πρὸς οὖκ αὐτοῦμεν οὐδέν, πλὴν τοσοῦτοι μόνον·
ἡν ποτ' εἰρήνη γένηται καὶ πόνων παυσώμεθα,
μὴ φθονεῖθ' ἡμῖν κομῶσι μηδ' ἀπεστλεγγυσμένοις.

ὁ πολιοῦχε Παλλᾶς, ὥ
τῆς ἱερωτάτης ἀπα-
σῶν, πολέμῳ τε καὶ ποιη-
taῖς δυνάμει θ' ὑπερφεροῦ-
σης μεδέουσα χώρας,
δεῦρ' ἄφικοι λαβοῦσα τὴν
ἐν στρατιὰς τε καὶ μάχαις
ἡμετέραν ξυνεργοῦν

Νίκην, ἦ χορικῶν ἐστιν ἔταιρα,
toῖς τ' ἔχθροισι μεθ' ἡμῶν στασιάζει.
If they e’er in desperate struggling
on their shoulder chanced to fall,
Quick they wiped away the dust-mark,
swore they ne’er were thrown at all,
Closed again in deadly grapple.
None of all our generals brave
Then had stooped a public banquet
from Cleaenetus\(^a\) to crave.
Now unless ye grant them banquets,
grant precedence as their right,
They will fight no more, they tell you.
\(\text{Our} \) ambition is to fight
Freely for our Gods and country,
as our fathers fought before,
No reward or pay receiving;
asking this and nothing more,
When returning Peace shall set us
free from all our warlike toil,
Grudge us not our flowing ringlets,\(^b\)
grudge us not our baths and oil.

\begin{verse}
Holy Pallas, our guardian Queen,
Ruling over the holiest land,
Land poetic, renowned, and strong,
First in battle and first in song,
Land whose equal never was seen,
Come to prosper our Choral band!
Bring thou with thee the Maiden bright,
Her who greets us in every fight,
\(\text{Victory}^c\)!
\end{verse}

She in the choir-competition abides with us,
Always against our antagonists sides with us.

\(^c\) The statue of Athene by Pheidias bore Victory in her hand.
ARISTOPHANES

νῦν οὖν δεῦρο φάνηθι. δεῖ
γὰρ τοῖς ἀνδράσι τοῖσδε πά-
σῃ τέχνη πορίσαι σε νί-
κην εἴπερ ποτὲ καὶ νῦν.

ἀξίων τοῖσιν ἱπποῖσι, Βουλόμεσθ' ἐπανέσαι. 595
ἀξίων δ' εἴσ' εὐλογεῖσθαι: πολλὰ γὰρ δὴ πράγματα
ξυνδιήγεικαν μεθ' ἥμων, εἰσβολάς τε καὶ μάχας.
ἀλλὰ τὰν τῇ γῇ μὲν αὐτῶν οὐκ ἄγαν θαυμάζομεν,
όσ' ὅτ' εἰς τὰς ἱππαγωγοὺς εἰσεπήδων ἀνδρικῶς,
πρυμνεῖοι κώλωνας, οἱ δὲ καὶ σκόροδα καὶ κρόμ-
μινα. 600

εἴτα τὰς κώπας λαβόντες ὠσπερ ἥμεῖς οἱ βροτοὶ
ἐμβαλόντες ἀνεβρύαξαν, ἱππαπαί, τίς ἐμβαλεῖ;
ληπτέον μᾶλλον. τί δρῶμεν; οὐκ ἐλᾶς, ὡς σαμφόρα;
ἐξεπήδων τ' ἐσ' Κόρινθον: εἴτα δ' οἱ νεώτατοι
ταῖς ὀπλαῖς ὁρυττόν εὐνᾶς καὶ μετῆσαν στρώματα. 605
ἡσθιον δὲ τοὺς παγούρους ἀντὶ ποίας Μηδικῆς,
εἰ τις ἐξέρποι θύραζε, κακὸς βυθοῦ θηρώμενοι.
ὡστ' ἐφη Θέωρος εἴπειν καρκίνον Κορίνθιον.

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a A reference to the campaign of Nicias against Corinth in the year before: Thuc. iv. 42-45.
b ἱππαπαί, for the sailors' ῥυππαπαί (W. 909, F. 1073).
c Lit. "lucerne."
d Unknown: the Schol. says a poet.
Come, great Goddess, appear to us,
Now, if ever, we pray,
Bring thou victory dear to us,
Crown thine Horsemen to-day.

What we witnessed with our horses
we desire to eulogize.a

Worthy they of praise and honour!

many a deed of high emprise,

Many a raid and battle-onset
they with us have jointly shared.

Yet their feats ashore surprise not,
with their feats afloat compared,

When they bought them cans and garlic,
bought them strings of onions too,

Leapt at once aboard the transports,
all with manful hearts and true,

Took their seats upon the benches,
dipped their oar-blades in the sea,

Pulled like any human beings,
neighing out their Hippapae b

Pull my hearties, pull your strongest,
don't be shirking, Sigma-brand.

Then they leapt ashore at Corinth,
and the youngest of the band

Hollowed with their hoofs their couches
or for bedding searched about.

And they fed on crabs, for clover,c

Or detected any lurking
in the Ocean's deepest bed,

Till at length a crab of Corinth,
so Theorus d tells us, said:

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ARISTOPHANES

δεινά γ’, ὃ Πόσειδον, εἴ μήτ’ ἐν βυθῷ δυνήσομαι, 
μήτε γῆ μήτ’ ἐν θαλάττῃ, διαφυγεῖν τους ἱππέας. 610

χο. ὃ φίλτατ’ ἀνδρῶν καὶ νεανικῶτατε,
δόμην ἀπὸν παρέσχες ἡμῖν φροντίδα·
καὶ νῦν ἐπειδὴ σῶς ἐλήλυθας πάλιν,
ἀγγειλον ἡμῖν πῶς τὸ πράγμ’ ἡγωνίσω.

Α. τί δ’ ἄλλο γ’ εἰ μὴ Νικόβουλος ἐγενόμην; 615

χο. νῦν ἄρ’ ἀξίων γε πᾶσιν ἑστιν ἐπολολύξαι.

[στφ]

οὐ καλὰ λέγων, πολὺ δ’ ἀ-
μείνον’ ἐτὶ τῶν λόγων
ἐργασάμεν’, εἰδ’ ἐπέλ-
θοις ἀπαντά μοι σαφῶς·
ὡς ἐγώ μοι δοκῶ
κἂν μακρὰν ὁδὸν διελθεῖν
ὡς’ ἀκοῦσαι. πρὸς τάδ’, ὡ βέλ-
tιστε, θαρρῆσας λέγ’, ὡς ἀ-
παντες ἰδόμεσθα σοι.

Α. καὶ μὴν ἀκοῦσαι γ’ ἄξιον τῶν πραγμάτων.

εὐθὺς γὰρ αὐτοῦ κατόπιν ἐνθένδ’ ἕμην·
ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ ἑνδον ἐλασίβροντ’ ἀναρρηγνύς ἐπὴ
tερατεύμονεος ἥρειδε κατὰ τῶν ἱππέων,
κρημνοῦς ἐρείδων καὶ ἐξωμότας λέγων
πιθανώτατ’ ἡ βοηλὶ δ’ ἀπασ’ ἀκρωμένη
ἐγένεθ’ ὑπ’ αὐτοῦ ἰευδατραφάξους πλέα, 630

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a i.e. “I am literally Nicobulus,” which was an Athenian name.
b This passage parodies the style of a tragic messenger’s speech.
THE KNIGHTS, 609–630

Hard it is, my Lord Poseidon,
if the Knights we cannot flee
Even in the depths of Ocean, anywhere by land or sea.

[Enter the Sausage-Seller

chor. Dearest of men, my lustiest, trustiest friend,
Good lack! how anxious has your absence made us!
But now that safe and sound you are come again,
Say what has happened, and how went the fight.
s.s. How else but thus? The Council-victor I.  

chor. Now may we, joyous, raise the song of sacred praise.
Fair the words you speak, but fairer
Are the deeds you do.
Far I'd go, This I know,
But to hear them through.
Now then tell us all the story,
All that, where you went, befell;
Fearless be, Sure that we
All delight in all you tell.

s.s. Aye and 'tis worth the hearing. When behind him
I reached the Council-chamber, there was he
Crashing and dashing, hurling at the Knights
Strange wonder-working thunder-driving words,
Calling them all, with all-persuading force,
Conspirators! And all the Council, hearing,
Grew full of lying orach  at his talk,

  Orach grows at a great pace; the hearers' minds are as quickly filled with Cleon's lies.
καβλεθε ναπυ, καὶ τὰ μέτωπ᾽ ἀνέσπασεν.  
κάγωγ' ὁτε δὴ 'γνων ἐνδεχομένην τοὺς λόγους  
καὶ τοῖς φενακισμοῖς ἔξαπατώμενην,  
ἀγε δὴ Σκίταλοι καὶ Φένακες, ἢν δ' ἐγώ,  
Βερέσχεθοι τε καὶ Κόβαλοι καὶ Μόθων,  
ἀγορά τ', ἐν ἦ παῖς ὄν ἐπαιδεύθην ἐγώ,  
νῦν μοι θράσος καὶ γλώτταν εὑροῦν δότε  
φωνήν τ' ἀναίδη. ταῦτα φροντίζοντι μοι  
ἐκ δεξιὰς ἀπέπαρπε καταπύγων ἄνηρ.  
κάγω προσέκυσα: καῖτα τῷ πρωκτῷ θενῶν  
τὴν κιγκλίδ' ἕξηράξα, κάναρανών μέγα  
ἀνέκραγον: ὁ βουλή, λόγους ἀγαθοὺς φέρων  
eὐαγγελίσασθαι πρῶτον ὑμῖν βουλομαι:  
ἐξ οὗ γὰρ ἦμιν ὁ πόλεμος κατερράγη,  
oὐπώποτ' ἀφύας εἶδον ἄξιωτέρας.  
ὁ δ' εὐθέως τὰ πρόσωπα διεγαλήνυσαν:  
eἴτ' ἐστεφάνου μ' εὐαγγέλια: κάγω ἥφρασα  
αὐτοῖς ἀπόρρητου ποιησάμενος, ταχύ,  
ἲνα τὰς ἀφύας ὀνοὺντο πολλὰς τοῦβολού,  
tῶν δημιουργῶν συλλαβεῖν τὰ τρύβλια.  
ὁ δ' ἀνεκρότησαν καὶ πρὸς ἐμ' ἐκεχήρεσαν.  
ὁ δ' ὑπονοήσας, ὁ Παφλαγών, εἰδὼς θ' ἅμα  
oῖς ἤθελ' ἡ βουλή μάλιστα ῥήμασιν,  
γνώμην ἔλεξεν· ἀνδρὲς, ἢδη μοι δοκεῖ  
ἐπὶ συμφοράς ἀγαθαῖσι εἰσηγγελμέναις  
eὐαγγέλια θ' εἴειν ἐκατὸν βοῦς τῇ θεῷ.  
ἐπένευσέν εἰς ἐκεῖνον ἡ βουλή πάλιν.  
κάγωγ' ὁτε δὴ 'γνων τοῖς βολίτοις ἦττημένος,  
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THE KNIGHTS, 631–658

Wore mustard looks, and puckered up their brows. So when I saw them taking in his words,
Gulled by his knavish tricks, Ye Gods, said I,
Ye Gods of knavery, Skitals, and Phenaces,
And ye Beresceths, Cobals, Mothon, and
Thou Agora, whence my youthful training came,
Now give me boldness and a ready tongue
And shameless voice! And as I pondered thus,
I heard a loud explosion on my right,
And made my reverence; then I dashed apart
The railing-wicket, opened wide my mouth,
And cried aloud, O Council, I have got
Some lovely news which first I bring to you.
For never, never, since the War broke out,
Have I seen pilchards cheaper than to-day.
They calmed their brows and grew serene at once,
And crowned me for my news; and I suggested,
Bidding them keep it secret, that forthwith,
To buy these pilchards, many for a penny,
'Twere best to seize the cups in all the shops.
They clapped their hands, and turned agape to me.
But Paphlagon perceived, and well aware
What kind of measures please the Council best,
Proposed a resolution; Sirs, quoth he,
I move that for these happy tidings brought,
One hundred beeves be offered to Athene.
The Council instantly inclined to him.
So, overpowered with cow-dung, in a triee

\[a\] Goblin names; nothing is known of Σκ. or Βερ., but
Φένακες means spirits of treachery, Κόβαλος, of vulgar im-
pudence, Μόθωρες, of drunkenness and bestiality: cf. the
English goblins, Flibbertigibbet, Fillpotts, Obidicut, Hob-
bididence.

\[b\] A sneeze on the right was lucky, and was greeted by a
reverence.
διηκοσίηςι βουσίν ὑπερηκόντισα·
ή δ' Ἀγροτέρα κατὰ χιλιῶν παρῆμεσα
εὐχὴν ποιήσασθαι χιμάρων εἰσαύριον,
αἵ τριχίδες εἰ γενοῦνθ' ἐκατον τοῦβολοῦ.
ἐκαραδόκησεν εἰς ἔμ' ἡ βουλή πάλιν.
ὁ δὲ ταῦτ' ἀκοῦσας ἐκπλαγεῖς ἐφληνάφα.
κἂν εἶλκοι αὐτὸν ὦι πρυτάνεις χοὶ τοξόται. 
οὶ δ' ἐθορύβουν περὶ τῶν ἀφύων ἔστηκότες.
ὁ δ' ἠντιβόλει γ' αὐτοὺς ὅλιγον μεῖναι χρόνον,
ἵν' ἀτθ' ὁ κήπῳς οὐκ Ῥακεδαίμωνος λέγει
πῦθησθ' ἀφίκται γὰρ περὶ σπονδῶν, λέγων.
οἱ δ' ἐκ ἐνὸς στόματος ἀπαντεῖν ἀνέκραγον.
νῦν περὶ σπονδῶν; ἐπειδὴ γ', ὡς ἐλε,
ἡμοῦντο τὰς ἀφύας παρ' ἡμῖν ἀξίας;
οὐ δεόμεθα σπονδῶν· ὁ πόλεμος ἐρπέτω.
ἐκεκράγεσαν τοῖς πρυτάνεις ἄφιέναι.
ἐἰδ' ὑπερεπήδων τοὺς δρυφάκτους πανταχῆ.
ἔγω δὲ τὰ κορίαν' ἐπριάμην ὑποδραμῶν
ἀπαντα ταὐ τὰ γῆτει' ὅσ' ἦν ἐν τάγορα.
ἐπειτα ταῖς ἀφύαις ἐδίδουν ἡδύσματα
ἀπορόδουν αὐτοῖς προῖκα, κάχαριζόμην.
οἱ δ' ὑπερεπήδων ὑπερεπύππαξον τέ με
ἀπαντεῖν ὡτις ὅστε τὴν βουλὴν ὅλην
ὄβολον κοριάννους ἀναλαβῶν ἔλήλυθα.

XO. πάντα τοι πέπραγας οἰα χρὴ τὸν εὔτυχοῦντα· [ἀντ

There was a temple of Athena Huntress on the Ilissus, where 500 goats were sacrificed yearly in memory of Marathon.

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I overshot him with two hundred beeves.
And vow, said I, to slay to-morrow morn,
If pilchards sell one hundred for an obol,
A thousand she-goats to our huntress Queen.
Back came their heads, expectantly, to me.
He, dazed at this, went babbling idly on;
So then the Prytanes and the Archers seized him.
And they stood up, and raved about the pilchards;
And he kept begging them to wait awhile
And hear the tale the Spartan envoy brings;
He has just arrived about a peace, shrieked he.
But all the Council with one voice exclaimed,
What! now about a peace? No doubt, my man,
Now they've heard pilchards are so cheap at Athens!
We want no truces; let the War go on!
With that, Dismiss us, Prytanes! shouted they;
And overleaped the railings everywhere.
And I slipped out, and purchased all the leeks
And all the coriander in the market;
And as they stood perplexed, I gave them all
Of my free bounty garnish for their fish.
And they so praised and purred about me, that
With just one obol's worth of coriander
I've all the Council won, and here I am.

CHOR. What rising men should do
Has all been done by you
He, the rascal, now has met a
Bigger rascal still,

b Scythian archers were the Athenian police.
ARISTOPHANES

καὶ δόλουι ποικίλοις,
ῥήμασιν θ' αἰμύλοις.
ἀλλ' ὁπως ἀγωνιεὶ φρόν-
tίζε τάπιλοιπ', ὀριστα:
συμμάχους δ' ἦμᾶς ἐχον εὗ-
νους ἐπίστασαι πάλαι.

ἈΛ. καὶ μήν ὁ Παφλαγών οὕτωσι προσέρχεται,
ωθῶν κολόκυμα καὶ ταράττων καὶ κυκών,
ὡς δὴ καταπιόμενός με. μορμῶ τοῦ θράσους.

ΠΑ. εἰ μὴ σ' ἀπολέσαιμ', εἰ τι τῶν αὐτῶν ἐμοὶ
ยวυδ' ἐνείη, διαπέσουμι πανταχι.

ἈΛ. ἣσθην ἀπειλᾶς, ἐγέλασα ψολοκομπίαις,
ἀπεπυδάρσα μόθωνα, περιεκόκκυσα.

ΠΑ. οὐ τοι μὰ τὴν Δήμητρ', ἐὰν μὴ σ' ἐκφάγω
ἐκ τῆς τῆς γῆς, οὐδέποτε βιώσομαι.

ἈΛ. ἣν μὴ 'κφάγης; ἐγὼ δ' ἡγ', ἣν μὴ σ' ἐκτιώ,
κατ' ἐκροφήσας αὐτὸς ἐπιδιαρραγώ.

ΠΑ. ἀπολῶ σε νη την προεδρίαν την ἐκ Πύλου.

ἈΛ. ὅθεν προεδρίαν' οἴνον ὕψομαι σ' ἐγὼ
ἐκ τῆς προεδρίας ἔσχατον θεώμενον.

ΠΑ. ἐν τῷ ἄνω δήσω σε νη τον οὐρανόν.

ἈΛ. ὡς ὀξύθυμοις. φέρε τι σοι δῶ καταφαγεῖν;
ἐπὶ τῷ φάγοις ἥδιστ' ἂν; ἐπὶ βαλλαντίω;

ΠΑ. ἔξαρπάσωμαι σοι τοῖς ὁνυξὶ τάντερα.

ἈΛ. ἀπονυχὼ σοι τὰν Πρυτανεῖω σιτία.

ΠΑ. ἐλξω σε πρὸς τὸν δήμου, ἵνα δῶς μοι δίκην.

ἈΛ. καγὼ δ' σ' ἐλξω καὶ διαβαλὼ πλεῖονα.

ΠΑ. ἀλλ', ὦ πόνηρε, σοι μὲν οὐδὲν πείθεται.

a i.e. “to swallow me up,” a sense which καταπίνω commonly bears.

b προεδρία, a front seat in the theatre, was often awarded as an honour for public service.

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THE KNIGHTS, 686-712

Full of guile Plot and wile,
    Full of knavish skill.
Mind you carry through the conflict
In the same undaunted guise.
Well you know Long ago
We're your faithful true allies.

s.s. See here comes Paphlagon, driving on before him
    A long ground-swell, all fuss and fury, thinking
To drink me up.a Boh! for your impudent bluster.

PAPH. O if I've any of my old lies left,
    And don't destroy you, may I fall to bits!

s.s. I like your threats; I'm wonderfully tickled
    To hear you fume; I skip and cuckoo around you.

PAPH. O by Demeter, if I eat you not
    Out of the land, I'll never live at all.

s.s. You won't? Nor I, unless I drink you up,
    And swill you up, and burst myself withal.

PAPH. I'll crush you, by my Pylus-won precedence.b

s.s. Precedence, is it? I'm in hopes to see you
    In the last tier, instead of here in front.

PAPH. By Heaven, I'll clap you in the public stocks.

s.s. How fierce it's growing! what would it like to eat?
    What is its favourite dainty? Money-bags? c

PAPH. I'll tear your guts out with my nails, I will.

s.s. I'll scratch your Town Hall dinners out, I will.

PAPH. I'll hale you off to Demus; then you'll catch it.

s.s. Nay, I'll hale you, and then out-slander you.

PAPH. Alack, poor chap, he pays no heed to you,

a The Attic idiom is ἐσθένον ὄφων ἐπὶ σίτῳ, etc., the last being the main fare.
ARISTOPHANES

ἐγὼ δ' ἐκείνου καταγινώ γ' ὅσον θέλω.

Ἀλ. ὡς σφόδρα σὺ τὸν δήμον σεαυτοῦ νενόμικας.

ΠΑ. ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ αὐτὸν οἷς ψωμίζεται.

Ἀλ. καὶ ὥσπερ αἱ τίτθαι γε σιτίζεις κακῶς.

ΠΑ. καὶ νὴ Δι' ὑπὸ γε δεξιότητος τῆς ἐμῆς
dύναμαι ποιεῖν τὸν δήμον εὑρῦν καὶ στενῶν.

Ἀλ. χω πρωκτὸς. οὐμὸς τούτοις σοφίζεται.

ΠΑ. οὐκ, ὥγαθ', ἐν βουλῇ με δόξεις καθυβρίζαι.

Ἀλ. οὐδὲν κωλύει.

ΠΑ. Ὡ Δῆμε, δεῦρ' ἐξελθε.

Ἀλ. νὴ Δι', ὦ πάτερ.

ἐξελθε δὴ τ'.

ΠΑ. Ὁ Δημίδιον, ὁ φίλτατον,

ἐξελθ', ὃν εἰδῆς ὅτα περιυβρίζομαι.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τίνες οἱ βοῶντες; οὐκ ἄπιτ' ἀπὸ τῆς

θύρας;

τὴν εἰρεσιῶν μου κατεσπαράξατε.

τίς, ὁ Παφλαγὼν, ἀδικεῖ σε;

ΠΑ. διὰ σὲ τύπτομαι ὑπὸ τουτοὺς καὶ τῶν νεανίσκων.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τνή;

ΠΑ. ὑπὲρ φιλῶ σ', ὁ Δῆμ', ἐρασθής τ' εἰμὶ σός.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. σὺ δ' εἶ τίς ἔτεον;

Ἀλ. ἀντερασθής τουτοίς,

ἐρῶν πάλαι σου, βουλόμενος τέ σ' εὗ ποιεῖν.

a As nurses do for their children.
b An olive-branch decked out with wool and various
But I can fool him to my heart's content.

s.s. How sure you seem that Demus is your own!

PAPH. Because I know the titbits he prefers.

s.s. And feed him badly as the nurses do.

You chew, and pop a morsel in his mouth, But thrice as much you swallow down yourself.

PAPH. And I'm so dexterous-handed, I can make

Demus expand, and then contract again.

s.s. I can do that with many things, I trow.

PAPH. 'Twon't be like bearding me in the Council

now!

No, come along to Demus.

s.s. Aye, why not?

I'm ready; march; let nothing stop us now.

PAPH. O Demus, come out here.

s.s. O yes, by Zeus,

Come out, my father.

PAPH. Dearest darling Demus,

Come out, and hear how they're ill-treating

me!

DEMUS. What's all this shouting? go away, you

fellows.

You've smashed my harvest-garland all to

bits!

Who wrongs you, Paphlagon?

PAPHE. He, and these young men,

Keep beating me because of you.

DEMUS. Why so?

PAPH. Because I love you and adore you, Demus.

DEMUS. (To S.S.) And who are you?

s.s. A rival for your love.

Long have I loved, and sought to do you good,

harvest fruits, carried in the harvest procession and then

hung over the house door; W. 399.
ARISTOPHANES

ἄλλοι τε πολλοὶ καὶ καλοὶ τε κάγαθοί.
ἄλλ᾽ οὐχ οἶοι τ᾽ ἐσμὲν διὰ τούτον. σὺ γὰρ
ὁμοίοις εἰ τοῖς παιδὶ τοῖς ἐρωμένοις.
τοὺς μὲν καλοὺς τε κάγαθοὺς οὐ προσδέχει,
σαυτὸν δὲ λυχνίοπώλαιοι καὶ νευρορράφοις
καὶ σκυτοτόμους καὶ βυρσοπώλαιοιν δίδωσ.
πα. εὔ γὰρ ποιῶ τὸν δήμον.

α. εἰπέ νυν, τί δρῶν;
πα. ὁ τι; τὸν στρατηγὸν ύποδραμῶν, τοὺς ἐκ Πύλου,
πλεύσας ἐκεῖσε, τοὺς Δάκωνας ἤγαγον.

α. ἐγὼ δὲ περιπατῶν γ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ἐργαστηρίου
ἐβοντὸς ἐτέρου τὴν χύτραν ύψειόμην.

γα. καὶ μὴν ποιήσας αὐτίκα μάλ' ἐκκλησίαν,
ὡ Δήμ', ἢν εἴδης ὀπότεροι νῦν ἐστὶ σοι
ἐνυνύστερος, διάκρινον, ὑμν τούτον φιλῆς.

α. ναὶ ναὶ διάκρινον δῆτα, πλὴν μὴ 'ν τῇ πυκν.

ἀ. ὁμοίς. οὐκ ἂν καθιζοίμην ἐν ἄλλω χωρίῳ.
ἄλλ' εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν χρῆ παριέν' ἐς τῇ πυκνᾷ.

α. οἴμοι κακοδαίμον, ὡς ἀπόλωλ'. ὦ γὰρ γέρων
οἶκοι μὲν ἀνδρῶν ἐστὶ δεξιώτατος,
ὅταν δ' ἐπὶ ταυτησὶ καθῆται τῆς πέτρας,
κέχημεν ὀσπερ ἐμποδίζων ἱσχάδας.

χ. νῦν δῆ σε πάντα δεῖ κάλων ἐξείναι σεαυτοῦ,
καὶ λήμα θούριον φορεῖν καὶ λόγους ἀφύκτους,
ὅτοις τόνδ᾽ ὑπερβαλεῖ. ποικίλος γὰρ ἄνηρ

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a An allusion to Hyperbolus: 1315, C. 1065.
b πάρτ' ἐς τὸ πρόσθε was the formula of the Crier to summon citizens within the space purified for the sitting.
c The meaning is differently explained, but remains uncertain: stringing figs, playing at bob-fig, or treading figs into cases.
d Demus now takes his seat as the audience in the mimic Pnyx, and the orators take their places.
THE KNIGHTS, 735–758

With many another honest gentleman,
But Paphlagon won’t let us. You yourself,
Excuse me sir, are like the boys with lovers.
The honest gentlemen you won’t accept,
Yet give yourself to lantern-selling chaps, a
To sinew-stitchers, cobblers, aye and tanners.
PAPH. Because I am good to Demus.
s.s. Tell me how.
PAPH. ’Twas I slipped in before the general there
And sailed to Pylus, and brought back the
Spartans.
s.s. And I walked round, and from the workshop
stole
A mess of pottage, cooked by someone else.
PAPH. Come, make a full Assembly out of hand,
O Demus, do; then find which loves you best,
And so decide, and give that man your love.
s.s. O Demus, do. Not in the Pnyx however.
DEMUS. Aye, in the Pnyx, not elsewhere will I sit.
So forward all, move forward to the Pnyx. b
s.s. O luckless me, I’m ruined! The old fellow
Is, when at home, the brightest man alive;
But once he sits upon his rock, he moons
With open mouth, as one who gapes for figs. c

CHOR. d Now loosen every hawser, e

now speed your bark along,
And mind your soul is eager,
and mind your words are strong,
No subterfuge admitting;
the man has many a trick

* More accurately, loosen the ropes that hold up or reef the sail; a long rope is still used to loop up the corner of the sail in the Levant.

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ARISTOPHANES

κάκ τῶν ἀμηχάνων πόρους εὐμήχανος πορίζειν. πρὸς ταῦθ᾽ ὅπως ἐξεὶ πολὺς καὶ λαμπρὸς ἐς τὸν ἄνδρα.

ἀλλὰ φυλάσσοντο, καὶ πρὶν ἐκεῖνον προσκείσθαι σοι, πρότερον σὺ τοὺς δελφίνας μετεωρίζου καὶ τῇ ἁκατον παραβάλλου.

πα. τῇ μὲν δεσποίνῃ Ἁθηναίῃ, τῇ τῆς πόλεως μεδεύσῃ, εὐχομαι, εἰ μὲν περὶ τὸν δήμον τὸν Ἁθηναίων γεγένημαι βέλτιστος ἅνηρ μετὰ Λυσικλέα καὶ Κύνναν καὶ Σαλαβακχώ,

ὡςπερ νυνὶ μηδὲν δράσας δείπνεῖν ἐν τῷ Πρυτανείῳ. εἰ δὲ σὲ μισῶ καὶ μὴ περὶ σοῦ μάχομαι μόνος ἀντιβεβηκὼς, ἀπολοίμην καὶ διαπρισθεὶν κατατμηθεὶν τε λέπανα.

αλ. κάγωγ', ὦ Δῆμ', εἰ μὴ σε φιλῶ καὶ μὴ στέργω, κατατμηθεῖς ἐφοίμην ἐν περικομματίοις: κεῖ μὴ τοῦτοις πεποθᾶς,

ἐπὶ ταυταῖς κατακυνηθεὶς ἐν μυττωτῷ μετὰ τυροῦ, καὶ τῇ κρέαγρᾳ τῶν ὀρχιπέδων ἐλκοίμην ἐς Κεραμεικόν.

πα. καὶ πῶς ἀν ἐμοὶ μᾶλλον σε φιλῶν, ὦ Δῆμε, γένουτο πολίτης;

δὲ πρὸτα μὲν, ἥνικ' ἐβούλευόν σοι, χρήματα πλεῖστ ἀπέδειξα

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a Masses of lead or iron in the shape of fish, hung from the yards and dropped upon the enemy ship: Thuc. vii. 41. 2.

b See note on 132. Instead of “the best since Pericles and Themistocles,” he names a demagogue and two courtesans.

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From hopeless things, in hopeless times,
a hopeful course to pick.

Upon him with a whirlwind's force,
impetuous, fresh and quick.

But keep on his movements a watch; and be sure
that before he can deal you a blow,
You hoist to the mast your dolphins, and cast
your vessel alongside the foe.

To the Lady who over the city presides,
to our mistress Athene, I pray
If beyond all the rest I am stoutest and best,
in the service of Demus to-day,
Except Salabaccho, and Cynna the bold,
and Lysicles—then in the Hall
May I dine as of late at the cost of the State
for doing just nothing at all.

But O if I hate you, nor stride to the van
to protect you from woes and mishaps,
Then slay me, and flay me, and saw me to bits,
to be cut into martingale straps.

And I, if I love you not, Demus, am game
to be slaughtered by chopping and mincing,
And boiled in a sausage-meat pie; and if that is, you think, not entirely convincing,
Let me here, if you please, with a morsel of cheese,
upon this to a salad be grated,
Or to far Cerameicus be dragged through the streets
with my flesh-hook, and there be cremated.

O Demus, how can there be ever a man
who loves you as dearly as I?
When on me you relied your finances to guide,
your Treasury never was dry,

* The breast-bands fastening the yoke.
ἐν τῷ κοινῷ, τοὺς μὲν στρεβλῶν, τοὺς δὲ ἄγχων, τοὺς δὲ μετατάτων,
οὗ φροντιζὼν τῶν ἑδωτῶν οὐδενός, εἰ σοὶ χαριοῖμην.

ΑΛ. τοῦτο μὲν, ὁ Δῆμος, οὐδὲν σεμνόν· κἀγὼ γὰρ τούτο
σὲ δράσω.

ἀρπάζων γὰρ τοὺς ἁρτους σοι τοὺς ἄλλοτρίους
παραθῆσω.

ὡς δ᾽ οὐχὶ φίλει σ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ἐστ᾽ εὖνος, τοῦτ᾽ αὐτὸ σὲ
πρῶτα διδάξω,

ἀλλ᾽ ἢ διὰ τοῦτ᾽ αὖθ᾽ ὅτι σοῦ τῆς ἄνθρωπίας
ἀπολαύει.

σὲ γὰρ, ὃς Μήδοισι διεξιφίσῳ περὶ τῆς χώρας
Μαραθώνι,

καὶ νικήσας ἥμιν μεγάλως ἐγγυλωτοτυπεῖν παρ-
ἐδωκας,

ἐπὶ ταῖσι πέτραις οὗ φροντίζει σκληρῶς σε καθ-
ήμενον οὕτως,

οὐχ ὡσπέρ ἐγὼ ραφάμενός σοι τοτε φέρω. ἀλλ᾽
ἐπαιναίρου,

κατὰ καθίζου μαλακῶς, ἢν μὴ τρίβης τὴν ἐν
Σαλαμῖν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἄνθρωπε, τίς εἶ; μῶν ἐγγυόνοις εἶ τῶν 'Αρμο-
δίου τις ἐκεῖνοι;

τοῦτο γε τοί σου τούργου ἀλήθως γενναίον καὶ
φιλόδήμον.

ΠΑ. ὡς ἀπὸ μικρῶν εὖνοις αὐτῶ θωπευματίων γεγέ-
νησαι.

ΑΛ. καὶ σὺ γὰρ αὐτὸν πολὺ μικρότερος τούτων δελεά-
σμασιν εἶλες.

\(^{a}\) Literally, "to mint phrases about."  \(^{b}\) The Pnyx.

\(^{c}\) This passage satirizes the doles and indulgences by which Cleon courted favour.
I was begging of these, whilst those I would squeeze
and rack to extort what was due,
And nought did I care how a townsman might fare,
so long as I satisfied you.

s.s. Why, Demus, there's nothing to boast of in that;
to do it I'm perfectly able.
I've only to steal from my comrade a meal,
and serve it up hot on your table.
And as for his loving and wishing you well,
it isn't for you that he cares,
Excepting indeed for the gain that he gets,
and the snug little fire that he shares.
Why you, who at Marathon fought with the Medes,
for Athens and Hellas contending,
And won the great battle, and left us a theme
for our songs and our speeches unending,a
He cares not a bit that so roughly you sit
on the rocks,b nor has dreamed of providing
Thoses seats with the thing I have stitched you and bring.
Just lift yourself up and subside in
This ease-giving cushion for fear you should gall
what at Salamis sat by the oar.c

 DEMUS. Who are you? Iopine you are sprung from the line
of Harmodiusd famous of yore;
So noble and Demus-relievinge an act
I never have witnessed before!

 PAPH. O me, by what paltry attentions and gifts
you contrive to attract and delude him!

s.s. "Twas by baits that are smaller and poorer than mine,
you rascal, you hooked and subdued him.

d Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the traditional founders of Athenian freedom.
e εὖνονς τῷ δήμῳ is the regular phrase for a loyal citizen, used in honorific inscriptions.
ARISTOPHANES

πα. καὶ μὴν εἰ ποῦ τις ἀνήρ ἐφάνη τῷ δήμῳ μᾶλλον ἀμύνων

η μᾶλλον ἐμοῦ σε φιλῶν, ἔθελω περὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς περιδόσθαι.

αλ. καὶ πῶς σὺ φιλεῖς, δος τούτον ὅρων οἰκοῦντ' ἐν ταῖς πιθάκαιαις

καὶ γυναῖκοις καὶ πυργίδιοις ἔτος ὅγδουν οὐκ ἔλεαιρεις,

ἀλλὰ καθεύρξας αὐτὸν βλέπτεις. Ἀρχεπτολέμου δὲ φέροντος

τὴν εἰρήνην ἔξεσκέδασας, τὰς πρεσβείας τ' ἀπελαύνεις

ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ῥαθαπυγίζων, αἱ τὰς σπονδὰς προ-καλοῦνται.

πα. ἵνα γ' Ἐλλήνων ἀρξῇ πάντων. ἔστι γὰρ ἐν τοῖς λογίοισιν

ὡς τοῦτον δεῖ ποτ' ἐν Ἀρκαδίᾳ πεντῳβόλου ἡλιάσασθαι,

ην ἁναμείνην πάντως δ' αὐτὸν θρέψε 'γω καὶ θεραπεύσων,

ἐξευρίσκων εὗ καὶ μιαρῶς ὅποθεν τὸ τριῳβὸλον ἔξει. 80

αλ. οὐχ ἵνα γ' ἀρχῇ μᾶ Δί' Ἀρκαδίας προνοούμενος,

ἀλλ' ἵνα μᾶλλον

σὺ μὲν ἀρπάζῃς καὶ δωροδοκῆς παρὰ τῶν πόλεων·

ο δὲ δῆμος

---

a The war began in 431 B.C., according to our historians; but the Athenian ideas as to the date were vague. See A. 266, 890, P. 990.

b An allusion to the crowding of refugees into Athens in the Peloponnesian War; Thuc. ii. 52.

c See 327: Spartan proposals for peace were rejected, when the Spartan troops were first shut up in Sphacteria, Thuc. iv. 21-22. We know nothing of Λ. in this debate, but his name makes a pun, "Delawarr offers peace."
THE KNIGHTS, 790–802

PAPH. Was there ever a man since the City began
who for Demus has done such a lot,
Or fought for his welfare so stoutly as I?
I will wager my head there is not.

s.s. You love him right well who permit him to dwell
eight[a] years in the clefts of the City,
In the nests of the vulture, in turrets and casks,[b]
or ever assist him or pity,
But keep him in durance to rifle his hive;
and that is the reason, no doubt,
Why the peace which, unsought, Areheptolemus[c]
brought,
you were quick from the city to scout
And as for the embassies coming to treat,
you spanked them and chivied them out.

PAPH. That over all Hellas our Demus may rule;
for do not the oracles say,
He will surely his verdicts in Arcady give,
receiving five obols a day,[d]
If he grow not aweary of fighting? Meanwhile,
it is I who will nourish and pet him,
And always the daily triobol he earns,
unjustly or justly I'll get him.

s.s. No not that o'er Arcady Demus may rule,
but rather that you might essay
To harry and plunder the cities at will,
while Demus is looking away,

*[a] Five obols was a common daily wage for labour. Cleon's glorious aim is to add two obols to the three obols of the dicasts' pay, and so make work unnecessary.*
This is just what Thucydides says, v. 16.

The Greek means "countryman," but R. thinks ἀγρευνής should be read.

Themistocles caused the Peiraecus to be founded, the walls of harbour and city to be built, and the fleet to be made great. No doubt the Long Walls were part of the plan; and T. is given credit for them in 815.

This phrase is from Euripides' Telephus, and κλυεθ' οία λέγει from Medea 168.
And the war with the haze and the dust that you raise
is obscuring your actions from view,
And Demus, constrained by his wants and his pay,
is a gaping dependent on you.
But if once to the country in peace he returns,
away from all fighting and fusses,
And strengthens his system with furmety there,
and a confect of olive discusses,
He will know to your cost what a deal he has lost,
while the pay you allowed him he drew,
And then, like a hunter,\(^b\) irate he will come
on the trail of a vote against you.
You know it; and Demus you swindle with dreams,
crammed full of yourself and your praises.

**PAPHI.** It is really distressing to hear you presume
to arraign with such scurrilous phrases
Before the Athenians and Demus a man
who more for the city has done
Than e'\(\text{er}\) by Demeter Themistocles\(^c\) did
who glory undying has won.

**s.s.** O city of Argos!\(^d\) yourself would you match
with mighty Themistocles, him
Who made of our city a bumper indeed,
though he found her scarce filled to the brim,\(^e\)
Who, while she was lunching, Peiraeus threw in,
as a dainty additional dish,\(^f\)

\(^a\) χεῖλος, the rim of a vessel, was of some depth; \(\epsilon\tau\chiε\iota\lambda\nu\varsigma,\) marks that the liquid touched the lower edges of the rim,
\(\upsilon\epsilon\tau\rho\chiε\iota\lambda\nu\varsigma,\) that the cup is quite full (not running over).
\(^b\) "Kneaded it into one with the city": a reference to the Long Walls. Scholiast.
ARISTOPHANES

άφελών τ' οὔδεν τῶν ἄρχαίων ἱχθος καινοὺς παρέθηκε.
σὺ δ' Ἀθηναίους ἐξήτησας μικροπολίτας ἀποφήμαι διατειχίζων καὶ χρησμώδων, ὁ Θεμιστοκλῆι ἀντιφερίζων.
κάκεινος μὲν φεύγει τὴν γῆν, σὺ δ' Ἀχιλλείων ἀπομάττει.

πα. οὖκον ταυτὶ δεινὸν ἄκοινειν, δ' Δήμῳ, ἔστὶν μ' ὑπὸ τούτου,

δὴ σε φιλῷ;

ΑΗΜΟΣ. παῦ παῦ', οὕτος, καὶ μὴ σκέρβολλε πονηρά.

πολλοῦ δὲ πολὺν μὲ χρόνον καὶ νῦν ἐλελήθεις ἐγκρυφιάζων.

ι. μιαρώτατος, δ' Δημακίδιον, καὶ πλείοστα πανυργα δεδρακὼς,

ὅποταν χασμᾶ, καὶ τοὺς καυλοὺς τῶν εὐθυνῶν ἐκκαυλίζων
καταβροχθίζει, κάμφοιν χειρῶν μυστιλάται τῶν δημοσίων.

πα. οὐ χαιρήσεις, ἀλλὰ σε κλέπτουθ' αἰρήσω γὰρ τρεῖς μυριάδας.

ι. τί θαλασσοκοπεῖς καὶ πλατυγίζεις,

μιαρώτατος ὃν περὶ τὸν δήμου τὸν Ἀθηναίων; καὶ σ' ἐπίδειξιον νὴ τήν Δήμητρ', ἥ μὴ ζώην.
THE KNIGHTS, 816–833

Who secured her the old, while providing untold
and novel assortments of fish;
Whilst you, with your walls of partition forsooth,\(^a\)
and the oracle-chants which you hatch,
Would dwarf and belittle the city again,
who yourself with Themistocles match!
And he was an exile, but you upon crumbs
Achilléan\(^b\) your fingers are cleaning.

PAPH. Now is it not monstrous that I must endure
accusations so coarse and unmeaning,
And all for the love that I bear you?

DEMUS. Forbear! no more of your wrangle and row!
Toolong have your light-fingered tricks with my bread\(^c\)
my notice escaped until now.

s.s. He's the vilest of miscreants, Demus, and works
more mischief than any, I vow.
While you're gaping about, he is picking from out
Of the juiciest audit the juiciest sprout,
And devours it with zest; while deep in the chest
Of the public exchequer both hands are addressed
To ladling out cash for himself, I protest.

PAPH. All this you'll deplore when it comes to the fore
That of drachmas you stole thirty thousand or more.

s.s. Why make such a dash with your oar-blades, and
thrash
The waves into foam with your impotent splash?
'Tis but fury and sound; and you'll shortly be found
The worst of the toadies who Demus surround.
And proof I will give, or I ask not to live,

\(^b\) Bread made from the finest barley; “the peerless Achilles”
of barley, such as was served at the Prytaneium.
\(^c\) \(\acute{a}r\)tōs \(\acute{e}g\kappa\rnu\phi\lambda\) was bread baked in the ashes, perhaps of an inferior kind.
ARISTOPHANES

δωροδοκήσαντ' ἐκ Μυτιλήνης
πλεῖν ἡ μνᾶς τετταράκοντα.

xo. ὁ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις φανεῖς μέγιστον ὑφέλημα, [ἀν] ζηλῶ σε τῆς εὐγλωττίας. εἴ γαρ ὦδ' ἐποίεις, μέγιστος Ἕλληνων ἔσει, καὶ μόνος καθέξεις τὰν τῇ πόλει, τῶν ἐγγευμάχων τ' ἀρξεῖς ἔχων τρίάιναν, ἡ πολλὰ χρήματ' ἐργάσει σείων τε καὶ ταράττων. 8 καὶ μὴ μεθής τὸν ἀνδρ', ἐπειδὴ σοι λαβῆν δέδωκεν, κατεργάσει γὰρ ῥάδιως, πλευρᾶς ἔχων τοιαύτας.

πα. οὐκ, ὡγαθοὶ, ταῦτ' ἐστὶ πω ταύτη μα τῶν Ποσειδῶ. ἐμοὶ γάρ ἐστ' εἰργασμένον τοιοῦτον ἔργον ὡστε ἀπαξάπαντας τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐχθροὺς ἐπιστομίζεω, 8 ἔως ἂν ἢ τῶν ἀστιδῶν τῶν ἐκ Πύλου τι λοιπόν.

ἀλ. ἐπίσχες ἐν ταῖς ἀστίσιν· λαβῆν γὰρ ἐνδέωκας. οὐ γάρ σ' ἔχρην, εἴπερ φιλεῖς τὸν δήμον, ἐκ προνοίας ταύτας ἐὰν αὐτοίς τοῖς πόρπαξιν ἀνατεθήναι. ἀλλ' ἐστὶ τοῦτ', ὁ Δῆμε, μηχάνημ', ἵν', ἥν σο βούλῃ 8 τὸν ἀνδρὰ κολάσαι τουτοῖ, σοὶ τοῦτο μὴ γγένηται.

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*a Allusion unknown. After the M. revolt of 428, Cleon carried a motion to kill all the male population, afterwards partly rescinded: Thuc. iii. 50.

*b A metaphor from wrestling.

*c The shields of the Spartan prisoners from Sphacteria were hung up in the Painted Colonnade.

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That a bribe by the Mitylenaeans was sent,\(^a\)
Forty minas and more; to your pockets it went.

chor. O sent to all the nation
a blessing and a boon!
O wondrous flow of language!
Fight thus, and you’ll be soon
The greatest man in Hellas,
and all the State command,
And rule our faithful true allies,
a trident in your hand,
Wherewith you’ll gather stores of wealth,
by shaking all the land.
And if he lend you once a hold,
then never let him go;
With ribs like these you ought with ease
to subjugate the foe.

paph. O matters have not come to that,
my very worthy friends!
I’ve done a deed, a noble deed,
a deed which so transeends
All other deeds, that all my foes
of speech are quite bereft,
While any shred of any shield,
from Pylus brought, is left.

s.s. Halt at those Pylian shields of yours!
a lovely hold you’re lending.\(^b\)
For if you really Demus love,
what meant you by suspending
Those shields with all their handles on,
for action ready strapped?\(^c\)
O Demus, there’s a dark design
within those handles wrapped,
And if to punish him you seek,
those shields will bar the way.
ορᾶς γὰρ αὐτῷ στῆφος οἷν ἐστὶ βυρσοπωλῶν νεανῶν: τούτους δὲ περιουκοῦσι μελιτοπώλαι καὶ τυροπώλαι: τούτῳ δ’ εἰς ἐν ἕστι συγκεκυφός. ὥστ’ εἰ σὺ βρυμήσαι καὶ βλέψεις ὀστρακίνδα, νύκτωρ κατασπάσατε ἃν τὰς ἁσπίδας θέοντες τὰς εἰσβολὰς τῶν ἀλφίτων ἃν καταλάβοιεν ἢμῶν. 

ΔΗΜΟΣ. οἴμοι τάλας· ἔχουσι γὰρ πόρπακας; ὥ πόνηρε, ὁσον με παρεκόπτου χρόνον τοιαῦτα κρονισδῆμῶν.

ΠΑ. ὃ δαμόνει, μὴ τού λέγοντος ἵσθι, μὴ δ’ οὐθῆς ἐμοῦ ποθ’ εὐρήσεων ϕίλον βελτίον: ὡς εἰς ὃν ἐπαυσα τοὺς ϕυνωμότας, καὶ μ’ οὐ λέληθεν οὐδὲν ἐν τῇ πόλει ϕυνιστάμενον, ἀλλ’ εὐθέως κέκραγα.

ΑΛ. ὁπερ γὰρ οἱ τὰς ἐγχέλεις θηρώμενοι πέπονθας. ὅταν μὲν ἡ λίμνη καταστῇ, λαμβάνουσιν οὐδὲν· ἢν δ’ ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω τὸν βόρρορον κυκώσιν, αἰροῦσι· καὶ οὐ λαμβάνεις, ἢν τὴν πόλιν ταράττῃς. ἐν δ’ εἰπέ μοι τοσοῦτον· σκύτη τοσαῦτα πωλῶν,

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* An allusion to the practice of "ostracizing" or banishing a too powerful citizen, in which the voting was carried out by inscribing the name on a potsherd. Aristophanes, however, by way of jest calls it ὀστρακίνδα, a game.

* εἰσβολάς would naturally refer to such "passes" as those between Boeotia and Attica. Here, however, "no very definite locality is indicated, but the general meaning would point to the gates through which the imported barley would enter Athens from the Peiraeus": R.

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THE KNIGHTS, 852–868

You see the throng of tanner-lads he always keeps in pay,
And round them dwell the folk who sell their honey and their cheeses;
And these are all combined in one, to do whate’er he pleases.
And if the oyster-shelling game you seem inclined to play, a
They’ll come by night with all their might and snatch those shields away,
And then with ease will run and seize the passes of—your wheat. b

DEMUS. Oh, are the handles really there? You rascal, what deceit
Have you so long been practising that Demus you may cheat?
PAPH. Pray don’t be every speaker’s gull, nor dream you’ll ever get
A better friend than I, who all conspiracies upset.
Alone I crushed them all, and now, if any plots are brewing
Within the town, I scent them down, and raise a grand hallooing.
s.s. O ay, you’re like the fisher-folk, the men who hunt for eels,
Who when the mere is still and clear catch nothing for their creels.
But when they rout the mud about and stir it up and down,
’Tis then they do; and so do you, when you perturb the town.
But answer me this single thing: you sell a lot of leather,
ARISTOPHANES

"ἐδωκας ήδη τοιτωί κάττυμα παρὰ σεαυτοῦ ταῖς ἐμβάσιν, φάσκων φιλεῖν;"

ΔΗΜΟΣ. οὐ δήτα μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω.

ἈΛ. ἐγνωκας οὖν δὴτ’ αὐτὸν οἰός ἔστιν; ἄλλ’ ἐγὼ σοι ζεύγος πριάμενος ἐμβάδων τοιτὶ φορεῖν δίδωμι.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. κρίνω σ’ ὅσων ἐγώδα περὶ τὸν δήμον ἀνδρ’ ἀριστον εὐνοῦστατον τε τῇ πόλει καὶ τοῖς δακτύλοισιν.

ΠΑ. οὐ δεινὸν οὖν δὴτ’ ἐμβάδας τοσοῦτοι δύνασθαι, ἐμοῦ δὲ μη μνείαν ἔχειν ὅσων πέπονθας; ὅστις ἐπαυσα τοὺς βινουμένους, τὸν Γρύττον ἕξαλείψας.

ἈΛ. οὐκοῦν σε δήτα ταῦτα δεινὸν ἔστὶ πρωκτοτηρεῖν, παῦσαίτετοις βινουμένους; κοῦκ ἔσθ’ ὅπως ἐκείνους οὐχὶ φθονῶν ἐπαυσας, ἵνα μὴ ῥήτορες γενοῦτο. τονδὶ δ’ ὄρων ἀνευ χιτῶνος οὐτα τηλικοῦτον, ὀὐπόποτ’ ἀμφιμασχάλου τὸν Δήμον ἡξίωσας, χειμῶνος οἰντος· ἄλλ’ ἐγὼ σοι τοιτοῦ δίδωμι.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τοιοῦτοι Θεμιστοκλῆς οὐπόποτ’ ἐπενόησεν. καῖτοι σοφῶν κάκειν’ ὁ Πειραιεύς· ἐμοιγε μέντοι

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<sup>a</sup> Unknown, but said by the Scholiast to be notorious for immorality. Conviction under a γραφὴ ἐταφρήσεως entailed loss of citizenship, and hence made it unlawful for the man to speak in the assembly.

<sup>b</sup> He wore the τρίβων or doubled χλαῖνα, like the poorer people.

<sup>c</sup> The Lenaean festival came in winter.

<sup>d</sup> The χιτῶν with one arm-hole (ἐτερομάσχαλος) was used by hand-workers, that with two arm-holes was the mark of a free man (Pollux, vii. 47).
THE KNIGHTS, 869–885

You say you're passionately fond
of Demus,—tell me whether
You've given a clout to patch his shoes.

DEMUS. No never, I declare.

s.s. You see the sort of man he is!
but I, I've bought a pair
Of good stout shoes, and here they are,
I give them you to wear.

DEMUS. O worthy, patriotic gift!
I really don't suppose
There ever lived a man so kind
to Demus and his toes.

PAPH. 'Tis shameful that a pair of shoes
should have the power and might
To put the favours I've conferred
entirely out of sight,
I who struck Gryttus a from the lists,
and stopped the boy-loves quite.

s.s. 'Tis shameful, I with truth retort,
that you should love to pry
Into such vile degrading crimes
as that you name. And why?
Because you fear 'twill make the boys
for public speaking fit.
But Demus, at his age, you sec
without a tunic sit,b
In winter c too; and nought from you
his poverty relieves,
But here's a tunic I have brought,
well-lined, with double sleeves.d

DEMUS. O, why Themistocles himself
ne'er thought of such a vest!
Peiraeus was a clever thing,
but yet, I do protest,
ARISTOPHANES

οὐ μεῖζον εἶναι φαίνετ' ἐξεύρημα τοῦ χιτώνος.

πα. οἴμοι τάλας, οίνος πιθηκισμοῖς με περιελάυνεις.

αλ. οὐκ, ἀλλ' ὄπερ πίνων ἄνηρ πέποντ', ὅταν χεσείη, τοῖς τρόποις τοῖς σοῖς ὄσπερ βλαυτίουσι χρῶμαι.

πα. ἀλλ' οὖχ ύπερβαλεῖ με θωτέιας· ἔγω γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐξομφανίζω τοδ' σὺ δ' οἴμωξ', ὁ πόνηρ'.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. οἰαβοῖ.

οὐκ ἐσ κόρακας ἀποφθερεῖ, βύρσῃς κάκιστον ὄξων;

αλ. καὶ τοῦτο γ' ἐπιτηδέες σε περιήμπισχ', ἵνα σ' ἀποτηνίξῃ.

καὶ πρότερον ἐπεβούλευσέ σοι. τὸν καυλὸν οἴσθ' ἐκείνον

τοῦ σιλφίου τὸν ἄξιον γενόμενον;

ΔΗΜΟΣ. οἶδα μέντοι. 8

αλ. ἐπιτηδέες οὖτος αὐτὸν ἐσπευδ' ἄξιον γενέσθαι,

ἐν' ἑσθλίοιτ' ὄνομενοι, καπεῖτ' ἐν Ἥλιαια.

βδέοντες ἀλλήλους ἀποκτέινειαν οἱ δικασταί.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. νῆ τὸν Ποσειδῶ καὶ πρὸς ἐμὲ τοῦτ' εἴπ' ἄνηρ

Κόπρειος.

αλ. οὐ γὰρ τὸν ὑμεῖς βδέομενοι δήπου γένεσθε πυρροῖ; 9

ΔΗΜΟΣ. καὶ νῆ Δί' ἦν γε τοῦτο Πυρράνδρου τὸ μηχάνημα.

πα. οἴοισὶ μ', ὁ πανούργε, βωμολοχεύμασιν ταράττεις.

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*a There was an Attic deme Κόπρος, adj. Κόπρειος, βδέοντες, "breaking wind." πυρροῖ, sc. τὸν πυρρότὸν. The name Pyrrhander echoes this. Who he was, is unknown; some think Cleon is meant, and that his actor was decked up as a slave with red hair.
That on the whole, between the two, 
I like the tunic best.

PAPH. (To S.S.) Pah! would you circumvent me thus, 
with such an apish jest?

s.s. Nay as one guest, at supper-time, 
will take another's shoes, 
When dire occasion calls him out, 
so I your methods use.

PAPH. Fawn on: you won't outdo me there. 
I'll wrap him round about 
With this of mine. Now go and whine, you rascal.

DEMUS. (To P.'s wrapper) Go to the crows, you brute, with that 
disgusting smell of leather.

s.s. He did it for the purpose, Sir; 
to choke you altogether.

He tried to do it once before: 
don't you remember when 
A stalk of silphium sold so cheap?

DEMUS. Remember? yes: what then?

s.s. Why that was his contrivance too: 
he managed there should be a 
Supply for all to buy and eat; 
and in the Heliaea 
The dicasts one and all were seized 
with violent diarrhoea.

DEMUS. O ay, a Coprolitish a man 
described the sad affair.

s.s. And worse and worse and worse you grew, 
till yellow-tailed you were.

DEMUS. It must have been Pyrrhander's trick, 
the fool with yellow hair.

PAPH. (To S.S.) With what tomfooleries, you rogue, 
you harass and torment me.
ARISTOPHANES

ἈΛ. ἡ γὰρ θεός μ᾽ ἐκέλευσε νικήσαι σ᾽ ἀλαζονείας.

ΠΑ. ἀλλ' οὐχὶ νικήσεις. ἐγὼ γὰρ φημὶ σοι παρέξειν, ὃ Δῆμε, μηδὲν δρώντι μισθὸν τρύβλιον ῥοφήσαι. 90

ἈΛ. ἐγὼ δὲ κυλίχνιον γέ σοι καὶ φάρμακον δίδωμι τὰν τοιοῦ ἀντικηνήμοις ἐλκύδρια περικλείειν.

ΠΑ. ἐγὼ δὲ τὰς πολιάς γέ σουκλέγων νέον ποιήσω.

ἈΛ. ἰδοὺ, δέχου κέρκον λαγὺ τῶφθαλμϊδίω περιψῆ.

ΠΑ. ἀπομυξάμενος ὃ Δῆμε μου πρὸς τὴν κεφαλὴν ἀποψω. 91

ἈΛ. ἐμοὶ μὲν οὖν, ἐμοὶ μὲν οὖν.

ΠΑ. ἐγὼ σε ποιήσω τριηρ- αρχείν, ἀναλίσκοντα τῶν σαυτοῦ, παλαιὰν ναῦν ἔχοντ', εἰς ἣν ἀναλῶν οὐκ ἔφε- 

ζεῖς οὐδὲ ναυτηγούμενος· 

διαμηχανήσομαι θ' ὡπως ἄν ἱστιόν σαπρὸν λάβησ.

ΧΟ. ἀνὴρ παφλάξει, παῦε παῦ', ὑπερζέων· υφελκτέον 

τῶν δαδίων, ἀπαριστέον 

te tōn ἀπεελῶν ταυτη.

ΠΑ. δῶσεις ἐμοὶ καλὴν δίκην, ἱπούμενος ταῖς εἰσφοραῖς.

ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰς τοὺς πλουσίους 

οπεύσω σ' ὡπως ἄν ἐγγραφῆς.

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a The "pay-soup" refers to the diecast triobol (cf. 50) which he is to get for doing nothing.

b The diminutives imply: "Here is a nice little pot of medicine to cure your poor sores."

c The state provided the hulk, the trierarch had to fit it out for sea.

d ταυτη: "with this ladle," holding one out.

e The εἰσφορά was a levy on property, the first class being assessed for the levy at twelve times a year's income, the second at ten times, the third at seven times.

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THE KNIGHTS, 903–926

s.s. Yes, 'tis with humbug I'm to win;
      for that the Goddess sent me

PAPH. You shall not win! O Demus dear,
      be idle all the day,
      And I'll provide you free, to swill,
      a foaming bowl of—pay.¹

s.s. And I'll this gallipot provide,
      and healing cream within it;²
      Whereby the sores upon your shins
      you'll doctor in a minute.

PAPH. I'll pick these grey hairs neatly out,
      and make you young and fair.

s.s. See here; this hare-scut take to wipe
      your darling eyes with care.

PAPH. Vouchsafe to blow your nose, and clean
      your fingers on my hair.

s.s. No, no; on mine, on mine, on mine!

PAPH. A trierarch's office you shall fill,³
      And by my influence I'll prevail
      That you shall get, to test your skill,
      A battered hull with tattered sail.
      Your outlay and your building too
      On such a ship will never end;
      No end of work you'll have to do,
      No end of cash you'll have to spend.

CHOR. O see how foamy-full he gets.
      Good Heavens, he's boiling over; stay!
      Some sticks beneath him draw away,
      Bale out a ladleful of threats.⁴

PAPH. Rare punishment for this you'll taste;
      I'll make the taxes ⁵ weigh you down;
      Amongst the wealthiest of the town
      I'll manage that your name is placed.
ARISTOPHANES

AL.

ἐγὼ δ' ἀπειλήσω μὲν οὐ-
δέν, εὐχομαι δέ σοι ταδ'.
τὸ μὲν τάγηνον τευθίδων
ἐφεστάναι σίζον, σὲ δὲ
γνώμην ἔρειν μέλλοντα περὶ
Μιλησίων καὶ κερδανείων
tάλαντων, ἣν κατεργάζη,
σπεύδεω ὅπως τῶν τευθίδων
ἐμπλήμενος φθαίης ἔτ' εἰς
ἐκκλησίαν ἠλθὼν· ἐπει-
tα πρὶν φαγεῖν, ἀνὴρ μεθή-
κοι, καὶ σὺ τὸ τάλαντον λαβεῖν
βουλόμενος ἐ-
σθίων ἐπαποπνυγεῖς.

930

ΧΘ. εὗ γε νῆ τὸν Δία καὶ τὸν Ἀπόλλων καὶ τὴν
Δήμητρα.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. καμοὶ δοκεῖ καὶ τάλλα γ' εἶναι καταφανῶς
ἀγαθὸς πολιτικής, οἷος οὐδείς ποιῶν
ἀνὴρ γεγένηται τοῖς πολλοῖς τοῦβολοῦ.

935

σὺ δ', ὦ Παφλαγών, φάσκων φιλεῖν μ' ἐσκο-
ρόδισας.

καὶ νῦν ἀπόδος τὸν δακτύλιον, ὡς οὐκ ἔτι
ἔμοι ταμιεύσεις.

940

ΠΑ. ἔχε· τοσοῦτον δ' ἵσθ' ὅτι,
eὶ μὴ μ' ἐάσεις ἐπιτροπεύειν, ἔτερος αὖ
ἔμοι πανουργότερος τις ἀναφαινήσεται.

945

ΔΗΜΟΣ. οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως ὁ δακτύλιος ἔσθ' οὕτωσι
οὕμοι· τὸ γοῦν σημεῖον ἔτερον φαίνεται,
ἀλλ' ἢ οὐ καθορῶ;
I will not use a single threat;
I only most devoutly wish
That on your brazier may be set
A hissing pan of cuttle-fish;
And you the Assembly must address
About Miletus,—’tis a job
Which, if it meets entire success,
Will put a talent in your fob,—
And O that ere your feast begin,
The Assembly waits your friend may cry,
And you, afire the fee to win
And very loth to lose the fry,
May strive in greedy haste to swallow
The cuttles and be choked thereby.

chor. Good! Good! by Zeus, Demeter, and Apollo.

Demus. Aye, and in all respects he seems to me
A worthy citizen. When lived a man
So good to the Many (the Many for a penny)?
You, Paphlagon, pretending that you loved me,
Primed me with garlic. Give me back my ring;
You shall no more be steward.

Paph. Take the ring;
And be you sure, if I’m no more your guardian,
You’ll get, instead, a greater rogue than I.

Demus. Bless me, this can’t be mine, this signet-ring.
It’s not the same device, it seems to me;
Or can’t I see?

a The tribute of Miletus was raised in 424 B.C. from five talents to ten; Cleon may have been bribed to oppose this.

b This line is in prose; it is the solemn formula used in the heliastic oath (Pollux, viii. 122, so Demosth. Callipp. p. 1238).
ΑΛ.  φέρ' ἵδω, τί σοι σημείον ἢν;
ΔΗΜΟΣ. δημοῦ βοεῖον θρίον ἐξωπτημένον.
ΑΛ. οὐ τοῦτ' ἐνεστών.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. οὐ το θρίον; ἀλλὰ τί; 955
ΑΛ. λάρος κεχήνως ἐπὶ πέτρας δημηγορῶν.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. αἴβοι τάλας.
ΑΛ. τί ἔστων;
ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἀπόφερ' ἐκποδῶν.
οὐ τὸν ἐμὸν εἰχεν, ἀλλὰ τὸν Κλεωνύμου.
παρ' ἐμοὶ δὲ τοιτοι λαβῶν ταμίενε μοι.
ΠΑ. μὴ δὴτὰ πώ γ', ὦ δέσποτ', ἀντιβολῶ σ' ἐγώ, 960
πρὶν ἂν γε τῶν χρησμῶν ἀκούσῃς τῶν ἐμῶν.
ΑΛ. καὶ τῶν ἐμῶν νυν.
ΠΑ. ἀλλ' ἔαν τούτῳ πίθη,
μιλγόν γενέσθαι δεῖ σε.
ΑΛ. κἂν γε τοιτωί,
ψωλὸν γενέσθαι δεῖ σε μέχρι τοῦ μυρρίνου.
ΠΑ. ἀλλ' οἳ γ' ἐμοὶ λέγουσιν ὡς ἄρξαι σε δεῖ 965
χώρας ἀπάσης ἐστεφανωμένον ρόδους.
ΑΛ. οὕμοι δὲ γ' αὐτ λέγουσιν ὡς ἀλυργίδα
ἐχων κατάπαστον καὶ στεφάνην ἐφ' ἄρματος
χρυσοῦ διώξεις Σμικρόθην καὶ κύριον.
ΠΑ. καὶ μὴν ἑνεγκ' αὐτοὺς ἵων, ἵν' οὕτοσι
αὐτῶν ἀκούσῃ. 970
ΑΛ. πάνυ γε. καὶ σὺ νυν φέρε.

---

a A play on δῆμος, "people," and ἰδίος, "fat."

b The βημα or speaker's platform.

c A noted glutton; cf. 1290-9, and see Index.

d μολυγός, "a black-jack," the slang equivalent of ἄσκος, "a wineskin." An oracle had promised that Athens should always keep above water like a skin bottle (Plutarch, Theseus, 24).

e As a banqueter.
THE KNIGHTS, 953-971

s.s. What’s the device on yours?
DEMUS. A leaf of beef-fat stuffing, roasted well.a
s.s. No, that’s not here.
DEMUS. What then?
S.S. A cormorant
With open mouth haranguing on a rock.b
DEMUS. Pheugh!
S.S. What’s the matter?
DEMUS. Throw the thing away.
He’s got Cleonymus’s c ring, not mine.
Take this from me, and you be steward now.
PAPH. O not yet, master, I beseech, not yet;
Wait till you’ve heard my oracles, I pray.
S.S. And mine as well.
PAPH. And if to his you listen,
You’ll be a liquor-skin.d
S.S. And if to his,
You’ll find yourself severely circumcised.
PAPH. Nay mine foretell that over all the land
Thyself shalt rule, with roses garlanded.e
S.S. And mine that crowned, in spangled purple robe,
Thou in thy golden chariot shalt pursue
And sue the lady Smicythe and her lord.f
PAPH. Well, go and fetch them hither, so that he
May hear them.
S.S. Certainly; and you fetch yours.

A surprise, playing upon the double meaning of διώκω. Demus shall go hunting in oriental state, but his sport, to suit Athenian taste, shall be to “pursue,” that is to “prosecute,” a certain effeminate citizen (τὸν Σμίκυθην κωμήδει ὢς κύριον· κύριον δὲ λέγει τὸν ἄνδρα: Schol.).
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΕΩΣ

ΠΑ. ἴδοι.
ἈΛ. ἴδοι νή τὸν Δί' οὐδὲν καλύει.

ΧΟ. ἡδιστον φάος ἑμέρας
ἔσται τοῖς παροῦσι πά-

σιν καὶ τοῖς ἀφικνομένοις,
ἡν Κλέων ἀπόληται.
καίτοι πρεσβυτέρων τινῶν
οίων ἀργαλεωτάτων
ἐν τῷ Δείγματι τῶν δικῶν
ἡκουσ' ἀντιλεγόντων,
ὡς εἰ μη 'γένεθ' οὕτος ἐν
τῇ πόλει μέγας, οὐκ ἂν η-

στήν σκεύη δύο χρησίμω,
δοῖδυξ οὐδὲ τορύνη.

ἀλλὰ καὶ τόδ' ἐγώγη θαυ-

μάζω τῆς ὑμομοιοιας
ἀυτοῦ· φασὶ γὰρ αὐτὸν οἱ
παιδες οἱ ξυνεφοίτων
τῆς Δωριστῆ μόνην ἄν ἄρ-

μόσττεσθαι θαμά τὴν λύραν,
ἀλλὴν δ' οὐκ ἔθελεν μαθεῖν·
κάτα τὸν κιθαριστήν
ὀργισθέντ' ἀπάγεν κελεύ-

ειν, ὡς ἀρμονίαν ὄ παῖς
οὕτος οὐ δύναται μαθεῖν
ἡν μη Δωροδοκιστῆ.

ΠΑ. ἴδοι, θέασαι, κοῦχ ἀπαντας ἐκφέρω.
ἈΛ. οἴμι' ὡς χεσεῖω, κοῦχ ἀπαντας ἐκφέρω.

*The opening lines are taken from Euripides.*

220
THE KNIGHTS, 972–998

PAPH. Here goes.
s.s. Here goes, by Zeus. There’s nought to stop us.

chor. a

O bright and joyous day,
O day most sweet to all
Both near and far away,
The day of Cleon’s fall.
Yet in our Action-mart b
I overheard by chance
Some ancient sires and tart
This counter-plea advance,
That but for him the State
Two things had ne’er possessed:—
A stirrer-up of hate,
A pestle of unrest.

His swine-bred music we
With wondering hearts admire;
At school, his mates agree,
He always tuned his lyre
In Dorian style to play. c
His master wrathful grew;
He sent the boy away,
And this conclusion drew,
This boy from all his friends
Donations seeks to wile,
His art begins and ends
In Dono-do-rian style.

PAPH. Look at them, see! and there are more behind.
s.s. O what a weight! and there are more behind.

b The Deigma was the Exchange at the Peiraeus, “Sample Mart.” Lawsuits are the staple product of Athens.
c The Dorian mode was a solemn and manly music; it is chosen here as leading up to the pun in Δωροδοκιστή.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΕΣ

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ταυτὶ τὶ ἐστὶ;

πα. λόγια.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. πάντ᾽;

πα. ἐθαύμασας;
καὶ νὴ Δ᾽ ἐτὶ γε μοῦστι κιβωτὸς πλέα.

ΑΛ. ἐμοὶ δ᾽ ὑπερῶν καὶ ξυνοικία δύο.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. φέρ᾽ ἵω, τῖνος γὰρ εἰσών οἱ χρησμοὶ ποτὲ;

πα. οὐμοὶ μὲν εἰσὶ Βάκιδος.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. οἶ δὲ σοὶ τίνος;

ΑΛ. Γλάνιδος, ἄδελφοῦ τοῦ Βάκιδος γεραιτέρου.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. εἰσίν δὲ περὶ τοῦ;

πα. περὶ Ἀθηνῶν, περὶ Πύλου, περὶ σοῦ, περὶ ἐμοῦ, περὶ ἀπάντων πραγμάτων.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. οἱ σοὶ δὲ περὶ τοῦ;

ΑΛ. περὶ Ἀθηνῶν, περὶ φακῆς,

περὶ Λακεδαμονίων, περὶ σκόμβρων νέων,

περὶ τῶν μετροῦντων τάλφιτ᾽ ἐν ἀγορᾷ κακῶς,

περὶ σοῦ, περὶ ἐμοῦ. τὸ πέος οὐτοσὶ δάκος.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἄγε νῦν ὅπως αὐτοὺς ἀναγνώσεσθέ μοι,

καὶ τὸν περὶ ἐμοῦ 'κείνον φίτερ ἠδομαί,

ὡς ἐν νεφέλαισιν αἰετὸς γενήσομαι.

ΠΑ. ἀκούε ὅη νῦν καὶ πρόσεχε τὸν νοῦν ἐμοὶ.

Φράζειν, Ἔρεχθείδη, λογίων ὀδόν, ἦν σοι Ἀπόλλων

ιάχεν ξι ἀδύτου διὰ τριπόδων ἐριτίμων.

σώζεσθαι σ᾽ ἐκέλευο' ἑρων κύνα καρχαροδοντα,

α An invented person.

b Refers to an oracle that foretells this for Athens. See B. 978.
DÉMUS. What are they?
PAPH. Oracles!
DEMUS. All?
PAPH. You seem surprised;
By Zeus, I've got a chestful more at home.
s.s. And I a garret and two cellars full.
DEMUS. Come, let me see. Whose oracles are these?
PAPH. Mine are by Bakis.
DEMUS. (To S.S.) And by whom are yours?
s.s. Mine are by Glanis, Bakis's elder brother.
DEMUS. What do they treat of?
PAPH. Mine? Of Athens, Pylus,
Of you, of me, of every blessed thing.
DEMUS. (To S.S.) And you; of what treat yours?
s.s. Of Athens, pottage,
Of Lacedaemon, mackerel freshly caught,
Of swindling barley-measurers in the mart,
Of you, of me. That nincompoop be hanged.
DEMUS. Well read them out; and prithee don't forget
The one I love to hear about myself,
That I'm to soar, an Eagle, in the clouds.\(^b\)
PAPH. Now then give ear, and hearken to my words.

**Heed thou well, Erechtheides,**

**the oracle's drift, which Apollo**

**Out of his secret shrine**

**through priceless tripods delivered.**

**Keep thou safely the dog,**

**thy jag-toothed holy protector.\(^c\)**

O thou fortunate town
Of Athene, the Bringer of spoil,
Much shalt thou see, and much
Shalt thou suffer, and much shalt thou toil,
Then in the clouds thou shalt soar, as an Eagle, for ever and ever.

\(^a\) Probably Cleon used to call himself the Watch-dog of the state. See P. 754, W. 1031.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. ταυτὶ μὰ τὴν Δήμητρ’ ἐγὼ οὐκ οἴδ’ ὃ τι λέγει.

ΠΑ. ἐγὼ μέν εἰμ’ ὁ κύων· πρὸς σοῦ γὰρ ἀπύω·

ΑΛ. σοὶ δ’ εἶπε σώζεσθαι μ’ ὁ Φοῖβος τὸν κύνα.

ΑΛ. οὐ τοῦτο φης’ ὁ χρησμός, ἀλλ’ ὁ κύων ὅδι,

ΑΛ. Φράξευ, Ἑρεχθείδη, κύνα Κέρβερον ἀνδραπο-

διστὴν,

ὥσπερ θύρας σοῦ, τῶν λογίων παρεσθίει.

ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἔστ’ ὀρθῶς περὶ τοῦτο τοῦ κυνός.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. λέγε νυν’ ἐγὼ δὲ πρῶτα λήψομαι λίθου,

ινα μὴ μ’ ὁ χρησμὸς ὁ περὶ τοῦ κυνὸς δάκη.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. νη τὸν Ποσείδῶν πολύ γ’ ἄμεινον, ὃ Γλάνι.

ΠΑ. ὃ τάν, ἄκουσον, εἴτε διάκρινον τότε.

"Εστι γυνή, τέξει δὲ λέονθ’ ἔρεαι ἐν 'Αθήναις,

δὲ περὶ τοῦ δήμου πολλοῖς κώνωψι μαχεῖται,

ὡςτε περὶ σκύμνοις βεβηκὼς· τὸν σὺ φυλάξαι,

a i.e. the islands of the Aegean which practically constituted the Athenian Empire.
b The words τέξει δὲ λέοντα are from an oracle quoted Herod. v. 92.
THE KNIGHTS, 1018–1039

YAPPING BEFORE THY FEET,
    AND TERRIBLY ROARING TO GUARD THEE,

HE THY PAY WILL PROVIDE:
    IF HE FAIL TO PROVIDE IT, HE'LL PERISH;

YEa, FOR MANY THE DAWS
    THAT ARE HATING AND CAWING AGAINST HIM.

demus. This, by Demeter, beats me altogether.

What does Erechtheus want with daws and dog?

paph. I am the dog: I bark aloud for you.

And Phoebus bids you guard the dog; that's me.

s.s. It says not that; but this confounded dog
    Has gnawn the oracle, as he gnaws the door.
    I've the right reading here about the dog.

demus. Let's hear; but first I'll pick me up a stone
    Lest this dog-oracle take to gnawing me.

s.s. Heed thou well, Erechtheides,
    THE KIDNAPPING Cerberus ban-dog;

Wagging his tail he stands,
    AND FAWNING UPON THEE AT DINNER,

Waiting thy slice to devour
    WHEN AUGHT DISTRACT THINE ATTENTION.

Soon as the night comes round
    HE STEALS UNSEEN TO THE KITCHEN

Dog-wise; then will his tongue
    CLEAN OUT THE PLATES AND THE—ISLANDS.¹

demus. Aye, by Poseidon, Glanis, that's far better.

paph. Nay, listen first, my friend, and then decide.

Woman she is, but a lion
    she'LL bear us in Athens the holy;

One who for Demus will fight
    WITH AN ARMY OF STINgING MOSQUITOES,

Fight, as if shielding his whelps;
    Whom see thou guard with devotion

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πείχος ποιήσας ξύλων πύργους τε σιδηρώς.

ταύτ' οἶσθ' ὁ τι λέγει;

ΔΗΜΟΣ.

μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλων γυν μὲν οὐ.

ΠΑ. ἐφραζὲν δ' θεός σοι σαφῶς σώζειν ἔμε.

ἐγὼ γὰρ ἄντι τοῦ λέοντός εἰμὶ σοι.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. καὶ τῶς μ' ἐλελήθεις Ἀντιλέων γεγενημένοις;

ἈΛ. ἐν οὐκ ἀναδιάσκει σε τῶν λογίων ἐκὼν,

ὁ μόνον σιδήρου πείχος ἑστί καὶ ξύλων,

ἐν ὧ σε σώζειν τόν ἐκέλευσ' ὁ Δοξίας.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τῶς δήτα τούτ' ἐφραζὲν δ' θεός;

ἈΛ. τούτων

δῆσαι σ' ἐκέλευσ' ἐν πεντεσυρίγγῳ ξύλῳ.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ταὐτί τελεῖσθαι τὰ λόγια ἡδ' μοι δοκεῖ.

ΠΑ. μὴ πείθοι φθονεραὶ γὰρ ἐπικράζουν κορωναί.

ἀλλ' ἰέρακα φίλει, μεμνημένος ἐν φρεσίν, ὅσ σοι ἡγαγε συνήθας Λακεδαιμονίων κορακίνων.

ἈΛ. τούτῳ γέ τοι Παφλαγών παρεκκυδύνευσε μεθυσθεῖς.

Κεκροπίδη κακὸβουλε, τί τοῦθ' ἤγει μέγα τούργον; καὶ κε γυνὴ φέροι ἄχθος, ἐπεὶ κεν ἀνήρ ἀναθείη.

ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀν μαχέσατο· χέσατο γάρ, εἰ μαχέσατο.

ΠΑ. ἀλλὰ τόδε φράσσαι, πρὸ Πύλου Πύλου ἥν σοι ἐφραζὲν, ἔστι Πύλος πρὸ Πύλου.

ΔΗΜΟΣ.

τί τούτῳ λέγει, πρὸ Πύλου;

---

a From the famous oracle given to Athens before the battle of Salamis, Herod. vii. 141.
b Unknown.
c With holes for arms, legs, and head.
d A line from the Little Iliad of Lesches (Schol.). χέσατο in the next line is formed to echo μαχέσατο, making a complete vulgar burlesque.
e A well-known line runs ἔστι Πύλος πρὸ Πύλου, Πύλος γε μὲν ἑστὶ καὶ ἄλλῃ. One was in N. Elis, one in S. Elis, one opposite Sphacteria. The words lead up to the play upon πύλος, a tub or trough.

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THE KNIGHTS, 1040–1059

Building a wooden wall and an iron fort to secure him.

Do you understand?

DEMU. By Apollo, no, not I.
PAPH. The God, 'tis plain, would have you keep me safely,
For I'm a valiant lion, for your sake.

DEMU. What, you Antileon and I never knew it!

S.S. One thing he purposely informs you not,
What that oracular wall of wood and iron,
Where Loxias bids you keep him safely, is.

DEMU. What means the God?

S.S. He means that you're to clap Paphlagon in the five-holed pillory-stocks.

DEMU. I shouldn't be surprised if that came true.
PAPH. Heed not the words; for jealous
THE CROWS THAT ARE CROAKING AGAINST ME.
Cherish the lordly falcon,
NOR EVER FORGET THAT HE Brought THEE,
Brought thee in fetters and chains
THE YOUNG LACONIAN MINNOWS.

S.S. This did Paphlagon dare
IN A MOMENT OF DRUNKEN BRAVADO.
Why think much of the deed,
Cecropides foolish in counsel?

Weight a Woman will bear,
IF A MAN IMPOSE IT UPON HER,
Fight she won't and she can't:
IN FIGHTING SHE'S ALWAYS A FRIGHT IN.
PAPH. Nay, but remember the word,
How Pylus, he said, before Pylus;
Pylus there is before Pylus.
DEMU. What mean you by that " before Pylus "?
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ΑΛ. τὰς πυέλους φησίν καταλήψεσθ' ἐν βαλανείῳ.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἐγώ δ' ἄλογος τήμερον γενόμοι.

ΑΛ. οὗτος γὰρ ἦμων τὰς πυέλους ἀφήρπασεν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. προσέχω: σὺ δ' ἀναγίνωσκε, τοὺς ναύταισί μου ὅπως δ' ὁ μισθὸς πρῶτον ἀποδοθῆσεται.

ΑΛ. Αἰγέιδη, φράσσαι κυναλώπεκα, μὴ σὲ δολώσῃ, λαιθαργον, ταχύτουν, δολιάν κερδῶ, πολύδριν. οἶσθ' ὃ τί ἐστιν τούτο;

ΔΗΜΟΣ. Φιλόστρατος ἢ κυναλώπης.

ΑΛ. οὗ τούτῳ φησίν, ἀλλὰ ναῦς ἐκάστοτε αὐτεὶ ταχείας ἀργυρολόγους οὔτοι· ταύτας ἀπαυνά μὴ δίδοιναι σ' ὦ Ἀλυσίας.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. πῶς δή τριήρης ἐστὶ κυναλώπης; αὐτές ὅπως;

οὗτος ὃ τριήρης ἐστὶ χω κῦνων ταχύ.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. πῶς οὖν ἄλωπης προσετῆθη πρὸς τῷ κυνί; αὐτές ἀλωπεκίοις τοὺς στρατιῶτας ἧκασεν,

οὕτω βότρυς τρώγουσιν ἐν τοῖς χωρίοις.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. εἰεῖν·

τούτοις ὁ μισθὸς τοῖς ἀλωπεκίοισι ποῦ;

ΑΛ. ἐγὼ ποριῶ καὶ τούτον ἦμερὼν τριῶν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ποῖαν Κυλλήνην;

ΑΛ. τῆν τούτου ἄεορ' ἐποίησεν Κυλλήνην ὄρθως, ὀὕτη φησ', ἐμβάλε κυλλῇ.

---

a Philostratus, a pander, was nicknamed so: L. 957.
b Ships sent to collect the tribute: Thuc. ii. 69, iii. 19.
c Cyllene was the port of Elis. It is here used to suggest κυλλή χεῖρ, “the hollow hand” that welcomes a bride.

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THE KNIGHTS, 1060–1083

s.s. Truly your pile of baths
    will he capture before you can take them.

demus. O dear, then bathless must I go to-day

s.s. Because he has carried off our pile of baths.
    But here's an oracle about the fleet;
    Your best attention is required to this.

demus. I'll give it too; but prithee, first of all,
    Read how my sailors are to get their pay.

s.s. O Aegeides, beware
    of the hound-fox, lest he deceive thee,
    Stealthily snapping, the crafty,
    the swift, the tricky marauder.

Know you the meaning of this?

demus. Philostratus, plainly, the hound-fox.

s.s. Not so; but Paphlagon is evermore
    Asking swift triremes to collect the silver,
    So Loxias bids you not to give him these.

demus. Why is a trireme called a hound-fox?

s.s. Why?
    A trireme's fleet; a hound is also fleet.

demus. But for what reason adds he "fox" to "hound"?

s.s. The troops, he means, resemble little foxes,
    Because they seour the farms and eat the grapes.

demus. Good.
    But where's the cash to pay these little foxes?

s.s. That I'll provide: within three days I'll do it.

List thou further the rede
    by the son of Leto delivered;

Keep thou aloof, said he,
    from the wiles of hollow Cyllene.

demus. Hollow Cyllene! what's that?

s.s. 'Tis Paphlagon's hand he's describing.
    Paphlagon's outstretched hand,
    with his Drop me a coin in the hollow.
ARISTOPHANES

πα. οὖκ ὁρθῶς φράζει· τὴν Κυλλήνην γὰρ ὁ Φοῖβος εἰς τὴν χεῖρ ὁρθῶς ἤνιξατο τὴν Διοπείθους. 10
ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἔστω ἐμοὶ χρησμὸς περὶ σοῦ πτερυγωτός,
αἰετὸς ὦς γίγνεται καὶ πάσης γῆς βασιλεὺς.

αλ. καὶ γὰρ ἐμοὶ, καὶ γῆς καὶ τῆς ἐρυθρᾶς γεθαλάσσης,
χωτὶ γ’ ἐν 'Εκβατάνοις δικάσεις, λείχων ἐπίπαστα.

πα. ἀλλ’ ἐγώ εἴδον οὖν, καὶ μουδόκει ηθεὸς αὐτὴ
τοῦ δήμου καταχεῖν ἀρυταίη πλουθυγίειν.

αλ. νὴ Δία καὶ γὰρ ἐγώ· καὶ μουδόκει ηθεὸς αὐτὴ
ἐκ πόλεως ἐλθεῖν καὶ γλαυξ αὐτῆ θικαθῆσθαι·
εἶτα κατασπένδειν κατὰ τῆς κεφαλῆς ἀρυβάλλω
ἀμβροσίαν κατὰ σοῦ, κατὰ τοῦτον δὲ σκοροδάλμην.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ίοὺ ῥοῦ.

οὐκ ἦν ἄρ’ οὐδεὶς τοῦ Γλάνιδος σοφώτερος.
καὶ νῦν ἑμαυτὸν ἐπιτρέπω σοι τούτοι
γερονταγωγεῖν κἀκαπαθεῖνεν πάλιν.

πα. μῆπω γ’, ἵκετεύω σ’, ἀλλ’ ἀνάμευνον, ὡς ἐγὼ
κριθὰς ποριῶ σοι καὶ βίον καθ’ ἆμεραν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. οὐκ ἀνέχομαι κριθῶν ἀκούσων· πολλάκις
ἐξηπατήθην ὑπό τε σοῦ καὶ Θουφάνους.

πα. ἀλλ’ ἀλφίτ’ ἤδη σοι ποριῶ ’οσκευασμένα.

αλ. ἐγὼ δὲ μαζίσκας γε διαμεμαγμένας

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a A crazy oracle-monger (cf. W. 380, B. 988), apparently with a crippled hand.
b A secretary under Cleon: Schol.

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THE KNIGHTS, 1084–1105

PAPH. There this fellow is wrong.

When he spake of the hollow Cyllene,
Phocbus was hinting, I ween,
at the hand of the maimed Diopethes.\(^a\)
Nay, but I've got me, for you,
a wingèd oracular message,

THOU SHALT AN EAGLE BECOME,
and rule all lands as a Monarch.

s.s. Nay, but I've got me the same:

AND THE RED SEA TOO THOU SHALT GOVERN,

YEÀ IN ECBATANA JUDGE,

RICH CAKES AS THOU JUDGEST DEVOURING.

PAPH. Nay, but I dreamed me a dream,

and methought the Goddess Athene
Health and wealth was ladling
in plentiful streams upon Demus.

s.s. Nay, but I dreamed one myself;

and methought of the Goddess Athene
Down from the Citadel stepped,
and an owl sat perched on her shoulder;
Then from a bucket she poured
ambrosia down upon Demus,

Sweetest of scents upon you,
upon Paphlagon sourest of pickles.

DEMUS. Good! Good!
There never was a cleverer chap than Glanis.
So now, my friend, I yield myself to you;
Be you the tutor of my thoughtless—Age.

PAPH. Not yet! pray wait awhile, and I'll provide
Your barley-grain, and daily sustenance.

DEMUS. I can't abide your barley-talk; too often
Have I been duped by you and Thuphanes.\(^b\)

PAPH. I'll give you barley-meal, all ready-made.

s.s. I'll give you barley-cakes, all ready-baked,
καὶ τούψον ὅπτόν· μηδὲν ἀλλ’ εἰ μὴ’ σθε.  

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἀνύσατε νυν ὅ τι περ ποιήσεθ’· ὡς ἐγώ, ὅποτερος ἄν σφών εὗ με μᾶλλον ἂν ποιή, 

τούτῳ παραδώσῳ τῆς πυκνὸς τὰς ἡνίας.  

ΠΑ. τρέχοιμ’ ἄν εἰσω πρότερος.  

ΑΛ. οὐ δῆτ’, ἀλλ’ ἐγώ. 1110  

ΧΟ. ὃ Δῆμε, καλὴν γ’ ἕχεις ἀρχήν, ὅτε πάντες ἀν- 

θρώποι δεδίασι σ’ ἄστερ ἄνδρα τύραννον.  

ἀλλ’ εὐπαράγωγος εἶ, θωπευόμενος τε χαί- 

ρεις καξαπατώμενος, πρὸς τὸν τε λέγοντ’ ἀεὶ 

κέχημας· ὃ νοῦς δὲ σου 

παρών ἀποδημεῖ. 1115  

ΔΗΜΟΣ. νοῦς οὐκ ἐν ταῖς κόμαις ὑμῶν, ὅτε μ’ οὐ φρονεῖν 

νομίζετ’· ἐγὼ δ’ ἐκὼν 

ταῦτ’ ἡλιθιάζω. 

αὐτὸς τε γὰρ ἡδομαι 

βρύλλων τὸ καθ’ ἡμέραν, 

κλέπτουτά τε βούλομαι τρέφειν ἐνα προστάτην· 

τούτον δ’, ὅταν ᾗ πλέως, ἄρμας ἐπάταξα. 1120  

ΧΟ. χουτῶ μὲν ἄν εὗ ποιοῖς, 

εἰ σοι πυκνότης ἐνεστ’ 1125 

The προστάτης τοῦ δήμου was not an official, but the accepted democratic leader. 

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And well-broiled fish. Do nothing else but eat.

DEMU. Make haste and do it then, remembering this,
   Whichever brings me most titbits to-day,
   To him alone I'll give the Pnyx's reins.

PAPH. O then I'll run in first.

8.S. Not you, but I.

CHOR. Proud, O Demus, thy sway.
Thee, as Tyrant and King,
All men fear and obey,
Yet, O yet, 'tis a thing
Easy, to lead thee astray.
Empty fawning and praise
Pleased thou art to receive;
All each orator says
Sure at once to believe;
Wit thou hast, but 'tis roaming;
Ne'er we find it its home in.

DEMU. Wit there's none in your hair.
What, you think me a fool!
What, you know not I wear,
Wear my motley by rule!
Well all day do I fare,
Nursed and coekered by all;
Pleased to fatten and train
One prime thief in my stall.\(^a\)
When full gorged with his gain,
Up that instant I snatch him,\(^b\)
Strike one blow and dispatch him.

CHOR. Art thou really so deep?
Is such artfulness thine?

\(^{b}\) Hoist him up.
ARISTOPHANES

ἐν τῷ τρόπῳ, ὡς λέγεις,
tούτῳ πάνυ πολλῇ,
ei τούσδ' ἐπίτηδες ὁυ-
περ δημοσίους τρέφεις
ἐν τῇ πυκνί, κἀθ' ὅταν
μή σοι τύχῃ οἶμον ὃν,
tούτων ὃς ἄν ἦ παχύς,
θύσας ἐπιδειπνεῖς.

ΔΗΜΟΣ.  
sκέφασθε δὲ μ', ei σοφῶς
αὐτοὺς περιέρχομαι,
tοὺς οἰομένους φρονεῖν
κάμ' ἐξαπατύλλειν.
τηρῶ γὰρ ἐκάστοτ' αὐ-
τούς, οὐδὲ δοκῶν ὄραν,
κλέπτοντας· ἐπειτ' ἀναγ-
κάζω πάλιν ἐξεμεῖν
ἅττ' ἄν κεκλόφωσί μου,
κημὸν καταμηλῶν.

ΠΑ. ἄπαγ' ἐς μακαρίαν ἐκποδών.

ἈΛ.  

ΠΑ. ὁ Δῆμ', ἐγὼ μέντοι παρεσκευασμένος

τρίπαλαι κάθημαι, βουλόμενός σ' εὔργετεῖν.

ἈΛ. ἐγὼ δ' δεκάπαλαι γε καὶ δωδεκάπαλαι

καὶ χιλιόπαλαι καὶ πρόπαλαι πάλαι πάλαι.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἐγὼ δ' προσδοκών γε τριμμυριόπαλαι

βδελύττομαι σφώ, καὶ πρόπαλαι πάλαι πάλαι.

ἈΛ. οἶσθ' ὧν ὁ δράσον;

ΔΗΜΟΣ.  
ei δ' μή, φράσεις γε σύ.
THE KNIGHTS, 1133-1158

Well for all if thou keep
Firm to this thy design.
Well for all if, as sheep
Marked for victims, thou feed
These thy knaves in the Pnyx,
Then, if dainties thou need,
Haste on a victim to fix;
Slay the fattest and finest;
There's thy meal when thou dinest.

DEMUS. Ah! they know not that I
Watch them plunder and thieve.
Ah! 'tis easy, they cry,
Him to gull and deceive.
Comes my turn by and by!
Down their gullet, full quick,
Lo, my verdict-tube coils,\(^a\)
Turns them giddy and sick,
Up they vomit their spoils:
Such, with rogues, is my dealing;
'Tis for myself they are stealing.

PAPH. Go and be blest!

s.s. Be blest yourself, you filth.

PAPH. O Demus, I've been sitting here prepared
Three ages past, longing to do you good.

s.s. And I ten ages, aye twelve ages, aye
A thousand ages, ages, ages, ages.

DEMUS. And I've been waiting, till I loathe you both,
For thirty thousand ages, ages, ages.

s.s. Do—know you what?

DEMUS. And if I don't, you'll tell me.

\(^a\) \(\mu\hdeta\) was a surgeon's probe, \(\kappa\eta\mu\delta\) the neck of the ballot-box: the phrase means pushing this down the throat to make them vomit.

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In the statue by Pheidias which stood in the Parthenon, the flesh was represented by ivory. μύστιλα are pieces of bread hollowed out to serve as a sort of spoon.

"that fights at the gates." The epithet is invented on the analogy of Ἡρώμαχος (the epithet of Athena as repre-
THE KNIGHTS, 1159-1181

s.s. Do start us from the signal-post, us two,
All fair, no favour.
DEmus. Right you are; move off.
Paph. and s.s. Ready!
DEmus. Away!
s.s. No "cutting in" allowed.
DEmus. Zeus! if I don't, with these two lovers, have
A rare good time, 'tis dainty I must be.
Paph. See, I'm the first to bring you out a chair.
s.s. But not a table; I'm the firstlier there.
Paph. Look, here's a jolly little cake I bring,
Cooked from the barley-grain I brought from
Pylus.
s.s. And here I'm bringing splendid scoops of
bread,
Scooped by the Goddess with her ivory hand.a
DEmus. A mighty finger you must have, dread lady!
Paph. And here's pease-porridge, beautiful and
brown.
Pallas Pylaemachus b it was that stirred it.
s.s. O Demus, plain it is the Goddess guards you,
Holding above your head this—soup-tureen.
DEmus. Why, think you Athens had survived, unless
She plainly o'er us held her soup-tureen?
Paph. This slice of fish the Army-frightener sends
you.
s.s. This boiled broth-meat the Nobly-fathered
gives you,
And this good cut of tripe and guts and paunch.
DEmus. And well done she, to recollect the peplus.
Paph. The Terror-crested bids you taste this cake
sented in the bronze statue which stood on the Acropolis),
and to Cleon means "who fought for me at Pylos." The
lines following contain titles of Athena.
ARISTOPHANES

ἔλατηρος, ἕνα τὰς ναῦς ἐλαύνωμεν καλῶς.
ΑΛ. λαβὲ καὶ ταῦτα νῦν.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. καὶ τί τούτοις χρήσομαι
τοῖς ἑντέροις;
ΑΛ. ἐπίτηδες αὕτ' ἐπεμψε σοι
εἰς τὰς τριήρεις ἑντερόνειαν ἡ θεός.
ἐπισκόπεῖ γὰρ περιφανῶς τὸ ναυτικόν.
ἐχὲ καὶ πιεῖν κεκραμένον τρία καὶ δύο.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. ὡς ἴδις, ὧ Ζεῦ, καὶ τὰ τρία φέρων καλῶς.
ΑΛ. ἡ Τριτογενής γὰρ αὐτὸν ἑνετριτώνισεν.
ΠΑ. λαβὲ νῦν πλακοῦντος πίωνος παρ' ἐμοῦ τόμον.
ΑΛ. παρ' ἐμοῦ δ' ὄλον γε τὸν πλακοῦντα τοῦτονί.
ΠΑ. ἀλλ' οὔ λαγῷ' ἔξεις ὀπόθεν δῶς· ἀλλ' ἐγώ.
ΑΛ. οἴμοι· πόθεν λαγώδα μοι γενήσεται;
ὅ θυμέ, νυν βωμολόχον ἐξευρέ τι.
ΠΑ. ὅφας τάδ', ὧ κακόδαιμον;
ΑΛ. ὅλιγον μοι μέλει. ἑκεῖνοι γὰρ ὡς ἐμ' ἔρχονται. 1195
ΠΑ. τίνες;
ΑΛ. πρέσβεις ἑχοντες ἀργυρίου βαλλάντια.
ΠΑ. ποῦ ποῦ;
ΑΛ. τί δὲ σοι τοῦτ'; οὐκ ἐάσεις τοὺς ξένους;
ὁ Δημίδιον, ὅφας τὰ λαγῳ' ἀ σοι φέρω;
ΠΑ. οἴμοι τάλας, ἀδίκως γε τά' ὑφήρτασας. 1200
ΑΛ. νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, καὶ ὧ γὰρ τοὺς ἐκ Πύλου.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. εὖ', ἀντιβολῶ, πῶς ἐπενόησας ἵππασαί;
ΑΛ. τὸ μὲν νόημα τῆς θεοῦ, τὸ δ' κλέμι' ἐμόν.
ΔΗ. ἐγὼ δ' ἐκυιδύνευσ'.

ἐντέρα, pig’s “belly” to serve as “belly-timber” for the ships.
Three parts of water to two of wine.
A parody of some tragic line. All through this scene there are indications of parody.
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THE KNIGHTS, 1182–1204

With roe of fish, that we may row the better.

s.s. And now take these.

DEMUS. Whatever shall I do

With these insides?

s.s. The Goddess sends you these
To serve as planks inside your ships of war.\(^a\)
Plainly she looks with favour on our fleet.
Here, drink this also, mingled three and two.\(^b\)

DEMUS. Zeus! but it's sweet and bears the three parts well.

s.s. Tritogeneia 'twas that three'd and two'd it.

PAPH. Accept from me this slice of luscious cake.

s.s. And this whole luscious cake accept from me.

PAPH. Ah, you've no hare to give him; that give I.

s.s. O me, wherever can I get some hare?
Now for some mountebank device, my soul.

PAPH. Yah, see you this, poor Witless?

s.s. What care I?

For there they are! Yes, there they are coming!

PAPH. Who?

s.s. Envoys with bags of silver, all for me.

PAPH. Where? Where?

s.s. What's that to you? Let be the strangers.
My darling Demus, take the hare I bring.

PAPH. You thief, you've given what wasn't yours to give!

s.s. Poseidon, yes; you did the same at Pylus.

DEMUS. Ha! Ha! what made you think of filching that?

s.s. The thought's Athene's, but the theft was mine.\(^c\)

DE. 'Twas I that ran the risk!
Translate

ARISTOPHANES

in the Doric dialect; said to be quoted from some protest of the Helots that their Poseidon had not done his part for them. The Scholiast says that Cleon had been awarded a (golden) crown by the people for his services.

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"Twas I that cooked it!

Be off: the credit's his that served it up.

Unhappy me! I'm over-impudenced.

Why not give judgement, Demus, of us two
Which is the better towards your paunch and you?

Well, what's the test will make the audience think
I give my judgement cleverly and well?

I'll tell you what; steal softly up, and search
My hamper first, then Paphlagon's, and note
What's in them; then you'll surely judge aright.

Well, what does yours contain?

See here, it's empty.

Dear Father mine, I served up all for you.

A Demus-loving hamper, sure enough.

Now come along, and look at Paphlagon's.

Hey! only see!

Why here's a store of dainties!

Why, here's a splendid cheesecake he put by!

And me he gave the tiniest slice, so big.

And, Demus, that is what he always does;

Gives you the pettiest morsel of his gains,

And keeps by far the largest share himself.

O miscreant, did you steal and gull me so,

The while I crowned thy pow and gied thee gifties.a

And if I stole 'twas for the public good.

Off with your crown this instant, and I'll place it

On him instead.
ARISTOPHANES

κατάθου ταχέως, μαστιγία.

ού δήτ', ἐπεὶ μοι χρησμὸς ἔστι Πυθικὸς
φράζων ύφ' οὐ μ' ἐδέσσευ ἦττάσθαι μόνον. 1230

τοῦμον γε φράζων ὄνομα καὶ λίαν σαφῶς.

καὶ μήν σ' ἐλέγξαι βούλομαι τεκμηρίῳ,
εἰ τι ἐννοίεις τοῦ θεοῦ τοῖς θεσφάτοις.
καὶ σοῦ τουσοῦτο πρῶτον ἐκπειράσομαι:
παῖς ὃν ἐφοίτας ἐσ τίνος διδασκάλου;

ἐν ταῖσι εὐστραίσ κοινύλους ἥμομοτόμην.

πῶς εἶπας; ὦς μοῦ χρησμὸς ἀπτεται φρενῶν.
εἰεν.
ἐν παιδοτρίβου δὲ τίνα πάλην ἐμάνθανες;

κλέπτων ἔπιρκεῖν καὶ βλέπειν ἐναντίον.

ὁ Φοῖβ Ἀπολλὸν Ἀὔκις, τί ποτε μ' ἐργάσει; 1240
τέχνην δὲ τίνα ποτ' εἰχες ἐξανδρούμενος;

ἡλλαντοπώλου—

καὶ τί; 1245

καὶ βιωσκόμην.

οὔμοι κακοδαίμων· οὐκέτ' οὐδέν εἰμ' ἐγώ.
λεπτῇ τις ἐλπίς ἐστ' ἐφ' ᾧ ὁχούμεθα.
καὶ μοι τοσοῦτον εἰπέ· πότερον ἐν ἀγορᾷ
ἡλλαντοπώλεις ἐτεόν ἡ τίς ταῖς πύλαις;

ἐπὶ ταῖς πύλαισιν, οὐ τὸ τάριχος ἁνινον.

οὔμοι πέπρακται τοῦ θεοῦ τὸ θέσφατον.
κυλίνδετ' εἴσω τόνδε τὸν δυσδαίμονα.
ὁ στέφανε, χαίρων ἀπιθι, καὶ σ' ἁνών ἐγώ
λειπώ· σε δ' ἄλλος τις λαβὼν κεκτήσεται,
κλέπτῃς μὲν οὐκ ἄν μᾶλλον, ἐντυχῆς δ' ἴσως.

α From the Telephus of Euripides. Ἀὔκιος is an epithet of Apollo.

β Eurip. Bellerophon, fr. 302 Nauck; but here κυλινδετε is substituted for κοπιζετε.

Parodied from the farewell speech of the dying Alcestis
THE KNIGHTS, 1228–1252

s.s. Off with it, filth, this instant.
PAPH. Not so; a Pythian oracle I've got
Describing him who only can defeat me.

s.s. Describing me, without the slightest doubt.
PAPH. Well then I'll test and prove you, to discern
How far you tally with the God's predictions.
And first I ask this question,—when a boy
Tell me the teacher to whose school you went.

s.s. Hard knuckles drilled me in the singeing pits.
PAPH. How say you? Heavens, the oracle's word
strikes home!

Well!
What at the trainer's did you learn to do?

s.s. Forswear my thefts, and stare the accuser
down.
PAPH. Phoebus Apollo! Lycius! what means this? a
Tell me what trade you practised when a man.

s.s. I sold sausages—
PAPH. Well?

s.s. And sold myself.
PAPH. Unhappy me! I'm done for. There remains
One slender hope whereon to anchor yet.
Where did you sell your sausages? Did you
stand
Within the Agora, or beside the Gates?

s.s. Beside the Gates, where the salt-fish is sold.
PAPH. O me, the oracle has all come true!
Roll in, roll in, this most unhappy man. b
O crown, farewell. Unwillingly I leave thee.
Begone, but thee some other will obtain,
A luckier man per chance, but not more—
thievish. c

to her marriage-bed, θυνήσκων σε δ' ἄλλη τις γυνὴ κεκτήσεται, | σώφρων μὲν οὐκ ἀν μάλλον, εὐτυχῆς δ' ἵσω, Eur. Alc. 181.
ARISTOPHANES

αλ. Ἐλλάνιε Ζεῦ, σὸν τὸ νικητήριον.

ΔΗ. ὃ χαῖρε καλλίνικε, καὶ μέμνησο ὅτι ἀνύρ γεγένησαι δι’ ἐμέ· καὶ σ’ αἰτῶ βραχύ, ὅπως ἐσομαι σοι Φανὸς ὑπογραφέας δικόν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἐμοὶ δὲ γ’ ὃ τι σου τοῦνμ’ εἶπ’.  

ΑΛ. Ἀγοράκριτος.

ἐν τάγορα γὰρ κρινόμενος ἐβοσκόμην.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. Ἀγορακρίτω τοῖνυν ἐμαυτὸν ἐπιτρέπω, καὶ τὸν Παθλαγόνα παραδίδωμι τούτοις.

ΑΛ. καὶ μήν ἐγώ σ’, ὃ Δήμε, θεραπεύσω καλῶς, ὁσθ’ ὁμολογεῖν σε μηδὲν’ ἀνθρώπων ἐμοῦ ἰδεῖν ἀμείνω τῇ Κεχηναίων πόλει.

χο. τὶ κάλλιον ἀρχομένουσιν  

ἡ καταπαυμένουσιν  

ἡ θοᾶν ἄπτων ἑλατῆρας ἀείδεων  

μηδὲν εἰς Λυσίστρατον,  

μηδὲ Θοῦμαντιν τὸν ἄνεστιον αὖ λυ- 

πεῖν ἐκούσῃ καρδία;  

καὶ γὰρ οὗτος, ὃ φιλ’ Ἄπολλον, ἀεὶ  

πενή, θαλεροῖς δακρύοισιν  

σᾶς ἀπτόμενοις φαρέτρας Πυθῶνι δία  

μὴ κακῶς πένεσθαι.

λοιδορήσαι τοὺς πονηροὺς οὐδέν ἐστ’ ἐπίθονον,  

ἀλλὰ τιμὴ τοῖσι χριστοῖσ, ὡστις εὐκ λογίζεται.  

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a This was an Aeginetan title of Zeus, but it was used as a symbol of Greek unity. Cleon’s fall means the triumph of Hellenism.

b A hanger-on of Cleon’s (cf. W. 1220) who helped him in bringing actions.

c A surprise for Ἀθηναίων.

d A vicious wretch: Α. 855-59, W. 787, 1300-17.
THE KNIGHTS, 1253–1275

s.s.  Hellanian  a Zeus, the victory-prize is thine!
DE.  Hail, mighty Victor, nor forget 'twas I
Made you a Man; and grant this small re-
quest,
Make me your Phanus, b signer of your writs.
DEMUS. Your name, what is it?

s.s.  Agoracritus.
An Agora-life I lived, and thrived by wrang-
ling.

DEMUS. To Agoracritus I commit myself,
And to his charge consign this Paphlagon.

s.s.  And, Demus, I will always tend you well,
And you shall own there never lived a man
Kinder than I to the Evergaping c City.

CHOR.  O what is a nobler thing,
Beginning or ending a song,
For horsemen who joy in driving
Their fleet-foot coursers along,

Than—Never to launch a lampoon
at Lysistratus, d scurvy buffoon;
Or at heartless Thumantis e to gird,
poor starveling, in lightness of heart;
Who is weeping hot tears at thy shrine,
    Apollo, in Pytho f divine,
And, clutching thy quiver, implores
    to be healed of his poverty's smart!
For lampooning worthless wretches,
none should bear the bard a grudge;
'Tis a sound and wholesome practice,
    if the case you rightly judge.

a Noted for his leanness.

b Delphi.
ARISTOPHANES

εἰ μὲν οὖν ἀνθρώπος, δὲν δὲι πόλλα ἀκοῦσαι καὶ κακά,
αὐτὸς ἢν ἐνδηλος, οὐκ ἂν ἀνδρὸς ἐμνήσθην φίλου.

νῦν δ' Ἀρίγνωτον γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὡστὶς οὐκ ἐπίσταται,
ὡστὶς ἡ τὸ λευκὸν οἶδεν ἡ τὸν ὀρθὸν νόμον.

ἔστιν οὖν ἀδελφὸς αὐτῶ τοὺς τρόπους οὐ συγγενῆς,
Ἀριφράδης πονηρὸς. ἀλλὰ τοῦτο μὲν καὶ βούλεται·
ἐστὶ δ' οὐ μόνον πονηρὸς, οὐ γὰρ οὐδ' ἂν ἡσθόμην,
οὐδὲ παμπόνηρος, ἀλλὰ καὶ προσεξεύρηκέ τι.

τὴν γὰρ αὐτοῦ γλῶτταν αἰσχραῖς ἠδοναῖς λυμαίνεται,
ἐν κασαυρεῖοις λείχων τὴν ἀπόπτυστον δρόσον,
καὶ μολύνων τὴν ύπήνην, καὶ κυκῶν τὰς ἐσχάρας,
καὶ Πολυμνήστεια ποιῶν, καὶ Ἐυνῶν Οἰωνίχως.
ὡστὶς οὖν τοιοῦτον ἀνδρὰ μὴ σφόδρα βδελύττεται,
οὐ ποτ' ἐκ ταυτοῦ μὲθ' ἡμῶν πίεται ποτηρίου.

ἡ πολλάκις ἐννυχίασι
φροντίσι συγγεγένημι,
καὶ διεξήτης ὀπόθεν ποτὲ φαύλως
ἔσθει Κλεώνυμος.

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a Arignotus the harper, Aristrades the vile creature here described, and a third, a famous actor, were sons of Automenes. See W. 1275-83, P. 883.

b A surprise for the ending of the proverb ὡστὶς οἶδε τὸ λευκὸν ἡ τὸ μέλαν, “who knows white from black.”

c Polymnestus and Oenonichus were probably well-known wastrels; but τὰ Πολυμνήστεια usually means the fine songs or tunes of Polymnestus, a musician.

d See 958 and Index.
Now if he whose evil-doings
I must needs expose to blame
Were himself a noted person,
never had I named the name
Of a man I love and honour.
Is there one who knows not well
Arignotus, a prince of harpers?
None, believe me, who can tell
How the whitest colour differs
from the stirring tune he plays.
Arignotus has a brother
(not a brother in his ways)
Named Ariphrades, a rascal—
nay, but that’s the fellow’s whim—
Not an ordinary rascal,
or I had not noticed him.
Not a thorough rascal merely;
he’s invented something more.
Novel forms of self-pollution,
bestial tricks unknown before.
Yea, to nameless filth and horrors
does the loathsome wretch descend,
Works the work of Polymnestus,
calls Oeonichus his friend.
Whoso loathes not such a monster
never shall be a friend of mine,
Never from the selfsame goblet
quaff, with us, the rosy wine.
And oft in the watches of night
My spirit within me is thrilled,
To think of Cleonymus a eating
As though he would never be filled.
O whence could the fellow acquire
that appetite deadly and dire?
ARISTOPHANES

φασὶ μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐρεπτόμενον τὰ τῶν ἔχοντων ἀνέρων
οὐκ ἂν ἔξελθεῖν ἀπὸ τῆς σιπύης,
τοὺς δ’ ἀντιβολεῖν ἂν ὀμοίως.
"θ’, ὥστ’ ἄνα, πρὸς γονάτων, ἔξελθε καὶ σύγ-
γνωθι τῇ τραπέζῃ.

φασὶν ἀλλήλαις ἐξελθεῖν τὰς τρυπέρεις εἰς λόγον,
καὶ μίαν λέξαν τιν’ αὐτῶν, ἦτις ἢν γεραίτερα:
οὐδὲ πνευμάσθησεν ταῦτ’, ὦ παρθένου, τὰν τῇ πόλει;
φασὶν αἰτεῖσθαι τιν’ ἡμῶν ἐκατὸν ἐς Καρχηδόνα
ἀνδρα μοχθερόν, πολίτην ὀξύνην, Ἕπερβολον,
ταῖς δὲ δοξαὶ δεινον εἶναι τούτῳ κούκ ἀνασχετον,
καὶ τιν’ εἰπεῖν, ἦτις ἀνδρῶν ἄσσον ὑπὲρ ἐληλύθει
ἀποτρόπαι’, οὐ δὴτ’ ἐμοῦ γ’ ἄρξεῖ ποτ’, ἀλλ’ εάν με χρῆ,
ὑπὸ τερηθόνων σαπεῖσ’ ἐνταῦθα καταγγέλομαι.
οὐδὲ Ναυφάντης γε τῆς Ναύσωνος, οὐ δήτ’, ὡ θεοὶ,
εἰπερ ἐκ πεύκης γε κάγω καὶ ἔξυλων ἐπηγγυμην.
"ην δ’ ἀρέσκη ταῦτ’ Ἀθηναίοις, καθήσαθαι μοι δοκεῖ
εἰς τὸ Θησείου πλεοῦσας ἣ’ π’ τῶν σεμνών θεῶν.

a Don’t eat the table too.
b The names of Athenian ships were feminine: see Corpus
Inscr. Att. ii. 789 ff.
c From Euripides, Alcmæon, fr. 66 Nauck.
d Hyperbolus is called a μοχθερός ἀνθρωπός by Thucydides, viii.
73. 3, and he became with Cleon a by-word. We do not know
whether an expedition to Carthage was proposed by him.
e Ἀποτρόπαιος, a title of Apollo, the “Averter,” used in appeals.
f Nauphante is the name of the trireme, and probably Nauson
was meant for the builder.
g To take sanctuary, as runaway slaves did in the Theseium.
The Σεμναῖ were the Ἑρμῆς or Furies. Both these shrines were
in the city.

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THE KNIGHTS, 1294–1312

They say when he grazes with those
whose table with plenty is stored
That they never can get him away
from the trencher, though humbly they pray
Have mercy, O King, and depart!
O spare, we beseech thee, the board!¹

Recently, 'tis said, our galleys
met their prospects to discuss,
And an old experienced trireme
introduced the subject thus;
"Have ye heard the news, my sisters?²
'tis the talk in every street;³
That Hyperbolus the worthless,
vapid townsman, would a fleet
Of a hundred lovely galleys
lead to Carthage far away."⁴
Over every prow there mantled
deep resentment and dismay.
Up and spoke a little galley,
yet from man's pollution free,
"Save us!⁵ such a scurvy fellow
never shall be lord of me.
Here I'd liefer rot and moulder,
and be eaten up of worms."
"Nor Nauphante, Nauson's daughter,⁶
shall he board on any terms;
I, like you, can feel the insult;
I'm of pine and timber knit.
Wherefore, if the measure passes,
I propose we sail and sit
Suppliant at the shrine of Theseus,
or the Dread Avenging Powers.⁷
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ού γὰρ ήμῶν γε στρατηγῶν ἐγχανεῖται τῇ πόλει·
ἀλλὰ πλεῖτω χωρίς αὐτὸς ἐσ κόρακας, εἰ βουλεῖται
tὰς σκάφας, ἐν αἷς ἐπώλει τοὺς λύχνους, καθελκύσας. 131

Ἀλ. εὐφημεῖν χρή καὶ στόμα κλείειν, καὶ μαρτυρῶν
ἀπέχεσθαι,
kαὶ τὰ δικαστήρια συγκλείειν, οἷς ἡ πόλις ἦδη
gέγηθεν,
ἐπὶ καυναίσιν δ’ εὐτυχίαισιν παιωνίζειν τὸ θέατρον.
Χο. ὅ ταῖς ἑραῖσ φέγγοις Ἀθήναις καὶ ταῖς νήσοις
ἐπίκουρε,
tίν’ ἔχων φήμην ἁγαθὴν ἥκεις, ἐφ’ ὄτω κυσῶμεν
ἀγιώς;
Ἀλ. τὸν Δῆμον ἀφετῆρας ὑμῖν καλὸν ἔξι αἰσχρὸν
πεποίηκα.
Χο. καὶ ποῦ ὑμῖν, ὅ θαυμαστὰς ἔξευρίσκων
ἐπινοίας;
Ἀλ. ἐν ταῖσιν ἰσοτεθάνοις οἶκεὶ ταῖς ἀρχαίσιν
Ἀθήναις.
Χο. πῶς ἂν ἵδομεν; ποίαν τιν’ ἔχει σκευήν; χοῖος
γεγένηται;
Ἀλ. οἴσις περ Ἀριστείδη πρῶτερον καὶ Μυτιάδη
ἐξυπηρετεῖ.
ὁφεσθε δὲ· καὶ γὰρ ἀνοιγμυμένων ψόφος ἡδὴ τῶν
προπυλαίων.
ἀλλ’ ὀλολύζατε φαινομέναισιν ταῖς ἀρχαίσιν
Ἀθήναις
καὶ θαυμασταῖς καὶ πολυόμνοις, ἐν’ ὁ κλεινὸς Δῆμος
ἐνοικεῖ.

* Suggested by the story of Medea. She boiled an old ram
and made him young. Apollodorus, i. 9. 27.

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THE KNIGHTS, 1313–1328

He shall ne’er, as our commander,
fool it o’er this land of ours.
If he wants a little voyage,
let him launch his sale-trays, those
Whereupon he sold his lanterns,
steering to the kites and crows.’’

s.s. O let not a word of ill omen be heard;
avay with all proof and citation,
And close for to-day the Law Courts, though they
are the joy and delight of our nation.
At the news which I bring let the theatre ring
with Paeans of loud acclamation.

chor. O Light of the City, O Helper and friend
of the islands we guard with our fleets,
What news have you got? O tell me for what
shall the sacrifice blaze in our streets?

s.s. Old Demus I’ve stewed till his youth is renewed,
and his aspect most charming and nice is.a

chor. O where have you left him, and where is he now,
you inventor of wondrous devices?

s.s. He dwells in the City of ancient renown,
which the violet chaplet is wearing.

chor. O would I could see him! O what is his garb,
and what his demeanour and bearing?

s.s. As when, for his mess-mates, Miltiades bold
and just Aristeides he chose.

But now ye shall see him, for, listen, the bars
of the great Propylaea unclose.
Shout, shout to behold, as the portals unfold,
fair Athens in splendour excelling,
The wondrous, the ancient, the famous in song,
where the noble Demus is dwelling!
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΕΣ

χο. ὃ ταὶ λιπαραὶ καὶ ἱοστέφανοι καὶ ἀριζήλωτοι Ἀθήναι,
λείστατε τὸν τῆς Ἑλλάδος ἡμῶν καὶ τῆς γῆς τῆς διὸ μόναρχον.

ΑΛ. ὃς ἐκεῖνος ὅραν τεττυγορὸν, ἀρχαῖος σχήματι
καμπρόν, ὁ χορόν ὦν ὁ ἀλλὰ σπονδῶν, σμύρνη κατά-

λείπτος.

χο. χαῖρ', ὃ βασιλεὺς τῶν Ἑλλήνων καὶ σοι ἔγγ-
χαίρομεν ἡμεῖς.

τῆς γὰρ πόλεως ἄξια πράττεις καὶ τοῦ Μαραθώνι
τροπαίου.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ὃ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν, ἐλθὲ δεῦρ’, Ἀγοράκρυτε.
δοσα με δεδρακας ἀγάθ' ἀφεψήςας.

ΑΛ. ἐγώ;

ἀλλ', ὃ μελ', οὐκ οἰσθ' οἰος ἡθθ' αὐτὸς πάρος,
οὐδ' οὐ' ἔδρας· ἔμε γὰρ νομίζουσιν ἂν θεόν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τί δ' ἐδρων πρὸ τοῦ, κάτειπε, καὶ ποιός τις τη; 

ΑΛ. πρῶτον μὲν, ὅποτ' εἴποι τις ἐν τῇ κλησίᾳ,
ὡ Δῆμ', ἔραστής τ' εἰμί σὸς φιλῶ τε σε
καὶ κύδωμαί σου καὶ προβολεύων μόνος,
τοῦτος ὅποτε χρήσαιτο τίς προομίους,
ἀνωτάλιξε κάκερουτίας.

ΔΗΜΟΣ.

ἐγώ;

ΑΛ. εἴπ' ἐξαπατήσας σ' ἀντὶ τούτων ὧχετο.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τί φής;

ταυτὶ μ' ἐδρών, ἐγώ δὲ τούτ' οὐκ ἡθόμηρν;

ΑΛ. τὰ δ' ὠτά γ' ἢν σου νῆ Δῆ ἐξεπετάνυτο
ὡσπερ σκιάδειον καὶ πάλιν ἔννυχγετο.
chor. O shining old town of the violet crown,
        O Athens the envied, display
The Sovereign of Hellas himself to our gaze,
        the monarch of all we survey.
s.s. See, see where he stands, no vote in his hands,
        but the golden cicala his hair in,
All splendid and fragrant with peace and with myrrh,
        and the grand old apparel he's wearing!
chor. Hail, Sovereign of Hellas! with thee we rejoice,
        right glad to behold thee again
Enjoying a fate that is worthy the State
        and the trophy on Marathon's plain.

demus. O Agoracritus, my dearest friend,
        What good your stewing did me!
ss. Say you so?
Why, if you knew the sort of man you were,
        And what you did, you'd reckon me a god.
demus. What was I like? What did I do? Inform me.
ss. First, if a speaker in the Assembly said
        O Demus, I'm your lover, I alone
Care for you, scheme for you, tend and love you well,
        I say if anyone began like that
You clapped your wings and tossed your horns.
demus. What, I?
ss. Then in return he cheated you and left.
demus. O did they treat me so, and I not know it!
ss. Because, by Zeus, your ears would open wide
        And close again, like any parasol.

a The opening words are quoted from Pindar, who first applied them to Athens in a dithyramb, Frag. 76 (Sandys).
b Worn in old days by Athenians in their hair: Thuc. i. 6. 3.
c A marble monument near the great barrow on the site of the battle: W. 711.
ARISTOPHANES

ΔΗΜΟΣ. οὖτως ἀνόητος ἐγεγενήμην καὶ γέρων;
ΑΛ. καὶ νὴ Δί' εἰ γε δύο λεγότην ῥήτορε, 1350
ὁ μὲν ποιεῖσθαι ναῦς λέγων, ὁ δ' ἐτερος αὖ
καταμισθοφορήσαι τούθ', ὁ τὸν μισθὸν λέγων
τὸν τὰς τριήμερες παραδράμων ἂν ἤχετο.
οὖτως, τί κύπτεις; οὐχὶ κατὰ χώραν μενεῖς;
ΔΗΜΟΣ. αἰσχύνομαι τοῖς πρῶτοι ἀμαρτίαις. 1355
ΑΛ. ἀλλ' οὐ σὺ τούτων αἴτιος, μὴ φροντίσῃς,
ἀλλ' οἷς σε ταῦτ' ἐξηπάτων. νῦν δ' αὖ φράσον;
ἐάν τις εἰπῇ βωμολόχος ξυνήγορος,
οὐκ ἔστων ἣμιν τοῖς δικασταῖς ἀλφίτα,
εἰ μὴ καταγνώσεσθε ταῦτην τὴν ἀίκην,
τούτων τὶ δράσεις, εἰπέ, τὸν ξυνήγορον;
ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἄρας μετέωρον ἐστὶ τὸ βάραθρον ἐμβαλὼ,
ἐκ τοῦ λάρυγγος ἐκκρεμάσας Ἰπέρβολον.
ΑΛ. τούτι μὲν ὅρθως καὶ φρονίμως ἥδη λέγεις·
τὰ δ' ἀλλα, φέρ' ἰδῳ, πῶς πολιτεύσῃς φράσον. 1360
ΔΗΜΟΣ. πρῶτον μὲν ὀπόσοι ναῦς ἐλαύνουσιν μακράς,
καταγομένους τοὺς μισθὸν ἀποδώσω νετελη.
ΑΛ. πολλοῖς γ' ὑπολίποσιν πυγιδίουσιν ἐχαρίσω.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἐπειθ' ὀπλίτης ἐντεθεὶς ἐν καταλόγῳ
οὔδεις κατὰ σπουδᾶς μετεγγραφήσεται,
ἀλλ' ὦσπερ ἦν τὸ πρῶτον ἐγγεγράφηται.
ΑΛ. τοῦτ' ἔδακε τὸν πόρπακα τὸν Κλεώνυμον.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. οὖν ἀγοράσει γ' ἀγένειος οὔδεις ἐν ἀγορᾷ.
ΑΛ. ποῦ δὴτα Κλεισθένης ἀγοράσει καὶ Στράτων;
ΔΗΜΟΣ. τὰ μειράκια ταυτὶ λέγω, τὰν τῷ μύρῳ, 1370

"Lysias, 27. 1, says that similar threats were really made:
εἰ μὴ καταγνώσεσθε ὧν κελεύοντιν ἐπιλείψει οὐμάς ἡ μισθοφορά.
"Barley" means "daily bread."

b Below a precipice of the rock of the Pnyx, in the corner between Town Wall and Long Wall, outside the city.
THE KNIGHTS, 1349-1375

DEMUS. Had I so old and witless grown as that?

s.s. And if, by Zeus, two orators proposed,
One to build ships of war, one to increase
Official salaries, the salary man
Would beat the ships-of-war man in a canter.
Hallo! why hang your head and shift your ground?

DEMUS. I am ashamed of all my former faults.

s.s. You're not to blame; pray don't imagine that.
"Twas they who tricked you so. But answer this;
If any scurvy advocate should say,
Now please remember, justices, ye'll have
No barley, if the prisoner gets off free,
How would you treat that scurvy advocate?

DEMUS. I'd tie Hyperbolus about his neck,
And hurl him down into the Deadman's Pit.

s.s. Why now you are speaking sensibly and well.
How else, in public business, will you act?

DEMUS. First, when the sailors from my ships of war
Come home, I'll pay them all arrears in full.

s.s. For that, full many a well-worn rump will bless you.

DEMUS. Next, when a hoplite's placed in any list,
There shall he stay, and not for love or money
Shall he be shifted to some other list.

s.s. That bit the shield-strap of Cleonymus.

DEMUS. No beardless boy shall haunt the agora now.

s.s. That's rough on Straton and on Cleisthenes.

DEMUS. I mean those striplings in the perfume-mart,

*i.e.* for service on some expedition; but influence might be used to get a name removed, *P.* 1180.

Cleonymus had not yet thrown away his shield at Delium, but he must have been known as a coward.

* Two effeminates: *A.* 122.
ARISTOPHANES

α στωμυλεῖται τοιαδή καθήμενα·
σοφός γ' ο Χαιάξ, δεξιῶς τ' ούκ ἀπέθανε.
συμερκτικός γάρ ἐστι καὶ περαντικός,
καὶ γνωμοτυπικός καὶ σαφῆς καὶ κροουτικός
καταληπτικός τ' ἀριστα τοῦ θορυβητικοῦ. 1380

Α. ούκον καταδακτυλικός σὺ τοῦ λαλήτικοῦ;

Δνμος. μὰ Δι', ἀλλ' ἀναγκάσω κυνηγετεῖν ἐγὼ
τούτους ἀπαντάς, παυσαμένους ψηφισμάτων.

Α. ἔχε νῦν ἐπὶ τούτοις τούτοι τὸν ὀκλαδίαν,
καὶ παῖδ', ἐνόρχην, ὅς περιοίσει τόνδε σου·
κἂν που δοκῇ σου, τοῦτον ὀκλαδίαν ποίει. 1385

Δνμος. μακάριος ἐς τάρχαία ἰὴ καθίσταμαι.

Α. φήσεις γ', ἐπειδὰν τὰς τριακοντούτιδας
σπονδᾶς παραδῷ σοι. δεῦρ' ἵθ' αἰ Σπονδαί
ταχύ.

Δνμος. ὁ Ζεὺς πολυτίμηθ', ὡς καλαί. πρὸς τῶν
θεῶν,
ἐξεστὶν αὐτῶν κατατριακοντοτίσαι;
πῶς ἔλαβες αὐτὰς ἐτεόν;

Α. οὐ γὰρ ὁ Παφλαγῶν
ἀπεκρυπτε ταύτας ἐνδον, ἵνα σὺ μὴ λάβοις;
νῶν οὖν ἐγὼ σοι παραδίδωμ' εἰς τοὺς ἀγροὺς
αὐτὰς ἵναι λαβόντα.

Δνμος. τὸν δὲ Παφλαγόνα, 1395
ὁ ταύτ' ἐδρασεν, εἴπ' ἦ τι ποιήσεις κακὸν.

Α. οὔδὲν μέγ' ἄλλ' ἢ τὴν ἐμὴν ἐξει τέχνην·
ἐπὶ ταῖς πύλαις ἀλλαντοπωλήσει μόνος,
τὰ κύνεια μυγνύ τοῖς ὅνειοις πράγμασιν,
THE KNIGHTS, 1376–1399

Who sit them down and chatter stuff like this, Sharp fellow, Phaeax; wonderful defence; Coercive speaker; most conclusive speaker; Effective; argumentative; incisive; Superlative against the combative.a

s.s. You’re quite derisive of these talkatives.

DEMUS. I’ll make them all give up their politics, And go a-hunting with their hounds instead.

s.s. Then on these terms accept this folding-stoolb; And here’s a boy to carry it behind you. No eunuch he!

DEMUS. O, I shall be once more A happy Demus as in days gone by.

s.s. I think you’ll think so when you get the sweet Thirty-year treaties. Treaties dear, come here.

DEMUS. Worshipful Zeus! how beautiful they are. Wouldn’t I like to solemnize them all. Whence got you these?

s.s. Why, had not Paphlagon Bottled them up that you might never see them? Now then I freely give you them to take Back to your farms, with you.

DEMUS. But Paphlagon Who wrought all this, how will you punish him?

s.s. Not much: this only: he shall ply my trade, Sole sausage-seller at the City gates. There let him dogs’-meat mix with asses’ flesh,

b It was the fashion in olden days for rich citizens to have these carried for them by attendants when they went to assemblies or the like.
ARISTOPHANES

μεθύων τε ταῖς πόρναισι λοιδορήσεται,
κάκ τῶν βαλανείων πίεται τὸ λυτρίον.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. εὖ γ' ἐπενόησας οὕτερ ἕστιν ἄξιος,
πόρναις καὶ βαλανεῖσι διακεκραγέναι,
καὶ σ' ἀντὶ τούτων ἐς τὸ πρυτανεῖον καλῶ
ἐς τὴν ἑδραν θ', ἵν' ἔκεινος ἢν ὁ φαρμακός.
ἐποι ἐκ ταυτηνι λαβῶν τὴν βατραχίδα:
κακείνον ἐκφερέτω τις ὡς ἐπὶ τὴν τέχνην,
ἵν' ἴδωσιν αὐτὸν, οἷς ἐλωβάθ', οἱ ξένοι.
THE KNIGHTS, 1400–1408

There let him, tipsy, with the harlots wrangle,
And drink the filthy scouring of the bath.

DEMU. A happy thought; and very fit he is
To brawl with harlots and with bathmen there.
But you I ask to dinner in the Hall,
To take the place that scullion held before.
Put on this frog-green robe and follow me.
Whilst him they carry out to ply his trade,
That so the strangers, whom he wronged, may see him.  

a Strangers were not present at the Lenaean festival.
THE CLOUDS
INTRODUCTION

The *Clouds* was produced at the Great Dionysia 423 B.C. The first prize was awarded to Cratinus with the *Wine-flagon*, the second to Ameipsias with the *Connos*, and Aristophanes was third and last.

The present is a revised edition published, but not exhibited, some years later, for in the New Parabasis the poet refers to the *Maricas* of Eupolis which was produced 421 B.C. In one of the Greek arguments prefixed to the play, it is stated that this revision (Διόρθωσις) extends generally "through almost every part," but that it is "entire" (Δλοςχρήσις) (1) in the Parabasis, (2) "where the Just Logic speaks to the Unjust," and (3) "where the school of Socrates is set on fire."

As to the Parabasis (518–562) where Aristophanes, speaking in the first person, expresses his indignation at his defeat, there can be no doubt. As regards (2) Mr. Rogers justly holds that this does not refer to the whole dispute between the Δύογοι (for this "is the very core of the play"), but to the magnificent anapaests in which the Just Logic describes "the ancient education," 961 seq. As regards (3) there can be little certainty.

The aim of the Comedy is to attack the Sophistical system of Education, which like "some subtle and insidious disease was sapping the very life of old 262
THE CLOUDS

Athenian character; which for a money payment taught men to argue not for Truth but for Victory; to assail all traditional beliefs; and to pride themselves on their ability to take up a bad cause and make it triumph over the right." a

In taking Socrates as "the representative and embodiment in a concrete form" of the Sophistic school Aristophanes is notoriously unjust. No one had less regard for speculation about τὰ μετέωρα and τὰ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς than Socrates; to take money for teaching was in his eyes a crime; and the whole of his dialectic aimed not at "making the worse appear the better reason," but at the discovery of ethical truth. None the less, as Grote remarks, "if an Athenian had been asked 'Who are the principal Sophists in your city?' he would have named Socrates among the first," while he seemed to court caricature as he ambled round the agora and gymnasia, "bald-headed, with the countenance of a satyr and a protuberant belly, habitually barefoot, clad only in a shabby gaberdine (Τρίβων) without even the usual undergarment (Χειτών)." b

That the Athenians took the attack on him seriously, or that it had the least effect on his condemnation in 399, is wholly questionable. Plutarch (De educat. puerorum, c. 14, p. 10 c) relates that, when asked if he was not "indignant" at it, he replied, "No, not I; I am chaffed in the theatre as in a wine-party"; and Plato in the Symposium (221 b) not only brings in both Socrates and Aristophanes as guests who meet without offence, but makes Alcibiades quote the poet's own words (l. 362) as an

a Rogers, Introduction, p. xviii.
b Ibid. p. xxi.
ARISTOPHANES

admirable description of Socrates. Nor is it probable that, if he had held Aristophanes partly guilty for his master's execution, he would when dying have kept a copy of his comedies in his bed, or published his inimitable epigram:

\[
\text{al Χάριτες, τέμενες τι λαβέων ὅπερ οὐχὶ πεσεῖται}
\]

\[
\text{ζητοῦσαι, ψυχὴν εὗρον 'Αριστοφανοῦς.}^a
\]

In fact, when Socrates at the beginning of the Apology is made not only to quote the Clouds but to put phrases from it into an imaginary legal indictment, of which he says he is in more terror than of his actual accusers, it may well be that Plato—"putting into his mouth reflections upon the Clouds which he, we may be sure, would never have uttered,"\(^b\)—indicates with fine irony that it was a poor charge which was less weighty than the jibe of a comedian. But whether this be so or not, the fact of Plato introducing the quotations as well known and familiar proves—as do similar quotations in the Oeconomicus and Symposium of Xenophon—that when he wrote the Clouds had already that established fame which it has ever since maintained.

\(^a\) The Graces sought a heavenly shrine, which ne'er
\hspace{2cm} Shall come to nought,
\hspace{2cm} And in thy soul, Immortal Poet, found
\hspace{2cm} The shrine they sought. \hspace{4cm} \underline{Rogers.}

\(^b\) Rogers, Introd. p. xxiv.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ
ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΟΥ
ΜΑΘΗΤΑΙ ΣΩΚΡΑΤΟΣ
ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΝΕΦΕΛΩΝ
ΔΙΚΑΙΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ
ΑΔΙΚΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ
ΠΑΣΙΑΣ
ΑΜΤΝΙΑΣ
ΜΑΡΤΤΣ
ΧΑΙΡΕΜΩΝ
ΝΕΦΕΛΑΙ

ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. 'Ιού ιού·

ω Ζεύ βασιλεύ, τό χρήμα τῶν νυκτῶν ὃσον.
ἀπέραντον. οὐδέποθ' ἦμέρα γενήσεται;
καὶ μὴν πάλαι γ’ ἀλεκτρούνοις ήκουσ’ ἐγώ·
oὶ δ’ οὐκέται ρέγκουσιν. ἄλλ’ οὐκ ἂν πρὸ τοῦ. 5
ἀπόλοιο δὴτ’, ὃ πόλεμε, πολλῶν οὐνεκα,
ὁτ’ οὐδὲ κολάσ’ ἔξεστι μοι τοὺς οἰκέτας.
ἄλλ’ οὖν’ ὁ χρηστὸς οὔτοσ’ νεκρίας
ἐγείρεται τῆς νυκτός, ἄλλα πέρεται
ἐν πέντε σισύραις ἐγκεκορδυλημένος. 10
ἄλλ’, εἰ δοκεῖ, ρέγκωμεν ἐγκεκαλυμμένοι.

ἄλλ’ οὐ δύναμαι δείλας εὑδειν δακνόμενος
ὑπὸ τῆς δαπάνης καὶ τῆς φάτνης καὶ τῶν χρεῶν,
διὰ τουτοίν τῶν ϊόν. ὁ δὲ κόμην ἔχων
ἴππαζεταί τε καὶ ξυνωρικεύεται
ὁνειροπολεῖ θ’ ἰπποὺς· ἐγὼ δ’ ἀπόλυμαι,
ὁρῶν ἄγουσαν τὴν σελήνην εἰκάδας·
oἱ γὰρ τόκοι χωροῦσιν. ἄπτε, παῖ, λύχνον,
κάκφερε τὸ γραμματεῖον, ἵν’ ἀναγώ λαβῶν
ὀπόσοις ὀφείλω καὶ λογίσωμαι τοὺς τόκους. 15
φέρ’ ἰδω, τί ὀφείλω; “δώδεκα μνᾶς Πασία.”

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a At the back of the stage are two buildings—the house of

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THE CLOUDS  

STREPSIADES. O dear! O dear!
O Lord! O Zeus! these nights, how long they are.
Will they ne'er pass? will the day never come?
Surely I heard the eock crow, hours ago.
Yet still my servants snore. These are new customs.
O 'ware of war for many various reasons;
One fears in war even to flog one's servants.
And here's this hopeful son of mine wrapped up
Snoring and sweating under five thick blankets.
Come, we'll wrap up and snore in opposition.

(Tries to sleep)
But I can't sleep a wink, devoured and bitten
By tieks, and bugbears, duns, and race-horses,
All through this son of mine. He curls his hair,  
And sports his thoroughbreds, and drives his tandem;
Even in dreams he rides: while I—I'm ruined,
Now that the Moon has reached her twentieths,
And paying-time comes on. Boy! light a lamp,
And fetch my ledger: now I'll reckon up
Who are my creditors, and what I owe them.
Come, let me see then. Fifty pounds to Pasias!

Strepsiades and the Phrontisterion. The interior of the first is exposed to view by means of the eccyclema.
  b Like the Knights; cf. K. 580.
  c Interest was payable on the first day of each new month, and the days after the twentieth mark its near approach.
ARISTOPHANES

tōu dṓdeka mνάς Πασία; τί ἐχρησάμην; ὤτ᾿ ἐπριάμην τῶν κοππατίαν. οἴμοι τάλας, εἵθ᾽ ἐξεκόπην πρότερον τῶν ὄφθαλμον λίθῳ.

ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ. Φίλων, ἀδικεῖς· ἔλαυνε τὸν σαυτοῦ δρόμον. 25

ςτ. τοῦτ᾿ ἐστὶν τούτῳ τὸ κακόν ὁ μὲ ἀπολόλεκεν· ὄνειροπολεῖ γὰρ καὶ καθεύδων ἵππικήν.

ΦΕΙ. πόσους δρόμους ἐλὰ τὰ πολεμιστήρια; 30

ςτ. ἐμὲ μὲν σὺ πολλοὺς τὸν πατέρ’ ἔλαυνες δρόμους.

άταρ "τί χρέος ἔβα" με μετὰ τὸν Πασίαν;

"τρεῖς μναὶ διφρίσκου καὶ τροχοῖν Ἀμυνία." 35

ΦΕΙ. ἀπαγε τὸν ἴππον ἐξαλίσας οὐκάδε.

ςτ. ἀλλ᾿, ὃ μέλ᾿, ἐξήλικας ἐμὲ γ᾿ ἐκ τῶν ἐμῶν,

ὅτε καὶ δίκας ὕφληκα χάτεροι τόκου ἐνεχυράσεσθαι φασιν.

ΦΕΙ. ἐτεόν, ὃ πάτερ,

τί δυσκολαῖνεις καὶ στρέφει τὴν νῦχθ’ ὄλην;

ςτ. δάκνει με δήμαρχός τίς ἐκ τῶν στρωμάτων.

ΦΕΙ. ἔασον, ὃ δαμόνε, καταδαρθεῖν τί με.

ςτ. σὺ δ᾿ οὖν καθεύδε· τὰ δὲ χρέα ταῦτ’ ἵσθ’ ὅτι

ἐσ τὴν κεφαλὴν ἀπαντα τὴν σὴν τρέψεται. 40

φεύ.

εἰθ’ ὥφελ’ ἡ προμνήστρι’ ἀπολέσθαι κακῶς,

ἡτις με γῆμ’ ἔπηρε τὴν σὴν μητέρα· ἐμοὶ γὰρ τὴν ἁγροικὸς ἡδιστός βίος,

εὐρωτίων, ἀκόρητος, εἰκῇ κείμενος,

βρῶν μελίτας καὶ προβάτως καὶ στεμφύλως. 45

ἐπειτ’ ἐγνῆ Μεγακλέους τοῦ Μεγακλέους

Lit. “the horse branded with a koppa (?),” the symbol of Corinth, where the breed was supposed to descend from Pegasus. 268
THE CLOUDS, 22–46

Why fifty pounds to Pasias? what were they for?
O, for the hack \(^a\) from Corinth. O dear! O dear!
I wish my eye had been hacked out before—

PHIEIDIPPIDES. \(\text{In his sleep}\) You are cheating, Philon;
keep to your own side.

ST. Ah! there it is! that's what has ruined me!
Even in his very sleep he thinks of horses.

PH. \(\text{In his sleep}\) How many heats do the war-chariots run?

ST. A pretty many heats you have run your father.
Now then, what debt assails me \(^b\) after Pasias?
\(\text{A curricle and wheels. Twelve pounds. Amynias.}\)

PH. \(\text{In his sleep}\) Here, give the horse a roll, and take
him home.

ST. You have rolled me \textit{out} of house and home, my boy,
Cast in some suits already, while some swear
They'll seize my goods for payment.

PH. Good, my father,
What makes you toss so restless all night long?

ST. There's a bumbailiff \(^c\) from the mattress bites me.

PH. Come now, I prithee, let me sleep in peace.

ST. Well then, you sleep; only be sure of this,
These debts will fall on your own head at last.
Alas, alas!
For ever cursed be that same match-maker,
Who stirred me up to marry your poor mother.
Mine in the country was the pleasantest life,
Untidy, easy-going,\(^d\) unrestrained,
Brimming with olives, sheepfolds, honey-bees.
Ah! then I married—I a rustic—her

---

\(^a\) τὶ χρέος ἔβα με is from an unknown play of Euripides: Schol.
\(^b\) δήμαρχος: a surprise instead of κόρις or ψυλλα. He was the
headman of the deme, and also issued executions for unpaid debts.
\(^d\) Lit. "mouldy, unswept."
ARISTOPHANES

άδελφιδήν ἄγρουκος ὄν ἔξ ἀστεως,
σειμνήν, τρυφώσαν, ἐγκεκοουσυρωμένην.
ταύτην ὁτ’ ἐγάμουν, συγκατεκλινόμην ἔγω
ὄζων τρυγός, τρασίας, ἐρίων περιουσίας,
η δ’ αὖ μύρον, κρόκου, καταγλωττισμάτων,
δαπάνης, λαφυγμοῦ, Κωλιάδος, Γενετυλλίδος.
οὐ μὴν ἐρώ γ’ ὡς ἀργὸς ἦν, ἀλλ’ ἑσπάθα.
ἐγὼ δ’ ἀν αὐτῇ θοιμάτιον δεικνύς τοῖς
πρόφασιν ἔφασκον, “ὁ γύναι, λίαν σπαθᾶς.”

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ. ἔλαιον ἢμῖν οὐκ ἐνεστ’ ἐν τῷ λύχνῳ.
ΣΤ. οἶμοι τ’ ἵ πορ μοι τὸν πότην ἦπτες λύχνου;
δεῖρ’ ἐλθ’, ἵνα κλάῃς.

ΘΕ. διὰ τ’ δῆτα κλαύσομαι;
ΣΤ. ἵτι τῶν παχείων ἐνετήθης θρυαλλίδων.
μετὰ ταῦθ', ὅπως νῦν ἐγένεθ’ νῦς οὗτοι,
ἐμοὶ τε ὑ’ καὶ τῇ γυναικὶ τάγαθ’,
περὶ τοῦνόματος ὑ’ ντευθὲν ἐλοιδορούμεθα.
ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἵππον προσείλει πρὸς τοῦνομα,
Σάνθιππον ἢ Χάριππον ἢ Καλλιπίδην,
ἐγὼ δ’ τοῦ πάππου τιθέμην Φειδωνίδην.
τέως μὲν οὖν ἐκρινόμεθ’ εἶτα τῷ χρόνῳ
κοινῇ ἤνεβημεν καθέμεθα Φειδιππίδην.
τοῦτον τὸν νῦν λαμβάνονος ἐκορίζετο,
ὅταν οὖ μέγας ὄν ἀρμ’ ἔλαινης πρὸς πόλιν,
ὡσπερ Μεγακλέης, ἔυστίδ’ ἔχων. ἐγὼ δ’ ἐφην,
ὅταν μὲν οὖν τὰς αἴγας ἔκ τοῦ φελλέως,
ὡσπερ ὁ πατήρ σου, διφθέραν ἐνημμένον.
ἀλλ’ οὖν ἐπίθετο τοῖς ἐμοῖς οὐδὲν λόγοις,

* Lit. “of M. the son of M.,” the repetition of the name being intended to enhance its importance. Megacles was a common name for the male, as Coesyra for the female, children of the aristocratic Alcmaeonid family.

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A fine town-lady, niece of Megacles.\textsuperscript{a}
A regular, proud, luxurious, Coesyra.
This wife I married, and we came together,
I rank with wine-lees, fig-boards,\textsuperscript{b} greasy woolpacks;
She all with scents, and saffron, and tongue-kissings;
Feasting, expense, and lordly modes of loving.\textsuperscript{c}
She was not idle though, she was too fast.\textsuperscript{d}
I used to tell her, holding out my cloak,
Threadbare and worn; \textit{Wife, you're too fast by half.}

\textbf{servant-boys.} Here's no more oil remaining in the lamp.
\textbf{st.} O me! what made you light the tippling lamp?
Come and be whipp'd.

\textbf{serv.} Why, what would you whip me for?
\textbf{st.} Why did you put one of those thick wicks in?
Well, when at last to me and my good woman
This hopeful son was born, our son and heir,
Why then we took to wrangle on the name.
She was for giving him some knightly name,
"Callippides," "Xanthippus," or "Charippus":
I wished "Pheidonides," his grandsire's\textsuperscript{e} name.
Thus for some time we argued: till at last
We compromised it in Pheidippides.
This boy she took, and used to spoil him, saying,
\textit{Oh! when you are driving to the Acropolis, clad}
\textit{Like Megacles, in your purple;} whilst I said
\textit{Oh! when the goats you are driving from the fells,}
\textit{Clad like your father, in your sheepskin coat.}
Well, he cared nought for my advice, but soon

\textsuperscript{a} On which they were dried in the sun.
\textsuperscript{b} \textit{Kωλλας} and \textit{λειρευταλλεις} are names of love-deities.
\textsuperscript{c} \textit{σπαθή} is literally "to ply the shuttle" (\textit{σπαθή}), then as a slang term "to squander."
\textsuperscript{d} Boys were regularly named after a grandfather; \textit{cf. B. 283.}
Pheidonides = "a son of thrift" (\textit{φείδω}).
ARISTOPHANES

ἀλλ' ἵππερόν μου κατέχεεν τῶν χρημάτων. νῦν οὖν ὀλην τὴν νύκτα φροντίζων, ὅδ' μιᾶν εὐρον, ἀτραπὸν δαμονίως ὑπερφυα, ἢν ἢν ἀναπείσω τουτοῦ, σωθήσομαι. ἀλλ' ἐξεγείραι πρῶτον αὐτὸν βουλομαι. πῶς δὴ ἂν ἥδιστ' αὐτὸν ἐπεγείραμι; πῶς; Φειδίππιδη, Φειδίππιδιον.

ΦΕΙ. τί, ὥ πάτερ;
ΣΤ. κύσον με καὶ τὴν χεῖρα δῶς τὴν δεξιὰν.
ΦΕΙ. ἵδού. τί ἐστιν;
ΣΤ. εἰπέ μοι, φιλεῖς ἐμέ;
ΦΕΙ. νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶν τουτοῦ τὸν ἵππιον.
ΣΤ. μὴ μοί γε τοῦτον μηδαμῶς τὸν ἵππιον: οὕτως γὰρ ὁ θεὸς αἰτιός μοι τῶν κακῶν. ἀλλ' εἰπέρ ἐκ τῆς καρδίας μ' ὀντως φιλεῖς, ὥ παϊ, πιθοῦ.

ΦΕΙ. τί οὖν πίθωμαι δήτα σοι;
ΣΤ. ἐκστρεφοῦν ὡς τάχιστα τοὺς σαυτοῦ τρόπους, καὶ μάνθαν' ἐλθὼν ἂν ἐγὼ παρανέσω.
ΦΕΙ. λέγε δὴ, τί κελεύεις;
ΣΤ. καὶ τι πείσει;
ΦΕΙ. πείσομαι,
νὴ τὸν Διόνυσον.
ΣΤ. δευρὸ νυν ἀπόβλεπε.

ὄρας τὸ θύριον τοῦτο καὶ τὐκίδιων;
ΦΕΙ. ὄρῳ. τί οὖν τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐτέον, ὥ πάτερ;
ΣΤ. ψυχῶν σοφῶν τοῦτ' ἐστὶ φροντιστήριον. ἐνταῦθ' ἐνοικοῦσ' ἄνδρες οἱ τὸν οὐρανὸν λέγοντες ἀναπείθουσιν ὡς ἐστὶν πνυγεύς

a Lit. "he poured a plague of horse-fever upon." ἵππερος is invented in imitation of ἱκτερός "jaundice."

b τουτοῦ: pointing to some statuette of Poseidon near his bed.

272
A galloping consumption caught my fortunes.
Now cogitating all night long, I've found
One way, one marvellous transcendent way,
Which if he'll follow, we may yet be saved.
So,—but, however, I must rouse him first;
But how to rouse him kindliest? that's the rub.
Pheidippides, my sweet one.

PH. Well, my father.
ST. Shake hands, Pheidippides, shake hands and kiss me.
PH. There; what's the matter?
ST. Dost thou love me, boy?
PH. Ay! by Poseidon there, the God of horses.
ST. No, no, not that: miss out the God of horses,
That God's the origin of all my evils.
But if you love me from your heart and soul,
My son, obey me.

PH. Very well: what in?
ST. Strip with all speed, strip off your present habits,
And go and learn what I'll advise you to.

PH. Name your commands.
ST. Will you obey?
PH. I will.

By Dionysus!

ST. Well then, look this way.
See you that wicket and the lodge beyond?

PH. I see: and prithee what is that, my father?

ST. That is the thinking-house of sapient souls.
There dwell themen who teach—aye, who persuade us,
That Heaven is one vast fire-extinguisher.

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ST. The word προντιστήριον, "thinking-establishment," is apparently the invention of Aristophanes.

ST. So πυγεύς is usually rendered. The Ravenna Scholiast gives three explanations, (1) "stove," (2) "the place where coals are crammed" (συμπυγοται), and (3) "furnace" (φούρνος).
ARISTOPHANES

κάστων περὶ ἡμᾶς οὗτος, ἡμεῖς δ' ἀνθρακεῖς. οὗτοι διδάσκουσι, ἀργύριον ἦν τις διδώ, λέγοντα νικάν καὶ δίκαια κάδικα.

ΦΕΙ. εἰσίν δὲ τίνες;

ΣΤ. οὐκ οἶδ' ἀκριβῶς τοῦνόμα· μεριμνοφροντισταί καλοὶ τε κἀγαθοὶ.

ΦΕΙ. αἰβοῖ, πονηροὶ γ', οἶδα. τοὺς ἀλαζόνας, τοὺς ἀκριβῶντας, τοὺς ἀνυποδήτους λέγεις· ὅπ ό κακοδαίμον Σωκράτης καὶ Χαριφῶν.

ΣΤ. ἦ ἡ, σωότα· μηδὲν εἰπης νήπιον. ἀλλ' εἰ τι κήδει τῶν πατρῶν ἀλφίτων, τούτων γενοῦ μοι, σχασάμενος τὴν ἱππικήν.

ΦΕΙ. οὐκ ἂν τὸν Διὸνυσον, εἰ δοῆς γέ μοι τοὺς Φασιανοὺς οὐς τρέφει Δεσδύρας.

ΣΤ. ἦθ', ἀντιβολῶ σ', ὡς ἐλίτταντ' ἀνθρώπων ἐμοί, ἐλθὼν διδάσκουν.

ΦΕΙ. καὶ τί σοι μαθήσομαι;

ΣΤ. εἶναι παρ' αὐτοῖς φασιν ἀμφω τῶν λόγων, τοὺν κρεῖττον', ὡστὶς ἔστι, καὶ τὸν ἦττονα. τοῦτον τὸν ἐτερὸν τοὺς λόγους, τὸν ἦττονα, νικάν λέγοντά φασι τάδικωτέρα. ἦν οὖν μάθης μοι τὸν ἄδικον τοῦτον λόγον, ἂ νῦν ὀφείλω διὰ σέ, τοῦτων τῶν χρεῶν οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοίην οὐδ' ἂν ὀβολὸν οὐδενί.

ΦΕΙ. οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην· οὐ γὰρ ἂν τὰλην ἰδεῖν τοὺς ἵππεας τὸ χρώμα διακεκνασμένος.

ΣΤ. οὐκ ἄρα μὰ τὴν Δήμητρα τῶν γ' ἐμῶν ἐδει, οὔτ' αὐτῶν οὖθ', ὦ ζύγιος οὖθ' ὁ σαμφόρας· ἀλλ' ἐξελῶ σ' ἐς κόρακας ἐκ τῆς οἰκιας.

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a "Either horses or birds" (i.e. pheasants) says the Scholiast; but the former seem clearly indicated.
b To teach young men τὸν ἦττον λόγον κρεῖττον ποιεῖν was the
Placed round about us, and that we're the cinders.

Aye, and they'll teach (only they'll want some money),
How one may speak and conquer, right or wrong.

PH. Come, tell their names.

ST. Well, I can't quite remember,
But they're deep thinkers, and true gentlemen.

PH. Out on the rogues! I know them. Those rank pedants,
Those palefaced, barefoot vagabonds you mean:
That Socrates, poor wretch, and Chaerephon.

ST. Oh! Oh! hush! hush! don't use those foolish words;
But if the sorrows of my barley touch you,
Enter their Schools and cut the Turf for ever.

PH. I wouldn't go, so help me Dionysus,
For all Leogoras's breed of Phasians a!

ST. Go, I beseech you, dearest, dearest son,
Go and be taught.

PH. And what would you have me learn?

ST. 'Tis known that in their Schools they keep two Logics, b
The Worse, Zeus save the mark, c the Worse and Better.

This Second Logic then, I mean the Worse one,
They teach to talk unjustly and—prevail.

Think then, you only learn that Unjust Logic,
And all the debts, which I have incurred through you,—
I'll never pay, no, not one farthing of them.

PH. I will not go. How could I face the knights
With all my colour worn and torn away!

ST. O! then, by Earth, you have eat your last of mine,
You, and your coach-horse, and your sigma-brand:
Out with you! Go to the crows, for all I care.

famous "promise of Protagoras" (τὸ Ἰ. ἔπαγγελμα, Arist. Rhet. ii. 24. 11), the sophist of Abdera.

a δστις ἐστί is "a sort of contemptuous dismissal": R.

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ΦΕΙ. ἀλλ' οὖ περιόψεται μ' ὁ θεῖος Μεγακλῆς ἀντίππον. ἀλλ' εἶσεμι, σοῦ δ' οὖ φροντίῳ.

