

中央电视台电视教育节目用书

ENGLISH ON SUNDAY

星期日英语 I

1980

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84—1 (总16)

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PART I

This part of the magazine contains the scripts to some of our English on Sunday programmes, including drama serials, documentaries, feature films and also excerpts from Forum, our monthly interview show.

The scripts are annotated, but instead of giving literal translations of difficult phrases or sentences, only a general explanation of the concepts underlying them will be rendered, so that viewers can work out for themselves the actual meaning of the words concerned. The scripts are followed by questions to test how well you have understood the content of the programmes; answers to these will be provided in each subsequent issue.

Anna Karenina

Episode Six

(St. Petersburg. On a cold January morning, Betsey arrives at Karenin's house to see Anna.)

IGOR: Will there be anything else, Madam?

ANNA: Thank you, no . . . Ah yes, yes, the cigarette box for Princess Tverskoy.

BETSY: You shouldn't encourage me. *(After Igor places the cigarette box near her.)*

So you mean to tell me you've heard nothing for two whole months?

ANNA: Not a word. Nor have I had any letters from the lawyer that I was threatened with.

BETSY: But that's extraordinary. Do you think he's changed his mind?

ANNA: It would be most unlikely.

BETSY: Mm!

ANNA: His sister has written me twice, to tell me that Seriozha is well. Seriozha himself is permitted to write once a week. His letters are dictated, I'm sure, . . . very carefully.¹

BETSY: Anna! How can you bear it!

ANNA: Because I must . . . And really Betsy, thinking it all over calmly . . .

BETSY: Calmly!

ANNA: Oh, yes. These days I'm very calm. I've come to realise that my husband has every right on his side.

BETSY: You can't mean that!

ANNA: But I do. It is only when I was with him . . . in the same room . . . that I used to be confused. His presence . . . his physical presence . . . had become so nauseating to me that I could feel nothing but loathing.²

BETSY: That I understand. He's a coward, too.

ANNA: Yes, but he can't help it.

BETSY: Are you saying you feel *pity* for him?

ANNA: Yes, in a strange way. I have treated him badly.

BETSY: Would you live with him again? If he did change his mind?

ANNA: Oh! Never.

BETSY: Then my dear girl, you have reached an impasse.³ Shall I tell you what I hear? Um? He is in Moscow. Staying at the Hotel Dussot. Licking his wounds.

ANNA: What wounds?

BETSY: Well, you remember the famous Commission, of course . . . about the Native Tribes . . .

ANNA: Well, yes, I suppose so, but

BETSY: Your husband won a brilliant victory in August. The Commission was appointed and made its report a week ago. All its findings agreed with his contentions.

ANN : Well, then

BETSY: Wait. Count Stremov . . . Well, you remember Stremov?

ANNA: Wasn't he the man who opposed Alexei when . . . ?

BETSY: Exactly. A clever man. Clever man. Well, suddenly he came right over onto your husband's side. But he went further. He proposed and pushed through some measures so radical that the whole Commission was discredited. Then he quietly retired and your husband got all the blame. Comical, isn't it?

ANNA: Do you think so?

BETSY: I think it's hilarious, like all politics. Mind you, Anna, it's not all over. I'm told your husband still has an ace or two up his sleeve* and

ANNA: (*Suddenly groaning*) Ah! Oh!

BETSY: Anna!

ANNA: Ah . . . I'm quite all right.

BETSY: You're not!

ANNA: Yes. You've never had children, Betsy. Let me tell you . . . this is the moment you wait for all those weary months.

BETSY: Wha . . . wha . . . What can I do?

ANNA: Oh! Leave me here . . . Yes, yes, I mean it. And find Annushka, my maid, and ask her to send for the doctor.

BETSY: Anna are you sure?

ANNA: Betsy, please!

(*Vronsky is waiting downstairs.*)

IGOR : Your Excellency

VRONSKY: Yes?

