| Ch 1  | [All takes place in Moscow, until noted] At the Levin’s, he and Kitty await the birth. Town vs. country. At a party Kitty (alone) meets Vronsky.                                                                                                                                  | At home in the country, knowing himself distinctly to be in his right place, he was never in haste to be off elsewhere. He was never unoccupied. Here in town he was in a continual hurry, as though afraid of missing something, and yet he had nothing to do... One advantage in this town life was that quarrels hardly ever happened between them. ... [T]hey had no quarrels in Moscow from jealousy, which they had so dreaded when they moved from the country. She was pleased with herself. She had not expected she would have had the power, while keeping somewhere in the bottom of her heart all the memories of her old feeling for Vronsky, not only to seem but to be perfectly indifferent and composed with him. |
| Ch 2  | In carriage to Katavasov, Levin contemplates money.                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | [Levin gets used to spending money] That had happened to him in this matter which is said to happen to drunkards— the first glass sticks in the throat, the second flies down like a hawk, but after the third they're like tiny little birds. When Levin had changed his first hundred-ruble note to pay for liveries for his footmen and hall porter, he could not help reflecting ... that these liveries would cost the wages of two laborers for the summer, that is, would pay for about three hundred workings days from Easter to Advent, and each a day of hard work from early morning to late evening— and that hundred-ruble note did stick in his throat. But the next note, changed to pay for providing a dinner for their relations, which cost twenty-eight rubles, though it did excite in Levin the reflection that twenty-eight rubles meant about seventy-two bushels of oats, which men would with groans and sweat have reaped and bound and thrashed and winnowed and sifted and sown— this next one he parted with more easily. |
| Ch 3  | At Katavasov’s. Levin meets (the scholar) Metrov. Then to a seminar.                                                                                                                                                                                                             | And without letting Levin finish explaining his idea, Metrov began expounding to him the special point of his own theory. In what the point of his theory lay, Levin did not understand, because he did not take the trouble to understand. ... Although what Metrov was saying was by now utterly devoid of interest for him, he yet experienced a certain satisfaction in listening to him. It flattered his vanity that such a learned man should explain his ideas to him so eagerly, so painstakingly, and with such confidence in Levin’s understanding of the subject... He put this down to his own credit, unaware that Metrov, who had already discussed his theory over and over again with all his intimate friends was eager to talk to anyone on any subject that interested him, even if still obscure to himself. ... Metrov told the chairman what he had already told Levin, and Levin made the same remarks that he had already made that morning, but for the sake of variety he expressed also a new opinion which had only just struck him. After that the conversation turned again on the university question. As Levin had already heard it all, he made haste to tell Metrov that he was sorry he could not take advantage of his invitation, took leave, and drove to Lvov’s. |
| Ch 4  | At Lvov’s, (sister) Natalie’s husband, Levin discusses children and education                                                                                                                                                                                                   | [Lvov to Levin] “That’s what I envy you, that you are able to mix in these interesting scientific circles,” he said. And as he talked, he passed as usual into French, which was easier for him. “It’s true I haven’t the time for it. My official work and the children leave me no time; and then I’m not ashamed to admit that my education has been too defective.” ... [Levin] “On the contrary, you can’t imagine how, when I look at you, I’m always learning...
the task that lies before me, that is, the education of one’s children.”

“Well, there’s nothing for you to learn,” said Lvov.

“All I know,” said Levin, “is that I have never seen better brought-up children than yours, and I wouldn’t wish for children better than yours.”

[Natalie] “Arseny goes to extremes,” said his wife. “He assures me that our children are perfect, when I know that they have many defects. If you look for perfection, you will never be satisfied …

… Lvov said, with his beautiful smile … “Anyone who didn’t know you would think you were a stepmother, not a true mother.”

“No, extremes are not good in anything,” Natalie said serenely, putting his paper knife straight in its proper place on the table.

Ch 5  At a concert, Levin (and Natalie). He talks with Pestsov

“Marvelous!” Pestsov was saying in his mellow bass. … Particularly graphic and sculpturesque, so to say, and richly colored is that passage where you feel Cordelia’s approach, where woman, das ewig Weibliche, enters into conflict with fate. Isn’t it?”

“You mean … What had Cordelia to do with it?” Levin asked timidly, forgetting that the fantasia was supposed to represent King Lear. …

Levin and Pestsov fell into an argument upon the merits and defects of the Wagner school of music. Levin maintained that the mistake of Wagner and all his followers lay in their trying to take music into the sphere of another art, just as poetry goes wrong when it tries to paint a face … [Anecdote about sculpture] The comparison pleased him, but he could not remember whether or not he had used the same phrase before, and to Pestsov, too, and as he said it he felt embarrassed.

Pestsov maintained that art is one, and that it can attain its highest manifestations only in conjunction with all kinds of art.

Ch 6  At the Countess Bohl’s. Levin endures a typical party. He then visits a public meeting

“How annoying!” thought Levin with a sigh, taking off one glove and smoothing his hat.

“What did I come for? What have I to say to them?” …

[About a singer] “Yes, very good,” he said, and as it was utterly of no consequence to him what they thought of him, he began repeating what they had heard a hundred times about the characteristics of the singer’s talent. Countess Bohl pretended to be listening. …

[At the meeting] Levin heard and uttered various criticisms on the meeting, on the new fantasia, and on a public trial. But, probably from the mental fatigue he was beginning to feel, he made a blunder in speaking of the trial, and this blunder he recalled several times with vexation. Speaking of the sentence upon a foreigner who had been condemned in Russia, and of how unfair it would be to punish him by exile abroad, Levin repeated what he had heard the day before in conversation with an acquaintance.

“I think sending him abroad is much the same as punishing a pike by throwing it into the water,” said Levin. Then he recollected that this idea, which he had heard from an acquaintance and uttered as his own, came from a fable of Krylov’s, and that the acquaintance had picked it up from a newspaper article.

Ch 7  At the Club. Levin drinks and dines with Stiva, Vronsky, etc.

Vronsky’s face too beamed with the look of good-humored enjoyment that was general in the club. He propped his elbow playfully on Stepan Arkadyevich’s shoulder, whispering something to him, and he held out his hand to Levin with the same good-humored smile.

“Very glad to meet you,” he said. “I looked for you at the elections, but I was told you had gone away.”

“Yes, I left the same day. We’ve just been talking of your horse. I congratulate you,” said
| Ch 8  | Finishing up at the Club: Levin, Stiva, Vronsky, etc. Stiva “bonds” Levin and Vronsky, then takes Levin to Anna’s | Levin: “Levin!” said Stepan Arkadyevich; and Levin noticed that his eyes were not full of tears exactly, but moist, which always happened when he had been drinking, or when he was touched. Just now it was due to both causes. “Levin, don’t go,” he said, and he warmly squeezed his arm above the elbow, obviously not at all wishing to let him go.

“This is a true friend of mine— almost my greatest friend,” he said to Vronsky. “You have become even closer and dearer to me. And I want you to, and I know you should be friends, and great friends, because you’re both splendid fellows.”

“Well, there’s nothing for us now but to kiss and be friends,” Vronsky said, with good-natured playfulness, holding out his hand. Levin quickly took the offered hand, and pressed it warmly.

“I’m very, very glad,” said Levin. ... But in spite of Stepan Arkadyevich’s desire, and their own desire, they had nothing to talk about, and both felt it.

“Do you know, he has never met Anna?” Stepan Arkadyevich said to Vronsky. “And I want more than anything to take him to see her. Let us go, Levin!” |

| Ch 9  | In carriage to Anna, Stiva prepares Levin for the meeting. In her flat, Levin is entranced by her portrait | Levin gazed at the portrait, which stood out from the frame in the brilliant light thrown on it, and he could not tear himself away from it. He positively forgot where he was, and not even hearing what was said, he could not take his eyes off the marvelous portrait. It was not a picture but a living, charming woman, with black curling hair, with bare arms and shoulders, with a pensive smile on lips covered with soft down; triumphantly and softly she looked at him with eyes that baffled him. She was not alive only because she was more beautiful than a living woman could be.

... She was less dazzling in reality, but, on the other hand, there was something fresh and seductive in the living woman which was not in the portrait. ... |

| Ch 10 | At Anna’s. Levin meets her, she flirts “out of habit,” Levin falls under her spell. | Levin talked now not at all with that purely businesslike attitude toward the subject with which he had been talking all morning. Every word in his conversation with her had a special significance. And talking to her was pleasant; still pleasanter it was to listen to her.

Anna talked not merely naturally and cleverly, but cleverly and casually, attaching no value to her own ideas and giving great weight to the ideas of the persons she was talking to. ...

[They talk about educating children] “Count Aleksey Kirillovich” she glanced with appealing timidity at Levin, and he unconsciously responded with a respectful and reassuring look), “he urged me to take up the school in the village. I visited it several times. The children were very nice, but I could not feel drawn to the work. You speak of energy. Energy rests upon love; and comes as it will, there’s no forcing it. I took to this child— I could not myself say why.”

And she glanced again at Levin. And her smile and her glance— all told him it was only to him that she was addressing her words, valuing his good opinion, and at the same time sure beforehand that they understood each other. ...

... And Levin saw a new trait in this woman who attracted him so extraordinarily. Besides wit, grace, and beauty, she had sincerity. She had no wish to hide from him all the bitterness of her position.

