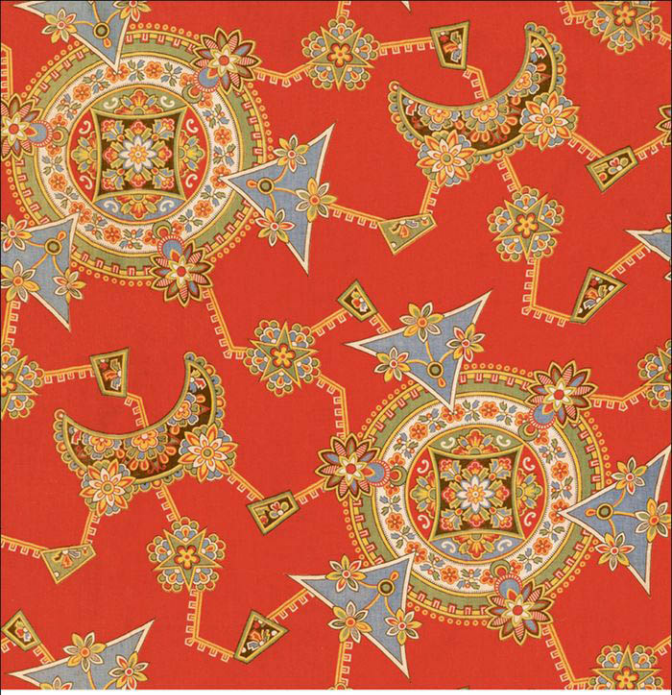

Leo Tolstoy

War and Peace

The definitive translation newly revised

OXFORD WORLD'S CLASSICS

WAR AND PEACE

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LEO TOLSTOY

WAR AND PEACE

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WAR AND PEACE

INTRODUCTION

Readers unfamiliar with the plot may prefer to treat the Introduction as an Afterword.

'Here is the greatest novel ever written'—so major novelists of the past two centuries, from Ivan Turgenev to Virginia Woolf, hailed Leo Tolstoy's masterpiece, *War and Peace*. Yet Tolstoy himself saw it differently. 'It is not a novel,' he wrote, 'even less is it an epic poem, and still less an historical chronicle.'[1] In an assertive claim for the primacy of artistic form, the author insisted that '*War and Peace* is what the author wished and was able to express in the form in which it is expressed'.[2] Tolstoy began his project with great joy and fear, and only discovered the courage of artistic freedom as part of his writing process. While preparing drafts of a novel about the Decembrist uprising against Tsar Nicholas I in 1825, Tolstoy 'became absorbed in reading the history of Napoleon and Alexander'. As he described it: 'In a cloud of joy and awareness of the possibility of doing great work, the idea caught me up of writing a psychological history of Alexander and Napoleon. All the meanness, all the phrases, all the madness, all the contradictions of the people around them and in themselves . . . I must write my novel and work for this.'[3]

His wife, who served as his secretary, famously transcribed his almost illegible drafts into fair copies, seven times over. Yet she describes her task and Tolstoy's creative energy with rapture: 'I spend my whole time copying out Lyova's novel. This is a great delight to me. As I copy, I live through a whole world of new ideas and impressions. Nothing has such an effect upon me as his ideas and his genius.' And she leaves us this image of Tolstoy at work: 'All this winter, L. has kept on writing, wrought up, the tears starting to his eyes and his heart swelling. I believe his novel is going to be wonderful.' Tolstoy felt himself to be 'never more fit for his work' than he was at this time of his life: in his thirties, recently married and settled on his estate, the father of four children (by the time the book was finished), and a literary figure of some success, although by no means the titanic presence he was to become in the eyes of his countrymen and ultimately the world.

[1] 'Some Words about *War and Peace*', first published in *Russian Archive*, 1868. See Appendix, p. 1309.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Diary entry, 19 March 1865.

The task of writing an account of 'The Year 1812', as one early draft was titled, quickly assumed inhuman proportions and challenged the young author's talent beyond his available skills: 'I wanted to capture everything I knew and felt about that time and yet, I felt either that it was impossible to express everything, or it seemed to me that the simple, banal, literary devices common to novels were inconsistent with the majestic, deep and many-sided content [so that] . . . I threw away what I had begun to write and despaired . . .'[4]

In tackling a historical and military subject, Tolstoy was armed with the confidence of his early successes in writing about war. He began his literary career with the early story 'The Raid' (1852), which was written while serving in his brother's regiment in the Caucasus, that land of mountainous landscapes made romantic in the writings of Alexander Pushkin and Mikhail Lermontov. His Sevastopol sketches were composed during his military service at the siege of Sevastopol (1854). These stories, together with his early novels, *Childhood* (1852) and *The Cossacks* (1864), were published to immediate critical acclaim. We can already glimpse the future author of *War and Peace* in the first paragraph of 'The Raid', where he writes that he is 'more interested to know in what way and under the influence of what feeling one soldier kills another than to know how the armies were arranged at Austerlitz and Borodino'. The patriotism and excitement of his Sevastopol sketches secured his status as one of Russia's major authors.

But despite the encouragement of these early successes, Tolstoy was still a fledgling in comparison to established authors like Ivan Turgenev or Fyodor Dostoevsky. In 1863, when Tolstoy began work on the early drafts of *War and Peace*, Turgenev was already regarded in Europe as Russia's greatest living author. *A Sportsman's Sketches*, a work credited with inspiring public sentiment in favour of the abolition of serfdom, was published in 1852, and his masterpiece, *Fathers and Sons*, appeared ten years later. Dostoevsky had burst upon the literary scene with his epistolary novel *Poor Folk* in 1845, followed by a series of novels culminating in his *Notes from the House of the Dead* (1862), which drew upon his experiences as a prisoner in Siberia and deeply impressed the young Tolstoy, who held the work in the highest regard until the end of his life. The first instalments of *War and Peace*, then titled *The Year 1805*, would appear side by side with the opening chapters of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* (1866) in the same issue of *The Russian Messenger*. This was one of several 'thick' journals, so called because of their substantive content. In the climate of heavy censorship in Russian letters, political

[4] First draft of the Introduction to *War and Peace*.

ideas and pointed critiques of the government had to be expressed cautiously, and literary fiction was one way of doing this. The risk was by no means insignificant, as evidenced in the case of Dostoevsky, who, for his participation in a political group, was arrested, lined up to be shot by a firing squad, forgiven, and exiled to Siberia for a lengthy decade of imprisonment. Russian literature of the nineteenth century became a means of speaking to what were termed the 'accursed questions' of the reform period of Russian history: the liberation of the serfs, the education and social status of women, and so on. To win a place in such company it was not enough to write well; it was essential to have something of urgent importance to say.

Tolstoy was also writing within a European tradition in which the Napoleonic war had already acquired mythopoetic grandeur in such vast and imposing works as Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma* (1839), William Makepeace Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* (1848), and Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* (1862). By Tolstoy's own account, the anxiety of influence and the pressure of literary precedent and convention was unendurable: 'time and my strength were flowing away with every hour, and I knew that nobody would ever tell what I had to tell . . . Above all, traditions both of form and content oppressed me. I was afraid to write in a language different from that in which everybody writes. I was afraid that my writing would fall into no existing genre, neither novel, nor tale, nor epic, nor history . . .'[5] The key to artistic freedom was to reject any formal or stylistic requirements of literary genres, which Tolstoy happily found could be accomplished through an appeal to his own native Russian literary tradition, noted for its experimental character and flouting of literary convention. 'We Russians don't know how to write novels in the European sense of the word,'[6] he announced, proudly and provocatively:

> The history of Russian literature since the time of Pushkin not merely affords many examples of such deviation from European forms, but does not offer a single example of the contrary. From Gogol's *Dead Souls* to Dostoevsky's *House of the Dead*, in the recent period of Russian literature there is not a single artistic prose work rising at all above mediocrity, which quite fits into the form of a novel, epic, or story.[7]

Experimenting with genre was a signature of the Russian literary tradition from its inception. Pushkin's long narrative masterpiece *Eugene Onegin* (1825–32) was famously subtitled a 'Novel in Verse' (*roman v*

[5] 'Second Draft for an Introduction to *War and Peace*', G. Gibian, trans.
[6] Ibid.
[7] 'Some Words', see Appendix, p. 1309.

stikhakh), while Gogol's *Dead Souls* (1842) is subtitled '*Poèma*' (the Russian word indicating an 'epic poem') although it is written in prose.

While Tolstoy attributed his discovery of literary freedom to the experimental character of his own native Russian tradition, he also possessed a non-Russian model to emulate in the novels of the author he claimed as his favourite, Laurence Sterne. So impressed was he by *A Sentimental Journey* (1768) that he worked on improving his English by translating it into Russian. Given this level of enthusiasm, it would be surprising if Tolstoy had not also read *Tristram Shandy* (1759), a novel replete with digressions, interruptions, and vanishing characters.[8] Its eponymous writer-hero succeeds in describing only one thing: his own failure to give an adequate account of historical and biographical events. Real life, with its abundant proliferation of details and chaotic sequences of events, twists, turns, and sidelines, evades capture by the pen. In a pitiable and comic figure of the confounded novelist and historian, Tristram Shandy's Uncle Toby spends his life trying to create a model to convey the exact information he wishes the world to know about the battle where he received his wound. Tolstoy's earliest attempt at prose narrative, 'A History of Yesterday' (1851), is an unfinished Shandean account of infinitely unfolding stories within stories, including the wandering inner thoughts of all the characters, each moment revealing endless possibilities for description and narration. The entire piece reckons with the impossibility of ever drafting a 'true and authentic' account of a minute of time. In his preoccupation with the details of a moment, Tolstoy's 'History of Yesterday' narrator anticipates that typically inert Russian anti-hero, Goncharov's *Oblomov* (1859), who excuses himself from the plans and plotted activities of the world of men, because he is captivated and exhausted from watching the turbulent activity of the tiniest of ants scurrying beneath the grass blades. This image can provide a key to understanding Tolstoy's artistic technique in *War and Peace*: he writes about characters and events that are sub-historical, while the narratives of history itself, like soldiers' boastful war stories of the battlefield, are exploded as false. The movement of thousands of troops, a line on the page of a history book, will be enlarged by Tolstoy into chapters of soldierly details about boots and carriage wheels, horse manure and leg wrappings, the texture of uniform cloth, and steaming potatoes pulled from the camp-fire. The great and legendary figures of military history snore during war councils or succumb with irritability to a cold, their battle plans garbled and ignored. From his earlier anxiety, expressed in his diaries, that his habit

[8] Both novels had been translated into Russian, although evidence suggests that Tolstoy first read Sterne in French.

of digression would ruin him, Tolstoy now found artistic release and justification in unleashing it.

