

SS 2025 Λυσιστράτη, Parodos 254-271, 335-343 (1. Sitzung) (Karanasiou)

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[The women enter the citadel. The Chorus of Old Men enters slowly, for they are quite decrepit. They are carrying wood for a fire, glowing coals to start the blaze, and torches to light.]

Leader of Men's Chorus

Keep moving, Draces, pick up the pace, even if your shoulder's tired lugging
all this heavy fresh-cut olive wood.

Chorus of Old Men

Alas, so many unexpected things
take place in a long life. O Strymodorus, who'd ever think they'd hear such news about our women—the
ones we fed
in our own homes are truly bad.
The sacred statue is in their hands, they've seized my own Acropolis
and block the doors with bolts and bars.

Leader of Men's Chorus

Come on Philurgus, let's hurry there
as fast as we can go up to the city.
We'll set these logs down in a circle,
stack them so we keep them bottled up, those women who've combined to do this. Then with our own
hands we'll set alight a single fire and, as we all agreed
in the vote we took, we'll burn them all, beginning first with Lycon's wife.¹⁴

Chorus of Old Men

They'll won't be making fun of me,
by Demeter, not while I'm still alive.

(...)

Chorus of Old Women

(...)

I've heard some dim and dull old men are creeping here and carrying logs—
a great big load—to our fortress,
as if to warm our public baths.
They're muttering the most awful things how with their fire they need to turn these hateful women into
ash.

But, goddess, may I never see
them burned like that—but witness how they rescue cities, all of Greece,
from war and this insanity.