

PLUTOS [WEALTH]

By ARISTOPHANES

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CARIO [servant]

CHREMYLOS

PLUTOS - God of Wealth.

CHORUS OF FARMERS

BLEPSIDEMOS Friend of CHREMYLOS.

WIFE of CHREMYLOS

POVERTY

A JUST MAN

AN INFORMER

AN OLD WOMAN

A YOUTH

A PRIEST OF ZEUS.

[The play takes place in Ancient ATHENS].

ACT 1.

[Scene. A street in ATHENS with a farmhouse in the background. A blind man walks haltingly along followed by two men, CHREMYLOS and his servant CARIO, both wearing laurel wreaths.]

CARIO:

~~How hard it is~~ O, Zeus and all ye Gods, ~~how~~ ~~slave~~ how hard and wearisome it is, to be the slave of a demented man.

For though things ~~may~~ the servant may give the best of advice yet if his master decides not to follow it the poor servant will have of necessity to share in the evil results of his master's decisions.

The daemon of fortune does not allow him to be the master of his own body; it belongs to the man who bought it.

(With a gesture of impotence). - This is how things are!

CARIO. And I will act the Circe who like a chemist mixed her drugs with excrement and who in Corinth lately made Philonides and his friends swallow them as if they were bears. (LAI is the famous Corinthian courtesan transformed the dissolute fellow Philonides - Circe in Homer transformed the friends of Odysseus. Aristophanes gives the Homeric story a contemporary twist. Transl.) And then once I mix them up your lasciviousness will make you groat with glee ~~like a pig~~ and follow your mother the sow.

Chorus. Oh, yes! We'll catch you Circe who mix up the drugs so expertly and defile our ~~companions~~ comrades. Aye, we'll catch you up and what pleasure we are going to have rolling your nose in filth like a goat and then hang you like Laertes son and Odysseus, upside down by your genitals. And gaping like ~~his~~ Aristylos (a dig by Aristophanes at one of his contemporary poets who was a man of abominable habits Transl.) you will murmur "follow your mother, piggies".

Cario (with assumed seriousness). But now old friends let's stop this tomfoolery. You better try and do something else while I steal into the house quietly without my master seeing me and pinch some bread and meat and once I have my fill I will be back with you to carry on with our work!

(Cario runs on tip toe into the house. The chorus moves about trying to imitate some kind of dance. Chremylos comes out of the house.)

Chremylos. To say "welcome" citizens, is an old and cheap form of greeting.

Therefore I "embrace" you all, that you have come willingly, quickly having not wasted any time fooling around. Like always and in everything stand by me to day and in truth you will be the saviours of the God.

(They assume a martial posture.)

Chorus. Have no fear on that score. When you ~~see~~ ^{look at} us you will think that we are Mars himself (i.e. so ^{zealously} ~~manfully~~ we will guard him Transl.) what do you think? We who have to jostle and sweat in the Assembly for three obols a day we shall let Pluto get away from us. (Not in your life! Someone is approaching)

Chremylos. I see that Klepsidemos is approaching. It is obvious from the speed he is coming that he has heard something! ~~of~~ (Klepsidemos, the one coveting or having his eye on the public wealth Transl.)

Vlepsidemus: What is the meaning of all these ~~blow~~ and in what way did old Chremylos get rich all of a sudden. I do not believe it! And yet by Heracles it was all over the place and it was repeated in the barber-shops that a man became rich (with characteristic ~~clap~~ clap of the fingers) just like that! But the most wonderful thing of all, friends, is that now that he has a spot of luck he does not forget his friends. Somehow this is not the custom round here.

Chremylos. Yes, I will hide nothing from you Vlepsidemus and God is my witness. Yes, yes! ~~the~~ ~~one~~ (with glee). We are doing better to day than we did yesterday. You will have your share. You are my friend aren't you?

Vlepsidemus. Is it true then what they say? Are you really rich?

Chremylos. Yes I will be very rich soon if the god wills it. But there is still some risk in it.

Vle. What risk?

Chremylos (hesitantly) Well

Vlepsidemus. Well, what risk. Say it.

Chremylos. If we succeed we shall be sitting pretty all our lives. But if we make a mistake somewhere we shall be finished.

Vlepsidemus. There must be something wrong some where then and I don't like it. To become rich all at once, so rich and yet to be afraid ... something unsavoury must have happened.

Chremylos. Unsavoury! How?

Vlepsidemus. In all probability you have stolen some gold or silver from a god's temple and now you feel sorry it.

Chremylos. Heaven help us! I did nothing of the sort by God.

Vlepsidemus. Stop protesting man. I can see it all ^{very} clearly.

Chremylos. You shouldn't think of me in that way.

Vlepsidemus (with arms throwing his hands up) Oh! Alas! There is nothing straight or honest in the world. No one is above money and profit.

Chremylos. I think, by the name of Demeter, that you must not be well (pretending to cough, his

Vlepsidemus (turning to his chorus). He has changed a lot. He is not the man he used to be.

Chremylos (shaking his head). Poor man, you are fretting for nothing by God.

Vlepsidemus. (To the chorus) His looks betray him. He is all a dither.

Its obvious that he has done some ^{roguish} thing (crafty)

Chremylos. Oh! I know what you are belly-aching about. You want your share of what you think that I stole eh?

Vlepsidemus. (Affecting to be scandalised) My share? Of what play?

Chremylos. The thing is not as you imagine it, but quite, quite different.

Vlepsidemus. You have not stolen; you have robbed, is that it?

Chremylos. You are mad!

Vlepsidemus. Well did you embezzle anybody?

Chremylos. No. I ~~have not~~ haven't.

Vlepsidemus. O Hercules. Where can one turn for the truth. You won't tell me the truth will you?

Chremylos. What is this. You accuse me before inquiring to find out anything about me.

Vlepsidemus. (patronisingly). Well friend let me hush things up before the whole town gets to know about it. a few pieces of silver... and the orators will be silent! what do you say?

Chremylos. O yes! quite. You are my friend therefore you will pay three minde (three fivers) and charge ^{me} twelve.

Vlepsidemus. (in order to stress his point). I can see a man sitting before at the foot of the tribunal (i.e. before the court Transl.) ^{with} holding the supplicants olive branch in hand, surrounded by his children and his wife looking for all the world like the Heraclidae of Pamphilos (perhaps meaning the tragedian Pamphilos who wrote a play about the Heraclidae pleading for protection by the King of Athens Transl.).

