

АРИСТОФАН

PEACE

Аристофан

Peace

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Peace:

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Aristophanes

Peace

INTRODUCTION

The 'Peace' was brought out four years after 'The Acharnians' (422 B.C.), when the War had already lasted ten years. The leading motive is the same as in the former play—the intense desire of the less excitable and more moderate-minded citizens for relief from the miseries of war.

Trygaeus, a rustic patriot, finding no help in men, resolves to ascend to heaven to expostulate personally with Zeus for allowing this wretched state of things to continue. With this object he has fed and trained a gigantic dung-beetle, which he mounts, and is carried, like Bellerophon on Pegasus, on an aerial journey. Eventually he reaches Olympus, only to find that the gods have gone elsewhere, and that the heavenly abode is occupied solely by the demon of War, who is busy pounding up the Greek States in a huge mortar. However, his benevolent purpose is not in vain; for learning from Hermes that the goddess Peace has been cast into a pit, where she is kept a fast prisoner, he calls upon the different peoples of Hellas to make a united effort and rescue her, and with their help drags her out and brings her back in triumph to earth. The play concludes with the restoration of the goddess to

her ancient honours, the festivities of the rustic population and the nuptials of Trygaeus with Opora (Harvest), handmaiden of Peace, represented as a pretty courtesan.

Such references as there are to Cleon in this play are noteworthy. The great Demagogue was now dead, having fallen in the same action as the rival Spartan general, the renowned Brasidas, before Amphipolis, and whatever Aristophanes says here of his old enemy is conceived in the spirit of 'de mortuis nil nisi bonum.' In one scene Hermes is descanting on the evils which had nearly ruined Athens and declares that 'The Tanner' was the cause of them all. But Trygaeus interrupts him with the words:

"Hold-say not so, good master Hermes; Let the man rest in peace where now he lies. He is no longer of our world, but yours."

Here surely we have a trait of magnanimity on the author's part as admirable in its way as the wit and boldness of his former attacks had been in theirs.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

TRYGAEUS

TWO SERVANTS OF TRYGAEUS

MAIDENS, DAUGHTERS OF TRYGAEUS

HERMES

WAR

TUMULT

HIEROCLES, a Soothsayer

A SICKLE-MAKER

A CREST-MAKER

A TRUMPET-MAKER

A HELMET-MAKER

A SPEAR-MAKER

SON OF LAMACHUS

SON OF CLEONYMUS

CHORUS OF HUSBANDMEN

SCENE: A farmyard, two slaves busy beside a dungheap; afterwards, in Olympus.

FIRST SERVANT Quick, quick, bring the dung-beetle his cake.

SECOND SERVANT Coming, coming.

FIRST SERVANT Give it to him, and may it kill him!

SECOND SERVANT May he never eat a better.

FIRST SERVANT Now give him this other one kneaded up with ass's dung.

SECOND SERVANT There! I've done that too.

FIRST SERVANT And where's what you gave him just now; surely he can't have devoured it yet!

SECOND SERVANT Indeed he has; he snatched it, rolled it between his feet and bolted it.

FIRST SERVANT Come, hurry up, knead up a lot and knead them stiffly.

SECOND SERVANT Oh, scavengers, help me in the name of the gods, if you do not wish to see me fall down choked.

FIRST SERVANT Come, come, another made from the stool of a young scapegrace catamite. 'Twill be to the beetle's taste; he likes it well ground.

SECOND SERVANT There! I am free at least from suspicion; none will accuse me of tasting what I mix.

FIRST SERVANT Faugh! come, now another! keep on mixing with all your might.

SECOND SERVANT I' faith, no. I can stand this awful cesspool stench no longer, so I bring you the whole ill-smelling gear.

FIRST SERVANT Pitch it down the sewer sooner, and yourself with it.

SECOND SERVANT Maybe, one of you can tell me where I can buy a stopped-up nose, for there is no work more disgusting than to mix food for a beetle and to carry it to him. A pig or a dog will at least pounce upon our excrement without more ado, but this foul wretch affects the disdainful, the spoilt mistress, and

won't eat unless I offer him a cake that has been kneaded for an entire day.... But let us open the door a bit ajar without his seeing it. Has he done eating? Come, pluck up courage, cram yourself till you burst! The cursed creature! It wallows in its food! It grips it between its claws like a wrestler clutching his opponent, and with head and feet together rolls up its paste like a rope-maker twisting a hawser. What an indecent, stinking, gluttonous beast! I know not what angry god let this monster loose upon us, but of a certainty it was neither Aphrodite nor the Graces.