And all that was said ..., so it seemed to Levin, gained peculiar significance from her appreciation and her observations. While he followed this interesting conversation, Levin
was all the time admiring her— her beauty, her intelligence, her culture, and at the same time her **directness** and innate ability to convey her warmth. He listened and talked, and all the while he was thinking of her inner life, trying to divine her feelings. And though he had judged her so severely hitherto, now by some strange chain of reasoning he was justifying her and also sorry for her, and afraid that Vronsky did not fully understand her

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<th>Ch 11</th>
<th>At the Levin’s: Kitty’s fury at Levin’s visit to Anna. Then reconciliation.</th>
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<td><strong>Kitty</strong></td>
<td>“You’re in love with that hateful woman; she has bewitched you! I saw it in your eyes. Yes, yes! What can it all lead to? You were drinking at the club, drinking and gambling, and then you went ... to her of all people! No, we must go away ... I shall go away tomorrow.”</td>
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<td>It was a long while before Levin could soothe his wife. At last he succeeded in calming her, only by confessing that a feeling of pity, in conjunction with the wine he had drunk, had been too much for him, that he had succumbed to Anna’s artful influence, and that he would avoid her. One thing he did with more sincerity confess to was that living so long in Moscow, a life of nothing but conversation, eating, and drinking, he was degenerating. They talked till there o’clock in the morning. Only at three o’clock were they sufficiently reconciled to be able to go to sleep.</td>
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<th>Ch 12</th>
<th>In Anna’s flat: she broods and awaits Vronsky. He returns. Another kind of “reconciliation”</th>
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<td>She had unconsciously the whole evening done her utmost to arouse in Levin a feeling of love— as of late she had fallen into doing with all young men— and she knew she had attained her aim, as far as was possible in one evening, with a married and honorable man. She liked him very much, and, in spite of the striking difference, from the masculine point of view, between Vronsky and Levin, as a woman she saw something they had in common, which had made Kitty able to love both. Yet as soon as he was out of the room, she ceased to think of him.</td>
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<td>One thought, and one only, pursued her in different forms, and refused to be shaken off. “If I have so much effect on others, on this man who loves his home and his wife, why is it he is so cold to me? Not cold exactly, he loves me, I know that! But something new is drawing us apart now. ...”</td>
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<td>“In the first place, I did not ask him to give you any message; and secondly, I never tell lies. But the chief point is that I wanted to stay, and I stayed,” he said, frowning. “Anna, why are you doing this?” he said after a moment’s silence, bending over toward her, and he opened his hand, hoping she would lay hers in it. She was glad of this appeal for tenderness. But some strange force of evil would not let her give herself up to her feelings, as though the rules of warfare would not permit her to surrender.</td>
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<td>“For you it’s a matter of obstinacy,” she said, watching him intently and suddenly finding the right word for that expression that irritated her, “simple obstinacy. For you it’s a question of whether you keep the upper hand, while for me ...” Again she felt sorry for herself, and she almost burst into tears. “If you knew what it is for me! When I feel as I do now that you are hostile, yes, hostile to me, if you knew what this means to me! If you knew how I feel on the <strong>brink of calamity at this instant</strong>, how afraid I am of myself!” And she turned away, hiding her sobs.</td>
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<td>“But what are you talking about?” he said, horrified at her expression of despair, and again bending over her, he took her hand and kissed it.</td>
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| ... but in his tone, in his eyes, which became more and more cold, she saw that he did not forgive her for her victory, that the feeling of obstinacy with which she had been struggling had asserted itself again in him. He was colder to her than before, as though he were
regretting his surrender. And she, remembering the words that had given her the victory, “how I feel on the brink of calamity, how afraid I am of myself,” saw that this weapon was a dangerous one, and that it could not be used a second time. And she felt that beside the love that bound them together there had grown up between them some evil spirit of strife which she could not exorcise from his and still less from her own heart.

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<th>Ch 13</th>
<th>At the Levin’s: Kitty begins labor. Levin runs around. The family gathers.</th>
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<td>Though he thought her stillness suspicious, as though she were holding her breath, and still more suspicious the expression of peculiar tenderness and excitement with which, as she came from behind the screen, she said “nothing,” he was so sleepy that he fell asleep at once. Only later he remembered the stillness of her breathing, and understood all that must have been passing in her sweet, precious heart while she lay beside him, not stirring, in anticipation of the greatest event in a woman’s life. ...</td>
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<td>Though there was so little that was conventional or artificial in Kitty’s character in general, Levin was struck by what was revealed now, when suddenly all disguises were thrown off and the very kernel of her soul shone in her eyes. ...</td>
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<td>... She was in pain and was, as it were, complaining to him of her suffering. And for the first minute, from habit, it seemed to him that he was to blame. But in her eyes there was a tenderness that told him that she was far from reproaching him, that she loved him for her sufferings. “If not I, who is to blame for it?” he thought unconsciously, seeking someone responsible for this suffering for him to punish; but there was no one responsible.</td>
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<th>Ch 14</th>
<th>At the Levin’s, In the neighborhood: Kitty’s labor continues. Levin becomes frantic (and amusing to others). His mind wanders (a Levin miasma)</th>
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<td>“Piotr Dmitrievich!” Levin was beginning again in a plaintive voice just as the doctor came in dressed and ready. “These people have no conscience,” thought Levin. “Combing his hair while we’re dying!” ...</td>
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<td>Trying to be as accurate as possible, Levin began to tell him every unnecessary detail of his wife’s condition, interrupting his account repeatedly with entreaties that the doctor come with him at once.</td>
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<td>All the ordinary conditions of life, without which one can form no conception of anything, had ceased to exist for Levin. He lost all sense of time. Minutes— those minutes when she sent for him and he held her moist hand that would squeeze his hand with extraordinary violence and then push it away— seemed to him hours, and hours seemed to him minutes ... Where he was all this time, he knew as little as he knew what was going on, anything. ...</td>
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<td>All he knew and felt was that what was happening was what had happened nearly a year before in the hotel of the country town at the deathbed of his brother Nikolai. But that had been grief— this was joy. Yet that grief and this joy were alike beyond the ordinary conditions of life; they were openings, as it were, in that ordinary life through which there came glimpses of something sublime. And in the contemplation of this sublime something the soul was exalted to inconceivable heights of which it had before had no conception, while reason lagged behind, unable to keep up with it. ...</td>
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<td>And every time he was brought back from a moment of oblivion by a scream reaching him from the bedroom, he fell into the same strange terror that had come upon him the first minute. Every time he heard a shriek, he jumped up, ran to justify himself, remembered on the way that he was not to blame, and he longed to defend her, to help her.</td>
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<th>Ch 15</th>
<th>At the Levin’s: Kitty’s labor ... and birth. Levin’s bewilderment</th>
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<td>... Levin sat listening to the doctor’s stories of a quack mesmerizer and looking at the ashes of his cigarette. There had been a period of repose, and he had sunk into oblivion. He had</td>
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completely forgotten what was going on now. He heard the doctor’s chat and understood it. Suddenly there came an unearthly shriek. The shriek was so awful that Levin did not even jump up, but, holding his breath, gazed in terrified inquiry at the doctor. The doctor put his head on one side, listened, and smiled approvingly. Everything was so extraordinary that nothing could strike Levin as strange. “I suppose it must be so,” he thought, and still sat where he was. Whose scream was it? He jumped up, ran on tiptoe to the bedroom, edged around Lizaveta Petrovna and the princess, and took up his position at Kitty’s pillow. ...

[Kitty] “Oh, this is terrible! I’m dying, I’m dying! go away!” she shrieked, and again he heard that unearthly scream.

Levin clutched at his head and ran out of the room.

... But they might say what they liked, he knew now that all was over. He stood in the next room, his head leaning against the doorpost, and heard shrieks, howls such as he had never heard before, and he knew that what had been Kitty was uttering these shrieks. He had long ago ceased to wish for the child. By now he loathed this child. He did not even wish for her life now, all he longed for was the end of this awful anguish. ...

He lifted his head. With her hands hanging exhausted on the quilt, looking extraordinarily lovely and serene, she looked at him in silence and tried to smile, and could not.

And suddenly, from the mysterious and awful faraway world in which he had been living for the last twenty-two hours, Levin felt himself all in an instant borne back to the old everyday world, glorified though now by such a radiance of happiness that he could not bear it. ...

But now, coming back to the world of reality, he had to make great mental efforts to realize that she was alive and well, and that the creature squalling so desperately was his son. Kitty was alive, her agony was over. And he was unutterably happy. That he understood; he was completely happy in it. But the baby? Whence, why, who was he?... He could not get used to the idea. It seemed to him something extraneous, superfluous, to which he could not accustom himself.

The whole world of woman, which had taken for him since his marriage a new value he had never suspected before, was now so exalted that he could not take it in in his imagination. He heard them talk of yesterday’s dinner at the club, and thought: “What is happening with her now? Is she asleep? How is she? What is she thinking of? Is he crying, my son Dmitri?” And in the middle of the conversation, in the middle of a sentence, he jumped up and left the room.

[Looking at Kitty] ... Her face, bright before, brightened still more as he drew near her. There was the same change in it from earthly to unearthly that is seen in the face of the dead. But then it means farewell, here it meant welcome.

Levin, looking at the tiny, pitiful creature, made strenuous efforts to discover in his heart some traces of fatherly feeling. He felt nothing but disgust. But when the baby was undressed and he caught a glimpse of wee, wee, little hands, little feet, saffron-colored, with little toes, too; and positively with a little big toe different from the rest... such pity for the little creature came upon him, and such terror that she would hurt it, that he held her hand back. ...

“Look, now,” said Kitty, turning the baby so that he could see. The aged-looking little face suddenly puckered up still more and the baby sneezed.

Smiling, hardly able to restrain his tears, Levin kissed his wife and went out of the dark
What he felt toward this little creature was utterly unlike what he had expected. There was nothing cheerful and joyous in the feeling; on the contrary, it was a new torture of apprehension. It was the consciousness of a new sphere of liability to pain. And this sense was so painful at first, the apprehension lest this helpless creature should suffer was so intense, that it prevented him from noticing the strange thrill of senseless joy and even pride that he had felt when the baby sneezed.

### Ch 17 [Petersburg] At Karenin’s: Stiva meets with Karenin. They discuss the position he wants.

**[Stiva's ambition]** It was the post of secretary of the committee of the amalgamated agency of Southern Railways and certain banking companies.

...He was an **honest** man – emphatically – in that special sense the word has in Moscow... meaning not simply that the man or the institution is not dishonest, but that they are capable on occasion of taking a line of their own in opposition to the authorities.

Stepan Arkadyevich moved in those circles in Moscow in which that expression had come into use, was regarded there as an honest man, and so had more right to this appointment than others.

**[Karenin]** “I consider, and I have embodied my views in a note on the subject, that in our day these immense salaries are evidence of the unsound economic policy of our administration.”

“**But what’s to be done?**” said Stepan Arkadyevich. “Suppose a bank director gets ten thousand— well, he’s worth it; or an engineer gets twenty thousand— after all, it’s a growing business, you know!”

### Ch 18 [same] At Karenin’s: They discuss Anna.

As soon as Oblonsky uttered Anna’s name, the face of Aleksey Aleksandrovich was completely transformed; all the life went out of it, and it looked very weary and **dead**.

**[Stiva]** “… If you had seen her as I have!— I have been spending all winter with her— you would have pity on her. Her position is awful, simply awful!”

“I had imagined,” answered Aleksey Aleksandrovich in a higher, almost **shrill voice**, “that Anna Arkadyevna had everything she had desired for herself.”

“Oh, Aleksey Aleksandrovich, for heaven’s sake, don’t let us indulge in recriminations! What is past is past, and you know what she wants and is waiting for— divorce.”

