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Jakob Bidermann's "Cosmarchia" Translated into English

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JAKOB BIDERMANN'S COSMARCHIA

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

by

Karen A. Hoffman

Honors Thesis

Submitted to the Longwood College Honors Committee

in partial fulfillment

for the

Bachelor of Arts Degree in Latin

with

Honors

April, 1982

Farmville, Virginia

Approved:

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Jakob Bidermann's

Cosmarchia

translated into English

by
Karen A. Hoffman
Honors 498/499

April 30, 1982

To: Members of the Honors Committee

From: Geoffrey Orth, Honors Work Advisor

After carefully considering Karen Hoffman's translation of Cosmarchia and the viewpoint of Prof. Arieti, her primary advisor on the Latin translation of the work, Karen and I have agreed that her honors work should be judged on the following basis:

1) The introduction and the translation of the first two acts of Cosmarchia, having been thoroughly checked and revised, should be considered final and should be judged on their merits for honors.

2) Since the translation of the final three acts of the play has not undergone rigorous scrutiny by a Classics scholar and has been checked primarily through the existing translation into German, it should be considered a preliminary working translation only.

A translation of such length is normally the scope of a graduate thesis; in fact, the translation into German was just that. It is therefore our hope that Karen complete the translation of the entire play in her graduate work.

I. Bidermann's Life and Works

Scholars of sixteenth and seventeenth century literature have the tendency to overlook Jesuit drama, primarily because of the eminence of its secular counterparts, such as Shakespeare in England and Lope de Vega in Spain, and the fact that Jesuit drama is written in Latin, which has restricted its readership.

Bidermann was born c. 1577 in the Southern German town of Ehingen. He was educated at the Jesuit College in Augsburg, and joined the order when he was sixteen (in 1594). He then moved to Landsberg in Bavaria for his two-year novitiate, and was made a priest in 1596. He taught liberal arts at Augsburg, and rhetoric at the Jesuit college in Munich (1606-1615), where he wrote many of his dramas: Cassian, Adrian (both lost), Belisarius, Macarius the Roman, Joseph, and Cosmarchia. He was transferred to Dillingen in 1615, where Joannes Calybita, Jacob the Usurer, and Josaphat are believed to have been written.

In addition to drama, Bidermann also wrote a biography of Loyola, a collection of epigrams on religious themes, an epic entitled Herodias, and treatises in defense of the belief in miracles and in defense of the Pope. He continued to write after his promotion to the rank of Jesuit General, and his subsequent move to Rome, after which his works centered primarily on religious and/or philosophical themes.

Jakob Bidermann died on August 20, 1639, of apoplexy, leaving behind many writings, a number of which are still unpublished.

II. Why Would a Jesuit Priest Write in Latin?

Jakob Bidermann is generally considered the greatest Jesuit dramatist. The fact that Bidermann wrote in Latin cost him his popularity among his secular audience, a danger he most certainly was aware of when he wrote his plays. It is reasonable to conclude, then, that if Bidermann had been desirous of fame and fortune among the masses, he would have written in his native German. There must have been a good reason to devote such care into producing drama that would have been enjoyed by such a limited audience. Here are some plausible theories for Bidermann's preference for Latin (from least important to most important):

1. Cosmarchia (along with some of Bidermann's other dramas) could have been performed as part of carnival entertainment, that is, as part of the merrymaking and feasting preceding the period of Lent. It was only fitting, then, that Latin be used for entertainment that was part of a religious celebration. Cosmarchia could also have been performed at Jesuit schools at celebrations opening the school year in October. In fact, Jesuit plays were regularly performed in both Munich and Dillingen in Bidermann's day for this occasion.
2. Cosmarchia could well have been used as a pedagogical tool. Dramatics had been adopted by the Jesuits as a legitimate method of

instruction. It certainly offered a reprieve from the pedantic methods of declining nouns, conjugating verbs, etc. So in using drama as a learning tool, students could practice their Latin, sharpen their memories, be presented with a moral lesson, and have a little fun thrown in besides.

3. Cosmarchia could have been used to teach a moral lesson. How better to convert souls for the Society of Jesus than through a comedy? Without a great deal of sermonizing, Bidermann is able to drive home the message that humility, honesty, generosity, and prudence are to be strived for, and that greed, excessive wealth, and deceit can result in misery.

III. What Is Bidermann's Message?

In Act V, XII, the Guardian Angel tells us we must follow Prometheus' example and be shrewder than the world. For example, Prometheus triumphs in the end because he became aware of (he "foresaw") the plans of the Cosmo-citizens, not because he was so virtuous. Following this idea, Adocetus is banished to the deserted island because he was unsuspecting, not because he was evil. Therefore, the ultimate hero of the drama is God. It is God who acts through the metaphysical figures Nobility, Foresight, Counsel, Satisfaction (all the metaphysical figures would be his conscience in modern terms) to spur Prometheus to discover the truth about the perfidious Cosmo-citizens. Prometheus is a human throughout the play. First, he is the fool, who is taken in by flattery. Second,

he becomes the worrywart, who frets, but doesn't know what to do to alleviate the cause of his worry. Finally, at the end of the play, he becomes a revenge-seeker, wanting to repay the faithless Cosmo-citizens for the grief they have caused him.

In having Prometheus use the wealth of the kingdom against the Cosmo-citizens, Bidermann seems to suggest that wealth can turn to one's disadvantage. Following this idea, we can suggest that Bidermann's message is that we can sit idly by and live a secular life, or we can, like Prometheus, combat evil (or perhaps even irreligion) through prudence (or perhaps religion). To allegorize further, the city of Cosmopolis, meaning "empire of the earth," is this earth, and the island of exile is death.

If one were to attempt an in-depth analysis of Cosmarchia, one would indeed find a few flaws.* However, it is absurd to dismiss the play on account of these flaws (which amount to mild inadvertencies) because Bidermann does succeed in getting his message across to his audience easily and effectively in spite of them.

*For example, in V,II Megadorus, et. al. returns to Prometheus with Adocetus' story that he (Adocetus) was attacked by his citizens and sent to a cold, barren island to pay for his short happiness in the Kingdom. This is not what really happened to Adocetus, for the Cosmo-citizens told him to go to wherever he pleased.

IV. A Note From the Translator

There has always been an argument among language scholars as to exactly what purpose a translation should serve. There are those who unflinchingly adhere to the belief that one should remain as technically true (i.e. grammatically true according to the language one is translating) as possible. These translators have taken great pains with regard to tense, syntax, and sentence structure. Inevitably, a great loss of stylistic flavor, idiom, etc. occurs. Because of this "loss through translation," a completely literal, or verbatim translation either confuses or bores a reader, or both. Literal translations do serve their own useful purpose however, as a teaching aid. A literal translation juxtaposed with the original serves the purpose of aiding the student in recognizing his technical weaknesses in the original language; it does not serve the purpose of relating what is said in the idiom of his own language.

At the opposite end of the argument are those scholars who believe that context is the all-important matter, and that in order to preserve or recreate literary pun, humor, etc., certain liberties must be taken with the text. Naturally, there is a strong inclination to paraphrase the text completely, resulting in a glossed translation which has no resemblance to the original whatsoever.

But, what a good translation should be is a reasonably accurate rendering of the original, without fear of departure

from the original syntax for the preservation of context. Indeed this is a difficult and even dangerous undertaking, which requires, in addition to proficiency in the language, an incredible amount of insight on the part of the translator into the mind of the author whose work he is translating. Therefore, a good translator is more than a mere craftsman; in a very real sense, he is an artist. He is an artist who must be able to use the skills of his craft to recreate a work that is as factually correct and stylistically true as its original.

This is what this translation of Cosmarchia is intended to be. Although every effort has been made to remain as loyal to the original text as possible, there are times when Bidermann's Latin refuses to be rendered into comprehensible twentieth-century English. Many of the modifications are in punctuation. Modern English does not favor sentences some twenty lines in length, so an effort has been made to simplify these passages. Occasionally, conjunctive adverbs have been added or omitted, but only for the sake of clarity, not from pure artistic license. This holds true for most of the grammatical and syntactical changes which have been made. Any other changes were made for the sake of preservation of style and flavor, not from a lack of conscientiousness on the part of the translator.

There are some disadvantages to reading one of Bidermann's plays instead of viewing one. One of the greatest sources of confusion in the play is the fact that there are

no stage directions. It was unnecessary for Bidermann to include them, as Cosmarchia was intended to be seen, not read. A few attempts have been made here at inserting stage directions, not necessarily for dramatic effect, but as an aid to the reader. In addition to this disadvantage, the reader is bombarded by an incredibly long cast of characters. Since there is no complete list of the cast anywhere in the play, one has been added here, with a one- or two-word description of each character. Hopefully, this will serve as a useful reference. 2

The most obvious difference between the original Latin and this English translation is the fact that the Latin is in verse, while the English is in prose. It is the opinion of this translator, however, that in order to preserve meter there must be such a great sacrifice of the original literary content that the result is not a translation, but an entirely new work inspired by the original. Therefore, to preserve Bidermann's own words as much as possible, Cosmarchia was rendered into prose. While the English text is not as poetic as the Latin, it is closer to the original Latin than any version in verse could be.

As Bidermann himself puts it, "It is a short Comedy, but if anything else, worth looking at." It is sincerely hoped that the reader will agree, for while Cosmarchia is not easy reading, it is worth looking at.

