

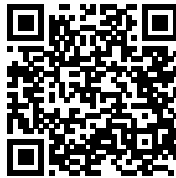
The Birds

ΟΡΝΙΘΕΣ

Aristophanes

translated by Anonymous (Athenian Society, 1912)

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The Birds



An Attic vase depicting a scene from this famous play



A Willamette University Theatre production of The Birds in 1986

EUELPIDES (TO HIS JAY): Do you think I should walk straight for yon tree?

PISTHETAERUS (TO HIS CROW): Cursed beast, what are you croaking to me?... to retrace my steps?

EUELPIDES: Why, you wretch, we are wandering at random, we are exerting ourselves only to return to the same spot; 'tis labour lost.

PISTHETAERUS: To think that I should trust to this crow, which has made me cover more than a thousand furlongs!

EUELPIDES: And I to this jay, who has torn every nail from my fingers!

PISTHETAERUS: If only I knew where we were. . . .

EUELPIDES: Could you find your country again from here?

PISTHETAERUS: No, I feel quite sure I could not, any more than could Excecestides find his.

EUELPIDES: Oh dear! oh dear!

PISTHETAERUS: Aye, aye, my friend, 'tis indeed the road of "oh dears" we are following.

EUELPIDES: That Philocrates, the bird-seller, played us a scurvy trick, when he pretended these two guides could help us to find Tereus, the Epops, who is a bird, without being born of one. He has indeed sold us this jay, a true son of Tharelides, for an obolus, and this crow for three, but what can they do? Why, nothing whatever but bite and scratch! — What's the matter with you then, that you keep opening your beak? Do you want us to fling ourselves headlong down these rocks? There is no road that way.

PISTHETAERUS: Not even the vestige of a track in any direction.

EUELPIDES: And what does the crow say about the road to follow?

PISTHETAERUS: By Zeus, it no longer croaks the same thing it did.

EUELPIDES: And which way does it tell us to go now?

PISTHETAERUS: It says that, by dint of gnawing, it will devour my fingers.

EUELPIDES: What misfortune is ours! we strain every nerve to get to the birds, do everything we can to that end, and we cannot find our way! Yes, spectators, our madness is quite different to that of Sacas. He is not a citizen, and would fain be one at any cost; we, on the contrary, born of an honourable tribe and family and living in the midst of our fellow-citizens, we have fled from our country as hard as ever we could go. 'Tis not that we hate it; we recognize it to be great and rich, likewise that everyone has the right to ruin himself; but the crickets only chirrup among the fig-trees for a month or two, whereas the Athenians spend their whole lives in chanting forth judgments from their law courts. That is why we started off with a basket, a stew-pot and some myrtle boughs and have come to seek a quiet country in which to settle. We are going to Tereus, the Epops, to learn from him, whether, in his aerial flights, he has noticed some town of this kind.

PISTHETAERUS: Here! look!

EUELPIDES: What's the matter?

PISTHETAERUS: Why, the crow has been pointing me to something up there for some time now.

EUELPIDES: And the jay is also opening its beak and craning its neck to show me I know not what. Clearly, there are some birds about here. We shall soon

know, if we kick up a noise to start them.

PISTHETAERUS: Do you know what to do? Knock your leg against this rock.

EUELPIDES: And you your head to double the noise.

PISTHETAERUS: Well then use a stone instead; take one and hammer with it.

EUELPIDES: Good idea! Ho there, within! Slave! slave!

PISTHETAERUS: What's that, friend! You say, "slave," to summon Epops! 'Twould be much better to shout, "Epops, Epops!"

EUELPIDES: Well then, Epops! Must I knock again? Epops!

TROCHILUS: Who's there? Who calls my master?

EUELPIDES: Apollo the Deliverer! what an enormous beak!

TROCHILUS: Good god! they are bird-catchers.

EUELPIDES: The mere sight of him petrifies me with terror. What a horrible monster!

TROCHILUS: Woe to you!

EUELPIDES: But we are not men.

TROCHILUS: What are you, then?

EUELPIDES: I am the Fearling, an African bird.

TROCHILUS: You talk nonsense.

EUELPIDES: Well, then, just ask it of my feet.

TROCHILUS: And this other one, what bird is it?

PISTHETAERUS: I? I am a Cackling, from the land of the pheasants.

EUELPIDES: But you yourself, in the name of the gods! what animal are you?

TROCHILUS: Why, I am a slave-bird.

EUELPIDES: Why, have you been conquered by a cock?

TROCHILUS: No, but when my master was turned into a peewit, he begged me to become a bird too, to follow and to serve him.

EUELPIDES: Does a bird need a servant, then?

TROCHILUS: 'Tis no doubt because he was a man. At times he wants to eat a dish of loach from Phalerum; I seize my dish and fly to fetch him some. Again he wants some pea-soup; I seize a ladle and a pot and run to get it.

EUELPIDES: This is, then, truly a running-bird. Come, Trochilus, do us the kindness to call your master.

TROCHILUS: Why, he has just fallen asleep after a feed of myrtle-berries and a few grubs.

EUELPIDES: Never mind; wake him up.

TROCHILUS: I am certain he will be angry. However, I will wake him to please you.

PISTHETAERUS: You cursed brute! why, I am almost dead with terror!

EUELPIDES: Oh! my god! 'twas sheer fear that made me lose my jay.

PISTHETAERUS: Ah! you great coward! were you so frightened that you let go your jay?

EUELPIDES: And did you not lose your crow, when you fell sprawling on the ground? Pray tell me that.

PISTHETAERUS: No, no.

EUELPIDES: Where is it, then?

PISTHETAERUS: It has flown away.

EUELPIDES: Then you did not let it go! Oh! you brave fellow!

EPOPS: Open the forest, that I may go out!

EUELPIDES: By Heracles! what a creature! what plumage! What means this triple crest?

EPOPS: Who wants me?

EUELPIDES: The twelve great gods have used you ill, meseems.

EPOPS: Are you chaffing me about my feathers? I have been a man, strangers.

EUELPIDES: 'Tis not you we are jeering at.

EPOPS: At what, then?

EUELPIDES: Why, 'tis your beak that looks so odd to us.

EPOPS: This is how Sophocles outrages me in his tragedies. Know, I once was Tereus.

EUELPIDES: You were Tereus, and what are you now? a bird or a peacock?

EPOPS: I am a bird.

EUELPIDES: Then where are your feathers? For I don't see them.

EPOPS: They have fallen off.

EUELPIDES: Through illness.

EPOPS: No. All birds moult their feathers, you know, every winter, and others grow in their place. But tell me, who are you?

EUELPIDES: We? We are mortals.

EPOPS: From what country?

EUELPIDES: From the land of the beautiful galleys.

EPOPS: Are you dicasts?

EUELPIDES: No, if anything, we are anti-dicasts.

EPOPS: Is that kind of seed sown among you?

EUELPIDES: You have to look hard to find even a little in our fields.

EPOPS: What brings you here?

EUELPIDES: We wish to pay you a visit.

EPOPS: What for?

EUELPIDES: Because you formerly were a man, like we are, formerly you had debts, as we have, formerly you did not want to pay them, like ourselves; furthermore, being turned into a bird, you have when flying seen all lands and seas. Thus you have all human knowledge as well as that of birds. And hence we have come to you to beg you to direct us to some cosy town, in which one can repose as if on thick coverlets.

EPOPS: And are you looking for a greater city than Athens?

EUELPIDES: No, not a greater, but one more pleasant to dwell in.

EPOPS: Then you are looking for an aristocratic country.

EUELPIDES: I? Not at all! I hold the son of Scellias in horror.

EPOPS: But, after all, what sort of city would please you best?

EUELPIDES: A place where the following would be the most important business transacted. — Some friend would come knocking at the door quite early in the morning saying, “By Olympian Zeus, be at my house early, as soon as you have bathed, and bring your children too. I am giving a nuptial feast, so don’t fail, or else don’t cross my threshold when I am in distress.”

EPOPS: Ah! that’s what may be called being fond of hardships. And what say you?

PISTHETAERUS: My tastes are similar.

EPOPS: And they are?

PISTHETAERUS: I want a town where the father of a handsome lad will stop in the street and say to me reproachfully as if I had failed him, “Ah! Is this well done, Stilbonides! You met my son coming from the bath after the gymnasium and you neither spoke to him, nor embraced him, nor took him with you, nor ever once twitched his testicles. Would anyone call you an old friend of mine?”

EPOPS: Ah! wag, I see you are fond of suffering. But there is a city of delights, such as you want. ’Tis on the Red Sea.

EUELPIDES: Oh, no. Not a sea-port, where some fine morning the Salaminian galley can appear, bringing a writ-server along. Have you no Greek town you can propose to us?

EPOPS: Why not choose Lepreum in Elis for your settlement?

EUELPIDES: By Zeus! I could not look at Lepreum without disgust, because of Melanthius.

EPOPS: Then, again, there is the Opuntian, where you could live.

EUELPIDES: I would not be Opuntian for a talent. But come, what is it like to live with the birds? You should know pretty well.

EPOPS: Why, 'tis not a disagreeable life. In the first place, one has no purse.

EUELPIDES: That does away with much roguery.

EPOPS: For food the gardens yield us white sesame, myrtle-berries, poppies and mint.

EUELPIDES: Why, 'tis the life of the newly-wed indeed.

PISTHETAERUS: Ha! I am beginning to see a great plan, which will transfer the supreme power to the birds, if you will but take my advice.

EPOPS: Take your advice? In what way?

PISTHETAERUS: In what way? Well, firstly, do not fly in all directions with open beak; it is not dignified. Among us, when we see a thoughtless man, we ask, "What sort of bird is this?" and Teleas answers, "'Tis a man who has no brain, a bird that has lost his head, a creature you cannot catch, for it never remains in any one place."

EPOPS: By Zeus himself! your jest hits the mark. What then is to be done?

PISTHETAERUS: Found a city.

EPOPS: We birds? But what sort of city should we build?

PISTHETAERUS: Oh, really, really! 'tis spoken like a fool! Look down.

EPOPS: I am looking.

PISTHETAERUS: Now look upwards.

EPOPS: I am looking.

PISTHETAERUS: Turn your head round.

EPOPS: Ah! 'twill be pleasant for me, if I end in twisting my neck!

PISTHETAERUS: What have you seen?

EPOPS: The clouds and the sky.

PISTHETAERUS: Very well! is not this the pole of the birds then?

EPOPS: How their pole?

PISTHETAERUS: Or, if you like it, the land. And since it turns and passes through the whole universe, it is called, 'pole.' If you build and fortify it, you

will turn your pole into a fortified city. In this way you will reign over mankind as you do over the grasshoppers and cause the gods to die of rabid hunger.

EPOPS: How so?

