

<p><i>М.Е. САЛТЫКОВ-ЩЕДРИН</i> ПОВЕСТЬ О ТОМ, КАК ОДИН МУЖИК ДВУХ ГЕНЕРАЛОВ ПРОКОРМИЛ (отрывок)</p>	<p><i>M. SALTYKOV (SHCHEDRIN)</i> THE STORY OF HOW ONE PEASANT MAINTAINED TWO GENERALS (excerpt) <i>Translated by Isobel Hapgood</i></p>	<p><i>M. SALTYKOV (SHCHEDRIN)</i> HOW A MUZHNIK FED TWO OFFICIALS (excerpt) <i>Translated by Thomas Seltzer</i></p>
<p>Жили да были два генерала, и так как оба были легкомысленны, то в скором времени, по щучьему велению, по моему хотению, очутились на необитаемом острове.</p> <p>Служили генералы всю жизнь в какой-то регистратуре; там родились, воспитались и состарились, следовательно, ничего не понимали. Даже слов никаких не знали, кроме: «Примите уверение в совершенном моем почтении и преданности».</p> <p>Упразднили регистратуру за ненадобностью и выпустили генералов на волю. Оставшись за штатом, поселились они в Петербурге, в Подьяческой улице, на разных квартирах; имели каждый свою кухарку и получали пенсию. Только вдруг очутились на необитаемом острове, проснулись и видят: оба под одним одеялом лежат. Разумеется, сначала ничего не поняли и стали разговаривать, как будто ничего с ними и не случилось.</p> <p>– Странный, ваше превосходительство, мне нынче сон снился, – сказал один генерал, – вижу, будто живу я на необитаемом острове...</p> <p>Сказал это, да вдруг как вскочит! Вскочил и другой генерал.</p> <p>– Господи! да что ж это такое! где мы! – вскрикнули оба не своим голосом.</p> <p>И стали друг друга ощупывать, точно ли не во сне, а наяву с ними случилась такая оказия. Однако, как ни старались уверить себя, что все это</p>	<p>Once upon a time there lived and flourished two Generals; and as both were giddy-pated, by jesting command, at my desire, they were speedily transported to an uninhabited island.</p> <p>The Generals had served all their lives in some registry office or other; they had been born there, reared there, had grown old there, and consequently they understood nothing whatever. They did not even know any words except, "accept the assurance of my complete respect and devotion."</p> <p>The registry was abolished as superfluous, and the Generals were set at liberty. Being thus on the retired list, they settled in Petersburg, in Podyatchesky (Pettifoggers) Street in separate quarters; each had his own cook, and received a pension. But all of a sudden, they found themselves on an uninhabited island, and when they awoke, they saw that they were lying under one coverlet. Of course, at first they could not understand it at all, and they began to talk as though nothing whatever had happened to them.</p> <p>"'Tis strange, your Excellency, I had a dream today," said one General; "I seemed to be living on a desert island."</p> <p>No sooner had he said this than he sprang to his feet. The other General did the same.</p> <p>"Heavens! What's the meaning of this? Where are we?" cried both, with one voice.</p> <p>Then they began to feel each other, to discover whether this extraordinary thing had happened to them not in a dream, but in their waking hours. But try as</p>	<p>Once upon a time there were two Officials. They were both empty-headed, and so they found themselves one day suddenly transported to an uninhabited isle, as if on a magic carpet.</p> <p>They had passed their whole life in a Government Department, where records were kept; had been born there, bred there, grown old there, and consequently hadn't the least understanding for anything outside of the Department; and the only words they knew were: "With assurances of the highest esteem, I am your humble servant."</p> <p>But the Department was abolished, and as the services of the two Officials were no longer needed, they were given their freedom. So the retired Officials migrated to Podyacheskaya Street in St. Petersburg. Each had his own home, his own cook and his pension.</p> <p>Waking up on the uninhabited isle, they found themselves lying under the same cover. At first, of course, they couldn't understand what had happened to them, and they spoke as if nothing extraordinary had taken place.</p> <p>"What a peculiar dream I had last night, your Excellency," said the one Official. "It seemed to me as if I were on an uninhabited isle."</p> <p>Scarcely had he uttered the words, when he jumped to his feet. The other Official also jumped up.</p> <p>"Good Lord, what does this mean! Where are we?" they cried out in astonishment.</p> <p>They felt each other to make sure that they were no</p>

не больше как сновидение, пришлось убедиться в печальной действительности.

