

The first (and only surviving) play of the Danaid tetralogy. Danaos has led his 50 daughters from Egypt to Argos, to escape marriage with their cousins, the 50 sons of Aigyptos. He persuades the king, Pelasgos, to grant them asylum, even though this means war with Aigyptos. An attempt to repatriate the girls forcibly is thwarted, and they are given sanctuary in Argos.

# THE SUPPLIANTS

By Aeschylus

Translated by Andrew Wilson

---

## For Juliet

If tragedy can be viewed as a kind of recurrent masculine initiation, for adults, as well as for the young, and if drama, more broadly, is designed as an education for its citizens in the democratic city, ... the self that is really at stake is to be identified with the male, while the woman is assigned to the role of the radical other... Drama tests masculine values only to find these alone are inadequate to the complexity of the new situation.

Froma Zeitlin in *Nothing to do with Dionysus?* 63-96

# THE DANAID TETRALOGY

## I

### THE SUPPLIANTS

#### [THE ASYLUM SEEKERS]

ΕΠΙ ΑΡ[  
ΕΝΙΚΑ [ΑΙ]ΣΧΥΛΟ[Σ  
ΔΑΝ[ΑΙ]ΣΙ ΑΜΥ[ΜΩΝΗΙ  
ΔΕΥΤ[Ε]Ρ[Ο]Σ ΣΟΦΟΚΛΗ[Σ  
ΜΕΣΑΤΟΣ [[Ν. [  
[[ΒΑΚΧΑΙΣ, ΚΩΦΟΙ[  
ΠΟΙ]ΜΕΣΙΝ, ΚΥΚ.  
ΣΑΤΥ[Ρ

This tantalising papyrus fragment (POxy 2256), added to what was previously known, gives a clue to the date of the first production – if line 1 refers to the archon Archidemides, it would be 463 BC, four years before Aeschylus’ Oresteia tetralogy (of which the satyr play is lost). Like the Oresteia, the Danaid tetralogy won first prize (line 2), beating Sophocles into second place (line 4).

The names of two of the four plays are given (line 3) : the third play (The Danaids) and the fourth, the satyr play Amymone. The Suppliants and The Egyptians are assumed to be the first two plays – but scholars disagree about which actually came first.

My translation uses the text of Alan H Sommerstein’s edition (Cambridge Greek and Latin Classics). According to CUP publicity:

“A long-neglected Greek tragedy about refugees, gender, race, war and political deception.”

I have re-imagined the final three plays, using clues in the Suppliants, in surviving fragments and in references in other ancient literature.

## Characters

CHORUS of the DAUGHTERS OF DANAOS

DANAOS

PELASGOS, King of Argos

CHORUS of EGYPTIANS

HERALD

CHORUS of ARGIVE CITIZENS

*Protagonist:* Danaos

*Deuteragonist:* Pelasgos, Herald

In the translation, the anapaestic, choral and lyric passages attempt to reproduce Aeschylus' rhythms as far as possible in English.

Scene: The play is set not far from the sea-coast, somewhere near the city of Argos, in the land of Pelasgia (later Hellas). There is a low wooded mound upstage, a sanctuary, which displays around a dozen tall statues, representing the Twelve Olympian gods, and a prominent altar. There are two points of entry, one leading to the sea, the other to the city.

The chorus, the 50 daughters of Danaos (**Danaids**) enter from the shore, and climb up onto the mound. They are quite exotic in appearance – some dark faces, some paler, with veils and “un-Greek” dress, They carry the traditional emblems (recognised by Greeks) of *suppliants* – olive branches wound with wool.

Their father, **Danaos**, is probably already on the mound to guide them – though he doesn’t say anything for quite a while!

[The anapaestic, choral and lyric passages attempt to mimic Aeschylus’ rhythms as far as possible in English.]

#### PARODOS

**Chorus** [*entering from the direction of the sea*]

Zeus who defends all refugees look on us *Anapaestic metre, with music.*

And our journey by boat with favour! Be kind!

We set out from the sand-blown mouths of the Nile’s

Delta. We fled from our homeland,

And abandoned our lovely country. We were not 5

Guilty of crime! We have not killed anyone!

No popular vote condemned us!

We ran of our own free will to avoid

Being forced into marriage with Aegyptus’s sons.

It was wrong! And illegal! We loathed the idea. 10

Our dear father Danaos urged us on;

He moved the pieces, the rebel in chief!

He thought the best of our options

Would be to get on a ship and escape,

Sailing straight to Argos, the place where 15

Once our ancestors lived, descendants of Zeus

When with his touch he healed her, she who was transformed

Into a cow and tormented by gadflies.

There is no land, then, better than this one

We could have landed on, 20

Holding in our hands these symbols of hope  
 For asylum: wool-covered branches.  
 Some city! Some land! Such sparkling streams!  
 All you gods up above, gods of the earth, who  
 Are protecting those precious gravestones, 25  
 And you who rescued us, Zeus, most of all,  
 As a guard who champions men who are just,  
 Please, welcome us, us refugees, us girls,  
 Warmly and gently. But when the male mob,  
 Violent, swarming, Aegyptus's sons, 30  
 Tries to set foot here down in the sand-dunes,  
 Drive them back to the sea, and their warship.  
 Let them meet whirlwinds, wintery storms, and with  
 Loud thunder and lightning crashing around,  
 Gales blowing, fierce rain stinging; and may they die 35  
 In the friendless waste of the ocean,  
 Better they die before they can take us!  
 We're cousins; it's breaking the law, if they  
 Climb in our beds when we've refused them.

### First half chorus (strophe 1)

| 40-7 = 48-57: metre                 |             |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|
| 1 - ~ - ~ -                         | D           |
| 2 - - - ~ - - - ~ - - - ~ - - - ~ - | D E × d     |
| 3 - ~ - ~ - ~ - -                   | 4 <i>da</i> |
| 4 - ~ - ~ - ~ - ~ - ~ - ~ - -       | 7 <i>da</i> |
| 5 - ~ - ~ - ~ - -                   | gl - -      |

Now it's my turn to invoke 40  
 Our own champion back home. The heifer's calf who Zeus was father to and  
 Planned his conception. Then Io, his mother  
 Was in the form of a cow who was grazing out there in the flowery meadow. 45  
 Zeus caressed her. When later she gave birth,

### Second half chorus (antistrophe 1)

The baby was called “Epaphus”

It means “Child of a Touch”. In the place where she suffered, I remind

You of her pain. I shall show to you shortly

Incontrovertible evidence all this is true, though not what you expected. 55

Time will tell, and the truth will all come out.

### First half chorus (strophe 2)

| 58-62 = 63-7: metre     |           |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| 1 - ~ - - ~ - - ~ -     | 3 ch      |
| 2 - - ~ - ~ - ~ -       | “enn      |
| 3 - ~ - ~ - - ~ - - ~ - | dod* 2 ch |
| 4 - ~ - - ~ - -         | 2 ch      |
| 5 - - ~ - ~ - ~ -       | 2 ia      |

If there is some person nearby knows about birds,

Some local who’s hearing my lament,

Would he think that my weeping was the sad nightingale’s song? 60

Tereus’s bride’s pitiful cries,

Her terror - stricken by the hawk.

### Second half chorus (Antistrophe 2)

She had been forced out of her land, the rivers she knew,

Lamenting at what her life had become.

Telling all of his death, death of her son, son that she killed, 65

How he had died, died by her hand

His mother’s hand, no mother she.

### First half chorus (Strophe 3)

| 68-76 = 77-85: metre    |             |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| 1 - ~ - ~ - ~ - ~ - ~ - | <i>6da</i>  |
| 2 - - - ~ - - ~ - ~ - - | <i>hipp</i> |
| 3 ~ - ~ - ~ - -         | <i>hag</i>  |
| 4 ~ - ~ - ~ - ~ -       | <i>zia</i>  |
| 5 - ~ - ~ - ~ - ~ -     | <i>D d</i>  |
| 6 - ~ - - ~ -           | <i>D</i>    |
| 7 - ~ - ~ - ~ -         | <i>lek</i>  |

Just like the nightingale, I am in love with lamenting - in Greek style -  
My soft cheeks – they are brown, tanned by Egyptian sunshine - 70  
I scratch them: but weeping feels strange.  
My fear is opening like a flower,  
Terror blooms. Can I find someone who cares?  
Friend to an exile who ran off 75  
From a land where danger hides?

### Second half chorus (Antistrophe 3)

Listen you gods who preside over sexual relations:  
Cool their blood! May you quench their adolescent passion! 80  
They'll break all the rules to have their way,  
Unless you save the marriage laws.  
It's like war. If you need somewhere to hide,  
There is a place where you're safe:  
An altar which the gods protect. 85

### First half chorus (strophe 4)

| 86-7/93-5 = 91-2/88-90: metre |                      |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 - - - ~ - ~ -               | <i>D<sup>2</sup></i> |
| 2 - ~ - ~ -                   | <i>D</i>             |
| 3 - - - ~ - -                 | <i>pher</i>          |
| 4 - - - ~ -                   | <i>D</i>             |
| 5 - ~ - ~ -                   | <i>ith</i>           |
| 6 - ~ - ~ - ~ -               | <i>hipp</i>          |



Does god see arrogance,  
The kind that makes human youth turn to lust? 105  
Inflaming their urge to wed us?  
Stubbornly they won't accept "no".  
Madly persistent, on they charge  
Goaded by drives they can't escape. 110  
Not knowing ruin's waiting.

