

## АННА КАРЕНИНА (отрывок)

Все счастливые семьи похожи друг на друга, каждая несчастливая семья несчастлива по-своему.

Все смешалось в доме Облонских. Жена узнала, что муж был в связи с бывшею в их доме француженкою-гувернанткой, и объявила мужу, что не может жить с ним в одном доме. Положение это продолжалось уже третий день и мучительно чувствовалось и самими супругами, и всеми членами семьи, и домочадцами. Все члены семьи и домочадцы чувствовали, что нет смысла в их сожителстве и что на каждом постоялом дворе случайно сошедшиеся люди более связаны между собой, чем они, члены семьи и домочадцы Облонских. Жена не выходила из своих комнат, мужа третий день не было дома. Дети бегали по всему дому, как потерянные; англичанка поссорилась с экономкой и написала записку приятельнице, прося приискать ей новое место; повар ушел вчера со двора, во время самого обеда; черная кухарка и кучер просили расчета.

На третий день после ссоры князь Степан Аркадьич Облонский – Стива, как его звали в свете, – в обычный час, то есть в восемь часов утра, проснулся не в спальне жены, а в своем кабинете, на сафьянном диване. Он повернул свое полное, выхоленное тело на пружинах дивана, как бы желая опять заснуть надолго, с другой стороны крепко обнял подушку и прижался к ней щекой; но вдруг вскочил, сел на диван и открыл глаза.

«Да, да, как это было? – думал он, вспоминая сон. – Да, как это было? Да! Алабин давал обед в Дармштадте; нет, не в Дармштадте, а что-то американское. Да, но там Дармштадт был в Америке. Да, Алабин давал обед на стеклянных столах, да, – и столы пели: *Il mio tesoro*, и не *Il mio tesoro*, а что-то лучше, и какие-то маленькие графинчики, и они же женщины», – вспоминал он.

Глаза Степана Аркадьича весело заблестели, и он задумался, улыбаясь. «Да, хорошо было, очень хорошо. Много еще что-то там было отличного, да не скажешь словами и мыслями даже наяву не выразишь». И, заметив полосу света, пробившуюся сбоку одной из суконных стор, он весело скинул ноги с дивана, отыскал ими шитые женой (подарок ко дню рождения в прошлом году), обделанные в золотистый сафьян туфли и по старой, девятилетней привычке, не вставая, потянулся рукой к тому месту, где в спальне у него висел халат. И тут он вспомнил вдруг, как и почему он спит не в спальне жены, а в кабинете; улыбка исчезла с его лица, он сморщил лоб.

«Ах, ах, ах! Ааа!...» – замычал он, вспоминая все, что было. И его воображению представились опять все подробности ссоры с женою, вся безвыходность его положения и мучительнее всего собственная вина его.

«Да! она не простит и не может простить. И всего ужаснее то, что виной всему я, виной я, а не виноват. В этом-то вся драма, – думал он. – Ах, ах, ах!» – приговаривал он с отчаянием, вспоминая самые тяжелые для себя впечатления из этой ссоры.

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Неприятнее всего была та первая минута, когда он, вернувшись из театра, веселым и довольным, с огромною грушей для жены в руке, не нашел жены в гостиной; к удивлению, не нашел ее и в кабинете и, наконец, увидел ее в спальне с несчастною, открывшею все, запиской в руке.

Она, эта вечно озабоченная, и хлопотливая, и недалекая, какую он считал ее, Долли, неподвижно сидела с запиской в руке и с выражением ужаса, отчаяния и гнева смотрела на него.

– Что это? это? – спрашивала она, указывая на записку.

И при этом воспоминании, как это часто бывает, мучало Степана Аркадьича не столько самое событие, сколько то, как он ответил на эти слова жены.

С ним случилось в эту минуту то, что случается с людьми, когда они неожиданно уличены в чем-нибудь слишком постыдном. Он не сумел приготовить свое лицо к тому положению, в которое он становился пред женой после открытия его вины. Вместо того чтоб оскорбиться, отречься, оправдываться, просить прощения, оставаться даже равнодушным – все было бы лучше того, что он сделал! – его лицо совершенно невольно («рефлексы головного мозга», – подумал Степан Аркадьич, который любил физиологию), совершенно невольно вдруг улыбнулось привычною, доброю и потому глупою улыбкой.

Эту глупую улыбку он не мог простить себе. Увидав эту улыбку, Долли вздрогнула, как от физической боли, разразилась, со свойственною ей горячностью, потоком жестоких слов и выбежала из комнаты. С тех пор она не хотела видеть мужа.

«Всему виной эта глупая улыбка», – думал Степан Аркадьич.

«Но что ж делать? что ж делать?» – с отчаянием говорил он себе и не находил ответа.

Степан Аркадьич был человек правдивый в отношении к себе самому. Он не мог обманывать себя и уверять себя, что он раскаивается в своем поступке. Он не мог раскаиваться теперь в том, в чем он раскаивался когда-то лет шесть тому назад, когда он сделал первую неверность жене. Он не мог раскаиваться в том, что он, тридцатичетырехлетний, красивый, влюбчивый человек, не был влюблен в жену, мать пяти живых и двух умерших детей, бывшую только годом моложе его. Он раскаивался только в том, что не умел лучше скрыть от жены. Но он чувствовал всю тяжесть своего положения и жалел жену, детей и себя. Может быть, он сумел бы лучше скрыть свои грехи от жены, если б ожидал, что это известие так на нее подействует. Ясно он никогда не обдумывал этого вопроса, но смутно ему представлялось, что жена давно догадывается, что он не верен ей, и смотрит на это сквозь пальцы. Ему даже казалось, что она, истощенная, состарившаяся, уже некрасивая женщина и ничем не замечательная, простая, только добрая мать семейства, по чувству справедливости должна быть снисходительна. Оказалось совсем противное.