FIRST SERVANT Who was it then?

SECOND SERVANT No doubt the Thunderer, Zeus.

FIRST SERVANT But perhaps some spectator, some beardless youth, who thinks himself a sage, will say, "What is this? What does the beetle mean?" And then an Ionian,¹sitting next him, will add, "I think 'tis an allusion to Cleon, who so shamelessly feeds on filth all by himself."—But now I'm going indoors to fetch the beetle a drink.

SECOND SERVANT As for me, I will explain the matter to you all, children, youths, grownups and old men, aye, even to the decrepit dotards. My master is mad, not as you are, but with another sort of madness, quite a new kind. The livelong day he looks open-mouthed towards heaven and never stops addressing Zeus. "Ah! Zeus," he cries, "what are thy intentions? Lay aside thy besom; do not sweep Greece away!"

¹ 'Peace' was no doubt produced at the festival of the Apaturia, which was kept at the end of October, a period when strangers were numerous in Athens.

TRYGAEUS Ah! ah! ah!

SECOND SERVANT Hush, hush! Mehinks I hear his voice!

TRYGAEUS Oh! Zeus, what art thou going to do for our people? Dost thou not see this, that our cities will soon be but empty husks?

SECOND SERVANT As I told you, that is his form of madness. There you have a sample of his follies. When his trouble first began to seize him, he said to himself, "By what means could I go straight to Zeus?" Then he made himself very slender little ladders and so clambered up towards heaven; but he soon came hurtling down again and broke his head. Yesterday, to our misfortune, he went out and brought us back this thoroughbred, but from where I know not, this great beetle, whose groom he has forced me to become. He himself caresses it as though it were a horse, saying, "Oh! my little Pegasus,² my noble aerial steed, may your wings soon bear me straight to Zeus!" But what is my master doing? I must stoop down to look through this hole. Oh! great gods! Here! neighbours, run here quick! here is my master flying off mounted on his beetle as if on horseback.

TRYGAEUS Gently, gently, go easy, beetle; don't start off so proudly, or trust at first too greatly to your powers; wait till you have sweated, till the beating of your wings shall make your limb joints supple. Above all things, don't let off some foul smell,

² The winged steed of Perseus—an allusion to a lost tragedy of Euripides, in which Bellerophon was introduced riding on Pegasus.

I adjure you; else I would rather have you stop in the stable altogether.

SECOND SERVANT Poor master! Is he crazy?

TRYGAEUS Silence! silence!

SECOND SERVANT (TO TRYGAEUS) But why start up into the air on chance?

TRYGAEUS 'Tis for the weal of all the Greeks; I am attempting a daring and novel feat.

SECOND SERVANT But what is your purpose? What useless folly!

TRYGAEUS No words of ill omen! Give vent to joy and command all men to keep silence, to close down their drains and privies with new tiles and to stop up their own vent-holes³.

FIRST SERVANT No, I shall not be silent, unless you tell me where you are going.

TRYGAEUS Why, where am I likely to be going across the sky, if it be not to visit Zeus?

FIRST SERVANT For what purpose?

TRYGAEUS I want to ask him what he reckons to do for all the Greeks.

SECOND SERVANT And if he doesn't tell you?

TRYGAEUS I shall pursue him at law as a traitor who sells Greece to the Medes.⁴

³ Fearing that if it caught a whiff from earth to its liking, the beetle might descend from the highest heaven to satisfy itself.

⁴ The Persians and the Spartans were not then allied as the scholiast states, since

SECOND SERVANT Death seize me, if I let you go.

TRYGAEUS It is absolutely necessary.

SECOND SERVANT Alas! alas! dear little girls, your father is deserting you secretly to go to heaven. Ah! poor orphans, entreat him, beseech him.

LITTLE DAUGHTER Father! father! what is this I hear? Is it true? What! you would leave me, you would vanish into the sky, you would go to the crows?⁵ 'Tis impossible! Answer, father, an you love me.

TRYGAEUS Yes, I am going. You hurt me too sorely, my daughters, when you ask me for bread, calling me your daddy, and there is not the ghost of an obolus in the house; if I succeed and come back, you will have a barley loaf every morning—and a punch in the eye for sauce!