PISTHETAERUS: The air is 'twixt earth and heaven. When we want to go to Delphi, we ask the Boeotians for leave of passage; in the same way, when men sacrifice to the gods, unless the latter pay you tribute, you exercise the right of every nation towards strangers and don't allow the smoke of the sacrifices to pass through your city and territory.

EPOPS: By earth! by snares! by network! I never heard of anything more cleverly conceived; and, if the other birds approve, I am going to build the city along with you.

PISTHETAERUS: Who will explain the matter to them?

EPOPS: You must yourself. Before I came they were quite ignorant, but since I have lived with them I have taught them to speak.

PISTHETAERUS: But how can they be gathered together?

EPOPS: Easily. I will hasten down to the coppice to waken my dear Procné; as soon as they hear our voices, they will come to us hot wing.

PISTHETAERUS: My dear bird, lose no time, I beg. Fly at once into the coppice and awaken Procné.

EPOPS: Chase off drowsy sleep, dear companion. Let the sacred hymn gush from thy divine throat in melodious strains; roll forth in soft cadence your refreshing melodies to bewail the fate of Itys, which has been the cause of so many tears to us both. Your pure notes rise through the thick leaves of the yew-tree right up to the throne of Zeus, where Phoebus listens to you, Phoebus with his golden hair. And his ivory lyre responds to your plaintive accents; he gathers the choir of the gods and from their immortal lips rushes a sacred chant of blessed voices. (The flute is played behind the scene.)

PISTHETAERUS: Oh! by Zeus! what a throat that little bird possesses. He has filled the whole coppice with honey-sweet melody!

EUELPIDES: Hush!

PISTHETAERUS: What's the matter?

EUELPIDES: Will you keep silence?

PISTHETAERUS: What for?

EUELPIDES: Epops is going to sing again.

EPOPS (IN THE COPPICE): Epopoi, poi, popoi, epopoi, popoi, here, here, quick, quick, quick, my comrades in the air; all you, who pillage the fertile lands of the husbandmen, the numberless tribes who gather and devour the barley seeds, the swift flying race who sing so sweetly. And you whose gentle twitter resounds through the fields with the little cry of tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tio; and you who hop about the branches of the ivy in the gardens; the mountain birds, who feed on the wild olive berries or the arbutus, hurry to come at my call, trioto, trioto, totobrix; you also, who snap up the sharp-stinging gnats in the marshy vales, and you who dwell in the fine plain of Marathon, all damp with dew, and you, the francolin with speckled wings; you too, the halcyons, who flit over the swelling waves of the sea, come hither to hear the tidings; let all the tribes of long-necked birds assemble here; know that a clever old man has come to us, bringing an entirely new idea and proposing great reforms. Let all come to the debate here, here, here, here. Torotorotorotorotix, kikkobau, kikkobau, torotorotorotorolililix.

PISTHETAERUS: Can you see any bird?

EUELPIDES: By Phoebus, no! and yet I am straining my eyesight to scan the sky.

PISTHETAERUS: 'Twas really not worth Epops' while to go and bury himself in the thicket like a plover when a-hatching.

PHOENICOPTERUS: Torotina, torotina.

PISTHETAERUS: Hold, friend, here is another bird.

EUELPIDES: I' faith, yes! 'tis a bird, but of what kind? Isn't it a peacock?

PISTHETAERUS: Epops will tell us. What is this bird?

EPOPS: 'Tis not one of those you are used to seeing; 'tis a bird from the marshes.

PISTHETAERUS: Oh! oh! but he is very handsome with his wings as crimson as flame.

EPOPS: Undoubtedly; indeed he is called flamingo.

EUELPIDES: Hi! I say! You!

PISTHETAERUS: What are you shouting for?

EUELPIDES: Why, here's another bird.

PISTHETAERUS: Aye, indeed; 'tis a foreign bird too. What is this bird from beyond the mountains with a look as solemn as it is stupid?

EPOPS: He is called the Mede.

PISTHETAERUS: The Mede! But, by Heracles! how, if a Mede, has he flown here without a camel?

EUELPIDES: Here's another bird with a crest.

PISTHETAERUS: Ah! that's curious. I say, Epops, you are not the only one of your kind then?

EPOPS: This bird is the son of Philocles, who is the son of Epops; so that, you see, I am his grandfather; just as one might say, Hipponicus, the son of Callias, who is the son of Hipponicus.

PISTHETAERUS: Then this bird is Callias! Why, what a lot of his feathers he has lost!

EPOPS: That's because he is honest; so the informers set upon him and the women too pluck out his feathers.

PISTHETAERUS: By Posidon, do you see that many-coloured bird? What is his name?

EPOPS: This one? 'Tis the glutton.

PISTHETAERUS: Is there another glutton besides Cleonymus? But why, if he is Cleonymus, has he not thrown away his crest? But what is the meaning of all these crests? Have these birds come to contend for the double stadium prize?

EPOPS: They are like the Carians, who cling to the crests of their mountains for greater safety.

PISTHETAERUS: Oh, Posidon! do you see what swarms of birds are gathering here?

EUELPIDES: By Phoebus! what a cloud! The entrance to the stage is no longer visible, so closely do they fly together.

PISTHETAERUS: Here is the partridge.

EUELPIDES: Faith! there is the francolin.

PISTHETAERUS: There is the poachard.

EUELPIDES: Here is the kingfisher. And over yonder?

EPOPS: 'Tis the barber.

EUELPIDES: What? a bird a barber?

PISTHETAERUS: Why, Sporgilus is one. Here comes the owl.

EUELPIDES: And who is it brings an owl to Athens?

PISTHETAERUS: Here is the magpie, the turtle-dove, the swallow, the horned owl, the buzzard, the pigeon, the falcon, the ring-dove, the cuckoo, the red-foot, the red-cap, the purple-cap, the kestrel, the diver, the ousel, the osprey, the wood-pecker.

EUELPIDES: Oh! oh! what a lot of birds! what a quantity of blackbirds! how they scold, how they come rushing up! What a noise! what a noise! Can they be bearing us ill-will? Oh! there! there! they are opening their beaks and staring at us.

PISTHETAERUS: Why, so they are.

CHORUS: Popopopopopopoi. Where is he who called me? Where am I to find him?

EPOPS: I have been waiting for you this long while; I never fail in my word to my friends.

CHORUS: Tititititititi. What good thing have you to tell me?

EPOPS: Something that concerns our common safety, and that is just as pleasant as it is to the purpose. Two men, who are subtle reasoners, have come here to seek me.

CHORUS: Where? What? What are you saying?

EPOPS: I say, two old men have come from the abode of men to propose a vast and splendid scheme to us.

CHORUS: Oh! 'tis a horrible, unheard-of crime! What are you saying?

EPOPS: Nay! never let my words scare you.

CHORUS: What have you done then?

EPOPS: I have welcomed two men, who wish to live with us.

CHORUS: And you have dared to do that!

EPOPS: Aye, and am delighted at having done so.

CHORUS: Where are they?

EPOPS: In your midst, as I am.

CHORUS: Ah! ah! we are betrayed; 'tis sacrilege! Our friend, he who picked up corn-seeds in the same plains as ourselves, has violated our ancient laws; he has broken the oaths that bind all birds; he has laid a snare for me, he has handed us over to the attacks of that impious race which, throughout all time, has never ceased to war against us. As for this traitorous bird, we will decide his case later, but the two old men shall be punished forthwith; we are going to tear them to pieces.

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis all over with us.

EUELPIDES: You are the sole cause of all our trouble. Why did you bring me from down yonder?

PISTHETAERUS: To have you with me.

EUELPIDES: Say rather to have me melt into tears.

PISTHETAERUS: Go to! you are talking nonsense.

EUELPIDES: How so?

PISTHETAERUS: How will you be able to cry when once your eyes are pecked out?

CHORUS: Io! io! forward to the attack, throw yourselves upon the foe, spill his blood; take to your wings and surround them on all sides. Woe to them! let us get to work with our beaks, let us devour them. Nothing can save them from our wrath, neither the mountain forests, nor the clouds that float in the sky, nor the foaming deep. Come, peck, tear to ribbons. Where is the chief of the cohort? Let him engage the right wing.

EUELPIDES: This is the fatal moment. Where shall I fly to, unfortunate wretch that I am?

PISTHETAERUS: Stay! stop here!

EUELPIDES: That they may tear me to pieces?

PISTHETAERUS: And how do you think to escape them?

EUELPIDES: I don't know at all.

PISTHETAERUS: Come, I will tell you. We must stop and fight them. Let us arm ourselves with these stew-pots.

EUELPIDES: Why with the stew-pots?

PISTHETAERUS: The owl will not attack us.

EUELPIDES: But do you see all those hooked claws?

PISTHETAERUS: Seize the spit and pierce the foe on your side.

EUELPIDES: And how about my eyes?

PISTHETAERUS: Protect them with this dish or this vinegar-pot.

EUELPIDES: Oh! what cleverness! what inventive genius! You are a great general, even greater than Nicias, where stratagem is concerned.

CHORUS: Forward, forward, charge with your beaks! Come, no delay. Tear, pluck, strike, flay them, and first of all smash the stew-pot.

EPOPS: Oh, most cruel of all animals, why tear these two men to pieces, why kill them? What have they done to you? They belong to the same tribe, to the same family as my wife.

CHORUS: Are wolves to be spared? Are they not our most mortal foes? So let us punish them.

EPOPS: If they are your foes by nature, they are your friends in heart, and they come here to give you useful advice.

CHORUS: Advice or a useful word from their lips, from them, the enemies of my forbears!

EPOPS: The wise can often profit by the lessons of a foe, for caution is the mother of safety. 'Tis just such a thing as one will not learn from a friend and which an enemy compels you to know. To begin with, 'tis the foe and not the friend that taught cities to build high walls, to equip long vessels of war; and 'tis this knowledge that protects our children, our slaves and our wealth.

CHORUS: Well then, I agree, let us first hear them, for 'tis best; one can even learn something in an enemy's school.

PISTHETAERUS: Their wrath seems to cool. Draw back a little.

EPOPS: 'Tis only justice, and you will thank me later.

CHORUS: Never have we opposed your advice up to now.

PISTHETAERUS: They are in a more peaceful mood; put down your stew-pot and your two dishes; spit in hand, doing duty for a spear, let us mount guard inside the camp close to the pot and watch in our arsenal closely; for we must not fly.

EUELPIDES: You are right. But where shall we be buried, if we die?

PISTHETAERUS: In the Ceramicus; for, to get a public funeral, we shall tell the Strategi that we fell at Orneae, fighting the country's foes.

CHORUS: Return to your ranks and lay down your courage beside your wrath as the Hoplites do. Then let us ask these men who they are, whence they come, and with what intent. Here, Epops, answer me.

