

Лев Толстой
Анна Каренина

object
character

Часть 1, глава XXIX

“Ну, все кончено, и слава Богу! “ — была первая мысль, пришедшая **Анне Аркадьевне**, когда она простилась в последний раз с братом, который до третьего звонка загораживал собою дорогу в вагоне. Она села на свой диванчик, рядом с Аннушкой, и огляделась в полусвете спального вагона.

“Слава Богу, завтра увижу Сережу и Алексея Александровича, и пойдет моя жизнь, хорошая и привычная, по-старому”.

Все в том же духе озабоченности, в котором она находилась весь этот день, Анна с удовольствием и отчетливостью устроилась в дорогу; своими маленькими ловкими руками она отперла и заперла **красный мешочек**, достала **подушечку**, положила себе на колени и, аккуратно закутав ноги, спокойно уселась. **Больная дама** укладывалась уже спать. **Две другие дамы** заговаривали с ней, и **толстая старуха** укутывала ноги и выражала замечания о

Lev Tolstoy
Anna Karenina

Translated by Constance Garnett

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Part 1, Chapter 29

“Come, it’s all over, and thank God!” was the first thought that came to **Anna Arkadyevna**, when she had said good-bye for the last time to her brother, who had stood blocking up the entrance to the carriage till the third bell rang. She sat down on her lounge beside Annushka, and looked about her in the twilight of the sleeping-carriage.

“Thank God! tomorrow I shall see Seryozha and Alexey Alexandrovitch, and my life will go on in the old way, all nice and as usual.”

Still in the same anxious frame of mind, as she had been all that day, Anna took pleasure in arranging herself for the journey with great care. With her little deft hands she opened and shut her **little red bag**, took out a **cushion**, laid it on her knees, and carefully wrapping up her feet, settled herself comfortably. An **invalid lady** had already lain down to sleep. **Two other ladies** began talking to Anna, and a **stout elderly lady** tucked up her feet, and made observations about the heating

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Translated by Constance Garnett, revised by Vladimir Nabokov, whose comments appear in square brackets []. Quoted from Nabokov, *Lectures on Russian Literature*, pp. 155-9.

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Part 1, Chapter 29

“Come, it’s all over [her interest in Vronski], and thank God!” was the first thought that came to **Anna**, when she had said good-bye for the last time to her brother, who had stood blocking up the entrance to the car till the third bell rang. She sat down in her plush seat beside Annushka [her maid], and looked about her in the twilight of the [so-called] sleeping-car.

“Thank God! Tomorrow I shall see Sergey and Aleks, and my life will go on in the old way, all nice and as usual.”

Still in the same anxious frame of mind, as she had been all that day, Anna took pleasure in preparing herself for the journey with great care. With her small deft hands she opened and shut her **red handbag**, took out a **little pillow**, laid it on her knees, and carefully wrapping up her legs, made herself comfortable. An **invalid lady** was already settling down to sleep in her seat. **Two other ladies** began talking to Anna, and a **stout elderly lady** who was in the act of wrapping

топке. Анна ответила несколько слов дамам, но, не предвидя интереса от разговора, попросила **Аннушку** достать **фонарик**, прицепила его к ручке кресла и взяла из своей сумочки **разрезной ножик** и **английский роман**. Первое время ей не читалось. Сначала мешала возня и ходьба; потом, когда тронулся поезд, нельзя было не прислушаться к звукам; потом снег, бивший в левое окно и налипавший на стекло, и вид закутанного, мимо прошедшего **кондуктора**, занесенного снегом с одной стороны, и разговоры о том, какая теперь страшная метель на дворе, развлекали ее внимание. Далее все было то же и то же; та же тряска постукиваньем, тот же снег в окно, те же быстрые переходы от парового жара к холоду и опять к жару, то же мелькание тех же лиц в полумраке и те же голоса, и Анна стала читать и понимать читаемое. **Аннушка** уже дремала, держа **красный мешочек** на коленях широкими руками в перчатках, из которых одна была прорвана. Анна Аркадьевна читала и понимала, но ей неприятно было читать, то есть следить за отражением жизни других людей. Ей слишком самой хотелось жить. Читала ли она, как героиня романа ухаживала за больным, ей хотелось ходить неслышными шагами по комнате больного; читала ли она о том, как член парламента говорил речь, ей хотелось говорить эту речь; читала ли она о том, как леди Мери ехала верхом за стаей и дразнила невестку и удивляла всех своею смелостью, ей хотелось это делать самой. Но делать нечего было, и

