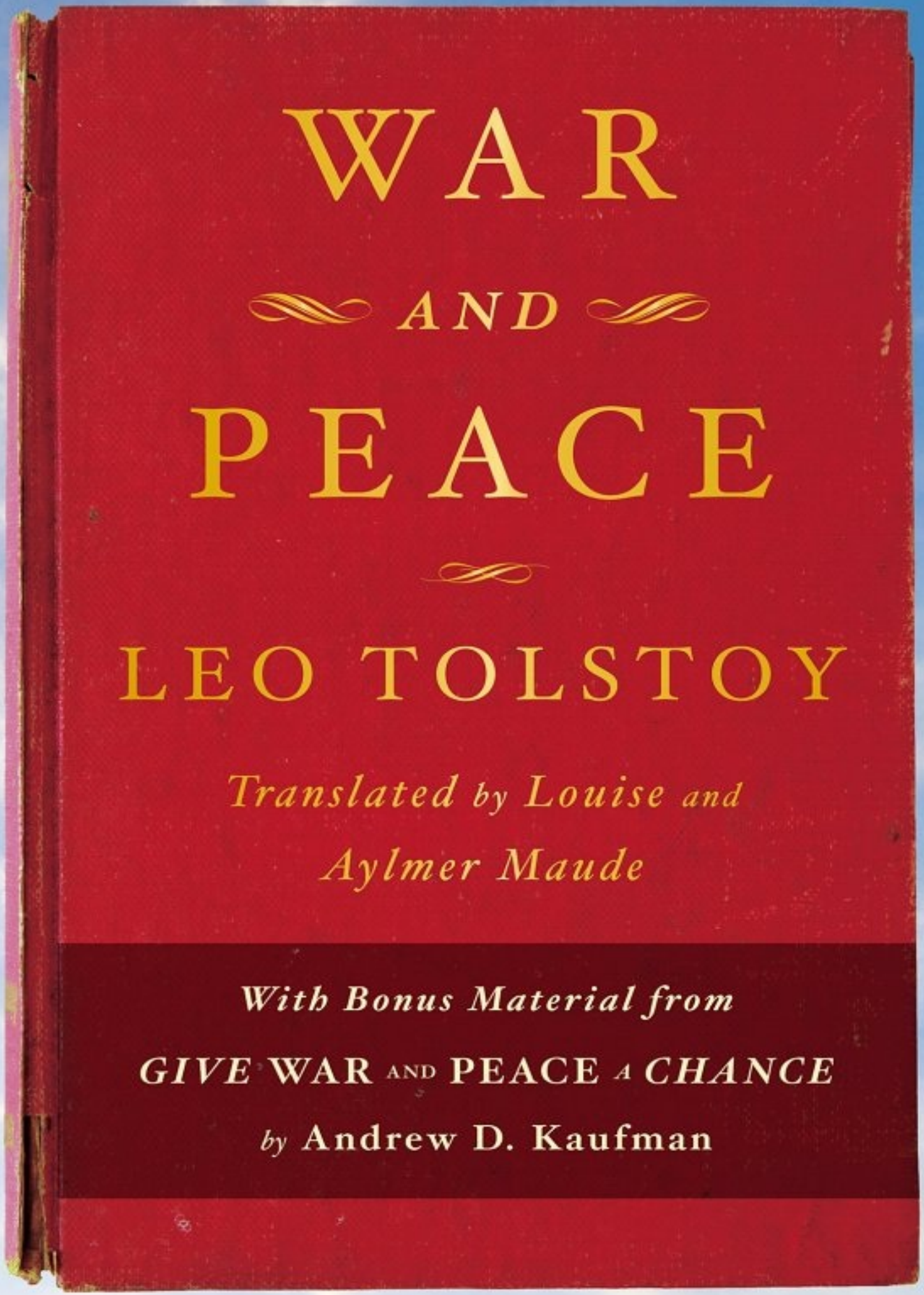

WAR
AND
PEACE
LEO TOLSTOY
Translated by Louise and
Aylmer Maude
With Bonus Material from
GIVE WAR AND PEACE A CHANCE
by Andrew D. Kaufman


NAPOLEON
IN RUSSIA ~ 1812
See Map at End of Volume for Parallel with Hitler's Invasion
NAPOLEON'S ADVANCE
NAPOLEON'S RETREAT
NORTH SEA
NORWAY
SWEDEN
CHRISTIANIA
STOCKHOLM
DENMARK
LONDON
PARIS
FRANCE
PRUSSIA
BERLIN
POSEN
CONFEDERATION of the RHINE
DUCHY OF WARSAW
WARSAW
AUSTRIAN EMPIRE
VIENNA
BUDAPEST
OTTOMAN EMPIRE
BELGRADE
BUCHAREST
CONSTANTA
BLACK SEA
UKRAINE
CRIMEA
ODESSA
KIEV
MOSCOW
ST. PETERSBURG
NOVGOROD
SMOLENSK
VITEBSK
TILSIT
FRIEDLAND
Elbe River
Vistula River
Oder River
Dniepr River
Danube River
Volga River

WAR AND PEACE

by LEO TOLSTOY

Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude
with a Foreword by Clifton Fadiman

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, NEW YORK, 1942

CONTENTS

BOOK THREE

BOOK FOUR

BOOK FIVE

BOOK SIX

BOOK SEVEN

10. *Nicholas, Natásha, and Sónya indulge in recollections. Dimmler plays and Natásha sings. The maskers. A troyka drive to the Melyukóvs'*
11. *At Melyukóvka. Sónya goes to the barn to try her fortune*
12. *The drive home. Natásha and Sónya try the future with looking glasses*
13. *His mother opposes Nicholas' wish to marry Sónya, and he re turns to his regiment. Natásha becomes restless and impatient for Prince Andrew's return*

BOOK EIGHT

1. *Pierre's life in Moscow. Asks himself "What for?" and "Why?"*
2. *Prince N. Bolkónski in Moscow. His harsh treatment of Princess Mary. She teaches little Nicholas. The old prince and Mile Bourienne*
3. *Dr. Métivier treated as a spy by the old prince. The dinner on the prince's name day*
4. *Pierre and Princess Mary discuss Borís and Natásha*
5. *Borís and Julie. Their melancholy. Borís proposes and is accepted*
6. *Count Ilyá Rostóv, Natásha, and Sónya stay with Márya Dmiítrievna in Moscow*
7. *Count Rostóv and Natásha call on Prince N. Bolkónski. They are received by Princess Mary. Prince Bolkónski's strange behavior. Mary and Natásha dislike one another*
8. *The Rostóvs at the Opera. Hélène in the next box*
9. *The Opera described. Anatole and Pierre arrive. Natásha makes Hélène's acquaintance. Duport dances*
10. *Hélène presents Anatole to Natásha. He courts her*
11. *Anatole and Dólokhov in Moscow*
12. *Sunday at Márya Dmítrievna's. Hélène calls and invites the Rostóvs to hear Mile George recite. She tells Natásha that Anatole is in love with her*
13. *The reception at Hélène's. Mlle George. Anatole dances with Natásha and makes love to her. Her perplexity as to her own feelings*
14. *Princess Mary's letter to Natásha, who also receives one from Anatole*
15. *Sónya Ends Anatole's letter and remonstrates with Natásha, who writes to Princess Mary breaking off her engagement with Prince Andrew. A party at the Karágins'. Anatole meets Natásha. She is angry with Sónya, who resolves to prevent her elopement*
16. *Anatole at Dólokhov's.Balagá*
17. *Anatole sets off to abduct Natásha, but encounters Márya Dmítrievna's footman*
18. *Márya Dmiítrievna reproaches Natásha. Count Ilyá Rostóv is kept in ignorance*

BOOK NINE

BOOK TEN

11. *Princess Mary addresses the peasants. They distrust her and refuse to leave Boguchárovo*
12. *Princess Mary at night recalls her last sight of her father*
13. *Nicholas and Ilyín ride to Boguchárovo. They are asked by Alpátych to protect the princess. Nicholas makes her acquaintance and places himself at her service*
14. *Nicholas calls the peasants to account and intimidates them. Carts and horses are provided for Princess Mary's departure. Princess Mary feels that she loves him*
15. *Prince Andrew goes to headquarters and meets Denísov, who wants guerrilla troops to break the French line of communication. Kutúzov's reception of them. He transacts business*
16. *The priest's wife offers Kutúzov "bread and salt." He has a further talk with Prince Andrew, who declines a place on the staff. Patience and Time. Prince Andrew's confidence in Kutúzov*
17. *Moscow after the Emperor's visit. Rostopchín's broadsheets. Julie's farewell soiree. Forfeits for speaking French. Pierre hears of Princess Mary's arrival in Moscow*
18. *Rostopchín's broadsheets. Pierre and the eldest princess. Leppich's balloon. A public flogging. Pierre leaves Moscow for the army*
19. *Senselessness of the battle of Borodinó, and erroneousness of the historians' accounts of it. Where and how it was fought*
20. *Pierre encounters cavalry advancing and carts of wounded re tiring. He talks to an army doctor. Pierre looks for the "position" occupied by the army. Peasant militia digging entrenchments*
21. *Pierre ascends a knoll at Górki,* surveys *the scene, and inquires as to the "position"* occupied. A *procession carrying the "Smolénsk Mother of God." The reverence of the crowd and of Kutúzov*
22. *Borís meets Pierre. Dólokhov makes his way to Kutúzov. Kutúzov notices Pierre. Dólokhov asks Pierre to be reconciled*
23. *Pierre rides to the left flank with Bennigsen, who explains the "position" in a way Pierre does not understand and changes one of Kutúzov's dispositions*
24. *Prince Andrew's reflections on life and death. Pierre comes to see him*
25. *Timókhin's opinion of Kutúzov. Prince Andrew on Barclay de Tolly. War and chess. The spirit of the army. Wolzogen and Clausewitz.* "The war *must be extended widely." Pierre understands the importance of this war.* "Not *take prisoners." What is war? Prince Andrew thinks of Natásha*
26. *De Beausset brings a portrait of the "King of Rome" to Napoleon. Napoleon's proclamation*

BOOK ELEVEN

BOOK TWELVE

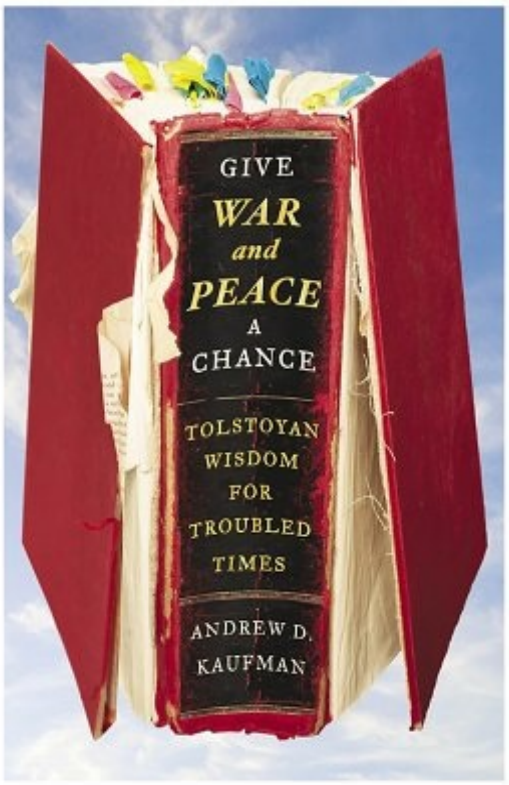
BOOK THIRTEEN

LIST OF MAPS

bore, muzzle-loading cannon used in the Russian army, nor had the general conditions of warfare much altered.—A.M.

Moscow—1812
Napoleon in Russia—1812

Excerpt from *Give* War and Peace *A Chance*



By Andrew D. Kaufman

Simon & Schuster
New York London Toronto Sydney New Delhi

Introduction

Times are tough, anxiety and fear are pervasive, and people are searching for answers to questions big and small. The country is at war, change is in the air, and the future remains uncertain. Welcome to Russia at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Welcome to the world of Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.

Russia's greatest novelist has been dead just over one hundred years, yet the wisdom of his most famous novel is in many ways more relevant now than ever. Considered by most critics the greatest novel ever written, *War and Peace* is also one of the most feared. And at 1,500 pages, 361 chapters, or 566,000 words, it's no wonder why. Still, new editions keep appearing. For three years the novel has been one of the top fifty bestsellers in Amazon's world literature category, and its third-bestselling book about war. In addition to three new translations of *War and Peace* in 2006 and 2007, Oxford World's Classics reissued the celebrated Maude translation in 2010.

In July 2009 *Newsweek* placed *War and Peace* at the very top of its list of one hundred great novels, just ahead of Orwell's *1984,* which came in second, and Joyce's *Ulysses,* third. A 2007 edition of the *AARP Bulletin,* read by millions, included the novel in their list of the top four books everybody should read by the age of fifty. And a *New York Times* survey from 2009 identified *War and Peace* as the world classic you're most likely to find people reading on their subway commute to work.

Oprah Winfrey's selection of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* for her 2004 summer book club certainly didn't hurt Tolstoy's popularity; nor did the 2012 release of the film adaptation of the novel starring Keira Knightley and Jude Law. A book filled with domestic troubles, broken marriages, steamy sex scenes, and one of the most heart-wrenching suicides in world literature—now, that's material tailor-made for Oprah and Hollywood. But *War and Peace?* What might all those *Newsweek* devotees, senior citizens, and harried commuters see in a book about the Napoleonic Wars of the early 1800s?

A mirror of our times.

The nineteenth century, you see, was a good deal less placid than many in our own war-torn, information-drenched, spiritually confused era might expect. And the setting for *War and Peace*—the Napoleonic Wars of 1805 to 1812—was a time of particularly deep social change, moral confusion, and hardship. Napoleon, or as many Russians called him, the "Antichrist," was a feared killing machine who had already conquered half of Europe. Even worse, from the point of view of the anciens regimes, he was a commoner who, having forced his way to power, was now spreading radical revolutionary ideas among the young.

It was no accident Tolstoy chose this troubled time as the setting for *War and Peace.* For the period in which he wrote the novel—the 1860s—was in many ways equally turbulent. His nation having been clobbered by the French and British in the Crimean War, Alexander II decided to redeem the loss by modernizing nearly every aspect of Russian society, and proceeded to introduce a series of sweeping social, economic, and political reforms, including the controversial Emancipation of the Serfs in 1861. This served only to sharpen the years-old rift between the liberals, who wanted speedier and more radical change, and the conservatives, who wanted to return to the familiarity of the old order. To add confusion to chaos, capitalism was being introduced into a society that for centuries had been fundamentally feudal and agrarian.

Alexander Herzen, one of the era's leading reformers, captured the crisis-ridden mood in his journal, fittingly called *The Bell:* "The storm is approaching, it is impossible to be mistaken about that. The Revolutionaries and Reactionaries are at one about that. All men's heads are going round; a weighty question of life and death lies heavy on men's heads." By the time Tolstoy sat down to write *War and Peace* in 1863, the "weighty questions" Herzen spoke about had overflowed the limits of intellectual journals and academic halls, flooding all corners of Russian society.

The social fabric was being stretched to the point of tearing, and Tolstoy felt it keenly. "We are starting over again from the beginning on new foundations," he wrote in his diary in 1861. As a socially conscious, guilt-ridden artist, he empathized with the peasants who had suffered for centuries under serfdom, and under the Tolstoy family, in particular. On the other hand, as a proud, landowning aristocrat, he had much to lose from the breakdown of a traditional social order in which generations of his family had thrived. His personal prestige was at stake, then, as was his financial security.

Wealthy landowning aristocrats like Tolstoy now had to make their way in the rough-and-tumble world of the free market. Many of them failed, and Tolstoy himself was no stranger to financial problems. For one thing, the thousand-acre estate at Yasnaya Polyana he had inherited wasn't producing the crop it once had. Fortunately, his shrewd wife had arranged advantageous

publication terms for *War and Peace,* providing the Tolstoys with a temporary windfall. And so in 1869 he went on a land-buying trip, during which, in a hotel in the town of Arzamas, he suffered a severe panic attack. Tolstoy described the experience in a letter to his wife:

> The day before yesterday I spent the night at Arzamas and something extraordinary happened to me. It was 2 o'clock in the morning. I was terribly tired, I wanted to go to sleep and I felt perfectly well. But suddenly I was overcome by despair, fear and terror, the like of which I have never experienced before. I'll tell you the details of this feeling later: but I've never experienced such an agonizing feeling before and may God preserve anyone else from experiencing it.

Acute anxiety led him to the verge of suicide (no Xanax in those days). He even asked his wife to hide the knives, guns, and ropes in the house, for fear that he might kill himself. Fortunately, he did no such thing. What he *did* do was a lot of reading and thinking, which led him to the rather startling conclusion that the world-renowned author of *War and Peace* was an abject failure and had been living his life the wrong way all these years: "What, indeed, had I done in all my thirty years of conscious life? Not only had I failed to live my life for the sake of all, but I had not even lived it for myself. I had lived as a parasite, and once I asked myself why I had lived, the answer I received was: for nothing."

So Tolstoy decided to dedicate the rest of his life to writing moralistic essays and religious tracts encouraging people to live in accordance with the principles of the Gospels, which attracted him more and more. His famous contemporary, the novelist Ivan Turgenev, implored Tolstoy to stop moralizing and return to what he did best: being a great artist. But Tolstoy didn't take kindly to this advice from an erstwhile friend long since turned into a foe Tolstoy had once challenged to a duel.

To this day many scholars insist that there were "two Tolstoys"—the one before the crisis at Arzamas and the one after—as if a person's life, least of all that of a person as complex as Tolstoy, could be divided along such neat lines. This is, of course, nonsense. The fact is, Tolstoy's nervous breakdown in Arzamas was not the beginning of Tolstoy, Part Two, but rather the continuation of his quest, begun years earlier, in the difficult era of the 1860s, for stable meaning in a relentlessly chaotic world. And nowhere is that search more fully described than in the pages of *War and Peace.*

War and Peace is many things. It is a war novel, a family saga, a love story. But at its core it is a book about people trying to find their footing in a ruptured world.

It is a novel about human beings attempting to create a meaningful life for themselves in a country being torn apart by war, social change, and spiritual confusion. Russian conversations about death, meaning, and spiritual enlightenment were all the rage in the 1860s, and Tolstoy's novel was perhaps the most ambitious contribution to those debates. Whether our own troubles at the opening of the twenty-first century may be leading to a spiritual awakening or simply a rude one is, well, less than clear. Either way, though, we find ourselves awakening to a rather strikingly new reality, and Tolstoy has important things to say to us at this moment.

Like us, Tolstoy's characters make mistakes, suffer, and hit dead ends. Every once in a while, though, under even the worst circumstances, they experience moments of transcendent bliss or sudden illumination: the comfortable familiarity of their smooth-running lives suddenly disrupted, their perceptions become . . . sharpened; their understanding of what it means to be alive, widened.

This may be of comfort to not a few of us today—the mother whose son was killed in Afghanistan; the father of four whose family savings were invested with Madoff; the young couple, laid off or simply laboring under crushing student loans, whose dreams of owning a home are impossible. Hard times would seem to be all around us. At a time when our country has experienced the greatest dissipation of wealth since the Great Depression, the specter of war far too familiar for far too long, and the future remaining for many uncertain, the existential angst of Tolstoy and his characters is entirely familiar.

Like most effective teachers, Tolstoy knew his subject well. The world was his classroom, experience his instructor, and trial and error—*lots* of the latter—his surest means of study. Henry James aptly called Tolstoy "a reflector as vast as a natural lake; a monster harnessed to his great subject—all of life!"

And what a life Tolstoy's *was:* a mess of paradoxes wrapped inside a web of contradictions. The bearded Russian sage who inspired both Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King couldn't resist a blood-boiling bayonet fight, or a good duel with an old writer friend who had insulted him. This moralist who preached celibacy in and out of marriage had, in fact, a voracious sexual appetite and sired an illegitimate child by a local peasant girl. "I must have a woman," he wrote in his diary when he was twenty-five. "Sensuality doesn't give me a moment's peace." And again four years later: "Sensuality torments me; laziness again, boredom and sadness. Everything seems stupid. The ideal is unattainable; I've already ruined myself."

While serving in the army in his midtwenties, even as he pontificated to his friends about responsibility, Tolstoy lost his most prized possession, the house of his birth at Yasnaya Polyana, in a gambling bet. He may not have lost the land

itself, but knowing that that noble structure would soon be physically dismantled, plank by plank, brick by brick, and carted away was a humiliation that cut deeply. "I'm so disgusted with myself that I'd like to forget about my existence," he wrote in his diary on the day of the devastating loss. Not two weeks later he wrote: "Played cards again and lost another 200 rubles. I can't promise to stop." His gambling sprees continued, as did his merrymaking, his drinking binges, his womanizing, and his laziness.

