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LEO TOLSTOY

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# ANNA KARENINA

*Leo Tolstoy*

*Translated by Louise & Aylmer Maude*

*With an Introduction by John Bayley &*

*Notes by Wang Min*

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# 作者简介

托尔斯泰(1828-1910),俄国作家、改革家、道德思想家。生于莫斯科以南约160公里的雅斯纳亚·波利亚纳。16岁进喀山大学,1851年参军去高加索。1854年发表处女作《童年》。1854年参加克里米亚战争,后在《塞瓦斯托波故事》中叙述了他这段经历。1857年及1860～1861年两次游历西欧。1862年结婚,在婚后的15年中,创作了两部最伟大的作品:《战争与和平》和《安娜·卡列尼娜》。

完成《安娜·卡列尼娜》以后,长期以来对人生目的苦苦探索的托尔斯泰经历了一场精神危机。1880年以后,他花了许多时间就自己的宗教观点,社会观点,道德观点,以及艺术观点写了一些小册子和论文。71岁的时候,他写了最后一部长篇小说《复活》。

1910年10月,日益恶化的家庭关系迫使托尔斯泰在一天夜里悄悄离家出走。几天以后,他因患肺炎在梁赞省偏僻的阿斯塔堡火车站去世。

对于托尔斯泰作为文学家所取得的成就,批评家们历来没有疑义,一致公认他是世界上最伟大的小说家之一。与经济决定论和马克思主义的阶级斗争学说不同,托尔斯泰认为,促使人类达到没有阶级和国家状态的进步运动,有赖于每个人通过奉行至高无上的爱的法律,摒弃任何形式的暴力,从而使自己在道德上日趋完善。尽管托尔斯泰将自己的理性主义引向了极端,他仍被公认为19世纪最重要的思想家之一。

## 内容简介

安娜·卡列尼娜是彼得堡上流社会一位美丽，纯洁而热情洋溢的贵妇人。她16岁时即由姑妈作主，下嫁给比自己年长10岁的高官卡列宁。卡列宁只是一架官僚机器，除了投机钻营，别无所长。结婚十余年，安娜从未体会到爱情的滋味。她只能将自己的全部柔情都倾注在儿子谢辽莎身上。

但是有一天她邂逅了青年军官渥伦斯基，被他的风采深深地吸引了。渥伦斯基也一见钟情，狂热地爱上了安娜。本来，偷情苟合在彼得堡上流社会是人们津津乐道的事情，但是安娜和渥伦斯基的爱情却遭到了上流社会的唾弃。其原因并不在于他们的行为是不道德的，恰恰相反，是因为他们的行为对彼得堡上流社会虚伪、不道德的生活构成了挑战，是因为他们违反了上流社会的“游戏规则”。要知道，彼得堡上流社会虽然是一个男盗女娼的渊薮，但是维持表面上的“体面”却是人人信守的法则。而安娜却在从马赛场回家的路上向丈夫坦白了自己与渥伦斯基的私情，并且要求离婚！这种“离经叛道”的行为当然为上流社会所不容，更为卡列宁所不容。为了不影响自己仕途发达，也了为惩罚安娜，他坚不离婚，并且不让安娜得到自己心爱的儿子。

更有甚者，在强大的社会压力下，渥伦斯基也动摇了。他开始频繁出入贵族议会，并渐渐将安娜的爱情视为束缚。所以当安娜听说渥伦斯基的母亲正为他择亲的时候，她终于绝望了。儿子与情人，她生命的两大支柱，相继坍塌，她的生命也就到了尽头。

小说的另一条主线是围绕列文展开的。列文与安娜一样，也在生活中追寻真、善、美，所不同的是他最后不仅得到了爱情，也找到了生命的意义。可以说，他的结局是对安娜的探索作出的回答。

# INTRODUCTION

JOHN BAYLEY

Is Tolstoy the greatest of all novelists? Readers who enter, or re-enter the worlds of *War and Peace* and of *Anna Karenina* will hardly bother to ask themselves that question. The pair seem not so much novels as wise and dense areas of experience which insensibly become a part of our own. The lives we read about seem as familiar as those of friends, and a great deal more accessible to our scrutiny; while at the same time what we learn there we seem in a sense always to have known; it enters consciousness not as something remarkable and new but like a recognition. Most novels depend on being *novel*—naturally enough—by offering an unfamiliar way of looking at things, the literary equivalent of a new acquaintance. That is not how Tolstoy affects his readers.