of the train. Anna answered a few words, but not foreseeing any entertainment from the conversation, she asked **Annushka** to get a **lamp**, hooked it onto the arm of her seat, and took from her bag a **paper knife** and an **English novel**. At first her reading made no progress. The fuss and bustle were disturbing; then when the train had started, she could not help listening to the noises; then the snow beating on the left window and sticking to the pane, and the sight of the muffled **guard** passing by, covered with snow on one side, and the conversations about the terrible snowstorm raging outside, distracted her attention. Farther on, it was continually the same again and again: the same shaking and rattling, the same snow on the window, the same rapid transitions from steaming heat to cold, and back again to heat, the same passing glimpses of the same figures in the twilight, and the same voices, and Anna began to read and to understand what she read. **Annushka** was already dozing, the **red bag** on her lap, clutched by her broad hands, in gloves, of which one was torn. Anna Arkadyevna read and understood, but it was distasteful to her to read, that is, to follow the reflection of other people's lives. She had too great a desire to live herself. If she read that the heroine of the novel was nursing a sick man, she longed to move with noiseless steps about the room of a sick man; if she read of a member of Parliament making a speech, she longed to be delivering the speech; if she read of how Lady Mary had ridden after the hounds, and had provoked her sister-in-law, and had surprised everyone by her boldness, she too wished to

up her legs snugly made observations about the heating of the train [a crucial problem with that stove in the middle and all those icy drafts]. Anna said a few words, but not foreseeing any entertainment from the conversation, she asked **Annushka** to get out the **small traveling lantern**, hooked it onto the arm of her fauteuil, and took out from her bag a **paper-knife** and an **English novel** [of which the pages were uncut]. At first her reading made no progress. The fuss and bustle were disturbing [people walking down the passage along the doorless sections of that night coach]; then when the train had started, she could not help listening to the sound of the wheels; then her attention was distracted by the snow beating on the left window and sticking to the pane, and the sight of the muffled **conductor** passing by [an artistic touch this, the blizzard was blowing from the west; but it also goes well with Anna's onesided mood, a moral loss of balance], and the conversations about the terrific blizzard raging outside. And so it went on and on: the same shaking and knocking, the same snow on the window, the same rapid transitions from steaming heat to cold and back again to heat, the same passing glimpses of the same figures [conductors, stove-tenders] in the shifting dusk, and the same voices, and Anna began to read and to understand what she read. Her maid was already dozing, with her mistress's **red bag** in her lap, clutching it with her broad hands, in woolen gloves, of which one was torn at a fingertip [one of these little flaws that correspond to a flaw in Anna's own mood]. Anna read but she found it distasteful to

она, перебирая своими маленькими руками **гладкий ножичек**, усиливалась читать.

Герой романа уже начал достигать своего английского счастья, баронетства и имения, и Анна желала с ним вместе ехать в это имение, как вдруг она почувствовала, что ему должно быть стыдно и что ей стыдно этого самого. Но чего же ему стыдно? “Чего же мне стыдно?” - спросила она себя с оскорбленным удивлением. Она оставила **книгу** и откинулась на спинку кресла, крепко сжав в обеих руках **разрезной ножик**. Стыдного ничего не было. Она перебрала все свои московские воспоминания. Все были хорошие, приятные. Вспомнила бал, вспомнила Вронского и его влюбленное покорное лицо, вспомнила все свои отношения с ним: ничего не было стыдного. А вместе с тем на этом самом месте воспоминаний чувство стыда

be doing the same. But there was no chance of doing anything; and twisting the **smooth paper knife** in her little hands, she forced herself to read.

The hero of the novel was already almost reaching his English happiness, a baronetcy and an estate, and Anna was feeling a desire to go with him to the estate, when she suddenly felt that HE ought to feel ashamed, and that she was ashamed of the same thing. But what had he to be ashamed of? “What have I to be ashamed of?” she asked herself in injured surprise. She laid down the **book** and sank against the back of the chair, tightly gripping the **paper cutter** in both hands. There was nothing. She went over all her Moscow recollections. All were good, pleasant. She remembered the ball, remembered Vronsky and his face of slavish adoration, remembered all her conduct with him: there was nothing shameful. And for all that, at the same point in her memories, the feeling of shame was intensified, as though some inner voice, just at

follow the shadows of other people’s lives. She had too great a desire to live herself. If she read that the heroine of the novel was nursing a sick man, she longed to move herself with noiseless steps about the room of a sick man; if she read of a member of Parliament making a speech, she longed to be delivering the speech herself; if she read of how Lady Mary had ridden to the hounds, and had teased her sister-in-law, and had surprised everyone by her pluck, Anna too wished to be doing the same. But there was no chance of doing anything; and she toyed with the **smooth ivory knife** in her small hands, and forced herself to go on reading. [Was she a good reader from our point of view? Does her emotional participation in the life of the book remind one of another little lady? Of Emma?].

