

SHORT STORY

“THE LADY WITH THE PET DOG” BY ANTON CHEKHOV

I

A new person, it was said, had appeared on the Esplanade: a lady with the pet dog. Dimitry Dmitrich Gurov, who had spent fortnight at Yalta and had got used to the place, had also begun to take an interest in new arrivals. As he sat in Vernet's factionary shop, he saw, walking on the esplanade, a fair-haired young woman of medium height, wearing a beret; a white Pomeranian was trotting behind her.

And afterward he met her in the public garden and in the square several times a day. She walk alone, always wearing the same beret and always with the white dog; no one knew who she was and everyone called her simple “the lady with the pet dog.”

“If she is here alone without husband or friends,” Gurov Reflected. “it wouldn't be a bad thing to make her acquaintance.”

He was under forty, but he already had a daughter twelve years old and two sons at school. They had found a wife for him when he was very young, a student in his second year. And by now she seemed half as old again as he. She was a tall, erect woman with dark eyebrows, stately and dignified and, as she said of herself, intellectual. She read great a deal, used simplified spelling in her letters, called her husband, not Dmitry, but Dimitry, while he privately considered her of limited intelligence, narrow minded, dowdy, was afraid of her, and did not like to be at home. He had begun being unfaithful to her long ago-had been unfaithful to her often and, probably for that reason, almost always spoke ill of woman, and when the were talked of his presence used to call them “the inferior race.”

It seemed to him that he had been sufficiently tutored by bitter experience to call them what he pleased, and yet he could not have lived without “the inferior race” for two days together. In the company of men he was bored at ill at ease, he was chilly and uncommunicative with them; but when he was among women he felt free, and knew what to speak to them about and how to comport himself; and even to be silent with them was no strain on him. In his appearance, in his character, in his whole make-up

there was something attractive and elusive that disposed woman in his favor and allured them. He knew that, and some force seemed to draw him to them, too.

Oft-repeated and really bitter experience had taught him long ago that with decent people-particularly Moscow people-who are irresolute and slow of move, every affair which at first seems a light and charming adventure inevitably grows into a whole problem of extreme complexity, and in the end a painful situation is created. But at every new meeting with an interesting woman this lesson of experience seemed to slip from his memory, and he was eager for life, and everything seemed so simple and diverting.

One evening while he was dining in the public garden the lady in the beret walked up without haste to take the next table. Her expression, her gait, her dress, and the way she did her hair told him that she belonged to the upper class, that she was married, that she was in Yalta for the first time and alone, and that she was bored there. The stories told of the immorality in Yalta are to a great extent untrue; he despised them, and knew that such stories were made up for the most part by persons who would have been glad to sin themselves if they had the chance; but when the lady sat down at the next table three paces for him, he recalled these stories of easy conquests, a romance with an unknown woman of whose very name he was ignorant suddenly took hold of him.

He beckoned invitingly to the Pomeranian, and when the dog approached him, shook his finger at it. The Pomeranian growled; Gurov threatened it again.

The lady glanced at him and at once dropped her eyes.

“He doesn’t bite,” she said and blushed.

“May I give him a bone?” he asked: and when she nodded he inquired affably, “Have you been in Yalta long?”

“About five days,”

“And I am dragging out the second week here,”

There was silence.

“Time passes quickly, and yet it is so dull here!” she said, not; looking at him.

“It’s only the fashion to say it’s dull here. A provincial will live in Belyov or Zhizdra and not be bored, but when he comes here its ‘Oh, the dullness! Oh, the dust!’ One would think he came from Granada.”

She laughed. Then both continued eating in silence, like strangers, but after dinner they walked together and there sprang up between them the light banter of people who are free and contented, to whom it does not matter where they go or what they talk about. They walked and talked of the strange light on the sea: the water was a soft, warm, lilac color, and there was golden band of moonlight upon it. They talked of how sultry it was after the hot day. Gurov told her that he was native of Moscow, that he had studied language and literature at the University, but had a post in a bank; that at one time he had trained to become an opera singer but had given it up., that he owned two houses in Moscow. And he learned from her that she had grown up in Petersburg, but had lived in S_____ since her marriage two years previously, that she was going to stay in Yalta for about another month, and that her husband, who needed a rest, too, might perhaps come to fetch her. She was not certain whether her husband was a member of a Government Board or served on a Zemstvo Council, and this amused her. And Gurov learned that her name was Anna Sergeyevna.

