

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>А.Н. ОСТРОВСКИЙ</i> СВОИ ЛЮДИ – СОЧТЕМСЯ (отрывок)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ЯВЛЕНИЕ ПЕРВОЕ</p> <p>ЛИПОЧКА (сидит у окна с книгой). Какое приятное занятие эти танцы! Ведь уж как хорошо! Что может быть восхитительнее? Приедешь в Собрание али к кому на свадьбу, сидишь, натурально, – вся в цветах, разодета, как игрушка али картинка журнальная, – вдруг подлетает кавалер: «Удостоите счастья, сударыня!» Ну, видишь: если человек с понятием или армейский какой – возьмишь да и прищуришь, отвечаешь: «Извольте, с удовольствием!» Ах! (С жаром.) Оча-ро-ва-тель-но! Это просто уму непостижимо! (Вздыхает.) Больше всего не люблю я танцевать с студентами да с приказными. То ли дело отличаться с военными! Ах, прелесть! Восхищение! И усы, и эполеты, и мундир, а у иных даже шпоры с колокольчиками. Одно убийственно, что сабли нет! И для чего они ее отвязывают? Странно, ей-богу! Сами не понимают, как блеснуть очаровательнее! Ведь посмотрели бы на шпоры, как они звенят, особливо, если улан али полковник какой разрисовывает – чудо! Любоваться – милодорого! Ну, а прицепи-ко он еще саблю: просто ничего не увидишь любопытнее, одного грома лучше музыки наслушаешься. Уж какое же есть сравнение: военный или штатский? Военный – уж это сейчас видно: и ловкость, и все, а штатский что? Так какой-то недушевленный! (Молчание.) Удивляюсь, отчего это многие дамы, поджавши</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>A. OSTROVSKI</i> ONE OF OURSELVES (excerpt)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Translated by Carl Eric Bechhofer</i></p> <p>OLYMPIADA (sitting alone): What a glorious occupation dancing is! How delightful! What could be jollier than to drive to a party or a wedding, sit there quite naturally, all in flowers and dressed up like a doll or a fashion-plate, yes, and all of a sudden a man runs up: "Give me the honour, mademoiselle!" If he's a man of address or an officer well, you look at him and answer, "With pleasure!" Oh, it's de-light-ful! I simply can't describe it. But if there is a thing I don't like, it's dancing with students or clerks. It's quite another matter with officers. Oh, how lovely! Divine! They've got moustaches and epaulettes and uniforms, and some have even got spurs with little bells in 'em. The only horrid thing is, they dance without their swords. Why do they take 'em off? I'm sure I don't know. They simply don't know how to set themselves off. You ought to see how their spurs jingle, especially if it's a lancer or a colonel, marvellous! It's a treat to watch them! Well, fasten him his sword on; it's the finest thing then you could ever wish to see, louder than thunder and jollier than any music! How can you compare an officer with a civilian! An officer why, you can tell him at once: his easy ways and all; but what's a civilian? why, he's a mere stock! (Pauses.) I can't understand</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>A. OSTROVSKY</i> IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR – WE'LL SETTLE IT OURSELVES (excerpt)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Translated by John Laurence Seymour</i> SCENE I</p> <p><i>LIPOCHKA is sitting near the window with a book</i></p> <p>LIPOCHKA. What a pleasant occupation these dances are! Very good indeed! What could be more delightful? You go to the assembly, or to somebody's wedding, you sit down, naturally, all beflowered like a doll or a magazine picture. Suddenly up runs a gentleman: "May I have the happiness, miss?" Well, you see, if he's a man of wit, or a military individual, you accept, drop your eyes a little, and answer: "If you please, with pleasure!" Ah! (Warmly) Most fas-ci-nat-ing! Simply beyond understanding! (Sighs) I dislike most of all dancing with students and government office clerks. But it's the real thing to dance with army men! Ah, charming! ravishing! Their mustaches, and epaulettes, and uniforms, and on some of them even spurs with little bits of bells. Only it's killingly tiresome that they don't wear a sabre. Why do they take it off? It's strange, plague take it! The soldiers themselves don't understand how much more fascinatingly they'd shine! If they were to take a look at the spurs, the way they tinkle, especially if a uhlan or some colonel or other is showing off – wonderful! It's just splendid to look at them – lovely! And if he'd just fasten on a sabre, you'd simply never see anything more delightful, you'd just hear rolling thunder instead of the music. Now, what comparison can there be between a soldier and a civilian? A soldier! Why, you can see right off his cleverness and everything. But what does a civilian amount to? Just a dummy. (Silence) I wonder why it is that so many ladies sit down with their feet under their chairs. There's</p>
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ножки, сидят? Формально нет никакой трудности выучиться! Вот уж я на что совестились учителя, а в двадцать уроков все решительно поняла. Отчего это не учиться танцевать! Это одно только суеверие! Вот маменька, бывало, сердится, что учитель все за колени хватает. Все это от необразования! Что за важность! Он танцмейстер, а не кто-нибудь другой. (Задумывается.) Воображаю я себе: вдруг за меня посватается военный, вдруг у нас парадный сговор: горят везде свечи, ходят официанты в белых перчатках; я, естественно, в тюлевом либо в газовом платье, тут вдруг заиграют вальс. А ну как я перед ним оконфужусь! Ах, срам какой! Куда тогда деваться-то? Что он подумает? Вот, скажет, дура необразованная! Да нет, как это можно! Однако я вот уж полтора года не танцевала! Попробую-ко теперь на досуге. (Дурно вальсируя.) Раз... два... три... раз... два... три...