Once liberated from the necessity of conforming to predetermined artistic design, Tolstoy began to create a prose work of extraordinary scope and size, whose formal features confused his early readers and caused them to wonder what kind of a work they were reading and who were its main characters. The cast of characters of *War and Peace* almost exceeds 600, including roughly 160 historical figures. Sympathizing with the reader's plight, Louise and Aylmer Maude, his principal English translators, felt it was necessary to indicate in footnotes which were the major characters. As the instalments appeared, critics erred in their efforts to identify the main characters: one guessed that Dolokhov and Anatole Kuragin were the heroes, while another complained that he could not figure out which characters were important until 'the second half of the third volume'. This sense of bewilderment was not restricted to the lack of a clear protagonist, nor to the confusion of crowds that fill the pages and overwhelm the reader. Critics found the absence of a familiar designation for the first instalments off-putting. What kind of a narrative was this *Year 1805*? What was the book about? Was it a historical novel about the Napoleonic invasion of Russia? Was it a family chronicle about the Rostovs and Bolkonskys? Was it a social satire? A standard critical line emerged that divided *War and Peace* into three separate components—a philosophical essay, a family chronicle, and a historical novel about the Napoleonic wars. The three components did not fit together and so in the eyes of its detractors, the work lacked unity, its failure best characterized in the words of Henry James: 'a loose, baggy monster'.

Tolstoy's artistic choices were not entirely without precedent; Hugo's *Les Misérables* also took its time, growing to over 1,200 pages to accommodate the author's efforts to link characters across centuries and continents. Like his English contemporary, Charles Dickens, Hugo also took great pains in describing the minutiae of the daily life of characters who had only a momentary, if vital, role to play, like the priest whose donkey, panniers, and habits occupy many of the opening pages of the novel, to the bewilderment of the reader. Hugo is particularly adept at constructing independent lives inhabiting radically different backgrounds and trajectories, and then bringing them together through a nexus of fictional and historical events. Tolstoy was a lifelong admirer of Hugo's work, and would eventually come to write his own version of the story of Jean Valjean adapted (without attribution) from *Les Misérables* and included in his *Primer* (*Azbuka*).

If, to the European literary tradition depicting the wars of Napoleon,

Hugo lent the broad canvas stretched over an occult network of fatalistic threads tugging the characters towards their joint destinies, Stendhal's earlier account in *The Charterhouse of Parma* had darkened the romantic depiction of the Napoleonic wars with heavy irony, challenging all notions of heroism, undermining the credibility of war stories and historical accounts, and diminishing the legendary figure of Napoleon himself. In many ways, however, the most influential work for Tolstoy may have been Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, with its satirical depictions of high society and parallels between military and social conquests, making his anti-heroine, Becky Sharp, Napoleonic in her rise to social power. Thackeray's mocking depiction of human activity as a puppet-show at a fairground, with the standard types of the Punch and Judy show dancing on their strings to entertain the passers-by, provides another key to understanding Tolstoy's artistic design. Theatre and theatrical moments are highly significant in *War and Peace*, both in the war sequences and in the peace episodes. The sense that the characters of *War and Peace*, both great and small, act and move as if connected by threads of destiny is just below the surface of this work of art, as it relentlessly questions ideas of free will, fate, and providence. Each of Tolstoy's major characters at some point observes life as if it were theatre, each one, at significant points in his or her journey, senses that he or she is playing a role, that things could not be otherwise, that what happens is somehow scripted or inevitable. For example, Prince Andrei, on the eve of battle, imagines his life transformed into a magic-lantern show. The structure over his head as he lies dying resembles the apparatus of a marionnette, while his son later dreams about the strings that move the men in the theatre of war towards Glory. Pierre, seated as an observer under fire at the battle of Borodino, calmly and quizzically watches the 'theatre of war' just as he had observed the *tableaux vivants* of his Masonic initiation rituals, or as he 'performs his assigned role' in the ritual of his father's deathbed, where everything 'had to be' as it was. As Pierre observes his dying father's arm falling to one side awkwardly and lifelessly, the imaginative reader might perceive the broken thread of a puppet-string.

The staging of human activity and the parallel between theatres of war and peace is underscored in descriptions of evening parties and soirées, so that Pierre 'enters his wife's evening party as if it were a theatre', Denisov appears in the Rostovs' drawing-room 'dressed as for battle', Dolokhov and Nikolai Rostov 'do battle' at cards, Boris courts Julie by 'laying siege' to her. Victors on the battlefield, like Tushin, transcend the terrors of war by transforming the enemy activities into a kind of distant theatre show—the cannon firing becomes a giant

person puffing on a pipe, the cannon themselves become characters, with personalities, names, and eccentricities. When Natasha Rostova attends the opera in Moscow, the author takes great pains to show his readers, through Natasha's inexperienced eyes, the artificiality of all that she sees: wooden boards, painted faces, exaggerated poses and gestures. As she begins to accept the false glitter of that artificial world, she is drawn into playing a dangerous role before the deceptively benign façade of a corrupt society.

The artificiality and mendacity characterizing human relations are underscored by Tolstoy's use of the French language, spoken preferentially by his most superficial and manipulative characters. The military contest between the Russians and the French is played out in the words of *War and Peace*. High society throughout Europe on the eve of the Napoleonic wars preferred to converse in French rather than their native languages. Russian high society especially, following the reigns of francophiles Elizabeth and Catherine, had adopted French manners, fashions, and cuisine and constantly spoke French at social gatherings. When anti-French sentiment and a spirit of patriotism reached a crescendo during the Napoleonic period and Russian aristocrats began to affect their native tongue, they frequently found it necessary to hire Russian tutors to help them acquire the grammar. The French passages in *War and Peace* far exceed any exigencies of verisimilitude, however, comprising roughly 2 per cent of the massive work, and thus constituting a linguistic invasion unprecedented in world literature. The contrast is heightened by the fact that Russian is written in a non-Latin, Cyrillic alphabet, so that French words and names strike the eye as visibly alien when appearing on a page of Cyrillic text.

Tolstoy was not simply documenting a social trend for purposes of historical accuracy; the astute reader will observe that a predilection for speaking French is frequently an indictment of character, especially where Prince Vasili Kuragin, his friends and family, and their social intrigues are concerned. It is often the case that a character's decision to speak French implies a false, pseudo-literary, immoral or insincere communication, the most famous example being Pierre's profession of love to Hélène: '*Je vous aime!*' No less spurious is the exchange between Pierre and Andrei early in the novel, where both men assume clichéd poses from French romantic literature: Andrei, in his assertion, '*Je suis un homme finis*' ('My part is played out'); and Pierre's counter-revelation, '*Je suis un batârd, sans nom, sans fortune*' ('I am illegitimate, without name or fortune'). Count Rastopchin's inner monologue attempting to justify his release of Vershchagin to a bloodthirsty mob is couched entirely in French and according to French socio-philosophical concepts. Tolstoy

even tells us that French is spoken to Sonya to indicate her lower social status as a poor relation in the Rostov household, and Sonya herself speaks French only when trying (and failing) to be polite to her rival, Princess Marya.

The number of French passages increases steadily from the beginning of the novel, reaching a saturation point with the arrival of Napoleon's troops in Moscow. However, the French domination of the Russian text at that point is not solely due to the conversations spoken by French characters or quotations from French historians. Tolstoy also gives us the billeting of the French officer, Ramballe, with Pierre, who cannot help extending hospitality and exchanging confidences—all in French and with a decidedly French flavour, having to do with wine and love. Ramballe proclaims that Pierre *is* French, and earlier Pierre had even given himself a French identity, *l'Russe Besuhof*. Similarly, Hélène's evening parties at this point in the plot are conducted entirely in French, while Hélène adopts a continental and Jesuitical approach to adultery and morality, and converts from Russian Orthodoxy to Roman Catholicism. It is worth noticing that Natasha speaks French only at one point in the novel: that is when, attending the opera, she emulates Hélène and falls in with the social world of the Kuragins. She writes in French only once, when breaking her engagement to Andrei.

