

D.L. It is because of you and the like of you that no child wants to attend school any longer. But the Athenians some day will wake up and take notice of what you teach the people.

A.L. <sup>seizing near him</sup> You stink horribly. (studying his ragged clothes)

D.L. And you <sup>are</sup> doing very well: yet formerly you were poor. Yes a pauper like Euripides hero Telephus from Mysia who had nothing and forced and used to stuff his wallet and chew the platitudes of that sycophant <sup>and</sup> informer Pandeletus.

A.L. (superciliously). Oh, for the wisdom you have just remembered!

D.L. Alas! You fool! Alas for the city which feeds you in order to in order to ~~assist the hearts and prey~~ <sup>prey</sup> on the souls of its children.

A.L. You can never teach <sup>him (pointing at Euripides)</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>anything</sup> yourself. You are too old - in your second childhood.

D.L. If he is going to be saved he must learn some other things besides how to prattle.

A.L. (To Euripides). Don't take any notice of him. He is stark raving mad!

D.L. (Angrily) Lay a hand on him if you dare - I'll back your brains in.

Chorus. A time to slander and insults. Let each of ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> show what wisdom their parents you taught, when they ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> infants and you, your new-fangled comment on education. From the rivals he will then know to which is the ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup> method to follow.

D.L. I would love to do that.

A.L. And so do I.

Chorus: Now who is the first to start talking And set the ball of argument rolling.

A.L. I defer to him. Let him be first. And from whatever he will say I will draw <sup>ever new</sup> inspiration to blow his thoughts sky high. And even if at the end he keeps grunting and muttering then my ideas like hornets will assail his face, eyes and soul till his utterly annihilated. Ha. Ha!



CHORUS:

Let both confident rivals  
 in the power of their oratory  
 and words and sagacious thought  
 show us who is the best. <sup>Here</sup> Wisdom  
 here ~~over~~ which my friends is in dire peril  
 and for its sake eternal  
 a great struggle will be waged.

(To P.L.)

You who so many of our elders  
 have crowned with morals and virtue  
 let's hear what you have to say  
 reveal to us your inner intent.

Didanos Hoops: Yes of course. I will tell you about the old culture, one  
 real culture and then I taught justice and the city flourished and  
 when modesty and humility was highly thought of  
 First it was demanded of the child that he could keep silent.  
 When in the streets to walk smartly <sup>in</sup> the music school, ~~all~~  
 the lack of <sup>the distinct</sup> ~~one~~ used to <sup>come</sup> ~~meet~~ <sup>with a murmur</sup> worked or lightly cloud  
 account in hurricane I snow. Then they were taught to sing, standing  
 rigidly to attentions legs straight songs like:  
 "Pallas, the terrible conqueror of cities:" or the "Dread <sup>sound</sup> feet  
 of war <sup>pressing</sup> over the land..."  
 In the strains of the old melodies bequeathed to us by our fathers.  
 And if any one would out the foot, slander, or Fried on those soft  
 effeminate inflexions which to day <sup>devotees of Papyrus</sup> ~~dearer should be~~  
~~devotees of and this~~ bobby-soxer melodies, they so had to form  
 he would have been comed hard and treated as an enemy of  
 the Mure as unwilling to learn.  
 In the gymnastic ~~schools~~ open air schools they would sit on their  
 buttocks with their thighs forward and high so as to show nothing  
 that might be arousing to the onlooker. And when they rose  
 they would smooth ~~over~~ the sand over which they sat as to  
 give no imprint of themselves, to excite the obscene thought of  
 the paederasts. No boy was rubbed with oil below his navel,  
 so, the rest of their bodies ~~was~~ were lovely with the natural  
 down and dewy fragrance of youth. Neither would they talk in soft  
 suggestive tones or make <sup>and</sup> beautiful eyes ~~with~~ moving their body about  
 while ~~so~~ when approaching a world-be lover, neither would they  
 dare to grab any one's sausage at supper, or stretch out



and grab before their elders <sup>31</sup> whatever there is to be rewed, fish, celery,  
parsley or anise, neither would they giggle and laugh nor sit down with  
one leg on top of the other.

A.L.D., These ~~redundant~~ <sup>redundant</sup> antiquated, rusty old things - the ancient primitive  
festival of Dipoleia, the chirping of ancient birds, straight-faced gatherings  
- o, away with you.