ЯВЛЕНИЕ ВТОРОЕ

ЛИПОЧКА и АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА.

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА (входя). Так, так, бесстыдница! Как будто сердце чувствовало: ни свет ни заря, не поемши хлеба Божьего, да уж и за пляску тотчас!

ЛИПОЧКА. Как, маменька, я и чай пила, и ватрушку скушала. Посмотрите-ко, хорошо? Раз, два, три... раз... два...

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА (преследуя ее). Так что ж, что ты скушала? Нужно мне очень смотреть, как ты греховничаешь!.. Говорю тебе, не вертись!..

ЛИПОЧКА. Что за грех такой! Нынче все этим

why so many ladies sit and look on at the dancing. There's actively not the least difficulty in learning. Why, look how frightened I was of my teacher; yet in twenty lessons I learned absolutely everything. Why doesn't everybody learn dancing? You only want confidence! Suppose I couldn't dance! Let's imagine I'm engaged to an officer and we've invited friends to announce it to 'em, candles burning everywhere, waiters walking about in white gloves, I, of course, wearing a tulle or a gauze dress; suddenly the band strikes up a waltz! How ashamed I am before him! Oh, how awful! Where can I hide? What will he think? There's a fool, he'll say, and badly brought up! Ah, no, that would be too awful! That reminds me, I haven't danced now for a year and a half! Let me have a try. (Waltzing badly.) One – two – three – one – two – three. (Her mother enters.)

AGRAPHENA: I thought so, you shameless girl! I seemed to feel it in my heart it isn't light yet, you haven't broken bread, and here you are dancing already

OLYMPIADA: Why, mamma dear, I've had some tea and cake. Look, is this all right? One – two – three – one – two –

AGRAPHENA (following her): Well, what if you have had tea? Have I got to watch you misbehaving? Stand still, I tell you!

OLYMPIADA: Misbehaving? Why, everybody waltzes nowadays. One – two –

AGRAPHENA: Better knock one's brains out than – (Runs after her.) What's the matter with you? Why are you so disobedient?

positively no difficulty in learning how! Although I was a little bashful before the teacher, I learned how to do it perfectly in twenty lessons. Why not learn how to dance? It's only a superstition not to. Here mamma sometimes gets angry because the teacher is always grabbing at my knees. All that comes from lack of education. What of it? He's a dancing-master and not somebody else. (Reflecting) I picture to myself: suddenly a soldier makes advances to me, suddenly a solemn betrothal, candles burn everywhere, the butlers enter, wearing white gloves; I, naturally, in a tulle or perhaps in a gauze gown; then suddenly they begin to play a waltz – but how confused I shall be before him! Ah, what a shame! Then where in the world shall I hide? What will he think? "Here," he'll say, "an uneducated little fool!" But, no, how can that be! Only, you see I haven't danced for a year and a half! I'll try it now at leisure. (Waltzing badly) One – two – three; one – two – three –

SCENE II

ЛИПОЧКА and АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. (Entering) Ah, ha, shameless creature! My heart told me so; before it's fairly daylight, before you've eaten God's bread, you start off dancing right away!