Many of the French passages are direct quotations from historical works, military dispatches, letters, and famous speeches of statesmen. Tolstoy read deeply in the French historical sources and provides extracts in French from their works, in particular from Adophe Thiers, author of the *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* (1845–62). There is, however, one (and only one) point in the novel (Book Three, Part Three, Chapter 20) where Tolstoy himself chooses to write as the narrator in the enemy tongue. Significantly, these French words are not spoken by characters or quoted from histories or letters, but are aimed by the author directly at Napoleon. Upon the occupation of Moscow Napoleon has planned to stage a grandiose reception of the expected deputation from the Russian nobility, in which he intends to display sublime magnanimity as a conqueror. In Tolstoy's account, Napoleon has scripted this occasion in advance, employing all of his habitual eloquence and sentiment. While awaiting the arrival of the welcoming committee, the Emperor is depicted somewhat in the manner of a writer, writing and editing his speech and inventing and revising the names of the charitable institutions he plans to build on conquered soil. Instead of the formal welcome he expects, however, Napoleon is humiliated by the absence of any delegation, the torching of Moscow, and the flight of its inhabitants. So

as not to appear ridiculous, the Emperor swiftly decamps. The chapter closes with the narrator's words: '*Le coup de théâtre avait raté*' ('The *coup de théâtre* did not come off'). The blow is dealt to Napoleon where it counts: in the realm of art. The Emperor is ridiculed, not as a delusional general or an incompetent military strategist, but as a failed artist.

The flow of the novel is interrupted not only by passages in French, but by a cacophony of foreign tongues: in addition to French, characters also speak and write in German, Italian, Latin, and English. In addition to pages written in foreign languages, Tolstoy also subjects his readers to extended essayistic passages in which he forges his unorthodox philosophy of history. These intrusions of non-novelistic material—comprising as much as one chapter in six throughout Books Three and Four, and adding up almost to a separate volume—were poorly received by early critics—in fact, they may still be skipped by the impatient reader, just as some prefer to read only the 'war' or 'peace' sections of the novel. Critics complained of a confusion of artistic designs, 'a disordered heap of accumulated material',[9] a failure to unite the two separate narratives, and of a plethora of incidents and characters described in great detail only to vanish from the pages of the novel, like 'a plague of small creatures nibbling at the plot'.[10] Some critics charged Tolstoy with the standard accusation levelled at Charles Dickens and other nineteenth-century novelists who were considered to spin out words irresponsibly in order to fill up instalments. We now know, to the contrary, that Tolstoy cut down his novel and discarded hundreds of pages of drafts, including complete episodes in which, for example, Pierre adopts and travels with an orphan and saves the life of a young Italian count. Early drafts even contain an entire novella based on the exploits of this Count Poncini, who arranges Pierre's marriage and who is taken captive by Nikolai Rostov; all that remains of him in the final version is the ephemeral figure of Ramballe and a brief mention of a 'young Italian' who enjoys visiting Pierre in the aftermath of the war.

If we turn to Tolstoy's own comments about his work for guidance, we find, perhaps surprisingly, that he considered the episodes describing Anatole Kuragin's seduction of Natasha to be 'the crux' of his work. It is tempting to read these episodes allegorically, picturing this quintessentially Russian heroine as representing her homeland, while her conquest by the immoral and deceptively elegant continental rake could be interpreted as symbolically describing the fall of Russia to the French.

[9] S. Navilikhin, cited in Gary Saul Morson, *Hidden in Plain View: Narrative and Creative Potentials in 'War and Peace'* (Stanford, Calif., 1987), 49.

[10] An unknown reviewer, writing anonymously for the *Critic*, 31 July 1886, cited in A. V. Knowles (ed.), *Tolstoy: The Critical Heritage* (London, 1978), 202–3.

Natasha's deferred marriage, loss of the beloved, and sufferings in love convey within her personal narrative the agony of a national tragedy. It could be said that Natasha's collapse, under the spell of French manners and opera, mirrors the events of the French invasion of Moscow. Her spiritual resurrection, expressed most clearly when she casts aside her family's possessions to make room for the wounded soldiers on their carts, parallels the self-sacrificing heroism of the Russian nation in retreat, ravaged, conquered, yet giving no quarter to the enemy.

Natasha's experiences in love and marriage clearly had a meaning for Tolstoy beyond their symbolic potential. Within a few years of completing *War and Peace* he would revisit the same narrative of the fallen woman in an extended, probing, and sustained way in his next great work, 'the first novel' he credited himself with, *Anna Karenina* (1875). The extensive dissection of marital and family problems in that work has its precedent in *War and Peace*: the unhappy families of *Anna Karenina* are presaged in Pierre's disastrous marital blunder with Hélène and Andrei Bolkonsky's failed marriage to Lise. Anna's psychological conflict and incapacity for spousal love have an earlier exposition in Andrei Bolkonsky's bitterness and icy cruelty towards his wife. His marital unhappiness perhaps explains, but cannot excuse, his artificial and clichéd Byronic posing in the salons of St Petersburg. His tragedy in losing Natasha is somehow a just and severe mercy demanded by what we know of his failure to love Lise, a judgement confirmed by the subsequent depiction of the happy and successful family life of Natasha and Pierre.

No nineteenth-century author had ever probed as intimately into the psychology of marital relations as Tolstoy does in the concluding domestic scenes of the 'Epilogue' to *War and Peace*: the wife and husband consulting over the best way to discipline their children and servants; the exchange of glances between husband and wife endorsing their private critique of friends and relations in order to bolster and secure their shared beliefs; the absorption of husbands and wives in the details of breastfeeding and changing their babies. Narrowing the focus from the wide canvas of war with its hundreds of thousands of soldiers crossing continents and dying on the field of battle in order to home in on the colicky burp of a baby seems like a progression from the sublime to the quotidian, and yet this concluding vision of new life in its most earthy and tender beginnings is the fresh grass that covers the graves of heroes and rejoices the heart of the poet.

It is precisely the synoptic vastness and complexity of Tolstoy's work that allows for an assessment like Virginia Woolf's: 'If you think of the novels which seem to you great novels . . . you think . . . of all sorts of

things . . . of religion, of love, of war, of peace, of family life, of balls in county towns, of sunsets, moonrises, the immortality of the soul. There is hardly any subject of human experience that is left out of *War and Peace*.' This same monumental and comprehensively detailed quality of *War and Peace* has inspired characterizations of the masterpiece as 'the great book of life', even 'life itself'. Tolstoy's biographer A. N. Wilson observes that:

> no book seems more real. . . . For everyone who has enjoyed the experience of being completely lost in the world of *War and Peace* . . . putting down the novel and returning to the everyday concerns of 'real life' is . . . a turning to something paler, less true than Tolstoy's art itself. And this testimony comes not just from readers being unwillingly drawn to fireside or dinner table, but also from men and women of action. In the Second World War, it was a common experience that those who read *War and Peace* were, for that week or fortnight, more interested in the campaigns of Napoleon and Kutuzov than in those of Hitler versus the Allies. I have even heard men say that they have read it on the field of battle and that the descriptions of Schön Grabern or Borodino were more 'real' for them than the actual explosions and maimings and death going on around them.[11]

The meandering and improvisatory character of the work, with its infinitude of details, is compatible with Tolstoy's philosophical challenge to historical narrative and his insistence on the fallacy of the idea of the great or legendary historical figure, or that any single person or event could be designated as a historical, causal force: 'All historical events', writes Tolstoy, 'result from an infinite number of reasons.' His presentation of this idea succeeds in belittling Napoleon, just as it exalts the spirit of a nation, the meaningfulness of individual lives and the apparently insignificant choices of unknown people. In expressing this view, Tolstoy set the theme for many subsequent works of historical prose, from Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* to Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* and Evelyn Waugh's *Sword of Honour* trilogy.

To find the tiny details he needed Tolstoy visited the scenes of his story, spending two days walking over the battlefield of Borodino, drawing a map of the area, and interviewing local peasants, some of whom were alive at the time of the war. He combed numerous histories, in particular those of the Russian historians Mikhailovsky-Danilievsky and Bogdanovich, and also contemporary manuscripts, letters, and diaries. Many of the details of family life and character were borrowed from Tolstoy's own ancestors, and many physical traits of the main characters were copied from family portraits. For example, Nikolai

[11] A. N. Wilson, *Tolstoy* (New York, 1988), 209.

Rostov is loosely modelled on Tolstoy's own father, and the Bolkonsky family share many traits with the Volkonskys, Tolstoy's maternal grandparents. In particular, the characterization of Marya Bolkonskaya, with the story of her upbringing, courtship, and marriage, is based on family accounts of his mother, and on her letters and diaries. Despite Tolstoy's having issued the standard authorial disclaimer that his characters were entirely fictional (in 'Some Words about *War and Peace*'—reprinted here in the Appendix), most scholars agree that several are based on real historical figures: for example, Marya Dmitrievna Akhrosimova resembles Nastasya Dmitrievna Ofrosimova (1753–1826), a *grande dame* of Moscow society, and Denisov's exploits, poetry-writing, and character recall the famous poet-warrior Denis Davydov (1784–1839). Tolstoy also relied on contemporary accounts, such as A. Ryazantzev's *Reminiscences of an Eyewitness of the French Occupation of Moscow in 1812, with a View of the Fire of Moscow*, from which he borrowed the minutiae that crystallized a scene of chaos and cruelty, retold in Pierre's description of a woman whose earrings are torn away while a child is trapped in a flaming building.

Yet, Tolstoy's perusal of historical accounts only fuelled his conviction that historians were incapable of describing the realities of war. As Victor Hugo observed: 'He who would paint a battle scene must have chaos in his paintbrush.' The great French novelists, fictionalizing the Napoleonic war, had already emphasized the inscrutability of the battlefield. The hapless protagonist of Stendhal's *Charterhouse of Parma* is a clueless waif on the field of Waterloo, while in Hugo's *Les Misérables* the generals' plans to engage battle on level ground are confounded when the soldiers discover that a sunken road cuts across it, creating a trench that must be filled with the crushed corpses of hundreds of men and horses before the troops can engage. The truth of the battlefield is contained in moments of confusion and terror: General Kutuzov's bewilderment, or Nikolai Rostov's incomprehension at the battle of Schön Grabern (Book One, Part One, Chapter 19) that the enemy is trying to shoot him: '*Me* who everybody loves?' For these reasons, Prince Andrei sneers at young Rostov's enthusiastic account of his exploits in battle and mocks Pierre's assertion that he understands the disposition of troops and the battle plan at Borodino.