Afterwards in his room at the hotel he thought about her-and was certain that he would meet her the next day. It was bound to happen. Getting into bed he recalled that she had been a schoolgirl only recently, doing the lessons like his own daughter; he thought how much timidity and angularity there was still in her laugh and her manner of talking with a stranger. It must have been the first time in her life that she was alone in a setting in which she was followed, looked at, and spoken to for one secret purpose alone, which she could hardly fail to guess. He thought of her slim, delicate throat, her lovely gray eyes.

“There’s something pathetic about her, though,” he thought, and dropped off.

II

A week had passed since they had struck up an acquaintance. It was a holiday. It was close indoors, while in the street the wind whirled the dust about and blew people’s hats off. One was thirsty all day, and Gurov often went into the restaurant and

offered Anna Sergeyevna a soft drink or ice cream. One did not know what to do with oneself.

In the evening when the wind had abated they went out on the pier to watch the steamer come in. There was a great many people walking about dock; they had come to welcome someone and they were carrying bunches of flowers. And two peculiarities of festive Yalta crowd stood out: the elderly ladies were dressed like young ones and there were many generals.

Owing to the choppy sea, the steamer arrived late, after sunset, and it was a long time tacking about before it put in at the pier. Anna Sergeyevna peered at the steamer and the passengers through her lorgnette as though looking for acquaintances, and whenever she turned to Gurov her eyes were shining. She talked a great deal and asked questions jerkily, forgetting the net moment what she had asked; then she lost her lorgnette in the crush.

The festive crowd began to disperse; it was now too dark to see people's faces; there was no wind any more, but Gurov and Anna Sergeyevna still stood as though waiting to see someone else come off the steamer. Anna Sergeyevna was silent now, and sniffed her flowers without looking at Gurov.

"The weather has improved this evening," he said. "Where shall we go now? Shall we drive somewhere?"

She did not reply.

Then he looked at her intently, and suddenly embraced her and kissed her on the lips, and the moist fragrance of her flowers enveloped him; and at once he looked round him anxiously, wondering if anyone had seen them.

"Let us go to your place," he said softly. And they walked off together rapidly.

The air in her room was close and there was the smell of the perfume she had bought at the Japanese shop. Looking at her, Gurov thought "What encounters life offers?" From the past he preserved the memory of carefree, good-natured women whom love made gay and who had grateful to him for the happiness he gave them, however brief it might be; and of women like his wife who loved without sincerity, with too many words, affectedly, hysterically, with an expression that is was not love or passion that engaged them but something more significant; and of two or three others,

very beautiful, frigid women, across whose faces would suddenly flit a rapacious expression-an obstinate desire to take from life more than it could give, and these were women no longer young, capricious, unreflecting, domineering, unintelligent, and when Gurov grew cold to them their beauty aroused his hatred, and the lace on their lingerie seemed to him to resembles scales.

But here was the timidity, the angularity of in experienced youth, a feeling of awkwardness; and there was a sense of embarrassment, as though someone had suddenly knocked at the door. Anna Sergeyevna, “the lady with the pet dog”, treated what had happened in a peculiar way, very seriously, as though it were her fall -so it seemed, and this was odd and inappropriate. Her features drooped and faded, and her long hair hung down sadly on either side her face; se grew pensive and her dejected pose was that of a Magdalene in a picture by an old master.

“It’s not right”, she said. “You don’t respect me now, you first of all”.

There was a watermelon on the table. Gurov cut himself a slice and began eating it without haste. They were silent for at least half an hour.

There was something touching about Anna Sergeyevna; she had the purity of a well-bred, naive woman who has seen little of life. The single candle burning on the table barely illuminated her face, yet it was clear that she was unhappy.

“Why should I stop respecting you, darling?” asked Gurov. “You do not know what you’re saying.”

“God forgive me,” she said, and her eyes filled with tears. “It’s terrible.”

“It’s as though you were trying to exonerate yourself.”

“How can I exonerating myself? No. I am a bad, low woman; I despise myself and I have no thought of exonerating myself. It’s not my husband but myself I have deceived. And not only just now; I have been deceiving myself for a long time. My husband may be a good, honest man, but he is a flunkey! I don’t know what he does, what his work is, I know he is a flunkey! I was twenty when I married him. I was tormented by curiosity; I wanted something better. There must be a different sort of life, I said to myself. I wanted to live! To live, to live! Curiosity kept eating at me-you don’t understand, but I swear to God I could no longer control myself; something was

going on in me; I could not be held back. I told my husband I was ill, and came here. And here I have become a vulgar, vile woman whom anyone may despise.”