LITTLE DAUGHTER But how will you make the journey? 'Tis not a ship that will carry you thither.

TRYGAEUS No, but this winged steed will.

LITTLE DAUGHTER But what an idea, daddy, to harness a beetle, on which to fly to the gods.

TRYGAEUS We see from Aesop's fables that they alone can fly to the abode of the Immortals.⁶

a treaty between them was only concluded in 412 B.C., i.e. eight years after the production of 'Peace'; the great king, however, was trying to derive advantages out of the dissensions in Greece.

⁵ "Go to the crows," a proverbial expression equivalent to our "Go to the devil."

⁶ Aesop tells us that the eagle and the beetle were at war; the eagle devoured the beetle's young and the latter got into its nest and tumbled out its eggs. On this the

LITTLE DAUGHTER Father, father, 'tis a tale nobody can believe! that such a stinking creature can have gone to the gods.

TRYGAEUS It went to have vengeance on the eagle and break its eggs.

LITTLE DAUGHTER Why not saddle Pegasus? you would have a more TRAGIC⁷ appearance in the eyes of the gods.

TRYGAEUS Eh! don't you see, little fool, that then twice the food would be wanted? Whereas my beetle devours again as filth what I have eaten myself.

LITTLE DAUGHTER And if it fell into the watery depths of the sea, could it escape with its wings?

TRYGAEUS (EXPOSING HIMSELF) I am fitted with a rudder in case of need, and my Naxos beetle will serve me as a boat.⁸

LITTLE DAUGHTER And what harbour will you put in at?

TRYGAEUS Why is there not the harbour of Cantharos at the Piraeus?⁹

LITTLE DAUGHTER Take care not to knock against anything and so fall off into space; once a cripple, you would be

eagle complained to Zeus, who advised it to lay its eggs in his bosom; but the beetle flew up to the abode of Zeus, who, forgetful of the eagle's eggs, at once rose to chase off the objectionable insect. The eggs fell to earth and were smashed to bits.

⁷ Pegasus is introduced by Euripides both in his 'Andromeda' and his 'Bellerophon.'

⁸ Boats, called 'beetles,' doubtless because in form they resembled these insects, were built at Naxos.

⁹ Nature had divided the Piraeus into three basins— Cantharos, Aphrodisium and Zea. (Cantharos) is Greek for dung-beetle.

a fit subject for Euripides, who would put you into a tragedy¹⁰.

TRYGAEUS I'll see to it. Good-bye! (TO THE ATHENIANS.) You, for love of whom I brave these dangers, do ye neither let wind nor go to stool for the space of three days, for, if, while cleaving the air, my steed should scent anything, he would fling me head foremost from the summit of my hopes. Now come, my Pegasus, get a-going with up-pricked ears and make your golden bridle resound gaily. Eh! what are you doing? What are you up to? Do you turn your nose towards the cesspools? Come, pluck up a spirit; rush upwards from the earth, stretch out your speedy wings and make straight for the palace of Zeus; for once give up foraging in your daily food.—Hi! you down there, what are you after now? Oh! my god! 'tis a man emptying his belly in the Piraeus, close to the house where the bad girls are. But is it my death you seek then, my death? Will you not bury that right away and pile a great heap of earth upon it and plant wild thyme therein and pour perfumes on it? If I were to fall from up here and misfortune happened to me, the town of Chios¹¹ would owe a fine of five talents for my death, all along of your cursed rump. Alas! how frightened I am! oh! I have no heart for jests. Ah! machinist, take great care of me. There is already a wind whirling round my navel; take great care or, from

¹⁰ In allusion to Euripides' fondness for introducing lame heroes in his plays.

¹¹ An allusion to the proverbial nickname applied to the Chians (in Greek) —'crapping Chian.' There is a further joke, of course, in connection with the hundred and one frivolous pretexts which the Athenians invented for exacting contributions from the maritime allies.

sheer fright, I shall form food for my beetle.... But I think I am no longer far from the gods; aye, that is the dwelling of Zeus, I perceive. Hullo! Hi! where is the doorkeeper? Will no one open?

**(THE SCENE CHANGES AND
HEAVEN IS PRESENTED.)**

HERMES Meseems I can sniff a man. (HE PERCEIVES TRYGAEUS ASTRIDE HIS BEETLE.) Why, what plague is this?

TRYGAEUS A horse-beetle.