Chremylos. Never, never, you fool. But listen, only those who are good and modest and upright, the worthy people in short, I will make rich.

Vlepsidemus. what are you saying man! Have you stolen all that much?

Chremylos. Ouf! I say. Your vicious Tongue will be the death of me.

Vlepsidemus. No! it is you yourself, not me, who will be the death of you.

Chremylos. Never you vicious minded cur. It is Ploutos (the ^{wealth} god) that I have got.

Vlepsidemus. Ploutos? what ploutos?

Chremylos. The god Ploutos himself.

Vlepsi. And where? Chremylos. Inside?

Vlepsidemus. where did you say? Chremylos. In my house.

Vlepsidemus. In your house?

Chremylos. Yes of course.

Vlepidemos. Stop kidding; (Aristo phones actually says "to hold with you")
Ploutos with you?

Chremylos. Yes by the name of the Gods.

Vlepidemos. Is it the truth?

Chremylos. It is the truth.

Vlepidemos. Is it by ~~the~~ Heracles, name (are you really telling the truth?)

Chremylos. Yes, by Poseidon

Vlepidemos. You mean the one who rules over the sea.

Chremylos. Well if there is another one of that name, by him too.

Vlepidemos. And why don't you send him round to us, your friends?

Chremylos. No. Things have reached that stage yet.

Vlepidemos. What stage? Aren't we going to share them?

Chremylos. By Zeus, it is necessary in the first place

Vlepidemos (becoming anxious) what?

Chremylos. make him see again

Vlepidemos. "make see whom". (Touching Chremylos' wrist). Whom; say.

Chremylos. Ploutos of course. We must ~~water him~~ restore his sight somehow.

Vlepidemos. Is he really blind?

Chremylos. Absolutely.

Vlepidemos. That must be the reason then that he never came to me.

Chremylos. But now if the gods will it, he will come there.

Vlepidemos. Don't you think we ought to call a doctor?

Chremylos. ~~Where~~ ~~there~~ can one find a doctor in this town. Don't you know that where there is no fee there is no skill? (Perhaps meaning that the doctor were ~~not~~ ~~hobby~~ paid professor in Athens and therefore they were going to other places.)

Vlepidemos. Let's find out.

Chremylos. There is no one I tell you.

Vlepidemos. I believe you are right. I

Chremylos (after a while with sudden inspiration) By good I have found it. The best thing to do, as I thought all the way along, is to make him lie in the Temple of Asclepius.

Vlepidemos. Undoubtedly this will be the best thing. So don't waste any time. Do something about it!

Chremylos. I am going.

Vlepidemos. Hurry then

Chremylos. Can't you see I am hurrying. [Chremylos turns towards the house to get Ploutos and take him to the temple of Asclepius, the god of medicine, when he sees a wretched-looking, emaciated woman with hair dishevelled and ~~commemorative~~ presence, enter. Enter Poverty.]

Poverty. What thoughtless, unwise, and unholy task you try to perform you two miserable, pitiful men. (The two

men try to move off) what? what is this? why run away?
(sharply) Stay.

klepsidemos. O, my good Heracles!

Poverty (continuing in the same sharp tone). I will make you ^{two} miserable scoundrels perish miserably. Such an attempt as yours cannot be suffered. neither god nor man has ever dared ~~to~~ like to do such a thing. (With finality). Therefore you will die.

Chremylos (recovering his courage). But who are you? You look pale, very pale indeed.

klepsidemos (with lewdity). Perhaps she is one of the furies and has escaped from a tragedy; she has that look of madness that wild, tragic look we see in plays.

Chremylos. But she carries no torches.

klepsidemos. So much the worse for her.

Poverty (with dignity). Who do you think I am?

Chremylos. Perhaps an inn-keeper or a market-woman. Otherwise you would not have bawled at us like that without ^{harming} ~~harming~~ you at all.

Poverty. ~~And~~ ^{And} ~~indeed~~ 'Not harmed indeed! Have you not causing ~~the~~ the greatest harm by trying to throw me out of the country.'

Chremylos. What about Barathron (the ~~precipitous~~ ^{precipitous} cliff into a ravine into which criminals were thrown ~~transit~~) Is there no place left for you there? (After a pause).
Who are you? Tell us quickly.

Poverty. I am the one who is going to punish you to day because you seek to ~~throw me out by force~~ ^{make disappear from here (from Greece, transit)} ~~throw me out by force~~.

klepsidemos. O, jerk. She must be the barmaid of my local tavern who always cheats me - never fills my glass up.

Poverty. (standing on her full height). I am Poverty, you who has lodged with you for so long a time.

klepsidemos. (throwing his hands up in despair) Oh, my good Apollo and all you gods! Where can one fly? (to escape poverty then) (run away)

Chremylos. 'Eh! what are you up to? You are a timid animal! Come on, stop.

klepsidemos. No, not I.

Chremylos. Won't you stay? Can't you see ~~many~~ that one woman is scaring away to men? Can't you see that?

klepsidemos. But this (is no ordinary woman) is Poverty, you fool, the deadliest monster that ever draws breath.

Chremylos. (pleadingly) Stay I beg of you. Stay.

klepsidemos. No, by Zeus, I cannot.

Chremylos. (earnestly serious) This, I tell you is the most cowardly thing of all - to leave the god (Ploutos) inside there deserted and all alone and fly away ourselves before this woman without even trying to fight her.

Vlepidemos. O. jert! But on what arms can we rely to fight her; Is there a shield or a breastplate which this wretched woman has not already pawned.

Chremylos. Don't be discouraged. Ploutos single-handed will find two ways and means to triumph over her and her ways.

Poverty. Dare you grouse and grumble you dregs of humanity who have been caught in the act of committing such horrible crimes.

Chremylos. Why do you come here ^{you accursed woman} ~~and~~ ^{and} insult us ^{your accursed} ~~and~~ ^{and} may you die a ^{periphrastic} death - who never did you the slightest harm?

Poverty. So you think by gods, that you are doing me no harm trying to restore the eyesight to Ploutos.

Chremylos. How can we injure you when we are trying to bring happiness to all mankind.

Poverty. And where are you going to secure that happiness?

Chremylos. Where? In the first place we are going to ^{drive} ~~kick~~ you out of Ancece.

Poverty. Drive me out? And do you think you can cause a greater harm to mankind than that.

Chremylos. Yes. A greater harm will be caused by not driving you out.

