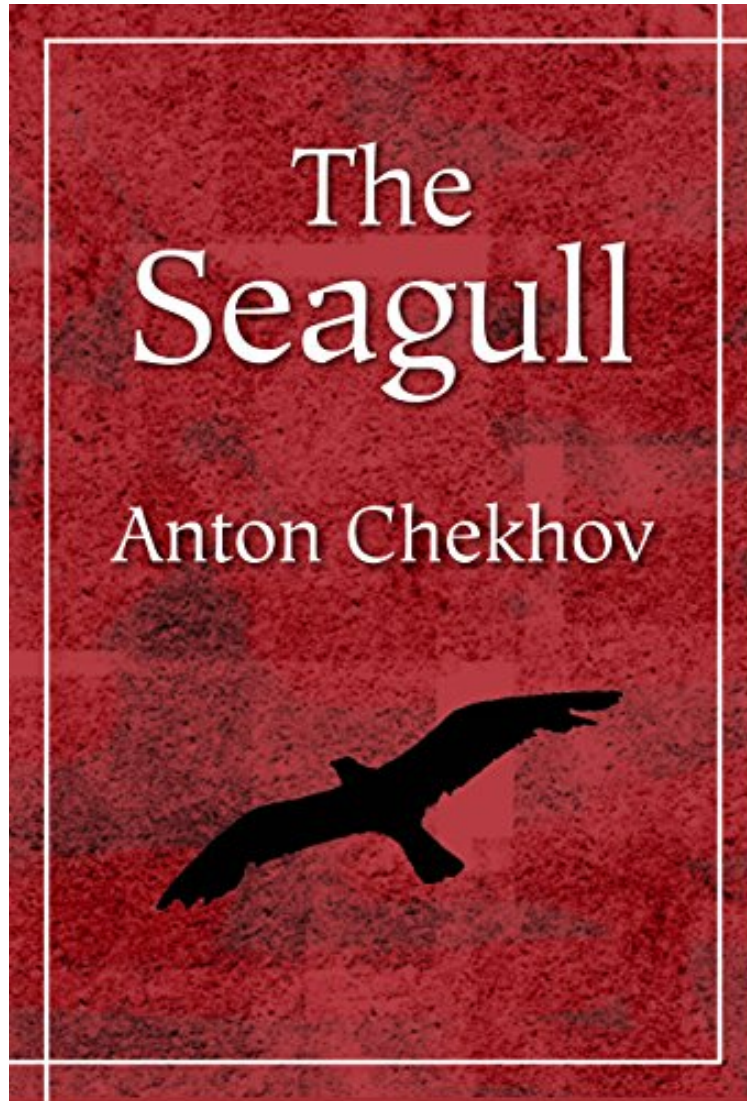


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The Seagull

Anton Chekhov

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Anton Chekhov : The Seagull before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Seagull:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five Stars By Elaine F. Kramer Great play and enjoyable to read. 0 of 1 people found the following review helpful. lovely read By Emily H. Evans show long since I had read this play? Perhaps 30 years. next time I will not wait as long. Wonderful characters, set so clearly in Russia, with their universal themes. Very satisfying to read.

Anton Chekhov's *The Seagull* was written in 1895 and first staged in 1896. It concerns the romantic and artistic conflicts between its four main characters, all dissatisfied with life. Some desire love. Some desire success. Some

desire artistic genius. No one seems able to attain happiness. A play more character driven than plot driven, it remains a staple for theatrical production companies to this day. Sayre Street Books offers the world's greatest literature in easy to navigate, beautifully designed digital editions.

Senelick . . . has done his job as scholar and translator nearly to perfection. "About the Author Anton Pavlovich Chekhov (29 January 1860 ndash; 15 July 1904) was a Russian physician, playwright and author who is considered to be among the greatest writers of short stories in history. His career as a playwright produced four classics and his best short stories are held in high esteem by writers and critics. He practised as a medical doctor throughout most of his literary career: "Medicine is my lawful wife", he once said, "and literature is my mistress." He was born in Taganrog, a port on the Sea of Azov in southern Russia. In May 1904, he became terminally ill with tuberculosis. In 1908, his wife Olga wrote this account of her husband's last moments: 'Anton sat up unusually straight and said loudly and clearly (although he knew almost no German): Ich sterbe ("I'm dying"). The doctor calmed him, took a syringe, gave him an injection of camphor, and ordered champagne. Anton took a full glass, examined it, smiled at me and said: "It's a long time since I drank champagne." He drained it and lay quietly on his left side, and I just had time to run to him and lean across the bed and call to him, but he had stopped breathing and was sleeping peacefully as a child...'