«Ах, ужасно! ай, ай, ай! ужасно! – твердил себе Степан Аркадьич и ничего не мог придумать. – И как хорошо все это было до этого, как мы хорошо жили! Она была довольна, счастлива детьми, я не мешал ей ни в чем, предоставлял ей возиться с детьми, с хозяйством, как она хотела. Правда, нехорошо, что она была гувернанткой у нас в доме. Нехорошо! Есть что-то тривиальное, пошлое в ухаживанье за своею гувернанткой. Но какая гувернантка! (Он живо вспомнил черные плутовские глаза m-lle Roland и ее улыбку.) Но ведь пока она была у нас в доме, я не позволял себе ничего. И хуже всего то, что она уже... Надо же это все как нарочно. Ай, ай, ай! Аяй! Но что же, что же делать?»

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Ответа не было, кроме того общего ответа, который дает жизнь на все самые сложные и как они понимают друг друга. Взгляд Степана Аркадьича как будто спрашивал: «Это зачем ты говоришь? разве ты не знаешь?»

Матвей положил руки в карманы своей жакетки, отставил ногу и молча, добродушно, чуть-чуть улыбаясь, посмотрел на своего барина.

– Я приказал прийти в то воскресенье, а до тех пор чтоб не беспокоили вас и себя понапрасну, – сказал он, видимо, приготовленную фразу.

Степан Аркадьич понял, что Матвей хотел пошутить и обратить на себя внимание. Разорвав телеграмму, он прочел ее, догадкой поправляя перевернутые, как всегда, слова, и лицо его просияло.

– Матвей, сестра Анна Аркадьевна будет завтра, – сказал он, остановив на минуту глянцевитую, пухлую ручку цирюльника, расчищавшую розовую дорогу между длинными кудрявыми бакенбардами.

– Слава богу, – сказал Матвей, этим ответом показывая, что он понимает так же, как и барин, значение этого приезда, то есть что Анна Аркадьевна, любимая сестра Степана Аркадьича, может содействовать примирению мужа с женой.

– Одни или с супругом? – спросил Матвей.

Степан Аркадьич не мог говорить, так как цирюльник занят был верхней губой, и поднял один палец. Матвей в зеркало кивнул головой.

– Одни. Наверху приготовить?

– Дарье Александровне доложи, где прикажут.

– Дарье Александровне? – как бы с сомнением повторил Матвей.

– Да, доложи. И вот возьми телеграмму, передай, что они скажут.

«Попробовать хотите», – понял Матвей, но он сказал только:

– Слушаю-с.

Степан Аркадьич уже был умыт и расчесан и собирался одеваться, когда Матвей, медленно ступая поскрипывающими сапогами по мягкому ковру, с телеграммой в руке, вернулся в комнату. Цирюльника уже не было.

– Дарья Александровна приказали доложить, что они уезжают. Пускай делают, как им, вам то есть, угодно, – сказал он, смеясь только глазами, и, положив руки в карманы и склонив голову набок, уставился на барина.

Степан Аркадьич помолчал. Потом добрая и несколько жалкая улыбка показалась на его красивом лице.

– А? Матвей? – сказал он, покачивая головой.

– Ничего, сударь, образуется, – сказал Матвей.

– Образуется?

– Так точно-с.

– Ты думаешь? Это кто там? – спросил Степан Аркадьич, услышав за дверью шум женского платья.

– Это я-с, – сказал твердый и приятный женский голос, и из-за двери высунулось строгое рябое лицо Матрены Филимоновны, нянюшки.

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– Ну что, Матреша? – спросил Степан Аркадьич, выходя к ней в дверь.

Несмотря на то, что Степан Аркадьич был кругом виноват пред женой и сам чувствовал это, почти все в доме, даже нянюшка, главный друг Дарьи Александровны, были на его стороне.

– Ну что? – сказал он уныло.

– Вы сходите, сударь, повинитесь еще. Авось бог даст. Очень мучаются, и смотреть жалости, да и все в доме навинтараты пошло. Детей, сударь, пожалеть надо. Повинитесь, сударь. Что делать! Люби кататься...

– Да ведь не примет...

– А вы свое сделайте. Бог милостив, богу молитесь, сударь, богу молитесь.

– Ну, хорошо, ступай, – сказал Степан Аркадьич, вдруг покраснев. – Ну, так давай одеваться, – обратился он к Матвею и решительно скинул халат.

Матвей уже держал, сдувая что-то невидимое, хомутом приготовленную рубашку и с очевидным удовольствием облек в нее холеное тело барина.