ЛИПОЧКА. Now, mamma, I've drunk my tea and eaten some curd-cakes. Look here, is this all right? One, two, three; one – two –

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. (Following her) What difference does it make if you have had something to eat? I suppose I'll have to keep watching what sinful pranks you're up to! I tell you, don't whirl around!

ЛИПОЧКА. Pooh! where's the sin in that! Everybody's doing it nowadays. One, two –

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Better knock your

развлекаются. Раз... два...

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Лучше об стол лбом стучи, да ногами не озорничай! (Бегает за ней.) Да что ж ты, с чего ж ты взяла не слушаться!

ЛИПОЧКА. Как не слушаться, кто вам сказал! Не мешайте, дайте кончить, как надобно! Раз... два... три...

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Долго ль же мне бегать-то за тобой на старости лет! Ух, замутила, варварка! Слышишь, перестань! Отцу пожалуюсь!

ЛИПОЧКА. Сейчас, сейчас, маменька! Последний кружок! Вас на то и Бог создал, чтоб жаловаться. Сами-то вы не очень для меня значительны! Раз, два...

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Как! Ты еще пляшешь, да еще ругаешься! Сию минуту брось! Тебе ж будет хуже: поймаю за юбку, весь хвост оторву.

ЛИПОЧКА. Ну, да рвите на здоровье! Вам же зашивать придется! Вот и будет! (Садится.) Фу... фу... как упаточилась, словно воз везла! Ух! Дайте, маменька, платочка пот обтереть.

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Постой, уж я сама оботру! Ишь, уморилась! А ведь и то сказать, будто неволили. Коли уж матери не считаешь, так стен-то бы посовестилась! Отец, голубчик, через великую силу ноги двигает, а ты тут скачешь, как юла какая!

ЛИПОЧКА. Подите вы с своими советами! Что ж мне делать, по-вашему! Самой, что ли, хворать прикажете? Вот другой манер, кабы я была докторша! Ух! Что это у вас за отвратительные понятия! Ах! какие вы, маменька, ей-богу! Право, мне

OLYMPIADA: Disobedient? Who told you I was disobedient? Don't interrupt me; let me finish properly! One – two – three –

AGRAPHENA: Am I to run about after you in my old age? Ugh! you're torturing me, you barbarian! D'you hear, stop! I'll tell your father!

OLYMPIADA: All right, all right, mamma dear! Last turn! You're always going to tell father! I'm not afraid of you, though! One – two –

AGRAPHENA: What! You're still dancing, and finding fault with me at the same time? Stop it this minute! It'll be the worse for you: I'll catch hold of your skirt and tear the fringe off.

OLYMPIADA: Go on, tear it! You'll only have to sew it on again that's all! (Sits down.) Oh, oh, what a mess I'm in just as if I'd been pulling a cart about! Ugh! Mamma dear, give me a hankey to wipe my face with.

AGRAPHENA: I'll do it for you. Oh, how tired you are! As if you'd been made to! That's what comes of not honouring your mother. Your poor father can hardly move his legs, and here are you twisting about like a whirligig!

OLYMPIADA: Do stop scolding! What do you want me to do? You want me to be ill, eh? it wouldn't matter if I were married to a doctor! What a one you are, mamma, you really are! Really, sometimes you make me blush with what you say.

AGRAPHENA: There's an undutiful child! Just see how she honours her mother! Oh, you

forehead against the table, but don't fiddle around with your feet. (She runs after her) What's the matter with you? Where did you get the idea of not obeying?

LIPOCHKA. Who told you I didn't obey? Don't meddle; let me finish the way I want to! One, two, three –

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. Shall I have to run after you long, old woman as I am? Ouf! You've worn me out, you barbarian! Do you hear? Stop! I'll complain to your father!

LIPOCHKA. Right away, right away, mamma! This is the last time around! God created you expressly for complaining. Much I care for you! One – two –

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. What! you keep on dancing, and talk impudently into the bargain! Stop it this minute! It'll be so much the worse for you; I'll grab you by the skirt, and tear off the whole train.