HERMES Oh! impudent, shameless rascal! oh! scoundrel! triple scoundrel! the greatest scoundrel in the world! how did you come here? Oh! scoundrel of all scoundrels! your name? Reply.

TRYGAEUS Triple scoundrel.

HERMES Your country?

TRYGAEUS Triple scoundrel.

HERMES Your father?

TRYGAEUS My father? Triple scoundrel.

HERMES By the Earth, you shall die, unless you tell me your name.

TRYGAEUS I am Trygaeus of the Athmonian deme, a good vine-dresser, little addicted to quibbling and not at all an informer.

HERMES Why do you come?

TRYGAEUS I come to bring you this meat.

HERMES Ah! my good friend, did you have a good journey?

TRYGAEUS Glutton, be off! I no longer seem a triple scoundrel to you. Come, call Zeus.

HERMES Ah! ah! you are a long way yet from reaching the gods, for they moved yesterday.

TRYGAEUS To what part of the earth?

HERMES Eh! of the earth, did you say?

TRYGAEUS In short, where are they then?

HERMES Very far, very far, right at the furthest end of the dome of heaven.

TRYGAEUS But why have they left you all alone here?

HERMES I am watching what remains of the furniture, the little pots and pans, the bits of chairs and tables, and odd wine-jars.

TRYGAEUS And why have the gods moved away?

HERMES Because of their wrath against the Greeks. They have located War in the house they occupied themselves and have given him full power to do with you exactly as he pleases; then they went as high up as ever they could, so as to see no more of your fights and to hear no more of your prayers.

TRYGAEUS What reason have they for treating us so?

HERMES Because they have afforded you an opportunity for peace more than once, but you have always preferred war. If the Laconians got the very slightest advantage, they would exclaim, "By the Twin Brethren! the Athenians shall smart for this." If, on the contrary, the latter triumphed and the Laconians came

with peace proposals, you would say, "By Demeter, they want to deceive us. No, by Zeus, we will not hear a word; they will always be coming as long as we hold Pylos."¹²

TRYGAEUS Yes, that is quite the style our folk do talk in.

HERMES So that I don't know whether you will ever see Peace again.

TRYGAEUS Why, where has she gone to then?

HERMES War has cast her into a deep pit.

TRYGAEUS Where?

HERMES Down there, at the very bottom. And you see what heaps of stones he has piled over the top, so that you should never pull her out again.

TRYGAEUS Tell me, what is War preparing against us?

HERMES All I know is that last evening he brought along a huge mortar.

TRYGAEUS And what is he going to do with his mortar?

HERMES He wants to pound up all the cities of Greece in it.... But I must say good-bye, for I think he is coming out; what an uproar he is making!

TRYGAEUS Ah! great gods! let us seek safety; meseems I already hear the noise of this fearful war mortar.

WAR (ENTERS, CARRYING A HUGE MORTAR) Oh!

¹² Masters of Pylos and Sphacteria, the Athenians had brought home the three hundred prisoners taken in the latter place in 425 B.C.; the Spartans had several times sent envoys to offer peace and to demand back both Pylos and the prisoners, but the Athenian pride had caused these proposals to be long refused. Finally the prisoners had been given up in 423 B.C., but the War was continued nevertheless.

mortals, mortals, wretched mortals, how your jaws will snap!

TRYGAEUS Oh! divine Apollo! what a prodigious big mortar! Oh, what misery the very sight of War causes me! This then is the foe from whom I fly, who is so cruel, so formidable, so stalwart, so solid on his legs!

WAR Oh! Prasiae!¹³ thrice wretched, five times, aye, a thousand times wretched! for thou shalt be destroyed this day.

TRYGAEUS This does not concern us over much; 'tis only so much the worse for the Laconians.

WAR Oh! Megara! Megara! how utterly are you going to be ground up! what fine mincemeat¹⁴ are you to be made into!

TRYGAEUS Alas! alas! what bitter tears there will be among the Megarians!¹⁵

WAR Oh, Sicily! you too must perish! Your wretched towns shall be grated like this cheese.¹⁶ Now let us pour some Attic honey¹⁷ into the mortar.

TRYGAEUS Oh! I beseech you! use some other honey; this

¹³ An important town in Eastern Laconia on the Argolic gulf, celebrated for a temple where a festival was held annually in honour of Achilles. It had been taken and pillaged by the Athenians in the second year of the Peloponnesian War, 430 B.C. As he utters this imprecation, War throws some leeks, the root-word of the name Prasiae, into his mortar.