EPOPS: Are you calling me? What do you want of me?

CHORUS: Who are they? From what country?

EPOPS: Strangers, who have come from Greece, the land of the wise.

CHORUS: And what fate has led them hither to the land of the birds?

EPOPS: Their love for you and their wish to share your kind of life; to dwell and remain with you always.

CHORUS: Indeed, and what are their plans?

EPOPS: They are wonderful, incredible, unheard of.

CHORUS: Why, do they think to see some advantage that determines them to settle here? Are they hoping with our help to triumph over their foes or to be useful to their friends?

EPOPS: They speak of benefits so great it is impossible either to describe or conceive them; all shall be yours, all that we see here, there, above and below us; this they vouch for.

CHORUS: Are they mad?

EPOPS: They are the sanest people in the world.

CHORUS: Clever men?

EPOPS: The slyest of foxes, cleverness its very self, men of the world, cunning, the cream of knowing folk.

CHORUS: Tell them to speak and speak quickly; why, as I listen to you, I am beside myself with delight.

EPOPS: Here, you there, take all these weapons and hang them up inside close to the fire, near the figure of the god who presides there and under his protection; as for you, address the birds, tell them why I have gathered them together.

PISTHETAERUS: Not I, by Apollo, unless they agree with me as the little ape of an armourer agreed with his wife, not to bite me, nor pull me by the testicles, nor shove things up my....

CHORUS: You mean the.... (Puts finger to bottom.) Oh! be quite at ease.

PISTHETAERUS: No, I mean my eyes.

CHORUS: Agreed.

PISTHETAERUS: Swear it.

CHORUS: I swear it and, if I keep my promise, let judges and spectators give me the victory unanimously.

PISTHETAERUS: It is a bargain.

CHORUS: And if I break my word, may I succeed by one vote only.

HERALD: Hearken, ye people! Hoplites, pick up your weapons and return to your firesides; do not fail to read the decrees of dismissal we have posted.

CHORUS: Man is a truly cunning creature, but nevertheless explain. Perhaps you are going to show me some good way to extend my power, some way that I have not had the wit to find out and which you have discovered. Speak! 'tis to your own interest as well as to mine, for if you secure me some advantage, I will surely share it with you. But what object can have induced you to come among us? Speak boldly, for I shall not break the truce, — until you have told us all.

PISTHETAERUS: I am bursting with desire to speak; I have already mixed the dough of my address and nothing prevents me from kneading it.... Slave! bring the chaplet and water, which you must pour over my hands. Be quick!

EUELPIDES: Is it a question of feasting? What does it all mean?

PISTHETAERUS: By Zeus, no! but I am hunting for fine, tasty words to break down the hardness of their hearts. — I grieve so much for you, who at one time were kings....

CHORUS: We kings! Over whom?

PISTHETAERUS: ... of all that exists, firstly of me and of this man, even of Zeus himself. Your race is older than Saturn, the Titans and the Earth.

CHORUS: What, older than the Earth!

PISTHETAERUS: By Phoebus, yes.

CHORUS: By Zeus, but I never knew that before!

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis because you are ignorant and heedless, and have never read your Aesop. 'Tis he who tells us that the lark was born before all other creatures, indeed before the Earth; his father died of sickness, but the Earth did not exist then; he remained unburied for five days, when the bird in its

dilemma decided, for want of a better place, to entomb its father in its own head.

EUELPIDES: So that the lark's father is buried at Cephalae.

EPOPS: Hence, if we existed before the Earth, before the gods, the kingship belongs to us by right of priority.

EUELPIDES: Undoubtedly, but sharpen your beak well; Zeus won't be in a hurry to hand over his sceptre to the woodpecker.

PISTHETAERUS: It was not the gods, but the birds, who were formerly the masters and kings over men; of this I have a thousand proofs. First of all, I will point you to the cock, who governed the Persians before all other monarchs, before Darius and Megabyzus. 'Tis in memory of his reign that he is called the Persian bird.

EUELPIDES: For this reason also, even to-day, he alone of all the birds wears his tiara straight on his head, like the Great King.

PISTHETAERUS: He was so strong, so great, so feared, that even now, on account of his ancient power, everyone jumps out of bed as soon as ever he crows at daybreak. Blacksmiths, potters, tanners, shoemakers, bathmen, corn-dealers, lyre-makers and armourers, all put on their shoes and go to work before it is daylight.

EUELPIDES: I can tell you something anent that. 'Twas the cock's fault that I lost a splendid tunic of Phrygian wool. I was at a feast in town, given to celebrate the birth of a child; I had drunk pretty freely and had just fallen asleep, when a cock, I suppose in a greater hurry than the rest, began to crow. I thought it was dawn and set out for Alimos. I had hardly got beyond the walls, when a footpad struck me in the back with his bludgeon; down I went and wanted to shout, but he had already made off with my mantle.

PISTHETAERUS: Formerly also the kite was ruler and king over the Greeks.

EPOPS: The Greeks?

PISTHETAERUS: And when he was king, 'twas he who first taught them to fall on their knees before the kites.

EUELPIDES: By Zeus! 'tis what I did myself one day on seeing a kite; but at the moment I was on my knees, and leaning backwards with mouth agape, I bolted an obolus and was forced to carry my bag home empty.

PISTHETAERUS: The cuckoo was king of Egypt and of the whole of Phoenicia. When he called out "cuckoo," all the Phoenicians hurried to the fields to reap their wheat and their barley.

EUELPIDES: Hence no doubt the proverb, "Cuckoo! cuckoo! go to the fields, ye circumcised."

PISTHETAERUS: So powerful were the birds, that the kings of Grecian cities, Agamemnon, Menelaus, for instance, carried a bird on the tip of their sceptres, who had his share of all presents.

EUELPIDES: That I didn't know and was much astonished when I saw Priam come upon the stage in the tragedies with a bird, which kept watching Lysicrates to see if he got any present.

PISTHETAERUS: But the strongest proof of all is, that Zeus, who now reigns, is represented as standing with an eagle on his head as a symbol of his royalty; his daughter has an owl, and Phoebus, as his servant, has a hawk.

EUELPIDES: By Demeter, 'tis well spoken. But what are all these birds doing in heaven?

PISTHETAERUS: When anyone sacrifices and, according to the rite, offers the entrails to the gods, these birds take their share before Zeus. Formerly the men always swore by birds and never by the gods; even now Lampon swears by the goose, when he wants to lie.... Thus 'tis clear that you were great and sacred, but now you are looked upon as slaves, as fools, as Helots; stones are thrown at you as at raving madmen, even in holy places. A crowd of bird-catchers sets snares, traps, limed-twigs and nets of all sorts for you; you are caught, you are sold in heaps and the buyers finger you over to be certain you are fat. Again, if they would but serve you up simply roasted; but they rasp cheese into a mixture of oil, vinegar and laserwort, to which another sweet and greasy sauce is added, and the whole is poured scalding hot over your back, for all the world as if you were diseased meat.

CHORUS: Man, your words have made my heart bleed; I have groaned over the treachery of our fathers, who knew not how to transmit to us the high rank they held from their forefathers. But 'tis a benevolent Genius, a happy Fate, that sends you to us; you shall be our deliverer and I place the destiny of my little ones and my own in your hands with every confidence. But hasten to tell me what must be done; we should not be worthy to live, if we did not seek to regain our royalty by every possible means,

PISTHETAERUS: First I advise that the birds gather together in one city and that they build a wall of great bricks, like that at Babylon, round the plains of the air and the whole region of space that divides earth from heaven.

EPOPS: Oh, Cebriones! oh, Porphyryon! what a terribly strong place!

PISTHETAERUS: This, this being well done and completed, you demand back the empire from Zeus; if he will not agree, if he refuses and does not at once confess himself beaten, you declare a sacred war against him and forbid the gods henceforward to pass through your country with standing organ, as hitherto, for the purpose of fondling their Alcmenas, their Alopés, or their Semelés; if they try to pass through, you infibulate them with rings so that they can fuck no longer. You send another messenger to mankind, who will proclaim to them that the birds are kings, that for the future they must first of all sacrifice to them, and only afterwards to the gods; that it is fitting to appoint to each deity the bird that has most in common with it. For instance, are they sacrificing to Aphrodité, let them at the same time offer barley to the coot; are they immolating a sheep to Posidon, let them consecrate wheat in honour of the duck; is a steer being offered to Heracles, let honey-cakes be dedicated to the gull; is a goat being slain for King Zeus, there is a King-Bird, the wren, to whom the sacrifice of a male gnat is due before Zeus himself even.

EUELPIDES: This notion of an immolated gnat delights me! And now let the great Zeus thunder!

EPOPS: But how will mankind recognize us as gods and not as jays? Us, who have wings and fly?

PISTHETAERUS: You talk rubbish! Hermes is a god and has wings and flies, and so do many other gods. First of all, Victory flies with golden wings, Eros is

undoubtedly winged too, and Iris is compared by Homer to a timorous dove. If men in their blindness do not recognize you as gods and continue to worship the dwellers in Olympus, then a cloud of sparrows greedy for corn must descend upon their fields and eat up all their seeds; we shall see then if Demeter will mete them out any wheat.

EUELPIDES: By Zeus, she'll take good care she does not, and you will see her inventing a thousand excuses.

PISTHETAERUS: The crows too will prove your divinity to them by pecking out the eyes of their flocks and of their draught-oxen; and then let Apollo cure them, since he is a physician and is paid for the purpose.

EUELPIDES: Oh! don't do that! Wait first until I have sold my two young bullocks.

PISTHETAERUS: If on the other hand they recognize that you are God, the principle of life, that you are Earth, Saturn, Posidon, they shall be loaded with benefits.

Epops Name me one of these then.

PISTHETAERUS: Firstly, the locusts shall not eat up their vine-blossoms; a legion of owls and kestrels will devour them. Moreover, the gnats and the gall-bugs shall no longer ravage the figs; a flock of thrushes shall swallow the whole host down to the very last.

EPOPS: And how shall we give wealth to mankind? This is their strongest passion.

PISTHETAERUS: When they consult the omens, you will point them to the richest mines, you will reveal the paying ventures to the diviner, and not another shipwreck will happen or sailor perish.

EPOPS: No more shall perish? How is that?

PISTHETAERUS: When the auguries are examined before starting on a voyage, some bird will not fail to say, "Don't start! there will be a storm," or else, "Go! you will make a most profitable venture."

EUELPIDES: I shall buy a trading-vessel and go to sea. I will not stay with you.

PISTHETAERUS: You will discover treasures to them, which were buried in former times, for you know them. Do not all men say, "None know where my treasure lies, unless perchance it be some bird."

EUELPIDES: I shall sell my boat and buy a spade to unearth the vessels.