ΣΤ. ἀλλ' οὖδ' ἐγὼ μέντοι πεσών γε κείσομαι: ἀλλ' εὐξάμενος τοῖσιν θεοῖς διδάξομαι αὐτῶς βαδίζων εἰς τὸ φροντιστήριον. πῶς οὖν γέρων ὁν καπιλήσιμοι καὶ βραδὺς λόγων ἀκριβῶν σκωδαλάμους μαθήσομαι; ἵτητέον. τι ταῦτ' ἔχων στραγγεύομαι, ἀλλ' οὖχι κόπτω τὴν θύραν; παῖ, παιδίον.

ΜΑΘΗΣ. βαλλ' ἐς κόρακας· τίς ἐσθ' ὁ κόμας τὴν θύραν;

ΣΤ. Φείδωνος νῦς Στρεβμάδης Κικυννόθεν.

ΜΑ. ἀμαθὴς γε νὴ Δι', ὡστὶς οὕτωςι σφόδρα ἀπερμιμέριμνως τὴν θύραν λελάκτικας καὶ φροντίῳ έξημβλωκας ἐξευρημένην.

ΣΤ. σύγγνωθι μοι· τηλοῦ γὰρ οἰκὼ τῶν ἄγρων. ἀλλ' εἰπέ μοι τὸ πράγμα τούξημβλωμένον.

ΜΑ. ἀλλ' οὖ θέμις πλὴν τοῖς μαθηταῖσιν λέγειν.

ΣΤ. λέγε νυν ἐμοὶ θαρρῶν· ἐγὼ γὰρ οὕτως ἦκω μαθητής εἰς τὸ φροντιστήριον.

ΜΑ. λέξω. νομίσαι δὲ ταῦτα χρῆ μυστήρια. ἀνήρετ' ἀρτί Χαιρεφώντα Σωκράτης ψύλλαν ὀπόσους ἀλλοτρο τοὺς αὐτῆς πόδας· δακούσα γὰρ τοῦ Χαιρεφώντος τὴν ὀφρὺν ἐπὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν τὴν Σωκράτους ἀφήλατο.

ΣΤ. πῶς δήτα τούτ' ἐμέτρησε;

ΜΑ. δεξιώτατα.

κηρὸν διατίξας, εἶτα τὴν ψύλλαν λαβὼν ἐνέβαψεν εἰς τὸν κηρὸν αὐτῆς τὸ πόδε, κάτα ψυγείσῃ περιέφυσαν Περσικαί. ταύτας ὑπολύσας ἀνεμέτρει τὸ χωρίον.

* The name of a deme.
PH. But uncle Megacles won’t leave me long
Without a horse: I’ll go to him: good-by.

ST. I’m thrown, by Zeus, but I won’t long lie prostrate.
I’ll pray the Gods and send myself to school:
I’ll go at once and try their thinking-house.
Stay: how can I, forgetful, slow, old fool,
Learn the nice hair-splitting of subtle Logic?
Well, go I must. ’Twont do to linger here.
Come on, I’ll knock the door. Boy! Ho there, boy!

STUDENT. (Within) O, hang it all! who’s knocking at the door?
ST. Me! Pheidon’s son: Strepsiades of Cieynna.

STU. Why, what a clown you are! to kick our door,
In such a thoughtless, inconsiderate way!
You’ve made my cogitation to miscarry.

ST. Forgive me: I’m an awkward country fool.
But tell me, what was that I made miscarry?

STU. ’Tis not allowed: Students alone may hear.
ST. O that’s all right: you may tell me: I’m come
To be a student in your thinking-house.

STU. Come then. But they’re high mysteries, remember.
’Twas Socrates was asking Chaerephon,
How many feet of its own a flea could jump.
For one first bit the brow of Chaerephon,
Then bounded off to Socrates’s head.

ST. How did he measure this?

STU. Most cleverly.
He warmed some wax, and then he caught the flea,
And dipped its feet into the wax he’d melted:
Then let it cool, and there were Persian slippers!
These he took off, and so he found the distance.

* Cf. Plato, Theaet. 149 seq., where Socrates describes himself as practising the art of intellectual midwifery (μακεντικὴ τέχνη) and bringing thoughts to the birth.
* "C. had bushy eyebrows and S. was bald": Schol.
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ST. ὃ Ζεὺς βασιλεὺς, τῆς λεπτότητος τῶν φρενῶν.
MA. τῇ δῷ τ' ἄν, ἱπεροῦ εἰ πύθοι Σωκράτους
φρόντισμα;
ST. ποίον; ἀντιβολῶ, κάτειπὲ μοι.
MA. ἀνήρετ' αὐτὸν Χαιρεφῶν ὁ Σφῆττιος
ὅποτερα τῆν γνώμην ἔχοι, τὰς ἐμπίδας
κατὰ τὸ στόμιν ἄδειν, ἢ κατὰ τοῦρροπύγιον.
ST. τῇ δῷ τ' ἔκεινος εἴπε περὶ τῆς ἐμπίδος;
MA. ἐφασκεν εἶναι τοῦντερον τῆς ἐμπίδος
στενῶν. διὰ λεπτοῦ δ' ὄντος αὐτοῦ τῆν πνοὴν
βία βαδιζέων εὑρῆ τοῦρροπυγίου;
ἐπειτα κούλον πρὸς στενῶν προσκείμενον
τῶν πρωκτῶν ἥχειν ὑπὸ βίας τοῦ πνεύματος.
ST. σάλπιγξ ὁ πρωκτὸς ἑστὶν ἁρα τῶν ἐμπίδων.
ὁ τρισμακάριος τοῦ διεντερεύματος.
ἡ ράδιως φεύγων ἀν ἀποφύγοι δίκην
ὅστις διοίδε τοῦντερον τῆς ἐμπίδος.
MA. πρώην δὲ γε γνώμην μεγάλην ἀφηρέθη
ὑπ' ἀσκαλαβώτου.
ST. τίνα τρόπον; κάτειπὲ μοι.
MA. ζητοῦντος αὐτοῦ τῆς σελήνης τὰς ὀδοὺς
καὶ τὰς περιφοράς, εἴτ' ἄνω κεχηρότος
ἀπὸ τῆς ὀροφῆς νῦκτωρ γαλεώτης κατέχεσεν.
ST. ἡ σθῆνα γαλεώτη Καταχέςαντι Σωκράτους.
MA. ἔχθες δὲ γ' ἦμιν δεῖπνον οὐκ ἦν ἐσπέρας.
ST. εἰεν' τι οὖν πρὸς τάλφιτ' ἐπαλαμήσατο;
MA. κατὰ τῆς τραπέζης καταπάσας λεπτῆν τέφραν,
κάμψας ὀβελίσκον, είτα διαβῆτον λαβῶν,
ἐκ τῆς παλαίστρας θοιμάτων ὑφείλετο.
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st.  O Zeus and king, what subtle intellects!
stu. What would you say then if you heard another,  
Our Master's own?  
st.  
O come, do tell me that.
stu. Why, Chaerephon was asking him in turn,  
Which theory did he sanction; that the gnats  
Hummed through their mouth, or backwards, through  
the tail?  
st.  Aye, and what said your Master of the gnat?  
stu. He answered thus: the entrail of the gnat  
Is small: and through this narrow pipe the wind  
Rushes with violence straight towards the tail;  
There, close against the pipe, the hollow rump  
Receives the wind, and whistles to the blast.  
st.  So then the rump is trumpet to the gnats!  
O happy, happy in your entrail-learning!  
Full surely need he fear nor debts nor duns,  
Who knows about the entrails of the gnats.  
stu. And yet last night a mighty thought we lost  
Through a green lizard.  
st.  Tell me, how was that?  
stu. Why, as Himself, with eyes and mouth wide open,  
Mused on the moon, her paths and revolutions,  
A lizard from the roof squirted full on him.  
st.  He, he, he, he. I like the lizard's spattering Socrates.  
stu. Then yesterday, poor we, we'd got no dinner.  
st.  Hah! what did he devise to do for barley?  
stu. He sprinkled on the table—some fine ash—
He bent a spit—he grasped it compass-wise—
And—filched a mantle from the Wrestling School.

As though he were going to solve some geometrical problem. Instead he uses the bent spit to hook away a cloak. The palaestra, like the market-place, was one of the usual haunts of Socrates.
Στ. τί δήτ' ἐκείνον τὸν Θαλήν θαυμάζομεν; ἀνοιγ' ἀνοιγ' ἀνύσας τὸ φροντιστήριον, καὶ δεῖξον ὡς τάχιστα μοι τὸν Σωκράτην. μαθητικό γάρ· ἀλλ' ἀνοιγε τὴν θυραν. ὁ 'Ἡράκλεις, ταυτί ποδαπά τὰ θερία;

Μα. τί ἐθαυμασας; τῷ σοι δοκοῦσιν εἰκέναι;

Στ. τοῖς ἐκ Πυλου ληφθεῖσι, τοῖς Δακωνικοῖς. ἀτάρ τί ποτ' ἐσ τὴν γην βλέπουσιν οὕτωι;

Μα. ξητοῦσιν οὕτοι τὰ κατὰ γῆς.

Στ. βολβοὺς ἀρα ξητοῦσι· μὴ νυν τουτογι φροντίζετε· ἐγὼ γάρ οἶδ' ἵν' εἰσὶ μεγάλοι καὶ καλοί. τί γάρ οἴδε δρῶσιν οἱ σφόδροι' ἐγκεκυφότες;

Μα. οὕτω δ' ἐρέβοδιφῶσιν ὑπὸ τὸν Γάρταρον.

Στ. τί δῆθ' ὁ πρωκτὸς ἐς τὸν οὐρανὸν βλέπει;

Μα. αὐτὸς καθ' αὐτὸν ἀστρονομεῖν διδάσκεται. ἀλλ' εἰσιθ', ἦν μὴ 'κεῖνος ἡμῶν ἐπιτύχης.

Στ. μήπω γε μήπω γ', ἀλλ' ἐπιμεινάντων, ἦν αὐτοῖσι κοινῶσω τι πραγμάτων ἐμών.

Μα. ἀλλ' οὐχ οἶον τ' αὐτοῖσι πρὸς τὸν ἀέρα ἔξω διατρίβειν πολὺν ἁγαν ἐστὶν χρόνων.

Στ. πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, τί γὰρ τάδ' ἐστίν; εἰπέ μοι.

Μα. ἀστρονομία μὲν αὐτῇ. τοῦτι δὲ τί;

Μα. γεωμετρία.

Στ. τοῦτ' οὖν τί ἐστι χρήσιμον;

Μα. γην ἀναμετρεῖσθαι.

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* Of Miletus, one of the seven wise men, constantly spoken of as the embodiment of wisdom; cf. B. 1009; Plaut. Capt. ii. 2. 24.
THE CLOUDS, 180–203

ST. Good heavens! Why Thales \(a\) was a fool to this!
O open, open, wide the study door,
And show me, show me, show me Socrates.
I die to be a student. Open, open! \(b\)
O Heracles, what kind of beasts are these!
STU. Why, what’s the matter? what do you think they’re like?
ST. Like? why those Spartans whom we brought from Pylus \(c\):
What makes them fix their eyes so on the ground?
STU. They seek things underground.
ST. O! to be sure,
Truffles! You there, don’t trouble about that!
I’ll tell you where the best and finest grow.
Look! why do those stoop down so very much?
STU. They’re diving deep into the deepest secrets.\(d\)
ST. Then why’s their rump turned up towards the sky?
STU. It’s taking private lessons on the stars.
(To the other Students)
Come, come: get in: he’ll catch us presently.
ST. Not yet! not yet! just let them stop one moment,
While I impart a little matter to them.
STU. No, no: they must go in: ’twould never do
To expose themselves too long to the open air.
ST. O! by the Gods, now, what are these? do tell me.
STU. This is Astronomy.
ST. And what is this?
STU. Geometry.
ST. Well, what’s the use of that?
STU. To mete out lands.

\(b\) "The entire front of the house is wheeled round... exposing the inner court of the Phrontisterion": R.
\(c\) Captured by Cleon in Sphacteria and imprisoned at Athens; cf. K. 392.
\(d\) Lit. "Are searching into the darkness below Tartarus."

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ΣΤ. πότερα τήν κληρουχικήν;
ΜΑ. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τήν σύμπασαν.

ΣΤ. ἀστείον λέγεις.
τὸ γὰρ σόφισμα δημοτικόν καὶ χρήσιμον.
ΜΑ. αὕτη δὲ σοι γῆς περίοδος πάσης. ὥρᾶς;
αἰδὲ μὲν Ἀθῆναι.

ΣΤ. τί σοι λέγεις; οὐ πείθομαι,
ἐπεὶ δικαστὰς οὐχ ὥρᾶ καθημένους.
ΜΑ. ὡς τοῦτ' ἀληθῶς Ἀττικὸν τὸ χωρίον.
ΣΤ. καὶ ποῦ Κικυνῆς εἰσών οὐμοί δημόται;
ΜΑ. ἐνταῦθ' ἔνεισων. ἥ δὲ γ' Εὐβοί', ὡς ὥρᾶς,
ηδὶ παρατέταται μακρά πόρρω πάνυ.
ΣΤ. οἴδ' ὑπὸ γὰρ ἡμῶν παρετάθη καὶ Περικλέους.
ἀλλ' ἡ Λακεδαίμων ποῦ 'στιν;
ΜΑ. ὅπου 'στίν; αὕτη.
ΣΤ. ὡς ἐγγὺς ἡμῶν. τοῦτο πάνυ φροντίζετε,
ταῦτην ἀφ' ἡμῶν ἄπαγαγεῖν πόρρω πάνυ.
ΜΑ. ἀλλ' οὐχ οἴον τε νὴ Δί'.
ΣΤ. οἴμωξεσθ' ἄρα.
φέρε τίς γὰρ οὗτος οὐπὶ τῆς κρεμάθρας ἀνήρ;
ΜΑ. αὐτός.
ΣΤ. τίς αὐτός;
ΜΑ. Σωκράτης.
ΣΤ. ὅ Σωκράτες.

"θ' οὗτος, ἀναβόησον αὐτὸν μοι μέγα.
ΜΑ. αὐτός μὲν οὖν ὑπὸ κάλεσον. οὐ γὰρ μοι σχολή.
ΣΤ. ὁ Σωκράτες,
ὁ Σωκρατιδιον.

"γ' κληρουχική is land taken from a conquered enemy and divided by lot among Athenian citizens.
"ἀστείον here is not merely "choice," "elegant," but also almost = δημοτικόν; cf. Plato, 227 ν ἀστείοι καὶ δημωφελεῖς λόγοι. It is both urbanum and urbi utile.

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What, for allotment grounds? 
No, but all lands.

A choice idea, truly.

Then every man may take his choice, you mean.

Look; here’s a chart of the whole world. Do you see?

This city’s Athens.

Athens? I like that.

I see no dicasts sitting. That’s not Athens.

In very truth, this is the Attic ground.

And where then are my townsmen of Cieynna?

Why, thereabouts; and here, you see, Euboea:
Here, reaching out a long way by the shore.

Yes, overreached by us and Pericles.

But now, where’s Sparta?

Let me see: O, here.

Heavens! how near us. O do please manage this,
To shove her off from us, a long way further.

We can’t do that, by Zeus.

The worse for you.

Hallo! who’s that? that fellow in the basket?

That’s HE.

Who’s HE?

Socrates.

You sir, call out to him as loud as you can.

Call him yourself: I have not leisure now.

Socrates! Socrates!

Sweet Socrates!

Or “stretched on the rack”; there is a play on the secondary meaning of παρατέλων = “exhaust,” “do for.” Euboea was reduced by Pericles 445 B.C.; cf. Thuc. i. 114.

αὐτὸς ἐφη, Ipse dixit.
ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ. τί με καλείς, δόκημερε;  
ΣΤ. πρώτον μὲν οὐ τι δρᾶς, ἀντιβολῶ, κάτειπέ μοι.  
ΣΩ. ἀεροβατῶ καὶ περιφρονῶ τόν ἦλιον.  
ΣΤ. ἐπειτ' ἀπὸ ταρροῦ τοὺς θεοὺς ύπερφρονεῖς,  
άλλ' οὐκ ἀπὸ τῆς γῆς, εἶπερ.

ΣΩ. οὐ γάρ ἂν ποτὲ  
ἐξεύρον ὄρθως τὰ μετέωρα πράγματα,  
eἰ μὴ κρεμάσας τὸ νόημα καὶ τὴν φροντίδα  
λεπτὴν καταμίξας εἰς τὸν ὀμοιον ἀέρα.  
eἰ δ' ἦν χαμαί τάνω κάτωθεν ἐσκόπουν,  
οὐκ ἂν ποθ' εὗρον· οὐ γὰρ ἀλλ' ἡ γῆ βία  
ἔλκει πρὸς αὐτὴν τὴν ἰκμάδα τῆς φροντίδος.  
πάσχει δὲ ταύτῳ τούτῳ καὶ τὰ κάρδαμα.

ΣΤ. τί φής;  
ἡ φροντίς ἔλκει τὴν ἰκμάδ' εἰς τὰ κάρδαμα;  
ἳθι νυν, κατάβητ', ὡς Σωκρατίδιον, ὡς ἐμὲ,  
ίνα με διδάξῃς ὑπὲρ ἐνεκ' ἐλήλυθα.

ΣΩ. ἔλθες δὲ κατὰ τί;  
ΣΤ. βουλόμενος μαθεῖν λέγειν.  
ὡπὸ γὰρ τόκων χρήστων τε δυσκολωτάτων  
ἀγομαί, φέρομαι, τὰ χρήματ' ἐνεχυράζομαι.  
ΣΩ. πόθεν δ' ὑπόχρεως σαυτὸν ἐλαθες γενόμενος;  
ΣΤ. νόσος μ' ἐπέτρυφεν ἐπική, δεινὴ φαγεῖν.  
ἀλλὰ με διδάξον τὸν ἔτερον τοῖν σοιν λόγοιν,  
τὸν μηδὲν ἀποδίδοντα. μισθὸν δ' ὄντιν' ἂν  
πράττῃ μ' ὀμούμαι σοι καταβήσεισ τοὺς θεοὺς.

ΣΩ. ποίους θεοὺς ὁμεῖ σύ; πρῶτον γὰρ θεοὶ  
ἡμῖν νόμισμ' οὐκ ἔστι.  
ΣΤ. τῷ γὰρ ὀμνυτ'; ἡ  
σιδαρέωσιν, ὥσπερ ἐν Βυζαντίω;

* εἶπερ: lit. “if so be” (that you do despise them).
Mortal! why call'st thou me?

ST. O, first of all, please tell me what you are doing.

so. I walk on air, and contem-plate the Sun.

ST. O then from a basket you contemn the Gods,
And not from the earth, at any rate?

so. Most true.

I could not have searched out celestial matters
Without suspending judgement, and infusing
My subtle spirit with the kindred air.
If from the ground I were to seek these things,
I could not find: so surely doth the earth
Draw to herself the essence of our thought.
The same too is the case with water-cress.

ST. Hillo! what's that?
Thought draws the essence into water-cress?
Come down, sweet Socrates, more near my level,
And teach the lessons which I come to learn.

so. And wherefore art thou come?

ST. To learn to speak.

For owing to my horrid debts and duns,
My goods are seized, I'm robbed, and mobbed, and plundered.

so. How did you get involved with your eyes open?

ST. A galloping consumption seized my money.
Come now: do let me learn the unjust Logic
That can shirk debts: now do just let me learn it.
Name your own price, by all the Gods I'll pay it.

so. The Gods! why you must know the Gods with us
Don't pass for current coin.

ST. Eh? what do you use then?

Have you got iron, as the Byzantines have?

b An allusion to the homely imagery which Socrates constantly used.

o The Scholiast quotes Plato Comicus: χαλεπώς ἄν οἰκήσαμεν ἐν Βυζαντίοις, | ὅπου σιδαρέωι τοῖς νομίσμασι | χρώνται.
ARISTOPHANES

σ. βούλει τὰ θεία πράγματ' εἰδέναι σαφῶς ἀττ' ἐστὶν ὀρθῶς;

ε. νὴ Δ', εἴπερ ἐστὶ γε.

σ. καὶ ἐγγενέσθαι ταῖς Νεφέλαισιν ἐς λόγους, ταῖς ἡμετέραισι δαίμοσιν;

ε. μάλιστά γε.

σ. καθίζε τοίς ἐπὶ τὸν ιερὸν σκίμποδα.

ε. ἵδον καθημαι.

ταύτον τοίνυν λαβὲ 

τὸν στέφανον.

ε. ἐπὶ τὶ στέφανον; οἶμοι, Σωκράτης, ὥσπερ μὲ τὸν 'Αθάμανθ' ὅπως μὴ θύσετε.

σ. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τάυτα πάντα τοὺς τελομένους ἡμεῖς ποιοῦμεν.

ε. εἶτα δὴ τὶ κερδανῶ;

σ. λέγειν γεννησεῖ τρίμμα, κρόταλον, παιπάλη. 

ἐλ. ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἀτρέμας.

ε. 

μὰ τὸν Δ' οὐ ψεύσει γε μὲ 

καταπαττόμενος γὰρ παιπάλη γενήσομαι.

σ. εὐφημεῖν χρῆ τὸν πρεσβύτην καὶ τῆς εὐχῆς ἐπακουεῖν.

ὦ δὲσποτ' ἀναξ, ἀμέτρητ' Ἀήρ, ὃς ἔχεις τὴν γῆν 

μετέωρον, 

λαμπρὸς τ' Αἰθήρ, σεμνάι τε θεαὶ Νεφέλαι 

βροντησικέραυνοι, 

ἀρθητε, φάνητ', ὃ δὲσποναι, τῷ φροντιστῇ 

μετέωροι.

ε. μήπως μήπω γε, πρὶν ἀν τοῦτῳ πτύξωμαι, μὴ 

καταβρέχθω.

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* a He mistakes the chaplet which belongs to the ceremony of 286
so. Come, would you like to learn celestial matters,
How their truth stands?
st. Yes, if there's any truth.
so. And to hold intercource with yon bright Clouds,
Our virgin Goddesses?
st. Yes, that I should.
so. Then sit you down upon that sacred bed.
st. Well, I am sitting.
so. Here then, take this chaplet.
Don't sacrifice poor me, like Athamas.a
so. Fear not: our entrance-services require
All to do this.
st. But what am I to gain?
so. You'll be the flower b of talkers, prattlers, gossips:
Only keep quiet.
st. Zeus! your words come true!
I shall be flour indeed with all this peppering.

so. Old man sit you still, and attend to my will,
and hearken in peace to my prayer,
O Master and King, holding earth in your swing,
O measureless infinite Air;
And thou glowing Ether, and Clouds who enwreathe her
with thunder, and lightning, and storms,
Arise ye and shine, bright Ladies Divine,
to your student in bodily forms.
st. No, but stay, no, but stay, just one moment I pray,
while my cloak round my temples I wrap.

initiation for that used in sacrifice, and recalls how Athamas, who
had married a Nephele (cf. the ambiguous ξυγ. ταῖς Νεφέλαισιν,
252), was introduced by Sophocles in a play crowned for sacrifice.

a παιπάλη, lit. "fine flour," stands for "subtlety" or "slim-ness." But in 261 Strepsiades refers to the actual flour or grain
that is ceremonially sprinkled on him.
ARISTOPHANES

to de μηδε κυνην ουκ οθεν έλθειν έμε τον κακο-
δαιμον έχοντα.

συ. έλθετε δητ’, οι πολυσμητοι Νεφελαι, τωδ’ εις
επιδειξιν.

ειτ’ επ’ Όλυμπου κορυφαίς ιεραίς χιονοβλήτουσι
κάθησθε,

ειτ’ Ωκεανοῦ πατρὸς εν κήποις ιερόν χορόν
ιστατε Νύμφαις,

ειτ’ άρα Νείλον προχοιάς ιδάτων χρυσέας
άρύσθη γε προχοίσων,

η Μαιώτων λίμνην έχετ’ η σκότελον νιφόεντα
Μίμαντος.

υπακούσατε δεξάμεναι θυσίαν και τοις ιεροις
χαρείσαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ. άέναοι Νεφελαι, [στρ.

άρθωμεν φανεραί δροσερὰν φύσιν ευάγγητον,

πατρὸς ἀπ’ Ωκεανοῦ βαρυαχέος

υψηλῶν ὀρέων κορυφᾶς ἐπὶ

deνδροκόμους, ἵνα

tηλεφανεῖς σκοπίας ἀφορώμεθα,

καρποὺς τ’ ἀρδομέναν ἱερὰν χθόνα,

καὶ ποταμῶν ἐπάθεων κελαδήματα,

καὶ πόντον κελάδοντα βαρύβρομον·

ὁμμα γὰρ Αἰθέρος ἄκαματον σελαγεῖται

μαρμαρέασιν ἐν αὐγαῖς.

ἀλλ’ ἀποσεισάμεναι νέφοις ομβριον

ἀθανάτας ἰδέας ἐπιδώμεθα

τηλεσκόπω ομματι γαίαν.
THE CLOUDS, 268–290

To think that I’ve come, stupid fool, from my home, with never a waterproof cap! so. Come forth, come forth, dread Clouds, and to earth your glorious majesty show;
Whether lightly ye rest on the time-honoured crest of Olympus environed in snow,
Or tread the soft dance ’mid the stately expanse of Ocean, the nymphs to beguile,
Or stoop to enfold with your pitchers of gold, the mystical waves of the Nile,a
Or around the white foam of Maeotis ye roam, or Mimas all wintry and bare,
O hear while we pray, and turn not away from the rites which your servants prepare.

CHORUS.⁶
Clouds of all hue,
Rise we aloft with our garments of dew.
Come from old Ocean’s unchangeable bed,
Come, till the mountain’s green summits we tread,
Come to the peaks with their landscapes untold,
Gaze on the Earth with her harvests of gold,⁶
Gaze on the rivers in majesty streaming,
Gaze on the lordly, invincible Sea,
Come, for the Eye of the Ether is beaming,
Come, for all Nature is flashing and free.
Let us shake off this close-clinging dew
From our members eternally new,
And sail upwards the wide world to view.
Come away! Come away!

a Lit. “or at the outflow of the Nile are drawing up its waters with your golden pitchers.”
⁶ The Clouds are still far away and out of sight; they do not enter until lines 323-8 and then in silence.
⁶ καρποὺς ἀρδομέναν, lit. “that has her crops watered.”
ARISTOPHANES

σω. ὃ μέγα σεμναὶ Νεφέλαι, φανερῶς ἠκουσατέ μοι καλέσαντος.

η̄σθον φωνὴς ἀμα καὶ βροντῆς μυκησαμένης θεοσέπτου;

ετ. καὶ σέβομαι γ', ὃ πολυτίμητοι, καὶ βουλομαι ἀνταποπαρδεῖν

πρὸς τὰς βροντάς: οὕτως αὐτὰς τετρεμαίνω καὶ

πεφόβημαι:

κεῖ θέμις ἔστιν, νυνὶ γ' ἡδη, κεῖ μὴ θέμις ἐστὶν, χεσεῖω.

σω. οὐ μὴ σκώψης μηδὲ ποιήσῃς ἀπερ ὀἱ τρυγο-

δαίμονες οὕτως, όμως εὐφήμει: μέγα γάρ τι θεῶν κυνεῖται σμήνους

ἀοιδαῖς.

χο. παρθένοι ὀμβροφόροι, [ἀντ.

ἐλθώμεν λυπαρᾶν χθόνα Παλλάδος, εὐανδρῶν γὰρ

Κέκροπος ὑφόμεναι πολυνήματοιν·

οὐ σέβας ἁρρήτων ἱερῶν, ἵνα

μυστοδόκοις δόμοις

ἐν τελετᾶς ἁγίαις ἀναδείκνυται,

οὐρανίοις τε θεοῖς δωρήματα,

ναοὶ θ' ψεφεῖς καὶ ἁγάλματα,

καὶ πρόσοδοι μακάρων ἱερώταται,

εὐστέφανοί τε θεῶν θυσίας θαλίας τε,

παντοδαπαίσων ἐν χόυαις,

ἡρὶ τ' ἐπερχομένων Βρομία χάρις,

εὐκελάδων τε χορῶν ἐρεθίσματα,

καὶ Μοῦσα βαρύβρομος αὐλῶν.

ετ. πρὸς τοῦ Δίως ἀντιβολῶ σε, φράσον, τίνες εἶσ', ὃ

Σωκράτεσ, αὐταί

290
O Goddesses mine, great Clouds and divine,
ye have heeded and answered my prayer.
Heard ye their sound, and the thunder around,
as it thrilled through the tremulous air?

Yes, by Zeus, and I shake, and I'm all of a quake,
and I fear I must sound a reply,
Their thunders have made my soul so afraid,
and those terrible voices so nigh:
So if lawful or not, I must run to a pot,
by Zeus, if I stop I shall die.

Don't act in our schools like those Comedy-fools
with their scurrilous scandalous ways.
Deep silence be thine: while this Cluster divine
their soul-stirring melody raise.

Come then with me,
Daughters of Mist, to the land of the free.
Come to the people whom Pallas hath blest,
Come to the soil where the Mysteries rest;
Come, where the glorified Temple invites
The pure to partake of its mystical rites:
Holy the gifts that are brought to the Gods,
Shrines with festoons and with garlands are crowned,
Pilgrims resort to the sacred abodes,
Gorgeous the festivals all the year round.
And the Bromian rejoicings in Spring,
When the flutes with their deep music ring,
And the sweetly-toned Choruses sing
Come away!  Come away!

O Socrates pray, by all the Gods, say,
for I earnestly long to be told,
ARISTOPHANES

ai φθεγξάμεναι τούτο τὸ σεμνὸν; μῶν ἦρωναὶ τυνὲς εἶσιν;

τιτ. ήκιστ', ἀλλ' οὐράνιαι Νεφέλαι, μεγάλαι θεαὶ ἀνδράσιν ἀργοῖς:
αὐτέρ γνώμην καὶ διάλεξιν καὶ νοῦν ἡμῖν παρέχονσί καὶ τερατείαν καὶ περίλεξιν καὶ κρούσιν καὶ κατάληψιν.

τιτ. ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἀκούσασ' αὐτῶν τὸ φθέγμ' ἡ ψυχὴ μου πεπότηται,
καὶ λεπτολογεῖν ἡδη ζητεῖ καὶ περὶ καπνοῦ στενολεσχεῖν,
καὶ γνωμιδῶν γνώμην νῦξασ' ἐτέρω λόγῳ ἀντι-
λογήσαι:
ὡστ', εἰ πως ἐστιν, ἰδεῖν αὐτᾶς ἡδη φανερῶς ἐπιθυμῶ.

τιτ. βλέπε νῦν δευρὶ πρὸς τὴν Πάρνηθ' ἡδη γὰρ ὀρῶ κατιούσας
ἡσυχῇ αὐτᾶς.

τιτ. φέρε, ποῦ; δεῖξον.

τιτ. χωροῦσ' αὐταὶ πάνυ πολλαὶ,
διὰ τῶν κοίλων καὶ τῶν δασέων, αὐταὶ πλάγαι.

τι τὸ χρῆμα; 325

ὡς οὐ καθορῶ.

τιτ. παρὰ τὴν εἴσοδον.

τιτ. ἡδη νυνὶ μόλις οὕτως.

τιτ. νῦν γε τοι ἡδη καθορᾶς αὐτᾶς, εἰ μὴ λημάς
κολοκύνταις.

S. here runs through the attributes for which the sophists are indebted to the Clouds; γνώμην, "judgement"; διάλεξιν, 292
Who are these that recite with such grandeur and might?

are they glorified mortals of old?

No mortals are there, but Clouds of the air,
great Gods who the indolent fill:

These grant us discourse, and logical force,
and the art of persuasion instil,
And periphrasis strange, and a power to arrange,
and a marvellous judgement and skill.

So then when I heard their omnipotent word,
my spirit felt all of a flutter,
And it yearns to begin subtle cobwebs to spin
and about metaphysics to stutter,
And together to glue an idea or two,
and battle away in replies:

So if it's not wrong, I earnestly long
to behold them myself with my eyes.

Look up in the air, towards Parnes out there,
for I see they will pitch before long
These regions about.

Where? point me them out.
They are drifting, an infinite throng,
And their long shadows quake over valley and brake.

Why, whatever's the matter to-day?
I can't see, I declare.

By the Entrance; look there!
Ah, I just got a glimpse, by the way.

There, now you must see how resplendent they be,
or your eyes must be pumpkins, I vow.

“dialectical powers,” skill in debate; νοῦς, “intelligence”;
τραπεζαία, “fanfaronade,” the employment of grandiose thoughts
and words; περιλέξις, “periphrasis,” circumlocution, the art of
talking round a subject; κρύσις, “crushing force”; and
κατάληψις, “quickness of apprehension.”

By which the Chorus came into the orchestra.
ARISTOPHANES

στ. νὴ Δι᾽ ἐγωγ’, ὁ πολυτίμητοι, πάντα γὰρ ἥδη κατέχουσι.
σμ. ταῦτας μέντοι σὺ θεὰς οὖσας οὐκ ἤδεις οὐδ’ ἐνόμιζές;
στ. μὰ Δι’, ἀλλ’ ὁμίχλην καὶ δρόσουν αὐτὰς ἡγοῦμην καὶ καπνὸν εἶναι.
σμ. οὐ γὰρ μὰ Δι’ οίσθ’ ὅτι πλείστους αὐταὶ βόσκουσι σοφιστάς,
Θουριμάντεις, ἱατροτέχνας, σφραγιδονυχαργο-
κομῆτας,
κυκλίων τε χορῶν ἀσματοκάμπτας, ἀνδρας μετεωρο-
φένακας,
οὐδὲν δρῶντας βόσκουσ’ ἄργους, ὅτι ταῦτας μουσο-
ποιοῦσιν.
στ. ταῦτ’ ἄρ’ ἐποίουν “ὑγρὰν Νεφελᾶν στρεπταγλάν
δάϊον ὄρμαν’”
“πλοκάμοις θ’ ἐκατογκεφάλα Τυφῶ,” “πρη-
μαίνουσας τε θυέλλας,”
εἶτ’ “ἀερίας, διεράς,” “γαμψὸς οἶωνοῦς, ἀερο-
νχεῖς,”
“ὀμβροὺς θ’ ύδατων δροσερὰν Νεφελᾶν’” εἶτ’ ἄντ’
αὐτῶν κατέπινον
κεστρῶν τεμάχη μεγαλὰν ἀγαθῶν, κρέα τ’ ὀρνίθεια
κηληλάν.
σμ. διὰ μέντοι τάσδ’ οὐχὶ δικαίως;
στ. λέξου δὴ μοι, τί παθοῦσαι, 340
εἶπερ Νεφέλαι γ’ εἰσὶν ἅληθῶς, θυνταῖς εἴξασι
gυναιξιν;
οὐ γὰρ ἐκείναι γ’ εἰσί τοιαῦται.

a Said by the Scholiast to refer to Lampon, one of the leaders of the colony which founded Thurii in 443; cf. B. 521.
b Along with the “tragic” and “comic” choruses at the
st. Ah! I see them proceed; I should think so indeed: great powers! they fill everything now.

so. So then till this day that celestials were they, you never imagined or knew?

st. Why, no, on my word, for I always had heard they were nothing but vapour and dew.

so. O, then I declare, you can't be aware that 'tis these who the sophists protect,

Prophets sent beyond sea, a quacks of every degree,

fops signet-and-jewel-bedecked,

Astrological knaves, and fools who their staves

of dithyrambs b proudly rehearse—

'Tis the Clouds who all these support at their ease,

because they exalt them in verse.

st. 'Tis for this then they write of "the on-rushin' might

o' the light-stappin' rain-drappin' Cloud,"

And the "thousand black curls whilk the Tempest-

lord whirls,"

and the "thunder-blast stormy an' loud,"

And "birds o' the sky floatin' upwards on high,"

and "air-water leddies" which "droon

Wi' their saft falling dew the gran' Ether sae blue," c

and then in return they gulp doon

Huge gobbets o' fishes d an' bountifu' dishes

o' mavises prime in their season.

so. And is it not right such praise to requite?

st. Ah, but tell me then what is the reason

That if, as you say, they are Clouds, they to-day

as women appear to our view?

For the ones in the air are not women, I swear.

Dionysia, was one for dithyrambic contests, which is here called κύκλιος χόρος.

a These are probably genuine quotations from the effusions of dithyrambic poets: R.

b κέστρα is the muraena, esteemed a great delicacy.
ARISTOPHANES

σ. φέρε, ποίαι γάρ τινές εἰσιν;
στ. οὐκ οἶδα σαφῶς· εἶδασιν γοῦν ἐρίοισι πεπταμένοις,
      κοῦξί γυναιξίν, μᾶ Δι', οὐδ' ὅτιούν· αὕται δὲ ῥίνας ἔχουσιν.

σ. ἀπόκρωναί νυν ἄττ' ἂν ἔρωμαι.
στ. λέγε νυν ταχέως ὃ τι βούλει. 345

σ. ἦδη ποτ' ἀναβλέψας εἶδες νεφέλην Κενταύρων ὄμοιαν
    ἡ παρδάλει ἡ λύκῳ ἡ ταῦρῳ;
στ. νῇ Δὶ' ἔγωγ'. εἶτα τί τοῦτο;

σ. γίγνονται πάνθ' ὃ τι βούλονται· κἀτ' ἂν μὲν ἴδωσιν
      κομήτην,
      ἀγριών τινα τῶν λασίων τούτων, οἴόντερ τὸν
      Ξενοφάντου,
      σκῶπτουσαι τὴν μανίαν αὐτοῦ Κενταύρους ἥκασαν
      αὐτάς.

στ. τί γάρ, ἂν ἄρπαγα τῶν δημοσίων κατίδωσι Σίμωνα,
    τί δρῶσιν;

σ. αποφαίνουσαι τήν φύσιν αὐτοῦ λύκοι ἐξαίφνης
    ἐγένοντο.

στ. ταῦτ' ἄρα, ταύτα Κλεώνυμον αὕται τὸν ῥίψασπιν
    χθές ἰδοὺς, 
    ὅτι δειλότατον τοῦτον ἐώρων, ἔλαφοι διὰ τοῦτ' ἐγένοντο.

σ. καὶ νῦν γ' ὃτι Κλεισθένη εἶδον, ὄρας, διὰ τοῦτ' 
    ἐγένοντο γυναῖκες. 355

στ. χαίρετε τοίνυν, ὡ δέσποιναι· καὶ νῦν, εἰπερ τῷ
    κάλλῳ,
    οὐρανομήκη ῥίξατε κάμοι φωνῆν, ὡ παμβασίλειαι.
so.  Why, what do they seem then to you?

st.  I can't say very well, but they straggle and swell
    like fleeces spread out in the air;
    Not like women they flit, no, by Zeus, not a bit,
    but these have got noses to wear.

so.  Well, now then, attend to this question, my friend.

st.  Look sharp, and propound it to me.

so.  Didst thou never espy a Cloud in the sky,
    which a centaur or leopard might be,
    Or a wolf, or a cow?

st.  Very often, I vow:
    and show me the cause, I entreat.

so.  Why, I tell you that these become just what they please,
    and whenever they happen to meet
    One shaggy and wild, like the tangle-haired child
        of old Xenophantes, their rule
    Is at once to appear like Centaurs, to jeer
        the ridiculous look of the fool.

st.  What then do they do if Simon they view,
    that fraudulent harpy to shame?

so.  Why, his nature to show to us mortals below,
    a wolfish appearance they frame.

st.  O, they then I ween having yesterday seen
    Cleonymus quaking with fear,
    (Him who threw off his shield as he fled from the field),
    metamorphosed themselves into deer.

so.  Yes, and now they espy soft Cleisthenes nigh,
    and therefore as women appear.

st.  O then without fail, All hail! and All hail!
    my welcome receive; and reply
    With your voices so fine, so grand and divine,
        majestical Queens of the Sky!

\footnotesize
\textsuperscript{a} Hieronymus; cf. \textit{A.} 389. \hspace{1cm} \textsuperscript{b} Otherwise unknown.
Χο. χαίρ', ὦ πρεσβύτα παλαιογενέσ, θηρατὰ λόγων
φιλομουσών·
οὐ τε, λεπτοτάτων λήρων ἱερεῖ, φράζε πρὸς ἡμᾶς
οὐ τι χρῆσις·
οὐ γὰρ ἄν ἀλλω γ' ὑπακούσαμεν τῶν νῦν μετεωρο-
σοφιστῶν
πλὴν ἡ Προδίκω, τῷ μὲν σοφίας καὶ γνώμης
οὐνέκα, σοὶ δὲ,
ὅτι βρενθύει τ' ἐν ταῖσιν ὁδοῖς καὶ τῷφθαλμῷ
παραβάλλεις,
κἂνυπόδητος κακὰ πόλλ' ἄνεχει καφ' ἡμῖν σεμνο-
προσωπεῖς.
ΣΤ. ὦ Γῆ τοῦ φθέγματος, ὡς ἱερὸν καὶ σεμνὸν καὶ
τερατώδης.
ΣΩ. αὐταὶ γὰρ τοι μόναι εἰσὶ θεαί· τάλλα δὲ πάντ᾽
ἐστὶ φλύαρος.
ΣΤ. ὦ Ζεὺς δ' ἡμῖν, φέρε, πρὸς τῆς Γῆς, οὐλύμπιος
οὐ θεός ἐστιν;
ΣΩ. ποῖος Ζεὺς; οὐ μὴ ληρῆσεις· οὐδ' ἐστι Ζεὺς.
ΣΤ. τί λέγεις σὺ;
ἄλλα τίς οὖν; τοιτὶ γὰρ ἐμοὶ γ' ἀπόφηναι πρῶτον
ἀπάντων.
ΣΩ. αὐταὶ δὴ που· μεγάλοις δὲ ο' ἐγὼ σημείοις αὐτὸ
διδάξω.
φέρε, ποὺ γὰρ πῶποτ' ἀνευ Νεφελῶν ὄντ' ἡδη
tεθέασαι;
καὶ τοι χρὴν αἴθριας ὑειν αὐτόν, ταύτας δ' ἀπο-
δημεῖν.
ΣΤ. νὴ τοῦ Ἀπόλλω, τοῦτο γέ τοι δὴ τῷ νῦν λόγῳ
ἐδ' προσέφυσας.
Our welcome to thee, old man, who wouldst see
the marvels that science can show:
And thou, the high-priest of this subtlety feast,
say what would you have us bestow?
Since there is not a sage for whom we'd engage
our wonders more freely to do,
Except, it may be, for Prodicus\(^a\); he
for his knowledge may claim them, but you,
For that sideways you throw your eyes as you go,
and are all affectation and fuss;
No shoes will you wear, but assume the grand air
on the strength of your dealings with us.

O Earth! what a sound, how august and profound!
it fills me with wonder and awe.

These, these then alone, for true Deities own,
the rest are all Godships of straw.

Let Zeus be left out: He's a God beyond doubt:
come, that you can scarcely deny.

Zeus, indeed! there's no Zeus: don't you be so obtuse.

No Zeus up aloft in the sky!
Then, you first must explain, who it is sends the rain;
or I really must think you are wrong.

Well then, be it known, these send it alone:
I can prove it by arguments strong.
Was there ever a shower seen to fall in an hour
when the sky was all cloudless and blue?
Yet on a fine day, when the Clouds are away,
he might send one, according to you.

Well, it must be confessed, that chimes in with the rest:
your words I am forced to believe.

\(^a\) Of Ceos; "the most respectable of all the Sophists" (Müller) and author of *The Choice of Hercules*. 
καίτοι πρότερον τὸν Δί' ἀληθῶς ὡμην διὰ κοσκίνου οὐρεῖν.

ἀλλ' ὅστις ὁ βροντῶν ἐστι φράσον· τοῦτο μὲ ποιεῖ

πετρεμαίνειν.

ἐν. αὐταὶ βροντῶσι κυλινδόμεναι.

τῷ τρόπῳ, ὥ πάντα σὺ τολμᾶν; 37

οὕτως πολλῶν καναγκασθὼσι

φέρεσθαι,

κατακρημνάμεναι πλῆρεις ὀμβροῦ δι' ἀνάγκην, εἰτὰ

βαρεῖα

eἰς ἄλληλας ἐμπιπτοῦσαι ῥήγνυνται καὶ πατα-

γοῦσιν.

ὁ δ' ἀναγκάζων ἐστὶ τίς αὐτάς, οὐχ ὁ Ζεὺς, ὡστε

φέρεσθαι;

ἑκιστ', ἀλλ' αἰθέριος δίνους.

Δίνους; τοιτὶ μ' ἐλελήθηει, 38

ὁ Ζεὺς οὐκ ὡν, ἀλλ' ἀντ' αὐτοῦ Δίνους νυνὶ βασι-

λεύων.

ἀτὰρ οὐδὲν πω περὶ τοῦ πατάγου καὶ τῆς βροντῆς

μ' ἐδίδαξεν.

οὐκ ἥκουσάς μου τὰς Νεφέλας ὡδατος μεστὰς ὃτι

φημί

ἐμπιπτοῦσας εἰς ἄλληλας παταγεῖν διὰ τὴν πυκνό-

τητα;

φέρε τοιτὶ τῶν χρή πιστεύειν;

ἀπὸ σαυτοῦ γὰρ σε διδάξω. 38

γὰρ ἥξιοι Παναθηναίοις ἐμπλησθεῖσ εἰτ' ἐταράξθησ.

---

a Cf. Plato, Phaedo 99 β ὁ μὲν τὸν διόν περιτείθεις τῇ γῇ ὑπὸ

του οὐρανοῦ μένειν δὴ ποιεῖ τὴν γῆν, where the commentators refer

300
THE CLOUDS, 373–386

Yet before, I had dreamed that the rain-water streamed from Zeus and his chamber-pot sieve.

But whence then, my friend, does the thunder descend? that does make me quake with affright!

so. Why 'tis they, I declare, as they roll through the air.

st. What the Clouds? did I hear you aright?

so. Ay: for when to the brim filled with water they swim, by Necessity carried along,

They are hung up on high in the vault of the sky,

and so by Necessity strong

In the midst of their course, they clash with great force,

and thunder away without end.

st. But is it not He who compels this to be?

does not Zeus this Necessity send?

so. No Zeus have we there, but a Vortex of air.


I knew not before, that Zeus was no more,

but Vortex was placed on his throne!

But I have not yet heard to what cause you referred

the thunder’s majestical roar.

so. Yes, 'tis they, when on high full of water they fly,

and then, as I told you before,

By Compression impelled, as they clash, are compelled

a terrible clatter to make.

st. Come, how can that be? I really don't see.

so. Yourself as my proof I will take.

Have you never then eat the broth-puddings you get when the Panathenaea comes round,

to Empedocles. But the Scholiast here says, "This is from Anaxagoras."

b "At this feast all the colonial cities founded by Athens each sent an ox to sacrifice. There was thus no fear of meat failing... and some were tempted to eat more than was good for them": Schol.
ἈΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΕΣ

τὴν γαστέρα, καὶ κλόνος ἐξαίφνης αὐτὴν διε-
κορκορύγησεν;

ςτ. νὴ τὸν 'Απόλλω, καὶ δεινὰ ποιεὶ γ' εὐθὺς μοι, καὶ
tετάρακται
χῶσπερ βροντῇ τὸ ζωμίδιον παταγεὶ καὶ δεινὰ
κέκραγεν·
ἀτρέμας πρῶτον παππάξ παππάξ, κάπετι ἐπάγει
papapappαξ,
χωταν χέζω, κομιδὴ βροντὰ παπαπαππάξ, ὁσπερ
ἐκεῖναι.

ςω. σκέψαι τοῖνυν ἀπὸ γαστριδίου τυννουτοῦ ὅλα
πέρορδας·
τὸν δ' ἀέρα τόνδ' οὐντ' ἀπέραντον, πῶς οὐκ εἰκός
μέγα βροντάν;
ταῦτ' ἄρα καὶ τῶνόματ' ἀλλήλων, βροντῇ καὶ
πορδή, ὁμοῖω.

ςτ. ἄλλ' ὁ κεραινὸς πᾶθεν αὐθ' φέρεται λάμπτων πυρί,
tοῦτο διδάξον,
καὶ καταφρύγει βάλλων ἡμᾶς, τοὺς δὲ ζωντας
περιφλύει.
τοῦτον γὰρ δὴ φανερῶς ὁ Ζεὺς ἤγο' ἐπὶ τοὺς
ἐπιόρκους.

ςω. καὶ πῶς, ὦ μωρὲ σὺ καὶ Κρονίων ὄζων καὶ βεκκε-
σέληνε,
ἐίπερ βάλλει τοὺς ἐπιόρκους, πῶς οὐχὶ Σίμων'
ἐνέπρησεν
οὐδὲ Κλεώνυμον οὐδὲ Θέωρον; καὶ τούτοι σφόδρα γ'
eίσ' ἐπιόρκοι·
ἀλλὰ τὸν αὐτόν γε νεὼν βάλλει καὶ "Σούνιν
ἀκρον Ἀθηνέων"
καὶ τὰς δρύς τὰς μεγάλας· τι μαθὼν; οὐ γὰρ δὴ
δρύς γ' ἐπιορκεῖ.
And felt with what might your bowels all night
in turbulent tumult resound?

st. By Apollo, 'tis true, there's a mighty to-do,
and my belly keeps rumbling about;
And the puddings begin to clatter within
and kick up a wonderful rout:
Quite gently at first, papapapax, papapax,
but soon pappapappappax away,
Till at last, I'll be bound, I can thunder as loud,
papapappappappappax, as They.

so. Shalt thou then a sound so loud and profound
from thy belly diminutive send,
And shall not the high and the infinite Sky
go thundering on without end?
For both, you will find, on an impulse of wind
and similar causes depend.

st. Well, but tell me from Whom comes the bolt through
the gloom, with its awful and terrible flashes;
And wherever it turns, some it singes and burns,
and some it reduces to ashes!
For this 'tis quite plain, let who will send the rain,
that Zeus against perjurers dashes.

so. And how, you old fool of a dark-ages school,
and an antediluvian wit,
If the perjured they strike, and not all men alike,
have they never Cleonymus hit?
Then of Simon again, and Theorus explain:
known perjurers, yet they escape.
But he smites his own shrine with his arrows divine,
and "Sunium, Attica's cape," a
And the ancient gnarled oaks: now what prompted
those strokes? They never forswore I should say.

a Hom. Od. iii. 278.
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στ. οὐκ οἶδ᾽ ἀτὰρ εὖ σὺ λέγεις φαίνει. τί γάρ ἐστιν
dῆθ᾽ ὁ κεραυνός;

ζν. ὅταν εἰς ταύτας ἀνεμος ἔηρος μετεωρίσθεις κατα-
κλεισθῇ,
ἐνδοθεν αὐτὰς ὦσπερ κύστιν φυσᾷ, καπειθ ὑπ' ἄνάγκης
ρήξας αὐτὰς ἕξω φέρεται σοβαρὸς διὰ τὴν πυκνό-
τητα,
ὑπὸ τοῦ ροίβδου καὶ τῆς ρύμης αὐτὸς ἐαυτὸν
catatkaíon.

στ. νῇ Δ', ἐγώ γοῦν ἀτεχνῶς ἐπαθον τούτι ποτε
Διασίοισιν.

ὁπτών γαστέρα τοῖς συγγενέσι, κατ' οὐκ ἐσχων
ἀμελήτας·
ἡ δ' ἄρ' εφυσάτ', εἰτ' ἐξαίφνης διαλακήσασα πρὸς
αὐτῷ
tw̄fθαλμῶ μου προσετίλησεν καὶ κατέκαυσεν τὸ
πρόσωπον.

χο. ὁ τῆς μεγάλης ἐπιθυμήσας σοφίας, ὢνθρωπε,
παρ' ἡμῶν,
ὡς εὐδαίμων ἐν Ἀθηναίοις καὶ τοῖς Ἐλλησι
γενήσει,
εἰ μνήμων εἰ καὶ φροντιστῆς καὶ τὸ ταλαίπωρον
ἐνεστὼν
ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ, καὶ μὴ κάμνεις μήθ᾽ ἐστῶς μήτε
βαδίζων,
μήτε ριγῶν ἀχθεὶ λίαν, μήτ' ἀριστᾶν ἐπιθυμεῖς,
oinou τ' ἀπέχει καὶ γυμνασίων καὶ τῶν ἀλλῶν
ἀνοίτων,
καὶ βέλτιστον τούτο νομίζεις, ὀπερ εἰκὸς δεξιόν
ἀνδρα,
Can't say that they do: your words appear true.

Whence comes then the thunderbolt, pray?

When a wind that is dry, being lifted on high,
is suddenly pent into these,
It swells up their skin, like a bladder, within,
by Necessity's changeless decrees:
Till, compressed very tight, it bursts them outright,
and away with an impulse so strong,
That at last by the force and the swing of its course,
it takes fire as it whizzes along.

That's exactly the thing that I suffered one Spring,
at the great feast of Zeus,\(^a\) I admit:
I'd a paunch in the pot, but I wholly forgot
about making the safety-valve slit.
So it spluttered and swelled, while the saucepan I held,
till at last with a vengeance it flew:
Took me quite by surprise, dung-bespattered my eyes.
and scalded my face black and blue!

O thou who wouldst fain great wisdom attain,
and comest to us in thy need,
All Hellas around shall thy glory resound,
such a prosperous life thou shalt lead:
So thou art but endued with a memory good,
and accustomed profoundly to think,
And thy soul wilt inure all wants to endure,
and from no undertaking to shrink,
And art hardy and bold, to bear up against cold,
and with patience a supper thou losest:
Nor too much dost incline to gymnastics and wine,
but all lusts of the body refusest:
And esteemest it best, what is always the test
of a truly intelligent brain,

\(^a\) A great feast in honour of Zeus Μελιξως, cf. Thuc. i. 126. 6.
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νικὰς πράττων καὶ βουλεύων καὶ τῇ γλώττῃ πολεμίζων.

στ. ἀλλ’ ἐνεκέν γε ψυχής στερρᾶς δυσκολοκοίτου τε μερίμνης,

καὶ φειδωλοῦ καὶ τρυσβίου γαστρός καὶ θυμοβρεττιδίπτουν,

ἀμέλει θαρρών, οὖνεκα τούτων ἐπιχαλκεύειν παρέχομι’ ἂν.

σο. ἀλλο τι δῆτ’ οὐν νομεῖς ἡδη θεόν οὐδένα πλὴν ἀπερήμεις,

τὸ Χάος τουτὶ καὶ τὰς Νεφέλας καὶ τὴν γλώτταν,

τρία ταυτὶ;

στ. οὐδ’ ἂν διαλεξθείην γ’ ἀτεχνῶ σοὶ ἄλλοις, οὐδ᾿ ἂν ἀπαντῶν,

οὐδ’ ἂν θύσαμι’, οὐδ᾿ ἂν σπείραμι’, οὐδ’ ἐπιθείη

λιβανωτόν.

χο. λέγε νυν ἡμῖν ὅ τι σοὶ δρῶμεν θαρρῶν, ὡς οὐκ

ἀτυχήσεις,

ἡμᾶς τιμῶν καὶ θαυμάζων καὶ ζητῶν δεξιός εἶναι.

στ. ὡ δεσποιναί, δέομαι τοῖνυν ὑμῶν τουτὶ πάνυ μικρόν,

τῶν Ἐλλήνων εἶναι με λέγειν ἔκατον σταδίους ἀριστον.

χο. ἀλλ’ ἔσται σοι τούτο παρ’ ἡμῶν· ὅστε τὸ λοιπὸν

γ’ ἀπὸ τουτὶ

ἐν τῇ δῆμῳ γνώμας οὐδεὶς νικήσει πλείονας ἡ σύ.

στ. μῇ μοῖ γε λέγειν γνώμας μεγάλας· οὐ γὰρ τούτων

ἐπιθυμῶ,

ἀλλ’ ὡς ἐμαυτῷ στρεψοδικήσαι καὶ τοὺς χρήστας

dιολισθεῖν.

χο. τεῦξει τοίνυν ὃν ἴμείρεις· οὐ γὰρ μεγάλων ἐπιθυμεῖς.
To prevail and succeed whenever you plead,
and hosts of tongue-conquests to gain.

But as far as a sturdy soul is concerned
and a horrible restless care,
And a belly that pines and wears away
on the wretchedest, frugalest fare,
You may hammer and strike as long as you like;
I am quite invincible there.

Now then you agree in rejecting with me
the Gods you believed in when young,
And my creed you'll embrace "I believe in wide space,
in the Clouds, in the eloquent Tongue."

If I happened to meet other Gods in the street,
I'd show the cold shoulder, I vow.
No libation I'll pour: not one victim more
on their altars I'll sacrifice now.

Now be honest and true, and say what we shall do:
since you never shall fail of our aid,
If you hold us most dear in devotion and fear,
and will ply the philosopher's trade.

O Ladies Divine, small ambition is mine:
I only most modestly seek,
Out and out for the rest of my life to be best
of the children of Hellas to speak

Say no more of your care, we have granted your prayer:
and know from this moment, that none
More acts shall pass through in the People than you:
such favour from us you have won.

Not acts, if you please: I want nothing of these:
this gift you may quickly withdraw;
But I wish to succeed, just enough for my need,
and to slip through the clutches of law.
This then you shall do, for your wishes are few:
not many nor great your demands,
Ἀλλὰ σεαυτὸν θαρρῶν παράδος τοῖς ἴμετέροις προπόλοισι.

ΣΤ. δρᾶσω ταῦθ' ὑμῖν πιστεύσας· ή γὰρ ἀνάγκη με πιέζει διὰ τοὺς ἱπποὺς τοὺς κοππατίας καὶ τὸν γάμον, ὅσ με ἐπέτρεψεν.

νῦν οὖν χρῆσθων ὁ τι βουλονται. τοῦτ τὸ γ' ἐμὸν σῷμ' αὐτοίσων

παρέχω τύπτειν, πεινήν, διψήν, αὐχμεῖν, μιγοῦν, ἄσκον δείρειν, εἶπερ τὰ χρέα διαφευγοῦμαι, τοῖς τ' ἀνθρώποις εἶναι δόξω

θρασύς, εὐγλωττος, τολμηρός, ἵτης,

βδελυρός, ψευδών συγκολλητής,

εὐρημοστής, περιτριμμα δικών,

κύρβης, κρόταλου, κίναδος, τρύμη,

μάσθλης, εἵρων, γλοιός, ἀλαζῶν,

κέντρων, μιαρός, στρόφις, ἀργαλέος,

ματτυλοχός.

ταῦτ' εἰ με καλοῦσ' ἀπαντῶντες,

δρόμων ἀτεχνῶς ὁ τι χρῆσθουσιν

κεῖ βουλονται

νὴ τὴν Δήμητρ' ἐκ μου χορδῆν

toῖς φροντιστάις παραθέντων.

ΧΟ. λῆμα μὲν πάρεστι τῷ δὲ γ'

οὗκ ἄτολμον, ἀλλ' ἔτοιμον. ἵσθι δ' ως

tαῦτα μαθῶν παρ' ἐμὸν κλέος ὀὐρανόμηκε

ἐν βροτοῖσιν ἐξεις.
THE CLOUDS, 436–460

So away with all care from henceforth, and prepare to be placed in our votaries' hands.

šrt. This then will I do, confiding in you, for Necessity presses me sore,

And so sad is my life, 'twixt my cobs and my wife, that I cannot put up with it more.

So now, at your word, I give and afford

My body to these, to treat as they please,

To have and to hold, in squalor, in cold,

In hunger and thirst, yea by Zeus, at the worst,

To be flayed out of shape from my heels to my nape

So along with my hide from my duns I escape,

And to men may appear without conscience or fear, Bold, a hasty, and wise, a concocter of lies,

A rattler to speak, a dodger, a sneak,

A regular claw of the tables of law,

A shuffler complete, well worn in deceit,

A supple, unprincipled, troublesome cheat;

A hang-dog accurst, a bore with the worst,

In the tricks of the jury-courts thoroughly versed.

If all that I meet this praise shall repeat,

Work away as you choose, I will nothing refuse,

Without any reserve, from my head to my shoes.

You shan't see me wince though my gutlets you mince,

And these entrails of mine for a sausage combine,

Served up for the gentlemen students to dine.

CH. Here's a spirit bold and high

Ready-armed for any strife.

(To Strepsiades)

If you learn what I can teach

Of the mysteries of speech,

Your glory soon shall reach To the summit of the sky.

µαττυλοχής (Bentley's emendation for µαττυλοχής) "a licker-up of hashed meat."

309
ARISTOPHANES

ΣΤ. τί πείσομαι;
ΧΩ. τὸν πάντα χρόνον μετ’ ἐμοὶ
ζηλωτότατον βίον ἀνθρώπων διάξεις.

ΣΤ. ἀρά γε τοῦτ’ ἂρ’ ἐγὼ ποτ’ ὁφομαί;
ΧΩ. ὥστε γε σοῦ πολλοὺς ἐπὶ ταῦτι θύρας ἀεὶ καθήσομαι,
βουλομένους ἀνακοινοῦσθαί τε καὶ ἐς λόγον ἐλθεῖν, πράγματα καντιγραφᾶ πολλῶν ταλάντων
ἀξίᾳ σῇ φρενὶ συμβουλευσομένους μετὰ σοῦ.

ΑΛΛ’ ἐγχείρει τὸν πρεσβύτην ὃ τι περ μέλλεις προ-
διδάσκειν,
καὶ διακίνει τὸν νοῦν αὐτοῦ, καὶ τῆς γνώμης ἀπο-
πειρῶ.

ΣΝ. ἂγε δή, κάτειπέ μοι σὺ τὸν σαυτοῦ τρόπον,
ἐν’ αὐτῶν εἰδώς ὡστὶ ἐστὶ μηχανᾶς
ἡδῆ τι τούτοις πρὸς σὲ κατὰ προσφέρω.

ΣΤ. τί δέ; τείχομαχεῖν μοι διανοεῖ, πρὸς τῶν θεῶν;

ΣΝ. οὖκ, ἀλλὰ βραχέα σου πυθέσοι βούλομαι,
eἰ μνημονικὸς εἰ.

ΣΤ. δύο τρόπω νη τὸν Δια’
ἡν μὲν γὰρ ὀφείληταί τι μοι, μνήμαν πάνυ,
ἐὰν δ’ ὀφείλω, σχέτλιος, ἐπιλήψως πάνυ.

ΣΝ. ἑνεστὶ δήτα σοι λέγεω ἐν τῇ φύσει;

ΣΤ. λέγεω μὲν οὖν ἑνεστ’, ἀποστειρεῖν δ’ ἐνι.

ΣΝ. πῶς οὖν δυνήσει μανθάνειν;

ΣΤ. ἄμελει, καλῶς.

ΣΝ. ἂγε νυν ὁπως, ὅταν τι προβάλω σοι σοφὸν
περὶ τῶν μετεώρων, εὐθέως ὑφαρτάσει.

ΣΤ. τί δαί; κυνηδὸν τὴν σοφίαν σιτήσομαι;

ΣΝ. ἀνθρωπός ἀμαθῆς οὕτος καὶ βάρβαρος,
δέδουκα σ’, ὃ πρεσβύτα, μὴ πληγῶν δέν.
THE CLOUDS, 461–493

st. And what am I to gain?
ch. With the Clouds you will obtain
   The most happy, the most enviable life.
st. Is it possible for me Such felicity to see?
ch. Yes, and men shall come and wait
   In their thousands at your gate,
   Desiring consultations and advice
   On an action or a pleading
   From the man of light and leading,
   And you'll pocket many talents in a trice.

(To Socrates)
Here, take the old man, and do all that you can,
   your new-fashioned thoughts to instil,
   And stir up his mind with your notions refined,
           and test him with judgement and skill.

so. Come now, you tell me something of your habits:
   For if I don't know them, I can't determine
   What engines I must bring to bear upon you.
st. Eh! what? Not going to storm me, by the Gods?
so. No, no: I want to ask you a few questions.
   First: is your memory good?

st. Two ways, by Zeus:
   If I'm owed anything, I'm mindful, very:
   But if I owe, (Oh, dear!) forgetful, very.
so. Well then: have you the gift of speaking in you?
st. The gift of speaking, no: of cheating, yes.
so. No? how then can you learn?

st. Oh, well enough.
so. Then when I throw you out some clever notion.
   About the laws of nature, you must catch it.
st. What! must I snap up sapience, in dog-fashion?
so. Oh! why the man's an ignorant old savage:
   I fear, my friend, that you'll require the whip.

311
Τύπτομαι, επειτ' ἐπισχῶν ὀλίγον ἐπιμαρτύρομαι, εἰτ' αὐθίς ἀκαρη διαλιπῶν δικάζομαι. 495

ἐπικηκά τι;

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ γυμνοὺς εἰσιέναι νομίζεται.

ἀλλ' οὐχὶ φωράσων ἔγωγ' εἰσέρχομαι.

κατάθου. τί ληρεῖς;

εἶπε δὴ νῦν μοι τοδ' ἦν ἐπιμελῆς ὡ καὶ προθύμως μανθάνω, τῷ τῶν μαθητῶν ἐμφερῆς γενήσομαι;

οὐδὲν διοίκεις Χαιρεφώντος τὴν φύσιν.

οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, ἡμιθνῆς γενήσομαι.

οὔ μὴ λαλήσεις, ἀλλ' ἀκολουθήσεις ἐμοὶ ἀνύσας τι δευρὶ θάττον;

ἐς τῶ χείρε νῦν δόσ μοι μελιτοῦται πρότερον· ώς δέδοικ' ἐγὼ εἰσω καταβαίνων ὁσπερ εἰς Τροφωνίου.

χώρει· τί κυπτάξεις ἐχὼν περὶ τὴν θύραν;

αἰνεκα ταύτης.

εὐτυχία γένοιτο τάνθρωπος, ὃτι προήκων ἐς βαθὺ τῆς ήλικίας

νεωτέροις τὴν φύσιν αὐτοῦ πράγμασιν χρωτίζεται καὶ σοφίαν ἐπασκεῖ.

α Socrates wishes to appropriate it (cf. 179, 856), but Strep-siades thinks he is to be flogged.
Come, if one strikes you, what do you do?

I'm struck:

Then in a little while I call my witness:
Then in another little while I summon him.

Put off your cloak.\(^a\)

Why, what have I done wrong?

O, nothing, nothing: all go in here naked.

Well, but I have not come with a search-warrant.\(^b\)

Fool! throw it off.

Well, tell me this one thing:
If I'm extremely careful and attentive,
Which of your students shall I most resemble?

Why, Chaerephon. You'll be his very image.

What! I shall be half-dead! O luckless me!

Don't chatter there, but come and follow me;
Make haste now, quicker, here.

Oh, but do first
Give me a honied cake: Zeus! how I tremble,
To go down there, as if to see Trophonius.\(^c\)

Go on! why keep you pottering round the door?

Yes! go, and farewell; as your courage is great,
So bright be your fate.
May all good fortune his steps pursue,
Who now, in his life's dim twilight haze,
Is game such venturesome things to do,\(^d\)
To steep his mind in discoveries new,
To walk, a novice, in wisdom's ways.

\(^a\) The officer had to enter a house γυμνὸς ἢ χιτώνισκον ἔχων (Plato, *Leg.* 954 Α) so that he might not secretly carry in the thing asserted to be stolen.

\(^b\) The oracle of Trophonius was in a cave at Lebadea: the cakes were taken to appease “the serpent which haunted it”: Schol.
ARISTOPHANES

ο θεώμενοι, κατερῷ πρὸς ύμᾶς ἐλευθέρως
tάληθή, νῇ τὸν Διόνυσον τὸν ἐκθρέψατα με.
oύτω νικήσαμι τ’ ἐγὼ καὶ νομίζομην σοφός,
ός ύμᾶς ἤγούμενος εἶναι θεατᾶς δεξιοῦς
καὶ ταῦτῃ σοφώτατ’ ἔχειν τῶν ἔμων κωμῳδιῶν,
πρῶτος ἡξίωο’ ἀναγείστ’ ύμᾶς, ἥ παρέσχε μοι
ἐργον πλεῖστον· εἰτ’ ἀνεχώρουν ὑπ’ ἀνδρῶν φορτικῶν
ἡττηθεὶς, οὐκ ἄξιοι ὁν· ταῦτ’ οὖν ύμῖν μέμφομαι
τοῖς σοφοῖς, ὄν οὖνεκ’ ἐγὼ ταῦτ’ ἐπραγματευόμην.
ἀλλ’ οὖν ὃς ύμῶν ποθ’ ἐκών προδώσω τοὺς δεξιοὺς.
ἐξ ὅτου γὰρ ἐνθάδ’ ὑπ’ ἀνδρῶν, οἷς ἥδιν καὶ λέγειν,
ὁ σώφρων τε χω καταπύγων ἀριστ’ ἱκουσάτην,
καγώ, παρθένος γὰρ ἐτ’ ἢν, κοῦκ ἔξην πώ μοι τεκεῖν,
ἐξέθηκα, παῖς δ’ ἐτέρα τις λαβοῦσ’ ἀνείλετο,
ὑμεῖς δ’ ἐξεθρέψατε γενναῖως καταπείδευσατε·
ἐκ τούτου μοι πιστὰ παρ’ ύμῖν γνώμης ἐσθ’ ὀρκια.
νῦν οὖν Ἡλέκτραν κατ’ ἐκείνην ἦδ’ ἡ κωμῳδία

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a 518-62 constitute the Parabasis of the revised Comedy.
b Two characters in his play the Banqueters.
c The Banqueters was exhibited in the name of Callistratus.
d The Choëphoroe of Aeschylus, where E. recognizes her brother’s “lock of hair” on Agamemnon’s tomb.
O Spectators, I will utter
honest truths with accents free,
Yea! by mighty Dionysus,
Him who bred and nurtured me.
So may I be deemed a poet,
and this day obtain the prize,
As till that unhappy blunder
I had always held you wise,
And of all my plays esteeming
this the wisest and the best,
Served it up for your enjoyment,
which had, more than all the rest,
Cost me thought, and time, and labour:
then most scandalously treated,
I retired in mighty dudgeon,
by unworthy foes defeated.
This is why I blame your critics,
for whose sake I framed the play:
Yet the clever ones amongst you
even now I won’t betray.
No! for ever since from judges
unto whom ’tis joy to speak,
Brothers Profligate and Modest

 gained the praise we fondly seek,
When, for I was yet a Virgin,
and it was not right to bear,
I exposed it, and Another
 did the foundling nurse with care,
But ’twas ye who nobly nurtured,
ye who brought it up with skill;
From that hour I proudly cherish
pleads of your sure good will.
Now then comes its sister hither,
like Electra in the Play,
ARISTOPHANES

ζητοῦν' ἰθ', ἣν ποὺ 'πιτύχῃ θεατάς οὕτω σοφοῖς·
γνώσεται γαρ, ἣνπερ ὅδη, τάδελφοῦ τὸν βοστρυχον.
ός δὲ σώφρων ἔστι φύσει σκέψασθ'. ἦτις πρῶτα μὲν
οὐδὲν ἢλθε βαφμένη σκύτων καθεμένον,
ἐρυθρὸν ἐξ ἄκρου, παχύ, τοῖς παιδίοις ἔν' ἢ γέλως·
οὐδ' ἐσκωπέσας τοὺς φαλακροὺς, οὐδὲ κόρδαχ' εὐλκυσεν, 546
οὐδὲ πρεσβύτης ὁ λέγων τάπη τῇ βακτηρίᾳ
tύπτει τὸν παρόντ', ἀφανιζων πονηρὰ σκώμματα,
οὐδ' εἰσηξε δάδας ἔχουσ', οὐδ' ἰοῦ ἰοῦ βοᾶ,
ἀλλ' αὐτῇ καὶ τοῖς ἐπεσιν πιστεύουσ' ἔλήλυθεν.
κἀγὼ μὲν τοιοῦτος ἄνηρ ὃν ποιητὴς οὐ κομῶ,
οὐδ' ὑμᾶς ζητῶ ἐπιπάταν δίς καὶ τρὶς ταύτ' εἰσάγων,
ἀλλ' ἀεὶ καυνᾶς ἰδέας εἰσφέρων σοφίζομαι,
οὐδὲν ἀλλήλαιον ὦμοιας καὶ πάσας δεξιάς·
δε μέγιστον ὄντα Κλέων' ἔπαιο' εἰς τὴν γαστέρα,
κοῦκ ἐτόλμησ' αὕθις ἐπεμπηδῆσ' αὐτῷ κειμένῳ. 550
οὕτω δ', ὡς ἀπαξ παρέδωκεν λαβῇν 'Ὑπέρβολος,
tοῦτον δείλαιον κολετρῶδ' ἀεὶ καὶ τὴν μητέρα.

*a εἰσήγεσαν γὰρ οἱ κωμικοὶ διεξωσμένοι δερμάτινα αἴδοια, γελοῦν χάριν: Schol.
Comes in earnest expectation
kindred minds to meet to-day;

She will recognize full surely,
if she find, her brother's tress.

And observe how pure her morals:
who, to notice her first dress,

Enters not with filthy symbols
on her modest garments hung,

Jeering bald-heads, dancing ballets,
for the laughter of the young.

In this play no wretched greybeard
with a staff his fellow pokes,

So obscuring from the audience
all the poorness of his jokes.

No one rushes in with torches,
no one groans, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Trusting in its genuine merits
comes this play before you here.

Yet, though such a hero-poet,
I, the bald-head, do not grow

Curling ringlets: neither do I
twice or thrice my pieces show.

Always fresh ideas sparkle,
always novel jests delight,

Nothing like each other, save that
all are most exceeding bright.

I am he who floored the giant,
Cleon, in his hour of pride,

Yet when down I scorned to strike him,
and I left him when he died!

But the others, when a handle
once Hyperbolus did lend.

Trample down the wretched caitiff,
and his mother, without end.
ARISTOPHANES

Eúpolis mén tōn Marikān prōtististon parēlēkusev ekostrephas toús ēmēterous 'Ippéas kakós kakōs, prosthēis autw graivn mevysthn tov koridakos ouvev', ἢν 55 Frúnikhos palai pevōpīχ', ἢν to kētōs ēsthein. eito 'Ermippōs adbis epoínset eis 'Ypérbolon, ãlloi t' ἡδη pántes éreidoun eis 'Ypérbolon, ūs eikous tōn ēγχélewn ūs ēmās μuμouμenoi. ὅστις ouv toutousi xelâ, toutis ēmōis μη χαιρέτω: ἢν δ' ēmōi kai toutoun ēmōis eufraiēnηθ έυρήμαsoun, ūs ūs ōras ūs ūtēras eū frounev doκhēste.

ūψμεδοντα mén theōn
Zēna tūrantoun eis χoρδον
prōta méγan kiklēskou:
tōn te megasθenē trai-
νης τamίan,
γῆs te kai álμυρᾶs thalás-
soηs āgrion moξλευτh:
kaĩ megalōumouν ēmēteron pateρ',
Λithēra seμnōtatoν, biōθreμμoνa pántωn:
tōn 8' ἵππονόμαν, δ' ύπερ-
lámprouis āktīsou kateχei
γῆs pēdon, méγas ēn theois
ēn θυντοίσi te daίμωn.

a Clearly the "mother of Hyperbolus."
b He seems to have travestied the story of Andromeda, bring-
ing on a tipsy old woman to be devoured by the sea-monster.
c See K. 864-7.
THE CLOUDS, 553–574

In his Maricas the Drunkard, Eupolis the charge began,
Shamefully my "Knights" distorting,
as he is a shameful man,
Tacking on the tipsy beldame, a just the ballet-dance to keep,
Phrynicus's b prime invention, eat by monsters of the deep.
Then Hermippus on the caitiff opened all his little skill,
And the rest upon the caitiff are their wit exhausting still;
And my simile to pilfer "of the Eels" c they all combine.
Whoso laughs at their productions, let him not delight in mine.
But for you who praise my genius, you who think my writings clever,
Ye shall gain a name for wisdom, yea! for ever and for ever.

O mighty God, O heavenly King,
First unto Thee my prayer I bring.
O come, Lord Zeus, to my choral song;—
And Thou, dread Power, whose resistless hand
Heaves up the sea and the trembling land,
Lord of the trident, stern and strong;—
And Thou who sustainest the life of us all
Come, Ether, our parent, O come to my call;—
And Thou who floodest the world with light,
Guiding thy steeds through the glittering sky,
To men below and to Gods on high
A Potentate heavenly-bright!

319
ο σοφώτατοι θεαταί, δεύτερο τόν νοῦν πρόσχετε. 575
ηδικημέναι γάρ ὑμῖν μεμφόμεθ' ἐναντίον·
πλείουσα γάρ θεών ἀπάντων ὠφελοῦσας τήν πόλιν,
δαμόνων ἦμῖν μόναις οὐ θύετ' οὐδὲ σπένδετε,
αἰτωνες τηροῦμεν ὑμᾶς. ἣν γάρ ἦ τοις ἔξοδος
μηδενὶ ξύν νῦ, τότ' ἡ βροντώμεν ἡ ψακάζομεν.
είτα τὸν θεοῖσιν ἐχθρὸν βυρσοδέψῃν Παφλαγόνα
ἡνίχ' ἥρεισθε στρατηγόν, τὰς ὀφρὺς συνήγομεν
καποιοῦμεν δεινα· "βροντῇ δ' ἐρράγη δι' ἀστραπῆς."
ἡ σελήνη δ' ἔξελειτε τάς ὁδοὺς· ὁ δ' ἡλιος
τῇ θρυαλλίδ' εἰς έαυτὸν εὐθέως ξυνελκύσας
οὐ φανεῖν ἔφασκεν ὑμῖν, εἰ στρατηγήσει Κλέων.
ἀλλ' ὦμως εἴλεσθε τοῦτον. φασὶ γάρ δυσβουλίαν
τῇ τῇ πόλει προσεῖναι, ταῦτα μέντοι τοὺς θεοὺς
ἀπ' ἂν ὑμεῖς ἐξαμάρτητ' ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον τρέπειν.
ὡς δὲ καὶ τοῦτο ξυνοίσει ῥαδίως διδάξομεν.
ἡν Κλέωνα τόν λάρον δώρων ἔλοντες καὶ κλοπῆς,

a From the Teucer of Sophocles: Schol.
b Nothing is known of this election.
O most sapient wise spectators, hither turn attention due,
We complain of sad ill-treatment, we've a bone to pick with you:
We have ever helped your city, helped with all our might and main;
Yet you pay us no devotion, that is why we now complain.
We who always watch around you.