Gurov was already bored with her; he was irritated by her native tone, by her repentance, so unexpected and so out of place, but for the tears in her eyes he might have thought she was joking or play-acting.

“I don’t understand, my dear,” he said softly. “What do you want?”

She hid her face on his breast and pressed close to him.

“Believe me, believe me, I beg you,” she said, “I love honesty and purity, and sin is loathsome to me; I don’t know what I’m doing. Simple people say, ‘The Evil One has led me astray.’ And I may say of myself now that the Evil One has led me astray.”

“Quiet, quiet,” he murmured.

He looked into her fixed, frightened eyes, kissed her, spoke to her softly and affectionately, and by degrees she calmed down, and her gaiety returned; both began laughing.

Afterwards when they went out there was not a soul on the esplanade. The town with its cypresses looked quite dead, but the sea was still sounding as it broke upon the beach; a single launch was rocking on the waves and on it a lantern was blinking sleepily.

They found a cab and drove to Oreanda.

“I found out your surname in the hall just now; it was written on the board-von Dideritz,” said Gurov. “Is your husband German?”

“No; I believe his grandfather was German, but he is Greek Orthodox himself”.

At Oreanda they sat on a bench not far from the church, looked down at the sea, and were silent. Yalta was barely visible through the morning mist; white clouds rested motionlessly on the mountaintops. The leaves did not stir on the trees, cicadas twanged, and the monotonous muffled sound of the sea that rose from below spoke of the peace, the eternal sleep awaiting us. So it rumbled below when there was no Yalta, on Oreanda

here; so it rumbles now, and it will rumble as indifferently and as hollowly when we are no more. And in this constancy, in this complete indifference to the life and death of each of us, there lays, perhaps, a pledge of our eternal salvation, of the unceasing advance of life upon earth, of unceasing movement towards perfection. Sitting beside a young woman who in the dawn seemed so lovely, Gurov, soothed and spellbound by these magical surroundings-the sea, mountains, the clouds, the wide sky-thought how everything is really beautiful in this world when one reflects; everything except what we think or do ourselves when we forget the higher aims of life and our own human dignity.

A man strolled up to them-probably a guard-looked at them and walked away. And this detail, too seemed so mysterious and beautiful. They saw a steamer arrive from Feodosia, its lights extinguished in the glow of dawn.

“There is dew on the grass,” said Anna sergeyevna, after a silence.

“Yes, it’s time to go home.”

They returned to the city

Then they met every day at twelve o’clock on the esplanade, lunched and dined together, too walk, admired the sea. She complained that she slept badly, that she had palpitations, asked the same questions, troubled now by jealousy and now by the fear that he did not respect her sufficiently. And often in the square or the public garden; when there was no one near them, he suddenly drew her to him and kissed her passionately. Complete idleness, these kisses in broad daylight exchange furtively in dread of someone’s seeing them, the heat, the smell of the sea, and the continual flitting before his eyes of idle, well-dressed, well-fed people, worked a complete change in him; he kept telling Anna Sergeyevna how beautiful she was, how seductive, was urgently passionate; he would not move a step away from her, while she was often pensive and continually pressed him to confess that he did not respect her, did not love her in the least, and saw in her nothing but a common woman. Almost every evening rather late they drove somewhere out of town, to Oreanda or to the waterfall; and the excursion was always a success; the scenery invariably impressed them as beautiful and magnificent

They were expecting her husband, but a letter came from him saying that he had eye-trouble and beginning his wife to return home as soon as possible. Ana Sergejevna made haste to go.

“it’s a good thing I am leaving,” she said to Gurov. “It’s the hand of fate!”

She took a carriage to the railway station, and he went with her. They were driving the whole day. When she had taken her place in the express, and when the second bell had rung, she said, “Let me look at you once more-let me look at you again. Like this.”

She was not crying but was so sward that she seemed ill and her face was quivering.

“I shall be thinking of you-remembering you,” she said. “God bless you; be happy. Don’t remember evil against me. We are parting forever-it has be, for we ought never to have met. Well, God bless you.”