He tried to curb his bad behavior by writing down daily rules of conduct, just as his hero Benjamin Franklin had done, and then grading himself the next day. But his grades, alas, remained low: "It's absurd that having started writing rules at fifteen, I should still be writing them at thirty, without having trusted in, or followed a single one, but still for some reason believing in them and wanting them."

The man who lent his voice to the Russian temperance movement drank himself into oblivion with the gypsies and smoked hashish with the Bashkirs. The fiercely patriotic writer who memorialized Russian history was more deeply influenced by French, British, and German thinkers and writers than by Russian ones. Even Tolstoy's unique brand of Russian Orthodoxy had more in common with the austerity and pragmatism of American Quakerism than with Orthodox Christianity. Yet even as he preached the joys of self-abnegation to family and friends, Tolstoy was enjoying elaborate meals on imported European china in the luxurious dining room of the main house at Yasnaya Polyana. He glorified domestic happiness, yet ran away from home at the age of eighty-two, and at the end, having for so many years railed against the trappings of fame, died nothing less than an international celebrity.

In his later years people flocked to Yasnaya Polyana from all over the world for advice on every subject imaginable. One John Levitt, an obscure American farmer, wrote to Tolstoy in 1909 to thank the Russian sage for showing him the meaning of life, following which he asked to borrow five hundred dollars. That letter, recently published by the Russian Academy of Sciences, has given Levitt fifteen minutes of posthumous fame among a tiny group of Slavic scholars, but it went unanswered by an irritated Tolstoy, who preferred to be solicited for wisdom, rather than money.

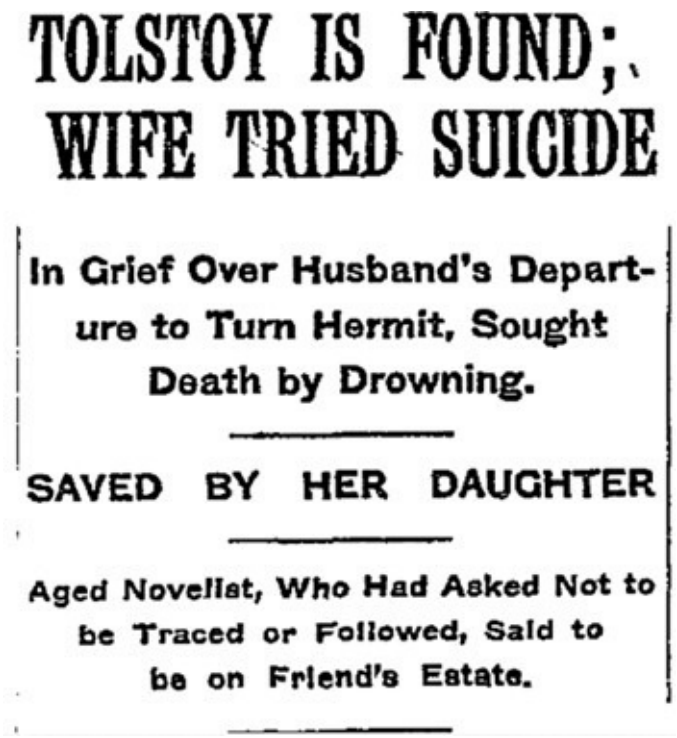
William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic Party presidential nominee and later U.S. secretary of state under Woodrow Wilson, was so taken by Tolstoy during his visit to Yasnaya Polyana that he asked Tsar Nicholas II, whom Bryan was to meet the next day, if they might reschedule. Indeed, in the last years of the nineteenth century it was often said that there were two tsars in Russia, Nicholas II and Leo Tolstoy, and that of the two, Tolstoy was by far the more respected.

After reading Tolstoy's lengthy essay "On Life" in 1889, Ernest Crosby, a thirty-three-year-old American diplomat who was working in Egypt at the time, decided that diplomacy wasn't his calling and instead dedicated the next twenty-seven years of his life to writing and lecturing about Tolstoy throughout the United States.

In his first letter to Tolstoy, Crosby thanked the writer for opening his eyes to the real meaning of life, telling his new spiritual mentor, "I am sure that I can never be as skeptical, as hopeless and as useless again, as I was before I read the book. I am sure it cannot be indifferent to you to learn that you are having a blessed influence on men of alien blood and in distant lands."

Less welcome was this radical personal transformation in the eyes of Crosby's powerful father, who, having helped his son secure a prestigious diplomatic post through family connections with future president Theodore Roosevelt, quite understandably envisioned a more traditional and lucrative career for his son. Yet even Crosby's father conceded defeat in the presence of the powerful muse who had come between him and his son. And if Ernest was going to become a Tolstoy fanatic, he should at least do so in style. To which end Mr. Crosby lent Ernest their New England summer estate as a retreat for his studies in Russian literature.

The internationally respected prophet who inspired Crosby with his message of universal love, however, had enormous difficulty either giving or receiving love within his own family. It was the stuff of newspaper tabloids, Tolstoy's tumultuous domestic life. Where today we are treated to the likes of *Jon & Kate Plus 8,* readers the world over followed the saga of *Leo & Sonya Plus 8.* (His wife Sonya had borne him thirteen children, just eight of whom survived toddlerhood.) This ongoing drama reached scandalous proportions as Tolstoy's life was ending. Had you cracked open the *New York Times* on October 31, 1910, this is the headline you would have encountered:



TOLSTOY IS FOUND;
WIFE TRIED SUICIDE

In Grief Over Husband's Departure to Turn Hermit, Sought Death by Drowning.

SAVED BY HER DAUGHTER

Aged Novelist, Who Had Asked Not to be Traced or Followed, Said to be on Friend's Estate.

The New York Times *headline about Tolstoy's flight from Yasnaya Polyana, published October 31,1910.*

On the same day, the publication that has always prided itself on offering up All the News That's Fit to Print saw fit to use the occasion of Tolstoy's flight from Yasnaya Polyana and abandonment of his wife to engage in some celebrity psychologizing:

> That the novelist, who is over 80 years old, should desire to spend the evening of his days in solitude surprises no one acquainted with his career, but that he should deliberately desert the wife who had borne him thirteen children gives rise, even in the light of his well-known eccentricities of character, to the suggestion of failing mentality. This is accepted by many in explanation of the sudden leave-taking.

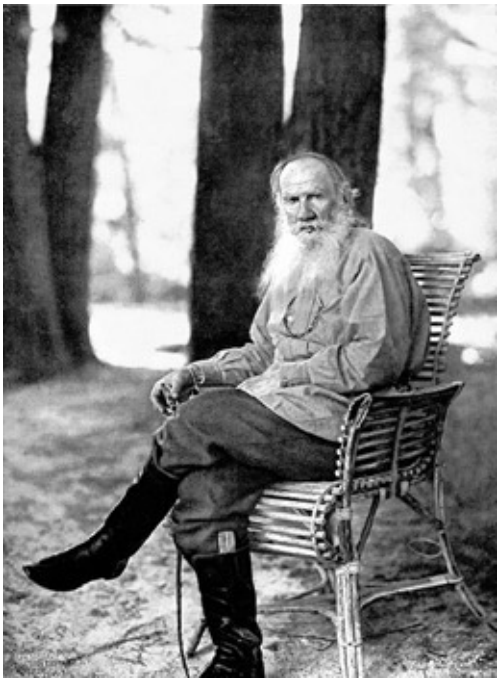
A writer for the *American Review of Reviews* put it even more bluntly: "No man is justified in inflicting martyrdom upon an unwilling wife and children whom he loves."

This conclusion to his life probably wasn't what Tolstoy had envisioned when, at thirty-one, he was creating the idyllic little story "Family Happiness" (1859), or when a few years later while working on *War and Peace,* he jotted down in his diary this thought about his early married life with Sonya: "There probably isn't more than one person in a million as happy as the two of us are together." Tolstoy wrote about the joys and tribulations of love as beautifully as any writer ever has. Yet he was sadly ill-equipped to master that complex

emotion through the course of his own life. Often tender as a kitten, he could suddenly spring into the towering narcissism of a lion. Indeed, his life and conduct justified all too well his parents' decision to name their son Leo, or in Russian, "Lev," and that leonine ferocity, killingly attractive to his admirers across the globe, nearly destroyed his wife, who on multiple occasions during their stormy forty-eight-year marriage attempted suicide.

Why, then, should we listen to Tolstoy?

Because his own life of extremes and contradictions makes him not only a fascinating figure, but a surprisingly good teacher. If the American philosopher and educator John Dewey was right that "failure is instructive," then Tolstoy's life is, well, an instructional gold mine. We can learn so much from this Russian writer who made one mistake after another, who went through the crucible of life and survived.



Eighty-year-old Tolstoy resting at Yasnaya Polyana in 1908.

The writer who immersed himself deeply in the dross of life, and then described it as accurately as any other writer, Russian or otherwise, also had an unflinching faith in human possibility. At sixty-one, he advised a struggling friend: "No matter how old or how sick you are, how much or little you have done, your business in life not only isn't finished, but hasn't yet received its final, decisive meaning until your very last breath." This feisty, life-affirming spirit underlies not only Tolstoy's incredible life journey, but that of his characters, as well.

The world, Tolstoy tells us, is a mysterious place where things aren't always what they seem, today's tragedy often paving the way to tomorrow's triumph.

Or, to quote Tolstoy himself: "Man is flowing. In him there are all possibilities: he was stupid, now he is clever; he was evil, now he is good, and the other way around. In this is the greatness of man."

Now, there *are* cases when we would be advised not to heed Tolstoy's advice, and certainly not to emulate his behavior. As a relatively levelheaded guy who grew up in a family of businesspeople, I, for example, have always found the wholesale rejection of capitalism of his later years troubling. I have been turned off as well by the way he treated his wife and children in trying to live in accordance with his rigid moral principles, insisting that everybody around him do the same. Tolstoy could be wildly unpragmatic, and the career advice he gave to his eldest son, Seryozha, upon graduation from the university—"Take a broom and sweep streets"—borders on what can only be called parental malpractice. As does his intention to give his and his family's property away to the peasants, and his renunciation of the copyright on all of his earlier works, including *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina.*

A few years ago I had the dubious privilege of overhearing a debate regarding that decision taking place among members of the Tolstoy family who were in the audience during a talk I'd just given at the Tolstoy Museum and Estate at Yasnaya Polyana. Had he made the right decision? I asked the listeners. Ilya, the great-great-grandson, thought so on the grounds that his famous forebear hadn't wanted his eternal works of fiction turned into commercial commodities. The great-great-greaf-grandson (also named Ilya), on the other hand, disagreed: "Financial considerations are every bit as important as moral ones," he said, before adding half jokingly, "Just imagine how differently we'd be living today if he'd held on to the copyright." The truth is, not very, since in all likelihood the Soviet government, as part of their socialism-building efforts, would have requisitioned Tolstoy's remaining assets, in any case. Nevertheless, heated debates about Tolstoy's controversial positions continue among his descendants, in the hallowed halls of academia and the not-so-hallowed pages of Russian journalism, and even among members of the Russian Orthodox Church, which to this day refuses to officially withdraw the edict of excommunication placed on Tolstoy back in 1901, or to forgive the writer for his withering attacks on the Church.

The Church wasn't the only institution to suffer by Tolstoy's pen. Soviet literary critic Mikhail Bakhtin is not far from the mark when he summarizes Tolstoy's scathing indictment of modernity in his later years: "Every activity in this world, be it conservative or revolutionary, is equally false and evil and foreign to the true nature of man." More over, the man whom Vladimir Lenin would later dub "the mirror of the Russian Revolution," in a famous essay by that title, did indeed help to inspire a generation of revolutionaries who in 1917

successfully uprooted the imperial autocracy he had come to abhor. Tragically, of course, the Bolsheviks ushered in a society even more brutal and corrupt than the one they destroyed. Indeed, Tolstoy would have been horrified to see how some of his radical social ideas would be interpreted and implemented in the twentieth century. Still, he is hardly without blame for what happened in Russia in 1917. For when Tolstoy spoke, people listened. What, though, were they listening to? His moralistic ideas, I would argue, rather than his art. And therein lay the problem.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, with a perfect storm of government oppression, revolutionary fervor, and rapid industrialization brewing, readers from all camps, all of them in search of solutions to contemporary problems, found in Tolstoy's polemical tracts either direct support of their own agendas or else a convenient ideological whipping boy. You think modern art has gone downhill? Well, then, *What Is Art?* (1898) is your pamphlet. Government the problem, you say, not the solution? *The Kingdom of God Is Within You* (1894) says it all. People consume far too much alcohol? Then run, don't walk (or stumble, as need be) to the bookstore and grab a copy of "Why Do Men Stupefy Themselves?," first published in 1890 as a preface to a book, *Drunkenness,* about the Russian temperance movement.

It's one thing to listen to Tolstoy's preaching, however, and quite another to immerse yourself in his artistic prose. An idea is something you can argue for or against, but a work of art, if it is great, transcends polemics altogether, offering a portrait of life in all its irreducible contradiction. No one understood this better than Tolstoy. How, after all, can you "agree" or "disagree" with *War and Peace?* You can't, for what Tolstoy gives us in that novel is not so much a set of *answers* to life's every challenge as an *attitude toward living.* Heeding his own advice in the quotation taken as the epigraph to this book, he invites us not to settle for the prescriptions of others (himself included), but to join him and his characters in their quest for deeper meaning, to keep asking the important questions and seeking out authentic experience on our own.

"The hero of my tale," Tolstoy wrote when he was just twenty-seven, "whom I love with all the power of my soul, whom I have tried to portray in all its beauty, who has been, is, and always will be beautiful— is Truth." Hardly a young author today with any literary pretentions would dare write such a sentence; it's not nearly ironic enough. But, then, Tolstoy wasn't trying to win a literary popularity contest with *War and Peace.* He was chasing the truth. And he wanted to help his readers do the same.

War and Peace is long. My own book is relatively brief, organized topically, with each chapter focusing on a timeless theme: Plans, Imagination, Rupture, Success, Idealism, Happiness, Love, Family, Courage, Death, Perseverance, and Truth. In the course of exploring these major concepts, I remind readers of something Tolstoy knew well: no word can capture the richness of the experience it seeks to describe. You think you know what happiness is? What success looks like? Or what courage is all about? Think again, Tolstoy says. No amount of words— not even 566,000 of them!—can absolutely record the messy grandeur of life. Yet in the necessarily imperfect empire of language, Tolstoy was tsar, coming about as close as *any* writer has to communicating through language that which is, well . . . incommunicable. Which is why, as you'll see, I quote so generously from the novel, sprinkling in quotations from Tolstoy's other works as well, in order to give readers as much exposure to the novelist's delicious prose as possible.

Give War and Peace *a Chance* combines biography, history, and philosophy with literary appreciation, while inviting readers to search alongside Tolstoy and his characters for answers to life's "accursed questions": Who am I? Why am I here? How should I live? Each chapter weaves in anecdotes from Tolstoy's life, as well as my own quarter-century journey with Tolstoy and the Tolstoy family in Russia and the United States. The book openly speaks of my own, sometimes tumultuous, spiritual journey, and seeks to enlighten and inspire readers with Tolstoy's wisdom much as I myself have been transformed by his art. The book's timely message is meant for both general readers searching for fresh approaches to today's challenges, as well as readers interested in learning more about one of the world's greatest writers and most captivating personalities.

Finding the man in the Great Man, and the living ideas in this Greatest of Great Books, *Give* War and Peace *a Chance* will, I hope, inspire a general audience to want to read—or reread—Tolstoy's works themselves. The ideal companion to *War and Peace,* this book should also be enjoyable to those who have never read a *word* of Tolstoy. Certainly it will help to make that masterpiece more approachable, relevant, and yes, even *fun.*

Even as he was working on *War and Peace,* Tolstoy explained his philosophy as an artist:

> The goal of the artist is not to solve a question irrefutably, but to force people to love life in all its countless, inexhaustible manifestations. If I were told I could write a novel in which I would set forth the seemingly correct attitudes towards all social questions, I would not devote even two hours of work to such a novel, but if I were told that what I write will be read in twenty years by the children of today and that they will weep and smile over it and will fall in love with life, I would devote all my life and all my strength to it.

The goal of my own book is to help that wonderful process along— to help readers weep and smile, and, with the benefit of Tolstoy's extraordinary vision, maybe even fall in love with life again.

IN PRAISE OF WAR AND PEACE

JOHN GALSWORTHY: *This is the greatest novel ever written.*

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS: War and Peace *is a dictionary of life, where one may look up any passion, any ambition, and find its meaning.*

V. SACKVILLE-WEST: *I think myself that Tolstóy stands among novelists as Shakespeare stands among poets—head and shoulders above the rest of them.*

WALTER DURANTY: *Tolstóy's masterpiece,* War and Peace, *is truer today* [1941], *far truer, than when it was written, in 1864, and gives you a vision seen and depicted by an artist of something which happened a hundred and thirty years ago and is being repeated, miraculously.*

TURGENEV: *There are things in* War and Peace *that are unbearable, and things that are wonderful; and the wonderful things (they predominate) are so magnificently good that we have never had anything better written by anybody, and it is doubtful whether anything as good has been written.*

COMPTON MACKENZIE: *The younger generation which has attempted to discover what war is from books about the Great War will learn more about it from* War and Peace *than from anything I have read about the Great War. A knowledge of this novel is essential to the intelligent equipment of any young man or young woman who pretends to a view of life.*

J. B. PRIESTLEY: *If one has read* War and Peace *for a page, great chords begin to sound; they come from the immense area of Russia, over which episodes and characters have been scattered, which accumulate grandeur and sonority after we have passed them. Many novelists have the feeling of time; very few have the sense of space also, and the possession of it ranks high in Tolstóy's divine equipment.*

E. M. FORSTER: *Here is the greatest novel ever written. It has been called "life itself." Everything is in it. And it's also as free as life. Its private joys and sorrows seem to continue when one has closed the pages. . . . I am*

going to reread it. There are several good reasons for doing this. It is not about the present situation; but it throws light on the present situation, which is what I want. It is the kind of novel which one can take up and lay down without losing the thread. A masterpiece like War and Peace *helps to restore the balance and to recall our vision of humanity.* [1939]

FRANCIS HACKETT: *Persons who tell you that* War and Peace *has for its subject-matter the fate of Russia in the wars a hundred years ago are sticking to an important fact. But there is more in it than their honest reports can tell you. There is a great testimony to life generously and deeply experienced; to mankind's emotions in peace or strife; to the vast variety of human nature that this one man has embraced and transmuted. There is in this miraculous imaginative organism, as in any other organism, life and the impulse of life. There is something that belongs only to life itself. There is a beauty and a reality indefinable. [1916]*

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *If you think of the novels which seem to you great novels* —War and Peace, Vanity Fair, Tristram Shandy, Madame Bovary, Pride and Prejudice, The Mayor of Casterbridge, Villette—*if you think of these books, you do at once think of some character who has seemed to you so real* (I *do not by that mean so lifelike) that it has the power to make you think not merely of it itself, but of all sorts of things through its eyes—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.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS: War and Peace *is not only as a drama incomparably vaster than has filled the imagination before, but as a homily, comprehensive, and penetrating beyond any direct sermoning, that it moves and stirs the heart. It is one of Tolstóy's earliest books, but already his ethics were realized if not formulated. . . . We behold a multitudinous movement of human beings, each of whom is a strongly defined character in himself and is a type of innumerable like characters. Every passion is portrayed, every affection, every propensity, not because the author wished to include all in his scheme, but because the scheme was so vast that they could not be excluded.* [1908]

HUGH WALPOLE: *The greatest novel of all literature,* I *think, using the modern term, is Tolstóy's* War and Peace. *This magnificent work has taught me more about life than any other novel in any language.* War and Peace *contains everything. Its final effect is as concrete and symbolic as a*

sonnet by Keats; its theme is as simple and singlehearted as the theme of a story by Chekhov: and yet the vast canvas is covered by hundreds of figures, every one alive and distinct, and some of the leading characters, like Natasha and Prince Andrew, are companions for one during the rest of one's life. . . . In this vast book every human being is created with the same power and authenticity. The beautiful happy freshness of Natasha, the stumbling honesty of Pierre, the suffering questioning of Prince Andrew, the contented worldliness of Véra and Berg, the habits, weaknesses of generals and soldiers, even (although here there is less certainty) the conceit, arrogance, and humanity of Napoleon. . . . It is in this union of all the worlds, material and spiritual—a union won without preaching or any falsification of human nature—that War and Peace *achieves its final greatness.*

MARK VAN DOREN: War and Peace *is generally considered the greatest novel of all novels. . . . It has everything, and has it in baffling abundance. It is as credible as Defoe and yet immeasurably more important; it is as finely organized as a tale of minor proportions would be, and yet it never loses its grasp of a single vast subject. This is Napoleon's invasion of Russia and the retreat from* Moscow *as witnessed by a host of individuals whom Tolstóy creates with lavish and painstaking ease. These individuals come from all classes and have all degrees of virtue or vice, of strength or weakness, of ugliness or beauty, just as the action embraces every imaginable experience. I read it always with the greatest absorption. . . . Tolstóy couldn't state the theme of* War and Peace, *short of writing 1400 pages. That is my way of saying that it is a really successful novel. It is about much more than Tolstóy realized. It is about everything that he knew, believed, felt, saw. . . . For Tolstóy—not as a man, not as a thinker, but as a novelist—anything that human beings do has its glory. Humanity is equally glorious in its wars, its peace, its quarrels, its love affairs. I think he can be said to have hated nothing that ever happened.* [1941]

J. DONALD ADAMS: *Reading* War and Peace *for the first time is one of the greatest literary experiences; reading it again and again is to realize the immeasurable gulf that is fixed between a merely good book and a great one.*

By a very close approach to common consent War and Peace *may be regarded as the greatest novel that has been written, the supreme fictional achievement in the literature of the world.*

Here is a novel that is worth whatever time one gives to it. There is more of life between its covers than in any other existent fictional narrative. All the normal human emotions find play in this novel; practically every facet of human experience is there. Its characters become as real to us as people whom we have known all our lives; we see them develop and change with the years and the development and change is something that proceeds from within them; Tolstóy does not tell us that the change takes place—we observe it for ourselves. It is a novel of which one cannot accurately state the theme. One can say that it is a broadly inclusive picture of Russian life during the Napoleonic period, but that is merely the accident of its setting and time. In its universal value it is simply human life greatly grasped and extraordinarily presented over a period of something less than a generation. No intelligent person can read it without a deep enrichment of experience. And having once read it, he is certain to turn to it again, to be amazed once more by its veracity, its tremendous vitality, its epic scope. [1941]

A NOTE ABOUT

The Inner Sanctum Edition of

WAR AND PEACE

The publishers believe there is need now for a new edition of War and Peace. *In this foreword they summarize the editorial and typographic features which are embodied in this presentation:*

Tolstóy's acknowledged masterpiece, hailed by outstanding novelists and critics generally as the "greatest novel ever written," is presented here unabridged and complete, the text absolutely inviolate.

