

KLEONIKH

...any captain buy vegetable soup on horse... He  
...ed the whole mess home in his helmet  
... And then that fell from the  
... his buckler and spear—a man straight from  
... ge.  
... somebody was stiff with fright. I was hogging her  
... pe figure free.

COMMISSIONER

I admit, for the moment, that Hell's affairs are in the  
hand of a snarl. But how can you set them straight?

LYSISTRATA

Simplicity itself.

COMMISSIONER

Prove demonstrate.

LYSISTRATA

It's rather like a snarl. When a hank's in a tangle,  
lift it—so—and work out the snarl by winding it  
spindles, now this way, now that way.  
That's how we'll work up the snarl,  
allowed: We'll work out the snarls by sending Special  
Commissions  
back and forth now this way, now that way—to  
these tense international kinks.

COMMISSIONER

I lost your thread, but I know there's a catch  
in the prince of the world's disasters with spiracles—typical  
wool female logic.

LYSISTRATA

If you had a scrap of...

# Lysistrata 1F

COMMISSIONER

...the wool advise?

LYSISTRATA

Consider the City as fleece, recently  
shorn. The first step is Cleansing: Scrub it in a public  
bath, and remove all corruption, offal, and sheepdip.

Next, to the couch  
for Scutching and Plucking: Cudgel the leeches and  
similar vermin loose with a club, then pick the prickles  
and cockleburs out. As for the clots—those lumps  
that clump and cluster in knots and snarls to snag  
important posts\*—you comb these out,  
twist off their heads, and discard.

Next, to raise the City's  
nap, you card the citizens together in a single basket  
of common weal and general welfare. Fold in our loyal  
Resident Aliens, all Foreigners of proven and tested  
friendship, and any Disenfranchised Debtors. Combine  
these closely with the rest.

Lastly, cull the colonies settled by our own people:  
these are nothing but flocks of wool from the City's  
fleece, scattered throughout the world. So gather home  
these far-flung flocks, amalgamate them with the  
others.

Then, drawing this blend  
of stable fibers into one fine staple, you spin a mighty  
bobbin of yarn—and weave, without bias or seam, a  
cloak to clothe the City of Athens!

... This is the... The City's  
died in the... worsted by the... side—by women  
who bore no share...

LYSISTRATA

None, you hopeless hyp...  
The... we bear is double. First, we del...  
... society...