“But I believe Anna Arkadyevna refuses a divorce if I make it a condition to leave me my son. I replied to that effect, and supposed that the matter was ended. I consider it at an end,” **shrieked** Aleksey Aleksandrovich.

“But, for heaven’s sake, don’t get excited!” said Stepan Arkadyevich, **touching his brother-in-law’s knee**. “The matter is not ended. If you will allow me to recapitulate...”

“Aleksey Aleksandrovich, you are not like yourself,” said Oblonsky, after a brief pause. “Wasn’t it you (and didn’t we all appreciate it in you?) who forgave everything, and moved simply by Christian feeling, were ready to make any sacrifice? You said yourself: ‘If a man take thy coat, give him thy cloak also,’ and now—”

“I beg,” said Aleksey Aleksandrovich **shrilly**, getting suddenly onto his feet, his face white and his jaws twitching, “I beg you to drop this ... to drop ... this subject!”

“Oh, no! Oh, forgive me, forgive me if I have hurt you,” said Stepan Arkadyevich, holding out his hand with a smile of embarrassment; “but like a messenger I have simply performed the commission given me.”

### Ch 19 [same] Leaving Karenin’s: Stiva meets Seryozha

**[Seryozha]** The dreams and memories of his mother, which had made him ill after seeing her, did not occupy his thoughts now. When they came back to him, he studiously drove
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| He disliked seeing his uncle, so like his mother, for it called up those memories of which he was ashamed. ... But when Stepan Arkadyevich, going out after him, saw him on the stairs and, calling to him, asked him how he spent his playtime at school Seryozha talked more freely to him away from his father’s presence.  
“**We play railways** now,” he said in answer to his uncle’s question. ...  
[Stiva on the stairs] ...And though he had promised Aleksey Aleksandrovich not to speak of Anna, he could not restrain himself.  
“Do you remember your mother?” he asked suddenly.  
“No, I don’t,” Seryozha said quickly. He blushed crimson, and his face clouded over. ...  
[Seryozha, later, to his tutor] “If I had hurt myself, nobody would have found out, I assure you.”  
“Well, what is it, then?”  
“Leave me alone! If I remember, or if I don’t remember?... What business is it of his? Why should I remember? Leave me in peace!” he said, addressing not his tutor but the whole world. |

| Ch 20 | [same] Stiva talks with his brother about money; At Princess Betty’s, gossip about Karenin (Princess Myahkaya), preparation for seeing Countess Lydia and Landau. |
| --- |
| The Petersburg attitude on pecuniary matters had an especially soothing effect on Stepan Arkadyevich. ...  
[Bartnyansky] “You’re living, aren’t you?”  
“Yes, but in debt.”  
“Are you really? Heavily?” said Bartnyansky sympathetically.  
“Very heavily: twenty thousand.”  
Bartnyansky broke into good-humored laughter.  
“Oh, lucky fellow!” said he. “My debts mount up to a million and a half, and I’ve nothing, and still I can live, as you see!” ...  
...Petersburg had physically a pleasant effect on Stepan Arkadyevich. It made him younger. In Moscow he sometimes found a gray hair in his head, dropped asleep after dinner, stretched, walked slowly upstairs, breathing heavily, was bored by the society of young women, and did not dance at balls. In Petersburg he always felt ten years younger.  
[Myahkaya on Karenin] “Everybody used to say he was so clever, so very clever; I was the only one who said he was a fool. Now that he’s so thick with Lydia Ivanovna and Landau, they all say he’s crazy, and I would prefer not to agree with everybody, but this time I can’t help it.” |

| Ch 21 | [same] At Countess Lydia Ivanovna: Stiva, Lydia, Landau. Evangelical religion proclaimed (and exclaimed) |
| --- |
| [Lydia to Stiva] “... But to be a true friend, one must enter into the spiritual state of one’s friend, and I fear that you are not doing so in the case of Aleksey Aleksandrovich. You understand what I mean?” she said, lifting her fine pensive eyes. ...  
“The change is not in his external position,” Countess Lydia Ivanovna said sternly, following with eyes of love the figure of Aleksey Aleksandrovich as he got up and crossed over to Landau; “his heart is changed, a new heart has been vouchsafed him, and I fear you don’t fully apprehend the change that has taken place in him.”  
“Oh, well, in a general way I can conceive the change. We have always been friendly, and now ...” said Stepan Arkadyevich, responding with a sympathetic glance to the expression of the Countess, and mentally balancing the question which of the two ministers she was closer to, so as to know which one he should ask her to influence. ...
[Stiva on his indifference to religion] “I am not so much indifferent on that subject as I am waiting in suspense,” said Stepan Arkadyevich, with his most deprecating smile. “I hardly think that the time for such questions has come yet for me.”

Aleksey Aleksandrovich and Lydia Ivanovna looked at each other.

“We can never tell whether the time has come for us or not,” said Aleksey Aleksandrovich severely. “We ought not to think whether we are ready or not ready. God’s grace is not guided by human considerations; sometimes it comes not to those that strive for it but to those that are unprepared, like Saul.”...

“Striving for God, saving the soul by fasting,” said Countess Lydia Ivanovna, with absolute contempt, “those are the crude ideas of our monks ... Yet that is nowhere said. It is far simpler and easier,” she added, looking at Oblonsky with the same encouraging smile with which at court she encouraged youthful maids of honor, disconcerted by the new surroundings of the court.

“We are saved by Christ who suffered for us. We are saved by faith,” Aleksey Aleksandrovich chimed in, with a glance of approval at her words.

[Stiva during the reading] The most incongruous ideas were running through his mind. “Marie Sanina is glad her child’s dead ... How good a smoke would be now!... To be saved, one need only believe, and the monks don’t know how the thing’s to be done, but Countess Lydia Ivanovna does know ... And why is my head so heavy? Is it the cognac, or all this being so strange? Anyway, I think I’ve done nothing objectionable so far. But, even so, it won’t do to ask her now. They say they make one say one’s prayers. I only hope they won’t make me! That’ll be too absurd. And what nonsense she’s reading! But she has a good accent...”

... And receiving an answer in the affirmative, Stepan Arkadyevich, forgetting the favor he had meant to ask of Lydia Ivanovna, and forgetting his sister’s affairs, caring for nothing, but filled with the sole desire to get away as soon as possible, went out on tiptoe and ran out into the street as though from a plague-stricken house. For a long while he chatted and joked with his cab driver, trying to regain his senses as quickly as possible.

Stepan Arkadyevich was in very low spirits, which happened rarely with him, and for a long while he could not go to sleep. Everything he could recall to his mind, everything was disgusting; but most disgusting of all, as if it were something shameful, was the memory of the evening he had spent at Countess Lydia Ivanovna’s.

The next day he received from Aleksey Aleksandrovich a final answer, refusing to grant Anna’s divorce, and he understood that this decision was based on what the Frenchman had said in his real or pretended trance the evening before.

In order to carry through any undertaking in family life, there must necessarily be either complete division between the husband and wife, or loving agreement. When the relations of a couple are vacillating and neither one thing nor the other, no sort of enterprise can be undertaken.

Many families remain for years in the same place, though both husband and wife were sick of it, simply because there is neither complete division nor agreement between them.

[Anna and Vronsky] The irritability that kept them apart had no external cause, and all efforts to come to an understanding intensified it instead of removing it. It was an inner irritation, grounded in her mind on the conviction that his love had diminished; in his, on regret that he had put himself for her sake in a difficult position, which she, instead of
lightening, made still more difficult. Neither of them gave full utterance to their sense of
grievance, but they considered each other in the wrong, and tried on every pretext to
prove this to one another.

And being jealous of him, Anna was indignant against him and found grounds for
indignation in everything. For everything that was difficult in her position she blamed him...

It was dusk. Anna was alone, and waiting for him to come back from a bachelor dinner.
She walked up and down in his study (the room where the noise from the street was
least heard), and thought over every detail of yesterday’s quarrel. ...

[Argument begins with Vronsky’s attitude towards schooling girls] She saw in this a
contemptuous reference to her occupations. And she thought of something that would pay
him back for the pain he had given her.

“I don’t expect you to understand me, my feelings, as anyone who loved me might, but
simple delicacy I did expect,” she said. And he had actually flushed with vexation, and had
said something unpleasant. She could not recall her answer, but at that point, with
an unmistakable desire to hurt her too, he had said:

“I feel no interest in your infatuation over this girl, because I see it’s unnatural.”

The cruelty with which he shattered the world she had built up for herself so laboriously to
enable her to endure her hard life, the injustice with which he had accused her of affectation,
of artificiality, aroused her.

“I am very sorry that nothing but what’s coarse and material is comprehensible and
natural to you,” she said, and walked out of the room. ...

[After a day alone] ... she felt so lonely and wretched in being on bad terms with him that
she wanted to forget it all, to forgive him and to be reconciled with him; she wanted to throw
the blame on herself and to justify him.

“I myself am to blame. I’m irritable, I’m insanely jealous. I will make it up with him,
and we’ll go away to the country. There I shall be more at peace.”

“Unnatural!” She suddenly recalled the word that had stung her most of all, not so much
the word itself as the intent to hurt her with which it was said. “I know what he meant; he
meant— unnatural, not loving my own daughter, to love another person’s child. What does
he know of love for children, of my love for Seryozha, whom I’ve sacrificed for him? But that
wish to hurt me! No, he loves another woman, it must be so.”

And perceiving that, while trying to regain her peace of mind, she had gone round the
same circle ... she was horrified at herself. “Can it be impossible? Can it be beyond me to
control myself?” she said to herself, and began again, from the beginning. “He’s truthful,
he’s honest, he loves me...” [etc.]

Ch 24  Anna’s descent: Argument about leaving for the country

“Can’t you go tomorrow?” she said.

“Well, no! The power of attorney and money for the business I’m going there for, I can’t
get by tomorrow,” he answered.

“If so, we won’t go at all.”

“But why not?”

“I shall not go later. Monday or never!”

“Why?” said Vronsky, looking shocked. “Why, there’s no sense in it!”

“There’s no sense in it to you, because you care nothing for me. You don’t care to
understand my life. The one thing that I cared for here was Hannah. You say it’s affectation.
Why, you said yesterday that I don’t love my daughter, that I love this English girl, that it’s unnatural. **I should like to know what life there is for me that could be natural!**”

For an instant she had a clear vision of what she was doing, and was horrified at how she had fallen away from her resolution. But even though she knew it was her own ruin, she could not restrain herself, could **not keep herself from proving** to him that he was wrong, could not **give way** to him. ...