IGOR: If you'd care to sit in the drawing room?

VRONSKY: I shall sit here. (*Sits down and takes out a cigarette.*)

(*Upstairs, in Anna's boudoir, Anna is lying in bed, with a doctor in attendance. A midwife is boiling clothes, while Annushka, the maid, sits in a chair, her eyes fixed on Anna.*)

ANNA: Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah! Alexei . . . Alexei . . . Annushka

ANNUSHKA: What is it, Madam?

ANNA: Oh, Poor Annushka . . . nothing you can do. No-one ever taught you to write. Doctor!

DOCTOR: Is the pain bad?

ANNA: Oh-no-no-no. Not now.

DOCTOR : Well, then?

ANNA: I want . . . I want someone to send a telegram.

DOCTOR: But

ANNA: Please.

DOCTOR: I will arrange it.

ANNA: A telegram to my husband.

DOCTOR: Of course.

ANNA: Alexei Alexandrovitch Karenin. Hotel Dussot. Moscow. I am dying.

DOCTOR: That's not true!

ANNA: Please. Write what I say. I think you-you-are a friend of Sludin . . . my husband's private Secretary

DOCTOR: We are acquainted.

ANNA: Then nothing I say will surprise you. Write, please.

DOCTOR: Very well.

ANNA: I beg you to come at once. I shall die more easily with our forgiveness. Sign It . . . Anna.

(In the Hotel Dussot, Moscow. Stiva walks happily along the corridor and hails a passing servant.)

STIVA: Vassily! I hardly recognise you . . . You've let your whiskers grow, haven't you? Now, Karenin . . . number seven. Is it along here?

SERVANT: Yes, sir.

STIVA: Thanks. *(Seeing Levin appear)* Levin!

LEVIN: Stiva.

STIVA: Now that makes it all, perfect.

LEVIN: Well, just leave everything in there.

STIVA: So you're back. You've been abroad, haven't you? Where?

LEVIN: Germany, France, England.

STIVA: How was Paris?

LEVIN: Well-I didn't go to Paris. I've been studying agricultural methods. I learnt a great deal.

STIVA: Ah, yes. But I'm delighted to see you looking so well and in such good spirits, Do you know, somebody told me that you were down in the mouth⁶ and kept talking of nothing but death.

LEVIN: Well, what of it? I think continually of death.

STIVA: Oh, do you, now?

LEVIN: I tell you frankly, Stiva, I value my work and my ideas, but they're only a vanity. This whole world is nothing but a grain of mildew⁶

STIVA: Oh?

LEVIN: And our lives . . . a moment of eternity, So we might as well pass our lives amusing ourselves as best we can⁷

STIVA: Well, my one idea entirely.

LEVIN: Because we shall soon be dead.

STIVA: Why soon? You know . . . if you were not so funny

LEVIN: Funny?

STIVA: You'd be in danger of becoming a bore.

LEVIN: Stiva

STIVA: No-no--I was only joking. But my dear fellow . . . if you could bear to enjoy yourself for an hour or two. . . will you come to dinner? Your brother Kosnichev might be there. And Karenin, I hope. and a few others. Will you come?

LEVIN: Yes, yes, I'd like to.

STIVA: Good. Come when you're ready, and don't be late.

(Meanwhile in Karenin's suite, Karenin is giving instructions to Sludin)

KARENIN: . . . and when you get to Petersburg tomorrow, don't forget to go and see the Countess Lydia Ivanova. Give her my note.

SLUDIN: I shan't forget, Sir.

KARENIN: When the deputation from the native tribes arrives, she must arrange to look after them.⁸

SLUDIN: Pilot them, was your expression, I think?"

KARENIN: Exactly. They are very naive. They imagine that all they have to do is to explain their needs and ask help from the Government.

SLUDIN: They do seem a little childish.

KARENIN: What do you expect? But they must adhere strictly to the programme I've laid down. If they don't, they'll play directly into the hands of my opponents

SLUDIN: Stremov, particularly.