¹⁴ War throws some garlic into his mortar as emblematical of the city of Megara, where it was grown in abundance.

¹⁵ Because the smell of bruised garlic causes the eyes to water.

¹⁶ He throws cheese into the mortar as emblematical of Sicily, on account of its rich pastures.

¹⁷ Emblematical of Athens. Their honey of Mount Hymettus was famous.

kind is worth four obols; be careful, oh! be careful of our Attic honey.

WAR Hi! Tumult, you slave there!

TUMULT What do you want?

WAR Out upon you! Standing there with folded arms! Take this cuff o' the head for your pains.

TUMULT Oh! how it stings! Master, have you got garlic in your fist, I wonder?

WAR Run and fetch me a pestle.

TUMULT But we haven't got one; 'twas only yesterday we moved.

WAR Go and fetch me one from Athens, and hurry, hurry!

TUMULT Aye, I hasten there; if I return without one, I shall have no cause for laughing. (EXIT.)

TRYGAEUS Ah! what is to become of us, wretched mortals that we are? See the danger that threatens if he returns with the pestle, for War will quietly amuse himself with pounding all the towns of Hellas to pieces. Ah! Bacchus! cause this herald of evil to perish on his road!

WAR Well?

TUMULT (WHO HAS RETURNED) Well, what?

WAR You have brought back nothing?

TUMULT Alas! the Athenians have lost their pestle—the tanner, who ground Greece to powder.¹⁸

TRYGAEUS Oh! Athene, venerable mistress! 'tis well for our

¹⁸ Cleon, who had lately fallen before Amphipolis, in 422 B.C.

city he is dead, and before he could serve us with this hash.

WAR Then go and seek one at Sparta and have done with it!

TUMULT Aye, aye, master!

WAR Be back as quick as ever you can.

TRYGAEUS (TO THE AUDIENCE) What is going to happen, friends? 'Tis the critical hour. Ah! if there is some initiate of Samothrace¹⁹ among you, 'tis surely the moment to wish this messenger some accident—some sprain or strain.

TUMULT (WHO RETURNS) Alas! alas! thrice again, alas!

WAR What is it? Again you come back without it?

TUMULT The Spartans too have lost their pestle.

WAR How, varlet?

TUMULT They had lent it to their allies in Thrace,²⁰ who have lost it for them.

TRYGAEUS Long life to you, Thracians! My hopes revive, pluck up courage, mortals!

WAR Take all this stuff away; I am going in to make a pestle for myself.

TRYGAEUS 'Tis now the time to sing as Datis did, as he abused himself at high noon, "Oh pleasure! oh enjoyment!

¹⁹ An island in the Aegean Sea, on the coast of Thrace and opposite the mouth of the Hebrus; the Mysteries are said to have found their first home in this island, where the Cabirian gods were worshipped; this cult, shrouded in deep mystery to even the initiates themselves, has remained an almost insoluble problem for the modern critic.

It was said that the wishes of the initiates were always granted, and they were feared as to-day the 'jettatori' (spell-throwers, casters of the evil eye) in Sicily are feared.

²⁰ Brasidas perished in Thrace in the same battle as Cleon at Amphipolis, 422 B.C.

oh delights!" 'Tis now, oh Greeks! the moment when freed of quarrels and fighting, we should rescue sweet Peace and draw her out of this pit, before some other pestle prevents us. Come, labourers, merchants, workmen, artisans, strangers, whether you be domiciled or not, islanders, come here, Greeks of all countries, come hurrying here with picks and levers and ropes! 'Tis the moment to drain a cup in honour of the Good Genius.

CHORUS Come hither all! quick, hasten to the rescue! All peoples of Greece, now is the time or never, for you to help each other. You see yourselves freed from battles and all their horrors of bloodshed. The day, hateful to Lamachus²¹, has come. Come then, what must be done? Give your orders, direct us, for I swear to work this day without ceasing, until with the help of our levers and our engines we have drawn back into light the greatest of all goddesses, her to whom the olive is so dear.

TRYGAEUS Silence! if War should hear your shouts of joy he would bound forth from his retreat in fury.