The translation is that of Louise and Aylmer Maude, ranked by most critics as the best rendition in English, and is here published in its authorized form by special arrangement with the Oxford University Press.

Both of Tolstóy's own epilogues and his own supplementary section, headed "Some Words About War and Peace," *are also added to the text.*

In addition to the translator's preface, which includes a brief biography of Tolstóy, Clifton Fadiman has written for this Inner Sanctum Edition an entirely new introduction. In this he presents a critical interpretation of the novel, as well as an analysis of the present-day historical and military significance of War and Peace. *This is particularly timely now, in view of the striking parallel between Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812, the main theme of the novel, and Hitler's invasion in* 1941-42.

New maps showing the principal battles and places mentioned in the text, including a Plan of Moscow, are available in the body of the book and on the end papers. The maps on pages 116, 216, 376, 666, and 760 have been reproduced, by permission of The Limited Editions Club, from that club's six-volume edition of War and Peace, *for which Louise and Aylmer Maude revised their translation and Barnett Freedman made hundreds of lithographs in color as illustrations; these maps were executed by cartographers associated with The British Museum in London.*

In each copy of the Inner Sanctum Edition of War and Peace there is inserted a supplemental leaflet, entitled:

A READER'S GUIDE AND BOOKMARK

This enclosure is a twelve-page folder containing a full list of the characters in order of their appearance, with detailed identifications, and a note on Russian names, idioms, and titles, together with the characters also arranged in family groups, and a chronological table of principal historical events from 1805 to 1812.

For the reader's convenience, this leaflet can be used as a bookmark, making the map and lists of characters and dates available on any page where the particular information is needed. Should the "Reader's *Guide and Bookmark" enclosed in each copy of the book be lost, a duplicate can be obtained from the bookseller from whom the book was bought, or by writing directly to the publishers. For reference purposes, the material is also printed* in *the body of the book, at the end of the text,* so *as to be available in permanent form. The structural divisions of Tolstóy's novel have been clearly indicated by the rearrangement of the author's own descriptive headings for each section and each chapter, both in the Table of Contents and at the opening of each part. Tables of dates of the principal historical dates are given for the main divisions.*

In addition to the basic notes prepared by Aylmer Maude (indicated by the initials A. M.), *new and supplementary notes have been added where necessary to explain obscure passages, vital historical or biographical background, and difficult phrases. For the reader's convenience, all notes have been placed on the same page as the text to which they refer. An introductory section, "In Praise of War and Peace," gives a summary of both contemporary and later tributes to this masterpiece.*

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER

MARCH 12, 1942

FOREWORD

This foreword falls into two sections. The first, immediately following, is an attempt at a discussion of some of the literary qualities of War and Peace. *The second draws a few obvious analogies between Napoleons Russian campaign, as described by Tolstóy, and Hitler's Russian campaign, as it seemed to a nonmilitary observer toward the middle of February, 1942. The reason for the second section will be apparent to any contemporary reader of War and Peace. Great as it is, the book gains an added interest through its uncanny prefiguring of some of the events of our time. In a certain sense it may be said that the finest account of Hitler's Russian adventure (so far) was written by Leo Tolstóy.*

Section One may be read without reference to Section Two, and vice versa.

1

War and Peace *hardly calls for comment It is translucent. It seems to have been composed in the sunlight. Yet so fascinating is it that almost all critics who are interested in the novel as such have at one time or another had their say concerning it. I do not claim to add anything to their words. I hope merely to set Tolstóy's masterpiece before the reader in such a way that he will not be dismayed by its labyrinthine length or put off by its seeming remoteness from our own concerns.*

War and Peace *has been called the greatest novel ever written. These very words have been used, to my knowledge, by E. M. Forster, Hugh Walpole, John Galsworthy, and Compton Mackenzie; and a similar judgment has been made by many others. Note that it is particularly novelists themselves who hold this opinion. Is not this the book all novelists would like to write? Is it not to the novelist what Hamlet is to the playwright?*

That War and Peace *is one of the greatest novels ever written is beyond question. But I do not know what is meant by calling it "*the *greatest". No calipers exist to measure the relative greatness of great novels. It is more useful, rather, to repeat the judgment of J. Donald Adams: "Reading it again and again is to realize the immeasurable gulf that is* fixed *between a merely good book and a great one." Let us not fret therefore over whether* War and Peace *is the greatest novel ever written. Let us rather try to discover together why it is a great novel.*

The first thing to do is to read it. A supreme book usually argues *its own supremacy quite efficiently, and* War and Peace is *no exception. Still, we may be convinced of its magnitude and remain puzzled by certain of its aspects—for no first-rate book is completely explicit, either.*

On finishing War and Peace *what questions do we tend to ask ourselves? Here is a very simple one: What is it* about? *The title tells us it is about war and peace. True. But it deals also with other pairs of gigantic opposites—life and death, youth and age, good and evil, wealth and poverty, men and women, strength and weakness, love and hate, growth and decay. Smaller novels deal with one of these pairs of opposites or one aspect of one of these pairs. Here all are present.*

"But," you reply, "these abstractions are too vague to be called the subject of *this novel or any novel. They do not really tell us what the book is about." Very well. Shall we say, then, that* War and Peace is *concerned with the Napoleonic Era and its aftermath and with the varying fortunes of a large group of Russians, and of some French and Germans during the* period? *Or shall* we *say that* War and Peace *is a* family novel tracing *the careers of the Bolkónskis, the Rostóvs, the Kurágins, and the Bezúkhovs over a span of some fifteen years? Or shall* we *speak of it as a* social novel *painting a broad picture of Russian society from the Tsar down to the lowliest peasant? Or shall we alter our* emphasis again *and, with Tolstóy himself, say that in essence the book deals with the vast movement of men first from west to east and then from east to west—a movement that changes the lives of all those caught up in it? Or shall* we see *in* War and Peace a philosophical novel *whose* purpose is *to dramatize a particular view of history? Or, finally, shall we say, as does Percy Lubbock in* The Craft of Fiction, *that at least part of it is concerned simply with the spectacle of youth becoming age and of age giving way to youth: that is, with the procession of the generations?*

But War and Peace is all *these things. In fact, we are forced in the end to make the apparently vapid judgment that the subject of* War and Peace is *Life itself. Not life seen from a special angle, or given a special interpretation, but just Life. It is hard to name another novel of which the same statement can be made with equal justice.*

We do not know what Tolstóy had in mind as the main subject of War and Peace, for he stated its theme differently at different periods of his; career. *Looking back on it, as* a *fairly old man, he said that his only aim had been to amuse his readers. There is a quirk in genius,* a *kind of last gasp of egotism in reverse, that makes it* sometimes *demean its own masterpieces. In the case of Tolstóy, of course, it is possible to explain this perverse judgment in terms of his religious conversion, after which he viewed such books as* War and Peace *and*

Anna Karenina as *trivial and worldly. (No saint has ever been a* good *literary critic.* Also vice versa.) More *seriously, Tolstóy at times spoke of* War and Peace *as a picture of the wanderings of a people.*

But whatever he thought its subject was, he transcended it. In one sense he put into this book everything that interested him, and everything interested him. That he managed *to make it more than a collection of characters and incidents is equivalent to saying that in addition to being a man with a consuming interest in life he was also an artist who was not content until he had shaped that interest into harmonious forms.*

Now, there are some who would demur, who feel that it is precisely in this quality of form that War and Peace is *defective. Percy Lubbock, for example, Ends it unsatisfactory* because for *him it is really two books. One book, he thinks, deals with youth and age, with the procession of the generations, with the private lives of the Bolkónskis, the Rostóvs, and all the others. The second book, inserted layerlike into the first, is really the story of war and peace—of the movements of Napoleons and Kutúzovs armies, of Austerlitz and Borodinó, and of the laws of history which, in Tolstóy's view, underlie these* movements. *Lubbock thinks that these two themes never quite coalesce and that therefore, great as the book is, it is deficient in the quality of form, deficient in unity of subject matter.*

Many readers would agree. Some would go even further, arguing, *on the ground that they are both extraneous and indigestible, that Tolstóy would have done better to omit his historical disquisitions and particularly the two epilogues.*

Suppose we admit at once that there is no classic unity of subject matter as there is, for instance, in the Iliad. *Homer tells the story of Hector and Achilles at the same time that he tells the story of the Trojan War in general. But we feel that he is telling one story, not two. This simple unity Tolstóy does not have. But a profounder unity I think he does have. When we have come to feel this unity, the philosophical and historical disquisitions cease to seem long-winded and become both interesting in themselves and an integral part of the Tolstóyan scheme. We are no longer disturbed as we should be if such digressions* appeared *in a work of narrower compass. We accept the fact that mountains are never perfect pyramids.*

Let us see whether we can get this clear. In the course of one of his digressions Tolstóy writes, "Only by taking an infinitesimally small unit for observation (the differential of history, i.e., *the individual tendencies of men) and attaining to the art of integrating them (i.e., Ending the sum of these* infinitesimals) can we *hope to arrive at the laws of history." This* rather *obscure statement, if closely analyzed, gives us at least* a *partial solution to the*

problem that worried Lubbock. For in this sentence, perhaps, is concealed the theme of the book: the movement of history which Tolstóy must examine by observing "the individual tendencies of men" on the one hand, and by attempting to "integrate them," on the other. Putting it in another way, we may say that it is not enough for Tolstóy to examine the individual lives of his characters as if they were separate atoms. He must also sweep up all these atoms into one larger experience. Now, this larger experience is the Napoleonic campaign. But the campaign itself, which fuses or enlarges or focuses the lives of Andrew and Natásha and Pierre and the rest, must itself be studied, not merely as a background—that is how an ordinary historical novelist would study it—but as thoughtfully as Tolstóy studies each individual life. In order fully to understand this focusing experience he is forced to elaborate a theory of history to explain it. And so he is forced to understand the major historical characters, such as Napoleon, Kutúzov, and the others, who are the dramatic symbols of the experience.

The result of this integration may not please everyone, but the integration is there. When one reflects upon the task, one is driven to concede, I think, that Tolstóy, in his attempt to understand history through human beings and human beings through history, is undertaking the greatest task conceivable to the creative novelist of the nineteenth century, just as Milton, attempting to justify the ways of God to man, undertook the greatest poetical theme possible to a man of his century.

The titanic dimensions of the theme compel Tolstóy to ignore the usual canons of form. War and Peace, for instance, is a novel without a hero. Those who think of Pierre as the hero neglect the fact that Andrew, despite the circumstance that his death occurs long before the end of the book, is no less the hero—and no more. Indeed, we may say that if there is a hero in the antique sense it is Russia herself, rather than any single human being. Yet the herolessness of War and Peace, instead of decreasing the interest of the novel, merely gives it a more natural and lifelike quality. For in the eye of nature there are neither heroes nor villains, but merely striving human beings.

War and Peace is so vast that each reader may pick out for himself its literary qualities he most admires. Let us select three. They have doubtless been generally noted. These three are its inclusiveness, its naturalness, and its timelessness.

The first thing to strike the reader is the range of Tolstóy's interest and knowledge. His touch is equally sure and penetrating whether he depicts the shelling of Smolénsk, or the progress of a hunt; a Freemasonry initiation, or a deathbed scene; Napoleon surveying Moscow from the Poklónny Hill, or a full-

fig soiree; the bourgeois atmosphere of the household of Pierre and Natásha, or the sullen rebellion of a group of peasants; a party at Berg's, or a public hanging; Natásha in love with Andrew, or Natásha in love with Anatole Kurágin; a field hospital, or a dinner at a men's club; a woman's confinement or a drunken orgy.

He works, as J. B. Priestley says, like "a happy God, with a whole world to play with." There seems no limit to the characters at his disposal. The more life he touches with his pen, the easier it seems for him to create still more life. The more crowded his canvas, the more fluent his brush. Yet this fecundity does not seem mere facility, as it does occasionally with Jules Romains, and it is more than a natural overflow of fancy as it often is with Dickens.

At first glance this inclusiveness seems so overpowering that one inclines to agree with Hugh Walpole when he says that War and Peace "contains everything," or with E. M. Forster who is no less sure that "everything is in it" Naturally, these statements cannot be literally true. But it is true to say that when we have finished War and Peace we do not feel the lack of anything. It is only when one stops short and makes a list of the things Tolstóy leaves out that one realizes he is a novelist and not a god. We get very little awareness, for example, of the Russian middle class which was just beginning to emerge at the opening of the nineteenth century. Also, while Tolstóy does describe many peasants for us, the emphasis is thrown disproportionately on the aristocratic class with which he was most familiar. Another thing: obeying the literary conventions of his period, Tolstóy touches upon the sex relations of his men and women with great caution—and yet, so true and various is his presentation of love that we hardly seem to notice his omissions. That, after all, is the point: we do not notice the omissions, and we are overwhelmed by the inclusiveness.

But inclusiveness in itself is no virtue unless informed by understanding. Anthony Adverse and Gone With the Wind also have an enormous range of scene and character. Still, they are merely skillful fictions because the insight that the author has put into these scenes and characters is of only ordinary dimensions. It is Tolstóy's attitude toward his own tremendous knowledge that makes him great rather than merely encyclopedic.

What is this attitude? We say that Tolstóy had great understanding, but the secret of this understanding does not lie only in his intellect, which is hardly among the first-order intellects of Europe. The secret lies elsewhere. Looking back on his work many years afterward, Tolstóy said, "To write a good work, one must love its basic, fundamental idea. In War and Peace I loved the people's emotions arising from the War of 1812. . . . I strove to write a history of the people."

The key word here is "love." One of the most penetrating comments ever made about War and Peace is Mark Van Doren's, "I think he can be said to have hated nothing that ever happened." This exaggeration contains a profound truth. Tolstóy's love for his characters in War and Peace is very different from the mystic and, some would say, morbid sentimentality of his later years. It is more like the enthusiasm of a young man for everything he sees about him during the period of his greatest vigor. It is not Christian tolerance or loftiness of soul. Indeed, it does not seem ethically based at all but is rather a product of that large animal serenity which at this epoch of his life formed the base of Tolstóy's character. He knows a great deal but it is his enormous capacity to love what he knows that makes his knowledge live for us.

At his best Tolstóy seems to write as if Nature herself were guiding his pen.

In Opinions of Oliver Allston Van Wyck Brooks (another of those who believe War and Peace the greatest of all novels) says, "It is true that to make the obvious not commonplace one has to be a Tolstóy." There is no formula to explain how Tolstóy does this. All we know is that he does it. Tolstóy is like Homer: he does not fear banalities because he is not aware that they are banalities. A small example: Captain Túshin, on the eve of battle, reflecting on immortality. Now, it is a fact that the simple soldier does think about life after death on the eve of battle, but most writers would never mention it for fear of being accused of sentimentality or rhetoric. Fearing neither, Tolstóy avoids both.

The constant impression of naturalness one gets from reading Tolstóy comes partly from his lack of obsessions. He does not specialize in a particular emotion, as Balzac, say, specializes in the emotions deriving from the desire for money. Perhaps we may say that if Tolstóy has an obsession, it is a passion for showing people merely living. It is the quantity and quality of life in any particular scene or any particular person that interests him. In a sense all his characters are of equal value. He does not grade them in some fancied order of moral importance.

It is because his eye is always on the central current of life that his perceptions seem so inevitable. Indeed, they are inevitable rather than searching, for there are writers—Dostoevsky, for example—who penetrate to levels barred to Tolstóy.

We could adduce a thousand examples of these Tolstóyan touches of nature. We think perhaps of the hospital scene toward the end of Book 5 in which the wounded men cast "envious, jealous" eyes at the healthy visitors. Sometimes it is a tiny touch of character: Prince Vasíli "who, like a wound-up clock, by force of habit, said things he did not even wish to be believed." Or it

will be an insight, such as the one he gives us as he describes Pierre's taking leave of the young Borís after a pleasant conversation. "As often happens in early youth, especially to one who leads a lonely life, he felt an unaccountable tenderness for this young man and made up his mind that they would be friends." Nor is he afraid of giving us a man's character in a single, simple sentence: "Berg, with his joyful, pleasant smile, as if it were obvious to him that his success must always be the chief desire of everyone else"

Tolstóy's natural sympathy overleaps the boundary of sex; his women are as convincing as his men. Indeed, he has a special talent for the presentation of women at their most female. Who can forget his description of the pregnancy of Princess Lise?

For me, one of the supreme illustrations of Tolstóy's naturalness is the forty-odd words in which he describes the Countess Rostóva and her friend Anna weeping in each other's arms after the Countess has given Anna some money with which to outfit the latter's son Borís as he prepares to enter the army. "They wept because they were friends, and because they were kindhearted, and because they—friends from childhood-had to think about such a base thing as money, and because their youth was over. . . . But those tears were pleasant to them both." This is the touch of Shakespeare translated into prose.

We think of certain Tolstóyan scenes as other men would do them and then we realize the quality of his supremacy. Where coterie writers would use complex techniques, he uses the simplest. One can imagine what one of our smart young men would do with a scene like Andrew's delirium, cramming it full of Daliesque imagery and muddied streams of consciousness. Or take that great passage in which the daredevil Dólokhov balances himself on the window sill and drinks a bottle of rum on a bet. Imagine one of our more sophisticated novelists handling this scene. What subtle emotions that aren't really there he would put into it, what unnecessary underwriting, what overtones! But Tolstóy gives us only the scene itself, simply and vividly, yet with every desired effect obtained. Or take the death of Count Bezúkhov. Think of how Arnold Bennett would manipulate it, piling up the detail, smothering it with atmosphere. Tolstóy describes the death scene so that it becomes one of the most living scenes in the book. It is free of morbidity, false pathos, and extraneous sentimentality, but it is moving and passionate.

It is normal. Tolstóy is the epic poet of the conscious and the normal, just as Dostoevsky, complementing him, is the dramatic poet of the subconscious and the abnormal. His instinct is always to identify the unnatural with the unpleasant. "But the smile did not enhance Véra's beauty as smiles generally do; on the contrary, it gave her an unnatural and therefore unpleasant expression." This genius for the normal operates with notable effect when

Tolstóy is describing situations that, it might seem to another and lesser observer, should produce abnormal reactions. Young Rostóv, for example, wounded, watching the enemy French approach him, cries, "Can *they be* coming at me? And why? *To kill* me? Me—of *whom everyone is so fond?*" *At first this strikes us as absurd. But when we consider his youth, his sheltered childhood, his naïveté, his lovableness, and all the other characteristics that Tolstóy has shown in him previously, we perceive with a start of admiration that this is* precisely *the reaction Rostóv would have in the face of approaching death.*

This almost abnormal normality in Tolstóy makes him able to do what would seem a very easy thing but is really very hard: describe people engaged in nothing but being happy. *Some of the most moving scenes in* War and Peace have *little to do with profound emotions or great battles or lofty thoughts or critical conflicts. They are merely pictures of people doing things that seem pleasant to them.* We *think at once of the famous hunt scene in Book 7, the one that is followed by the Rostóvs' visit to "Uncle's" home. Here all is simple gaiety, charm, happiness. The ability to describe this sort of incident has died out in our time, perhaps because the simple glow of happiness itself seems at the moment so much less common than it did in the nineteenth century.*

The inclusiveness of War and Peace. *Its naturalness. Finally, its* timelessness, the quality that makes it possible for this new edition to appear some seventy years after the book's first publication.