Poverty. And now that you have broached the subject, I am quite ^{prepared} ~~to~~ ^{to} discuss it with you. and at once. And I ^{propose} ~~to~~ ^{to} prove that I, alone, am the cause of all your happiness and blessings and that your very lives depend on me. If I fail to do that then you can do whatever you like to me.

Chremylos, You dare put forward such a proposition you Arunget?

Poverty. I believe ^{that} you ~~have~~ ^{will} agree to hear me. I am sure it will be very easy for me to prove to you that you are entirely in the wrong, if you propose, as you do, to make all the just men rich.

Vlepidemos. O cudgels and clubs ... come and help me out.

Poverty. I shouldn't get wild and bellow like mad before you hear me.

Vlepidemos. But who can listen to such things without ~~shaking~~ ^{gains} getting besides himself.

Poverty. Every man of sense can.

Vlepidemos. Chremylos. Well. What penalty will you accept if you lose your argument.

Poverty. Whatever you wish.

Chremylos. That is all right.

Poverty. But if you are defeated you must suffer the same.
 Chremylos, to Klepsidemos and the chorus still standing by. "Do you think that twenty will be sufficient."
 Chremylos. For her yes! But only two will be enough suffice for us.
 Poverty. You will not be able to escape (I am afraid) For what argument are there to be used against mine.

Chorus to Chremylos.

Now it is necessary to rattle your brains and find something clever to say in order to demolish her arguments and defeat her. Do not yield but fight on.

Chremylos, I believe that it is plain to all people alike (to all peoples as it is to me) that it is right for just men to do well in life and be happy and that the cunning, the wicked and the godless should be exactly the opposite. Wanting to realise these conditions of things we have just succeeded to devise a plan which is as great and noble as it is useful, to achieve our aims. [This is the plan].

- If Ploutos were to ~~find~~ ^{have} the use of his eyes again, instead of going about blind he will go to the just men, ^{and the wife} and stay with them; but he will give a wide berth to the perverse, and the ungodly. So, all men will become just and ^{prosperous} ~~happy~~ and pious.

Who can devise anything better for mankind.

Klepsidemos. No one can devise a better one. I am a witness to the point even ask her.

Chremylos. As life is at the moment who can just ^{contemplate} ~~look at~~ it and say that it is not an unadulterated madness and utterly perverse. Many of the men who are rich, they are thorough-going crooks who unjustly accumulated their riches but many who are decent and good people are ~~starving~~ ^{labouring} and suffer hunger (to poverty) yea! they have you ^{for the most part} as their room-mate (to the chorus) Can you tell me a ^{greater blessing} ~~better way~~, if Ploutos were to recover his sight and get hold of her and stop her in her tracks and give his ~~own~~ benefits to mankind?

Poverty. O yes! You two ^{old} fools, who get mad at the least provocation and egg yourselves on with your drivel, if the thing you desire were to happen it will be of no profit to you well if Ploutos regains his eyesight and divide himself equally to all ^{the} people. no man will ever study either art or science. And when these disappear through you who will work the iron, build ships, sew, make wheels, or shoes or brick-bucks, bleach linen, tan hides, or plough the earth to gather in the fruits of Demeter? Who will do all these if all could enjoy life and live in idleness.

Chremylos. You talk nonsense. All these things that you have mentioned will be, of course, done by our servants (slaves).

Poverty. ~~And~~ Seruants! But how will you get them?

Chremylos. We'll buy ~~them~~ ^{may} earn for them.

Poverty. First tell me this: who will sell his seruants if everyone is rich. (Chremylos ~~stays~~)

Chremylos (hiding his discomfiture under a clever repartee). I guess that some greedy merchant from Thessaly who wants to ~~gain more~~ - from where so many of the slave traders come

Poverty. But if ~~your~~ system is put into practice there will be no slave-traders left. What rich man will risk body and soul for this trade. Then you will have to plough and dig and do all the jobs yourself and you will find that your life ~~is~~ ^{will be} harder than what it is now.

Chremylos. I hope what you say falls on your own head.

Poverty. Furthermore you will not be able to sleep in a bed - for none will be made. Neither will you walk on carpets; for who will be willing to weave them if he has gold. No more will you be able to be perfumed and powdered when you bring a bride home, or dress her in ~~costly~~ ^{expensive} brightly coloured cloaks. What use will it be to you to be rich when you will be in need of all these things [of all things]. On the other hand you [will admit] that [I] have everything you desire thanks to me. I am the one who ~~biting~~ ^{biting} like a harsh mistress makes the art-souls seek to find the werewithal to live.

Chremylos. What benefits indeed! Yes ~~the~~ ^{what} ~~only~~ good could you give except burns that we get at the baths [where poor people were evidently congregating during the cold ^{months} for warmth round.] and children hungry and destitute emaciated old women; and what of the unaccountable swarms of lice, and ~~bugs~~ ^{gnats} and fleas buzzing about ~~your~~ ^{one's} head or biting him waking one up ~~and~~ at god-forsaken hours. with the reproof "you will be hungry but get up". [What else?]

A rag round instead of a garment; a bundle of bug-infested hay instead of a mattress for a bed, where you cannot close an eye; a rotten worn-out mat for an eiderdown (carpet-coverlet) says Aristophanes] and a big stone for a pillow under the head; to eat ~~the~~ withered radish leaves or even mallow roots instead of bread; to use the broken top of a jug for a chair and instead of a trough for kneading dough to use the side of a cask and broken at that. Aren't there the great benefits that you bring to mankind or haven't I said enough?

Poverty. The life that you have described is not mine; you ^{have} merely ~~attack~~ ^{attack} the life that beggars lead ^{offspring}.

Chremylos. Are not the beggars ^{then} the brothers of poverty?

Poverty. Hm. Would you compare Thrasybulos [who has restored liberty in Athens after the overthrow of the thirty tyrants Transl.] with Dionysios (the tyrant of Syracuse Transl.) My life is not at all like, neither by word, is it ever likely to be so. The life of ~~misery~~ which you describe is the life of one who has nothing, while the poor man lives thriftily and he is good at his job. He has not got much but neither is he destitute of the things he needs.

Chremylos. Oh, what a happy life indeed by Demeter, you have mapped out. To toil and live frugally all ones life and then not have enough to pay for his funeral.