The hero of the novel was about to reach his English happiness, a baronetcy and an estate, when she suddenly felt that he ought to feel somehow ashamed, and that she was ashamed, too [she identifies the man in the book with Vronski]. But what had he to be ashamed of? “What have I to be ashamed of?” she asked herself in injured surprise. She laid down the **book** and sank against the back of her fauteuil, tightly gripping the **knife** in both hands. There was nothing. She went over all her Moscow impressions. All was good, pleasant. She remembered the ball, remembered Vronski’s face of slavish adoration, remembered all her conduct with him: there was nothing shameful. And for all that, at this point in her memories, the feeling of shame was intensified, as though some inner voice, just at that point when she

усиливалось, как будто какой-то внутренний голос именно тут, когда она вспомнила о Вронском, говорил ей: “Тепло, очень тепло, горячо”. “Ну что же? — сказала она себе решительно, пересаживаясь в кресле. — Что же это значит? Разве я боюсь взглянуть прямо на это? Ну что же? Неужели между мной и этим офицером-мальчиком существуют и могут существовать какие-нибудь другие отношения, кроме тех, что бывают с каждым знакомым?” Она презрительно усмехнулась и опять взялась за книгу, но уже решительно не могла понимать того, что читала. Она провела разрезным ножом по стеклу, потом приложила его гладкую и холодную поверхность к щеке и чуть вслух не засмеялась от радости, вдруг беспричинно овладевшей ею. Она чувствовала, что нервы ее, как струны, натягиваются все туже и туже на какие-то завинчивающиеся колышки. Она чувствовала, что глаза ее раскрываются больше и больше, что пальцы на руках и ногах нервно движутся, что внутри что-то давит дыхание и что все образы и звуки в этом колеблющемся полумраке с необычайною яркостью поражают ее. На нее беспрестанно находили минуты сомнения, вперед ли едет вагон, или назад, или вовсе стоит. Аннушка ли подле нее, или чужая? “Что там, на ручке, шуба ли это, или зверь? И что сама я тут? Я сама или другая?” Ей страшно было отдаваться этому забытию. Но что-то втягивало в него, и она по произволу могла отдаваться ему и воздерживаться. Она поднялась, чтоб

the point when she thought of Vronsky, were saying to her, “Warm, very warm, hot.” “Well, what is it?” she said to herself resolutely, shifting her seat in the lounge.” What does it mean? Am I afraid to look it straight in the face? Why, what is it? Can it be that between me and this officer boy there exist, or can exist, any other relations than such as are common with every acquaintance?” She laughed contemptuously and took up her book again; but now she was definitely unable to follow what she read. She passed the paper knife over the window pane, then laid its smooth, cool surface to her cheek, and almost laughed aloud at the feeling of delight that all at once without cause came over her. She felt as though her nerves were strings being strained tighter and tighter on some sort of screwing peg. She felt her eyes opening wider and wider, her fingers and toes twitching nervously, something within oppressing her breathing, while all shapes and sounds seemed in the uncertain half-light to strike her with unaccustomed vividness. Moments of doubt were continually coming upon her, when she was uncertain whether the train were going forwards or backwards, or were standing still altogether; whether it were Annushka at her side or a stranger. “What’s that on the arm of the chair, a fur cloak or some beast? And what am I myself? Myself or some other woman?” she was afraid of giving way to this delirium. But something drew her towards it, and she could yield to it or resist it at will. She got up to rouse herself, and slipped off her plaid and the cape of her warm dress. For a moment she regained her self-

thought of Vronski, were saying to her, “Warm, very warm, hot.” [In a game where you hide an object and hint at the right direction by these thermal exclamations — and mark that the warm and the cold are alternating in the night-coach too.] “What is it?” she asked herself, shifting her position in the fauteuil. “What does it mean? Can it be that between me and that officer boy there exist, or can exist, any other relations than those of ordinary acquaintance?” She gave a little snort of contempt and took up her book again; but now she was definitely unable to follow the story. She passed the ivory paper-knife over the window-pane, then laid its smooth, cool surface [contrast again of warm and cold] to her cheek, and almost laughed aloud at the feeling of delight that all at once without cause came over her [her sensuous nature takes over]. She felt as though her nerves were violin strings being strained tighter and tighter on their pegs. She felt her eyes opening wider and wider, her fingers and toes twitched, something within her oppressed her, while all shapes and sounds seemed in the uncertain half-light to strike her with unaccustomed vividness. Moments of doubt were continuously coming upon her, when she was uncertain whether the train was going forwards or backwards [compare this to an important metaphor in “Ivan Ilyich”], or was standing still altogether; whether it was Annushka at her side or a stranger. “What’s that on the arm of the chair, a fur cloak or some big furry beast? And what am I myself? Myself or somebody else?” She was afraid of giving way to this state of oblivion. But