“The train moved off rapidly, its light spoon vanished, and a minute later there was no sound of it, as though everything had conspired to end as quickly as possible that sweet trance, that madness. Left alone on the platform, and gazing into the dark distance, Gurov listened to the twang of the grasshoppers and the hum of telegraph wires, feeling as though he had just walked up. And he reflected, musing, that there had now been another episode or adventure in his life, and it, too, was at end, and nothing was left of it but a memory. He was moved, sad, and slightly remorseful: this young woman whom he would never meet again had not been happy with him; he had been warm and affectionate with her, but yet in his manner, his tone, and his caresses there had been a shade of light irony, the slightly coarse arrogance of a happy male who was, besides, almost, twice her age. She had constantly called him kind, exceptional, high-minded; obviously he had seemed to her different from what he really was, so he had involuntarily deceived her”.

Here at the station there was already a scent of autumn in the air; it was a chilly evening.

“It is time for me to go north, too,” thought Gurov as he left the platform. “High time!”

III

At home in Moscow the winter routine was already established; the stoves were heated, and in the morning it was still dark when the children were having breakfast and getting ready for school, and the nurse would light the lamp for a short time. There were frosts already. When the first snow falls, on the first day the sleighs are out, it is pleasant to see the white earth, the white roofs; one draws easy, delicious breaths, and the season brings back the days of one's youth. The old limes and birches, white with hoar-frost, have good-natured look; they are closer to one's heart than cypresses and palms, and near them one no longer wants to think of mountains and the sea.

Gurov, a native of Moscow, arrived there on a fine frosty day, and when he put on his fur coat and warm gloves and took a walk along Petrovka, and when on Saturday night he heard the bells ringing, his recent trip and the places he had visited lost all charm for him. Little by little he became immersed in Moscow life, greedily read three newspapers a day, and declared that he did not read the Moscow papers on principle. He already felt a longing for restaurants, clubs, formal dinners, anniversary celebrations, and it flattered him to entertain distinguished lawyers and actors, and to play cards with a professor at the physician's club. He could eat a whole portion of meat stewed with pickled cabbage and served in a pan, Moscow style.

A month or so would pass and the image of Anna Sergeyevna, it seemed to him, would become misty in his memory, and only from time to time he would dream of her with her touching smile as he dreamed of others. But more than a month went by, winter came into its own, and everything was still clear in his memory as though he had parted from Anna Sergeyevna only yesterday. And his memories glowed more and more vividly. When in the evening stillness the voices of his children preparing their lessons reached his study or when he listened to a song or to an organ playing in a restaurant, or when the storm howled in the chimney, suddenly everything would rise up in his memory; what happened on the pier and the early morning with the mist on the mountains, and the steamer coming from Feodosia, and the kisses. He would pace about his room a long time, remembering and smiling; then his memories passed into reveries, and in his imagination the past would mingle with what was to come. He did not dream of Anna Sergeyevna, but she followed him about everywhere and watched

him. when he shut his eyes he saw her before him as though she were there in the flesh, and she seemed to him lovelier, younger, renderer than she had been, and he imagined himself a finer man than he had been in Yalta. Of evenings she peered out at him from the bookcase, from the fireplace, from the corner—he heard her breathing, the caressing rustle of her clothes. In the street he followed the women with his eyes, looking for someone who resembled her.

Already he was tormented by a strong desire to share his memories with someone. But in his home it was impossible to talk of his love and he had no one to talk to outside; certainly he could not confides in his tenants or in anyone at the bank. And what was there to talk about? He hadn't loved her then, had he? Had there been anything beautiful, poetical, edifying, or simply interesting in his relations with Anna Sergejevna? And he was forced to talk vaguely of love, of women, and no one guessed what he meant; only his wife would twitch her black eyebrows and shy, "The part of philanderer does not suit you at all, Dimitry."

One evening, coming out of the physician's club with an official with whom he had been playing cards, he could not resist saying:

"If you only knew what a fascinating woman I became acquainted with at Yalta!"

The official got into his sledge and was driving away, but turned suddenly and shouted:

"Dmitry Dmitrich!"

"What is it?"

"You were right this evening: the sturgeon was a bit high."

