

Greek:

A sort of disease, youth is. Aggravated
 When the young soul's addicted to injustice.
 I suppose my condition of servitude should daunt me
 By censoring free discussion, right as I am.
 If I got the better, you'd see I suffered for it.
 You high and mighty people can look daggers
 Hearing from your inferiors the god's truth.
 However, I'm one for sticking to my principles.
 Speak, pretty miss: for what legitimate reason
 Would I keep you from your legitimate marriage?
 Troy lords it over Sparta, I suppose,
 Or would with a bit of luck? I fancy I'm free?
 Or trusting in a girl's full-breasted beauty,
 A city's strength, a multitude of backers,
 I'm planning to dispossess you of your home?
 Or so I may have sons instead of you,
 Slaves every one, like millstones dragging after me?
 Or else so someone will exalt my boys
 To the very throne itself, if you've no children?
 I suppose for Hector's sake the Greeks adore me?
 Or thinking I was a nobody in Troy?
 It wasn't drugs that made your husband shun you;
 The plain fact is, you're hardly fit to live with.
 There's your witchcraft. It's not beauty but
 Fine qualities, my girl, that keep a husband.
 When something annoys you, it's always Sparta this
 And Sparta that. His Skyros?—never heard of it!
 You flaunter among paupers! They mention your
 father?—
 He dwarfs Achilles! No wonder your husband flushes.
 A woman, even when married to a cad,
 Ought to be deferential, not a squabblor.
 Suppose you married a king in wintry Thrace
 Where the custom is one husband in rotation
 Take to his bed god knows how many women.
 You'd knife them all? And be in a pretty fix
 Screaming, "You hussy!" at every wife in sight.
 Disgraceful! Well, we women are infected
 With a worse disease than men, but try to conceal it.
 O dearest Hector, for your sake I even
 Welcomed your loves, when Cypris sent you fumbling.
 I was wet nurse to your bastards many a time
 Only to make your life a little easier.
 And for such conduct he approved and loved me.
 But you!—you hardly dare to let your husband
 Out in the rain. He might get wet! Your mother
 Helen was fond of her man—now wasn't she, dear?
 Don't try to outdo her. Sensible children
 Really ought to avoid the family vices.

Shakespeare: Measure for Measure

O you beast!
 O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
 Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
 Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
 From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
 Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
 For such a warped slip of wilderness
 Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
 Die, perish! Might but my bending down
 Reprive thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
 No word to save thee.

<http://shakespeare.mit.edu/measure>

Chekhov: Ivanov

You keep saying that Nikolai is this or that or the
 other. How can you possibly know what he's like?
 You've only known him for the last six months; you
 can't get to know a man in that short a time. (He's a
 remarkable man, Doctor. I'm sorry you didn't meet
 him a few years ago. Now he's always depressed, won't
 talk, doesn't do anything; but then ~~he was!~~ What a delight
 he was! I fell in love the first time I saw him! [Laughs] I
 took one look, and ~~snapped~~ was caught in his trap!
 And he said, Come on, let's go away together. . . . So I
 cut myself off from everything, like cutting rotten leaves
 from a plant, and I went. . . . [Pause] Only now it's
 different. Now he spends all his time at the Lebedevs' ~~(house)~~
 he's seeing other women, and I just . . . I sit here in
 the garden and listen to the owl cry.

offense? like?
 pre
 [angry / defensive @ doctor
 Anna = wife of Nikolai (copy husband)
 Nikolai doesn't work
 mental sickness + tuberculosis
 Doctor is in love w/ her
 sacrificed life for husband
 symbolic for her actual
 Sol. being death
 note of absurd
 sign of death
 (house)
 sign of death
 two things? spec. detail? or ok like factual?
 but then
 (house)