KARENIN: Yes. And that will ruin the whole business. Now . . . if you *(Hearing a knock)* See who that is. I gave orders that I was not to be disturbed.

(Sludin goes into the hall; Stiva can be heard speaking to him.)

STIVA: Prince Oblonsky to see Alexei Karenin.

SLUDIN: I am sorry, he can see nobody this morning.

STIVA: My dear young man, don't tell me lies!

KARENIN: Oblonsky?

SLUDIN: But Sir

STIVA: I know he's in. They told me downstairs. Anyway he's expecting me.

KARENIN: Come in, please.

STIVA: Tut tut! You'll come to a bad end. Oh, I see you're not dressed for dinner. Never mind. Shall we go?

KARENIN: I'm sorry. I can't come.

STIVA: Why? We're expecting you.

KARENIN: I cannot visit your house.

STIVA: Why on earth not?

KARENIN: Because all relationships between us must end . . . finished from now on

STIVA: But why?

KARENIN: Because I am starting divorce proceedings. I am going to divorce your sister.

STIVA: But that's not possible!

KARENIN: No, I'm afraid it is. I have thought about it for two months and finally . . .
well, this letter contains firm instructions to my lawyer.

STIVA: I don't believe it.

KARENIN: In it are enclosed written proofs of her guilt . . . letters from her lover.

STIVA: Oh, good God! Well, if that's the case. But my dear fellow, you're sure there's
no misunderstanding?

KARENIN: I only wish there were.

STIVA: Look, Karenin . . . you're a man of principle . . . first-rate. And Anna . . . Well,
forgive me, but Anna . . . I beg you. Do nothing in haste.

KARENIN: I am not acting in haste. Far from it. But my mind is made up.¹⁰

STIVA: Well, do, do one thing. See my wife. See Dolly.

KARENIN: But

STIVA: She loves Anna like a sister. She's a wonderful woman. For God's sake, talk
it over with Dolly.

KARENIN: Well, I really don't know. Er . . . That was why I didn't call at your house.
I supposed our relationship to be changed.

STIVA: Well, I don't see that. We're friends, aren't we? Even if . . . well, I wouldn't
presume to take sides¹¹. Who am I to judge? But come and see Dolly. Will you?

KARENIN: If you wish it so much.

*

*

*

(Night. Levin arrives at Oblonsky's house.)

LEVIN: Oh, hello Matvey. I'm late as usual.

MATVEY: As usual, sir.

LEVIN: Is everyone here?

MATVEY: Of course, sir. Let me take your coat, sir. If I may say so, sir, I'm very relieved to see you.

LEVIN: Relieved?

MATVEY: Well, sir . . . when gentlemen go travelling abroad, mixing with foreigners

LEVIN: You mean, anything might happen?

MATVEY: Exactly, sir.

LEVIN: Well, put your mind at rest. Nothing did.

(In the parlour, all the other guests are waiting.)

KARENIN: Quite true, Petsof. The Poles are not Russians. But now they are part of
our nation, they must be . . . well . . . russified . . . so to speak . . . for their own benefit.¹²

PRINCESS: . . . quite well?

DOLLY: Oh, they're quite well. Indeed, Mama. Yes.

PRINCESS: But little Grisha had a cough, did you not tell me?

DOLLY: Completely cured, Mama, thank God.

ALICIA: . . . so he called for days running, sharp at twelve. All pink and solemn. My husband was most intrigued.¹³

KITTY: What about you?

ALICIA: It was all I could do to keep from laughing out loud. *(They burst out laughing.)*

STIVA: Now come along, everybody. If we wait any longer, we'll all die of thirst.

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY: So he's arrived?

STIVA: Yes.

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY: Ah, good. Alicia, my dear . . . allow me to be your escort.

You see how it is. Even at my age, I capture all the pretty ones.