At the same time that Tolstoy professes his story to be untellable, history to be unwritable, and life to be plotless, he invests his characters with a faith in the significance of life events and an awareness of providential predestination. From Pierre's conviction, backed up by what seem to him irrefutable numerological calculations, that he is the one destined to assassinate Napoleon, to Princess Marya's and

Count Nikolai's belief that providence has brought them together, to the culminating dream of young Nikolenka Bolkonsky, envisioning a transcendent moment of glory spun on gossamer threads of fate, the characters of the novel find meaning, destiny, and significance in their lives. Their choices, wrung from them by urgent crises, are rapid and instinctive, representing the core of their authentic selves, and thus have the most profound consequences. Consider the chain of events initiated by: Natasha's instantaneous decision to discard her family's possessions on the streets of Moscow in order to succour injured and dying soldiers, among whose number is her former betrothed, Andrei; Nikolai's reflexive leap into action to defend a young woman in mourning; Tushin's unthinking persistence on the battlefield; Pierre's rescue of a child from a burning building. In the heat of battle, the strategic orders of the commanding officers are either unheard, misunderstood, or not delivered, and therefore they are unsuccessful; the theatrical plans of those who imagine they are making and staging history do not come off. 'Only unconscious action bears fruit', Tolstoy asserts loudly, claiming for human action and contingency the same freedom he demands for the artistic process.

The enormity and detail of his canvas invests the great work with a quality most critics recognize as Homeric. Beyond the use of fixed descriptive tags for his characters, reminiscent of the Homeric epithet, there is a sense of what Virginia Woolf called Olympian distance on the part of the author. C. S. Lewis described it as 'that sublime indifference to the life or death, success or failure, of the chief characters, which is not a blank indifference at all, but almost like submission to the will of God'.[12]

Nowhere is the sense of the sublime more potent than in the final passages when the narrative closes as it opened, on the rising generation of Natashas, Nikolais, and Andreis, whose childish laughter and youthful dreams welcome the unknown future. When young Nikolenka, inspired by talk of revolution, unconsciously breaks up the pens and sealing-wax on his uncle's writing desk, he claims for himself an unscripted future, not dictated by the narratives of previous generations. But the reader, still recovering from the upheavals and tragedies of the previous books, knows that there is nothing new under the sun, and is aware of the tragic fate the Decembrist revolutionaries will encounter. If there is a gentle irony contained in the novel's closing vision of the cycles of renewed life, recalling the pacifist Russian folk song translated into English as 'Where have all the flowers gone?', there is also

[12] C. S. Lewis, *They Stand Together: The Letters of C. S. Lewis to Arthur Grieves*, ed. Walter Hooper (London, 1979), 419.

great joy. *War and Peace* has been called Russia's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, with some justice. The return of the hero and the securing of the family are as essential to the great work's meaning and artistic victory as are the glories and fatalities of the battlefield.

A. M.

NOTE ON THE TEXT AND TRANSLATION

War and Peace, under the title, *The Year 1805*, first appeared in two instalments in *The Russian Messenger* (*Russkii Vestnik*) for 1865–6. It was published under the title *War and Peace* in 1869, a version which contained substantive revisions and additions by the author.

Oxford University Press first published the English translation of *War and Peace* by Aylmer and Louise Maude in their 21-volume *Centenary Edition of Tolstoy's Works* (Oxford, 1928–37). The Maude translation has long been considered the best English version of Tolstoy's masterpiece, despite the subsequent publication of numerous other translations. The Maudes consulted the most accurate edition of *War and Peace* available to them, which included corrections made separately to the third and fifth editions of the work. They were personal friends of Tolstoy, and dedicated themselves to translating his work into English, as well as to writing their own accounts of his life and his ideas. Their translation of *War and Peace* has quite justly acquired the status of a classic in its own right, and readers continue to appreciate its elegance, fidelity, and helpful apparatus. Biographer A. N. Wilson states that 'every English reader owes a vast debt to Louise and Aylmer Maude for their contributions to Tolstoy scholarship'.[1] Leo Tolstoy himself asserted that 'better translators [than Aylmer and Louise Maude] could not be invented', and he chose to authorize Louise Maude as translator of *Resurrection*.

Despite the excellence of the Maudes' *War and Peace* translation and annotations, their edition has drawn a certain amount of justifiable criticism: in particular, critics have noted the Anglicization of Russian names, the translation of the French passages into English, the insertion of narrative chapter headings composed entirely by the Maudes, and a tendency to elevate the level of discourse inappropriately and according to Victorian literary tastes. This new redaction of the Maude translation is intended to correct and refurbish the Maudes' edition, aligning this English version of the novel as closely as possible to Tolstoy's original text. The French passages have been completely restored, names are given in their Russian forms (an exception is made for the names of Tsars and saints, which are retained according to their customary usage in English, e.g. 'Peter the Great'). The small errors or omissions of the Maude edition have been corrected and the language has been adjusted where dated usage and non-idiomatic discourse impede the

[1] A. N. Wilson, *Tolstoy* (New York, 1988), 540.

reading process. The transliteration system used is GOST (1971), except where there is a more commonly used and more familiar transliteration choice, e.g. Tolstoy instead of Tolstoj.

The Maudes' translation was originally published in three volumes containing fifteen books and two epilogues; their division imposed a different structure on the work. In this version, *War and Peace* is divided according to Tolstoy's definitive edition of the Russian text, that is, into four books containing a total of fifteen parts and an Epilogue in two parts.

Copious notes and explanatory passages accompanied the Maudes' translation. These have been edited and corrected or supplemented with new notes by Amy Mandelker, and their presence at the back of the book is signalled in the text with an asterisk. Tolstoy's original footnotes are also printed in the Explanatory Notes.

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—— *Resurrection*, trans. Louise Maude, ed. Richard F. Gustafson.

A CHRONOLOGY OF LEO TOLSTOY

Tolstoy's works are dated, unless otherwise indicated, according to the year of publication.

1828 28 August (05): born at Yasnaya Polyana, province of Tula, fourth son of Count Nikolai Tolstoy. Mother dies 1830, father 1837.

1844–7 Studies at University of Kazan (Oriental Languages, then Law). Leaves without graduating.

1851 Goes to Caucasus with elder brother. Participates in army raid on local village. Begins to write *Childhood* (publ. 1852).

1854 Commissioned. *Boyhood*. Active service on Danube; gets posting to Sevastopol.

1855 After its fall returns to Petersburg, already famous for his first two *Sevastopol Sketches*. Literary and social life in the capital.

1856 Leaves army. *A Landlord's Morning*.

1857 Visits Western Europe. August: returns to Yasnaya Polyana.

1859 His interest and success in literature wane. Founds on his estate a school for peasant children. *Three Deaths*; *Family Happiness*.

1860–1 Second visit to Western Europe, in order to study educational methods.

1861 Serves as Arbiter of the Peace, to negotiate land settlements after Emancipation of Serfs.

1862 Death of two brothers. Marries Sophia Behrs, daughter of a Moscow physician. There were to be thirteen children of the marriage, only eight surviving to adulthood. Publishes educational magazine *Yasnaya Polyana*.

1863 *The Cossacks*; *Polikushka*. Begins *War and Peace*.

1865–6 *1805* (first part of *War and Peace*).

1866 Unsuccessfully defends at court martial soldier who had struck officer.

1869 *War and Peace* completed; final volumes published.

1870 Studies drama and Greek.

1871–2 Working on *Primer* for children.

1872 *A Prisoner in the Caucasus*.

1873 Goes with family to visit new estate in Samara. Publicizes Samara famine. Begins *Anna Karenina* (completed 1877).

1877 His growing religious crisis. Dismay over Russo-Turkish War.

1879 Begins *A Confession* (completed 1882).

1881 Letter to new Tsar begging clemency for assassins of Alexander II.

1882 *What Men Live By*. Begins *Death of Ivan Ilyich* and *What Then Must We Do?* (completed 1886).

1883 Meets Chertkov, afterwards his leading disciple.

1885 Founds with Chertkov's help the *Intermediary*, to publish edifying popular works, including his own stories. Becomes vegetarian, gives up hunting.

1886 *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*. Writes play *The Power of Darkness*.

1889 *The Kreutzer Sonata* completed. Begins *Resurrection*.

1891–2 Organizes famine relief.

1893 *The Kingdom of God Is Within You* published abroad.

1897 Begins *What is Art?* (publ. 1898) and *Hadji Murat*.

1899 *Resurrection*.

1901 Excommunicated from Orthodox Church. Seriously ill. In Crimea meets Chekhov and Gorky.

1902 *What is Religion?* completed. Working on play, *The Light Shineth in Darkness*.

1903 Denounces pogroms against Jews.

1904 *Shakespeare and the Drama* completed. Also *Hadji Murat* (publ. after his death). Pamphlet on Russo-Japanese War, *Bethink Yourselves!*

1906 Death of favourite daughter, Masha. Increasing tension with wife.

1908 *I Cannot Be Silent*, opposing capital punishment. 28 August: celebrations for eightieth birthday.