Перед ними с одной стороны расстиралось море, с другой стороны лежал небольшой клочок земли, за которым стлалось все то же безграничное море. Заплакали генералы в первый раз после того, как закрыли регистратуру.

Стали они друг друга рассматривать и увидели, что они в ночных рубашках, а на шеях у них висит по ордену.

– Теперь бы кофейку испить хорошо! – молвил один генерал, но вспомнил, какая с ним неслыханная штука случилась, и во второй раз заплакал.

– Что же мы будем, однако, делать? – продолжал он сквозь слезы, – ежели теперича доклад написать – какая польза из этого выйдет?

– Вот что, – отвечал другой генерал, – подите вы, ваше превосходительство, на восток, а я пойду на запад, а к вечеру опять на этом месте сойдемся; может быть, что-нибудь и найдем.

Стали искать, где восток и где запад. Вспомнили, как начальник однажды говорил: "Если хочешь сыскать восток, то встань глазами на север, и в правой руке получишь искомое". Начали искать севера, становились так и сяк, перепробовали все страны света, но так как всю жизнь служили в регистратуре, то ничего не нашли.

– Вот что, ваше превосходительство: вы пойдите направо, а я налево; этак-то лучше будет! – сказал один генерал, который, кроме регистратуры, служил еще в школе военных кантонистов учителем каллиграфии и, следовательно, был поумнее.

they might to convince themselves that all this was nothing but a vision of their sleep, they were forced to the conviction of its sad reality.

On one side of them stretched the sea, on the other side lay a small plot of land, and beyond it again stretched the same boundless sea. The Generals began to weep, for the first time since the registry office had been closed.

They began to gaze at each other, and they then perceived that they were clad only in their night-shirts, and on the neck of each hung an order.

"How good a little coffee would taste now!" ejaculated one General, but then he remembered what unprecedented adventure had happened to him, and he began to cry again.

"But what are we to do?" he continued, through his tears; "if we were to write a report, of what use would it be?"

"This is what we must do," replied the other General. "Do you go to the east, your Excellency, and I will go to the west, and in the evening we will meet again at this place; perhaps we shall find something."

So they began their search to find which was the east and which the west. They recalled to mind that their superior official had once said, "If you wish to find the east, stand with your eyes towards the north, and you will find what you want on your right hand." They began to seek the north, and placed themselves first in one position, then in another, and tried all quarters of the compass in turn, but as they had spent their whole lives in the registry office, they could decide on nothing.

"This is what we must do, your Excellency; do you go to the right, and I will go to the left; that will be better," said the General, who besides serving in the

longer dreaming, and finally convinced themselves of the sad reality.

Before them stretched the ocean, and behind them was a little spot of earth, beyond which the ocean stretched again. They began to cry – the first time since their Department had been shut down.

They looked at each other, and each noticed that the other was clad in nothing but his night shirt with his order hanging about his neck.

"We really should be having our coffee now," observed the one Official. Then he bethought himself again of the strange situation he was in and a second time fell to weeping.

"What are we going to do now?" he sobbed. "Even supposing we were to draw up a report, what good would that do?"

"You know what, your Excellency," replied the other Official, "you go to the east and I will go to the west. Toward evening we will come back here again and, perhaps, we shall have found something."