<i>COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOI.</i> ANNA KARENINA ( <i>excerpt</i> ) <i>Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole</i>	<i>LEO TOLSTOY</i> ANNA KARENINA ( <i>excerpt</i> ) <i>Translated by Constance Garnett</i>	<i>COUNT LEV N. TOLSTOY</i> ANNA KARENIN ( <i>excerpt</i> ) <i>Translated by Leo Wiener</i>
I. All happy families resemble one another, every unhappy family is unhappy after its own fashion. Confusion reigned in the house of the Oblonskys. The wife had discovered that her husband was too attentive to the French governess who had been in their employ, and she declared that she could not live in the same house with him. For three days this situation had lasted, and the torment was felt by the parties themselves and by all the members of the family and the domestics. All the members of the family and the domestics felt that there was no sense in their trying to live together longer, and that in every hotel people who meet casually had more mutual interests than they, the members of the family and the domestics of the house of Oblonsky. Ma-	Chapter I. Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way. Everything was in confusion in the Oblonskys' house. The wife had discovered that the husband was carrying on an intrigue with a French girl, who had been a governess in their family, and she had announced to her husband that she could not go on living in the same house with him. This position of affairs had now lasted three days, and not only the husband and wife themselves, but all the members of their family and household, were painfully conscious of it. Every person in the house felt that there was no sense in their living together, and that the stray people brought together by chance in any inn had more in common with one another than	I. All happy families resemble each other; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way. Everything was mixed in the house of the Oblonskis. The wife had found out that her husband had a liaison with the French governess, who had been living in their house, and informed her husband that she could not live with him. This situation had lasted for more than two days, and was felt painfully by husband and wife, by all the members of the family, and by the housefolk. All the members of the family and the housefolk felt that there was no sense in their living together, and that people who met accidentally in a tavern were more closely connected than they, the members of the family and the housefolk of the Oblonskis. The

dame did not come out of her own rooms: it was now the third day that the husband had not been at home. The children ran over the whole house as though they were crazy; the English maid quarrelled with the house-keeper and wrote to a friend, begging her to find her a new place. The head cook went off the evening before just at dinner-time; the black cook and the coachman demanded their wages.

On the third day after the quarrel, Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch Oblonsky, Stiva, as he was known in society awoke at the usual hour, that is to say about eight o'clock, not in his wife's chamber, but in his library, on a leather-covered lounge. He turned his pampered form over on the springs of the lounge. In his efforts to catch another nap, he took the cushion and hugged it close to his other cheek. But suddenly he sat up and opened his eyes.

"Well, well! how was it?" he thought, recalling a dream. "Yes, how was it? Yes! Alabin gave a dinner at Darmstadt; no, not at Darmstadt, but it was something American. Yes, but this Darmstadt was in America. Yes, Alabin gave a dinner on glass tables, yes, and the tables sang, 'Il mio tesoro': no, not 'Il mio tesoro,' but something better; and some little decanters, they were women!" said he, continuing his recollections.

Prince Stepan's eyes gleamed with joy and he smiled as he thought, "Yes, it was good, very good. It was extremely elegant, but you can't tell it in words, and you can't express the reality even in thought." Then noticing a ray of sunlight that came through the side of one of the heavy curtains, he gayly set foot down from the lounge, found his gilt leather slippers they had been embroidered for him

they, the members of the family and household of the Oblonskys. The wife did not leave her own room, the husband had not been at home for three days. The children ran wild all over the house; the English governess quarreled with the housekeeper, and wrote to a friend asking her to look out for a new situation for her; the man-cook had walked off the day before just at dinner time; the kitchen-maid, and the coachman had given warning.

Three days after the quarrel, Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch Oblonsky – Stiva, as he was called in the fashionable world – woke up at his usual hour, that is, at eight o'clock in the morning, not in his wife's bedroom, but on the leather-covered sofa in his study. He turned over his stout, well-cared-for person on the springy sofa, as though he would sink into a long sleep again; he vigorously embraced the pillow on the other side and buried his face in it; but all at once he jumped up, sat up on the sofa, and opened his eyes.

"Yes, yes, how was it now?" he thought, going over his dream. "Now, how was it? To be sure! Alabin was giving a dinner at Darmstadt; no, not Darmstadt, but something American. Yes, but then, Darmstadt was in America. Yes, Alabin was giving a dinner on glass tables, and the tables sang, 'Il mio tesoro' – not 'Il mio tesoro' though, but something better, and there were some sort of little decanters on the table, and they were women, too," he remembered.

Stepan Arkadyevitch's eyes twinkled gaily, and he pondered with a smile. "Yes, it was nice, very nice. There was a great deal more that was delightful, only there's no putting it into words, or even expressing it in one's thoughts awake." And

wife had not left her rooms, and it was now the third day that Oblonski had kept away from the house. The children ran everywhere as though at a loss what to do; the Englishwoman had had a quarrel with the stewardess, and had written a note to a friend of hers asking her to find her a new place; the cook had left the evening before, during dinner; the scullion and the coachman asked to be paid off.

On the third day after the quarrel, Prince Stepan Arkadevich Oblonski, — Stiva, as he was called in society, — awoke at the usual hour, that is at eight o'clock, not in his wife's sleeping-room, but in his cabinet, on a saffron divan. He turned his plump, well-fed body on the springs of the divan, as though intending to fall asleep again for a long time, and on the other side firmly embraced a pillow and pressed his cheek against it; but suddenly he sprang up, sat down on the divan, and opened his eyes.