D.L. Are not these then the things which have bred and moulded the  
men of Marathon? As for you <sup>you bring them up soft -</sup> you will have them wrapped from  
childhood in a man's cloak. They are such wearlings than when they  
than when they dance in the Panathenaea their shields drop down  
to their thighs - forgetting all about their debt to the coolless  
(To Phidippides). Therefore young man, take your courage in your  
hand and throw in your lot with the better cause. And then you  
will be convinced of the necessity to scorn the ~~drabbling~~ shop of the agora,  
the bath-house of disrepute to cover in shame the carelessness, and those  
you are sarcastic towards you to repel with disdain. And to rise  
from your chair when your elders come to you never to do  
wrong to your parents and that you will do nothing dirty and  
thus preserve the image of modesty and purity true and inviolate.  
And also not visit a dancing girls home in care any of  
the harlots charge seduces from the straight & narrow path of  
virtue. Neither to answer your father back, nor call him  
names, or rage against the old man who <sup>brought you up</sup> ~~is his youth~~  
se tenderly looked after in your infancy & youth.

A.L.D. By god! Young man if you are convinced by this talk  
you will remain a manly-cooled Victorian upstart.

D.L. And then (i.e. being such a youth) you will bloom, an oil-covered  
athlete, and in all kinds of sport, instead of becoming a porcupineish  
verbal hair-splitter in the market place or be dragged to court  
every other day ~~away~~ <sup>wasting</sup> your time in noxious disputations  
about little things. But instead of this to go to the south  
of the Academy and there under the olive-trees with chaplet  
of reed on your forehead with the air stilled with the fragrance  
of woadbine and cascading lime-blossom you will have a



a match with an excellent and noble rival - yes, you will feel  
or top of the world then basking in the happiness of youth and the  
plane trees in the hour of spring will whisper to the elm trees.

If you will do what I say  
and give your mind to these high things  
you will be a perfect specimen  
deep chested, broad-shouldered, rosy-checked  
silver-tongued, ~~silver-tongued~~ <sup>languid</sup>, energetic  
and a member <sup>of the right size</sup>  
But if you follow <sup>what</sup> ~~everybody~~ else does nowadays,  
you will be <sup>curved with</sup> ~~curved~~ <sup>drooping</sup> ~~drooping~~ <sup>flabby</sup> ~~flabby~~ <sup>shoulders</sup> ~~shoulders~~  
and a sharp tongue and a constipated look  
and these queer loves which cultivate your  
mind to think  
that fair wrong brings  
and evil, fair follows.  
And then like that horse Antimachos  
you will wallow in the firth of perversity.

Chorus. What a mansion of wisdom! what glorious fash you are practice.  
Your sweet, sane words are like the aroma of spring flowers.  
How happy were our forefathers  
who lived when you were honoured!  
(to Antimachos Logos)  
No you <sup>the</sup> ~~seductive~~ <sup>seductive</sup> art of fash  
lets hear your wanted arguments against the  
sound and well received wisdom of your rival.  
You must bring out against him your arsenal  
of clever talk  
if you are going to succeed  
and escape the doom of sorrow.

Antimachos Logos. I can hardly wait. If fact I was almost bursting with  
impatience to crush every-one of his ~~statement~~ <sup>stated</sup> argument. Yes  
I have been branded the lesser logic by the Dons. And why.  
Because I was the first to demonstrate that <sup>irrefutable</sup> ~~forces~~ <sup>forces</sup> and conquest



Concepts of justice can be effectively contradicted. And this to me has been worth thousands of quids - ay, to take the weaker course, showing everything against you and yet with words to prevail.

Now watch how I am going to batter down the pillars on which he so proudly rested his system of education.

First, he says that ~~surprises~~ <sup>he will not allow</sup> you to ~~bathe~~ <sup>go to</sup> bath in hot waters. Now old boy! On what grounds do you forbid the youth to have warm baths?

D.L. Because it is bad for them. It makes them soft and timid.

A.L. Hold on there. I have already quipped by the waist your poor wrestler!

Now tell me! Who of all the children of Zeus had "was the best of men", the toughest and the one who has endured untold tortures?

D.L. To my mind Heracles was the bravest of them all.

A.L. Quite. Where have you seen any "Baths of Heracles" being cold. (Hot springs in ancient Greece bore the generic term "Baths of Heracles" and yet he was the strongest.)

D.L. That's it. ~~That quibbles is what~~ <sup>what quibbles is what</sup> our young people are chattering about and that is why ~~the gymasia are empty and the public bath~~ <sup>they crowd the public bath</sup> ~~all day long~~ <sup>all day long</sup> ~~leisurely~~ <sup>leisurely</sup> youngsters discussing endless nonsense.

A.L. Then you look down upon those who frequent the market places. But ~~suppose~~ <sup>suppose</sup> of I doubt. I praise those who do so. But if it was a bad habit as you say it is do you think that Homer would have presented Nestor and all the other wise men round him as powerful speakers. Then he tells you that young should not produlge in the art of public speaking. I say quite the contrary.

And they must be ~~charter~~ <sup>charter</sup> ~~too~~ <sup>too</sup> sensible, good living chaps for he adds. Well! They are both <sup>evil</sup> ~~evil~~ <sup>evil</sup> ~~advice~~ <sup>advice</sup>. Have you seen any well-behaved fellow ever do well? Tell me, have you?