### First half chorus (strophe 6)

| 112-21 = 122-33: metre |                     |                        |
|------------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1                      | u - u u u u u - u - | 3ia                    |
| 2                      | u u u u u -         | 2ia                    |
| 3                      | u - u - u - u - u - | 3ia                    |
| 4                      | - u - u -           | ar                     |
| 5                      | - u - u - u - -     | 2 cr doch <sub>Λ</sub> |
| 6                      | - - u - - - -       | ia doch                |
| 7                      | - u - u - u u u -   | doch kaib              |
| 8                      | - u - u -           | ar                     |

This dirge in my pain and my grief is the one song I sing  
It can be shrill or sound broken-up with tears,  
Aiyee, aiyee! Such sounds are fit for funerals. 115  
Though I'm alive, I praise death.

### Refrain

Back me up, please, Peloponnesian hills!  
You understand my strange language well,  
How I would tear my veil, ripping it to tiny shreds, 120  
Finest Phoenician linen.

### Second half chorus (antistrophe 6)

When you're secure, no threat of death, of course  
You give the gods respect, trust them, yes,  
But when a tidal wave looms, and you don't know what to do, 125  
Screaming is all you can do.

### Refrain

Back me up, please, Peloponnesian hills!  
You understand my strange language well,  
How I would tear my veil, ripping it to tiny shreds,  
Finest Phoenician linen.

130

### First half chorus (strophe 7)

| 134-43 = 144-53: metre |                                                                                |
|------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1    ∪ - ∪ - ∪ - ∪ -   | 2 <i>ia</i>                                                                    |
| 2    ∪ ∪ ∪ - ∪ - ∪ -   | 2 <i>ia</i>                                                                    |
| 3    ∪ - ∪ - ∪ - ∪ -   | 2 <i>ia</i>                                                                    |
| 4    ∪ - - ∪ - ∪ -     | <i>ia</i> <sup>^</sup> <i>ia</i>                                               |
| 5    ∪ - - - ∪ -       | <i>ia</i> <sup>^</sup> <i>ia</i> <sup>^</sup> <i>ia</i>                        |
| 6    ∪ - ∪ - - -       | <i>ia</i> <sup>^</sup> <i>ia</i> <sup>^</sup> <i>ia</i> <sup>^</sup> <i>ia</i> |
| 7    - ∪ - ∪ - -       | <i>ith</i>                                                                     |
| 8    - ∪ - - ∪ - ∪ - - | <sup>^</sup> <i>ia</i> <i>ar</i>                                               |
| 9    - - ∪ -           | <i>ia</i>                                                                      |
| 10    ∪ ∪ ∪ ∪ ∪ - ∪ -  | 2 <i>ia</i>                                                                    |

With oars, a hull that's watertight,  
A properly-built ship that's seaworthy  
Has brought me safely here – there were  
No storms. Thanks! So far, so good.  
But may our Father, who  
sees all, give us today,  
Please, a happy ending.

135

140

### Refrain

Io's brood prays to its holy mother:  
Keep us [*they scream*]  
Unwedded, unbedded by brutal men.

### Second half chorus (antistrophe 7)

Then may a willing Artemis,  
As I trust she will, watch over me,

145

Unshakeable, her face all stern,  
 At full power, the virgin who  
 Looks after virgins; who  
 Detests the evil men who  
 Hunt us down: protect us!

150

### Refrain

Io's brood prays to its holy mother:  
 Keep us [*they scream*]  
 Unwedded, unbedded by brutal men.

### First half chorus (strophe 8)

|   |                 |               |
|---|-----------------|---------------|
| 1 | - - - - -       | <i>ith</i>    |
| 2 | - - - - -       | <i>lek</i>    |
| 3 | - - - - - - - - | <i>ia lek</i> |
| 4 | - - - - -       | <i>lek</i>    |
| 5 | - - - - -       | <i>lek</i>    |
| 6 | - - - - -       | <i>ith</i>    |
| 7 | - - - - - - - - | <i>ia lek</i> |

But... if not...the black flowers,  
 Nation darkened by the sun,  
 We'll go and ask for asylum somewhere else,  
 To Earthbound Zeus who welcomes all,  
 God of those whose rest is won:  
 Hang ourselves and greet death.  
 No support comes from gods who rule the sky.

155

160

### Mesode

|   |                 |              |
|---|-----------------|--------------|
| 1 | - - - - -       | <i>3sp</i>   |
| 2 | - - - - -       | <i>3sp</i>   |
| 3 | - - - -         | <i>ia</i>    |
| 4 | - - - - -       | <i>2io</i>   |
| 5 | - - - - - - - - | <i>anacr</i> |

O Zeus! Goddess ... Fury,  
 Huntress, hounding Io!  
 I know the hate  
 Of the wife who gets her own way.  
 There's a wind blowing, and a storm is coming.

165

**Second half chorus (antistrophe 8)**

|   |                   |               |
|---|-------------------|---------------|
| 1 | - - - - -         | <i>ith</i>    |
| 2 | - - - - -         | <i>lek</i>    |
| 3 | - - - - - - - - - | <i>ia lek</i> |
| 4 | - - - - -         | <i>lek</i>    |
| 5 | - - - - -         | <i>lek</i>    |
| 6 | - - - - -         | <i>ith</i>    |
| 7 | - - - - - - - - - | <i>ia lek</i> |

Zeus then will deserve blame,  
 Rightly be held culpable,  
 For disrespecting the heifer's child, whom he,  
 He himself was father to.  
 Now he turns his head, and won't  
 Look at us, ignores our prayers.  
 Zeus, we beg you to listen when we call.

170

*Danaos emerges from among his daughters on top of the mound*

**Danaos**

You must be wise, my daughters. You got here  
 Thanks to that wise old captain, your papa!  
 I've thought how I can keep you safe on land,  
 So please take careful note of all I say...

*He interrupts himself*

I see some dust, an army's tell-tale sign;  
 I hear the noise, the clattering wheels of carts.

180

A horde I see, equipped with shields and spears,  
And cavalry, and chariots of war.  
Perhaps the king has found we're here through spies  
And now has come in force to check us out.  
Whether his army comes in peace, or if  
It's hostile, angry, primed to kill, my girls,  
It's better if you sit down on this mound,  
Protected by the Olympian gods. Altars  
Are stronger than a fort: a solid shield.

190

Quick as you can, your branches wrapped with wool,  
The asylum symbols, guaranteed by Zeus,  
Hold them correctly in your left hands, and  
Politely, tearfully, appealingly,  
Address these strangers like good immigrants:  
It's true you're exiles, but you've shed no blood.  
But when you speak, first, sound a little shy,  
Don't be too forward, modesty is best,  
But make eye contact with a steady gaze.  
Speak when you're spoken to but have your say.  
These people will be quick to take offence.  
Don't answer back. You're refugees, in need.  
Your lower status means you watch your tongue.

200

### **Chorus**

No need to patronise; we understand.  
Be sure I'll bear your thoughtful words in mind.  
May Zeus, our nation's ancestor, look to us!

205

### **Danaos**

Look to, indeed, with his benevolent eye.

### **Chorus**

If he is willing, all will turn out well.

### **Danaos**

Then no delay. And may our plan succeed.

**Chorus**

I'd like to take my seat beside you – here!

210

**Danaos**

<I'm pleased to have my daughters with me safe.>

**Chorus**

Pity our struggle, Zeus, don't let us die!

**Danaos**

And call upon the eagle, Zeus's bird.

**Chorus**

We call upon the Sun our saviour.

**Danaos**

Apollo, too, the god exiled from heaven.

**Chorus**

He'd sympathise with those who share his fate.

**Danaos**

Let's hope he does, and stands with us, a friend.

**Chorus**

Which god remains for me to call upon?

**Danaos**

I know that trident is the symbol of a god ...

**Chorus**

He helped us get here: welcome us as well!

**Danaos**

This other one is Hermes - in Greek style.

220

**Chorus**

May he bring welcome news that we're still free.

**Danaos**

These gods all share an altar: worship them.

Be like a flock of doves who perch secure,

Fearing the hawks, though they are birds as well

Who hate their kin, a disgrace to their breed.

Can it be holy, bird to prey on bird?

Can it be holy, if you force a bride  
To wed against her will, and father's will?  
He won't escape his punishment, that man  
Who did this crime, not even after death,  
In Hades' realm. A Zeus is there, they say,  
Who passes final judgment on men's sins.  
Keep this in mind, and answer in this way:  
So that our enterprise may meet success.

230

*Danaos retires, disappearing again among his daughters. **Pelagos**, king of Argos, enters, attended by local soldiers.*

**King**

What country sends this foreign-looking swarm,  
That I'm addressing? So un-Greek, flaunting  
Their strange costumes and exotic head-dress?  
No local girl, no Greek would dress this way.  
I am amazed how you, unheralded,  
Unsponsored, without guides, dared venture here  
So fearlessly? Those branches, though, you have  
With you, beside the statues of the gods,  
Tell me you seek asylum, suppliants.  
This indicates you may be Greek; until  
Your voice confirms it, I would have to guess.

240

**Chorus**

Your thoughts about my outfit are correct.  
But do I address a private citizen?  
A priest with holy rod? The city's king?

**King**

<I'll answer you and tell you who I am,>  
And in return, don't be afraid to answer me.  
I am Pelagos, son of earth-born Palaikhthon,  
King of this land; and ruled by me, its people

250

The Pelasgians – well-named – now cultivate  
Our soil. And all the land through which the sacred  
Strymon flows towards the setting sun, I own.

These lands all lie within my boundaries:  
Perrhaibia, and, beyond, the Pindos range;  
The Chaiones next door; the mountains of  
Dodona. There the sea restricts my rule,  
Thus far's all mine. Here where we stand, the plain  
Of Apia, long ago received its name

260

From Apis, son of Apollo the Healer,  
Himself a healer, too. He crossed the gulf  
From Naupaktos, to purify our land,  
Rid it of monsters eating human flesh,  
Things which the angry earth threw up, defiled,  
Polluted by blood spilt in ancient times,  
A swarm of serpents, hateful immigrants.  
Apis excised the cancer with complete  
Success, and set us free, and ever since  
In Argos we all name him in our prayers.