"Yes, yes, how was it?" he thought, trying to recall a dream. "Yes, how was it? Yes. Alabin gave a dinner at Darmstadt; no, not at Darmstadt, but in something American. Yes, Darmstadt was somewhere in America. Yes, Alabin gave a dinner on glass tables, yes, — and the tables sang 'Il mio tesoro,' no, not 'Il mio tesoro,' but something better, and there were some little decanters, who were women, too," he kept recalling.

Stepan Arkadevich's eyes sparkled merrily, and he felt to musing, and smiled. "Yes, it was nice, very nice. There were many fine things there, such as you can't mention in words, and can't express by thoughts, while awake." And, noticing a strip of light which beat sidewise through one of the cloth

by his wife the year before as a birthday present and according to the old custom which he had kept up for nine years, without rising, he stretched out his hand to the place where in his chamber lie hung his dressing-gown. And then he suddenly remembered how and why he had slept, not in his wife's chamber, but in the library; the smile vanished from his face and he frowned.

"Ach ! ach ! ach ! ah," he groaned, recollecting every thing that had occurred. And before his mind arose once more all the details of the quarrel with his wife, all the hopelessness of his situation, and most lamentable of all, his own fault.

"No! she will not and she can not forgive me. And what is the worst of it, 'twas all my own fault my own fault, and yet I am not to blame. It's all like a drama," he thought. "Ach! ach! ach!" he kept murmuring in his despair, as he revived the unpleasant memories of this quarrel.

Most disagreeable of all was that first moment when returning from the theatre, happy and self-satisfied, with a monstrous pear for his wife in his hand, he did not find her in the sitting-room, did not find her in the library, and at last saw her in her chamber holding the fatal letter which revealed all.

She, his Dolly, this forever busy and fussy and foolish creature as he always looked upon her. sat motionless with the note in her hand, and looked at him with an expression of terror, despair and wrath.

"What is this? This?" she demanded, pointing to the note.

Prince Stepan's torment at this recollection was caused less by the fact itself than by the answer which he gave to these words of his wife. His experience at that moment was the same that other

noticing a gleam of light peeping in beside one of the serge curtains, he cheerfully dropped his feet over the edge of the sofa, and felt about with them for his slippers, a present on his last birthday, worked for him by his wife on gold-colored morocco. And, as he had done every day for the last nine years, he stretched out his hand, without getting up, towards the place where his dressing-gown always hung in his bedroom. And thereupon he suddenly remembered that he was not sleeping in his wife's room, but in his study, and why: the smile vanished from his face, he knitted his brows.

"Ah, ah, ah! Oo!..." he muttered, recalling everything that had happened. And again every detail of his quarrel with his wife was present to his imagination, all the hopelessness of his position, and worst of all, his own fault.

"Yes, she won't forgive me, and she can't forgive me. And the most awful thing about it is that it's all my fault – all my fault, though I'm not to blame. That's the point of the whole situation," he reflected. "Oh, oh, oh!" he kept repeating in despair, as he remembered the acutely painful sensations caused him by this quarrel.

Most unpleasant of all was the first minute when, on coming, happy and good-humored, from the theater, with a huge pear in his hand for his wife, he had not found his wife in the drawing-room, to his surprise had not found her in the study either, and saw her at last in her bedroom with the unlucky letter that revealed everything in her hand.

She, his Dolly, forever fussing and worrying over household details, and limited in her ideas, as he considered, was sitting perfectly still with the letter in her hand, looking at him with an

blinds, he merrily threw his feet down from the divan, found, by means of his feet, the gold-saffron slippers which his wife had embroidered for him (a present for his last year's birthday), and, without rising, in accordance with an old habit of nine years' standing, stretched forth his hand to the place where, in his sleeping-room, his morning-gown used to hang. He then suddenly remembered that he was not sleeping in his wife's chamber, but in his cabinet, and he recalled the reason why; the smile left his face and he knit his brow.

"Oh, oh, oh ! " he grunted, as he recalled all that had happened. And before his imagination again rose all the details of his quarrel with his wife, the whole hopelessness of his situation, and, most painfully of all, his own guilt.

"Yes! She will not forgive, and she cannot. And what is most terrible of all is that I am the cause of it; I am the cause of it, but I am not guilty. That is where the whole tragedy lies," he thought. "Oh, oh, oh!" he kept muttering in despair, as he recalled the most painful impressions from that quarrel.

Most unpleasant to him was that first minute when, returning from the theatre, happy and satisfied with himself, with an enormous pear for his wife in his hand, he had not found her in the drawing-room, or, to his surprise, in his cabinet, but had finally discovered her in the sleeping-room with the unfortunate note, which had disclosed everything, in her hand.

She, that eternally busy and bustling Dolly, whom he had always regarded as short-sighted, was sitting motionless with the note in her hand, and looked at him with an expression of terror, despair, and anger.

people have had when unexpectedly caught in some shameful deed. He was unable to prepare his face for the situation caused by his wife's discovery of his sin. Instead of getting offended, or denying it, or justifying himself, or asking forgiveness, or showing indifference any thing would have been better than what he really did in spite of himself, (" a reflex action of the brain as Stepan Arkadyevitch explained it, for he loved Physiology), absolutely in spite of himself he suddenly smiled with his ordinary good-humored and therefore stupid smile.

He could not forgive himself for that stupid smile. When Dolly saw that smile, she trembled as with physical pain, poured forth a torrent of bitter words, quite in accordance with her natural temper, and fled from the room. Since that time she had not wanted to see her husband.