For if any project seems Ill-concocted, then we thunder,
then the rain comes down in streams.
And, remember, very lately,
how we knit our brows together,
"Thunders crashing, lightnings flashing," a
never was such awful weather;
And the Moon in haste eclipsed her,
and the Sun in anger swore
He would curl his wick within him
and give light to you no more,
Should you choose that mischief-worker,
Cleon, whom the Gods abhor,
Tanner, Slave, and Paphlagonian,
to lead out your hosts to war. b
Yet you chose him! yet you chose him!
For they say that Folly grows
Best and finest in this city,
but the gracious Gods dispose
Always all things for the better,
causing errors to succeed:
And how this sad job may profit,
surely he who runs may read.
Let the Cormorant be convicted,
in command, of bribes and theft,
eίτα φιμώσητε τούτου τῷ ξύλῳ τὸν αὐχένα, 
αὖθις ἐς τάρχαιον ύμῖν, εἰ τι καξημάρττέτε, 
επὶ τὸ βέλτιον τὸ πράγμα τῇ πόλει συνοίσεται.

"ἀμφὶ μοι αὔτε," Φοῖβ' ἀναξ 
Δήλε, Κυνθίαν ἔχων 
ψυκέρατα πέτραν.

η τ' Ἐφέσου μάκαιρα πάγ- 
χρυσόν ἔχεις

οἰκον ἐν ὃ κόραι σὲ Λυ- 
δών μεγάλως σέβουσιν.

η τ' ἐπιχύριος ἡμετέρα θεός, 
αἰγίδος ἤνιοχος, πολιοῦχος 'Αθάνα.

Παρνασσίαν θ' ὡς κατέχων

πέτραν σὺν πεύκαισι σελαγεῖ

Βάκχαις Δελφίσιον ἐμπρέπων,

κωμαστὴς Διώνυσος.

ἡνίχ' ἡμεῖς δεῦρ' ἀφορμᾶσθαι παρεσκευάσμεθα,

η Σελήνη συντυχοῦσ' ἡμῖν ἐπέστειλεν φράσαι,

πρῶτα μὲν χαίρειν 'Αθηναίοις καὶ τοῖς ἅγιοιχοῖς.

εἶτα θυμαίνειν ἐφασκε· δεινὰ γὰρ πεπονθέναι,

ὡφελοῦσ' ὕμᾶς ἀπαντᾶς, οὐ λόγοις, ἀλλ' ἐμφανῶς.

πρῶτα μὲν τοῦ μηνὸς εἰς δὴ ὀνὶ ἔλαττον ἡ δραχμήν,

ὡστε καὶ λέγειν ἀπαντᾶς ἐξιόντας ἐσπέρας,

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a ἀμφὶ μοι αὔτε was a common commencement of dithyrambic odes.
THE CLOUDS, 592–613

Let us have him gagged and muzzled,  
in the pillory chained and left,  
Then again, in ancient fashion,  
all that ye have erred of late,  
Will turn out your own advantage,  
and a blessing to the State.

"Phoebus, my king, come to me still."  
Thou who holdest the Cynthian hill,  
The lofty peak of the Delian isle;—  
And Thou, his sister, to whom each day  
Lydian maidens devoutly pray  
In Thy stately gilded Ephesian pile;—  
And Athene, our Lady, the queen of us all,  
With the Aegis of God, O come to my call;—  
And Thou whose dancing torches of pine  
Flicker, Parnassian glades along,  
Dionysus, Star of Thy Maenad throng,  
Come, Reveller most divine!

We, when we had finished packing,  
and prepared our journey down,  
Met the Lady Moon, who charged us  
with a message for your town.  
First, All hail to noble Athens,  
and her faithful true Allies;  
Then, she said, your shameful conduct  
made her angry passions rise,  
Treating her so ill who always  
aids you, not in words, but clearly;  
Saves you, first of all, in torchlight  
every month a drachma nearly,  
So that each one says, if business  
calls him out from home by night,
μὴ πρίγη, παί, δαδ', ἐπειδὴ φῶς Σεληναῖς καλὸν.

άλλα τ' εὖ δράν φησιν, υμᾶς δ' οὐκ ἄγειν τὰς

ημέρας

οὐδὲν ὀρθῶς, ἀλλ' ἀνω τε καὶ κάτω κυδοιδοπᾶν· ὥστ' ἀπειλεῖν φησιν ἀυτῇ τοὺς θεοὺς ἐκάστοτε ἦνικ' ἂν ψευθώσι δεῖπνοι, κατίσωσι ώικαδε, τῆς ἔορτῆς μῆ τυχόντες κατὰ λόγον τῶν ημερῶν.

καθ' ὅταν θύειν δή, στρεβλοῦτε καὶ δικάζετε· πολλάκις δ' ἡμῶν ἁγόντων τῶν θεῶν ἀπαστίαν, ἦνικ' ἂν πενθώμεν ἢ τὸν Μέμνον' ἢ Σαρπιδόνα, ἐπενδεθ' ύμεῖς καὶ γελάτ' ἀνθ' ὃν λαχῶν Ἡπερ- βολος

τῆτες ἱερομνημονεῖν, κατειθ' ύψ' ἡμῶν τῶν θεῶν

τὸν στέφανον ἀφηρέθη· μάλλον γὰρ οὕτως εἰσέπαι

κατὰ σελήνην ὧς ἄγειν χρῆ τοῦ βίου τὰς ημέρας.

Σ. mā τὴν 'Ἀναπνοῆν, mā τὸ Χάος, mā τὸν 'Αέρα, 620

οὐκ εἴδον οὕτως ἄνδρ' ἄγροικον οὐδένα

οὐδ' ἀπορον οὐδὲ σκαλιόν οὖδ' ἐπιλήσμονα·

ὅστις σκαλαθυρμάτ' ἄττα μικρὰ μανθάνων,

ταῦτ' ἐπιλέλησται πρὶν μαθεῖν· ὦμως γε μήν

ἀυτῶν καλῶ θύραξε δευρί πρὸς τὸ φῶς.

ποῦ Στρεφιάδης;  ἐξεῖ τὸν ἀσκάντην λαβών. 625

σ. The allusion is to alterations in the calendar introduced by the astronomer Meton about 432 B.C.

b Son of Eos (Aurora), slain by Achilles; for Sarpedon son of Zeus whom Patroclus slew see II. xvi. 419 seq.

c An official sent with the three Pylagorae to the Amphictyonic Council. Nothing is known of the circumstance.

d Socrates here comes out of the Phrontisterion where he has been endeavouring to teach Strepsiades.

324
"Buy no link, my boy, this evening,
for the Moon will lend her light."
Other blessings too she sends you,
yet you will not mark your days
As she bids you, but confuse them,
jumbling them all sorts of ways,
And, she says, the Gods in chorus
shower reproaches on her head,
When in bitter disappointment
they go supperless to bed,
Not obtaining festal banquets
duly on the festal day;
Ye are badgering in the law-courts
when ye should arise and slay!
And full oft when we celestials
some strict fast are duly keeping,
For the fate of mighty Memnon,
or divine Sarpedon weeping,
Then you feast and pour libations:
and Hyperbolus of late
Lost the crown he wore so proudly
as Recorder of the Gate,
Through the wrath of us immortals:
so perchance he'll rather know
Always all his days in future
by the Lady Moon to go.

so. Never by Chaos, Air, and Respiration,
Never, no never have I seen a clown
So helpless, and forgetful, and absurd!
Why if he learns a quirk or two he clean
Forgets them ere he has learnt them: all the same,
I'll call him out of doors here to the light.
Take up your bed, Strepsiades, and come!
στ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔωσι μ' ἐξενεγκειν οἱ κόρεις.

ξ. ἀνύσας τι κατάθου, καὶ πρόσεχε τοῦ νοῦν.

yat. ἵδιον.

ξ. ἄγε δή, τί βούλει πρῶτα νυνι μανθάνειν ὃν οὐκ ἐδιδάγχθης πώτερ' οὐδέν; εἰτέ μοι. πότερον περὶ μέτρων ἡ περὶ ἔπων ἡ ῥυθμῶν;

στ. περὶ τῶν μέτρων ἐγώ' ἔναγχος γάρ ποτε ὑπ' ἀλφιταμοιβοῦ παρεκόπην διχουκίκω.

ξ. οὐ τοῦτ' ἔρωτῶ σ', ἀλλ' ὃ τι κάλλιστον μέτρον ἥγει· πότερον τὸ πτομέτρον ἡ τὸ τετράμετρον;

στ. ἐγὼ μὲν οὐδέν πρότερον ἡμιμεκτέου.

ξ. οὐδέν λέγεις, ὕνθρωπε.

στ. περίδου νυν ἐμοί,

εἰ μὴ τετράμετρόν ἔστων ἡμιμεκτέου.

ξ. ἐς κόρακας, ὡς ἄγρουκος εἰ καὶ δυσμαθῆς. τάχα δ' ἂν δύναιο μανθάνειν περὶ ῥυθμῶν.

στ. τί δέ μ' ωφελήσου' οἱ ῥυθμοὶ πρὸς τάλφιτα;

ξ. πρῶτον μὲν εἶναι κομῆσθεν εἰ συνουσία, ἐπαινοῦν' ὁποῖος ἐστι τῶν ῥυθμῶν κατ' ἐνόπλιον, χώποιος αὐ κατὰ δάκτυλον.

στ. κατὰ δάκτυλον; νὴ τὸν Δῖ', ἀλλ' οἴδ'.

ξ. εἰπὲ δή.

στ. τίς ἄλλος ἀντὶ τουτοῦ τοῦ δακτύλου;

πρὸ τοῦ μὲν, ἔτ' ἐμοῦ παιδὸς ὄντος, οὗτος.

ξ. ἄγρειος εἰ καὶ σκαῖος.

στ. οὐ γάρ, ὡξυρέ, τοῦτων ἐπιθυμῶ μανθάνειν οὐδέν.

ξ. τί δαί;

στ. ἐκεῖν' ἐκεῖνο, τὸν ἄδικώτατον λόγον.

ξ. ἀλλ' ἔτερα δεῖ σε πρότερα τούτων μανθάνειν,

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* The μέδιμνος = 48 χοινικες, the ἐκτεις = 8, and so the ἡμιμεκτέου = 4, being therefore τετράμετρον. The joke, however, in 326
By Zeus, I can’t: the bugs make such resistance.

Make haste. There, throw it down, and listen.

Well!

Attend to me: what shall I teach you first
That you’ve not learnt before? Which will you have,
Measures or rhythms or the right use of words?

Oh! measures to be sure: for very lately
A grocer swindled me of full three pints.

I don’t mean that: but which do you like the best
Of all the measures; six feet, or eight feet?

Well, I like nothing better than the yard.

Fool! don’t talk nonsense.

What will you bet me now
That two yards don’t exactly make six feet? a

Consume you! what an ignorant clown you are!
Still, perhaps you can learn tunes more easily.

But will tunes help me to repair my fortunes?

They’ll help you to behave in company:
If you can tell which kind of tune is best
For the sword-dance, and which for finger music. b

For fingers! aye, but I know that.

Say on, then.

What is it but this finger? though before,
Ere this was grown, I used to play with that.

Insufferable dolt!

Well but, you goose,
I don’t want to learn this.

What do you want then?

Teach me the Logic! teach me the unjust Logic!

But you must learn some other matters first:

the Greek consists largely in all the measures being measures of capacity (a μεδίμνος being about 12 gallons).

Strepsiades knows nothing about “dactyl” but takes δάκτυλος in its literal sense, and makes indecent gestures with the middle finger (infamis digitus).
κως, τράγος, ταύρος, κύων, ἀλεκτρυών.

Ὁρᾶς δ' πάσχεις; τὴν τε θήλειαν καλεῖς ἀλεκτρυώνα κατὰ ταύτο καὶ τὸν ἄρρενα.

πῶς δή; φέρε.

πῶς; ἀλεκτρυών καλεῖς.

νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶν. νῦν δὲ πῶς με χρῆ καλεῖν;

ἀλεκτρύσων, τὸν δ' ἔτερον ἀλέκτορα.

ἀλεκτρύσων; εὖ γε νὴ τὸν 'Αέρα.

ἄστ' ἀντὶ τούτου τοῦ διδάγματος μονοῦ διαλφωτῶσοι σου κύκλῳ τὴν κάρδοπον.

ἰδοὺ μάλ' αὐθίς τοῦδ' ἔτερον. τὴν κάρδοπον ἄρρενα καλεῖς, θήλειαν οὕσαν.

τῷ τρόπῳ ἄρρενα καλῷ γὰρ κάρδοπον;

μάλιστά γε,

ὡςπερ γε καὶ Κλεώνυμον.

πῶς δή; φράσον.

ταυτὸν δύναται σοι κάρδοπος Κλεωνύμω.

ἄλλ', ὕγαθ', οὔδ' ἢν κάρδοπος Κλεωνύμω,

ἄλλ' ἐν θυείᾳ στρογγυλῇ γ' ἀνεμάττετο.

ἀτὰρ τὸ λοιπὸν πῶς με χρῆ καλεῖν;

ἀρατ' οὐδ' ἐγωγ' α' θήλε' ἔστιν.
As, what are males among the quadrupeds.

st. I should be mad indeed not to know that.
The Ram, the Bull, the Goat, the Dog, the Fowl.

so. Ah! there you are! there’s a mistake at once!
You call the male and female fowl the same.

st. How! tell me how.

so. Why fowl and fowl of course.

st. That’s true though! what then shall I say in future?
so. Call one a fowless and the other a fowl.

Now for that one bright piece of information
I’ll give you a barley bumper in your trough.

so. Look there, a fresh mistake; you called it trough,
Masculine, when it’s feminine.

st. How, pray?
How did I make it masculine?

so. Why “trough,”
Just like “Cleonymus.”

st. I don’t quite catch it.

so. Why “trough,” “Cleonymus,” both masculine.

st. Ah, but Cleonymus has got no trough,
His bread is kneaded in a rounded mortar:*
Still, what must I say in future?

so. What! why call it
A “troughess,” female, just as one says “an actress.”

st. A “troughess,” female?

so. That’s the way to call it.

st. O “troughess” then and Miss Cleonymus.

so. Still you must learn some more about these names;
Which are the names of men and which of women.

st. Oh, I know which are women.

so. Well, repeat some.

* As being “a poor man” who had nothing better to use:
Schol. But there seems a reference “to the charge of effeminacy
which runs through these lines”: R.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

κτ. Λύσιλλα, Φίλιννα, Κλειταγόρα, Δημητρία.
κπ. ἀρρένα δὲ ποία τῶν ονομάτων;
κτ. μυρία.
κπ. Φιλόξενος, Μελησίας, Λμνίας.
κτ. ἀλλ', ὀ πόνηρε, ταυτά γ' ἐστ' οὐκ ἄρρενα.
κτ. οὐκ ἄρρεν' ἕμιν ἐστιν;
κπ. οὐδαμῶς γ', ἔπει πῶς ἄν καλέσειας ἐντυχών Λμνία;
κτ. ὁπως ἄν; ὁδ', δεῦρο δεῦρ', Λμνία.
κπ. ὄρας; γυναίκα τὴν Λμνίαν καλεῖς.
κτ. οὐκον δικαίως ἥτις οὐ στρατεύεται;
κτ. ἀτὰρ τί ταῦθ' ἰ πάντες Ἦσμεν μανθάνως;
κπ. οὐδὲν μὰ Δ', ἀλλὰ κατακλινεῖς δευρί,
κτ. τί δρῶ;
κπ. ἐκφρόντισον τι τῶν σεαυτοῦ πραγμάτων.
κτ. μὴ δῇθ', ἱκετεύω σ', ἐνθάδ'. ἀλλ' ἐπερ γε χρή,
κπ. χαμαὶ μ' ἐασον αὐτὰ ταῦτ' ἐκφρόντισαι.
κτ. οὐκ ἐστι παρὰ ταῦτ' ἄλλα.
κτ. κακοδαίμων ἐγώ,
κπ. οὐαν δίκην τοῖς κόρεσι δῶσω τῆμερον.
κπ. φρόντιζε δὴ καὶ διάθρει, πάντα τρόπον τε σεαυτὸν ἄρρεν'
κτ. στρόβει πυκνώσας.
κπ. ταχὺς δ', ὅταν εἰς ἄπορον πέσης,
κτ. ἐπ' ἅλλο πῆδα
κπ. νόημα φρενὸς· ὕπνος δ' ἀπέστω γλυκύθυμος
κτ. ομμάτων.
κπ. 700
κτ. ἰατταταῖ ἰατταταῖ.
κχ. τί πάσχεις; τί κάμινεις;
κτ. ἀπόλλυμαι δεῖλαιος· ἐκ τοῦ σκίμπωδος
κπ. 705
κτ. 330
THE CLOUDS, 684–709

st. Demetria, Cleitagora, Philinna.
sq. Now tell me some men’s names.
st. O yes, ten thousand.
Philon, Melesias, Amynias.
sq. Hold! I said men’s names: these are women’s names.
st. No, no, they’re men’s.
sq. They are not men’s, for how
Would you address Amynias if you met him?
st. How? somehow thus: “Here, here, Amynia a! ”
sq. Amynia! a woman’s name, you see.
st. And rightly too; a sneak who shirks all service!
But all know this: let’s pass to something else.
sq. Well, then, you get into the bed.
st. And then?
sq. Excogitate about your own affairs.
st. Not there: I do beseech, not there: at least
Let me excogitate on the bare ground.
sq. There is no way but this.
st. O luckless me!
How I shall suffer from the bugs to-day.
sq. Now then survey in every way,
with airy judgement sharp and quick:
Wrapping thoughts around you thick:
And if so be in one you stick,
Never stop to toil and bother,
Lightly, lightly, lightly leap,
To another, to another;
Far away be balmy sleep.
st. Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!
ch. What’s the matter? where’s the pain?
st. Friends! I’m dying. From the bed

a Cf. W. 466, 1267. The Greek vocative of “Amynias” becomes feminine in form.
ARISTOPHANES

dάκνουσι μ᾿ ἐξέρποντες οἱ Κορίνθιοι,
καὶ τὰς πλευρὰς δαρδάπτουσιν
καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐκπίνουσιν,
καὶ τοὺς ὀρχείς ἐξέλκουσιν,
καὶ τὸν πρωκτὸν διορύττουσιν,
καὶ μ᾿ ἀπολοῦσιν.

χο. μὴ νῦν βαρέως ἀλγεῖ λίαν.

στ. καὶ πῶς; ὅτε μοι
φρούδα τὰ χρύματα, φρούδη χροία,
φρούδη ψυχή, φρούδη δ᾿ ἐμβάς·
καὶ πρὸς τούτοις ἔτι τοῖς κακοῖς
φρουρᾶς ἄδων
ἄλγου φρούδος γεγένημαι.

σπ. οὗτος, τί ποιεῖς; οὔχὶ φροντίζεις;

στ. ἐγὼ;

νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ.

σπ. καὶ τί δὴτ᾿ ἐφρόντισας;

στ. ὑπὸ τῶν κόρεων εἰ μοῦ τι περιλειφθῆσεται.

σπ. ἀπολεῖ κάκιστ᾿.

στ. ἀλλ᾿, ὦγάθ᾿, ἀπόλωλ᾿ ἀρτίως.

σπ. οὐ μαλθακιστῇ, ἀλλὰ περικαλυπτέα.

ἐξευρετέος γὰρ νοῦς ἀποστερητικὸς
καταϊλῆμι.

στ. οὕμοι, τίς ἂν δὴτ᾿ ἐπιβάλοι
ἐξ ἀρνακίδων γνώμην ἀποστερητρίδα;

σπ. φέρε νῦν, ἀθρήσῳ πρῶτον, ὦ τι δρᾶ, τουτοίνι.

οὗτος, καθεύδεις;

στ. μᾶ τὸν Ἀπόλλω γὼ μὲν οὐ.

σπ. ἔχεις τι;

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THE CLOUDS, 710–732

Out creep bugbears a scantly fed,
And my ribs they bite in twain,
And my life-blood out they suck,
And my manhood off they pluck,
And my loins they dig and drain,
And I’m dying, once again.

CH. O take not the smart so deeply to heart.

ST. Why, what can I do?
Vanished my skin so ruddy of hue,
Vanished my life-blood, vanished my shoe,
Vanished my purse, and what is still worse
As I hummed an old tune till my watch should
be past,
I had very near vanished myself at the last.

so. Hallo there, are you pondering?

ST. Eh! what? I?

Yes to be sure.

so. And what have your ponderings come to?

ST. Whether these bugs will leave a bit of me.

so. Consume you, wretch!

ST. Faith, I’m consumed already.

so. Come, come, don’t flinch: pull up the clothes again:
Search out and catch some very subtle dodge
To fleece your creditors.

ST. O me, how can I
Fleece any one with all these fleeces on me?

(Puts his head under the clothes.)

so. Come, let me peep a moment what he’s doing.
Hey! he’s asleep!

ST. No, no! no fear of that!

so. Caught anything?

a οἱ Κοπροί (at this time the bitterest enemies of Athens) = οἱ κόρεις, "the bugs."
ARISTOPHANES

στ. μὰ Δ’ οὐ δῆτ’ ἐγώγ’.

σσ. οὐδὲν πάνυ;

στ. οὐδὲν γε πλὴν ἢ τὸ πέος ἐν τῇ δεξιᾷ.

σσ. οὐκ ἐγκαλυφάμενος ταχέως τι φροντιεῖς;

στ. περὶ τοῦ; σὺ γάρ μοι τούτο φράσον, ὁ Σωκρατες.

σσ. αὐτὸς οἱ τι βουλεῖ πρῶτος ἐξευρὼν λέγε.

στ. ἀκήκοας μυριάκις ἀγώ βούλομαι,

περὶ τῶν τόκων, ὅπως ἂν ἀποδῷ μηδενί.

σσ. ἦθι νῦν, καλύπτον καὶ σχάσας τὴν φροντίδα

λεπτὴν κατὰ μικρὸν περιφρόνει τὰ πράγματα,

ὁρθῶς διαιρῶν καὶ σκοπῶν.

στ. οὖμοι τάλας.

σσ. ἔχ’ ἀτρέμα· κἂν ἀπορῆς τι τῶν νοημάτων,

ἀφεῖς ἀπελθεί· κατὰ τὴν γνώμην πάλιν

κίνησον αὐθίς, αὐτὸ καὶ ξυγώθρισον.

στ. ὁ Σωκρατίδιον φίλτατον.

σσ. τί, ὁ γέρων;

στ. ἔχω τόκου γνώμην ἀποστερητικήν.

σσ. ἐπίδειξον αὐτήν.

στ. εἰπὲ δὴ νῦν μοι,

σσ. τὸ τί;

στ. γυναίκα φαρμακίδ’ εἰ πριάμενος Θετταλήν,

καθέλουμι νῦκτωρ τὴν σελήνην, εἶτα δὲ

αὐτὴν καθείρξαμι’ ἐς λοφεῖον στρογγύλου,

ὡσπερ κάτοπτρον, κάτα τηροῦν ἔχων,

σσ. τί δῆτα τοῦτ’ ἄν ὠφελήσειν σ’;

στ. ο’ τί;

εἰ μηκέτ’ ἀνατέλλοι σελήνῃ μηδαμοῦ,

οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοῖν τοὺς τόκους.

σσ. ὁτιῇ τί δῆ;

στ. ὁτιῇ κατὰ μῆνα ταργύριον δανείζεται.

σσ. εὗ γ’ ἀλλ’ ἕτερον αὖ σοι προβαλὼ τι δεξιὸν.

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THE CLOUDS, 733–757

No, nothing.

Surely, something.

Well, I had something in my hand, I'll own.

Pull up the clothes again, and go on pondering.

On what? now do please tell me, Socrates.

What is it that you want? first tell me that.

You have heard a million times what 'tis I want:
My debts! my debts! I want to shirk my debts.

Come, come, pull up the clothes: refine your thoughts
With subtle wit: look at the case on all sides:
Mind you divide a correctly.

Ugh! O me.

Hush: if you meet with any difficulty
Leave it a moment: then return again
To the same thought: then lift and weigh it well.

Oh, here, dear Socrates!

Well, my old friend.

I've found a notion how to shirk my debts.

Well then, propound it.

What do you think of this?

Suppose I hire some grand Thessalian witch
To conjure down the Moon, and then I take it
And clap it into some round helmet-box,
And keep it fast there, like a looking-glass,—

But what's the use of that?

The use, quotha:

Why if the Moon should never rise again,
I'd never pay one farthing.

No! why not?

Why, don't we pay our interest by the month?

Good! now I'll proffer you another problem.

a διαίρεσις “division of genus into species” is a technical term in Logic.
ARISTOPHANES

eı σου γράφοιτο πεντετάλαντός τις δίκη,
όπως ἂν αὐτήν ἀφανίσεις εἰπέ μοι.

ἐτ. ὀπωσ; ὀπωσ; οὐκ οἶδ᾽ ἀτὰρ ἔστητέον.

ὡ. μὴ νων περὶ σαυτόν εἰλλε τὴν γνώμην ἂεὶ,
ἀλλ᾽ ἀποχάλα τὴν φροντίδ᾽ εἰς τὸν ἀέρα,
λινόδετον ὦσπερ μηλολόνθην τοῦ ποδός.

ἐτ. εὐρηκ᾽ ἀφάνισσι τῆς δίκης σοφωτάτην,
ὡστ᾽ αὐτὸν ὀμολογεῖν σ᾽ ἐμοί.

ὡ. ποίαν τινά;

ἐτ. ἦδη παρὰ τοῖς φαρμακοπώλαις τὴν λίθον
tαύτην ἑώρακας, τὴν καλῆν, τὴν διαφανῆ,
ἀφ᾽ ἢς τὸ πῦρ ἀπτούσι;

ὡ. τὴν ύαλον λέγεις;

ἐτ. ἔγωγε. φέρε, τί δῆτ᾽ ἂν, εἰ ταύτην λαβῶν,
ὄποτε γράφοιτο τὴν δίκην ὁ γραμματεύς,
ἀπωτέρω στὰς ὑδε πρὸς τὸν ἴλιον
tὰ γράμματ᾽ ἐκτῆξαμι τῆς ἐμῆς δίκης;

ὡ. σοφῶς γε νῆ τὰς Χάριτας.

ἐτ. οὐμ᾽ ὡς ἑδομαί
ὅτι πεντετάλαντος διαγέγραπται μοι δίκη.

ὡ. ἀγε δῆ ταχέως τούτι ξυνάρπασον.

ἐτ. τὸ τί;

ὡ. ὀπωσ ἀποστρέψας ἃν ἀντιδίκων δίκην,
μέλλων ὀφλήσειν, μὴ παρόντων μαρτύρων.

ἐτ. φαυλότατα καὶ ράστ᾽.

ὡ. εἰπὲ δῆ.

ἐτ. καὶ δῆ λέγω.
eἰ πρόσθεν ἔτι μᾶς ἐνεστῶσης δίκης,
πρὶν τὴν ἐμῆν καλεῖσθ᾽, ἀπαγχαίμην τρέχων.

ὡ. οὐδὲν λέγεις.

ἐτ. 'νῆ τους θεοὺς ἐγωγ', ἐπεὶ

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Suppose an action: damages, five talents:
Now tell me how you can evade that same.

ST. How! how! can't say at all: but I'll go seek.
SO. Don't wrap your mind for ever round yourself,
But let your thoughts range freely through the air,
Like chafers with a thread about their feet.¹

ST. I've found a bright evasion of the action:
Confess yourself, 'tis glorious.

SO. But what is it?

ST. I say, haven't you seen in druggists' shops
That stone, that splendidly transparent stone,
By which they kindle fire?

SO. The burning-glass?

ST. That's it: well then, I'd get me one of these,
And as the clerk was entering down my case,
I'd stand, like this, some distance towards the sun,
And burn out every line.

SO. By the Three Graces,
A clever dodge!

ST. O me, how pleased I am
To have a debt like that clean blotted out.

SO. Come, then, make haste and snap up this.

ST. Well, what?

SO. How to prevent an adversary's suit
Supposing you were sure to lose it; tell me.

ST. O, nothing easier.

SO. How, pray?

ST. Why thus,
While there was yet one trial intervening,
Ere mine was cited, I'd go hang myself.

SO. Absurd!

ST. No, by the Gods, it isn't though:

¹ To tie a thread round the leg of a cockchafer and then see it try to fly was apparently a common amusement of boys.
οὐδεὶς κατ’ ἐμοὶ τεθνεῶτος εἰσάξει δίκην.

ζ. ὅλεις· ἀπερρ', οὐκ ἄν διδαξάμην σ' ἐτι.

ζτ. ὅτι τί; ναὶ πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, οὐ Σώκρατες.

ζη. ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ἐπιλήθει σὺ γ' ἀτ' ἄν καὶ μάθης' ἐπει τί νυν πρῶτον ἐδιδάχθης; λέγε.

ζτ. φέρ' ἵδω, τί μέντοι πρῶτον ἦν; τί πρῶτον ἦν; τίς ἦν ἐν ἆ ματτόμεθα μέντοι τάλφια; οἱμοι, τίς ἦν;

ζ. οὐκ ἐς κόρακας ἀποφθερεῖ,

ἐπιληψιότατον καὶ σκαλότατον γερόντιον;

ζτ. οἱμοι, τί οὖν δῇ' ὁ κακοδαίμων πείσομαι;

ἀπὸ γὰρ ὅλουμα μὴ μαθῶν γλυττοστροφεῖν.

ἀλλ', ὁ Νεφέλαι, χρηστὸν τι συμβουλεύσατε.

χο. ἥμεις μὲν, ὁ πρεσβῦτα, συμβουλεύομεν,

ἐὰν σοὶ τις νῦς ἐστὶν ἐκτεθραμμένος,

πέμπτειν ἐκεῖνον ἄντὶ σαυτοῦ μανθάνειν.

ζτ. ἀλλ' ἐστ' ἐμοι' νῦς καλὸς τε κἀγαθός' ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐθέλει γὰρ μανθάνειν, τί ἐγὼ πάθω;

χο. σὺ δ' ἐπιτρέπεις;

ζτ. εὐσωματεὶ γὰρ καὶ σφριγα,

καστ' ἐκ γυναικῶν εὐπτέρων τῶν Κοσύρας.

ἀτὰρ μετεμί' γ' αὐτῶν. ἦν δὲ μὴ θέλη,

οὐκ ἐσθ' ὅπως οὐκ ἑξελὼ' κ τῆς οἰκίας.

ἀλλ' ἐπανάμεινον μ' ὀλίγον εἰσελθὼν χρόνον.

χο. ἄρ' αἰσθάνει πλείστα δι' ἥμας ἁγάθ' αὐτ' ἕξων [ἀντ.

μόνας θεῶν; ὡς

ἐτοιμοὺς οὗ' ἐστὶν ἀπαντα δράν

ὁδ' ἀν κελεύῃς.

σὺ δ' ἀνδρὸς ἐκπεπληγμένου καὶ φανερῶς ἐπηρμένου 81
They could not prosecute me were I dead.
so. Nonsense! Be off: I'll try no more to teach you.
st. Why not? do, please: now, please do, Socrates.
so. Why you forget all that you learn, directly.
   Come, say what you learnt first: there's a chance for you.
st. Ah! what was first?—Dear me: whatever was it?—
   Whatever's that we knead the barley in?—
so. Be off, and feed the crows,
   You most forgetful, most absurd old dolt!
st. O me! what will become of me, poor wretch!
   I'm clean undone: I haven't learnt to speak.—
   O gracious Clouds, now do advise me something.
ch. Our counsel, ancient friend, is simply this,
   To send your son, if you have one at home,
   And let him learn this wisdom in your stead.
st. Yes! I've a son, quite a fine gentleman:
   But he won't learn, so what am I to do?
ch. What! is he master?
st. Well: he's strong and vigorous,
   And he's got some of the Coesyra blood a within him:
   Still I'll go for him, and if he won't come
   By all the Gods I'll turn him out of doors.
   Go in one moment, I'll be back directly.

ch. Dost thou not see how bounteous we our favours free
   Will shower on you,
   Since whatsoever your will prepare
   This dupe will do.
   But now that you have dazzled and
   elated so your man,

a γυναικῶν εὐπτέρων, lit. "high-flying women," "full of soaring notions."
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

γνοὺς ἀπολάσσεις, ὃ τι πλείστον δύνασαι,
tαχέως· φιλεῖ γάρ πως τὰ τοιαύθ' ἐτέρα τρέπεσθαι.

ΣΤ. οὗτοι μὰ τὴν 'Ομίχλην ἔτ' ἐνταυθοὶ μενεῖς·

ΦΕΙ. ὁ δαμάντες, τι χρήμα πάσχεις, ὁ πάτερ;

ΣΤ. ἵδον γ' ἵδον Δί' Ὀλυμπιον· τῆς μωρίας·

ΦΕΙ. τί δὲ τοῦτ' ἐγέλασας ἐτεόν;

στ. ἐνθυμούμενος

ΦΕΙ. ἰδοὺ· τί ἔστιν;

στ. ὁμοσα νυνι Δία.

ΦΕΙ. ἐγώγ'.

στ. ὁρᾶσ σοιν ὡς ἄγαθὸν τὸ μανθάνειν;

ΦΕΙ. ἀιβοὶ, τί ληρεῖς;

στ. ἵσθι τοῦθ' οὗτος ἔχον.

ΦΕΙ. τίς φησίν ταῦτα;

στ. Σωκράτης ὁ Μήλιος

ΦΕΙ. σὺ δ' εἰς τοσοῦτον τῶν μανιῶν ἐλήλυθας

στ. εὐστόμει,

καὶ μηδὲν εἶπης φλαῦρον ἀνδρας δεξιοῦς
THE CLOUDS, 811–834

Make haste and seize whate’er you please
as quickly as you can,
For cases such as these, my friend,
are very prone to change and bend.

ST. Get out! you shan’t stop here: so help me Mist! Be off, and eat up Megacles’s columns.

PH. How now, my father? what’s i’ the wind to-day? You’re wandering; by Olympian Zeus, you are.

ST. Look there! Olympian Zeus! you blockhead you, Come to your age, and yet believe in Zeus!

PH. Why prithee, what’s the joke?

ST. ’Tis so preposterous
When babes like you hold antiquated notions.
But come and I’ll impart a thing or two,
A wrinkle, making you a man indeed.
But, mind: don’t whisper this to any one.

PH. Well, what’s the matter?

ST. Didn’t you swear by Zeus?

PH. I did.

ST. See now, how good a thing is learning.
There is no Zeus, Pheidippides.

PH. Who then?

ST. Why Vortex reigns, and he has turned out Zeus.

PH. Oh me, what stuff.

ST. Be sure that this is so.

PH. Who says so, pray?

ST. The Melian—a—Socrates,
And Chaerephon, who knows about the flea-tracks.

PH. And are you come to such a pitch of madness
As to put faith in brain-struck men?

ST. O hush!
And don’t blaspheme such very dexterous men

a The reference is to Diagoras the Melian, a notorious sceptic (θεομάχος, Schol.); cf. B. 1073.
καὶ νοῦν ἔχοντας· ὁν ὑπὸ τῆς φειδαμλίας ἀπεκείρατ' οúdeis πῶποτ' οúδ' ἡλεύσατο οὐδ' εἰς βαλανείων ἦλθε λουσόμενος· σὺ δὲ ὦσπερ τεθενῳτός μου καταλούει τὸν βίον. ἀλλ' ὤς τάχιστ' ἐλθὼν ὑπὲρ ἐμοῦ μάνθανε.

ΦΕΙ. τί δ' ἂν παρ' ἐκείνων καὶ μάθοι χρηστὸν τις ἂν; 84

ΣΤ. ἄληθες; ὦσπερ ἐστ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις σοφά· γνώσει δὲ σαυτόν ὥς ἀμαθῆς εἶ καὶ παχύς. ἀλλ' ἐπανάμεινών μ' ὀλίγον ἐνταυθοὶ χρόνον.

ΦΕΙ. οἴμοι, τί δράσω παραφρονοῦντος τοῦ πατρός; πότερα παρανοίας αὐτοῦ εἰσαγαγών ἐλω, ἥ τοῖς σοροπηγοῖς τὴν μανίαν αὐτοῦ φράσω; 88

ΣΤ. φέρ' ἵδω, σὺ τοιντοὶ τί νομίζεις; εἰπέ μοι.

ΦΕΙ. ἀλεκτρύνα·

ΣΤ. καλῶς γε. ταυτήνι δὲ τί;

ΦΕΙ. ἀλεκτρύν·

ΣΤ. ἄμφω ταῦτό; καταγέλαστος εἰ. μὴ νυν τὸ λοιπόν, ἀλλὰ τήνδε μὲν καλεῖν ἀλεκτρύσαναν, τοιντοὶ δ' ἀλέκτορα.

ΦΕΙ. ἀλεκτρύσαναν; ταῦτ' ἐμαθὲς τὰ δεξιὰ εἰσω παρελθὼν ἀρτὶ παρὰ τοὺς γηγενεῖς;

ΣΤ. χατερά γε πόλλ' ἀλλ' ὦ τι μάθομι' ἐκάστοτε, ἐπελαθανόμην ἄν εὑρῆς ὑπὸ πλῆθος ἑτῶν.

ΦΕΙ. διὰ ταῦτα δὴ καὶ θοιμάτων ἀπώλεσας;

ΣΤ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀπολολέκ', ἀλλὰ καταπεφρόντικα.

ΦΕΙ. τὰς δ' ἐμβαίδας πο้ม τέτροφας, ἄνοιγτε σὺ;

ΣΤ. ὦσπερ Περικλῆς εἰς τὸ δέον ἀπώλεσα. ἀλλ' ἱ' θι, βάδις', ἰ'ωμεν· εἶτα τῷ πατρὶ πιθόμενος ἐξάμαρτε· καγώ τοῖ τοτε

---

*a A son might bring an action to declare his father incapable of managing his affairs; cf. Plato, Laws 928 d, and the case of Iophon, son of Sophocles. 342*
And sapient too: men of such frugal habits
They never shave, nor use your precious ointment,
Nor go to baths to clean themselves: but you
Have taken me for a corpse and cleaned me out.
Come, come, make haste, do go and learn for me.

PH. What can one learn from them that is worth knowing?

ST. Learn! why, whatever's clever in the world:
And you shall learn how gross and dense you are.
But stop one moment: I'll be back directly.

PH. O me! what must I do with my mad father?
Shall I indict him for his lunacy, a
Or tell the undertakers of his symptoms?

ST. Now then! you see this, don't you? what do you call it?

PH. That? why a fowl.

ST. Good! now then, what is this?

PH. That's a fowl too.

ST. What both! Ridiculous!
Never say that again, but mind you always
Call this a fowlless and the other a fowl.

PH. A fowlless! These then are the mighty secrets
You have picked up amongst those earth-born fellows.

ST. And lots besides: but everything I learn
I straight forget: I am so old and stupid.

PH. And this is what you have lost your mantle for?

ST. It's very absent sometimes b: 'tisn't lost.

PH. And what have you done with your shoes, you dotard you?

ST. Like Pericles, all for the best, c I've lost them.
Come, come; go with me: humour me in this,
And then do what you like. Ah! I remember

a καινεοφρονίκα, lit. "I have cogitated it away."

b εἰς τὸ δεόν, "on the needful," a phrase used by Pericles when called to account for money spent "on secret service."

c καινεοφρονίκα, lit. "I have cogitated it away."
ARISTOPHANES

οίδ' ἐξέτει σοι τραυλίσαντι πιθόμενος,
◪ν πρῶτον ὁβολὸν ἔλαβον Ἡλιαστικὸν,
tούτου πράμην σοι Διασίος ἀμαξίδα.

ΦΕΙ. ἦ μὴν σὺ τούτως τῷ χρόνῳ ποτ' ἀχθέσει.

ΣΤ. εὖ γ' ὅτι ἐπείσθης. δεύρο δεῦρ', ω Σώκρατε, εἴξελθ'. ἄγω γάρ σοι τὸν ὑδὸν τούτον, ἀκοντ' ἀναπείσας.

ΣΩ. νηπύτιος γάρ ἐστ' ἐτι, καὶ τῶν κρεμαθρῶν οὐ τρίβων τῶν ἐνθάδε.

ΦΕΙ. αὐτὸς τρίβων εἶης ἄν, εἰ κρέμαι ἡγε.

ΣΤ. οὐκ ἐσ κόρακας; καταρὰ σὺ τῷ δίδασκάλῳ;

ΣΩ. ἰδοὺ κρέμαι', ὡς ἥλιθιον ἐφθέγξατο καὶ τοὺς χείλεσιν διερρυηκόσιν.

πῶς ἂν μάθοι ποθ' οὖτος ἀπόφυξιν δίκης ἢ κλῆσιν ἢ χαύνωσιν ἀναπειστηριαί;

καὶ τοῖς ταλάντοι τοῦτ' ἐμαθεν Ὄπερβολος.

ΣΤ. ἀμέλει, δίδασκε' θυμόσοφός ἐστιν φύσει·

εὖθὺς γ' τοι παιδάριον ὅν τυννοτοι

ἐπλαττεν ἕδον οἰκίας, ναῦς τ' ἐγλυφεν,

ἀμαξίδας τε σκυτίνας εἰργάζετο,

κὰκ τῶν σιδίων βατράχους ἔποιει πῶς δοκεῖι.

ὄπως δ' ἐκείνῳ τῷ λόγῳ μαθήσεται,

τὸν κρείττον, ὡστις ἑστι, καὶ τὸν ἦττονα,

ὅς τάδικα λέγων ἀνατρέπει τὸν κρείττονα·

ἐάν δὲ μὴ, τὸν γοῦν ἄδικον πάση τέχνη.

ΣΩ. αὐτὸς μαθήσεται παρ' αὐτοῖν τῶν λόγων,

ἐγὼ δ' ἀπέσομαι.

ΣΤ. τοῦτο νῦν μέμνησ', ὥστε πρὸς πάντα τὰ δίκαι' ἀντιλέγειν δυνήσεται.
How I to humour you, a coaxing baby,
With the first obol which my judgeship fetched me
Bought you a go-cart at the great Diasia.\(^a\)

PH. The time will come when you’ll repent of this.

ST. Good boy to obey me. Hallo! Socrates.
Come here; come here; I’ve brought this son of mine.
Trouble enough, I’ll warrant you.

So. Poor infant,
Not yet aware of my suspension-wonders.\(^b\)

PH. You’d make a wondrous piece of ware, suspended.

ST. Hey! Hang the lad! Do you abuse the Master?

So. And look, "suthspended!" In what foolish fashion
He mouthed the word with pouting lips agape.
How can he learn evasion of a suit,
Timely citation, damaging replies?
Hyperbolus, though, learnt them for a talent.

ST. O never fear! he’s very sharp, by nature.
For when he was a little chap, so high,
He used to build small baby-houses, boats,
Go-carts of leather, darling little frogs
Carved from pomegranates, you can’t think how
nicely!

So now, I prithee, teach him both your Logics,
The Better, as you call it, and the Worse
Which with the worse cause can defeat the Better;
Or if not both, at all events the Worse.

So. Aye, with his own ears he shall hear them argue.
I shan’t be there.

ST. But please remember this,
Give him the knack of reasoning down all Justice.

\(^a\) Cf. 408 n.

\(^b\) Lit. "not versed in (the mysteries of) our baskets"; but
870 \(\tau\rho\iota\beta\omicron\omega\nu\) is "a worn-out cloak" which Socrates would look like
if hung upon a peg. For his wearing a \(\tau\rho\iota\beta\omicron\omega\nu\ cf. Plato, Symp.\n219 b."
ΔΙΚΑΙΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ. χώρει δευρί, δείξον σαυτόν
tοισι θεαταῖς, καίπερ θρασύς ὤν.

ΑΔΙΚΟΣ Λ. “ὦ ὅποι χρήξεισ.” πολύ γὰρ μᾶλλον σ’
ἐν τοῖς πολλοίσι λέγων ἀπολῶ.

ΑΙ. ἀπολεῖς σὺ; τίς ὤν;
ΛΩ. λόγος.

ΑΙ. ηττων γ’ ὤν.

ΑΔ. ἀλλά σε νικῶ, τὸν ἐμοῦ κρείττω
φάσκοντ’ εἶναι.

ΑΔ. τί σοφὸν ποιῶν;

ΑΔ. γνώμας καὶνὰς ἔξευρίσκων.

ΑΙ. τάτα γὰρ ἀνθεὶ διὰ τοῦτου
tοὺς ἀνοίητους.

ΑΔ. οὔκ, ἀλλὰ σοφοὺς.

ΑΙ. ἀπολῶ σε κακῶς.

ΑΔ. εἴπε, τί ποιῶν;

ΑΙ. τὰ δίκαια λέγων.

ΑΔ. ἀλλ’ ἀνατρέψω γ’ αὐτ’ ἀντιλέγων
οῦδὲ γὰρ εἶναι πάνω φημὶ δίκην.

ΑΔ. οὔκ εἶναι φής;

ΑΔ. φέρε γάρ, ποι’ ὅστιν;

ΑΔ. παρὰ τοῖσι θεοῖς.

ΑΔ. πῶς δῆτα δίκης οὕσης ὁ Ζεὺς
οὔκ ἀπόλωλεν τὸν πατέρ’ αὐτοῦ
dήσας;

ΑΙ. αἴβοι, τούτι καὶ δὴ
χωρεῖ τὸ κακὸν; δότε μοι λεκάνην.

ΑΔ. τυφογέρων εἰ κανάρμοστος.

ΑΙ. καταπύγων εἰ καναίσχυντος.

ΑΔ. ρόδα μ’ εἵρηκασ.

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From the Telephus of Euripides, ὦ ὅποι χρήξεις οὔκ ἀπ- 346
THE CLOUDS, 889–910

RIGHT LOGIC. Come show yourself now
with your confident brow.
—To the stage, if you dare!

WRONG LOGIC. "Lead on where you please:" a
I shall smash you with ease,
If an audience be there.

R.L. You'll smash me, you say! And who are you, pray?
W.L. A Logic, like you.

R.L. But the Worst of the two.
W.L. Yet you I can drub whom my Better they dub.
R.L. By what artifice taught?
W.L. By original thought.

R.L. Aye, truly your trade so successful is made.
By means of these noodles of ours, I'm afraid.
W.L. Not noodles, but wise.

R.L. I'll smash you and your lies!
W.L. By what method, forsooth?

R.L. By speaking the Truth.
W.L. Your words I will meet, and entirely defeat:
There never was Justice or Truth, I repeat.

R.L. No Justice! you say?
W.L. Well, where does it stay?

R.L. With the Gods in the air.
W.L. If Justice be there,
How comes it that Zeus could his father reduce,
Yet live with their Godships unpunished and loose?

R.L. Ugh! Ugh! These evils come thick,
I feel awfully sick,

A basón, quick, quick!

W.L. You're a useless old drone with one foot in the grave!
R.L. You're a shameless, unprincipled, dissolute knave!

W.L. Hey! a rosy festoon.

ολοθυμαί | τῆς σῆς ᾿Ελένης οὐνέκα, where Agamemnon is quarrelling
with Menelaus.
ARISTOPHANES

Δι. καὶ βεωμολόχος.

ΑΔ. κρίνειςι στεφανοίς.

ΔΙ. καὶ πατραλοίας.

ΑΔ. χρυσῷ πάττων μ' οὐ γγυνώσκεις.

ΔΙ. οὐ δῆτα πρὸ τοῦ γ', ἀλλὰ μολύβδῳ.

ΑΔ. νῦν δὲ γε κόσμος τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐμοὶ.

ΔΙ. θραυσῦ εἰ πολλοῦ.

ΑΔ. σὺ δὲ γ' ἀρχαῖος.

ΔΙ. διὰ σὲ δὲ φοιτᾶν
οὖν εἰς ἐθέλει τῶν μειρακίων,
καὶ γνωσθῆσαι ποτ' Ἀθηναίοισ
οία διδάσκεις τοὺς ἀνοήτους.

ΑΔ. αὐχμεῖς αἰσχρῶς.

ΔΙ. σὺ δὲ γ' εὗ πράττεις.

καίτοι πρότερον γ' ἐπτώχειν,
Τηλεφός εἶναι Μυσὸς φάσκων,
ἐκ πηριδίου
γνώμασ τρώγων Πανδελετείους.

ΑΔ. ὀμοί σοφίας ἂς ἐπινήσθη.

ΔΙ. ὀμοί μανίας τῆς σῆς, πόλεως θ',
ἡτίς σε τρέφει
λυμανόμενον τοῖς μειρακίοις.

ΑΔ. οὐκι διδάξεις τοῦτον Κρόνος ὄν.

ΔΙ. εἰπερ γ' αὐτὸν σωθήναι κρῆ
καὶ μὴ λαλίαν μόνον ἄσκῆσαι.

ΑΔ. δεῦρ' ἢι, τοῦτον δ' ἐὰ μαίνεσθαι.

ΔΙ. κλαύσει, τὴν χείρ' ἢν ἐπιβάλλης.

ΧΟ. παύσασθε μάχης καὶ λοιδορίας.

ἀλλ' ἐπίδειξαι
σὺ τε τοὺς προτέρους ἄττ' ἐδίδασκες,
THE CLOUDS, 910–935

R.L. And a vulgar buffoon!
W.L. What! Lilies from you?
R.L. And a parricide too!
W.L. 'Tis with gold (you don't know it) you sprinkle my head.
R.L. O gold is it now? but it used to be lead!
W.L. But now it's a grace and a glory instead.
R.L. You're a little too bold.
W.L. You're a good deal too old.
R.L. 'Tis through you I well know not a stripling will go
To attend to the rules which are taught in the Schools;
But Athens one day shall be up to the fools.
W.L. How squalid your dress!
R.L. Yours is fine, I confess.

Yet of old, I declare, but a pauper you were;
And passed yourself off, our compassion to draw
As a Telephus, (Euripidéan)
Well pleased from a beggarly wallet to gnaw
At inanities Pandeletéan.¹

W.L. O me! for the wisdom you've mentioned in jest!
R.L. O me! for the folly of you, and the rest
Who you to destroy their children employ!
W.L. Him you never shall teach: you are quite out of date.
R.L. If not, he'll be lost, as he'll find to his cost:
Taught nothing by you but to chatter and prate.
W.L. He raves, as you see: let him be, let him be.
R.L. Touch him if you dare! I bid you beware.
CH. Forbear, forbear to wrangle and scold!
   Each of you show
   You what you taught their fathers of old,

¹ Telephus in Euripides was introduced as a beggar and so carries a wallet, but here instead of scraps of food he is supposed to have in it sayings which Euripides stole from the scoundrel Pandeletus (συκοφάντης ἦν καὶ φιλόδικος Schol.).
ARISTOPHANES

σὺ τε τὴν καὶνὴν
παιδευσών, ὡπώς ἃν ἀκοῦσας σφῶν
ἀντιλεγόντων κρίνας φοιτᾷ.

Δι. δράν ταῦτ' ἑθέλω.

ΑΔ. κάγωγ' ἑθέλω.

Χ. φέρε δὴ πότερος λέξει πρότερος;

ΑΔ. τούτω δώσω.

κατ' έκ τούτων ὅν ἃν λέξῃ
ῥηματίσοις κανοὺς αὐτὸν
καὶ διανοίας κατατοξεύσω.

τὸ τελευταῖον δ', ἢν ἀναγρύξῃ,

τὸ πρόσωπον ἀπαν καὶ τῷ φθαλμῷ
κεντούμενος ὠσπερ ὅπ' ἀνθρήμῳν

ὑπὸ τῶν γνωμῶν ἀπολεῖται.

Χ. νῦν δεῖξετον τῷ πισύνῳ τοῖς περιδεξίοις ἱστ. λόγουσι καὶ φροντίσει καὶ γνωμοτύπους μερίμναις,

λέγων ἀμείνων πότερος φανῆσται. νῦν γάρ ἄπας

ἐνθάδε κίνδυνος ἀνεῖται σοφίας,

ὅς πέρι τοῖς ἑμοῖς φίλους ἐστὶν ἄγων μέγιστος.

ἀλλ' ὃ πολλοὶ τοὺς πρεσβυτέρους ἥθεσι χρηστοῖς

στεφανώσας,

ῥήξον φωνὴν ἆστιν χαίρεις, καὶ τὴν σαυτοῦ φύσιν

ἐιπέ.

Δι. λέξω τοίνυν τὴν ἀρχαιάν παιδείαν, ὡς διέκειτο,

ὅτ' ἐγὼ τὰ δίκαια λέγων ἡμῶν καὶ σωφροσύνη

νενόμιστο.

πρῶτον μὲν ἔδει παιδὸς φωνῆς γρῦξαντος μηδὲν

ἀκοῦσαι.

εἰτὰ βαδίζειν ἐν ταῖς ὁδοῖς εὐτάκτως εἰς κηδα-

μιστοῦ

τοὺς κωμήτας γυμνοὺς ἄθροους, κεὶ κριμνώδη

κατανίφοι.
You let us know
Your system untried, that hearing each side
From the lips of the Rivals the youth may decide
To which of your schools he will go.

R.L. This then will I do.

W.L. And so will I too.

CH. And who will put in his claim to begin?

W.L. If he wishes, he may: I kindly give way:
And out of his argument quickly will I
Draw facts and devices to fledge the reply
Wherewith I will shoot him and smite and refute him.
And at last if a word from his mouth shall be heard
My sayings like fierce savage hornets shall pierce
His forehead and eyes,
Till in fear and distraction he yields and he—dies!

CH. With thoughts and words and maxims pondered well
Now then in confidence let both begin:
Try which his rival can in speech excel:
Try which this perilous wordy war can win,
Which all my votaries' hopes are fondly centred in.

O Thou who wert born our sires to adorn
with characters blameless and fair,
Say on what you please, say on and to these
your glorious Nature declare.

R.L. To hear then prepare of the Discipline rare
which flourished in Athens of yore
When Honour and Truth were in fashion with youth
and Sobriety bloomed on our shore;
First of all the old rule was preserved in our school
that "boys should be seen and not heard:"
And then to the home of the Harpist would come
décorus in action and word
All the lads of one town, though the snow peppered down,
in spite of all wind and all weather:
ARISTOPHANES

eιτ' αὖ προμαθεῖν ἄσµ' εἴδίδασκεν, τῷ μηρῷ μὴ ἐξυπέχοντας.

ἡ "Παλλάδα περσέπολυν δεινάν," ἢ "Τηλέπορόν τι βόαμα,"

ἐντευναμένους τὴν ἀρµονίαν, ἢν οἱ πατέρες παρέδωκαν. 

εἰ δὲ τις αὐτῶν βωµολοχεύσατ' ἢ κάµψειεν τινα καµπήν,

οἷς οἱ νῦν τὰς κατὰ Φρῦννος παύτας τὰς δυσκολο-

κάµπτους,

ἐπετρίβετο τυπτόµενος πολλάς ὡς τὰς Μοῦσας ἀφανίζων. 

ἐν παιδοτρίβου δὲ καθίζοντας τὸν μηρὸν ἔδει προ-

βαλέσθαι 

τοὺς παιδας, ὅπως τοῖς ἐξωθεν μηδὲν δείξειαν ἀπηνεῖ·

εἰτ' αὖ πάλιν αὖθις ἀνιστάµενον συµψήσαι, καὶ προ-

νοεῖσθαι 

εἰδωλὸν τοῖς ἐρασταῖσιν τῆς ἠβης μὴ καταλείπειν. 

ὁλεύσατο δ' ἂν τούµφαλον οὔδεὶς παῖς ὑπένερθεν τὸτ' 

ἂν, ὡστε 

τοῖς αἰδοταῖς δρόσοις καὶ χνοῖς ὁσπερ µῆλοισιν ἐπήνθει·

οὐδ' ἂν µαλακὴν φυρασάµενοι τῆν φωνὴν πρὸς τὸν 

ἐραστὴν 

αὐτὸς ἑαυτὸν προαγωγεύων τοῖς ὀφθαλµοῖς ἐβάδιζεν, 

οὐδ' ἂν ἐλέοραι δειπνοῦντ' ἐξῆν κεφάλαιον τῆς ραφανίδος, 

οὐδ' ἀννηθον τῶν πρεσβυτέρων ἀρπάζειν οὔδ' σέλινον, 

οὐδ' ὀφοφαγεῖν, οὔδ' κιχλίζειν, οὐδ' ἱσχειν τὸ πόδ' 

ἐναλλάξ.

"ἐντευναµένους τ. ἃ., "strenuously raising the air or tune." 
The phrase "involves the idea of stretching out so as to keep the
THE CLOUDS, 966–983

And they sang an old song as they paced it along,
not shambling with thighs glued together:
"O the dread shout of War how it peals from afar,"
or "Pallas the Stormer adore,"
To some manly old air all simple and bare a
which their fathers had chanted before.
And should anyone dare the tune to impair
and with intricate twistings to fill,
Such as Phrynis is fain, and his long-winded train,
perversely to quaver and trill,
Many stripes would he feel in return for his zeal,
as to genuine Musie a foe.
And every one's thigh was forward and high
as they sat to be drilled in a row,
So that nothing the while indecent or vile
the eye of a stranger might meet;
And then with their hand they would smooth down the sand
whenever they rose from their seat,
To leave not a trace of themselves in the place
for a vigilant lover to view.
They never would soil their persons with oil
but were inartificial and true.
Nor tempered their throat to a soft mincing note
and sighs to their lovers addressed:
Nor laid themselves out, as they strutted about,
to the wanton desires of the rest:
Nor would anyone dare such stimulant fare
as the head of the radish to wish:
Nor to make over bold with the food of the old,
the anise, and parsley, and fish:
Nor dainties to quaff, nor giggle and laugh,
nor foot within foot to enfold.

line straight and tight; the very reverse of κάμπτεω καμπήν in
the next line": R.

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ARISTOPHANES

Δ. ἀρχαῖά γε καὶ Διπολιώδη καὶ τεττύγων ἀνάμεστα, καὶ Κηκείδου καὶ Βουφονίων.

Δ. ἀλλ' οὖν ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐκεῖνα, γὰρ εὖ ἄνδρας Μαραθωνομάχους ἦμη παιδευούσις ἐθρέφεν.

σὺ δὲ τοὺς νῦν εὐθὺς ἐν ἰματίωι διδάσκεις ἑντευλίκθαι· ὅστε μὴ ἀπάγχεος', ὅταν ὅρχεῖσθαι Παναθηναίους δέον αὐτοῦς τὴν ἀσπίδα τῆς κωλῆς προέχων ἀμελῇ τῆς Τριτογενείας.

πρὸς ταῦτ', ὃ μειράκιον, θαρρῶν ἐμὲ τὸν κρείττων λόγον αἴρου· κατιστήσει μισεῖν ἀγοράν καὶ βαλανείων ἀπέχεσθαι καὶ τοῖς αἰσχροῖς αἰσχύνεσθαι, καὶ σκώπτῃ τὸς σε, φλέγεσθαι· καὶ τῶν θάκων τοὺς πρεσβυτέρους ὑπανίστασθαι προσιοῦσιν, καὶ μὴ περὶ τοὺς σαυτοῦ γονέας σκαιουργεῖν, ἀλλο τε μηδὲν αἰσχρὸν ποιεῖν, ὅτι τῆς Αἰδοῦς μέλλεις τάγαλμ' ἀναπλάττειν· μὴ' εἰς ὀρχηστρίδος εἰσάττειν, ἵνα μὴ πρὸς ταῦτα κεχηρῶς, μήλῳ βληθεῖσι ὕπο πορνιδίου, τῆς εὐκλείας ἀποθαυρασθῇ· μὴ' ἀντείπειν τῷ πατρὶ μηδὲν, μὴ' Ἰαπετὸν καλέσαντα

a The Διπολιώδεια was a festival of great antiquity, at which the slaughter of a steer (βοῦφωνα) was a distinguishing ceremony. For the τέττυγες see K. 1331. Ceeceides, says the Scholiast, was διψυχόμους ποιητῆς πάνω ἀρχαῖος.

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w.l. Faugh! this smells very strong of some musty old song, and Chirrupers mounted in gold; And Slaughter of beasts, and old-fashioned feasts.

R.L. Yet these are the precepts which taught The heroes of old to be hardy and bold, and the Men who at Marathon fought! But now must the lad from his boyhood be clad in a Man’s all-enveloping cloak: So that, oft as the Panathenaea returns, I feel myself ready to choke When the dancers go by with their shields to their thigh, not caring for Pallas a jot. You therefore, young man, choose me while you can; cast in with my Method your lot; And then you shall learn the forum to spurn, and from dissolute baths to abstain, And fashions impure and shameful abjure, and scorners repel with disdain: And rise from your chair if an elder be there, and respectfully give him your place, And with love and with fear your parents revere, and shrink from the brand of Disgrace, And deep in your breast be the Image impressed of Modesty, simple and true, Nor resort any more to a dancing-girl’s door, nor glance at the harlotry crew, Lest at length by the blow of the Apple they throw from the hopes of your Manhood you fall. Nor dare to reply when your Father is nigh, nor “musty old Japhet” to call

\(^{a}\) i.e. he is not hardy enough to go without it; the reverse of γυναικός 965. So too in 989 even when dancing in armour the modern youth cover up any exposed part with their shields.

\(^{b}\) A regular form of love-challenge; cf. Virg. Ecl. iii. 64.
μνησικάκησαι τὴν ἠλικίαν, εξ ἂς ἑνεοττοτροφήθης.

Ἀδ. εἰ ταῦτ', ὁ μειράκιον, πείσει τούτῳ, νὴ τὸν Διόνυσον
toῖς Ἱπποκράτοις νέσσων εἴξεις, καὶ σε καλοῦσι
βλυτομάμμαν.

Δι. ἀλλ' οὖν λιπαρός γε καὶ εὔανθής ἐν γυμνασίωις
dιατρίβεις,
οὐ στωμ realpath κατὰ τὴν ἁγορᾶν τριβολεκτράπελ',
oἵατέρ ὦ νῦν,
οὐδ' ἐλκόμενος περὶ πραγματίον γλυσχραντιλογεῖ-
επιτρίπτων·
ἀλλ' εἰς Ἀκαδήμειαν κατιδὼν ὑπὸ ταῖς μορίαις
ἀποθρέξει
στεφανωσάμενος καλάμῳ λευκῷ μετὰ σῶφρονοι
ἡλικιώτου,
μίλακος οἴζων καὶ ἀπραγμοσύνης καὶ λεύκης
φυλλοβολοῦσης,
ἡρος ἐν ἀφρ. χαίροις, ὅποταν πλάτανος πτελέα
ψιθυρίζῃ.

ἡν ταῦτα ποιῆσιν ἄνω ϕράζω,
καὶ πρὸς τούτους προσέχεις τὸν νοῦν,
ἐξεις ἂει στῆθος λιπαρῶν,
χροιάν λαμπράν, ὡμοὺς μεγάλους,
γλῶτταν βαιὰν, πυγήν μεγάλην,
pόσθην μικράν.

ἡν δ' ἀπερ οἴ νῦν ἐπιτηδεύῃς,
πρῶτα μὲν ἐξεις χροιάν ὡχράν,
ὡμοὺς μικροὺς, στῆθος λεπτόν,
γλῶτταν μεγάλην, πυγήν μικράν,

a Lit. "sons" but νέσσων is to be read as ὑσῖν, and the Scholiast says they were ὑώδεις τινὲς καὶ ἀπαιδευτοί. Hippocrates 356
In your malice and rage that Sacred Old Age
which lovingly cherished your youth.
w.l. Yes, yes, my young friend, if to him you attend,
    by Bacchus I swear of a truth
You will scarce with the sty\(^a\) of Hippocrates vie,
as a mammy-suck known even there!
r.l. But then you'll excel in the games you love well,
    all blooming, athletic and fair:
Not learning to prate as your idlers debate
    with marvellous prickly dispute,
Nor dragged into Court day by day to make sport
    in some small disagreeable suit:
But you will below to the Academe\(^b\) go,
    and under the olives contend
With your chaplet of reed, in a contest of speed
    with some excellent rival and friend:
All fragrant with woodbine and peaceful content,
    and the leaf which the lime blossoms fling,
When the plane whispers love to the elm in the grove
    in the beautiful season of Spring.
    If then you'll obey and do what I say,
And follow with me the more excellent way,
Your chest shall be white, your skin shall be bright,
Your arms shall be tight, your tongue shall be slight,
    And everything else shall be proper and right.
But if you pursue what men nowadays do,
You will have, to begin, a cold pallid skin,
Arms small and chest weak, tongue practised to speak,

is generally identified with an Athenian general who was slain in the battle of Delium.
\(^b\) Three-quarters of a mile N.W. of Athens; identified later with the school of Plato.
κωλήν μεγάλην, ψήφισμα μακρόν,
καὶ σ’ ἀναπείσει
tὸ μὲν αἰσχρὸν ἄπαν καλὸν ἤγεισθαί,
tὸ καλὸν δ’ αἰσχρὸν.
καὶ πρὸς τούτοις τῆς 'Αντιμάχου
καταπυγοσύνης σ’ ἀναπλήσει.

xo. ὁ καλλίτυργον σοφίαν κλεινοτάτην ἐπασκῶν, [ἐντ.]
ὡς ἤδυ σου τοῖς λόγοις σώφρον ἐπεστὼν ἄνθος.
eὐδαίμονες δ’ ἦσαν ἄρ’ οἱ ζῶντες ὅτ’ ἦσ τῶν
προτέρων.
πρὸς οὖν τάδ’, ὁ κομψόπρεπὴ μοῦσαν ἔχων,
δεῖ σε λέγειν τι καίνόν, ὡς εὐδοκίμηκεν ἄνηρ.
δεινῶν δὲ σοι βουλευμάτων ἐοίκε δεῖν πρὸς αὐτὸν,
eἴπερ τὸν ἄνδρ’ ὑπερβάλεῖ καὶ μὴ γέλωτ’ ὀφλήσεις. 1035

ΑΔ. καὶ μὴν ἔγωγ’ ἐπνυγόμην τὰ σπλάγχνα, καπεθύμουν
ἀπαντα ταῦτ’ ἐναντίας γνώμαις συνταράξαι.
ἔγω γὰρ Ἑττῶν μὲν λόγος δι’ αὐτὸ τοῦτ’ ἐκλήθην
ἐν τοῖς φροντισταῖσιν, ὥστε πρῶτιστος ἐπενόησα
τοῖσιν νόμοις καὶ ταῖς δίκαιας τάναντὶ’ ἀντιλέξαι. 1040
καὶ τοῦτο πλεῖν ἡ μυρίων ἐστ’ ἄξιον στατήρων,
αἱροῦμενον τοὺς Ἑττονας λόγους ἐπείτα νικᾶν.

\textsuperscript{a} Some unknown effeminate.
THE CLOUDS, 1019–1042

Special laws very long, and the symptoms all strong
Which show that your life is licentious and wrong.
And your mind he’ll prepare so that foul to be fair
And fair to be foul you shall always declare;
And you’ll find yourself soon, if you listen to him,
With the filth of Antimachus* filled to the brim!

CH. O glorious Sage! with loveliest Wisdom teeming!
   Sweet on thy words does ancient Virtue rest!
Thrice happy they who watched thy Youth’s bright beaming!
   Thou of the vaunted genius, do thy best;
This man has gained applause: His Wisdom stands confessed.
And you with clever words and thoughts must needs your case adorn
Else he will surely win the day, and you retreat with scorn.

w.L. Aye, say you so? why I have been half-burst; I do so long
To overthrow his arguments with arguments more strong.
I am the Lesser Logic? True:
these Schoolmen call me so,
Simply because I was the first of all mankind to show
How old established rules and laws might contradicted be:
And this, as you may guess, is worth a thousand pounds to me,
To take the feeblest cause, and yet to win the disputation.
σκέψαι δὲ τὴν παίδευσιν ἃ πέποιθεν ὡς ἐλέγξω. ὡστὶς σε θερμῷ φησί λούσθαι πρῶτον οὐκ ἔᾶσθων. καίτοι τίνα γνώμην ἔχων ψέγεις τὰ θερμὰ λουτρὰ; 10

Δι. ὅτι κάκιστον ἔστι καὶ δειλὸν ποιεῖ τὸν ἄνδρα.

Αδ. ἐπίσχεσ· εὐθὺς γάρ σε μέσον ἔχω λαβῶν ἄφικτον. καὶ μοι φράσον, τῶν τοῦ Δίως παίδων "τίν' ἄνδρ' ἀριστον" ψυχῆν νομίζεις, εἴπε, καὶ πλείστους πόνους μαίνει.

Δι. ἐγὼ μὲν οὐδεν 'Ἡρακλέους βελτίον' ἄνδρα κρίνω. 10

Αδ. ποῦ ψυχρὰ δῆτα πώποτ' εἶδες 'Ἡράκλεια λουτρά; καίτοι τῆς ἄνδρειότερος ἦν;

Δι. ταῦτ' ἔστι ταῦτ' ἐκείνα, ἀ τῶν νεανίσκων ἀεὶ δι' ἡμέρας λαλοῦντων πλῆρες τὸ βαλανεῖον ποιεῖ, κενᾶς δὲ τὰς παλαιόστρας.

Αδ. εἰτ' εὖ ἀγορᾶ τὴν διατριβήν ψέγεις, ἐγὼ δ' ἐπαινώ. 10

εἶ γὰρ πονηρὸν ἦν, "Ομηρος οὐδέποτ' ἂν ἐποίει τὸν Νέστορ' ἀγορητὴν ἂν οὐδὲ τοὺς σοφοὺς ἀπαντᾶς.

ἀνειμι δὴτ' ἐντεῦθεν εἰς τὴν γλῶτταν, ἢν ὁδῇ μὲν οὐ φησὶ χρῆναι τοὺς νέους ἀσκεῖν, ἐγὼ δὲ φημὶ.

---

a "Athena made warm baths spring at Thermopylae for Heracles when very weary": Schol.

b He is λεγὼς Πυλίων ἀγορητῆς, II. i. 248, iv. 293.

360
And mark me now, how I'll confute
his boasted Education!

You said that always from warm baths
the stripling must abstain:

Why must he? on what grounds do you
of these warm baths complain?

R.L. Why, it's the worst thing possible,
it quite unstrings a man.

W.L. Hold there: I've got you round the waist:
escape me if you can.

And first: of all the sons of Zeus
which think you was the best?
Which was the manliest? which endured
more toils than all the rest?

R.L. Well, I suppose that Heracles
was bravest and most bold.

W.L. And are the baths of Heracles
so wonderfully cold? a

Aha! you blame warm baths, I think.

R.L. This, this is what they say:
This is the stuff our precious youths
are chattering all the day!
This is what makes them haunt the baths,
and shun the manlier Games!

W.L. Well then, we'll take the Forum next:
I praise it, and he blames.

But if it was so bad, do you think
old Homer would have made
Nestor b and all his worthies ply
a real forensic trade?

Well: then he says a stripling's tongue
should always idle be:
I say it should be used of course:
so there we disagree.
καὶ σωφρονεῖν αὐτῷ φησὶ χρῆναι· δύο κακῶς μεγίστως. 1060
ἐπεὶ οὖ διὰ τὸ σωφρονεῖν τῷ πώποτ' εἶδες ῥῆδη
ἀγαθὸν τι γενόμενον, φράσον, καὶ μ' ἐξέλεγξεν
eἰπών.

Δι. πολλοῖς. ὁ γοῦν Πηλεύς ἐλαβε διὰ τοῦτο τὴν
μάχαιραν.

Αδ. μάχαιραν; ἀστείον γε κέρδος ἐλαβεν ὁ κακοδαίμων.
Ὑπέρβολος δ' οὐκ τῶν λύχνων πλεῖν ἡ τάλαντα
πολλά
eἶληφε διὰ πονηρίαν, ἀλλ' οὖ μὰ Δι' οὐ μάχαιραν.

Δι. καὶ τὴν Θέτων γ' ἐγγίμε διὰ τὸ σωφρονεῖν ὁ Πηλεύς.

Αδ. καὶ ἀπολυπούσα γ' αὐτὸν ὄχετ' οὖ γὰρ ἤν ὑβριστής
οὐδ' ἤδος ἐν τοῖς στρώμασιν τὴν νῦκτα πανυχίζειν·
γυνὴ δὲ σωμαμωρουμένη χαίρει· οὖ δ' εἰ κρόνιππος. 1070
σκέψαι γὰρ, ὡ μειράκιον, ἐν τῷ σωφρονεῖν ἄπαντα
ἀνεστιν, ἦδονῶν θ' ὅσων μέλλεις ἀποστερεῖσθαι,
παῖδων, γυναικῶν, κοττάβων, ὀψών, πότων, κυ-
χλισμῶν.

καίτοι τὶ σοι ζῆν ἄξιον, τούτων ἐὰν στερηθῆς;
eἰεν. πάρειμ' ἐντεῦθεν ἐς τὰς τῆς φύσεως ἀνάγκας. 1075
ημαρτες, ἡράσθης, ἐμοίχευσάς τι, καὶ ἐλήφθης·
ἀπόλωλας· ἀδύνατος γὰρ εἰ λέγειν. ἐμοὶ δ' ὀμιλῶν,

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* Given to him by the gods when made an outcast because of his rejecting the advances of the wife of Aeastus; cf. Hor. Od. iii. 7. 17.

362
And next he says you must be chaste.
A most preposterous plan!
Come, tell me did you ever know
one single blessed man
Gain the least good by chastity?
come, prove I'm wrong: make haste.

R.L. Yes, many, many! Peleus gained
a sword a by being chaste.

W.L. A sword indeed! a wondrous meed
the unlucky fool obtained.
Hyperbolus the Lamp-maker
hath many a talent gained
By knavish tricks which I have taught:
but not a sword, no, no!

R.L. Then Peleus did to his chaste life
the bed of Thetis owe.

W.L. And then she cut and ran away!
for nothing so engages
A woman's heart as forward warmth,
old shred of those dark Ages!
For take this chastity, young man:
sift it inside and out:
Count all the pleasures, all the joys,
it bids you live without:
No kind of dames, no kind of games,
no laughing, feasting, drinking,—
Why, life itself is little worth
without these joys, I'm thinking.
Well, I must notice now the wants
by Nature's self implanted;
You love, seduce, you can't help that,
you're caught, convicted. Granted.
You're done for; you can't say one word:
while if you follow me

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χρώ τῇ φύσει, σκίρτα, γέλα, νόμιζε μηδὲν αἰσχρόν.
μοιχὸς γὰρ ἦν τὐχῆς ἀλώς, τάδ' ἀντερεῖς πρὸς αὐτὸν,
ὡς οὐδὲν ὑδίκηκας· εἰτ' εἰς τὸν Διὸ ἐπανενεγκεῖν, 10
κάκεινος ὡς ἠττων ἐρωτός ἐστι καὶ γυναικῶν·
καὶ τοι ὑπ' ῥητὸς ὃν θεοῦ πώς μείζον ἂν δύναιο;
ΔΙ. τί δ' ἦν ῥαφανίδωθῃ πιθώμενοσ σοι τέφρα τε τηλῇ;
ἐξεῖ τινὰ γνώμην λέγειν, τὸ μὴ εὐρυπρῶκτος εἶναι;
ΑΔ. ἦν δ' εὐρυπρῶκτος ἦ, τί πεῖσεται κακών;
ΔΙ. τί μὲν οὖν ἂν ἔτι μείζον πάθοι τοῦτο ποτὲ;
ΑΔ. τί δὴ τ' ἔρεις, ἦν τοῦτο νικηθῆς ἐμοῦ;
ΔΙ. συγῆσομαι. τί δ' ἄλλο;
ΑΔ. φέρε δ' μοι φράσον·

συνηγοροῦσιν ἐκ τίνων;
ΔΙ. εξ εὐρυπρῶκτων.
ΑΔ. πείθομαι.

τί δαί; τραγῳδοῦ ἐκ τίνων;
ΔΙ. εξ εὐρυπρῶκτων.
ΑΔ. εὐ λέγεις.

δημηγοροῦσι δ' ἐκ τίνων;
ΔΙ. εξ εὐρυπρῶκτων.
ΑΔ. ἀρα δὴ τ'

ἐγνωκας ὡς οὐδὲν λέγεις;
καὶ τῶν θεατῶν ὁπότεροι
πλεῖοις σκόπειν.

ΔΙ. καὶ δὴ σκοπῶ.
ΑΔ. τί δὴ θ' ὀρᾶσ;
Indulge your genius, laugh and quaff,
hold nothing base to be.
Why if you're in adultery caught,
your pleas will still be ample:
You've done no wrong, you'll say, and then
bring Zeus as your example.
He fell before the wondrous powers
by Love and Beauty wielded:
And how can you, the Mortal, stand,
where He, the Immortal, yielded?
R.L. Aye, but suppose in spite of all,
    he must be wedged and sanded.\(^a\)
Won't he be probed, or else can you
    prevent it? now be candid.
W.L. And what's the damage if it should be so?
R.L. What greater damage can the young man know?
W.L. What will you do, if this dispute I win?
R.L. I'll be for ever silent.
W.L. Good, begin.
The Counsellor: from whence comes he?
R.L. From probed adulterers.
W.L. I agree.
The Tragic Poets: whence are they?
R.L. From probed adulterers.
W.L. So I say.
The Orators: what class of men?
R.L. All probed adulterers.
W.L. Right again.
You feel your error, I'll engage,
But look once more around the stage,
Survey the audience, which they be,
Probed or not Probed.
R.L. I see, I see.
W.L. Well, give your verdict.
Δι. πολὺ πλείονας, νὴ τοὺς θεοὺς, τοὺς εὐρυπρώκτους· τοῦτοι γοῦν οἴδ' ἐγὼ κάκεινοι καὶ τὸν κομὴτην τοῦτοι.

ΑΔ. τί δὴτ' ἔρεις;

Δι. ἡττήμεθ', ὦ κινούμενοι, πρὸς τῶν θεῶν δεξασθὲ μον θοιμάτιον, ὡς ἑξαυτομολῶ πρὸς ὑμᾶς.

ΣΩ. τὶ δὴτα; πότερα τοῦτον ἀπάγεσθαι λαβὼν βούλει τὸν υἱόν, ἡ διδάσκω σοι λέγειν;

ΣΤ. δίδασκε καὶ κόλαξε, καὶ μέμνησ' ὅπως εὗ μοι στομώσεις αὐτὸν, ἐπὶ μὲν θάτερα οἷαν δικιδίοις, τὴν δ' ἔτεραν αὐτὸν γνάθον στόμωσον οἷαν ἐς τὰ μείζῳ πράγματα.