Here we have a story that deals largely, though not exclusively, with the members of a class long ago liquidated by war and revolution. The feudal nobility of which Tolstóy wrote is as dead as the feudal nobility of the tenth century. How is it, then, that these people still interest us so intensely? It is because Tolstóy does not describe them in terms of their class position only, but as whole men and women. And even when his characters seem almost pure representatives of their class, they still have a permanent value as *symbols. For* example, the dissipated exquisite, *Dólokhov, exhibits that desperate* courage his class *has always had and always will have, though it may change its locale and its name. One finds Dólokhovs today in the R.A.F.*

Here is a book, too, that seems *to deal with people caught in a* particular *cleft of history.* As *that limited epoch recedes,* we might *suppose the people should dim accordingly. Yet this is not the case. It is impossible to say just how Tolstóy manages to give the impression both of particularity and universality. Anna Schérer remains permanently the type of the fashionable hostess and yet she is herself and no other person. No one but Tolstóy could have created Pierre Bezúkhov,* and yet, though *he is not Hamlet, he calls out like a kinsman to the*

Hamlet hidden in all of us. Hélène is an individual and at the same time the personification of that radiant, completely self-assured imbecility which is the special quality of merely beautiful women. One could go on *noting the same double* character in *all the other personages of the vast scene: Berg, the eternal* arriviste; *Borís, the fortune hunter; the wonderful Prince Andrew with his* temperament at *once so complex and so clear; the cynical Prince Vasíli Kurágin. As for the* young Rostóvs, *they are themselves and yet they are youth itself. There are other characters in other novels who at the moment of reading are much more* vivid *than any of these. But they have the vividness of glowing coals that fade like ashes in the memory, whereas Tolstóy's characters live with a steady light long after you have closed the book that seems to contain them.*

War and Peace may *not have a classic form. But it does have a classic content. It is full of scenes and situations* which, *in slightly altered forms, have recurred again and* again, and *will continue to recur, in the history of civilized man.*

Not long ago I happened to observe a *mother lifting her eight-year-old boy in her arms.* As she *did so she laughed and* said, *"You're getting so big you'll be lifting me soon." It was the simplest of statements. Yet I felt something transiently touching about the scene merely because millions upon millions of mothers reaching back into the dawn of history must have said the same thing to their children at some time and because other millions will say it in the remote future long after this mother and child are dead. Here is a minor example of a recurrent human situation.*

You *will End hundreds of these recurrent situations—small and large—in the pages of* War and Peace, and *indeed in the pages of any great novel or play. It is as if the human race, despite its apparent complexity,* were *capable of but* a *limited set of* gestures. To *this set of gestures great artists have the key. You may recollect Aristotle's comment upon the dramatic value of the "recognition scene" in Greek tragedy. One of the great climaxes of* War and Peace *is just such a recognition scene, after Natásha is told that the wounded officer who has been traveling with her family is Andrew. The scene is not only great in itself but it gathers up something of the greatness of all the other supreme recognition scenes in literature.*

A great many of the moments in the story most charged with emotion have this quality of permanence: Andrew on the battlefield looking up at the sky and comparing its vastness with the littleness of Napoleon, Pierre listening to the peasant wisdom of Karatâev, Natásha at the ball, Mary *receiving her mystical, fey peasants. These are timeless moments; they help to make a timeless book—as we* May-fly mortals measure *time.*

Also the very looseness of the book's form, the fact that it has neither beginning nor end, helps to convey the sense of enduring life. As we read the first page we seem to encounter people who have been living for many years, and as we turn the last page, little Nicholas is merely carrying on the life that has been streaming through this vast story and these nineteen years of time.

We open the book at random and read a chance sentence. We are at the Rostóvs'. "In the drawing room the conversation was still going on." And it still is.

Has War and Peace, then, no defects? It has many. It is far from being a technically perfect novel, like Madame Bovary. It is filled with minor weaknesses of characterization. To take just one example: Pierre's complete unconsciousness of the fact that it is only his fortune that wins him both the regard of the world and the marmoreal breasts of Hélène. Despite his glasses, it is hard to think of Pierre as being quite so nearsighted as all that. There are also many places in the narrative where the pace lags. Certain characters in the crowded canvas tend to get lost in the shuffle and never become entirely clear. For example, I have a blind spot for Denísov—he never emerges quite plainly in my mind's eye. At times, so complex is the panorama that the reader has difficulty following the story, just as we have difficulty in following everything happening in a three-ring circus. Some of these defects seem to disappear on a second or third or fourth reading. Some are permanent. But none of them is so great nor are all of them taken together so great as to shake War and Peace from the pinnacle it occupies. Flaubert cannot afford to make mistakes. Tolstóy can.

This is not to say that War and Peace contains all the qualities of greatness. Tolstóy can project only what is in himself. And he is one man, limited, fallible, confined. We feel his limitations not when we are reading his novels, but when we read his novels and then, immediately there after, read the masterpieces of other writers dissimilar to him in temperament. If, for example, you follow War and Peace with The Brothers Karamazov you begin to perceive that Tolstóy's vision, far-ranging and humane as it is, is unaware of those murky depths to which the vision of Dostoevsky could pierce. Tolstóy is vast. Dostoevsky is vast too. But his vastness is vertical, Tolstóy's horizontal. Epic writing is generally of this horizontal character whereas dramatic writing—and Dostoevsky is more akin to Shakespeare than he is to most novelists—is vertical. The insights in Tolstóy are at their best enormously moving and exactly true. But they rarely give us that uneasy sense of psychic discovery peculiar to Dostoevsky. This is not to disparage Tolstóy or to exalt Dostoevsky.

It is merely a *simple* way of *realizing the absurdity of the notion that Tolstóy "has everything."*

So far in these comments I have emphasized those qualities—inclusiveness, naturalness, *timelessness—that make* War and Peace *universal rather than Russian. But part of its appeal for us, I think, derives from the fact that though there is nothing in the book that is incomprehensible to the American or the Western European, everything in it, owing to its Russian* character, seems *to us just a* trifle *off-center. This gives the novel* a piquancy, even a *strangeness at times,* that *it may not possess for the Russians. No doubt the Russians get the same feeling from* Huckleberry Finn.

There are certain central motives in War and Peace *that are particularly (though not uniquely) Russian. The motive of moral conversion is* a *case in point At some time in the story nearly all the major characters undergo this conversion experience—Pierre, Andrew particularly, Natásha,* and even *Mary, although perhaps we should say of her that,* as *the book progresses, her piety merely deepens. Note that the changes in the souls of Pierre and Andrew issue in both cases from suffering and pain. The sense of human freedom, it seems to Tolstóy,* is *given only to those who have suffered. In his later works we are to find this doctrine emphasized more dogmatically and more unconvincingly. In* War and Peace *it is presented with passion and power.*

It is this longing for regeneration, present even in the rake Dólokhov, that makes Tolstóy's people at one or another point in their lives stop suddenly and ask themselves, as *Pierre does, "What is life and what is death?"*

Slavic characters do not ask themselves small questions. In Rebecca West's masterly book about Yugoslavia, Black Lamb and Grey Falcon, the narrator encounters an old woman somewhere in Montenegro, I think. An old peasant woman, trudging the roads, absorbed in thought. Miss West and her husband greet her and ask her, as I remember, where she is bound. In three or four sentences she outlines for them, without any preliminaries, the curve of her life —a broken and tragic curve—and then says, quite simply, that she is now walking the roads and asking herself what her life means. Now, for Miss West, this is a character one could meet only in a Slavic country, and I think she is right. Most of the characters in War and Peace are like this old woman. They ask themselves questions that would be impossible in, let us say, Steinbeck or Hemingway. Perhaps this is what marks our current American literature off from the greater tradition of such men as Dostoevsky and Tolstóy. The characters in Steinbeck and Hemingway have no interest in themselves as wholes. They have no analytical curiosity about themselves. They are studied by the author; they do not study themselves.

In War and Peace, with varying degrees of success, the characters study themselves. All their critical experiences but lead them to further self-examination. Even the volatile and certainly not profound Natásha, after her sad experience with Anatole Kurágin, begins to explore whatever depths she possesses and emerges from these depths a woman ready for her reconciliation with Andrew and later on for her marriage to Pierre. She also emerges a much duller woman—evidence of Tolstóy's inability to sentimentalize.

This regeneration impulse, this desire for conversion, sometimes takes forms that may seem absurd to us and may even have seemed absurd to Tolstóy. But that does not deter him from describing these forms if they seem to him to represent the truth. Recall Pierre's Freemasonry. He is taken in, we say, by a combination of windy idealism and fraternity-house mumbo-jumbo. Yet, silly as the experience may seem to our eyes, it is a necessary one for Pierre. Without it he would perhaps be unable, at a later time, to absorb the far deeper spiritual message of the peasant Karatáev.

The purpose, if we may use so precise a word, of the regeneration experience is to enable the characters to attain to Pierre's state: "By loving people without cause, he discovered indubitable causes for loving them." In this sentence, it seems to me, lies the essence, the center, the inner flame, of the prerevolutionary Russian novel. It is only after one has pondered its meaning that one can understand what lies back of the sudden changes in Tolstóy's and Dostoevsky's characters.

It is interesting to speculate on why the Russians, and particularly the aristocratic class described in War and Peace and Anna Karenina, should have this thirst for salvation. One reason may be the circumstance that deep within the heart of the Russian aristocrat lay certain agonizing conflicts which could be resolved only by the grace of God, i.e., by regeneration.

One of these conflicts lay in the fact that culturally he was a mixture of barbarian, medieval Christian, and Western European. The attempt to reconcile these discordant elements produced those agonies of conscience that we find expressed in different forms in characters such as Andrew and Pierre. That there was a barbarian underlay in these apparently highly sophisticated people seems obvious to the Western European reader. Even such a minor survival as Nastásya Ivánovna, the epicene buffoon of the Rostóv household, points backward to the Middle Ages and to even earlier times. The savage irritability of the old Prince Nicholas Bolkónski as well as the neurotic piety of Princess Mary are both examples of barbarian excess. They are the gestures of unstable souls. Only on the assumption that many of the habits of Tolstóy's aristocrats are derived from a more primitive culture can we understand certain actions. When, for example, Sónya, Natásha's best friend and a well-brought-

up girl, does not for a moment hesitate to read a love letter addressed to Natásha, we End this somewhat startling. But even more startling is the fact that Natásha hardly seems at all indignant about it and indeed is even glad that it happened, as it gives her an opportunity to talk with Sónya about her love affair. Such behavior is not the behavior we should expect in aristocratic circles in the France or the England of the period.

These Russians must have been unconsciously aware of this barbarian underlay, for otherwise they would not have been so anxious to speak French rather than their native tongue. An impulse on the part of the upper class of any nation away from its own vernacular is generally an indication of lack of self-confidence.

There is a witty and not entirely cogent paragraph in Book 9 of War and Peace in which Tolstóy compares the self-assurance of various nations:

> *Pfuel was one of those hopelessly and immutably self-confident men, self-confident to the point of martyrdom as only Germans are, because only Germans are self-confident on the basis of an abstract notion—science, that is, the supposed knowledge of absolute truth. A Frenchman is self-assured because he regards himself personally both in mind and body as irresistibly attractive to men and women. An Englishman is self-assured as being a citizen of the best-organized state in the world and therefore, as an Englishman, always knows what he should do and knows that all he does as an Englishman is undoubtedly correct An Italian is self-assured because he is excitable and easily forgets himself and other people. A Russian is self-assured just because he knows nothing and does not want to know anything, since he does not believe that anything can be known.*

There is a certain truth in all of these generalizations, even in the one about the Russian. But I think the reader will admit that the self-assurance based on the kind of negativism Tolstóy mentions is very insecurely based.

The conflict in the soul of the Russian aristocrat derived not only from the conflict of cultures within him but from the moral falsity of his social position. Although Tolstóy—and this is one of his omissions—does not lay great stress on it, the Russian upper class in varying degrees suffered from a guilt complex arising from the institution of serfdom. While that serfdom was in many respects benevolent, it was nevertheless a basic moral evil. Why? Because there is beneath all our cruelty and lethargy something in us (most of us) which says that we must not enslave others or be enslaved by them, even when such a system seems to offer immediate advantages to both master and serf. Note that

the form Prince Andrew's higher moral impulses takes is his successful endeavor to improve the lives of the serfs on his estate.

Much of the soul-searching in War and Peace, though it would seem to pivot only on each individual's personal problems, is in part a result of this vague pervasive guilt-feeling. Perhaps, indeed, a large part of the genius of the prerevolutionary Russian novel comes from the conflict engendered by this sense of guilt. It is even arguable that one of the reasons for Lie flatness and mediocrity of the postrevolutionary Russian novel is due to the absence of that guilt—which is no argument, of course, for Tsarism.

Finally, the Russian sought spiritual regeneration because he found no outlet for his idealistic energies in the state itself. On this point Tolstóy is clear and definite. He shows us an inefficient, slothful, uncertain Russian state, weakened by internal jealousies and rigid with hierarchy. The Russian upper class had at this time not developed the sense of national responsibility which the better element of the British ruling class, despite its brutalities and stupidities, has always had. Tolstóy's Russians are frustrated in their attempt to improve the character of their government—witness, toward the end of the book, Pierre's half-impressive, half-ludicrous political reformism. Because they cannot efficiently discharge, within the framework of politics, their impulses toward good, they are driven to discharge them in the form of personal spiritual crises and regeneration experiences.

I have made these perhaps hackneyed comments in order to show that Tolstóy is a Russian novelist first and a universal novelist only by accident of genius. He did not know that he was writing for the world. He did not even know that he was writing for all of Russia because in his time the Russian reading class was limited pretty much to the (rather numerous) aristocracy. He wrote as a Russian about Russian people—indeed about his own family, for many of the characters in War and Peace are transcripts from reality. But he wrote about them not only as Russians but as people. And therein lies part of the secret of his greatness.

There remains for us at least one more aspect of War and Peace to consider —that is, Tolstóy's view of men, war, and history and their interrelationships. At the outset let me say that the truly conscientious reader should not be dismayed by the historical essays scattered throughout the book. He will find, if he reads them carefully, that he has been amply repaid for the effort. As I have tried to point out, they are not as extraneous as they seem. For those who prefer digests, however, I hesitantly submit herewith a brief account of Tolstóy's central thought on history.

Tolstóy's theory of history is that there is no theory of history. Or, to put it more cautiously, if there are grand laws determining the movement and flow of historical events, we can, in the present state of our knowledge, only guess at them. Until our vision and our knowledge are so extended that they reveal these underlying laws, the most intelligent thing for us to do is at least to deny validity to all superficial explanations of historical experience.

Since War and Peace *was first conceived, there have been numerous theories of history, such as the materialist theory, the cyclical theory of Spengler, Pareto's theory of the elite, etc. Tolstóy would doubtless have vigorously opposed each of these in turn on the ground that they were too simplified. In* War and Peace *he attacks those theories which were popular in his own time.*

Of *these, the most appealing was the notion that great events come about through the operation of chance and genius combined. It is part of the purpose of* War and Peace *to prove that there is no such thing as chance and no such thing as genius.*

There is no such thing as chance, Tolstóy thinks, because each event, small or large, is linked by a thousand subtle chains to all other events. We, who cannot see the linkage, cry Chance. Thus to the fallible eye of man Luck rather than Destiny seems at moments to operate.

But the notion of mere chance as the only governing factor in human affairs is unsatisfactory to human egotism. To satisfy that egotism we project the idea of the hero, the grand homme, the military genius, through whom we vicariously secure the satisfaction which comes of feeling that in part at least the governance of human affairs is in human hands.

This great-man theory, of course, is most picturesquely developed by the vulgarian Carlyle. (It is the theory of history to which vulgar intellects are almost always drawn.) It is Tolstóy's particular bugaboo and abomination.

His method of exposing its falsity is threefold. First, he presents the typical grand homme, Napoleon. Second, he gives us a complementary presentation of Kutúzov. Third, he presents the battles themselves with intent to show their unmanageable waywardness and complexity.

Though *Tolstóy has been dead now for more than thirty years, one can almost hear the scorn vibrating in his voice as he speaks of "that genius, Napoleon." For him Napoleon was pre-eminently the fake* grand homme, *"that most insignificant tool of history who never anywhere, even in exile, showed human dignity. "To understand this seemingly iconoclastic judgment it is necessary to remember that in Tolstóy's view evil and cruelty can never have dignity. Only the good man or he who strives for the good can have dignity. It follows then that no conqueror can have dignity. Someday the human race will*

learn this, and it will despise conquerors **as** *it despises necrophiles or eaters of offal.*

Not only, however, is the fatuity of Napoleon depicted—his ill-temper, his peccadillos of conduct—but Tolstóy attacks him at his central point—his faith in himself. For Tolstóy, Napoleon, precisely because he is **a** *"leader," is so limited in his freedom of action that only that capacity for self-deception which is the special characteristic of the conqueror type can give him the illusion that he is commanding events rather than surrendering to them. "Such is the inevitable fate of men of action, and the higher they stand in the social hierarchy, the less are they free."*

To Napoleon, the pseudo-grand homme, *Tolstóy opposes the* Russian *Kutúzov. Kutúzov is not, in the heroic sense, a great man. He is lethargic, old, slightly doddering, pietistic. He is incapable of "grand strategy," gives few orders, hardly listens to the reports of his subordinates. Yet just because Kutúzov is not a hero, he is able to understand or merely to* sense *the historical undercurrents that will in the end defeat Napoleon and leave the Russians in possession of their own country. He is one of "those rare and always solitary individuals who, discerning the will of Providence, submit their personal will to it." This is not mere mystical verbiage. Kutúzov alone among all the Russian generals understands that Borodinó is not a French victory but a French defeat. He knows also that the abandonment of Moscow means the salvation of Russia. From Tolstóy's point of view, Kutúzov does not come to these conclusions through the exercise of the rational faculty but by a kind of intuitive identity with the ordinary Russian soldier. Kutúzov governs best because he governs least.*

Finally, with Tolstóy's conceptions of Napoleon and Kutúzov is associated his general contempt for the art of warfare. For Tolstóy each battle is an affair of contingencies so numerous and so complexly related that no one mind or group of minds can foresee them. Therefore, military experts are to him a parcel of fools. The best expression of his contempt for the military profession he puts into the mind of Prince Andrew as the Prince listens, in Book 9, Chapter 11, to the council of war:

> *Prince Andrew, listening to this polyglot talk and to these surmises, plans, refutations, and shouts, felt nothing but amazement at what they were saying. A thought that had long since and often occurred to him during his military activities—the idea that there is not, and cannot be, any science of war, and that therefore there can be no such thing as a military genius—now appeared to him an obvious truth. "What theory and science is possible about a matter the conditions and circumstances*

of which are unknown and cannot be defined, especially when the strength of the acting forces cannot be ascertained? No one was or is able to foresee in what condition our or the enemy's armies will be in a day's time, and no one can gauge the force of this or that detachment. Sometimes—when there is not a coward at the front to shout, 'We are cut off' and start running, but a brave and jolly lad who shouts 'Hurrah!'—a detachment of five thousand is worth thirty thousand, as at Schön Grabern, while at times fifty thousand run from eight thousand as at Austerlitz. What science can there be in a matter in which, as in all practical matters, nothing can be defined, and everything depends on innumerable conditions the significance of which is determined at a particular moment which arrives no one knows when? Armfelt says our army is cut in half, and Paulucci says we have got the French army between two fires, Michaud says that the worthlessness of the Drissa camp lies in having the river behind it, and Pfuel says that is what constitutes its strength, Toll proposes one plan, Armfelt another, and they are all good and all bad, and the advantages of any suggestion can only be seen at the moment of trial. And why do they all speak of a 'military genius'? Is a man a genius who can order bread to be brought up at the right time and say who is to go to the right and who to the left? It is only because military men are invested with pomp and power, and crowds of sycophants flatter power, attributing to it qualities of genius it does not possess. The best generals I have known were, on the contrary, stupid or absent-minded men. Bagratión was the best, Napoleon himself admitted that. And Bonaparte himself! I remember his limited, self-satisfied face on the field of Austerlitz. Not only does a good army commander not need any special qualities, on the contrary he needs the absence of the highest and best human attributes—love, poetry, tenderness, and philosophic inquiring doubt. He should be limited, firmly convinced that what he is doing is very important (otherwise he will not have sufficient patience), and only then will he be a brave leader. God forbid that he should be humane, should love, or pity, or think of what is just and unjust. It is understandable that a theory of their 'genius' was invented for them long ago because they have power! The success of a military action depends not on them, but on the man in the ranks who shouts 'We are lost!' or who shouts 'Hurrah!' And only in the ranks can one serve with assurance of being useful."