At the bottom of her heart was some obscure idea that alone interested her, but she could not get clear sight of it. ... she recalled the time of her illness after her confinement, and the feeling which never left her at that time. “Why didn’t I die?” ... And all at once she knew what was in her soul. ... “Yes, to die!... And the shame and disgrace of Aleksey Aleksandrovich and of Seryozha, and my terrible shame, it will all be saved by death. To die! And he will feel remorse; will be sorry; will love me; he will **suffer** on my account.” With the trace of a smile of self-pity for herself she sat down in the armchair, **taking off and putting on the rings** on her left hand, vividly picturing from different sides his feelings after her death.

Approaching footsteps—his steps—distracted her attention. ...

“Anna, why distress yourself and me so?” he said to her, kissing her hands. There was tenderness now in his face, and she thought she caught the sound of tears in his voice, and she felt them wet on her hand. And instantly Anna’s **despairing jealousy** changed to a **despairing passion** of tenderness. She put her arms around him, and covered with kisses his head, his neck, his hands.

### Ch 25

Anna’s descent: A profound rupture, filled with mutual misunderstandings (though Anna’s are more “active”)

Feeling that the reconciliation was complete, Anna eagerly set to work in the morning preparing for their departure. Though it was not settled whether they should go on Monday or Tuesday, as they had each given way to the other, Anna packed busily, feeling absolutely indifferent whether they went a day earlier or later. ...

Vronsky’s valet came in to ask him to sign a receipt for a telegram from Petersburg. There was nothing unusual in Vronsky’s getting a telegram, but he said, as though anxious to conceal something from her, that the receipt was in his study...

With trembling hands Anna took the telegram [from Stiva], and read what Vronsky had told her. At the end was added: “little hope; but I will do everything possible and impossible.”

“I said yesterday that it’s absolutely nothing to me when I get, or whether I never get, a divorce,” she said, flushing crimson. “There was not the slightest necessity to hide it from me.” “So he may hide and does hide his correspondence with women from me,” she thought.

[Anna] “...I said I don’t want to consider it [the divorce], and I would have liked you to care as little about it as I do.”

“I care about it because I like definiteness,” he said.

“Definiteness is not in the form but the love,” she said, more and more irritated, not by his words, but by the tone of cool composure in which he spoke. ...

The question of the possibility of having children had long been a subject of dispute and irritation to her. His desire to have children she interpreted as a proof he did not prize her beauty.

“Oh, I said for your sake. Above all, for your sake,” he repeated, wincing as though in pain, “because I am certain that the greater part of your irritability comes from the uncertainty of your position.”

“Yes, now he has laid aside all pretense, and all his cold hatred for me is apparent,” she
thought, **not hearing his words**, but watching with terror the cold, cruel judge who looked mockingly at her out of his eyes. ...

She lifted her cup, with her little finger stuck out, and put it to her lips. After drinking a few sips she glanced at him, and by his expression, she saw clearly that he was repelled by her hand, and her gesture, and the sound made by her lips.

“I don’t care in the least what your mother thinks, and what match she wants to make for you,” she said, putting the cup down with a shaking hand.

“But we are not talking about that.”

“Yes, that’s just what we are talking about. And let me tell you that a heartless woman, whether she’s old or not old, your mother or anyone else, is of no consequence to me, and I would not consent to know her.”

“Anna, I beg you not to speak disrespectfully of my mother.”

“A woman whose heart does not tell her where her son’s happiness and honor lie has no heart.”

“I repeat my request that you do not speak disrespectfully of my mother, whom I respect,” he said, raising his voice and looking sternly at her. ...

She did not answer. Looking intently at him, at his face, his hands, she recalled all the details of their reconciliation the previous day, and his **passionate** caresses. “There, just such caresses he has lavished, and will lavish, and longs to lavish on other women!” she thought. ...

Before leaving the house, Vronsky went into her room. She thought of pretending to look for something on the table, but **ashamed** of making a **pretense**, she looked straight into his face with **cold eyes**.

“What do you want?” she asked in French.

“Gambetta’s pedigree, I’ve sold him,” he said, in a tone that said more clearly than words, “I’ve no time for discussing things, and it would lead to nothing.”

“I’m not to blame in any way,” he thought. “If she will **punish herself**, tant pis pour elle.” But as he was going, he thought that she said something, and his heart suddenly ached with pity for her.

“Eh, Anna?” he queried.

“I said nothing,” she answered, just as coldly and calmly.

“Oh, nothing, **tant pis**, then,” he thought, feeling indifferent again, and he turned and went out. As he was going out he caught a glimpse of her face in the mirror, white, with quivering lips. He wanted to stop and say some comforting word to her, but his legs **carried him** out of the room **before he could think** of what to say.

**Ch 26** Anna’s descent: Another “final” rupture for Anna, but the increasing distortions of her perceptions suggests a tipping point for her.

Never before had a whole day been passed in quarrel. Today was the first time. And it was not a quarrel. It was the open acknowledgment of complete estrangement. Was it possible for him to have looked at her as he had when he came into the room for the pedigree if it were otherwise? Look at her, see her heart was breaking with despair, and go out without a word with that face of callous indifference? He was not merely cold to her, he **hated** her because he loved another woman— that was **clear**.

And remembering all the cruel words he had said, Anna supplied as well the words that he had unmistakably wished to say and could have said to her, and she grew more and more exasperated. ...
All the cruelest words that a brutal man could say, he said to her in her imagination, and she could not forgive him for them, as though he had actually said them. ...

And death rose clearly and vividly before her mind as the sole means of bringing back love for her in his heart, of punishing him and of gaining the victory in that strife which the evil spirit in possession of her heart was waging with him.

Now nothing mattered: going or not going to Vozdvizhenskoe, getting or not getting a divorce from her husband—all that did not matter. The one thing that mattered was punishing him. ... When she poured out her usual dose of opium ... she began musing with enjoyment on how he would suffer, and repent and love her memory when it would be too late. She lay in bed with open eyes, by the light of a single burned-down candle, gazing at the carved cornice of the ceiling and at the shadow of the screen that covered part of it, while she vividly pictured to herself how he would feel when she would be no more, when she would be only a memory to him. ... Suddenly the shadow of the screen wavered, pounced on the whole cornice, the whole ceiling; other shadows from the other side swooped to meet it, for an instant the shadows flitted back, but then with fresh swiftness they darted forward, wavered, mingled, and all was darkness. “Death!” she thought. And such horror came upon her that for a long while she could not realize where she was, and for a long while her trembling hands could not find the matches and light another candle, instead of the one that had burned down and gone out. “No, anything—only to live! Why, I love him! Why, he loves me! This has been before and will pass,” she said, feeling that tears of joy at the return to life were trickling down her cheeks. And to escape from her panic she went hurriedly to his room.

... Now when he was asleep, she loved him so much that at the sight of him she could not keep back tears of tenderness. But she knew that if he awakened he would look at her with cold eyes, convinced that he was right, and that before telling him of her love, she would have to prove to him that he had been wrong in his treatment of her. Without waking him, she went back, and after a second dose of opium toward morning she fell into a heavy, incomplete sleep, during which she never quite lost consciousness. ...

When she got up, the previous day came back to her as though veiled in mist. “There was a quarrel. Just what has happened several times. I said I had a headache, and he did not come in to see me. Tomorrow we’re going away; I must see him and get ready for the journey,” she said to herself.

... She saw him come out onto the steps without his hat and go up to the carriage. The young girl in the lilac hat handed him a parcel. Vronsky, smiling, said something to her. The carriage drove away, and he ran rapidly upstairs again.

The mists that had shrouded everything in her soul parted suddenly. The feelings of yesterday pierced the sick heart with a fresh pang. She could not understand now how she could have lowered herself by spending a whole day with him in his house. She went into his room to announce her determination. ...

... He still could have called her back, but she had reached the door, he was still silent, and the only sound audible was the rustling of the paper as he turned it over. “Oh, by the way,” he said at the very moment she was in the doorway, “we’re going tomorrow for certain, aren’t we?”

“You, but not I,” she said, turning around.
“Anna, we can’t go on like this ...”
“You, but not I,” she repeated.
“This is getting unbearable!”
“You ... you will be sorry for this,” she said, and went out.

Frightened by the desperate expression with which these words were uttered, he jumped up with the intention of running after her, but on second thoughts he sat down and scowled, clenching his teeth. This vulgar— as he thought it— threat of something vague exasperated him. “I’ve tried everything,” he thought; “the only thing left is not to pay attention” ...

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<th>Anna’s descent: Her sense of reality and self further distorts. Alienation from her daughter – and herself.</th>
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<td><strong>Who is that in the mirror?</strong> When Anna does recognize herself, she thinks immediately of Vronsky’s touch – then kisses her own hand.</td>
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<td>“He’s gone! It is over!” Anna said to herself, standing at the window; and in response to this thought, the impression of the darkness when the candle had flickered out and of her fearful nightmare merged into one, filling her heart with cold terror.</td>
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<td>“No, that cannot be!” she cried, and crossing the room, she rang the bell. She was so afraid now of being alone that without waiting for the servant to come in, she went out to meet him. ...</td>
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<td>... she followed the servant out of the room, and went to the nursery.</td>
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<td>“Why, this is wrong— this isn’t he! Where are his blue eyes, his ‘sweet, shy smile?’ was her first thought when she saw her chubby, rosy-cheeked little girl with her black, curly hair instead of Seryozha, whom, in the confusion of her mind, she had expected to see in the nursery. The little girl sitting at the table was obstinately and violently battering it with a bottle stopper, and staring aimlessly at her mother with her two black, currant-like eyes. Answering the English nurse that she was quite well, and that she was going to the country tomorrow, Anna sat down by the little girl and began spinning the stopper in front of her. But the child’s loud, ringing laugh and the motion of her eyebrows recalled Vronsky so vividly that she got up hurriedly, restraining her sobs, and went away. “Can it be all over? No, it cannot be!” she thought. “He will come back. But how can he explain that smile, that excitement after he had been talking to her? But even if he doesn’t explain, I will believe. If I don’t believe, there’s only one thing left for me, and I can’t.” ...</td>
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<td>“... did I do my hair or not?” she asked herself. And she could not remember. She felt her head with her hand. “Yes, my hair has been done, but when I did it, I can’t in the least remember.” She could not believe the evidence of her hand, and went up to the mirror to see whether she really had done her hair. She certainly had, but she could not remember when she had done it. “Who’s that?” she thought, looking in the mirror at the swollen face with strangely glittering eyes that looked in a frightened way at her. “Why, it’s me!” she suddenly understood, and looking around, she seemed all at once to feel his kisses on her, and twitched her shoulders, shuddering. Then she lifted her hand to her lips and kissed it.</td>
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<td>“What is it? Why, I’m going out of my mind!” ...</td>
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<td>“And I, what am I going to do?” she thought. “Yes, I’m going to Dolly’s, that’s right, or else I shall go out of my mind. Yes, and I can telegraph, too.” ...</td>
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<td>... When she was dressed and in her hat, she glanced again into the eyes of the plump, comfortable-looking Annushka. There was unmistakable sympathy in those good-natured little gray eyes. “Annushka, dear, what am I to do?” said Anna, sobbing and sinking helplessly into a chair. “Why upset yourself so, Anna Arkadyevna? Why, there’s nothing unusual. Go out; it’ll cheer you up,” said the maid. ...</td>
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“Yes, I mustn’t think, I must do something, drive somewhere, and most of all, get out of this house,” she said, feeling with terror the strange turmoil going on in her own heart, and she made haste to go out and get into the carriage.