"That stupid smile caused the whole trouble," thought Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"But what is to be done about it?" he asked himself in despair, and found no answer.

## II.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was a sincere man as far as he himself was concerned. He could not deceive himself and persuade himself that he repented of what he had done. He could not feel sorry that he, a handsome, susceptible man of four and thirty, did not now love his wife, the mother of his seven children, five of whom were living, though she was only a year his junior. He regretted only that he had not succeeded in hiding it better from her. But he felt the whole weight of the situation and pitied his wife, his children and himself. Possibly he would have had better success in deceiving his wife had he

expression of horror, despair, and indignation.

"What's this? this?" she asked, pointing to the letter.

And at this recollection, Stepan Arkadyevitch, as is so often the case, was not so much annoyed at the fact itself as at the way in which he had met his wife's words.

There happened to him at that instant what does happen to people when they are unexpectedly caught in something very disgraceful.

He did not succeed in adapting his face to the position in which he was placed towards his wife by the discovery of his fault. Instead of being hurt, denying, defending himself, begging forgiveness, instead of remaining indifferent even – anything would have been better than what he did do—his face utterly involuntarily (reflex spinal action, reflected Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was fond of physiology) – utterly involuntarily assumed its habitual, good-humored, and therefore idiotic smile.

This idiotic smile he could not forgive himself. Catching sight of that smile, Dolly shuddered as though at physical pain, broke out with her characteristic heat into a flood of cruel words, and rushed out of the room. Since then she had refused to see her husband.

"It's that idiotic smile that's to blame for it all," thought Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"But what's to be done? What's to be done?" he said to himself in despair, and found no answer.

## Chapter II.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was a truthful man in his relations with himself. He was incapable of deceiv-

"What is this? This?" she asked, pointing to the note.

And, in this recollection, as is often the case, Stepan Arkadevich was tormented not so much by the event itself as by the answer he gave to these words of his wife.

At that moment there happened to him what happens to people when they are suddenly accused of something disgraceful. He had not had time to prepare his face for the attitude which he took up before his wife after the discovery of his guilt. Instead of feeling offended, denying, justifying himself, asking forgiveness, even remaining indifferent, — anything would have been better than what he did, — his face quite involuntarily ("cerebral reflexes," thought Stepan Arkadevich, who was fond of physiology), quite involuntarily smiled a habitual, kindly, and, therefore, stupid smile.

This stupid smile he was unable to forgive himself. When Dolly saw it, she shuddered as from a physical pain, burst, with her customary vehemence, into a torrent of cruel words, and ran out of the room. Since then she had not wished to see her husband.

"That stupid smile was the cause of everything," thought Stepan Arkadevich.

"But what is to be done? What is to be done?" he said to himself, in despair, without finding an answer.

## II.

Stepan, Arkadevich was a man who was upright toward himself. He could not deceive himself and assure himself that he repented his deed. He could

realized that this news would have had such an effect upon her. Evidently this view of it had never occurred to him before, but he had a dim idea that his wife was aware of his infidelity and looked at it through her finders. As she had lost her freshness, was beginning to look old, was no longer pretty and far from distinguished and entirely commonplace, though she was an excellent matron, he had thought that she would allow her innate sense of justice to plead for him. But it proved to be quite the contrary.

"O how wretched! ay! ay! ay!" said Prince Stepan to himself over and over. He could not collect his thoughts. "And how well every thing was going until this happened! How delightfully we lived! She was content, happy with the children; I never interfered with her in any way, I allowed her to do as she pleased with the children and the household! To be sure it was bad that she had been our own governess; 'twas bad. There is something trivial and common in playing the gallant to one's own governess! But what a governess! (He gave a quick thought to Mile. Roland's black roguish eyes and her smile.) But as long as she was here in the house with us I did not permit myself any liberties. And the worst of all is that she is already. . . . Every thing happens just to spite me. Ay! ay! ay! But what, what is to be done?"

There was no answer except that common answer which life gives to all the most complicated and insoluble questions. Her answer is this: You must live according to circumstances, in other words, forget yourself. But as you cannot forget yourself in sleep at least till night, as you cannot return to that music which the decanter-women

ing himself and persuading himself that he repented of his conduct. He could not at this date repent of the fact that he, a handsome, susceptible man of thirty-four, was not in love with his wife, the mother of five living and two dead children, and only a year younger than himself. All he repented of was that he had not succeeded better in hiding it from his wife. But he felt all the difficulty of his position and was sorry for his wife, his children, and himself. Possibly he might have managed to conceal his sins better from his wife if he had anticipated that the knowledge of them would have had such an effect on her. He had never clearly thought out the subject, but he had vaguely conceived that his wife must long ago have suspected him of being unfaithful to her, and shut her eyes to the fact. He had even supposed that she, a worn-out woman no longer young or good-looking, and in no way remarkable or interesting, merely a good mother, ought from a sense of fairness to take an indulgent view. It had turned out quite the other way.