These words, so commonplace, for some reason moved Gurov to indignation, and struck him as degrading and unclean. What savage manners, what mugs! What stupid nights, what dull, humdrum days! Frenzied gambling, gluttony, drunkenness, continual talk always about the same thing! Futile pursuits and conversations always about the same topics take up the better part of one's time, the better part of one's strength, and in the end there is left a life clipped and wingless, an absurd mess and

there is no escaping or getting away from it-just as though one were in a madhouse or a prison.

Gurov, boiling with indignation, did not sleep all night. And he had headache all the next day. And the following night too he slept badly; he sat up in bed, thinking, or paced up and down his room. He was fed up with his children, fed up with the bank; he had no desire to go anywhere or to talk of anything.

In December during the holidays he prepared to take a trip and told his wife he was going to Petersburg to do what he could for a young friend and he set off for S__. What for? He did not know himself. He wanted to see Anna Sergeyevna and talk with her, to arrange a rendezvous if possible.

He arrived at S__ in the morning, and at the hotel took the best room, in which the floor was covered with gray army cloth, and on the table there was an inkstand, gray with dust and topped by figure on horseback, its hat in its raised hand and its head broken off. The porter gave him the necessary information: von Dideritz lived in a house of his own on Staro-Goncharnaya street, not far from the hotel: he was rich and lived well and kept his own horses; everyone in the town knew him. The porter pronounced his name: "Dridiritz."

Without haste Gurov made his way to Staro-Goncharnaya street and found the house. Directly opposite the house stretched a long gray fence studded with nails.

"A fence like that would make one run away," thought Gurov, looking now at the fence, now at the windows of the house.

He reflected: this was a holiday, and the husband was apt to be at home. And in any case, it would be tactless to go into the house and disturb her. If he were to send her a note, it might fall into her husband's hands, and that might spoil everything. The best thing was to rely on chance. And he kept walking up and down the street and along the fence, waiting for the chance. He saw a beggar go in at the gate and heard the dogs attack him; then an hour later he heard a piano, and the sound came to him faintly and indistinctly. Probably it was Anna Sergeyevna playing. The front door opened suddenly, and an old woman came out, followed by the familiar white Pomeranian. Gurov was on the point of calling to the dog, but his heart began beating violently, and in his excitement he could not remember the Pomeranian.

He kept walking up down, and hated the gray fence more and more, by now he thought irritably that Anna Sergeyevna had forgotten him, and was perhaps already diverting herself with another man, and that was very natural in a young woman who from morning till night had to look at that damn fence. He went back to his hotel room and sat on the couch for a long while, not knowing what to do, and then he had dinner and a long nap.

“How stupid and annoying all this is!” he thought when he woke and looked at the dark windows: it was already evening, here I’ve have a good sleep for some reason. What am I going to do at night?”

He sat on the bed, which was covered with a cheap gray blanket of the kind seen in hospitals, and he twitted himself in his vexation:

“So there’s your lady with the pet dog. There’s your adventure. A nice place to cool your heels in.”

That morning at the station a playbill in large letters had caught his eye. The Geisha was to be given for the first time. He taught of this and drove to the theater.

“It’s quite possible that she goes to first nights,” he thought.

The theater was full. As in all provincial theaters, there was a haze above the chandelier, the gallery was noisy and restless; in the front row, before the beginning of the performance the local dandies were standing with their hands clasped behind their backs; in the Governor’s daughter, wearing a boa, occupied the front seat, while the Governor himself hid modestly behind the portiere and only his hands were visible; the curtain swayed; the orchestra was a longtime turning up. While the audience was coming in and taking their seats, Gurov scanned the faces eagerly.

Anna Sergeyevna, too, came in. She sat down in the third row, and when Gurov looked her his heart contracted, and he understood clearly that in the whole world there was no human being so near, so precious, and so important to him; she, this little, undistinguished woman, lost in a provincial crowd, with a vulgar lorgnette in her hand, filled his whole life now, was his sorrow and his joy, the only happiness that he now desired for himself, and the sounds of the bad orchestra, of the miserable local violins, he thought how lovely she was. He thought and dreamed.

A young woman with small side-whiskers, very tall and stooped, came in with Anna Sergeyevna and sat down beside her; he nodded his head at every step and seemed to be bowing continually. Probably this was the husband whom at Yalta, in an access of bitter feeling, she had called flunkey. And there really was in his lanky figure, side-whiskers, his small bald patch, something of a flunkey's retiring manner; his smile was mawkish, and his buttonhole there was an academic badge like a waiter's number.