Nor is it how he wished to do so. He always insisted on his wish not to be a novelist but a truth-teller, of the simplest kind. 'My hero is truth,' he claimed in the *Sevastopol Sketches*, which he wrote during and after taking part in the great siege of the Crimean War. And in *What is Art?*, written many years later, he insists that the only literary works which have any value are those which tell a clear and simple story, a true story, with a moral anyone can understand and a message anyone can be moved by. The first claim may seem pretentious, just as the second may seem perverse. But Tolstoy was always too much in earnest to be either. He genuinely wanted to reveal the simple truth about whatever situation he was interested in as an artist; and being the great natural artist he was he tended to get interested in situations that were far from simple—situations like the war of Napoleon against Russia in 1812, its antecedents and its aftermath; or the story of a woman who committed suicide when she felt that the landowner whose mistress she was no longer loved her.

The first 'situation' led to the composition of *War and Peace*. In that connection Tolstoy told his readers (he always seemed very straightforward with them) that he had first thought of writing about the Decembrist movement, the abortive revolt against the accession of Tsar Nicholas I which was led chiefly by army officers who had

taken part in the war against Napoleon. Their attempted *coup d'état*, in the year 1825, was a failure. But the figures of these gentlemanly conspirators interested Tolstoy very much, and it was through studying them that he was led further back, to the formative years and experiences of people like them who might have taken part. It is such characters, like Pierre and Andrew, and the circles in which they move, which go to form the great sequence of *War and Peace*.

Something rather similar took place when he came to write *Anna Karenina*. In 1872 the mistress of a neighbouring landowner committed suicide at a station near Yasnaya Polyana, where Tolstoy lived, by throwing herself under a train. Tolstoy began to feel his way back, as it were, into what might have been the truth of the situation. His wife informs us in her memoir that he had been considering for the previous two years writing the history of a married woman of the *haut monde* who would ruin herself. He was waiting for a sign: until something actual and *true* occurred he could not get his story started. The Countess Tolstoy is not necessarily reliable about such things, but this piece of information does itself have the ring of truth: it was the way Tolstoy's greatest creative powers seem to have worked. He had seen the body after the suicide and it made a great impression on him. And about the same time he happened to pick up a copy of Pushkin's *Tales*, which his wife had been reading to their son Sergey. An unfinished fragment among them begins: 'The guests had assembled at the *dacha*.' 'That's the way to begin a story,' Tolstoy is reported to have exclaimed with admiration. 'How well and simply Pushkin does it.' And what is probably his first draft of *Anna Karenina* begins with a very similar kind of sentence: 'After the opera, the guests gathered at the house of young Princess Vrassky.' Only later did the famous pronouncement about the nature of happy and unhappy families, with which the completed version opens, come into being.

As soon as Tolstoy had got a real beginning and a real ending, as it seemed to him, the rest of the story developed itself naturally; the other characters and events assuming their relative places, as they had done in the case of *War and Peace* from the way a social and historical background had broadened out in retrospection from the focal point of the Decembrist conspiracy. And yet Tolstoy regarded the whole undertaking as a very different affair from *War and Peace*—he regarded it in fact as a novel. 'This novel, the first I have attempted, I'm taking very seriously,' he wrote to his friend Strakhov in May 1873. It is instructive to compare this with what he had written in

the magazine *Russian Archive* at the time, eight years earlier, when he had completed and published the first three volumes of *War and Peace.*

What is *War and Peace*? It is not a novel, even less is it a poem, and still less a historical chronicle. *War and Peace* is what the author wished and was able to express in the form in which it is expressed.