270

You've heard now my credentials: it is time  
For you to clearly state what race you are.  
Be brief. We don't like lengthy speeches here.

### **Chorus**

Our story's short and simple. We are proud  
Argives by descent, offspring of the cow.  
I shall show evidence to prove this true.

### **King**

Your tale sounds most improbable to me.  
How could a race like yours have Argive blood?  
You look much more like Libyans; you don't  
Look anything at all like local girls.

280

Perhaps the Nile could breed a crop like yours?  
I've heard there are in India nomads  
Who outrun horses perched on camel-back,  
Close neighbours to the Ethiopians;  
And what of the Amazons, who live on meat,  
And have no men? If you had bows, I'd say  
That's what you were. Enlighten me. Explain  
Just how your ancestry makes you Argives?

290

**Chorus**

They say that Io once became priestess  
Of Hera, in her temple here in Argos.

**King**

And so she did! That's what most people say.

**Chorus**

And that Zeus fell in love with this young girl?

**King**

Indeed! Hera was unaware – at first.

**Chorus**

<But she was furious when she found out!>

**King**

What was the outcome of this royal row?

**Chorus**

Hera transformed the girl into a cow.

**King**

But Zeus still chased her – horns and all?

**Chorus**

He made himself a bull and mounted her.

**King**

And how did his temperamental wife react?

**Chorus**

She set a sharp-eyed guard to watch the cow.

**King**

What kind of cowherd can see everything?

**Chorus**

Argus, the earthborn. Hermes killed him, though.

300

**King**

Then what did Hera plan for the poor cow?

**Chorus**

She sent a cattle-herder who had wings!

**King**

A fly that never leaves the cows in peace?

**Chorus**

A gadfly, as it's known along the Nile.

**King**

All that you say chimes with the tale I know.

310

**Chorus**

And then she reached Canopus, Memphis too.

**King**

Egypt! The fly, then, drove her far from here?

**Chorus**

There Zeus just touched her, and she bore a child.

**King**

Who was this calf the cow produced for Zeus?

**Chorus**

Epaphos, whose name means "child of a touch".

**King**

<Epaphos had a child – and who was that?>

**Chorus**

Libya, who ruled a mighty continent.

**King**

And did this queen have children of her own?

**Chorus**

Belus, the father of my father here!

**King**

His name's significant, I'm sure. Tell me.

320

**Chorus**

Danaos. His brother has fifty sons!

**King**

What is his name? Don't keep it to yourself.

**Chorus**

Aigyptos. Now you know my pedigree,

Please now support our group as true Argives.

**King**

You do belong, it seems, to this country!

Since ancient times! But say, how could you bear

To leave your fatherland? What forced you to?

**Chorus**

Men's troubles come in many hues, good king,

If you look hard, no two are quite the same.

Who'd have imagined we would sail away

330

To Argos, to escape a marriage with

Our cousins, loathing them, afraid of rape?

**King**

What do you ask our patron gods -explain -

Clutching fresh branches wound with wool?

**Chorus**

Not to be slaves to Aegyptus's sons!

**King**

Because you hate them? Or it's somehow wrong?

**Chorus**

An owner's not a lover. Obviously!

**King**

But such a marriage strengthens families.

**Chorus**

Divorce is easy, though, when things get tough.

**King**

Well, anyway, what do you want of me?

340

**Chorus**

Don't give in to Aegyptus' sons' demands.

**King**

Not easy. That way we would start a war.

**Chorus**

Justice is on your side. She'll fight for you.

**King**

Yes, if she was with you from the start ...

**Chorus**

Respect this special place, these symbols, too.

**King**

You sitting there, protected, make me scared:

Zeus the protector's wrath is to be feared.

**Chorus**

| 348-54 = 359-64: metre |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 - - - - -            | <i>ia doch</i>      |
| 2 - - - - -            | <i>2 doch</i>       |
| 3 - - - - -            | <i>2 doch</i>       |
| 4 - - - - -            | <i>2 doch</i>       |
| 5 - - - - -            | <i>doch</i>         |
| 6 - - - - -            | <i>ch ia</i>        |
| 7 - - - - -            | <i>ch ba (= ar)</i> |

Palaikhthon's son, o listen to me,

King of Pelasgians, and show sympathy,

See one who looks for asylum, on the run with no home,

350

Just as a heifer, who, over the sun-baked rocks,

Chased by a pack of wolves,

Bellows in pain and calls in hopes

The herdsman she trusts will hear her.

**King**

I see the crowd who shade themselves with fresh-cut

Branches, appealing to our patron gods.  
 This mission of our migrant citizens  
 Won't pose a problem, if there's no dispute  
 Within the city. That we do not need.

### Chorus

I pray that Themis will, backed up by Zeus,  
 Accept we're not a problem; we're refugees. 360  
 You have the wisdom of a man who is more mature.  
 Could you not learn from us who are much younger, how  
 Gods always give rewards  
 Freely to someone pure who hears  
 Suppliants' pleas in friendship?

### King

You do not sit at **my** hearth, in **my** home:  
 The city's worried, the community,  
 If it might be polluted, and so all  
 Must share in this decision. I myself  
 Can't promise something they have not discussed.

### Chorus

|                                    |                           |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| <b>370-5 = 381-6: metre</b>        |                           |
| 1    -   -   -   -   -   -   -   - | <i>ia doch</i>            |
| 2    -   -   -   -   -   -   -     | <i>doch</i>               |
| 3    -   -   -   -   -   -   -   - | <i>ia<sub>Λ</sub> lek</i> |
| 4    -   -   -   -   -   -   -   - | <i>ia<sub>Λ</sub> lek</i> |
| 5    -   -   -   -   -   -   -   - | <i>ia<sub>Λ</sub> lek</i> |
| 6    -   -   -   -   -   -   -   - | <i>ch ith</i>             |

You **are** the city, and the **people** too! 370  
 There is no one to obstruct  
 The king! Since you control the sanctuary,  
 The only vote is yours; just nod your head;  
 Alone **you** hold the sceptre **and** the throne!  
 Power is all **yours**. Guard yourself against **guilt**.

### King

The only guilt would fall upon my enemies.

I cannot help you without consequence.

It would be foolish to ignore your pleas;

To act or not to act, or wait and see?

I'm at a loss – but every choice brings fear.

380

### Chorus

A god, on high's looking at you. Beware!

He who's protector of those

Who suffer wrong, and beg their friends for help,

But get no justice, as the law demands.

And Zeus, suppliants' defence, detests

All who offend, hearing no excuses.

### King

Though if Aegyptus' sons have guardianship

Under **Egyptian** law over you, and they say

They are your next of kin, who'd want to go

Against them? Your defence must be conducted

According to **your** country's laws, to prove

That they have no authority over you.

390

### Chorus

| 392-6 = 402-6: metre |                     |              |
|----------------------|---------------------|--------------|
| 1                    | — ∪ — ∪ — ∪ — ∪ —   | 2 doch       |
| 2                    | ∅ ∪ — ∪ — ∪ — ∪ —   | 2 doch       |
| 3                    | ∅ ∪ — ∪ — ∪ ∅ — ∪ — | 2 doch       |
| 4                    | ∪ — ∪ — ∪ ∪ — ∪ —   | 2 doch       |
| 5                    | — ∪ — ∪ — —         | ch ba (= ar) |

Never may I be found under the thumb of men

Under the power of males! A marriage so vile -

I'd be prepared to fly into the starry sky

To flee from! Let gods be on your side, respect

Justice that comes from heaven.

### King

Your case is not an easy one to judge.  
Don't make me judge it! As I said before  
I am the king, but cannot act against  
My people's wish. If I did that, they'd say  
"You wrecked your own city, for foreigners".

400

### Chorus

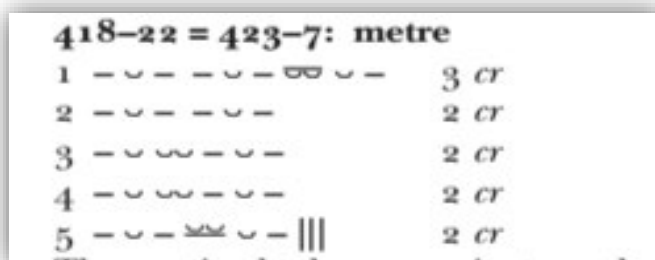
Zeus, god of kinship, looks closely at what goes on:  
So that the scales are fairly balanced, but gives  
Evil for evil, blessing to the innocent.  
The weighing is fair, so there's no reason why  
You shouldn't do the right thing!

### King

Keeping us free from danger needs deep thought,  
Just as before he plunges in the sea, a diver  
Needs a sharp eye and head that's clear – no wine!  
To keep my city free from harm comes first,  
Make sure things turn out well for me, and Argos,  
And not let war rob us of what we love.  
But I can't betray the suppliants who sit  
Before the gods, lest we invite the god  
Of vengeance to our home, obnoxious guest,  
From whom there's no escape, not even death.  
Surely it's obvious that we need deep thought?

410

### Chorus



418-22 = 423-7: metre

|   |                   |      |
|---|-------------------|------|
| 1 | - u - - u - ∞ u - | 3 cr |
| 2 | - u - - u -       | 2 cr |
| 3 | - u ∞ - u -       | 2 cr |
| 4 | - u ∞ - u -       | 2 cr |
| 5 | - u - ∞ u -       | 2 cr |

Give it thought, thoroughly, so you become

Our sincere champion

Don't betray the refugee,

420

Forced to leave, and impiously

Driven far away from home.

