

APPENDIX I

The Boor Summary Synopsis

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Although *The Bear* is one of Anton Chekhov's lesser-known plays, this "Farce in One-Act," as it is subtitled, is an excellent representative of its genre. Dedicating the play to N. N. Solovtsov, Chekhov is said to have been inspired by his friend's boorish performance in a French vaudeville. Indeed, with its fast-paced, biting dialogue alluding to popular song lyrics, accidentally broken furniture, and exaggerated emotions that quickly turn into their opposite, this three-character drama resembles an act from a vaudeville.

The action begins at Elena Ivanovna Popova's house, as she is seen bending over a photograph of her dead husband with a look of "deep mourning" on her face. Her servant, Luka, tries to comfort her and encourage her to finally leave the house, seven months after her husband's death. Popova stubbornly refuses, citing the pretext that she must remain forever faithful to her husband—as he had never been to her. By locking herself up in her house for the rest of her life, she intends to show her deceased husband what true love and faithfulness mean.

A bell interrupts Popova's mournful sobbing, and Gregorii Stepanovich Smirnov enters the scene. Naturally, Popova refuses to see him—after all, she has sworn to not see anyone until her death. Smirnov does not give up, claiming that he has come on urgent business. Without the excessive show of courtesy

characteristic of his social class—a sign of his alleged disillusionment with high-society life and women—Smirnov demands that Popova return the money owed to him by her late husband. As she does not have money at the house and is not in the “mood” to deal with financial matters, she tells him to return the day after tomorrow.

Angered by her casual response, so “typical” of capricious female nature and fickle “female logic,” Smirnov refuses to leave until she repays the debt. Next, they engage in a series of arguments: Smirnov accuses women of dishonesty and of making false claims to equality, while Popova makes the argument personal by calling Smirnov a “bear” for his boorish manners. Smirnov exclaims that if Popova, as a feminist, really wants equality, he will give it to her—in the form of a duel. Surprised by her acceptance of his challenge, Smirnov begins to fall in love with this “fire, powder, rocket” of a woman. After instructing her on how to use a pistol, he is forced to admit that he is beginning to like her. Even then she refuses to back down from his challenge. This refusal fuels Smirnov’s love for her further, and he offers her his hand. After Popova’s numerous refusals and Smirnov’s threats to leave, Smirnov passionately kisses her. At this moment, Luka and two other workers enter the scene with household weapons, ready to break up the dual by force.

Written, published, and performed in 1888, Chekhov’s play reflects on and pokes fun of liberal discourses in mid- to late-nineteenth-century Russia, in particular those concerned with “The Woman Question.” *The Bear* is engaged in dialogue with Chekhov’s contemporaries and earlier Russian literature on

women's emancipation, such as Ivan Turgenev's *On the Eve* (1859) and Nikolai Chernyshevsky's *What Is to Be Done?* (1863).

APPENDIX II

THE DATA

The list of the dialogue below shows to the reader used in Anton Chekhov's *The Boor*:

No.	Dialogue	Types of Comedy and The Elements of Comedy
1.	<p>SMIRNOV : I did not come to see the manager; I came to see you. What the devil--pardon the language--do I care for your manager?</p> <p>MRS. POPOV : Really, sir, I am not used to such language or such manners. I shan't listen to you any further.</p>	Farce Comedy
2.	<p>SMIRNOV : Then I'll sit here until I get the money. [He sits down.] You will pay day after to-morrow? Excellent! Here I stay until day after to-morrow. [Jumps up.] I ask you, do I have to pay that interest to-morrow or not? Or do you think I'm joking?</p> <p>MRS. POPOV : Sir, I beg of you, don't scream! This is not a stable.</p> <p>SMIRNOV : I'm not talking about stables, I'm asking you whether I have to pay that interest to-morrow or not?</p> <p>MRS. POPOV : You have no idea how to treat a lady.</p> <p>SMIRNOV : Oh, yes, I have.</p> <p>MRS. POPOV : No, you have not. You are an ill-bred,</p>	Farce Comedy