They started to ascertain which was the east and which was the west. They recalled that the head of their Department had once said to them, "If you want to know where the east is, then turn your face to the north, and the east will be on your right." But when they tried to find out which was the north, they turned to the right and to the left and looked around on all sides. Having spent their whole life in the Department of Records, their efforts were all in vain.

"To my mind, your Excellency, the best thing to do would be for you to go to the right and me to go to the left," said one Official, who had served not only in the Department of Records, but had also been teacher of handwriting in the School for Reserves, and so was a little bit cleverer.

Сказано – сделано. Пошел один генерал направо и видит – растут деревья, а на деревьях всякие плоды. Хочет генерал достать хоть одно яблоко, да все так высоко висят, что надобно лезть. Попробовал полезть – ничего не вышло, только рубашку изорвал. Пришел генерал к ручью, видит: рыба там, словно в садке на Фонтанке, так и кишит, и кишит.

«Вот кабы этакой-то рыбки да на Подьяческую!» – подумал генерал и даже в лице изменился от аппетита.

Зашел генерал в лес – а там рябчики свищут, тетерева токуют, зайцы бегают.

– Господи! еды-то! еды-то! – сказал генерал, почувствовав, что его уже начинает тошнить.

Делать нечего, пришлось возвращаться на условленное место с пустыми руками. Приходит, а другой генерал уж дожидается.

– Ну что, ваше превосходительство, промыслил что-нибудь?

– Да вот нашел старый номер «Московских ведомостей», и больше ничего!

Легли опять спать генералы, да не спится им натошак. То беспокоит их мысль, кто за них будет пенсию получать, то припоминаются виденные днем плоды, рыбы, рябчики, тетерева, зайцы.

– Кто бы мог думать, ваше превосходительство, что человеческая пища, в первоначальном виде, летает, плавает и на деревьях растет? – сказал один генерал.

– Да, – отвечал другой генерал, – признаться, и я до сих пор думал, что булки в том самом виде рождаются, как их утром к кофею подают!

– Стало быть, если, например, кто хочет куропатку съесть, то должен сначала ее изловить,

registry office had also served as instructor of calligraphy in the school for soldiers' sons, and consequently had more sense.

So said, so done. One General went to the right, and saw trees growing, and on the trees all sorts of fruits. The General tried to get an apple, but all the apples grew so high that it was necessary to climb for them. He tried to climb, but with no result, except that he tore his shirt to rags. The General came to a stream, the fish were swimming there in swarms, as though in a fish-shop on the Fontanka canal. "If we only had such fish in Pettifoggers Street!" said the General to himself, and he even changed countenance with hunger.

The General entered the forest, and there hazel-hens were whistling, blackcocks were holding their bragging matches, and hares were running.

"Heavens! What victuals! What victuals!" said the General, and he felt that he was becoming fairly sick at his stomach with hunger.

There was nothing to be done; he was obliged to return to the appointed place with empty hands. He reached it but the other General was already waiting for him.

"Well, your Excellency, have you accomplished anything?"

"Yes, I have found an old copy of the 'Moscow News'; that is all."

The Generals lay down to sleep again, but gnawing hunger kept them awake. They were disturbed by speculations as to who would receive their pension for them; then they recalled the fruits, fish, hazel-hens, blackcock, and hares which they had seen that day.

"Who would have thought, your Excellency, that human food, in its original shape, flies, swims, and

So said, so done. The one Official went to the right. He came upon trees, bearing all sorts of fruits. Gladly would he have plucked an apple, but they all hung so high that he would have been obliged to climb up. He tried to climb up in vain. All he succeeded in doing was tearing his night shirt. Then he struck upon a brook. It was swarming with fish.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had all this fish in Podyacheskaya Street!" he thought, and his mouth watered. Then he entered woods and found partridges, grouse and hares.

"Good Lord, what an abundance of food!" he cried. His hunger was going up tremendously.

But he had to return to the appointed spot with empty hands. He found the other Official waiting for him.