The iron roofs, the flagstones of the pavement, the cobbled roadway, the wheels and leather, the brass and the metalwork of the carriages— all glistened brightly in the May sunshine. It was three o’clock, and the very liveliest time in the streets. ...

...Now she blamed herself for the humiliation to which she had lowered herself. “I entreat him to forgive me. I have given in to him. I have confessed myself at fault. What for? Can’t I live without him?” And leaving unanswered the question how she was going to live without him, she began reading the signs on the shops. “Office and warehouse. Dental surgeon ... Yes, I’ll tell Dolly all about it. She doesn’t like Vronsky. I shall be sick and ashamed, but I’ll tell her. She loves me, and I’ll follow her advice. I won’t give in to him; I won’t let him train me as he pleases, bakery, Filippov ... They say they send their pastry to Petersburg. The Moscow water is so good for it. Ah, the springs at Mytishchi and the pancakes!” And she remembered how, long, long ago, when she was a girl of seventeen, she had gone with her aunt to Troitsa. ... [etc.]

{Tolstoy’s use of “stream of consciousness” (above) became one of his most famous literary innovations and directly influenced Joyce, Woolf and other 20th century writers.}

“Kitty! Kitty, whom Vronsky was in love with!” thought Anna, “the girl he thinks of with love. He’s sorry he didn’t marry her. But me he thinks of with hatred, and is sorry he had anything to do with me.” ...

“What’s this? Does Kitty consider it degrading to meet me?” thought Anna when she was alone. “Perhaps she’s right, too. But it’s not for her, the girl who was in love with Vronsky, it’s not for her to show me that, even if it is true. ... Oh, how I hate him! And what did I come here for? I’m worse here, more miserable.” She heard from the next room the sisters’ voices in consultation. “And what am I going to say to Dolly now? Amuse Kitty by the sight of my wretchedness, submit to her patronizing? No; and besides, Dolly wouldn’t understand. And it would be no good my telling her. It would only be interesting to see Kitty, to show her how I despise everyone and everything, how nothing matters to me now.”

... Gathering her courage, Kitty went in, walked up to her, blushing, and shook hands. “I am so glad to see you,” she said with a trembling voice. Kitty had been thrown into confusion by the inward conflict between her antagonism to this bad woman and her desire to be nice to her. But as soon as she saw Anna’s lovely and attractive face, all feeling of antagonism disappeared. ...

They talked of Kitty’s illness, of the baby, of Stiva, but it was obvious that nothing interested Anna.

[Anna to Kitty] ““I have heard so much of you from everyone, even from your husband. He came to see me, and I liked him very much,” she said, unmistakably with malicious intent. “Where is he?”

“He has gone back to the country,” said Kitty, blushing.

“Remember me to him, be sure you do.”

“I’ll be sure to!” Kitty said naïvely, looking compassionately into her eyes.

“So, good-by, Dolly.” And kissing Dolly and shaking hands with Kitty, Anna went out hurriedly.
“She’s just the same and just as charming! She’s very lovely!” said Kitty when she was alone with her sister. “But there’s something pitiful about her. Terribly pitiful!”

“Yes, there’s something unusual about her today,” said Dolly. “When I went with her into the hall, I thought she was almost crying.”

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<td>{In her carriage. Note below how Tolstoy “jump cuts” into Anna’s mind (third paragraph) in a way that confuses the reader (Who are “they?”) until the end of the sentence when the two gentlemen in the street are identified.}</td>
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<td>... To her previous tortures was added now that sense of mortification and of being an outcast which she had felt so distinctly on meeting Kitty. “Where to? Home?” asked Piotr.</td>
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<td>“Yes, home,” she said, not even thinking now where she was going.</td>
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<td>“How they looked at me as something dreadful, incomprehensible, and curious! What can he be telling the other with such warmth?” she thought, starting at two men who walked by. “Can one ever tell anyone what one is feeling? I meant to tell Dolly, and it’s a good thing I didn’t tell her. How pleased she would have been at my misery! ...</td>
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<td>[A man in the street mistakenly raises his hat to her] “He thought he knew me. Well, he knows me as well as anyone in the world knows me. I don’t know myself. I know my appetites, as the French say. Those two boys want some of that filthy ice cream, that they do know for certain,” she thought, looking at two boys stopping an ice cream vendor, who took a tub off his head and began wiping his perspiring face with a towel. “We all want what is sweet and nice. If not sweets, then dirty ice cream. And Kitty’s the same— if not Vronsky, then Levin. And she envies me, and hates me. And we all hate each other. I Kitty, Kitty me. Yes, that’s the truth. Tiutkin, coiffeur. ‘Je me fais coiffer par Tiutkin ... I’ll tell him that when he comes,” she thought, and smiled. But the same instant she remembered that she had no one now to tell anything amusing to. “And there’s nothing amusing, nothing mirthful, really. It’s all hateful. They’re ringing the bells for vespers, and how carefully that merchant crosses himself! As if he were afraid of dropping something. Why these churches and this ringing and this humbug? Simply to conceal that we all hate each other, like these cab drivers who are abusing each other so angrily. Yashvin says, ‘He wants to strip me of my shirt, and I him of his.’ Yes that’s the truth!”</td>
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<td>“Yes, I must go quickly,” she said, not knowing where she was going. She longed to get away as quickly as possible from the feelings she had gone through in that awful house. The servants, the walls, the things in that house—all aroused revulsion and hatred in her and lay like a weight upon her.</td>
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<td>“Yes, I must go to the railway station, and if he’s not there, then go there and catch him.”...</td>
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<td>Dinner was on the table; she went up, but the smell of the bread and cheese was enough to make her feel that all food was disgusting. ...</td>
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<th>Ch 30</th>
<th>Anna’s trip to the railway: The final carriage ride, her arrival at the station</th>
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|       | ...she saw a workman almost dead drunk, with hanging head, being led away by a policeman. “Ah, he’s found a quicker way,” she thought. “Count Vronsky and I did not find that happiness either, though we expected so much from it.” And now for the first time Anna turned that glaring light in which she was seeing everything on to her relations with him, which she had hitherto avoided thinking about. “What was it he sought in me? Not love so much as the satisfaction of vanity.” She remembered his words, the expression of his face, which recalled an abject setter-dog, in the early days of their love affair. And everything now confirmed this. “Yes, there was the triumph of success
in him. Of course there was love too, but the chief element was the pride of success. He boasted of me. Now that’s over. There’s nothing to be proud of. Nothing to be proud of, only to be ashamed of. He has taken from me all he could, and now I am no use to him. He is weary of me and is trying not to be dishonorable in his behavior toward me. He let that out yesterday—he wants divorce and marriage so as to burn his ship. He loves me, but how? The zest is gone, as the English say. That fellow wants everyone to admire him and is very much pleased with himself,” she thought, looking at a red-cheeked clerk riding on a hired horse. “Yes, there’s not the same flavor about me for him now.

{Comment on Tolstoy’s technique: I’d suggest that the end of the above selection demonstrates how smoothly we can now follow Anna’s stream of associations. We find out who “that fellow” is long before we understood who “they” were at the start of the chapter. And the word “zest” before the interruption connects with “flavor” to tie together the ebb and flow of Anna’s thoughts. ... Stylistically brilliant, it seems to me. - TL}

This was not mere supposition, she saw it distinctly in the piercing light which revealed to her now the meaning of life and human relations.

{The following excerpts are in the same paragraph; they are broken up for convenience}

“My love keeps growing more passionate and selfish, while his is dying, and that’s why we’re drifting apart,” she went on musing. “And there’s nothing I can do. . . .”

[“]We were irresistibly drawn together up to the time of our love, and now we have been irresistibly drifting apart. And there’s no altering that. He tells me I’m insanely jealous; but it’s not true. I’m not jealous, but I’m unsatisfied. But…” She opened her lips, and shifted her place in the carriage in the excitement aroused by the thoughts which suddenly struck her. “If I could be anything but a mistress, passionately caring for nothing but his caresses; but I can’t and I don’t care to be anything else. And by that desire I rouse aversion in him, and he rouses fury in me, and it cannot be different. . . .”

[“]For a long while now he hasn’t loved me. And where love ends, hate begins. I don’t know these streets at all. Hills it seems, and still houses, and houses ... And in the houses always people and people. How many of them, no end, and all hating each other! . . .

Thinking of Aleksey Aleksandrovich, she at once pictured him with extraordinary vividness as though he were alive before her, with his mild, lifeless, dull eyes, the blue veins in his white hands, his intonations and the cracking of his knuckles, and remembering the feeling that had existed between them, and that was also called love, she shuddered with loathing. . . .

“... And is there any new feeling I can awaken between Vronsky and me? Is there possible, if not happiness, some sort of ease from misery? No, no!” she answered now without the slightest hesitation. “Impossible! We are drawn apart by life, and I make his unhappiness and he mine, and there’s no changing him or me. Every attempt has been made, but the screw has lost its thread. Oh, a beggar-woman with a baby. She thinks I’m sorry for her. Aren’t we all flung into the world only to hate each other, and so to torture ourselves and each other?

[“] Schoolboys coming— laughing— Seryozha?” she thought. “I thought, too, that I loved him, and used to be touched by my own tenderness. But I have lived without him, I gave him up for another love and did not regret the exchange as long as that other love satisfied me.” And with loathing she thought of what she meant by that “other love.” And the clearness with which she saw life now, her own and everyone’s, afforded her pleasure.
**Ch 31** The railway. The “catastrophe.”