ΣΩ. ἀμελεῖ, κομμεῖ τοῦτον σοφιστὴν δεξιόν.

ΣΤ. ὀχρὸν μὲν οὖν ἐγωγε καὶ κακοδαίμονα.

ΧΩ. χωρεῖτε νυν. οἶμαι δὲ σοι ταῦτα μεταμελήσειν. τοὺς κρίτας ἃ κερδανοῦσιν, ἢν τι τόνδε τὸν χρόνον ῥφελῶσ' ἐκ τῶν δικαίων, βουλόμεσθ' ἡμεῖς φράσαι. πρῶτα μὲν γάρ, ἢν νεᾶν βουλήσθ' ἐν ὥρᾳ τοὺς ἀγροῦς,

芰ομεν πρώτους ὑμῖν, τοὺς δ' ἄλλοις υἱότερον. εἶτα τὸν καρπὸν τε καὶ τὰς ἀμπέλους φυλάξομεν, ὡστε μὴν αὐχμὸν πιέζειν μὴν' ἅγαν ἐπομβρίαν. ἢν δ' ἀτυμάσῃ τις ἡμᾶς θυητὸς ὡν οὐσας θεάς,

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a The two Logics go out, and enter Socrates from the Phrontisterium and Strepsiades from his own house to see how his son's education has been progressing. During the interval of the Chorus (1114-1130) that education is supposed to be completing.
It must go
For probed adulterers: him I know,
And him, and him: the Probed are most.

How stand we then?
I own, I've lost.
O Cinaeds, Cinaeds, take my robe!
Your words have won, to you I run
To live and die with glorious Probe!*

so. Well, what do you want? to take away your son
At once, or shall I teach him how to speak?
st. Teach him, and flog him, and be sure you well
Sharpen his mother wit, grind the one edge
Fit for my little law-suits, and the other,
Why, make that serve for more important matters.
so. Oh, never fear! He'll make a splendid sophist.
st. Well, well, I hope he'll be a poor pale rascal.

ch. Go: but in us the thought is strong,
you will repent of this ere long.
Now we wish to tell the Judges
all the blessings they shall gain
If, as Justice plainly warrants,
we the worthy prize obtain.
First, whenever in the Season
ye would fain your fields renew,
All the world shall wait expectant
till we've poured our rain on you:
Then of all your crops and vineyards
we will take the utmost care
So that neither drought oppress them,
nor the heavy rain impair.
But if anyone amongst you
dare to treat our claims with scorn,
προσεχέτω τὸν νοῦν, πρὸς ἡμῶν οἶα πείσεται κακά, λαμβάνων οὐτ’ οἶνον οὐτ’ ἀλλ’ οὐδὲν ἐκ τοῦ χωρίου. ἦνικ’ ἄν γὰρ αἱ τ’ ἐλάαι βλαστάνωσ’, αἱ τ’ ἄμπελοι, ἀποκεκόμωνται· τοιαύταις σφενδόναις παϊήσῳμεν. ἦν δὲ πλυνθεύοντ’ ἵδωμεν, ὅσοι καὶ τοῦ τέγους τον κέραμον αὐτοῦ χαλάζαις στρογγύλαις συντρίφομεν.

καὶ γαμήν ποτ’ αὐτὸς ἡ τῶν ἄγγειλόν ἡ τῶν φίλων, ὅσοι καὶ τὴν νύκτα πᾶσαν· ὧστ’ ἵσωσ βουλήσεται καὶ ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ τυχεῖν ὧν μᾶλλον ἡ κρίναί κακῶς.

χτ. πέμπτη, τετράς, τρίτη, μετὰ ταῦτην δευτέρα, εἴθ’ ἦν ἐγὼ μάλιστα πασῶν ἄμερῶν δέδοικα καὶ πέφρικα καὶ βδέλυττομαι, εὐθὺς μετὰ ταῦτην ἔσθ’ ἐνη τε καὶ νέα.

πᾶς γὰρ τις ὁμνοῦ’, οἷς ὅφειλον τυγχάνω, θείς μοι προτείνει’ ἀπολείν μὲ φησὶ κάξολείν, ἐμοὶ μέτρι’ ἅττα καὶ δίκαι’ αἰτομένοι’.

“ὁ δαμόνιε, τὸ μέν τι νυνὶ µὴ λάβης, τὸ δ’ ἀναβαλόν µοι, τὸ δ’ ἄφες,’” οὐ φασίν ποτὲ οὔτως ἀπολήψεσθ’, ἀλλὰ λοιδοροῦσι µὲ ὡς ἀδικός εἰµί, καὶ δικάσεσθαι φασί µοι.

νῦν οὐθ’ δικαζέσθων· οἶλον γὰρ µοι µέλει, εἴπερ μεμάθηκεν εὖ λέγειν Φείδιππίδης.

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\[a\] i.e. from the end of the month, when interest became due.

\[b\] “When the Greek year was lunar, the months were alternately thirty and twenty-nine days each, so that the new Moon (the moon’s orbit being 29\frac{1}{2} days) always fell on the last day of the month. Hence that day was called the Old-and-New, because at the beginning of the day the moon was still on the wane, but before the close had begun to wax again”: R.

368
Mortal he, the Clouds immortal,
better had he ne'er been born!
He from his estates shall gather
neither corn, nor oil, nor wine,
For whenever blossoms sparkle
on the olive or the vine
They shall all at once be blighted:
we will ply our slings so true.
And if ever we behold him
building up his mansions new,
With our tight and nipping hailstones
we will all his tiles destroy.
But if he, his friends or kinsfolk,
would a marriage-feast enjoy,
All night long we'll pour in torrents:
so perchance he'll rather pray
To endure the drought of Egypt,
than decide amiss to-day!

The fifth, the fourth, the third, and then the second,
And then that day which more than all the rest
I loathe and shrink from and abominate,
Then comes at once that hateful Old-and-New day.
And every single blessed dun has sworn
He'll stake his gage, and ruin and destroy me.
And when I make a modest small request,
"O my good friend, part don't exact at present,
And part defer, and part remit," they swear
So they shall never touch it, and abuse me
As a rank swindler, threatening me with actions.
Now let them bring their actions! Who's afraid?
Not I: if these have taught my son to speak.

---

The sum deposited with the πρυτάνειος before commencing an action.
ARISTOPHANES

τάχα δ' εἴσομαι κόψας τὸ φροντιστήριον.
παί, ἢμι, παί παί.

Στρεψάδην ἀστάζομαι.

καγωγέ σ'. ἀλλὰ τούτοι πρώτον λαβέ.
χρὴ γὰρ ἐπιθαυμάξειν τι τὸν διδάσκαλον.
καὶ μοι τὸν νῦν, εἰ μεμάθηκε τὸν λόγον
ἐκεῖνον, εἴφ', ὃν ἀρτίως εἰσήγαγες.

μεμάθηκεν.

εὖ γ', ὃ παμβασιλεῖ 'Ἀπαίόλη.

ὡςτ' ἀποφύγων ἃν ήντιν' ἃν βούλῃ δίκην.

κεὶ μάρτυρες παρῆσαν, ὃτ' ἐδανειζόμην;

πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον, κἂν παρώσι χίλιοι.

"βοᾶσομαι τάρα τὰν υπέρτονον
βοάν." ἰὼ, κλαετ' ὡβολοστάται,

αὐτῷ τε καὶ τάρχαία καὶ τόκοι τόκων;

οὔδεν γὰρ ἂν με φλαῦρον ἐργάσαισθ' ἑτι·

ὁδοὶ ἐμοὶ τρέφεται

tοῖσδ' ἐνὶ δώμασι παῖς,

ἀμφῆκει γλώττῃ λάμπων,

πρόβολος ἐμός, σωτὴρ δόμοις, ἔχθροις βλάβη,

λυσανίας πατρώων μεγάλων κακῶν.

ἂν κάλεσον τρέχων ἐνδοθεν ὃς ἐμὲ.

"ἄτι τέκνον, ὃ παῖ, ἔξελθ' οἷκων,

ἀιε' σοῦ πατρός.

ὁδ' ἑκείνος ἄνηρ.

ὡς φίλος, ὃς φίλος.

ἀπιθί λαβῶν τὸν νῦν.

ὡς ἴδομαι σοῦ πρῶτα τὴν χροίαν ἰδῶν.
But here's the door: I'll knock and soon find out.
Boy! Ho there, boy!

I elasp Strepsiades.

And I clasp you: but take this meal-bag first.
'Tis meet and right to glorify one's Tutors.
But tell me, tell me, has my son yet learnt
That Second Logic which he saw just now?

He hath.

Hurrah! great Sovereign Knavery!

You may escape whatever suit you please.
What, if I borrowed before witnesses?
Before a thousand, and the more the merrier.

"Then shall my song be loud and deep."\(^a\)

Weep, obol-weighers, weep, weep, weep,
Ye, and your principals, and compound interests,
For ye shall never pester me again.
Such a son have I bred,
(He is within this door),
Born to inspire my foemen with dread,
Born his old father's house to restore:
Keen and polished of tongue is he,
He my Champion and Guard shall be,
He will set his old father free,
Run you, and call him forth to me.
"O my child! O my sweet! come out, I entreat;
'Tis the voice"\(^b\) of your sire.

Here's the man you require.

Joy, joy of my heart!
Take your son and depart.
O come, O come, my son, my son,
O dear! O dear!
O joy, to see your beautiful complexion!

\(^a\) A parody of Eur. *Hec.* 172, where Hecuba calls Polyxena from her tent.


ARISTOPHANES

νῦν μὲν γ' ἰδεῖν εἰ πρῶτον ἐξαρνητικὸς κάντιλογικός, καὶ τοῦτο τοῦπιχώριον ἀτεχνῶς ἐπανθεί, τὸ τί λέγεις σὺ; καὶ δοκεῖν ἀδικοῦντ' ἀδικεῖσθαι καὶ κακουργοῦντ' οἶδ' ὅτι. 117. ἐπὶ τοῦ προσώπου τ' ἔστιν Ἀττικὸν βλέποις. νῦν οὖν ὅπως σώσεις μ', ἐπεὶ κατώλεσας.

ΦΕΙ. φοβεῖ δὲ δὴ τί;  
ΣΤ. τὴν ἐνην τε καὶ νέαν.

ΦΕΙ. ἐνη γάρ ἐστι καὶ νέα τις ἡμέρα; 
ΣΤ. εἰς ἂν γε θήσειν τὰ πρωτανεία φασί μοι. 118

ΦΕΙ. ἀπολούσι' ἀρ' αὐτ' οἱ θέντες· οὐ γάρ ἐσθ' ὅπως μ' ἡμέρα γένοιτ' ἄν ἡμέραι δύο.
ΣΤ. οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο;

ΦΕΙ. πῶς γάρ; εἰ μὴ πέρ γ' ἀμα αὐτ' γένοιτ' ἄν γραῦς τε καὶ νέα γυνή. 
ΣΤ. καὶ μὴν νενόμισται γ'.

ΦΕΙ. οὐ γάρ, οἴμαι, τὸν νόμον 118 ἱσασιν ὅρθως ο τι νοεῖ.
ΣΤ. νοεῖ δὲ τί; 

ΦΕΙ. οὐ Σόλων ο παλαιὸς ἃν φιλόδημος τὴν φύσιν. 
ΣΤ. τουτ' μὲν οὐδέν πω πρὸς ἐνην τε καὶ νέαν.

ΦΕΙ. ἐκεῖνος οὖν τὴν κλῆσων εἰς δ' ἡμέρας ἔθηκεν, εἰς γε τὴν ἐνην τε καὶ νέαν, ἵν' αἱ θέσεις γίγνοντο τῇ νουμηνίᾳ. 119 
ΣΤ. ἵνα δὴ τὶ τὴν ἐνην προσέθηκεν;

ΦΕΙ. ἵν', ὥ μέλε, 

παρόντες οἱ φεύγοντες ἡμέρα μιᾷ πρῶτερον ἀπαλλάττομεν' ἐκόντες, εἰ δὲ μή, ἐσθηθ' ὑπανιστο τῇ νουμηνίᾳ. 119 

ΣΤ. πῶς οὐ δέχονται δήτα τῇ νουμηνίᾳ ἀρχαὶ τὰ πρωτανεῖ', ἀλλ' ἐνην τε καὶ νέα; 

372
Aye now you have an aspect Negative
And Disputative, and our native query
Shines forth there "What d'ye say?" You've the true face
Which rogues put on, of injured innocence.
You have the regular Attic look about you.
So now, you save me, for 'twas you undid me.

PH. What is it ails you?
ST. Why the Old-and-New day.

PH. And is there such a day as Old-and-New?
ST. Yes: that's the day they mean to stake their gages.
PH. They'll lose them if they stake them. What! do you think
That one day can be two days, both together?
ST. Why, can't it be so?
PH. Surely not; or else
A woman might at once be old and young.
ST. Still, the law says so.
PH. True: but I believe
They don't quite understand it.

ST. You explain it.
PH. Old Solon had a democratic turn.
ST. Well, but that's nothing to the Old-and-New.
PH. Hence then he fixed that summonses be issued
For these two days, the old one and the new one,
So that the gage be staked on the New-month.
ST. What made him add "the old" then?
PH. I will tell you.
He wished the litigants to meet on that day
And compromise their quarrels: if they could not,
Then let them fight it out on the New-month.
ST. Why then do Magistrates receive the stakes
On the Old-and-New instead of the New-month?
ΦΕΙ. ὁπερ οἱ προτένθαι γὰρ δοκοῦσί μοι ποιεῖν·
趸 ὡς τάχιστα τὰ πρυτανεῖ' ὕφελοιατο,
διὰ τοῦτο προτένθεισσαν ἥμερα μία.

ΣΤ. εὖ γ', ὃ κακοδαίμονες, τί κάθησθ' ἄβελτεροι,
ἡμέτερα κέρδῃ τῶν σοφῶν, ὄντες λίθοι,
ἀριθμὸς, πρόβατ', ἄλλως ἀμφορῆς νενησμένοι;
ὥστε εἰς ἐμαυτὸν καὶ τῶν νῦν τουτοῖν
ἐπ' εὐτυχίαις ἀστέον μομγκώμιον.
μάκαρ ὁ Στρεψίαδες,
αὐτὸς τ' ἐφύς ὡς σοφός,
χοῖον τὸν νῦν τρέφεις,
φήσουσι δὴ μ' οἱ φίλοι
χοὶ δημόται
ζηλοῦντες ἰμίκ' ἀν σὺ νικᾶς λέγων τὰς δίκας.
ἀλλ' εἰσάγων σε βούλομαι πρῶτον ἐστιάσαι.

ΠΑΣΙΑΣ. εἰτ' ἄνδρα τῶν αὐτοῦ τι χρὴ προϊέναι;
οὐδέποτε γ', ἀλλὰ κρείττον ἣν εὐθὺς τότε
ἀπερυθράσαι μᾶλλον ἡ σχεῖν πράγματα,
ὅτε τῶν ἐμαυτοῦ γ' ἐνεκα νυνι χρημάτων
ἐλκω σε κλητεύσοντα, καὶ γενήσομαι
ἐχθρὸς ἐτι πρὸς τούτους ἄνδρι δημότη.
ἀτὰρ οὐδέποτε γε τὴν πατρίδα κατασχυνώ
ζῶν, ἀλλὰ καλοῦμαι Στρεψίαδην.

ΣΤ. τῖς οὕτωσί;

ΠΑ. ἐς τὴν ἔνην τε καὶ νέαν.

ΣΤ. μαρτύρομαι,
ὅτι ἐς δ' εἶπεν ἥμερας. τοῦ χρήματος;

ΠΑ. τῶν δώδεκα μνῶν, ὡς ἐλαβες ὄνομενος
τὸν ψαρὸν ὕππον.

ΣΤ. ὕππον; οὐκ ἀκούετε,
ὅν πάντες ύμεῖς ἵστε μυσοῦνθ' ἱππυκήν.

a Apparently persons appointed to taste the viands to be
PH. Well, I believe they act like the Foretasters.\(^a\) They wish to bag the gage as soon as possible, And thus they gain a whole day’s foretaste of it.

ST. Aha! poor dupes, why sit ye mooning there, Game for us Artful Dodgers, you dull stones, You ciphers, lambkins, butts piled up together! Oh! my success inspires me, and I’ll sing Glad eulogies on me and thee, my son.

“Man, most blessed, most divine, What a wondrous wit is thine, What a son to grace thy line,”
Friends and neighbours day by day Thus will say,
When with envious eyes my suits they see you win: But first I’ll feast you, so come in, my son, come in.

PASIAS.\(^b\) What! must a man lose his own property! No: never, never. Better have refused With a bold face, than be so plagued as this. See! to get paid my own just debts, I’m forced To drag you to bear witness, and what’s worse I needs must quarrel with my townsman here. Well, I won’t shame my country, while I live, I’ll go to law, I’ll summon him.

ST. Hallo!

PA. To the next Old-and-New.

ST. Bear witness, all!

He named two days. You’ll summon me; what for?

PA. The fifty pounds I lent you when you bought That iron-grey.

ST. Just listen to the fellow!

The whole world knows that I detest all horses.

served at a public banquet, to see that everything was well cooked and wholesome.

\(^b\) Enter Pasias, the creditor mentioned l. 21.
πα. καὶ νῆ Δι' ἀποδώσεων γ' ἐπώμους τοὺς θεοὺς.

στ. μᾶ τὸν Δι'· οὐ γάρ πω τὸτ' ἐξηπίστατο Φειδιππίδης μοι τὸν ἀκατάβλητον λόγον.

πα. νῦν δὲ διὰ τοῦτ' ἐξερνοὺς εἶναι διανοεῖ; 

στ. τί γὰρ ἀλλ' ἂν ἀπολαύσαμι τοῦ μαθήματος;

πα. καὶ ταῦτ' ἐθελήσεις ἀπομόσαι μοι τοὺς θεοὺς;

στ. ποίους θεοὺς;

πα. τὸν Δία, τὸν 'Ερμήν, τὸν Ποσειδῶ.

στ. νῆ Δία,

καὶ προσκαταθείην γ' ὡστ' ὀμόσαι, τριῳβολον.

πα. ἀπόλοιο τοῖνυν ἕνεκ' ἀναδείας ἐτι.

στ. ἀλοῦν διασμηχθεῖς ὥναιτ' ἂν ὄντοσι.

πα. οὐμ' ὡς καταγελάς.

στ. ἔξ χώας χωρήσεται.

πα. οὔ τοι μᾶ τὸν Δία τὸν μέγαν καὶ τοὺς θεοὺς ἐμοῦ καταπροίξει.

στ. ἑαυμασίως ἡσθην θεοῖς,

καὶ Ζεὺς γέλοιος ὀμνύμενοι τοῖς εἰδόσιν.

πα. ἡ μὴν οὐ τούτων τῷ χρόνῳ δῶσεις δίκην. ἀλλ' εἴτ' ἀποδώσεις μοι τὰ χρήματ' εἴτε μή, ἀπόπεμψον ἀποκρινάμενος.

στ. ἔχε νυν ἤσυχος.

ἔγώ γάρ αὐτίκ' ἀποκρινοῦμαι σοι σαφῶς.

πα. τί σοι δοκεῖς δράσεις;

μαρτ. ἀποδώσεων σοι δοκεί.

στ. ποῦ 'σθ' οὕτος ἀπαιτῶν με τάργυριον; λέγε, τοιτί τί ἔστι;

πα. τοῦθ' ὃ τι ἔστι; κάρδοπος.

στ. ἐπείτ' ἀπαιτεῖς τάργυριον τοιοῦτος ὢν; οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοίην οὕδ' ἂν ὀβολὸν οὐδενί, ὅστις καλέσειε κάρδοπον τὴν καρδόπτην.
PA. I swear you swore by all the Gods to pay me.
ST. Well, now I swear I won't: Pheidippides
    Has learnt since then the unanswerable Logic.
PA. And will you therefore shirk my just demand?
ST. Of course I will: else why should he have learnt it?
PA. And will you dare forswear it by the Gods?
ST. The Gods indeed! What Gods?
PA. Poseidon, Hermes, Zeus.
ST. By Zeus I would,
    Though I gave twopence halfpenny for the privilege.
PA. O then confound you for a shameless rogue!
ST. Hallo! this butt should be rubbed down with salt.¹
PA. Zounds! you deride me!
ST. Why 'twill hold four gallons.
PA. You 'scape me not, by Mighty Zeus, and all
    The Gods!
ST. I wonderfully like the Gods;
    An oath by Zeus is sport to knowing ones.
PA. Sooner or later you'll repent of this.
    Come do you mean to pay your debts or don't you?
    Tell me, and I'll be off.
ST. Now do have patience;
    I'll give you a clear answer in one moment.
PA. What do you think he'll do?
Witness. I think he'll pay you.
ST. Where is that horrid dun? O here: now tell me
    What you call this.
PA. What I call that? a trough.
ST. Heavens! what a fool: and do you want your money?
    I'd never pay one penny to a fellow
    Who calls my troughess, trough. So there's your answer.

¹ Pasias is apparently "a tun of a man" and wine-skins (ἀσκοί) were thus treated.
ARISTOPHANES

πα. οὐκ ἂρ' ἀποδώσεις;

στ. οὖν, ὃςον γέ μ' εἰδέναι.
οὐκ οὖσας τι θάττον ἀπολυταργεῖς
ἀπὸ τῆς θύρας;

πα. ἀπειμι, καὶ τοῦτ' ἵσθ', ὅτι
θήσω πρυτανεῖ', ἦ μηκέτι ζωὴν ἐγώ.

στ. προσαποβαλεῖς ἂρ' αὕτα πρὸς ταῖς δώδεκα.
καίτοι σε τούτο γ' οὐχὶ βουλομαι παθεῖν,
ὅτι 'κάλεσας εὐθυκώς τὴν κάρδοπον.

ΑΜΥΝΙΑΣ. ἰώ μοι μοι.

στ. ἕα. τίς οὕτωσι ποτ' ἔσθ' ὁ θρηνών; οὐ τί που 1260
τῶν Καρκίνου τις δαμόνων ἐφθέγξατο;

αμ. τί δ' ὅστις εἰμὶ, τούτο βουλεσθ' εἰδέναι;
ἀνὴρ κακοδαίμων.

στ. κατὰ σεαυτὸν νων τρέπον.

αμ. "ὦ σκληρὲ δαῖμον, ὦ τύχαι βραυσάντυγες
ἐπτων ἐμῶν." "ὦ Παλλάς, ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας." 1264

στ. τί δαί σε Τηλπόλεμόσ ποτ' εὗργασται κακόν;

αμ. μη' σκώπτε μ', ὦ τάν, ἀλλὰ μοι τὰ χρήματα
tὸν υἱὸν ἀποδοῦναι κέλευσον ἀλαβεῖν,
ἀλλως τε μέντοι καὶ κακῶς πεπραγότι.

στ. τὰ ποία ταῦτα χρήμαθ';

αμ. ἀδανεῖσατο. 1270

στ. κακῶς ἂρ' ὄντως εἰχὲς, ὡς γ' ἐμοὶ δοκεῖς.

αμ. ἐπτων έλαύνων ἐξέπεσον η τοὺς θεοὺς.

στ. τί δήτα ληρεῖς ὁσπερ ἀπ' ὄνου καταπεσῶν;

αμ. ληρῷ, τὰ χρήματ' ἀπολαβεῖν εἰ βουλομαι;

στ. οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως σῦ γ' αὐτὸς υγιαίνεις.

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\[a\] Enter Amynias, the creditor mentioned l. 31.
PA. Then you won't pay me?
ST. No, not if I know it.
    Come put your best foot forward, and be off:
    March off, I say, this instant!

PA. May I die
    If I don't go at once and stake my gage!
ST. No don't: the fifty pounds are loss enough:
    And really on my word I would not wish you
    To lose this too just for one silly blunder.

AMYNIAS. Ah me! Oh! Oh! Oh!
ST. Hallo! who's that making that horrible noise?
    Not one of Carcinus's snivelling Gods?
AM. Who cares to know what I am? what imports it?
    An ill-starred man.
ST. Then keep it to yourself.
AM. "O heavy fate!" "O Fortune, thou hast broken
    My chariot wheels!" "Thou hast undone me,
    Pallas!" b
ST. How! has Tlepolemus been at you, man?
AM. Jeer me not, friend, but tell your worthy son
    To pay me back the money which I lent him:
    I'm in a bad way and the times are pressing.
ST. What money do you mean?
AM. Why what he borrowed.
ST. You are in a bad way, I really think.
AM. Driving my four-wheel out I fell, by Zeus.
ST. You rave as if you'd fall'n times out-of-mind.e
AM. I rave? how so? I only claim my own.
ST. You can't be quite right, surely.

b "These lines are from the Licymnius of Xenocles" (Schol.), a
son of Carcinus (cf. W. 1511). In the play Tlepolemus accident-
ally kills Licymnius.
e ἄν' ὄνω "from a donkey" can also be read ἄνοω νοῦ "out of
your mind."
AM.  

ΣΤ. τὸν ἐγκέφαλον ὥσπερ σεσείσθαι μοι δοκεῖς.
AM. σὺ δὲ νὴ τὸν Ἐρμήν προσκεκλήσθαι μοι δοκεῖς, εἰ μὴ ἀποδώσεις τάργυριον.

ΣΤ. κάτειπέ νυν, πότερα νομίζεις καίνον ἂεὶ τὸν Δία ἵνα ὑδρὼ ἐκάστοτ', ἢ τὸν Ἠλιον ἐλκεῖν κάτωθεν ταῦτα τούθ' ὕδρω πάλιν;
AM. οὐκ οἶδ' ἐγὼ γ' ὤπότερον, οὐδὲ μοι μέλει.
ΣΤ. πῶς οὖν ἀπολάβειν τάργυριον δίκαιος εἰ, εἰ μηδὲν οἴσθα τῶν μετεώρων πραγμάτων;
AM. ἀλλ' εἰ σπανίζεις τάργυριόν μοι τὸν τόκον ἀπόδος γε.

ΣΤ. τοῦτο δ' ἐσθ' ὁ τόκος τί θηρίον;
AM. τί δ' ἄλλο γ' ἢ κατὰ μῆνα καὶ καθ' ἡμέραν πλέον πλέον τάργυριον ἄει γίγνεται, ὑπορρέοντος τοῦ χρόνου;
ΣΤ. καλῶς λέγεις. τί δὴτα; τὴν θάλατταν ἐσθ' ὅτι πλείονα νυνὶ νομίζεις ἢ πρὸ τοῦ;
AM. μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ἵσην. οὐ γὰρ δίκαιον πλείον εἶναι.
ΣΤ. κατὰ πῶς αὖτῃ μὲν, ὃ κακόδαιμον, οὐδὲν γίγνεται ἐπιρρέοντων τῶν ποταμῶν πλείων, σὺ δὲ ζητεῖς ποιήσαι τάργυριον πλείον τὸ σὸν; οὐκ ἀποδώξεις σαυτὸν ἀπὸ τῆς οὐκίας; φέρε μοι τὸ κέντρον.
AM. ταῦτ' ἐγὼ μαρτύρομαι.
ΣΤ. ὑπαγε, τί μέλλεις; οὐκ ἔλας, ὃ σαμφόρα;
AM. ταῦτ' οὐχ ὑβρις δὴτ' ἐστίν;
ΣΤ. ἀξεῖς; ἐπιαλῶ

380
AM. Why, what mean you?  
ST. I shrewdly guess your brain's received a shake.  
AM. I shrewdly guess that you'll receive a summons  
    If you don't pay my money.  
ST. Well then, tell me,  
    Which theory do you side with, that the rain  
    Falls fresh each time, or that the Sun draws back  
    The same old rain, and sends it down again?  
AM. I'm very sure I neither know nor care.  
ST. Not care! good heavens! And do you claim your  
    money,  
    So unenlightened in the Laws of Nature?  
AM. If you're hard up then, pay me back the Interest  
    At least.  
ST. Int-er-est? what kind of a beast is that?  
AM. What else than day by day and month by month  
    Larger and larger still the silver grows  
    As time sweeps by?  
ST. Finely and nobly said.  
    What then! think you the Sea is larger now  
    Than 'twas last year?  
AM. No surely, 'tis no larger:  
    It is not right it should be.  
ST. And do you then,  
    Insatiable grasper! when the Sea,  
    Receiving all these Rivers, grows no larger,  
    Do you desire your silver to grow larger?  
    Come now, you prosecute your journey off!  
    Here, fetch the whip.  
AM. Bear witness, I appeal.  
ST. Be off! what, won't you? Gee up, sigma-brand!  
AM. I say! a clear assault!  
ST. You won't be off?
ARISTOPHANES

κεντών ὑπὸ τοῦ πρωκτοῦ σε τοῦ σειραφόρου.
φεύγεις; ἐμελλὼν ἄρα σε κινήσειν ἐγὼ
αὐτὸς τροχοῖς τοῖς σοίσι καὶ ἐξυνωρίσω.

χο. οἶον τὸ πραγμάτων ἔραν φλαίρων· ὦ γὰρ [στρ.
γέρων ὦ δ' ἐρασθεῖς
ἀποστερήσαι βούλεται
τὰ χρήμαθ' ἀδανείσαντο.
κοῦκ ἐσθ' ὅπως οὐ τῇ μερον
λήψεαι τι πράγμ', ὦ τοῦ-
τον ποιήσει τὸν σοφίσ-
tὴν [γέροντ']
ἀνθ' ὃν πανουργεῖν ἥρξατ', ἐξαίφνης κακὸν λαβεῖν τι. 1310

οἴμαι γὰρ αὐτὸν αὐτίχ' εὐρήσειν ὅπερ
[ἀντ.
pάλαι ποτ' ἐπίτει,
εἰναι τὸν νιών δενὸν οἱ
γνώμας ἐναντίας λέγειν
τοῖσιν δικαίοις, ὡστε νι-
κὼν ἀπαντᾶς ὅμοιον ἄν
ἐξυγγένηται, καὶ λέγῃ
παμπόλομο'.

'ίσως δ' 'ίσως βουλήσεται κάφωνον αὐτὸν εἶναι. 1320

ΣΤ. ἰοῦ ἰοῦ.
ὡ γείτονες καὶ ἐξυγγενεῖς καὶ δημόται,
ἀμνάθετε μοι τυπτομένω πάσῃ τέχνῃ.
οἴμοι κακοδαίμων τῆς κεφαλῆς καὶ τῆς γυνᾶθου.
ὡ μιαρὲ, τύπτεις τὸν πατέρα;

ΦΕΙ.       φήμ', ὦ πάτερ. 1325

ΣΤ. ὁ δραθ' ὁμολογοῦνθ' ὅτι με τύπτει.

ΦΕΙ.       καὶ μάλα.

ΣΤ. ὁ μιαρὲ καὶ πατραλοία καὶ τοιχωρύχε.

382
I'll stimulate you; Zeus! I'll goad your haunches.
Aha! you run: I thought I'd stir you up
You and your phaetons, and wheels, and all!

ch. What a thing it is to long for matters which are wrong!
    For you see how this old man
    Is seeking, if he can
    His creditors trepan:
    And I confidently say
    That he will this very day
        Such a blow
    Amid his prosperous cheats receive,
        that he will deeply deeply grieve.

For I think that he has won what he wanted for his son,
    And the lad has learned the way
    All justice to gainsay,
    Be it what or where it may:
    That he'll trump up any tale,
    Right or wrong, and so prevail.
        This I know.
Yea! and perchance the time will come
        when he shall wish his son were dumb.

st.    Oh! Oh!
      Help! Murder! Help! O neighbours, kinsfolk, townsmen,
      Help, one and all, against this base assault,
      Ah! Ah! my cheek! my head! O luckless me!
      Wretch! do you strike your father?

ph.    Yes, Papa.

st.    See! See! he owns he struck me.

ph.    To be sure.

st.    Scoundrel! and parricide! and house-breaker!
ARISTOPHANES

ΦΕΙ. ἀδῆς μὲ ταῦτα ταῦτα καὶ πλεῖω λέγε.

ADR' οἶσθ' ὅτι χαίρω πόλ' ἄκουων καὶ κακά;

ΣΤ. ὦ λακκόπρωκτε.

ΦΕΙ. πάττε πολλοῖς τοῖς ρόδοις.

ΣΤ. τὸν πατέρα τύπτεις;

ΦΕΙ. κάποφανῷ γε νῇ Δία ὡς ἐν δίκη σ' ἐτύπτον.

ΣΤ. ὡ μιαρώτατε,

καὶ πῶς γένοιτ' ἂν πατέρα τύπτειν ἐν δίκη;

ΦΕΙ. ἔγωγ' ἀποδείξω, καὶ σε νικήσω λέγων.

ΣΤ. τούτι σὺ νικήσεις;

ΦΕΙ. πολὺ γε καὶ βαδίως.

Ελοῦ δ' ὅπότερον τοῖν λόγοιν βούλει λέγειν.

ΣΤ. ποίοιν λόγοιν;

ΦΕΙ. τὸν κρείττον', ἢ τὸν ήττονα;

ΣΤ. ἐδίδαξάμην μέντοι σε νῇ Δ', ὦ μέλε,

τοῖσιν δικαίοις ἀντιλέγειν, εἰ ταῦτά γε μέλλεις ἀναπείσειν, ὡς δίκαιον καὶ καλὸν τὸν πατέρα τύπτεσθ' ἐστὶν ὑπὸ τῶν υἱέων.

ΦΕΙ. ἀλλ' οὐ μοι μέντοι σ' ἀναπείσεις, ὡστε γε σοῦ' αὐτὸς ἀκροασάμενος οὐδὲν ἀντερεῖς.

ΣΤ. καὶ μὴν ὁ τι καὶ λέξεις ἀκοῦσαι βούλομαι.

ΧΟ. σὸν ἔργον, ὃ πρεσβύτα, φροντίζειν ὅπῃ [ΣΤΡ. τὸν ἄνδρα κρατήσεις,

ὁς οὖτος, εἰ μὴ τῷ πεποίθειν, οὐκ ἂν ἢν οὔτως ἄκολαστος.

ἀλλ' ἐσθ' ὅτω θρασύνεται. διὰ λόγον γε τὰν-

θρώπον 'στι τὸ λήμα.

ἀλλ' ἐξ ὅτου τὸ πρῶτον ἦρξαθ' ἢ μάχῃ γενέσθαι ἦδη λέγειν χρή πρὸς χορόν. πάντως δὲ τοῦτο ὁδότεις.
PH. Thank you: go on, go on: do please go on.
I am quite delighted to be called such names!
ST. O probed Adulterer.
PH. Roses from your lips.¹
ST. Strike you your father?
PH. O dear yes: what's more,
I'll prove I struck you justly.
ST. Struck me justly!
Villain! how can you strike a father justly?
PH. Yes, and I'll demonstrate it, if you please.
ST. Demonstrate this?
PH. O yes, quite easily.
Come, take your choice, which Logic do you choose?
ST. Which what?
PH. Logic: the Better or the Worse?
ST. Ah, then, in very truth I've had you taught
To reason down all Justice, if you think
You can prove this, that it is just and right
That fathers should be beaten by their sons!
PH. Well, well, I think I'll prove it, if you'll listen,
So that even you won't have one word to answer.
ST. Come, I should like to hear what you've to say.
CH. 'Tis yours, old man, some method to contrive
   This fight to win:
He would not without arms wherewith to strive
   So bold have been.
He knows, be sure, whereon to trust.
   His eager bearing proves he must.
So come and tell us from what cause
   this sad dispute began;
Come, tell us how it first arose:
   do tell us if you can.

¹ Cf. 1. 910.
καὶ μὴν ὁθέν γε πρῶτον ἡρξάμεσθα λοιδορεῖσθαι ἐγὼ φράσω· 'πειδὴ γὰρ ἐστιώμεθ', ὡσπερ ἵστε, πρῶτον μὲν αὐτὸν τὴν λύραν λαβόντ' ἐγὼ 'κέλευσα 13 ἢσαι Σιμωνίδου μέλος, τὸν Κριόν, ὡς ἔπεξηθη. ὁ δ' εὐθέως ἀρχαῖον εἶν' ἔφασκε τὸ κιθαρίζειν ἢδειν τε πίνονθ', ὡσπερεὶ κάρχρος γυναῖκ' ἀλούσαν.

ΦΕΙ. οὐ γὰρ τότ' εὐθὺς χρῆν σε τύπτεσθαι τε καὶ πατεῖσθαι,

ἀθεὶν κελεύονθ', ὡσπερεὶ τέττιγας ἔστιώτα; 13

ΣΤ. τοιαῦτα μέντοι καὶ τότ' ἔλεγεν ἐνδον, οἰάπερ νῦν, καὶ τὸν Σιμωνίδην ἔφασκ' εἶναι κακὸν ποιητὴν. καγὼ μόλις μέν, ἀλλ' ὡμως ἑνέσχομη τὸ πρῶτον. ἐπειτα δ' ἐκέλευσ' αὐτὸν ἀλλὰ μυρρίνῃ λαβόντα τὸν Λισχύλον λέξαι τί μοι· καθ' οὔτος εὐθὺς εἶπεν, 13

"ἐγὼ γὰρ Λισχύλον νομίζω πρῶτον ἐν ποιηταῖς ψόφου πλέων, ἄξιοστιγον, στόμφακα, κρημνο-ποιον;"

κανταῦθα πώς οἶσθέ μου τὴν καρδίαν ὅρεχθείν;

ὡμως δὲ τὸν θυμὸν δακών ἔφην, 'οὐ δ' ἀλλὰ τούτων

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a Crius was an Aeginetan wrestler on whose defeat at Olympia Simonides wrote an ode beginning "'Επέξαθ' ὁ Κριός οὐκ ἀεικέως," with a pun on κριός "a ram."

b Supposed to need no food but to live on dew.
Well from the very first I will
the whole contention show:
'Twas when I went into the house
to feast him, as you know,
I bade him bring his lyre and sing,
the supper to adorn,
Some lay of old Simonides,
as, how the Ram was shorn:¹
But he replied, to sing at meals
was coarse and obsolete;
Like some old beldame humming airs
the while she grinds her wheat.
And should you not be thrashed who told
your son, from food abstaining
To sing! as though you were, forsooth
ficalas² entertaining.
You hear him! so he said just now
or e’er high words began:
And next he called Simonides
a very sorry man.
And when I heard him, I could scarce
my rising wrath command;
Yet so I did, and him I bid
take myrtle in his hand
And chant some lines from Aeschylus,
but he replied with ire,
"Believe me, I’m not one of those
who Aeschylus admire,
That rough, unpolished, turgid bard,
that mouther of bombast!"
When he said this, my heart began
to heave extremely fast;
Yet still I kept my passion down,
and said, "Then prithee you,
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λέξον τι τῶν νεωτέρων, ἀττ' ἐστὶ τὰ σοφὰ ταῦτα." 137
οὐ δ' εὐθὺς ἦς Εὐριπίδου ρήσιν τιν', ὡς ἐκίνει ἀδελφός, ὥλεξικακε, τὴν ὀμομητρίαν ἀδελφήν.
κἀγὼ οὐκέτ' ἐξηνεσχόμην, ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ἐξαράττω πολλοῖς κακοῖς καίσχροισι; καὶ ἐντεύθεν, οἶον εἰκός,
ἐποὺς πρὸς ἐποὺς ἠρειόδεμεσθ'. εἰθ' οὐτὸς ἐπαναπηδᾷ, 137
κάπετὶ ἐφλα μὲ κάσποδει κάπνυγε καπέθλιβεν.
ΦΕΙ. οὐκοὺν δικαίως, ὅστις οὐκ Εὐριπίδην ἐπανεῖς,
σοφῶτατον;
ΣΤ. σοφῶτατον γ' ἐκεῖνον, ὦ τι ο' εἶπω;
ἀλλ' ἀδίκης ἂν τυπτήσομαι.
ΦΕΙ.

νὴ τὸν Δ', ἐν δικη γ' ἃν.
ΣΤ. καὶ πῶς δικαίως; ὅστις ὁναίσχυντε σ' ἐξέθρεψα, 138
αἰσθανόμενός σου πάντα τραυλίζοντος, ὦ τι νοοίης.
εἰ μὲν γε βρῦν εἴποις, ἐγὼ γνοῦς ἂν πιέων ἐπέσχον.
μαμμᾶν δ' ἂν αἰτήσαντος ἥκον σοι φέρων ἂν ἄρτον;
κακκάν δ' ἂν οὐκ ἔφθης φράσαι, κἀγὼ λαβὼν θύραξ ἐξέφερον ἂν καὶ προφυσχόμην σε. σὺ δ' ἐμὲ νῦν ἀπάγχων

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a The reference is to the marriage of Maecareus and Canace, the children of Aeolus.
Sing one of those new-fangled songs which modern striplings do.”
And he began the shameful tale Euripides has told
How a brother and a sister lived incestuous lives of old.a
Then, then I could no more restrain,
but first I must confess
With strong abuse I loaded him,
and so, as you may guess,
We stormed and bandied threat for threat:
till out at last he flew,
And smashed and thrashed and thumped and bumped
and bruised me black and blue.

PH. And rightly too, who coolly dared
Euripides to blame,
Most sapient bard.

ST. Most sapient bard!
you, what’s your fitting name?
Ah! but he’ll pummel me again.

PH. He will: and justly too.

ST. What! justly, heartless villain! when
’twas I who nurtured you.
I knew your little lisping ways,
how soon, you’d hardly think,
If you cried “bree!” b I guessed your wants,
and used to give you drink:
If you said “mamm!” I fetched you bread
with fond discernment true,
And you could hardly say “Caeca!”
when through the door I flew
And held you out a full arm’s length
your little needs to do:

b ρωv represents a child’s cry for drink.
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βοδύτα καὶ κεκραγόθ’ ὅτι
χεζητιώθην, οὐκ ἔτλης
ἐξε ἔξενεγκεῖν, ὃ μιαρὲ,
θύραζε μ’, ἄλλα πινώμενος
αὐτοῦ 'ποίησα κακκᾶν.

xo. οἴμαι γε τῶν νεωτέρων τὰς καρδίας [ἀντ.
πηδάν, οί τι λέξει.
εἰ γὰρ τοιαύτα γ’ οὕτως ἔξειργασμένος
λαλῶν ἀναπείσει,
tὸ δέρμα τῶν γεραιτέρων λάβομεν ἄν
ἀλλ’ οὐδ’ ἐρεβίνθου.

σὸν ἔργον, ὃ καυνῶν ἐπῶν κωντὰ καὶ μοχλευτὰ,
πειθὼ τινα ζητεῖν, ὅπως δόξευς λέγειν δίκαια.

ΦΕΙ. ὡς ἦδον καινοῖς πράγμασιν καὶ δεξιοῖς ὀμλεῖν,
καὶ τῶν καθεστῶτων νόμων ὑπερφρονεῖν δύνασθαι.140
ἐγὼ γὰρ οτε μὲν ἵππικῇ τῶν νοῦν μόνῃ προσεῖχον,
οὐδ’ ἄν τρὶ εἰπεῖν ρήμαθ’ οἶδος τ’ ἣ πρὶν ἔξαμαρτεῖν·
nυνὶ δ’ ἐπειδὴ μ’ οὕτοσὶ τούτων ἔπαυσεν αὐτός,
γνώμαις δὲ λεπταῖς καὶ λόγοις ἐξυνεμιν καὶ μερίμ-


νεις,
οἴμαι διδάξειν ὡς δίκαιον τὸν πατέρα κολάζεων. 140

ΣΤ. ἵππευε τοίνυν νῃ Δί’, ὡς ἔμοιγε κρείττον ἐστὶν
ἵππων τρέφειν τέθριππον ἡ τυπτόμενον ἐπι-

τριβήναι.
But now when I was crying
That I with pain was dying,
You brute! you would not tarry
Me out of doors to carry,
But choking with despair
I've been and done it there.

CH. Sure all young hearts are palpitating now
To hear him plead,
Since if those lips with artful words avow
The daring deed,
And once a favouring verdict win,
A fig for every old man's skin.
O thou! who rakest up new thoughts
with daring hands profane,
Try all you can, ingenious man,
that verdict to obtain.

PH. How sweet it is these novel arts,
these clever words to know,
And have the power established rules
and laws to overthrow.
Why in old times when horses were
my sole delight, 'twas wonder
If I could say a dozen words
without some awful blunder!
But now that he has made me quit
that reckless mode of living,
And I have been to subtle thoughts
my whole attention giving,
I hope to prove by logic strict
'tis right to beat my father.

ST. O! buy your horses back, by Zeus,
since I would ten times rather
Have to support a four-in-hand,
so I be struck no more.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ΦΕΙ. ἐκεῖσε δ' οὖθεν ἀπέσχυσάς με τοῦ λόγου μέτειμι, καὶ πρῶτ' ἐρήσομαι σε τούτι· παῖδα μ' ὄντ' ἔτυπτες;

ΣΤ. ἐγωγέ σ', εὐνοῶν τε καὶ κηδόμενος.

ΦΕΙ. εἶπὲ δὴ μου, 16

οὐ καμέ σοι δίκαιον ἐστιν εὐνοεῖν ὄμοιως, τύπτειν τ', ἐπειδήπερ γε τούτ' ἐστ' εὐνοεῖν, τὸ τύπτειν;

πῶς γὰρ τὸ μὲν σὸν σῶμα χρὴ πληγῶν ἀθόρου εἶναι, τοῦμον δὲ μῆ; καὶ μὴν ἔφυν ἐλεύθερός γε κἀγὼ.

"κλάουσι παῖδες, πατέρα δ' οὐ κλάειν δοκεῖς;" 18

ὅπου κηρέον νομίζεσθαι σοι παιδὸς τοῦτο τοῦργον εἶναι;

ἕως δέ γ' ἀντεἰπομ' ἃν ὡς δ'ς παίδες οἱ γέροντες, εἰκός τε μάλλον τοὺς γέροντας ἢ νέους τι κλάειν,

οὕσωτερ ἐξαμαρτάνειν ἦττον δίκαιον αὐτοῖς.

ΣΤ. ἀλλ' οὐδαμοῦ νομίζεται τὸν πατέρα τοῦτο πάσχειν. 19

ΦΕΙ. ὅπερον ἀνήρ δ' τὸν νόμον θείς τοῦτον ἣν τὸ πρῶτον,

ὡσπερ σὺ κἀγὼ, καὶ λέγων ἐπειδή τοὺς παλαιοὺς;

ἡττον τι δὴτ' ἐξεστὶ καμοὶ καινὸν αὐ τὸ λυπὸν

θείναι νόμον τοῖς νιέσιν, τοὺς πατέρας ἀντιτύπτειν;

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*a A parody of the famous line Eur. *Alcestis*, 691 χαίρεις ὅρων φῶς πατέρα δ' οὐ χαίρειν δοκεῖς; where Pheres addresses his son Admetus who had asked him to die in his stead.
PH. Peace. I will now resume the thread where I broke off before. And first I ask: when I was young, did you not strike me then?

ST. Yea: for I loved and cherished you.

PH. Well, solve me this again, Is it not just that I your son should cherish you alike, And strike you, since, as you observe, to cherish means to strike? What! must my body needs be scourged and pounded black and blue And yours be scathless? was not I as much freeborn as you? "Children are whipped, and shall not sires be whipped?" a Perhaps you'll urge that children's minds alone are taught by blows:— Well: Age is Second Childhood then: that everybody knows. And as by old experience Age should guide its steps more clearly, So when they err, they surely should be punished more severely.

ST. But Law goes everywhere for me: deny it, if you can.

PH. Well was not he who made the law, a man, a mortal man, As you or I, who in old times talked over all the crowd? And think you that to you or me the same is not allowed, To change it, so that sons by blows should keep their fathers steady?
οδας δὲ πληγὰς εἶχομεν πρὶν τὸν νόμον τεθήμαι, 1420
ἀφίεμεν, καὶ δίδομεν αυτοῖς προϊκά συγκεκόφθαι.
σκέψαι δὲ τούς ἀλεκτρυόνας καὶ τάλα τὰ βοτὰ
tαυτὶ,
ὡς τοὺς πατέρας ἀμύνεται· καὶ τοι τι διαφέρουσιν
ἡμῶν ἐκεῖνοι, πλὴν ὅτι ψηφίσματ' οὐ γράφουσιν;
χτ. τί δὴ, ἐπειδὴ τοὺς ἀλεκτρυόνας ἄπαντα μιμεῖ, 1430
οὐκ ἔσθεις καὶ τὴν κόπρον κατὶ ξύλου καθεύδεις;
ΦΕΙ. οὐ ταυτόν, ὅ τὰς, ἔστιν, οὐδὲ ἂν Σωκράτει δοκοῖ.
χτ. πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ τύπτ᾽· εῖ δὲ μή, σαντόν ποτ'
αἰτιάσει.
ΦΕΙ. καὶ πῶς;
χτ. ἔπει σὲ μὲν δίκαιός εἰμ' ἐγὼ κολάζεων,
οὐ δ', ἢν γένηται σοι, τὸν νίόν.
ΦΕΙ. ἢν δὲ μὴ γένηται, 1438
μάθην ἐμοὶ κεκλαύσεται, σὺ δ' ἐγχανὼν τεθυμὴξει.
χτ. ἐμοὶ μέν, ἄνδρες ἡλικες, δοκεῖ λέγειν δίκαια·
κάμοι γε συγχωρεῖν δοκεῖ τούτοις τάπιεκῆ.
κλάειν γὰρ ἡμᾶς εἰκὸς ἐστ', ἢν μὴ δίκαια δρῶμεν.
ΦΕΙ. σκέψαι δὲ χατέραν ἐτὶ γνώμην.
χτ. ἀπὸ γὰρ ὅλοιμαι. 1440
ΦΕΙ. καὶ μὴν ὅσως γ' οὐκ ἀχθέσει παθῶν ἃ νῦν πέ-
pονθασ.
THE CLOUDS, 1425–1441

Still, we'll be liberal, and blows which we've received already
We will forget, we'll have no ex-post-facto legislation.
—Look at the game-cocks, look at all the animal creation,
Do not they beat their parents? Aye:
They are as we, except that they no special laws enact.

ST. Why don't you then, if always where the game-cock leads you follow,
Ascend your perch to roost at night,
and dirt and ordure swallow?

PH. The case is different there, old man, as Socrates would see.

ST. Well then you'll blame yourself at last, if you keep striking me.

PH. How so?

ST. Why, if it's right for me to punish you my son,
You can, if you have got one, yours.

PH. Aye, but suppose I've none.
Then having gulled me you will die,
while I've been flogged in vain.

ST. Good friends! I really think he has some reason to complain.
I must concede he has put the case in quite a novel light:
I really think we should be flogged unless we act aright!

PH. Look to a fresh idea then.

ST. He'll be my death I vow.

PH. Yet then perhaps you will not grudge ev'n what you suffer now.

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ARISTOPHANES

στ. πῶς δὴ; δίδαξον γὰρ τί μ’ ἐκ τούτων ἐπωφελήσεις.

ΦΕΙ. τὴν μητέρ’, ὦσπερ καὶ σὲ τυπτήσω.

στ. τί φῆς; τί φῆς σὺ; τοῦθ’ ἐτερον αὐ μείζον κακόν.

ΦΕΙ. τί δ’, ἢν ἔχων τὸν ἦττω 144

λόγον σὲ νικήσω λέγων τὴν μητέρ’ ὡς τύπτεων

χρεών;

στ. τί δ’ ἄλλο γ’; ἢν ταυτὶ πονῆς,

οὐδὲν σε κωλύσει σεαυτὸν ἐμβαλείν ἐς τὸ βάραθρον μετὰ Σωκράτους καὶ τὸν λόγον τὸν ἦττω.

ταυτὶ δὴ ὑμᾶς, ὥ Νεφέλαι, πέπονθ’ ἐγώ, ὑμῖν ἀναθεὶς ἀπαντά τάμα πράγματα.

χο. αὐτὸς μὲν οὖν σαυτῷ σὺ τούτων αἴτιος, στρέψας σεαυτὸν ἐς πονηρὰ πράγματα.

στ. τί δὴτα ταῦτ’ οὐ μοι τὸτ’ ἤγορευετε, ἀλλ’ ἀνδρ’ ἀγροικὸν καὶ γέροντ’, ἐπήρετε;

χο. ἠμεῖς ποιούμεν ταῦθ’ ἐκάστοθ’ ὅταν των γνῶμεν πονηρῶν ὄντ’ ἐραστὴν πραγμάτων, ἔως ἂν αὐτὸν ἐμβάλωμεν εἰς κακόν, ὅπως ἂν εἰδῆ τοὺς θεοὺς δεδοκέναι.

στ. οἴμου, πονηρά γ’, ὥ Νεφέλαι, δίκαια δέ.

οὐ γάρ μ’ ἑχρήν τὰ χρήμαθ’ ἀδανεισάμην ἀποστερεῖν. νῦν οὖν ὄπως, ὥ φίλτατε, τὸν Χαρεφώντα τὸν μιαρὸν καὶ Σωκράτην ἀπολεῖς, μετ’ ἐμοῦ άθων, ὦ σὲ καὶ’ ἐξηπάτων.

ΦΕΙ. ἀλλ’ οὖκ ἂν ἀδικήσωμι τοὺς διδασκάλους.

στ. ναὶ ναί, καταδέσθητι πατρῷον Δία.

ΦΕΙ. ἱδοὺ γε Δία πατρώον· ὡς ἀρχαῖος εἶ.

Zeûs γὰρ τὺς ἑστὼν;
THE CLOUDS, 1442–1470

ST. How! will you make me like the blows which I've received to-day?

PH. Yes, for I'll beat my mother too.

ST. What! What is that you say! Why, this is worse than all.

PH. But what, if as I proved the other, By the same Logic I can prove 'tis right to beat my mother?

ST. Aye! what indeed! if this you plead, If this you think to win, Why then, for all I care, you may To the Accursed Pit convey Yourself with all your learning new, Your master, and your Logic too, And tumble headlong in.

O Clouds! O Clouds! I owe all this to you! Why did I let you manage my affairs!

CH. Nay, nay, old man, you owe it to yourself. Why didst thou turn to wicked practices?

ST. Ah, but ye should have asked me that before, And not have spurred a poor old fool to evil.

CH. Such is our plan. We find a man On evil thoughts intent, Guide him along to shame and wrong, Then leave him to repent.

ST. Hard words, alas! yet not more hard than just. It was not right unfairly to keep back The money that I borrowed. Come, my darling, Come and destroy that filthy Chaerephon And Socrates; for they've deceived us both!

PH. No. I will lift no hand against my Tutors.

ST. Yes do, come, reverence Paternal Zeus.

PH. Look there! Paternal Zeus! what an old fool. Is there a Zeus?
For δίων (spelt δείων in Athenaeus) cf. W. 618. It is a "large bowl," but why it is on the stage or what the reference to it means is uncertain.
THE CLOUDS, 1470-1496

ST. There is.
PH. There is no Zeus.

ST. Young Vortex reigns, and he has turned out Zeus.
PH. No Vortex reigns: that was my foolish thought
All through this vortex here. Fool that I was,
To think a piece of earthenware a God.

PH. Well, rave away, talk nonsense to yourself.
ST. Oh! fool, fool, fool, how mad I must have been
To cast away the Gods, for Socrates.
Yet Hermes, gracious Hermes, be not angry
Nor crush me utterly, but look with mercy
On faults to which his idle talk hath led me.
And lend thy counsel; tell me, had I better
Plague them with lawsuits, or how else annoy them.

(Affects to listen.)
Good: your advice is good: I’ll have no lawsuits,
I’ll go at once and set their house on fire,
The prating rascals. Here, here, Xanthias,
Quick, quick here, bring your ladder and your pitchfork,
Climb to the roof of their vile thinking-house,
Dig at their tiles, dig stoutly, an’ thou lovest me.
Tumble the very house about their ears.
And someone fetch me here a lighted torch,
And I’ll soon see if, boasters as they are,
They won’t repent of what they’ve done to me.

STUDENT 1. O dear! O dear!
ST. Now, now, my torch, send out a lusty flame.
S. 1. Man! what are you at there?
ST. What am I at? I’ll tell you.
I’m splitting straws with your house-rafters here.

b A statue of Hermes Στροφαῖος placed at the door of the house ἐπὶ ἀποτροπὴ τῶν ἀλλῶν κλεπτῶν (Schol. on Pl. 1153).
ARISTOPHANES

Μ. Β. οἶμοι, τις ἡμῶν πυρπολεῖ τὴν οἰκίαν; ΣΤ. ἐκεῖνος οὔπερ θοιμάτιον εἰληφατε. Μ. Π. ἀπολεῖς ἀπολεῖς. ΣΤ. τοῦτ' αὐτὸ γὰρ καὶ βουλομαι, ἢν ἡ σμινύῃ μοι μὴ προδῶ τὰς ἐλπίδας, ἢ γὰρ πρότερον πως ἐκτραχηλισθῶ πεσῶν. ΣΩ. οὗτος, οὗτος ὑπὸν, οὔτι τοῦ τέγους; ΣΤ. ἀεροβατῶ, καὶ περιφρονῶ τὸν ἡλιον. ΣΩ. οἶμοι τάλας, δείλαιος ἀποπνιγήσομαι. ΧΑΙΡΕΦΩΝ. ἔγω δὲ κακοδαίμων γε κατακαυθήσομαι. ΣΤ. τί γὰρ μαθόντες τοὺς θεοὺς ῥβρίζετε, καὶ τῆς Σελήνης ἐσκοπεῖσθε τὴν ἐδραν; δίωκε, βάλλε, παίε, πολλὰν ὀύνεκα, μάλιστα δ' εἰδῶς τοὺς θεοὺς ὡς ἥδικον. ΧΟ. ἡγεῖσθ' ἐξω· κεχόρευται γὰρ μετρίως τὸ γε τῇμερον ἡμῖν.
THE CLOUDS, 1497–1510

s. 2. Oh me! who’s been and set our house on fire?
st. Who was it, think you, that you stole the cloak from?
s. 3. O Murder! Murder!
st. That’s the very thing,
    Unless this pick prove traitor to my hopes,
    Or I fall down, and break my blessed neck.
so. Hallo! what are you at, up on our roof?
st. I walk on air, and contemplate the Sun.
so. O! I shall suffocate. O dear! O dear!
CHAEREPHON. And I, poor devil, shall be burnt to death.
st. For with what aim did ye insult the Gods,
    And pry around the dwellings of the Moon?
    Strike, smite them, spare them not, for many reasons,
    BUT MOST BECAUSE THEY HAVE BLASPHEMED THE GODS!
ch. Lead out of the way: for I think we may say
    We have acted our part very fairly to-day.
INTRODUCTION

The *Wasps* was produced at the Lenaean festival 422 B.C., gaining either the first or the second prize, and it is commonly regarded as “a criticism on the Athenian dicasteries,” or, as Grote puts it, “The poet’s purpose was to make the dicasts appear monsters of caprice and injustice.” Yet though “Aristophanes does not exempt them from his strokes of wit and satire (for once thoroughly in his comic vein, he spares neither friend nor foe),” a these old dicasts are none the less “representatives of his own favourite Μαραθώνομάχας,” and in the Epirrhema (1071–90) “he describes, in the noblest and most glowing eulogy that ever flowed from the lips of a Comedian, who and what these dicasts were,” b his real object being to detach them from the demagogues, of whom they “were the main support and stay in the popular assembly.” These poor old men who “have to grope their way through the mud in the dark,” whose “talk is of pot-herbs,” and who are “struck with consternation (309–12) at the audacity of a child who dares to ask for anything so far beyond the means of a dicast as a homely treat of common figs,” c are yet under the delusion (592–600), carefully fostered by Cleon and his like, that they are masters of the State, and, while there is “no discussion

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a Rogers, Introduction, p. xvii.
b Ibid. p. xvi.
c Ibid. p. xviii.
on the excellences or defects of the dicastic system” in the great Arbitration scene (521 seq.), “the whole of Philocleon’s harangue is an elaborate argument... that the dicastic office is an ἄρχη μεγάλη, whilst Bdelycleon, on the contrary, exerts himself to prove that it is nothing more nor less than a μεγάλη δουλεία.”

As regards the Athenian jury-system, it may be noted that as the political affairs were in the hands of the ἐκκλησία, so judicial affairs were committed to an assembly called ἡλιαία. The numbers of this were limited to 6000, who must be over thirty years of age, and “in the full possession of their rights and privileges as Athenian citizens.” They were elected by lot, an equal number from each of the ten tribes, had to take the Heliastic oath, which included a declaration that “they would give a fair and impartial hearing to both sides” (cf. 725, 920), and from the time of Pericles received three obols a day as their fee.

After their election they were “distributed and marshalled,” by ballot, into ten sections or committees, which “sat each in a separate Hall or Court-house,” distinguished by a particular colour, and every dicast received “a metallic or boxwood plate (πινάκιον) inscribed with his name, etc.,” together with a staff of office (βακτηρία or σκίπων,727). The average number of a sectional assembly was 500, and “each member, as he entered the Court-house, was presented with a σύμβολον or ticket of attendance,” which on the rising of the Court he handed to the Treasurer (κωλακρέτης), who thereupon paid him three obols.”

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*a Ibid. p. xix.*
*b Ibid. p. xxi.*
*c Ibid. p. xxvii.*
*d Ibid. p. xxxiv.*

405
"An action at law was commenced by a summons \((\pi\rho\omicron\sigma\kappa\lambda\eta\rho\omicron\upsilon\varsigma)\) served on the defendant by, or in the presence of a somnour \((\kappa\lambda\eta\tau\iota\rho)\)." \(^a\) Both plaintiff and defendant made oath as to the truth of their case (these preliminary affidavits were called \(\alpha\nu\tau\omicron\omega\mu\omicron\sigma\iota\omega\iota\iota\iota\iota\iota\)), and evidence was produced by each. When the pleadings and documentary evidence \((ai \gamma\rho\alpha\phi\alpha\iota)\) were complete, they were sealed up in an official vessel \((\epsilon\chi\iota\omicron\omicron)\), to be opened on the day of trial, and the cause was set down in the cause-lists \((ai \sigma\alpha\upsilon\nu\omega\delta\epsilon\omicron)\). After considering the evidence, both documentary and oral, and hearing the speeches, the dicasts recorded their verdict by placing their votes in one or other of two urns \((\kappa\alpha\delta\omicron\omega\kappa\omicron, cf. \, 987)\), but when the verdict was "Guilty," and in cases where no particular penalty was annexed by law \((\delta\acute{\iota}k\alpha\iota \acute{\alpha}t\acute{\iota}m\acute{\iota}r\rho\omicron\omicron)\), "it devolved upon the Court to determine its amount or nature," and "the prisoner was allowed to suggest a milder punishment than that demanded by the prosecution," in which event (as in the case of Socrates) a second vote had to be taken, and for this purpose "the dicasts had \(\pi\iota\nu\acute{\alpha}k\iota\omega\ \tau\iota\mu\eta\tau\iota\kappa\acute{\alpha}\) (damage-cessing tablets), over the waxen surface of which they drew either a long line to mark the heavier, or a short line to mark the lighter penalty." \(^b\)

"In addition to actions before a Court of Law the practice of referring a dispute to the decision of arbitrators \((\delta\iota\alpha\iota\tau\eta\tau\omicron\omega)\) was as well known in Athens as it is in England," \(^c\) and the proceedings in 521 seq. are "a complete specimen" of such an arbitration.

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\(^a\) \textit{Ibid.} p. xxxv.  \(^b\) \textit{Ibid.} p. xxxvi.  \(^c\) \textit{Ibid.} p. xliii.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΣΩΣΙΑΣ \(\text{οίκέται}\)
ΣΑΝΘΙΑΣ
ΒΔΕΛΤΚΛΕΩΝ
ΦΙΛΟΚΛΕΩΝ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΩΝ ΣΦΗΚΩΝ
ΠΑΙΣ
ΚΤΩΝ
ΣΤΜΠΟΤΗΣ
ΑΡΤΟΠΩΛΙΣ
ΚΑΤΗΓΟΡΟΣ.
ΣΦΗΚΕΣ

ΣΩΣΙΑΣ. Οὗτος, τί πάσχεις, ὦ κακόδαιμον Ξανθία;  
ΣΑΝΘΙΑΣ. φυλακὴν καταλύει νυκτερινὴν διδάσκομαι.  
ΣΩ. κακὸν ἄρα ταῖς πλευραῖς τί προὔφειλες μέγα.  
ΣΑ. οἵδ᾿ ἄλλ᾿ ἐπιθυμῶ σμικρὸν ἀπομερμηρίσαι.  
ΣΩ. σὺ δ᾿ οὖν παρακινδύνευς, ἐπεὶ καῦτον γ᾿ ἐμοῦ  
κατὰ ταῖν κόραιν ὑπνοῦ τι καταχεῖται γλυκὺ.  
ΣΑ. ἄλλ᾿ ἢ παραφρονεῖς ἐτεοῦ ἢ κορυβαντιᾶς;  
ΣΩ. οὐκ, ἄλλ᾿ ὑπνὸς μ᾿ ἔχει τὸς ἐκ Σαβαζίου.  
ΣΑ. τὸν αὐτὸν ἄρ᾿ ἐμοὶ βουκόλεις Σαβάζιον.  
κάμοι γὰρ ἄρτιῶς ἐπεστρατεύσατο  
Μηδός τις ἐπὶ τὰ βλέφαρα νυστακτὴς ὑπνὸς·  
καὶ δὴτ᾿ ὃναρ θαυμαστὸν εἶδον ἄρτιῶς.  
ΣΩ. κάγων᾿ ἄληθῶς οἶον οὐδεπώποτε.  
ἀτὰρ σὺ λέξον πρῶτος.  
ΣΑ. ἐδόκουν αἰετὸν  
καταπτάμενον εἰς τὴν ἀγορὰν μέγαν πάνυ  
ἀναρπάσαντα τοῖς ὄνυξιν ἀσπίδα  
φέρειν ἐπίχαλκου ἄνεκας εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν,  

a The play opens with a dialogue between two drowsy slaves who have been keeping guard all night before an Athenian house. It is still dark, but the day is at hand.
THE WASPS

sosias. You ill-starred Xanthias, what's the matter now?

xanthias. The nightly watch I'm studying to relieve.

so. Why then, your ribs will have a score against you.

Do you forget what sort of beast we're guarding?

xa. No, but I'd fain just drowse dull care away.

so. Well, try your luck: for I too feel a sort

Of drowsy sweetness settling o'er my eyes.

xa. Sure you're a maniac or a Corybant.

so. (Producing a wine flask) Nay 'tis a sleep from great

Sabazius holds me.

xa. (Producing another) Aha! and I'm your fellow-votary

there.

My lids too felt just now the fierce assault

Of a strong Median nod-compelling sleep.

And then I dreamed a dream; such a strange dream!

so. And so did I: the strangest e'er I heard of.

But tell yours first.

xa. Methought a monstrous eagle

Came flying towards the market-place, and there

Seized in its claws a wriggling brassy shield,

And bore it up in triumph to the sky.

b i.e. by going to sleep.

c X. denies that he is "a Corybant" but allows that he is

almost one, being a devotee of Sabazius, the Phrygian Bacchus,

and son of Cybele, of whom the Corybants were priests.

d i.e. as overwhelming as the host of Xerxes.
Κάπεται ταύτην ἀποβαλεῖν Κλεώνυμον.

ΣΩ. οὐδέν ἄρα γρίφον διαφέρει Κλεώνυμος.

ΕΑ. πῶς δῆ;

ΣΩ. προσερεῖ τις τοῖς συμπόταις λέγων, τί ταύτων ἐν γῇ τ᾽ ἀπέβαλεν κἂν οὐρανῷ κἂν τῇ θαλάττῃ θηρίον τῇ ἀστίδα;

ΕΑ. οἴμοι, τί δὴτά μοι κακὸν γενήσεται ὑδόντι τοιοῦτον ἐνύπνιον;

ΣΩ. μὴ φροντίσης.

οὐδέν γὰρ ἔσται δεινὸν οὐ μὰ τοὺς θεοῦς.

ΕΑ. δεινὸν γὲ ποῦ 'στ' ἀνθρωπος ἀποβαλὼν ὄπλα. ἀτάρ σὺ τὸ σὸν αὐ λέξον.

ΣΩ. ἀλλ᾽ ἔστιν μέγα.

περὶ τῆς πόλεως γὰρ ἔστι τοῦ σκάφους ὄλου.

ΕΑ. λέγε νῦν ἀνύσας τι τὴν τρόπιν τοῦ πράγματος.

ΣΩ. ἐδοξέ μοι περὶ πρῶτων ὑπνον ἐν τῇ πυκνῇ ἐκκλησίαξεν πρόβατα συγκαθήμενα, βακτηρίας ἔχοντα καὶ τριβῶνα· κάπετα τούτοις τοῖς προβάτως μονδόκει δημηγορεῖν φάλαινα πανδοκεύτρια, ἐχούσα φωνῆν ἐμπεπρημένης ύσ.

ΕΑ. αἰβοῖ.

ΣΩ. τί ἐστιν;

ΕΑ. παῦε παῦε, μὴ λέγε.

ὁξεὶ κάκιστον τοῦν ὑπνιον βύρσης σαπρᾶς.

ΣΩ. εἶθ᾽ ἡ μιαρά φάλαιν᾽ ἐχουσα τρυτάνην ἱστη βόεοιν δημόν.

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a The big eagle changes into bulky Cleonymus (cf. A. 88) the ῥφασπίς. There seems to be a play on ἀσπίς=(1) a shield, (2) a snake.

b The reference is to a well-known riddle (Athen. x. 78) τι ταύτων ἐν οὐρανῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς, καὶ ἐν τῇ θαλάσσῃ; the answer
And then—Cleonymus fled off and dropped it.\textsuperscript{a}

so. Why then, Cleonymus is quite a riddle.

xa. How so?

so. A man will ask his boon companions,

\begin{quote}
What is that brute which throws away its shield
Alike in air, in ocean, in the field? \textsuperscript{b}
\end{quote}

xa. O what mishap awaits me, that have seen

So strange a vision?

so. Take it not to heart,

'Twill be no harm, I swear it by the Gods.

xa. No harm to see a man throw off his shield!

But now tell yours.

so. Ah, mine’s a big one, mine is;

About the whole great vessel of the state.

xa. Tell us at once the keel of the affair.

so. 'Twas in my earliest sleep methought I saw

A flock of sheep assembled in the Pnyx,

Sitting close-packed, with little cloaks and staves;

Then to these sheep I heard, or seemed to hear

An all-receptive grampus\textsuperscript{c} holding forth

In tone and accents like a scalded pig.

xa. Pheugh!

so. Eh?

xa. Stop, stop, don’t tell us any more.

Your dream smells horribly of putrid hides

so. Then the vile grampus, scales in hand, weighed out

Bits of fat beef, cut up.\textsuperscript{d}

being “a serpent” of which there are land and marine specimens,

and which is also a constellation.

\textsuperscript{c} Cleon; for his greed cf. \textit{C.} 591, and for his voice \textit{K.} 137.

\textsuperscript{d} For the play on \textit{δημός} “fat” and \textit{δήμος} “the people” cf. \textit{K.} 954.
ARISTOPHANES

ΕΛ. ούµοι δείλαιος.

τὸν Δήµον ἡµῶν βούλεται διωτάναι.

ΣΩ. ἐδόκει δὲ μοι Θέωρος αὐτῆς πλησίον
χαµαί καθῆσθαι, τὴν κεφαλὴν κόρακας ἔχων.

ἐίτ' Ἀλκιβιάδης εἶπε πρὸς µε τραυλίσασ' οἶλας; Θέωλος τὴν κεφαλὴν κόλακον ἔχει.

ΕΛ. ὀρθῶς γε τοῦτ' Ἀλκιβιάδης ἐτραυλίσεν.

ΣΩ. οὔκοιν ἐκεῖν ἀλλόκοτον, ὁ Θέωρος κόραξ
γιγνόµενος;

ΕΛ. ἦκιστ', ἀλλ' ἄριστον.

ΣΩ. πῶς;

ΕΛ. ὀπτως;

ἀνθρωπος οὐν εἰτ' ἐγένετ' ἐξαίφνης κόραξ.

οὔκοιν ἐναργεῖ τοῦτο συµβάλλειν, ὦτι ἂρθεῖς ἄφ' ἡµῶν ἐς κόρακας οἶχησεται;

ΣΩ. εἰτ' οὔκ ἐγὼ δοὺς δυ' ὀβόλῳ µισθώσοµαι
οὕτως ὑποκρινόµενον σοφῶς ὀνείρατα;

ΕΛ. φέρε νῦν κατείπω τοῖς θεαταῖς τὸν λόγον,

ὅλγ' ἀτθ' ύπειτῶν πρῶτον αὐτοῖσιν ταῦτι,

µηδὲν παρ' ἡµῶν προσδοκᾶν λίαν µέγα,

µηδ' αὖ γέλωτα Μεγαρόθεν κεκλεµµένον.

ἡµῖν γὰρ οὔκ ἔστ' οὔδε κάρυ' ἐκ φορµίδος

δούλω διαρριπτοῦντε τοῖς θεωµένοις,

οὔθ' 'Ἡρακλῆς τὸ δείπνον ἐξαπατώµενος,

οὔθ' αὖθις ἀνασελγανόµενος Ἐὐρίπιδὴς·

οὔθ' εἰ Κλέων γ' ἐλαµῖφε τῆς τύχης χάρων,

αὖθις τοῦ αὐτοῦ ἁνδρὰ µυττωτέουσοµεν

ἀλλ' ἔστων ἡµῖν λογίδιον γνώµην ἔχον,

— For the play on κόραξ and κόλαξ cf. Diogenes (cited by Athenaeus vi. 65), πολυ κρείττον ἐς κόρακας ἀπελεῖν ἦ ἐς κόλακας. Theorus, who is here called a “flatterer,” is jeered at as a 412
THE WASPS, 40–64

xA. Woe worth the day!
    He means to cut our city up in bits.
so. Methought beside him, on the ground, I saw
    Theorus seated, with a raven’s head.
    Then Alcibiades lisped out to me,
    "Cwemark! Theocnus has a cvaven’s head."
xA. Well lisped! and rightly, Alcibiades!
so. But is this not ill-omened, that a man
    Turn to a crow?
xA. Nay, excellent. How?
so. How!
xA. Being a man he straight becomes a crow:
    Is it not obvious to conjecture that
    He’s going to leave us, going to the crows?
so. Shall I not pay two obols then, and hire
    One who so cleverly interprets dreams?
xA. Come, let me tell the story to the audience
    With just these few remarks, by way of preface.
    Expect not from us something mighty grand,
    Nor yet some mirth purloined from Megara.⁷
    We have no brace of servants here, to scatter
    Nuts from their basket out among the audience,
    No Heracles defrauded of his supper,
    Nor yet Euripides besmirched again;
    No, nor though Cleon shine, by fortune’s favour,⁸
    Will we to mincemeat chop the man again.
    Ours is a little tale, with meaning in it,

"perjurer," C. 400. "To go to the crows" is the same as our
"go to the dogs."
⁷ Susarion of Megara is said to have invented comedy, but
"Megaric comedy" is often referred to as rude and vulgar;
cf. A. 738.
⁸ He was in this year appointed commander-in-chief to
oppose Brasidas in Thrace.
ARISTOPHANES

δυμῶν μὲν αὐτῶν οὐχὶ δεξιώτερον,
κωμωδίας δὲ φορτικῆς σοφῶτερον.
ἐστὶν γὰρ ἡμῖν ἐσπέρησι ἐκείνοις
ἀνω καθεύδων, ὁ μέγας, οὐπὶ τοῦ τέγους.
οὕτος φυλάττειν τὸν πατέρ' ἐπέταξε νῦν,
ἐνδον καθείρξας, ἵνα θύραξε μὴ 'ξῆρ.
νόσον γὰρ ὁ πατήρ ἀλλόκοτον αὐτοῦ νοσεῖ,
ἡν οὐδ' ἂν εἰς γνοὴ ποτ' οὔδ' ἂν ἐξεμπάλοι,
εἰ μὴ πυθοῖθ' ἡμῶν· ἐπεὶ τοπάξετε.
'Αμυνίας μὲν ὁ Προνάπους φήσ' οὕτοσι εἶναι
φιλόκυβον αὐτῶν· ἀλλ' οὐδὲν λέγει.

Σ. μὰ Δ', ἀλλ' ἀφ' αὐτοῦ τὴν νόσον τεκμαίρεται.
Σ. οὔκ, ἀλλὰ φιλο μὲν ἐστὶν ἀρχή τοῦ κακοῦ.
οὐδ' δὲ φησι Σωσίας πρὸς Δερκύλου
εἶναι φιλοπότην αὐτῶν.

Ξ. ούδαμῶς γ', ἐπεὶ αὐτὴ γε χρηστῶν ἐστὶν ἀνδρῶν η νόσος.

Ξ. Νικόστρατος δ' αὖ φησιν ὁ Σκαμβωνίδης εἶναι
φιλοθύτην αὐτὸν ἡ φιλόξενον.
Ξ. μὰ τὸν κῦν', ὁ Νικόστρατ', οὐ φιλόξενος,
ἐπεὶ καταπύγων ἐστίν ὁ γε Φιλόξενος.

Ξ. ἄλλως φλυαρεῖτ'· οὗ γὰρ ἐξευρήσετε.
εἰ δὴ 'πιθυμεῖτ' εἰδέναι, σιγᾶτε νῦν.

φράσω γὰρ ἕδη τὴν νόσου τοῦ δεσπότου.
φιλημιασθῆς ἐστίν ὡς οὔδεὶς ἀνήρ,
ἐρα τε τούτου τοῦ δικάξεω, καὶ στένει,
ἡν μὴ' πί τοῦ πρῶτου καθίζηται ξύλου.

Ξ. ὦπων δ' ὅρα τῆς νυκτὸς οὔδε παστάλην.

οὐ δ' οὗ καταμύσῃ κἂν ἄχνην, ὁμοὶς ἐκεῖ
ἡ νοῦς πέτεται τὴν νύκτα περὶ τῆς κλεψύδραν.

υπὸ τοῦ δὲ τῆς ψῆφον γ' ἔχειν εἰωθέναι
Not too refined and exquisite for you,
Yet wittier far than vulgar comedy.
You see that great big man, the man asleep
Up on the roof, aloft: well, that’s our master.
He keeps his father here, shut up within,
And bids us guard him that he stir not out.
For he, the father, has a strange disease,
Which none of you will know, or yet conjecture,
Unless we tell: else, if you think so, guess.