For Tolstóy the fate of battles therefore is decided less by prefabricated strategies than by the absence or presence of what he calls "moral hesitation,"

or what we would call morale.

This theory he carries to what may seem absurd lengths. The military men he most admires are passive generals like Kutúzov, or subordinates like the officer Dokhtúrov who has no plans and no theories but is always on the spot when needed and who therefore succeeds while the strategists merely become "heroes." For Tolstóy, indeed, the victor in a historical crisis is usually he who does the opposite of what the textbooks lay down. A good example is his comment on the conduct of the citizens during their abandonment of Moscow: "Those who went about their business as Moscow was evacuated helped to save the city. Those who performed heroic labors hindered things."

It is essential to realize that Tolstóy's conception of war as something both too complicated to be foreseen and too complicated to be explained after the event is a conception based on his observation of the wars of his period. (He served for several years in the Russian army and was a soldier at the siege of Sevastopol.) In other words, his observations are of relatively unmechanized warfare—warfare in which the unit is still the individual soldier fighting on foot or on a horse, and able to communicate only with difficulty with his fellow soldiers and his superiors.

Were *Tolstóy alive today would he moderate his views because the character of warfare has changed so radically in the interim? Have mechanization and two-way radio communication abolished the individual soldier? Have they made possible a foresight and a planning impossible to Napoleon? Have they also changed the quality of the emotions within the hearts of those engaged in war? It is Tolstóy's great good fortune as a novelist that he is describing warfare in which, because the action is non-mechanized, the soldier himself is nonmechanized. Thus, he can show us the young Rostóv who, during his baptism of fire, feels "perfectly happy" and who, within a short time, is overtaken by an equally intense fear of death. Does the regimented Nazi soldier have similar or different reactions?*

Tolstóy, I think, would reply that any change is only apparent and only temporary. He would say that human nature is a constant, that it will rise to the surface despite all the deformation, the drill, the conditioning, the dehumanizing to which it may be subjected. But this leads us to a consideration of warfare in Napoleon's time as compared with warfare in our own. The best way to examine the problem is by means of detailed instances.

2

Not long ago, as this is written, the London Sunday Graphic *printed a cartoon showing Hitler and Goring saluting an army of men and a swarm of planes all moving eastward. Hitler is saying, "Do you ever get that feeling that*

it has all happened before, Hermann?" Behind the pair rises the ghost of Napoleon.

It is impossible to reread War and Peace *in this Year of Death 1942 without being constantly reminded of the fact that history can at times be sensationally repetitious. If Hitler, as the cartoon suggests, is filled with that odd sense we all have had of déjà vu, the reader of* War and Peace *is similarly filled with a sense of* encore vu.

I happen to be writing these words in February, 1942. It is understood, therefore, that the obvious parallels any amateur can draw between the Napoleonic campaigns of 1805 and 1812 as described by Tolstóy and the Nazi campaign of 1941-42 are good only as of today. I have no competence as a military theorist nor any ability to pierce the future, preferring to leave this profession to Nostradamus and the radio commentators. It is interesting, however, to indicate as of this date the curious, the almost thrilling similarities between the history of Hitler and the history of Napoleon, the link being furnished by what seems to be a constant in European history—the character and geographical setting of the Russian people.

At this writing, the titanic battle of Russia, a part of the general battle for the soul of man, is far from a decision. Hitler's retreat, while obviously not strategic in the sense he planned, is, on the other hand, far from being the rout that some wishful thinkers would make it out. But it represents a physical and moral defeat, the proportions of which probably no one knows except the German General Staff. Certainly the back of Fascism does not appear to be broken, as Napoleon's back was broken after Moscow. Napoleon's dream died with his dying legions in the snow. Hitler's dream—the same vision, dreamed by a people instead of a single tyrant—is by no means dead. We do not yet know (unless faith is knowledge) whether Hitler will retrace completely the mighty Napoleonic parabola or whether he will succeed temporarily in his nightmare design of covering our planet with an Egyptian night. If he should fail, a new Tolstóy may arise fifty years hence to chronicle the vast drama of his rise and fall. If he should succeed, that new Tolstóy will not arise. For there will be no novelists and no poets. The humane and philosophic view of life from which supreme works of art spring will have been blotted out.

If we glance first at the general situation obtaining just before the start of the two invasions, we find Napoleon in 1812 military master of Europe, as Hitler is today. We see Napoleon endeavoring to express that military mastery in a politico-economic pattern—the Continental System. We see Hitler endeavoring to do the same: he calls it the New Order. Napoleon's Continental System is a semifailure; Hitler's New Order is a semifailure. In both cases

Russia refuses to fit into the system. This refusal is one of the factors impelling the two conquerors eastward. It is apparent to both Napoleon and Hitler that effective (rather than nominal) domination of the Continent is impossible as long as one other great power, Russia, exists as a standing threat.

We note, however, that Hitler's invasion starts only after he has made the same three moves tried by Napoleon.

The first of these is the attempted invasion of England. Napoleon goes no farther than the preparation of a navy of flatboats at Boulogne. Hitler not only readies his barge fleet at the Channel ports but actually achieves the first part of his plan through the use of bombers. But no true invasion is effected in either case. (There are curious minor echoes and parallels. Almost a century and a half ago the British erected against the threat of Napoleon a system of seacoast fortresses known as Martello towers. Today these towers are being repaired against the threat of a renewed attempt at invasion by Hitler.)

Before invading Russia, Hitler and Napoleon both make another move. In 1807 Napoleon and Tsar Alexander I meet on a raft at Tilsit in the Niemen River and in effect divide up Europe. It takes five years for that agreement to sour. The analogy with the Nazi-Soviet pact is clear. But in our time events move faster. Hitler does not take five years to realize that he must advance toward the east.

There is still a third move. Before invading Russia Napoleon tries to persuade Alexander to join him in an alliance against England. He fails. Hitler duplicates this move but with what may be called reverse English—that is, Hess (if we are to believe the most credible of the explanations) tries to persuade certain people—by courtesy called Englishmen—to join Hitler in an alliance against Russia. He fails. In both cases Russia and England, despite their radical difference in political outlook, ally themselves against a common enemy.

But Napolepn and Hitler have their allies too. Napoleon, ever anxious to conserve the blood of Frenchmen, manipulates Austria and Prussia. Today Hitler too has his puppets—Finland, Rumania, Italy, others. But both Napoleon and Hitler have allies more important than these. Today such allies are called appeasement groups. War and Peace offers an excellent picture of the 1805 appeasement group (analogous to the men of Munich) in St. Petersburg. This consists mainly of spiritually diseased nobles and cowards of all stripes, including a few romantic intellectuals—for a while Pierre Bezúkhov himself is one of them—who are taken in by the "glory" of Napoleon. In 1812 the same group is headed by the Tsarévich. At this writing there seems to be no appeasement group in Russia, but the reader of Tolstóy cannot help thinking of

the Cliveden set and of the French upper classes who succeeded in betraying their country. Nor are Nazappeasers lacking in our own nation.

In War and Peace the representative of the superficially hard-boiled but basically sentimental Napoleon-worship is the diplomat Bilíbin with his admiration for the tricky intelligence of the French. His is the aristocratic form defeatism takes. His unconscious desire to be a traitor disguises itself as worldly cynicism. Today the same unconscious desire manifests itself as admiration for Nazi technical efficiency, as "realism," as advance agenting for the wave of the future.

Pierre is not a traitor, but even he is taken in early in the book by the Napoleon myth. "The English will come off badly, you know, if Napoleon gets across the Channel. I think the expedition is quite feasible." Anna Schérer, the salon gossiper, says, "Prussia has always declared that Bonaparte is invincible and that all Europe is powerless before him." We too (before Pearl Harbor and, if the truth were known, after Pearl Harbor, too) have our Pierres and our Anna Schérers, our café-table and boardroom cynics, who take a special pleasure in their conviction that Hitler is invincible. If heroism is a permanent in human history, so are baseness and degeneracy.

Before Napoleon starts his campaign, he is warned against it by Caulaincourt, formerly his Ambassador to Russia. Caulaincourt is pessimistic over Napoleon's chances but Napoleon, by this time an obsessed man, does not heed him. Not only does Napoleon pay no attention to Caulaincourt but he goes further. He prophesies, "In less than two months' time Russia will be suing for peace." Similarly, it is now the general belief that a certain group of Nazi generals, possibly including Goring, warned Hitler against the Russian campaign. Napoleon tweaked Caulaincourt's ear with good-natured contempt. Hitler, no ear-tweaker, purged and perhaps murdered his Cassandras. Hitler's self-confidence is equal to Napoleon's. This excess of self-confidence seems to mark both men at exactly the same point in their careers. The ancient Greeks called it hubris. We know it as the sin of pride. By it Satan fell.

There we have the general situation just before the campaigns begin. The analogy so far has been easy, perhaps too easy, to make. Does it break down as we continue the story? Let us see.

As Napoleon starts his eastward march, he of course disguises his rapacity and lust for power under the cloak of idealistic slogans, maxims that have caused many good people really to believe that Napoleon is in the European tradition. Thus the invasion of Russia becomes not a war but a crusade against Asiatic barbarism. Similarly Hitler's invasion of Russia is not a war of aggression but a "crusade" against Bolshevism. Hitler's crusade may still

succeed, but the world will never accept his moral evaluation of it any more than it accepted Napoleon's evaluation of his own reasons for invading Russia.

On June 23, 1812, Napoleon crosses the Niemen into Russian territory. On June 22, 1941, following Napoleon's timetable almost to the day, Hitler strikes at Russia. Napoleon's initial successes are great, as are Hitler's. During the opening stages of the campaigns the names that crop up in War and Peace *reoccur in our morning newspaper: Vílna, Riga, Smolénsk, Vítebsk, the Berëzina, the Dnieper. There is nothing noteworthy about this. Only one road leads to Moscow. Geography is immutable.*

Now, we know that Napoleon, on the way to Moscow, fought the Russians at Borodinó, and achieved what the French histories call a Napoleonic victory. It opened the gates to Moscow, he entered the city, it was burnt, he remained there for a few weeks—and retreated.

Napoleon failed. The reasons for that failure and the drama that attended it have never been more effectively presented anywhere than in the pages of War and Peace. *Tolstóy seizes on its essentials. He knows, for example, that Borodinó, technically a French victory inasmuch as the French army is left in possession of the field, was really a Russian victory because the Russian army, though undergoing severe losses, retreated in good order. After Borodinó Napoleon's army, as Tolstóy describes it in a magnificent image, was like a wounded beast—still capable of sporadic vicious efforts but inevitably fated to bleed to death. Its morale was disrupted because it had not achieved its object, for the whole purpose of the campaign was not to invest Moscow, which Napoleon succeeded in doing, but to annihilate the Russian army, which he did not succeed in doing.*

Hitler did not invest Moscow but he got within ten miles of it before being repulsed. That repulse was not his Borodinó, for it was but part of a general defeat. His Borodinó was no single battle but rather a series of bloody encounters along a two-thousand-mile front. This battle he has lost, despite initial victories, despite the fact that he still holds thousands of square miles of Russian territory. Part of his object (which was Napoleons) has certainly not been gained—the destruction of the Russian armies. Another part of his object he probably has gained—the reduction of Russian industrial capacity. But the effort has, unless all signs are meaningless, been too much for him, as it was for Napoleon. His Eastern forces must be reorganized, possibly for a new Russian offensive in the spring of '42, possibly for an invasion of Spain and North Africa, possibly for an assault on the Caucasus through Turkey. But the first battle of Russia has been lost. Napoleon lost his, and could never attempt a second. We have yet to see whether Hitler's second try, which is inevitable, will be successful.

Analogies drawn from a detailed study of tactics and strategy have but a limited value. What is more important are certain more general considerations that occur to us as we read War and Peace. *Tolstóy, with his somewhat mystical and determinist view of history, does not ascribe Napoleons failure to his ineptitude any more than he ascribes his previous successes to his so-called genius. In fact, he does not try to explain Napoleons collapse as due to any one factor or even any combination of factors. Among other things, however, he points out one element as present in our own time as it was in the day of Napoleon—the character of the Russian people, once it is convinced that it is defending its homeland rather than engaging in a purely military war.*

The military tradition of the Russian peoples is based on the character of their land. That character—the same is true of China—makes it possible to use slow retreat as a weapon. This weapon is particularly suitable to countries with a preponderantly peasant population and which are industrially backward, with few fatally important nerve centers. The defenders take advantage of a combination of time and space—a combination which can be utilized only in countries that are really continents. Along with the technique of slow retreat goes the technique of guerrilla warfare. Guerrilla warfare plus slow retreat helped to beat Napoleon who apparently did not understand the immense force the proper use of these techniques can generate.

It is probable, to go on with our analogy, that Hitler, who must have studied Napoleon's campaigns carefully, understands the Russian character better than did his predecessor. Yet it would seem that he has already been harassed by the same kind of withdrawal and guerrilla fighting that harassed Napoleon; and that today the harassment has gone so far that the Russians can afford to take the offensive.

But, *as Tolstóy points out, the Russians have an even more deeply based weapon. This is what military theorists unimaginatively call morale. Essentially it is the soul of a people, the peculiar and unique national spirit which underlies all training and all conditioning and which rises to the surface only in the most extreme of emergencies. In the case of the Russians in 1812 this national spirit meant a kind of near-mystical attachment to "Mother Russia," a blind, passionate, and, if necessary, suicidal devotion to the land which Napoleon's army, with all its talk of gloire, lacked. This national spirit is crescent today. It underlies the thin veneer of Communist doctrine and lives a life apart from it. It helped to defeat Napoleon. It will probably yet defeat Hitler.*

Essentially nonmilitary, it takes certain forms both in 1812 and in 1942 which are incomprehensible to the strictly military mind. Recently the Germans, with characteristic lack of humor, objected to what they called the

"unsportsmanlike" tactics of the Russians. That is to say, the Nazis were enraged because the Russians refused to die in the manner prescribed for them by the protocols of their would-be conquerors. Compare this Nazi reaction with a passage from the first chapter of Book 14 of War and Peace:

> *It is well for a people who do not—as the French did in 1813—salute according to all the rules of art, and presenting the hilt of their rapier gracefully and politely hand it to their magnanimous conqueror, but at the moment of trial, without asking what rules others have adopted in similar cases, simply and easily pick up the first cudgel that comes to hand, and strike with it till the feeling of resentment and revenge in their soul yields to a feeling of contempt and compassion.*

Beneath this national spirit there is something even deeper, a force very hard to describe and whose value in offense it is almost impossible to determine. That force may be called the messianic spirit in the Russian people—the same spirit which Hitler, realizing its value, tries to graft on to the soul of his own folk. In other words, the Russian in 1812 felt not only that he was defending his own country, which he was, but defending Europe, which is questionable. Whether what he felt was true or not, however, he felt it, and it gave to his determination an extra dimension and strength. Scratch a Russian and you find a martyr. Remember Anna Schérer's outburst in War and Peace: *"Russia alone must save Europe." This sense of being the bringers of salvation seems to be the deepest thing in the Russian character. All the Soviet leaders have tried to do is to divert its force in a particular revolutionary direction. Tolstóy is aware of that force and he feels that it is in part the reason for the destruction of Napoleon. It is something Napoleon—with his cheap notions of la gloire, his essentially vulgarian and nonreligious conception of power—cannot be expected to understand or properly evaluate, and it may be that Hitler will make the same grand psychological error. For it is a special talent of the German mind to make no errors except the very biggest. Ribbentrop's complete miscomprehension of England as well as the Nazis' general miscomprehension of America are examples of this supreme lack of psychological sensitivity.*

I am aware that military historians make light of phrases like national spirit and messianic conscience. They are much more inclined to lay Napoleons defeat to factors that can be mathematically demonstrated. The two factors most commonly adduced are, as Walter Millis, in an excellent analysis, reminds us, "the failure of Napoleon's supply system to stand up under the terrific strain imposed upon it, and the successes of the Russians in avoiding

encirclement and maintaining their armies 'in being.'" So far, Hitler's supply system—far vaster and more complex than Napoleon's—has stood up under the strain, though at this writing it is beginning to crack. It cracks much more slowly than did Napoleon's, for the Russian "scorched earth" policy of 1941 could not in the nature of things be as successful as the same policy was in 1812.

As for the second factor—the success of the Russians in avoiding encirclement—it is at this writing impossible to make any final prognosis. So far the Russians seem not only to have avoided encirclement but to have partially encircled the Nazis. But, even if a new German offensive should be started, the Russians could withdraw to the Urals where no doubt fresh armies are being held in reserve. In this case Hitler would have to face the problem of a ten or twenty years' war—or abandon the idea of conquering Russia. There is still a third military factor that operated against Napoleon in 1812 and which is operating against Hitler in 1942—and that is pressure on the rear. In 1812 the rear was Spain: Napoleon's retreat was in part necessitated by his desire to protect himself in the Peninsula. Today the geography has changed slightly but the force is the same. Again it is the English who are pressing on Hitler's rear, only they are now the fighters and bombers of the R.A.F., and Spain is changed to the Ruhr Valley, the Channel ports, and (though at this moment the issue is doubtful) Libya. If Italy should be knocked out of the war and become a real handicap to Hitler, the analogy will be even more forcible.

It is necessary to remind the reader at this point that the one factor which did not defeat the French was General Winter. It is true that on their retreat Napoleon's armies suffered untold horrors because of the cold. But it is Tolstóy's point, and it seems to me a valid one, that the French army was lost long before it started its retreat in October, that it was lost even before it entered Moscow, that it was lost at Borodinó, and, Tolstóy might even add, that it was lost from the moment it crossed the Niemen. No, winter did not defeat Napoleon. Caulaincourt tells us, as a matter of fact, that the cold weather did not begin till November 5, 1812. Remember, however, that the French were already withdrawn from Moscow on October 16. Caulaincourt had warned Napoleon in advance about the weather: "Winter will come like a bombshell." But it was a bombshell that exploded too late to do more than intensify already irreparable damage.

To continue with our analogy, it is probable that though winter has hindered the operations of Hitler's Panzer divisions and regular infantry, it will not be the determining factor in his defeat that some wishful thinkers imagine.

Is there any way by which Napoleon could have won? Tolstóy thinks that had Napoleon turned southwestward into the Ukraine, he might have wintered

there successfully and reattacked in the spring. Instead, he made the error of retreating, and so lost Europe. But to Tolstóy the question of whether Napoleon might have done otherwise than he did is meaningless. He did what he did because—given his character, the character of the Russian people, the character of the war, and the whole sweep of events of the time—he could have done only what he did.

Some authorities think that Hitler committed the same error. He concentrated on Moscow and Leningrad whereas many of his generals wanted the main effort to be directed against the Ukraine. Hitler's defeat at Rostóv may have been the turning point of the campaign, with Timoshenko occupying a position similar to that of Kutúzov in 1812.

Other authorities think that Hitler could have succeeded had he pushed on eastward directly after the vanquishing of Poland, at a time when Russia was psychologically and militarily unprepared. He withdrew his armies, as Napoleon did, and so lost his grand chance. This makes a very neat parallel but is based, of course, on a supposition.

One of the causes of the defeat of Napoleon was Napoleon. Note, however, that Tolstóy does not exaggerate the importance of Napoleons character either in victory or defeat. One of the chief purposes of his book, as we have seen elsewhere in this discussion, is to show us how relatively helpless the "great man" is in the hands of the historical forces that control him, even though the uniqueness of his position and the egotism of his temperament combine to make him believe that he controls them. When you read Tolstóy, so overpowering is his imagination that you are convinced of the truth of his view of history and begin to look upon Napoleon very much as Tolstóy does, with a kind of tolerant interest punctuated by spasms of revulsion.

When one begins to apply the anti-great-man theory of Tolstóy to the world of today, one is at first bewildered. Superficially, the horizon seems to be filled with a few overpowering figures leading a great mass of anonymous human beings. We say Hitler, Churchill, Roosevelt, Chiang Kai-shek, Stalin, thinking that we are naming men of power and wisdom, whether for good or evil. Tolstóy would tell us that we are not naming men in that sense at all, but that each of these personalities is himself riding a mount he cannot control. In the midst of events this may not seem clear. But fifty years later it may seem somewhat clearer, as it did to Tolstóy when he sat down to write the first part of War and Peace.

The simplest of the ways by which Tolstóy makes us feel the littleness, the mere humanity of Napoleon, is by presenting him as a fallible man and not as the demigod of the French tradition. Perhaps Tolstóy may be considered the

first of the debunkers. Yet there is nothing cheap or malicious about his portrait. One feels it to be true—unless one is a worshiper of the values Napoleon himself worshiped.

The similarities between the character of Napoleon as Tolstóy limns him and the character of Hitler as it has been portrayed for us by Rauschning, Strasser, and a dozen other formerly intimate friends of the Führer are so striking that they lead to the question: Is it possible that the desire to enslave the world and the seeming capacity to do so reappear century after century in only one type of man?