> [At the station] “A ticket to Obiralovka?” said Piotr.
> She had utterly forgotten *where and why* she was going, and only by a great effort did she understand the question. “Yes,” she said, handing him her purse, and taking a **little red bag** on her arm, she got out of the carriage. *(End of final contact with “home.”)*
> . . . As she sat on the **star-shaped** sofa waiting for the train, she gazed with **aversion** at the people coming and going (they were all **hateful** to her). . .
> [Anna thinks about Vronsky] ... how he was at this moment complaining to his **mother** of his position, not **understanding** her **sufferings**, and how she would go into the room, and what she would say to him. Then she thought that **life** might still be **happy**, and how **miserably** she **loved** and **hated** him, and how **fearfully** her heart was beating.

> A bell rang; some young men, **ugly and impudent**, and at the same time mindful of the impression they were making, hurried by. . . . Some noisy men were quiet as she passed them on the platform, and **one whispered something about her to another**— **something vile, no doubt**. . .
> *(i find the shifting points-of-view in this final chapter particularly interesting — we are mostly inside Anna’s mind, but not exclusively. – TL)*
> . . . She climbed up the high step of the railway carriage and sat down in an **empty** compartment on a **dirty** seat that had been **white**. Her **bag bounced** on the springy seat and then was still.
> . . . A **grotesque-looking** lady wearing a bustle (Anna **mentally undressed** the woman, and was appalled at her **hideousness**), and a little girl laughing affectedly ran down the platform.
> . . . A **deformed peasant** covered with dirt, in a cap from which his tousled hair stuck out, passed by that window, stooping down to the **carriage wheels**. “There’s something familiar about that hideous peasant,” thought Anna. And remembering her **dream**, she moved away to the opposite door, shaking with terror. . .
> . . . The couple seated themselves on the opposite side, and **intently** but **surreptitiously scrutinized** her clothes. Both husband and wife seemed **repulsive** to Anna. . . . They made inane and affected remarks to one another, entirely for her benefit. Anna saw clearly that they were sick of each other, and **hated** each other. And no one could have helped hating such **miserable monstrosities**.
> . . . The moving of luggage, noise, shouting, and laughter. It was so clear to Anna that there was **nothing** for anyone to be **glad** of, that this laughter **irritated** her agonizingly, and she would have liked to stop up her ears not to hear it. . .
> *(An almost-pastoral interlude follows in which I hear Tolstoy’s narrative voice becoming dominant ... and this momentary “emergence” strengthens the impact when we plunge again into Anna’s mind.)*
> . . . The train, jerking at regular intervals at the points of the rails, **rolled** by the platform, past a stone wall, a signal box, past other trains, the **wheels**, moving more **smoothly and evenly**, making a **slight ringing** sound. The window was **lighted** up by the **bright**


**evening sun**, and a slight **breeze played** against the blind. Anna forgot her fellow passengers, and to the **light swaying** of the train she started thinking again, as she inhaled the **fresh air**.

“Yes, I’m very much worried, and that’s what reason was given me for, to escape; so then one must escape. Why not **put out the light** when there’s **nothing more to look at**, when it’s sickening to look at it all? But how? . . .”

[Receiving Vronsky’s final letter:] She broke it open, and her heart ached **even before** she read it.

“I am very sorry your note did not reach me. I will be home at ten,” Vronsky had written in a **careless** hand....

“Yes, that’s what I **expected**!” she said to herself with a **malicious smile**.

“Very good, you can go home, then,” she said softly, addressing Mikhail. She spoke softly because the rapidity of her heart’s beating **hindered** her **breathing**. “No, I won’t let you make me **miserable**,” she thought **menacely**, addressing not him, not herself, but the **power that made her suffer**, and she walked along the platform past the station buildings.

... Some ladies and children, who had come to meet a gentleman in spectacles, paused in their loud laughter and talking and stared at her as she reached them. She quickened her pace and walked away from them to the edge of the platform. A goods train was coming in. The **platform began to sway**, and she **imagined** that she was in the train again.

And all at once she thought of the **man crushed** by the train the day she had first met Vronsky, and she knew what she had to do. . . .

She looked at the lower part of the trucks, at the **bolts** and **chains**, and the tall **iron wheels** of the first truck slowly moving up, and trying to **measure the midpoint** between the front and back wheels . . . {train, wheels, scientific observation}

“There,” she said to herself, looking in the **shadow** of the truck at the mixture of **sand** and **coal dust** which covered the ties. “There, in the very middle, and I shall **punish** him and **escape** from **everyone** and from **myself**.” {subjective experience of “madness”}

... But the **red bag** which she began to take from her arm **delayed** her, and she was too late; the car had passed. . . .

... she **crossed** herself. That familiar gesture brought back into **her soul** a whole series of memories of her childhood and girlhood, and suddenly the **darkness** that had covered everything for her was torn apart, and **life rose up** before her for an **instant** with all its **bright past joys**. But she did not take her eyes from the wheels of the second car. . . . {Why?}

... And at the **instant** she was **terror-stricken** at what she was doing. “**Where am I? What am I doing? What for?**” . . .

... **something huge** and **merciless** struck her on the head and dragged her down . . .

... “**Lord, forgive** me everything!” she said, feeling it **impossible to struggle**. . . .

... And the **light** of the candle by which she had read the book filled with troubles, falsehoods, sorrow, and evil **flared up more brightly** than ever before, **lighted up for her** all that had been **shrouded in darkness**, flickered, began to grow dim, and was **quenched** forever.
| Ch 1 | [Moscow] Two months later. Hot summer. Sergey Ivanovich: his book’s failure, his involvement with Serbian War | In spite of the scrupulous conscientiousness with which Sergey Ivanovich verified the correctness of the critic’s arguments, he did not for a minute stop to ponder over the faults and mistakes that were ridiculed; but unconsciously he began immediately trying to recall every detail of his meeting and conversation with the author of the article.

“Didn’t I offend him in some way?” Sergey Ivanovich wondered. And remembering that when they met he had corrected the young man about something he had said that betrayed ignorance, Sergey Ivanovich found the clue to explain the article.

[About the Serbian War] . . .The public had definitely expressed its desire. The soul of the people had, as Sergey Ivanovich said, found expression. And the more he worked in this cause, the more incontestable it seemed to him that it was a cause destined to assume vast dimensions, to create an epoch in Russian history.

He threw himself heart and soul into the service of this great cause, and forgot to think about his book. . . . |
| Ch 2 | [Boarding train to Levin’s] Sergey, an unnamed princess. The story of Anna and Vronsky remembered [filled-in for us] Stiva arrives. Vronsky briefly. | [To Sergey] “You know Count Vronsky, the notorious ... is going by this train?” said the princess with a smile full of triumph and meaning, when he found her again and gave her the letter.

“I had heard he was going, but I did not know when. By this train?”

“I’ve seen him. He’s here: there’s only his mother seeing him off. It’s the best thing, anyway, that he could do.”

“Oh, yes, of course.”

[Stiva appears.] . . . the fact that Sergey Ivanovich and the princess seemed anxious to get rid of him did not in the least disconcert Stepan Arkadyevich. Smiling, he stared at the feather in the princess’s hat and then about him, as though he was going to pick something up. . . .

[Stiva] “You don’t say so!” he cried when the princess told him that Vronsky was going by this train. For an instant Stepan Arkadyevich’s face looked sad, but a minute later, when, smoothing his whiskers and with a spring in his walk, he went into the hall where Vronsky was, he had completely forgotten his own despairing sobs over his sister’s corpse, and he saw in Vronsky only a hero and an old friend.

“With all his faults, one can’t refuse to do him justice,” said the princess to Sergey Ivanovich as soon as Stepan Arkadyevich had left them. “What a typically Russian, Slav nature! . . .”

“Here he is!” said the princess, indicating Vronsky, who, with his mother on his arm, walked by, wearing a long overcoat and wide-brimmed black hat. Oblonsky was walking beside him, talking eagerly of something.

Vronsky was frowning and looking straight before him, as though he did not hear what Stepan Arkadyevich was saying.

Probably on Oblonsky’s pointing them out, he looked around in the direction where the princess and Sergey Ivanovich were standing, and without speaking, he lifted his hat. His face, aged and worn by suffering, looked stony. |
| Ch 3 | [The train journey to Levin’s] Sergey is | [Veteran] The old man was an officer who had served in two campaigns. He knew what makes a soldier, and judging by the appearance and the talk of those persons, by the swagger |
traveling with Katavasov. The latter talks with volunteers and an old veteran. with which they had recourse to the bottle on the journey, he considered them poor soldiers. Moreover, he lived in a district town, and he was longing to tell how one soldier had volunteered from his town, a drunkard and a thief whom no one would employ as a laborer. But knowing from experience that in the present condition of the public temper it was dangerous to express an opinion opposed to the general one, and especially to criticize the volunteers unfavorably, he watched Katavasov without committing himself.

“Well, men are needed there,” he said, laughing with his eyes. And they began talking of the latest war news, and each concealed from the other his perplexity as to the engagement expected the next day, since the Turks had been beaten, according to the latest news, at all points. And so they parted, neither giving expression to his opinion.

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<tr>
<th>Ch 4</th>
<th>[same] Sergey (Koznychev).and Vronsky’s mother, the Countess</th>
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<td>[Sergey to the Countess] “What a noble act on his part!” he added, noticing that Vronsky was not in the compartment.</td>
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<td>“Yes, after his misfortune, what was there for him to do?”</td>
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<td>“What a terrible thing it was!” said Sergey Ivanovich.</td>
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<td>“Ah, what I have been through! But do get in ... Ah, what I have been through!” she repeated, when Sergey Ivanovich had got in and sat down beside her. . . .</td>
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<td>“… You know, of course, that he had shot himself once already on her account,” she said, and the old lady’s eyelashes twitched at the recollection. “Yes, hers was the fitting end for such a woman. Even the death she chose was coarse and vulgar.”</td>
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<td>“It’s not for us to judge, Countess,” said Sergey Ivanovich; “but I can understand that it has been very hard for you.” . . .</td>
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<td>[About her son] “… Prostration complète, the doctor said. And that was followed almost by madness. Oh, why talk of it!” said the countess with a wave of her hand. “It was an awful time! No, say what you will, she was a bad woman. Why, what is the meaning of such desperate passion? It was all to prove something extraordinary. Well, and that she did. She brought herself to ruin and two good men— her husband and my unhappy son.”</td>
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<td>… He had thrown up everything, his career, me ... and even then she had no mercy on him, but deliberately made his ruin complete. No, say what you will, her very death was the death of a vile woman of no religious feeling. God forgive me, but I can’t help hating the memory of her, when I look at my son’s misery!”</td>
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<th>Ch 5</th>
<th>[same] Sergey and Vronsky</th>
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<td>… Vronsky in his long overcoat and slouch hat, with his hands in his pockets, strode up and down like a wild beast in a cage, turning sharply after twenty paces. . . . {Karenin, Anna, in K’s study}</td>
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<td>[Sergey] At that moment Sergey Ivanovich looked upon Vronsky as a man taking an important part in a great cause, and thought it his duty to encourage him and express his approval.</td>
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<td>[Sergey offers him “connections” Vronsky refuses.]</td>
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<td>“My use as a man,” said Vronsky, “is that life’s worth nothing to me. And that I’ve enough physical energy to hack my way into their ranks, and to trample on them or fall— I know that. I’m glad there’s something to give my life for, for it’s not merely useless but loathsome to me. Anyone’s welcome to it.”</td>
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<td>And his jaw twitched impatiently from the incessant gnawing toothache, which prevented him from even speaking with natural expression. . . .</td>
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|      | “Yes, as a weapon I may be of some use. But as a man, I’m a wreck,” he said, hesitating between words. He could hardly speak because of the throbbing ache in his strong teeth,
which flooded his mouth with saliva.