"Well, Your Excellency, how went it? Did you find anything?"

"Nothing but an old number of the Moscow Gazette, not another thing."

The Officials lay down to sleep again, but their empty stomachs gave them no rest. They were partly robbed of their sleep by the thought of who was now enjoying their pension, and partly by the recollection of the fruit, fishes, partridges, grouse and hares that they had seen during the day.

"The human pabulum in its original form flies, swims and grows on trees. Who would have thought it your Excellency?" said the one Official.

"To be sure," rejoined the other Official. "I, too, must admit that I had imagined that our breakfast rolls, came into the world just as they appear on the table."

"From which it is to be deduced that if we want to eat a pheasant, we must catch it first, kill it, pull its

убить, ошпарить, изжарить... Только как все это сделать?

– Как все это сделать? – словно эхо, повторил другой генерал.

Замолчали и стали стараться заснуть; но голод решительно отгонял сон. Рябчики, индейки, поросята так и мелькали перед глазами, сочные, слегка подрумяненные, с огурцами, пикулями и другим салатом.

– Теперь я бы, кажется, свой собственный сапог съел! – сказал один генерал.

– Хороши тоже перчатки бывают, когда долго ношены! – вздохнул другой генерал.

Вдруг оба генерала взглянули друг на друга: в глазах их светился зловещий огонь, зубы стучали, из груди вылетало глухое рычание. Они начали медленно подползать друг к другу и в одно мгновение ока остервенились. Полетели клочья, раздался визг и оханье; генерал, который был учителем каллиграфии, откусил у своего товарища орден и немедленно проглотил. Но вид текущей крови как будто образумил их.

– С нами крестная сила! – сказали они оба разом, – ведь этак мы друг друга съедим! И как мы попали сюда! кто тот злодей, который над нами такую штуку сыграл!

– Надо, ваше превосходительство, каким-нибудь разговором развлечься, а то у нас тут убийство будет! – проговорил один генерал.

– Начинайте! – отвечал другой генерал.

– Как, например, думаете вы, отчего солнце прежде восходит, а потом заходит, а не наоборот?

– Станный вы человек, ваше превосходительство, но ведь и вы прежде встаете, идете в департамент, там пишете, а потом ложитесь

grows on trees?" said one General.

"Yes," replied the other General; "I must confess that until this day I thought that wheaten rolls came into existence in just the form in which they are served to us in the morning with our coffee."

"It must be that, for instance, if one desires to eat a partridge, he must first catch it, kill it, pluck it, roast it.... But how is all that done?"

"How is all that done?" repeated the other General, like an echo. They fell into silence, and tried to get to sleep; but hunger effectually banished sleep. Hazelnuts, turkeys, sucking-pigs flitted before their eyes, rosy, veiled in a slight blush of roasting, surrounded with cucumbers, pickles, and other salads.

"It seems to me that I could eat my own boots now!" said one General.

"Gloves are good also, when they have been worn a long time!" sighed the other General.

All at once the Generals glanced at each other; an ominous fire glowed in their eyes, their teeth gnashed, a dull roar forced its way from their breasts. They began slowly to crawl toward each other, and in the twinkling of an eye they were exasperated to fury. Tufts of hair flew about, whines and groans resounded; the General who had been a teacher of calligraphy bit off his adversary's Order, and immediately swallowed it. But the sight of flowing blood seemed to restore them to their senses.

"The power of the cross defend us!" they exclaimed simultaneously; "if we go on like this we shall eat each other!"

"And how did we get here? What malefactor has played us this trick?"

"We must divert our minds with some sort of conversation, your Excellency, or there will be murder!"

feathers and roast it. But how's that to be done?"

"Yes, how's that to be done?" repeated the other Official.

They turned silent and tried again to fall asleep, but their hunger scared sleep away. Before their eyes swarmed flocks of pheasants and ducks, herds of porklings, and they were all so juicy, done so tenderly and garnished so deliciously with olives, capers and pickles.