1909 Frequent disputes with wife. Draws up will relinquishing copyrights. His secretary Gusev arrested and exiled.

1910 Flight from home, followed by death at Astapovo railway station, 7 November (OS).

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS
AND GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

RUSSIAN NAMES

The Patronymic The polite form of Russian address employs the first name and the patronymic—a middle name meaning 'son of' (-ovich, -evich) or 'daughter of' (-ovna, -evna), e.g. Nikolai Andréevich, Anna Mikháilovna. The first name with patronymic is used preferentially to the last name, or the first and last name together. The first name alone would be used only in intimate circles.

Diminutives The Russian language is very free in devising diminutives and nicknames which are terms of endearment. Examples: Nikolai becomes Nikólenka, Nikólushka, while Andréi becomes Andryúsha, Márya becomes Másha. Some characters are known primarily by their nickname, for example, Natásha is a diminutive of Natália.

Russian Family Names In *War and Peace* Tolstoy adapted familiar Russian names to create historical verisimilitude. For example, Bolkónsky and Drubetskóy are his version of the historical names Volkónsky and Trubetskóy. Russian family names reflect gender, with feminine versions ending in –a or –aya (e.g. Rostóva, Bolkónskaya, etc.).

To assist the reader, the following is a grouping of the major characters in *War and Peace* by family, with full names given both in their French form (if used in the novel) and in Russian (first name, patronymic, family name). The names by which the characters are known are given in CAPITALS; the stressed syllable is marked with an acute accent.

THE BEZÚKHOVS

COUNT Kiril Vladímirovich BEZÚKHOV
PIERRE, his son, legitimized after his father's death, becomes Count Pyotr Kirílych BEZÚKHOV (PIERRE, PETRÚSHA)
Princess KATERÍNA SEMYÓNOVNA (*Catiche*, Katishe), Pierre's cousin

THE ROSTÓVS

So stressed by Maude, probably on the analogy of the place-name; but A. B. Goldenveizer (*Vblízi Tolstogo* (Moscow, 1959), 371) reports that Tolstoy himself always stressed it Róstov.

COUNT Ilyá Andréevich ROSTÓV
COUNTESS Natália ROSTÓVA (née SHÍNSHINA), his wife

Count Níkolai Ilyích Rostóv (Nicolas, Nikólenka, Nikólushka, Kólya, Koko), their elder son
Count Pyotr Ilyích Rostóv (Pétya), their second son
Countess Véra Ilýnichna Rostóva, their elder daughter
Countess Natália Ilýinichna Rostóva (Nathalie, Natásha), their younger daughter
Sófya Alexándrovna (Sophie, Sónya, Sónyushka), a poor member of the Rostóv family circle
Berg, Alphonse Kárlich, an officer of German extraction who marries Véra

the bolkónskys

Prince Níkolai Andréevich Bolkónsky, a retired General-in-Chief
Prince Andréi Nikoláevich Bolkónsky (André, Andryúsha), his son
Princess Márya (Marie, Másha) Bolkónskaya, his daughter
Princess Elizavéta Kárlovna Bolkónskaya (Lise, Liza, née Meinen), Andréi's wife
Prince Níkolai Andréevich Bolkónsky, Andréi's son (Nikólushka, Nikólenka
Tíkhon, Prince N. Bolkónsky's attendant
Alpátych, his steward

the kurágins

Prince Vasíli Sergéevich Kurágin
Prince Ippolít Vasílievich Kurágin, his elder son
Prince Ánatole Vasílievich Kurágin, his younger son
Princess Eléna Vasílievna Kurágina (Hélène, Elén, Lyólya), his daughter

Princess Ánna Mikháilovna Drubetskáya
Prince Borís Drubetskóy (Bórya, Bórenka), her son
Julie Karágina, an heiress
Márya Dmítrievna Akhrosímova (*le terrible dragon*)
Mikhaíl Ilariónovich Kutúzov, General
Bilíbin, a diplomat
Denísov, Vasíli Dmítrich (Váska), a hussar officer
Lavrúshka, his batman
Dólokhov (Fédya), an officer and desperado
Count Rastopchín, Governor of Moscow
Ánna Pávlovna Scherer (Annette), Maid of Honour to the ex-Empress
Márya Fyódorovna, Dowager Empress
Shinshín, a relation of Countess Rostóva
Timókhin, an infantry officer
Túshin, an artillery officer
Platón Karatáev, a peasant

A GUIDE TO THE PRONUNCIATION OF RUSSIAN PLACE-NAMES

Boguchárovo
Borodinó
Málo-Yaroslávets
Mytíshchi
Ryazán
Shevárdino
Smolénsk
Torzhók
Vorónezh
Vyázma

HISTORICAL CHARACTERS

IN *WAR AND PEACE*

THE RUSSIANS

RULERS

Alexander I (1777–1825), Emperor, Alexánder Pávlovich Románov

Catherine II, The Great (1729–98), Empress

Constantine (1779–1831), Cónstantine Pávlovich Románov, Grand-Duke, brother to Alexander I, commander of the Imperial Guard

Elizavéta I (1709–61), Empress, daughter of Peter the Great

Márya Fyódorovna (1759–1828), Sophia Maria Louisa, Dowager Empress, wife of Emperor Paul I, mother of Alexander I and Nicholas I

Paul I (1754–1801), Pável Petróvich Románov, Emperor, son of Catherine the Great

Peter I, the Great (1672–1725), Pyotr Alexéevich Románov, Tsar and Emperor

STATESMEN AND WARRIORS

Apraksín, Count Stepán Stepánovich (1747–1827), lieutenant-general under Catherine the Great

Arakchéev, Count Alexéi Andréevich (1769–1834), general under Emperors Paul I and Alexander I; Minister of War in 1808

Armfeldt, Count Gustaf Mauritz (1757–1814), adviser to Alexander I

Bagovut, Karl (1761–1812), Russian general under Barclay de Tolly

Bagratión, Prince Pyotr Ivánovich (1765–1812), General-in-Chief of the Russian army

Balashóv, Alexánder Dmítrievich (1770–1837), Military Governor of St Petersburg

Barclay de Tolly, Prince Mikhaíl Bogdanóvich (1761–1818), Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army until replaced by Kutuzov

Bennigsen, Count Leónty Leóntievich (1745–1826), Russian general

Buxhöwden, Count Fyódor Fyódorovich (1750–1811), general at Austerlitz

Chichagóv, Pável Vassílievich (1765–1849), admiral and Assistant Minister of the Navy

Dokhtúrov, Dmítri Sergéevich (1756–1816), major general

Dórokhov, Iván Semyónovich (1762–1815), major general

Kutáisov, Alexánder Ivánovich (1784–1812), major general, artillery commander under Barclay de Tolly

Kutúzov, Prince Mikhaíl Ilariónovich (1745–1813), Commander-in-Chief

Míkhelson, Iván Ivánovich (1755–1807), cavalry general

Milorádovich, Mikhaíl Andréevich (1771–1825), commanded reserves and rear guard

Novosíltsev, Nikolai Nikoláevich (1761–1836), one of Alexander I's intimate advisers in favour of liberal reform
Plátov, Matvéi Ivánovich (1757–1818), general and Cossack hetman
Rastopchín, Count Fyódor Vasílievich (1763–1826), Governor-General of Moscow
Speránsky, Mikhaíl Mikhaílovich (1772–1839), adviser to Alexander I
Suvórov, Alexánder Vasílievich (1729–1800), general
Toll, Karl Fyódorovich von (1777–1842), quartermaster-general
Tuchkóv, Alexánder Alexéevich (1777–1812), brigadier general
Uvárov, Fyódor Petróvich (1773–1824), cavalry general
Viazmítinov, Sergéi Kuzmích (1744–1819), Russian Minister of Defence
Wintzingerode, Ferdinand Ferdinandovich (1770–1818), major general and adjutant to Alexander I
Wittgenstein, Prince Pyotr Khristiánovich (1769–1843), general
Württemberg, Alexander Friderich, Duke of (1771–1833), cavalry general, brother of Empress Márya Fyódorovna

THE FRENCH

RULERS

Bonaparte, Joseph (1768–1844), older brother of Napoleon, King of Naples and Spain
Murat, Joachim (1767–1815), King of Naples, commander
Napoleon I, Buonaparte (1769–1821), Emperor

STATESMEN AND WARRIORS

Bernadotte, Jean-Baptiste (1763–1844), French general who became King Charles XIV of Sweden
Berthier, Louis-Alexandre (1753–1815), major general, Marshal, Minister of War
Bessières, Jean-Baptiste (1768–1813), Commander-in-Chief of the Cavalry during the Russian campaign
Broussier, Jean-Baptiste (1766–1814), major general in the Russian campaign
Caulaincourt, Armand Augustin Louis, Marquis de (1772–1827), diplomat and general, Duke of Vienna
Davout, Louis-Nicolas (1770–1823), Marshal, Duke, and Prince
Morand, Charles Antoine Louis Alexis (1771–1835), general
Ney, Michel (1769–1815), general
Sorbier, Jean Barthélemot de (1763–1827), Count of the Empire, Commander of Imperial Guard

THE AUSTRIANS AND PRUSSIANS

RULERS

Franz I (1768–1835), Emperor
Friedrich-Wilhelm III (1770–1840), King of Prussia

STATESMEN AND WARRIORS

Clausewitz, Karl Philipp Gottfried von (1780–1831), Prussian general
Liechtenstein, Prince Johann von (1760–1836), field-marshal and Commander-in-Chief
Mack von Liebereich, Baron Karl Freiherr (1752–1828), general
Metternich, Klemens Lothar Wenzel von (1773–1859), Foreign Minister
Weyrother, Franz Ritter von (1754–1807), general and Chief of Staff
Wimpfen, Baron Maximilian von (1779–1854), general
Wolzogen, Ludwig (1774–1845), general

DATES OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS

The Russian Calendar, until the reforms of the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution, followed the Julian Calendar. This meant that calendar dates in Russia during the nineteenth century were actually twelve days later than events listed in the European calendar, which followed the Gregorian Calendar. It is customary to indicate Russian dates as Old Style (OS) as opposed to the New Style of the Gregorian Calendar (NS).