Amyntias, there, the son of Pronapes,
Says he’s a dice-lover: but he’s quite out.

SO. Ah, he conjectures from his own disease.

XA. Nay, but the word does really end with -lover.
Then Sosias here observes to Dercylus,
That ’tis a DRINK-lover.

SO. Confound it, no:
That’s the disease of honest gentlemen.

XA. Then next, Nicostratus of Scambon says,
It is a sacrifice- or stranger-lover.

SO. What, like Philoxenus? No, by the dog,
Not quite so lewd, Nicostratus, as that.

XA. Come, you waste words: you’ll never find it out,
So all keep silence if you want to know.
I’ll tell you the disease old master has.
He is a LAWCOURT-lover, no man like him.
Judging is what he dotes on, and he weeps
Unless he sit on the front bench of all.
At night he gets no sleep, no, not one grain,
Or if he doze the tiniest speck, his soul
Flutters in dreams around the water-clock.

SO. Used he is to holding votes, he wakes

A Here and below Aristophanes makes certain spectators credit Philocleon with their own special weakness.

b The Scholiast explains φιλοθύτης = δεσιμάλμων, “superstitious.”

c By which the speeches of the advocates were timed.
ARISTOPHANES

tοὺς τρεῖς ἐξυνέχων τῶν δακτύλων ἀνίσταται,
ὡσπερ λιβανώτων ἐπιτιθεὶς νουμνήια.
καὶ νῇ Δ' ἦν ῥή γέ που γεγραμμένον
νίον Πυριλάμπτους ἐν θύρᾳ Δήμουν καλόν,
ἰὼν παρέγραψε πλησίον "κημὸς καλός."
τὸν ἀλεκτρούνα δ', ὡς ὡδ' ἀφ' ἐσπέρας, ἐφῇ
ὁψ' ἐξεγείρειν αὐτὸν ἀναπεπεισμένον,
παρὰ τῶν ὑπευθύνων ἔχοντα χρήματα.
εὐθὺς δ' ἀπὸ δορπηστοῦ κέκραγεν ἐμβάδας,
κάπειτ' ἐκεῖθ' ἐλθὼν προκαθεύδει πρὸ πάνυ,
ὡσπερ λεπᾶς προσεχόμενος τῷ κύονι.
ὑπὸ δυσκολίας δ' ἀπασὶ τιμῶν τὴν μακρὰν
ὡσπερ μέλιττ' ἡ βομβυλίος εἰσέρχεται,
ὑπὸ τοῖς ὄνυξι κηρὸν ἀναπεπλασμένος.
ψήφων δὲ δείσας μὴ δεμθεῖῃ ποτέ,
ἵν' ἔχοι δικάζειν, αἰγιαλὸν ἐνδον τρέφει.
τουαῦτ' ἀλυεὶ· νουθετούμενος δ' ἀεὶ
μᾶλλον δικάζει. τοῦτον οὖν φυλάττομεν
μοχλοῖς ἐνδήσαντες, ὡς ἄν μὴ ἔκη.
ὁ γὰρ οἰοὺς αὐτὸν τὴν νόσον βαρέως φέρει.
καὶ πρῶτα μὲν λόγουι παραμυθούμενος
ἀνέπεθεν αὐτὸν μὴ φορεῖν τρυβώνιον
μυηδ' ἐξίεναι θύρας' ὡς δ' οὐκ ἐπείθετο.
εἰτ' αὐτὸν ἀπέλου κακάθαιρ', ὡς δ' οὐ μάλα.
μετὰ τοῦτ' ἐκορυβάντις' ὡς δ' αὐτῶ τυμπάνῳ
ἀξίας ἐδίκαζεν εἰς τὸ Καίνον ἐμπεσὼν.
ὁτε δὴ δὲ ταύταις ταῖς τελεταῖς οὐκ ὦφελει,
διέπλευσεν εἰς Λήγων· εἶτα ἐξυλλαβὼν

a For this practice of lovers cf. A. 144.
b Demus was a youth of eminent beauty; cf. Plato, Gorg.
481 d, where Socrates says ἐγὼ μὲν ἐρῶ 'Αλκιβιάδου τε τοῦ Κλεινίου
καὶ φιλοσοφίας, σὺ δὲ τοῦ 'Αθηναίων δήμου καὶ τοῦ Πυριλάμπους.
With thumb and first two fingers closed, as one
That offers incense on a new moon's day.
If on a gate is written *Lovely Demus,*
Meaning the son of Pyrilamp, he goes
And writes beside it *Lovely Verdict-box.*
The cock which crew from eventide, he said,
Was tampered with, he knew, to call him late,
Bribed by officials whose accounts were due.
Supper scarce done, he clamours for his shoes,
Hurries ere daybreak to the Court, and sleeps
Stuck like a limpet to the doorpost there.
So sour he is, the long condemning line
He marks for all, then homeward like a bee
Laden with wax beneath his finger-nails.
Lest he lack votes, he keeps, to judge withal,
A private pebble-beach secure within.
Such is his frenzy, and the more you chide him
The more he judges: so with bolts and bars
We guard him straitly that he stir not out.
For ill the young man brooks his sire's disease.
And first he tried by soft emollient words
To win him over, not to don the cloak
Or walk abroad: but never a jot he yielded.
He washed and purged him then: but never a jot.
A Corybant next he made him, but old master,
Timbrel and all, into the New Court bursts
And there sits judging. So when these rites failed,
We cross the Strait, and, in Aegina, place him,

---

All officials at the close of their term of office had to submit
to an account (*εκθέσει*), and in cases where the public auditor was
not satisfied the matter would come before the dicasteries; *cf.* 571.

*Said by the Scholiast to be a parody of Euripides:* τοιαυτί άλλαν' νουθετούμενος δ' "Ερως | μᾶλλον πιέζει.
νύκτωρ κατέκλυνεν αὐτὸν εἰς Ἀσκληπιοῦν·
ὁ δ᾿ ἀνεφάνη κνεφαῖος ἐπὶ τῇ κυκλίδι.
ἐντεύθεν οὐκέτι αὐτὸν ἐξεφρείομεν.
ὁ δ᾿ ἐξεδιδρασκε διὰ τε τῶν ὦδρορροῶν
καὶ τῶν ὀπῶν· ἦμεις δ᾿ ὅσ᾿ ἦν τετρημένα
ἐνεβύσαμεν ρακίουσι κάπακτώσαμεν.
ὁ δ᾿ ὑσπερεὶ κολοίδος αὐτῷ παττάλους
ἐνέκρουεν εἰς τὸν τοίχον, εἴτ᾽ ἐξήλετο.
عظيم δὲ τὴν αὐθὴν ἄπασαν δικτύους
καταπετάσαντες εὖ κύκλῳ φυλάττομεν.
ἐστὶν δ᾿ ὄνομα τῶν μὲν γέροντι Φιλοκλέων,
ναὶ μᾶ Δία, τῶν δ᾿ νιεὶ γε τῶδε Βδελυκλέων,
ἔχων τρόπους φρυγαγμοσεμνάκους τινάς.

ΒΔΕΛΥΚΛΕΩΝ. ὡ Εανθία καὶ Σωσία, καθεύδετε;

ΣΑ. οἴμοι.

ΣΩ. τί ἐστιν;

ΒΔ. Βδελυκλέων ἀνύσταται.

ΒΔ. οὐ περιδραμεῖται σφῶν ταχέως ἀδιαφόροι·
ὁ γὰρ πατήρ εἰς τὸν ἵππον εἰσελήλυθεν
καὶ μυστολέιται καταδεδυκός. ἀλλ᾽ ἄθροι,
κατὰ τῆς πυκνὸς τὸ τρήμα ὑπὸς μὴ ἱδύσεται·
σὺ δὲ τῇ θύρᾳ πρόσκεισο.

ΣΩ. ταῦτ᾽, ὡ δέσποτα.

ΒΔ. ἄναξ Πόσειδον, τί ποτε ἄρ ἡ κάπνη ψοφεί;
οὔτος, τίς εἶ σὺ;

ΦΙΛΟΚΛΕΩΝ. καπνὸς ἑγὼν ἐξέρχομαι.

ΒΔ. καπνὸς; φέρ ώδε χύλου τίνος σὺ.

ΦΙ. συκίνου.

ΒΔ. νὴ τὸν Δίο οὐσπερ γά ἐστὶ δριμύτατος καπνῶν.

---

a A common method of seeking a cure.
b *i.e.* "Cleon-lover."
c *i.e.* "Cleon-abhorrer."
To sleep the night inside Asclepius’ temple: To sleep the night inside Asclepius’ temple: To sleep the night inside Asclepius’ temple:  
Lo! with the dawn he stands at the Court rails!  
Then, after that, we let him out no more.  
But he! he dodged along the pipes and gutters,  
And so made off: we block up every cranny,  
Stopping and stuffing them with clouts of rag:  
Quick he drove pegs into the wall, and clambered  
Up like an old jackdaw, and so hopped out.  
Now then, we compass all the house with nets,  
Spreading them round, and mew him safe within.  
Well, sirs, Philocleon b is the old man’s name;  
Ay truly; and the son’s, Bdelycleon c;  
A wondrous high-and-mighty mannered man.  
BDELYCLEON. Xanthias and Sosias! are ye fast asleep? XA. O dear!  
SO. What now?  
XA. Bdelycleon is up.  
BD. One of you two run hither instantly,  
For now my father’s got into the kitchen,  
Scurrying, mouselike, somewhere. Mind he don’t  
Slip through the hole for turning off the water.  
And you, keep pressing at the door.  
SO. Ay, ay, sir.  
BD. O heavens! what’s that? what makes the chimney  
rumble?  
Hallo, sir! who are you?  
PHILOCLEON. I’m smoke escaping.  
BD. Smoke? of what wood?  
PH. I’m of the fig-tree panel.  
BD. Ay, and there’s no more stinging smoke d than that.  

\[\text{\footnotesize \cite{419}}} \]
ARISTOPHANES

άτρο οὐκ ἔσπερρήσεις γε; ποῦ ἵσθη ή τηλία;
δύον πάλιν ἤπειρ' ἐπαναθῶ σοι καὶ ξύλον.
ἐνταῦθα νῦν ζητεῖ τιν' ἄλλην μηχανήν.
άτρο ἀθλίος γ' εἶμι ὡς ἔστερός γ' οὐδεὶς ἀνήρ,
όστις πατρὸς νῦν Καπνίου κεκλήσομαι.

ξα. νῦν τὴν θύραν ὥθει.

βδ. πιέζε νυν σφόδρα
ἐν κανδρικῶς· κάγω γὰρ ἐνταῦθ' ἐρχομαι.
καὶ τῆς κατακλείδος ἐπιμελοῦ καὶ τοῦ μοχλοῦ·
φύλαττε θ' ὅπως μή τὴν βάλανον ἐκτρώξεται.

φι. τὶ δράσετ'; οὐκ ἐκφρήσετ', ὡ μαρώτατοι,
δικάσουτά μ', ἀλλ' ἐκφεύξεται Δρακοντίδης;

βδ. σὺ δὲ τούτω βαρέως ἄν φέροις;

φι. ο γὰρ θεὸς
μαντευομένως μούχρησεν ἐν Δελφοῖς ποτὲ,
ὁταν τις ἐκφύγη μ', ἀποσκλῆναι τότε.

βδ. "Ἀπολλων ἀποτρόπαιε, τοῦ μαντεύματος.

φι. θ', ἀντιβολῶ σ', ἐκφρεῖ με, μὴ διαρραγῶ.

βδ. μὰ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, Φιλοκλέων, οὐδέποτε γε.

φι. διατρώξομαι τοῖνυν ὅδαι τὸ δίκτυον.

βδ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔχεις ὁδόντας.

φι. οἴμοι δεῖλαιος·
pῶς ἄν σ' ἀποκτείναμι; πῶς; δότε μοι ἔφος
ὅπως τάχιστ', ἣ πνάκιον τιμιττικόν.

βδ. ἀνθρώποσ οὔτος μέγα τι δρασεῖ κακόν.

φι. μὰ τὸν Δ' οὐ δῆτ', ἀλλ' ἀποδόσθαι βούλομαι
tὸν ὅνον ἅγων αὐτοίς τοῖς κανθηλίοις·
νομηνία γὰρ ἐστιν.

βδ. οὐκουν καὶ ἐγὼ
αὐτῶν ἀποδοίμην δῆτ' ἃν;

φι. οὐχ ὥσπερ γ' ἐγὼ.
Come, trundle back: what, won’t you? where’s the board?
In with you! nay, I’ll clap this log on too.
There now, invent some other stratagem.
But I’m the wretchedest man that ever was;
They’ll call me now the son of Chimney-smoked.a

so. He’s at the door now, pushing.
BD. Press it back then
With all your force: I’m coming there directly.
And O be careful of the bolt and bar,
And mind he does not nibble off the door-pin.
PH. (Within) Let me out, villains! let me out to judge.
What, shall Dracontides escape unpunished!
BD. What if he should?
PH. Why once, when I consulted
The Delphian oracle, the God replied,
That I should wither if a man escaped me.
BD. Apollo shield us, what a prophecy!
PH. O let me out, or I shall burst, I shall.
BD. No, by Poseidon! no, Philocleon, never!
PH. O then by Zeus I’ll nibble through the net.b
BD. You’ve got no teeth, my beauty.
PH. Fire and fury!
How shall I slay thee, how? Give me a sword,
Quick, quick, or else a damage-cessing tablet.c
BD. Hang it, he meditates some dreadful deed.
PH. O no, I don’t: I only want to take
And sell the donkey and his panniers too.
’Tis the new moon to-day.a

BD. And if it is,
Cannot I sell them?
PH. Not so well as I.

a Some disreputable Athenian.
b See l. 131.
da A special market-day.
μᾶ Δί', ἀλλ' ἄμεινον. ἄλλα τὸν ὄνον ἔξαγεν.

οὐν πρόφασιν καθήκεν, ὡς εἰρωνικῶς, ἰν' αὐτὸν ἐκπέμψειασ.

ἀλλ' οὖκ ἔσπασεν ταύτην γ'. ἐγὼ γὰρ ἡσθόμην τεχνωμένον.

κάνθων καὶ κλάεις ὅτι πεπράσει τήμερον; βάδιζε θάττων τί στένεις, εἰ μὴ χέρεις 'Οδυσσέα των';

ἀλλὰ ναὶ μᾶ Δία χέρει
cἀτῳ γε τοῦτον των' ὑποδεδυκοτα.

ποῖον; χέρ' ἰδωμαι.

τοῦτον.

τοῦτο τὶ ἢν;

τὶς εἶ ποτ', ὄνθρωπ', ἐτεόν; Ὀυτὶς νὴ Δία.

Ὀυτὶς σὺ; ποδαπός;

Ἰθακὸς 'Ἀποδρασιπῆδον. Ἐ

Ὀυτὶς μᾶ τὸν Δί' οὐ τὶ χαιρήσων γε σὺ. ὑφελκε θάττων αὐτόν. ὡ μιαρώτατος,

ἐν' ὑποδεδυκεν. ὡστ' ἐμοὶ ἱδάλληται ὁμοιότατος κλητήρος εἶναι πωλὼν.

ἐι μὴ μ' ἐάσεθ' ἰσύχως, μαχουμέθα.

περὶ τοῦ μαχεῖ νῶν δῆτα;

περὶ ὄνου σκιᾶς.

πονηρὸς εἰ πόρρῳ τέχνης καὶ παράβολος.

ἕω πονηρὸς; οὐ μᾶ Δί', ἀλλ' οὖκ οἰσθα σὺ

a Odysseus escaped from the cave of Polyphemus, to whom he had given his name as Oditis (l. 184), by clinging to a ram's belly. The donkey here has his stable just inside the hall-door.
BD. No, but much better: drive the donkey out.
XA. How well and craftily he dropped the bait
   To make you let him through.

BD. But he caught nothing
   That haul at least, for I perceived the trick.
   But I will in, and fetch the donkey out.
   No, no; he shan't come slipping through again.
   Donkey, why grieve? at being sold to-day?
   Gee up! why grunt and groan, unless you carry
   Some new Odysseus there? a

XA. And, in good truth,
   Here is a fellow clinging on beneath.

BD. Who? where?
XA. Why, here.
BD. Why, what in the world is this?
   Who are you, sirrah?

PH. Noman I, by Zeus.

BD. Where from?
PH. From Ithaca, son of Runaway.

BD. Noman I promise to no good you'll be.
   Drag him out there from under. O the villain,
   The place he had crept to! Now he seems to me
   The very image of a sompnour's b foal.

PH. Come now, hands off: or you and I shall fight.

BD. Fight! what about?

PH. About a donkey's shadow. c

BD. You're a born bad one, with your tricks and fetches.
PH. Bad! O my gracious! then you don't know yet

a R. thinks that ἄρητηρ may not only = "one who calls or
   summons to court," but also be slang for a donkey = "the caller,
   from its bray.

b A man hired an ass to carry him from Athens to Megara,
   but finding the sun hot sat down in its shadow, which the driver
   said did not belong to him, so that finally they went to Law about
   the "donkey's shadow."
ARISTOPHANES

νῦν μ' ὄντ' ἄριστον· ἀλλ' ἵσως, ὅταν φάγης ὑπογάστριον γέροντος ἡλιαστικοῦ.

BD. ὥθει τὸν ὄνον καὶ σαυτὸν εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν.

Φι. ὁ ξυνιδικασταὶ καὶ Kléων, ἄμυνατε.

BD. ἐνδον κέκραχθι τῆς θúρας κεκλεισμένης. ὥθει σὺ πολλοὺς τῶν λόθων πρὸς τὴν θúραν, καὶ τῆς βάλανου ἐμβαλλε πάλιν εἰς τὸν μοχλόν, καὶ, τῇ δοκῷ προσθεῖς, τὸν οἴλον τὸν μέγαν ἀνύσασι τί προσκύλιε γ'.

Σω. οὐμιοι δειλαιοί:

πόθεν ποτ' ἐμπέπττωκε μοι τὸ βωλίον;

Ξα. ἵσως ἀνωθεν μῦς ἐνεβαλε σοι ποθεν.

Σω. μῦς; οὔ μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ὑποδούμενος τις οὔτοι σὺ τῶν κεραμίδων ἡλιαστής ὁροφιά.

BD. οὐμοι κακοδαίμων, στρουθός ἄνὴρ γίγνεται· ἐκπτήσεται. ποῦ ποῦ ἑστὶ μοι τὸ δίκτυν; σοῦ σοῦ, πάλιν σοῦ. νὴ Δί' ἢ μοι κρείττον ἢν τηρεῖν Σκιώνην ἀντὶ τοῦτο τοῦ πατρός.

Σω. ἄγε νῦν, ἔπειδή τούτοι σεσοβήκαμεν,

καῦκ ἐσθ' ὅπως διαδός ἄν ἡμᾶς ἐτι λάθου,

τι οὐκ ἀπεκουμηθήμεν ὅσον ὅσον στίλην;

BD. ἀλλ', ὁ πόνηρ', ἦξουσιν ὄλγον ύστερον

οἱ ξυνιδικασταὶ παρακαλοῦντες τούτοι τὸν πατέρα.

Σω. τί λέγεις; ἀλλὰ νῦν ὀρθος βαθύς.

BD. νὴ τὸν Δί', ὥθε γοῦν ἀνεστήκασι νῦν.

ὡς ἀπὸ μέσων νυκτῶν γε παρακαλοῦσ' ἀεί,

λύχνους ἔχοντες καὶ μνημίζοντες μέλη

ἀρχαιομελισσωδωνοφρυνιχήρατα,

---

a "The stuffed paunch of an ass was accounted a delicacy at Athens": R.

424
How good I am: but wait until you taste
The seasoned paunchlet of a prime old judge.\(^a\)

**BD.** Get along in, you and your donkey too.

**PH.** O help me, fellow-dicasts: help me, Cleon!

**BD.** Bellow within there when the door is shut.
Now pile a heap of stones against the door,
And shoot the door-pin home into the bar,
And heave the beam athwart it, and roll up,
Quick, the great mortar-block.

**SO.** (Starting) Save us! what's that?
Whence fell that clod of dirt upon my head?

**XA.** Belike some mouse dislodged it from above.

**SO.** A mouse? O, no, a rafter-haunting dicast,
Wriggling about behind the tiling there.

**BD.** Good lack! the man is changing to a sparrow
Sure he'll fly off: where, where's the casting-net?
Shoo! shoo there! shoo! 'Fore Zeus, 'twere easier work
To guard Scione\(^b\) than a sire like this.

**SO.** Well but at last we have fairly scared him in,
He can't slip out, he can't elude us now,
So why not slumber just a—just a—drop?

**BD.** Slumber, you rogue! when in a little while
His fellow-justices will come this way
Calling him up.

**SO.** Why sir, 'tis twilight yet.

**BD.** Why then, by Zeus, they are very late to-day.
Soon after midnight is their usual time
To come here, carrying lights, and warbling tunes
Sweet-charming-old-Sidono-Phrynichean\(^c\)

---

\(^a\) Scione, on the peninsula of Pallene, was at the time closely besieged by a large Athenian force.

\(^b\) Lyrics from the *Phoenissae* of Phrynichus, published about fifty-five years earlier.
They are dressed up to resemble Wasps, armed with formidable stings": R.

For the capture of Byzantium in 478 see Thuc. i. 94.

Sent with 20 ships to Sicily in 427, but recalled two years later, and probably accused by Cleon of peculation.
THE WASPS, 221-241

Wherewith they call him out.

so. And if they come.

Had we not better pelt them with some stones?

BD. Pelt them, you rogue! you might as well provoke
A nest of wasps as anger these old men.
Each wears beside his loins a deadly sting, 
Wherewith they smite, and on with yells and cries
They leap, and strike at you, like sparks of fire.

so. Tut, never trouble, give me but some stones,
I'll chase the biggest wasps-nest of them all.

chorus. Step out, step out, my comrades stout:
no loitering, Comias, pound along,
You're shirking now, you used, I vow,
to pull as tough as leathern thong,
Yet now, with ease, Charinades
can walk a brisker pace than you.
Ho! Strymodore of Conthylè,
the best of all our dicast crew,
Has old Euergides appeared,
and Chabes too from Phlya, pray?
Ah! here it strains, the poor remains,
 alas! alas! alack the day,
Of that mad set, I mind it yet,
when once we paced our nightly round,
In years gone by, both you and I,
along Byzantium's wall, and found
And stole away the baker's tray,
and sliced it up, and chopped it well,
A merry blaze therewith to raise,
and so we cooked our pimpernel.
On, on again, with might and main:
for Laches' turn is come to-day:
Quick, look alive, a splendid hive
of wealth the fellow's got, they say.

427
χθές οὖν Κλέων ὁ κηδεμών ἡμῖν ἐφείτ' ἐν ὁρα ἦκεν ἐχοντας ἠμερῶν ὄργην τριῶν πονηρᾶν ἐπὶ αὐτόν, ὡς κολωμένους δὲν ἦδίκησεν. ἀλλὰ σπεύδωμεν, ὄνδρες ἥλικες, πρὶν ἠμέραν γενέσθαι, 245 χωρώμεν, ἀμα τε τῷ λύχνῳ πάντῃ διασκοπῶμεν. μή που λίθων τις ἐμποδῶν ἡμᾶς κακὸν τι δράσῃ.

ΠΑΙΣ. τὸν πηλόν, ὡ πάτερ πάτερ, τούτοις φύλαξαι.

ΧΟ. κάρφος χαμάθεν νυν λαβών τὸν λύχνου πρόβυσον.

ΠΑΙΣ. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τῳδὶ μοι δοκῶ τὸν λύχνου προβύσεων. 250

ΧΟ. τι δὴ μαθὼν τῷ δακτύλῳ τὴν θρυαλλίδ' ὥθεις, καὶ ταῦτα τούλαίου σπανίζοντος, ὑνόητε; οὐ γὰρ δάκνει σ', ὅταν δέῃ τίμιον πρίασθαι.

ΠΑΙΣ. εἰ νὴ Δι' αὖθις κονδύλους νουθετήσεθ' ἡμᾶς, ἀποσβέσαντες τοὺς λύχνους ἀπιμεν οἶκαδ' αὑτοί. 255 κάπειτ' ὀσῶς ἐν τῷ σκότῳ τούτοις στερηθείς τὸν πηλὸν ὀδιπερ ἀπαγάς τυρβάσεις βαδίζων.

ΧΟ. ἢ μὴν ἐγὼ σοῦ χάτερους μείζονας κολάζω.

---

a Soldiers commonly carried three days' rations.

428
And Cleon too, our patron true,
enjoined us each betimes to bring
Of anger sore an ample store,
a good three days’ provisioning:
On all the man’s unrighteous plans
a vengeance well-deserved to take.
Come, every dear and tried compeer,
come, quickly come, ere morning break,
And as you go, be sure you throw
the light around on every side;
Lest somewhere nigh a stone may lie,
and we therefrom be damnified.
boy. O father, father, here’s some mud!
look sharp or in you’ll go.
ch. Pick up a stick, and trim the wick,
a better light to show.
boy. Nay, father, with my finger, thus,
I choose to trim the lamp.
ch. How dare you rout the wick about,
you little wasteful scamp,
And that with oil so scarce? but no,
it don’t disturb your quiet,
However dear the oil may be,
when I have got to buy it.
boy. If with your knuckles once again
you ’monish us, I swear
We’ll douse the light, and take to flight,
and leave you floundering there.
Then wading on without the lamp
in darkness, I’ll be bound
You’ll stir and splash the mud about,
like snipes in marshy ground.
ch. Ah, greater men than you, my boy,
’tis often mine to beat.
ARISTOPHANES

άλλ’ οὔτοσί μοι βόρβορος φαίνεται πατούντι·
κοῦκ ἐσθ’ ὅπως οὖχ ἡμερῶν τεττάρων τὸ πλεῖστον
vard ἀναγκαῖος ἔχει τὸν θεὸν ποιῆσαι.
ἐπεισὶ γοῦν τοῖσιν λύχνοις οὕτωι μύκητες·
φιλεὶ δ’, ὅταν τοῦτ’ ἤ’ ποιεῖν υπεύχων μάλιστα.
δεῖται δὲ καὶ τῶν καρπίμων ἀττα μὴ ἕστι πρῶ
vard γενέσθαι καπιτεύσαι βόρειον αὐτοῖς.
τί χρῆμ’ ἀρ’ οὐκ τῆς οἰκίας τῆς δευτεράκοιας
πέπονθεν, ὡς οὐ φαίνεται δεύρο πρὸς τὸ πλῆθος;
οὐ μὴν πρὸ τοῦ γ’ ἐφολκός ἦν, ἄλλα πρῶτος ἡμῶν
ἡγεῖτ’ ἂν ἄδων Φρυνίχου· καὶ γάρ ἐστιν ἀνήρ
φιλωδός. ἄλλα μοι δοκεῖ στάντας ἐνθάδ’, ὅμδρες,
ἄδουντας αὐτὸν ἐκκαλεῖν, ἣν τί πως ἀκοῦσας
τοῦμοι μέλους ὕφ’ ἠδονῆς ἐρπύσῃ θύραζε.

τί ποτ’ οὐ πρὸ θυρῶν

[στρ.

φαίνετ’ ἄρ’ ἡμῖν ὁ γέρων οὐδ’ ὑπακοῦει;

μῶν ἀπολολέκει τὰς

ἐμβάδας, ἦ προσέκοψ’

For this sign of rain cf. Virg. Georg. i. 391 “testa quum ardente viderent | scintillare oleum, et putres concrescere fungos,” where fungos exactly corresponds to μύκητες “mushrooms.”
THE WASPS, 259–275

But, bless me, this is filth indeed
   I feel beneath my feet:
Ay, and within four days from this,
   or sooner, it is plain,
God will send down upon our town
   a fresh supply of rain:
So dense and thick around the wick
   these thieves collect and gather,
And that’s, as everybody knows,
   a sign of heavy weather.
Well, well, ’tis useful for the fruits,
   and all the backward trees,
To have a timely fall of rain,
   and eke a good North breeze.
But how is this? Our friend not here!
   how comes it he’s so slack?
By Zeus, he never used to be
   at all a hanger-back.
He always marched before us all,
   on legal cares intent,
And some old tune of Phrynichus
   he warbled as he went.
O he’s a wonder for the songs!
   Come, comrades, one and all,
Come stand around the house, and sing,
   its master forth to call.
If once he hears me tuning up,
   I know it won’t be long
Before he comes creep, creeping out,
   from pleasure at the song.

How is it our friend is not here to receive us?
   Why comes he not forth from his dwelling?
Can it be that he’s had the misfortune to lose
   His one pair of shoes;
ARKISTOPHANES

ἐν τῷ σκότῳ τῶν δάκτυλῶν ποιο[ποδόσ,] ἐπὶ ἐφλέγμην
tὸ σφυρὸν γέροντος ὁντος; καὶ τάχ᾽ ἂν βουβωνιῶσ.
ἡ μὴν πολὺ δρµύτατός γ᾽ ἢ μὲν τῶν παρ᾽ ἡμῖν,
καὶ μόνος οὐκ ἂν ἐπείθητ᾽, ἀλλ᾽ ὀπότ᾽ ἀντιβολοῦντ᾽
tις, κατὼ κυπτὼν ἂν οὔτω, "λίθον ἐφεσιν," ἐλεγεν.

τάχα δ᾽ ἂν διὰ τὸν ἄντ.
χθιζων ἄνθρωπον, ὡς ἡμᾶς διεδύετ᾽ ἐξαπατών, ὁ λέγων
ὡς φιλαθήναιος ἢν
καὶ τὰν Σάμων πρῶτος κατείποι,
diὰ τοῦτ᾽ ὀδυνθεῖς
ἐντ᾽ ὕσσος κεῖται πυρέττων.
ἔστι γὰρ τοιοῦτος ἄνήρ.
ἀλλ᾽, ὁγάθ᾽, ἀνίστασο μηδ᾽ οὔτω σεαυτὸν
ἐσθιε, μηδ᾽ ἀγανάκτει.
καὶ γὰρ ἄνήρ παχὺς ἦκει
tῶν προδότων τὰπὶ Ὄρακης·
ἐν ὁπως ἐγχυτρυεῖς.

ὑπαγ᾽, ὦ παῖ, ὑπαγε.

ΠΑΙΣ. ἐθελήσεις τί μοι οὖν, ὦ
πάτερ, ἦν σοῦ τι δειθῶ; [στρ.

ΧΟ. πάνυ γ᾽, ὦ παιδίου. ἀλλ᾽ εἰ-
πὲ τί βούλει με πρίσασθαι
καλὸν; οἴμαι δὲ σ᾽ ἐρείν ἀ-
στραγάλους δήπολεν, [ὃ παῖ.
Or striking his toe in the dark, by the grievous
Contusion is lamed, and his ankle inflamed?
Or his groin has, it may be, a swelling.
He of us all, I ween,
Was evermore the austerest, and most keen.
    Alone no prayers he heeded:
    Whene'er for grace they pleaded,
    He bent (like this) his head,
    You cook a stone, he said.

Is it all of that yesterday's man who eajoled us,
    And slipped through our hands, the deceiver,
Pretending a lover of Athens to be,
    Pretending that he
Was the first, of the Samian rebellion a that told us?
Our friend may be sick with disgust at the trick,
    And be now lying ill of a fever.
    That would be like him quite.
But now up, up, nor gnaw your soul with spite
    There comes a traitor base,
    A wealthy rogue from Thraee. b
    Safe in our toils we've got him,
Up, up, old friend, and pot him!

On with you, boy, on with you.

BOY.
    Father, if a boon I pray,
    Will you grant it, father, eh?
CH.
    Certainly I will, my son.
Tell me what you'd have me buy,
    Dibs, c my son? Hey, my son?
    Dibs it is, undoubtedly.

a "The Revolt of Samos in 440 which for a moment imperilled the whole fabric of Athenian power": R.
b Where the Spartan general Brasidas was at the time causing great trouble.
c Lit. "knuckle-bones."
ARISTOPHANES

ΠΑΙΣ. μὰ Δί', ἄλλ' ἴσχάδας, ὥ παπ-πία· ἤδιον γάρ.
ΧΩ. οὐκ ἂν
μὰ Δί', εἰ κρέμαισθέ γ' ὑμεῖς.
ΠΑΙΣ. μὰ Δί' οὐ τάρα προπέμψω σε τὸ λοιπὸν.
ΧΩ. ἀπὸ γὰρ τούδε με τοῦ μυσθαρίου
τρίτον αὐτὸν ἔχειν ἀλφίτα δεῖ καὶ
ἐύλα κώψον·
οὐ δὲ σύκὰ µ' αἰτεῖς.

ΠΑΙΣ. ἵπε νῦν, ὥ πάτερ, ἢν µη
τὸ δικαστήριον ἀρχων
καθίσῃ νῦν, πόθεν ὦνη-σόμεθ' ἀριστον;
ἐχεις ἐλ-
πίδα χρηστήν 
των νᾶν ἢ
πόρον Ἑλλας ἱερόν;
ΧΩ. ἀπαπαί, φεῦ, ἀπαπαί, φεῦ,
μὰ Δί' οὐκ ἐγὼγε νῶν οἶδ'
ὀπόθεν 
γε δείπνον ἐσται.

ΠΑΙΣ. 
τὶ 
μὲ 

δῆτ', ὥ 
μελέα 
μήτερ, 
ἐτικτες,
ν' ἐμοὶ 
πράγματα 
βόσκεων 
παρέχης;
ΧΩ. 
ἀνόνητον 
ἀρ' ὥ 
θυλάκιον 
σ' εἶ-
χον 
ἀγαλμα.

ΠΑΙΣ. 
ἐ ἐ.

πάρα νῶν 
στενάζειν.

ΦΙ. 

φίλου, τήκομαι 
μὲν 
πάλαι 
διὰ 

τῆς 

ὁπῆς

a The boy uses πόρος in the sense of resource, and then "goes on humming some well-known words of Pindar in which πόρον means a ford, 'the sacred ford of Helle'": R.

434
THE WASPS, 296–317

**boy.** Dibs, my father! No, my father!
Figs! for they are sweeter far.

**ch.** You be hanged first: yet you shall not
Have them, monkey, when you are.

**boy.** Then, my father, woe betide you!
Not another step I'll guide you.

**ch.** Is it not enough that I
With this paltry pay must buy
Fuel, bread, and sauce for three?
Must I needs buy figs for thee!

**boy.** Father, if the Archon say
That the Court won't sit to-day.
Tell me truly, father mine,
Have we wherewithal to dine?
O my father, should not we
Then in "Straits of Helle" a be?

**ch.** Out upon it! out upon it!
Then, indeed, I should not know
For a little bit of supper
Whither in this world to go.

**boy.** Why, my mother, didst thou breed me,
giving nothing else to feed me, b
But a store of legal woe?

**ch.** Empty scrip! O empty show,
Bootless, fruitless ornament!

**boy.** O! O! woe! woe!
Ours to sorrow and lament.

**ph.** (Appearing above) Long my reins have been stirred,
Long through chinks have I heard,

b A parody of a θηφίως from the Theseus of Euripides spoken by boys sent to be food for the Minotaur.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ήμων ὑπακούων.

άλλα γὰρ οὐχ οἰός τ' εἰμ' ἁδεν. τί ποιήσω;

τηροῦμαι δ' ὑπὸ τῶν', ἐπεὶ βουλομαι γε πάλαι μεθ' ὑ-

μῶν ἐλθὼν ἐπὶ τοὺς καδί-

σκους κακόν τι ποιήσαι.

ἄλλ', ὦ Ζεὺς μεγαβρόντα,

ἡ με ποίησον καπνὸν ἕξαϊφνης,

ἡ Προξενίδην, ἢ τὸν Σέλλον
tοῦτον τὸν ψευδαμάμαξιν.

τόλμησον, ἀναξ, χαρίσασθαί μοι,

πάθος οἴκτείρας·

ἡ με κεραυνῷ διατυθαλέω σπόδισον ταχέως·

κάπετ' ἄνελων μ' ἀποφυσήσας
eis ὁξάλμην ἐμβαλε θερμῆν·

ἡ δῆτα λίθον με ποίησον ἐφ' οὗ
tὰς χορίνας ἀριθμοῦσιν.

ΧΟ. τὸς γὰρ ἐσθ' ὁ ταῦτα σ' εἴργων [στρ.

καποκλείων τῇ θύρᾳ; λέξ-

ον· πρὸς εὖνοσ γὰρ φράσεις.

ΦΙ. οὐμὸς νιὸς. ἀλλὰ μὴ βοάτε· καὶ γὰρ τυγχάνει

οὔτοι πρόσθεν καθεύδων. ἄλλ' ὑφεσθε τοῦ τόνου.

ΧΟ. τοῦ δ' ἐφεξίν, ὃ μάταιε, ταῦτα δράν σε βουλεῖται;

τίνα πρόφασιν τ' ἔχων;

ΦΙ. οὐκ εὖ μ', ὄνδρε, δικάζειν οὐδὲ δράν οὐδὲν κακόν, 34

ἀλλὰ μ' εὐωχεῖν ἐτομός ἐστ'· ἐγὼ δ' οὐ βουλομαι.

a An empty blusterer, cf. B. 1126.

b Aeschines, cf. 459, 1243, another empty boaster; "the
tree-vine is adopted as his emblem, because of the prodigious
splutter it makes while burning"; R.

436
Heard your voices below.
Vain my efforts to sing,
These forbid me to go.
Vainly my sad heart yearns,
Yearns to be marching with you,
On to the judgement urns,
There some mischief to do.
O change to smoke by a lightning stroke,
Dread-thundering Zeus! this body of mine,
Till I’m like Proxenides,\(^a\) like the son
    Of Sellus,\(^b\) that false tree-vine.
O Sovereign, pity my woeful lot,
Vouchsafe to grant me my heart’s desire,
Fry me in dust with a glittering, hot,
    Red bolt of celestial fire,
Then take me up with thy hand divine,
And puff me, and plunge me in scalding brine.
Or turn me into the stone, whereon
They count the votes when the trial is done.

CH. Who is he that thus detains you?
    Who with bolted door restrains you?
    Tell us, you will speak to friends.

PH. ’Tis my son, but don’t be bawling:
    for he’s slumbering now at ease
There, upon the roof before you:
    drop your tone a little, please.

CH. What’s his object, idle trifler,
    that he does such things as these?
What’s the motive he pretends?

PH. He will let me do no mischief,
    and no more a lawsuit try.
True it is he’ll feast and pet me,
    but with that I won’t comply.
ARISTOPHANES

xo. τούτ' ἐτόλμησ' ὁ μιαρὸς χα- 

νεῖν ὁ Δημολογοκλέων ὅδ', 

ὅτι λέγεις σὺ 

τι περὶ τῶν νεῶν ἀληθέσεις. 

οὐ γὰρ ἂν ποθ' οὔτος ἀνήρ 

toύτ' ἐτόλμησεν λέγειν, εἰ 

μὴ ἔμνωμότης τις ᾦν. 

ἀλλ' ἐκ τούτων ὃρα τινά σοι ξητεῖν καὶ ἴν ἐπίνοιαν, 

ῆτις σελάθρατανδρότουδι καταβηναι δεύροποιήσει. 

φι. τίς ἂν οὖν εἴη; ξητείθ' ύμεῖς, ὡς πάν ἂν ἐγώνε 

ποιοῖν' 

οὔτω κινττώ διὰ τῶν σανίδων μετὰ χοιρίνης 

περιέλθειν. 

xo. ἐστιν ὅπῃ δῆθ' ἔτιν' ἂν ἐνδοθεν οἶος τ' εἴης διορúdeι, 

εἰτ' ἐκδύναι ράκεσιν κρυφθεῖς, ὥσπερ πολύμητι 

'Οδυσσεύς; 

φι. πάντα πέφρακται κοὐκ ἐστιν ὅπῃ οὖδ' εἰ σέρφω 

διαδύναι. 

ἀλλ' ἀλλο τι δεὶ ξητεῖν ύμᾶς· ὅπιαν δ' οὐκ ἐστι 

γενέσθαι. 

xo. μέμνησαι δῆθ', ὅτ' ἐπὶ στρατιάς κλέψας ποτὲ τοὺς 

ὀβελίσκους 

ἰεῖς σαυτὸν κατὰ τοῦ τείχους ταχέως, ὅτε Νάξος 

ἐάλω; 

φι. οἶδ' ἀλλὰ τί τούτ' ὁ δὲν γὰρ τούτ' ἐστιν ἐκείνῳ 

προσόμοιον. 

ἠβῶν γὰρ κάδυνάμην κλέπτειν, ἵσχυον τ' αὐτὸς 

ἐμαυτὸν, 

κοῦδεῖς μ' ἐφύλαττ', ἀλλ' ἐξῆν. μοι

---

\[a\] The dicasts so call Bdelycleon in their anger, forgetting that the "obnoxious nickname suits their patron Cleon better": R.

\[b\] "Lists or notice-boards of the Court, probably suspended"
THE WASPS, 342–358

CH. This the Demagogeleon a blared
Out against you, since you dared
Truth about the fleet to show.
He must be involved, I see,
In some dark conspiracy,
Else he durst not use you so.
It is time some means of escape to find,
some novel, ingenious plan, that so,
Unseen of your son, you may get you down,
alighting in safety here below.

PH. O what shall it be? consider it ye!
I’m ready to do whatever is planned:
So sorely I’m longing a circuit to go,
through the lists b of the Court, with a vote in my hand.

CH. Can you find no cranny or secret run,
through which, from within, your path to urge,
And then like wily Odysseus, here,
disguised in tatters and rags, c emerge?

PH. Each cranny is barred: there’s never a run,
thro’ which though it were but a midge could squeeze.
You must think, if you can, of a likelier plan:
I can’t run out like a runnet cheese.

CH. O don’t you remember the old campaign,
when you stole the spit, and let yourself down,
And away by the side of the wall you hied?
’Twas when we had captured Naxos town. d

PH. Ah, well I remember! but what of that?
it is quite another affair to-day.
For then I was young, and then I could steal,
and over myself I possessed full sway.

And then none guarded my steps, but I
in some part of the building, along which the dicasts passed to record their votes” : R.

* Such as Odysseus wore when he ventured into beleaguered Troy; cf. Hom. Od. iv. 245.

a In 476; cf. Thuc. i. 98.
ARISTOPHANES

φεύγειν ἀδεώς. νῦν δὲ ξύν ὁπλοὺς ἀνδρεῖς ὀπλίται διαταξάμενοι
cata τὰς διόδους σκοπιωροῦνται,
tῶ δὲ δὺ αὐτῶν ἐπὶ ταῖς θύραις
ὡσπερ μὲ γαλῆν κρέα κλέφασαν
τηροῦσιν ἔχοντι ὄβελισκοὺς.

χο. ἀλλὰ καὶ νῦν ἐκπόριζε
μηχανήν ὅπως τάχισθ'· ἔ-

[ἀντ. 36]

φι. διατραγεῖν τοῖνυν κράτιστον ἐστὶ μοι τὸ δίκτυν.
ἡ δὲ μοι Δίκτυννα συγγνώμην ἔχοι τοῦ δικτύου.

χο. ταύτα μὲν πρὸς ἀνδρός ἐστ' ἀνοῦτος ἐς σωτηρίαν.

ἀλλ' ἐπαγε τὴν γνάθων.

[ἀντ. 37]

φι. διατέτρωκται τοῦτό γ'. ἀλλὰ μὴ βοάτε μηδαμῶς,
ἀλλὰ τηρὼμεσθ', ὅπως μὴ Βδελυκλέων αἰσθήσεται.

χο. μηδέν, ὦ τάν, δέδιθι, μηδέν·

ὡς ἐγὼ τοῦτον γ', ἐὰν γρῦ-

η τι, ποιή-

σω δακεῖν τὴν καρδίαν καὶ
tὸν περὶ ψυχῆς δρόμον δρα-

μεῖν, ἢ ἐιδῆ μὴ πατεῖν τὰ
tαίν θεαῖν ψηφίσματα.

ἀλλ' ἐξάμασι διὰ τῆς θυρίδος τὸ καλώδιον ἐίτα καθίμα
dῆσας σαυτὸν καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐμπλησάμενος Διο-

πείθουσ.

---

a i.e. Artemis. The name is here clearly connected with δίκτυον; elsewhere with Mt. Dipte in Crete.
b They formerly (l. 345) charged him with being a traitor; now they will accuse him of "violating the mysteries" (of Demeter 440
Was free, wherever I chose, to fly;
Whilst now, in every alley and street,
Armed men with arms are stationed about,
Watching with care that I steal not out.
And there at the gate you may see those two
Waiting with spits to spit me through,
Like a cat that is running away with the meat.

CH. Well but now be quickly shaping
Some contrivance for escaping;
Morning breaks, my honey-bee.

PH. Then the best that I can think of,
Is to gnaw these meshes through.
May Dictynna, a queen of hunters,
Pardon me the deed I do.

CH. Spoken like a man whose efforts
Will salvation's goal ensue.
Ply your jaw then lustily.

PH. There, I've gnawn them through completely
—Ah! but do not raise a shout,
We must use the greatest caution,
Lest Bdelycleon find us out.

CH. Fear not: fear not: if he speak,
He shall gnaw his heart, and seek
For his life to run amain.
We will quickly make him learn
Nevermore again to spurn
Th' holy statutes of the Twain. b

So now to the window lash the cord,
And twine it securely your limbs around.
With all Diopeithes c fill your soul,
Then let yourself cleverly down to the ground.

and Persephone) but, having a legal mind, substitute ψηφίσματα for μυστήρια.

* i.e. with a fine frenzy like that of the soothsayer Diopeithes; for whom cf. K. 1085, B. 988.
ARISTOPHANES

ΦΙ. ἀγε νῦν, ἣν αἰσθομένω τούτω ζητήτον μ’ ἐσκαλαμάσθαι
κάνασπαστὸν ποιεῖν εἴσω, τί ποιήσετε; φράζετε νυνί.

ΧΩ. ἀμνομέν σου τὸν πρινώδη θυμὸν ἄπαντες καλέσατε,
ὡς᾽ ὅποι δυνατὸν σ᾽ εἰργεῖν ἔσται, τοιαῦτα ποιήσομεν ἥμεις.

ΦΙ. δράσω τοίνυν ὑμῖν πίσυνος· καὶ μανθάνετ· ἢν τι
πάθω γώ, ἀνελόντες καὶ κατακλαύσαντες θεῖναί μ’ ὑπὸ τοῖς
δρυφάκτοις.

ΧΩ. οὐδὲν πείσει· μηδὲν δείσης. ἀλλ᾽, ὃ βέλτιστε, καθίει
σαυτὸν θαρρῶν καπενξάμενον τοῖς πατρῷοις
θεοῖσιν.

ΦΙ. ὃ Λύκε δέσποτα, γείτων ἤρως· σοὶ γὰρ οἶσπερ ἐγὼ
κεχάρησαι,
τοῖς δακρύωσιν τῶν φευγόντων ἄεὶ καὶ τοῖς
όλοφυμοῖς·
ἀκησας γοῦν ἐπίτηδες ὑδν ἐνταῦθ᾽, ἵνα ταῦτ᾽
ἀκρωφο,
καβουλήθης μόνος ἥρων παρὰ τὸν κλάοντα
καθήσοι.

ἐλέησον καὶ σώσον νυνὶ τὸν σαυτὸν πλησιόχωρον. κοῦ
μη ποτὲ σοι παρὰ τὰς κάννας οὐρήσω μηδ᾽
apopárdw.

ΒΔ. οὕτως, ἐγείρου.

ΣΩ. τί τὸ πράγμ᾽;

ΒΔ. ὤσπερ φωνὴ μὲ τις ἐγκεκύκλωται. 395

ΣΩ. μῶν ὁ γέρων τῆς διαδύς ἔλαθεν;
But suppose they catch me suspended here,
   and hoist me up by the line again,
And angle me into the house once more,
   say what ye will do to deliver me then.

Our hearts of oak we'll summon to aid,
   and all give battle at once for you.
'Twere vain to attempt to detain you more:
   such wonderful feats we are going to do.

This then will I do, confiding in you:
   and if anything happens to me, I implore
That you take me up and bewail my fate,
   and bury me under the court-house floor.

O nothing, nothing will happen to you:
   keep up, old comrade, your heart and hope;
First breathe a prayer to your father's gods:
   then let yourself down by the trusty rope.

'O Lycus, neighbour and hero and lord!
   thou lovest the selfsame pleasures as I;
Day after day we both enjoy
   the suppliant's tears and his wailing cry.
Thou comest here thine abode to fix,
   on purpose to listen to sounds so sweet,
The only hero of all that deigns
   by the mourner's side to assume his seat:
O pity thine old familiar friend:
   O save me and succour me, Power Divine!
And never again will I do my needs
   by the osier matting that guards thy shrine.

Get up, get up.

Why, what's in the wind?

Some voice seems circling me round and round.

Is the old man slipping away thro' a hole?

"The patron hero of all the Athenian dicasteries; cf. 819": R.

B. suddenly reappears and wakes up the slumbering slaves.
μᾶ Δι' οὐ δῆτ', ἀλλὰ καθιμὰ
αὐτὸν δῆσας.

ὦ μιαρώτατε, τί ποιεῖς; οὐ μὴ καταβῆσει;

ἀνάβαι ἀνύσας κατὰ τὴν ἐτέραν καὶ ταῖς

φυλλασί παίε,

ἡν πως πρύμνην ἀνακρούσῃται πληγεῖσ ταῖς
eἰρεσιώναις.

οὐ ἐξυλλήψεσθ᾽ ὅποσοισι δίκαι τῆτες μέλλουσιν ἔσεσθαι,

ὂ Σμικεθίων καὶ Τισιάδη καὶ Χρήμων καὶ

Φερεδείπυς;

πότε δ', εἰ μὴ νῦν, ἐπαρῆξετε μοι, πρὶν μ' εἴσω

μᾶλλον ἄγεσθαι;

εἰπέ μοι, τί μέλλομεν κινεῖν ἐκεῖνη τὴν χολήν,

ἡπερ, ἥμικ' ἄν τις ἡμῶν ὄργίσῃ τὴν σφηκίαν;


νῦν ἐκείνῳ νῦν ἐκείνῳ
tουξύθυμου, ὦ κολαζό-

μεσθά, κέντρον ἐντέταται ὅξυ.

ἀλλὰ θαυμάστα λαβόντες ὦς τάχιστα, παιδία,

θείτε καὶ βοᾷ, καὶ Κλέωνι ταῦτ' ἀγγέλλετε,

καὶ κελεύετ' αὐτὸν ἥκειν

ὡς ἑπ' ἄνδρα μισόπολιν
οὐτα καπολούμενον, ὅτι
tόνδε λόγον εἰσφέρει,

[ὡς χρῆ] μὴ δυκάξεων δίκας.

ὡς ἀγαθῶι, τὸ πρᾶγμα ἀκούσατ', ἀλλὰ μὴ κεκράγετε.

νῇ Δι' εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν γ'.

ὡς τοῦτ' ἐγὼ οὐ μεθήσομαι.

---

Or "harvest-wreath," hanging about the door; cf. K. 729.
BD. No, by Zeus, but he lets himself down to the ground
Tied on to the rope.
so. You infamous wretch!
what, won’t you be quiet and not come down?
BD. Climb up by the other window-sill,
and wallop him well with the harvest crown.
I warrant he’ll speedily back stern first,
when he’s thrashed with the branch of autumnal fruits.
PH. Help! help! all those whoever propose
this year to busy themselves with suits.
Smicythion, help! Tisiades, help!
PhereDeipnus, Chremon, the fray begin:
O now or never assist your friend,
before I’m carried away within
CH. Wherefore slumbers, wherefore slumbers,
that resentment in our breast,
Such as when a rash assailant
dares provoke our hornets-nest?
Now protruding, now protruding,
Comes the fierce and dreadful sting,
Which we wield for punishing.
Children, hold these garments for us:
then away with all your speed,
Shout and run and bawl to Cleon,
tell him of this direful deed;
Bid him quickly hither fly
As against a city-hater,
And a traitor doomed to die,
One who actually proposes
That we should no lawsuits try.
BD. Listen, worthy sirs, to reason:
   goodness! don’t keep screaming so.
CH. Scream! we’ll scream as high as heaven.
BD. I don’t intend to let him go.
ARISTOPHANES

xo. ταῦτα δήτ' οὐ δεινά καὶ τυραννίς ἐστιν ἐμφανὴς; ὁ πόλις καὶ Θεόρον θεοσεχθρία, κεῖ τις ἄλλος προστηκεν ὑμῶν κόλαξ.

ΒΔ. οἷς γ’ ἀπώλεσαν Φίλιππον ἐν δίκη τὸν Γοργίου.

xo. καὶ σὲ γ’ αὕθις ἐξολοθμεν. ἀλλ’ ἀπας ἐπίστρεφε δεύρο καζείρας τὸ κέντρον ἐὰν ἐπ’ αὐτὸν ἱεσο, ἐνσταλείς, ἐὔτακτος, ὀργῆς καὶ μένους ἐμπλήμενος, ὥσ ἂν εὐ εἰδῆ τὸ λουπὸν σμήνος οἶον ὤργεσεν.

ΕΔ. τοῦτο μὲντοι δεινὸν ἤδη νῆ Δι’, εἰ μαχούμεθα· ὥς ἠγων’ αὐτῶν ὀρῶν δέδοικα τὰς ἐγκεντρίδας.

xo. ἀλλ’ ἀφίει τὸν ἀνδρ’. εἰ δὲ μῆ, φῆμ’ ἐγὼ τὰς χελώνας μακαρείν σε τοῦ δέρματος.

φι. εἰ νῦν, ὦ ἐυνδικασταί, σφῆκες ἐξυκάρδιοι, οἱ μὲν εἰς τὸν πρωκτὸν αὐτῶν εἰσπέτεσθ’ ὤργη-σμένοι,

οἱ δὲ τοῳθαλμοὶ 'ν κύκλῳ κεντείτε καὶ τοὺς δακτύλους.

ΒΔ. ὁ Μίδα καὶ Φρύξ βοηθεῖ δεύρο καὶ Μασυντία,
THE WASPS, 417–433

ch. These be frightful things to see! This is open tyranny!  
Rouse the State! Rouse the great 
And whoe'er Else is there,  
God-abhorred Sneak Theorus a!  
Fawning lord Ruling o'er us.

XA. Heracles! they've stings beside them!  
Master master, don't you see?

BD. Ay, which slew the son of Gorgias,  
Philip, c with their sharp decree.

CH. You we'll also slay directly!  
Wheel about him, every one, 
Draw your stings, and, all together,  
in upon the fellow run.

Close your ranks, ecollect your forces,  
brimming full of rage and hate, 
He shall know the sort of wasps-nest  
he has dared to irritate.

XA. Now with such as these to combat  
is, by Zeus, a serious thing:  
Verily I quake and tremble,  
but to look upon their sting.

CH. Let him go! Loose your hold!  
If you don't I declare  
You shall bless Tortoise-backs  
For the shells Which they wear.

PH. On then, on, my fellow-dicasts,  
brother wasps of heart severe,  
Some fly in with angry buzzings,  
and attack them in the rear,  
Some surround them in a ring, and  
both their eyes and fingers sting.

BD. Ho there! Midas! Phryx! Masyntias!  
hither! hither! haste to me!
ARISTOPHANES

καὶ λάβεσθε τούτον καὶ μὴ μεθήσθε μηδενὶ.
eί δὲ μὴ, ἵνα πέδαις παχείας οὐδὲν ἄριστῃσετε.
ὡς ἐγὼ πολλῶν ἀκούσας οἶδα θρίων τὸν ψόφον.

χο. εἰ δὲ μὴ τούτον μεθήσεις, ἐν τί σοι παγησται.

φι. ὁ Κέκροψ ἤρως ᾠνάξ, τὰ πρὸς ποδῶν Δρακοντίδη,
περιορίζει οὕτω μʼ ὑπʼ ἀνδρῶν βαρβάρων χειροῦ
μενον,
οὕς ἐγὼ ἑδίδαξα κλάεων τέτταρ’ ἐς τὴν χοίνικα; 44

χο. εἶτα δὴ τ’ οὐ πόλλ’ ἔνεστι δεινὰ τῷ γῆρᾳ κακά;
δηλαδὴ· καὶ νῦν γε τούτω τὸν παλαιὸν δεσπότην
πρὸς βίαν χειροῦσιν, οὐδὲν τῶν πάλαι μεμημένοι
δυθερῶν καξωμίδων, ἂς οὗτοι αὐτοῖς ἡμίπόλα,
καὶ κυνᾶς, καὶ τοὺς πόδας χειμῶνος ὁντος ὠψέλει, 44
ὦστε μὴ ριγῶν γ’ ἐκάστοτ’· ἀλλὰ τούτως γ’ οὐκ ἐν
οὐδ’ ἐν ὁφθαλμοῖσιν αἰδῶς τῶν παλαιῶν ἐμβάδων.

φι. οὐκ ἄφιςεις οὐδὲ νυνί μ’, ὁ κάκιστον θηρίον;
οὐδ’ ἀναμνησθεὶς ὅθ’ εὑρὼν τοὺς βότρυς κλέπτοντά σε
προσαγαγόν πρὸς τὴν ἑλάαν ἐξεδειρ’ εὗ κάνδρικῶς, 45

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a The cracking and bouncing of fig-leaves when burning was used, says the Scholiast, proverbially in reference to empty threats and bluster.
b The legendary founder of Athens, shaped in the lower part like a serpent, and sometimes said to have sprung from a dragon’s teeth.
c Lit. “quartern loaves, four to the choenix”: the Scholiast notes that four big loaves went to the Choenix but eight small ones.
d ἐμβάδων is a surprise for δεσποτῶν.
Take my father, guard him safely:
suffer none to set him free;
Else you both shall lunch off nothing,
elapped in fetters strong and stout.
There's a sound of many fig-leaves
(well I know it) buzzed about.

CH. This shall stand infixed within you
if you will not let him go.

PH. Mighty Cecrops! King and hero!
Dragon-born and -shaped below,
Wilt thou let these rude barbarians
vex and maul me at their pleasure,
Me who heretofore have made them
weep in full imperial measure?

CH. Truly, of abundant evils,
age is evermore the source:
Only see how these two scoundrels
hold their ancient lord perforce,
Clean forgetting how, aforetime,
he their daily wants supplied,
Bought them little sleeveless jackets,
bought them caps and coats of hide,
Clean forgetting all the kindness
shown their feet in wintry weather,
How from chill and cold he kept them:
ah! but these have altogether
Banished from their eyes the reverence
owing to those dear old brogues.

PH. Won't you even now unhand me,
shameless villain, worst of rogues?
When the grapes I caught you stealing,
O remember, if you can,
How I tied you to the olive,
and I flogged you like a man,
"οστε σε ζηλωτὸν εἶναι, σῦ δ’ αχάριστος ἦσθ’ αρα. ἀλλ’ άνες με καὶ σῦ καὶ σῦ, πρὶν τὸν νῦν ἐκδραμεῖν.

χο. ἀλλὰ τοῦτων μὲν τάχ᾿ ἡμῖν δώσετον καλὴν δίκην,

οὐκέτ᾿ ἐσε μακράν, ἵν’ εἰδῆθ’ οἴον ἐστ’ ἀνδρῶν τρόπος

ὀξυθύμων καὶ δικαίων καὶ βλεπόντων κάρδαμα. 41

βδ. παῖε παί’, ὅ Ξανθία, τοὺς σφῆκας ἀπὸ τῆς οἰκίας.

ξα. ἀλλὰ δρῶ τοῦτ’.

βδ. ἀλλὰ καὶ σὺ τῦφε πολλῷ τῷ καπνῷ.

οὐχὶ σοῦσθ’, οὐκ ἐς κόρακας; οὐκ ἀπίτε; παίε

tῶν ξύλω.

καὶ σὺ προσθείς Λισχίνην ἔνιπφε τὸν Σελαρτίουν.

ζω. ἄρ’ ἐμέλλομεν πολ’ ὑμᾶς ἀποσοβήσειν τῷ χρόνῳ; 40

βδ. ἀλλὰ μὰ Δί’ οὐ βαδίως οὔτως ἂν αὐτοὺς διέφυγες,

εἰπερ ἐνυχων τῶν μελῶν τῶν Φιλοκλέους βεβρω-

κότες.

χο. ἀρα δὴτ’ οὐκ αὐτὰ δῆλα

tοίς πένησιν, ἥ τυραννὶς

ὡς λάθρα γ’ ἐλάνθαν’ ύπιοῦσα;

εὶ σῦ γ’, ὅ πόνῳ πόνηρε καὶ κομηταμνία,

τῶν νόμων ἡμᾶς ἀπείργεις ὃν ἔθηκεν ἡ πόλις,

οὔτε τω’ ἐχων πρόφασιν

450

"Here B. suddenly issues from the house, followed by Xanthias and Sosias, the former armed with a stick, the latter carrying an apparatus for smoking-out wasps": R.

c Cf. 325 n.

d A tragic poet of the day, so bitter that he was nicknamed χολή, "gall."

d Long hair was considered a mark of aristocratic insolence, and also of sympathy with the long-haired and bearded (cf. 476) Spartans. Amynias was notorious for his (cf. 1267).
So that all beheld with envy:
    but a grateful soul you lack!
Oh, unhand me, you, and you,
    at once, before my son come back.
CH. But a famous retribution
    ye for this shall undergo,
One that will not lag nor linger;
    so that ye betimes shall know,
Know the mood of angry-tempered,
    righteous, mustard-glancing men.
BD. Beat them, Xanthias,\(^a\) from the door-way;
    beat the wasps away again.
XA. That I will, sir.
BD. Fume them, Sosias,
    drive the smoke in dense and thick.
Shoo there, shoo! be off, confound you.
    At them, Xanthias, with the stick!
Smoke them, Sosias, smoke, infusing
    Aeschines, Selartius’ son.\(^b\)
SO. So then we at last were going,
    as it seems, to make you run.
BD. But you never would have managed
    thus to beat them off with ease,
Had it chanced that they had eaten
    of the songs of Philocles.\(^c\)
CH. Creeping o’er us, creeping o’er us,
    Here at least the poor can see
Stealthy-creeping tyranny!
If you from the laws debar us,
    which the city has ordained,
You, a curly-haired \(^d\) Amynias,
    you, a rascal double-grained,
Not by words of wit persuading,
Not for weighty reasons shown,
ARISTOPHANES

οὔτε λόγον εὐτράπελον,
αὐτὸς ἄρχων μόνος.

ΒΔ. ἐσθ' ὅπως ἀνευ μάχης καὶ τῆς κατοξείας βοῆς
ἐς λόγους ἔλθομεν ἄλληλουσι καὶ διαλλαγᾶς;
ΧΩ. σοὶ λόγους, ὦ μισόδημε καὶ μοναρχίας ἐραστά,
καὶ ξυνῶν Βρασίδα, καὶ φορῶν κράσπεδα
στεμμάτων, τὴν θ' ύπήρην ἄκουρον τρέφων;
ΒΔ. νη Δ' ἡ μοι κρείττον ἐκοστῆναι τὸ παράπαν τοῦ
πατρός
μᾶλλον ἡ κακοῖς τοσοῦτοι ναμαχεῖν ὀσημέραι.

ΧΩ. οὐδὲ μὲν γ' οὖδ' ἐν σελίνῳ σουστίν οὐδ' ἐν πηγάνῳ.
τοῦτο γὰρ παρεμβαλοῦμεν τῶν τριχονίκων ἐπῶν.
ἀλλὰ νῦν μὲν οὐδὲν ἄλγεις, ἀλλ' ὅταν ξυνήγορος
ταῦτα ταῦτα σου καταντῇ καὶ ξυνωμότας καλῇ.

ΒΔ. ἀρ' ἂν, ὦ πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ὑμεῖς ἀπαλλαχθεῖτε μου;
ἡ δεδοκταί μοι δέρεσθαι καὶ δέρεων δι' ἥμερας;
ΧΩ. οὐδέποτε γ', οὖχ, ἔως ἂν τὶ μου λοιπὸν ἦ,
ὅστις ἡμῶν ἐπὶ τυραννίδι συνεστάλης.
ΒΔ. ὡς ἄπανθ' ὑμῖν τυραννίς ἐστί καὶ ξυνωμόται,
THE WASPS, 469–488

But because, forsooth, you will it,
Like an autocrat, alone.

BD. Can’t we now, without this outcry,
and this fierce denunciation,
Come to peaceful terms together,
terms of reconciliation?

CH. Terms with thee, thou people-hater,
and with Brasidas, thou traitor,
Hand and glove! You who dare
Woolly-fringed Clothes to wear,
Yes, and show Beard and hair
Left to grow Everywhere.

BD. O, by Zeus, I’d really liefer
drop my father altogether
Than endure these daily conflicts,
buffeting with waves and weather.

CH. Why, as yet you’ve hardly entered
on the parsley and the rue:
(That we’ll just throw in, a sample
of our three-quart words for you.)
Now you care not, wait a little,
till the prosecutor trounce you,
Sluicing out these selfsame charges,
and CONSPIRATOR denounce you.

BD. O by all the gods I ask you,
will ye never go away?
Are ye quite resolved to linger,
thwacked and thwacking all the day?

CH. Never more Will I while
There’s a grain Left of me
Leave your door, Traitor vile
Bent to gain Tyranny.

BD. Ay “Conspiracy” and “Tyrant,”
These with you are all in all,
ARISTOPHANES

ἡν τε μεῖζον ἢν τ’ ἐλαττον πράγμα τις κατηγορῇ,
ﻫ̀ς ἐγὼ οὐκ ἢκουσα τούνομ’ οὐδὲ πεντήκοντ’ ἐτῶν. 49
νῦν δὲ πολλῷ τοῦ ταρίχουσ ἐστίν ἀξιωτέρα.
ὡςτε καὶ δὴ τούνομ’ αὐτῆς ἐν ἀγορᾶ κυλίνδεται.
ἡν μὲν ὄντα τις ὀρφῶς, μεμβράδας δὲ μὴ θέλῃ,
eὐθέως εὐρηχ’ ὁ πωλῶν πλησίον τὰς μεμβράδας.·
“οὔτος ὄψωνείν ἔοιχ’ ἀνθρωπὸς ἐπὶ τυραννίδι.” 49
ἡν δὲ γητειον προσαιτή ταῖς ἀφύαις ἥδυσμά τι,
ἡ λαχανόπωλις παραβλέψασα φησὶ θατέρῳ.·
“εἰπέ μοι, γητειον αἴτεῖς, πότερον ἐπὶ τυραννίδι
ἡ νομίζεις τὰς Ἀθηνᾶς σοί φέρειν ἥδυσματα;”

Ε.Α. καμε γ’ ἡ πόρυν χθὲς εἰσελθόντα τῆς μεσημβρίας, 50
ὅτι κελητίσαι κέλευν, διευθυμηθεῖσά μοι
ἠρετ’ εἰ τὴν Ἰππίου καθίσταμαι τυραννίδα.

Β.Δ. ταύτα γὰρ τούτους ἀκούειν ἤδε’, εἰ καὶ νῦν ἐγὼ,
tὸν πατέρ’ ὅτι βούλομαι τοῦτων ἀπαλλαχθέντα τῶν
ὀρθροφοιτουσκοφοιοφαντοδικοταλαπτώρων τρόπων

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a κελητίσαι “to ride a horse” also describes a σχῆμα συνονοια (cf. P. 900, L. 60), which is then jokingly called Ἰππίου τυραννίδα as in L. 618.

454
Whatsoe’er is brought before you,  
be the matter great or small.  

Everywhere the name of Tyrant,  
now for fifty years unknown,  
Is than cheap salt-fish at Athens  
commoner and cheaper grown.  

Everywhere about the market  
it is bandied to and fro:  
If you wish a basse to purchase,  
and without a pilchard go,  
Straight the man who sells the pilchards  
grumbles from his stall hard by,  
*Here is plainly one that caters*  
*with a view to Tyranny.*  

If a leek, besides, you order,  
relish for your sprats perchance,  
Says the potherb-girl directly,  
eyeing you with looks askance,  
*Leeks indeed! and leeks I prithee!*  
what, with Tyranny in view?  

*Athens must be taxed, you fancy,*  
*relish to supply for you!*  

*XA.* Even so a naughty damsel  
yesternoon observed to me,  
Just because I said her manners  
were a little bit too free,  
She supposed that I was wishing  
Hippias’s Tyranny.  

*BD.* Ay, by charges such as these  
our litigious friends they please.  
Now because I’d have my father  
(quitting all this toil and strife,  
This up-early-false-informing-  
troublesome-litigious life)  

455
ARISTOPHANES

ζήν βίον γενναίον ὁσπέρ Μόρυχος, αὐτίαν ἔχω ταῦτα δρᾶν ἔσωμότης ὢν καὶ φρονῶν τυραννικά.

Φι. νὴ Δ’ ἐν δίκη γ’. ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐδ’ ἂν ὄρνιθων γάλα ἀντὶ τοῦ βίου λάβομί’ ἂν οὐ μὲ νῦν ἀποστερεῖς’ οὐδὲ χαίρω βατίσων οὐδ’ ἐγχέλεσων, ἀλλ’ ἦδιον ἂν 51 δικίδιον σμικρὸν φάγομί’ ἂν ἐν λοπάδι πεπνυμένον.

Βδ. νὴ Δ’ εἰθίσθης γὰρ ἤδεσθαι τοιοῦτοι πράγμασιν’ ἀλλ’ ἐὰς σιγῶν ἀνάσχη καὶ μάθης ἂγω λέγω, ἀναδιδάξεων οἴομαι σ’ ὦς πάντα ταῦθ’ ἄμαρτάνεις.

Φι. ἔξαμαρτάνω δικάζων;

Βδ. καταγελώμενος μὲν οὖν οὐκ ἐπαίεις ὑπ’ ἀνδρῶν, οὐς σὺ μόνον οὐ προσκυνεῖς. ἀλλὰ δουλεύων λέληθας.

Φι. παῦε δουλείαν λέγων, ὡστὶς ἄρχῳ τῶν ἄπαντων.

Βδ. οὐ σὺ γ’, ἀλλ’ ὑπηρετεῖς οἰόμενος ἄρχειν· ἐπεὶ δίδαξον ἡμᾶς, ὁ πάτερ, ἦτις ἡ τιμὴ ’στι σοι καρπούμενω τῇν Ἐλλάδα. 52 Φι. πάνυ γε’ καὶ τούτοις γ’ ἐπιτρέψαι θέλω.

Βδ. καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ.

ἄφετε νῦν ἀπαντεῖς αὐτόν.

Φι. καὶ ἔφος γε’ μοι δότε.

^ a Great epicure; cf. A. 887; P. 1008.

456
THE WASPS, 506–522

Live a life of ease and splendour,
    live like Morychus," you see
Straight I'm charged with Tyrant leanings,
    charged with foul conspiracy.

PH. Yes, by Zeus, and very justly.
    Not for pigeon's milk in store
I the pleasant life would barter
    which you let me lead no more.
Nought I care for eels and rayfish:
    daintier food to me would seem
Just a little, tiny lawsuit,
    dished and stifled in its steam.

BD. Yes, for that’s the sort of dainty
    you, by Zeus, have loved so long.
Yet I think I'll soon convince you
    that your mode of life is wrong,
If you can but once be silent,
    and to what I say give heed

PH. I am wrong to be a dicast!

BD. Laughed to utter scorn indeed,
    Mocked by men you all but worship,
    for you can't their treachery see,
You're a slave, and yet don't know it.

PH. Name not slavery to me:
    I am lord of all, I tell you.

BD. You're the veriest drudge, I vow,
    Thinking that you're lord of all. For
    come, my father, teach us now,
If you reap the fruits of Hellas,
    what's the benefit to you?

PH. Willingly. Let these be umpires.

BD. I'll accept their judgement too.
    Now then all at once release him.

PH. And besides a sword supply,
ARISTOPHANES

ην γὰρ ἡττηθὼ λέγων σου, περιπεσοῦμαι τῷ ξίφει.

ΒΔ. εἶπέ μοι, τί δ' ἢν, τὸ δείνα, τῇ διαίτῃ μὴ 'μμένης;

ΦΙ. μηδέποτε πίομι ἀκρατον μισθὸν ἀγαθὸν δαίμονος. 52

ΧΩ. νῦν δὴ τὸν ἐκ θῆμετέρου

γυμνασίου λέγειν τι δεῖ

κανόν, ὡπως φανήσει

ΒΔ. ἐνεγκάτω μοι δεῦρο τὴν κίστην τις ὥς τἀχυστα. 53

ἀτὰρ φανεὶ ποῖός τις ὑν, ἦν ταῦτα παρακελεύῃ.

ΧΩ. μὴ κατὰ τὸν νεανίαν
tόνδε λέγειν. ὡρᾶς γὰρ ὡς

σοὶ μέγας ἐστ' ἀγών νῦν

καὶ περὶ τῶν ἀπάντων,

εἴπερ, δ' μὴ γένοιθ', οὐν-

τός σ' ἐθέλει κρατήσαι.

ΒΔ. καὶ μὴν ὅσ' ἄν λέεις γ' ἀπλώς μνημόσυνα γράφομαι ὧγ.

ΦΙ. τί γὰρ φάθ' ὑμεῖς, ἦν ὅδι με τῷ λόγῳ κρατήςθη;

ΧΩ. οὐκέτι πρεσβυτῶν ὄχλος

χρήσμος ἐστ' ουδ' ἀκαρη' σκωπτόμενοι δ' ἐν ταῖς ὀδοῖς

θαλλοφόροι καλούμεθ', ἀν-

τωμοσίων κελυφή.

ἀλλ' ὅ περὶ τῆς πάσης μέλλων βασιλείας ἀντι-

λογήσεων
tῆς ἰμημετέρας, νυνὶ θαρρῶν πᾶσαν γλῶτταν

βασάνιςε.

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"μισθὸν is substituted for οἶνον; a cup of undiluted wine to the toast of Happy Fortune was the final cup at a feast.

"Alluding to the decrepit old men who carried olive branches in the Panathenaic processions" : R.

"ἀντωμοσίαι are preliminary affidavits, in which the prosecutor asserted, and the defendant denied, the truth of the charge.

458
THE WASPS, 523–547

If in this dispute I’m worsted,
here upon this sword I’ll die.

BD. But suppose you won’t their final
(what’s the phrase) award obey?

PH. May I never drink thereafter,
pure and neat, good fortune’s—pay.

CH. Now must the champion, going
Out of our school, be showing
Keen wit and genius new,

BD. Bring forth my memorandum-book:
bring forth my desk to write in.
I’ll quickly show you what you’re like,
if that’s your style of fighting.

CH. In quite another fashion
To aught this youth can do.
Stern is the strife and anxious
For all our earthly good,
If he intends to conquer,
Which Heaven forfend he should.

BD. Now I’ll observe his arguments,
and take a note of each.

PH. What would you say, if he to-day
should make the conquering speech?

CH. Ah! should that mischance befall us,
Our old troop were nothing worth:
In the streets with ribald mirth
Idle boys would dotards call us,
Fit for nought but olive-bearing,
Shrivelled husks of counter swearing.

O friend upon whom it devolves to plead
the cause of our Sovereign Power to-day,
Now show us your best; now bring to the test
each trick that an eloquent tongue can play.
ARISTOPHANES

Φ1. καὶ μὴν εὐθὺς γ’ ἀπὸ βαλβίδων περὶ τῆς ἀρχῆς ἀποδείξω
τῆς ἡμετέρας ὡς οὐδεμᾶς ἦττων ἐστὶν βασιλείας.
τί γὰρ εὐδαίμον καὶ μακαριστὸν μᾶλλον νῦν ἐστὶ
δικαστοῦ,
ἡ τρυφερώτερον, ἡ δεινότερον ζώον, καὶ ταῦτα
γέροντος;
ἐν πρώτα μὲν ἔρποντ’ ἐξ εὐνῆς τηροῦσ’ ἐπὶ τοῖς
dρυφάκτοις
ἀνδρεῖς μεγάλοι καὶ τετραπηχεῖς: κάπετ’ εὐθὺς
προσίοντι
ἐμβάλλει μοι τὴν χείρ’ ἀπαλῆν, τῶν δημοσίων
κεκλοφώνην:
ικετεύουσιν θ’ ὑποκύπτοντες, τὴν φωνὴν οἰκτρο-
χούντες:
"οἰκτειρόν μ’, ὦ πάτερ, αὐτοῦμαί σ’, εἰ καυτὸς
πώποθ’ ὑφείλον
ἀρχὴν ἀρξας ἡ ’πὶ στρατιᾶς τοῖς ἐξουσίοις
ἀγοράξων’;
ὅσ εἰ τ’ οὖν’ ἄν ζῶντ’ ἥδεων, εἰ μὴ διὰ τὴν
προτέραν
ἀπόφυξιν.
Β. τοιτὶ περὶ τῶν ἀντιβολοῦντων ἔστω τὸ μνημόσυνον
μοι.
Φ. εἰτ’ εἰσελθὼν ἀντιβοληθεὶς καὶ τὴν ὅργην ἀπο-
μορχθείς,
ἐνδοὺς τοιτῶν ὃν ἄν φάσκω πάντων οὐδὲν πεποίηκα,
ἀλλ’ ἀκροῶμαι πάσας φωνὰς ἱέντων εἰς ἀπόφυξιν.
φέρ’ ἰδὼ, τί γὰρ οὐκ ἔστω ἀκούσαι θώπευμ’
ἐνταῦθα δικαστῇ;
οἱ μὲν γ’ ἀποκλάονται πενιάν αὐτῶν καὶ προστιθέασιν

a "In the next 180 lines Aristophanes sets before us the entire process of an Athenian arbitration": R.