Dramatis Personae

Adocetus--("Unsuspecting"), King of Cosmopolis

Maxentius--Adocetus' son

Polytharses--("Overconfident"), Adocetus' cousin

Adocetus' Family

Promethes--("Prudent"), King of Cosmopolis after Adocetus' exile

Theophilus--("God-loving")

Philotimus--("Honor-loving")

Magadorus--("Magnanimous")

} Promethes' Peasants

Comus--Palace Parasite

Sagario--Palace Cook

Cornulus--Palace Servant

Palace Servants

Mistarchides--("Mercenary")

Apomisthus--("Retired")

Pseudologus--("Liar")

} Leaders of the Cosmo-citizens

Cosmo-citizens

Trumpeter

Messenger

Stilpho

Blemmus

} Farmers from the region around Cosmopolis

Eremitte--from the region around Cosmopolis

Promethes' Guardian Angel

Choir (either of Angels or of Young Men)

Foresight

Counsel

Nobility

Wealth

Desire

Dignity

Power

Sedition

Disgust

Confusion

Hatred



Allegorical Figures

Setting- the city of Cosmopolis. and the surrounding area

Time- exactly one year, from the sixth of February to the same date the following year.

Act I
Scene I
Polytharses, Sagario, Melissus, Pernio

Pol. Where is that scoundrel that broke out of here today? Is that boy who would be hanged running loose in the palace? I shall not live unless I see him today, because that rascal looked boldly right at me with an impudent glance! If he were a man, he would hang for making a bloody mockery of me. I am supposed to be the King's cousin; up till now should I have allowed myself to be touched by them? Or shall I put up with them even though they have begged me to forgive them? Shall I endure him of the most inferior tribe, dregs of the crowd, just fresh from some obscure place? He even jostles me with his elbow in passing by! But, he shall be†; he might have done it without knowing it; Shouldn't he have been warned to be on his guard, and not to go out into the street? And not to go off with some other camp-follower, lest he meet one of them* in passing? Let him put down his foot today in the courtyard! Let him put it down here, I say, his foot! Never will he leave alive. But enough about him. Sagario, Moscus, Melissus, Pernio!

†I will let him off

* the royal family

Sag. (with the others. Yes, you called?

Pol. This habit of yours! I called you ten times; you have scarcely appeared once.

Sag. I swear, my head even almost fell off yesterday if I ran off quicker than I heard you! How can I carry out my duty if I must always be coming out here to you?

Pol. (mimicking). Coming out here to me? I, the master, know what I shall expect from my slaves! Do you want me to rule by your opinion?

Sag. As I should wish that the most, that may never be.

Pol. Has that which I had demanded in the morning been carried out to the last letter?

Sag. About the fish? Completely done.

Pol. Even those fat lampreys that I described to you?

Sag. Done.

Pol. I don't want you to spice up anything else.

Sag. Done.

Pol. For what would be served as acceptably as too much for the vulgar palate, I have no objection to at all.* I want you to be devoted to me.** What else after that? Did you get all those Numibian hens?

Sag. All of them.

Pol. Real fat ones?

Pol. Done.

Pol. And the other things which I mentioned in the order?

Sag. (impatiently and a little sarcastically). Everything is done.

While we are here chatting with you, everything is burning to a crisp!

* i.e. Spare no expense.

** i.e. Don't let me down.

Pol. Go, then, and take care of these things in turn. (exit Sag.)

The rest of you may set up here; it will be your job to set up a parade today for the anniversary of the royal family. For a year has ended today since my cousin the King came to the throne. For this reason, he will be given a banquet worthy of a King. Now we are safe against misfortune!

(Everyone rushes off in direction of Palace)

Scene II

Slave

Slave. Oh woe is me! How close I was to being buried! Death was only an inch from me. I am burning up! They are cruel here; here they laugh at my appearance. As powerless as Polytharses is with his own slaves, how suddenly, how fiercely has he come angry! I thought he had devoured a thousand bad demons for breakfast, so that he may disgorge them on me as his meal. I was not hungry; I fled, knowing how unrewarding satiety would be from those dishes. But what do those disgusting little men do? A third one has risen alone from the dregs of the people, and of course, they have obscured his origin. It's disgusting! Yesterday that Polytharses of yours was a street beggar. Now he himself, I don't know who he is, or what he seems to be. But I will change nothing here. For at the same time he will have found out whatever I have done wrong by my tongue, I will soon atone for by my back.*

* with a whipping.

Scene III

Mistharchides, with his followers, a trumpeter, Cosmopolitans,
Adocetus, with his family, Maxentius

Mist. Order the signal to sing out; call all the people to arms.

Trumpeter. To arms, citizens; arms to arms.

Cosm. Who is the enemy?

Mist. Citizens, there must be a new election in the empire, and the
old king must be renounced according to the custom of the country.

Cosm. Reject Tarquinius.* Reject Adocetus, reject him.

Mist. It has been a year today since he became arrogant.

Cosm. Let him be exiled, exiled, exiled; I renounce Adocetus. I reject
every offspring of Adocetus' house, all his blood, let him be
exiled, exiled.

Tub. To arms, to arms, citizens.

Adoc. What is the people's madness? What is this insane shouting?
Who are all these weapons for? Against whom have you drawn all
these swords?

Cosm. Against the King.

Adoc. Your King?

Cosm. He was once.

Adoc. Then I have ceased to rule? No one is despoiling the Kingdom.

* Possibly a reference to Tarquinius Suberbus (534-510 B.C.) last king of Rome whose oppression led to his expulsion and establishment of a Republic.

Cosm. Where no one obeys, there no one rules.

Adoc. He will. (obey)

Mist. Depose the head of the Kingdom.

Adoc. This Kingdom, which the people gave me?

Mist. Whatever the people have given to the head before, they can take away.

Cosm. Take away this crown from the head of the empire.

Adoc. You're doing violence.

Mist. It's our custom, didn't you know?

Cosm. Seize the scepter.

Adoc. If I had been any use to you, you wouldn't seize it.

Mist. I seize it; lest you use it.

Adoc. O faithless citizens of the Kingdom! You have given me this, so that you can take it away?

Cosm. We have taken it away, because we gave it.

Mist. Bare the body of the purple, make him naked, leave him none of the royal trappings.

Adoc. I beg you, citizens, by whatever is sacred to you, be violent more mercifully.

Cosm. If we wish to act more mercifully, the empire would hardly have been given to you.

Adoc. Then you had this in mind in giving me the Kingdom?

Cosm. This intention was our custom.

Adoc. I implore you, Mitharchides, by those things which I have done well for you, refrain today from this injustice.

Mist. I become worse with kindnesses. If you had been more hateful today, I would have been softer.

Adoc. You should have said this the first day. I would have behaved so that now you would be refraining from all this.

Mist. It is our custom to say and do this at the same time.

Adoc. At least leave me one of these things. (Gesturing toward an item, possibly a piece of jewelry).

Mist. All these things here are ours.

Cosm. We have given everything; we take everything.

Adoc. I beg you Cosmo-citizens, by your loyalty.

Cosm. We have never given any, nor have we ever had any loyalty.

Adoc. If you are of such kind, just go now, I won't stop you; mock the royal head, strip the Kingdom, I deserve to suffer these things, I who entrusted myself to these men. Let posterity hear of this, let it learn from my example. I shall be safe in exile; there's danger in the kingdom. Foreigners will fight on my behalf; my citizens are attacking me. The centuries will know that my situation was a crime. I thought they were citizens; they were enemies.

Mist. Bring forth the children, and the whole royal brood; Let them observe the ruin of their wretched father and let them increase it with their own.

Adoc. They are guiltless.

Mist. Now the father made them guilty.

Adoc. By what crime?

Mist. By the crime of the father.

Adoc. Therefore, the father himself should atone.

Mist. He will atone.

Adoc. But alone.

(Maxentius is pushed forward.)

Max. Ah, where do you wicked ones push me? What is this? Father, what have I done to deserve this?

Adoc. Mitharchides, although hitherto I have not been one who is accustomed to beg you and your ilk. Nevertheless, if you are one who can pity a beggar, I as a father, should ask on behalf of that little boy, and I would say what I never thought I'd have to say, I beg you.

Mist. You are still swelling up with haughty royal arrogance!

Adoc. If my haughtiness is making you angry, rest easy; it has played itself out. You teach me, lest there be any more haughtiness.

Mist. (To Max.) Go, join your father.

Max. Ah, what will this man do? Where is this man banishing me? I am not going.

Adoc. He orders us to go. It must be done, son.

Max. Aren't you stopping this violence, father? O almighty God, save me from this evil, spare me, my father, spare me.

Adoc. If you have any sense, pity an innocent child.

Cosm. Drive the damned bastard into exile with his father.

Mist. Leave the Kingdom, free the city from fear. You are a burden to the eyes, a burden to the ears. Go wherever you please, just never return to us.

Adoc. I would return one day if I should wish to be wretched. May I only be wretched in exile: I was far more wretched in the kingdom.

Mist. You didn't feel miserable?

Adoc. Now I do.

Mist. Go, unfortunate ones.

Cosm. Now we are all happy.

Scene IV

Mistcharchides, Cosmo-Citizens, Prometheus, Apomisthus,
Pseudologus

Mist. We have made sport, citizens, according to the custom of the country. We have cheated one, now another king. The one we wish to put in place of the old one by election is resisting.

Cosm. It is necessary to find one who is ignorant of our custom, for he who knows well what we are doing will be invited to the kingship in vain.

Mist. In vain? Most men would willingly offer themselves. No one must be sought; everyone wishes to be deceived. They seek traps themselves, and dive into nets. But who is moving around over there? Leave just long enough for me to find out what he might want in secret.