(OS) **1805**

11 Oct. Kutuzov inspects regiment near Braunau. *Le malheureux Mack* arrives.

23 Oct. The Russian army crosses the Enns.

24 Oct. Fight at Amstetten.

28 Oct. The Russian army crosses the Danube.

30 Oct. Defeats Mortier at Dürrenstein.

4 Nov. Napoleon writes to Murat from Schönbrunn. Battle of Schön Grabern.

19 Nov. The Council of War at Ostralitz.

20 Nov. Battle of Austerlitz.

1807

27 Jan. Battle of Preussisch-Eylau.

2 June Battle of Friedland.

13 June The Emperors meet at Tilsit.

1812

17 May Napoleon leaves Dresden.

12 June Napoleon crosses the Niemen and enters Russia.

14 June Alexander sends Balashev to Napoleon.

13 July The Pavlograd hussars in action at Ostrovna.

4 Aug. Alpatych at Smolensk hears distant firing.

5 Aug. Bombardment of Smolensk.

7 Aug. Prince Nikolai Bolkonsky leaves Bald Hills for Bogucharovo.

8 Aug. Kutuzov appointed Commander-in-Chief.

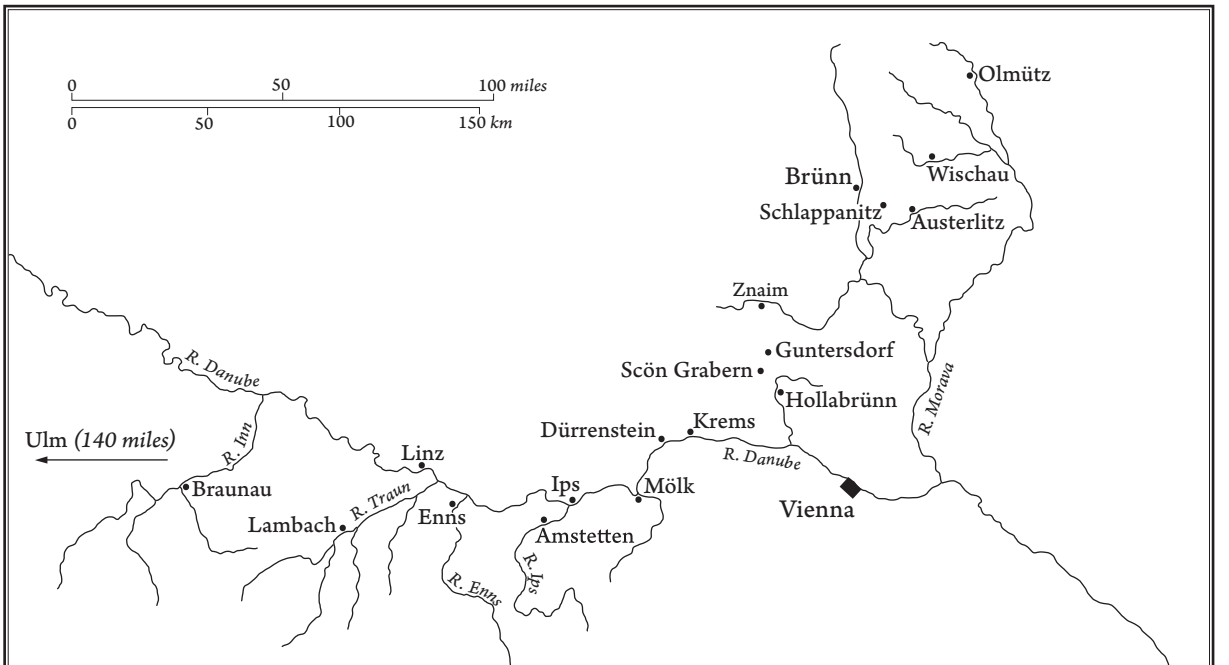
10 Aug. Prince Andrei's column abreast of Bald Hills.

17 Aug. Kutuzov reaches Tsarevo-Zaymishche and takes command of the army. Nikolai Rostov rides to Bogucharovo.

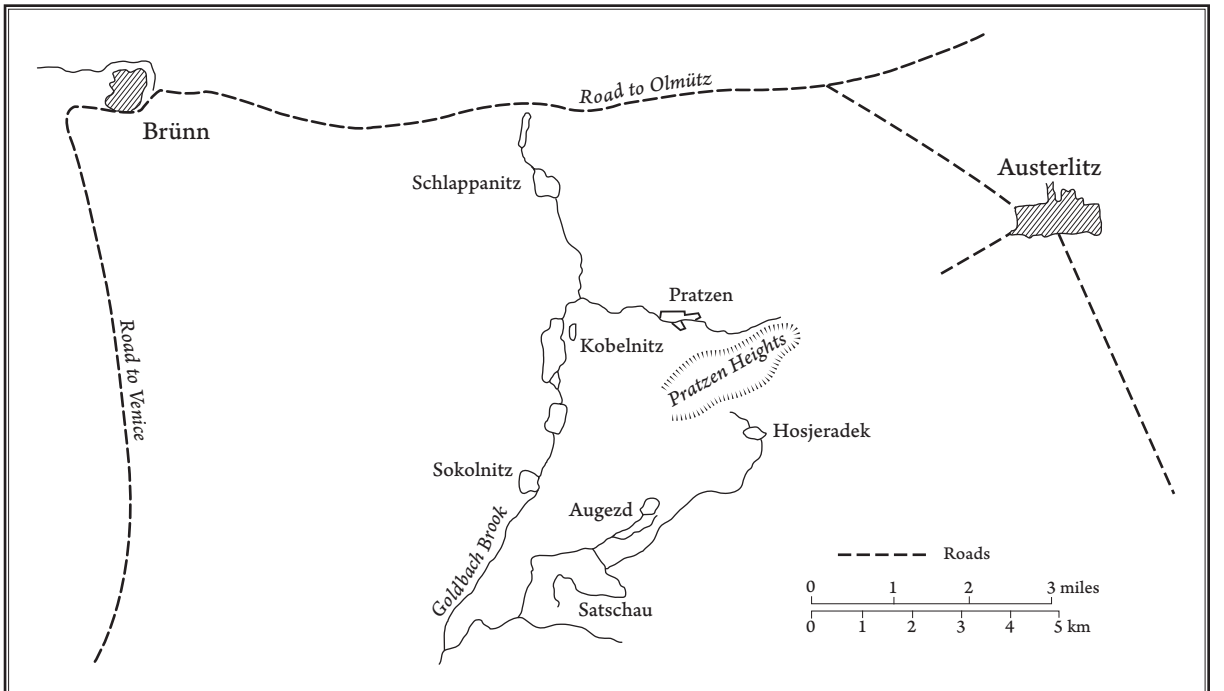
24 Aug. Battle of the Shevardino Redoubt.