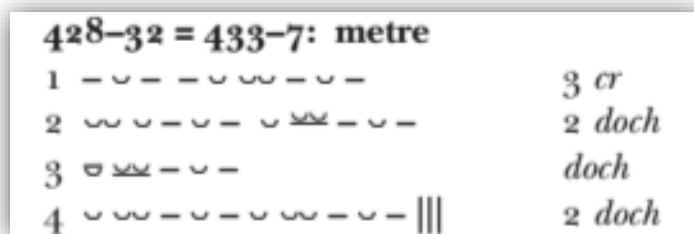
Don't just watch, when they're dragging me away,

From this place, home of gods,

You exercise full command!

Men can become arrogant:

Gods get angry as you know.



You cannot shut your eyes to suppliants

Being led off and torn from gods' sanctuary,

430

Broken like horses are,

As I am grabbed – my veil, and my brocaded dress.

Know this. Your children and family

Whatever course you choose, will be inheriting

A debt that must be paid.

Consider this. With Zeus, doing what's right wins out.

### King

I've thought it through. But fear I've run aground.

It seems I can't avoid a mighty war

With these – or those. It's all nailed up, my ship,

440

Add tightening ropes, we are all set to launch.

Whichever way I sail, I come to grief.  
Things that are stolen from your house can be  
Replaced, much thanks to Zeus, who guards our wealth,  
Sometimes with even more than we had lost;  
And when you fire off words unthinkingly  
Which cause offence, and tempers duly rise,  
Kind words can cancel out the angry ones.  
But to stop cousins shedding cousins' blood,  
That needs big offerings and sacrifices  
To the gods, to forestall pain and misery.  
So in this quarrel, I'll not get involved,  
I'd rather know nothing than be someone  
Who's schooled by evil. I don't think they can,  
But anyway, let's hope things turn out well.

450

**Chorus**

You've heard my final argument. Hear this!

**King**

I'm listening, so tell me. I'm all ears!

**Chorus**

To keep our dress in place we've straps and belts.

**King**

Presumably, what women always wear.

**Chorus**

We know a brilliant trick to do with them

**King**

What are you getting at? Do please explain.

460

**Chorus**

Unless you make a promise we can trust ...

**King**

What did you mean about your trick with belts?

**Chorus**

Strange offerings will clothe these images!

**King**

Mysterious! Just put it simply, please.

**Chorus**

We'll use these images to hang ourselves.

**King**

The gods? That lashed my heart! That hurt!

**Chorus**

You understood! You see more clearly now.

**King**

I'm wrestling with it, but this problem's hard!

Troubles are coming at me like a flood.

I'm launched into a sea that's hard to cross

470

And bottomless; no port to shelter in.

If I do not perform this task for you,

You say the price I pay is very high,

An offence to Zeus beyond imagining.

But if I take my stand with you in battle

Against your cousins, Aegyptus's sons,

How can I not suffer a grievous loss?

Staining the ground with my men's blood all spilt

For women's sake? Nevertheless, I must

Beware the wrath of Zeus, the suppliants' god

His is the power that all men fear the most.

You then, old man, the father of these girls,

480

<Can give assistance. Go now into town.>

Pick up those branches, take them in your arms,

Put them on other altars to our gods,

So all our citizens can see these symbols –

Forestalling any criticism of me.

People just love to run their rulers down.

Also, perhaps, if people saw these things,

They'd hate the violence of this pack of males:

And thus be more in sympathy with you –  
For everyone supports the underdog!

**Danaos**

I very much appreciate all this, 490  
To find a compassionate champion.  
But send some local men with me as guards  
And guides, so that I can locate the gods'  
Altars and sanctuaries in the town,  
And feel secure as I walk through the streets.  
My colour shows I can't be native born:  
Men from the Nile are racially distinct  
From Argives! You cannot be sure I won't  
Have cause to fear. It's often happened that  
Someone has killed a friend through ignorance.

**King**

Our guest talks sense. Go with him, men, 500  
Show him the city altars and the shrines.  
There'll be no careless talk with those you meet :  
"Just some asylum-seeking mariner".

*Danaos leaves with an escort of soldiers.*

**Chorus**

You've given him his task and off he goes:  
But me? What reassurance can you give?

**King**

Leave the branches, as symbols of your pain.

**Chorus**

We leave them then – we follow your advice.

**King**

Now make your way into this open field ...

**Chorus**

Will we be safe in such a public space?

**King**

We won't expose you to those birds of prey!

510

**Chorus**

Or snakes? Though they're more poisonous than that!

**King**

Let's not use words like that. Sorry I spoke!

**Chorus**

But you must realise how scared we are.

**King**

Anticipating trouble causes fear.

**Chorus**

Just say you'll do something to calm our fears.

**King**

You won't be left without your father long.

I'll get the people of the town together,

Convince them, show how they should be your friends.

And I'll instruct your father what to say.

Stay here therefore, and with your prayers beseech

520

Our country's gods to grant you what you wish.

I'm on my way to get things organised.

If I persuade them, all will turn out well.

*The Chorus leave the sanctuary, as Pelasgos and his entourage depart for the city.*

**Chorus**

|                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 524-30 = 531-7:       | metre                 |
| 1 ∪ - ∪ - - ∪ -       | ia ch                 |
| 2 ∪ - ∪ - ∪ -         | ∪ D                   |
| 3 ∪ - ∪ - ∪ - ∪ - -   | ∪ D ia <sub>Λ</sub>   |
| 4 ∪ - ∪ - ∪ - -       | ia ia <sub>Λ</sub>    |
| 5 ∪ - ∪ - - ∪ - ∪ - - | ia ia ia <sub>Λ</sub> |
| 6 - - - ∪ - ∪ - -     | 4 da                  |
| 7 - ∪ - ∪ - -         | ar                    |

### *Strophe 1*

O king of kings, god of all gods  
The mightiest, who with his power,  
Can consummate anything that is desired,  
O happy Zeus, o hear us,  
And save your kin, stop men's abuse: you hate it!  
Drown deep down in the shimmering ocean  
Rowers on doom-black benches.

530

### *Antistrophe 1*

Our family belongs to a race  
That's famous, its women demand  
Attention; remember the love you once had  
For Io: we're her offspring.  
To her you once made love, don't you forget that!  
We are proud to be Zeus's descendants,  
Natives of Argos – this land!

### *Strophe 2*

| 538-46 = 547-55: metre |                            |                                                 |
|------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 1                      | υ - - - υ - υ - -          | ia <sub>Λ</sub> <sub>Λ</sub> ia ia <sub>Λ</sub> |
| 2                      | - υ - υ - υ - -            | D ia <sub>Λ</sub>                               |
| 3                      | υ - υ - - υ - υ - -        | ia <sub>Λ</sub> ia ia <sub>Λ</sub>              |
| 4                      | - υ - υ - -                | D                                               |
| 5                      | - υ - υ - -                | D                                               |
| 6                      | - <del>υ</del> - υ - υ - - | D <sup>2</sup>                                  |
| 7                      | - υ - - υ - -              | 2 ch                                            |
| 8                      | - υ - - υ - - υ - -        | 3 ch                                            |
| 9                      | - υ - υ - -                | ar                                              |

I've come home where my mother's hoofprint  
 Long long ago could be found in meadows  
 Where she was watched, grazing amongst the flowers,  
 Place that she fled from so fast  
 Maddened and stung by the fly,  
 Passing by so many nations of men,  
 Europe she left, Asia she reached,  
 Ploughing the sea, swimming the strait, named as was fit -  
 Bosphorus: where the cow crossed.

540

#### *Antistrophe 2*

She charges straight down the Asian coastline,  
 Passing through Phrygia, land where sheep graze,  
 Then Teuthras' city, Mysia's country,  
 Valleys of Lydia next,  
 On past Cilicia's peaks,  
 Leaping Pamphylia's mountains, and by  
 Rivers so deep, flowing all year,  
 Wealthy domains, plains rich in corn, territories  
 Nurtured by Aphrodite.

[my SEE a, or moo-SEE-a]

#### *Strophe 3*

| 556-64 = 565-73: metre |                       |                                    |
|------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1                      | υ - - - υ - υ - υ -   | ia <sub>Λ</sub> lek                |
| 2                      | - x - υ - -           | pher                               |
| 3                      | - - - υ - -           | pher                               |
| 4                      | - - υ υ - υ - υ - υ - | 3 ia                               |
| 5                      | υ - υ -               | ia                                 |
| 6                      | υ - υ - - υ - υ - -   | ia <sub>Λ</sub> ia ia <sub>Λ</sub> |
| 7                      | - υ - υ - υ -         | ch ia                              |
| 8                      | - υ - υ - υ -         | ch ia                              |
| 9                      | - υ - υ - -           | ar                                 |

Her gadding ends, propelled by gadfly's stings,  
Her assiduous herdsman's.  
She's reached Zeus's rich pasture,  
Lush Gardens that are fed by snowmelt, when the Nile,  
That cures all ills,  
Whipped up by wind-power, floods the landscape;  
Driven insane, and seared by pain -  
Never deserved - the crazy wretch,  
Punctured by Hera's sting-wounds.

560

### *Antistrophe 3*

The men who lived there, in that land that day,  
Trembled, paralysed, fear-struck,  
Quite unnerved by the creature,  
Livestock such as they'd never seen, a freak, half cow,  
Half woman, not  
A human. They boggled at the monster.  
Who was it then whose magic touch  
Healed the poor wretched Io, long  
Homeless and gadfly-bitten?