CHORUS Such a decree overwhelms us with joy; how different to the edict, which bade us muster with provisions for three days.²²

²¹ An Athenian general as ambitious as he was brave. In 423 B.C. he had failed in an enterprise against Heracles, a storm having destroyed his fleet. Since then he had distinguished himself in several actions, and was destined, some years later, to share the command of the expedition to Sicily with Alcibiades and Nicias.

²² Meaning, to start a military expedition.

TRYGAEUS Let us beware lest the cursed Cerberus²³ prevent us even from the nethermost hell from delivering the goddess by his furious howling, just as he did when on earth.

CHORUS Once we have hold of her, none in the world will be able to take her from us. Huzza! huzza!²⁴

TRYGAEUS You will work my death if you don't subdue your shouts. War will come running out and trample everything beneath his feet.

CHORUS Well then! LET him confound, let him trample, let him overturn everything! We cannot help giving vent to our joy.

TRYGAEUS Oh! cruel fate! My friends! in the name of the gods, what possesses you? Your dancing will wreck the success of a fine undertaking.

CHORUS 'Tis not I who want to dance; 'tis my legs that bound with delight.

TRYGAEUS Enough, an you love me, cease your gambols.

CHORUS There! 'Tis over.

TRYGAEUS You say so, and nevertheless you go on.

CHORUS Yet one more figure and 'tis done.

TRYGAEUS Well, just this one; then you must dance no more.

CHORUS No, no more dancing, if we can help you.

TRYGAEUS But look, you are not stopping even now.

CHORUS By Zeus, I am only throwing up my right leg, that's

²³ Cleon.

²⁴ The Chorus insist on the conventional choric dance.

all.

TRYGAEUS Come, I grant you that, but pray, annoy me no further.

CHORUS Ah! the left leg too will have its fling; well, 'tis but its right. I am so happy, so delighted at not having to carry my buckler any more. I sing and I laugh more than if I had cast my old age, as a serpent does its skin.

TRYGAEUS No, 'tis not time for joy yet, for you are not sure of success. But when you have got the goddess, then rejoice, shout and laugh; thenceforward you will be able to sail or stay at home, to make love or sleep, to attend festivals and processions, to play at cottabos²⁵, live like true Sybarites and to shout, Io, io!

CHORUS Ah! God grant we may see the blessed day. I have suffered so much; have so oft slept with Phormio²⁶ on hard beds. You will no longer find me an acid, angry, hard judge as heretofore, but will find me turned indulgent and grown younger by twenty years through happiness. We have been killing ourselves long enough, tiring ourselves out with going to the

²⁵ One of the most favourite games with the Greeks. A stick was set upright in the ground and to this the beam of a balance was attached by its centre. Two vessels were hung from the extremities of the beam so as to balance; beneath these two other and larger dishes were placed and filled with water, and in the middle of each a brazen figure, called Manes, was stood. The game consisted in throwing drops of wine from an agreed distance into one or the other vessel, so that, dragged downwards by the weight of the liquor, it bumped against Manes.

²⁶ A general of austere habits; he disposed of all his property to pay the cost of a naval expedition, in which he beat the fleet of the foe off the promontory of Rhium in 429 B.C.

Lyceum²⁷ and returning laden with spear and buckler.—But what can we do to please you? Come, speak; for 'tis a good Fate that has named you our leader.

TRYGAEUS How shall we set about removing these stones?

HERMES Rash reprobate, what do you propose doing?

TRYGAEUS Nothing bad, as Cillicon said²⁸.

HERMES You are undone, you wretch.

TRYGAEUS Yes, if the lot had to decide my life, for Hermes would know how to turn the chance.²⁹

HERMES You are lost, you are dead.

TRYGAEUS On what day?

HERMES This instant.

TRYGAEUS But I have not provided myself with flour and cheese yet³⁰ to start for death.

HERMES You ARE kneaded and ground already, I tell you.³¹

TRYGAEUS Hah! I have not yet tasted that gentle pleasure.

HERMES Don't you know that Zeus has decreed death for him who is surprised exhuming Peace?

²⁷ The Lyceum was a portico ornamented with paintings and surrounded with gardens, in which military exercises took place.

²⁸ A citizen of Miletus, who betrayed his country to the people of Pirene. When asked what he purposed, he replied, "Nothing bad," which expression had therefore passed into a proverb.

²⁹ Hermes was the god of chance.

³⁰ As the soldiers had to do when starting on an expedition.

³¹ That is, you are predicated.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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