

## Griech. Lektüre-Übung: Menander, *Dyskolos* TEXT 1 (Karanasiou)

<https://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/Greek/Grouch.php>

*Enter Pan from the cave and addresses the audience*

**Pan** (*Waves his hand over the set.*)

Well then, let me ask you to imagine, please, that we are in Attica. A town called Phyle, in fact.

And that this cave behind me, the cave from which I had just come out, is a shrine and it's one which belongs to all the people of Phyle. Farmers who toil hard all over these rocky grounds and that this place here, right here, is a well known, a very famous, sacred place.

Now, this farm here, on my right, is Knemon's farm. He lives here.

Old man Knemon hates everyone!

A grouch to one and all! Grumpy all day long!

Detests every single mortal, both, individually as well in a crowd.

Crowd? Did I say crowd? Ha! Our Knemon has never, ever opened his mouth to utter a word to anyone! Not a single pleasant word to anyone! Never the first to say "g'day, mate, how you goin'?"

No idle chit chat for our Knemon! (10)

*Well, except to me, of course. He'll say g'day to me, being his neighbour and all. He speaks to me, as he goes by – in passing. Well, he can't very well avoid me, can he?*

Pleasantries by obligation.

Pleasantries in passing.

Pleasantries in passing by neighbours like me, Pan, a god!

Still, such pleasantries turn into regrets the moment immediately after they've... passed by, with our Knemon!

Still, again, with all his misanthropy, our Knemon, went and married a freshly made widow with a son.