570

### *Strophe 4*

| 574-81 = 582-9: metre              |                           |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1    ∪   - - - ∪   - ∪   - -       | <i>ia<sub>Λ</sub> ith</i> |
| 2    - - - ∪   - -                 | <i>pher</i>               |
| 3    ∪   - ∪   - ∪   - ∪   -       | 2 <i>ia</i>               |
| 4    - - - ∪   - -                 | <i>pher</i>               |
| 5    ∪   - ∪   - ∪   -             | <i>glyc</i>               |
| 6    - ∪   - ∪   - -               | <i>pher</i>               |
| 7    ∪   - ∪   - ∪   - ∪   - ∪   - | 3 <i>ia</i>               |
| 8    - ∪   - ∪   - -               | <i>ar</i>                 |

The one who healed her? Zeus, the ruler  
 Unresting, everlasting.  
 Through strength that caused no pain, through no  
 Force except for his gentle  
 Breath she came to a halt, and washed  
 Shame away with her teardrops.  
 She took on board the load of Zeus, and all agree,  
 The child that she bore was perfect,

580

#### *Antistrophe 4*

The son lived long, prosperity stayed  
 Throughout: all in the land cry  
 “He is the son of Zeus, it’s true!  
 Zeus breathed life to this family.”  
 Who could ever have stopped the pain  
 Hera’s plotting inflicted?  
 An act no one could do but Zeus. You’re right to say  
 “Epaphos founded **your** race.”

#### *Strophe 5*

| 590-4 = 595-9: metre |                           |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 1                    | υ - - - υ - - -           | ia <sub>Λ</sub> ith |
| 2                    | υ - - - υ - - -           | ia <sub>Λ</sub> ith |
| 3                    | - υ - - υ - - υ - - υ - - | 3 ia                |
| 4                    | υ - - υ - - υ - -         | 2 ia                |
| 5                    | - - υ - - υ - - υ - -     | ia ith              |

Which god **could** be more justly called on,  
 Than Zeus by me, in view of our past?  
 Great father Zeus himself, the king, our ancestor  
 Engendered us by his own hand,  
 Cure-all; designer; wise for all time.

590

#### *Antistrophe 5*

No one gives orders he must jump to:  
 He is inferior to no one.  
 He has no need to show respect to one above;  
 His word at once becomes a deed.  
 Nothing takes place that's not in Zeus' mind.

*Danaos returns, accompanied by his local bodyguard.*

#### **Danaos**

It's great news, girls. The local people say it's fine.  
 The motions have been passed by parliament.

600

#### **Chorus**

Greetings, papa – your news sounds very good.  
 But what exactly was decided? Tell!  
 How was the people's crucial vote achieved?

#### **Danaos**

The Argives said yes, overwhelmingly.  
 It made my aged heart feel young again!

The whole assembly raised their hands – they looked  
 Like ears of corn stiff in the summer breeze,  
 As they passed this decree: that we should have  
 Right to remain, and make our home here, free,  
 Immune from deportation, or  
 Arrest, our persons sacrosanct, secure,  
 No one, native or foreigner allowed  
 To make us leave against our will. And if  
 A person forcibly attempted this,  
 Any citizen not defending us  
 Will lose his civic rights and be expelled.  
 Such was the powerful speech he made for us,  
 The king of the Pelasgians. He warned  
 That Zeus, asylum seekers' god, one day  
 In time to come, well might indulge his rage,  
 Saying if asylum were not granted us,  
 There's be a double curse, on Argos and  
 Its guests, thus breeding pain no one could bear.  
 When they heard this the people raised their hands  
 Before the speaker even called the vote.  
 The populist's persuasive skills convinced  
 The people: Zeus it was that saw it through.

610

620

### **Chorus**

#### *Anapaestic prelude*

Come along, let us pray, for the people, the land.  
 Let good be returned for the good they did us.  
 May Zeus, god of strangers, now watch over those,  
 Who honoured the words of a stranger who'd come  
 To the end of a journey. We'll not forget.

#### *Strophe 1*

| 630-42 = 643-55: metre |                |
|------------------------|----------------|
| 1 - ∪ - ∪ -            | <i>doch</i>    |
| 2 - ∪ - ∪ -            | <i>ar</i>      |
| 3 - ∪ - ∪ -            | <i>ar</i>      |
| 4 - ∪ ∪ - - ∪ - ∪ -    | 2 <i>doch</i>  |
| 5 ∪ ∪ - ∪ - ∪ - ∪ ∪ -  | 2 <i>doch</i>  |
| 6 ∪ ∪ - ∪ - - ∪ - ∪ -  | <i>doch ar</i> |
| 7 - ∪ - ∪ -            | <i>pher</i>    |
| 8 - ∪ - ∪ -            | <i>pher</i>    |
| 9 - - ∪ - ∪ -          | <i>gl</i>      |
| 10 - ∪ - ∪ -           | <i>pher</i>    |

Gods who are Zeus's kin, 630  
 Listen to me as I sing  
 Prayers for my kin, the Argives.  
 Don't let him ever, fierce Ares, in love with war,  
 Waste the Pelasgian land with fire, as he harvests  
 A crop of men; he reaps battlefields, never cornfields.  
 Why? Because they were friendly,  
 Well-disposed when they voted, 640  
 Showed respect to this wretched flock  
 Under Zeus's protection.

#### *Antistrophe 1*

They didn't cast their vote  
 Biased towards the mens' side,  
 Spurning the womens' viewpoint.  
 Always there is a spy, Zeus's avenger, who  
 Cannot be thwarted: vital fact they understood. 650  
 Is there a house enjoys it perched on their roof?  
 Ominous? They respect us  
 Kindred, seeking asylum,  
 Helped by Zeus, which is why their pure

Sacrifices delight him.

*Strophe 2*

| 656-66 = 667-77: metre |               |                     |
|------------------------|---------------|---------------------|
| 1                      | - ~ - ~ -     | <i>doch</i>         |
| 2                      | - ~ - ~ -     | <i>doch</i>         |
| 3                      | - ~ - ~ -     | <i>ar (= ch ba)</i> |
| 4                      | - ~ - ~ -     | <i>ar</i>           |
| 5                      | - ~ - ~ -     | <i>ar</i>           |
| 6                      | - ~ - ~ - ~ - | <i>ch ia</i>        |
| 7                      | - ~ - ~ - ~ - | <i>D ba</i>         |
| 8                      | - - - ~ - -   | <i>pher</i>         |
| 9                      | - - - ~ - -   | <i>pher</i>         |
| 10                     | - ~ - ~ - ~ - | <i>gl</i>           |
| 11                     | - ~ - ~ - -   | <i>pher</i>         |

Thus, through our veils, from our  
Lips let our prayers wing forth,  
Eager to show them honour.  
May not their city suffer  
Plague which destroys its people,  
Do not let war pollute their land  
Stained with its citizens' bloody slaughter.  
Youth's brief flower, may it not be  
Plucked! May man-killing Ares  
Aphrodites' seducer, not  
Cull the best of their manhood.

660

*Antistrophe 2*

| <b>656-66 = 667-77: metre</b> |                     |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 - ∞ - ∞ -                   | <i>doch</i>         |
| 2 - ∞ - ∞ -                   | <i>doch</i>         |
| 3 - ∞ - ∞ - -                 | <i>ar (= ch ba)</i> |
| 4 - ∞ - ∞ - -                 | <i>ar</i>           |
| 5 - ∞ - ∞ - -                 | <i>ar</i>           |
| 6 - ∞ - ∞ - ∞ -               | <i>ch ia</i>        |
| 7 - ∞ - ∞ - ∞ - -             | <i>D ba</i>         |
| 8 - - - ∞ - -                 | <i>pher</i>         |
| 9 - - - ∞ - -                 | <i>pher</i>         |
| 10 - ∅ - ∞ - ∞ -              | <i>gl</i>           |
| 11 - ∅ - ∞ - -                | <i>pher</i>         |

And may the elders find  
 Plenty of offerings,  
 When they attend the altars.  
 And may the city be ruled  
 Well, as they honour mighty  
 Guardian of strangers, Zeus, who  
 Orders the land with his ancient law-code.  
 We pray others be born, who  
 Will watch over our country,  
 And may Artemis, archer, look  
 After women in childbirth.

680

*Strophe 3*

|                               |                           |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| <b>678-87 = 688-97: metre</b> |                           |
| 1 - ~ - ~ - ~ - ~ -           | 2 <i>doch</i>             |
| 2 - ~ - ~ - ~                 | <i>ar</i>                 |
| 3 ~ ~ ~ ~ - ~ ~ ~ -           | 2 <i>doch</i>             |
| 4 ~ - - - ~ - ~ -             | <i>ia<sub>^</sub> ith</i> |
| 5 - - - ~ - -                 | <i>pher</i>               |
| 6 - - - ~ - -                 | <i>pher</i>               |
| 7 - ~ - ~ - ~ -               | <i>gl</i>                 |
| 8 - - - ~ - -                 | <i>pher</i>               |

May there be no attack, murderous march of death,  
 Slaughtering Argos' people:  
 Nobody at a dance, nobody playing the lyre:  
 Just tears, cruel Ares spreading mayhem.  
 May no flock of diseases,  
 Mirthless power, overcloud them;  
 May Apollo the healer be  
 A fair friend to our young men.

### *Antistrophe 3*

Also, we pray may Zeus see that their crops grow strong,  
 All bearing fruit in season.  
 May their animals that graze keep on giving birth to more,  
 Let gods' power grant them all they ask for.  
 May their singers make music  
 Pleasing god at the altars,  
 From their throats let the voice resound,  
 Heart, harp, truly harmonious.