D.L. quite a lot. Pelens<sup>(1)</sup> for instance won a sword for that.

A.L. A sword! What a wonderful piece of luck for that luckless lad indeed!

<sup>Hyperbole</sup> Now the other hand, the lamp-seller, has won a fortune and ~~knows~~ <sup>knows</sup> how much, by cunning thought and clever speaking, but not certainly no sword.



D.L. But Peleus became his <sup>deceit</sup> ~~deceit~~ <sup>deceit</sup> won the hand of Thetis.

A.L. ... and promptly <sup>deigned off and</sup> left him in the lurch because he was neither  
wile nor sweet quite inept in fact at those night-long sport in  
bed. Remember this young man: A woman ravaged is a woman  
happy. Forget all about <sup>this</sup> ~~the~~ old dotard. Think a little  
what this Temperance <sup>and abstinence</sup> ~~deprives of~~, of what pleasures it denies  
you - women, youths, <sup>young</sup> gambling, feasting, carousing, laughing,  
what's the reason for lying if you are denied these things?  
And then remember this if following the dictates of nature  
you sin a bit - a spot of love, some adultery etc. - and  
you happen to be caught in the act, you are lost. Lost  
that is to say if you cannot talk yourself out of it. But  
if you do as I say you will live a full life, you will dance  
and laugh live a full life and consider nothing immoral.  
And if you happened to be caught in bed with somebody's wife  
you can turn the tables on him by saying that you did nothing  
wrong. You can tell him too that Zeus himself was not above  
such things. He yielded to the call of love and the charm of  
women. And you too, you can add, being but a mortal how can  
I be stranger from a god?

D.L. And what <sup>will happen to</sup> ~~will happen to~~ him if he will have to undergo the  
~~punishment~~ <sup>punishment</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> raphanidosis have his rectum  
have depilated and the parts spattered with hot ashes. Will  
not he then be like those pervert importuning men?

A.L. And if so where is the harm in that?  
D.L. Is there anything more for a young man than to suffer this?

A.L. You are wrong. In fact I am going to prove to you that you  
are wrong and then you will have to ~~be~~ <sup>silence</sup> you for good.

D.L. If you prove that, I will be silent. What else can I do?  
A.L. Now tell me? To what group do our advocates belong? To  
the importuning type.

D.L. Yes.  
A.L. That's good. And now tell me what about the Tragedians.  
D.L. They belong to that type too!

A.L. I agree. And the orators.

D.L. Will they too are of the same ilk.  
A.L. You <sup>will</sup> ~~will~~ admit them that you were wrong? But if not have



still persist in your old views have a look round. Look at the spectators and tell me what are they for the most part. Come. Look round.

D.L. I am looking.

A.L. Well tell us what you see.

D.L. Well by all the gods the majority of them are low scum adulterers, perverts and paederasts (Pointing) see this one here I know. he is one of them. And that over there the same, I know him. And the long-haired chap next to him...

A.L. What do you say now old man.

D.L. (Dejectedly) I admit defeat. (To the spectators) At right you lovelies and you debauchees, take my cloak (throws to them his cloak) I am deserting to you a ~~successful~~ successful great. He is followed by A.L. who also settles himself down amongst the spectators.)

(Socrates enters and approaches Phidippides. But before he addresses him he sees Strepsiades coming)

Socrates: what do you want? Do you want to take your son away now or do you want me to educate him first?

Strepsiades: Teach and punish him, and make him shaven his wits and cultivate forensic ability not only to win little police court cases but also important ones.

Socrates: Don't worry. I shall return him to you a thoroughly accomplished sophist.

Phidippides (aside) Yes. I will get disgraced, pale, and miserable - that is what I will be.

(Strepsiades leaves for home and Socrates takes Phidippides into the frontistery) The chorus is left on the stage

Chorus. (~~To those who looking at the closed door of the frontistery~~ around the corner). Go now. But we have a strong feeling that you will regret this before long.

(Turning and facing the spectators  
Now spectators, judges you are both critics and judges - let's tell you in short what you will gain from us



if you justly acclaim our effort  
 And <sup>award</sup> ~~give~~ us the prize.  
 First, when in spring you freed the rain  
 be certain  
 that on your fields we'll pour our blessing.  
 The rest will have to wait their turn.  
 And then we shall not leave you vineyards and fruit  
 either to be scorched by the sun  
 or rot by too much rain at the root.  
 Over you we shall ~~watch~~ watch with care  
 but if a mortal man ~~interrupt~~ interrupt you  
 will dare  
 swear

At us the credulous clouds  
 let him be aware  
 of the terrible portents  
 in store. He will have no wine  
 or harvest at all. When the blossoms come  
~~come~~ on the olive or vine  
 with our winter chime  
 we shall mow them down.