Poverty. You can jest and scoff and try to be funny and never talk seriously. But what you fail to understand is that I make men better, both in spirit and ~~behavior~~ ^{body} than Ploutos (wealth). He makes them gouty and pot-bellied, plabby-legged and disgustingly fat. While I make them thin, waspish and terrible to their enemies.

Chremylos. Yes no doubt, it's through hunger that you give them that waspish waist.

Poverty. And when we come to decorum (or civilized behaviours) I will prove to you that decorum and good ~~behaviours~~ ^{propriety} dwell with me and insolence with Ploutos.

Chremylos. It is undoubtedly decorous to steal and break into houses (i.e. for robbery)!

Vlepidemos. ~~That these are truly well behaved~~ Yes the thief must be well behaved if he is to escape notice or if he does get noticed how can he still be well behaved i.e. he must ~~blow to get~~ be modest and keep out of sight when doing his job!

Poverty. Well think of the politicians now! As long as they are poor they are faithful and true to the city and the people. But when they become rich out of public funds they become instantly become unjust, they intrigue against the people and they attack democracy.

Chremylos. That is absolutely true though it come from your own vile tongue. (Poverty looks very pleased even with this kind of backhanded compliment.) Don't put on these airs of triumph, for you cannot escape punishment for trying to convince us that poverty is better than riches.

Poverty. You ~~have~~ are not able to refute even one of my arguments that is why you talk nonsense and fly off at me.

Chremylos. Then tell me why does everybody (hates you) and tries to run away from you.

Poverty. Because I ^{try to} make them ~~better~~ ^{good} human beings. You may understand this by looking at the children. They try to avoid their fathers who try to do their best for them. It is so difficult ~~circumstances~~ to distinguish what is right and what is not.

Vlepsidemus. I am with you there. And by God I ^{would} like to be rich, too to enjoy myself with my wife and children, and fresh and perfumed to come out of the public bath and cock a snook to all the ~~slaves~~ ^{slaves} of poverty, failers and poverty herself.
[While Vlepsidemus is speaking Poverty is going away looking very dejected.]

Chremylos. The cursed woman, has left us at last, and left us ~~unhated~~ ^{unhated} you and I, let's hurry now and take ^{put} the god Ploutos to bed in the Temple of Asklepios.

Vlepsidemus. Let's hurry, in case someone interfering fool comes along and hinders our work.

Chremylos (shouting to his servant Cario). Cario, boy, bring the bed-clothes and whatever else is ready ~~inside~~ ^{inside} with you, and lead ~~me~~ ^{Ploutos} with all respect, to the Temple.

Vlepsidemus and Chremylos joined by Cario and Ploutos were away to the Temple of Asklepios. There they lay him down.]

Act III

[The following morning. Scene, ~~the~~ ^{the} courtyard of the house of Chremylos. Ploutos has passed the night in the Temple of Asklepios and has been given his eyesight. The people who have gathered outside the house of Chremylos to wait for the news spend their time dancing and making merry.
The scene opens with the chorus dancing.]

Chorus: Dancing to music without song. [Enter Cario.]

Cario. Oh! You old ~~fell~~ ^{fell} happy old fellows, you who used to make pieces of bread like spoons to have some broth at the festivals of Theseus, how worthy you are of your good fate, - the fate of all just people.

Chorus (anxious). Tell us, my good fellow, what happened to your friends? Somehow, I think that you bring good news.

Cario. My master has done excellently well - or rather Ploutos himself who has regained his sight; his eyes sparkle, with the pupils shine, thanks to the tender care of Asklepios.

Chorus. What you tell fills us with joy; it makes short for joy.

Cario. Age! Willy nilly you will rejoice.

Chorus (shouting). We will praise loudly now the Asklepios the prolific father, the blessed light to mortals. [The chorus stop on seeing Chremylos' wife coming out.]

Wife. What are you shouting for? Have you heard any good news? How long, wishing to hear this good news, have I been waiting patiently in the house.

Caro. Please, ^{please bring} have some wine quickly my mistress and have a good drink - and don't say that you are not fond of it: [Anisophanes says and you are very fond of it (the wine) inward] - for I bring you here, in due go, all blessings.

Wife. And where are they?

Caro. You will soon learn from what I have to say.

Wife. Be quick and tell me then, without wasting any time.

Caro. (Becoming condescendingly cheeky) Well then. It's like this... and I am going to tell you everything from the feet to the head

Wife. Not on my head I pray (jocularly).

Caro. Not even the blessings that we all got now.

Wife. Provided it's not the troubles and the other bothering business you...

Caro. (Laughingly) No... As soon as we reached the temple of the god bringing with us that miserable man - yes miserable then but blessedly happy now - we took him down to the sea and washed him

Wife. A blessedly happy ^{old} man indeed to be bathed in the cold sea!

Caro. Then we went inside the temple of the god. Then once our offerings were consecrated on the altar, and the cakes of wax given over to be devoured by the Hephaestian flame, we laid Ploutos, on ~~the~~ couch, in accordance with the rites, and we ourselves prepared our own beds with leaves and figs.

Wife. Did any other people go to pray to the god?

Caro. For one, Neocleides was there (a politician, ^{and an informer} ~~caused of~~ theft and embezzlement inward) who is blind but can outdo in stealing those who can see, and many others suffering from all kinds of complaints. Soon the lights were put out and the priest told us to go to sleep, and warned us that if we hear any sound not to stir at all. We all laid down quietly. But I could not ~~sleep~~ sleep. I was thinking of the pot of stew which was placed not very far from the head of an old woman and ~~to~~ I had a desperate longing to creep towards it. When I raised my head slightly up saw the priest sweeping the cakes and dried figs off the altar. After that he made the round of ^{all} the altars and whatever was left as offering cakes etc. he instantly "blessed" into a sack. And I, thinking that this was quite the proper, the pious thing to do, and made straight for the pot.

Wife. You wretch. And weren't you afraid of the god?

Caro. Yes indeed. I was afraid in case he himself crowned as he is, might have reached the stew-pot before me. ~~Life~~ The priest does this, I thought, why not the god. On ~~hearing~~ hearing the noise I made the old woman put out her hand (evidently to get hold of him inward) and then I hissed and bit it as if I were the sacred snake. She withdrew her hand (at once) covered herself up ~~completely~~ and through fear let off something that stank like something terrible. Then I ate a lot of the marsh. And when I could eat no more, I went back to bed.

Wife. But did the God not come to you?

Cario. No, no till later but then - do listen to this, it's very funny! - when he was near me, my stomach full of wind let off, and with what a noise!