26 Aug. Battle of Borodino.

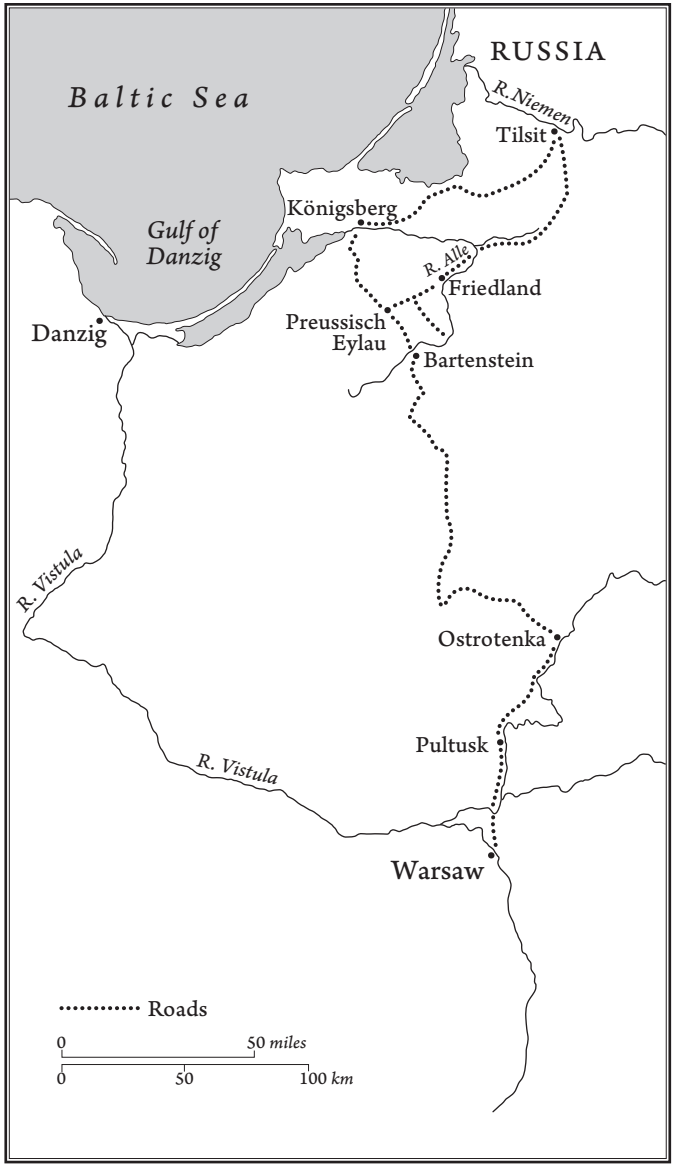
MAPS



I. THE 1805 CAMPAIGN

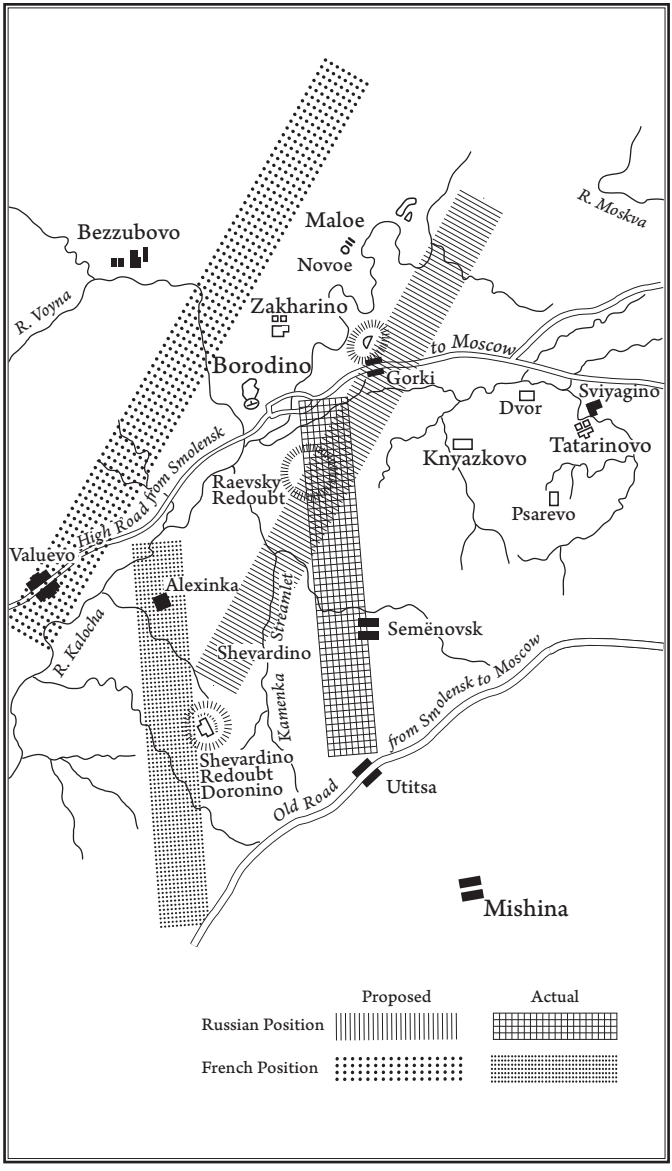


2. AUSTERLITZ



3. THE 1807 CAMPAIGN

4. THE WAR OF 1812


Bezzubovo
Maloe
Novoe
R. Moskva
R. Voyna
Zakharino
to Moscow
Borodino
Gorki
Sviyagino
Dvor
Tatarinovo
Knyazkovo
Raevsky
Redoubt
Psarevo
High Road from Smolensk
Valuevo
Alexinka
Streamlet
R. Kalocha
Semënovsk
Shevardino
Kamenka
from Smolensk to Moscow
Shevardino
Redoubt
Doronino
Old Road
Utitsa
Mishina
Proposed
Actual
Russian Position
French Position

5. BORODINO

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WAR AND PEACE

BOOK ONE

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PART ONE

I

'*Eh bien, mon prince, Gênes et Lucques ne sont plus que des apanages, des* family estates *de la famille Buonaparte.* Non, je vous préviens, qui si vous ne me dites pas, que nous avons la guerre, si vous vous permettez encore de pallier toutes les infamies, toutes les atrocités de cet Antichrist* (*ma parole, j'y crois*)*—je ne vous connais plus, vous n'êtes plus mon ami, vous n'êtes plus* my faithful slave, *comme vous dites.* Well, how do you do? How do you do? *Je vois que je vous fais peur*[1]—sit down and tell me all the news.'

It was in July 1805, and the speaker was the well-known Anna Pavlovna Scherer, maid of honour and favourite of the Empress Marya Fyodorovna. With these words she greeted Prince Vasili, a man of high rank and importance, who was the first to arrive at her reception. Anna Pavlovna had had a cough for some days. She was, as she said, suffering from *la grippe*; *grippe* being then a new word in St Petersburg, used only by the *élite*.

All her invitations without exception, written in French, and delivered by a scarlet-liveried footman that morning, ran as follows:

Si vous n'avez rien de mieux à faire, Monsieur, le comte (or *mon prince*)*, et si la perspective de passer la soirée chez une pauvre malade ne vous effrayé pas de trop, je serai charmée de vous voir chez moi entre 7 et 10 heures.*[2]

Annette Scherer

'Dieu, quelle virulente sortie!'[3] replied the prince, not in the least disconcerted by this reception. He had just entered, wearing an embroidered court uniform, knee-breeches and shoes, and had stars on his breast and a serene expression on his flat face. He spoke in that refined French in which our grandfathers not only spoke but thought, and with

[1] 'Well, Prince, so Genoa and Lucca are now just family estates of the Buonapartes. But I warn you, if you don't tell me that this means war, if you still try to defend the infamies and horrors perpetrated by that Antichrist—I really believe he is the Antichrist—I will have nothing more to do with you, and you are not my faithful slave, as you call yourself . . . I see that I have frightened you.'

[2] If you have nothing better to do, Count (or Prince), and if the prospect of spending an evening with a poor invalid is not too terrible, I shall be very charmed to see you tonight between 7 and 10.

[3] 'Heavens! what a virulent attack!'

the gentle, patronizing intonation natural to a man of importance who had grown old in society and at court. He went up to Anna Pavlovna, kissed her hand, presenting to her his bald, scented and shining head, and complacently seated himself on the sofa.

'*Avant tout dites-moi, comment vous allez, chère amie*?[1] Set my mind at ease,' said he without altering his tone, beneath the politeness and affected sympathy of which indifference and even irony could be discerned.

'Can one be well while suffering morally? Can one be calm in times like these if one has any feeling?' said Anna Pavlovna. 'You are staying the whole evening, I hope?'

'And the fête at the English ambassador's? Today is Wednesday. I must put in an appearance there,' said the prince. 'My daughter is coming for me to take me there.'

'I thought today's fête had been cancelled. *Je vous avoue que toutes ces fêtes et tous ces feux d'artifice commencement à devenir insipides.*'[2]

'If they had known that you wished it, the entertainment would have been put off,' said the prince, who, like a wound-up clock, by force of habit said things he did not even wish to be believed.

'*Ne me tourmentez pas. Eh bien, qu'a-t-on décidé par rapport à la dépêche de Novosilzoff?* Vous savez tout.*'[3]

'What can one say about it?' replied the prince in a cold, listless tone. '*Qu'a-t-on décidé? On a décidé que Buonaparte a brûlé ses vaisseaux, et je crois que nous sommes en train de brûlé les nôtres.*'[4]

Prince Vasili always spoke languidly, like an actor repeating a stale part. Anna Pavlovna Scherer on the contrary, despite her forty years, overflowed with animation and impulsiveness. To be an enthusiast had become her social vocation and, sometimes even when she did not feel like it, she became enthusiastic in order not to disappoint the expectations of those who knew her. The subdued smile which, though it did not suit her faded features, always played round her lips, expressed, as in a spoilt child, a continual consciousness of her charming defect, which she neither wished, nor could, nor considered it necessary, to correct.

In the midst of a conversation on political matters Anna Pavlovna burst out: 'Oh, don't speak to me of Austria. Perhaps I don't understand things, but Austria never has wished, and does not wish, for war. She

[1] 'First of all, dear friend, tell me how you are.'

[2] 'I confess all these parties are becoming tiresome.'

[3] 'Don't tease me! Well, and what has been decided about Novosiltsev's dispatch? You know everything.'

[4] 'What has been decided? They have decided that Buonaparte has burnt his boats, and I believe that we are ready to burn ours.'

is betraying us! Russia alone must save Europe. Our gracious sovereign recognizes his high vocation and will be true to it. That is the one thing I have faith in! Our good and wonderful sovereign has to perform the noblest role on earth, and he is so virtuous and noble that God will not forsake him. He will fulfil his vocation and crush the hydra of revolution, which has become more terrible than ever in the person of this murderer and villain! We alone must avenge the blood of the just one . . . Whom, I ask you, can we rely on . . . ? England with her commercial spirit will not and cannot understand the Emperor Alexander's loftiness of soul. She has refused to evacuate Malta.* She wanted to find, and still seeks, some secret motive in our actions. What answer did Novosiltsev get? None. The English have not understood and cannot understand the self-abnegation of our Emperor who wants nothing for himself, but only desires the good of mankind. And what have they promised? Nothing! And what little they have promised they will not perform! Prussia has always declared that Buonaparte is invincible and that all Europe is powerless before him . . . And I don't believe a word that Hardenberg says, or Haugwitz either. *Cette fameuse neutralité prussienne, ce n'est qu'un piège.*[1] I have faith only in God and the lofty destiny of our adored monarch. He will save Europe!'

She suddenly paused, smiling at her own impetuosity.

'I think,' said the prince with a smile, 'that if you had been sent instead of our dear Wintzingerode* you would have captured the King of Prussia's consent by assault. You are so eloquent. Will you give me a cup of tea?'

'In a moment. *A propos*,' she added, becoming calm again, 'I am expecting two very interesting men tonight, le Vicomte de Mortemart, *il est allié aux Montmorency par les Rohans*,[2] one of the best French families. He is one of the genuine *émigrés*, the good ones. And also *l'abbé* Morio. Do you know that profound thinker? He has been received by the Emperor. Had you heard?'