(enter Prometheus)

Prom. I have left my country, parents, and whatever has been dear at home. Indeed I have done this with difficulty. But whatever are you to do? The world must be changed by youth. Let the family cry, let it laugh. For never does even a goose spend the winter in the same resting place. Am I only to grow old at leisure at home? The world must be explored. (Notices Cosmopolis)
And now I have arrived at distant lands for the first time. And the appearance of the city does not displease me. Where there is any hope of obtaining glory for myself, I shall prefer that land to my fatherland (he notices citizens). Where is this noise

Prom.) around me coming from? The crowd of the city is bumping into me. It is a pleasure to meet the people. I shall mix with the crowd. (crowd comes in!)

Mist. Let the election of the Kingship come out well and happily. Let us elect a king according to the custom of the country. He will rule the republic, the citizens, and their fortunes. It must be done by casting lots. Therefore, everyone from everywhere stand around in a circle: citizens, neighbors, newcomers--everyone mixed together. This duty is the same for all of the inhabitants, neighbors, newcomers, and old-comers, since they all might wish a safe and sound Republic.

(Pseudologus and Apomisthus are contesting the Kingship)

Pseu. I shall draw the first lot. Bring the voting urn out in public. (He draws, looks disappointed) I shall live a private life. The lots report to me an unfavorable omen.

Mist. One has tried, now you the other, try.

Apom. (indignant). This chancy casting of lots for the kingship does not please me. I shall yield the Kingship to virtue, not to chance.

Pseu. Surely you will appropriate to yourself this high office of your citizens, you whom we know to rely on power, and whom we know to thrive in his orbit of clients.

Apom. I know I was suspected by my citizens before; they are mine. Crops of ambition and jealousy are sprouting up on both sides. While we nourish and make rivals, there will always be changing quarrels. Let us destroy the spark of all this evil from our

(Apom.) midst! Let me renounce mine, and let you renounce yours-- whatever your hope of the Kingdom may be. Let neither one come to the throne; let neither part envy the other. The Republic should be entrusted with a foreigner according to the ancient custom, so that they may strive to govern the Kingdom if they have a capable mind.

Mist. Is this proposal all right? Or is another one agreeable?

Cosm. Bring the public together: Bring the parties together.

Mist. Go everywhere, go here, go there. Think about the undecided condition of the state.

Pseu. Find out about the demeanor of everyone. Physical beauty, size, countenance, eyes, greed, and prudence will determine the outcome of the kingship. Learn the names of all, meanwhile, and their native countries.

Mist. (announcing) May it turn out well for the country and for the republic!

Cosm. Name the King.

Mist. (pointing to Prometheus). Long live Prometheus! Long live the King! Under you we are saved. Prometheus rule; let Prometheus rule. Rule, out King; Prometheus rules!

(Prometheus, looking confused)

Prom. A foreigner rule you as King? Go away; it's insane.

Mist. If it's insane, Prometheus, don't resist the insane! Whatever they can't do by reason, they can do by force.

Prom. An outsider command the citizens?

Cosm. We want you.

Prom. An Unknown?

Cosm. We want you.

Prom. A mere child?

Cosm. We want you.

Prom. I beseech you, citizens, who do you think I am?

Cosm. The King.

Prom. Me a King? Whom my parents raised in poverty?

Cosm. We make you rich.

Prom. By what authority?

Cosm. The royal authority.

Prom. But this thing itself, I say, by what right do I receive it?

Cosm. Because it pleases us.

Prom. Give me time to think about it.

Mist. It will be too late for him who ponders too long when there is need for action.

Prom. I beg you.

Apom. Whoever refuses to accept the Kingdom is the enemy.

Prom. I will think about it first.

Pseu. (threateningly). Whoever thinks about it has already withdrawn.

Mist. (impatient) Promethes, yield, and rule.

Prom. Whom shall I obey?

Mist. Those you urge you to obey.

Apom. Take the crown of the Kingship.

Pseu. Put on the purple robes of the Kingdom!

Prom. You are doing violence!

Apom. But a friendly violence.

Prom. I yield to your force; I accept the Kingship, though I don't know how or why.

Pseu. (impatient) We know why and how it happens.

Apom. (impatient) Take the scepter and sit down.

Cosm. Prometheus, live; long live the King; live, rule.

Mist. Lift him on your shoulders, and carry the king inside the gates of the palace.

Cosm. Prometheus, rule, rule.

Scene V

Mistharchides, Pseudologus, Apomisthus

Mist. Ah ha, that young man there has been caught: He has the Kingship. He is ignorant of the future. Now, according to custom, we must be very careful, lest he somehow discover the trap. Apom. you will take care of that.

Apom. I will give it my attention. If I should see any raven flying to his palace, I will stop him, so that he won't reveal anything to him.

Mist. And you, Pseudologus, send the crowd of parasites to him, and anything else good for deceiving the young man.

Pseu. Now I have all my assignments. But there is still one important thing which I would like us to turn our attention to.

Apom. About Polytharses, the exiled king's cousin?

Pseu. You said it; it will be necessary for him to leave also. He would reveal the secret to the new king as soon as he met him.

Mist. I foresaw that; Polytharses has been banished. I ordered him to be stripped of all his wealth. As he was insolent, arrogant, and powerless yesterday, so he is a beggar today. Moreover, it is equally important to note carefully this day, the birth of a new king, so that we might, as is our custom, torment the one-year anniversary. Now tear away with me into the King's palace.

Act II
Scene I
Slave

Slave. They say that all interpreters of dreams are universally liars. But if it is so, as they say, truly I am not an interpreter from the multitude, because I very truly interpret my dreams for myself. It was like this, if I remember. Polytharses was threatening me with capital punishment, as it were, irritable as usual, and speaking in a raised, as it were, voice. He was swinging a leather whip with three strands, as it were, with a threatening hand. I bared my back, as it were, I say, he struck it down, as it were, and I felt it as it were. Moaning, I am roused from sleep, and since I am now awake, I go over everything the whole night, and discover everything not as it were, but real, pure, severe, black and blue stripes. "And where did these marks come from?" I say. "You idiot, these things are from a dream. But how from a dream? These things are merely as it were in a dream! These things, however, are not merely as it were. Why so many?" While I thus think back to myself, I remember I was outside before sleep yesterday when the whip of Polytharses struck me cruelly. I am awake and watching. Hence those dreams are so real, so present today. None of those events are fictitious to me except those which are represented by as it were, because it was very little as it were. Now whatever there is, even if it is painful now,

it is, nevertheless, so much gentler than the other kind, when I think now about the vivid punishments suffered by that Polytharses. I saw him quite early in the morning, when they drove him looking like a man in a dirty coat, without a servant, without a bundle, out of the town without anyplace to go. So he lost everything today, which he scraped together so greedily. I saw him, I say, crying out and I burst out laughing. Yesterday, I said, "Give me your bundles, for you seem immoderately burdened to me." The pitiful man changed suddenly, and he began to cry. Let him cry, I won't burst any more than if he should have laughed. Go forward, and take rest where you can, while it is permitted by a new master, who, if he himself is worse than that old one, then he, too, will be an old one.* But I will do that later. I am leaving now, for there are things for me to do in the palace.

*i.e. They will do the same to him.

Scene II

Guardian Angel, Providence, Counsel

Ang. O the stupid perceptions of men! O the human breast, which is as blind as the night! Who is constantly on guard against strange dangers or is foreseeing of his fate? Everyone everywhere is rushing far and wide into tricks. A large part of them take pains either to deceive, or want to be deceived. And would that my charge be as clever in seeing his dangers as his enemies are contriving together! They are conspiring together so that they lead him from deception into deception. He thinks the honey-sweet allurements pure and sweet. Let him lift this shell, let him see this pure slime! I am here today so that I may direct the unwary one. Ah, Counsel and Providence, you are here.

Cons. & Prov. What is your command?

Ang. My charge is being deceived. Help him quickly.

Prov. But by what trick is he being deceived?

Ang. By the worst. He thinks himself in the seat of the kingdom, but he lives in exile.

Prov. The charge is in a most dangerous position.

Ang. And all the more dangerous, because he considers himself lucky. Teach the man, give him foresight as to how he should be on his guard at every moment. You seek out this palace and go to the present King himself. Ah, what a king and how trifling is his reign! Encourage

him, cling to him, spur him, teach him!

Prov. Everything¹⁵ as you ordered.

Ang. (turning to Counsel) You follow him after a little while, and do whatever work needs to be done.

Cons. Now I have discovered a way. I will go to the banished King Adocetus. From there I shall set about this, step by step, while I turn away misfortune from the charge.

Ang. Hey! For, how great and what labor⁵ are we performing! Is it so that we may protect our little charges? And they and theirs are unmindful of us. Still, it is well. Should they and theirs be mindful of us, it will be in vain.

Act II
Scene III

Nobility, Wealth, Dignity, Power, Desire

Nob. You love happiness, that is certain. Those of you, I say, who are sitting nearby, you all, to a one, wish to be happy. And there isn't one of you who doesn't. This wish and this inclination is passed from parents to their children; from them to their grandsons; it is carried on from them to their great-grandsons, on and on. And rightly. Lo, whatever all you are seeking you perceive it almost entirely in us. I am called Nobility; I have a necklace, rings, armbands.

Opul. I am called Wealth; I love silver, gold, and wealth.

Dign. Moreover, I am called Dignity; I seek Honors, Kingdoms, Commands.

Pot. I am called Power; I carry laws, high office, swords.

Vol. I, Desire, am called the single most powerful one of all; I bear the desires of the ears; I bear all the desires of the eyes.