"Oh, it's awful! oh dear, oh dear! awful!" Stepan Arkadyevitch kept repeating to himself, and he could think of nothing to be done. "And how well things were going up till now! how well we got on! She was contented and happy in her children; I never interfered with her in anything; I let her manage the children and the house just as she liked. It's true it's bad her having been a governess in our house. That's bad! There's something common, vulgar, in flirting with one's governess. But what a governess!" (He vividly recalled the roguish black eyes of Mile. Roland and her smile.) "But after all, while she was in the

not repent the fact that he, a handsome, passionate man of thirty-four years of age, was not in love with his wife, the mother of five living and two dead children, who was but one year younger than he. What he regretted was that he had not concealed his act better from her. But he felt the whole gravity of his situation, and he was sorry for his wife, his children, and himself. Maybe he would have been able to conceal his sins better from her if he had suspected that the news would affect her so. He had never given the question any serious consideration, but he had dimly imagined that his wife had been suspecting that he was not true to her, and that she connived at it. It even seemed to him that she, an exhausted, aged, no longer pretty woman, a simple and in no way remarkable, though good mother of a family, ought to be condescending to him from a feeling of justice. It had turned out to be the opposite.

"Oh, it is terrible! Ugh, ugh, ugh! Terrible!" Stepan Arkadevitch kept repeating, without being able to find a way out. "How nice it all was before! How well we lived together! She was satisfied, happy with her children; I did not interfere with her and allowed her to do with the children and with the house what she pleased. Of course, it is not nice that she had been a governess in our house. It is not nice! There is something trivial and base in courting your governess. But what a governess!" (He vividly recalled Mile. Roland's black, roguish eyes, and her smile.) "But so long as she was in our house, I did not take any liberties with her. And worst of all is that she is already — And all that as though on purpose! Oh, oh, oh! What, what shall I do?"

sang, therefore you must forget yourself in the dream of life!

"We shall see by and by," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to himself, and rising he put on his gray dressing-gown with blue silk lining, tied the tassels into a hasty knot, and took a full breath into his ample lungs. Then with his usual firm step he went over to the window, where he lifted the curtain and loudly rang the bell. It was answered by his old friend, the valet de chambre Matvey, bringing his clothes, boots and a telegram. Behind Matvey came the barber with the shaving utensils.

"Are there any papers from the court-house?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, taking the telegram and placing himself before the mirror.

... "On the breakfast-table," replied Matvey, looking with inquiry and interest at his master, and after an instant's pause added with a cunning smile, "I just came from the boss of the livery-stable."

Stepan Arkadyevitch answered not a word, but he looked at Matvey in the mirror. In their interchange of glances it could be seen how they understood each other. The look of Stepan Arkadyevitch seemed to ask, "Why did you say that? Don't you know?"

Matvey thrust his hands in his sack-coat pockets, kicked out his leg, and with an almost imperceptible smile on his good-natured face, looked back to his master:

"I ordered him to come next Sunday, and till then that you and I should not be annoyed without reason," said he, with a phrase apparently ready on his tongue.

Prince Stepan perceived that Matvey wanted to jest and attract attention to himself. He tore open

house, I kept myself in hand. And the worst of it all is that she's already... it seems as if ill-luck would have it so! Oh, oh! But what, what is to be done?"

There was no solution, but that universal solution which life gives to all questions, even the most complex and insoluble. That answer is: one must live in the needs of the day – that is, forget oneself. To forget himself in sleep was impossible now, at least till nighttime; he could not go back now to the music sung by the decanter-women; so he must forget himself in the dream of daily life.

"Then we shall see," Stepan Arkadyevitch said to himself, and getting up he put on a gray dressing-gown lined with blue silk, tied the tassels in a knot, and, drawing a deep breath of air into his broad, bare chest, he walked to the window with his usual confident step, turning out his feet that carried his full frame so easily. He pulled up the blind and rang the bell loudly. It was at once answered by the appearance of an old friend, his valet, Matvey, carrying his clothes, his boots, and a telegram. Matvey was followed by the barber with all the necessaries for shaving.

"Are there any papers from the office?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, taking the telegram and seating himself at the looking-glass.

"On the table," replied Matvey, glancing with inquiring sympathy at his master; and, after a short pause, he added with a sly smile, "They've sent from the carriage-jobbers."

Stepan Arkadyevitch made no reply, he merely glanced at Matvey in the looking-glass. In the glance, in which their eyes met in the looking-glass, it was clear that they understood one another.

There was no answer, except that general one which life gives to all complicated and insoluble questions. It was this: It is necessary to live with the demands of the day, that is, to forget oneself. It was impossible to forget himself in sleep, at least, not until night; he could not return to the music which the decanter women gave forth; consequently he had to forget himself in the sleep of life.

"We shall see later," Stepan Arkadevich said to himself. He rose, put on a gray morning-gown, lined with blue silk, knotted the tasselled cord, and, expanding his broad pectoral cavity in a long breath, with habitual, brisk steps of his out-toeing feet, which so lightly carried his plump body, walked over to the window, raised the shade, and gave a loud ring of the bell. In response to this, there entered at once his old friend, valet Matvey, carrying his clothes and boots, and a telegram. Soon after Matvey entered a barber with his shaving utensils.

"Have the papers come from the court?" asked Stepan Arkadevich, taking the telegram, and sitting down at the mirror.

"They are on the table," replied Matvey. He looked interrogatively, with sympathy, at his master, and after a little while added, with a sly smile: "The liveryman has sent a man."

Stepan Arkadevich made no reply, and only looked at Matvey in the mirror; from their glances, which met in the looking-glass, it could be seen how well they understood each other. Stepan Arkadevich's glance seemed to ask: "Why do you say this? Don't you know?"