'I shall be delighted to meet them,' said the prince. 'But tell me,' he added with studied carelessness as if it had only just occurred to him, though the question he was about to ask was the chief motive of his visit, 'is it true that the Dowager Empress wants Baron Funke to be appointed first secretary at Vienna? *C'est un pauvre sire, ce baron, à ce qu'il paraît*.'[3]

Prince Vasili wished to obtain this post for his son, but others were

[1] 'This famous Prussian neutrality is just a trap.'
[2] 'who is connected with the Montmorencys through the Rohans'.
[3] 'The baron by all accounts is a poor creature.'

trying through the Dowager Empress Marya Fyodorovna to secure it for the baron.

Anna Pavlovna almost closed her eyes to indicate that neither she nor anyone else had a right to criticize what the Empress desired or was pleased with.

'*Monsieur le baron de Funke a été recommandé à l'impératrice-mère par sa soeur*,'[1] was all she said, in a dry and mournful tone.

As she named the Empress, Anna Pavlovna's face suddenly assumed an expression of profound and sincere devotion and respect, mingled with sadness, and this occurred every time she mentioned her illustrious patroness. She added that her Majesty had deigned to show Baron Funke *beaucoup d'estime*, and again her face clouded over with sadness.

The prince was silent and looked indifferent. But, with the womanly and courtier-like quickness and tact habitual to her, Anna Pavlovna wished both to rebuke him (for daring to speak as he had done of a man recommended to the Empress) and at the same time to console him, so she said—

'*Mais à propos de votre famille*, did you know your daughter, since she came out, *fait les délices de tout le monde. On la trouve belle, comme le jour.*'[2]

The prince bowed to signify his respect and gratitude.

'I often think,' she continued after a short pause, drawing nearer to the prince and smiling amiably at him as if to show that political and social topics were ended and the time had come for intimate conversation—'I often think how unfairly sometimes the joys of life are distributed. Why has fate given you two such splendid children? I don't speak of Anatole, your youngest. I don't like him,' she added in a tone admitting of no rejoinder and raising her eyebrows. 'Two such charming children. And really you appreciate them less than anyone, and so you don't deserve to have them.'

And she smiled her ecstatic smile.

'*Que voulez-vous? Lafater aurait dit que ne n'ai pas la bosse de la paternité*,'[3] said the prince.

'Don't joke; I mean to have a serious talk with you. Do you know I am dissatisfied with your younger son? Between ourselves' (and her face assumed its melancholy expression) 'he was mentioned at her Majesty's and you were pitied . . .'

[1] 'Baron Funke has been recommended to the Dowager Empress by her sister.'

[2] 'Now about your family. Do you know that since your daughter came out everyone has been enraptured by her? They say she is beautiful as the day.'

[3] 'I can't help it, Lavater would have said I lack the bump of paternity.'

The prince answered nothing, but she looked at him significantly, awaiting a reply. He frowned.

'What would you have me do?' he said at last. 'You know I did all a father could for their education, and they have both turned out *des imbéciles.* Ippolit is at least a quiet fool, but Anatole is an active one. That is the only difference between them.' He said this smiling in a way more natural and animated than usual, so that the wrinkles round his mouth very clearly revealed something unexpectedly coarse and unpleasant.

'And why are children born to such men as you? If you were not a father there would be nothing I could reproach you with,' said Anna Pavlovna, looking up pensively.

'*Je suis votre* faithful slave, *et à vous seule je puis l'avouer.* My children—*ce sont les entraves de mon existence*.[1] It is the cross I have to bear. That is how I explain it to myself. *Que voulez-vous*?'[2]

He said no more, but expressed his resignation to cruel fate by a gesture. Anna Pavlovna meditated.

'Have you never thought of marrying off your prodigal son Anatole?' she asked. 'They say old maids *ont la manie des mariages*,[3] and though I don't feel that weakness in myself as yet, I know *une petite personne*[4] who is very unhappy with her father. *Une parente à nous, une princesse Bolkonskaya*.'[5]

Prince Vasili did not reply though, with the quickness of memory and perception befitting a man of the world, he indicated by a movement of the head that he was considering this information.

'Do you know,' he said at last, evidently unable to check the sad current of his thoughts, 'that Anatole is costing me forty thousand rubles a year? And', he went on after a pause, 'what will it be in five years, if he goes on like this?' Presently he added: '*Voilà l'avantage d'être père*[6] . . . Is this princess of yours rich?'

'Her father is very rich and stingy. He lives in the country. He is the well-known Prince Bolkonsky who had to retire from the army under the late Emperor, and was nicknamed "the King of Prussia". He is very clever but eccentric, and a bore. *La pauvre petite est malheureuse, comme les pierres.*[7] She has a brother; I think you know him, he married Lise

[1] 'I am your faithful slave, and to you alone I can confess that my children are the bane of my life.'
[2] 'It can't be helped!'
[3] 'have a mania for matchmaking'.
[4] 'a little person'.
[5] 'She is a relation of ours, a Princess Bolkonskaya.'
[6] 'That's what we fathers have to put up with.'
[7] 'The poor girl is very unhappy.'

Meinen lately. He is an aide-de-camp of Kutuzov's* and will be here tonight.'

'*Écoutez, chère Annette*,'[1] said the prince, suddenly taking Anna Pavlovna's hand and for some reason drawing it downwards. '*Arrangez-moi cette affaire et je suis votre* most faithful slave *à tout jamais* ("slafe" with an f—*comme mon* village elder *m'écrit des* reports).[2] She is rich and of good family and that's all I want.'

And with the familiarity and easy grace peculiar to him, he raised the maid of honour's hand to his lips, kissed it, and swung it to and fro as he lay back in his armchair, looking in another direction.

'*Attendez*,' said Anna Pavlovna, reflecting, 'I'll speak to Lise (*la femme du jeune Bolkonsky*),[3] this very evening, and perhaps the thing can be arranged. *Ce sera dans votre famille, que je ferai mon apprentissage de vielle fille*.'[4]

2

Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room was gradually filling. The highest Petersburg society was assembled there: people differing widely in age and character but alike in the social circle to which they belonged. Prince Vasili's daughter, the beautiful Hélène, came to take her father to the ambassador's entertainment; she wore a ball dress and her badge as maid of honour. The youthful little Princess Bolkonskaya, known as *la femme la plus séduisante de Pétersbourg*,[5] was also there. She had been married during the previous winter, and being pregnant did not go out in high society, but only to small receptions. Prince Vasili's son, Ippolit, had come with Mortemart, whom he introduced. The Abbé Morio and many others had also come.

To each new arrival Anna Pavlovna said, 'You have not yet seen my aunt', or 'You do not know *ma tante*?', and very gravely conducted him or her to a little old lady, wearing large bows of ribbons in her cap, who had come sailing in from another room as soon as the guests began to arrive; and slowly turning her eyes from the visitor to *ma tante*, Anna Pavlovna mentioned each one's name and then left them.

Each visitor performed the ceremony of greeting this old aunt whom

[1] 'Listen, dear Annette.'

[2] 'Arrange that affair for me and I shall always be your most faithful slave ("slafe" with an f—as a village elder of mine writes in his reports).'

[3] 'young Bolkonsky's wife'.

[4] 'It shall be on your family's behalf that I'll start my apprenticeship as old maid.'

[5] 'the most seductive woman in Petersburg'.

not one of them knew, not one of them wanted to know, and not one of them cared about; Anna Pavlovna observed these greetings with mournful and solemn interest and silent approval. The aunt spoke to each of them in the same words, about their health and her own, and the health of her Majesty, 'who, thank God, was better today'. And each visitor, though politeness prevented his showing impatience, left the old woman with a sense of relief at having performed a vexatious duty and did not return to her the whole evening.

The young Princess Bolkonskaya had brought some work in a gold-embroidered velvet bag. Her pretty little upper lip, on which a delicate dark down was just perceptible, was too short for her teeth, but it lifted all the more sweetly, and was especially charming when she occasionally drew it down to meet the lower lip. As is always the case with a thoroughly attractive woman, her defect—the shortness of her upper lip and her half open mouth—seemed to be her own special and peculiar form of beauty. Everyone brightened at the sight of this pretty young woman, so soon to become a mother, so full of life and health, and carrying her burden so lightly. Old men and dull, dispirited young ones who looked at her, after being in her company and talking to her a little while, felt as if they too were becoming, like her, full of life and health. All who talked to her, and at each word saw her bright smile and the constant gleam of her white teeth, thought that they were in a specially amiable mood that day.

The little princess went round the table with quick short swaying steps, her workbag on her arm, and gaily spreading out her dress sat down on a sofa near the silver samovar, as if all she was doing was a *partie de plaisir*[1] to herself and to all around her. '*J'ai apporté mon ouvrage*,'[2] said she in French, displaying her bag and addressing all present. 'Mind, *Annette*, *ne me jouer pas un mauvais tour*,'[3] she added, turning to her hostess. '*Vous m'avez écrit, que c'etait une toute petite soirée; voyez comme je suis attirée*.'[4] And she spread out her arms to show her short-waisted, lace-trimmed, dainty grey dress, girdled with a broad ribbon just below the breast.

'*Soyez tranquille*, *Lise*, *vous serez toujours la plus jolie*,'[5] replied Anna Pavlovna.

'*Vous savez*,'[6] said the princess in the same tone of voice and turning to

[1] source of pleasure.
[2] 'I have brought my work.'
[3] 'I hope you have not played a wicked trick on me'.
[4] 'You wrote that it was to be quite a small reception, and just see how badly I am dressed.'
[5] 'Don't worry, Lise, you will always be prettier than anyone else.'
[6] 'You know.'