690

### *Strophe 4*

|                               |                                              |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| <b>698-703 = 704-9: metre</b> |                                              |
| 1                             | υ - - - υ - - -    <i>ia<sup>^</sup> ith</i> |
| 2                             | υ - υ - - υ - -    <i>ia ith</i>             |
| 3                             | υ - υ - - υ - -    <i>ia ith</i>             |
| 4                             | υ - υ - - υ - <i>ia<sup>^</sup> ia</i>       |
| 5                             | υ - υ - - υ - <i>ia<sup>^</sup> ia</i>       |
| 6                             | υ - υ - - υ - -    <i>ia ith</i>             |

May Argos' people wielding full power,  
Protect the rights **of** the people fully,  
And rule with thought, foresight **for** the people,  
Make enemies sit down and talk  
Not rushing straight into war,  
Deciding they could agree without pain.

700

#### *Antistrophe 4*

The gods who own this land for ever:  
May Argives ever give them respect with  
Traditional lavish sacrifices.  
Respect for forebears is an  
Important unwritten law,  
Decreed by Justice, most highly honoured.

#### **Danaos**

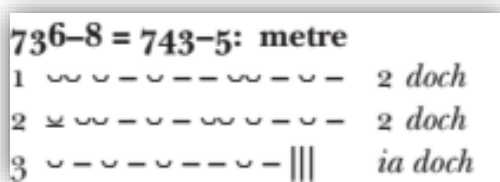
Girls, these your prayers make perfect sense. Well done!  
Don't panic at what your father's about to say:  
Unwelcome news you weren't anticipating.  
From this lookout, your sanctuary, I see  
The boat! Plainly. My eyes are not deceived,  
The sail, the canopies that shield the crew,  
The bow, the painted eyes that scout her course,  
The tiller at the stern that she obeys:

710

Too well, it seems, as if she's not our friend!  
 And now the men on board can be made out:  
 Black arms and legs show dark against white clothes; 720  
 And now the other boats, the entire force,  
 Is plain to see. The leading ship, near land,  
 Has reefed her sail, and is powered just by oars.  
 The gods are here – do not forget them, but... *[gesturing to the deities on the mound]*  
 It's most important to keep calm, approach  
 This crisis sensibly. I'll go and fetch,  
 Some allies who will help us, back our cause. *[He moves as if to go, but realises how terrified the girls are]*  
 They may perhaps come to negotiate:  
 More likely though to snatch you, take you off. *[Registering the girls' panic]*  
 No, no, I'm sure they won't! Don't be afraid of them.  
 It's better, though, if finding help takes time, 730  
 Not to forget this shrine provides security.  
 Be brave! It may take time, but one day all  
 Who disrespect the gods will pay for it.

### Chorus

I'm scared, papa. The ships that sail so fast  
 Are here! In no time their attack will come!



Can you not see that I'm out of my wits with fear?  
 Did it do any good, running so far from home?  
 I am beside myself, gripped by dread,

### Danaos

The Argives voted as one man to help.  
 Be brave. They'll fight for you, my girls, I'm sure. 740

### Chorus

Aegyptus' tribe are madmen, loathsome, spoiling

For a fight: no need to tell you this!

They have got well-made ships, painted with eyes of blue

In them they've sailed here, with so much rage and speed;

Their storm-black multitudes close behind.

### Danaos

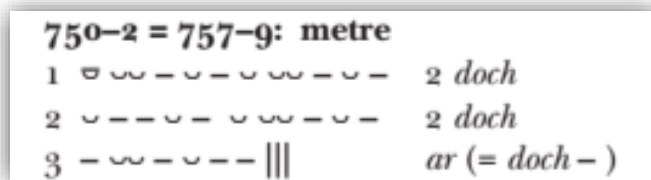
But they will find a matching multitude,

Their forearms leather-hard from midday sun.

### Chorus

Don't leave me all alone, papa, I beg.

Women alone don't count. War's not for them.



Liars and cheats, malevolent they are to us,

750

Unclean, loathsome, black, a flock of carrion crows

Fouling the gods' pure altars.

### Danaos

The gods hate them as much as you do, girls,

Everything is going to be all right!

### Chorus

For sure they will be so afraid of tridents and

This "panoply" they won't lay hands on us! *[ironically indicating the statues on the knoll]*

Arrogant, hate-filled, minds fired up for evil deeds

They're quite raving mad, a pack of slaving dogs

Flouting the gods' commandments.

### Danaos

There is a saying that the noble wolf

760

Can vanquish any dog. Men who eat bread

Can conquer those who suck papyrus juice.

### Chorus

But these aren't men, they're lecherous animals.

Beware the power of these ungodly brutes.

### Danaos

Believe me, it takes time to put to sea,

And time to get ashore: they need to fix

The mooring ropes, the "shepherds of the ships"

Are busy making sure the anchors hold,

Especially as there is no harbour where

They've landed, and it's getting late.

Night causes problems even for an expert

Helmsman. There is no way an army can

Be disembarked before the ships are safe

At anchor. Yes, you're scared: just concentrate

On honouring the gods. And meanwhile I

Shall go and find assistance. I am old:

Argos will take my message seriously.

I'll give it straight, just like a younger man. *[Exit]*

770

### Chorus

#### *Strophe 1*

| 776-83 = 784-91: metre |                     |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1                      | u - - - u - - - u - | ia <sup>^</sup> lek |
| 2                      | u - - - u - - - u - | 3 ia                |
| 3                      | u - - - u - - - u - | 3 ia                |
| 4                      | u - - - u -         | ia <sup>^</sup> ia  |
| 5                      | u - - - u -         | 2 ia                |
| 6                      | u - - - u - - - u - | 3 ia                |
| 7                      | u - - - u - - -     | ia ar               |

You Argive hills, you land we rightly love,

What will become of us? Is there in Apia

A deep dark cave somewhere where we could hide away?

Or else become mist, a cloud,  
 That in the dark sky neighbours Zeus?  
 May I just disappear, invisible, swirling  
 Unnoticed, scattered, blown like flying dust.

780

### *Antistrophe 1*

An escape route there would no longer be.  
 With dark foreboding my poor heart is quivering.  
 Our father looked to sea and saw our doom. I'm dead  
 With fear. I'd be glad to hang  
 Myself, meet fate with knotted rope,  
 Before an odious man can paw this flesh of mine.  
 I'd rather die: Hades will be my husband.

790

### *Strophe 2*

| <b>792-9 = 800-7: metre</b> |                             |                          |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1                           | υ - υ - υ - υ - υ - υ - υ - | 3 <i>ia</i>              |
| 2                           | υ - υ - υ - υ - υ - υ - υ - | 3 <i>ia</i>              |
| 3                           | υ - υ - υ - υ - υ -         | 2 <i>ia</i>              |
| 4                           | - υ - υ - υ - υ -           | <i>lek</i>               |
| 5                           | - υ - υ - υ - υ -           | <i>lek</i>               |
| 6                           | - υ - υ - υ - υ -           | <i>lek</i>               |
| 7                           | - υ - υ - υ - υ -           | <i>lek</i>               |
| 8                           | - υ - υ - υ - υ -           | 2 <i>ia</i> <sub>Λ</sub> |

Where could I find a seat high up above, near which  
 The clouds that carry moisture turn themselves to snow,  
 Or some bare crag the goats avoid,  
 Lonely cliffs well out of sight,  
 Lair of vultures, which would see  
 Me leap off into the abyss,  
 I'll do that before - against my will -  
 This lethal wedding kills me.

### *Antistrophe 2*

And when I'm dead I'm not too proud to be the prey,  
A meal for dogs and birds that haunt the countryside.  
For one who dies is freed:  
Evil, grief and tears all end.  
Bring on death, far better than  
Married hell one can't escape.  
How can I find any route  
From marriage, free from bondage?

800

### *Strophe 3*

The analysis is at several points uncertain owing to corruption in the strophe and/or the antistrophe.

|   |                 |    |    |
|---|-----------------|----|----|
| 1 | υ - υ - - υ υ υ | 2  | ia |
| 2 | υ υ υ - υ υ υ - | 2  | ia |
| 3 | υ υ υ - υ υ υ - | 2  | ia |
| 4 | υ υ υ - υ υ υ - | 2  | ia |
| 5 | υ - υ - υ - υ - | 2  | ia |
| 6 | - υ - υ - υ -   | ch | ia |
| 7 | - υ - υ - -     | ar |    |
| 8 | - υ - υ - -     | ar |    |

Let's shout it out, chanting, so that the gods,  
And the goddesses too can listen to our pleas,  
Although it's not clear just how they will help,  
Watch over us, Zeus, save us from the storm.  
Be angry, hostile; when you see  
Violent acts – uphold the law!  
Honour asylum-seekers,  
Zeus the almighty, earth lord.

810

### *Antistrophe 3*

Aegyptus' tribe, rampant, over-sexed

Impossible men, invincibly male -  
And now they are tracking me, soon to attack,  
Bellowing their lust, their minds fixed on rape,  
They hunt the helpless refugee,  
You hold the scales, the choice is yours.  
Everything mortals suffer  
Happens through your decision.

820

*A terrifying horde of Egyptians – not the sons of Aegyptus themselves - (probably the same number as the Danaids – 50) burst on to the scene. Their Greek is poor, although they have a more “civilised” spokesman.*

*As the Egyptians surge forward they chant ‘ooh!’*

*The Danaids rush to claim sanctuary on their mound, and they scream ‘aah!’*

**Egyptians**

Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!

**Danaids (Chorus)**

Aah! Aah! Aah!

**Egyptians**

Me here grab you. You no stay land. You go ship.

**Chorus**

Over your dead bodies. You. no. take. us.

**Egyptians**

*(Hissing and spitting noises)*

**Chorus**

*(Disgusted noises)*

**Egyptians**

Come down. On ship. Now.

**Chorus**

What father said would happen’s happening.

Knowing our fate, I cannot help but scream.

I realise the awful pain awaiting us ...