In what way did *Anna Karenina* seem different to him? Perhaps it was more constructed, less inevitable: it is significant, after all, that the first thing Tolstoy changes is the social class of the woman who killed herself. Certainly Tolstoy grew tired of it—'back to dull old Anna' he groans at one point in his diary—and after it was finished he always spoke of it gloomily and in a slighting way, as if his one experience of 'novel-writing' had turned him against the genre for good and all. It may be significant, too, that his admirers tend to divide into two camps: those who consider *War and Peace* the supreme achievement, and those who feel that it is precisely the mastery *as a novel* of *Anna Karenina* which makes it pre-eminent among his works. The latter prefer the shape and artifice which the novel form traditionally possesses, and find more of it in the latter work, preferring it even if—like Arnold Bennett and Percy Lubbock—they can find plenty to criticise in the form of the novel and the way it is told. Clearly such criticisms would be lost on *War and Peace*, but connoisseurs can compare *Anna Karenina* with masterpieces like *Madame Bovary* or *Middlemarch*, and assess its methods and qualities by the same criteria.

But oddly enough the Russian critics who wrote about *Anna Karenina* when it first came out were more inclined to regard it as a repeat performance of *War and Peace*, with the same psychological detail and the same insight into family and social matters which had so distinguished the earlier work. Yet they praised the book still more highly than its predecessor, pointing out that the theorizing about history and philosophy which ran riot in the pages of *War and Peace* had here given place to a more suitable vehicle for such inquiries—the story of Levin and Kitty—which proceeded alongside the story of Anna, each of the two movements of the narrative gaining strength and significance from the other. There were a few dissident voices, among them Tolstoy's friend Rachinsky, who queried the narrative method, and Tolstoy's reply in a letter is interesting, though somewhat enigmatic.

Your criticism of *Anna Karenina* seems to me wrong. On the contrary I am proud of its architecture—the arches are so put together that you

cannot see where the keystone is. And this is what I most tried to bring about. The structural links do not rest on the plot or on the relationships—the friendships—of the characters, but on an internal linkage.

By this 'internal linkage' Tolstoy may have meant the sequence of events which leads Anna to her death and Levin to the comparative harmony of family life and a domestic future, even though the latter is darkened with the fear of death and the futility of living in a way that corresponds to the end of Anna herself. More important though, it shows that whatever the key to the narrative structure may be, that structure is not something which has just grown, like Topsy. Tolstoy's comments dispose of the view that he was a careless and prolix genius, the creator of a great mass of life, of books that were 'loose baggy monsters', as Henry James called them.

We get our most interesting insight into Tolstoy's method in relation to the concept of Anna herself, and the way in which it changed as Tolstoy worked on the book, producing and discarding early drafts. The most sympathetic and the most systematic critique of the way in which Anna is presented to us is Percy Lubbock's in *The Craft of Fiction*. He points out that we do not know enough about Anna, as Tolstoy sets her before us, to form any judgement for ourselves as to whether she is likely to behave as she does. 'To the very end', he says, 'Anna is a wonderful woman whose early history has never been fully explained.' We are not shown, for instance, her girlhood and family circumstances, or the circumstances in which she got married to Karenin. Reviewing a French translation of the early 1880s Matthew Arnold had made a rather similar point, remarking that Anna seemed to behave much more unpredictably than the heroine of a European novel would do.