And if they make <sup>mud-bricks</sup> bricks to build their houses  
 we shall with rain <sup>bliss</sup> dissolve them  
 And their files we will break  
 with hailstorms <sup>break</sup> break  
 and terrible

And if he or his relative got married  
 and wants to have a wedding feast  
 with night-long showers he'll be hurried.  
 In haste ~~you will pray to be granted~~ <sup>rather</sup> rather prefer have  
~~that it will be better to be flung~~ <sup>to pray</sup> to pray  
 in some arid desert spot to dwell  
 than ~~the plenty or prize~~ we deserve so well  
 is denied to us to ~~day~~ day.

Scene IV

(Scene repeats the front of Stepiades' house  
 Stepiades is sitting on the doorstep ~~with~~ talking  
 to himself.)  
 Five days, from now! Only four days. To morrow fore  
 then three, then two ... and after that <sup>the</sup> day, I abominable



the most, the fatal day of reckoning. For this is the day  
 of the old and the new moon. And everyone to whom I  
 owe money will ~~swear~~ take the oath pay their deposits to  
 court (to have the right to sequester ~~his~~ property) determined  
 to bring about my downfall and utter ruin. And they are doing  
 this to me when I beg them to be just and reasonable.  
 "my friends, I tell ~~them~~ please do not demand this sum just  
 now, please <sup>or at least</sup> ~~postpone~~ <sup>the other</sup> and give me some time for  
 the third one." ~~Then~~ Instead of being reasonable they swear  
 at me and insult me and call me untrustworthy and  
 say that at this rate they will never get a penny  
 and threaten to take me to court.

I ~~don't~~ Well let them sue <sup>me</sup>, let them take me to court.  
 I care ~~nothing~~ <sup>nothing</sup> now. If <sup>only</sup> ~~Thucippides~~ <sup>Thucippides</sup> has learned ~~the~~  
~~art of speaking~~ To talk well and bamboozle an audience.  
 I will go and find out.

(The scene changes to frontistation. Enter Strepsiaoles.)  
 I will knock at the door now. (He knocks and shouts.)

Boy. Boy Ei! There boy.

(The door opens and Socrates steps out.)

Socrates. Good morning Strepsiaoles.  
 Strepsiaoles. Good morning to you Socrates. But first take this (he  
 offers him a present). It is only fitting that one should express  
 his respects for the master with some ~~small~~ <sup>small</sup> a suitable gift  
 And now, how is my son whom you have ~~brothered~~ <sup>brothered</sup> your school  
 recently? Has he learned the forensic art ~~to argue~~ <sup>well</sup>, and oh

Socrates. Yes! Perfectly

Strepsiaoles. ~~Excellent~~ <sup>Excellent</sup>! Excellent. Oh! Then divine Chicanery.

Socrates. Now you will be able to win whichever case you  
 like before the courts.

Strepsiaoles. Even if there were witnesses present when I borrowed  
 money?

Socrates. more effectively so. Even if there were a thousand present.

Strepsiaoles. Now like Euripides <sup>Phrynichus</sup> ~~because~~ I shall shout long and loud.  
 - Woe to you moneybags and usurers. You will weep  
 bitterly over your loans and interest and interest on the



interest. You will never be able to play your dirty tricks on me again. My son, the son I have bred, has in this very hall sharpened his tongue. He has mastered the glittering speech. He will be my shield, the saviour of my home, the scourge of my enemies. His poor father crushed by misfortune is rescued by him. Please ask him to come out, (Shout - quoting a line from Euripides' Hecuba). "Son, <sup>my little child</sup> come out, your father is your voice" of your father that is calling you.

(Phidippides comes out.)

Socrates. Here he is. He is no longer a child but a real man. Stepiade, (going forward and embracing his son) O! my dear, dear boy!

Socrates. You can take your son and go now.

Stepriade. Come, come son. (taking him by the hand). What a pleasure to see your beautiful complexion again. (they walk together and before entering their house they stop outside.) Stepiade looks intently at his son and studies his expression. I see it all now. It is as clear as daylight. The new aspect of things, the negation and equivocation and disputation and the superior bored way you lips form the query "What did you say?" Yes son. You have the true face of the one who dupes and wrongs and injures and yet appears to be injured party. And that truly Satanic look of yours - as if butter won't melt in your mouth. So now <sup>it's your duty to</sup> save me because seeing that you are the cause of all my troubles.

Phidippides. Are you worried about something father?

Stepriade. Yes about the Old-And-New day.

Phidippides. Is there such a thing as an old and a new day?

Stepriade. Yes the day that you pay their deposits to the court

in order to me me.

Phidippides. They will lose the deposit. Do not be afraid. You can possibly be both a day in two days at the same time.

Stepriade. Is not it possible?

Phidippides. Now; you better tell me. Can a woman be old and young at the same time?



Strepsiades: But so the law says.  
Phidippides: Sure. But I believe that they do not quite understand the meaning of our law.