During the first intermission the husband went out to have a smoke; she remained in her seat. Gurov, who was also sitting in the orchestra, went up to her and said in a shaky voice, with a forced smile:

“Good evening!”

She glanced at him and turned pale, then looked at him again in horror; unable to believe her eyes, and gripped the fan and the lorgnette tightly together in her hands, evidently trying to keep herself from fainting. Both were silent. She was sitting; he was standing, frightened by her distress and not daring to take a seat beside her. The violins and the flute that were being tuned up sang out. He suddenly felt frightened: it seemed as if all the people in the boxes were looking at them. She got up and went hurriedly to the exit; he followed her, and both of them walked blindly along the corridors and up and down stairs, and figures in the uniforms prescribed for magistrates, teachers, and officials of the Department of Crown Lands, all wearing badges, flitted before their eyes, as did also ladies, and fur coats on hangers; they were conscious of drafts and the smell of stale tobacco. And Gurov, whose heart was beating violently, thought:

“Oh Lord! Why are these people here and this orchestra?”

And at that instant he suddenly recalled how when he had seen Anna Sergeyevna of at the station he had said to himself that all was over between them and that they would never meet again. But how distant the end still was!

On the narrow, gloomy staircase over which it said “To the Amphitheatre,” she stopped.

“How you frightened me!” she said, breathing hard, still pale and stunned. “Oh, how you frightened me! I am barely alive. Why did you come? Why?”

“But to understand, Anna, do understand “he said hurriedly, under his breath. “I implore you, do understand-“

She looked at him with fear, with entreaty, with love; she looked at him intently, to keep his features more distinctly in her memory.

“I suffer so, “she went on, not listening to him. “All this time I have been thinking of nothing but you; I live only by the thought of you. And I wanted to forget, to forget; but why, oh, why have you come?”

On the landing above them two high school were looking down and smoking, but it was all the same to Gurov; he drew Anna Sergeyevna to him and began kissing her face and hands.

“What are you doing, what are you doing!” she was saying in horror, pushing him away, “We have lost our senses. Go away today; go away at once-I conjure you by all that is sacred, I implore you-People are coming this way!”

Someone was walking up the stairs.

“you must leave”, Anna went on in a whisper. “Do you hear Dmitry Dmitrich? I will come and see you in Moscow. I have never been happy; I am unhappy now, and never, never shall be happy, never! So don’t make me suffer still more! I swear I’ll come to Moscow. But now let us part. My dear, good, precious one, let us part!”

She pressed his hand and walked rapidly downstairs, turning to look around at him, and from her eyes he could see that she really was unhappy. Gurov stood fir a while, listening, then when all grew quiet, he found his coat and left the theater.

IV

And Anna Sergeyevna began coming to see him in Moscow. Once every two or three months she lefts S___ telling her husband that she was going to consult a doctor about a woman’s ailment from which she was suffering-and her husband did and did not believe her. When she arrived in Moscow she would stop at the Slavansky Bazar Hotel, and at once send a man in a red cap to Gurov. Gurov came to see her, and her no one in Moscow knew of it.

Once he was going to see her in this way on a winter morning (the messenger had come the evening before and not found him in). With him walked his daughter, whom he wanted to take to school; it was on the way. Snow was on the way. Snow was coming down in big wet flakes.

“It’s three degrees above zero, and yet it’s snowing,” Gurov was saying to this daughter. “But this temperature prevails only on the surface of the earth – in the upper layers of the atmosphere there is a quite a different temperature.”

“And why doesn’t it thunder in winter, papa?”

He explained that, too. He talked thinking all the while that he was on his way to a rendezvous, and no living soul knew of it, and probably no one would ever know. He had two lives, an open one, seen and known by all who needed to know it, full of conventional truth and conventional falsehood, exactly like the lives of his friends and acquaintances; and another life that went on in secret. And through some strange, perhaps accidental, combination of circumstances, everything that was of interest and importance to him, everything that was essential to him, everything about which he felt sincerely and did not deceive himself, everything that constituted the core of his life, was going on concealed from others; while all that was false, the shell in which he hid to cover the truth-his work at the bank, for instance, his discussions at the club, his references to the “inferior race”, his appearances at anniversary celebrations with his wife-all that went on in the open. Judging others by himself, he did not believe what he saw, and always fancied that every man led his real, most interesting life under cover of secrecy as under cover of night. The personal life of every individualism based on secrecy, and perhaps it is partly for that reason that civilized man is so nervously anxious that personal privacy should be respected.