460
PH. Away, away, like a racer gay,
I start at once from the head of the lists,
To prove that no kinglier power than ours
in any part of the world exists.
Is there any creature on earth more blest,
more feared and petted from day to day,
Or that leads a happier, pleasanter life,
than a Justice of Athens, though old and grey?
For first when rising from bed in the morn,
to the criminal Court betimes I trudge,
Great six-foot fellows are there at the rails,
in anxious haste to salute their Judge.
And the delicate hand, which has dipped so deep
in the public purse, he claps into mine,
And he bows before me, and makes his prayer,
and softens his voice to a pitiful whine:
O pity me, pity me, Sire, he cries,
if you ever indulged your longing for pelf,
When you managed the mess on a far campaign,
or served some office of state yourself.
The man would never have heard my name,
if he had not been tried and acquitted before.
BD. (Writing) I'll take a note of the point you make,
that suppliant fellows your grace implore.
PH. So when they have begged and implored me enough,
and my angry temper is wiped away,
I enter in and I take my seat,
and then I do none of the things I say.
I hear them utter all sorts of cries
design'd expressly to win my grace,
What won't they utter, what don't they urge,
 to coax a Justice who tries their case?
Some vow they are needy and friendless men,
and over their poverty wail and whine,
κακὰ πρὸς τοῖς οὖσιν, ἐως ἀνιῶν ἀνισώσῃ τοῖς ἑμοῖσιν.
οἱ δὲ λέγουσιν μύθους ἦμῖν, οἱ δ' Αἰσώπου τι
γέλοιουν,
οἱ δὲ σκάπτουσ', ὡς ἐγὼ γελάσω καὶ τὸν θυμὸν
κατάθωμαι.
κἂν μὴ τούτοις ἀναπειθώμεσθα, τὰ παιδάρι' εὐθὺς
ἀνέλκει,
tὰς θηλείας καὶ τοὺς νίεῖς, τῆς χειρός, ἐγὼ δ' ἀκρούμαι:
tὰ δὲ συγκάπτονθ' ἀμα βληχάται· κάπειθ' ὁ πατὴρ
ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν
ωστερ θεοὶ ἀντιβολεῖ με τρέμων τῆς εὐθύνης
ἀπολύσαι.
“εἰ μὲν χαίρεις ἄρνος φωνῇ, παιδὸς φωνῇ
ἐλεήσαις’”
eἰ δ' αὖ τοῖς χοιριδίοις χαίρω, θυγατρὸς φωνῇ
με
πιθέσαι.
χήμεις αὐτῷ τότε τῆς ὀργῆς ὀλίγον τὸν κόλλοπ'
ἀνείμεν.
ἀρ' οὖ μεγάλη τοῦτ' ἐστ' ἀρχῇ καὶ τοῦ πλοῦτου
καταχήνη;

ΒΔ. δεύτερον αὖ σου τοῦτι γράφομαι, την τοῦ
πλοῦτου
καταχήνην·
καὶ τάγαθά μοι μέμνησο' ἄχεις φάσκων τῆς Ἑλλάδος
ἀρχειν.

ΦΙ. παίδων τοῖνυν δοκιμαζομένων αἰδοῖα πάρεστι
θεάσθαι.
κἂν Οὔαγρος εἰσέλθῃ φεύγων, οὐκ ἀποφεύγει πρὶν
ἀν ἦμῖν

---

a He addresses the dicast as if he were a deity delighting in
And reckon up hardships, false and true, 
till he makes them out to be equal to mine.
Some tell us a legend of days gone by, 
or a joke from Aesop witty and sage,
Or jest and banter, to make me laugh, 
that so I may doff my terrible rage.
And if all this fails, and I stand unmoved, 
he leads by the hand his little ones near,
He brings his girls and he brings his boys; 
and I, the Judge, am composed to hear.
They huddle together with piteous bleats: 
while trembling above them he prays to me,
Prays as to a God his accounts to pass, 
to give him a quittance, and leave him free.
If thou lovest a bleating male of the flock, α
O lend thine ear to this boy of mine:
Or pity this sweet little delicate girl, 
if thy soul delights in the squeaking of swine.
So then we relax the pitch of our wrath, 
and screw it down to a peg more low.
Is this not a fine dominion of mine, 
a derision of wealth with its pride and show?

BD. (Writing) A second point for my note-book that, 
a derision of wealth with its show and its pride.
Go on to mention the good you get 
by your empire of Hellas so vast and wide.

PH. 'Tis ours to inspect the Athenian youths, 
when we enter their names on the rolls of men. 
And if ever Oeagrus b gets into a suit, 
be sure that he'll never get out again 
the sacrifice of lambs and swine; but ἄρνος is intended to suggest ἄρπενος and χοιρίδία the use of the word in 1353; cf. A. 769 n.

b An actor who took a part in the Niobe of Aeschylus or that of Sophocles.
ARISTOPHANES

ἐκ τῆς Νιόβης εἶπη ρήσιν τὴν καλλίστην ἀπολέξας, κἂν αὐλητῆς γε δίκην νικᾶ, ταύτης ἡμῖν ἐπίχειρα ἐν φορβείᾳ τοσι δικασταῖς ἐξοδον ἡμῖν' ἀπωῦσιν. κἂν ἀποθνήσκων ὁ πατὴρ τῶν δῆ καταλείπων παῖδ' ἐπὶκλῆρον, κλάειν ἡμεῖς μακρὰ τὴν κεφαλὴν εἰπόντες τῇ διαθήκῃ καὶ τῇ κόγχῃ τῇ πάνυ σεμνῶς τοῖς σημείοις ἐπούσῃ, ἔδομεν ταύτην ὡστις ἂν ἡμᾶς ἀντιβολήσας ἀναπείσῃ. καὶ ταύτ' ἀνυπεύθυνοι δρῶμεν· τῶν δ' ἄλλων οὐδεμί' ἀρχῇ.

ΒΔ. τούτι γὰρ τοῖς σε μόνον τούτων ὡν εἴρηκας μακαρίζω· τῆς δ' ἐπικλῆρον τὴν διαθήκην ἀδικεῖς ἀνακογχυλάζων.

ΦΙ. ἐτὶ δ' ἡ βουλή χω δήμος ὅταν κρίναι μέγα πράγμα ἀπορήσῃ, ἐφήμισται τοὺς ἀδικοῦντας τοῖς δικασταῖς παραδοῦναι· ἐητ' Εὔαθλος χώ μέγας οὐτος Κολακώνυμος ἀσπιδαποβλῆς οὐχὶ προδώσεων ἡμᾶς φάσιν, περὶ τοῦ πλῆθους δὲ μαχεῖσθαι.
κἂν τῶ δήμων γνώμην οὐδεὶς πῶς πότ' ἐνίκησεν, ἐὰν μή εἴπη τὰ δικαστήρια ἀφεῖναι πρῶτιστα μίαν δικαστάσιας.

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a "κόγχαι were little cases or capsules which Athenian law-stationers placed over seals to preserve them from damage": R.
b i.e. Cleonymus; cf. 16. He and Evathlus, like Theorus and Euphemius, are minor demagogues, satellites of Cleon.
464
Till he give us a speech from his Niobe part,
selecting the best and the liveliest one.
And then if a piper gain his cause,
he pays us our price for the kindness done,
By piping a tune with his mouth-band on,
quick march as out of the Court we go.
And what if a father by will to a friend
his daughter and heiress bequeath and bestow,
We care not a rap for the Will, or the cap
which is there on the seal so grand and sedate,
We bid them begone, and be hanged, and ourselves
take charge of the girl and her worthy estate;
And we give her away to whoever we choose,
to whoever may chance to persuade us: yet we,
Whilst other officials must pass an account,
alone from control and accounting are free.

BD. Ay that, and that only, of all you have said,
I own is a privilege lucky and rare,
But uncapping the seal of the heiress's will
seems rather a shabby and doubtful affair.

PH. And if ever the Council or People have got
a knotty and difficult case to decide,
They pass a decree for the culprits to go
to the able and popular Courts to be tried:
Evathlus, and He! the loser of shields,
the fawning, the great Cowardonymus say
"They'll always be fighting away for the mob,"
"the people of Athens they'll never betray."
And none in the People a measure can pass,
unless he propose that the Courts shall be free,
Dismissed and discharged for the rest of the day
when once we have settled a single decree.

* Cf. K. 50 n.
αὐτὸς δ' ὁ Κλέων ὁ κεκραξιδάμας μόνον ἡμᾶς οὐ περιτρώγει,
ἀλλὰ φυλάττει διὰ χειρὸς ἐχων καὶ τὰς μνίας ἀπαμύνει.
σὺ δὲ τὸν πατέρ’ οὖδ’ ὁτιοῦν τούτων τὸν σαυτοῦ πώποτ’ ἔδρασας.
ἀλλὰ Θέωρος, καίτοιστιν ἀνήρ Εὐφημίου οὐδὲν ἐλάττων,
τὸν σπόγγον ἐχων ἐκ τῆς λεκάνης τάμβαδι’ ἡμῶν περικωνεῖ.
σκέψαι μ’ ἀπὸ τῶν ἀγαθῶν οἰὼν ἀποκλείεισ καὶ κατερύκεισ,
ἤν δουλείαν οὔσαν ἑφασκές καὶ ὑπηρεσίαν ἀποδείξεων.

Βδ. ἑμπλήσσο λέγων’ πάντως γάρ τοι παύσει ποτὲ κάναφανήσει
πρωκτός λουτροῦ περιγυγνόμενος τῆς ἀρχῆς τῆς περισείμου.

Φι. ὁ δὲ γ’ ἤδιστον τούτων ἐστὶν πάντων, οὐ ’γα ν ἐπελήσμην,
ὅταν οὐκάδ’ ἢ λ τὸν μισθὸν ἐχων, κἀτ’ εἰσῆκονθ’ ἀμα πάντες
ἀσπάζωνται διὰ τάργύριον, καὶ πρῶτα μὲν ἡ
θυγάτηρ με ἀπονίξῃ καὶ τῷ πόδ’ ἀλείφῃ καὶ προσκύψασα
φιλήσῃ,
καὶ παππίζουσ’ ἀμα τῇ γλώττῃ τὸ τριῳβολον ἐκκαλαμᾶται,
καὶ τὸ γύναιόν μ’ ὑποθωπεύσαν φυστὴν μάζαν
προσενέγκῃ,
THE WASPS, 596–610

Yea, Cleon the Bawler and Brawler himself,
at us, and us only, to nibble forbears,
And sweeps off the flies that annoy us, and still
with a vigilant hand for our dignity cares.
You never have shown such attention as this,
or displayed such a zeal in your father's affairs.
Yet Theorus, a statesman as noble and grand
as lordly Euphemius, a runs at our call
And whips out a sponge from his bottle, and stoops,
to black and to polish the shoes of us all.
Such, such is the glory, the joy, the renown,
from which you desire to retain and withhold me,
And this you will show, this Empire of mine,
to be bondage and slavery merely, you told me.

BD. Ay, chatter your fill, you will cease before long:
and then I will show that your boasted success
Is just the success of a tail that is washed, b
going back to its filth and its slovenliness.

PH. But the nicest and pleasantest part of it all
is this, which I'd wholly forgotten to say,
'Tis when with my fee in my wallet I come,
returning home at the close of the day,
O then what a welcome I get for its sake;
my daughter, the darling, is foremost of all,
And she washes my feet and anoints them with care,
and above them she stoops, and a kiss lets fall,
Till at last by the pretty Papas of her tongue
she angles withal my three-obol away.
Then my dear little wife, she sets on the board
nice manchets of bread in a tempting array,

a Unknown, but regarded by Aristophanes as "still more
despicable than Theorus, who is obviously intended to be in-
sulted by the comparison": R.
b ό γάρ πρωκτός πλυνόμενος περιγινεται τῆς καθάρσεως καὶ ετὶ
μολύνεται: Schol.
κάπειτα καθεξομένη παρ' ἐμοὶ προσαναγκάζῃ,
 "φάγε τούτι,
 ἑντραγε τούτι." τούτοισιν ἐγὼ γάνυμαι, καὶ μὴ
 με δεήσῃ
 ἐς σὲ βλέψαι καὶ τὸν ταμίαν, ὡς ἀριστον
 παραθήσει
 καταρασάμενος καὶ τουθορύσας. ἀλλ' ἂν μὴ μοι
 ταχὺ μάζῃ,
 τάδε κέκτημαι πρόβλημα κακῶν, σκευὴν βελέων
 ἀλεωρῆν.
 κἂν οἶνον μοι μὴ ἡ γχῆς σὺ πιεῖν, τὸν ὄνον τόνδ' ἐσκεκομίσαμεν
 οἶνου μεστόν, κἀτ' ἐγχέομαι κλίνας. οὗτος δὲ κεχηνὼς
 βρωμησάμενος τοῦ σοῦ δίνου μέγα καὶ στράτιον
 κατέπαρδεν.
 ἄρ' οὐ μεγάλην ἁρχὴν ἁρχῷ καὶ τοῦ Διός οὐδὲν
 ἐλάττω,
 ὁστὶς ἀκοῦστα εἰτ' ἀπερ ὁ Ζεὺς;
 ἂν γοῦν ἡμεῖς θορυβήσωμεν,
 πᾶσ τὸς φησιν τῶν παριόντων,
 "οἶνον βροντᾶ τὸ δικαστήριον,
 ὁ Ζεὺς βασιλεῦ."κἂν ἀστράψω, ποππύζουσιν,
 κάγκεχόδασίν μ' οἷς πλουτοῦντες
 καὶ πάνυ σεινοῖ.
 καὶ σὺ δέδοικας με μάλιστ' αὐτός·
 νῇ τὴν Δήμητρα, δέδοικας. ἐγὼ δ' ἀπολούμην, εἰ σὲ δέδοικα.
And cosily taking a seat by my side,
with loving entreaty constrains me to feed;
I beseech you taste this, I implore you try that.

This, this I delight in, and ne'er may I need
To look to yourself and your pantler, a scrub
who, whenever I ask him my breakfast to set,
Keeps grumbling and murmuring under his breath.

No! no! if he haste not a manchet to get,
Lo here my defence from the evils of life,
my armour of proof, my impregnable shield.
And what if you pour me no liquor to drink,
Yet here's an old Ass, a full of wine, that I wield,
And I 'tilt him, and pour for myself, and imbibe;
whilst sturdy old Jack, as a bumper I drain,
Lets fly at your goblet a bray of contempt,
a mighty and masterful snort of disdain.

Is this not a fine dominion of mine?
Is it less than the empire of Zeus?
Why the very same phrases, so grand and divine,
For me, as for Him, are in use.
For when we are raging loud and high
In stormy, tumultuous din,
O Lord! O Zeus! say the passers-by,
How thunders the Court within!
The wealthy and great, when my lightnings glare,
Turn pale and sick, and mutter a prayer.

You fear me too: I protest you do:
Yes, yes, by Demeter I vow 'tis true.
But hang me if I am afraid of you.

---

\(a\) A wine-flagon shaped like an ass, or an ass's head. In 617 \(\kappa\epsilon\chi\eta\nu\delta\omega\) = "with its jaws wide open like a donkey braying." : R.

\(b\) "A Greek or Roman when alarmed by a thunderstorm was accustomed to make with his lips a clucking or popping noise, as a sort of charm to avert the danger" : R.
ARISTOPHANES

xo. οὐπώποθ' οὗτοι καθαρῶς
οὐδενὸς ἰκουσάμεν ὦν-
δὲ ἐμφετῶς λέγοντος.

φι. οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἐρήμασι σφεθ' οὗτος ῥάδιως τρυγήσειν:
καλῶς γὰρ ἥδειν ὡς ἐγὼ ταύτῃ κράτιστος εἰμί. 63

xo. ὦς δ' ἐπὶ πάντ' ἐληλυθεν
κοῦδεν παρῆλθεν, ὥστ' ἐγὼν'
ηὐξανόμην ἀκούων,
καὶ μακάρων δικάζειν
αὕτος ἐδοξά νήσουσ,
ἡδόμενος λέγοντι.

φι. ὦς οὗτος ἥδη σκοροῦνται καστίν οὐκ ἐν αὐτῷ.
ἡ μὴν ἐγὼ σε τήμερον σκύτη βλέπειν ποιήσω.

xo. δεὶ δὲ σε παντοῖα πλέκειν
εἰς ἀπόφυξιν παλάμας.
τὴν γαρ ἐμὴν ὄργην πεπα-
ναι χαλεπὸν [νεανία]
μὴ πρὸς ἐμοῦ λέγοντι.
πρὸς ταύτα μὴν ἀγαθὴν ὡρα ζητεῖν σοι καὶ
νεόκοπτον
(ἡν μὴ τι λέγῃς), ἣτις δυνατῆ τὸν ἐμὸν θυμὸν
κατερείξαι.

βδ. χαλεπὸν μὲν καὶ δεινῆς γνώμης καὶ μείζονος ἡ
πι τρυγοῦσσι,
ὑάσσασιν νόσου ἀρχαῖαν ἐν τῇ πόλει ἐντετοκυίαν.
ἀτάρ, ὦ πάτερ ἡμέτερε Κροῦδη

φι. παύσαι καὶ μὴ πατέριζε.

* Philoecleon (6.21 seq.) had arrogated to himself the attributes of Zeus, and so B. addresses him in the language Athene uses to Zeus in Homer (H. viii. 313; Od. i. 45); but P. will have none of his "befathering."
I never, no, I never
Have heard so clear and clever
   And eloquent a speech—

Ay, ay, he thought he’d steal my grapes,
   and pluck them undefended,
For well he knew that I’m in this
   particularly splendid.

No topic he omitted,
   But he duly went through each.
I waxed in size to hear him
   Till with ecstasy possessed
Methought I sat a-judging
   In the Islands of the Blest.

See how uneasily he stands,
   and gapes, and shifts his ground.
I warrant, sir, before I’ve done,
   you’ll look like a beaten hound.

You must now, young man, be seeking
   Every turn and every twist
Which can your defence assist.
   To a youth against me speaking
Mine’s a heart ’tis hard to render
   (So you’ll find it) soft and tender.
And therefore unless you can speak to the point,
   you must look for a millstone handy and good,
Fresh hewn from the rock, to shiver and shock
   the unyielding grit of my resolute mood.

Hard were the task, and shrewd the intent,
   for a Comedy-poet all too great
To attempt to heal an inveterate, old
   disease engrained in the heart of the state.
Yet, O dread Cronides, Father and Lord,
Stop, stop, don’t talk in that father-me way,
ARISTOPHANES

65 ei μὴ γὰρ ὡς δουλεύω γὰς, τοιτε ταχεῖσις μὲ
dιδάξεις,
oύκ ἐστιν ὡς οὐχὶ τεθνήξει, κἂν χρῆ σπλάγχνων
μὲ ἀπέχεσθαι.

ΒΔ. ἀκρόασαι νῦν, ὃ παππίδιον, χαλάσας ὀλίγον τὸ
μέτωπον·
καὶ πρῶτον μὲν λόγισαι φαύλως, μὴ ψῆφοις, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ χειρός,
tὸν φόρον ἦμιν ἀπὸ τῶν πόλεων συλλήβδην τὸν
προσίτον·
κἀξω τούτου τὰ τέλη χωρὶς καὶ τὰς πολλὰς
ἐκατοστάς,
πρυτανεία, μέταλλ', ἁγορᾶς, λιμένας, μισθοὺς καὶ
dημιουργα.
tούτων πλήρωμα τάλαντ' ἐγγὺς δισχίλια γίγνεται
ἡμῖν.
ἀπὸ τοῦτον νῦν κατάθες μισθὸν τοῖς δικασταῖς
ἐνιαυτοῦ,
ἐξ χιλιάσων, κοῦτων πλείους ἐν τῇ χώρᾳ κατένασθεν,
γίγνεται ἡμῖν ἐκατὸν δήπον καὶ πεντήκοντα
tάλαντα.

ΦΙ. οὐδ' ἢ δεκάτη τῶν προσιόντων ἦμῖν ἀρ' ἐγίγνεθ'
ὁ μισθός.

ΒΔ. μὰ Δί' οὐ μέντοι.

ΦΙ. καὶ ποῖ τρέπεται δῆ 'πειτα τὰ χρήματα τάλλα; 60
ΒΔ. ἐς τούτους τοὺς, "οὐχὶ προδόσω τὸν Ἀθηναίων
κολοσσυρτόν,
ἀλλὰ μαχοῦμαι περὶ τοῦ πλήθους ἀεί." σο γὰρ,
ὡ πάτερ, αὐτοὺς ἀρχεῖν αἴρετο σαυτοῦ, τούτοις τοῖς ῥηματίοις
περιπεθεῖσι.


66 

472

a i.e. as polluted by homicide.
Convince me at once that I'm only a slave,  
or else I protest you shall die this day  
Albeit I then must ever abstain  
from the holy flesh of the victims slain.\(^a\)

**BD.** Then listen my own little pet Papa,  
and smooth your brow from its frowns again.  
And not with pebbles precisely ranged,  
but roughly thus on your fingers count  
The tribute paid by the subject States,  
and just consider its whole amount;  
And then, in addition to this, compute  
the many taxes and one-per-cents,  
The fees and the fines, and the silver mines,  
the markets and harbours and sales and rents.  
If you take the total result of the lot,  
'twill reach two thousand talents or near.  
And next put down the Justices' pay,  
and reckon the sums they receive a year:  
Six thousand Justices, count them through,  
there dwell no more in the land as yet,  
One hundred and fifty talents a year  
I think you will find is all they get.

**PH.** Then not one tithe of our income goes  
to furnish forth the Justices' pay.

**BD.** No, certainly not.

**PH.** And what becomes  
of all the rest of the revenue, pray?

**BD.** Why, bless you, it goes to the pockets of those,  
*To the rabble of Athens I'll ever be true,*  
*I'll always battle away for the mob.*\(^b\)  
O father, my father, 'tis owing to you:  
By such small phrases as these cajoled,  
you lift them over yourselves to reign.

\(^a\) He refers to P.'s words in 593.
κάθ᾽ οὗτοι μὲν δωροδοκοῦσιν κατὰ πεντήκοντα τάλαντα
ἀπὸ τῶν πόλεων, ἐπαπειλοῦντες τοιαῦτα κάνα-
φοβοῦντες,
"δώσετε τὸν φόρον, ἡ βροντήσας τὴν πόλιν ὑμῶν ἀνατρέψω.",
οὐ δὲ τῆς ἀρχῆς ἀγαπᾶς τῆς σῆς τοὺς ἀργελόφους·
περιτρώγων.
οἱ δὲ εὐμμαχοὶ ὡς ἦσθηνται τὸν μὲν σύρφακα τὸν ἀλλὸν
ἐκ κηθαρίου λαγαριζόμενον καὶ τραγαλίζοντα τὸ
μηδέν,
σὲ μὲν Ἡγούμενι Κόννον ψῆφον, τούτους δὲ
δωροφοροῦσιν
ὕρχας, ὁῖνον, δάπιδας, τυρόν, μέλι, σήσαμα,
προσκεφάλαια,
φιάλας, χλανίδας, στεφάνους, ὄρμους, ἐκπώματα,
πλουθυγείαν.
σοὶ δὲ ὄν ἀρχείσ, πολλὰ μὲν ἐν γῇ, πολλὰ δ᾽ ἐφ'
ὕγρᾳ πιτυλεύσας,
οὐδεὶς οὐδὲ σκορὸδου κεφαλήν τοῖς ἐφητοῖς
dίδωσιν.

ΦΙ. μὰ Δῑ' ἀλλὰ παρ᾽ Εὐχαρίδου καύτος τρεῖς γ᾽
ἀγλιθας μετέπεμψα.

Ἀλλ᾽ αὐτὴν μοι τὴν δουλείαν οὐκ ἀποφαίνων
ἀποκναιέσ.

ΒΔ. οὐ γὰρ μεγάλη δουλεία ἐκ τούτους μὲν ἀπαντᾶς
ἐν ἀρχαῖς
αὐτοὺς τ᾽ εἶναι, καὶ τοὺς κόλακας τοὺς τούτων,
μισθοφοροῦντας;
σοὶ δ᾽ ἡν τις ὅω τοὺς τρεῖς ὀβολοὺς, ἀγαπᾶς· οὐς
αὐτὸς ἐλαύνων
And then, believe me, they soon contrive
some fifty talents in bribes to gain,
Extorting them out of the subject states,
by hostile menace and angry frown:

*Hand over, they say, the tribute-pay,*

*or else my thunders shall crush your town.*

You joy the while at the remnants vile,
the trotters and tips of your power to gnaw.
So when our knowing, acute allies
the rest, the scum of the Populaee, saw
On a vote-box pine, and on nothingness dine,
and marked how lanky and lean ye grow,
They count you all as a Connas’s vote,*

and ever and ever on these bestow
Wines, cheeses, necklaees, sesame fruit,
and jars of pickle and pots of honey,
Rugs, cushions, and mantles, and cups, and crowns,
and health, and vigour, and lots of money.

*Whilst you!* from out of the broad domain
for which on the land and the wave you toiled,
None gives you so much as a garlic head,
to flavour the dish when your sprats are boiled.

PH. That’s true no doubt, for I just sent out,
and bought, myself, from Eucharides three;
But you wear me away by your long delay
in proving my bondage and slavery.

BD. Why is it not slavery pure and neat,
when these (themselves and their parasites too)
Are all in receipt of their pay, God wots,
as high officials of state: whilst you
Must thankful be for your obols three,
those obols which ye yourselves have won

---

*a* Apparently = something valueless. C. appears in *K.* 534 as a dissolute musician.
καὶ πεζομαχῶν καὶ πολιορκῶν ἐκτήσω, πολλὰ
πονήσας.
καὶ πρὸς τούτων ἔπιταττόμενος φοιτᾶς, ὁ μάλιστα
μὲ ἀπάγχει,
ὁταν εἰσελθὼν μειράκιών σοι κατάπυγον, Χαιρέου
νῦσ,
ὡδὶ διαβάς, διακινηθεῖς τῷ σώματι καὶ τρυφε-
ρανθείς,
ηκεῖν εἶπῃ πρὶν κἂν ὃρα δικάσονθ᾽, ὡς ὅστις ἂν
ὑμῶν
ὑστερος ἐλθῃ τοῦ σημείου, τὸ τριώβολον οὐ
κομίζεται.
αὐτὸς δὲ φέρει τὸ συνηγορικὸν, δραχμῆν, κἂν
ὑστερος ἐλθῃ.
καὶ κοινωνῶν τῶν ἀρχόντων ἔτερῳ τῳ τῶν μεθ᾽
ἐαυτοῦ,
ἣν τὴς τὰ διδῷ τῶν φευγόντων, ἔυθέντε τὸ πράγμα
δὺ ὅντε
ἐσπουδάκατον, κἀθ᾽ ὃς πρίονθ᾽ ὁ μὲν ἔλκει, ὁ δ᾽
ἀντενέδωκε·
οὐ δὲ χασκάζεις τὸν κωλακρέτην· τὸ δὲ πραττό-
μενόν σε λέληθεν.
φι. ταυτὶ μὲ ποιοῦσ᾽; οὖμοι, τί λέγεις; ὃς μου τὸν
θίνα ταράττεις,
καὶ τὸν νόν μου προσάγεις μᾶλλον, κοῦκ οἴδ᾽ ὃ
τι χρήμα μὲ ποιεῖς.
βδ. σκέψαι τοίνυν ὡς ἐξὸν σοι πλουτεῖν καὶ τοίσιν
ἀπασίων,
ὕπο τῶν ἂεὶ δημιουργῶν οὐκ οἴδ᾽ ὅποι ἐγκεκύ-
κλησαί·

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In the battle’s roar, by sea and by shore,  
'mid sieges and miseries many a one.
But O what throttles me most of all,  
is this, that under constraint you go,
When some young dissolute spark comes in,  
some son of a Chaereas,"a straddling—so,
With his legs apart, and his body poised,  
and a mincing, soft, effeminate air,
And bids you Justices, one and all,  
betimes in the morn to the Court repair,
For that any who after the signal b come  
shall lose and forfeit their obols three.
Yet come as late as he choose himself,  
he pockets his drachma, “Counsel’s fee.”c
And then if a culprit give him a bribe,  
he gets his fellow the job to share,
And into each other’s hands they play,  
and manage together the suit to square.
Just like two men at a saw they work,  
and one keeps pulling, and one gives way.
While you at the Treasurer d stare and gape,  
and never observe the tricks they play.

PH. Is that what they do! O can it be true!  
Ah me, the depths of my being are stirred,
Your statements shake my soul, and I feel  
I know not how, at the things I’ve heard.
BD. And just consider when you and all  
might revel in affluence, free as air,
How these same demagogues wheel you round,  
and cabin and coop you I know not where.

a Unknown.
b A signal hoisted for the opening of the court.
c “A retaining fee paid to the 10 συνήγοροι appointed as public prosecutors” : R.
d One of the officers who paid the dicasts.
οστὶς πόλεων ἄρχων πλείστων, ἀπὸ τοῦ Πόντου μέχρι Σαρδοῦς,
οὐκ ἀπολαύεις πλὴν τοῦθ᾽ ὁ φέρεις ἀκαρῆ, καὶ τοῦτ᾽ ἑρίω σοι
ἐνστάξουσιν κατὰ μικρὸν ἄεί, τοῦ ζῆν ἔνεχ᾽,
ὡσπερ ἠλαιον.
βούλονται γὰρ σε πένητ᾽ εἶναι καὶ τοῦθ᾽ ὅν εἶνεκ', ἔρῳ σοι,
ἀνα γεγυγής τῶν τιθασευτῆν· καθ᾽ ὅταν οὕτος γ᾽ ἐπισίγη,
ἐπὶ τῶν ἔχθρῶν τῶν ἐπιρρύξας, ἀγρίως αὐτοῖς ἐπιπηδᾶς.
εἰ γὰρ ἐβούλοντο βίον πορίσαι τῷ δήμῳ, ράδιον
ἕν άν.
εἰσὶν γε πόλεις χίλιαι, αἱ νῦν τὸν φόρον ἡμῖν ἀπάγονσιν.
τοῦτων εἰκοσι τῶν ἄνδρας βόσκειν εἰ τις προσέταξεν ἐκάστῃ,
δύο μυριάδες τῶν δημοτικῶν ἔξων ἐν πάσι λαγῷς καὶ στεφάνουσιν παντοδαποῖσιν καὶ πυῷ καὶ πυριάτῃ,
ἄξια τῆς γῆς ἀπολαύοντες καὶ τοῦ Μαραθῶν τροπαίον.
νῦν δ᾽ ὡσπερ ἐλαολόγοι χωρεῖθ᾽ ἀμα τῷ τὸν
μισθὸν ἔχοντι.
φι. οὖμοι, τί ποθ᾽ ὡσπερ νάρκη μου κατὰ τῆς χειρὸς καταχείται,
καὶ τὸ ξίφος οὐ δύναμαι κατέχειν, ἄλλ᾽ ἤδη
μαλθακός εἰμι.
βδ. ἄλλ᾽ ὀπόταν μὲν δεῖσοι αὐτοῖ, τῆν Εὐβοιαν
διδόσασιν

a Sardinia.
And you, the lord of such countless towns,
from Pontus to Sardo, nought obtain
Save this poor pittance you earn, and this
they dole you in driblets, grain by grain,
As though they were dropping oil from wool,
as much forsooth as will life sustain.
They mean you all to be poor and gaunt,
and I'll tell you, father, the reason why.
They want you to know your keeper's hand;
and then if he hiss you on to fly
At some helpless foe, away you go,
with eager vehemence ready and rough.
Since if they wished to maintain you well,
the way to do it were plain enough.
A thousand cities our rule obey,
a thousand cities their tribute pay,
Allot them twenty Athenians each,
to feed and nourish from day to day,
And twice ten thousand citizens there,
are living immersed in dishes of hare,
With creams and beestings and sumptuous fare,
and garlands and coronals everywhere,
Enjoying a fate that is worthy the state,
and worthy the trophy on Marathon plain.
Whilst now like gleaners ye all are fain
 to follow along in the paymaster's train.

PH. O what can this strange sensation mean,
this numbness that over my hand is stealing?
My arm no longer can hold the sword:
I yield, unmanned, to a womanish feeling.

BD. Let a panic possess them, they're ready to give
Euboea at once for the State to divide,

b Lit. "olive-gatherers"; needy folk like our hop-pickers.
i.e. to portion it out among you in "allotments" as κληρούχοι.
ἈΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΕronym καὶ σίτον ύψονταται κατὰ πεντήκοντα μεδίμνους
ποριεῖν· ἐδοσαν δ' οὐπώποτε σοι, πλὴν πρώην
πέντε μεδίμνους,
καὶ ταῦτα μόλις ξενίας φεύγων ἔλαβες κατὰ
χοίνικα, κριθῶν.

ὁν εἰνεκ' ἐγὼ σ' ἀπέκλειον ἀεὶ,
βόσκεν ἐθέλων καὶ μὴ τούτοις
ἐγχάσκειν σοι στομφάζοντας.
καὶ νῦν ἀτεχνώς ἐθέλω παρέχειν
ὁ τι βούλει σοι,
πλὴν κωλακρετὸν γάλα πίνειν.

χο. ἡ ποιος ἢν ὀστις ἐφασκεν, "πρὶν ἀν ἀμφοῦν
μῦθον ἀκούσης,
οὐκ ἂν δικάσαις." σὺ γὰρ οὔν νῦν μοι νικῶν
πολλῷ δεδόκησαι.

ὁστ' ἡδη τῆς ὅργην χαλάσας τοὺς σκίτωνας
καταβάλλω.

ἀλλ' ὡς τῆς ἠλικίας ὡμῖν τῆς αὐτῆς συνθιασότα,
πιθοῦ πιθοῦ λόγου, μηδ' ἀφρών γένη, [στρ.
μηδ' ἀτενής ἄγαν ἀτεράμων τ' ἀνήρ.
εἴδ' ὑφελέν μοι κηδεμών ἡ ἕγγενής
εἶναι τις ὀστις τοιαῦτ' ἐνουθέτει.

σοὶ δὲ νῦν τις θεῶν
παρὼ νεμφανής
ἔνωσαμβάνει τοῦ πράγματος,
καὶ δὴλος ἔστων εὖ ποιῶν.

μὴν θρέψω γ' αὐτὸν παρέχων
ὄσα πρεσβύτη ξύμφορα, χόνδρον

ΒΔ. καὶ μὴν θρέψω γ' αὐτὸν παρέχων
ὡς πρεσβύτη ξύμφορα, χόνδρον

480
And engage to supply for every man
full fifty bushels of wheat beside.
But five poor bushels of barley each
is all that you ever obtained in fact,
And that doled out by the quart, while first
they worry you under the Alien Act.¹
And therefore it was that I locked you away
To keep you in ease; unwilling that these
With empty mouthings your age should bilk.
And now I offer you here to-day
Without any reserve whatever you please,
Save only a draught of—Treasurer's milk.

CH. 'Twas a very acute and intelligent man,
whoever it was, that happened to say,
Don't make up your mind till you've heard both sides,
for now I protest you have gained the fray.
Our staves of justice, our angry mood,
for ever and ever aside we lay,
And we turn to talk to our old compeer,
our choir-companion of many a day.
Don't be a fool: give in, give in,
Nor too perverse and stubborn be;
I would to Heaven my kith and kin
Would show the like regard for me.
Some deity, 'tis plain, befriends
Your happy lot, believe, believe it;
With open arms his aid he sends,
Do you with open arms receive it.

BD. I'll give him whatever his years require,
A basin of gruel, and soft attire,

¹ You have to establish your claim with as much trouble as if
you were being prosecuted for fraudulently exercising the rights
of citizenship.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

λείχευν, ιχλαίναν μαλακήν, σιρυράν,
pόρνην, ήτις το πέος τρίψει
καὶ τὴν ὀσφύν.

ἀλλ' ὅτι σιγῶ κούδεν γρυζεῖ,
tοῦτ' οὗ δύναται με προσέθαι.

ΧΟ. νενοθέτηκεν αὐτὸν ἐσ τὰ πράγμαθ', οῖς [ἀντ.
tότ' ἐπεμαίνετ'. ἐγνωκε γὰρ ἄρτιως,
λογίζεται τ' ἐκεῖνα πάνθ' ἀμαρτίας
ἀ σοῦ κελεύοντος οὐκ ἐπείθητο.


φι. νῦν δ' ἵσως τοίσι σοῖς
λόγοις πείθεται,
καὶ σωφρονεῖ μέντοι μεθυ-
στάς έσ τὸ λοιπὸν τὸν τρόπον
πιθόμενος τέ σοι.

ΒΔ. ἰ' ὡ μοι μοι.

φι. οὖτος, τί βοῶς;

μὴ μοι τούτων μηδὲν ὑπισχνοῦ.

κείνων ἔραμαι, κεῖθι γενοίμαν,

ἰν' ὁ κηρυξ φησίν, "τίς ἄψηφι-

στος; ἀνυστάσθω,

καπισταῖν ἐπὶ τοῖς κημοῖς
ψηφιξομένων ὁ τελευταῖος.

οπεῦθ', ὃ ψυχή. ποῦ μοι ψυχή;

πάρες, ὃ σκιερά. μὰ τὸν Ἡρακλέα,

μὴ νῦν ἄτ' ἐγώ' ν τοῖσι δικασταῖς
κλέπτοντα Κλέωνα λάβομι.

ΒΔ. ἰθ' ὃ πάτερ, πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.

φι. τι σοι πίθωμαι; λέγ' ὃ τι βουλεῖ, πλήν ἐνὸς.

ΒΔ. ποίου; φέρ' ἵδῳ.

φι. τοῦ μὴ δικάζεων. τοῦτο δὲ

"Αἰδης διακρίνει πρότερον ἥ' γω πείσομαι.

482
And a good warm rug, and a handmaid fair,
To chafe and cherish his limbs with care.
—But I can’t like this, that he stands so mute,
And speaks not a word nor regards my suit.

CH. 'Tis that his soberer thoughts review
The frenzy he indulged so long,
And (what he would not yield to you)
He feels his former life was wrong.
Perchance he’ll now amend his plan,
Unbend his age to mirth and laughter,
A better and a wiser man
By your advice he’ll live hereafter.

PH. O misery! O misery!

BD. O father, why that dolorous cry?

PH. Talk not of things like these to me! a

Those are my pleasures, there would I be
Where the Usher eries
Who has not voted? let him arise.
And O that the last of the voting band
By the verdict-box I could take my stand.
On, on, my soul! why, where is she gone?
Hah! by your leave, my shadowy one!
Zounds, if I catch when in Court I’m sitting
Cleon again a theft committing!

BD. O father, father, by the Gods eomply.

PH. Comply with what? name any wish, save one.

BD. Save what, I prithee?

PH. Not to judge; but that
Hades shall settle ere my soul eomply.

a “P. breaks his tragic silence, and gives utterance to a cento
of scraps from the Hippolytus Velatus, Alcestis, Bellerophon,
and probably other plays of Euripides” R.
ARISTOPHANES

ΒΔ. σὺ δ' οὖν, ἐπειδὴ τοῦτο κεχάρηκας ποιῶν, ἐκείσε μὲν μὴκέτι βάδιζ', ἀλλ' ἐνθάδε αὐτοῦ μένων δίκαιε τοῖσιν οἰκέταις.

ΦΙ. περὶ τοῦ; τί ληρεῖς;

ΒΔ. ταῦθ', ἀπερ ἐκεῖ πράττεται. ὅτι τῇν θύραν ἀνέωξεν ἡ σηκίς λάθρα, ταύτης ἑπιβολὴν γινομεί μίαν μόνην. πάντως δὲ κάκει ταῦτ' ἔδρας ἐκάστοτε. καὶ ταύτα μὲν νυν εὐλόγως, ἂν ἐξέχῃ εἴλη κατ' ὅρθρον, ἡλιάσει πρὸς ἦλιον. ἐὰν δὲ νύφῃ, πρὸς τὸ πῦρ καθήμενος, ὄντος, ἔσει· κἂν ἔγρη μεσημβρίνος, οὐδεὶς σ' ἀποκλείσει θεσμοθέτης τῇ κυκλίδι. Ἰ. τουτὶ μ' ἀρέσκει.

ΒΔ. πρὸς δὲ τούτοις γ', ἂν δίκην λέγῃ μακρὰν τις, οὐχὶ πεινῶν ἀναμενεῖς, δάκνων σεαυτὸν καὶ τῶν ἀπολογοῦμενον.

ΦΙ. πῶς οὖν διαγιγνάσκειν καλῶς δυνήσομαι ὡσπερ πρότερον τὰ πράγματ', ἐτί μασώμενοι; Ἰ. πολλῷ γ' ἁμεινον· καὶ λέγεται γὰρ τουτογ', ὡς οἱ δικασταὶ φευσδομένων τῶν μαρτύρων μόλις τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἐγνωσαν ἀναμασώμενοι.

ΒΔ. ἀνὰ τοὶ μὲ πείθεις. ἀλλ' ἐκεῖν' οὔπω λέγεις, τὸν μισθὸν ὄποθεν λήψομαι.

ΒΔ. παρ' ἐμοῦ.

ΦΙ. καλῶς, Ἰ. ἢτι' κατ' ἐμαυτὸν κοῦ μεθ' ἐτέρου λήψομαι.

συχίστα γὰρ τοῦ μ' εἰργάσατο Λυσίστρατος ὀ σκωπτόλης. ὁραχὴν μετ' ἐμοῦ πρώην λαβὼν, ἐλθὼν διεκερματίζετ' ἐν τοῖσ ἰχθύσιν.

"εὐλόγως, "appropriately."
Α. is paving the way for a double pun. "In fine weather ἡλιάσει (play the Heliast) πρὸς ἦλιον, in

484
BD. Well but if these are really your delights,
    Yet why go There? why not remain at home
    And sit and judge among your household here?
PH. Folly! judge what?
BD. The same as There you do.
    Suppose you catch your housemaid on the sly
    Opening the door: fine her for that, one drachma.
    That's what you did at every sitting There.
    And very aptly,
    You'll fine your culprits, sitting in the sun.
    In snow, enter your judgements by the fire
    While it rains on: and—though you sleep till midday,
    No archon here will close the door against you.
PH. Hah! I like that.
BD. And then, however long
    An orator proses on, no need to fast,
    Worrying yourself (ay, and the prisoner too).
PH. But do you really think that I can judge
    As well as now, whilst eating and digesting?
BD. As well? much better. When there's reckless
    swearing,
    Don't people say, what time and thought and trouble
    It took the judges to digest the case?
PH. I'm giving in. But you've not told me yet
    How I'm to get my pay.
BD. I'll pay you.
PH. Good,
    Then I shall have mine to myself, alone;
    For once Lysistratus, the funny fool,
    Played me the scurviest trick. We'd got one drachma
    Betwixt us two: he changed it at the fish-stall;

wet weather εἰςεἰ, which is really from εἰςομαι (Pl. 647) and is explained by the Scholiasts as δικάσεις, but upon which A. plays as if it were from εἰςεὗμι, 'you shall go indoors': R.
καὶ τετεθήκε τρεῖς λοπίδας μοι κεστρέων· κἀγὼ 'νέκαβ· ὀβολοὺς γὰρ ὄμην λαβεῖν· κατὰ βδελυχθεὶς ὁσφρόμενος ἔξεπτυσα· κἀ' εἶλκον αὐτὸν.

ΒΔ. ο δὲ τί πρὸς ταῦτ' εἶφ';

ΦΙ. ο τι; ἀλεκτρυόνος μ' ἐφασκε κοιλίαν ἔχειν· "ταχὺ γοῦν καθέψεις τάργυριον," ἣ δ' ὤς λέγων. ΒΔ. ὅρας ὁσον καὶ τοῦτο δήτα κερδανεὶς;

ΦΙ. οὐ πάνυ τι μικρόν. ἀλλ' ὀπερ μέλλεις ποιεῖ.

ΒΔ. ἀνάμενε νυν' ἐγὼ δὲ ταῦθ' ήξω φέρων.

ΦΙ. ὅρα τὸ χρῆμα· τὰ λόγια ὤς περαινεῖαι. ἦκηκόεν γὰρ ὡς Ἀθηναίοι ποτε δικάσουεν ἐπὶ ταῖς οἰκίαις τὰς δίκας, κἀν τοῖς προθύροις ἀνοικοδομήσου πᾶς ἄνὴρ αὐτῷ δικαστηρίδιοι μικρὸν πάνυ, ὀφερ 'Εκάταιον, πανταχοῦ πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν.

ΒΔ. ἰδοὺ, τί ἐτ' ἑρεῖς; ὡς ἀπαντ' ἐγὼ φέρω ὀσατέρ γ' ἐφασκον, κἀτι πολλῷ πλείονα. ἰμίς μέν, ἢν οὐρητιάσῃς, αὐτῇ παρὰ σοὶ κρεμῆσετ' ἐγγὺς ἐπὶ τοῦ παττάλου.

ΦΙ. σοφὸν γε τοὐτί καὶ γέροντι πρόσφορον ἐξευθεῖς ἀτεχνῶς φάρμακον στραγγουρίας.

ΒΔ. καὶ πῦρ γε τοὐτί, καὶ προσέστηκεν φακῆ, ῥοφεῖν ἐλαῖν δέτη τι.

ΦΙ. τοῦτ' αὖ δεξιόν· κἂν γὰρ πυρέττω, τὸν γε μισθὸν λήψομαι. αὐτοῦ μένων γὰρ τὴν φακῆν ῥοφήσομαι. ἀτὰρ τί τὸν ὄρνυν ὡς ἐμ' ἐξηνεγκατε;
Then laid me down three mullet scales: and I, I thought them obols, popped them in my mouth; O the vile smell! O la! I spat them out And collared him.

BD. And what said he?

PH. The rascal!

He said I'd got the stomach of a cock. You'll soon digest hard coin, he says, says he.

BD. Then there again you'll get a great advantage.

PH. Ay, ay, that's something: let's begin at once.

BD. Then stop a moment whilst I fetch the traps.

PH. See here now, how the oracles come true. Oft have I heard it said that the Athenians One day would try their lawsuits in their homes, That each would have a little Courtlet built For his own use, in his own porch, before His entrance, like a shrine of Hecate.*

BD. (Bustling in with a quantity of judicial properties) Now then I hope you're satisfied: I've brought All that I promised, and a lot besides. See here I'll hang this vessel on a peg, In case you want it as the suit proceeds.

PH. Now that I call extremely kind and thoughtful, And wondrous handy for an old man's needs.

BD. And here's a fire, and gruel set beside it, All ready when you want it.

PH. Good again.

Now if I'm feverish I shan't lose my pay, For here I'll sit, and sip my gruel too. But why in the world have ye brought me out the cock?

a For carrying money in the mouth cf. B. 503, E. 818.

b ἐξέκοψεν = in ius trahebam.

c Small images or shrines of Hecate set up before the doors that, as representing the Moon, she might guard them at night.
ARISTOPHANES

BA. ἰνα γ’, ὡν καθεύδης ἀπολογουμένου τινός, ἄδων ἁνωθεν ἐξεγειρη σ’ οὔτοσι.

Π. ἐν ἑτὶ ποθώ, τὰ δ’ ἄλλ’ ἄρεσκει μοι.

ΒΔ. τὸ τί;

Π. θηρῶν εἰ πως ἐκκομίσαι τὸ τοῦ Λύκου.

ΒΔ. πάρεστι τούτι, καύττο σὺνε οὔτοσι.’

Π. ὃ δέσποθ’ ἦρως, ὃς χαλέπος ἀρ’ ἦσθ’ ἰδειν.

ΒΔ. οίστερ ήμῖν φαίνεται—Κλεώνυμος.

ΞΑ. οὐκουν ἔχει γ’ οὐδ’ αὐτὸς ἦρως ὡν ὃπλα.

ΒΔ. εἰ θάττον ἐκαθίζου σὺ, θάττον ἂν δίκην ἐκάλουν.

Π. κάλει νυν, ὡς κάθημαι γ’γω πάλαι.

ΒΔ. φέρε νυν, τίν’ αὐτῷ πρώτον εἰσαγάγων δίκην; τί τις κακόν δέδρακε τῶν ἐν τῇ οίκίᾳ; ἡ Θράττα προσκαύσασα πρώην τῇ ἡὕτραν

Π. ἐπίστοχες οὔτος’ ὡς ὀλίγον μ’ ἀπώλεσας.

ΞΑ. ἀνευ δρυφάκτον τῇ δίκην μέλλεις καλεῖν, ὃ πρῶτον ἠμῖν τῶν ἑρῶν ἐφαίνετο;

ΒΔ. μὰ τὸν Δι’ οὐ πάρεστιν.

Π. ἀλλ’ ἐγὼ δραμὼν

αὐτὸς κομιοῦμαί το γε παραυτίκ’ ἐνδοθεν.

ΒΔ. τί ποτε τὸ χρημ’; ὡς δεινὸν ἡ φιλοχωρία.

ΞΑ. βάλλ’ ἐς κόρακας. τοιουτοὶ τρέφειν κύνα.

ΒΔ. τί δ’ ἔστιν ἐτεόν;

ΞΑ. οὐ γὰρ ὁ Λάβης ἀρτίως

ὁ κύων παράξας εἰς τὸν ἵππον ἀναρτάσας τροφαλίδα τυρεοῦ Συκελλήνη κατεδήδοκεν;

ΒΔ. τούτῃ ἄρα πρῶτον τάδίκημα τῷ πατρί

εἰσακεῖν μοι’ οὐ δὲ κατηγόρει παράν.

*a* Cf. 389. B. here produces a little image of him.

*b* A surprise; for C. was a notorious coward; cf. 19.

*c* φιλοχωρία describes the attachment to his old haunts which makes him run after “a railing” such as was used in the law 488
THE WASPS, 816-840

BD. To wake you, father, crowing over head
   In case you're dozing whilst a prisoner pleads.

PH. One thing I miss, and only one.

BD. What's that?

PH. If you could somehow fetch the shrine of Lycus!\(^a\)

BD. Here then it is, and here's the king in person.

PH. O hero lord, how stern you are to see!

BD. Almost, methinks, like our—Cleonymus.\(^b\)

XA. Ay, and 'tis true the hero has no shield!

BD. If you got seated sooner, I should sooner
   Call a suit on.

PH. Call on, I've sat for ages.

BD. Let's see: what matter shall I bring on first?
   Who's been at mischief of the household here?
   That careless Thratta now, she charred the pitcher.

PH. O stop, for goodness' sake! you've all but killed me.
   What! call a suit on with no railing here,
   Always the first of all our sacred things?

BD. No more there is, by Zeus.

PH. I'll run myself
   And forage out whatever comes to hand.

BD. Heyday! where now? The strange infatuation!\(^c\)

XA. Psha! rot the dog! To keep a cur like this!

BD. What's happened now?

XA. Why, has not Labes\(^d\) here
   Got to the kitchen safe, and grabbed a cheese,
   A rich Sicilian cheese, and bolted it?

BD. Then that's the first indictment we'll bring on
   Before my father: you shall prosecute.

courts to separate the dicasts from the general public. If the
meaning is right, the "railing" is = cancelli, from which we derive
"chancellor." While P. is gone a sudden scuffle takes place
within and the voice of Xanthias is heard exclaiming at a dog.
\(^d\) From λαμβάνω, like our "Grip" or "Pincher," and with a
play on Laches (cf. 240).
μὰ Δι’ οὐκ ἔγωγ’ ἀλλ’ ἀτερός φησιν Κύων κατηγορήσειν, ἣν τις εἰσάγῃ γραφῆν.

ιθι νυν, ἂγ’ αὐτῷ δεῦρο.

ταῦτα χρή ποιεῖν.

touti ti esti;

χοιροκομείον Ἑστίας.

eἰθ’ ἑροσυλήσας φέρεις;

οὐκ, ἀλλ’ ἵνα ἄφ’ Ἑστίας ἀρχόμενος ἐπιτρύψω τινά. ἀλλ’ εἰσαγ’ ἀνύσας· ὡς ἔγω τιμᾶν βλέπω.

φέρε νυν, ἐνέγκω τάς σανίδας καὶ τάς γραφάς.

ὅμως, διατρίβεις κάπολεις τρυψμερῶν· ἔγω δ’ ἀλοκίζειν ἐδεόμην τὸ χωρίον.

κάλει νυν.

ταῦτα δή.

τίς οὔτος;

ὁ πρῶτος ἐστιν;

ἐς κόρακας, ὡς ἄχθομαι, ὡς τελαθόμην τοὺς καδίσκους ἐκφέρειν.

οὕτος σὺ ποὶ θεῖς;

ἐπὶ καδίσκους.

μὴ δαμὼς.

ἔγω γὰρ εἶχον τούσδε τοὺς ἀρνυστίχους.

κάλλιστα τούνει, πάντα γὰρ πάρεστι νῦν ὅσων δεόμεθα, πλὴν γε δὴ τῆς κλεφύδρας.

ἣδ’ δὲ δὴ τὶς ἐστιν; οὐχὶ κλεφύδρα;

εὐ γ’ ἐκπορίζεις αὐτὰ καπιχωρίως.

---

α Κύων = Κλέων.

b That pigs might be kept within the precincts of the house is clear from P. 1106. How the fence which encloses them is specially connected with 'Ἑστία is not plain, but the name seems 490
THE WASPS, 841-859

xa. Thank you, not I. This other Cur a declares
If there's a charge, he'll prosecute with pleasure.

bd. Bring them both here.

xa. Yes, yes, sir, so I will.

bd. (To Phil.) Hallo, what's this?

ph. Pig-railings from the hearth.

bd. Sacrilege, eh?

ph. No, but I'd trounce some fellow
(As the phrase goes) even from the very hearth. b
So call away: I'm keen for passing sentence.

bd. Then now I'll fetch the cause-lists and the pleadings.

ph. O these delays! You weary and wear me out.
I've long been dying to commence my furrows. c

bd. Now then!

ph. Call on.

bd. Yes, certainly.

ph. And who
Is first in order?

bd. Dash it, what a bother!
I quite forgot to bring the voting-urns.

ph. Goodness! where now?

bd. After the urns.

ph. Don't trouble,
I'd thought of that. I've got these ladling-bowls.

bd. That's capital: then now methinks we have
All that we want. No, there's no water-piece.

ph. Water-piece, quotha! pray what call you this? d

bd. Well thought on, father: and with shrewd home wit.

introduced because at festivals the first libation was poured and
the firstlings of the sacrifice were offered to Ἐστία. Hence the
phrase ἀφ' Ἐστίας ἀρχεσθαί came to mean "make a happy
beginning," and B. wishes to do this by "troucing someone."

The condemning line on his πυνάκιον, cf. 106 and Introd.

He points to the ἀμίς which his son had brought, 807, and
which is to take the place of the κλεψύδρα or water-clock by which
the orators spoke.
ARISTOPHANES

άλλ' ὃς τάχιστα πῦρ τις ἐξενεγκάτω καὶ μυρρίνας καὶ τὸν λιβανωτὸν ἐνδοθεν, ὡπως ἂν εὐξώμεσθα πρῶτα τοῖς θεώις.

xo. καὶ μὴν ἡμεῖς ἐπὶ ταῖς σπονδαῖς καὶ ταῖς εὐχαῖς φήμην ἁγαθὴν λέξομεν ὑμῖν, ὅτι γενναίος ἐκ τοῦ πολέμου καὶ τοῦ νείκους ἐξωβητον.

βδ. εὐφημία μὲν πρῶτα νῦν ὑπαρχέτω. [στρ.

xo. ὃ Φοῖβ’ Ἅπωλλον Πύθι’, ἐπ’ ἁγαθὴ τύχῃ τὸ πράγμ’ δ’ μηχανᾶται ἐμπροσθεν οὕτος τῶν θυρῶν, ἀπασιν ἧμιν ἀρμόσαι πανσαμένοις πλάνων.

Τῆς Παιάν.

βδ. ὁ δεσποτ’ ἀναξ, γείτον Ἀγνιεῦ τοῦμον προθύρου προπύλαις,

δέξαι τελετὴν καινήν, ἀναξ, ἢν τῷ πατρὶ καινοτομοῦμεν.

παῦσόν τ’ αὐτοῦ τοῦτο τὸ λίαν στρυφῶν καὶ πρίνων ἤθος,

ἀντὶ σίραυον μέλιτος μικρὸν τῷ θυμιδίῳ παραμίξας ἤδη δ’ εἶναι τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ἤπιον αὐτὸν,

τοὺς φεύγοντας τ’ ἐλεεῖν μᾶλλον τῶν γραφαμένων κάπιθακρύειν ἀντιβολοῦντων,

a The obelisk in honour of Apollo which stood in the street (ἀγνα) at the entrance.

b The difficulty is that σίραυον, a boiled down wine (defrutum),
THE WASPS, 860–882

Ho, there within! some person bring me out
A pan of coals, and frankincense, and myrtle,
That so our business may commence with prayer.

CH. We too, as ye offer the prayer and wine,
    We too will call on the Powers Divine
    To prosper the work begun;
    For the battle is over and done,
And out of the fray and the strife to-day
    Fair peace ye have nobly won.

BD. Now hush all idle words and sounds profane.

CH. O Pythian Phoebus, bright Apollo, deign
    To speed this youth's design
    Wrought here, these gates before,
    And give us from our wanderings rest
    And peace for evermore.
    (The shout of Io Paean is raised.)

BD. Aguiues a! my neighbour and hero and lord!
    I pray thee be graciously pleased to accept
    the rite that we new for my father create.
    O bend to a pliant and flexible mood
    the stubborn and resolute oak of his will.
    And into his heart, so crusty and tart,
    a trifle of honey for syrup b instil.
    Endue him with sympathies wide,
    A sweet and humane disposition,
    Which leans to the side of the wretch that is tried,
    And weeps at a culprit's petition.

is regularly described as "sweet." R. suggests that there is a play on θῦμίδιον "temper" and θῦμίδιον, the diminutive of θύμος, a herb much eaten by the Athenian poor (Pl. 253). "Mix," prays Bdelycleon, "honey with his temper, θῦμίδιον, as he is wont to mix mulled wine with his salad, θῦμίδιον."
καὶ πανσάμενον τῆς δυσκολίας ἀπὸ τῆς ὀργῆς
τὴν ἀκαλῆφην ἀφελέσθαι.

χο. ξυνευχόμεσθα [ταῦτα] σοι καπάδομεν
νέασιν ἀρχαῖς, εὔνεκα τῶν προλελεγμένων.
eὐνοι γάρ ἐσμεν εξ οὗ
tὸν δῆμον ἡσθόμεσθά σου
φιλούντος ὡς όυδεὶς ἄνηρ
tῶν γε νεωτέρων.

βδ. εἶ τις θύρασιν ἡλιαστῆς, εἰσίτω· ὃς ἴνικ' ἄν λέγωσιν, οὐκ ἑσφρήσομεν.

φι. τὸς ἄρ' ὁ φεύγων οὔτος; ὁσον ἀλώσεται.

βδ. ἀκούετ' ἤδη τῆς γραφῆς. “ἐγράψατο
Κύων Κυδαθηναίεως Λάβης· Λίξωνέα,
tὸν τυρὸν ἀδικεῖν ὅσ τοι μόνος κατήσθιεν
tὸν Σικελικόν. τίμημα κλωὸς σύκινος.”

φι. θάνατος μὲν οὖν κύνειος, ἥν ἀπαξ ἄλω.

βδ. καὶ μὴν ὁ φεύγων οὔτος ὅπς πάρα.

φι. ὃ μιαρὸς οὔτος· ὡς δὲ καὶ κλέπτον βλέπει·
οἶον σεσηρῶς ἐξαπατήσειν μ' οὐεται.
ποῦ δ' οὖν ὁ διώκων, ὁ Κυδαθηναίεως Κύων;

κυών. αὐ αὐ.

βδ. πάρεστιν.

ζά. ἔτερος οὔτος αὖ Λάβης,
ἀγαθὸς γ' ἔλακτείν καὶ διαλείχειν τὰς χύτρας.

βδ. σίγα, κάλις, σὺ δ' ἀναβάς κατηγόρει.

φι. φέρε νυν, ἡμα τήν ἐγχεώμενος κάγῳ ῥοφῶ.

ζά. τῆς μὲν γραφῆς ἥκουσαθ' ἣν ἐγραψάμην,
ἀνδρεῖς δικασταῖ, τούτοι. δεινότατα γὰρ

a After the solemn prayers, etc. (863 seq.) the judicial proceedings now commence, B. as the κηροκριτής or usher of the Court first making the customary proclamation.
From harshness and anger to turn,
    May it now be his constant endeavour,
And out of his temper the stern
    Sharp sting of the nettle to sever.

CH. We in thy prayers combine, and quite give in
To the new rule, for the aforesaid reasons.
    Our heart has stood our friend
And loved you, since we knew
    That you affect the people more
Than other young men do.

BD. Is any Justice out there? let him enter.¹
    We shan't admit him when they've once begun.

PH. Where is the prisoner fellow? won't he catch it!

BD. O yes! attention! (Reads the indictment)

Cur of Cydathon
    Hereby accuses Labes of Aexone,
    For that, embezzling a Sicilian cheese,
    Alone he ate it. Fine,⁰ one fig-tree collar.

PH. Nay, but a dog's death, an' he's once convicted.

BD. Here stands, to meet the charge, the prisoner Labes.

PH. O the vile wretch! O what a thievish look!
    See how he grins, and thinks to take me in.
    Where's the Accuser, Cur of Cydathon?

CUR. Bow!

BD. Here he stands.

XA. Another Labes this,
    Good dog to yelp and lick the platters clean.

BD. St! take your seat. (To Cur)
    Go up and prosecute.

PH. Meanwhile I'll ladle out and sip my gruel.

XA.² Ye have heard the charge, most honourable judges,
    I bring against him. Scandalous the trick

⁰ The penalty proposed by the prosecutor.
² Xanthias here speaks for Κύων (=Κλέων).
ARISTOPHANES

ἐργών δέδρακε κάμε καὶ τὸ ῥυππαπαῖ.
ἀποδρὰς γὰρ ἐς τὴν γωνίαν τυρὸν πολὺν
κατεσικέλιξ κανέπλητ' ἐν τῷ σκότῳ.

φι. νὴ τὸν Δὶ', ἀλλὰ δῆλος ἐστ'. ἐμοιγέ τοι
tyroμ κάκιστον ἀρτίως ἐνήργυεν
ὁ βδελυρὸς οὗτος.

ΕΑ. κοῦ μετέδωκ' αἰτοῦντι μοι.
καίτοι τὸς ὑμᾶς εῦ ποιεῖν δυνῆσεται,
ἡν μὴ τι κάμοι τις προβάλλῃ τῷ κυνί;

φι. οὐδὲν μετέδωκεν; οὐδὲ τῷ κοινῷ γ' ἐμοὶ.
θερμὸς γὰρ ἀνήρ οὐδὲν ἤττον τῆς φακῆς.

ΒΔ. πρὸς τῶν θεών, μὴ προκαταγίγνωςκ', ὦ πάτερ,
πρὶν ἃν γ' ἀκούσῃς ἀμφοτέρων.

φι. ἀλλ', ἀγαθὲ,
τὸ πράγμα φανερὸν ἔστιν· αὐτὸ γὰρ βοᾶ.

ΕΑ. μὴ νῦν ἀφῆτε γ' αὐτόν, ὥς ὅντ' αἰδ πολὺ
kυνῶν ἀπάντων ἄνδρα μονοφαγίστατον,
ὀστὶς περιπλεύσας τὴν θυείαν ἐν κύκλῳ
ἐκ τῶν πόλεων τὸ σκῆρον ἐξεδήδοκεν.

φι. ἐμοὶ δὲ γ' οὐκ ἔστ' οὔδὲ τὴν ὑδρίαν πλάσαι.

ΕΑ. πρὸς ταῦτα τοῦτον κολάσαστ' οὐ γὰρ ἂν ποτε
tρέφειν δύναι' ἂν μία λόχια κλέπτα δύο
ἵνα μὴ κεκλάγγων διὰ κενῆς ἀλλως ἐγὼ
eὰν δὲ μὴ, τὸ λοιπὸν οὐ κεκλάγξομαι.

φι. ἰν' ἵν' σ' ἰν' τῶν
ὅσα κατηγόρησε τὰς πανουργίας.
κλέπτον τὸ χρῆμα τάνδρός' οὐ καὶ σοι δοκεῖ,
ἀλεκτρυόν; νὴ τὸν Δὶ', ἑπιμένει γέ τοι.

---

a τὸ ῥυππαπαῖ, the measured cry to which sailors rowed (cf. F. 1073); here put for the sailors themselves.

b Cf. K. 1017, where Cleon claims to be the “watch-dog” of 496
He played us all, me and the Sailor-laddies.\(^a\)

Alone, in a corner, in the dark, he gorged,

And munched, and crunched, and Siciliced the cheese!

PH. Pheugh! the thing's evident: the brute this instant

Breathed in my face the filthiest whiff of cheese.

O the foul skunk!

XA. And would not give me any,

Not though I asked. Yet can he be your friend

Who won't throw anything to Me, the dog \(^b\)?

PH. Not give you any! No, nor Me, the state.

The man's a regular scorcher, (burns his mouth)

like this gruel.

BD. Come don't decide against us, pray don't, father,

Before you've heard both sides.

PH. But, my dear boy,

The thing's self-evident, speaks for itself.

XA. Don't let him off; upon my life he is

The most lone-eatingest dog that ever was.

The brute went coasting round and round the mortar,\(^c\)

And snapped up all the rind off all the cities.

PH. And I've no mortar even to mend my pitcher!

XA. So then be sure you punish him. For why?

One bush, they say, can never keep two thieves.

Lest I should bark, and bark, and yet get nothing.

And if I do I'll never bark again.

PH. Soh! soh!

Here's a nice string of accusations truly!

A rare thief of a man! You think so too,

Old gamecock? Ay, he winks his eye, he thinks so.

the state. In the next line P. as a representative of the dicastery

claims to be the State itself.

\(^a\) Apparently here the pan in which the cheese was kept.

\(\sigma\kappa\iota\rho\omicron\) is some hard stuff from which cement could be made, and

also the rind of cheese. "In translating I have been obliged to

transfer the play on words from \(\sigma\kappa\iota\rho\omicron\) to \(\theta\upsilon\epsilon\alpha\)": R.
ARISTOPHANES

ο θεσμοθέτης. ποῦ 'σθ' οὕτως; ἀμίδα μοι δότω.

ΒΔ. αὐτὸς καθελοῦ· τοὺς μάρτυρας γὰρ ἔσκαλω.

Δάβητι μάρτυρας παρεῖναι, τρύβλιον, δούδικα, τυρόκνηστιν, ἐσχάραν, χύτραν,
καὶ τάλλα τὰ σκεῦτα τὰ προσκεκαυμένα.

ἀλλ' ἔτι σὺ γ' οὐρεῖς καὶ καθίζεις οὐδέπω;

ΦΙ. τοῦτον δὲ γ' οὐμ' ἐγὼ χεσείθαι τήμερον.

ΒΔ. οὐκ αὖ σὺ παύσει χαλεπὸς ὦν καὶ δύσκολος,

καὶ ταῦτα τοῖς φεύγονσιν, ἀλλ' ὁδαξ ἔχει;

ἀνάβαιν', ἀπολογοῦ. τί σεσιώπηκας; λέγε.

ΦΙ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔχειν οὕτως γ' ἐσικεῖν ο τι λέγη.

ΒΔ. οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἐκεῖνῷ μοι δοκεῖ πεπονθέναι,

ἀπερ ποτὲ φεύγων ἐπάθε καὶ Θουκυδίδης·

ἀπόπληκτος ἐξαίφνης ἐγένετο τὰς γνάθους.

πάρεχ' ἐκποδών. ἐγὼ γὰρ ἀπολογήσομαι.

Χαλεπὸν μὲν, ὄνδρε, ἐστὶ διαβεβλημένου

ὑπεραποκρίνεσθαι κυνὸς. λέξω δ' ὄμως.

ἀγαθὸς γὰρ ἔστι καὶ διώκει τοὺς λύκους.

ΦΙ. κλέετης μὲν οὖν οὕτως γε καὶ ξυπομότης.

ΒΔ. μᾶ Δί', ἀλλ' ἄριστός ἔστι τῶν νυνί κυνῶν,

οἷς τε πολλοῖς προβατίσως ἐφεστάναι.

ΦΙ. τί οὖν ὕφελος, τὸν τυρόν εἰ κατεσθίει;

ΒΔ. οτι σοῦ προμάχεται καὶ φυλάττει τὴν θύραν

καὶ τάλλ' ἄριστός ἔστιν· εἰ δ' υφειλέτο,

εὐγνωθι. καθαρίζειν γὰρ οὐκ ἐπίσταται.

ΦΙ. ἐγὼ δ' ἐβουλόμην ὧν οὐδὲ γράμματα,

ἄνα μὴ κακουργῶν ἐνέγραφ' ἡμῖν τὸν λόγον.

ΒΔ. ἄκουσον ὦ δαμόνιε μου τῶν μαρτύρων.

a "Laches, a plain blunt man, and no orator as Cleon was, is so taken aback by the charges brought against him, that he has not a word to say"; R.

b Cf. A. 703.

c Apparently proverbial, for "he has never had much education" or the like.

498
Arehon! Hi, fellow, hand me down the vessel.

BD. Reach it yourself; I'll call my witnesses.
The witnesses for Labes, please stand forward!
Pot, pestle, grater, brazier, water-jug,
And all the other seared and charred utensils.

(To Phil.)
Good heavens, sir, finish there, and take your seat!

PH. I guess I'll finish him before I've done.

BD. What! always hard and pitiless, and that
To the prisoners, always keen to bite!

(To Labes)

PH. Seems he's got nothing in the world to say.

BD. Nay, 'tis a sudden seizure, such as once
Attacked Thucydides when brought to trial.
'Tis tongue-paralysis that stops his jaws.

(To Labes)
Out of the way! I'll plead your cause myself.
O sirs, 'tis hard to argue for a dog
Assailed by slander: nevertheless, I'll try.
'Tis a good dog, and drives away the wolves.

PH. A thief I call him, and CONSPIRATOR.

BD. Nay, he's the best and worthiest dog alive,
Fit to take charge of any number o' sheep.

PH. What use in that, if he eat up the cheese?

BD. Use! why, he fights your battles, guards your door;
The best dog altogether. If he filched,
Yet O forgive: he never learnt the lyre.c

PH. I would to heaven he had never learned his letters,
Then he'd not given us all this tiresome speech.d

BD. Nay, nay, sir, hear my witnesses, I beg.

d The dog, says the Scholiast, is supposed to have "given his advocate a written speech."
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ἀνάβηθι, τυρόκνηστι, καὶ λέξων μέγα·
σὺ γὰρ ταμεύουσα ἔτυχες. ἀπόκρυναὶ σαφῶς,
εἰ μὴ κατέκνησας τοὺς στρατιώτας ἁλαβες.
φησί κατακνήσαι.

Φι. νῆ Δί', ἀλλὰ ψεύδεται.

ΒΔ. ὦ δαμόνι', ἐλέει ταλαιπωροῦμένους.
οὕτος γὰρ ὁ Λάβης καὶ τραχηλί' ἐσθλεὶ
καὶ τὰς ἀκάνθας, κοῦδεποτ' ἐν ταύτῳ μένει.
ὁ δ' ἔτερος οἶδα ἐστιν οἰκουρὸς μόνων.
αὐτῷ μένων γὰρ ἅπτ' ἄν εἶσον τις φέρῃ,
τούτων μετατεί τὸ μέρος· εἰ δὲ μὴ, δάκνει.

Φι. αἴβοι, τί κακὸν ποτέ ἐσθ' ὁτῳ μαλάττομαι;
κακὸν τι περιβαίνει με κάναπείθομαι.

ΒΔ. ἢθ', ἀντιβολῶ σ', οὐκεῖρατ' αὐτοῦ, ὦ πάτερ,
καὶ μὴ διαφθείρητε. ποῦ τὰ παιδία;
ἀναβαίνετ', ὦ πόνηρα, καὶ κνυζοῦμενα
αἰτεῖτε καντιβολεῖτε καὶ δακρύετε.

Φι. κατάβα κατάβα κατάβα κατάβα.

ΒΔ. καταβήσομαι.
καίτω το κατάβα τοῦτο πολλοὺς δὴ πάνυ
ἐξηπάτηκεν. ἀτὰρ ὦμος καταβήσομαι.

Φι. ἐσ κόρακας. ὡς οὐκ ἀγαθὸν ἐστὶ τὸ ῥοφεῖν.
ἐγὼ γὰρ ἀπεδάκρυσα νῦν, γνώμην ἐμὴν,
οὔδεν ποτὲ γ' ἄλλ' ἡ τῆς φακῆς ἐμπλήμενος.

ΒΔ. οὔκοιν ἀποφεύγει δῆτα;

Φι. χαλεπῶν εἰδέναι.

ΒΔ. ἢθ', ὦ πατρίδιον, ἐπὶ τὰ βελτίω τρέπουν.
τηνὶ λαβὼν τὴν ψῆφον ἐπὶ τὸν ύπερον
μύς ἂρακ ἄνσιν κατόλυσον, ὦ πάτερ.

Φι. οὐ δῆτα· κιθαρίζειν γὰρ οὐκ ἐπίσταμαι.

* "The judges would say, That will do, get down: and the
THE WASPS, 963–989

Grater, get in the box, and speak well out.
You kept the mess; I ask you, answer plainly,
Did you not grate the spoil between the soldiers?
He says he did.

PH.  Ay, but I vow he's lying.

BD.  O sir, have pity upon poor toiling souls.
Our Labes here, he lives on odds and ends,
Bones, gristle: and is always on the go.
That other Cur is a mere stay-at-home,
Sits by the hearth, and when one brings aught in
Asks for a share: if he gets none, he bites.

PH.  O me, what ails me that I grow so soft!
Some ill's afoot: I'm nearly giving in.

BD.  O, I beseech you, father, show some pity,
Don't crush him quite. Where are his little cubs?
Up, little wretches, up; and whimpering there
Plead for your father: weep, implore, beseech.

PH. (Deeply affected) Get down, get down, get down, get down.

BD.  I will.
Yet that "get down," I know, has taken in a
A many men. However I'll get down.

PH.  Dash it! this guzzling ain't the thing at all.
Here was I shedding tears, and seems to me
Only because I have gorged myself with gruel.

BD.  Then will he not get off?

PH.  'Tis hard to know.

BD.  O take, dear father, take the kindlier turn.
Here, hold this vote: then with shut eyes dash by
To the Far Urn. b  O father, do acquit him.

PH.  No, no, my boy. I never learnt the lyre. c

prisoner would get down, expecting an acquittal and presently
find himself condemned" : R.

b  The one in which votes for acquittal were placed.
c  i.e. "I know a judge's duty, and I know no more" : R. Cf. 959.
The Chorus here dismiss the actors and address the audience in the Parabasis. This is here perfect in its seven parts as defined by Pollux (iv. 112)—(1) κομμάτιον a short prelude, 1009-502
THE WASPS, 990–1009

BD. Here, let me lead you round the handiest way.
PH. Is this the Nearer?

BD. This is.

PH. In she goes.

BD. (Aside) Duped, as I live! acquits him by mistake!
(ALoud) I'll do the counting.

PH. Well, how went the battle?

BD. We shall soon see. O Labes, you're acquitted!
Why, how now, father?

PH. (Faintly) Water, give me water!

BD. Hold up, sir, do.

PH. Just tell me only this,
Is he indeed acquitted?

BD. Yes.

PH. I'm done for.

BD. Don't take it so to heart: stand up, sir, pray.

PH. How shall I bear this sin upon my soul?
A man acquitted! What awaits me now?
Yet, O great gods! I pray you pardon me,
Unwilled I did it, not from natural bent.

BD. And don't begrudge it; for I'll tend you well,
And take you, father, everywhere with me,
To feasts, to suppers, to the public games.
Henceforth in pleasure you shall spend your days,
And no Hyperbolus delude and mock you.
But go we in.

PH. Yes, if you wish it, now.

CH. Yea, go rejoicing your own good way,a
Wherever your path may be;

1014; (2) the Parabasis proper 1015-50, where the poet speaks in his own character, ending (3) with the Pnigos 1051-9 (so called because it was to be “sung without taking breath”). Then come (4) the στροφή 1060-70; (5) the ἐπιφάνεια 1071-90; (6) ἄντιστροφος 1091-1101; and (7) ἀντεπιφάνεια 1102-21, in which the Chorus explains its own character.
ARISTOPHANES

υμεῖς δὲ τέως, ὃ μυριάδες
ἀναρίθμητοι,
νῦν μὲν τὰ μέλλοντ' εὖ λέγε-
σθαί μὴ πέσῃ φαύλως χαμάζ'
eυλαβεῖσθε.
τούτο γὰρ σκαῖρὼν θεατῶν
ἐστὶ πάσχειν, κοῦ πρὸς ύμῶν.

νῦν αὕτε λεύρ πρόσχετε τὸν νοῦν, εἴπερ καθαρόν τι φιλεῖτε. 10
μέμψασθαι γὰρ τοῖσι θεαταῖς ὁ ποιητὴς νῦν ἐπιθυμεῖ.
ἀδικεῖσθαι γὰρ φησιν πρότερος πόλλ' αὐτοὺς εὐ πεποιη-

κώς,
tὰ μὲν οὐ φανερῶς, ἀλλ' ἐπικουρῶν κρύβην ἐτέρουσι


ποιηταίς,
μμησάμενος τὴν Εὐρυκλέους μαντείαν καὶ διάνοιαν,
eἰς ἀλλοτρίας γαστέρας ἐνδὺς κωμῳδικὰ πολλὰ χέασθαι. 10:


μετὰ τούτο δὲ καὶ φανερῶς ἢδη κινδυνεύων καθ' ἐαυτόν,
οὐκ ἀλλοτρίων, ἀλλ' οἰκείων Μουσῶν στόμαθ' ἤμορχήσας.
ἀρθεῖσ δὲ μέγας καὶ τιμηθεῖσ ὡς οὐδεὶς πώποτ' ἐν ὑμῖν,
οὐκ ἐκτελέσαι φησιν ἐπαρθείς οὐδ' ὄγκωσαί το φρόνημα,
οὐδὲ παλαιόστρας περικωμάζειν πειρῶν· οὐδ' εἰ τὸ


cωμῳδεῖσθαι παιδίχ' ἐαυτοῦ μισῶν ἐσπευδῆ πρὸς αὐτόν,
οὐδενὶ πώποτε φησι πιθέσθαι, γνώμην τιν' ἔχων ἐπιεικῆ,

* His early comedies, including the *Acharnians*, were exhibited in the name of Callistratus.

504
THE WASPS, 1010–1027

But you, ye numberless myriads, stay
And listen the while to me.
Beware lest the truths I am going to say
Unheeded to earth should fall;
For that were the part of a fool to play,
And not your part at all.