Strepsiades: What is the meaning?

Phidippides: To start off with old Solon was the friend of the people.

Strepsiades: What's that to do with the old-and-new clay?

Phidippides: He arranged it so that the summons should be issued on the last day of the old moon and the first day of the new moon that the deposits should be paid on the first day of the new moon.

Strepsiades: In that case why did he add the last day of the old?

Phidippides: He arranged it so dear father, so as the litigants to meet on that day and settle their case amicably. Fearing that the creditors might begin the auction on the following day.

Strepsiades: Why do the judges then accept the deposits on the old day instead of on the first day of the new month?

Phidippides: Why? Just like the glutton who picks the dish before it is served. They are so eager to appropriate the deposits that they hardly wait not to pick them up on the previous day.

Strepsiades: Splendid. ~~They~~ Both looking happy enter the stage looking straight at the audience. You see here you fools. Why do you sit there looking stupid and fatuous, you are but gain for the clever, you are but black heads, mere milking cows mere ex-objects? O! I am happy to day and I am going to sing an ode to my son and myself.

Happy, three happy Strepsiades  
- my neighbours & friends will proclaim -  
what a monstrous wisdom  
you are possessed  
And with what a son you are blessed.  
With hardly hidden any they'll proclaim so me with  
Every Court care. But come in  
My son let's first celebrate,  
Our lucky day. (Strepsiades & Phidippides enter the house)



(Four days late. The scene the outside of Strepsiades' house. Enter the money lender Pasion accompanied by two witnesses)

Pasion (To his witnesses while entering and shaking his head). Never again. A man should not lend a penny to anyone. It's better to put a hard face and refuse all requests instead of having to be entangled in this and have to bring you along as witnesses. in order to be paid <sup>in</sup> ~~up~~ debts. what is justly owed to me. And <sup>by asking for my money</sup> ~~for this money~~ I shall have to make sure as anything this neighbour an enemy. Well it cannot be helped. I will never let my country down! I shall call Strepsiades now. (He knocks at the door)

Strepsiades. What are you?

Pasion (hesitating) ... you know is the old and new day. Strepsiades (to Pasion attendants) I call you to witness it. He has named two days! What do you want?

Pasion my twelve pieces which I lent you to buy a grey horse. Strepsiades (to Pasion) Just listen to him! The whole world knows that I hate horses.

Pasion. In the name of Zeus, you swore to all the gods to pay me back. Strepsiades By Zeus ... At that time Phidippides did not yet master the art of the ~~unanswerable~~ irreputable argument.

Pasion. And because of that you are thinking now of repudiating your debt. Strepsiades. If I cannot do it what benefit am I going to derive from all this learning.

Pasion Do you dare swear by the gods that you don't owe me anything? Strepsiades. which gods!

Pasion (shocked) By Zeus, I Hermes & Poseidon. Strepsiades. of course by Zeus. Even I would mind paying six pence just for the privilege of doing so.

Pasion. Perish you infamous rotter Strepsiades. (Looking at him hardonically) If some one will flay you and treat your skin with salt it will make a fine nine-contender.

Pasion. Are you trying to make fun of me?



41

Stephanoles: cheer up old cock!

Amynias: "O cruel, implacable crew,  
O fate implacable, who  
have broken my chariot wheels" or broken.  
"Dallas, oh! Dallas Dhene  
you have destroyed me  
utterly."

Stephanoles: what did Tlepolemos do to you? (Tlepolemos is the  
hero of the play from whom the above is quoted word).

Amynias: Please don't tease me friend but call you son and  
ask him to return the money I have lent him. Please otherwise  
I will find myself in an awful predicament.

Stephanoles: what money are you talking about  
Amynias: the money he has borrowed from me.

Stephanoles: It appears to me that you are in a hard way.  
Amynias: Yes <sup>by my crew</sup> I have been <sup>run</sup> racing <sup>my chariot and</sup> <sup>from the off.</sup>

Stephanoles: Is that all. And you rave as if an ass has kicked  
you on the head.

Amynias: Rave? And all because I want my money.

Stephanoles: you must be out of your mind!

Amynias: What on earth do you mean;

Stephanoles: that you have a couple of loose screws somewhere

Amynias: I swear by Hermes to take you to court if you don't  
pay me. (Tries to move off)

Stephanoles: Just one moment. Tell me now. Which theory do you  
think is right: that one that Zeus everytime it rains sends  
down fresh water or the one that the Sun draws always  
the same water up and sends it down again.

Amynias: I don't know what happen and I don't care.

Stephanoles: And then you have the cheek to come here  
and ask for your money when you know nothing about these  
great natural phenomena

Amynias: (with a friendly gesture) look here! If you are hard up  
pay me the interest only.

Stephanoles: Interest? What kind of an animal is that?