Nob. Who disdains this union of sisters? We have not met anyone. Many entreat us; we entreat few. Now the road leads to the palace. We are all giving our official attention to the new king.

Act II
Scene IV

Promethes, Mistarchides, Apomisthus, Pseudologus

Prom. It is pleasing to consider the appearance of the outside of the palace, and the whole elegance of the place. An afternoon *sie_u*sta is inviting. (Looking around him) Now all the pleasure gardens, and regal parks, all these planted enticements of the eyes and nose ... I have seen enough.

Mist. Whatever you have seen, King, everything is at your disposal.

Prom. How could more charming groves be sown?

Apom. Whatever you see sown is beneath you.

Prom. How could more splendid palaces be raised?

Pseu. However much they may be, they are less than you alone.

Prom. How could they put together feasts more praiseworthy?

Mist. Nothing is great, unless the cook should serve it to the King; the whole Kingdom serves you.

All We all serve you.

Prom. Fortune is pleasing. But you go away now while I take a leisurely walk around here.

Mist. On one condition, that we go away, so we may be ordered to come back. (All leave)

Prom. (Alone) What, then, should I think of the wonder? Have I never known anyone up to now, nor have I read of anyone, whom a happiness so unexpected, so impetuous, so extravagant has blessed. She takes me by

surprise with her generosity. I had scarcely come, and look! Unknown, unexperienced, uninivited to these parts she lifted me to the high office. She gave riches, a palace, and a Kingdom. I cannot comprehend it muself, I confess. Nevertheless, she charms me. I was afraid in the beginning, lest she have some trick up her sleeve. Why shouldn't I have been? "A foreign man," I said. "An unknown, unexperienced, almost penniless man even, suddenly in control of a Kingdom?" I didn't think they were serious, neither those who compelled, nor I who was compelled. But, despite what I believed, everything was in good faith. The Kingdom is stable; I am safe against fear. For constant prosperity is holding now for a second month. There is abundant gold, as well as an enormous storeof supplies. The courtyard is in view. Moreover, all the most important leaders obey willingly. In addition, the state pleases me willingly. I shall not greedily ask for more. Since I am sated by today's delights, I'd like to go to sleep for a little while. For, I don't know why, sleep invites me. I shall indulge her. The slaves are lying down out of doors here. There is a safe peace among these guardians.

Act II
Scene V.

Nobility, Opulence, Dignity, Power, Desire, Prometheus

Nob. Prometheus is sleeping, and whatever cares he turned over in his mind while awake, he tempers through dreams. Go forth, sisters, and with your powers soothe the sleeping one. Useless things seize one while awake; let them seize one while he is asleep. For it hardly makes a difference whether he sees our charms awake or sleeping; each is a dream, but the dream of the watchful one is emptier. He is dreaming his awake dream.

Opil. Look, Prometheus! Golden mountains! Gather them in your lap, if you can. Gather all the golden heaps of Lydian Croesus.

Prom. Where are they? Give them to me. Where are they?

Opul. There, put out your hand.

Prom. Is this really so?

Opu. It is really so.

Prom. I have it, I have it.

Nob. Even that necklace.

Prom. Give it. Give it.

Nob. Even those rings full of gems.

Prom. Put them on my finger. It is fine. They are pleasing.

Dign. I am giving you a Kingdom. Look, a scepter, there in your hand! Look! The crown on your head!

Prom. It is all of gems.

Pot. Aren't you even looking at this sword? The law is yours, over life and death.

Prom. I want it.

Pot. Give the order to strike dead that enemy over there.

Prom. Strike the scoundrel, thrust it right through the heart!

Vol. Certainly, I, Prometheus, shall give you far greater gifts.

Take a little taste of this pleasure, if you would like.

Pure mead, pure honey, pure water of the purest nectar.

Drink up, and fill up.

Prom. The cup gives a taste; fill it up!

Vol. Let the drinks be mixed for the King. Now truly, doesn't
my music soothe the ears?

Prom. I hear Arion.

Vol. You are wrong, on the contrary, you would think it Amphion
or Orpheus himself!

Nob. O you happy one, and blessed one of all the multitude,
whom all things favor today. You have the Kingdom,
Prometheus, and all that goes with it.

Dign. Now that's enough dreaming, we have played. In this manner
sleep flatters, although it is not only sleep; for many
men, however much they are awake, are still dreaming.

Act II
Scene VI

Promethes, Providence(Foresight)

- Prom. Where am I? Where was I? How did I get here? Who took my things away?
- Prov. What did he take away?
- Prom. That which was just here.
- Prov. What, just this moment?
- Prom. That, which I saw, I touched, what I had just now.
- Prov. (Forlorn) It was a dream.
- Prov. Indeed a most offensive and deceptive one.
- Prom. Nevertheless, I thought I saw them myself.'
- Prov. Just as you "see" many other things.
- Prom. Moreover, it was certainly most similar to real things.
- Prov. To what real things?
- Prom. To what? I enjoy those things today, the gold and my Kingdom.
- Prov. This kingdom is true? You think this kingdom is yours?
- Prom. What else except mine? Is there anyone else who calls himself King?
- Prov. He will.
- Prom. The citizens have appointed me as their ruler.
- Prov. And they can appoint another.
- Prom. They have willingly given these riches.
- Prov. They can willingly claim them back.
- Prom. They will never be so perfidious towards me.

Prov. You don't know that; they have been so to others.

Prom. I don't know; surely they won't do that to me. For
What purpose should they compel me to rule, unless they
loved me? Unanimously, they overpowered me with the force
of their hospitality. They threatened me with violence
unless I took the republic. Could deceit be hidden in
in these things?

Prov. It can.

Prom. Deceit in this honor?

Prov. Never more secretly.

Prom. But, they love me even.

Prov. If their love is sincere, you are secure. If, on the
contrary, they are faking, I would prefer they hated.

Prom. I see no treachery whatsoever.

Prov. You might be right; there might be no treachery.

Prom. (Worried) Now I am too afraid since I see such things.
(Collects himself) Fortune helps the brave. She hates
the timid. No one is safer than those who themselves
remove the panicky fear.

Prov. You think yourself safe? Never think yourself safe.

Prom. The timid either make their enemy courageous, or they
add to their courage.

Prov. But the prudent take their courage away.

Prom. Now I have been prudent enough.

Prov. You will deny that one day.

Prom. I am returning to my subjects now.

Prov. Would that they were your subjects. I am afraid that
you be going to someone else's.

Act III

Scene I

Guardian Angel, Providence Counsel

Ang. It would be nice to know whether my strategies have made any progress in rousing the charge.* But look, Foresight. Where do our plans stand? The charge does not yet foresee events?

Prov. He has taken (everything) in completely. He has pure sleep as his oracle. But it was the first encounter.** What if he should be won over by that one, or another one?

Cons. Greetings, all you dear to me!*** I am returning from the exiled king, who was miserable, worrowful, and exhausted from hunger and thirst. I now prompted this King, indeed ignorant of my purpose, so that he might decide to come back. You stir his succossor-king likewise, so that ignorant of the plan, he might happen upon the exiled king.

Ang. I will take pains so that it may be done opportunely enough.

* i.e., Prometheus

** This is a reference to Prometheus' encounter with the allegorical figures in Act II, Scene V.

*** Counsel is greeting her colleagues upon her return from her visit to Adocetus, the exiled King.

Act III
Scene II

Comus, the Parasite; Cornulus, a slave

Com. Countless astonishing likenesses of ghosts have appeared to me wherever I walk; so that I believe the city most certainly is haunted by spirits of the dead. Hey, you insane woman! Take your hands away from my eyes.

(He sees a ghost before him)

Let go, you are scratching them out, you scoundrel! By your faith, I beg you!* How have I barely kept this old woman away from me? Hey, how many witches there are here! (Addresses spirit) Even you are still there, you old poison-mixer? Go away, let go! These are my teeth, mine! Nothing here is yours. Citizens, keep them off, I beg you.

Corn. What are you yelling about, Comus? What is the matter?

Com. The wicked witches are leaving, Without poisoning me.

(Addresses yet another spirit) What do you want with my hair, you wretched little thing? What do you want with my mangled cheeks?

Corn. How long have you been insane? Comus, with whom are you struggling?

Com. With this three-headed dog of a woman. Would that all the powers** drag her away from, away from here!

* An oath.

** probably, powers of Hell.

Com. *That Harpy is flying into my eyes!*

Corn. What harpy, Comus?

Com. Thus the old hag knocks out my teeth.

Corn. But where is this old hag?

Com. Thus she has me in a miserable state.

Corn. You are too much today, Comus; you are stupid, without wit.

Com. Hey Cornulus, have you come to help me?

Corn. (deciding to go along with Comus) Certainly.

Com. Why haven't you taken this troublesome old hag away from here?

Corn. (humoring Comus) May I ask what things did the old hag have?

Com. Those troublesome things, which harass you.

Pure. I give heed to none of those things, Comus.*

Com. None? But, I, wretched, feel them.

Corn. What kind are they?

Com. One is exactly like Hunger--a thin, little old woman, toothless, wrinkled, gray, poor, filthy.

Corn. You are describing wonderful Helen.** I don't want such things to attack me.

Com. But it often happens to me. More often it attacks my stomach, it rots my teeth, it stops my jaws. It strangles my throat, almost takes the life out of me.

Corn. You haven't given any thought to a remedy?

* i.e., I don't see them.

**Helen of Troy.

Corn. From the start, Cornulus. I go to all the butchers, I consult the hen handlers, I draw the cooks together. These bring me a little relief, but so far only a little, only for a short time, so that it scarcely lasts one little day. * For evil returns to the same place, and begins again to be more dangerous.