Matvey put his hands into the pockets of his

<p>the telegram and read it, guessing at the words that were written in cipher, and his face brightened.</p> <p>..." Matvey, sister Anna Arkadyevna is coming," said he, staying for a moment the plump, gleaming hand of his barber who was trying to make a pink path through his long, curly whiskers.</p> <p>"Thank God," cried Matvey, showing by this exclamation that he understood as well as his master the significance of this arrival, that it meant that Anna Arkadyevna, Prince Stepan 's loving sister, might effect a reconciliation between husband and wife.</p> <p>"Alone or with her husband?" asked Matvey.</p> <p>Stepan Arkadyevitch could not speak, as the barber was engaged on his upper lip, but he lifted one finger. Matvey nodded his head toward the mirror.</p> <p>"Alone. Get her room ready?"</p> <p>"Report to Darya Aleksandrovna, and let her decide."</p> <p>"To Darya Aleksandrovna? " reported Matvey rather sceptically.</p> <p>"Yes! report to her. And here, take the telegram, give it to her and do as she says."</p> <p>"You want to try an experiment," was the thought in Matvey's mind, but he only said, "I will obey!"</p> <p>By this time Stepan Arkadyevitch had finished his bath and his toilet, and was just putting on his clothes, when Matvey, stepping slowly with squeaking boots, and holding the telegram in his hand, returned to the room. . . . The barber was no longer there.</p> <p>"Darya Aleksandrovna bade me tell you she is going away. . . . To do just as they as you please</p>	<p>Stepan Arkadyevitch's eyes asked: "Why do you tell me that? don't you know?"</p> <p>Matvey put his hands in his jacket pockets, thrust out one leg, and gazed silently, good-humoredly, with a faint smile, at his master.</p> <p>"I told them to come on Sunday, and till then not to trouble you or themselves for nothing," he said. He had obviously prepared the sentence beforehand.</p> <p>Stepan Arkadyevitch saw Matvey wanted to make a joke and attract attention to himself. Tearing open the telegram, he read it through, guessing at the words, misspelt as they always are in telegrams, and his face brightened.</p> <p>"Matvey, my sister Anna Arkadyevna will be here tomorrow," he said, checking for a minute the sleek, plump hand of the barber, cutting a pink path through his long, curly whiskers.</p> <p>"Thank God!" said Matvey, showing by this response that he, like his master, realized the significance of this arrival – that is, that Anna Arkadyevna, the sister he was so fond of, might bring about a reconciliation between husband and wife.</p> <p>"Alone, or with her husband?" inquired Matvey.</p> <p>Stepan Arkadyevitch could not answer, as the barber was at work on his upper lip, and he raised one finger. Matvey nodded at the looking-glass.</p> <p>"Alone. Is the room to be got ready upstairs?"</p> <p>"Inform Darya Alexandrovna: where she orders."</p> <p>"Darya Alexandrovna?" Matvey repeated, as though in doubt.</p> <p>"Yes, inform her. Here, take the telegram; give</p>	<p>jacket, put forth one foot, and, silently, good-naturedly, and with a barely perceptible smile, looked at his master.</p> <p>"I told him to come two Sundays from now, and not to bother you or himself in vain until then," he uttered an obviously prepared phrase.</p> <p>Stepan Arkadevich saw that Matvey wanted to jest and to attract attention. He tore open the telegram and read it, completing the meaning of the ever incoherent words of a despatch, and his face lighted up.</p> <p>"Matvyey, sister Anna Arkadevna will be here tomorrow," he said, arresting for a moment the glossy, chubby hand of the barber who was cleaning up the swath between the long, curly side-whiskers.</p> <p>"Thank God," said Matvyey, intimating by this answer that he understood, as well as the master, the meaning of that visit, that is, that Anna Arkadevna, Stepan Arkadevich's favourite sister, might help in patching up a peace between husband and wife.</p> <p>"Does she come alone, or with her husband?" asked Matvyey. Stepan Arkadevich could not talk because the barber was busy with his upper lip, and so he raised one finger. Matvyey nodded to the mirror.</p> <p>"Alone. Shall we fix up-stairs ? "</p> <p>"Report to Darya Aleksandrovna, and do as she orders."</p> <p>"To Darya Aleksandrovna?" Matvyey repeated, as though in doubt.</p> <p>"Yes, do. And take the telegram, and let me know what she says!"</p> <p>"You want to try," was what Matvyey</p>
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<p>about it," said Matvey with a smile lurking in his eyes. Thrusting his hands in his pockets, and bending his head to one side, he looked at his master. Stepan Arkadyevitch was silent. Then a good-humored and rather pitiful smile lighted up his handsome face.</p> <p>"Hey? Matvey?" he said, shaking his head.</p> <p>"It's nothing, sir; she will come to her senses," answered Matv.</p> <p>"Will come to her senses?"</p> <p>"Exactly."</p> <p>"Do you think so? Who is there?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, hearing the rustle of a woman's dress behind the door.</p> <p>"It's me," said a powerful and pleasant female voice, and in the door-way appeared the severe and pimply face of Matriona Filimonovna, the nurse.</p> <p>"Well, what is it, Matriosha?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, meeting her at the door.</p> <p>Notwithstanding the fact that Stepan Arkadyevitch was entirely in the wrong as regarded his wife, as he himself confessed, still almost every one in the house, even the old nurse, Darya's chief friend, was on his side.