Stephanoes. (Still following his <sup>41</sup> trough). I bet it will hold six gallons, easily!

Paros. I swear by Zeus and all the mighty gods, you will not get away with this.

Stephanoes. How wonderfully entertaining you are with your gods to swear by Zeus is a rich man's figure of speech to those who know.

Paros. One of these days you will pay for this and you will pay dearly. Come now, are you going to let me have my money or not? Tell me.

Stephanoes. Don't get excited! Wait a moment and I will answer you clearly. (Stephanoes runs inside)

Paros. (to one of the witnesses) what do you think he is going to do? witness. Perhaps he is going to give you the money.

Stephanoes (coming out with a hypocrite-tongue). where is the man who demands money from (Paros turns round and care-never). Tell me, what is this?

Paros. Her? A trough of course.

Stephanoes. And you have the cheek, you being what you are, to demand money. I won't give you a penny not even a half penny. Funny calling the trough her.

Paros. Aren't you going to pay me?

Stephanoes. Not a penny as far as I am concerned; No need to hang about. Pick up your things and clear off at once.

Paros. O.K. I am going now but I shall see myself debt if I don't pay my deposit and take to court for the loss of the twelve fivers. In that case you will add to your see you suffer more loss because you are stupid enough to call the trough her.

(Paros strides off followed by his witnesses.)

Somebody is heard grumbling and moaning as he comes along. "Poor me! what damned bad luck."

Stephanoes. Eh! who is this whining fellow. Is <sup>he</sup> not one of those damned <sup>spiritual</sup> creations of Karthinos? Amyntas. (Approaching) who cares to know who I am: I am a unfortunate man.







when the clowns finish their <sup>of</sup> quarreling and blows are heard from Stepiade's house. Stepiade is seen running out short

Stepiade: Oh! Oh! Friends, relatives, citizens, Help! Help! I am being beaten. Help! Oh! my head, my jaw (Touches his head and jaw) Oh!  
(To Phidippides who comes out after him). You seem! You dare beat your father up.

Phidippides (nonchalantly) of course father.

Stepiade: You insolent ruffian. And you admit that in front of all these people (pointing to the spectators).

Phidippides: - You are a despicable scoundrel, a bloody spiv ... a scoundrel.

Stepiade: Phidippides go on. Go on. Say whatever you like. But I will have you know that the bigger the insult the greater is my pleasure.

Stepiade: Oh! You swine.

Phidippides: Ragout, like roses, are your words father.

Stepiade: You beat your own father eh!

Phidippides: Of course by the crooks! And I am going to prove to you that I was in the right to do so.

Stepiade: Oh, you scoundrel! Can it be right for one to beat his father

Phidippides: I am going to prove it to you and I am sure I shall convince you.

Stepiade: You are going to convince me about that?

Phidippides: Yes, yes, quite easily. <sup>Come</sup> (Which of the two methods of reasoning would you like me to adopt).

Stepiade: What method?

Phidippides: ... the straight or the crooked one.

Stepiade: O! yes by Zeus I had you taught how to refute and deny the right and now you come and try to persuade me that it is right for the sons to beat their own fathers

Phidippides: I think I am going to prove to you that it is right and I am sure that in the end you will not have a word to say against it.



Stephanides:

Well I am prepared to hear what you have to say.  
(Phidippides takes his father by the hand and both walk to the front of the scene. Meanwhile the chorus chants).

Your job old-man is to fly and find  
some confidence new  
and in triumph his arguments to quench  
and make him pay in punishment his due.  
See how bold & brazen he looks  
sure as sure can be  
No doubt assaults his confidence  
To win in antilogia.

But before you get blown in carried  
to your battle of words  
more wounding than swords  
tell the chorus the cause  
for ~~the~~ blows. Tell us the reason why  
otherwise to account for it we shall be at a loss

Stephanides: I will tell how we started squabbling. We  
were feasting inside - as you know - and all in good humour  
I asked him to pick up his lyre and sing me my favourite  
air from Simonides, which tells of the ~~strong~~ powerful  
wrestler Rom of Argina whom <sup>antiquated</sup> at the Olympic  
games. He replied at once that it was an ~~old~~ stupid  
habit to sing at meals like the women grinding corn.

Phidippides: I ought to have thrashed and kicked you then  
and then. Fancy to order to sing while I ate as if I were  
a cricket.

Stephanides: That is what he said exactly. And further  
more he added that Simonides was a very poor poet.  
I managed somehow to control myself. After a while I  
told him to take a myrtle in his hand and recite to  
me some lines from Aeschylus. "Aeschylus?" he answered  
sharply. "I consider him a primitive, uncouth, bombastic  
and unaged, raggy poet." That's ~~what~~ what he said and my anger  
started rising fast. But somehow I kept hold on myself and  
said. "Then recite me something <sup>something good</sup> from one of the modern poets.  
And what did he do? He began at once



to recite a passage from Euripides - yes a shameful passage - where a brother commits incest with his sister.