LIPOCHKA. Well, tear it, and much good may it do you! You'll simply have to sew it up again, and that's all there is to it! (She sits down) Phew! phew! my, I'm soaked through! as if I'd been pulling a van! Ouf! Mamma, give me a handkerchief to wipe off the perspiration.

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. Wait, I'll wipe it off myself. You've half killed yourself! And it's just as if somebody were making you do it. Since you don't respect your mother, you might at least respect these walls. Your father, my dear, has to make a great effort even to move his legs; but you skip about here like a jumping-jack!

LIPOCHKA. Go away with your advice! How can I act according to your notions? Do you want me to get sick? That would be all right if I were a doctor's wife. Ouf! What disgusting ideas you have! Bah! What a woman you are, mamma, drat it! Honestly, I sometimes blush for your stupidity!

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. What a darling child

иногда краснеть приходится от ваших глупостей!

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Каково детище-то ненаглядное! Прошу подумать, как она мать-то честит! Ах ты, болтушка бестолковая! Да разве можно такими речами поносить родителей? Да неужто я затем тебя на свет родила, учила да берегла пуще соломинки?

ЛИПОЧКА. Не вы учили – посторонние; полноте, пожалуйста; вы и сами-то, признаться сказать, ничему не воспитаны. Ну, что ж? Родили вы – я была тогда что? Ребенок, дитя без понятия, не смыслила обращения. А выросла да посмотрела на светский тон, так и вижу, что я гораздо других образованнее. Что ж мне, потакать вашим глупостям! Как же! Есть оказия.

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Уймись, эй, уймись, бесстыдница! Выведешь ты меня из терпения, прямо к отцу пойду, так в ноги и брякнусь, житья, скажу, нет от дочери, Самсонушко!

ЛИПОЧКА. Да, вам житья нет! Воображаю. А мне есть от вас житье? Зачем вы отказали жениху? Чем не бесподобная партия? Чем не капидон? Что вы нашли в нем легковерного?

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. А то и легковерного, что зубоскал! Приехал, ломался, ломался, вертелся, вертелся. Эка невидаль!

ЛИПОЧКА. Да, много вы знаете! Известно, он благородный человек, так и действует по деликатному. В ихнем кругу всегда так делают. Да как еще вы смеете порочить таких людей, которых вы и понятия не знаете? Он ведь не купчишка какой-нибудь. (Шепчет в сторону.) Душка, милашка!

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Да, хорош душка! Скажите, пожалуйста! Жалко, что не отда-

silly chatterbox! Fancy talking like that about your parents. Is it for this I bore you into the world and taught you, yes, and guarded you like a like a straw?

OLYMPIADA: You didn't teach me other people did; so don't say that, please! To tell the truth you yourself are not educated at all. Well, and what if you did? What was I at that time? Why, a baby, a child without understanding! I didn't know what to do! But now that I'm grown up and can look at the world, I see that I'm much more educated than other people. Am I to connive at all your follies? I should think so!

AGRAPHENA: Be quiet, be quiet, you hussy! You'll make me lose my temper! I'll go straight to your father, and throw myself on my knees and I'll tell him, "Samson dear, there's no living with our daughter!"

OLYMPIADA: Oh, there's no living with me, isn't there? D'you think I can live? Why did you refuse my sweetheart? Wasn't he good enough? Why did you say he was light-headed?

AGRAPHENA: Why, because he was grinning all the time. Here he came and made faces, yes, made faces and twisted about! What a sight!

OLYMPIADA: Oh, you know a lot! Everybody knows that he's a thorough gentleman, and always delicate in his behaviour. They always behave like that in his circle. How dare you find fault with people you can't understand! He's not a shopkeeper! (Mutters.) The dear, the darling!

AGRAPHENA: Yes, a fine darling! I

you are! Just consider how you're insulting your mother! Ah, you stupid chatterbox! Is it right to dishonor your parents with such words? Was it for this I brought you into the world, taught you, and guarded you as carefully as if you were a butterfly?

LIPOCHKA. You didn't teach me – strangers did; that'll do, if you please. You yourself, to tell the truth, had no bringing up. What of it? You bore a child – what was I then? – a child without understanding, I didn't understand the ways of society. But I grew up, I looked upon society manners, and I saw that I was far more educated than others. Why should I show too much indulgence for your foolishness? Why, indeed! Much reason for it, I must say!

