TRANSLATION PASSAGES FOR COMPARISON

1. **CHEKHOV**
2. Chekhov’s “The Lady with the Dog”

(discussed in Carol Apollonio, “Gained in Translation: Chekhov’s “Lady,” *Chekhov for the Twenty-First Century*, ed. Apollonio/Brintlinger (Bloomington: Slavica, 2012)

1. IMPERSONALS: Example #1

**Говорили**, что на набережной появилось новое лицо: дама с собачкой. (*Works* 10: 128).

1. **It was said** that a new person had appeared on the sea-front: a lady with a little dog (CG 3).
2. **It was reported** that a new face had been seen on the quay; a lady with a little dog (KC 206).
3. **People were telling one another** that a newcomer had been seen on the promenade—a lady with a dog. (IL 221)
4. A new person, **it was said**, had appeared on the esplanade: a lady with a pet dog (AY 412).
5. **There was a rumour** that somebody new had appeared on the Esplanade: a lady with a little dog (JC 270).
6. **They were saying** a new face had been seen on the esplanade: a lady with a pet dog (RP 284).
7. The appearance on the front of a new arrival—a lady with a lapdog—**became the topic of general conversation** (DM 264).
8. **They said** that a new person had appeared on the sea-front—a lady with a little dog (EF 223).
9. **There was said** to be a new arrival on the Esplanade: a lady with a dog. (RH 7)
10. **The talk was** that a new face had appeared on the embankment: a lady with a little dog (PV 361)**.**
11. **People said** that there was a new arrival on the Promenade: a lady with a little dog (RW 223).
12. **People were saying** that someone new had appeared on the seafront: a lady with a little dog (RB 167).
13. IMPERSONALS: Example #2:

Его женили рано (128)

1. He had been married young (CG 3).
2. He had married young (KC 206).
3. He had been talked into marrying (IL 221).
4. They had found a wife for him (AY 412).
5. A marriage had been arranged for him (JC 271).
6. He had married young (RP 284).
7. He had been married off (DM 264).
8. He was married off (EF 223).
9. His marriage had been arranged early (RH 7).
10. He had married young (PV 361).
11. He had been married off while still quite young (RW 223).
12. He had been married off early (RB 167).
13. IMPERSONALS: Example #3

Был праздничный день. […] Весь день **хотелось пить** […]. **Некуда было** деваться (130-1).

1. It was a holiday. […] **It was a thirsty day** […]. **One did not know** what to do with oneself (CG 7).
2. It was a blazing day. […] All day long **he was plagued with thirst** […]. **It was** impossibly hot (KC 210).
3. It was a holiday. […] **It was a parching day** […]. **The heat was** overpowering (IL 223-24).
4. It was a holiday. […] **One was thirsty** all day […]. **One did not know** what to do with oneself (AY 415-16).
5. It was a holiday. […] **It was a thirsty day** […]. **There was** no escaping from the heat (JC 274).
6. It was a holiday. […] All day long **Gurov was plagued with thirst** […]. **There was** no refuge from the heat (RP 287).
7. It was a holiday. […] All day long **one felt thirsty** […]. **There was** nowhere to go (DM 267).
8. It was a holiday. […] **One felt thirsty** all day […]. **They** could not think of a place to go (EF 226).
9. It was Sunday or some other holiday. […] **It was a thirsty day** […]. **There was** no escaping the heat (RH 9).
10. It was Sunday. […] **They felt thirsty** all day […]. **There was** no escape (PV 364).
11. It was a holiday. […] All day **one felt thirsty** […]. But **there was no** escaping the heat (RW 226).
12. It was the weekend. […] **They were thirsty** all day […]. **They** did not know what to do with themselves (RB 169-70).
13. GENDER and SOUND Example: “The Grasshopper” («Попругунья»)

(discussed in Carol Apollonio, “Teaching Chekhov in Translations,” *Teaching Chekhov*, ed. Michael Finke and Michael Holquist (MLA 2016)

И казалось, что роскошные зеленые ковры на берегах, алмазные отражения лучей, прозрачную синюю даль и всё щегольское и парадное природа сняла теперь с Волги и уложила в сундуки до будущей весны, и вороны летали около Волги и дразнили ее: «Голая! голая!» (<https://ilibrary.ru/text/706/p.5/index.html>)

And it seemed as though nature had removed now from the Volga the sumptuous green covers from the banks, the brilliant reflections of the sunbeams, the transparent blue distance, and all its smart gala array, and had packed it away in boxes till the coming spring, and the crows were flying above the Volga and crying tauntingly, “Bare, bare!” (Garnett 105).[[1]](#footnote-1)

It seemed as if the sumptuous green carpets that were spread on the banks, the reflections of diamond rays, the transparent blue distance and the whole of the elegance of stately nature had been stripped off the Volga and packed away in a trunk till the next spring, and the ravens flew along the Volga mocking her: “Bare! Bare!” (Chamot 32).

It seemed as if the lush green carpets on the banks, the diamond-like reflections of the sun’s rays, the transparent, blue distance, and all the elegant show of nature had been taken from the Volga and laid away in a chest till next spring, and the crows flew over the river, teasing it: “Bare! Bare!” (Litvinov 78).