опомниться, откинула **плед** и сняла **пелерину** теплого платья. На минуту она опомнилась и поняла, что вошедший **худой мужик в длинном нанковом пальто**, на котором недоставало пуговицы, был истопник, что он смотрел на **термометр**, что ветер и снег ворвались за ним в дверь; но потом опять все смешалось... **Мужик этот с длинной талией** принялся грызть что-то в стене, **старушка** стала протягивать ноги во всю длину вагона и наполнила его черным облаком; потом что-то страшно закрипело и застучало, как будто раздирали кого-то; потом красный огонь ослепил глаза, и потом все закрылось стеной. Анна почувствовала, что она провалилась. Но все это было не страшно, а весело. Голос окутанного и занесенного снегом человека прокричал что-то ей над ухом. Она поднялась и опомнилась; она поняла, что подъехали к станции и что это был **кондуктор**. Она попросила **Аннушку** подать ей снятую пелерину и платок, падела их и направилась к двери.

— Выходить изволите? — спросила Аннушка.

— Да, мне подышать хочется. Тут очень жарко.

И она отворила дверь. Метель и ветер рванулись ей навстречу и зашпорили с ней о двери. И это ей показалось весело.

possession, and realized that the **thin peasant** who had come in wearing a long overcoat, with buttons missing from it, was the stoveheater, that he was looking at the **thermometer**, that it was the wind and snow bursting in after him at the door; but then everything grew blurred again... **That peasant with the long waist** seemed to be gnawing something on the wall, the **old lady** began stretching her legs the whole length of the carriage, and filling it with a black cloud; then there was a fearful shrieking and banging, as though someone were being torn to pieces; then there was a blinding dazzle of red fire before her eyes and a wall seemed to rise up and hide everything. Anna felt as though she were sinking down. But it was not terrible, but delightful. The voice of a man muffled up and covered with snow shouted something in her ear. She got up and pulled herself together; she realized that they had reached a station and that this was the **guard**. She asked **Annushka** to hand her the cape she had taken off and her shawl, put them on and moved towards the door.

“Do you wish to get out?” asked Annushka.

“Yes, I want a little air. It’s very hot in here.”

And she opened the door. The driving snow and the wind rushed to meet her and struggled with her over the door. But she

something drew her towards it. She sat up to rouse herself, removed her **lap robe** and took off the **cape** of her woolen dress. For a moment she regained full consciousness and realized that the **working man** who had come into the car, wearing a long nankeen coat with one button missing from it [another flaw in the pattern of her mood], was the stove-heater, that he was looking at the thermometer, that it was the wind and snow bursting in after him [telltale flaw] at the door of the car; but then everything was blurred again. **That working man** seemed to be gnawing at something in the wall, the **old lady** began stretching her legs the whole length of the section and filling it with a black cloud; then there was a fearful creaking and knocking, as though someone were being torn apart [mark this half-dream]; then there was a blinding dazzle of red fire before her eyes and a wall seemed to rise up and hide everything. Anna felt as though she had fallen through the floor. But it was not terrible, it was delightful. The voice of a man muffled up [note this too] and covered with snow shouted something in her ear. She pulled herself together; she realized that it was a station and that this muffled up man was the **conductor**. She asked **her maid** to hand her the cape she had taken off and her warm kerchief, put them on, and moved towards the door.

“Do you wish to go out, Ma’am?” asked the maid.

“Yes, I want a little air. It’s very hot in here.”

And she opened the door leading to the open platform of the car. The driving snow and the wind rushed to meet her and struggled

Она отворила дверь и вышла. Ветер как будто только ждал ее, радостно засвистал и хотел подхватить и унести ее, но она рукой взялась за холодный **столбик** и, придерживая платье, спустилась на платформу и зашла за вагон. Ветер был силен на крыльчке, но на платформе за вагонами было затишье. С наслаждением, полною грудью, она вдыхала в себя снежный, морозный воздух и, стоя подле вагона, оглядывала платформу и освещенную станцию.

enjoyed the struggle. She opened the door and went out. The wind seemed as though lying in wait for her; with gleeful whistle it tried to snatch her up and bear her off, but she clung to the cold **door post**, and holding her skirt got down onto the platform and under the shelter of the carriages. The wind had been powerful on the steps, but on the platform, under the lee of the carriages, there was a lull. With enjoyment she drew deep breaths of the frozen, snowy air, and standing near the carriage looked about the platform and the lighted station.

with her over the door. But she enjoyed the struggle. [Compare this with the wind struggling with Lyovin at the end of the book.] She opened the door and went out. The wind seemed as though lying in wait for her [again the pathetic fallacy about the wind: emotions ascribed to objects by man in distress]; with a gleeful whistle it tried to snatch her up and bear her off, but she clung to the cold **iron post** at the car's end, and holding her skirt, got down onto the station platform and stood on the lee side of the car. The wind had been powerful on the open end of the car, but on the station platform, sheltered by the cars, there was a lull....