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. Let up, let up, you shameless girl! You'll drive me out of patience; I'll go straight to your father, throw myself at his feet, and say: "Samson, dear, there's no living because of our daughter!"

LIPOCHKA. Yes, there's no living for you! I imagine so. But do you give me any chance to live? Why did you send away my suitor? Could there have been a better match? Wasn't he a Coopid? What did you find in him that was soft?

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. He was soft enough; just a grinning booby. He came swaggering around, swaggered, strutted, strutted. What a rare bird!

LIPOCHKA. Yes, much you know! Of course he's a born gentleman; he behaves in a delicate way. They always do like that in his circle – But how do you dare to censure such people, of whom you haven't any idea? He, I tell you, is no cheap merchant. (She whispers aside) My darling, my beauty!

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. Yes, a good darling! Do tell! Pity we didn't marry you to some circus clown. Shame on you; there's some kind of folly in you; you

ли тебя за шута за горохового. Ведь ишь ты, блажь-то какая в тебе; ведь это ты назло матери под носом шепчешь.

ЛИПОЧКА. Видимый резон, что не хотите моего счастья. Вам с тятенькой только кляузы строить да тиранничать.

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Ну, как ты хочешь, там думай. Господь тебе судья! А никто так не заботится о своем детище, как материнская утроба! Ты вот тут хохришься да разные глупости выколупываешь, а мы с отцом-то денно и ночью заботимся, как бы тебе хорошего человека найти да пристроить тебя поскорее.

ЛИПОЧКА. Да, легко вам разговаривать, а позвольте спросить, каково мне-то?

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Разве мне тебя не жаль, ты думаешь? Да что делать-то! Потерпи малость, уж коли много лет ждала. Ведь нельзя же тебе вдруг жениха найти: скоро-то только кошки мышей ловят.

ЛИПОЧКА. Что мне до ваших кошек! Мне мужа надобно! Что это такое! Страм встречаться с знакомыми, в целой Москве не могли выбрать жениха – все другим да другим. Кого не заденет за живое: все подруги с мужьями давно, а я словно сирота какая! Отыскался вот один, так и тому отказали. Слышите, найдите мне жениха, беспременно найдите!.. Вперед вам говорю, беспременно сыщите, а то для вас же будет хуже: нарочно, вам назло, по секрету заведу обожателя, с гусаром убегу, да и обвенчаемся потихоньку.

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Что, что, беспутная! Кто вбил в тебя такие скверности! Владыко милосердый, не могу с духом собраться... Ах ты,

should just think he was! It's a pity we didn't let the silly donkey marry you! You foolish girl, what stuff and nonsense muttering like that to annoy your mother!

OLYMPIADA: Any one can see you don't care for my happiness! You and papa are always making up things against me, and tyrannizing!

AGRAPHENA: Well, think what you like, and Heaven judge you! No one ever takes so much thought for her child as the mother's womb! There are you a-bristling and a-tristling, and I and your papa are looking about day and night to find you a good husband and get you off quickly!

OLYMPIADA: It's easy for you to talk; but what good's that to me?

AGRAPHENA: Do you think I'm not sorry for you? What more can I do? We can't find a husband for you at a second's notice, like cats catching mice.

OLYMPIADA: I don't care about your cats! I want a husband! I'm ashamed to meet my friends! You can't find me a husband in all Moscow but the others have got 'em! Who wouldn't be upset? All my friends have got husbands long ago, but here am I like an orphan! One did turn up, and you sent him away. Look here: find me a husband; you must, you must! I tell you once for all; it'll be all the worse for you why, just to annoy you, I'll get an admirer; I'll elope with a hussar, yes, and we'll get married secretly!

AGRAPHENA: What, what, you hussy! Where did you learn all these nasty things?

whisper right under your mother's nose, just to spite her.

LIPOCHKA. I've reason enough, because you don't desire my happiness. You and pa are only good for picking quarrels and tyrannizing!

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. You can think what you please. The Lord is your judge! But nobody feels the anxiety for her child that the mother who bore her does! Here you're always posing and kicking up all kinds of nonsense, while your father and I worry day and night about how to find you a good man, and establish you quickly.