Corn. You live a miserable life, Comus. Is that another troublesome old hag?

Com. She is, likewise, even a little more dangerous.

Corn. Then, who is she?

Com. She is exactly like Thirst--panting, dry, sapped-out, parched, torrid. She disturbs the liver, she vexes the lungs, she exhausts the tongue, she crushes the taste, she shuts off the breath,

Corn. Oh, these wonders! And you don't even have a remedy?

Com. Ah, stop forcing this upon me!** I patronize all the businesses of the city, and I make friends with the shopkeepers. They help to some extent, but very little. What should you do? Now the evil is of long standing in the town.

Corn. I remember, Comus, there used to be a fountain here in this area, whose wholesomeness was especially good in fighting off disease.

Com. Are you talking about that fountain which makes all that noise close to the alley?

Corn. The very same one, Comus.

* i.e., relief from Hunger

**i.e. remedies.

Com. Be off, this one alone may increase all these troubles for me.

Be off, with that foul and absurd remedy of yours.

Corn. There aren't even any other harpies disturbing you?

Com. Another, yes indeed, a third one worse than all of those.

Shapeless, filthy, bitter, fierce, ghastly--exactly like Poverty.

A hiding place, she takes in these things, empties the money boxes, empties the purses. She loses nothing by causing loss of hope, nothing in the deed itself. Look, Cornulus, this business may be by any one of these witches.

Corn. By stubborn ones, to be sure. But I am bringing you instant wealth, Comus.

Com. O greetings, health, of my life, o my fortune, o my joy, o my everything!

Corn. Mitharchides is ordering us to be summoned back.

Com. Who?

Corn. The master, Comus.

Com. Who are you calling master?

~~Com.~~ This your stomach, Comus! It is indeed so, I remember. Hey! How suddenly we forget unless we are reminded. I give my servitude to it from the first.*

Corn. But Comus, seriously, Mitharchides is calling. For I scarcely know what is sadder today than that King. He wants you to cheer him up.

Com. Go Cornulus, run, hasten, hurry, fly.

* Comus remembers he is a slave to his stomach.

Scene III

Adocetus, the Exile
Maxentius, his Son

Adoc. Without you, son, I shall support myself on your shoulders; for my knees do not hold me up.

Max. As it is agreeable, my father, to use my shoulders for a staff; if you command me, I shall even carry you.

Adoc. O, a character worthy of a better father. Now you accompany your father into exile.

Max. I accompany you willingly. I shall never estrange myself from my father. It's enough, while my fate may always be with my father.

Adoc. Is there a place where I may rest?

Max. There is a place, father. But it is [out of] a worthless stump.

Adoc. Lead on, son. Nothing is worthless to a banished person.
The times have gone, when I sat on a golden throne.

Max. Ah, refrain from such things, my father, remember them as long ago. For that sorrow is exhausting me.

Adoc. It must be borne. Here we are not far beyond the kingdom, we, exalted, were raised up in a litter. I saw lines of citizens around here; nothing was above us; we saw everything beneath us. Now we beg for aims likewise. Give the poor something, Adocetus, give to the extolled King, give the miserable one a contribution, Give some kind of morsel to the hungry one. I don't ask foreigners,

I ask those to whom I gave myself. Hey, how near to the Kingdom
is the place for exile!

Max. I beg you, father. Be silent while they are going by.

By no means should we be recognized.

Adoc. May they know us, on the contrary, and may they know it can
happen to them, because it happened to me. Nevertheless, I will
be quiet. Ah! My successor is coming forth!

Act III
Scene IV

Promethes, with his followers; Adocetus

Prom. The crowd is bothersome; I seek solitude. Quiet is the only thing for a spirit weary of things. Go on attendants. I will relieve the cares of my mind by walking around here, as is frequently my custom. I don't know what fear turned my feelings about the kingdom a short time ago now. I am nearly pulled apart to either side by emotion. Are the citizens faithful, or more distrustful of me? Fear drives me here; love draws me to trust there.*

Adoc. (overhearing) He is complaining about the kingdom. Oh, if he would ask my opinion. I would teach him where he might go safely.

Prom. (hearing Adocetus) Who is speaking there?

Adoc. Prince, pity an exile, a banished pauper. Toss a coin to an unfortunate one.

Prom. Who led you here, of all places?

Adoc. Refrain from asking that. Ask who led me away from here--I would gobble that up.

Prom. What is this secret? Don't you even have a name?

Adoc. Now it is Exile.

Prom. Once, then, it was something else?

Adoc. Ah! Once! Not long ago.

Prom. And what kind of name was it?

* Fear of the citizens drives Prometheus to seek solitude and worry about his fate; love of what they have given him keeps him in the kingdom.

Adoc. I am ashamed to make it known; forgive my blushing, O King.

Prom. I will forgive you when you have spoken. Unless you speak, there is trickery.*

Adoc. Then it is not apparent enough from my bearing who I might be? Without doubt I am an Exile. How else could I remain in this misfortune other than to call myself an Exile.

Prom. I see who you may be today. Who you were--that I am asking.

Adoc. I will tell you then. I was (ah, was) of the same name as you!

Prom. Then you were once Prometheus?

Adoc. Not at all.

Prom. But I have no other name.

Adoc. But I had another. I will say it. But you forgive me in revealing it. I was King.

Prom. How were you King?

Adoc. As today I am Exile, so was I King. As you are now.

Prom. You have no mark of a King.

Adoc. If I had it, prince, I would not call myself Exile. I had it once.

Prom. How can they exile the King?

Adoc. As easily as it is to give the Kingdom. I give proof.

Prom. You are making up new thing.

Adoc. New to you King; old to me.

Prom. Where was the Kingdom you were cut off from?

Adoc. Oh, I beg your pardon, from yours.

Prom. You from my Kingdom? Spell out your entire story from the beginning.

Adoc. Have you ever heard the name Adocetus?

* i.e. Unless you tell me why you are here, I shall have to assume you are up to no good.

Prom. I have.

Adoc. I am he.

Prom. But they told me he was dead.

Adoc. I came here from a distant land, an ignorant object of mockery to whom tales were about to be told. Citizens are standing all around, and despite my objection created me King.

Prom. All the same things that you are telling here, happened to me.

Adoc. What else? I had a kingdom. While I believed I was happy there, unexpectedly, I became the exile you see here. They invaded unexpectedly. And as suddenly as they made a prince from a plebeian, so they made an exile from a prince.

Prom. My citizens are yours?

Adoc. Yes. But they were mine then.

Prom. How come you weren't forewarned about this danger?

Adoc. Indeed I fled, but too late, ah, too late. These things now deceits to me were to be feared then, when happiness smoothed them over. That which is had now was feared too late. From the first, exile was in the kingdom itself, but it was painted over. Nor was disaster wanting there, how greatly it was not seen, immoderate wealth conceals it, pleasure conceals it, honor conceals it. The unhappy shell concealed a great destruction. Thus as a worm is wrapped in a silk cloth; thus is poison incrusting in a honey-cake; so, in an egg shell are the vipers kept warm; always poisonous, but then doing injury, when they break out of the shell. Nor would I be grieving about this situation today, if I had thought about this ruin yesterday. The butcher's knife wounds most severely, the one who is tied up the most securely. The hostile sword is made dull, often by being perceived. There was security for

me in the Kingdom; security never harms more than where it pleases the most. The distrustful are safer than the loving. But undoubtedly this is a turn of life. Human events are turning, and you who are lifted up, when the cycle has completed itself you will see yourself thrown to the earth, and we again look down on him from above on the one whom we, humbly, now admire from below. And for that reason recognize God's authority. And consider it to yourself, how well you can be deprived of your kingdom as easily as you have received it.

Prom. So you, Adocetus, if you had been wise, would have been here in the Kingdom today; ah, the kingdom, I think, you never would have lost.

Adoc. The Kingdom scarcely determined wisdom, exile defines it.

Prom. Therefore, you think my Cosmo-citizens are doing the same injury to me?

Adoc. They do it to everyone here.

Prom. Then they'll do it to me?

Adoc. (Sarcastically) Unless they have degenerated overnight. For even yesterday they were so inclined.

Prom. I will conquer them with good will.

Adoc. You will have it hard. For you know with your good will you have bought ill will to you from true bought evil-doers.*

Prom. You have strangled me with these words of yours. Now lest anyone discover us discussing anything here, get out^{of} here secretly and conceal yourself in a little forest near the city. I, when I have considered this predicament, will return to you at the proper time, and

* By giving goodwill, you automatically, bring ill will.

I shall thank you, in the meantime, and I shall send you some
nourishment.

Adoc. O learn or become wise by my teaching, lest others once learn from
you!

Act III
Scene V

Sagarlo, the Cook

Sag. Really, I should have preferred to have prepared breakfast for Cerberus after this, than for this parasite of yours, who just throws everything down. Once I was able to cook dishes for kings, men, and princes, but with all this slobbering, chewing, and feasting by the chief leaders I can do nothing alone today. I am going off, so that I may complain to Mitharchides; I will know when and how many illustrious men I may have. For while everyone wants to take over, nothing gets done.* Inside, there is that most uncouth parasite, Comus--really: I am following him. He should at least know that I shall not put up with any aggravation. We are calling him so that he may make an amusement for the King--most worthless trifles! He does everything for his belly!**

* Since everyone wants to be a leader, there is no one to do the work.