The base of Napoleons character in 1812, its motive power, is a kind of low vengefulness, a pervasive resentment manifesting itself in strange outbursts of fury, savage threats, loss of temper. One recollects the interview that Tolstóy describes between Tsar Alexander's envoy Balashëv and Napoleon: "Balashëv continually made the gesture of a man wishing to say something, but Napoleon always interrupted him." . . . "But Napoleon did not let him speak. He evidently wanted to do all the talking himself and continued to talk with the sort of eloquence and unrestrained irritability to which spoilt people are so prone." . . . "The more he talked the less he could control his words."

Is this not an amazingly exact picture of the way in which Hitler is reported to have talked to Henderson, Schuschnigg, Chamberlain, and others? We cannot explain this by saying that it is the natural impatience of a great man with men who are inferior to him. Washington did not talk thus, nor Lincoln. Rather must we ask ourselves whether this frenzied irritability, this refusal to allow others to speak, is not the mark always of a certain type of dictatorial temperament, a temperament totally immured in its own egotism.

It is hard to understand the mental processes of men like Hitler and Napoleon who are at times so incomparably shrewder and more perceptive than their fellow men and at times so incomparably purblind. The true explanation is doubtless inordinately complex, but part of it, I think, is contained in a trenchant comment that Tolstóy makes about Napoleon, again in connection with Balashëv's interview. "It was plain that Balashëv's personality did not interest him at all. Evidently only what took place within his own mind interested him. Nothing outside himself had any significance for him, because everything in the world, it seemed, depended entirely on his will." This is the psychological trap that God sets for tyrants. It is the trap into which Hitler will yet fall.

In Rebecca West's Black Lamb and Grey Falcon there is a long conversation between Miss West and her husband concerning the character of one of their companions—whom they do not like—in their travels through

Yugoslavia. Gerda is a German woman married to a Serb. Though politically no Nazi, she is one spiritually. I should like to quote briefly from the long analysis Miss West's husband makes of the character of Gerda because I think it throws light on the character of Hitler and of the Nazi type generally, and re-enforces the analysis Tolstóy makes of the character of Napoleon.

"Gerda has no sense of process. That is what is the matter with Gerda, She wants the result without doing any of the work that goes to make it. . . . She *is angry because we have some money. She feels that it might just as well belong to her. . . . For her, the money might as easily have been attached to her as to us by a movement as simple as that which pastes a label on a trunk. . . . As she has no sense of what goes to bring people love, or friendship, or distinction, or wealth, it seems to her that the whole world is enjoying undeserved benefits; and in a universe where all is arbitrary, it might just as well happen that the injustice was pushed a little further and that all these benefits were taken from other people, leaving them nothing, and transferred to her, giving her everything. Given the premise that the universe is purely arbitrary, that there is no causality at work anywhere, there is nothing absurd in that proposal. This is the conqueror's point of view. . . . Let us admit it, for a little while the whole of our world may belong to Gerda. She will snatch it out of hands too well bred and compassionate and astonished to defend it. What we must remember is that she will not be able to keep it. For her contempt for the process makes her unable to conduct any process. . . . To go up in an aeroplane and drop bombs is a simple use of an elaborate process that has already been developed. But you cannot administer a country on this principle. . . . Gerda's empire . . . will be an object of fear and nothing else. For this reason, I believe that Gerda's empire cannot last long. But while it lasts it will be terrible. And what it leaves when it passes will also be terrible. For we cannot hope for anything but a succession of struggles for leadership among men whose minds will have been unfitted for leadership by the existence of tyranny and the rupture of European tradition, until, slowly and painfully, the nations re-emerge, civilization re-emerges."*

Now Tolstóy's depiction of Napoleon is the depiction of a man who has lost his "sense of process." Though he speaks of himself as a Man of Destiny, he does not believe in destiny, does not believe that human history is continuous. He believes, instead, that he can arrest its course or divert its direction because he wishes to do so.

Tolstóy himself, on the other hand, wrote War and Peace *in part to express his sense of the thick continuity of human events, the multitudinous linkages which even a Napoleon cannot break. It is those characters who have an awareness of this continuity, like Prince Andrew, that he admires. It is those*

characters who have no such awareness that he scorns. The Tolstóyan viewpoint is evidenced even in the creation of such minor personages as the fatuous Berg who, simply because he is himself, is convinced that everything he does is right. A more significant example is the aristocratic waster, Anatole Kurágin, "who regarded his whole life as a continual round of amusement which someone for some reason had to provide for him." It is this inability to conceive reality which is to ruin the class Anatole represents. It is this lack of a sense of process on the part of an insulated class which is to lead straight to 1917 in Russia. Someday it may be shown that it led also to Pearl Harbor.

Now, from time to time, as Miss West reminds us, a group of powerful people deficient in a sense of process arises and for a time dominates the world or a part of it. They are able to effect such domination because this lack of a sense of process is a great strength. The Nazi is automatically insulated from the doubts, hesitations, and fears of those of us who possess such a sense. And, if the world were so simple that fanatical courage and superhuman energy could control it, Hitler, the man with no sense of process, would succeed permanently.

But, as Tolstóy reminds us, the world is not so simple. History is far more complicated than even the most wide-visioned conqueror—and Hitler's perspectives, one must admit, are enormous—can understand. In the end the Hitler-type is defeated by his inability to judge his own limitations.

Is there not something supremely childlike about both Napoleon and Hitler? Just as the child in the dawn of his life cannot make a distinction between an object and himself, so the conqueror cannot understand why there should be any disjunction between himself and what he wants. When a disjunction appears, both the child and the conqueror express their frustration by fits of temper. Such fits are described by Tolstóy as characteristic of Napoleon and are described by contemporaries as characteristic of Hitler.

There are a large number of minor parallels that might be drawn between the characters of Hitler and Napoleon, unimportant but interesting parallels. It is odd, for example, that just as Napoleon, so Tolstóy tells us, resorted with apparent gullibility to soothsayers, so Hitler, according to report, consults an astrologer.

It is notable that in periods of enormous stress and strain, the irrational, the savage, hidden deep in man, raises its stone-age head and asks again its mumbling questions of the dark gods it has itself invented. Pierre becomes interested in the mystic numbers of the Revelation of Saint John. He and many others like him feverishly manipulate the symbols so that they may foretell the end of Napoleon. Freemasonry makes its occult appeal to him. The

Napoleonic period was one of omens and prophecies and dark stirrings in the minds of men.

Today, too, in our own country, there are ample evidences of this curious ferment. It is no accident that the medicine-man cults which have long flourished on our West Coast should be enjoying greater popularity today than ever before. It is no accident that the gibberings of Nostradamus should be republished and become something like a minor best seller, and even reach the screen. A conqueror like Hitler not only forces the weaker among us to lose faith in everything we have believed in. He forces some of us to seek faith in things that our savage forefathers believed in. It is ironical that Hitler, who proclaims himself the apostle of science, control, order, and rationality, should cause such an excess of frenzy, superstition, and irrationality.

The prime example of this irrationality is the tyrant's own conception of himself as God. The mania may clothe itself in varying forms. Tolstóy shows us the confused Pierre, who in 1805 is a Napoleon-worshiper, reflecting that "The execution of the Due d'Enghien was a political necessity and it seems to me that Napoleon showed greatness of soul by not fearing to take on himself the whole responsibility of that deed." To take on himself the whole responsibility of that deed. And just as Napoleon had his Due d'Enghien and horrified the world with the murder, so Hitler had his Rohm and announced, "For twenty-four hours I was the Supreme Court of Germany."

So much for the parallels, which could be extended much further at the risk of trying the reader's patience. Now for the differences, which at first glance seem to be far more striking than the similarities.

In the days of Kutúzov and Napoleon there was no Blitzkrieg, there were no planes, tanks, railroads, radio communications, land mines—one could extend the list easily. In 1812 oil was not a war weapon. Today it is the war weapon without which Hitler cannot win and possessing which he may win—for a time. Strategically the situations present enormous differences. Napoleon attacked on one narrow front whereas Hitler is attacking (or retreating) on what amounts to a line drawn along the breadth of a continent. From the angle of international relations too the line-up is different. Napoleon had no ally like Japan to rely on nor any adversary like the United States to fear.

There was much dissatisfaction in Napoleon's conquered territory as he marched into Russia. But it is entirely out of relation to the giant wave of disaffection and rebellion now rising and which may yet engulf Hitler's New Order.

Furthermore, readers will object, does not the whole analogy begin to seem a little strained when we focus our attention upon the difference in scale between

the two wars? For Tolstóy the movement back and forth of Napoleon's army is a vast process. Its battles are vast. Its consequences are vast. And when we keep our eyes riveted only upon the pages of War and Peace we catch completely the Tolstóyan sense of the size of the forces involved. But when we raise our eyes from the page and compare these forces with those that are now shaking the world we are at once affrighted by the enormous increase in their intensity since the time of Napoleon.

For it is true that Napoleons war was a Continental one. Hitler's is planetary. Napoleon's war was largely an affair of foot soldiers, cavalry, and simple artillery. Hitler's war, while utilizing all these elements of battle, is conceived in three dimensions and in terms, if necessary, of total destruction—which was not Napoleon's aim at all. This disparity in scale is so overpowering and so manifest that it may be that the analogies we have drawn will seem of but minor interest.

Yet, though the bombing plane is new and the radio transmitter is new, the man in the plane and the man behind the transmitter are not much different from the men of the time of Napoleon. Just as there are constants in geography that cannot change, so, too, there are constants in human nature. For a time, these constants in human nature may seemingly be clouded over by the force of such men as Napoleon and Hitler and the great historical waves they ride. But in the end these constants will rise above the surface and re-establish themselves as the determining motives of history.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

Leo Tolstóy, the greatest of Russian prose writers, was born in 1828 on the ancestral estate he inherited about a hundred miles south of Moscow. After a very happy childhood and a couple of years at Kazán University, he went in 1851 to the Caucasus, where he entered the army as a cadet, not obtaining his commission as an officer in the artillery till 1854, the year the Crimean War broke out. He then applied to be transferred to that front, and from November, 1854, to September, 1855, when the town was abandoned, he served in the defense of Sevastopol while it was besieged by the French and English. When the war was over he retired from the army, and in 1862 he married, having by then written his Nine Stories and Tales of Army Life, to which he referred as "trials of the pen" He had also devoted himself ardently to the education of the peasant children on his estate and in the neighborhood.

When the family property was divided among his three brothers, his sister, and himself, his means were small, and in consequence of losses at cards he found himself in straitened circumstances. It was natural enough therefore that, when he married, his wife should insist on his abandoning the educational work to which he was devoted but which instead of bringing in an income cost him money. After his marriage he accordingly set himself the task of repairing his fortune by improving his estate, which he did very successfully, becoming so absorbed in estate management that, as he himself expressed it, he almost forgot that he was an author and for months at a time did not "soil his hand with ink or his soul with thought" A year after his marriage, however, he began his great novel War and Peace, the first part of which was published in February, 1865, and the final part in November, 1869.

Of War and Peace it may be said that it stands at the crucial point where the modern novel begins. Its predecessors (and many of its successors) seem to belong almost to a prehistoric stage of the novel. If there can be said to be a dividing line between the old and the modern novel Tolstóy marks it—unless indeed we take the earlier Richardson as doing so. Tolstóy's immediate predecessors in the development of the modern novel were the great French analytical novelists of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Rousseau and Stendhal. Tolstóy always mentions these two when speaking of those who influenced him. He himself heralds a change in the texture of the narrative from the old dramatic method (which was still Dostoevsky's) to a new

one, "the point of view" method. The dramatic method consists of giving the actions and words of the characters without an explanation. Tolstóy in his earlier period never does this. With him the psychological explanation is the important thing. What is important is not what his people do, it is why they do it that matters. But this applies only to the early Tolstóy.

His work falls into two distinct parts—before and after what has been called his "conversion." This was not only a religious and moral conversion, it was also a literary one, involving a complete change of literary method. The latter period, however, falls outside the scope of our present subject. The first period, covering the years 1852-77, again falls into two parts: a preparatory period and a period of fulfillment. The first is the period before War and Peace*; the second is the period of* War and Peace *and* Anna Karenina.

In the first period Tolstóy was only preparing himself for his great works. His first object in his writings then was the formation of a certain technique of analysis oy which he could lay his finger on the mechanism of the psychological preparation of human action. It is amusing to note how he reveled in the classification of various types of character, especially in his Caucasian and Sevastopol stories. He was gradually perfecting an instrument of analysis which allowed him to go far deeper than anyone before him into the lower layers of consciousness. This gives him the specious appearance of a man who was particularly near to unreasoning life—which is a very easy but very bad fallacy.

In War and Peace *this instrument of analysis is fully perfected and is only a means to an end, not an end in itself. Tolstóy placed his novel in an historical setting. This is one of the vital points of* War and Peace*. There have been many disputes as to the correctness of his view of Napoleons character and actions, but besides his practical experience of war in the Russian army, he unquestionably had what is very important in dealing with history—an acute sense of the uninterrupted stream of happenings, of time! It is this placing of the family novel, based on a thoroughgoing explanatory analysis of action, in this stream of time, that gives* War and Peace *its peculiar place in the history of the novel. Tolstóy created something that may be said to be no longer a novel —it is the open form of the novel as opposed to the closed form. Flaubert in Madame Bovary was bringing the closed form to perfection. It had a beginning, a middle, and an end, a single jet, ending in a definite solution of the conflicts inside the novel. Tolstóy in* War and Peace *transcends the limit of the novel and does what had previously been done by the epic. Thus* War and Peace *has to be put in a group not with Madame Bovary, Vanity Fair, or The Mill on the Floss, but with the Iliad, in the sense that when the novel is finished nothing is finished—the stream of life flows on, and with the*

appearance of Prince Andrew's son the novel ends on the beginning of a new life. All the time there are openings out of the story into the world beyond. This is a thing that had never been attempted by historical novelists before Tolstóy.

As for the open form, it has often been attempted, but never so successfully. In a very different way the open form was achieved by James Joyce in Ulysses. As Tolstóy is compared with the Iliad and the Odyssey, so critics say that Joyce's novel is of a mythological nature. John Galsworthy's Forsyte Saga and Arnold Bennett's The Old Wives' Tale may also claim to belong to the category of "open" novels.

No novel has received more enthusiastic praise both in Russia and England than War and Peace.

John Galsworthy spoke of it as "the greatest novel ever written," and those fine critics Percy Lubbock and E. M. Forster have been no less emphatic. In The Craft of Fiction Lubbock says that War and Peace is: "a picture of life that has never been surpassed for its grandeur and its beauty. . . . The business of the novelist is to create life, and here is life created indeed! In the whole of fiction no scene is so continually washed by the common air, free to us all, as the scene of Tolstóy, the supreme genius among novelists.

"Pierre and Andrew and Natásha and the rest of them are the children of yesterday and today and tomorrow; there is nothing in any of them that is not of all time. To an English reader of today it is curious—and more, it is strangely moving—to note how faithfully the creations of Tolstóy, the nineteenth-century Russian, copy the young people of the twentieth century and of England: it is all one, life in Moscow then, life in London now, provided only that it is young enough."

E. M. Forster in Aspects of the Novel says: "No English novelist is as great as Tolstóy, that is to say, has given so complete a picture of man's life, both on its domestic and heroic side.

"Cranford, The Heart of Midlothian, Jane Eyre, Richard Feverel—*all four are little mansions not mighty edifices, and we shall see and respect them for what they are if we stand them for an instant in the colonnades of* War and Peace. . . .

"Why is War and Peace not depressing? Probably because it has expanded over space as well as time, and the sense of space, until it terrifies us, is exhilarating and leaves behind it an effect like music. After one has read War and Peace for a bit, great chords begin to sound . . . they come from the immense area of Russia, over which episodes and characters have been scattered, from the sum total of bridges, frozen rivers, forests, roads, gardens, fields, which accumulate grandeur and sonority after we have passed them. Many novelists have the feeling of time . . . very few have the sense of space,

and the possession of it ranks high in Tolstóy's divine equipment. Space is the lord of War and Peace, not time. As we read it do not great chords begin to sound behind us, and when we have finished does not every item—even the catalogue of strategies—lead a larger existence than was possible at the time?"

De Vogue, the greatest French authority on Russian literature, in Le Roman russe, remarks that: "It is easy to predict the impression that readers of War and Peace and Anna Karenina will receive. I have noticed that sequence among all those who have tasted of these books. At first, and for a fairly long time, their minds are confused, not knowing where they are being led, and they experience fatigue or—to put it bluntly—ennui. But little by little they are carried away and captivated by the complex play of all those interests, they secure a footing among all these people, find friends, become passionately interested in the secrets of their destinies, and on closing the book feel real regret, like that of parting from a family that has adopted them and with whom they have lived for years. It is a faithful picture of life: the experience of a traveler thrown among a society new to him—constraint and boredom at first, then curiosity and at last a firm attachment.

"I admit sotto voce that I know nothing superior to it in any literature."

What de Vogue there says of the difficulty readers encounter when starting on the book is certainly sometimes true, and this is so partly because many people have forgotten the incidents of Napoleon's early career which were discussed at Anna Schérer's soiree—besides which, the number of Russian names mentioned proves perplexing. In the present edition, however, both these difficulties are mitigated, for the editor's notes supply the information necessary to enable the reader to understand the reference to the Due d'Enghien's murder and to the other events alluded to, while the bookmarker which gives the names of the principal characters arranged in order of appearance should render it easier for readers to remember who is who.

Tolstóy's skill in driving his teams—the domestic and the historic—without letting them get entangled is very remarkable. He originally intended to tell the story of the Decembrist movement which culminated in the émeute of 1825, and which was the disastrous forerunner of the "back to the people" movement of the seventies, and the revolutionary movements which eventually culminated in the downfall of the tsardom and the Revolution of 1917. But while studying the Decembrist conspiracy Tolstóy's thoughts went back to the period during which it had ripened—to the French invasion in 1812—and further back still to the Russian reverses which preceded that.

When dealing with the revolutionary spirit, and the secret Masonic movement in which it was germinating, he had to reckon with the censor, who had mutilated his first story, The Raid, as well as his Sevastopol sketches. This

consideration had a hampering effect on the latter portion of the novel which extends from 1805, the year of Austerlitz, to the days when the influence of the Decembrist movement was already being felt.

The reader may wonder why Tolstóy was so interested in the Masonic movement and what connection it has with the main thread of the novel In reality he was profoundly sensitive to the fundamental wrongness and consequent rottenness of the system under which everything depended on the wish and whim of an autocrat, and he felt a keen interest in the group which—though often rashly and with mixed motives—aimed at overthrowing the established order and replacing it by a better one. That this is not clearly expressed in the novel was, no doubt, due to the censor.

I feel almost ashamed, however, to allude to such a minor flaw in so great a story, and prefer to conclude this preface by quoting a remark made by a Chicago heiress, Miss Mary Landon Baker, who said: "I should like to live my life over again, in order to have once again the pleasure of reading War and Peace for the first time!"

The notes form an important feature of this edition, particularly—though not exclusively—for readers interested in the historical events mentioned. A number of political affairs are alluded to in the opening pages of the story and for that reason the first notes immediately follow this preface.

As readers often End the Russian names of the numerous characters in the book a difficulty, the stress accent has been marked on them throughout, though not on Polish names which always have it on the penultimate syllable. Readers should bear in mind that the letter ë is pronounced yo.

AYLMER MAUDE

NOTES TO THE OPENING CHAPTERS

Books One, Two, and Three of War and Peace deal with the campaign waged by Russia against the French in Austria, which ended with the battle of Austerlitz.

After the coup d'état of 18 Brumaire (November 9, 1799) Napoleon from a general in the service of the Revolutionary Directorate had become chief ruler of France under the title of First Consul. Three years later he became chief ruler for life, and two years after that (in December, 1804) was proclaimed Emperor of the French. Having already in his first Italian campaign in 17967-7 made himself, by the treaty of Campo Formio, master of northern Italy and the left bank of the Rhine, he strengthened and increased that position by the second Italian war in 1800. At first he encountered little serious opposition. Prussia and Austria, the neighbors most nearly concernecl in his seizures, having already been repeatedly defeated, were afraid of him, and by the partition of Poland found compensation for the territories he seized.

Only two important opponents faced Napoleon—England and Russia. The young Tsar, Alexander I, realized the danger to Europe of Napoleon's ambitions but was hampered by the inertia of Prussia and Austria and at first proceeded cautiously, so that Napoleon first prepared to attack England. He seized Hanover, a possession of the British Crown, and in 1803 formed a great fortified camp at Boulogne where he could concentrate an army. In alliance with Spain he prepared a large fleet to cover the "Boulogne expedition" and make an invasion of England possible. The efforts of Admiral Villeneuve who was to have brought a fleet into the channel were, however, unsuccessful, and his fleet was destroyed by Nelson at Trafalgar in 1805. In 1804 an event had occurred which produced a great impression on the European courts and inclined them to action against Napoleon. Investigation of the Cadoudal-Pichegru conspiracy against Napoleon disclosed a connection with the Bourbons and, as was wrongly supposed, with their heir, L. A. M. de Bourbon Condé, Due d'Enghien. Napoleon had the Duke seized on Baden territory by French mounted gendarmes, who crossed the Rhine secretly and brought him to the castle of Vincennes near Paris, where he was shot after an irregular trial by a com- mission of French colonels acting under pressure.