</p> <p>"Well, what?" he asked gloomily.</p> <p>"You go down, sir, ask her forgiveness, just once. Perhaps the Lord will bring it out right. She is tormenting herself grievously, and it is pitiful to see her; and every thing in the house is going criss-cross. The children, sir, you must have pity on them. -Ask her forgiveness, sir! What is to be done? If you like to coast down hill you've got to . . ."</p> <p>"But she won't accept an apology ..."</p> <p>"But you do your part. God is merciful, sir: pray to God."</p>	<p>it to her, and then do what she tells you."</p> <p>"You want to try it on," Matvey understood, but he only said, "Yes sir."</p> <p>Stepan Arkadyevitch was already washed and combed and ready to be dressed, when Matvey, stepping deliberately in his creaky boots, came back into the room with the telegram in his hand. The barber had gone.</p> <p>"Darya Alexandrovna told me to inform you that she is going away. Let him do – that is you – do as he likes," he said, laughing only with his eyes, and putting his hands in his pockets, he watched his master with his head on one side. Stepan Arkadyevitch was silent a minute. Then a good-humored and rather pitiful smile showed itself on his handsome face.</p> <p>"Eh, Matvey?" he said, shaking his head.</p> <p>"It's all right, sir; she will come round," said Matvey.</p> <p>"Come round?"</p> <p>"Yes, sir."</p> <p>"Do you think so? Who's there?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, hearing the rustle of a woman's dress at the door.</p> <p>"It's I," said a firm, pleasant, woman's voice, and the stern, pockmarked face of Matriona Philimonovna, the nurse, was thrust in at the doorway.</p> <p>"Well, what is it, Matriona?" queried Stepan Arkadyevitch, going up to her at the door.</p> <p>Although Stepan Arkadyevitch was completely in the wrong as regards his wife, and was conscious of this himself, almost every one in the house (even the nurse, Darya Alexandrovna's chief ally) was on his side.</p>	<p>understood, but he only said: "Yes, sir."</p> <p>Stepan Arkadevich was already washed and had his hair combed, when Matvey, stepping slowly in his creaking boots, and carrying the telegram in his hand, returned to the room. The barber was gone.</p> <p>"Darya Aleksandrovna sends word that she is going to leave. 'Let him,' that is you, 'do as he pleases,' " he said, laughing with his eyes only. Putting his hands in his pockets and inclining his head to one side, he stared at his master.</p> <p>Stepan Arkadevich kept silence. Then a kindly and somewhat pitiful smile appeared on his handsome face.</p> <p>"Ah? Matvyey?" he said, shaking his head.</p> <p>"All right, sir, it is coming on," said Matvyey.</p> <p>"Is it coming on? "</p> <p>"Yes, sir."</p> <p>"Do you think so? Who is there? " asked Stepan Arkadevich, hearing outside the door the rustling of a woman's dress.</p> <p>"It is I," was heard the firm, agreeable voice of a woman, and through the door was thrust the stem, pockmarked face of Matriona Filimonovna, the nurse.</p> <p>"Well, Matriona?" asked Stepan Arkadevich, going up to her at the door.</p> <p>Though Stepan Arkadevich was as guilty as he could be toward his wife, and himself was conscious of it, nearly everybody in the house, even the nurse, Darya Aleksandrovna's chief friend, was on his side.</p> <p>"Well?" he said, gloomily.</p> <p>"Go, sir, and beg her pardon. Maybe God will be merciful. She suffers so much, — it is a pity to</p>
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<p>"Very well, then, come on," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, suddenly blushing. "Very well, let me have my things," said he, turning to Matvey, and resolutely throwing off his dressing-gown.</p> <p>Matvey had every thing all ready for him, and stood blowing off invisible dust from the shirt stiff as a horse collar, in which he proceeded with evident satisfaction to invest his master's luxurious form.</p>	<p>"Well, what now?" he asked disconsolately.</p> <p>"Go to her, sir; own your fault again. Maybe God will aid you. She is suffering so, it's sad to see her; and besides, everything in the house is topsyturvy. You must have pity, sir, on the children. Beg her forgiveness, sir. There's no help for it! One must take the consequences..."</p> <p>"But she won't see me."</p> <p>"You do your part. God is merciful; pray to God, sir, pray to God."</p> <p>"Come, that'll do, you can go," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, blushing suddenly. "Well now, do dress me." He turned to Matvey and threw off his dressing-gown decisively.</p> <p>Matvey was already holding up the shirt like a horse's collar, and, blowing off some invisible speck, he slipped it with obvious pleasure over the well-groomed body of his master.</p>	<p>look at her, and everything in the house is going topsyturvy. You ought to pity the children, sir. Beg her pardon, sir! What is to be done? He who likes to coast must drag up the sled."</p> <p>"But she will not receive me — "</p> <p>"Do what you can! God is merciful. Pray to God, sir! Pray to God!"</p> <p>"All right, go!" said Stepan Arkadevich, suddenly blushing. "Let me get dressed," he turned to Matvyey, with determination flinging down his morning-gown.</p> <p>Matvyey, blowing off something invisible, was holding the arched shirt, with which he in evident pleasure clad the well-fed body of his master.</p>
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