[Vronsky's memories of Anna death]
[her body] on the table, shamelessly sprawled out among strangers...

... the exquisite face, with red, half-opened mouth, the strange, frozen expression, piteous on the lips and awful in the fixed open eyes, that seemed to utter that fearful phrase she had used when they last quarreled— that he would be sorry for it.

... He tried to recall his best moments with her, but those moments were poisoned forever. He could think of her only as triumphant in having carried out her threat to inflict him with a wholly useless but wholly ineffaceable remorse. He lost all consciousness of toothache, and his face was distorted with sobs.

Ch 6  [At Pokrovskoe – from here to the end]
Sergey, Kitty, (with Dolly, Prince Shcherbatsky, and Agafya Mikhailovna)

[Kitty] “Kostya will be delighted. He has gone to the farm. It’s time he should be home.”

“Busy as ever with his farming. It really is a peaceful backwater,” said Katavasov; “while we in town think of nothing but the Serbian war. Well, how does our friend look at it? He’s sure not to think like other people.”

“Oh, I don’t know, like everybody else,” Kitty answered, a little embarrassed, looking round at Sergey Ivanovich.

[Kitty to Dolly] “... I must run to Mitya. I’m afraid I haven’t fed him since breakfast. He’s awake now, and sure to be screaming.” And feeling the flow of milk, she hurried to the nursery.

This was not a mere guess; her bond with the child was still so close that she could gauge by the flow of her milk his need for food, and knew for certain he was hungry... . . .

The nurse brought the baby to his mother. Agafya Mikhailovna followed him with a face dissolving with tenderness.

“He knows me, he knows me. In God’s faith, Katerina Aleksandrovna, ma’am, he knew me!” Agafya Mikhailovna cried above the baby’s screams. . . .

[Kitty while nursing] She smiled because, though she said she could not know her [Agafya], in her heart she was sure that he knew not merely Agafya Mikhailovna, but knew and understood everything, and knew and understood a great deal too that no one else knew, and that she, his mother, had learned and come to understand only through him. To Agafya Mikhailovna, to the nurse, to his grandfather, to his father even, Mitya was a living being, requiring only material care, but for his mother he had long been a mortal being, with whom there had been a whole series of spiritual relations already.

Ch 7  Kitty muses on Levin

She knew what tormented her husband. It was his lack of faith. Although, had she been asked whether she supposed that in the future life, if he did not believe, he would be damned, she would have had to admit that he would be damned, his lack of faith did not cause her unhappiness. And she, confessing that for an unbeliever there can be no salvation, and loving her husband’s soul more than anything in the world, thought with a smile of his skepticism, and told herself that he was funny.

“Why does he keep reading philosophy of some sort all this year?” she wondered. “If it’s all written in those books, he can understand them. If it’s all wrong, why does he read them? He says himself that he would like to believe. Then why is it he doesn’t believe? Because he thinks so much? {an important question mark I think} And he thinks so much from being solitary. He’s always alone, alone. He can’t talk about it to us. I imagine he’ll be glad of these visitors, especially Katavasov. He likes discussions with them,” she thought, and passed
| Ch 8 | Levin churns over his faith | instantly to the consideration of where it would be more convenient to put Katavasov, to sleep alone or to share Sergey Ivanovich’s room. . . .

“Well, an unbeliever, then! Better let him always be one than like Madame Stahl, or what I tried to be in those days abroad. No, he won’t ever pretend.”

Ever since, by his beloved brother’s deathbed, Levin had first glanced into the questions of life and death in the light of these new convictions. . . he had been stricken with horror, not so much of death, as of life, without any knowledge of whence, and why, and how, and what it was. . . .

The question was summed up for him thus: “If I do not accept the answers Christianity gives to the problems of my life, what answers do I accept?” And in the whole arsenal of his convictions, far from finding any satisfactory answers, he was utterly unable to find anything at all like an answer.

Moreover, during his wife’s confinement, something had happened that seemed extraordinary to him. He, an unbeliever, had fallen into praying, and at the moment he prayed he believed. But that moment had passed, and he could not make his state of mind at that moment fit into the rest of his life.

He could not admit that at that moment he knew the truth, and that now he was wrong; for as soon as he began thinking calmly about it, it all fell to pieces.

Ch 9 | Levin read philosophers – and even contemplates suicide. | “In infinite time, in infinite matter, in infinite space, is formed a bubble-organism, and that bubble lasts a while and bursts, and that bubble is I.”

It was an agonizing fallacy, but it was the sole logical result of ages of human thought in that direction. . . .

But it was not merely a fallacy, it was the cruel jest of some wicked power, some evil, hateful power, to whom one could not submit.

He must escape from this power. And the means of escape every man had in his own hands. He had but to cut short this dependence on evil. And there was one means—death.

And Levin, a happy father and husband, in perfect health, was several times so near suicide that he hid a rope so that he might not be tempted to hang himself, and was afraid to go out with his gun for fear of shooting himself.

{Recall that Anna has used a lot of the same language, though her thoughts revolved in different contexts. – TL}

But Levin did not shoot himself, and did not hang himself; he went on living.

Ch 10 | Levin goes on living, in spite of his doubts. He lives spontaneously, with less thinking. His work, the countryside, his family sustain him. Not to mention bee-keeping. {So we find Tolstoy’s influence in Conan Doyle} | When Levin thought about what he was and what he was living for, he could find no answer to the questions and was reduced to despair, but when he ceased questioning himself about it, it seemed as though he knew both what he was and why he was living, for he acted and lived resolutely and without hesitation. Indeed, in these latter days he was far more decided and unhesitating than he had ever been in his life. . . .

And all this, together with shooting and his new beekeeping, filled up the whole of Levin’s life, which had no meaning at all for him, when he began to think.

Deliberation had brought him to doubt, and prevented him from seeing what he ought to do and what he ought not. When he did not think, but simply lived, he was continually aware of the presence of an infallible judge in his soul . . .
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<th>Ch 11</th>
<th>Levin’s revelation/conversion – following farm work and conversation with a peasant.</th>
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<td>He was standing in the cool granary, which was still <strong>fragrant</strong> with the leaves of the hazel branches interlaced on the freshly peeled aspen beams of the new thatch roof. He gazed through the open door in which the dry, bitter dust of the threshing whirled and played, at the grass of the threshing floor in the sunlight and the <strong>fresh straw</strong> that had been brought in from the barn, then at the speckle-headed, white-breasted <strong>swallows</strong> that flew chirping in under the roof and, <strong>fluttering</strong> their wings, settled in the crevices of the doorway, then at the <strong>peasants bustling</strong> in the dark, dusty barn, and he <strong>thought strange thoughts.</strong> . . .</td>
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<td>“Why is it all being done?” he thought. “Why am I standing here, making them work? What are they all so busy for, trying to show their zeal before me? . . . [etc. etc.] . . . “And they will bury her and Fyodor, who feeds the machine, with his <strong>curly beard</strong> full of chaff and his <strong>shirt torn</strong> on his white shoulders— they will bury him. He’s untying the sheaves, and giving order, and shouting to the women, and quickly setting straight the strap on the moving wheel. And what’s more, it’s not them alone— <strong>me they’ll bury</strong> too, and nothing will be left. What is it all for?”</td>
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<td>He <strong>thought</strong> this, and at the same time <strong>looked</strong> at his <strong>watch</strong> to <strong>calculate</strong> how much they threshed in an hour. He wanted to know this so as to judge by it the task to set for the day.</td>
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<td>Levin, going up to the machine, moved <strong>Fyodor</strong> aside and began feeding the corn in himself. Working on till the peasants’ dinner hour, which was not long in coming, he went out of the barn with Fyodor and started to talk with him, stopping beside a neat yellow sheaf of rye laid on the threshing floor for seed.</td>
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<td>[Fyodor on the greed of Kirillov] He’ll get his share, however he has to squeeze to get it! He’s no mercy on a Christian. But Uncle Fokanych” (so he called the old peasant Platon), “do you suppose he’d flay the skin off a man? Where there’s debt, he’ll let anyone off. ...</td>
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<td>“But why will he let anyone off?”</td>
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<td>“Oh, well, of course, folks are different. One man lives for his own wants and nothing else, like Mitiukh, he only thinks of filling his <strong>belly</strong>, but Fokanych is a righteous man. He lives for his <strong>soul</strong>. He remembers God.”</td>
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<td>[Levin walks away “breathless with excitement”] At the peasant’s words that Fokanych lived for his soul, in truth, in God’s way, undefined but significant ideas seemed to burst out as though they had been locked up, and all striving toward one goal, they thronged <strong>whirling</strong> through his head, <strong>blinding</strong> him with their <strong>light</strong>.</td>
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<th>Ch 12</th>
<th>Levin declares Tolstoy’s philosophy. The limitations of thought, of human understanding</th>
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<td>The words uttered by the peasant had acted on his <strong>soul</strong> like an <strong>electric shock</strong> . . .</td>
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<td>. . . I and all men have only one firm, incontestable clear knowledge, and that knowledge cannot be explained by reason— it is outside it, and has no causes and can have no effects.</td>
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<td>“If <strong>goodness</strong> has <strong>causes</strong>, it is not goodness; if it has effects, a <strong>reward</strong>, it is not goodness either. So goodness is <strong>outside the chain of cause and effect</strong>.</td>
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<td>“And yet I know it, and we all know it. . . .</td>
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<td>“I have discovered nothing. I have found out only what I knew. I understand the force that in the past gave me life, and now too gives me life. I have been set free from falsity, I have found the Master.” . . .</td>
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<td>What did this mean? It meant that he had been <strong>living rightly</strong> but <strong>thinking wrongly</strong>.</td>
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<td>Ch 13</td>
<td>Levin thinks of children, the role of human thought, the significance of the church. He thanks God for his newly-discovered faith</td>
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|       | [Remembering Dolly in the kitchen] . . . The children, left to themselves, had begun cooking raspberries over the candles and pouring jets of milk into each other’s mouths. [Levin develops a “sermon” from his memory of raspberries]  
   \( \text{How their importance has grown!} \)  
   “And don’t all the theories of philosophy do the same, trying by the path of thought, which is strange and not natural to man, to bring him to a knowledge of what he has known long ago . . . Isn’t it distinctly to be seen in the development of each philosopher’s theory that he knows what the chief significance of life is beforehand, just as positively as the peasant Fyodor and not a bit more clearly than he, and is simply trying but a dubious intellectual path to come back to what everyone knows? . . .”  
   Lying on his back, he gazed up now into the high, cloudless sky. “Do I not know that that is infinite space, and that it is not a rounded vault? But, however I screw up my eyes and strain my sight, I cannot see it but as round and finite, and in spite of my knowing about infinite space, I am incontestably right when I see a firm blue vault, far more right than when I strain my eyes to see beyond it.”  
   Levin ceased thinking, and only, as it were, listened to mysterious voices that seemed talking joyfully and earnestly within him. “Can this be faith?” he thought, afraid to believe in his happiness. “My God, I thank Thee!” he said, gulping down his sobs and with both hands brushing away the tears that filled his eyes. |
| Ch 14 | Levin returns to society. The coachman, Sergey, and the bees. |
|       | “Please don’t touch and don’t teach me!” said Levin, angered by this interference. Now, as always, interference made him angry, and he felt sorrowfully at once how mistaken had been his supposition that his spiritual condition could immediately change him in contact with reality. . . .  
   Casting over the subjects of conversation that would be pleasant to Sergey Ivanovich, and would keep him off the subject of the Serbian war and the Slavic question . . . Levin began to talk of Sergey Ivanovich’s book. . . .  
   And these words were enough to re-establish again between the brothers that tone— not hostile, but chilly— which Levin had been so longing to avoid.  
   His ears were filled with the incessant hum in various notes, now the busy hum of the working bee flying quickly off, then the blaring of the lazy drone . . . Levin stood still in the midst of the beehives and did not call him.  
   He was glad of a chance to be alone to recover from the influence of ordinary reality, which had already depressed his happy mood. He thought that he had already had time to lose his temper with Ivan, to show coolness to his brother, and to talk flippantly with Katavasov. “Can it have been only a momentary mood, and will it pass and leave no trace?” he thought. But the same instant, going back to his mood, he felt with delight that something new and important had happened to him. . . .  
   Just as the bees, whirling round him, now menacing him and distracting his attention, |
 prevented him from enjoying complete physical peace, forced him to restrain his movements to avoid them, so had the petty cares that had swarmed about him from the moment he got into the trap restricted his spiritual freedom; but that lasted only so long as he was among them. Just as his bodily strength was still unaffected in spite of the bees, so too was the spiritual strength that he had just become aware of.