ALICIA: If there's one thing that bowls me over, it's flattery.¹⁰ I don't care who flatters me . . . I love it!

(Matvey enters to announce Levin's arrival.)

MATVEY: Konstantin Dmitrich . . . Levin.

LEVIN: *(Seeing Kitty)* I haven't seen you since . . .

KITTY: I was driving to Yergushovo.

LEVIN: You put your head out of the window . . .

KITTY: We nearly bumped noses!¹⁵ *(They both laugh.)* Well, it was rather a shock to see you that evening. What were you doing alone on the road?

LEVIN: I'd been harvesting . . . It was a glorious day. The peasants were singing as they went home.

KITTY: Oh, I haven't heard them sing for ages.

LEVIN: Then you must again . . . soon. The thing was . . . They were so happy, so natural. I was sorry I couldn't be a part of it.

KITTY: How could you be?

LEVIN: I know, I know. But I was feeling-I was feeling as though I belonged nowhere, and suddenly . . .

KITTY: I popped up . . . out of nowhere!¹⁶

LEVIN: Kitty . . . *(Seeing Kitty indicating the dining-room)* Yes, yes, yes. *(They go off together.)*

(Later in the evening, everyone gathers in the drawing-room, listening to Alicia playing the piano. Noticing that Karenin is not in the room, Dolly goes out into the parlour. Karenin is there alone.)

DOLLY: Thank you for waiting. I do so want to speak to you, and we couldn't talk in the Drawing-Room.

KARENIN: I have to leave in any case, but I wanted to bid you goodnight.

DOLLY: But . . . I . . .

KARENIN: With my thanks for a pleasant evening.

DOLLY: Oh, wait! Forgive me, I have no right . . . but I love Anna. She's been such a good friend to me. I beg you to tell me what's wrong. What do you accuse her of?

KARENIN: But surely Stiva has told you?

DOLLY: I don't believe it. I *can't* believe it.

KARENIN: One can't deny facts.

DOLLY: What facts? What has she done?

KARENIN: Do you insist on details?

DOLLY: No

KARENIN: Well — Nevertheless, I shall satisfy you. My wife admits her infidelity. Indeed she . . . she boasts of it.

DOLLY: Oh, that's not possible!

KARENIN: I would give a great deal to have any doubts. While I was in doubt it was hard, but not as hard as it is now. When I doubted, I could hope, but now there's no hope, and still I doubt everything. I am in such doubt that often I can't bear to look at my son. Sometimes I don't believe that he is my son. Now can you imagine what that means?

DOLLY: Yes. yes, I believe I can. So you mean to divorce her?

KARENIN: There's nothing else to do.

DOLLY: Oh, there must be! Anything . . . only not divorce.

KARENIN: But you must understand that this trouble isn't like others . . like illness, or somebody's death. One can't just bear one's cross¹⁷. It's necessary to act.

DOLLY: I see that, and I do sympathise, but divorce! Well, she'll be nobody's wife. She'll be lost.

KARENIN: At her own choice.

DOLLY: Oh, how could any woman choose that? But even so, you're a Christian man. Can you not forgive?

KARENIN: I've tried, but I can't. I don't think I'm spiteful. Until now I have never hated anyone. But I hate her . . . I hate her with all my soul for what she has done.

DOLLY: Still you could be merciful. Love them that hate you?

KARENIN: Hm. That's . . . That is just possible. But one can't love those when one hates. I'm sorry. I didn't want to upset you, but you must realise that it's all over. 'Good night.

DOLLY: Ah!

(Back in the drawing-room Alicia has just finished playing her piece. All applaud.)

STIVA: More! Encore!

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY: Chopin, perhaps?

ALICIA: Very well.

STIVA: Happy, Kostya?

LEVIN: Yes, yes. A wonderful evening.

STIVA: So it's not yet time for us all to die? (*Laughs*)

(*Levin walks over to Kitty, who is playing secretaire.*)

LEVIN: May I? (*Seeing Kitty smile her consent*) . . . There's something I've wanted to ask you for a long time.