I could not control myself any more and ~~crossed him out~~ <sup>stomped at him and</sup> ~~himself~~ <sup>himself</sup> roundly. As it usually happens he answered back and from one ~~to~~ <sup>thing and</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> another we began to abuse each other. Hell of a sudden up he jumps, pounces on me and ~~slapping~~, <sup>slapping</sup>, <sup>pummeling</sup>, kicking and tried to strangle me and literally beat the life out of me.

Philoctetes: Perseus you right for insulting Euripides instead of praising him as our wisest poet.

Stephanos: You call the wisest? Him? If I could only speak (article) but I will get a pummeling again.

Philoctetes: That's <sup>quite</sup> ~~right~~ <sup>right</sup> by Zeus, quite right.

Stephanos: Right eh! You say that oi, you shameless wretch, to me who has fed you and brought you up. When you were a tiny hisping tot I could guess what you wanted. When you were saying ~~enbron mbron~~ I knew what you wanted and gave you water to drink. When you said ~~enron more ena-man~~ I gave you what you wanted bread and gave it to you. When you said Ca-ca, Ca-ca you hardly ~~heped~~ <sup>asked</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~and~~ I knew you wanted the pot, I took it ~~instantly~~ <sup>instantly</sup> outside and held you while you did your job.

And now you scolded when you were ~~starcholny~~ <sup>starcholny</sup> me and I shouted and yelled that I would do it on me you did not have even the decency to drag me ~~out~~ <sup>out</sup> of doors and ... now I stink all over. (Stephanos goes in to have a wash and change. Philoctetes washes up and clowns ~~boozing~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>cheerful</sup>.)

Chorus: All youthful hearts <sup>are</sup> now a-flutter

\* hear his justifications.  
And if after what he did  
- both by word and deed -  
succeeds to gain approbation

we wouldn't pay tribute for our old man's stink.  
We can have it for the asking.



And now young man who means how to brandish the sword of  
and hold the shafts of wit. We defy <sup>the Furies</sup>  
you to convince us of what you would like to be just  
and to give us your reason why.

Phidippides:

O how pleasant how exhilarating it is to be able to speak  
of these new things these great things and be able to overcome  
by sheer force of thought the existing body of law. <sup>It is long</sup>  
as my mind was riveted to horses and racing I could  
hardly string three words together without some awful  
mistake. (Stereonides is seen coming out but Phidippides continues <sup>noticing nothing</sup>)  
But now that the mares has made for sake of these and  
have started the beauty of words and the subtle technique  
of reasoning and meditation I hope I shall be able  
to prove satisfactorily that it is right for one to beat his  
father.

Stereonides:

O get your horse and deerstalker of here. It's better  
by Zeus that I should <sup>prefer</sup> you to <sup>ride</sup> a four-horse chariot than  
to be set upon and battered with blows.

Phidippides:

I go back to what I was saying when you so rudely  
interrupted me! And first I am going to ask you a question.  
Did you beat me when I was a child?

Stereonides:

Of course I did <sup>for your own good</sup> because I love you.

Phidippides:

In that case can you tell me why it is not right  
for me to beat you for your own good, seeing that beating  
is done for the benefit of the one who is beaten?  
Why should your body escape beating and mine not?  
Aren't I a freeborn citizen as you are? Should we  
children weep and the fathers not?

Perhaps:

you will feel that it is right for children to be  
beaten. But if you do say that my answer is that  
old men being in their second childhood should be  
beaten and it more right for them to be beaten  
because there is less excuse for them to err

Stereonides:

But it is not laid down anywhere that fathers should  
be treated in this way?



Philoctetes. Well, Was not he who first made the law just a man like me and you, who succeeded to persuade the <sup>old</sup> people to believe him? If that is so why should not I have the right to promulgate a new law which allows the children the right to beat their own fathers? Whatever blows we have received from you in the past we ~~had~~ <sup>are going to</sup> forget because we don't want to enact a retroactive law and pay you back with interest.

Look at the cocks, look at all the other animals, don't they fight with their fathers? And what do they differ from us except in their ability to issue laws promulgate deemes.

Strepsiades. If you want to behave like a cock why don't you scratch <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ dunghill and ~~root on a perch?~~ <sup>root on a perch?</sup>

Phidippides: That is quite different I assure you. Socrates will find no connection in that.

Strepsiades. In that case never do again the vile thing that you did earlier on. Otherwise you will have yourself to blame?

Phidippides: How so?

Strepsiades. Because it is right for me to punish you and it is right for you to punish your son if you have any?

Phidippides: Supposing I have none. What happens then; I should have wept and suffered in vain and you will die laughing at me? Is that it?