EPOPS: And how are we to give them health, which belongs to the gods?

PISTHETAERUS: If they are happy, is not that the chief thing towards health? The miserable man is never well.

EPOPS: Old Age also dwells in Olympus. How will they get at it? Must they die in early youth?

PISTHETAERUS: Why, the birds, by Zeus, will add three hundred years to their life.

EPOPS: From whom will they take them?

PISTHETAERUS: From whom? Why, from themselves. Don't you know the cawing crow lives five times as long as a man?

EUELPIDES: Ah! ah! these are far better kings for us than Zeus!

PISTHETAERUS: Far better, are they not? And firstly, we shall not have to build them temples of hewn stone, closed with gates of gold; they will dwell amongst the bushes and in the thickets of green oak; the most venerated of birds will have no other temple than the foliage of the olive tree; we shall not go to Delphi or to Ammon to sacrifice; but standing erect in the midst of arbutus and wild olives and holding forth our hands filled with wheat and barley, we shall pray them to admit us to a share of the blessings they enjoy and shall at once obtain them for a few grains of wheat.

CHORUS: Old man, whom I detested, you are now to me the dearest of all; never shall I, if I can help it, fail to follow your advice. Inspired by your words, I threaten my rivals the gods, and I swear that if you march in alliance with me against the gods and are faithful to our just, loyal and sacred bond, we shall soon have shattered their sceptre. 'Tis our part to undertake the toil, 'tis yours to advise.

EPOPS: By Zeus! 'tis no longer the time to delay and loiter like Nicias; let us act as promptly as possible.... In the first place, come, enter my nest built of

brushwood and blades of straw, and tell me your names.

PISTHETAERUS: That is soon done; my name is Pisthetaerus.

EPOPS: And his?

PISTHETAERUS: Euelpides, of the deme of Thria.

EPOPS: Good! and good luck to you.

PISTHETAERUS: We accept the omen.

EPOPS: Come in here.

PISTHETAERUS: Very well, 'tis you who lead us and must introduce us.

EPOPS: Come then.

PISTHETAERUS: Oh! my god! do come back here. Hi! tell us how we are to follow you. You can fly, but we cannot.

EPOPS: Well, well.

PISTHETAERUS: Remember Aesop's fables. It is told there, that the fox fared very ill, because he had made an alliance with the eagle.

EPOPS: Be at ease. You shall eat a certain root and wings will grow on your shoulders.

PISTHETAERUS: Then let us enter. Xanthias and Manes, pick up our baggage.

CHORUS: Hi! Epops! do you hear me?

EPOPS: What's the matter?

CHORUS: Take them off to dine well and call your mate, the melodious Procné, whose songs are worthy of the Muses; she will delight our leisure moments.

PISTHETAERUS: Oh! I conjure you, accede to their wish; for this delightful bird will leave her rushes at the sound of your voice; for the sake of the gods, let her come here, so that we may contemplate the nightingale.

EPOPS: Let it be as you desire. Come forth, Procné, show yourself to these strangers.

PISTHETAERUS: Oh! great Zeus! what a beautiful little bird! what a dainty form! what brilliant plumage!

EUELPIDES: Do you know how dearly I should like to split her legs for her?

PISTHETAERUS: She is dazzling all over with gold, like a young girl.

EUELPIDES: Oh! how I should like to kiss her!

PISTHETAERUS: Why, wretched man, she has two little sharp points on her beak.

EUELPIDES: I would treat her like an egg, the shell of which we remove before eating it; I would take off her mask and then kiss her pretty face.

EPOPS: Let us go in.

PISTHETAERUS: Lead the way, and may success attend us.

CHORUS: Lovable golden bird, whom I cherish above all others, you, whom I associate with all my songs, nightingale, you have come, you have come, to show yourself to me and to charm me with your notes. Come, you, who play spring melodies upon the harmonious flute, lead off our anapaests.

Weak mortals, chained to the earth, creatures of clay as frail as the foliage of the woods, you unfortunate race, whose life is but darkness, as unreal as a shadow, the illusion of a dream, hearken to us, who are immortal beings, ethereal, ever young and occupied with eternal thoughts, for we shall teach you about all celestial matters; you shall know thoroughly what is the nature of the birds, what the origin of the gods, of the rivers, of Erebus, and Chaos; thanks to us, Prodicus will envy you your knowledge.

At the beginning there was only Chaos, Night, dark Erebus, and deep Tartarus. Earth, the air and heaven had no existence. Firstly, black-winged Night laid a germless egg in the bosom of the infinite deeps of Erebus, and from this, after the revolution of long ages, sprang the graceful Eros with his glittering golden wings, swift as the whirlwinds of the tempest. He mated in deep Tartarus with dark Chaos, winged like himself, and thus hatched forth our race, which was the first to see the light. That of the Immortals did not exist until Eros had brought together all the ingredients of the world, and from their marriage Heaven, Ocean, Earth and the imperishable race of blessed gods

sprang into being. Thus our origin is very much older than that of the dwellers in Olympus. We are the offspring of Eros; there are a thousand proofs to show it. We have wings and we lend assistance to lovers. How many handsome youths, who had sworn to remain insensible, have not been vanquished by our power and have yielded themselves to their lovers when almost at the end of their youth, being led away by the gift of a quail, a waterfowl, a goose, or a cock.

And what important services do not the birds render to mortals! First of all, they mark the seasons for them, springtime, winter, and autumn. Does the screaming crane migrate to Libya, — it warns the husbandman to sow, the pilot to take his ease beside his tiller hung up in his dwelling, and Orestes to weave a tunic, so that the rigorous cold may not drive him any more to strip other folk. When the kite reappears, he tells of the return of spring and of the period when the fleece of the sheep must be clipped. Is the swallow in sight? All hasten to sell their warm tunic and to buy some light clothing. We are your Ammon, Delphi, Dodona, your Phoebus Apollo. Before undertaking anything, whether a business transaction, a marriage, or the purchase of food, you consult the birds by reading the omens, and you give this name of omen to all signs that tell of the future. With you a word is an omen, you call a sneeze an omen, a meeting an omen, an unknown sound an omen, a slave or an ass an omen. Is it not clear that we are a prophetic Apollo to you? If you recognize us as gods, we shall be your divining Muses, through us you will know the winds and the seasons, summer, winter, and the temperate months. We shall not withdraw ourselves to the highest clouds like Zeus, but shall be among you and shall give to you and to your children and the children of your children, health and wealth, long life, peace, youth, laughter, songs and feasts; in short, you will all be so well off, that you will be weary and satiated with enjoyment.

Oh, rustic Muse of such varied note, tio, tio, tio, tiotinx, I sing with you in the groves and on the mountain tops, tio, tio, tio, tio, tiotinx. I pour forth sacred strains from my golden throat in honour of the god Pan, tio, tio, tio, tiotinx, from the top of the thickly leaved ash, and my voice mingles with the mighty choirs who extol Cybelé on the mountain tops, totototototototinx. 'Tis to our concerts that Phrynicus comes to pillage like a bee the ambrosia of his songs, the sweetness of which so charms the ear, tio, tio, tio, tio, tinx.

If there be one of you spectators who wishes to spend the rest of his life quietly among the birds, let him come to us. All that is disgraceful and forbidden by law on earth is on the contrary honourable among us, the birds. For instance, among you 'tis a crime to beat your father, but with us 'tis an estimable deed; it's considered fine to run straight at your father and hit him, saying, "Come, lift your spur if you want to fight." The runaway slave, whom you brand, is only a spotted francolin with us. Are you Phrygian like Spintharus? Among us you would be the Phrygian bird, the goldfinch, of the race of Philemon. Are you a slave and a Carian like Execestides? Among us you can create yourself forefathers; you can always find relations. Does the son of Pisiass want to betray the gates of the city to the foe? Let him become a partridge, the fitting offspring of his father; among us there is no shame in escaping as cleverly as a partridge.

So the swans on the banks of the Hebrus, tio, tio, tio, tio, tiotinx, mingle their voices to serenade Apollo, tio, tio, tio, tio, tiotinx, flapping their wings the while, tio, tio, tio, tio, tiotinx; their notes reach beyond the clouds of heaven; all the dwellers in the forests stand still with astonishment and delight; a calm rests upon the waters, and the Graces and the choirs in Olympus catch up the strain, tio, tio, tio, tio, tiotinx.

There is nothing more useful nor more pleasant than to have wings. To begin with, just let us suppose a spectator to be dying with hunger and to be weary of the choruses of the tragic poets; if he were winged, he would fly off, go home to dine and come back with his stomach filled. Some Patroclides in urgent need would not have to soil his cloak, but could fly off, satisfy his requirements, and, having recovered his breath, return. If one of you, it matters not who, had adulterous relations and saw the husband of his mistress in the seats of the senators, he might stretch his wings, fly thither, and, having appeased his craving, resume his place. Is it not the most priceless gift of all, to be winged? Look at Diitrephes! His wings were only wicker-work ones, and yet he got himself chosen Phylarch and then Hipparch; from being nobody, he has risen to be famous; 'tis now the finest gilded cock of his tribe.

PISTHETAERUS: Halloa! What's this? By Zeus! I never saw anything so funny in all my life.

EUELPIDES: What makes you laugh?

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis your bits of wings. D'you know what you look like? Like a goose painted by some dauber-fellow.

EUELPIDES: And you look like a close-shaven blackbird.

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis ourselves asked for this transformation, and, as Aeschylus has it, "These are no borrowed feathers, but truly our own."

EPOPS: Come now, what must be done?

PISTHETAERUS: First give our city a great and famous name, then sacrifice to the gods.

EUELPIDES: I think so too.

EPOPS: Let's see. What shall our city be called?

PISTHETAERUS: Will you have a high-sounding Laconian name? Shall we call it Sparta?

EUELPIDES: What! call my town Sparta? Why, I would not use esparto for my bed, even though I had nothing but bands of rushes.

PISTHETAERUS: Well then, what name can you suggest?

EUELPIDES: Some name borrowed from the clouds, from these lofty regions in which we dwell — in short, some well-known name.

PISTHETAERUS: Do you like Nephelococcygia?

EPOPS: Oh! capital! truly 'tis a brilliant thought!

EUELPIDES: Is it in Nephelococcygia that all the wealth of Theogenes and most of Aeschines' is?

PISTHETAERUS: No, 'tis rather the plain of Phlegra, where the gods withered the pride of the sons of the Earth with their shafts.

EUELPIDES: Oh! what a splendid city! But what god shall be its patron? for whom shall we weave the peplus?

PISTHETAERUS: Why not choose Athené Polias?

EUELPIDES: Oh! what a well-ordered town 'twould be to have a female deity armed from head to foot, while Clisthenes was spinning!