(*Levin picks up the chalk and starts to write letters on the card table.*)

KITTY: (*Reading aloud the letters*) . . . Y, S, I, C, N, B.

(*Levin gazes at Kitty, as if beseeching her to understand*)

KITTY: (*Mounting the words*) You . . . said . . . it . . . could . . . not . . . be . . .

(*Levin writes again.*)

KITTY: (*Reading*) . . . D, Y, M, N?

(*She stares at the letters, then up at him and finally whispers*) I know what it is. That means never . . . but it's not true. (*She writes quickly.*) . . . I, M, I, T . . .

LEVIN: Then. Then — but now?

KITTY: I should be so happy if . . . (*writing*) . . . Y, C, F, A, F.

LEVIN: Forget and forgive? (*He takes the chalk and writes.*)

KITTY: I understand.

(*As Levin adds the letters I, Y, L, M*)

KITTY: Love you?

(*Levin continues to write T, W, Y Kitty stops him by putting out her hand for the chalk. He gives it to her and she writes, in full, the word "Yes" and puts the chalk down. The two look at each other with happiness and complete understanding.*)

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY: Ahem! playing secretaire?¹⁸ Oh, please don't concern yourself.¹⁹ Dolly won't mind, and the servants won't understand.

KITTY: Papa . . .

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY: But if we're not to be late for the theatre, we should get ready to leave.

(*Kitty and Levin look again at each other.*)

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(*Moscow, night. In the sitting -room of Karenin's suite in the Hotel Dussot*)

KARENIN: And you opened both telegrams?

SLUDIN: Was that wrong, sir? I thought if anything urgent . . .

KARENIN: Oh, that's quite right . . . quite right.

SLUDIN: They are on the table.

KARENIN: Stremov appointed Chief Commissioner . . .

SLUDIN: Yes, sir.

KARENIN: You see what this means?

SLUDIN: They must be mad, sir, to appoint . . . him . . .

KARENIN: Those whom the Gods wish to destroy . . . Oh, never *mind* about me. That's

of no consequence. But really, to appoint Stremov, a man totally unfitted . . . Well, they'll live to regret it. But it won't alter my plans,

SLUDIN: Perhaps, sir

KARENIN: Yes?

SLUDIN: Perhaps you should read the other telegram.

KARENIN: Oh? (*Reads*) Ha! This is a trick, isn't it? It's a trick?

SLUDIN: I must say, sir

KARENIN: But, suppose it's true . . . and she is dying. It may be so . . . and if she is repentant . . . Am I in time for the train to Petersburg?

SLUDIN: You have more than an hour.

KARENIN: Very well.

SLUDIN: Sir

KARENIN: Yes?

SLUDIN: Have you thought . . .

KARENIN: What is it?

SLUDIN: If it is the confinement, ²⁰ and you should be in the house when

KARENIN: I have not asked you

SLUDIN: I'm sorry, but I must speak. Wouldn't your presence legitimise the child? Wouldn't it prevent the divorce?

KARENIN: You're a good fellow, Sludin. But my . . . my duty is plain. This is a moral decision. Besides, if that should prove not to be false and I should not go, I should be condemned . . . rightly condemned. before the world.

*

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(*Karenin's house. Anna is in bed, Her head turns restlessly on the pillows. She is delirious and very ill*)

ANNA: (*Muttering*) Alexei . . . Alexei

(*Downstairs, Karenin arrives, to be greeted by Petrov.*)

KARENIN: Well, Petrov, how is (*He stops as he sees Vronsky's coat.*)

(*The major-domo comes from the back of the hall.*)

MAJOR-DOMO: Your Excellency.

KARENIN: Is there any news? How is your mistress?)

MAJOR-DOMO: Safely delivered yesterday of a healthy girl.

KARENIN: I see. Is my wife well?