Strepsiades (wealth <sup>a bit</sup> up and down thinking and wear frown to the audience). What do you think all you grown up men; It seems to me that what he says makes sense, and I think that we should meet each other on this point. After all it's only right that we should be punished if we do something wrong.

Phidippides (feeling satisfied) And now consider this new point... Oh! ~~you~~ <sup>you the</sup> will be the death of me!

Strepsiades (aside) .. and then perhaps you will not feel angry any more for the beating I gave you what... happened between us.

Strepsiades: What? Are you going to teach who make feel us have derived some benefit from the beating I got?

Philoctetes: Yes because I am going to beat <sup>up</sup> my mother any day I beat for.



Stephanoles. what? that? what did you say! Oh! this is the worst of all crimes.

Philostratus. And what will you say if I demonstrate to you by the logic of our school that one ~~was~~ ought to beat one's neighbor.

Stephanoles. If you think that then as far as I am concerned I am you can go throw yourself down the precipice of Barathrum and you can take Socrates with you and his system of logic & all.

(To the Chorus). O Clouds O Clouds. I suffer all these because of you. I entreated myself and my affairs for you and this is what happened.

Chorus. You in yourself the cause for these must find because of evil thoughts you turned your face from right.

Stephanoles. Why didn't you tell me so before instead of urging me - a poor ignorant man - to go on with it.

Chorus. This is our unchanging plan. what evil man proposes some evil things to practice his evils we see him earnest with pleasure then we leave him alone to repent at his return.

Stephanoles. It is hard very hard O Clouds, but by word it is just. Yes indeed I should not have denied my creditors the money I have borrowed from my creditors. (To Philo)

Philostratus. Come now with me dear Son and wreak your vengeance on this despicable Chaerephon and on Socrates who have deceived us so cruelly.

Philostratus. I will do nothing unbecoming to my masters.

Stephanoles. Come! Come! Show some respect for father Zeus.

Philostratus. Now you are babbling the old nonsense about father Zeus. I there such thing as Zeus?

Stephanoles. Certainly there is.

Philostratus. No there is none. Whirlwind reigns now - he has kicked out Zeus.

Stephanoles. No he has not kicked out Zeus. That is what I thought looking at the statues of Hermes with his cock. Poor fool that I was to take these clay-figures for a god.



Philippides) Well stay here then and rave and talk nonsense  
to yourself. Good bye

Stephade: (Beating his chest) Fool, fool, ~~fool that I am~~ that I am  
I must have been stark raving mad to throw over the books and  
listen to Socrates.

Oh! Good Hermes don't be angry with me. Don't destroy me  
with your wrath. Forgive me! I was taken in by these clever  
mendacious palmer.

Be my councilor Hermes. Tell me what to do. Shall I write  
elegans and ~~eloquence~~ <sup>capare</sup> them or shall I take them to court. What  
do you think? (Pretends to listen to the statue)

Yes you right. I must not take to court. But I will go  
at once and burn down the house of these talking triflers.  
Sprints to his servant. (Xanthias appears at the door.)

Xanthias! Xanthias! Come quickly I bring a bundle <sup>with you</sup> take  
a pickaxe and then straight ~~from~~ for the frontistion.  
Then climb on to the roof and if you love your master,  
start demolish and make the roof fall upon their  
heads.

Now somebody <sup>is</sup> going to show <sup>some</sup> of arrogant <sup>fores</sup> a blazing torch and I  
am going to show <sup>these</sup> carols to day whether there  
is justice or not. (He picks up a blazing torch and  
goes into Xanthias to tie frontistion. They start demolish-  
ing the place and setting fire to it.)

A pupil of Socrates. Oh! Oh! Help. Help.

Stephade: (Applying his torch to roof) Now torch, do your job and light a big fire.  
Second pupil coming out. What are you doing there man?

Stephade: I am having an interesting philosophical argument  
with the beams of your house.  
Second student coming. Damnation. How. who is burning the  
house down?

Stephade. Remember? I am the man whose cloak you have  
appropriated.

Another student. They are going to kill us. They are going to  
kill us.



Strepsiades: That's the very thing that I intended to do, if only my pick-axe does not let me down or I don't fall and break my neck.

Socrates (coming out) Eh! You fellow up there on the roof, what are you up to.

Strepsiades (ironically and imitating Socrates) "I walk the air and contemplate the sun"

Socrates: Oh! Oh! I am suffocating.

Chorephon: And I am going to be burned alive.

Strepsiades (jumping down from the roof with Xanthias) that is to teach you not to insult the gods

and mess about ~~examining~~ the seat of the moon  
 (To Eurysthenes pointing to the pupils of Socrates)  
 give <sup>on</sup> ~~charge~~ <sup>charge</sup> them and strike and beat them make them pay for everything and above all for being unjust to the gods. (They chase the pupils away).

Chorus: Let us file off the stage now. We think we have played our part well to day.  
 (The Chorus dance and file off the stage)

End of Comedy