PISTHETAERUS: Who then shall guard the Pelargicon?

EPOPS: One of ourselves, a bird of Persian strain, who is everywhere proclaimed to be the bravest of all, a true chick of Ares.

EUELPIDES: Oh! noble chick! what a well-chosen god for a rocky home!

PISTHETAERUS: Come! into the air with you to help the workers, who are building the wall; carry up rubble, strip yourself to mix the mortar, take up the hod, tumble down the ladder, as you like, post sentinels, keep the fire smouldering beneath the ashes, go round the walls, bell in hand, and go to sleep up there yourself; then despatch two heralds, one to the gods above, the other to mankind on earth and come back here.

EUELPIDES: As for yourself, remain here, and may the plague take you for a troublesome fellow!

PISTHETAERUS: Go, friend, go where I send you, for without you my orders cannot be obeyed. For myself, I want to sacrifice to the new god, and I am going to summon the priest who must preside at the ceremony. Slaves! slaves! bring forward the basket and the lustral water.

CHORUS: I do as you do, and I wish as you wish, and I implore you to address powerful and solemn prayers to the gods, and in addition to immolate a sheep as a token of our gratitude. Let us sing the Pythian chant in honour of the god, and let Chaeris accompany our voices.

PISTHETAERUS (TO THE FLUTE-PLAYER): Enough! but, by Heracles! what is this? Great gods! I have seen many prodigious things, but I never saw a muzzled raven.

EPOPS: Priest! 'tis high time! Sacrifice to the new gods.

PRIEST: I begin, but where is he with the basket? Pray to the Vesta of the birds, to the kite, who presides over the hearth, and to all the god and goddess-birds who dwell in Olympus.

CHORUS: Oh! Hawk, the sacred guardian of Sunium, oh, god of the storks!

PRIEST: Pray to the swan of Delos, to Latona the mother of the quails, and to Artemis, the goldfinch.

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis no longer Artemis Colaenis, but Artemis the goldfinch.

PRIEST: And to Bacchus, the finch and Cybelé, the ostrich and mother of the gods and mankind.

CHORUS: Oh! sovereign ostrich, Cybelé, the mother of Cleocritus, grant health and safety to the Nephelococcygians as well as to the dwellers in Chios....

PISTHETAERUS: The dwellers in Chios! Ah! I am delighted they should be thus mentioned on all occasions.

CHORUS: ... to the heroes, the birds, to the sons of heroes, to the porphyryon, the pelican, the spoon-bill, the redbreast, the grouse, the peacock, the horned-owl, the teal, the bittern, the heron, the stormy petrel, the fig-pecker, the titmouse....

PISTHETAERUS: Stop! stop! you drive me crazy with your endless list. Why, wretch, to what sacred feast are you inviting the vultures and the sea-eagles? Don't you see that a single kite could easily carry off the lot at once? Begone, you and your fillets and all; I shall know how to complete the sacrifice by myself.

PRIEST: It is imperative that I sing another sacred chant for the rite of the lustral water, and that I invoke the immortals, or at least one of them, provided always that you have some suitable food to offer him; from what I see here, in the shape of gifts, there is naught whatever but horn and hair.

PISTHETAERUS: Let us address our sacrifices and our prayers to the winged gods.

A POET: Oh, Muse! celebrate happy Nephelococcygia in your hymns.

PISTHETAERUS: What have we here? Where do you come from, tell me? Who are you?

POET: I am he whose language is sweeter than honey, the zealous slave of the Muses, as Homer has it.

PISTHETAERUS: You a slave! and yet you wear your hair long?

POET: No, but the fact is all we poets are the assiduous slaves of the Muses according to Homer.

PISTHETAERUS: In truth your little cloak is quite holy too through zeal! But, poet, what ill wind drove you here?

POET: I have composed verses in honour of your Nephelococcygia, a host of splendid dithyrambs and parthenians, worthy of Simonides himself.

PISTHETAERUS: And when did you compose them? How long since?

POET: Oh! 'tis long, aye, very long, that I have sung in honour of this city.

PISTHETAERUS: But I am only celebrating its foundation with this sacrifice; I have only just named it, as is done with little babies.

POET: "Just as the chargers fly with the speed of the wind, so does the voice of the Muses take its flight. Oh! thou noble founder of the town of Aetna, thou, whose name recalls the holy sacrifices, make us such gift as thy generous heart shall suggest."

PISTHETAERUS: He will drive us silly if we do not get rid of him by some present. Here! you, who have a fur as well as your tunic, take it off and give it to this clever poet. Come, take this fur; you look to me to be shivering with cold.

POET: My Muse will gladly accept this gift; but engrave these verses of Pindar's on your mind.

PISTHETAERUS: Oh! what a pest! 'Tis impossible then to be rid of him.

POET: "Straton wanders among the Scythian nomads, but has no linen garment. He is sad at only wearing an animal's pelt and no tunic." Do you conceive my bent?

PISTHETAERUS: I understand that you want me to offer you a tunic. Hi! you (to Euelpides), take off yours; we must help the poet.... Come, you, take it and begone.

POET: I am going, and these are the verses that I address to this city: "Phoebus of the golden throne, celebrate this shivery, freezing city; I have travelled through fruitful and snow-covered plains. Tralala! Tralala!"

PISTHETAERUS: What are you chanting us about frosts? Thanks to the tunic, you no longer fear them. Ah! by Zeus! I could not have believed this cursed fellow could so soon have learnt the way to our city. Come, priest, take the lustral water and circle the altar.

PRIEST: Let all keep silence!

A PROPHET: Let not the goat be sacrificed.

PISTHETAERUS: Who are you?

PROPHET: Who am I? A prophet.

PISTHETAERUS: Get you gone.

PROPHET: Wretched man, insult not sacred things. For there is an oracle of Bacis, which exactly applies to Nephelococcygia.

PISTHETAERUS: Why did you not reveal it to me before I founded my city?

PROPHET: The divine spirit was against it.

PISTHETAERUS: Well, 'tis best to know the terms of the oracle.

PROPHET: "But when the wolves and the white crows shall dwell together between Corinth and Sicyon...."

PISTHETAERUS: But how do the Corinthians concern me?

PROPHET: 'Tis the regions of the air that Bacis indicated in this manner. "They must first sacrifice a white-fleeced goat to Pandora, and give the prophet, who first reveals my words, a good cloak and new sandals."

PISTHETAERUS: Are the sandals there?

Prophet.

Read. "And besides this a goblet of wine and a good share of the entrails of the victim."

PISTHETAERUS: Of the entrails — is it so written?

PROPHET: Read. "If you do as I command, divine youth, you shall be an eagle among the clouds; if not, you shall be neither turtle-dove, nor eagle, nor woodpecker."

PISTHETAERUS: Is all that there?

PROPHET: Read.

PISTHETAERUS: This oracle in no sort of way resembles the one Apollo dictated to me: "If an impostor comes without invitation to annoy you during the sacrifice and to demand a share of the victim, apply a stout stick to his ribs."

PROPHET: You are drivelling.

PISTHETAERUS: "And don't spare him, were he an eagle from out of the clouds, were it Lampon himself or the great Diopithes."

PROPHET: Is all that there?

PISTHETAERUS: Here, read it yourself, and go and hang yourself.

PROPHET: Oh! unfortunate wretch that I am.

PISTHETAERUS: Away with you, and take your prophecies elsewhere.

METON: I have come to you.

PISTHETAERUS: Yet another pest. What have you come to do? What's your plan? What's the purpose of your journey? Why these splendid buskins?

METON: I want to survey the plains of the air for you and to parcel them into lots.

PISTHETAERUS: In the name of the gods, who are you?

METON: Who am I? Meton, known throughout Greece and at Colonus.

PISTHETAERUS: What are these things?

METON: Tools for measuring the air. In truth, the spaces in the air have precisely the form of a furnace. With this bent ruler I draw a line from top to bottom; from one of its points I describe a circle with the compass. Do you understand?

PISTHETAERUS: Not the very least.

METON: With the straight ruler I set to work to inscribe a square within this circle; in its centre will be the marketplace, into which all the straight streets will lead, converging to this centre like a star, which, although only orbicular, sends forth its rays in a straight line from all sides.

PISTHETAERUS: Meton, you new Thales....

METON: What d'you want with me?

PISTHETAERUS: I want to give you a proof of my friendship. Use your legs.

METON: Why, what have I to fear?

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis the same here as in Sparta. Strangers are driven away, and blows rain down as thick as hail.

METON: Is there sedition in your city?

PISTHETAERUS: No, certainly not.

METON: What's wrong then?

PISTHETAERUS: We are agreed to sweep all quacks and impostors far from our borders.

METON: Then I'm off.

PISTHETAERUS: I fear me 'tis too late. The thunder growls already. (Beats him.)

METON: Oh, woe! oh, woe!

PISTHETAERUS: I warned you. Now, be off, and do your surveying somewhere else. (Meton takes to his heels.)

AN INSPECTOR: Where are the Proxeni?

PISTHETAERUS: Who is this Sardanapalus?

INSPECTOR: I have been appointed by lot to come to Nephelococcygia as inspector.

PISTHETAERUS: An inspector! and who sends you here, you rascal?

INSPECTOR: A decree of Taleas.

PISTHETAERUS: Will you just pocket your salary, do nothing, and be off?

INSPECTOR: I' faith! that I will; I am urgently needed to be at Athens to attend the assembly; for I am charged with the interests of Pharnaces.

PISTHETAERUS: Take it then, and be off. See, here is your salary. (Beats him.)

INSPECTOR: What does this mean?

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis the assembly where you have to defend Pharnaces.

INSPECTOR: You shall testify that they dare to strike me, the inspector.

PISTHETAERUS: Are you not going to clear out with your urns. 'Tis not to be believed; they send us inspectors before we have so much as paid sacrifice to the gods.

A DEALER IN DECREES: "If the Nephelococcygian does wrong to the Athenian...."

PISTHETAERUS: Now whatever are these cursed parchments?

DEALER IN DECREES: I am a dealer in decrees, and I have come here to sell you the new laws.

PISTHETAERUS: Which?

DEALER IN DECREES: "The Nephelococcygians shall adopt the same weights, measures and decrees as the Olophyxians."

PISTHETAERUS: And you shall soon be imitating the Ototyxians. (Beats him.)

DEALER IN DECREES: Hullo! what are you doing?

PISTHETAERUS: Now will you be off with your decrees? For I am going to let you see some severe ones.

INSPECTOR (RETURNING): I summon Pisthetaerus for outrage for the month of Munychion.

PISTHETAERUS: Ha! my friend! are you still there?

DEALER IN DECREES: "Should anyone drive away the magistrates and not receive them, according to the decree duly posted..."

PISTHETAERUS: What! rascal! you are there too?