** Comus

Act IV
Scene I

Comus, the Parasite
Sagarrio, the Cook, with attendants

Com. Let go, let go. What are you doing? Where are you shoving me?

Sag. Get outside, hyena. Get lost. Be off, you wild beast.

Com. And where will I go off to?

Sag. Go off to the yoke; to grappling irons, to the gallows.

Com. I don't know where the gallows might be. Show it to me, if you would.

Sag. He is ruin of the palace. Indeed, this pest might destroy the kingdom in four days if you give him the means. The scoundrel thinks nothing is ever free from obligation to him.* Thus, nothing is sacred.

Com. Hey, be a little more moderate with that talk of yours,^{I shared} a little of this with my other companion.** I remember when I often gave him things. Nevertheless, you weren't disturbed.

Sag. Then those were other times. Overseers, today demand greater responsibilities from their cooks, responsibilities which once the consuls demanded from their provincial governors.

Com. These are good words, my man.

Sag. Good words here; inside you don't demand so many good words; but both good words and good dishes. Farewell, get out of here.

Com. Where am I supposed to stay? Where are my feet now? How many other sides are there to this thing? (He looks at the palace.) Before this, ghosts and witches ran over me. They were like monsters. They were like **H**unger, exactly like **T**hirst: now like Satiety, and again another

* He thinks he owns everything.

** Comus could possibly mean his stomach.

one exactly like Drunkedness gets in the way. Ho ho! Now I am afraid of none of these portents. Once they ran in to me so often, they became familiar. For truly, who is that man? (Pointing to Stilpho) What is he looking about at so anxiously: I don't know. I shall present myself to him, and I shall feign seriousness.

Scene II

Comus, the Parasite
Stilpho, a countryman

Stil. Undoubtedly, the palace is somewhere around here!

Com. (Seriously) What would a man like you do with a palace?

Stil. They say Mistharchides is accustomed to walking around here at midday in order to get knowledge of the court cases. They tell me he is a great man in court, and a fair judge in cases.

Com. I understand. (To himself) He is looking for a judge; I will make it so that he may have one.

Stil. That there is the street. Hey you, man! Can't you show me the gentleman now?

Com. Show you what gentleman?

Stil. The Judge.

Com. You have never seen him?

Stil. Never. But my business is with him.

Com. Indeed it appears that you have never known him. For with whom do you believe yourself to conversing?

Stil. I don't know.

Com. What do you have? What do you want with a judge?

Stil. I will tell you when I see him.

Com. You are looking at him.

Stil. You are truly him himself?

Com. You are really too much for me, simple man, you should ask for that which you can recognize. You don't think this seriousness is fitting for another man, who may not be a Judge? Or do you believe someone else owns these my houses, to dare to walk near my meeting-place? Speak your business, or leave.

Stil. But tell me; a Judge has a white, sparse, and admirable beard. This description does not fit.

Com. Of course. I, disgusted with its color, demanded that my little slave dye my beard, which would darken it. Do you assess me to be next to those dirty rabble so that we may never be accustomed to alter our beards or to dye them? But stop these games now, or I'll stop you! Lampa, Furne, Doryla, Lorarius, come out!

Stil. Really, don't become angry. Is it a capital crime, just because I did not know someone?

Com. Go ahead then; plead your case. Today I am a Peripatetic Judge. So, my thoughts demand good health.*

Stil. I ordered a neighboring countryman to walk into court with me. Ah, look, he is here.

Scene III

Stilpho, Blemmus, Comus

Stil. Come here, Blemmus, I stumbled upon a judge, I made arrangements to take care of these wrongs.

Blem. I fear nothing. He can't condemn the innocent.

Com. (To Stilpho) You are thinking correctly. Speak first.

Stil. It is now the third day, Judge, since I returned from my farm, exhausted from daily toil and just off the road.** I went unconcerned of all danger, for who should be afraid of that place? I was in the village, and I had scarcely gone far away from my house, when lo, that drunken man sits in the wine tavern and, sleeping, he is snoring standing up

* probably attained by walking around

** probably from the fields

in the doorway. For this reason I am passing by the wall there of his tavern. Then, this one sinks down to the floor; he engulfs me; throws me on the ground; he breaks my arm. He lunges, unharmed himself, and flees.

Blem. All is told and there is nowhere a lie.

Stil. I demand the injury which he gave me to be made good. He refuses. Do you think this to be done according to the law? Do you think this to go on unpunished? And do you permit this injury to be made on my body? Do you permit a fine to be paid?

Com. ^{Do you} Hear, Blemmus, what crime has he accused you of?

Blem. I hear, Judge.

Com. And, is there any way by which you may hope to defend your case?

Blem. There are many. First, I was asleep.

Com. Good.

Blem. Then, I did not do it on purpose.

Com. Right.

Blem. Finally, I also came to this danger itself, because this man, Stilpho, is my neighbor.

Com. To be sure.

Blem. But as all these things may be small, great poverty will defend me. For how big a fine will I pay, I, who have nothing which may be given?

Com. You haven't learned the laws?

Blem. None of them; except those which my parents taught me.

Com. Which ones are those?

Blem. So that I know that paupers have less, and the rich give less.

Com. I admit this case is extraordinary; consequently, it is to be decided by one with an extraordinary way of thinking.

Stil. While he may be deciding what the verdict may be for my arm, I shall not work.

Blem. And while he may be ordering nothing for me(to do), I shall do the the rest of my things.*

Com. Then you do the work. The case must be decided by the law of restitution.

Blem. By the law of RESTITUTION! I am ruined. But I said, I have no money at all.

Com. Consequently, you, Stilpho, go up to the same place. From there you bear in mind to destroy this Blemmus.

Stil. Hey, why am I to go up?

Com. Just lie down on the same door.

Stil. Then truly my arm will be taken care of?

Com. Then go into a deep sleep in the same doorway.

Stil. This is easy for me.

Com. Then, Blemmus, you pass by afterwards beside the same wall which this one passed by.

Blem. I understand.

Com. Then you will see this one asleep and pass by him.

Stil. Then what will I do?

Com. Then slip to the ground, fall on top of him, heave him to the ground; likewise break his arm.

Stil. (Screaming in rage) Then you go hang yourself!**

*In other words, Blemmus and Stilpho are going to sit back while Comus reaches their decision for them.

**Stilpho has finally caught on to Comus' plan.

Com. Is this the way you treat a Judge, you rascal? Furnus,
Doryla, Bassus Libo, Lampa, Marnus, Crustus, Cornio,
hurry up! I made another thoughtless deception.
For if he had burdened this unforeseen judge with un-
foreseen battles, I believe all judges should have
let him off. Now I know I say LAW as easily of a cook,
as of a citizen.

Scene IV
Mistarchides, Apomisthus, Pseudologue
Foresight, Counsel

- Mist. A year slips by in degrees; the times are drawing near in which it should be considered the abdication of the prince according to custom. Do you think he suspected nothing?
- Apom. I have been on my guard, lest he be able to. And really, we hardly seem to have suspects.
- Pseu. Nevertheless, since he now appears sadder than he is accustomed, what do you think it is? It is not about nothing.
- Apom. There is, no doubt, now and then this change of our situation,* so that we may see sad things out of joyful ones; and in the next minute we may be joyful from sad things.
- Mist. By what trickeries we may hide it must be seen later on.
- Prov. You are not ashamed to go about such fraud?
- Mist. While it is in secret, I'm not ashamed.
- Prov. But once it will be out in the open.
- Mist. Let it be, as long as it is not today.
- Cons. If no one else might see it today, GOD sees it.
- Apom. But I do not see God.
- Cons. Perhaps you are not afraid?
- Apom. A little.
- Cons. Perhaps you don't care?
- Apom. A little.

* i.e., mood, frame of mind

Prov. You don't dread his law?

Apom. A little.

Prov. You don't read his punishments?

Apom. Very little.

Cons. Then you fear nothing!

Pseu. This one thing, on the contrary; only that someone
may hinder us.

Cons. Since you don't want it to be done by someone else,
you will do it safely?

Pseu. I shall.

Cons. By what law?

Pseu. Mine.

Cons. That is, by none. O disgrace!

Prov. You truly aren't ashamed to do these things?

Mist. It would be a shame to neglect them.

Prov. Old man, think about death now about to happen.

Mist. I will think about death, when it arrives.

Prov. It is here now.

Mist. I don't see it.

Prov. But you feel it, for in a year, there will be age and
death for an old man.

Apom. An old man can live well for some time.

Cons. It is easier to die off.

Apom. What if you should be caught in this wicked deed?

Pseu. That won't happen.

Prov. What if you should be betrayed?

Pseu. That won't happen.

Prov. But it can be easy.

Pseu. Likewise it cannot be easy.

Cons. This uncertainty will certainly be.

Pseu. In vain I may be tormented from uncertainty.

Prov. O curse this impudent age!

Mist. Shame go away--the crime must be hurried up.

Prov. You have given him confidence.*

Mist. We break it in the same way when the time is right.

Apom. So that we may be in perfidy with the King, for the
custom is the country's!

Pseu. Let us think about it inside, where
grief may hurry to him.

Prov. O this age of perfidy! Those who please very greatly,
hate equally as much. Therefore, they create a new king,
so that they may make an exile from a King. Neverthe-
less, those mortals see your deeds every day, and
not yet are they wary.

Cons. It is fitting that they should be deceived, those who
want so many deceptions.

* Prometheus

Scene V
Promethes, Theophilus, Philomus, Meagdorus

Theo. It has been long since observed, King, that some thought is sticking in your head. Once you are serene, now you are giving way to more sadness than usual. Teach us what might be the cause. We'll keep it secret from those outside our group.