*[They scream in terror as they flee to sanctuary]*

830

Come on! Let's make it to the sanctuary.  
 Now they are close, we see what hideous  
 Vile repulsive animals they are.  
 Zeus, and you other gods, protect us, please!

### Egyptians

| 836-42: metre         |                         |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 - ~ - ~ - ~ - ~ -   | <i>gt<sup>M</sup></i>   |
| 2 - - - - - - - - - - | 3 <i>an<sub>Λ</sub></i> |
| 3 ~ - - ~ ~ ~ ~ - - - | 2 <i>doch</i>           |
| 4 - ~ - ... (?)       | (?)                     |

Move, be moving! Arses on boat! Chop chop!  
 Else. Else grab hair, drag hair.  
 Runaway. Slaves. We brand you. Tattoo red hot iron.  
 We bloody kill you. We cut off heads.  
 Be moving. Bitches. On boat.

840

### Chorus

| 843-6 = 854-7: metre |                         |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 - ~ ~ ~ -          | <i>doch</i>             |
| 2 - ~ - ~ -          | D                       |
| 3 - ~ - ~ -          | D                       |
| 4 - ~ - ~ - ~ -      | D <i>ia<sub>Λ</sub></i> |

Wish you'd gone down with your ship,  
 Wish all that timber had sunk,  
 Down through the salt and the surf,  
 You, and your arrogant masters' plotting.

### Egyptians

### 847-53 = 859-65: metre

There is not one colon in which the strophe and antistrophe, as transmitted, are in precise metrical correspondence. Sometimes the strophe yields (or is reasonably restorable to yield) credible metre and sense, sometimes the antistrophe, and at least once (colon 2, 848 = 860) both are too badly corrupt for anything to be said with confidence about their metre. Very unusually, there seems to be a pause after every colon; at any rate there is hiatus or *brevis in longo*, in strophe or antistrophe or both, at the end of cola 1, 3 and 6, and probably also 2 (nothing can be said about colon 5, whose end is lost in both stanzas).

|          |                               |        |
|----------|-------------------------------|--------|
| 1        | ˘ – ˘ – ˘ – –                 | ˘ D –  |
| 2        | desperatus                    |        |
| 3        | ˘ – – ˘ – ˘ – – ˘ –           | 2 doch |
| 4        | ˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ –                     | doch   |
| 5 (ant.) | ˘ – ˘ – – – ˘ – ˘ – < – ˘ – > | 3 ia   |
| 6 (str.) | – ˘ ˘ ˘ – ˘ –                 | lek    |
| 7 (str.) | ˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ – ˘ –               | 2 ia   |

On the restorations of 848 and 860 suggested in the apparatus, the structure of colon 2 would be

|                 |         |
|-----------------|---------|
| – ˘ – ˘ – ˘ ˘ – | cr doch |
|-----------------|---------|

Me make you all bleeding, sit boat now.

You want smash head, bang bang?

Stop noise! No scream! By order!

You like go dead?

850

You come out sitdown place, go ship.

People here good people, People here no like you.

### Chorus

#### 843-6 = 854-7: metre

|   |                 |                   |
|---|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1 | – ˘ ˘ ˘ –       | doch              |
| 2 | – ˘ – ˘ –       | D                 |
| 3 | – ˘ – ˘ –       | D                 |
| 4 | – ˘ – ˘ – ˘ – – | D ia <sub>Λ</sub> |

Hope you never again see

Nile's flood, watering cattle,

Water the source of human life,

Water essential for blood and growth.

### Egyptians

Me big fella great man strong fella.

You hurry up hurry up!

Get in ship. Ship!

860

Like no like, want no want, missis.

Strong! Strong make happen plenty thing .

Get on now now now. Or me power

Buggerup you nice clothes, you nice face.

### Chorus

| 866-71 = 876-81: metre |               |
|------------------------|---------------|
| 1 ~ - ~ -              | <i>ia</i>     |
| 2 - - - ~ - ~ - -      | <i>hipp</i>   |
| 3 ~ - ~ - -            | <i>io_ io</i> |
| 4 ~ - - ~ - - ~ - - -  | <i>4 io</i>   |
| 5 ~ - ~ - -            | <i>io_ ba</i> |

Aiai! Aiai!

I want: struggling, helpless, shipwrecked -

You to drown in the salt-deep

Far away, far from your home, lost, on a strange coast, you to be washed up,

870

And no one to find you!

### Spokesman for the Egyptians (Herald)

I order you to step into this splendid boat.

Quick as you can, ladies. No time to waste

It would be a shame to spoil your nice coiffures.

### Chorus

Oioi! Oioi!

In Hades shall you

Be paid back for this outrage! Puffed up

Little popinjay! May you

Find you're crushed, obliterated for the violence of your onslaught:

880

Mighty Fate is waiting.

### Spokesman

Protest and scream and call upon the gods!

Once in our boat try jumping overboard!

We'll give you something you can scream about.

### Chorus

|          |               |      |
|----------|---------------|------|
| 1        | u - u - u u - | 2 ia |
| 2 (str.) | u - u - u u - | 2 ia |
| 3        | u u - u -     | doch |
| 4        | u u - u -     | doch |
| 5        | u u -         | ia?  |
| 6        | - - - - u -   | ?    |
| 7        | u u u -       | doch |
| 8        | - - - -       | doch |

Oioi! O Zeus, the statue gives us no

Protection! I am being abduct-

-ed, being dragged to sea,

Like in a nightmare, like

In a bad dream,

By some huge great spider.

Ototototoi!

Mother Earth, mother Earth, help!

890

Zeus, child of Earth, save us!

### Spokesman

Your local gods don't scare an Egyptian!

I never heeded them and never shall.

### Chorus

A snake in human form lurks near,

And eyes me up for a lethal strike.

Is it a viper, armed

With venomous fangs to bite?

Or has it a plan

To crush, squeeze me to death?

Ototototoi!

Mother Earth, mother Earth, help!

900

Zeus, child of Earth, save us!

### Spokesman

If a person does not obey and board the ship,  
Her lovely dress might incur some damage.

**Chorus**

908 = 905: metre

— — — — — ||| 2 ia ^ ia

We're finished. Lord Zeus, Nothing we can do now.

**Spokesman**

There's Lords aplenty, by and by, you'll see!  
Aegyptus' sons! Cheer up! You'll have your lord.

**Chorus**

Help, city leaders, they are too strong for me.

**Spokesman**

It seems I'm forced to drag you by the hair,  
Since you are deaf to my polite requests.

910

*Suddenly King Pelasgos arrives with soldiers*

**King**

What do you think you're doing, man? What is  
The idea? This is an insult to the men,  
The people of this land, Pelasgians!  
Did you think all of us were women here?  
You barbarians think yourselves better  
Than us: a grave mistake you'll soon regret.

**Spokesman**

What mistake? All I've done's within the law.

**King**

You've no clue how a foreigner should act!

**Spokesman**

How so? I'm here to fetch lost property!

**King**

You've got an Argive, then, to vouch for you?

**Spokesman**

I got a pass from Hermes, god of luck!

920

**King**

I thought you said you don't believe in gods?

**Spokesman**

I do, but only in Egyptian ones.

**King**

And ours you mean are not significant?

**Spokesman**

I'm taking them. Would someone like to stop me?

**King**

You'll be sorry if you touch them. Just wait!

**Spokesman**

Not quite the welcome strangers usually get!

**King**

There's none, if they defile god's holy ground.

**Spokesman**

I shall report this to Aegyptus' sons!

**King**

I'm trembling! So scared! Go on, do your worst.

**Spokesman**

To proceed, may I know to whom I speak?

930

I need to make an accurate report,

As agents must. On whose authority

Am I robbed of these ladies, cousins of

My principals? The fight, when it occurs,

Will not be in a court of law. We don't

Seek cash in compensation, damages

Though will be paid, with blood and many lives.

**King**

No need to know my name. You'll learn it soon

Enough, both you and your "associates".

You may take these girls, provided only that

940

You can persuade them, and that they consent,

Happily, of their own free-will. The city's

Democratic vote was unanimous:

Never give up the girls to violent threats.

Their verdict's nailed down tight, it will not budge.

Their message isn't veiled in bureaucratic

Statutes, or locked away in ancient tomes:

You hear a free people's voice, loud and clear!

Make yourself scarce, be off, it's time to go.

**Spokesman**

It seems you are already set on war.

950

And may the men, the male sex, win out!

*He sweeps out, followed by the rest of the Egyptians.*

**King** *[to his receding back]*

You'll find the people here are real men,

Wine drinking, not cock-suckers swilling beer!

All of you girls must now be strong. Go with

Our friends here and be safe inside the town, *[Indicating some of the soldiers he came with]*

Protected by its high encircling walls.

Argos has many houses fit for guests:

I live in quite a splendid one myself.

Houses are ready for you, you can stay

960

With company, or if you really like,

You could have one entirely to yourself!

We're offering you our very best, we want

You to be happy. I, with all the city,

Am on your side. It's what they voted for.

What are you waiting for? It's all arranged.

**Chorus** [*anapaests*]

May everything good come to you, you've been good

To us, noble Pelasgian.

Be good once again, let our father come here,

Free of fear - our inspiration and guide.

It is right that it's he who decides where we live,

970

Find a place where we're welcome. That's best!

An accent that is foreign can trigger ill-will.

Let's keep everyone friendly so no one gets cross.

*Music. Probably there originally was a chorus at this point during which Pelasgos disappears and Danaos enters, with some Argive soldiers..*

**Danaos**

Girls, you must pray, sacrifice and pour out

980

Libations for the men of Argos, as if

They were Olympian gods! There is no doubt

They are your saviours. Sympathetically

They heard what I had done to help their kin,

Reacting angrily to what your cousins did.