INSPECTOR: Woe to you! I'll have you condemned to a fine of ten thousand drachmae.

PISTHETAERUS: And I'll smash your urns.

INSPECTOR: Do you recall that evening when you stooped against the column where the decrees are posted?

PISTHETAERUS: Here! here! let him be seized. (The inspectors run off.) Well! don't you want to stop any longer?

PRIEST: Let us get indoors as quick as possible; we will sacrifice the goat inside.

CHORUS: Henceforth it is to me that mortals must address their sacrifices and their prayers. Nothing escapes my sight nor my might. My glance embraces the universe, I preserve the fruit in the flower by destroying the thousand kinds of voracious insects the soil produces, which attack the trees and feed on the germ when it has scarcely formed in the calyx; I destroy those who ravage the balmy terrace gardens like a deadly plague; all these gnawing crawling creatures perish beneath the lash of my wing. I hear it proclaimed everywhere: "A talent for him who shall kill Diagoras of Melos, and a talent for him who destroys one of the dead tyrants." We likewise wish to make our proclamation: "A talent to him among you who shall kill Philocrates, the Strouthian; four, if he brings him to us alive. For this Philocrates skewers the finches together and sells them at the rate of an obolus for seven. He tortures the thrushes by blowing them out, so that they may look bigger, sticks their own feathers into the nostrils of blackbirds, and collects pigeons, which he shuts up and forces them, fastened in a net, to decoy others." That is what we wish to proclaim. And if anyone is keeping birds shut up in his yard, let him hasten to let them loose; those who disobey shall be seized by the birds and we shall put them in chains, so that in their turn they may decoy other men.

Happy indeed is the race of winged birds who need no cloak in winter! Neither do I fear the relentless rays of the fiery dog-days; when the divine grasshopper, intoxicated with the sunlight, when noon is burning the ground, is breaking out into shrill melody, my home is beneath the foliage in the flowery meadows. I winter in deep caverns, where I frolic with the mountain nymphs, while in spring I despoil the gardens of the Graces and gather the white, virgin berry on the myrtle bushes.

I want now to speak to the judges about the prize they are going to award; if they are favourable to us, we will load them with benefits far greater than

those Paris received. Firstly, the owls of Laurium, which every judge desires above all things, shall never be wanting to you; you shall see them homing with you, building their nests in your money-bags and laying coins. Besides, you shall be housed like the gods, for we shall erect gables over your dwellings; if you hold some public post and want to do a little pilfering, we will give you the sharp claws of a hawk. Are you dining in town, we will provide you with crops. But, if your award is against us, don't fail to have metal covers fashioned for yourselves, like those they place over statues; else, look out! for the day you wear a white tunic all the birds will soil it with their droppings.

PISTHETAERUS: Birds! the sacrifice is propitious. But I see no messenger coming from the wall to tell us what is happening. Ah! here comes one running himself out of breath as though he were running the Olympic stadium.

MESSENGER: Where, where is he? Where, where, where is he? Where, where, where is he? Where is Pisthetaerus, our leader?

PISTHETAERUS: Here am I.

MESSENGER: The wall is finished.

PISTHETAERUS: That's good news.

MESSENGER: 'Tis a most beautiful, a most magnificent work of art. The wall is so broad, that Proxenides, the Braggartian, and Theogenes could pass each other in their chariots, even if they were drawn by steeds as big as the Trojan horse.

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis wonderful!

MESSENGER: Its length is one hundred stadia; I measured it myself.

PISTHETAERUS: A decent length, by Posidon! And who built such a wall?

MESSENGER: Birds — birds only; they had neither Egyptian brickmaker, nor stonemason, nor carpenter; the birds did it all themselves, I could hardly believe my eyes. Thirty thousand cranes came from Libya with a supply of stones, intended for the foundations. The water-rails chiselled them with their beaks. Ten thousand storks were busy making bricks; plovers and other water fowl carried water into the air.

PISTHETAERUS: And who carried the mortar?

MESSENGER: Herons, in hods.

PISTHETAERUS: But how could they put the mortar into hods?

MESSENGER: Oh! 'twas a truly clever invention; the geese used their feet like spades; they buried them in the pile of mortar and then emptied them into the hods.

PISTHETAERUS: Ah! to what use cannot feet be put?

MESSENGER: You should have seen how eagerly the ducks carried bricks. To complete the tale, the swallows came flying to the work, their beaks full of mortar and their trowel on their back, just the way little children are carried.

PISTHETAERUS: Who would want paid servants after this? But, tell me, who did the woodwork?

MESSENGER: Birds again, and clever carpenters too, the pelicans, for they squared up the gates with their beaks in such a fashion that one would have thought they were using axes; the noise was just like a dockyard. Now the whole wall is tight everywhere, securely bolted and well guarded; it is patrolled, bell in hand; the sentinels stand everywhere and beacons burn on the towers. But I must run off to clean myself; the rest is your business.

CHORUS: Well! what do you say to it? Are you not astonished at the wall being completed so quickly?

PISTHETAERUS: By the gods, yes, and with good reason. 'Tis really not to be believed. But here comes another messenger from the wall to bring us some further news! What a fighting look he has!

SECOND MESSENGER: Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

PISTHETAERUS: What's the matter?

SECOND MESSENGER: A horrible outrage has occurred; a god sent by Zeus has passed through our gates and has penetrated the realms of the air without the knowledge of the jays, who are on guard in the daytime.

PISTHETAERUS: Tis an unworthy and criminal deed. What god was it?

SECOND MESSENGER: We don't know that. All we know is, that he has got wings.

PISTHETAERUS: Why were not guards sent against him at once?

SECOND MESSENGER: We have despatched thirty thousand hawks of the legion of mounted archers. All the hook-clawed birds are moving against him, the kestrel, the buzzard, the vulture, the great-horned owl; they cleave the air, so that it resounds with the flapping of their wings; they are looking everywhere for the god, who cannot be far away; indeed, if I mistake not, he is coming from yonder side.

PISTHETAERUS: All arm themselves with slings and bows! This way, all our soldiers; shoot and strike! Some one give me a sling!

CHORUS: War, a terrible war is breaking out between us and the gods! Come, let each one guard the Air, the son of Erebus, in which the clouds float. Take care no immortal enters it without your knowledge. Scan all sides with your glance. Hark! methinks I can hear the rustle of the swift wings of a god from heaven.

PISTHETAERUS: Hi! you woman! where are you flying to? Halt, don't stir! keep motionless! not a beat of your wing! — Who are you and from what country? You must say whence you come.

IRIS: I come from the abode of the Olympian gods.

PISTHETAERUS: What's your name, ship or cap?

IRIS: I am swift Iris.

PISTHETAERUS: Paralus or Salaminia?

IRIS: What do you mean?

PISTHETAERUS: Let a buzzard rush at her and seize her.

IRIS: Seize me! But what do all these insults betoken?

PISTHETAERUS: Woe to you!

IRIS: 'Tis incomprehensible.

PISTHETAERUS: By which gate did you pass through the wall, wretched woman?

IRIS: By which gate? Why, great gods, I don't know.

PISTHETAERUS: You hear how she holds us in derision. Did you present yourself to the officers in command of the jays? You don't answer. Have you a permit, bearing the seal of the storks?

IRIS: Am I awake?

PISTHETAERUS: Did you get one?

IRIS: Are you mad?

PISTHETAERUS: No head-bird gave you a safe-conduct?

IRIS: A safe-conduct to me, you poor fool!

PISTHETAERUS: Ah! and so you slipped into this city on the sly and into these realms of air-land that don't belong to you.

IRIS: And what other road can the gods travel?

PISTHETAERUS: By Zeus! I know nothing about that, not I. But they won't pass this way. And you still dare to complain! Iris would ever have more justly suffered death.

IRIS: I am immortal.

PISTHETAERUS: You would have died nevertheless. — Oh! 'twould be truly intolerable! What! should the universe obey us and the gods alone continue their insolence and not understand that they must submit to the law of the strongest in their due turn? But tell me, where are you flying to?

IRIS: I? The messenger of Zeus to mankind, I am going to tell them to sacrifice sheep and oxen on the altars and to fill their streets with the rich smoke of burning fat.

PISTHETAERUS: Of which gods are you speaking?

IRIS: Of which? Why, of ourselves, the gods of heaven.

PISTHETAERUS: You, gods?

IRIS: Are there others then?

PISTHETAERUS: Men now adore the birds as gods, and 'tis to them, by Zeus, that they must offer sacrifices, and not to Zeus at all!

IRIS: Oh! fool! fool! Rouse not the wrath of the gods, for 'tis terrible indeed. Armed with the brand of Zeus, Justice would annihilate your race; the lightning would strike you as it did Lycimnius and consume both your body and the porticos of your palace.

PISTHETAERUS: Here! that's enough tall talk. Just you listen and keep quiet! Do you take me for a Lydian or a Phrygian and think to frighten me with your big words? Know, that if Zeus worries me again, I shall go at the head of my eagles, who are armed with lightning, and reduce his dwelling and that of Amphion to cinders. I shall send more than six hundred porphyryons clothed in leopards' skins up to heaven against him; and formerly a single Porphyryon gave him enough to do. As for you, his messenger, if you annoy me, I shall begin by stretching your legs asunder and so conduct myself, Iris though you be, that despite my age, you will be astonished. I will show you a fine long tool that will fuck you three times over.

IRIS: May you perish, you wretch, you and your infamous words!

PISTHETAERUS: Won't you be off quickly? Come, stretch your wings or look out for squalls!

IRIS: If my father does not punish you for your insults....

PISTHETAERUS: Ha!... but just you be off elsewhere to roast younger folk than us with your lightning.

CHORUS: We forbid the gods, the sons of Zeus, to pass through our city and the mortals to send them the smoke of their sacrifices by this road.

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis odd that the messenger we sent to the mortals has never returned.

HERALD: Oh! blessed Pisthetaerus, very wise, very illustrious, very gracious, thrice happy, very.... Come, prompt me, somebody, do.

PISTHETAERUS: Get to your story!

HERALD: All peoples are filled with admiration for your wisdom, and they award you this golden crown.

PISTHETAERUS: I accept it. But tell me, why do the people admire me?

HERALD: Oh you, who have founded so illustrious a city in the air, you know not in what esteem men hold you and how many there are who burn with desire to dwell in it. Before your city was built, all men had a mania for Sparta; long hair and fasting were held in honour, men went dirty like Socrates and carried staves. Now all is changed. Firstly, as soon as 'tis dawn, they all spring out of bed together to go and seek their food, the same as you do; then they fly off towards the notices and finally devour the decrees. The bird-madness is so clear, that many actually bear the names of birds. There is a halting victualler, who styles himself the partridge; Menippus calls himself the swallow; Oponitius the one-eyed crow; Philocles the lark; Theogenes the fox-goose; Lycurgus the ibis; Chaerephon the bat; Syracosius the magpie; Midias the quail; indeed he looks like a quail that has been hit heavily over the head. Out of love for the birds they repeat all the songs which concern the swallow, the teal, the goose or the pigeon; in each verse you see wings, or at all events a few feathers. This is what is happening down there. Finally, there are more than ten thousand folk who are coming here from earth to ask you for feathers and hooked claws; so, mind you supply yourself with wings for the immigrants.