Prom. Friends, although I long for your help above all, when or how I will find this out, I don't know. I have called you out to me from the country. We are all strangers, although we may govern; we are all deceived besides.

Phil. Order us to stream forth our life and blood, King, You have ready ones for your own head.*

Meg. Order everything; I will do everything.

Prom. Submission is pleasing, friends; although you are now almost too late.

Theo. Gods above grant us better things!

Prom. We have perished!

Theo. What did you say?

Prom. We have died.

Phil. May Divine Will turn away this evil!

Prom. This is not the place. Nevertheless, I should wish one other thing.

Theo. Order everything, King, boldly; you have those under obligation.

Prom. You have faith; what I am going to tell you that is about to happen, you tell no-one at any time.

*You'll find us ready to die to protect you.

Everyone. We are stones; show it to us.

Prom. Go into this area (gesturing toward the woods);

there is a beggar who lives in these nearby woods, who will soon happen upon your path. Show him this amulet I have in my hand(viously it was an agreement with him). He will deny nothing; he will explain everything, and he will teach the origin of these sadnesses. And he shall add advice, for he is acquainted with the evil deeds of this land. Soon return here, and report how my work may be done.

Theo. Although this duty is an extraordinary one, nevertheless, let us go.

Prom. And that can be done, as secretly as passible.

Act V
Scene I
Eremite

Eremite. The kingdom is as slippery as an eel! While you are thinking that you are holding it as firmly as possible it slips away from you. However this kingdom has other kinds of things in common with mortal things. Everything flows.* The young man rejoices at the flowering of maturity. While he has it, it slips away, and he grows old, not sensing it. Another young man rejoices in the beauty of his body: o what a brief joy: For how short is the moment! Tomorrow the burning of a little fever will extinguish all his charm. Weariness~~s~~ are advancing, and the sorrows of the body, and the pallor and the squalor. What has not followed in the end? Another man believes himself lucky, but o with what sorrows should he atone for this blind faith of his? Soon the air will turn and all his happiness will fly away at the same time, more quickly than a little feather (is accustomed). Therefore, a thing such as this, a Kingdom, I say, has inconstancy in common with these things of yours. And nevertheless, can it be both loved and striven after thus far? O Gods, what should be done if it were to bear more constancy? Now already it might have been revered from the start. Now it deceives our confidence so many times, and it is just as pleasing here? **

*A reference to Heraclitus, a pre-Socratic philosopher of the 6th and 5th centuries B.C. He believed the world is in a constant state of change, hence the expression, "Everything flows."

**The eremite is pointing out that the Kingdom always deceives men in the same way, yet they continue to strive for it.

But look! I may pass the time quietly for many years now in this forest, away from worldly concerns.* Recently, a pitiful little man** came to my miserable little cottage, in poor condition from poverty and hunger. Wailing, he he said he was thrown out of his kingdom, and divested of all his good fortune. He begged for work, and alms. I gave him hospitality, and I rescued the king with my cottage and a poor table; he had never latched on to such a kind of person before. I asked him, "Is this a fitting way to treat the one who enjoyed throne, honor, and wealth?" (Looks around him) You my little forest are pleasing to me, now even you my little cottage are pleasing. It is pleasing, moreover, that that perfidious wealth over there (gesturing toward palace) has left me, so that it won't leave once uninvited.*** I am going back to safety, that is, I -- an unfortunate one--am fleeing there (gestures toward the woods), where I know I will perish in complete happiness.

*The eremite prefers not to become involved in the problems of a kingdom, so he becomes a recluse, ignoring them completely.

**Adocetus

***I'd rather be poor, than have my wealth suddenly taken from me.

Scene II
Promethes, Theophilus, Philothimus,
Megadorus

Prom. It seems to me all (these) my friends have been gone a long time. While they are lingering with Adocetus, my "faithful citizens," in the meanwhile, are intent upon many things. They are setting the day for my abdication, and are designating the place of exile. O the dangerous delights of every kingdom! O how troublesome is the high office! Why have I, unhappy, cast this die? Why have I resisted so weakly? I ought to have defended myself with blood, so that they wouldn't have taken the kingdom from me. As passionately as others strived for the kingdom, so passionately ought I to have repelled them. Now Promethes is smarting for this mistake. It is right. It is fitting that I atone for my ignorance of these troubles, but it is much too late. (Sees others returning) But they are returning at last! O how long for my awaited ones! Do you bring hope?

Phil. We have hope, if we are industrious; if we are improvident, not a thing, not a single hope is left.

Prom. Tell us, then, where we stand.

Theo. You stand among enemies, whom you think are citizens.

Prom. Now I don't think: I thought.

Theo. Their custom is to create a king for a year, so that they have themselves ready at hand whomever they wish.

Prom. So it was done to me.

Theo. Attacking him unexpectedly, when he scrapes his wealth together, they send him naked and poor into exile.

Prom. What kind of place of exile is it?

Mega. If Adocetus remembers correctly, it is the kind of place you would choose for your enemies, because of its cold, leanness, hunger, thirst: a dearth of all things, haunted by penury. There are no clothes there: nothing

is edible or drinkable; Kings banish their own enemies to that place.

Theo. There for a long punishment, they atone for the delights of a single year.

Prom. What must the way of escape be?

Theo. I think it is to get out of here in secret.

Phil. By what way? Certainly they are on their guard now, so that we won't escape somehow. I think it's advisable for you to find a way out of there, and take the kingdom you assembled, to be preserved as an act of grace.

Theo. Do you believe they will hear your begging, those who have conspired together to do this one deed? Do you think they might do this evil deliberately to others? They are made more cruel with begging.

Mega. Truly I think it to be carried out most secretly; you should order all the gold, clothes, and whatever there is of the wealth to be carried away from here in bundles immediately. I am going to that place, where soon you will be an exile. Thus you will be two things: you will be a plunderer of your enemies, and you will be more happy in exile, than in your kingdom.

Prom. That has been shown.

Mega. But it must be speeded up, nevertheless, so that they won't figure out the means somehow.

Prom. This we shall certainly do friends: go inside with me; time is short. (They all rush off toward the palace)

Scene III
Nobility, Dignity,

Nob. We are moving, like sisters, while we are facing directly the end of a year. At length the throne again must now be sought by someone new, in whom we have transferred our marks.

Dig. Go, wherever you please, sister; we remain no longer.

Nob. Just as there are others asleep somewhere else, now we are playing with others and others.*

Dig. We won't reveal this, at least while we are exposed to view.

*Nobility and Dignity are though with Prometheus (for he has become wise to the Cosmo-citizens), so they are off to influence others who are as blind as he once was.

Scene IV
Sedition, Nausea, Confusion, Hatred

Sed. Give in, follow this: this, I say, the most beautiful daughter of a most beautiful mother.

Con. Others deny us to be beautiful.

Sed. They don't know what they may be denying! Listen to your mother, and believe you are beautiful. But do you know enough ^{about} what I might want you to do right now?

Naus. Indeed enough. But where must it begin?

Sed. Nearby. (To Nausea) Help me throw those in your path into confusion. You, Nausea, move the spleen of the citizens against the King!*

Naus. Don't order me to do this. I can't do anything else, even if I might wish greatly to do something else.

Sed. (To Hatred) Moreover, you turn away their minds, and estrange them.

Hat. I know enough. Although I may be Hatred, I am not experienced in the art of love. I have separated and estranged brothers from brothers. Not yet citizens from kings.

Sed. (To Confusion) You, then, continue to stir up ^{the} crowds.

Con. My work is scarcely any trouble in this affair; the state is already getting itself mixed up. Moreover, all its citizens are wrapped up on themselves. Nevertheless, I will go, because it must be done.

Sed. I will be present to everyone at all times. I counsel,

* i.e. rile them up

I run to their aid. I will provide arms, swords, citizens, javelins, spears, and whatever else kings . fear. It is my duty to make exiles from kings, and exiles into kings, for I am called Seditio. I have said enough, now you believe everything I said, and more. The yearly crop of Cosmo-citizens is mine; I come so that I may reap the most out of them.

Scene V
Promethes, Theophilus, Philothimus, Megacorus,
with a porter

Prom. We have done a good job, friends, we have moved the wealth of the king to safety, where it was permitted. We have sent the thirty loaded wagons, and all the mules with silver, gold, and clothes. It is a protection against misfortune, which has risen up against us. (To Theophilus) Are those the bags which I ordered the porter to bring?

Theo. They are coming now with Megadorus.

Prom. Take the utmost care of these things; I took better care of them: necklaces, rings, gems, pearls: while we have them, we will never be exiles.

Mega. King, I will take care of that. Follow all these things: there is no trace from my footsteps. I will lead you where it* will be seen.

Prom. You, moreover, go, Theophilus, and Philotinus, where I told you, raise an army, Equip it using my money, which I am expecting. I will have my revenge on the perfidious citizens, so that if they should have more contempt for me, as an unarmed king; they may (at least) fear an armed exile.

Theo. Phil. Therefore, we are going first, and we are careful. He who has gold, has an army.

Prom. They will pay retribution for playing games with me. I will make it so that they won't play games with the King any more. What is that tumult? Are the citizens

* the island of exile

now falling against me? It is good; as long as they don't know what I'm up to. O what unhappiness now may be mine, unless I have foresight! But whatever it is, I will wait ~~foreit~~ inside. Now they are permitted to act quickly; those who we know have weapons strike slowly.

Scene VI
Mistarchides, Apomisthus, Pseudologus,
Cosmo-citizens, a trumpeter

Mist. Promethes has ruled long enough; he should be brought back to order.