MAJOR-DOMO: I'm sorry to say not. They tell me she is very ill . . . Very ill indeed.

KARENIN: Who's with her?

MAJOR-DOMO: The Doctor and the midwife, your Excellency. And Count Vronsky.

KARENIN: Thank you.

(*Karenin goes upstairs and meets the midwife on the landing.*)

MIDWIFE: Oh! Excuse me, sir, but are you . . . ?

KARENIN: I'm Karenin.

MIDWIFE: Well, thank God for that! Thank God you've come! She keeps on about you so, she keeps on

DOCTOR: (*From the bedroom*) Make haste with that ice!

MIDWIFE: One moment . . . just a moment!

(*Vronsky sees Karenin.*)

VRONSKY: She is dying. The doctors say there's no hope . . . there's no hope at all. Will you let me . . . I am entirely in your hands. I must do whatever you wish, but . . . will you please let me stay here?

ANNA: (*From the bedroom*) Because you see, when Alexei . . . I mean of course, Alexei Alexandrovitch . . . not Alexei . . . how strange it is they should both be called

(*Karenin goes into Anna's bedroom.*)

ANNA: . . . yes, it is strange, but somehow, quite proper and natural. I have always thought that . . . But he will come to me . . . I know he'll come. He wouldn't reject me, not when I beg him to forgive . . . you see, he's a good man . . . you don't know how good he is

DOCTOR: Fever, your Excellency. She's delirious.

ANNA: Seriozha had his dinner? I know they'll forgive him . . . Hm? Oh, yes, yes, yes, he must be moved into the corner room . . . (*The doctor puts a glass to Anna's lips, but she pushes it away.*) No . . . no water. I want my baby. But you said . . . yes, yes, I know, but

MIDWIFE: Poor soul!

ANNA: Very well, let the nurse have her. In fact it's better, yes, yes. Alexei's coming soon. It may hurt him to see her.

MIDWIFE: He *has* come. He's here . . . Anna Arkadyevna, look! He's here!

(*Anna smiles at Karenin. Her voice becomes quiet and gentle.*)

ANNA: Alexei! . . . I knew you wouldn't fail me.²¹ There's very little time left. That's why I'm in such a hurry because there's no time, and I couldn't bear to die without you. (*The doctor approaches with the water and now Anna drinks gratefully.*)

Thank you. I wanted to tell you something. What was it? Oh yes . . . I wanted to say I'm still the woman you married. But . . . But, there's another woman in me. . . I am afraid of her. It was she who treated you so badly. She thought she hated you. It was she . . . but I'm not that woman. Not any more. I'm my real self. And all I want is to be forgiven . . . forgiven completely.

(*The doctor beckons to the midwife and they go quietly out of the room.*)

ANNA: You see, Alexei . . . it's easy to forgive good people. But to forgive wickedness is much more difficult. Oh, I am sinful. I know, but . . . ah . . . nurse . . . nurse used to tell me . . . the holy martyr, what was her name? . . . she was worse. But she was saved . . . and I'll go to Rome. There's a wilderness there, and I shan't be in anybody's

way, but I'll take Seriozha and the little one. But you . . . you'd never allow me to do that, would you? *Would you?*

KARENIN: Anything . . . anything you wish.

ANNA: You see? I told you. I told you! Told you! But why doesn't he come? Alexei! Alexei Kirrilitch! Alexei! (*Seeing Vronsky at the doorway*) Come in! Give him . . . give him your hand.

(*Vronsky approaches the bed, then stands still, covering face with both his hands.*)

ANNA: No! Look at him! I want you to look at him. He's a Saint. Take your hands, Alexei . . . uncover his face.

(*Karenin takes Vronsky's hands and draws them away from his face, ravaged by pity and remorse*)²²

ANNA: I want you to see him. So . . . So, you must forgive each other.