LIPOCHKA. Yes, easy for you to talk; but just let me ask, what good does that do me, if you please?

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. As if you thought I wasn't sorry for you! But what can I do? Have a mite of patience, even if you have been waiting a few years. It's impossible to find a husband for you in a second; it's only cats that catch mice in a jiffy.

LIPOCHKA. What have I got to do with your cats! It's a husband I want. What's the use! I'm ashamed to meet my acquaintances; in all Moscow we weren't able to choose a husband; other girls kept having all the luck. Wouldn't it make anybody sick? All my friends were married long ago, and here I am like a kind of orphan! We found one man, and turned him down. Now, look here: find me a husband, and find him quick!... I tell you in advance, look me up a husband right off, or it'll be so much the worse for you: purposely, just to spite you, I'll secretly scare up an adorer; I'll run away with a hussar, and we'll get married on the quiet.

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. What! What! You lewd creature! Who drummed such nastiness into your head? Merciful Lord, I can't get my breath! Ah, you dirty hussy! Well, there's nothing to be done. It's evident. I'll have to call your father.

собачий огрызок! Ну, нечего делать! Видно, придется отца позвать.

ЛИПОЧКА. Только и ладите, что отца да отца; бойки вы при нем разговаривать-то, а попробуйте сами!

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Так что же, я дура, по-твоему, что ли? Какие у тебя там гусары, бесстыжий твой нос! Тьфу ты, дьявольское наваждение! Али ты думаешь, что я не властна над тобой приказывать? Говори, бесстыжие твои глаза, с чего у тебя взгляд-то такой завистливый? Что ты притче матери хочешь быть! У меня ведь недолго, я и на кухню горшки парить пошлю. Ишь ты! Ишь ты! А!.. Ах матушки вы мои! Посконный сарафан сошью да вот на голову тебе и надену! С поросятами тебя, вместо родителей-то, посажу!

ЛИПОЧКА. Как же! Позволю я над собой командовать! Вот еще новости!

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Молчи, молчи, Таранта Егоровна! Уступи верх матери! Эко семя противное! Словечко пикнешь, так язык ниже пятки пришью. Вот послал Господь утешение! Девчонка хабальная! Мальчишка ты, шельмец, и на уме-то у тебя все не женское! Готова, чай, вот на лошадь по-солдатски вскочить!

ЛИПОЧКА. Вы, я воображаю, приплетете скоро всех буточников. Уж молчали бы лучше, коли не так воспитаны. Все я скверна, а сами-то вы каковы после этого! Что, вам угодно спровадить меня на тот свет прежде времени, извести своими капризами? (Плачет.) Что ж, пожалуй, я уж и так, как муха какая, кашляю. (Плачет.)

АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА (стоит и смотрит на нее). Ну, полно, полно!

Deary me, I can't control myself! There's nothing for it I must call your father!

OLYMPIADA: You keep on with your "father, father, father"; you're very bold when he's here, but just try to speak to me on your own!

AGRAPHENA: D'you think I'm a fool, or what? You and your hussars you with your shameless nose! Oh, you devil's temptation! Or d'you think I'm not entitled to command you? Tell me you with your shameless eyes what's your jealous look for? D'you want to be superior to your mother? I haven't got much more time; I'm just going to the kitchen to wash the peas. Oh, you! Oh dear me! I'll make you a dress of sackcloth and hang it round your neck!

OLYMPIADA: What! Am I going to let myself be ordered about? That's new!

AGRAPHENA: Be quiet, be quiet! Give in to your mother! Say another word, and I'll tie your tongue to your heels! You're a comfort, I must say! You're a tomboy; you've nothing womanly in you! Why you're ready to ride a horse like a soldier!

OLYMPIADA: I believe you'll drag in burglars next! You'd much better have said nothing, if you can't be polite! If I'm everything that's not nice, what are you then? What do you want? To send me to the other world before my time? To kill me with your tantrums? (Weeps.) Yes, and I'm coughing now, like a fly!

AGRAPHENA (looking at her): Never mind; never mind! All right; all right! Listen, I tell you; do stop crying! Never mind; it's all my

LIPOCHKA. All you ever say is "father, father!" You have a lot to say when he's around, but just try it when you're by yourself!