Clearly, both critics were accustomed to novels with a different kind of heroine: the author seeks to understand her, and to convey understanding to his reader, by means of analysis and the careful establishment of a social and moral context. Emma Bovary is the paramount instance of such a heroine. We see exactly where she came from, how she was brought up, why she was likely to behave as she did. Flaubert shows us how the reading of romantic novels made her romantic, gave her silly ideas about life and illusions about love. Another Emma, in England this time, is revealed to us by her creator just as fully and with just as much authority, although of a quieter, more unobtrusive kind. Like Madame Bovary, Jane Austen's Emma Woodhouse is a heroine comprehensively documented and explained. So is Dorothea Brooke in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, and

Henry James's Isabel Archer in *The Portrait of A Lady*. In every case, what the novelist might be saying, as he examines the case with his reader, is *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*

Tolstoy's method is very different. In the first place, he does not even give us the physical appearance or 'feel' of his heroine. By means of description and suggestion we have a very definite idea of the physical personality and manner of Emma Bovary and Emma Woodhouse, as we have of George Eliot's and of Henry James's heroines. We may not agree about them exactly, but their presence is indisputably there, caught in the book. Anna in some way seems to soar above the book, and above all its family details and social events, as if she were the vehicle through which the force of passion declares itself, like a gale of wind or a roaring fire. In one of his most striking similes Tolstoy does in fact use the image of a fire to convey something of this kind, after she has fallen in love with Vronsky. 'Her face shone with a vivid glow, but not a joyous glow—it resembled the terrible glow of a conflagration on a dark night.'

This vivid insubstantiality of Anna is one of the most remarkable and effective things about her. It seems to liberate the idea of her, just as she herself sought liberation from her marriage with Karenin and the life she was leading in St Petersburg. But it is strikingly unlike the way in which Tolstoy normally builds up his characters. The Russian critic Merezhkovsky called Tolstoy 'the Seer of the Flesh', observing that whereas Dostoevsky understood the spiritual side of humans so well, Tolstoy was the great authority on their physical being, which he conveyed in his great narratives like no one else. Certainly the world of *War and Peace* bears this out, and so does much in the world of *Anna Karenina*. Anna's brother, Stiva, has a physical vitality which is its own reward: it suffuses the narrative with absurdity and humour, for though Tolstoy paid no attention to humour he is a master of its effects. Such a minor social figure as Liza Merkalova has the same degree of physical vitality; in social terms Tolstoy is an expert on it. He puts it into the delightful figure of the little Princess in *War and Peace*, with her short upper lip faintly marked with dark down, and her air, even when pregnant, of always being happily ready to charge into the social battle like a little war-horse. In these narratives the social world seems almost at one with the physical. And in a subtle unmistakable way Anna is outside both. There may be a significance in the connection, which I shall return to.

Film and television versions of *Anna Karenina* have necessarily to reduce its dimension by producing a real Anna in the flesh. This is

not necessarily a bad thing, though I think any reader would agree that no stage or screen Anna could convey the kind of image that Tolstoy has projected. Her indefinability helps to give the novel the scale it has. All the more interesting to find that Tolstoy began with an Anna seen almost grotesquely in terms of the physical. In his first draft, the one that begins 'After the opera . . .' we meet the Karenins in the most positive and physical manner possible, and it produces an impression which the reader of the novel could never have subsequently overcome.

They were certainly an odd pair. He was pallid, wrinkled, dried up. She had a low forehead, a short, almost retroussé nose, and was definitely too plump—a little more and she would have seemed monstrous. Indeed without the great black eyelashes which made her grey eyes wonderful, the black curls on her forehead, a vigorous grace of movement like her brother's and small feet and hands, she would have been downright ugly.

For the rest of the novel we should have always had before our eyes this little Renoir figure, this plump kitten. She, Vronsky and Karenin would have been like the other fascinating but rather grotesque denizens of the high social jungle. We might remember in that connection Becky Sharp, with her white skin and green eyes, as she moves among the drawing-rooms; and indeed when he wrote *War and Peace* Tolstoy was a great admirer of *Vanity Fair*.

But with each draft in Tolstoy's workshop the conception of Anna became less visual, more passionately and dangerously *potential*. Of course she retains her physical charm—white shoulders, black ball dress, small vigorous hand, and all the rest of it—but Tolstoy is none the less looking at her in a very different way to that in which his penetrating gaze normally took in his characters. It is almost as if he was afraid of her himself, a very effective impression for the reader to receive.