They granted me this trusty bodyguard,

To show how they respect me, and to keep

Me safe from fear of assassination,

A thing to stain this land for evermore.

<Such were the honours heaped on me today:

I'm ranked in status just below the king.>

We owe a heartfelt debt of gratitude.

990

Add now these words of wisdom to the sound

Advice your father's given you before:

Time proves what unknown groups are like...

An immigrant's a target for abuse:  
Hate speech springs readily to uncouth tongues.  
And so I beg you, don't make me ashamed.  
You're young and pretty and you turn mens' heads.  
Ripe, juicy fruit's not easy to resist.  
Men, animals too, attack it. Why not?  
Creatures with wings, and those that tread the earth  
Are told by Aphrodite succulent,  
Sweet fruit makes them delirious with lust.  
So, smitten by desire, a man who passes  
By a woman flaunting her beauty,  
Lets fly an arrow which ensnares her heart.  
Let it not happen! A thing that would negate  
Our trauma, our travel across the sea  
Disgracing us, delighting enemies.  
You've two options for accommodation:

1000

One from Pelasgos, and the people's one,  
Both free of charge. I see no problem here.  
Only observe your father's instructions:  
Value your chastity more than your life!

1010

### **Chorus**

All else we trust the gods will bring to pass,  
Our fruit is safe, though, father, have no fear!  
Unless the gods have some new plan in mind,  
I shall not stray from my determined path!

## **EXODOS**

### **Chorus**

| 1018-25 = 1026-33: metre |              |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| 1 ~ - - ~ - -            | 2 <i>io</i>  |
| 2 ~ - - ~ - -            | 2 <i>io</i>  |
| 3 ~ - - ~ - - ~ - -      | 3 <i>io</i>  |
| 4 ~ - - - ~ - -          | <i>anacr</i> |
| 5 ~ - - ~ - -            | 2 <i>io</i>  |
| 6 ~ - - ~ - - ~ - -      | 3 <i>io</i>  |
| 7 ~ - - ~ - -            | 2 <i>io</i>  |
| 8 ~ - - ~ - -            | <i>anacr</i> |

Let us all go to the city

Let us honour the immortal

City gods, and those who dwell by Erasinus'

1020

Holy streams. You, men of Argos,

Please accept our songs that praise you,

Let our thanks be spread all over the Pelasgian

City! No more shall we sing hymns

To the Nile, the Delta – no more

To the channels irrigating,

Bringing water, bringing life blood,

To the thirsty land of Egypt, with the flood-stream,

Precious moisture for the parched soil.

And may chaste Artemis guard us

1030

Having pity on us females. I would rather

Welcome death than be a victim

Of a marriage that's forced on me!

*The young Argive soldiers, that have been present throughout suddenly (and unexpectedly) find a voice, possibly regarding themselves as suitable compromise bridegrooms for the Danaids!*

## Argives

| 1034-42 = 1043-51: metre |                   |              |
|--------------------------|-------------------|--------------|
| 1                        | ~ - - ~ - - ~ - - | 3 <i>io</i>  |
| 2                        | ~ - - ~ - - ~ - - | 3 <i>io</i>  |
| 3                        | ~ - - ~ - -       | 2 <i>io</i>  |
| 4                        | ~ - - ~ - -       | 2 <i>io</i>  |
| 5                        | ~ - - ~ - - ~ - - | 3 <i>io</i>  |
| 6                        | ~ - - ~ - -       | 2 <i>io</i>  |
| 7                        | ~ - - ~ - -       | 2 <i>io</i>  |
| 8                        | ~ - - ~ - - ~ - - | 3 <i>io</i>  |
| 9                        | ~ - - ~ - -       | <i>anacr</i> |

Not a good thing to belittle Aphrodite.  
 She's the closest of the gods to Zeus almighty,  
 But for Hera. Venerated  
 And seductive, she's the love queen.  
 She is mother to her colleagues: both Desire who  
 Can't be thwarted, and Persuasion,  
 Tender charmer softly tempting.  
 Aphrodite oversees Coming Together, and she orders  
 The caress, the whispered love-talk.

1040

I am fearful for the future: refugees still  
 Must expect pain, punishment and bloody warfare.  
 Tell me why did their pursuers  
 Catch them up so very quickly ?  
 If the gods want it to happen, then it will do!  
 The decisions made in Zeus' mind  
 Can't be questioned, can't be fathomed.  
 Many women would have suffered such a marriage  
 In the past: it isn't just you!

1050

### Chorus

| 1052-6 = 1057-61: metre         |             |
|---------------------------------|-------------|
| 1    ∪    -    -    ∪    -    - | 2 <i>iō</i> |
| 2    ∪    -    -    ∪    -    - | 2 <i>iō</i> |
| 3    ∪    -    -    ∪    -    - | 2 <i>iō</i> |
| 4    ∪    -    -    ∪    -    - | 2 <i>iō</i> |
| 5    ∪    -    -    ∪    -    - | 2 <i>iō</i> |

Mighty Zeus may he protect me  
From the marriage to Egyptians!

**Argives**

If he did it would be best, but ...

**Chorus**

I'm resistant to your sweet talk!

**Argives**

Can't you see though what will happen?

**Chorus**

There's no way one can see what's there  
In the deep thinking of Zeus' mind!

**Argives**

Use restraint then in your prayers.

**Chorus**

Do you tell me how to pray now?

1060

**Argives**

Don't go asking for too much. Yes!

**Chorus**

| 1062-7 = 1068-73: metre                             |               |
|-----------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| 1    -    ∪    -    ∪    -    ∪    -                | <i>lek</i>    |
| 2    -    ∪    -    ∪    -    ∪    -                | <i>lek</i>    |
| 3    -    ∪    -    ∪    -    -                     | <i>ar</i>     |
| 4    -    ∪    -    ∪    -    ∪    -                | <i>lek</i>    |
| 5    -    ∪    -    -    ∪    -    ∪    -    ∪    - | <i>cr lek</i> |
| 6    -    ∪    -    ∪    -    ∪    -                | <i>lek</i>    |

Zeus our king, may he prevent

Marriage with vile men we hate,  
 He who once rescued Io  
 Saved her from her suffering,  
 Calmed her down, soothed her with his healing hand,  
 Exercising gentle force.

May he give the women power!  
 What I want is not the best  
 But not the worst: I'll take it.  
 Fate though should reflect what's just:  
 Should be my prayers deserve to save me from  
 One immortal's devious plot!

1070

*The Danaids move off to the (temporary) safety of the city. The Argive soldiers escort them – or maybe, as their advice has been ignored – follow them.*

AMW Completed at Marshfield, March 30<sup>th</sup> 2020, in isolation!

Oxyrhynchus Papyri xx (1952) 2256, fr. 3.

*Text*

ἐπὶ ἄρ[  
 ἐνίκα [ΑΙ]σχύλο[ς  
 Δαν[αί]σι 'Αμυ[μώνη  
 δ'εὐτ[ε]ρ[ο]ς Σοφοκλῆ[ς  
 μέσσητος [[Ν[  
 [[ Βάκχαις Κωφοῖ[ς  
 Ποι]μέσιν Κύκ[  
 σατυ(ρικῶι).

1. ἄρχωντος vel 'Αρχεδημίδου Lobel: ἐπὶ 'Αρχεδημίδου Ὀλυμπιάδι 50 ἔτει δ Mette.
2. [ΑΙ]σχύλο[ς Lobel: Αἰσχύλο[ς vel Αἰσχύλο[υ Murray. post Αἰσχύλο[ς, 'ἵκετίσι? Αἰγυπτίοις? suppl. Snell.
3. post 'Αμυ[μώνη, σατυρικήη suppl. Snell.
4. Σοφοκλῆ[ς, τρίτος — ὁ δὲ Snell: τρίτος Kakridis.
5. Νε[α]ν[ίσκοις Lobel: Νεαυπ[λίωι Snell: Ν[ιόβηι Lesky: Νεῖ[σι vel Νεῖ[ασι Lasserre.
6. post Κωφοῖ[ς, σατύροις suppl. Snell.
7. Κύκ[λωπι Lobel: Κύκφ[ωι Pieraccioni. cetera suppl. Lobel.

### Some (possibly significant) dates:

525 Aeschylus born

508/7 Expulsion of “accursed” Alcmaeonids.

500 Pericles born

490 Battle of Marathon

480 Battle of Salamis, in which Aeschylus fought.

472 *The Persians* with **Pericles** as *choregos*

468 Innovation of 10 generals appointed as judges for dramatic competition (included Kimon, who was general each year until his ostracism in 461). Sophocles won 1<sup>st</sup> prize, beating Aeschylus for the first time.

463/2 Archonship of Archidemides

Prosecution of Kimon by Ephialtes and **Pericles**

*The Danaid tetralogy* wins 1<sup>st</sup> prize, with Sophocles 2<sup>nd</sup>

462/1 Ephialtes and **Pericles** strip Areopagus of political power

Payment for *dikastai* introduced

Alliance of Athens and Argos

Ostracism of Kimon

Murder of Ephialtes

458 *Oresteia*

? [Unknown date in 460s] Pericles married his cousin, almost certainly the Alcmaeonid “princess” Deinomache, to whom he probably remained married until c.452/1 when his liaison with Aspasia may have begun. Pericles was her second husband (after Hipponicus, father of Kallias, the richest man in Athens), and she later married Kleinias, and became the mother of Alcibiades. If Pericles **was** choregos for *The Danaids*, her wealth would have helped pay for the huge choruses, and whatever else made the tetralogy a winner! Perhaps Pericles was susceptible to female philosophical influences before he met Aspasia, and the young, and rich, Deinomache was her predecessor.