In all the courts of Europe talk of "the martyrdom of the just one" was rife, but Alexander I was the only ruler who took action. The Russian ambassador left Paris, and the French ambassador left Petersburg. The conversations in June, 1805, in Anna Schérers salon, with which War and Peace begins, are full of indignation against Napoleon on account of this execution. He is spoken of as a murderer, as Antichrist, and a usurper; no one speaks of him as Emperor, though he had assumed the throne half a year previously. They did not even speak of him as Napoleon, but merely as Bonaparte, or even Buonaparte, with ironic reference to his not being French but Corsican, by birth.

In June, 1805, this "villain" had added to the villainies which revolted Europe. First, in March, he had formed a Kingdom of Italy and had himself crowned King of Italy at Milan, and a little later he annexed the Republic of Genoa to France and formed the principality of Lucca, which he gave to his sister Elisa and her husband. This is referred to as fresh news in the first sentence of the book.

Anna Schérer wants Prince Vasíli to say that there will be war with France. Her anticipation was correct. The negotiations Alexander I had begun with the other European powers were drawing to a head. In March a treaty, negotiated by Novosíltsev, had been concluded with England which aimed at compelling Napoleon to withdraw his armies from Hanover and Italy and to acknowledge the independence of Holland and Switzerland. In May, General Wintzingerode had been sent to Austria with a plan of action by a fresh alliance of England, Russia, Sweden, Austria, and Naples. Prussia, which hesitated, was to be drawn in almost by force. The details of this plan are given in Book One, Chapter 15, where old Bob kónski and Prince Andrew discuss it.

Napoleon, having learned of the preparations against him and wishing to destroy the coalition, unexpectedly proposed peace to England. England asked Alexander to act as intermediary and the latter sent Novosíltsev to Paris to act as his representative. But on reaching Berlin in June Novosíltsev heard of the seizure of Genoa and did not proceed to Paris. War was now inevitable, and it soon broke out, though Prussia (whose ministers, Haugwitz and Hardenburg, are referred to) still avoided it.

In the first draft of the novel Tolstóy mentions the Abbé Piatoli by his real name, but afterwards changed it to Abbé Morio, assigning him a more important part. Piatoli had been at one time tutor to Adam Czartoryski, a *friend and adviser of Alexander I and in close touch with him at that period. Piatoli's project of perpetual peace, in which a prominent position was allotted to Russia, interested Petersburg for a while. It had some influence on Alexander's later plan of a Holy Alliance and should be counted among the many projects and suggestions that gradually led up to the League of Nations.*

The old Prince Bolkónski, described in a later chapter, was drawn from Tolstóy's grandfather, Prince N. S. Volkónski, a general of Catherine the Great's time. Tolstóy's father married his only daughter. Volkónski had no son, and Prince Andrew of the novel is a type created by Tolstóy, to which he attributed some aspects of himself as well as some characteristics of his elder brother, Sergius Tolstóy. Another side of Tolstóy is allotted in the novel to Pierre.

AYLMER MAUDE

BOOK ONE

1805

BOOK ONE

1. Anna Schérer's soiree

"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 Antichrist—I will have nothing more to do with you and you are no longer my friend, no longer my 'faithful slave,' as you call yourself! But how do you do? I see I have frightened you—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 honor and favorite of the Empress Marya Fedorovna. With these words she greeted Prince Vasili Kuragin, 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,[1] used only by the elite.

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

"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—Annette Scherer."

"Heavens! what a virulent attack!" 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 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.

"First of all, dear friend, tell me how you are. Set your friend's mind at rest," 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 fete 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 fete had been canceled. I confess all these festivities and fireworks are becoming wearisome."

"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.

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

"What can one say about it?" replied the prince in a cold, listless tone. "What has been decided? They have decided that Buonaparte has burnt his boats, and I believe that we are ready to burn ours."

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 spoiled 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 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 fulfill 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

Hardenburg says, or Haugwitz either. This famous Prussian neutrality is just a trap. 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, who is connected with the Montmorencys through the Rohans, one of the best French families. He is one of the genuine *emigres*, the good ones. And also the Abbe 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? The baron by all accounts is a poor creature."

Prince Vasili wished to obtain this post for his son, but others were trying through the Dowager Empress Marya Fedorovna 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.

"Baron Funke has been recommended to the Dowager Empress by her sister," 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 courtierlike 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:

"Now about your family. Do you know that since your daughter came out everyone has been enraptured by her? They say she is amazingly beautiful."

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.

"I can't help it," said the prince. "Lavater[2] would have said I lack the bump of paternity."

"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. . . ."

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 fools. Hippolyte 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.

"I am your faithful slave and to you alone I can confess that my children are the bane of my life. It is the cross I have to bear. That is how I explain it to myself. It can't be helped!"

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

"Have you never thought of marrying your prodigal son Anatole?" she asked. "They say old maids have a mania for matchmaking, and though I don't feel that weakness in myself as yet, I know a little person who is very unhappy with her father. She is a relation of yours, Princess Mary Bolkonskaya."

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: "That's what we fathers have to put up with. . . . Is this princess of yours rich?"

"Her father is very rich and stingy. He lives in the country. He is the well-known Prince Bolkonski 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. The poor girl is very unhappy. She has a brother; I think you know him, he married Lise Meinen lately. He is an aide-de-camp of Kutuzov's and will be here tonight."

"Listen, dear Annette," said the prince, suddenly taking Anna Pavlovna's hand and for some reason drawing it downwards. "Arrange that affair for me and I shall always be your most devoted slave-slafe with an f, as a village elder of mine writes in his reports. 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 honor'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, young Bolkonski's wife, this very evening, and perhaps the thing can be arranged. It shall be on your family's behalf that I'll start my apprenticeship as old maid."

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 Helene, came to take her father to the ambassador's entertainment; she wore a ball dress and her badge as maid of honor. The youthful little Princess Bolkonskaya,[3] known as la femme la plus *seduisante de Petersbourg* [The most fascinating woman in Petersburg], was also there. She had been married during the previous winter, and being pregnant did not go to any large gatherings, but only to small receptions. Prince Vasili's son, Hippolyte, had come with Mortemart, whom he introduced. The Abbe 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 my aunt?" and very gravely conducted him or her to a little old lady, wearing large bows of ribbon 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 her aunt, Anna Pavlovna mentioned each one's name and then left them.

Each visitor performed the ceremony of greeting this old aunt whom 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 pleasure to herself and to all around her. "I have brought my work," said she in French, displaying her bag and addressing all present. "Mind, Annette, I hope you have not played a wicked trick on me," she added, turning to her hostess. "You wrote that it was to be quite a small reception, and just see how badly I am dressed." And she spread out her arms to show her short-waisted, lace-trimmed, dainty gray dress, girdled with a broad ribbon just below the breast.

"*Soyez tranquille*, *Lise*, you will always be prettier than anyone else," replied Anna Pavlovna.

"You know," said the princess in the same tone of voice and still in French, turning to a general, "my husband is deserting me? He is going to get himself killed. Tell me what this wretched war is for?" she added, addressing Prince Vasili, and without waiting for an answer she turned to speak to his daughter, the beautiful Helene.

"What a delightful woman this little princess is!" said Prince Vasili to Anna Pavlovna.

One of the next arrivals was a stout, heavily built young man with close-cropped hair, spectacles, the light-colored breeches fashionable at that time,

a very high ruffle, and a brown dress coat. This stout young man was an illegitimate son of Count Bezukhov, a well-known grandee of Catherine's time who now lay dying in Moscow. The young man had not yet entered either the military or civil service, as he had only just returned from abroad where he had been educated, and this was his first appearance in society. Anna Pavlovna greeted him with the nod she accorded to the lowest hierarchy in her drawing room. But in spite of this lowest-grade greeting, a look of anxiety and fear, as at the sight of something too large and unsuited to the place, came over her face when she saw Pierre[4] enter. Though he was certainly rather bigger than the other men in the room, her anxiety could only have reference to the clever though shy, but observant and natural, expression which distinguished him from everyone else in that drawing room.

"It is very good of you, Monsieur Pierre, to come and visit a poor invalid," said Anna Pavlovna, exchanging an alarmed glance with her aunt as she conducted him to her.

Pierre murmured something unintelligible, and continued to look round as if in search of something. On his way to the aunt he bowed to the little princess with a pleased smile, as to an intimate acquaintance.

Anna Pavlovna's alarm was justified, for Pierre turned away from the aunt without waiting to hear her speech about Her Majesty's health. Anna Pavlovna in dismay detained him with the words: "Do you know the Abbe Morio? He is a most interesting man."

"Yes, I have heard of his scheme for perpetual peace, and it is very interesting but hardly feasible."

"You think so?" rejoined Anna Pavlovna in order to say something and get away to attend to her duties as hostess. But Pierre now committed a reverse act of impoliteness. First he had left a lady before she had finished speaking to him, and now he continued to speak to another who wished to get away. With his head bent, and his big feet spread apart, he began explaining his reasons for thinking the abbe's plan chimerical.

"We will talk of it later," said Anna Pavlovna with a smile.

And having got rid of this young man who did not know how to behave, she resumed her duties as hostess and continued to listen and watch, ready to help at any point where the conversation might happen to flag. As the foreman of a spinning mill, when he has set the hands to work, goes round and notices here a spindle that has stopped or there one that creaks or makes more noise than it should, and hastens to check the machine or set it in proper motion, so Anna Pavlovna moved about her drawing room, approaching now a silent, now a too-noisy group, and by a word or slight

rearrangement kept the conversational machine in steady, proper, and regular motion. But amid these cares her anxiety about Pierre was evident. She kept an anxious watch on him when he approached the group round Mortemart to listen to what was being said there, and again when he passed to another group whose center was the abbe.

Pierre had been educated abroad, and this reception at Anna Pavlovna's was the first he had attended in Russia. He knew that all the intellectual lights of Petersburg were gathered there and, like a child in a toyshop, did not know which way to look, afraid of missing any clever conversation that was to be heard. Seeing the self-confident and refined expression on the faces of those present he was always expecting to hear something very profound. At last he came up to Morio. Here the conversation seemed interesting and he stood waiting for an opportunity to express his own views, as young people are fond of doing.

ANNA PAVLOVNA'S reception was in full swing. The spindles hummed steadily and ceaselessly on all sides. With the exception of the aunt, beside whom sat only one elderly lady, who with her thin careworn face was rather out of place in this brilliant society, the whole company had settled into three groups. One, chiefly masculine, had formed round the abbe. Another, of young people, was grouped round the beautiful Princess Helene, Prince Vasili's daughter, and the little Princess Bolkonskaya, very pretty and rosy, though rather too plump for her age. The third group was gathered round Mortemart and Anna Pavlovna.

The vicomte was a nice-looking young man with soft features and polished manners, who evidently considered himself a celebrity but out of politeness modestly placed himself at the disposal of the circle in which he found himself. Anna Pavlovna was obviously serving him up as a treat to her guests. As a clever maitre d'hotel serves up as a specially choice delicacy a piece of meat that no one who had seen it in the kitchen would have cared to eat, so Anna Pavlovna served up to her guests, first the vicomte and then the abbe, as peculiarly choice morsels. The group about Mortemart immediately began discussing the murder of the Duc d'Enghien.[5] The vicomte said that the Duc d'Enghien had perished by his own magnanimity, and that there were particular reasons for Buonaparte's hatred of him.

"Ah, yes! Do tell us all about it, Vicomte," said Anna Pavlovna, with a pleasant feeling that there was something a la *Louis XV* in the sound of that sentence: "*Contez* nous cela, Vicomte."

The vicomte bowed and smiled courteously in token of his willingness to comply. Anna Pavlovna arranged a group round him, inviting everyone to

listen to his tale.

"The vicomte knew the duc personally," whispered Anna Pavlovna to one of the guests. "The vicomte is a wonderful raconteur," said she to another. "How evidently he belongs to the best society," said she to a third; and the vicomte was served up to the company in the choicest and most advantageous style, like a well-garnished joint of roast beef on a hot dish.

The vicomte wished to begin his story and gave a subtle smile.

"Come over here, Helene, dear," said Anna Pavlovna to the beautiful young princess who was sitting some way off, the center of another group.

The princess smiled. She rose with the same unchanging smile with which she had first entered the room—the smile of a perfectly beautiful woman. With a slight rustle of her white dress trimmed with moss and ivy, with a gleam of white shoulders, glossy hair, and sparkling diamonds, she passed between the men who made way for her, not looking at any of them but smiling on all, as if graciously allowing each the privilege of admiring her beautiful figure and shapely shoulders, back, and bosom—which in the fashion of those days were very much exposed—and she seemed to bring the glamour of a ballroom with her as she moved toward Anna Pavlovna. Helene was so lovely that not only did she not show any trace of coquetry, but on the contrary she even appeared shy of her unquestionable and all too victorious beauty. She seemed to wish, but to be unable, to diminish its effect.

"How lovely!" said everyone who saw her; and the vicomte lifted his shoulders and dropped his eyes as if startled by something extraordinary when she took her seat opposite and beamed upon him also with her unchanging smile.

"Madame, I doubt my ability before such an audience," said he, smilingly inclining his head.

The princess rested her bare round arm on a little table and considered a reply unnecessary. She smilingly waited. All the time the story was being told she sat upright, glancing now at her beautiful round arm, altered in shape by its pressure on the table, now at her still more beautiful bosom, on which she readjusted a diamond necklace. From time to time she smoothed the folds of her dress, and whenever the story produced an effect she glanced at Anna Pavlovna, at once adopted just the expression she saw on the maid of honor's face, and again relapsed into her radiant smile.

The little princess had also left the tea table and followed Helene.

"Wait a moment, I'll get my work. . . . Now then, what are you thinking of?" she went on, turning to Prince Hippolyte. "Fetch me my workbag."

There was a general movement as the princess, smiling and talking merrily to everyone at once, sat down and gaily arranged herself in her seat.

"Now I am all right," she said, and asking the vicomte to begin, she took up her work.

Prince Hippolyte, having brought the workbag, joined the circle and moving a chair close to hers seated himself beside her.

Le charmant Hippolyte was surprising by his extraordinary resemblance to his beautiful sister, but yet more by the fact that in spite of this resemblance he was exceedingly ugly. His features were like his sister's, but while in her case everything was lit up by a joyous, self-satisfied, youthful, and constant smile of animation, and by the wonderful classic beauty of her figure, his face on the contrary was dulled by imbecility and a constant expression of sullen self-confidence, while his body was thin and weak. His eyes, nose, and mouth all seemed puckered into a vacant, wearied grimace, and his arms and legs always fell into unnatural positions.

"It's not going to be a ghost story?" said he, sitting down beside the princess and hastily adjusting his lorgnette, as if without this instrument he could not begin to speak.

"Why no, my dear fellow," said the astonished narrator, shrugging his shoulders.

"Because I hate ghost stories," said Prince Hippolyte in a tone which showed that he only understood the meaning of his words after he had uttered them.

He spoke with such self-confidence that his hearers could not be sure whether what he said was very witty or very stupid. He was dressed in a dark-green dress coat, knee breeches of the color of *cuisse de* nymphe *effrayee*, as he called it, shoes, and silk stockings.

The vicomte told his tale very neatly. It was an anecdote, then current, to the effect that the Duc d'Enghien had gone secretly to Paris to visit Mademoiselle George;[6] that at her house he came upon Bonaparte, who also enjoyed the famous actress' favors, and that in his presence Napoleon happened to fall into one of the fainting fits to which he was subject, and was thus at the duc's mercy. The latter spared him, and this magnanimity Bonaparte subsequently repaid by death.

The story was very pretty and interesting, especially at the point where the rivals suddenly recognized one another; and the ladies looked agitated.

"Charming!" said Anna Pavlovna with an inquiring glance at the little princess.

"Charming!" whispered the little princess, sticking the needle into her work as if to testify that the interest and fascination of the story prevented her from going on with it.

The vicomte appreciated this silent praise and smiling gratefully prepared to continue, but just then Anna Pavlovna, who had kept a watchful eye on the young man who so alarmed her, noticed that he was talking too loudly and vehemently with the abbe, so she hurried to the rescue. Pierre had managed to start a conversation with the abbe about the balance of power, and the latter, evidently interested by the young man's simple-minded eagerness, was explaining his pet theory. Both were talking and listening too eagerly and too naturally, which was why Anna Pavlovna disapproved.

"The means are . . . the balance of power of Europe and the rights of the people," the abbe was saying. "It is only necessary for one powerful nation like Russia—barbaric as she is said to be—to place herself disinterestedly at the head of an alliance having for its object the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, and it would save the world!"

"But how are you to get that balance?" Pierre was beginning.

At that moment Anna Pavlovna came up and, looking severely at Pierre, asked the Italian how he stood Russian climate. The Italian's face instantly changed and assumed an offensively affected, sugary expression, evidently habitual to him when conversing with women.

"I am so enchanted by the brilliancy of the wit and culture of the society, more especially of the feminine society, in which I have had the honor of being received, that I have not yet had time to think of the climate," said he.

Not letting the abbe and Pierre escape, Anna Pavlovna, the more conveniently to keep them under observation, brought them into the larger circle.

JUST THEN another visitor entered the drawing room: Prince Andrew Bolkonski, the little princess' husband. He was a very handsome young man, of medium height, with firm, clearcut features. Everything about him, from his weary, bored expression to his quiet, measured step, offered a most striking contrast to his quiet, little wife. It was evident that he not only knew everyone in the drawing room, but had found them to be so tiresome that it wearied him to look at or listen to them. And among all these faces that he found so tedious, none seemed to bore him so much as that of his pretty wife. He turned away from her with a grimace that distorted his handsome face, kissed Anna Pavlovna's hand, and screwing up his eyes scanned the whole company.

"You are off to the war, Prince?" said Anna Pavlovna.

"General Kutuzov," said Bolkonski, speaking French and stressing the last syllable of the general's name like a Frenchman, "has been pleased to take me as an aide-de-camp. . . ."

"And Lise, your wife?"

"She will go to the country."

"Are you not ashamed to deprive us of your charming wife?"

"*Andre*," said his wife, addressing her husband in the same coquettish manner in which she spoke to other men, "the vicomte has been telling us such a tale about Mademoiselle George and Buonaparte!"

Prince Andrew screwed up his eyes and turned away. Pierre, who from the moment Prince Andrew entered the room had watched him with glad, affectionate eyes, now came up and took his arm. Before he looked round Prince Andrew frowned again, expressing his annoyance with whoever was touching his arm, but when he saw Pierre's beaming face he gave him an unexpectedly kind and pleasant smile.

"There now! . . . So you, too, are in the great world?" said he to Pierre.

"I knew you would be here," replied Pierre. "I will come to supper with you. May I?" he added in a low voice so as not to disturb the vicomte who was continuing his story.

"No, impossible!" said Prince Andrew, laughing and pressing Pierre's hand to show that there was no need to ask the question. He wished to say something more, but at that moment Prince Vasili and his daughter got up to go and the two young men rose to let them pass.

"You must excuse me, dear Vicomte," said Prince Vasili to the Frenchman, holding him down by the sleeve in a friendly way to prevent his rising. "This unfortunate fete at the ambassador's deprives me of a pleasure, and obliges me to interrupt you. I am very sorry to leave your enchanting party," said he, turning to Anna Pavlovna.

His daughter, Princess Helene, passed between the chairs, lightly holding up the folds of her dress, and the smile shone still more radiantly on her beautiful face. Pierre gazed at her with rapturous, almost frightened, eyes as she passed him.

"Very lovely," said Prince Andrew.

"Very," said Pierre.

In passing Prince Vasili seized Pierre's hand and said to Anna Pavlovna: "Educate this bear for me! He has been staying with me a whole month and this is the first time I have seen him in society. Nothing is so necessary for a young man as the society of clever women."

ANNA PAVLOVNA smiled and promised to take Pierre in hand. She knew his father to be a connection of Prince Vasili's. The elderly lady who had been sitting with the old aunt rose hurriedly and overtook Prince Vasili in the

anteroom. All the affectation of interest she had assumed had left her kindly and tear-worn face and it now expressed only anxiety and fear.

"How about my son Boris, Prince?" said she, hurrying after him into the anteroom. "I can't remain any longer in Petersburg. Tell me what news I may take back to my poor boy."

Although Prince Vasili listened reluctantly and not very politely to the elderly lady, even betraying some impatience, she gave him an ingratiating and appealing smile, and took his hand that he might not go away.

"What would it cost you to say a word to the Emperor, and then he would be transferred to the Guards at once?" said she.

"Believe me, Princess, I am ready to do all I can," answered Prince Vasili, "but it is difficult for me to ask the Emperor. I should advise you to appeal to Rumyantsev through Prince Golitsyn. That would be the best way."

