

## CHEKHOV WRITING TO OLGA KNIPPER<sup>2</sup> FROM YALTA

Here  
in Yalta every thing is the same  
as always.

There is snow  
and the wind rising from the Black Sea  
slams every window  
and roars relentlessly through every room.

Sun  
sometimes shines  
like a dying candle.

Hands benumbed  
fingers lazy  
and shooting pain in joints.

The disease has forced itself  
completely in to the lungs  
ready to evict life.

Every third day  
Althshular visits  
knocks the back and chest  
listens to the lungs  
and both of us in chorus  
mourn the worsening weather.

I, as you had ordered,  
wash myself every other day  
change underpants and  
eat regularly, three times a day.

I have almost given up drinking  
which is, in a way, sad.

## Subhash Jaireth

The play is stuck  
the first act has been done  
the second refuses to spread over pages  
though sets faces and action  
                  are floating before eyes  
but the wretched pen  
never stays in the hand.

The trouble is  
these days, neither words push me  
nor I am able to push them.  
Our authority over each other  
is gradually dissipating.

Now  
the satisfaction comes easily  
even from writing reviews  
expressing opinions on unknown manuscripts  
sent by the respected editor.

2. Olga Leonardovna Knipper, famous actress of Moscow Art Theatre. Chekhov and Olga Knipper were married in 1901, three years before Chekhov died from tuberculosis. In Yalta Chekhov was working on his last play *The Cherry Orchard*.