Wife. Undoubtedly the God was very disgusted.

Cario. No! but his daughters Iaso (daughter of Asklepios were Iaso = cure, Panacea, and Hygieia = health) changed colour and Panacea turned away holding her nose. For, I assure you it had not the aroma of frankincense.

Wife. And what did the God do,

Cario. It did n't bother him at all.

Wife. Is the God so boorishly coarse?

Cario. No! Not coarse - his science is merely scatological (doctors have to see and examine urine and the rest and thereby earn their wages) (travels)

Wife. O you dirty-minded man!

Cario. I got scared then and covered myself completely with my bed-clothes, whilst Asklepios did the round of the patients examining everybody with great care. Then a servant boy placed by him a small stone mortar, a pestle and box (medicine chest).

Wife. Of stone?

Cario. No. Not of stone... I mean the box.

Wife. You danced rascal how could you see all these since, as far as you were wrapped up.

Cario. O, through my cloak. By Zeus its holes are not few. First he prepared some ointment for Neocleides, threw into a mortar three heads of Tenian garlic (Tenos is one of the Aegean islands) and then he ^{mixed it} ~~promixed~~ with the ~~serjice~~ bitter juice of fig-tree and ^{bits of} squill (plant whose bulb was used as a diuretic or purgative) then he poured some strong vinegar (Aristophanes calls it sphenetic, which was the best vinegar produced in Attica) and having turned the eyelids inside out, just to make the pain excruciating, wrapped ~~rubbed~~ ^{rubbed} these ointment on them. Neocleides howled and yelled and sprang up to flee. The God laughed and said stay where you are with the bandage over your eyes. so you will not be able to curse and swear before the assembly.

Wife. O what a patriot and how wise the God is.

Cario. ^{of the Hermaeots} ~~then~~ he went and sat ~~next~~ ^{beside} to Pluto. First he touched gently the patient's head and then took a perfectly clean rag and wiped the patient's eyelids. Then Panacea covered his head and face with a purple cloth. Then the God whistled and two huge snakes - very big really came ^{out of} ~~sushing~~ from the sanctuary.

Wife. Good Heavens!

Cario. They wiggled quietly under the purple cloth and as far as I could see they were licking his eyelids. And, o mistress, before it can take you to drink ten beakers of wine Ploutos stood up and he could see. I was so excited with joy that I clapped my hand and woke my master, and the god immediately disappeared into his sanctuary with the snakes. Then all who were lying in the temple (woke up) and you can imagine how they tenderly they embraced the god all night through and dawn found them all wide awake. I, personally never stopped to thank Asclepios for making Ploutos see so quickly and Peleides blinder than ever.

Wife. O great God Asclepios! How great is your power. (To Cario) But tell me where is Ploutos now?

Cario. He is coming. But there is a vast crowd round him. All those who are just and have led a wretched life in the past, were embracing him, shaking him by the hand and crying for joy. But those who were rich, the big property-owners with their ill-begotten wealth, were knitting their brows and scowling at him. Many many more (the decent folk Transl.) were following, wreathed with garlands, laughing and outwining their deliverer. And the old men marching in step made a plearing sound (? to see it again) [To the chorus and the people who have gathered round] Come now, all of you, skip and dance and laugh and form yourselves into chorus. For never will you again here the grim words when you return home "there is no bread in the cupboard"

Wife. And I, by Hecate, I will make you a garland of cakes ^(the servants were not getting enough to eat) ^(to put round his neck want.) for the good news you have brought us.

Cario. (the thought of cakes stimulating him) Hurry and do it then. The men are approaching the gates.

Wife. In that case I better go in and bring some welcoming gifts to celebrate ~~this~~ ... newly-purchased eyes!

Cario. And I will go to meet them.

(Cario goes to meet the procession and the wife enters the house. Shortly afterwards Ploutos enters accompanied by Chremylos and a vast crowd of people.)

Ploutos. (soliloquy)

There I adore oh! thou life giving sun and thou illustrious Pallas' city I greet, Coesper land and all the land of Cecrops which welcomes me.

For my past misfortunes I feel a searing shame and blush to think of vile men befriended and worthy stalwarts deserving my company? comfort alas, nothing knowing I, shunned and neglected

Blind ^{was} ~~to~~ the ones vices
 and ~~to~~ the others virtues
 but now I am at last determined
 all to reverse,
 reward the virtuous and give the wicked
 what they deserve.

Chremylos (pushing through the crowd which have come to honour Ploutos)
 Be off, off of you! (To the audience) What damnable nuisance
 all it is and how many friends are there all of a sudden when one
 is fortunate. They dig their elbows into me, bruise my cheeks
 (the modern equivalent of ~~slapping on the~~ back-slapping Trough) just to show their affection for
 me. And who failed to address me and greet me! And you ~~must~~ should
 have seen the crowd of old men who ^{literally} ~~surrounded~~ got around me in
 the market.

Wife (comes out and embraces kisses Chremylos) O dearest of men to
 me (turning to the crowd) welcome you, and you (To Ploutos)
 Allow me now to shower these welcoming-gifts ^{over you} as the custom
 demands.

Ploutos. Now to me. This the first house I enter since I have
 recovered my eyesight and it is only right for me to give them
 to receive.

Wife. Won't you accept these gifts of welcome then?

Ploutos. Yes but only inside by the fireside as the law ~~mandates~~ demands
 (With levity, turning to the audience and facing the producer) Besides
 we can avoid [this way] a ridiculous scene! It's not right
 for the producer (the one who ~~have~~ i.e. of the play to ~~trust~~) to
 shower dry figs and "sweets" to the spectators ... just to
 make them laugh.

Wife. You are quite right! (She points ~~to~~ some body.) Look, Dexinicos
 over there is already on his feet to catch the dry figs.

(Ploutos leads the way into the house followed by the wife
 and Chremylos. ^{and the attendants.} The chorus dance. Cario comes out and
 addresses the crowd.)

Cario. O how delightful it is friends to be happy and ^{live well} prosperous
 without spending a penny for it. There ^{we have} is quite a heap of
 things in the house and that without having wronged (or
 robbed) a soul.

Oh! it is, indeed, a good thing to be rich!