PISTHETAERUS: Ah! by Zeus, 'tis not the time for idling. Go as quick as possible and fill every hamper, every basket you can find with wings. Manes will bring them to me outside the walls, where I will welcome those who present themselves.

CHORUS: This town will soon be inhabited by a crowd of men.

PISTHETAERUS: If fortune favours us.

CHORUS: Folk are more and more delighted with it.

PISTHETAERUS: Come, hurry up and bring them along.

CHORUS: Will not man find here everything that can please him — wisdom, love, the divine Graces, the sweet face of gentle peace?

PISTHETAERUS: Oh! you lazy servant! won't you hurry yourself?

CHORUS: Let a basket of wings be brought speedily. Come, beat him as I do, and put some life into him; he is as lazy as an ass.

PISTHETAERUS: Aye, Manes is a great craven.

CHORUS: Begin by putting this heap of wings in order; divide them in three parts according to the birds from whom they came; the singing, the prophetic and the aquatic birds; then you must take care to distribute them to the men according to their character.

PISTHETAERUS (TO MANES): Oh! by the kestrels! I can keep my hands off you no longer; you are too slow and lazy altogether.

A PARRICIDE: Oh! might I but become an eagle, who soars in the skies! Oh! might I fly above the azure waves of the barren sea!

PISTHETAERUS: Ha! 'twould seem the news was true; I hear someone coming who talks of wings.

PARRICIDE: Nothing is more charming than to fly; I burn with desire to live under the same laws as the birds; I am bird-mad and fly towards you, for I want to live with you and to obey your laws.

PISTHETAERUS: Which laws? The birds have many laws.

PARRICIDE: All of them; but the one that pleases me most is, that among the birds it is considered a fine thing to peck and strangle one's father.

PISTHETAERUS: Aye, by Zeus! according to us, he who dares to strike his father, while still a chick, is a brave fellow.

PARRICIDE: And therefore I want to dwell here, for I want to strangle my father and inherit his wealth.

PISTHETAERUS: But we have also an ancient law written in the code of the storks, which runs thus, "When the stork father has reared his young and has taught them to fly, the young must in their turn support the father."

PARRICIDE: 'Tis hardly worth while coming all this distance to be compelled to keep my father!

PISTHETAERUS: No, no, young friend, since you have come to us with such willingness, I am going to give you these black wings, as though you were an orphan bird; furthermore, some good advice, that I received myself in infancy. Don't strike your father, but take these wings in one hand and these spurs in the other; imagine you have a cock's crest on your head and go and

mount guard and fight; live on your pay and respect your father's life. You're a gallant fellow! Very well, then! Fly to Thrace and fight.

PARRICIDE: By Bacchus! 'Tis well spoken; I will follow your counsel.

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis acting wisely, by Zeus.

CINESIAS: "On my light pinions I soar off to Olympus; in its capricious flight my Muse flutters along the thousand paths of poetry in turn ..."

PISTHETAERUS: This is a fellow will need a whole shipload of wings.

CINESIAS: ... it is seeking fresh outlet."

PISTHETAERUS: Welcome, Cinesias, you lime-wood man! Why have you come here a-twisting your game leg in circles?

CINESIAS: "I want to become a bird, a tuneful nightingale."

PISTHETAERUS: Enough of that sort of ditty. Tell me what you want.

CINESIAS: Give me wings and I will fly into the topmost airs to gather fresh songs in the clouds, in the midst of the vapours and the fleecy snow.

PISTHETAERUS: Gather songs in the clouds?

CINESIAS: 'Tis on them the whole of our latter-day art depends. The most brilliant dithyrambs are those that flap their wings in void space and are clothed in mist and dense obscurity. To appreciate this, just listen.

PISTHETAERUS: Oh! no, no, no!

CINESIAS: By Hermes! but indeed you shall. "I shall travel through thine ethereal empire like a winged bird, who cleaveth space with his long neck...."

PISTHETAERUS: Stop! easy all, I say!

CINESIAS: ... as I soar over the seas, carried by the breath of the winds ...

PISTHETAERUS: By Zeus! but I'll cut your breath short.

CINESIAS: ... now rushing along the tracks of Notus, now nearing Boreas across the infinite wastes of the ether." (Pisthetaerus beats him.) Ah! old man, that's a pretty and clever idea truly!

PISTHETAERUS: What! are you not delighted to be cleaving the air?

CINESIAS: To treat a dithyrambic poet, for whom the tribes dispute with each other, in this style!

PISTHETAERUS: Will you stay with us and form a chorus of winged birds as slender as Leotrophides for the Cecropid tribe?

CINESIAS: You are making game of me, 'tis clear; but know that I shall never leave you in peace if I do not have wings wherewith to traverse the air.

AN INFORMER: What are these birds with downy feathers, who look so pitiable to me? Tell me, oh swallow with the long dappled wings.

PISTHETAERUS: Oh! but 'tis a perfect invasion that threatens us. Here comes another of them, humming along.

INFORMER: Swallow with the long dappled wings, once more I summon you.

PISTHETAERUS: It's his cloak I believe he's addressing; 'faith, it stands in great need of the swallows' return.

INFORMER: Where is he who gives out wings to all comers?

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis I, but you must tell me for what purpose you want them.

INFORMER: Ask no questions. I want wings, and wings I must have.

PISTHETAERUS: Do you want to fly straight to Pellené?

INFORMER: I? Why, I am an accuser of the islands, an informer ...

PISTHETAERUS: A fine trade, truly!

INFORMER: ... a hatcher of lawsuits. Hence I have great need of wings to prow! round the cities and drag them before justice.

PISTHETAERUS: Would you do this better if you had wings?

INFORMER: No, but I should no longer fear the pirates; I should return with the cranes, loaded with a supply of lawsuits by way of ballast.

PISTHETAERUS: So it seems, despite all your youthful vigour, you make it your trade to denounce strangers?

INFORMER: Well, and why not? I don't know how to dig.

PISTHETAERUS: But, by Zeus! there are honest ways of gaining a living at your age without all this infamous trickery.

INFORMER: My friend, I am asking you for wings, not for words.

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis just my words that give you wings.

INFORMER: And how can you give a man wings with your words?

PISTHETAERUS: 'Tis thus that all first start.

INFORMER: All?

PISTHETAERUS: Have you not often heard the father say to young men in the barbers' shops, "It's astonishing how Diitrephes' advice has made my son fly to horse-riding."— "Mine," says another, "has flown towards tragic poetry on the wings of his imagination."

INFORMER: So that words give wings?

PISTHETAERUS: Undoubtedly; words give wings to the mind and make a man soar to heaven. Thus I hope that my wise words will give you wings to fly to some less degrading trade.

INFORMER: But I do not want to.

PISTHETAERUS: What do you reckon on doing then?

INFORMER: I won't belie my breeding; from generation to generation we have lived by informing. Quick, therefore, give me quickly some light, swift hawk or kestrel wings, so that I may summon the islanders, sustain the accusation here, and haste back there again on flying pinions.

PISTHETAERUS: I see. In this way the stranger will be condemned even before he appears.

INFORMER: That's just it.

PISTHETAERUS: And while he is on his way here by sea, you will be flying to the islands to despoil him of his property.

INFORMER: You've hit it, precisely; I must whirl hither and thither like a perfect humming-top.

PISTHETAERUS: I catch the idea. Wait, i' faith, I've got some fine Corcyraean wings. How do you like them?

INFORMER: Oh! woe is me! Why, 'tis a whip!

PISTHETAERUS: No, no; these are the wings, I tell you, that set the top a-spinning.

INFORMER: Oh! oh! oh!

PISTHETAERUS: Take your flight, clear off, you miserable cur, or you will soon see what comes of quibbling and lying. Come, let us gather up our wings and withdraw.

CHORUS: In my ethereal nights I have seen many things new and strange and wondrous beyond belief. There is a tree called Cleonymus belonging to an unknown species; it has no heart, is good for nothing and is as tall as it is cowardly. In springtime it shoots forth calumnies instead of buds and in autumn it strews the ground with bucklers in place of leaves.

Far away in the regions of darkness, where no ray of light ever enters, there is a country, where men sit at the table of the heroes and dwell with them always — save always in the evening. Should any mortal meet the hero Orestes at night, he would soon be stripped and covered with blows from head to foot.

PROMETHEUS: Ah! by the gods! if only Zeus does not espy me! Where is Pisthetaerus?

PISTHETAERUS: Ha! what is this? A masked man!

PROMETHEUS: Can you see any god behind me?

PISTHETAERUS: No, none. But who are you, pray?

PROMETHEUS: What's the time, please?

PISTHETAERUS: The time? Why, it's past noon. Who are you?

PROMETHEUS: Is it the fall of day? Is it no later than that?

PISTHETAERUS: Oh! 'pon my word! but you grow tiresome!

PROMETHEUS: What is Zeus doing? Is he dispersing the clouds or gathering them?

PISTHETAERUS: Take care, lest I lose all patience.

PROMETHEUS: Come, I will raise my mask.

PISTHETAERUS: Ah! my dear Prometheus!

PROMETHEUS: Stop! stop! speak lower!

PISTHETAERUS: Why, what's the matter, Prometheus?

PROMETHEUS: H'sh, h'sh! Don't call me by my name; you will be my ruin, if Zeus should see me here. But, if you want me to tell you how things are going in heaven, take this umbrella and shield me, so that the gods don't see me.

PISTHETAERUS: I can recognize Prometheus in this cunning trick. Come, quick then, and fear nothing; speak on.

PROMETHEUS: Then listen.

PISTHETAERUS: I am listening, proceed!

PROMETHEUS: It's all over with Zeus.

PISTHETAERUS: Ah! and since when, pray?

PROMETHEUS: Since you founded this city in the air. There is not a man who now sacrifices to the gods; the smoke of the victims no longer reaches us. Not the smallest offering comes! We fast as though it were the festival of Demeter. The barbarian gods, who are dying of hunger, are bawling like Illyrians and threaten to make an armed descent upon Zeus, if he does not open markets where joints of the victims are sold.

PISTHETAERUS: What! there are other gods besides you, barbarian gods who dwell above Olympus?

PROMETHEUS: If there were no barbarian gods, who would be the patron of Execestides?