Apom. Sound the alarm, and bring the people together.

Trumpeter. To arms, citizens. Cosm. To arms. Who is causing the war?

Apom. We are preparing a war for the annual king!

Cosm. We're here.

Mist. This eagerness is pleasing, citizens; you are fighting zealously for the Republic. Surround the Palace, so that the King won't be able to escape in any way. All of you break in with me, and take Promethes out.

Apom. He is now at the threshold.

Prom. (Feigning ignorance) What are you roused up for, citizens, this time? What are you looking for in this place? What is new?

Apom. We are stirring up all the old things; we shrink away from the new.

Prom. But the face of the state is new to me.

Mist. Ancient to us.

Prom. But for what purpose is this ancient phenomenon?

Mist. I have done it, now you may know it. We get this custom from our ancestors, so that we may put in motion a kind of rite for the annual birth of a King.

Prom. This custom of yours is pleasing.

Apom. We come for that reason, in order to invite you.

Prom. Well, then, what rite will it be?

Mist. It will be a game, which is set up for you.

Prom. A game for me with arms?

Mist. It is a war game; for that reason it is with arms.

Prom. It might have been more dangerous; now it is pure sport.

What is the game really?

Mist. We will change the kingdom completely.

Prom. You think this is a game?

Mist. The greatest game.

Prom. To change a kingdom is a game?

Apom. The game is to give the kingdom.

Prom. But, I received it seriously.

Apom. We did not give it seriously.

Prom. Then, why did you force it on me?

Mist. We were obliged through the game.

Prom. Then you are repeating this through the game?

Mist. We are repeating it seriously.

Prom. (looking bored) O the games of kingdom, neither sorrowful nor happy.

Apom. If you preferred games, then consider them games.

Mist. But you didn't protect your kingdom seriously.

Prom. With what then, will you exchange the kingdom?

Mist. With exile.

Prom. This complete change is not fair.

Apom. Since we will disentangle ourselves, we believe it is fair.

Prom. Even if it may be against right and faith?

Mist. It will be fair.

Prom. Even if it is against public law?

Apom. It will be fair.

Prom. Even if it is against divine law?

Mist. It will be fair.

Prom. Then it will be fair when you put me away in the
kingdom in the same way.

Apom. Most fair.

Cosm. Strip him, put him out, drive him out, throw him out!

Prom. Gods above, turn away from me this abhorrent crime so that
I will not have to live among impious and unfaithful
Cosmo-citizens any longer! Seize me, lift me up, I
resist nothing at all! I ask but one thing: that
you hurry up!

Mist. Don't give us commands; we do it before you command it.

Prom. Let him who is afraid to be made unhappy leave this
palace.

Apom. On the contrary, go from the kingdom, go from the empire,
so that you may be more unhappy.

Prom. The Kingdom has made me miserable; I was happy before.

Mist. Exile will make him miserable.

Prom. More happy.

Apom. That happiness will die in measure.

Prom. I am going away with pleasure.

Cosm. We are sending you away with more pleasure.

Mist. Lead him away to the other exiles.

Apom. Read, trumpeter, this decree of the people; read it in public.

Trumpeter. On the sixth of February, all the Senate and the people decreed Prometheus to be removed from high office, court, and Kingdom, that all his good fortunes be confiscated, that he be banned from home, city and kingdom, and be condemned to solitude, where he may feel the forbidding of fire and water. The law shall be against him, whoever takes him in under his roof, into his court, or city, knowing that he was called king, and whoever does not accept him with hate and vice. Let there be no way for him to return to the city.

Cosm. Let Prometheus be gone, let him be gone. Let him be exiled, exiled.

Mist. We are holding the spoils inside to be divided (among ourselves).

Scene VII
Choir of Angels or Young Men

1. Whoever is earnestly striving for the high office and the mistress of a Kingdom, and the palace of power, if he desires to give the punishments which he himself deserves, what he desires is a harmful kingdom.
2. Then he is permitted to lie on a stuffed pallet, and he may be walking around in a purple cloth. Nevertheless, during the pleasant hours he is obliged to keep watch on the shadows.
3. However much the enthusiastic cooks furnished praiseworthy tables with Assyrian luxury; however much Caeruban and Falernan wine the attendant places for the feast in the drinking vessel; nevertheless, he who is hungry, will get sick between the drinks and delicate victuals.
1. When the ensemble plays nine Thracian songs for him with an ivory plectrum, he still will mix Orpheus' artistry with deep moaning.
2. If here and there a thousand followers with shining lances should press close in together, shouting, and clients surround him with just as many swords, and with just as many drawn javelins, still he will grow pale, and should be doubly terrified that his spears be the citizens themselves.
3. There is nothing to trust for sure; sorrow goes along with the highest joy; and while the high office shakes and will become haughty because of gold, they are

gathered together to exile him from the whole kingdom.
It is hard to fear exile, it is hard. There is much that
is harder to fear a kingdom.

Scene VIII
Mistarchides, Apomisthus, Pseudologus,
Cosmo-citizens

- Mist. Send Prometheus to the devil , and to witches and to whatever other kinds of devils and witches live in hell, so that he may destroy it. That Prometheus took everything away with him He has plundered coffins, bookcases, little baskets, (and even) the quoit rings. He wiped everything clean, he emptied everything, he gulped everything down.
- Pseu. Nothing is left of the king's at all in the kingdom.
- Apom. If you saw him all the way to hell, you saw the one who swept away, reversed, and took away with him the greatest wealth: That exile of yours was to all exiles their only teacher and parent.
- Mist. Did he ruin only himself? Did he desire so much so quickly?
- Apom. (worried) What if our clever plan failed and he sent everything ahead in secret?
- Pseu. (aside) He certainly was a clever one, whom they are suspecting.
- Mist. We deceived all the others, and they always, in spite of this, remain unsuspecting. This one, if he has foreseen this plan, has been sly.
- Apom. Certainly, he frustrated my hope, he who left behind no plunder for my hands.
- Mist. But truly, as Prometheus has carried away much of mine, in spite of this, he left much.

Apom. And what did he leave you?

Mist. Hate and desire of him.

Apom. Did you desire him?

Mist. Indeed, him especially. I would punish him with evil deeds, if it should be out in the open. My hands are itching. O, if it might have been: Now we are suffering; he laughs himself in his heart.

Apom. He made exile for us out of kingdom, but for himself a kingdom in exile. I am joining the others.

Scene IX

A messenger, Cosmo-citizens

- Mess. I have died; we citizens have died, the country has perished.
Cosmopolis has perished, it was done; we have all died.
- Cosm. Why all these laments?
- Mess. O citizens!
- Cosm. What is all this terrible wailing?
- Mess. O citizens!
- Cosm. What are you pointing out?
- Mess. O citizens!
- Cosm. ^{Is it} Terrible? What is it?
- Mess. O citizens! O citizens! We should be inside.
- Cosm. Should everyone? Why?
- Mess. Everyone!
- Cosm. Why?
- Mess. I don't know. Nevertheless, we have perished.
- Cosm. Speak up.
- Mess. Give me just enough time to catch my breath.
- Cosm. What terrible thing has happened?
- Mess. Prometheus, the one whom you have ordered me to lead away from here.
- Cosm. What had he done?
- Mess. He had scarcely come to the place of exile. . .
- Cosm. (Interrupting) When truly he died on the way.
- Mess. . . Nothing further from the truth. . . when countless people
ran up. . .

Cosm. Exiles through and through, who were there before?

Mess. Nothing further from the truth. . .but soldiers, whom, he cunningly sent there in advance. They hailed him leader, and he was bestowing gold in return for supplies. They were swearing allegiances in their own words; he was appointing leaders of authority constantly.

Cosm. For where does he get these implements of war?

Mess. From gold.

Cosm. From where did an exile get gold?

Mess. Ah, I don't believe him to be an exile. He is now a king. He was an exile in our kingdom.

Cosm. But, for what purpose is he planning to draw together an army?

Mess. That to be sure, is why we are lost. He arms himself against the perfidious citizens, he desires the destruction of this city; the destruction of the kingdom, annihilating the roots, stamping out the name of the country.

Cosm. He threatening us all by himself.

Mess. Now there are menaces in this area. I ran ahead, panting, so that I may warn you to flight. Now he stands waiting in the doorway. I am not waiting for him. (rushes off)

Cosm. We have perished, citizens; we have perished; unless we flee soon, we have perished!

Scene X
Epilogue
Guardian Angel

Ang. There is no reason why everyone should be terrified to the same degree. The town is bloody from fighting, but it^{*} is inside, as I said. It is happening to those citizens who called themselves Cosmo-citizens. You don't wish to know their morals; today you had the greatest opportunity. To be sure, you think this a fable, and it was a story. How many, ah, how many are there, who deceive themselves and are allured in vain hope by those citizens. Hasn't it been shown? Appearance makes another king, money another; blood another; and pleasure another, and glory another; something else another. These devices of the Cosmo-citizens are nooses with which they create a king at any time, ah, a king! At any time hardly a king! And in the meantime, nevertheless, he considers himself happy, and he does not know of the game himself, while it is played all along. For unexpectedly occurrences of sickness and misfortune, destruction, hardship, and deaths fall upon the unwary ones. Then, when they see themselves deceived, there is now nothing left to see. He should know the deceit of desire, with which he may profit against the mockery! Prometheus has done it. You deceive Cosmopolis, lest it deceive you. She always fears the foreseeing; and she always harms only the unforeseeing.

*the fighting

Finis.

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