	<p>SMIRNOV</p> <p>vulgar person! Respectable people don't speak so to ladies.</p> <p>MRS. POPOV</p> <p>: How remarkable! How do you want one to speak to you? In French, perhaps! Madame, je vous prie! Pardon me for having disturbed you. What beautiful weather we are having to-day! And how this mourning becomes you!</p> <p>: Not at all funny! I think it vulgar!</p>	
3.	<p>SMIRNOV</p> <p>: You have buried yourself alive, but meanwhile you have not forgotten to powder your nose!</p>	Manner Comedy
4.	<p>LUKA</p> <p>: What is the use of all these words, when you'd so much rather go walking in the garden or order Tobby or Welikan harnessed to the trap, and visit the neighbors?</p>	Manner Comedy
5.	<p>MRS. POPOV</p> <p>: He loved Tobby so! He always drove him to the Kortschagins or the Vlassovs. What a wonderful horseman he was! How fine he looked when he pulled at the reigns with all his might! Tobby, Tobby--give him an extra measure of oats to-day!</p>	Manner Comedy

6.	SMIRNOV	: I have the honor to introduce myself: Lieutenant in the Artillery, retired, country gentleman, Grigori Stapanovitch Smirnov!! I'm compelled to bother you about an exceedingly important matter.	Manner Comedy
7.	MRS. POPOV SMIRNOV	: I thought I made it plain to you that my manager will return from town, and then you will get your money. : I did not come to see the manager; I came to see you. What the devil--pardon the language--do I care for your manager?	Surprise
8.	MRS. POPOV SMIRNOV	: I thought I made it plain to you that my manager will return from town, and then you will get your money. : I did not come to see the manager; I came to see you. What the devil--pardon the language--do I care for your manager?	Surprise
9.	MRS. POPOV	: [<i>Resolutely.</i>] Please don't speak of these things again. You know very well that since the death of Nikolai Michailovitch my life is absolutely nothing to me. You think I live, but it	Conflict

		<p>only seems so. Do you understand? Oh, that his departed soul may see how I love him! I know, it's no secret to you; he was often unjust to me, cruel, and--he wasn't faithful, but I shall be faithful to the grave and prove to him how <i>I</i> can love. There, in the Beyond, he'll find me the same as I was until his death.</p>	
10.	SMIRNOV	<p>: What can one say to that? Moods! Seven months since her husband died! Do I have to pay the interest or not? I repeat the question, have I to pay the interest or not? The husband is dead and all that; the manager is--the devil with him!--travelling somewhere. Now, tell me, what am I to do? Shall I run away from my creditors in a balloon? Or knock my head against a stone wall? If I call on Grusdev he chooses to be "not at home," Iroschevitch has simply hidden himself, I have quarrelled with Kurzin and came near throwing him out of the window, Masutov is ill and this woman has--moods! Not one of them will pay up!</p>	Conflict

		<p>And all because I've spoiled them, because I'm an old whiner, dish-rag! I'm too tender-hearted with them. But wait! I allow nobody to play tricks with me, the devil with 'em all! I'll stay here and not budge until she pays! Brr! How angry I am, how terribly angry I am! Every tendon is trembling with anger, and I can hardly breathe! I'm even growing ill.</p>	
11.	<p>SMIRNOV</p> <p>MRS. POPOV</p> <p>SMIRNOV MRS. POPOV</p>	<p>: My mind is not clear--I can't understand. Servant--water! I have fallen in love like any young man. <i>[He takes her hand and she cries with pain.]</i> I love you! <i>[He kneels.]</i> I love you as I have never loved before.</p> <p>: But--wait a moment. No, go on, go on. I hate you. Or--no; don't go. Oh, if you knew how angry I was, how angry! <i>[She throws the revolver on to the chair.]</i> My finger is swollen from this thing. <i>[She angrily tears her handkerchief.]</i> What are you standing there for? Get out!</p> <p>: Farewell!</p> <p>: Yes, go. <i>[Cries out.]</i> Why are you going? Wait--no, go!! Oh,</p>	Conflict

	<p>SMIRNOV</p>	<p>how angry I am! Don't come too near, don't come too near-- er--come--no nearer. : <i>[Approaching her.]</i> How angry I am with myself! Fall in love like a schoolboy, throw myself on my knees. I've got a chill! <i>[Strongly.]</i> I love you. This is fine--all I needed was to fall in love. To-morrow I have to pay my interest, the hay harvest has begun, and then you appear! <i>[He takes her in his arms.]</i> I can never forgive myself.</p>	
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