Now all ye people attend and hear,
    if ye love a simple and genuine strain,
For now our poet, with right good will,
    of you, spectators, must needs complain.
Ye have wronged him much, he protests, a bard
    who had served you often and well before;
Partly, indeed, himself unseen,
    assisting others to please you more; a
With the art of a Eurycles, weird and wild,
    he loved to dive in a stranger's breast,b
And pour from thence through a stranger's lips
    full many a sparkling comical jest;
And partly at length in his own true form,
    as he challenged his fate by himself alone,
And the Muses whose bridled mouths he drave,
    were never another's, were all his own.
And thus he came to a height of fame
    which none had ever achieved before,
Yet waxed not high in his own conceit,
    nor ever an arrogant mind he bore.
He never was found in the exercise-ground,
    corrupting the boys: he never complied
With the suit of some dissolute knave, who loathed
    that the vigilant lash of the bard should chide
His vile effeminate boylove. No!
    he kept to his purpose pure and high,

  a E. was an ἐγγαστρίμυθος or "ventriloquist."

b
ἈΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

insula Moúsaas aísw chrítai μὴ προαγωγοὺς ἀποφήγη. oui' ote prōtōn γ' ἥρξε διδάσκειν, ἀνθρώποις φήσε ἐπι-
θέσθαι,
ἀλλ' Ἦρακλέους ὀργήν τιν' ἔχων τοὺς μεγίστους ἐπι-
χειρέων,
θράσεως εὐστάς εὖθυς ἀπ' ἀρχής αὐτῷ τῷ καρχαρ-
όδοντι,
οὐ δεινότατα μὲν ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν Ἐνὼν ἀκτίνες ἐλαμπων,
ἐκατὸν δὲ κύκλῳ κεφαλαὶ κολάκων οἰμωξομένων
ἐλιχμῶντο
περὶ τὴν κεφαλῆν, φωνήν δ' εἶχεν χαράδρας ὀλεθρον
τετοκυίας,
φώκης δ' ὀσμῆν, Λαμίας δ' ὀρχεῖς ἀπλύτους, πρωκτὸν δὲ
καμήλου.
τοιοῦτον ἑών τέρας οὐ φησιν δεῖσας καταδώροδοκῆσαι,
ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ ύμῶν ἐτὶ καὶ νυνὶ πολεμεῖ. φησίν τε μετ' αὐτοῦ
τοὺς ἡπίαλους ἐπιχειρήσαι πέρυσιν καὶ τοὺς πυρετοῖς,
οὶ τοὺς πατέρας τ' ἡγχον νῦκτωρ καὶ τοὺς πάππους
ἀπέπνυγον,
κατακλινόμενοι τ' ἐπὶ ταῖς κοίταις ἐπὶ τοῖς ἀπράγμοσιν
ὑμῶν
ἀντωμοσίας καὶ προσκλήσεις καὶ μαρτυρίας συνεκόλλων,
ὁστ' ἀνατηρῶν δειμαίνοντας πολλοὺς ὡς τὸν πολέμαρχον.
τοιοῦτ' εὐρόντες ἀλεξίκακον, τῆς χώρας τῆς δὲ καθαρτήν,

a Lit. "began to teach" i.e. the Chorus supplied by the State, thus producing the play in his own name as κωμῳδοδιδάσκαλος, which he first did in the Knights.
 b The epithet also applied to Cleon, K. 1017.
 c A shameless prostitute.
 d Lit. "heads"; the reference is to Typhoeus with his hundred snake-heads (κεφαλαὶ ὀφίων, Hes. Theog. 825).
 e He refers to the attack on the Sophists made the year before in the Clouds. "As agues and fevers," says the Scholiast, "harm men's bodies, so do these men the city."
506
That never the Muse, whom he loved to use,
the villainous trade of a bawd should ply.
When first he began to exhibit plays,a
no paltry men for his mark he chose,
He came in the mood of a Heracles forth
to grapple at once with the mightiest foes.
In the very front of his bold career
with the jag-toothed b Monster he closed in fight,
Though out of its fierce eyes flashed and flamed
the glare of Cynna's c detestable light,
And a hundred horrible sycophants' tongues d
were twining and flickering over its head,
And a voice it had like the roar of a stream
which has just brought forth destruction and dread,
And a Lamia's groin, and a camel's loin,
and foul as the smell of a seal it smelt.
But He, when the monstrous form he saw,
no bribe he took and no fear he felt,
For you he fought, and for you he fights:
and then last year with adventurous hand
He grappled besides with the Spectral Shapes,
the Agues and Fevers that plagued our land; e
That loved in the darksome hours of night
to throttle fathers, and grandsires choke,
That laid them down on their restless beds,
and against your quiet and peaceable folk
Kept welding together proofs and writs
and oath against oath, till many a man
Sprang up, distracted with wild affright,
and off in haste to the Polemarch ran.f
Yet although such a champion g as this ye had found,
to purge your land from sorrow and shame,

a i.e. for help; cf. ὅσα τοῖς πολίταις ὁ ἄρχων, ταύτα τοῖς μετοίκοις ὁ πολέμαρχος, Arist. Pol. Ath. 58.
b ἀλεξίκακος is a special epithet of Heracles; cf. C. 1372.
πέρυσιν καταπρούδοτε καινοτάταις σπείραντ’ αὐτὸν δια-
νοιαις,
δ’ ύπο τοῦ μὴ γνώναι καθαρῶς ὑμεῖς ἐποιήσατ’ ἀναλδεῖς. 10
καὶ τοις σπένδων πόλλ’ ἐπὶ πολλοῖς ὀμνυσιν τὸν Διόνυσον
μὴ πῶτοτ’ ἀμείνον’ ἐπὶ τούτων κωμῳδικὰ μηδὲν’
ἀκοῦσαι.
τοῦτο μὲν ὅνι ἔσθ’ ὑμῖν αἰσχρὸν τοῖς μὴ γνοῦσιν παρα-
χρήμα,
ὅ δὲ ποιητής οὐδὲν χείρων παρὰ τούς σοφοῖς νενόμισται,
εἰ παρελαύνων τοὺς ἀντιπάλους τὴν ἐπίνοιαν ἄνιντρυψεν. 10

ἀλλὰ τὸ λοιπὸν τῶν ποιητῶν,
ὅ δ’ δαιμόνιοι, τοὺς ἔτούντας
καὶνόν τι λέγειν κἀξευρίσκειν
στέργετε μᾶλλον καὶ θεραπεύετε,
καὶ τὰ νοήματα σῶξεσθ’ αὐτῶν.
ἐσβάλλετε τ’ εἰς τὰς κιβωτοὺς
μετὰ τῶν μῆλων.
κἂν ταῦτα ποιήθ’, ὑμῖν δ’ ἔτους
τῶν ὑματίων
ὁξήσει δεξιότητος.

ὅ πάλαι ποτ’ οὖντες ἡμεῖς ἀλκιμοί μὲν ἐν χοροῖς,
ἀλκιμοὶ δ’ ἐν μάχαις,
καὶ κατ’ αὐτὸ δὴ μόνον τοῦτ’ ἀνδρεῖς ἀλκιμώτατοι,
πρὶν ποτ’ ἥν, πρὶν ταῦτα· νῦν δ’
oἰχεται, κύκνου τέ γε πολιώτεραι δὴ
αἰῶνοι ἔπανθοῦσι τρὶξες.

a i.e. when the Clouds was rejected.
b μῆλων: “this is, I suppose, citrons, μῆλα Περσικά or Μηδικά
. . . commonly placed in wardrobes to preserve clothes from
moths and the like” : R.

508
Ye played him false when to reap, last year,  
    the fruit of his novel designs he came,
Which, failing to see in their own true light,  
    ye caused to fade and wither away.
And yet with many a deep libation,  
    invoking Bacchus, he swears this day
That never a man, since the world began,  
    has witnessed a cleverer comedy.
Yours is the shame that ye lacked the wit  
    its infinite merit at first to see.
But none the less with the wise and skilled  
    the bard his accustomed praise will get,
Though when he had distanced all his foes,  
    his noble Play was at last upset.

   But O for the future, my Masters, pray  
    Show more regard for a genuine Bard
Who is ever inventing amusements new  
    And fresh discoveries, all for you.
Make much of his play, and store it away,  
     And into your wardrobe throw it
With the citrons \(^a\) sweet: and if this you do,  
    Your clothes will be fragrant, the whole year through,
With the volatile wit of the Poet.

   O of old renowned and strong,  
     in the choral dance and song,
   In the deadly battle throng,
   And in this, our one distinction,
    manliest we, mankind among!
Ah, but that was long ago:
Those are days for ever past:
Now my hairs are whitening fast,
Whiter than the swan they grow.
ARISTOPHANES

αλλὰ κάκ τῶν λευφάνων δεῖ
tῶνδε ρώμην νεανικήν σχεῖν:
ός ἐγὼ τοῦμὸν νομίζω
γῆρας εἶναι κρείττον ἢ πολ-
λῶν κυκάνους νεανίων καὶ
σχῆμα κευρυπρωκτίαν.

eἰ τις ὑμῶν, ὥθεσαί, τὴν ἐμὴν ἴδων φύσιν
είσα θευμάζει μ' ὀρῶν μέσον διεσφηκὼμένον,
ἣς ἡμῶν ἐστίν ἢ 'πίνοια τῆς ἐγκεντρίδος,
ῥαδίως ἐγὼ διδάξω, "κἂν ἄμουσος ἢ τὸ πρῶτον."
ἐσμὲν ἡμεῖς, οἷς πρόσεστι τούτῳ τούρροπύγιον,
'Αττικοὶ μόνοι δικαίως ἐγγενεῖς αὐτόχθονες,
ἀνδρικῶτατον γένος καὶ πλείωσα τήνδε τὴν πόλιν
ωφελήσαν ἐν μάχαιριν, ἡνίκ' ἠλθ' ὁ βάρβαρος,
τῷ καπνῷ τύφων ἄπασαν τὴν πόλιν καὶ πυρπολῶν,
ἐξελεῖν ἡμῶν μενούμων πρὸς βίαν τανθρήμα.
εὐθέως γὰρ ἐκδραμότες σὺν δόρει σὺν ἀστίδι
ἐμαχόμεσθ' αὐτοῖς, θυμὸν ὀξίνην πεπωκότες,
στὰς ἀνὴρ παρ' ἀνδρ', ὑπ' ὀργῆς τὴν χελώνην ἐσθίων·
ὑπὸ δὲ τῶν τοξευμάτων ὅπι ἦν ἴδειν τὸν οὐρανόν.

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a The Chorus in what follows speak of themselves as veterans of the Persian war. But "in making them actually present at the battle of Marathon, 68 years before, . . . Aristophanes is treating them as types rather than individuals": R.

b The Greek phrase is borrowed from the Stheneboea of Euripides, where it is Love that makes a man a poet "though he was not one before"; cf. Plato, Symp. 196 ε.

c Referring to the Spartan reply at Thermopylae when word was brought that the Persian arrows would "hide the sun"—"That is good news: we shall fight in the shade"; cf. Herod. vii. 226.
Yet in these our embers low
still some youthful fires must glow.
Better far our old-world fashion,
Better far our ancient truth,
Than the curls and dissipation
Of your modern youth.«

Do you wonder, O spectators,
thus to see me spliced and braced,
Like a wasp in form and figure,
tapering inwards at the waist?
Why I am so, what’s the meaning
of this sharp and pointed sting,
Easily I now will teach you,
though you “knew not anything.”»

We on whom this stern-appendage,
this portentous tail is found,
Are the genuine old Autochthons,
native children of the ground;
We the only true-born Attics,
of the staunch heroic breed,
Many a time have fought for Athens,
guarding her in hours of need;
When with smoke and fire and rapine
forth the fierce Barbarian came,
Eager to destroy our wasps-nests,
smothering all the town in flame,
Out at once we rushed to meet him:
on with shield and spear we went,
Fought the memorable battle,
primed with fiery hardiment;
Man to man we stood, and, grimly,
gnawed for rage our under lips.
Hah! their arrows hail so densely,
all the sun is in eclipse! »

511
ARISTOPHANES

αλλ’ ομως ἀπεωσάμεσθα ξὺν θεοὶς πρὸς ἐσπέραν. 10
γλαυξ γὰρ ἤμων πρὶν μάχεσθαι τὸν στρατὸν διέπται. 
eίτα δ’ εἰπόμεσθα θυννάζοντες εἰς τοὺς θυλάκους, 10
οἶ δ’ ἐφευγον τὰς γνάθους καὶ τὰς ὀφρὺς κεντούμενοι.
ωστε παρὰ τοῖς βαρβάροις πανταχοῦ καὶ νῦν ἔτι 10
μηδὲν Ἀττικοῦ καλείσθαι σφηκὸς ἀνδρικῶτερον.

ἀρα δεινὸς ἢ τόθ’ ωστε πάντα μὴ δεδοικέναι, 10
καὶ κατεστρεψάμην 
toὺς ἑναντίους, πλέων ἐκεῖσε ταῖς τριήρεσιν.
oὔ γὰρ ἦν ἤμων ὅπως 10
ῥήσου εὖ λέξειν ἐμέλλομεν τότ’, οὐδὲ
συκοφαντήσεων τινά
φροντίς, ἀλλ’ ὅστις ἐρέτης ἐ-
σοιτ’ ἁριστος. τοιγαροῦν πολ-
λὰς πόλεις Μῃδών ἐλόντες,
αιτωτατοι φέρεσθαι
τὸν φόρον δεῦρ’ ἐσμέν, ὅν κλέ-
πτουσιν οἱ νεώτεροι.

πολλαχοῦ σκοποῦντες ἤμας εἰς ἄπανθ’ εὑρήσετε 
toὺς τρόπους καὶ τὴν δίαιαν σφηξίν ἐμφερεστάτους. 
πρῶτα μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἤμων ζῶον ἃρεθισμένον

a The bird of Athene and the best of auguries for Athenians.
b The Epirrhema showed that the stinging wasp was no unfit emblem of the Chorus in their youth. “The Antepirrhema is designed to show that old and feeble as they have now become, there is yet much in their dicastic life and habits to remind the observer of that irritable and gregarious insect” : R.
512
Yet we drove their ranks before us, ere the fall of eventide:
As we closed, an owl a flew o’er us,
   and the Gods were on our side!
Stung in jaw, and cheek, and eyebrow,
   fearfully they took to flight,
We behind them, we harpooning
   at their slops with all our might:
So that in barbarian countries,
   even now the people call
Attic wasps the best, and bravest,
   yea, the manliest tribe of all!

Mine was then a life of glory,
   never craven fear came o’er me
     .  Every foeman quailed before me
As across the merry waters,
   fast the eager galleys bore me.
   ’Twas not then our manhood’s test,
Who can make a fine oration?
Who is shrewd in litigation?
It was, who can row the best?
Therefore did we batter down
     many a hostile Median town.
And ’twas we who for the nation
   Gathered in the tribute pay,
Which the younger generation
   Merely steal away.

You will find us very wasplike, b
   if you scan us through and through,
In our general mode of living,
   and in all our habits too.
First, if any rash assailant dare provoke us, can there be
"The heads of the police. They seem to have had a special court-house called Παράβυστον. The various courts to which the dicasts might be summoned are mentioned to show how ubiquitous they were.

Most explain as a reference to demagogues, but R. to men "who have never toiled or fought in the service of Athens" and ought therefore to be excluded from "dicastic pay and privileges."

From here the play ceases to have a definite purpose. B. and P. re-enter, and the son tries to convert his father to the habits of "society" (to dress smartly, 1192-73, to talk fashionably, 1174-1207, and so on), with the result that Philocleon gets drunk and riotous, and the play ends as a mere farce so as to win the applause of the vulgar."
THE WASPS, 1105-1122

Any creature more vindictive, more irascible than we?
Then we manage all our business in a waspish sort of way,
Swarming in the Courts of Justice, gathering in from day to day,
Many where the Eleven⁴ invite us, many where the Archon calls,
Many to the great Odeum, many to the city walls.
There we lay our heads together, densely packed, and stooping low,
Like the grubs within their cells, with movement tremulous and slow.
And for ways and means in general we're superlatively good,
Stinging every man about us, culling thence a livelihood
Yet we've stingless drones⁵ amongst us, idle knaves who sit them still,
Shrink from work, and toil, and labour, stop at home, and eat their fill,
Eat the golden tribute-honey our industrious care has wrought.
This is what extremely grieves us, that a man who never fought
Should contrive our fees to pilfer, one who for his native land
Never to this day had oar, or lance, or blister in his hand.
Therefore let us for the future pass a little short decree,

Whoso wears no sting shall never carry off the obols three.

PH. No! No! I'll never put this off alive.⁶
ARISTOPHANES

έπει μόνος μ’ ἐσωσε παρατεταγμένον, ὁδ’ ὁ βορέας ὁ μέγας ἐπεστρατεύσατο.

βδ. ἀγαθὸν ἔοικας οὐδὲν ἐπιθυμεῖν παθεῖν.

φι. μὰ τὸν Δί’, οὐ γὰρ οὐδαμῶς μοι ἔχωμον. καὶ γὰρ πρότερον ἐπανθρακίδων ἐμπλήμενος ἀπέδωκ’ ὁφείλων τῷ γναφεὶ τριώβολον.

βδ. ἀλλ’ οὖν πεπειράσθω γ’, ἐπειδὴ περὶ γ’ ἀπάξ ἐμοὶ σεαυτὸν παραδέδωκας εὖ ποιεῖν.

φι. τί οὖν κελεύεις δρᾶν με;

βδ. τὸν τρίβων’ ἀφεῖς. τηνὶ δὲ χλαίναν ἀναβαλοῦ τριβωνικῶς.

φι. ἔπειτα παῖδας χρή φυτεύειν καὶ τρέφειν, ὁδ’ οὕτωι με νῦν ἀποπνίξας βουλεῖται;


φι. τοῦτ’ τὸ κακὸν τί ἔστι πρὸς πάντων θεῶν;

βδ. οἱ μὲν καλοῦσι Περσίδ’, οἱ δὲ καυνάκην.

φι. ἐγὼ δὲ σιωπῶν ὁμοῦν Θυμιατίδα.

βδ. καυ θαυμά γ’· ἐς Σάρδεις γὰρ οὖκ ἐληλυθας. ἐγνως γὰρ ἂν· νῦν δ’ οὐχί γιγνώσκεις.

φι. ἐγὼ;

μὰ τὸν Δί’ οὖ τοίνυν· ἀτὰρ δοκεῖ γέ μοι ἔοικέναι μάλιστα Μορύχου σάγματι.

βδ. οὖκ, ἀλλ’ ἐν ’Εκβατάνοισι ταῦθ’ ὑφαίνεται.

φι. ἐν ’Εκβατάνοισι γίγνεται κρόκης χόλες;

βδ. πόθεν, ὦγάθ’; ἀλλὰ τοῦτο τοῖς βαρβάροις ὑφαίνεται πολλαῖς δαπάναις. αὐτὴ γέ τοι ἐρίων τάλαντον καταπέπωκε ῥαδίως.

φι. οὖκοιν ἐρωλήν δήτ’ ἔχρην αὐτὴν καλεῖν δικαιότερον γ’ ἣ καυνάκην;

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* i.e. his mean unfashionable cloak (τρίβων).

b A soft warm Persian robe of thick wool, with rough shaggy locks on one side, which in 1140 P. rudely compares to intestines.

516
With this a I was arrayed, and found my safety,
In the invasion of the great north wind.

BD. You seem unwilling to accept a good.

PH. 'Tis not expedient: no by Zeus it is not.
'Twas but the other day I gorged on sprats
And had to pay three obols to the fuller.

BD. Try it at all events: since once for all
Into my hands you have placed yourself for good.

PH. What would you have me do?

BD. Put off that cloak.
And wear this mantle in a cloak-like way.

PH. Should we beget and bring up children then,
When here my son is bent on smothering me?

BD. Come, take and put it on, and don't keep chattering.

PH. Good heavens! and what's this misery of a thing?

BD. Some call it Persian, others Caunacès. b

PH. There! and I thought it a Thymaetian c rug.

BD. No wonder: for you've never been to Sardis,
Else you'd have known it: now you don't.

PH. Who? I?

No more I do by Zeus: it seemed to me
Most like an overwrap of Morychus. d

BD. Nay, in Ecbatana they weave this stuff.

PH. What! have they wool-guts in Ecbatana?

BD. Tut, man: they weave it in their foreign looms
At wondrous cost: this very article
Absorbed with ease a talent's weight of wool.

PH. Why, then, wool-gatherer e were its proper name
Instead of Caunacès.

a Thymaetadae was an Attic deme on the coast; but nothing
is known of these rugs.

b A voluptuary, cf. 506.

c ἐρύλλη is "a hurricane"; but P. invents a derivation from
ἐρινόν and δλλμμ = "wool-destroyer."
ARISTOPHANES

"e'x', ògyâthé,

καὶ στῆθ' ἀναμπισχόμενος.

"oimoi deîlaios:

ὡς θερμὸν ἡ μιαρά τί μου κατηρυγεν.

ouk ãnavalei;

"mâ Þi 'ouk ègwy'. ἀλλ', ògyâthé,

eîper γ' ἀνάγκη, κρίβανον μ' ἀμπίοσχετε.

fére', ἀλλ' ègwy σε περιβαλώ· συ δ' οἶν ὅθι.

parâthou ñe méntoi kai kreiraγraν.

"tî tî ðh; 115

"w' èkêlîs me priû dieurrnêkênavi.

âge wvn, úpolûv tás katarâtous èmbâdas,

tasdi δ' ánûsas úpôðuði tás Lákwnikás.

ègyw gar ãn tlaîïn úpôðûsasðaî ïote

èxhrôv par' ândrôv ðusmeñê kattûmata;

ènthes pód', ñ tâv, kâpôbaîn' èrrwymênwos

eîs tîn Lákwnikînâ ánûsas.

"dikexîs ñe me

eîs ãîn polèmîan âpobibáçwv tôn pódâ.

fére kai tôn êteron.

mêdamwos toûtôn γ', ëpei

pânû mïsoloðwv autû 'stîn eîs tôv daktûlwv. 116

ouk èsti para tâvît' âlla.

"kakodâîmûn ègyw,

ôstîs ëpi ãîrâa ñìmetlou oûdën lîfýmâi.

ânwsoûn poð' úpôðûsâmênes· eîta plousoûsws

ôdî prôbas truðferôv òi diâsalaðkôwîsw.

---

a With which they struck into a cauldron or pot to bring up the meat; cf. 1 Sam. ii. 14.

518
THE WASPS, 1149–1169

BD. Come, take it, take it,
    Stand still and put it on.

PH. O dear, O dear,
    O what a sultry puff the brute breathed o’er me!

BD. Quick, wrap it round you.

PH. No, I won’t, that’s flat.
    You had better wrap me in a stove at once.

BD. Come then, I’ll throw it round you.

(To the cloak) You, begone.

PH. Do keep a flesh-hook near.

BD. A flesh-hook! why?

PH. To pull me out before I melt away.

BD. Now off at once with those confounded shoes,
    And on with these Laconians,\(^b\) instantly.

PH. What I, my boy! I bring myself to wear
    The hated foe’s insufferable—cloutings!

BD. Come, sir, insert your foot, and step out firmly
    In this Laconian.

PH. ’Tis too bad, it is,
    To make a man set foot on hostile—leather.\(^c\)

BD. Now for the other.

PH. O no, pray not that,
    I’ve a toe there, a regular Lacon-hater.

BD. There is no way but this.

PH. O luckless I,
    Why I shan’t have, to bless my age, one—chilblain.

BD. Quick, father, get them on: and then move forward
    Thus; in an opulent swaggering sort of way.\(^d\)

\(^b\) Red shoes, fashionable, and of excellent quality.
\(^c\) In 1102 εμβάδα is understood with Λακωνική, but P. supplies γῆ instead. “He speaks of the soleam Laconicum as if it were solum Laconicum”: R.
\(^d\) The Greek has a pun on Λάκων. “Wear your Λακωνικάs so as (not λακωνίζειν but) σαλακωνίζειν, to show yourself off with a fashionable strut”: R.

519
ARISTOPHANES

φι. ἰδοὺ. θεῶ τὸ σχῆμα, καὶ σκέψαι μ᾽ ὅτις μάλιστ᾽ ἔοικα τὴν βάδισων τῶν πλουσίων.

βδ. ὅτω; δοθήσι σκόροδον ἦμφιεσμένῳ.

φι. καὶ μὴν προθυμοῦμαι γε σαυλοπρωκτίαν.

βδ. ἀγε νῦν, ἐπιστήσεις λόγους σεμνοὺς λέγειν ἀνδρῶν παρόντων πολυμαθῶν καὶ δεξιῶν;

φι. ἐγώγε.

βδ. τίνα δὴν ἂν λέγοις;

φι. πολλοὺς πάνυ. πρῶτον μὲν ὡς ἡ Λάμι ἄλοου’ ἐπέρδετο, ἐπειτα δ᾽ ὡς ὁ Καρδοπίων τὴν μητέρα.

βδ. μὴ μοι γε μύθους, ἀλλὰ τῶν ἀνδρωπίνων, οἰόνις λέγομεν μάλιστα τοὺς κατ’ οἰκίαν.

φι. ἐγώδα τοῖς τῶν γε πάνω κατ’ οἰκίαν ἐκεῖνον, ὡς ’’οὕτω ποτ’ ἢν μῦς καὶ γαλη.”

βδ. ὁ σκαὶε κάπαδευτε, Θεογένης ἐφη τῷ κοπρολόγῳ, καὶ ταῦτα λοιδορούμενος, μῦς καὶ γαλᾶς μέλλεις λέγειν ἐν ἀνδράσιν;

φι. ποίους τινὰς δὲ χρή λέγειν;

βδ. μεγαλοπρεπεῖς, ὡς ἐνεθεώρεις ’Ἀνδροκλεὶ καὶ Κλεισθένει.

φι. ἐγὼ δὲ τεθεώρηκα πῦπτο’ οὔδαμοι πλὴν ἐσ’ Πάρον, καὶ ταῦτα δῦ’ ὀβολω φέρων.

βδ. ἀλλ᾽ οὖν λέγειν χρή σ’ ὡς ἐμάχετο γ’ αὐτίκα ’Εφοδίων παγκράτιου ’Ασκώνδα καλῶς, ἥδη γέρων ὃν καὶ πολιός, ἔχων δὲ τοι

a “The old man puffing himself out under his Persian robe is compared to a boil with a garlic plaster on it”: R.
PH. Look then! observe my attitudes: think which
Of all your opulent friends I walk most like.
BD. Most like a pimple bandaged round with garlic.\(^a\)
PH. Ay, ay, I warrant I’ve a mind for wriggling.
BD. Come, if you get with clever well-read men
Could you tell tales, good gentlemanly tales?
PH. Ay, that I could.

**What sort of tales?**
PH. Why, lots,
As, first, how Lamia spluttered when they caught her,
And, next, Cardopion, how he swunged his mother.
BD. Pooh, pooh, no legends: give us something human,
Some what we call domestic incident.
PH. O, ay, I know a rare domestic tale,
How *once upon a time a cat and mouse—*
BD. *O fool and clown,* Theogenes replied
Rating the scavenger, what! would you tell
Tales of a cat and mouse, in company!\(^b\)
PH. What, then?
BD. Some stylish thing, as how you went
With Androcles and Cleisthenes, surveying.\(^c\)
PH. Why, bless the boy, I never went surveying,
Save once to Paros, at two obols a day.\(^d\)
BD. Still you must tell how splendidly, for instance,
Ephudion fought the pancratiastic fight
With young Ascondas: how the game old man

\(^a\) B. apparently quotes to his father the rebuke addressed by T. to some dirty fellow who forgot where he was in telling a tale.
\(^b\) \(\text{θεωροί}\) were men sent on special missions (*e.g.* to the Olympic games, cf. 1382) as representatives of the State. They went in great splendour and were usually men of distinction, so that A. and C., two noted rogues, are mentioned \(\pi\rho\alpha\ \pi\rho\sigma\delta\omega\kappa\lambda\nu\).\(^d\)
\(^d\) The regular pay of a common soldier. He had gone on a \(\text{θεωρία}\) only as one of the soldiers who formed an escort for the \(\text{θεωροί}\).
πλευρὰν βαθυτάτην καὶ χέρας λαγόνας τε καὶ θώρακ’ ἀριστον.

Φι. παῦε παὖ’, οὐδὲν λέγεις.

Βδ. οὔτω διηγεῖσθαι νομίζουσι οἱ σοφοὶ.

Φι. ἐκεῖν’ ἐκεῖν’ ἀνδρειώτατον γε τῶν ἐμῶν,

ΟΤ’ Ἐργασίωνος τὰς χάρακας υφειλόμην.

Βδ. ἀπολεῖς με. ποίας χάρακας; ἄλλ’ ὡς ἡ κάπρον ἐδιώκαθες ποτ’, ἡ λαγών, ἡ λαμπάδα ἐδραμες, ἀνευρών ὀ τι νεανικώτατον.

Φι. ἐγώδα τοῖνυν τό γε νεανικώτατον:

ΟΤΕ τὸν δρομέα Φάιλλου, ὦν βούταις ἔτι, εἶλον, διώκων λοιδορίας, ψῆφων δυνοῖν.

Βδ. παῦ’. ἄλλα δευρὶ κατακλινεῖς προσμάνθανε ἕμποτικὸς εἶναι καὶ ἐνυνονιαστικὸς.

Φι. πῶς ὦν κατακλινῶ; φράξ’ ἀνύσας.

Εὐσχημόνως. 1210

Φι. οὐδὶ κελεύεις κατακλιθῆναι,

Μηδαμῶς.

Φι. πῶς δαἰ;

Τὰ γόνατ’ ἐκτενεῖ, καὶ γυμναστικῶς ύγρὸν χύτλασον σεαυτὸν ἐν τοῖς στρώμασιν.

Ἐπειτ’, ἐπαίνεσσόν τι τῶν χαλκωμάτων;

Ἀροφῆνθα τέασαι, κρεκάδι’ αὐλῆς θαύμασον;

Ὡς χατ’ χειρός’ τὰς τραπέζας εἰσφέρειν.

a i.e. he is to talk like a “sportsman.” In 1194 B. uses θώραξ = “breast,” but P. understands it as “breastplate,” whereas in the παγκράτιον (a form of wrestling and boxing) the combatants were unarmed.

522
Though grey, had ample sides, strong hands, firm flanks,
An iron chest.

PH. What humbug! could a man Fight the pan克拉提亚 with an iron chest!
BD. This is the way our clever fellows talk.
But try another tack: suppose you sat
Drinking with strangers, what's the pluckiest feat,
Of all your young adventures, you could tell them?

PH. My pluckiest feat? O much my pluckiest, much,
Was when I stole away Ergasion's vine-poles.

BD. Teha! poles indeed! Tell how you slew the boar,
Or coursed the hare, or ran the torch-race, tell
Your gayest, youthfullest act.

PH. My youthfullest action?
'Twas that I had, when quite a hobbledehoy,
With fleet Phaylvus: and I caught him too:
Won by two—votes. 'Twas for abuse, that action.

BD. No more of that: but lie down there, and learn
To be convivial and companionable.

PH. Yes; how lie down?

BD. In an elegant graceful way.

PH. Like this, do you mean?

BD. No, not in the least like that.

PH. How then?

BD. Extend your knees, and let yourself
With practised ease subside along the cushions;
Then praise some piece of plate: inspect the ceiling;
Admire the woven hangings of the hall.
Ho! water for our hands! bring in the tables!

B. had used νεανικός as = "high-spirited," and ἐδώκαθες of literal "pursuit"; but P. uses νεανικός = "in youth" and διώκειν as = "prosecute." Phaylvus (cf. A. 215) was a noted runner, but at law P. had "caught" him.
ARISTOPHANES

δειπνοῦμεν· ἀπονειμῆμεθ᾽· ἕδη σπένδομεν.

ΦΙ. πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ἐνύπνιον ἐστιώμεθα;

ΒΔ. αὐλητρὶς ἐνεφύσησεν· οἱ δὲ συμπόται

εἶχον Θέωρος, Αἰσχύνης, Φανός, Κλέων,

ἐξένος τις ἔτερος πρὸς κεφαλῆς Ἀκέστορος.

τοὺτοις ἔννοι πὰ δολι' ὅπως δέξει καλῶς.

ΦΙ. ἄληθες; ὡς οὔδεις Διακρίνων δέξεται.

ΒΔ. ἐγὼ ἐξομαι: καὶ δὴ γὰρ εἰμὶ ἐγὼ Κλέων,

ἀδῷ δὲ πρῶτος Ἀρμοδίου. δέξει δὲ σύ.

"οὔδεις πώσποτ' ἀνὴρ ἔγεντ' Ἄθηναις" 1226

ΦΙ. "οὐχ οὔτω γε πανοῦργος [ὡς σὺ] κλέπτης."

ΒΔ. τοῦτι σὺ δράσεις; παραπολεῖ βωμένος·

φήσει γὰρ ἤξολείν σε καὶ διαφθερεῖν

καὶ τήσδε τῆς γῆς ἐξελάν.

ΦΙ. ἐγὼ δὲ γε,

ἐὰν ἀπειλῇ, νη Δὴ ἔτερον ἄσομαι.

"ἀνθρωφ', οὕτως ὃ μαίομενος τὸ μέγα κράτος,

ἀντρέψεις ἐτί τὰν πόλιν· ἀ δ' ἔχεται ῥοπᾶς." 1227

ΒΔ. τὶ δ', ὅταν Θέωρος πρὸς ποῦδων κατακείμενος

ἀδὴ Κλέωνος λαβόμενος τῆς δεξιᾶς,

"Ἀδμήτου λόγον, ὤταίρη, μαθῶν τοὺς ἀγαθῶς

φίλει."

τούτω τί λέξεις σκόλιοι;

ΦΙ. ὡδικῶς ἐγὼ,

"οὐκ ἔστω ἀλωπεκίζειν,

οὐδ' ἀμφοτέρους γίγνεσθαι φίλον." 1228

\*σκόλια were "catches" sung after dinner in turn, and each singer tried to link his own σκόλιον cleverly (cf. 1222) with the one before. Here in 1226 Cleon leads off with words which he expects to be "capped" with a compliment to himself only to

524
Dinner! the after-wash! now the libation.

PH. Good heavens! then is it in a dream we are feasting?

BD. The flute-girl has performed! our fellow-guests Are Phanus, Aeschines, Thaurus, Cleon, Another stranger at Acestor’s head. Could you with these cap verses a properly?

PH. Could I? Ay, truly; no Diacrian b better.

BD. I’ll put you to the proof. Suppose I’m Cleon. I’ll start the catch Harmodius. c You’re to cap it.

(Singing) “Truly Athens never knew”

PH. (Singing) “Such a rascally thief as you.”

BD. Will you do that? You’ll perish in your noise. d He’ll swear he’ll fell you, quell you, and expel you Out of this realm.

PH. Ay, truly, will he so?

And if he threaten, I’ve another strain.

“Mon, lustin’ for power supreme, ye’ll mak’ The city capseeze; she’s noo on the shak’.” e

BD. What if Theorus, lying at his feet, Should grasp the hand of Cleon, and begin, “From the story of Admetus learn, my friend, to love the good.” f

How will you take that on?

PH. I, very neatly,

“It is not good the fox to play, Nor to side with both in a false friend’s way.”

find the reverse. In 1239 the link seems very slight—φιλει and φίλον; so too in 1245—κάμοι and κάγω.

b “The Highlanders—the poorest of the three parties into which Attica was divided in the days of Solon”: R. Why they are named here is obscure.

c Cf. A. 980.

d Many explain “being shouted down,” i.e. by Cleon.

e Said by the Scholiast to be from Alcaeus.

f The Scholiast gives the second line as τών δειλῶν δ’ απέχου, γνωσὶ ὅτι δειλῶν ὄληγη χάρις.
ARISTOPHANES

ΒΔ. μετὰ τούτων Αἰσχίνης ὁ Σέλλοι δέχεται, ἀνὴρ σοφὸς καὶ μουσικὸς· καὶ ἰστεται·
“χρήματα καὶ βιαν
Κλεισταγόρα τε κα-μοὶ μετὰ Θεσσαλῶν”

ΦΙ. “πολλὰ δὴ διεκόμπασας σὺ κἀγὼ.”

ΒΔ. τοιτὶ μὲν ἐπιεικῶς σὺ γ' ἔξεπιστασαι· ὅπως δ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνων εἰς Φιλοκτῆμονος ἤμεν.
παὶ παί, τὸ δεῖπνον, Χυμότε, συνκεῦαζε νῦν, ἵνα καὶ μεθυσθῶμεν διὰ χρόνου.

ΦΙ. καθὼς. μηδαμῶς.
κακὸν τὸ πίνειν· ἀπὸ γὰρ οἴνου γίγνεται καὶ θυροκόπησαι καὶ πατάξαι καὶ βαλεῖν, κάπετ' ἀποτίνειν ἀργύριον ἐκ κρατᾶλης.

ΒΔ. οὐκ, ἦν ξυνῆς ό νὰνδράσι καλοῖς τε κἀγαθοῖς.
ἡ γὰρ παρηγόραντο τὸν πεπονθότα, ἡ λόγον ἐλέξας αὖτος ἀστείων τινα, Ἀἰστωπικὸν γέλοιον ἡ Συβαριτικόν,
ἂν ἐμαθεῖς ἐν τῷ συμποσίῳ καὶ ἐς γέλων τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἐπρέψας, ὡστ' ἄφεις σ' ἀποίχεται.

ΦΙ. μαθητέον τάρ' ἐστὶ πολλοὺς τῶν λόγων,
ἔπερ γ' ἀποτίσαμυ μηδέν, ἦν τι δρῶ κακὸν,
ἂγε νῦν ἱωμεν· μηδέν ἡμᾶς ἵσχετω.

Χ. πολλάκις δὴ 'δοξ' ἐμαυτῷ δεξιὸς πεφυκέναι,
καὶ σκαῖδος οὐδεπώτοτε·
ἀλλ' Ἀμνίας ὁ Σέλλοι μᾶλλον οὐκ τῶν Κροβύλου,

a The adjectives are ironical; cf. 349.

b “Nothing is known of the incident to which the lines refer” : R.

c While the actors retire the Chorus indulge in a sort of second
THE WASPS, 1243–1267

BD. Next comes that son of Sellus, Aeschines, Clever, accomplished a fellow, and he'll sing
"O the money, O the might,
How Cleitagora and I,
With the men of Thessaly"— b

PH. "How we boasted, you and I."

BD. Well, that will do: you're fairly up to that:
So come along: we'll dine at Philoctemon's.
Boy! Chrysus! pack our dinner up; and now
For a rare drinking-bout at last.

PH. No, no,
Drinking ain't good: I know what comes of drinking:
Breaking of doors, assault, and battery,
And then, a headache and a fine to pay.

BD. Not if you drink with gentlemen, you know.
They'll go to the injured man, and beg you off,
Or you yourself will tell some merry tale,
A jest from Sybaris, or one of Aesop's,
Learned at the feast. And so the matter turns
Into a joke, and off he goes contented.

PH. O I'll learn plenty of those tales, if so
I can get off, whatever wrong I do.
Come, go we in: let nothing stop us now. c

CH. Often have I deemed myself
    exceeding bright, acute, and clever,
    Dull, obtuse, and awkward never.
    That is what Amynias is,
    of Curling-borough,d Sellus' son;

Parabasis. For Amynias, a fop noted for his long hair, cf. 466; C. 691. He had apparently come to poverty and was starving instead of dining with Leogoras, a well-known epicure and father of the orator Andocides.

   d For the κρώβυλος, an antique method of dressing the hair into some sort of topknot, cf. Thuc. i. 6.

527
ARISTOPHANES

οὗτος ὦν γ' ἐγὼ ποτ' εἶδον ἀντὶ μὴλου καὶ ροιᾶς
dειπνοῦντα μετὰ Δευγόρου.
πεννῇ γὰρ ἦπερ Ἀντιφῶν.
ἀλλὰ πρεσβεύων γὰρ ἐς Φάρσαλον ὡχετ᾽ εἰτ′ ἐκεὶ
μονὸς μόνοις
toῖς Πενέσταισι ξυνῆν τοῖς
Θετταλῶν, αὕτος πενέστησ ὦν ἔλαττον οὐδενός.

ῶ μακάρι' Αὐτόμενες, ὡς σε μακαρίζομεν,
pαίδας ἐφύτευσας ὦτι κειροτεχνικωτάτους,
πρῶτα μὲν ἄπασι φίλον ἄνδρα τε σοφῶταν,
tὸν κιθαραοιδότατον, ὦ χάρις ἐφέσπετο·
tὸν δ᾽ ὑποκριτὴν ἔτερον, ἁργαλέον ὡς σοφὸν·
eῖτ' Ἀριφράδην, πολὺ τι θυμοσοφικώτατον,
ἄντινά ποτ' ὠμοσε μαθόντα παρὰ μηδενός,
ἀλλ' ἀπὸ σοφῆς φύσεος αὐτόματον ἐκμαθεῖν
γλυττοποιεῖν εἰς τὰ πορνεῖ' εἰσίν οὖθ' ἐκάστοτε.

eἰσὶ τινες οἱ μ' ἐλεγον ὡς καταδηλλάγην,
ἡμίκα Κλέων μ' ὑπετάραττεν ἐπικείμενος
καὶ με κακίας ἔκνισε· καθ' ὅτ' ἀπεδειρόμην,
οὐκτὸς ἐγέλων μέγα κεκραγότα θεώμενον,
οὐδὲν ἃρ' ἐμοῦ μέλον, ὅσον δὲ μόνον εἰδέναι
σκωμμάτιον εἰπότε τι θλιβόμενος ἐκβαλὼ.

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a "The villein race of Thessaly corresponding to the Helots of Laconia": R.
b His name was Arignotus, cf. K. 1278 where there is a similar attack on Ariphrades.
c "The general nature of the incident to which these lines refer is plain enough. Some attack had been made by Cleon upon A., who, finding that he did not receive from the people the support which he had expected, deemed it necessary to wriggle out of the scrape by patching up a hollow truce with his powerful opponent. Beyond this we are quite in the dark": R.
528
Him who now upon an apple
and pomegranate dines, I saw
At Leogoras's table
Eat as hard as he was able,
Goodness, what a hungry maw!
Pinched and keen as Antiphon.

Once he travelled to Pharsalus, our ambassador to be,
There a solitary guest, he
Stayed with only the Penestae, a

Coming from the tribe himself,
the kindred tribe, of Penury.

Fortunate Automenes, we envy your felicity;
Every son of yours is of an infinite dexterity:
First the Harper, b known to all, and loved of all excessively,
Grace and wit attend his steps, and elegant festivity,
Next the Actor, shrewd of wit beyond all credibility:
Last of all Ariphrades, that soul of ingenuity,
He who of his native wit, with rare originality,
Hit upon an undiscovered trick of bestiality:
All alone, the father tells us, striking out a novel line.

Some there are who said that I
was reconciled in amity,
When upon me Cleon pressed, c
and made me smart with injury,
Currying and tanning me:
then as the stripes fell heavily
Th' outsiders laughed to see the sport,
and hear me squalling lustily,
Caring not a whit for me, but only looking merrily,
To know if squeezed and pressed I chanced
to drop some small buffoonery.
ταύτα κατιδὼν ὑπὸ τι μικρὸν ἐπιθήκωσα·
είτα νῦν ἐξηπάτησεν ἡ χάραξ τὴν ἀμπελον.

Ε.Α. ἵω χελώναι μακάριαι τοῦ δέρματος,
καὶ τρισμακάριαι τοῦ 'πταίς πλευρὰς τέγους.
ὡς εὖ κατηρέφασθε καὶ νουβυστικῶς
κεράμῳ τὸ νῦτον ὡστε τὰς πλευρὰς στέγειν. ἡ
ἐγὼ δ' ἀπόλολα στιξόμενος βακτηρία.

Χ. ἐτι δ' ἐστιν, ὅ παί; παῖδα γάρ, κἀν ἢ γέρων,
καλειν δίκαιον ὅστις ἃν πληγὰς λάβη.

Ε.Α. οὐ γάρ δ' γέρων ἀτηρότατον ἂρ' ἢν κακὸν
καὶ τῶν ξυνώντων πολὺ παρουνικῶτατος;
καίτοι παρήν Ἰππυλλός, Ἀντιφών, Λύκων,
Λυσιστρατός, Θούφραστος, οἱ περὶ Φρύνιχον.
τούτων ἀπάντων ἢν ὑβριστότατος μικρῶ.
εὐθὺς γάρ ὡς ἐνέπλητο πολλῶν κάγαθῶν,
ἐνήλιτ', ἐσκίρτα, πεπόρδει, κατεγέλα,
ὡςπερ καχρῶν ὁνίδιον εὐωχημένον·
κάτυπτε δῆ με νεανικῶς, παὶ παῖ καλῶν.
εἰτ' αὐτὸν ὡς εἶδ', ᾗκάσεν Λυσιστράτος·
ἐνικας, ὁ πρεσβύτα, νεοπλοῦτω τρυγὶ
κλητήρι τ' εἰς ἀχυρώνας ἀποδεδρακότι.
ὁ δ' ἀνακραγὼν ἀντήκασ' αὐτὸν πάρνοπι
τὰ ὑβριστῶν τρίβωνος ἀποβεβληκότι,
Σθενέλω τε τὰ σκευάρια διακεκαρμένω.
οἷ δ' ἀνέκρότησαν, πλὴν γε Θούφραστον μόνον·
οὖτος δὲ διεμύλλακεν, ὡς δὴ δεξίος.

a ""A proverb used in reference to persons who find the support whereon they trusted giving way in the hour of need"": R. Here probably Aristophanes is the Vine, the people the Vine-pole.
THE WASPS, 1290–1315

Seeing this, I played the ape a little bit undoubtedly. So then, after all, the Vine-pole
proved unfaithful to the Vine.⁴

XA. O lucky tortoises, to have such skins,
Thrice lucky for the case upon your ribs:
How well and cunningly your backs are roofed
With tiling strong enough to keep out blows:
Whilst I, I’m cudgelled and tattooed to death.

CH. How now, my boy? for though a man be old,
Still, if he’s beaten, we may call him boy.

XA. Was not the old man the most outrageous nuisance,
Much the most drunk and riotous of all?
And yet we’d Lycon, Antiphon, Hippyllus,
Lysistratus, Theophrastus, Phrynichus;
But he was far the noisiest of the lot.
Soon as he’d gorged his fill of the good cheer,
He skipped, he leapt, and laughed, and frisked, and
whinnied,
Just like a donkey on a feed of corn:
And slapped me youthfully, calling Boy! Boy!
So then Lysistratus compared him thus:
Old man, says he, you’re like new wine fermenting,
Or like a sompnour, scampering to its bran.⁵
But he shrieked back, And you, you’re like a locust
That has just shed the lappets of its cloak,
Or Sthenelus, shorn of his goods and chattels.⁶
At this all clapped, save Theophrast; but he
Made a wry face, being forsooth a wit.

⁴ There was a proverb ὅνοι ἐ ἄχυρῶν ἀπέδρα and the phrase describes excitement. But the connexion with κλητήρ, “a summoner,” is absent, unless “in Athenian slang a donkey was sometimes termed κλητήρ, caller” (R.); cf. 189.
⁵ The similes are aimed at his shabby, threadbare appearance. Sthenelus was a tragic actor who had been reduced to poverty.
ARISTOPHANES

δ γέρων δὲ τὸν Θούφραστον ἡρετ’, εἰπέ μοι, ἐπὶ τῶ κομάς καὶ κομψὸς εἶναι προσποιεῖ, κωμῳδολοιχῶν περὶ τὸν εὖ πράττοντ’ ἀεί, τοιαύτα περιήβριζεν αὐτοῦς ἐν μέρει, σκώπτων ἀγροῖκως καὶ προσέτι λόγους λέγων ἀμαθέστατ’, οὐδὲν εἰκότας τῷ πράγματι. ἐπεὶ δὲ ἐπειδὴ ἁμέθυνεν, οἶκαδ’ ἔρχεται τύπτων ἀπαντασ, ἢν τις αὐτῷ ξυντύχῃ. ὦ τί δὲ δὴ καὶ σφαλλόμενός προσέρχεται. ἀλλ’ ἐκποδῶν ἀπεμι πρὶν πληγᾶς λαβεῖν.

Φ. ἄνεχε, πάρεχε.
κλαυσταί τις τῶν ὀπισθεν ἐπακολουθοῦντων ἐμοί.
οἶνον, εἰ μὴ ὑπήσεθ’, ὑμᾶς,
ὡς πόνηροι, ταυτῇ τῇ
dαὶ φρυκτοὺς σκευᾶσω.

ΣΥΜΠΟΘΗΣ. ἦ μὴν σὺ δῶσεις αὐριον τούτων δίκην ἢμῖν ἀπασι, κεῖ σφόδρ’ εἰ νεανίας.
ἀθρόοι γὰρ ἥξομέν σε προσκαλοῦμενοι.

Φ. ἦ ἰεῦ, καλούμενοι.
ἀρχαίᾳ γ’ ὑμῶν· ἀρά γ’ ἵσθ’ ὡς οὖν ἀκούν ἀνέχομαι
dικῶν; ἰαῖβοι αἰβοῖ.
τάδε μ’ ἀρέσκει· βάλλε κήμος.
οὐκ ἀπεισί; ποῦ στιν
ἀλαστῆς; ἐκποδῶν.

ᵃ P. enters carrying a torch. ἄνεχε, πάρεχε are perhaps cries addressed to runners in the torch-races of the Cerameicus—"hold it up, hand it on."
b"The next 35 lines contain much that had been better
THE WASPS, 1316–1341

And pray, the old man asked him, what makes you
Give yourself airs, and think yourself so grand,
You grinning flatterer of the well-to-do?
Thus he kept bantering every guest in turn,
Making rude jokes, and telling idle tales,
In clownish fashion, relevant to nothing.
At last, well drunk, homeward he turns once more,
Aiming a blow at every one he meets.
Ah! here he’s coming; stumbling, staggering on.
Methinks I’ll vanish ere I’m slapped again.

PH. Up ahoy! out ahoy! a
Some of you that follow me
Shall ere long be crying.
If they don’t shog off, I swear
I’ll frizzle ’em all with the torch I bear,
I’ll set the rogues a-frying

GUEST. Zounds! we’ll all make you pay for this to-morrow,
You vile old rake, however young you are!
We’ll come and cite and summon you all together.

PH. Yah! hah! summon and cite! b
The obsolete notion! don’t you know
I’m sick of the names of your suits and claims.
Faugh! Faugh! Pheugh!
Here’s my delight!
Away with the verdict-box! Won’t he go?
Where’s the Heliast? out of my sight!

omitted: and the English is in many places necessarily a substitution for, rather than a translation of, the original text. These drunken scenes, and indeed the entire 200 lines from 1250 to 1449, were, in my opinion, a mere afterthought on the part of the poet, introduced when the defeat of the Clouds had taught him that he could not with impunity discard the broad farce, the coarse buffoonery, of other comedians": R.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ἀνάβανε δεύρο χρυσομηλολόνθιον,
tῇ χειρὶ τοῦτῷ λαβομένη τοῦ σχοινίου.
ἐχοῦν· φυλάττον δ’, ὡς σαπρὸν τὸ σχοινίον·
ὀμος γε μέντοι τριβόμενον οὐκ ἄχθεται.
ὀρᾶς ἐγὼ σ’ ὡς δεξιῶς ὑφειλόμην
μελλοῦσαν ἥδη λεσβεῖν τοὺς ξυμπότας·
ἂν εἴνεκ’ ἀπόδος τῷ πέει τωδ’ χάριν.
ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἀποδάωσεις οὐδ’ ἐφιαλεῖς, οἴδ’ ὅτι,
ἀλλ’ ἐξαπατήσεις κάγχανεὶ τοῦτῳ μέγα·
pολλοίς γὰρ ἥδη χάτεροι αὐτ’ εἰργάσω.
ἐὰν γένῃ δὲ μὴ κακὴ νυνὶ γυνῆ,
ἐγὼ σ’, ἐπειδὰν οὐμὸς νιὸς ἀποθάνη,
λυσάμενος ἐξω παλλακῆν, ὁ χοιρίον.
νῦν δ’ οὐ κρατῶ γ’ γω τῶν ἐμαυτοῦ χρημάτων.
νέος γὰρ εἰμὶ καὶ φυλάττομαι σφόδρα.
tὸ γὰρ νεῖδιον τηρεῖ με, κάστι δύσκολον
κάλλως κυμιστικομαρδαμουλύφον.
tαῦτ’ οὖν περὶ μου δέδουκε μὴ διαφθαρῶ.
πατὴρ γὰρ οὐδὲίς ἐστιν αὐτῷ πλὴν ἐμοῦ.
ὁδι δε καυτός· ἐπὶ σὲ κάμ’ ἔοικε θεῖν.
ἀλλ’ ὡς τάχιστα στῆθι τάσδε τὰς δετὰς
λαβοῦσ’, ἵν’ αὐτὸν τωθάσω νεανικῶς,
οἶως ποθ’ οὗτος ἔμε πρὸ τῶν μυστηρίων.

ΒΔ. ὃ οὗτος οὗτος, τυφεδανε καὶ χοιρόθλυφ,
ποθεῖν ἐράν τ’ έοικας ὁραίας σοροῦ.
οὐ τοι καταπροίζει μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω τοῦτο δρῶν.

ΦΙ. ὃς ἥδεως φάγοις ἃν ἐξ ὦξους δίκην.

ΒΔ. οὐ δεινὰ τωθάζειν σε, τὴν αὐλητρίδα
tῶν ξυμποτῶν κλέψαντα;

534
My little golden chafer, come up here,
Hold by this rope,\(^a\) a rotten one perchance,
But strong enough for you. Mount up, my dear.
See now, how cleverly I filched you off,
A wanton hussy, flirting with the guests.
You owe me, child, some gratitude for that.
But you're not one to pay your debts, I know.
O no! you'll laugh and chaff and slip away,
That's what you always do. But listen now,
Be a good girl, and don't be disobligeing,
And when my son is dead, I'll ransom you,
And make you an honest woman. For indeed
I'm not yet master of my own affairs.

I am so young, and kept so very strict.
My son's my guardian, such a cross-grained man,
A cummin-splitting, mustard-scrapping fellow.
He's so afraid that I should turn out badly,
For I'm in truth his only father now.\(^b\)
But here he runs. Belike he's after us.
Quick, little lady, hold these links an instant;
And won't I quiz him boyishly and well,
As he did me before the initiation.\(^c\)

**BD.** You there! you there! you old lascivious dotard!
Enamoured, eh? ay of a fine ripe coffin.\(^d\)
Oh, by Apollo, you shall smart for this!

**PH.** Dear, dear, how keen to taste a suit in pickle!

**BD.** No quizzing, sir, when you have filched away
The flute-girl from our party.

\(^a\) "Undoubtedly the σκότων καθεμένον described in Clouds 538, 539:" R.
\(^b\) "A piece of pleasantry, for sons often say 'I am my father's only son': Schol.
\(^c\) i.e. my initiation into the mysteries of high life.
\(^d\) σῶμα is put unexpectedly for κώρη—maturum funus instead of matura virgo.
ARISTOPHANES

 Phi. poían auılıtrída;
 tί ταύτα ληρεῖς, ὥσπερ ἀπὸ τύμβου πεσὼν;
 BD. νῆ τὸν Δί', αὐτὴ ποὺ 'στὶ σοὶ γ' ἡ Δαρδανίς.
 Phi. οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἐν ἀγορᾷ τοῖς θεοῖς δᾶς κάεται.
 BD. δᾶς ηδὲ;
 Phi. dᾶς δήτ'. οὐχ ὀρᾶς ἐστιγμένην;
 BD. tί δὲ τὸ μέλαν τοῦτ' ἐστὶν αὐτῆς τοὺν μέσω;
 Phi. ἡ πίττα δῆποι καομένης ἐξέρχεται.
 BD. ὁ δ' ὁπισθεὶν οὐχὶ πρωκτός ἐστὶν οὐτοσὶ;
 Phi. οἶκος μὲν οὖν τῆς δαδὸς οὔτος ἐξέχει.
 BD. tί λέγεις σὺ; ποῖος οἶκος; οὐκ εἰ δεύρο σὺ;
 Phi. ἀ ἄ, τί μέλλεις ὅραν;
 BD. ἀγεῖν ταύτην λαβῶν ἀφελόμενος σε καὶ νομίσας εἶναι σαπρὸν κούδέν δύνασθαι ὅραν.
 Phi. ἀκονσόν νῦν ἐμοῦ.
 'Ολυμπίασιν ἦνικ' ἐθεώρουν ἐγώ, 'Εφοιδών ἐμαχέσατ' Ἀσκώνδα καλῶς, ἣν γέρων οὖν: εἶτα τῇ πυγμῇ θενών ὁ πρεσβύτερος κατέβαλε τὸν νεώτερον. πρὸς ταύτα τηροῦ μη λάβῃς ὑπώπια.
 BD. νῆ τὸν Δί' ἐξέμαθές γε τὴν 'Ολυμπίαν.

ΑΡΤΟΠΩΛΙΣ. ἦθι μοι παράστηθ', ἀντιβολῷ πρὸς τῶν θεῶν. ὅδι γὰρ ἀνήρ ἐστὶν ὅσ μ' ἀπώλεσεν τῇ δαδὶ παῖων, καξέβαλεν ἐντευθεῖν ἄρτους δέκ' ὀβολῶν καπιθήκην τέτταρας.
 BD. ὀρᾶς ἀ δέδρακας; πράγματ' αὐ δεὶ καὶ δίκας ἔχειν διὰ τὸν σὸν οἶνον.

\(^{a}\) P. now treats his son as a half-dead dotard, and seems to invent this phrase on the analogy of ἀπ' ὄνον πεσὼν, cf. C. 1273.
\(^{b}\) "This" = Dardanis. Torches, says the Scholiast, were 536
THE WASPS, 1369–1393

PH. Eh? what? flute-girl?
You're out of your mind, or out of your grave, a or something.
BD. Why, bless the fool, here's Dardanis beside you!
PH. What, this? why, this b is a torch in the market-place!
BD. A torch, man?
PH. Clearly; pray observe the punctures.
BD. Then what's this black here, on the top of her head?
PH. Oh, that's the rosin, oozing while it burns.
BD. Then this of course is not a woman's arm?
PH. Of course not; that's a sprouting of the pine.
BD. Sprouting be hanged.
(To Dard.) You come along with me.
PH. Hi! hi! what are you at?
BD. Marching her off
Out of your reach; a rotten, as I think,
And impotent old man.
PH. Now look ye here:
Once, when surveying at the Olympian games,
I saw how splendidly Ephudion fought
With young Ascondas: saw the game old man
Up with his fist, and knock the youngster down.
So mind your eye, or you'll be pummelled too.
BD. Troth, you have learned Olympia to some purpose.

BAKING-GIRL. Oh, there he is! Oh, pray stand by me now!
There's the old rascal who misused me so,
Banged with his torch, and toppled down from here
Bread worth ten obols, and four loaves to boot.
BD. There now, you see; troubles and suits once more
Your wine will bring us.

punctured and tattooed with figures, and Dardanis is compared
with one to introduce some coarse jokes.
ARISTOPHANES

ΦΙ. οὐδαμῶς γ', ἐπεὶ
λόγοι διαλλάξουσιν αὐτὰ δεξιό.
ὡστ' οἴδ' ὅτι ταύτη διαλλαχθέσομαι.

ΑΡ. οὐ τοι μὰ τῶ θεῶ καταπροίξει Μυρτίας
tῆς 'Αγκυλίνωνον θυγατέρος καὶ Σωστράτης,
οὕτω διαφθείρας ἐμοῦ τὰ φορτία.

ΦΙ. ἄκουσον, ὦ γύναι· λόγον σοι βούλομαι
λέξαι χαρίεντα.

ΑΡ. μὰ Δία μὴ μοὶ γ', ὦ μέλε.

ΦΙ. Αὐσωπον ἀπὸ δείπνου βαδίζῳ θ' ἐσπέρας
θρασεῖα καὶ μεθύσῃ τις υλάκτει κύων.
κατει' ἐκεῖνος εἶπεν, ὦ κύων κύων,
eἰ νὴ Δί̃ ἀντὶ τῆς κακῆς γλώττης ποθὲν
πυροὺς πρίαιο, σωφρονεῖν ἂν μοι δοκεῖς.

ΑΡ. καὶ καταγελᾶς μου; προσκαλοῦμαί σ' ὅστις εἰ,
πρὸς τοὺς ἁγορανόμους βλάβης τῶν φορτίων,
κλητήρ' ἔχουσα Χαριφῶντα τοιοῦτοι.

ΦΙ. μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ἄκουσον, ἢν τί σοι δόξῳ λέγειν.
Λάδος ποτ' ἀντεδίδασκε καὶ Σιμωνίδης.
ἐπειδ' ὦ Λάδος εἶπεν, ὅλογον μοι μέλει.

ΑΡ. ἄληθες, οὗτος;

ΦΙ. καὶ σὺ δὴ μοι, Χαριφῶν,
γυναικὶ κλητεύεις, ἐοικὸς θαβίνη
'Ἰνοὶ κρεμαμένη πρὸς ποδῶν Εὐριπίδου;

---

a He has learned the lesson his son taught him, 1258.
b i.e. Demeter and Persephone, a regular female oath.
c ὡστε ἄρτους ποιῆσαι, ἐπεὶ ἄρτόπωλος: Schol.
d κλητήρ is the officer whose duty it was to see that the defendant was duly served with the citation to appear.

538
Troubles? Not at all.
A merry tale or two sets these things right.\(^a\)
I'll soon set matters right with this young woman.

B.-G. No, by the Twain \(^b\)! you shan't escape scot-free,
Doing such damage to the goods of Myrtia,
Sostrata's daughter, and Anchylion's, sir!

PH. Listen, good woman: I am going to tell you
A pleasant tale.

B.-G. Not me, by Zeus, sir, no!

PH. At Aesop, as he walked one eve from supper,
There yapped an impudent and drunken bitch.
Then Aesop answered, \(O\) you bitch! you bitch!
If in the stead of that ungodly tongue
You'd buy some wheat,\(^c\) methinks you'd have more sense.

B.-G. Insult me too? I summon you before
The Market Court for damage done my goods,
And for my somnour \(^d\) have this Chaerephon.

PH. Nay, nay, but listen if I speak not fair.
Simonides and Lasus \(^e\) once were rivals.
Then Lasus says, \(Pish, I\) don't care, says he.

B.-G. You will, sir, will you?

PH. And you, Chaerephon,
Are you her somnour, you, like fear-blancheted Ino
Pendent before Euripides's feet?\(^f\)

\(^a\) "Lasus of Hermione was a contemporary and rival of the
great Simonides of Ceos, who was famous for the number of
victories obtained by his dithyrambic choruses": R. P. like
Lasus snaps his fingers at his opponent.

\(^b\) "The story of Ino, who to escape her domestic miseries
threw herself, with her youngest child Melicertes, into the sea,
formed one of the most moving tragedies of Euripides": R.
Doubtless she was represented in the tragedy as throwing herself
at the feet of some deity or person, for whom A. here substitutes
the poet himself. For Chaerephon the "cadaverous" (in Eupolis
he is \(\pi\upsilon\varepsilon\iota\varsigma\omega\varsigma\)) see Index.
ARISTOPHANES

βδ. οδή τις ἑτερος, ὡς ἐσοκεν, ἔρχεται
καλούμενος σε' τὸν γέ τοι κλητήρ' ἔχει.
καθηγορος. οίμοι κακοδαίμων. προσκαλούμαι σ', ὦ
γέρον,
ὑβρεως.

βδ. ὑβρεως; μή, μή καλέσης πρὸς τῶν θεών.
ἐγὼ γὰρ ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ δίκην δίδωμι σοι,
ἡν ἂν σὺ τάξης, καὶ χάριν προσείσομαι.

φι. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν αὐτῷ διαλλαχθήσομαι
ἐκών· ὁμολογῶ γὰρ πατάξαι καὶ βαλείν.
ἀλλ' ἐλθέ δευρί, πότερον ἐπιτρέπεις ἐμοι
ὁ τι χρῆ μ' ἀποτίσαντ' ἀργύριον τοῦ πράγματος,
εἶναι φίλον τὸ λοιπὸν, ἣ σὺ μοι φράσεις;

κα. σὺ λέγε. δικών γὰρ οὐ δέομ' οὐδὲ πραγμάτων.

φι. ἀνὴρ Συβαρίτης ἔσεπεσεν ἐξ ἄρματος,
καὶ πως κατεάγῃ τῆς κεφαλῆς μέγα σφόδρα·
ἐτύγχανεν γὰρ οὐ τρίβων ἕν ἵππικης.
κάπετ' ἐπιστὰς εἶπ' ἀνήρ αὐτῷ φίλος·
ἐρδοι τις ἥν ἐκαστος εἰδείῃ τέχνην.
οὐτω δὲ καὶ σὺ παράτρεχ' εἰς τὰ Πυττάλου.

βδ. ὁμοία σου καὶ ταύτα τοῖς ἀλλοις τρόποις.

κα. ἀλλ' οὖν σὺ μέμνησις αὐτὸς ἀπεκρίνατο.

φι. ἀκούε, μή φεύγ'. ἐν Συβάρει γυνὴ ποτε
cατέας' ἐχῖνον.

κα. ταῦτ' ἐγὼ μαρτύρομαι.

φι. οὐχίνοις οὖν ἔχων τιν' ἐπεμαρτύρατο.

εἶθ' ἡ Συβαρίτης εἰπεν, εἰ ναὶ τὰν κόραν
τὴν μαρτύριαν ταύτην ἐάσας ἐν τάχει
eπίδεσμον ἐπρίω, νοῦν ἂν εἰχὲς πλείονα.

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a "The ὑβρεως γραφή was a very different matter from the βλάβης δίκη with which alone the baking-girl had threatened 540"
BD. See, here's another coming, as I live,  
   To summon you: at least he has got his somnour.  
COMPLAINANT. O dear! O dear! Old man, I summon you  
   For outrage.

BD. Outrage a? no, by the Gods, pray don't.  
   I'll make amends for everything he has done  
   (Ask what you will), and thank you kindly too.  
PH. Nay, I'll make friends myself without compulsion.  
   I quite admit the assault and battery.  
   So tell me which you'll do; leave it to me  
   To name the compensation I must pay  
   To make us friends, or will you fix the sum?

CO. Name it yourself: I want no suits nor troubles.  
PH. There was a man of Sybaris, b do you know,  
   Thrown from his carriage, and he cracked his skull,  
   Quite badly too. Fact was, he could not drive.  
   There was a friend of his stood by, and said,  
   Let each man exercise the art he knows.  
   So you, run off to Doctor Pittalus. c

BD. Ay, this is like the rest of your behaviour.  
CO. (To Bd.) You, sir, yourself, remember what he says.  
PH. Stop, listen. Once in Sybaris a girl  
   Fractured a jug.

CO. I call you, friend, to witness.  
PH. Just so the jug: it called a friend to witness.  
   Then said the girl of Sybaris, By'r Lady, d  
   If you would leave off calling friends to witness,  
   And buy a rivet, you would show more brains.

him. It was so to say a criminal indictment, and not a mere civil action: and entailed a severe and speedy punishment": R.  
   "P. reverts to his son's alternative prescription in 1259 and tries the effect of a Sybaritic apologue": R.  
   i.e. Don't try litigation which you don't understand, but go to the famous doctor, Pittalus (cf. A. 1032).
   i.e. Persephone.
KA. ὑβρίζ', ἔως ἂν τὴν δίκην ἄρχων καλῇ.
BΔ. οὗ τοι μὰ τὴν Δῆμητρ' ἐτ' ἐνταυθοὶ μενεῖς ἀλλ' ἀράμενος οἴσω σε
ΦΙ. τί ποιεῖς;
BΔ. οὗ τι ποιῶ;
eἰσω φέρω σ' ἐντεῦθεν· εἴ δὲ μή, τάχα κλητῆρες ἐπιλείψουσι τοὺς καλουμένους.
ΦΙ. Λέσωπον οἴ Δελφοὶ ποτ'
BΔ. ὀλίγον μοι μέλει.  
ΦΙ. φιάλην ἐπητιώντο κλέψαι τοῦ θεοῦ·
οῦ δ' ἔλεξεν αὐτοῖς, ὡς ὁ κάνθαρός ποτε
BΔ. οἴμι ὦς ἀπολῶ σ' αὐτοῖσι τοῖσι κανθάροισ.

ΧΩ. ξηλῶ γε τῆς εὐτυχίας
tὸν πρέσβυν, οἱ μετέστη
ξηρῶν τρόπων καὶ βιωτῆς·
ἐτερα δὲ νῦν ἀντιμαθῶν
ηθή, μετά τι πεσεῖται
ἐπὶ τὸ τρυφερὸν καὶ μαλακόν.
tάχα δ' ἂν ἰσως οὐκ ἔθελοι.
tὸ γὰρ ἀποστήμαι χαλεπὸν
φύσεος, ἤν ἔχει τις ἀεὶ.
καῖτοι πολλοὶ ταῦτ' ἐπαθοῦν·
ξυνόντες γνώμαις ἑτέρων
μετεβάλλοντο τοὺς τρόπους.

πολλοὶ δ' ἐπαίνου παρ' ἐμοὶ
cαὶ τοῖσιν εὖ φρονοῦσιν

[στρ. 145]

[ἀντ.

a The Delphians brought a false charge against Aesop and,
THE WASPS, 1441–1463

CO. Jeer, till the Magistrate call on my case.
BD. No, by Demeter, but you shan’t stop here, I’ll take and carry you—
PH. What now!
BD. What now? Carry you in: or soon there won’t be sompnours
Enough for all your summoning complainants.
PH. The Delphians once charged Aesop—
BD. I don’t care.
PH. With having filched a vessel of their God.
But Aesop up and told them that a beetle—
BD. Zounds! but I’ll finish you, beetles and all.

CH. I envy much his fortune
As he changes from his dry
Ungenial life and manners,
Another path to try.
Now all to soft indulgence
His eager soul will take,
And yet perchance it will not,
For, ah! ’tis hard to break
From all your lifelong habits;
Yet some the change have made,
With other minds consorting,
By other eounsels swayed.

With us and all good people
Great praise Philocleon’s son

as he was being led to execution, he told them this fable, the
moral of which is that evil-doers will in the end pay.

b This ode in which the Chorus “felicitates B. on the probable
success of his experiment,” after its demonstrable failure, seems
“foreign to the original scheme of the Play.” So too 1474 when
Xanthias announces B.’s drunken behaviour “no one would
gather that this is his second entrance on the self-same errand.”
See R. Introd. p. xiv and notes.
The ancient writers for the stage, Thespis, Phrynichus (1490 seq.) and Carcinus (1501 seq.), introduced much dancing,
THE WASPS, 1464-1490

For filial love and genius
In this affair has won.
Such sweet and gracious manners
I never saw before,
Nor ever with such fondness
My doting heart gushed o'er.
Where proved he not the victor
In all this wordy strife,
Seeking to raise his father
To higher paths of life?

XA. O Dionysus! here's a pretty mess
Into our house some power has whirligigged.
Soon as the old man heard the pipe, and drank
The long untasted wine, he grew so merry
He won't stop dancing all the whole night through
Those strange old dances such as Thespis taught; a
And your new bards he'll prove old fools, he says,
Dancing against them in the lists directly.

PH. Who sits, who waits at the entrance gates?
XA. More and more is this evil advancing!
PH. Be the bolts undone, we have just begun;
       This, this is the first evolution of dancing.
XA. First evolution of madness, I think.
PH. With the strong contortion the ribs twist round,
    And the nostril snorts, and the joints resound,
    And the tendons crack.
XA. O, hellebore drink! b
PH. Cocklike, Phrynicus crouches and cowers, c

and the old man remembers these dances. Bentley's full dis-

cussion of this passage is quoted in R.

b Hellebore was a cure for madness.

c Bentley emended πτήσει to πλήσει, but R. notes that "a
cock crouches and sidles down immediately before it delivers a
blow"; cf. 1491.


ἀριστοφάνης

κατὰ σαυτὸν ὥρα.

φι. νῦν γὰρ ἐν ἄρθροις τοῖς ἕμετέροις

στρέφεται χαλαρὰ κοτυληδών.

βδ. οὐκ εὖ μὰ Δί' οὐ δῆτ', ἀλλὰ μανικαὶ πράγματα.

φι. φέρε νῦν ἀνείπω κανταγωνιστάς καλῶς.

εἶ τις τραγῳδός φησιν ὀρχεσθαι καλῶς,

ἔμοι διωρχησόμενος ἐνθάδ' εἰσίτω.

φησίν τις, ἡ οὐδεὶς;

βδ. εἰς γ' ἐκείνωσι μόνος.

φι. τίς ὁ κακοδαίμων ἐστίν;

βδ. νίδος Καρκίνου

ὁ μέσατος.

φι. ἀλλ' οὗτός γε καταποθήσεται:

Αὐπολὸ γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐμμελεία κονδύλου.

ἐν τῷ ρυθμῷ γὰρ οὐδὲν ἐστ'.

βδ. ἀλλ', ωζυρέ,

ἐτερος τραγῳδὸς Καρκινίτης ἐρχεται,

ἀδελφός αὐτοῦ.

φι. νῇ Δί' ωψώνηκ' ἀρα.

βδ. μὰ τὸν Δί' οὐδέν γ' ἀλλο πλήν γε καρκίνους.

προσέρχεται γὰρ ἐτερος αὐτ ὑπ' ὑπ' Καρκίνου.

φι. τούτι τί ἵν τὸ προσέρπον; ὄξις, ἡ φάλαγξ;

βδ. ὁ πιννοτήρης οὗτός ἐστι, τοῦ γένους

ὁ σμικρότατος, ὃς τὴν τραγῳδίαν ποιεῖ.

*P. holds the lists as the champion of the older tragic dances. Three representatives of the modern school of tragic dancing now enter, one by one, to accept his challenge. They are the three deformed and stunted sons of Carcinus, the constant butts of Aristophanes for their preposterous dances*: R. 546
THE WASPS, 1491–1511

XA. You’ll strike by and by.

PH. Then he kicks his leg to the wondering sky,

XA. O look to yourself, look out, look out.

PH. For now in these sinewy joints of ours
The cup-like socket is twirled about.

BD. 'Twon't do, by Zeus: 'twon't do: 'tis downright madness.

PH. Come on, I challenge all the world to dance.
Now what tragedian thinks he dances well,
Let him come in and dance a match with me.
Well, is there one, or none?

BD. Here's only one.

PH. Who's he, poor devil?

BD. 'Tis the midmost son
Of poet Careinus, the Crabbe."

PH. I'll eat him.
'Sdeath! I'll destroy him with a knuckle-dance."
He's a born fool at rhythm.

BD. Nay, but look here!
Here comes a brother crab, another son
Of Carcinus.

PH. 'Faith, I've got crab enough.

BD. Nothing but crabs! 'fore Zeus, nothing but crabs!
Here creeps a third of Carcinus's brood.

PH. Heyday! what's this? a vinaigrette, or spider?

BD. This is the Pinnoteer, of all the tribe
The tiniest crab: a tragic poet too!

"ēμελεϊα is the technical word for a tragic dance; here P. promises to perform it with his fists.

"A tiny crustacean, about the size of a pea, a parasite of the pinna, a wedge-shaped bivalve. It was called "Pinna-watchman," because "the pinna having got its little guest safely lodged within, left its shell open: and so soon as any food came within the valves the pea-crab gave its host a nip, which caused it to close its shell and secure the prey": R.
ΦΙ. ὁ Καρκίν', ὁ μακάριε τῆς εὐπαιδίας.
οὖν τὸ πλῆθος κατέπεσεν τῶν ἀρχίλων.
ἀτὰρ καταβατέον γ’ ἐπ’ αὐτούς μοι. σὺ δὲ
ἀλμυν κύκα τοῦτοσι, ἣν ἐγὼ κρατῶ.

χ. φέρε νυν ἡμεῖς αὐτοῖς ὀλίγον ἕνγχωρήσωμεν
ἀπαντες,
İN ἐφ’ ἡσυχίας ἡμῶν πρόσθεν βεμβικζωσιν
ἐαυτούς.

ἀγ’, ὁ μεγαλώνυμα τέκνα τοῦ θαλασσίου,
πηδάτε παρὰ ψάμαθον
καὶ θιν’ ἀλὸς ἀτρυγέτου, καρίδων ἄδελφοί·
tαχύν πόδα κυκλοσοβείτε, καὶ τὸ Φρυνίχειον
ἐκλακτισάτω τις, ὅπως
ἰδώντες ἀνω σκέλος [ἀδ’], ὁξίζοιν οἱ θεαταί.
στρόβει, παράβανε κύκλω καὶ γάστρισον σεαυτόν,
ῥίπτε σκέλος οὐράνιον· βέμβικες ἐγγενέσθων.

καὶ τὸς γὰρ ὁ ποντομέδων ἀναξ πατήρ προσέρπει
ἡσθεὶς ἐπὶ τοῖς ἐαυτοῦ παισί, τοῖς τρίορχοις.

ἀλλ’ ἐξάγετ’, εἰ τι φίλειτ’, ὀρχούμενοι θύραξ
ἡμᾶς ταχὺ· τοῦτο γὰρ οὖδεὶς πω πάρος δέδρακεν
ὄρχούμενος, ὡστις ἀπήλλαξεν χορὸν τρυγφδῶν.

α Lit. “golden-crested wrens.” He calls them so because of
their size, and perhaps with a suggestion of ὄρχηστῶν. In 1534
he calls them τρίορχοι (lit. “buzzards”) = “three-dancers.”

b Their names are variously given by the Scholiast as
Xenocles, Xenotimus, Diotimus, etc.
O Carcinus! O proud and happy father!
Here's a fine troop of wrynecks settling down.
Well, I must gird me to the fight: and you,
Mix pickles for these crabs, in case I beat them.

Come draw we aside, and leave them a wide,
a roomy and peaceable exercise-ground,
That before us therein like tops they may spin,
revolving and whirling and twirling around.
O lofty-titled sons of the ocean-roving sire,
Ye brethren of the shrimps, come and leap
On the sand and on the strand
of the salt and barren deep.
Whisk nimble feet around you;
kick out, till all admire,
The Phrynichean kick to the sky;
That the audience may applaud,
as they view your leg on high.
On, on, in mazy circles; hit your stomach with your heel
Fling legs aloft to heaven,
as like spinning-tops you wheel.
Your Sire is creeping onward, the Ruler of the Sea,
He gazes with delight at his hobby-dancers three.
Come, dancing as you are, if you like it, lead away,
For never yet, I warrant, has an actor till to-day
Led out a chorus, dancing, at the ending of the Play.

R. quotes Paley for shrimps "bounding in the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand."

\[ \delta \nu' \delta \lambda \delta, \text{ etc., is from Hom. II. i. 316, 327.} \]
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