Our bin is full of white flour and our wine-jars brimful
 of dark, fragrant wine. Our chests and boxes are full of
 gold and silver - oh! what a sight to see! The tomb is full
 of oil and the urns full of precious perfumes and the
 attic full of dried figs. And all our utensils, vinegar ^{for}
 stew-pots and plates are now of brass; and our wooden
 trenchers for the fish which were falling to pieces are now
 have now turned to silver ^{and} our lanterns ^{have all of a sudden}
 become ivory.

And even we, servants toss up ^{with} coins of gold and live now in the lap of luxury and no longer clean ourselves with stones (i.e. rubbing with stones to be cleansed but use garlic-leaves instead. (confidentially))

At present my master, crowned with flowers, is inside sacrificing a hog a goat and a ram (the triple or complete sacrifice Transl.) - but the smoke drove me out. I could not stay inside - it was hurting my eyes.

[Enter a Just man accompanied by a child. At the same time Chremylos comes out of the house.]

Just Man. Come child, let's try and find the God.

Chremylos. Eh! who is this chap who approaches.

Just Man. A man formerly miserable but now happy.

Chremylos (eyeing him all over). It is obvious, I think, that you are one of the honest ones.

Just Man. Yes.

Chremylos. And what do you want now?

Just Man. I am going to the God. He has been the cause of all my present prosperity. My father left me sufficient property and used it to help my friends who were in need thinking that to be the dearest thing to do in life.

Chremylos. And so your money quickly vanished!

Just Man. That is true.

Chremylos. And then you ^{have} lived in misery.

Just Man. That is true too. I thought that those I benefited earlier when they were in need that they will be my friends in my hour of need. But everyone avoided me or pretended not to see me.

Chremylos. I bet they laughed at you too - I know the type.

Just Man. That is true. With my coffers empty I had no more friends - I was ruined.

Chremylos. But not any more.

Just Man. Yes and consequently I have come to the God to offer my thanks.

Chremylos. But what is the purpose of that old cloak, that your boy is carrying in the name of the Gods? Tell me!

Just Man. I am going to give it as an offering to the God.

Chremylos. You don't tell me that this is the cloak you were initiated in: (These garments of initiation to the mysteries of Eleusis were given as dedication to the Gods. Transl.)

Just Man. No. Not in this one. But I have shivered in it for thirty years.

Chremylos. And what about those shoes?

Just Man. Many a winter I spent in them.

Chremylos. And you want to give those as an offering too?

Just Man. Unoubtedly.

Chremylos. Quite charming gifts for the God indeed!

(Just man goes into the house. (Someone is approaching, looking angry, dishevelled, beating his chest and shouting. He is an informer accompanied by a witness.)

- Informers. Do you deny it? Your villains (the sniffs) there are large slices of salted fish and (chunks) of roard meat inside. O'p's Depth, Duh.
- Chremylos. Can you smell anything you twister?
- Just Man. He is sniffing because of the cold perhaps. Look what a worn-out coat he wears.
- Informers. O, Zeus and all ye gods these - these insults - are insufferable. I a good and honest citizen to be treated like this. I am greatly pained.
- Chremylos. You a good and honest citizen.
- Informers. Better than any other.
- Chremylos. Well I am going to ask you some questions and I want you to answer.
- Informers. Well ask.
- Chremylos. Are you a farmer?
- Informers. Do you take me for such a fool?
- Chremylos. Are you a merchant?
- Informers. Yes, sometimes, when it suits me.
- Chremylos. What men. Have you learned any trade?
- Informers. No, definitely not.
- Chremylos. How do you live then if you do nothing.
- Informers. I superintend the affairs of the city and private business too.
- Chremylos. You? And how did you manage it?
- Informers. Because I wanted to.
- Chremylos. How can you be good and honest, you bandit [landid and housebreaker] who meddles in other people's affairs which do not concern you, hated as you are, by all?
- Informers. Why does it no concern of mine, you idiot, to be of service to my city to the extent of my power?
- Chremylos. Do you think that intriguing and informing is of service to the city.
- Informers. Yes by ~~maintaining~~ ^{assisting the observance of} that the established laws are ~~concerned~~ and if any one does wrong, not to permit it.
- Chremylos. Is not the city's duty to appoint judges to exercise that power?
- Informers. But who is the accuser then?
- Chremylos. Whoever wants to.
- Informers. Well, I am the man who wants to. Consequently all public affairs fall in my province.
- Chremylos. Undoubtedly by Zeus, the city has an evil ^{haugh} protector. But (in more friendly tone) But would you not like to live quietly without all these trouble and bother?
- Informers. But that will just living like a sheep with nothing to do.
- Chremylos. I take it that you do not want to change.
- Informers. No. Not even if you give me Ploutos himself and all the silphium of Bantos (contemporary version as if to say now "all the Tea in China Trade").

Chremylos. (Sharply) Take off your cloak.

Cario. (To the informer who looks bewildered) Hei, it's you they are speaking to.

Chremylos. And off with your shoes too.

Cario. Yes yes your shoes.

Informer. Well. Let any one come near me if he dares.

Cario. (Going forward) I am the man who dares. (Cario & Chremylos ~~and the set~~ and take off his cloak and shoes)

Informer & Alas, poor me. I have been robbed of my clothes in broad daylight.

Chremylos. That is to teach you not to expect to make a living by meddling in other people's business.

Informer (~~to the witness~~). You know what you are doing. (turning to the witness) I call you to witness it. (the witness runs off)

Chremylos. But look how the witness whom you have brought is running away.

Informer (scared) Oh God! I am left alone.

Cario. Aye. Say it once again. loudly. (hitting him)

Informer. Oh! poor me. woe, woe.

Cario (To the just man) Give your (threadbare) cloak to put round this miserable informer.

Just Man. No. This is sacred. It has long since been dedicated to Ploutos.

Cario. And where would such an offering be better bestowed than on ~~him~~ a cunning slanderer and harebreaker (eavesdropper etc) like him.

Ploutos must be given ^{fine} ~~ornamented~~ ~~rich~~ modest ~~poor~~ clothes.

Just Man. And as for these shoes what use are they going to be to him? Tell me

Cario. Ha ha. I will nail them to his brow as things are nailed to the trunks of wild olive trees sometimes.

Informer (looking around him). I am clearing off. I see that I cannot have it out with you; I am much the weaker. But if I find a willing mate, even if he is no good (Aristophanes speaks of sykinoi - fig-wood i.e. useless wood.) I will brought this powerful god himself before the Court this very day accusing him of subverting ^{and abolishing} democracy. ~~because he is a villain~~ For he alone [does what he likes] without first winning the support of the Parliament or of the popular Assembly.