However that may be, it is clear that Tolstoy knew very well what he was about, as his Anna gradually metamorphosed into the heroine of the completed novel. One can read his purpose in such a sentence as this: 'Her charm lay precisely in the fact that her personality always stood out from her dress, that her dress was never conspicuous on her.' It is clear here that her dress means her outward appearance, and that Tolstoy is emphasizing deliberately the most abstract and indefinable aspect of her—her personality. There is another and more indirect way in which he suggests it: by her relation to her brother Stiva. Anna is not introduced to us until we are entirely familiar with

him, and in a sense it is through him that we first come to perceive and understand her. The peculiar advantage for Tolstoy of leading off the novel with Stiva Oblonsky is that his nature, and the predicament in which it has just placed him, require no preamble or filling-in of background. In a flash we know what he is, and like all his friends and colleagues—down to the Tartar waiter who brings him the oysters—we stand and regard him with smiling indulgence. The charm—the 'ray' as Tolstoy calls it—of his personality affects people like something solid. Right at the beginning Tolstoy seems to insinuate the reader into the physical consciousness of Stiva, as if the reader himself were waking up on the morocco couch in the dressing-room after a delightful dream, so unlike the terrible dream his sister will have at the end of the book. And with Stiva the reader suddenly recalls the dreadful fuss of the night before, when he returned to find that his wife Dolly had discovered his infidelity with the governess. It is this act of infidelity which Anna, with all the persuasiveness of her warm and understanding personality, will persuade her sister-in-law to forgive.

Tacitly, but completely, we are already here in the realms of the moral. A double standard is already operating. Tolstoy, the heir of a long line of distinguished diplomats, seems to be looking us straight in the face and daring us to comment on the situation. Shestov, his subtlest critic, accuses him of a particularly creative kind of hypocrisy: his idealisms, his quest for God and for the good, actually have the effect in his greatest writing of showing us remorselessly how things really are: in this case, that Stiva can and does render adultery innocuous, for himself and everybody round him, whereas his sister cannot and does not. And in spite of what is the most moving scene in the book—the reconciliation of wife, husband and lover when Anna is seriously ill—can we really say that Anna is on a higher moral plane than her brother? The point struck the most intelligent of the early reviewers when the novel first appeared in Russia. About Stiva's infidelity A. V. Stankevich wrote:

> What if it had not been Stiva but his wife Dolly who transgressed? What would have happened to the family then? Would the eternally cheerful face of Stiva have retained its openness and kindly smile? And what would have been Dolly's fate?

The answer is of course that men like Stiva do not make such mistakes when they get married. And Tolstoy knows this perfectly well, just as he knew that Anna and Vronsky and Karenin could not possibly

remain on the peak of reconciliation and forgiveness which her illness brought them to, but would subside again into their own individual kinds of enmity and defence, muddle and egotism. There is a sense in which Anna's suicide is as much a matter of pique, an impulse of wounded vanity, as is Vronsky's attempted suicide after the humiliation of that reconcilement scene. And it is significant that Tolstoy wrote to a friend about this attempted suicide that it had suddenly come over him as what must really have happened, after he had written quite a different kind of chapter.

That chapter about Vronsky accepting his role after his meeting with the husband had long been written. I began to correct it, and quite unexpectedly for me, but indubitably, Vronsky went and shot himself. And now, much later, it appears it was organically necessary.

What was 'organically necessary' is an aspect of that feeling of space which the novel gives us, like all really great works of art. And this spaciousness emanates from the presentation of Anna herself, for Tolstoy, like Shakespeare, leaves it to his audience to decide what sort of people his characters are, and this character in particular. Of course Tolstoy professed a poor opinion of Shakespeare, but the fact is that their art has much in common. Neither is reductive; both suggest a great deal, much of it contradictory or lending itself to varieties of interpretation; and yet at the same time seem to be telling in their different ways the simple truth.