| Ch 15 | Levin, Dolly, Sergei, Katavasov, the old Prince. Discussion of the war, “the people’s will” | [Sergei challenging Levin] ... Imagine if you were going along the street and saw drunken men beating a woman or a child— I think you would not stop to inquire whether war had been declared on the men, but would throw yourself on them, and protect the victim.”

“But I would not kill them,” said Levin.

“Yes, you would kill them.”

“I don’t know. If I saw that, I might give way to my impulse of the moment, but I can’t say beforehand. And such a momentary impulse there is not, and there cannot be, in the case of the oppression of the Slavic peoples.”

[The old prince] ... I couldn’t understand why it was that the Russians were all of a sudden so fond of their Slavic brethren, while I didn’t feel the slightest affection for them. I was very much upset, thought I was a monster, or that it was the influence of the Carlsbad waters on me. But since I have been here, my mind’s been set at rest. I see that there are people besides me who’re only interested in Russia, and not in their Slavic brethren. Konstantin is one of those.”

The handsome old man, with black grizzled beard and thick silvery hair, stood motionless, holding a jar of honey, looking down from the height of his tall figure with friendly serenity at the gentlefolk, obviously understanding nothing of their conversation and not caring to understand it.

[To Sergei] “Here, then, ask him. He knows nothing about it and thinks nothing,” said Levin. “Have you heard about the war, Mikhailych?” he said, turning to him.

“What should we think? Alexandr Nikolaevich our Emperor has thought for us; he thinks for us in all things. He knows best. Shall I bring a bit more bread? Give the little lad some more?” he said...

[Sergei] “I tell you that it’s not a case of hundreds of happy-go-lucky people, but the best representatives of the people!” said Sergey Ivanovich, with as much irritation as if he were defending the last kopek of his fortune. “And what of the subscriptions? In this case it is a whole people directly expressing its will.”

“That word ‘people’ is so vague,” said Levin. “Parish clerks, teachers, and one in a thousand of the peasants, maybe, know what it’s all about. The rest of the eighty million, like Mikhailych, far from expressing their will, haven’t the faintest idea what there is for them to express their will about. What right have we to say that this is the people’s will?”

| Ch 16 | [more of the above] | “But it’s not only making a sacrifice, but killing Turks,” said Levin timidly. “The people make sacrifices and are ready to make sacrifices for their soul, but not for murder,” he added, instinctively connecting the conversation with the ideas that had been absorbing his mind.

“For their soul? That’s a most puzzling expression for a naturalist, you know. What sort of thing is a soul?” said Katavasov, smiling.

“Oh, you know that!”

“No, by God, I haven’t the faintest idea!” said Katavasov with a loud roar of laughter. “ ‘I came not to send peace, but a sword,’ says Christ,” Sergey Ivanovich rejoined for his part,
quoting as simply as though it was the easiest thing to understand the very passage that had always puzzled Levin most.

“Ah, my dear fellow, you’re defeated, utterly defeated!” cried Katavasov good-humoredly. Levin reddened with vexation, not at being defeated, but at having failed to control himself and being drawn into argument.

“No, I can’t argue with them,” he thought; “they wear impenetrable armor, while I’m naked.”

He wanted to say too that if public opinion was an infallible guide, then why were not revolutions and the commune as lawful as the movement in favor of the Slavic peoples? But these were merely thoughts that could settle nothing. One thing could be seen beyond doubt— that at the actual moment the discussion was irritating Sergey Ivanovich, and so it was wrong to continue it. And Levin ceased speaking and then called the attention of his guests to the fact that the clouds were gathering, and that they had better be going home before it rained.

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<th>Ch 17</th>
<th>A rainstorm, Levin’s family shelters beneath an oak</th>
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<td>The flash of lighting, the crash of thunder, and the instantaneous chill that ran through him were all merged for Levin in one sense of terror. “My God! My God! Not on them!” he said. And though he thought at once how senseless was his prayer that they should not have been killed by the oak that had fallen now, he repeated it, knowing that he could do nothing better than utter this senseless prayer. Mitya was unharmed, dry, and still fast asleep. “Well, thank God! I don’t know what I’m saying!” They gathered up the baby’s wet diapers; the nurse picked up the baby and carried him. Levin walked beside his wife, and, penitent for having been angry, he squeezed her hand when the nurse was not looking.</td>
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<th>Ch 18</th>
<th>Levin keeps noticing changes in him since his religious revelation (e.g. how he discusses the Serbian War). Bath for Mitya, at Levin’s new feelings for his child.</th>
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|       | He did not, as he had done at other times, recall the whole train of thought— that he did not need. He fell back at once into the feeling which had guided him, which was connected with those thoughts, and he found that feeling in his soul even stronger and more definite than before. He did not, as he had had to do with previous attempts to find comforting arguments, need to revive a whole chain of thought to find the feeling. Now, on the contrary, the feeling of joy and peace was more vivid than ever, and thought could not keep pace with feeling.  

[At Mitya’s bath: Kitty] him. “Come, look, look!” she said, when her husband came up to her. “Agafya Mikhailovna’s right. He knows us!” Mitya had on that day given unmistakable, incontestable signs of recognizing all his own people.  

As soon as Levin approached the bath, the experiment was tried, and it was completely successful. |

| Ch 19 | Levin’s final reflections.  
{Why won’t/can’t he tell Kitty?} |
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<td>[Looking at the night sky and thinking of the non-Christian world] “Can these hundreds of millions of men be deprived of that highest blessing without which life has no meaning?” He pondered a moment, but immediately corrected himself. “But what am I questioning?” he said to himself. “I am questioning the relation to Divinity of all the different religions of all mankind. I am questioning the universal manifestation of God to all the world with all those misty blurs. What am I about? To me individually, to my heart has been revealed a knowledge beyond all doubt, and unattainable by reason, and here I am obstinately trying to</td>
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express that knowledge in reason and words.

And just as the conclusions of the astronomers would have been vain and uncertain if not founded on observations of the seen heavens, in relation to a single meridian and a single horizon, so would my conclusions be vain and uncertain if not founded on that conception of right, which has been and will be always alike for all men, which has been revealed to me as a Christian, and which can always be trusted in my soul. . . .

“What is it? You're not worried about anything?” she said, looking intently at his face in the starlight.

But she could not have seen his face if a flash of lightning had not hidden the stars and revealed it. In that flash she saw his face distinctly, and seeing him calm and happy, she smiled at him.

“She understands,” he thought; “she knows what I’m thinking about. Shall I tell her or not? Yes, I’ll tell her.” But at the moment he was about to speak, she began speaking.

“Kostya! Do something for me,” she said; “go into the corner room and see if they’ve made it all right for Sergey Ivanovich. . . .

“No, I’d better not speak of it,” he thought, when she had gone in before him. “It is a secret for me alone, of vital importance for me, and not to be put into words. . . .

“. . . Faith— or not faith— I don’t know what it is— but this feeling has come just as imperceptibly through suffering, and has taken firm root in my soul.

“I shall go on in the same way, losing my temper with Ivan the coachman, falling into angry discussions, expressing my opinions tactlessly; there will still be the same wall between the holy of holies of my soul and other people, even my wife; I shall still go on blaming her for my own terror, and being sorry for it; I shall still be as unable to understand with my reason why I pray, and I shall still go on praying; but my life now, my whole life apart from anything that can happen to me, every minute of it is no longer meaningless, as it was before, but it has an unquestionable meaning of the goodness which I have the power to put into it.”