(*Slowly, Karenin puts out his hand and Vronsky grasps it.*)

ANNA: Oh! Dream . . . a dream . . . come true. Now everything is done, I'm ready. Just stretch legs a little. Hm! That's good. (*Anna looks round at the room.*) . . . horrible curtains . . . how badly the flowers are drawn! No . . . not . . . not a bit like violets. (*Suddenly her body constricts in agony*) I'm falling . . . I'm falling! Oh God. . . Oh God!

* * *

(*Dawn, Anna's boudoir. Karenin is asleep, fully dressed in the little armchair. He stirs, as the clock on the bureau begins to strike seven. Inside the bedroom, Anna lies perfectly still against the pillows, her eyes closed. Her hair has been cropped quite short. Another Doctor, an older and more distinguished looking man, is on the other side of the bed. Now he looks across at the first doctor, eyebrows raised. The two doctors, their expressions quite impassive, walk into the boudoir, where Karenin is standing at the window looking out.*)

DOCTOR: Your Excellency . . .

* * *

(*After a consultation with the doctors, Karenin goes down to the hall, where Vronsky has been waiting all this time. He reaches Vronsky and, after a moment, puts out a hand and grasps his shoulder, shaking it gently.*)

KARENIN: Will you come in here, please?

(*The two men go into the drawing room.*)

KARENIN: The doctors have just told me.

VRONSKY: Yes?

KARENIN: The fever has gone down. Her temperature is nearly normal. They think . . . well, they're certain that she is out of danger. I . . . I've seen her myself . . . she's quiet . . . sleeping peacefully.

VRONSKY: It's a miracle!

KARENIN: Yes, I agree with you. The doctors themselves. . .

VRONSKY: Are you sure? They couldn't be mistaken?

KARENIN: I think not. She's going to get well.

VRONSKY: (*Weeping*) I'm sorry, you'll have to excuse me . . . I can't quite believe it, but now . . . In that room, three days ago, when Anna was dying, she persuaded us to shake hands. You were moved to forgive her . . . and me. Will you shake hands now?

KARENIN: Willingly. (*He puts out his hand and Vronsky takes it.*)

VRONSKY: Thank you. I had better go.

KARENIN: No, don't. No. Wait, please. er-I have something I wish to say to you. Pray be good enough to listen.

VRONSKY: Certainly. What is it?

KARENIN: I must explain to you my feelings. No . . . it's better not to use emotional words even when speaking of emotions. I desire you to make no mistake about me. I must explain to you my motives. The motives that have guided me in the past and those that guide me now.

VRONSKY: Do you consider it necessary?

KARENIN: I . . . I'm sorry . . . I do. Please. You know that I had already decided on a divorce?

VRONSKY: I knew it was in your mind. Yes.

KARENIN: Proceedings had already begun. I was not prepared, for many reasons, to submit myself to the deceit . . . and subterfuges of a divorce by arrangement.²³ As an innocent man, I could not proclaim myself guilty in the eyes of the world.

VRONSKY: Nobody in the world would believe that you were.

KARENIN: In that case, I should have proclaimed myself a liar.

VRONSKY: I see.

KARENIN: But that was only a part of it. I confess that I wanted to be revenged both on you and on her. That she should be degraded . . . banned from remarriage . . . prevented from ever again seeing her son . . . I felt that nothing less would satisfy me.²⁴ In Moscow, when her telegram came, I wouldn't believe in her repentance. She said she was dying. I hoped that she was.

VRONSKY: But you hoped for that?

KARENIN: God forgive me, Yes. On my journey here, I hoped to find her dead. Oh, your aversion²⁵ is very natural.

VRONSKY: No, no, you're quite wrong. I was only surprised to find in you such a . . . excuse me . . . such a depth of feeling.

KARENIN: Surprised? Oh. . . yes, I suppose so.

VRONSKY: But to wish someone dead . . . no, I don't find it strange, though for myself, I've never had to meet that situation. I am a soldier, as you know, and soldiers are trained to face death. But they're also trained to contemplate the death of their enemies,