The elderly lady was a Princess Drubetskaya, belonging to one of the best families in Russia, but she was poor, and having long been out of society had lost her former influential connections. She had now come to Petersburg to procure an appointment in the Guards for her only son. It was, in fact, solely to meet Prince Vasili that she had obtained an invitation to Anna Pavlovna's reception and had sat listening to the vicomte's story. Prince Vasili's words frightened her, an embittered look clouded her once handsome face, but only for a moment; then she smiled again and clutched Prince Vasili's arm more tightly.

"Listen to me, Prince," said she. "I have never yet asked you for anything and I never will again, nor have I ever reminded you of my father's friendship for you; but now I entreat you for God's sake to do this for my son—and I shall always regard you as a benefactor," she added hurriedly. "No, don't be angry, but promise! I have asked Golitsyn and he has refused. Be the kindhearted man you always were," she said, trying to smile though tears were in her eyes.

"Papa, we shall be late," said Princess Helene, turning her beautiful head and looking over her classically molded shoulder as she stood waiting by the door.

Influence in society, however, is a capital which has to be economized if it is to last. Prince Vasili knew this, and having once realized that if he asked on behalf of all who begged of him, he would soon be unable to ask for himself, he became chary of using his influence. But in Princess Drubetskaya's case he felt, after her second appeal, something like qualms of conscience. She had reminded him of what was quite true; he had been indebted to her father for the first steps in his career. Moreover, he could see by her manners that she was one of those women—mostly mothers—who,

having once made up their minds, will not rest until they have gained their end, and are prepared if necessary to go on insisting day after day and hour after hour, and even to make scenes. This last consideration moved him.

"My dear Anna Mikhaylovna," said he with his usual familiarity and weariness of tone, "it is almost impossible for me to do what you ask; but to prove my devotion to you and how I respect your father's memory, I will do the impossible—your son shall be transferred to the Guards. Here is my hand on it. Are you satisfied?"

"My dear benefactor! This is what I expected from you—I knew your kindness!" He turned to go.

"Wait—just a word! When he has been transferred to the Guards . . ." she faltered. "You are on good terms with Michael Ilarionovich Kutuzov[7] . . . recommend Boris to him as adjutant! Then I shall be at rest, and then . . ."

Prince Vasili smiled.

"No, I won't promise that. You don't know how Kutuzov is pestered since his appointment as Commander in Chief. He told me himself that all the Moscow ladies have conspired to give him all their sons as adjutants."

"No, but do promise! I won't let you go! My dear benefactor . . ."

"Papa," said his beautiful daughter in the same tone as before, "we shall be late."

"Well, *au revoir!* Good-bye! You hear her?"

"Then tomorrow you will speak to the Emperor?"

"Certainly; but about Kutuzov, I don't promise."

"Do promise, do promise, Vasili!" cried Anna Mikhaylovna as he went, with the smile of a coquettish girl, which at one time probably came naturally to her, but was now very ill-suited to her careworn face.

Apparently she had forgotten her age and by force of habit employed all the old feminine arts. But as soon as the prince had gone her face resumed its former cold, artificial expression. She returned to the group where the vicomte was still talking, and again pretended to listen, while waiting till it would be time to leave. Her task was accomplished.

"And what do you think of this latest comedy, the coronation at Milan?"[8] asked Anna Pavlovna, "and of the comedy of the people of Genoa and Lucca laying their petitions before Monsieur Buonaparte, and Monsieur Buonaparte sitting on a throne and granting the petitions of the nations? Adorable! It is enough to make one's head whirl! It is as if the whole world had gone crazy."

Prince Andrew looked Anna Pavlovna straight in the face with a sarcastic smile.

"'Dieu me la donne, gare a *qui la* touche!' [God has given it to me, let him who touches it beware!]. They say he was very fine when he said that," he remarked, repeating the words in Italian: "'*Dio mi l'ha dato. Guai* a *chi la tocchi!*'"

"I hope this will prove the last drop that will make the glass run over," Anna Pavlovna continued. "The sovereigns will not be able to endure this man who is a menace to everything."

"The sovereigns? I do not speak of Russia," said the vicomte, polite but hopeless: "The sovereigns, madame . . . What have they done for Louis XVII, for the Queen, or for Madame Elizabeth?[9] Nothing!" and he became more animated. "And believe me, they are reaping the reward of their betrayal of the Bourbon cause. The sovereigns! Why, they are sending ambassadors to compliment the usurper."

And sighing disdainfully, he again changed his position.

Prince Hippolyte, who had been gazing at the vicomte for some time through his lorgnette, suddenly turned completely round toward the little princess, and having asked for a needle began tracing the Conde coat of arms on the table. He explained this to her with as much gravity as if she had asked him to do it.

"*Baton de* gueules, engrele de gueules d'azur—*maison* Conde,"[10] said he.

The princess listened, smiling.

"If Buonaparte remains on the throne of France a year longer," the vicomte continued, with the air of a man who, in a matter with which he is better acquainted than anyone else, does not listen to others but follows the current of his own thoughts, "things will have gone too far. By intrigues, violence, exile, and executions, French society—I mean good French society —will have been forever destroyed, and then . . ."

He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. Pierre wished to make a remark, for the conversation interested him, but Anna Pavlovna, who had him under observation, interrupted:

"The Emperor Alexander," said she, with the melancholy which always accompanied any reference of hers to the Imperial family, "has declared that he will leave it to the French people themselves to choose their own form of government; and I believe that once free from the usurper, the whole nation will certainly throw itself into the arms of its rightful king," she concluded, trying to be amiable to the royalist emigrant.

"That is doubtful," said Prince Andrew. "Monsieur le Vicomte quite rightly supposes that matters have already gone too far. I think it will be difficult to return to the old regime."

"From what I have heard," said Pierre, blushing and breaking into the conversation, "almost all the aristocracy has already gone over to Bonaparte's side."

"It is the Buonapartists who say that," replied the vicomte without looking at Pierre. "At the present time it is difficult to know the real state of French public opinion."

"Bonaparte has said so," remarked Prince Andrew with a sarcastic smile.

It was evident that he did not like the vicomte and was aiming his remarks at him, though without looking at him.

"'I showed them the path to glory, but they did not follow it,'" Prince Andrew continued after a short silence, again quoting Napoleon's words. "'I opened my antechambers and they crowded in.' I do not know how far he was justified in saying so."

"Not in the least," replied the vicomte. "After the murder of the duc even the most partial ceased to regard him as a hero. If to some people," he went on, turning to Anna Pavlovna, "he ever was a hero, after the murder of the duc there was one martyr more in heaven and one hero less on earth."

Before Anna Pavlovna and the others had time to smile their appreciation of the vicomte's epigram, Pierre again broke into the conversation, and though Anna Pavlovna felt sure he would say something inappropriate, she was unable to stop him.

"The execution of the Duc d'Enghien," declared Monsieur Pierre, "was a political necessity, and it seems to me that Napoleon showed greatness of soul by not fearing to take on himself the whole responsibility of that deed."

"Dieu! M*on* Dieu!" muttered Anna Pavlovna in a terrified whisper.

"What, Monsieur Pierre . . . Do you consider that assassination shows greatness of soul?" said the little princess, smiling and drawing her work nearer to her.

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed several voices.

"Capital!" said Prince Hippolyte in English, and began slapping his knee with the palm of his hand.

The vicomte merely shrugged his shoulders. Pierre looked solemnly at his audience over his spectacles and continued.

"I say so," he continued desperately, "because the Bourbons fled from the Revolution leaving the people to anarchy, and Napoleon alone understood the Revolution and quelled it, and so for the general good, he could not stop short for the sake of one man's life."

"Won't you come over to the other table?" suggested Anna Pavlovna.

But Pierre continued his speech without heeding her.

"No," cried he, becoming more and more eager, "Napoleon is great because he rose superior to the Revolution, suppressed its abuses, preserved all that was good in it—equality of citizenship and freedom of speech and of the press—and only for that reason did he obtain power."

"Yes, if having obtained power, without availing himself of it to commit murder he had restored it to the rightful king, I should have called him a great man," remarked the vicomte.

"He could not do that. The people only gave him power that he might rid them of the Bourbons and because they saw that he was a great man. The Revolution was a grand thing!" continued Monsieur Pierre, betraying by this desperate and provocative proposition his extreme youth and his wish to express all that was in his mind.

"What? Revolution and regicide a grand thing? . . . Well, after that . . . But won't you come to this other table?" repeated Anna Pavlovna.

"Rousseau's *Contrat Social*," said the vicomte with a tolerant smile.

"I am not speaking of regicide, I am speaking about ideas."

"Yes: ideas of robbery, murder, and regicide," again interjected an ironical voice.

"Those were extremes, no doubt, but they are not what is most important. What is important are the rights of man, emancipation from prejudices, and equality of citizenship, and all these ideas Napoleon has retained in full force."

"Liberty and equality," said the vicomte contemptuously, as if at last deciding seriously to prove to this youth how foolish his words were, "high-sounding words which have long been discredited. Who does not love liberty and equality? Even our Saviour preached liberty and equality. Have people since the Revolution become happier? On the contrary. We wanted liberty, but Buonaparte has destroyed it."

Prince Andrew kept looking with an amused smile from Pierre to the vicomte and from the vicomte to their hostess. In the first moment of Pierre's outburst Anna Pavlovna, despite her social experience, was horror-struck. But when she saw that Pierre's sacrilegious words had not exasperated the vicomte, and had convinced herself that it was impossible to stop him, she rallied her forces and joined the vicomte in a vigorous attack on the orator.

"But, my dear Monsieur Pierre," said she, "how do you explain the fact of a great man executing a duc—or even an ordinary man who—is innocent and untried?"

"I should like," said the vicomte, "to ask how monsieur explains the 18th Brumaire;[11] was not that an imposture? It was a swindle, and not at all like the conduct of a great man!"

"And the prisoners he killed in Africa?[12] That was horrible!" said the little princess, shrugging her shoulders.

"He's a low fellow, say what you will," remarked Prince Hippolyte.

Pierre, not knowing whom to answer, looked at them all and smiled. His smile was unlike the half-smile of other people. When he smiled, his grave, even rather gloomy, look was instantaneously replaced by another—a childlike, kindly, even rather silly look, which seemed to ask forgiveness.

The vicomte who was meeting him for the first time saw clearly that this young Jacobin was not so terrible as his words suggested. All were silent.

"How do you expect him to answer you all at once?" said Prince Andrew. "Besides, in the actions of a statesman one has to distinguish between his acts as a private person, as a general, and as an emperor. So it seems to me."

"Yes, yes, of course!" Pierre chimed in, pleased at the arrival of this reinforcement.

"One must admit," continued Prince Andrew, "that Napoleon as a man was great on the bridge of Arcola,[13] and in the hospital at Jaffa where he gave his hand to the plague-stricken; but . . . but there are other acts which it is difficult to justify."

Prince Andrew, who had evidently wished to tone down the awkwardness of Pierre's remarks, rose and made a sign to his wife that it was time to go.

Suddenly Prince Hippolyte started up making signs to everyone to attend, and asking them all to be seated began:

"I was told a charming Moscow story today and must treat you to it. Excuse me, Vicomte—I must tell it in Russian or the point will be lost. . . ." And Prince Hippolyte began to tell his story in such Russian as a Frenchman would speak after spending about a year in Russia. Everyone waited, so emphatically and eagerly did he demand their attention to his story.

"There is in Moscow a lady, *une dame*, and she is very stingy. She must have two footmen behind her carriage, and very big ones. That was her taste. And she had a lady's maid, also big. She said . . ."

Here Prince Hippolyte paused, evidently collecting his ideas with difficulty.

"She said . . . Oh yes! She said, 'Girl,' to the maid, 'put on a livery, get up behind the carriage, and come with me while I make some calls.'"

Here Prince Hippolyte spluttered and burst out laughing long before his audience, which produced an effect unfavorable to the narrator. Several persons, among them the elderly lady and Anna Pavlovna, did however smile.

"She went. Suddenly there was a great wind. The girl lost her hat and her long hair came down. . . ." Here he could contain himself no longer and went on, between gasps of laughter: "And the whole world knew. . . ."

And so the anecdote ended. Though it was unintelligible why he had told it, or why it had to be told in Russian, still Anna Pavlovna and the others appreciated Prince Hippolyte's social tact in so agreeably ending Pierre's unpleasant and unamiable outburst. After the anecdote the conversation broke up into insignificant small talk about the last and next balls, about theatricals, and who would meet whom, and when and where.

---

1. *Now Leningrad.*

2. *Johann Kaspar Lavater (1741-1801) was a Swiss clergyman and physician who related physiognomy to mental attributes.*

3. *Sister-in-law of the Princess Mary Bolkonskaya just mentioned.*

4. *Count Pierre Bezukhov is one of the two main characters in* War and Peace.

5. *The Due d'Enghien had been charged with conspiracy to assassinate Napoleon, had been found guilty, and had been executed at Vincennes on March 21, 1804.*

6. *Mademoiselle George appears in person later on in the novel. She was a great tragic actress, who was for some years Napoleon's mistress. In 1808 she went to Petersburg where she had much success, and it was then that Natasha heard her declaim in Helene's salon, as described later.*—A.M.

7. *In 1805* M. I. *Kutuzov (1745-1813) already enjoyed a great military reputation. He had taken part in the Turkish wars in Catherine's reign and together with Suvorov had captured the fortresses of Ochakov and Ismail, but was seriously wounded and lost an eye. Having displeased Alexander in the post of Governor General of Petersburg, he had been living for three years in disfavor in the country, but was now recalled to lead an army of* 50,000 *men to the aid of Austria.?*—A.M.

8. *Napoleon had crowned himself King of Italy at Milan on May* 26, 2805.

9. *The Vicomte de Mortemart refers to the fact that the sovereigns of Europe had saved neither the son, the wife, nor the sister of Louis* XVI *from execution or death in prison. An obvious mistake in the Russian text, as well as in previous translations, obscures this meaning by mentioning Louis XVIII (who was still alive, and reigned in France for ten years from 1815 onwards) in place of Louis XVII—the son of Louis XVI—who is said to have died in prison.*—A.M.

10. *Hippolyte's heraldry, like the rest of his conversation and conduct, is that of an utter fool. The arms of Conde are* D'or à la fasce de gueules, *or a* fess gules. *What Hippolyte says they are is untranslatable nonsense.*—A.M.

11. *The ninth of November (according to the French Revolutionary calendar)—the day on which Napoleon overthrew the existing French Revolutionary Government by a* coup d'etat *which led to his becoming First Consul.*

12. *his refers to the cruelties committed at the time of Napoleon's suppression of a rising against him in Egypt.*—A.M.

13. *Napoleon, with standard in hand, had faced the Austrian fire and captured the bridge at Areola near Verona, Italy, November 15-17, 1796. He had taken Jaffa, a seaport in Palestine, on March 7, 1799,*

where he visited the hospital referred to in text.

2. Pierre at Prince Andrew's

HAVING THANKED Anna Pavlovna for her charming soiree, the guests began to take their leave. Pierre was ungainly. Stout, about the average height, broad, with huge red hands; he did not know, as the saying is, how to enter a drawing room and still less how to leave one; that is, how to say something particularly agreeable before going away. Besides this he was absent-minded. When he rose to go, he took up instead of his own, the general's three-cornered hat, and held it, pulling at the plume, till the general asked him to restore it. All his absent-mindedness and inability to enter a room and converse in it was, however, redeemed by his kindly, simple, and modest expression. Anna Pavlovna turned toward him and, with a Christian mildness that expressed forgiveness of his indiscretion, nodded and said: "I hope to see you again, but I also hope you will change your opinions, my dear Monsieur Pierre."

When she said this, he did not reply and only bowed, but again everybody saw his smile, which said nothing, unless perhaps, "Opinions are opinions, but you see what a capital, good-natured fellow I am." And everyone, including Anna Pavlovna, felt this.

Prince Andrew had gone out into the hall, and, turning his shoulders to the footman who was helping him on with his cloak, listened indifferently to his wife's chatter with Prince Hippolyte who had also come into the hall. Prince Hippolyte stood close to the pretty, pregnant princess, and stared fixedly at her through his eyeglass.

"Go in, Annette, or you will catch cold," said the little princess, taking leave of Anna Pavlovna. "It is settled," she added in a low voice.

Anna Pavlovna had already managed to speak to Lise about the match she contemplated between Anatole and the little princess' sister-in-law.

"I rely on you, my dear," said Anna Pavlovna, also in a low tone. "Write to her and let me know how her father looks at the matter. Au *revoir!*"—and she left the hall.

Prince Hippolyte approached the little princess and, bending his face close to her, began to whisper something.

Two footmen, the princess' and his own, stood holding a shawl and a cloak, waiting for the conversation to finish. They listened to the French sentences which to them were meaningless, with an air of understanding but not wishing to appear to do so. The princess as usual spoke smilingly and listened with a laugh.

"I am very glad I did not go to the ambassador's," said Prince Hippolyte "-so dull-. It has been a delightful evening, has it not? Delightful!"

"They say the ball will be very good," replied the princess, drawing up her downy little lip. "All the pretty women in society will be there."

"Not all, for you will not be there; not all," said Prince Hippolyte smiling joyfully; and snatching the shawl from the footman, whom he even pushed aside, he began wrapping it round the princess. Either from awkwardness or intentionally (no one could have said which) after the shawl had been adjusted he kept his arm around her for a long time, as though embracing her.

Still smiling, she gracefully moved away, turning and glancing at her husband. Prince Andrew's eyes were closed, so weary and sleepy did he seem.

"Are you ready?" he asked his wife, looking past her.

Prince Hippolyte hurriedly put on his cloak, which in the latest fashion reached to his very heels, and, stumbling in it, ran out into the porch following the princess, whom a footman was helping into the carriage.

"*Princesse*, au revoir," cried he, stumbling with his tongue as well as with his feet.

The princess, picking up her dress, was taking her seat in the dark carriage, her husband was adjusting his saber; Prince Hippolyte, under pretense of helping, was in everyone's way.

"Allow me, sir," said Prince Andrew in Russian in a cold, disagreeable tone to Prince Hippolyte who was blocking his path.

"I am expecting you, Pierre," said the same voice, but gently and affectionately.

The postilion started, the carriage wheels rattled. Prince Hippolyte laughed spasmodically as he stood in the porch waiting for the vicomte whom he had promised to take home.

"Well, *mon cher*," said the vicomte, having seated himself beside Hippolyte in the carriage, "your little princess is very nice, very nice indeed, quite French," and he kissed the tips of his fingers. Hippolyte burst out laughing.

"Do you know, you are a terrible chap for all your innocent airs," continued the vicomte. "I pity the poor husband, that little officer who gives himself the airs of a monarch."

Hippolyte spluttered again, and amid his laughter said, "And you were saying that the Russian ladies are not equal to the French? One has to know how to deal with them."

Pierre reaching the house first went into Prince Andrew's study like one quite at home, and from habit immediately lay down on the sofa, took from the shelf the first book that came to his hand (it was Caesar's *Commentaries*), and resting on his elbow, began reading it in the middle.

"What have you done to Mlle Scherer? She will be quite ill now," said Prince Andrew, as he entered the study, rubbing his small white hands.

Pierre turned his whole body, making the sofa creak. He lifted his eager face to Prince Andrew, smiled, and waved his hand.

"That abbe is very interesting but he does not see the thing in the right light. . . . In my opinion perpetual peace is possible but—I do not know how to express it . . . not by a balance of political power. . . ."

It was evident that Prince Andrew was not interested in such abstract conversation.

"One can't everywhere say all one thinks, *mon cher*. Well, have you at last decided on anything? Are you going to be a guardsman or a diplomatist?" asked Prince Andrew after a momentary silence.

Pierre sat up on the sofa, with his legs tucked under him.

"Really, I don't yet know. I don't like either the one or the other."

"But you must decide on something! Your father expects it."

Pierre at the age of ten had been sent abroad with an abbe as tutor, and had remained away till he was twenty. When he returned to Moscow his father dismissed the abbe and said to the young man, "Now go to Petersburg, look round, and choose your profession. I will agree to anything. Here is a letter to Prince Vasili, and here is money. Write to me all about it, and I will help you in everything." Pierre had already been choosing a career for three months, and had not decided on anything. It was about this choice that Prince Andrew was speaking. Pierre rubbed his forehead.

"But he must be a Freemason," said he, referring to the abbe whom he had met that evening.

"That is all nonsense." Prince Andrew again interrupted him, "let us talk business. Have you been to the Horse Guards?"

"No, I have not; but this is what I have been thinking and wanted to tell you. There is a war now against Napoleon. If it were a war for freedom I could understand it and should be the first to enter the army; but to help England and Austria against the greatest man in the world is not right."

Prince Andrew only shrugged his shoulders at Pierre's childish words. He put on the air of one who finds it impossible to reply to such nonsense, but it would in fact have been difficult to give any other answer than the one Prince Andrew gave to this naive question.