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. So you think I'm a fool, do you? What kind of hussars do you know, you brazen-faced creature? Phoo! Diabolical idea! Perhaps you think I'm not able to make you mind? Tell me, you shameless-eyed girl, where did you get that spiteful look? What, you want to be sharper than your mother! It won't take me long, I tell you, to send you into the kitchen to boil the kettles. Shame, shame on you! Ah! Ah! My holy saints! I'll make you a hempen wedding-dress, and pull it on over your head directly. I'll make you live with the pigs, instead of your parents!

LIPOCHKA. How's that? Will I allow anybody to boss me about? The idea!

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. Shut up, shut up, you babbling Bessie! Give in to your mother! What obstinate daring! Just peep another word and I'll stop your mouth with a potato. A beautiful consolation the Lord has sent me in you! Impudent slut! You're a miserable tomboy and you haven't a womanly thought in your head! You're ready, I suppose, to jump on horseback and go off like a soldier!

LIPOCHKA. I suppose you'll ring in the police, presently! You'd do better to keep still, since you weren't properly brought up. I'm absolutely vile; but what are you, after all? Do you want to send me to the other world before my time? Do you want to kill me with your caprices? (She weeps) Already I'm about coughing my lungs out! (Weeps)

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. (Stands and looks at her) Well, stop, stop!

LIPOCHKA weeps louder and then sobs.

AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. I tell you, that'll do! I'm talking to you; stop it! Well, it's my fault; only do stop –

<p>ЛИПОЧКА плачет громче и потом рыдает. Ну, полно ты, полно! Говорят тебе, перестань! Ну, я виновата, перестань только, я виновата. ЛИПОЧКА плачет. ЛИПОЧКА! Липа! Ну, будет! Ну, перестань! (Сквозь слезы.) Ну, не сердись ты на меня (плачет)... бабу глупую... неученую... (Плачут обе вместе.) Ну, прости ты меня... сережки куплю. ЛИПОЧКА (плача). На что мне сережки ваши, у меня и так полон туалет. А вы купите браслеты с изумрудами. АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Куплю, куплю, только ты плакать-то перестань! ЛИПОЧКА (сквозь слезы). Тогда и перестану, как замуж выйду. (Плачет.) АГРАФЕНА КОНДРАТЬЕВНА. Выдешь, выдешь, голубчик ты мой! Ну, поцелуй меня! Целуются. Ну, Христос с тобой! Ну, дай я тебе слезки оботру. (Обтирает.) Вот нынче хотела Устинья Наумовна прийти, мы и потолкуем. ЛИПОЧКА (голосом, еще не успокоившимся). Ах! Кабы она поскорей пришла!</p>	<p>fault! Do stop; it's all my fault. (Weeping.) Deary, deary, never mind! Do stop! Come, don't be angry with me! I'm a silly, ignorant woman! Come, forgive me I'll buy you a pair of ear-rings. OLYMPIADA: I don't want your ear-rings; I've got enough of them already. Buy me an emerald bracelet – AGRAPHENA: I'll buy it, I'll buy it; only do stop crying! OLYMPIADA: I'll stop crying when I get married. AGRAPHENA: You shall be married, darling, you shall! Come, give me a kiss! (They kiss.) There, that's all right! Come, let me wipe your tears away. Martha's coming to see me to-day; I'll talk to her about you. OLYMPIADA: Ah! if only she comes quick!</p>	<p>it's my fault! LIPOCHKA weeps. AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. Lipochka! Lipa! Come, come, do stop! (Tearfully) Now, don't get angry at me – (She weeps) A silly old woman – ignorant – (They weep together) Please forgive me – I'll buy you some earrings. LIPOCHKA. (Weeping) I don't want your old earrings; I have a drawer full already. You buy me some bracelets with emeralds. AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. I will, I will, only please stop crying! LIPOCHKA. (Through her tears) I won't stop crying till I get married. (She weeps) AGRAFENA KONDRATYEVNA. You'll get married, my darling; you will! Now, give me a kiss! (They kiss) There, Christ be with you! Now let me wipe away the tears for you. (She wipes the tears) Ustinuya Naumovna wanted to come to-day; we're going to talk a bit. LIPOCHKA. (In a voice still rather trembly) Oh, dear, I wish she'd hurry up!</p>
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