And as everyone has his own Hamlet or Macbeth, so everyone has his own version of Vronsky and Anna, which can vary according to the ideas and social fashions of the age. The attitude of D. H. Lawrence is a good example. As a novelist he learned much from the novel, and moreover he saw in the situation of Anna and Vronsky something corresponding to that of himself and own wife Frieda. So for him the Russian pair were glorious rebels, clearing the stifling air of social conformity, even symbolizing an escape for Russia from the deadly influence of conservative repression, whether Tsarist or Soviet. They escaped from convention but they were too cowardly; they allowed convention to have its revenge upon them. Lawrence implies that he himself would never have given in as Vronsky did, and that Vronsky's behaviour reveals an essential hollowness.

Although he approves Lawrence's attitudes in most respects, F. R. Leavis makes interesting reservations about them in his own essay on *Anna Karenina*. He points out that exile was an easy matter for Lawrence, a genius who only needed pen and paper to carry on his

trade and be at home anywhere. Cutting himself off from England and society was no hardship to him, nor to Frieda either. But for Anna and Vronsky it was a very different matter. In exchanging everything else for their *passion à deux* they cut themselves off from 'where life flows'. This phrase, a favourite with Leavis, would hardly have appealed, one imagines, to Tolstoy; and yet in a way it does express something of importance about the movement of *Anna Karenina*. The trouble is that Tolstoy is much too good an artist for the phrase to appear true of anything deliberate in the novel. Levin's life is close to Tolstoy's, and in describing it Tolstoy clearly intends some kind of contrast with the life of Anna and Vronsky, and yet there is no suspicion of complacency—the complacency that Leavis's phrase can't help suggesting—in the way in which the novel sets the happiness and domestic fulfilment of Kitty and Levin beside the later ménage of Anna, which is so cheerful, so well-organized, so animated, and yet with aimlessness and depression just below its surface. Dolly's discomfort when she goes to stay with Anna, and her relief at leaving, are so well suggested that the reader feels just the same sensations himself.

Tolstoy once remarked that happy family life was hell; and Levin of course, like Tolstoy, is far from happy himself in the bosom of his family. His apparently causeless depression appals him, and it relates to something which is also present in the Anna–Vronsky ménage, some primal dissatisfaction with the fact that one has got one's own way and should be happy, and yet one is not. Levin's brother Nicholas, and the account of his death, loom large in this area of the novel: Tolstoy's elder brother Nicholas had also died of consumption, in very similar circumstances. When one is married and should be happy the idea and the certainty of death move closer instead of receding. The deaths in *Anna Karenina* all seem to recognize each other, though without showing any awareness of the fact. All point in the same direction and indicate the same attitude towards the dreadful thing that shouldn't exist but does exist, as Tolstoy was to put it in *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*, that sombre story written six years later.

The sense of death, and the fear of death, is very strong in *Anna Karenina*, but as if in protest the sense of life, its self-sufficient zest and vitality, is equally strong. As an artist Tolstoy is classical in the same way that Homer or Chaucer or Shakespeare are; his art here still moves to the instinctive rhythms of 'joy after woe and woe after gladness', even when Tolstoy himself was becoming increasingly

preoccupied with questions of religion and belief, the 'Tolstoyism' that was to dominate his life from now on. In his preface to the previous World's Classics edition of *Anna Karenina*, reproduced in this edition, Aylmer Maude points out that there is a logical continuity between Levin's perplexity about the meaning of life, expressed in his conversation with the peasant, and the feelings that Tolstoy was to write of a few years later in *A Confession* and *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*. Maude knew Tolstoy well in later life, and his translations of the novels and stories remain unsurpassed today, which is certainly due in part to his first-hand knowledge of their author.