PISTHETAERUS: And what is the name of these gods?

PROMETHEUS: Their name? Why, the Triballi.

PISTHETAERUS: Ah, indeed! 'tis from that no doubt that we derive the word 'tribulation.'

PROMETHEUS: Most likely. But one thing I can tell you for certain, namely, that Zeus and the celestial Triballi are going to send deputies here to sue for peace. Now don't you treat, unless Zeus restores the sceptre to the birds and gives you Basileia in marriage.

PISTHETAERUS: Who is this Basileia?

PROMETHEUS: A very fine young damsel, who makes the lightning for Zeus; all things come from her, wisdom, good laws, virtue, the fleet, calumnies, the public paymaster and the triobolus.

PISTHETAERUS: Ah! then she is a sort of general manageress to the god.

PROMETHEUS: Yes, precisely. If he gives you her for your wife, yours will be the almighty power. That is what I have come to tell you; for you know my constant and habitual goodwill towards men.

PISTHETAERUS: Oh, yes! 'tis thanks to you that we roast our meat.

PROMETHEUS: I hate the gods, as you know.

PISTHETAERUS: Aye, by Zeus, you have always detested them.

PROMETHEUS: Towards them I am a veritable Timon; but I must return in all haste, so give me the umbrella; if Zeus should see me from up there, he would think I was escorting one of the Canephori.

PISTHETAERUS: Wait, take this stool as well.

CHORUS: Near by the land of the Sciapodes there is a marsh, from the borders whereof the odious Socrates evokes the souls of men. Pisander came one day to see his soul, which he had left there when still alive. He offered a little victim, a camel, slit his throat and, following the example of Ulysses, stepped one pace backwards. Then that bat of a Chaerephon came up from hell to drink the camel's blood.

POSIDON: This is the city of Nephelococcygia, Cloud-cuckoo-town, whither we come as ambassadors. (To Triballus.) Hi! what are you up to? you are throwing your cloak over the left shoulder. Come, fling it quick over the right! And why, pray, does it draggle this fashion? Have you ulcers to hide like Laespodias? Oh! democracy! whither, oh! whither are you leading us? Is it possible that the gods have chosen such an envoy?

TRIBALLUS: Leave me alone.

POSIDON: Ugh! the cursed savage! you are by far the most barbarous of all the gods. — Tell me, Heracles, what are we going to do?

HERACLES: I have already told you that I want to strangle the fellow who has dared to block us in.

POSIDON: But, my friend, we are envoys of peace.

HERACLES: All the more reason why I wish to strangle him.

PISTHETAERUS: Hand me the cheese-grater; bring me the silphium for sauce; pass me the cheese and watch the coals.

HERACLES: Mortal! we who greet you are three gods.

PISTHETAERUS: Wait a bit till I have prepared my silphium pickle.

HERACLES: What are these meats?

PISTHETAERUS: These are birds that have been punished with death for attacking the people's friends.

HERACLES: And you are seasoning them before answering us?

PISTHETAERUS: Ah! Heracles! welcome, welcome! What's the matter?

HERACLES: The gods have sent us here as ambassadors to treat for peace.

A SERVANT: There's no more oil in the flask.

PISTHETAERUS: And yet the birds must be thoroughly basted with it.

HERACLES: We have no interest to serve in fighting you; as for you, be friends and we promise that you shall always have rain-water in your pools and the warmest of warm weather. So far as these points go we are armed with plenary authority.

PISTHETAERUS: We have never been the aggressors, and even now we are as well disposed for peace as yourselves, provided you agree to one equitable condition, namely, that Zeus yield his sceptre to the birds. If only this is agreed to, I invite the ambassadors to dinner.

HERACLES: That's good enough for me. I vote for peace.

POSIDON: You wretch! you are nothing but a fool and a glutton. Do you want to dethrone your own father?

PISTHETAERUS: What an error! Why, the gods will be much more powerful if the birds govern the earth. At present the mortals are hidden beneath the clouds, escape your observation, and commit perjury in your name; but if you had the birds for your allies, and a man, after having sworn by the crow and Zeus, should fail to keep his oath, the crow would dive down upon him unawares and pluck out his eye.

POSIDON: Well thought of, by Posidon!

HERACLES: My notion too.

PISTHETAERUS: (to the Triballian). And you, what's your opinion?

TRIBALLUS: Nabaisatreu.

PISTHETAERUS: D'you see? he also approves. But hear another thing in which we can serve you. If a man vows to offer a sacrifice to some god and then procrastinates, pretending that the gods can wait, and thus does not keep his word, we shall punish his stinginess.

POSIDON: Ah! ah! and how?

PISTHETAERUS: While he is counting his money or is in the bath, a kite will relieve him, before he knows it, either in coin or in clothes, of the value of a couple of sheep, and carry it to the god.

HERACLES: I vote for restoring them the sceptre.

POSIDON: Ask the Triballian.

HERACLES: Hi! Triballian, do you want a thrashing?

TRIBALLUS: Saunaka baktarikrousa.

HERACLES: He says, "Right willingly."

POSIDON: If that be the opinion of both of you, why, I consent too.

HERACLES: Very well! we accord the sceptre.

PISTHETAERUS: Ah! I was nearly forgetting another condition. I will leave Heré to Zeus, but only if the young Basileia is given me in marriage.

POSIDON: Then you don't want peace. Let us withdraw.

PISTHETAERUS: It matters mighty little to me. Cook, look to the gravy.

HERACLES: What an odd fellow this Posidon is! Where are you off to? Are we going to war about a woman?

POSIDON: What else is there to do?

HERACLES: What else? Why, conclude peace.

POSIDON: Oh! the ninny! do you always want to be fooled? Why, you are seeking your own downfall. If Zeus were to die, after having yielded them the sovereignty, you would be ruined, for you are the heir of all the wealth he will leave behind.

PISTHETAERUS: Oh! by the gods! how he is cajoling you. Step aside, that I may have a word with you. Your uncle is getting the better of you, my poor friend. The law will not allow you an obolus of the paternal property, for you are a bastard and not a legitimate child.

HERACLES: I a bastard! What's that you tell me?

PISTHETAERUS: Why, certainly; are you not born of a stranger woman? Besides, is not Athené recognized as Zeus' sole heiress? And no daughter would be that, if she had a legitimate brother.

HERACLES: But what if my father wished to give me his property on his death-bed, even though I be a bastard?

PISTHETAERUS: The law forbids it, and this same Posidon would be the first to lay claim to his wealth, in virtue of being his legitimate brother. Listen; thus runs Solon's law: "A bastard shall not inherit, if there are legitimate children; and if there are no legitimate children, the property shall pass to the nearest kin."

HERACLES: And I get nothing whatever of the paternal property?

PISTHETAERUS: Absolutely nothing. But tell me, has your father had you entered on the registers of his phratria?

HERACLES: No, and I have long been surprised at the omission.

PISTHETAERUS: What ails you, that you should shake your fist at heaven? Do you want to fight it? Why, be on my side, I will make you a king and will feed you on bird's milk and honey.

HERACLES: Your further condition seems fair to me. I cede you the young damsel.

POSIDON: But I, I vote against this opinion.

PISTHETAERUS: Then all depends on the Triballian. (To the Triballian.) What do you say?

TRIBALLUS: Big bird give daughter pretty and queen.

HERACLES: You say that you give her?

POSIDON: Why no, he does not say anything of the sort, that he gives her; else I cannot understand any better than the swallows.

PISTHETAERUS: Exactly so. Does he not say she must be given to the swallows?

POSIDON: Very well! you two arrange the matter; make peace, since you wish it so; I'll hold my tongue.

HERACLES: We are of a mind to grant you all that you ask. But come up there with us to receive Basileia and the celestial bounty.

PISTHETAERUS: Here are birds already cut up, and very suitable for a nuptial feast.

HERACLES: You go and, if you like, I will stay here to roast them.

PISTHETAERUS: You to roast them! you are too much the glutton; come along with us.

HERACLES: Ah! how well I would have treated myself!

PISTHETAERUS: Let some bring me a beautiful and magnificent tunic for the wedding.

CHORUS: At Phanae, near the Clepsydra, there dwells a people who have neither faith nor law, the Englottogastors, who reap, sow, pluck the vines and the figs with their tongues; they belong to a barbaric race, and among them the Philippi and the Gorgiasas are to be found; 'tis these Englottogastorian

Phyllippi who introduced the custom all over Attica of cutting out the tongue separately at sacrifices.

A MESSENGER: Oh, you, whose unbounded happiness I cannot express in words, thrice happy race of airy birds, receive your king in your fortunate dwellings. More brilliant than the brightest star that illumines the earth, he is approaching his glittering golden palace; the sun itself does not shine with more dazzling glory. He is entering with his bride at his side whose beauty no human tongue can express; in his hand he brandishes the lightning, the winged shaft of Zeus; perfumes of unspeakable sweetness pervade the ethereal realms. 'Tis a glorious spectacle to see the clouds of incense wafting in light whirlwinds before the breath of the Zephyr! But here he is himself. Divine Muse! let thy sacred lips begin with songs of happy omen.

CHORUS: Fall back! to the right! to the left! advance! Fly around this happy mortal, whom Fortune loads with her blessings. Oh! oh! what grace! what beauty! Oh, marriage so auspicious for our city! All honour to this man! 'tis through him that the birds are called to such glorious destinies. Let your nuptial hymns, your nuptial songs, greet him and his Basileia! 'Twas in the midst of such festivities that the Fates formerly united Olympian Here to the King who governs the gods from the summit of his inaccessible throne. Oh! Hymen! oh! Hymenaeus! Rosy Eros with the golden wings held the reins and guided the chariot; 'twas he, who presided over the union of Zeus and the fortunate Heré. Oh! Hymen! oh! Hymenaeus!

PISTHETAERUS: I am delighted with your songs, I applaud your verses. Now celebrate the thunder that shakes the earth, the flaming lightning of Zeus and the terrible flashing thunderbolt.

CHORUS: Oh, thou golden flash of the lightning! oh, ye divine shafts of flame, that Zeus has hitherto shot forth! Oh, ye rolling thunders, that bring down the rain! 'Tis by the order of our king that ye shall now stagger the earth! Oh, Hymen! 'tis through thee that he commands the universe and that he makes Basileia, whom he has robbed from Zeus, take her seat at his side. Oh! Hymen! oh! Hymenaeus!

PISTHETAERUS: Let all the winged tribes of our fellow-citizens follow the bridal couple to the palace of Zeus and to the nuptial couch! Stretch forth

your hands, my dear wife! Take hold of me by my wings and let us dance; I am going to lift you up and carry you through the air.

CHORUS: Oh, joy! Io Paean! Tralala! victory is thine, oh, thou greatest of the gods!