Having taken his daughter to school, Gurov went on to the Slanvansky Bazar Hotel. He took off his fur coat in the lobby, went upstairs, and knocked gently at the door. Anna Sergeyevna, wearing his favorite gray dress, exhausted by the journey and by waiting, had been expecting him since the previous evening. She was pale, looked at him without a smile, and had hardly entered when she flung herself on his breast. That kiss was a long, lingering one, as though they had not seen one another for two years.

“Well,, darling, how are you getting on there?” he asked. “What news?”

“Wait; I’ll tell you in a moment-I can’t speak.”

She could not speak; she was crying. She turned away from him, and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

“Let her have her cry; meanwhile I’ll sit down,” he thought, and seated himself in an armchair.

Then he rang and ordered tea, and while he was having his tea she remained standing at the window with her back to him. She was crying out of sheer agitation, in the sorrowful consciousness that their life was so sad; that they could only see each other in secret and had to hide from people like thieves! Was it not broken life?

“Come, stop now, dear!” he said.

It was plain to him that this love of theirs would not be over soon, that the end of it was not in sight. Anna Sergeyevna was growing more and more attached to him. She adored him, and it was unthinkable to tell her that their love was bound to come to an end some day; besides, she would not have believed it!

He went up to her and took her by the shoulders, to fondle her and say something diverting, and at that moment he caught sight of himself in the mirror.

His hair already beginning to turn gray. And it seems odd to him that he had grown so much older in the last few years, and lost his looks. The shoulders on which his hands rested were warm and heaving. He felt compassion for this life, still so warm and lovely, but probably already about to begin to fade and wither like his own. Why did she love him so much? He always seemed to women different from what he was, and they loved in him not himself, but the man whom their imagination created and whom they had been eagerly seeking all their lives; and afterwards, when they saw their mistake, they loved him nevertheless. And not one of them had been happy with him. In the past he had met women, come together with them, parted from them, but he had never once loved; it was anything you please, but not love. And only now when his head was gray he had fallen in love, really, truly-for the first time in his life.

Anna Sergeyevna and he loved each other as people do who are very close and intimate, like man and wife, like tender friends; it seemed to them that fate itself had meant them for one another, and they could not understand why he had a wife and she a

husband; and it was as though they were a pair of migratory birds, male and female, caught and forced to live in different cages. They forgave everything in the present, and felt that this love of theirs had altered them both.

Formerly in moments of sadness he had soothed himself with whatever logical arguments came into his head, but now he no longer cared for logic; he felt profound compassion, he wanted to be sincere and tender.

“Give it up now, my darling,” he said. “You’ve had your cry; that’s enough. Let us have a talk now, we’ll think up something.”

Then they spent a long time taking counsel together, they talked of how to avoid the necessity for secrecy, for deception, for living in different cities, and not seeing one another for long stretches of time. How could they free themselves from these intolerable fetters?

“How? How?” he asked, clutching his head. “How?”

And seemed as though in little while the solution would be found, and then a new and glorious life would begin; and it was clear to both of them that the end was still far off and that what was to be most complicated and difficult for them was only just beginning.

BIOGRAPHY



Anton Pavlovich Chekov was born in the small seaport of Taganrorg, Ukraine on January 17th in the year 1860. Today he is remembered as a playwright and one of the masters of the modern short story. He was the son of grocer and the grandson of a serf who had bought his freedom, that and that his sons, 19 years earlier. Chekov spent his early years under the shadow of his father's religious fanaticism while working long hours in his store.

After he finished grammar school Chekov enrolled in the Moscow University Medical School, where he would eventually become a doctor. Chekov's medical and science experience is evident in much of his work as evidenced by the apathy many of his characters show towards tragic events.

While attending medical school Chekov began to publish comic short stories and used the money to support himself and his family and by 1886 he had gained wide fame as a writer. Chekov's works were published in various St. Petersburg papers, including Peterburskaia gazeta from 1885, and Novoe vremia from 1886. Chekov also published 2 full-length novels during this time one of which, "The Shooting Party" was translated into English in 1926.

Chekov graduated from medical school in 1884 and he practiced medicine until 1892. While practicing medicine in 1886 he became a regular contributor to St. Petersburg daily *Novoe vremya* and it was during this time that he developed his style of the dispassionate, non-judgmental author. The lack of critical social commentary in Chekov's works netted him some detractors, but it gained him the praise of such authors as Leo Tolstoy and Nikolai Leskov.