"I believe I could devour my own boots now," said the one Official.

"Gloves, are not bad either, especially if they have been born quite mellow," said the other Official.

The two Officials stared at each other fixedly. In their glances gleamed an evil-boding fire, their teeth chattered and a dull groaning issued from their breasts. Slowly they crept upon each other and suddenly they burst into a fearful frenzy. There was a yelling and groaning, the rags flew about, and the Official who had been teacher of handwriting bit off his colleague's order and swallowed it. However, the sight of blood brought them both back to their senses.

"God help us!" they cried at the same time. "We certainly don't mean to eat each other up. How could we have come to such a pass as this? What evil genius is making sport of us?"

"We must, by all means, entertain each other to pass the time away, otherwise there will be murder and death," said the, one Official.

"You begin," said the other.

"Can you explain why it is that the sun first rises and then sets? Why isn't it the reverse?"

"Aren't you a funny man, your Excellency? You get up first, then you go to your office and work there, and at night you lie down to sleep."

<p>спать?</p> <p>– Но отчего же не допустить такую перестановку: сперва ложусь спать, вижу различные сновидения, а потом встаю?</p> <p>– Гм... да... А я, признаться, как служил в департаменте, всегда так думал: «Вот теперь утро, а потом будет день, а потом подадут ужинать – и спать пора!»</p> <p>Но упоминание об ужине обоих повергло в уныние и пресекло разговор в самом начале.</p> <p>– Слышал я от одного доктора, что человек может долгое время своими собственными соками питаться, – начал опять один генерал.</p> <p>– Как так?</p> <p>– Да так-с. Собственные свои соки будто бы производят другие соки, эти, в свою очередь, еще производят соки, и так далее, покуда, наконец, соки совсем не прекратятся...</p> <p>– Тогда что ж?</p> <p>– Тогда надобно пищу какую-нибудь принять...</p> <p>– Тьфу!</p>	<p>said the other General.</p> <p>"Begin!" replied the other General.</p> <p>"Well, for instance, what do you think about this, Why does the sun rise first and then set, instead of acting the other way about?"</p> <p>"You are a queer man, your Excellency; don't you rise first, then go to the office, write there, and afterward go to bed?"</p> <p>"But why not admit this reversal of the order; first I go to bed, have divers dreams, and then rise?"</p> <p>"Hm, yes.... But I must confess that when I served in the department I always reasoned in this fashion: now it is morning, then it will be day, then supper will be served, and it will be time to go to bed."</p> <p>But the mention of supper plunged them both into grief, and broke the conversation off short at the very beginning.</p> <p>"I have heard a doctor say that a man can live for a long time on his own juices," began one of the Generals.</p> <p>"Is that so?"</p> <p>"Yes, sir, it is; it appears that, the juices proper produce other juices; these in their turn, engender still other juices, and so on, until at last the juices cease altogether...."</p> <p>"What then?"</p> <p>"Then it is necessary to take some sort of nourishment."</p> <p>"Tfu!"</p>	<p>"But why can't one assume the opposite, that is, that one goes to, bed, sees all sorts of dream figures, and then gets up?"</p> <p>"Well, yes, certainly. But when I was still an Official, I always thought this way: 'Now it is; dawn, then it will be day, then will come supper, and finally will come the time to go to bed.'"</p> <p>The word "supper" recalled that incident in the day's doings, and the thought of it made both Officials melancholy, so that the conversation came to a halt.</p> <p>"A doctor once told me that human beings can sustain themselves for a long time on their own juices," the one Official began again.</p> <p>"What does that mean?"</p> <p>"It is quite simple. You see, one's own juices generate other juices, and these in their turn still other juices, and so it goes on until finally all the juices are consumed."</p> <p>"And then what happens?"</p> <p>"Then food has to be taken into the system again."</p> <p>"The devil!"</p>
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