Just man (jocularly). Now that you are wearing my own old clothes (I have put on my paucity of rags) hurry to the baths and stand there in the front row and warm yourself. That is the place I formerly occupied.

Chremylos. (Informer is going away) I am sure that the bath attendant as soon as he sees him and realise that he belongs to the category of robbers will grasp him by the testicles and throw him out of doors. (All laugh. To the Just man) Come friend let us go in and offer thanksgivings to the God. (Chremylos the Just man and Cario enter ^{go in} the house. The Chorus is on the stage).

x x x

Chorus dance. Enter old woman dressed in flamboyant silks followed by a girl carrying a tray full of snacks and cakes.

Old woman. Dear old man, tell me whether this is the house where the new god lives ... or have I been misdirected and lost my way.

Chorus. (sarcastically). You are out the very door my pretty little mould (aside) at least she ^{tries to look} looks like one.

Old woman. Well, then I better someone from the house. (Chremylos coming out).

Chremylos. Do not bother. I am out already. But you must tell me what is the purpose of your visit.

Old woman. O, dearest man, I have suffered dreadfully and unjustly. Since this god began to see he has made my life unbearable.

Chremylos. What's the trouble. Don't tell me you too were an informer among the women?

Old woman. Most certainly not.

Chremylos. (making fun of her) I suppose that because you have failed to draw the lot (reference to the practice of ~~power~~ post-empire of drawing lots to sit as judges; if one failed to draw no money travel) and got drunk, eh?

Old woman. You are fearing me. And I poor girl I am bitten all over with misfortune.

Chremylos. Tell me my good woman. And what are the misfortune that bite you? Can you tell us?

Old woman. (confidentially) Listen then: I had a boy-friend, poor, handsome, strong fine of limb, honest. He was poor but he loved me dearly. Whatever I wanted to he would do it and do it properly and satisfactorily. I for my part I refused him nothing and assisted him in every possible way.

Chremylos. (with affected deliberation) And what were the things he usually ask you for?

Old woman. Nothing much; for he respected me greatly. Perhaps twenty drachmas for a cloak eight for shoes; ^{sometimes} occasionally his sisters would want a gown or his mother a little mantle and occasionally he would ask for four bushels of wheat.

Chremylos. Not much by Apollo. Not much at all. It is obvious that he respected you a lot.

Old woman. And these he asked not for what do you call it "services rendered" but because he loved me. Wearing my cloak he would say he would always remind him of me.

Chremylos. A man greatly in love indeed!

Old woman. But it's no longer so. The wretched fellow has changed his mind and changed it completely. I have sent him this lovely cakes and the sweetmeats that you see on the tray and told him that I would see him in the evening.

Chremylos. (showing interest) Well,

Old woman. He sent them back and added this cream bowl too on condition that I visit him no more. Also he sent me this message "Once upon a time the Milesians were brave people" (a saying indicating that everything changes with time, and that the old woman was no longer what she was, ironic).

Chremylos. At least it shows that the lad is not vicious. But what would have him do. Before, when he was poor he would eat anything with relish. Now of course he is rich and does not want to eat lettles.

Old woman. And yet ^{up to now} ~~formerly~~, by the two goddesses, he would ~~come~~ ^{pass} ~~and~~ ~~under~~ ~~my~~ ~~door~~ from my door each day.

Chremylos. What to see if you were carried out on stretcher.

Old woman. No, by Zeus but just to hear [as he said] the sound of my voice.

Chremylos. ... And get something at the same time.

Old woman (lost in memories) And if he would see me sad and downcast he would make a fuss of me and call his duckling and his little dove.

Chremylos. And then ask for cash to buy a pair of shoes etc?

Old woman. And when riding in my carriage at the Mysteries of Eleusis (an occasion too for display and show off of wealth, Transl.) if any one as much as looked at me, he would beat me all day for it. He was very, very jealous.

Chremylos. Of course he wanted to have all the jam to himself!

Old woman. He used to tell me that I have beautiful hands...

Chremylos. Whenever they handled him twenty drachmas?

Old woman. And that my whole body exuded sweet fragrance...

Chremylos. Yes, yes if it was full of Thasian wine

Old woman. ... and that my eyes were soft and beautiful.

Chremylos. Undoubtedly he was no fool. He knew his job - how to devour the property of a lascivious old woman.

Old woman. O my dear man, the God did wrong in promising to help whoever might have been wronged.

Chremylos. What should he do. Just say the word and it will be done.

Old woman. O, it is right by Zeus to compel him to repay me in kind for the benefit I showered on him. Otherwise he should not merit any ~~been~~ favour from the God.

Chremylos. Did he not repay you sufficiently every night?

Old woman. But he said that he would never leave me as long as I lived.

Chremylos. Quite right. But perhaps he thinks that you are not actually alive.

Old woman. It's only because of the lack of love dearest that I pine away.

Chremylos. It seems to me that you are not pining but rotting away.

Old woman. I have wanted so much you could pull me through a ring.

Chremylos. Yes if the ~~ring~~ were large enough to be the hoop of a barrell (Aristophanes actually says sieve which in fact were very wide Transl.).

A young person approaches followed by other youngsters carrying torches. They are going to a revel.

Old Woman. Here is the young man now of whom I was complaining about. He is coming round the corner. It appears that he is going to a festival.

Chremylos. It appears so. In any case he is wearing a chaplet and is carrying a torch.

Enter Youth.

Youth. I greet you all.

Old Woman to Chremylos. What does he say.

Youth. My old flame you have become grey all of a sudden by God.

Old Woman. Oh! what an insult.

Chremylos. It ~~must have been years~~ ^{must have been years} since he saw you.

Old Woman. What years are you talking about. He saw me only yesterday.

Chremylos. It appears that unlike other people he sees more clearly when he is drunk.

Old Woman. No. No. But his manners are always atrociously bad.

Youth. (behaving like a drunkard and holding the torch near her face). O, Poseidon and all you elderly gods! How many wrinkles she has on her face!

Old Woman. O, O, Don't don't bring that torch near.

Chremylos (to the youth) In that she is right! If a spark should go near her she will catch fire like dry wood!

Youth (playfully) Shall we play together for a while?

Old Woman. Where where, you rascal!

Youth. Here, Take some nuts in your hand.

Old Woman. What are you playing at?

Youth. How many teeth have you got? (Who can guess)

Chremylos. I will take a shot at that. Perhaps she has three or four.