Chekov was awarded the Pushkin Prize in 1888. The next year he was elected a member of the Society of Lovers of Russian Literature. However after the failure of his play *The Wood Demon* (1889) he withdrew from literature for a while. Instead he turned back to medicine and science in his trip to the penal colony of Sakhalin, north of Siberia. While there he surveyed 10,000 convicts sentenced to life on the island as part of his doctoral research. After finish on the island he traveled all over, including to such places as South East Asia, the Indian Subcontinent, and the Middle East.

Famous for the profound influence of his plays on the course of modern drama, Chekhov perhaps exerted an even greater influence on the modern short story. While he is known for his sympathy for and insight into the human condition, his stories ultimately exhibited dispassionate emotional balance, rigorous stylistic control, and a rational, ironic, and sometimes cynical attitude toward human relationships and aspirations. It is Chekhov's cool, detached artfulness that distinguished his work from the confessional style of Dostoevsky, the moral fervor of Tolstoy, and the absurdist fantasies of Gogol. Critics note that Chekhov wrote "The Lady with the Pet Dog"—the story of a middle-aged man's belated discovery of true love—shortly before he himself married actress Olga Knipper in 1901. Their love was bittersweet, as he did not expect to live long. Some critics point out that just as Gurov felt bored and disgusted by the triviality of Moscow society in the absence of Anna, Chekhov felt miserable among high society at a

health resort in Yalta (where he composed the story while seeking a tuberculosis cure) because he was separated from Olga. Like Gurov, Chekhov loved the company of women and seemed to share a special sympathy with them but simultaneously remained somewhat detached.

Chekhov was influenced by Tolstoy's ideas on ascetic morality and nonresistance to evil. He especially became more actively concerned about human suffering after visiting and caring for patients at a penal colony on the island of Sakhalin. In one of his most famous stories, "Ward Six," Chekhov depicts a doctor's inner journey from philosophical detachment to deep human sympathy, which resembles Gurov's journey from a thoughtless and cynical lady's man to a deeply sympathetic lover in "The Lady with the Pet Dog."

In 1892 Chekhov bought an estate in the country village of Melikhove and became a full time writer. It was during this time that he published some of his most memorable stories including 'Neighbors' (1892), 'Ward Number Six' (1892), 'The Black Monk' (1894), 'The Murder' (1895), and 'Ariadne' (1895). In 1897 he fell ill with tuberculosis moved to Yalta, while there he wrote his famous stories 'The Man in a Shell,' 'Gooseberries,' 'About Love,' 'Lady with the Pet Dog,' and 'In the Ravine.'

Though a celebrated figure by the Russian literary public at the same of his death, Chekhov remained rather unknown internationally until the years after World War I, when his works were translated into English. As a writer Chekhov was extremely fast, often producing a short story in an hour or less, overall during his career he authored several hundred stories. He didn't have as much success with his plays – the early ones were failures and it wasn't until *The Seagull* was revised in 1898 by Stanislavsky at the

Moscow Art Theater that he gained popularity as a playwright.(taken from
:http://www.online literature.com/Anthon Chekhov).

Works

PLAYS:

| | |
|---|------|
| ”The Swan Song” | 1889 |
| “The Proposal” | 1889 |
| “Ivanof” | 1889 |
| “The Boor” | 1890 |
| “The Sea-Gull” | 1896 |
| “The Tragedian in Spite of Himself” ... | 1899 |
| “The Three Sisters” | 1901 |
| “Uncle Vanya” | 1902 |
| “The Cherry Orchard” | 1904 |

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES:

| | |
|------------------------------------|------|
| “Humorous Folk” | 1887 |
| “Twilight and Other Stories” | 1887 |
| “Morose Folk”. | 1890 |
| “Variegated Tales” | 1894 |
| “Old Wives of Russia” | 1894 |
| “The Duel” | 1895 |
| “The Chestnut Tree” | 1895 |
| “Ward Number Six” | 1897 |
| “The Lady with the Pet Dog” | 1899 |

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHS:

| | |
|---------------------------------|------|
| “The Island of Saghalien” | 1895 |
| “Peasants” | 1898 |
| “Life in the Provinces” | 1898 |
| “Children” | 1899 |