There remains the question why the subject of *Anna Karenina* exercised this apparently arbitrary and yet subterranean interest for Tolstoy at this time of his life. When writing a critical study of his novels a few years ago I suggested that Tolstoy, who can identify so completely with many of the leading figures of his fictions, Pierre, Andrew, Rostov, Natasha, also identifies in a peculiarly intense way with Anna, as if her position was his own. He is as much Anna as he is Levin. The reason for this, it seems to me, not only tells us much about Tolstoy's temperament but explains too the timeless significance and authority of the novel's theme. For Tolstoy was a deeply divided man. One part of him longed, and always did long to the end of his life, for 'society' in the obvious sense of that word; for all its grand entertainments and worldly pleasures, balls and race-horses; for the easy joyous friendship of such men as Stiva; for the sense of 'belonging' which an aristocrat could effortlessly feel among his class and kind. To the end of his life he was fascinated by style and by those who embodied it, people like Anna and Vronsky and Yashvin. When his daughters were 'coming out' in Moscow and Petersburg he used to interrogate them for hours about the contemporary fashions of smart society, what was worn, what was done and not done. And we notice in the novel that Levin, although a sturdy country gentleman who is genuinely bored by social parade and observance, is also deeply gratified to feel that he *belongs*. The porter at the club knows all about him, the waiters at that wonderful lunch with Stiva treat him with just the right kind of respectful familiarity.

And Tolstoy describes this world with just the right kind of easy, zestful authority. The other side of him, the tormented, renunciatory, 'Tolstoyan' side, was sensitive about this. 'If short-sighted critics think that I wanted to describe only what I like,' he wrote irritably, 'how Oblonsky has his dinner, and what Anna's shoulders were like, then they are mistaken.' Of course, they were; but the warmth

and lyricism and understanding which he put into his descriptions of such things is nevertheless one of the great joys of the book, as it is also a vitally important moral diversion. And it is these things which Anna finds she has lost. For the love of Vronsky she was to lose the world, as Tolstoy also was to attempt to lose it. And she finds she cannot live without it—that, in essence, is the permanent feature of her tragedy. In giving up society she also gives up the moral life. This is a subtle and unexpected disclosure which quite dispels the feeling we have at times that Tolstoy is deliberately putting his own thumb in the scale against Vronsky and Anna. It is sometimes said that in another kind of society, our own for example, with easy livorce laws, civilized arrangements for the custody of children, wholly tolerant attitudes towards sex and marriage, the story of Anna and Vronsky could not happen—or at least would be very different. Tolstoy knew better. In one of his early draft fragments of the later part of the novel, Anna and Vronsky are in fact able to marry and are received back among their friends. But the result was always the same. Tolstoy 'found' that the final ending always led Anna to the railway station.

There is no overt moral in this. The Spanish say 'take what you want and pay for it', and Tolstoy knows that given these people, their situation and their psychology, the payment would be high. And it is *because* Anna is never documented, analysed, fully explained, that we have to agree with the mysterious authority of the verdict. Anna finds herself alone, and it is something she cannot bear. Her isolation is very close to that which Tolstoy himself came to know.

Her isolation finally appears in one of the most poignant and moving touches of the novel: a joke, and a joke which there is no one to share with her. On Anna's last drive in the cab she sees an absurd name—Tyutkin—over a hairdresser's shop. '"*Je me fais coiffer par Tyutkin*—I shall tell him that when he comes back," she thought, and smiled.' Then she remembers she won't be telling it to him. One cannot see that smile but one can feel it; just as one can feel what a nice woman, to the end, Anna is.

JOHN BAYLEY

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## *Bibliographical Note*

The books and essays on *Anna Karenina* referred to in this introduction are Percy Lubbock, *The Craft of Fiction*; Matthew Arnold, essay on Anna Karenina in *Essays in Criticism* (first published in *The Fortnightly Review*); Henry James, preface to *The Tragic Muse* (New York edition, 1907); F. R. Leavis, *Anna Karenina and Other Essays*; John Bayley, *Tolstoy and the Novel*. The Soviet Jubilee Edition of Tolstoy's Works contains all the draft variants of Anna Karenina, and a synopsis of them is available in the French translation of the novel published in Éditions Pléiade (Gallimard). An excellent collection of mainly Russian studies and critiques of Tolstoy's work, including many contemporary with *Anna Karenina*, is now available in the Critical Heritage Series (Routledge and Kegan Paul), translated and edited by A. V. Knowles.

J. B.