Youth. Pay up. You have lost. She has only one single molar.

Old Woman. You bad, bad boy. You must be out of your mind, ^{showing me off} ~~showing me off~~ ^{in front of} ~~in front of~~ all these men (Aristophanes actually says "washing me down" in front of all these people Truist.)

Youth. Showing you off, will do you good!

Chremylos. Not in the least. Because if all this grease and powder will be removed from her face it will reveal her wrinkled ~~tattered~~ ^{tattered} face.

Old Woman (^{going nearer and pushing slightly} ~~going~~ Chremylos) You old man! You must be out of your senses.

Youth. Is he trying to get off with you (my dear) fondling your breast and touching you, thinking that I do not notice it!

Old Woman. No not mine by Aphrodite, you ~~re~~ ^{re} abominably jealous boy!

Chremylos. No by Hecate certainly not. (aside) I am not ^{so} mad.

But young man I will not allow you to ~~cast off~~ ^{hate} this girl!

Youth. I love her! I adore her!

Chremylos. Yet she has certain complaints about you.

Youth. What complaints?

Chremylos. She says that you have insulted her by saying to her that "once upon a time the miserous were brave".

Youth. Ooh? Well! In any case I am not going to fall out with you over her.
 Chremylos. You won't.

Youth. Out of respect for your age. Believe me I could not have stood this from any other man. Now take the girl and enjoy yourself.

Chremylos. I understand you perfectly. You ~~no~~ longer like to be with her.
 Old Woman. He cannot get away with it (Aristophanes actually uses some current catch-word "and who will permit that? Travel")

Youth (with finality) I will have nothing to do with one who has been fornicating these thirteen thousand years!

Chremylos. Well since you had no objection in drinking the wine you should not object to the sediment.

Youth. But - this "sediment" is old and fusty.

Chremylos (fearing him). Use a strainer. It will be all right!

Youth (wanting to put an end to the conversation which was becoming embarrassing) I want to go in with you. I came to make the chaplets I am wearing an offering to the God.

Old Woman. I will go in too and I ^{will} have something to say.

Youth. In that case I will not enter.

Chremylos. Come on, don't be scared. She will not assault you.

Youth. Quite true. No need to. I have been enough times with her already.

Old Woman. Come on, get in. I will follow after you. (The youth ^{followed} ~~followed~~ by the old woman enters the house.)

Chremylos (following after them, in an aside). Good God! The old hag has been sticking to the youth like a limpet. (They all go in.)

Chorus. Dance.

Hermes (the God comes on the stage and walks towards the door which opens before reaching it. Cario appears).

Cario. Who is that knocking at the door. (Looks around). What's in this? (Perplexed) No one here! The damned door must be kicked for making all this noise for nothing.

Hermes (to Cario who was about to close the door) Pssst. I say Cario. Wait!

Cario (not showing any surprise). Is that you who almost broke the door down?

Hermes. No. I was about to knock but you forestalled me and opened it yourself.

But run in now and ask your master to come out and afterwards ask his wife and his children and then the servants the dog and after that bring out yourself and the sow.

Cario (in no mood for a joke). What for, tell me?

Hermes. What for you idiot? (Killing his Drachm himself to his full height). Zeus intends to ^{crush} ~~crush~~ you all in one bowl and throw down the precipice of Barathron.

Cario. You will have your tongue cut off for this bad news you bring master Hermes. (After a short pause). But why does he want to do that to us.

Hermes. Because you committed the foulest crime. Since Pluto's begun to see we the rest of the Gods that is get nothing at all. Nobody offers either incense or laurel, cakes, meat sacrifices or anything else.

Cario. And by Zeus, you will get nothing from now on. You treated us very badly in the past.

Hermes. I care nothing about the other gods. (becoming very friendly) It's myself I worry about. I am famished, ruined.

Cario. You talk reasonably now.

Hermes. Up to now I used to enjoy a lot of good things. From early dawn in the female innkeepers' shops I used to they would offer me, wine-biscuits, honey, figs and other dishes worthy of Hermes. Now I go to bed hungry with nothing to eat I lie on my back, hungry.

Cario. Justly so my friend! Did you not often punish those who served so well? (Reference, in all probability, to the fact that many a female Tavern keeper were fined for cheating their customers. Hermes, as the God of the thieves ought to have protected them ^{Transl.}).

Hermes. (Rubbing his tummy) Ah! ^{To think of} the lovely cakes they used to bake for me on the fourth of each month (The principal gods had days a special day each month dedicated to them. Hermes was the fourth. ^{Transl.}).

Cario. My friend. You pine for what is gone, ^{in vain} you desire what is absent.

Hermes. (dreamily) And the ham I used to get.

Cario. I will tell you. You know the game of trying to clonze with one leg on an ^{inflated} deer-skin - do it. It will help to cure your hunger.

Hermes. The Tasty entrails which I used to eat sizzling.

Cario. And now, poor Hermes, your own entrails are twisted round in pain.

Hermes. Oh, the delicious piglet - half-wine half-water.

Cario. Drinking eh? I will let you have something and you will run for help before touching it.

Hermes. ^{pleasurably} Will you do a little service to a friend?

Cario. Yes willingly if you want anything which I can give.

Hermes. ^{I will be obliged to you if you could} Give me a loaf of well-baked bread and a chunk of that fresh meat you are sacrificing inside.

Cario. That will be healing.

Hermes. Don't forget that whenever you stole anything from your master I helped you not to be found out. (Hermes was also the God of thieves. ^{Transl.}).

Cario. Because I used to share it with you, you crook. The best (well-baked cake) would always go to you.

Hermes. And then of course you would devour it yourself. (Reference to the fact that the offerings to the altar were eaten either by the priest or the one who offered them. ^{Transl.}).

Cario. Quite right too. Because you ^{would} never share the blows when I were caught!

Hermes. ^{I shouldn't} Don't bear any grudge about past injuries now that you have taken Phylis (the place in Attica where the meeting places were to be captured by the Athenian liberators which became the starting point for the overthrow of the thirty tyrants. This symbol, the leader of the uprising proclaimed after victory the slogan $\alpha\mu\iota\ \epsilon\ \mu\eta\ \sigma\iota\sigma\iota\kappa\alpha\kappa\epsilon\iota\mu$ "bear no grudge" and granted general amnesty. ^{Transl.}) In the name of the gods accept ~~me~~ allow me to live here with you.