It seemed that nature had taken from the Volga the luxuriant green carpets on her banks, her diamondlike reflections of the sun’s rays, her transparent blue distances, and all her gala splendour and smartness, and put it away in chests till next spring, and that the crows flew over the river teasing her: “Naked! Naked!” (Magarshack 115).

Sumptuous, green-carpeted banks, brilliantly reflected sunbeams, translucent blue distance…nature seemed to have taken everything showy and flamboyant from the Volga and packed it away until the coming spring, while crows flew above the river taunting its nakedness with their raucous caws (Hingley 10).

And it seemed as if nature now stripped the Volga of the luxurious green carpets on its banks, the diamond glints of the sun, the transparent blue distance, and all that was smart and showy, and packed it away in trunks till next spring, and the crows flew about the Volga, teasing her: “Bare! Bare!” (Pevear/Volokhonsky 147).

1. SOUND: “Sleepy”] “Спать хочется”, ПССиП, *сочинения*, т.7: 7-12.

 Баю-баюшки-баю,

А я песенку спою…[…]

Боль так сильна, что он не может выговорить ни одного слова и только втягивает в себя воздух и отбивает зубами барабанную дробь:

--Бу-бу-бу-бу

1. “I Want to Sleep”

“Bayu-bayushki-bayu,

 A little song I sing….” […]

The pain is so strong that he is not able to speak even one word and only draws air into himself and beats with his teeth like a drum: “Boo-boo-boo-boo…”

 “*Kathi’s Home Page” (*[*http://www.geocities.com/athens/delphi/6422/sleep.html*](http://www.geocities.com/athens/delphi/6422/sleep.html)*). Tr. not credited.*

2. “Sleepy-Eye”

*"Bayu, bayushki, bayu!*

Nurse will sing a song to you." […]

The pain is so intense that he cannot utter a single word, and only inhales air and emits through his lips a drumming sound.  "Bu, bu, bu, bu, bu -- "

*"Sleepy-Eye"* *Cosmopolitan Magazine* Anton Chékhov Volume 41, pp. 151-156, May 1906

Except for the title, this is identical to R.E.C. Long in *“The Black Monk” and Other Stories*, by Anton Tchekhoff (New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1916), 179-88.

1. “Sleepy”

“Hush-a-bye, my baby wee,

 While I sing a song for thee." […]

[…] the pain is so violent that he cannot utter a single word, and can only draw in his breath and clack his teeth like the rattling of a drum:

 "Boo--boo--boo--boo. . . ."

(<http://www.readprint.com/work-338/Anton-Chekhov>). This is Constance Garnett (1922)

1. “sleepyhead”

*Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye,*

*I’ll sing you a song…*[…]

The pain was so fierce that he was unable to speak a single word. He just sucked in the air and expelled it from his mouth with a sound like the rolling of drums.

*“Bu, bu, bu, bu…”*

*Forty Stories* by Anton Chekhov, tr. Robert Payne (NY: Vintage, 1991 [1963]), pp. 131-8.

1. “Let Me Sleep”

*Bayu-bayushki-bayu*,

I’ll sing a song for you… […]

The pain is so great that he cannot utter a single word, only draw in sharp breaths and beat a tattoo with his teeth:

“Bm-bm-bm-bm-bm…”

*The Early Stories 1883-1888*, Tr. Patrick Miles and Harvey Pitcher (New York: Collier, 1982)

1. “Sleepy”

Hush-a-bye, baby,

I’ll sing you a song… […]

The pain is so intense that he cannot utter a single word and only sucks in air, his teeth chattering like a drum roll:

“Rat-a-tat-tat-tat.”

tr. Pevear/Volokhonsky, in Stories, tr. Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky (New York: Bantam, 2000), pp. 49-54.

1. TENSE (Back to “The Lady with the Dog”)

VI. Листва не шевелилась на деревьях, кричали цикады, и однообразный, глухой шум моря, доносившийся снизу, говорил о покое, о вечном сне, какой ожидает нас. Так **шумело** внизу, когда еще тут не было ни Ялты, ни Ореанды, **теперь шумит и будет шуметь** так же равнодушно и глухо, когда нас не будет (133).

1. The leaves did not stir on the trees, grasshoppers chirruped, and the monotonous hollow sound of the sea rising up from below, spoke of the peace, of the eternal sleep awaiting us. **So it must have sounded** when there was no Yalta, no Oreanda here; **so it sounds now, and** **it will sound as indifferently and monotonously** when we are all no more (CG 12).
2. The leaves of the trees never stirred, the cicadas trilled, and the monotonous dull sound of the sea, coming up from below, spoke of the rest, the eternal sleep awaiting us. **So the sea roared** when there was neither Yalta nor Oreanda, and **so it roars and will roar, dully, indifferently** when we shall be no more (KC 215).
3. Not a leaf stirred, the grasshoppers chirruped, and the monotonous hollow roar of the sea came up to them, speaking of peace, of the eternal sleep lying in wait for us all. **The sea had roared like this** long before there was any Yalta or Oreanda, **it was roaring now, and it would go on roaring, just as indifferently and hollowly**, when we had passed away (IL 226).
4. The leaves did not stir on the trees, cicadas twanged, and the monotonous muffled sound of the sea that rose from below spoke of the peace, the eternal sleep awaiting us**. So it rumbled** below when there was no Yalta, no Oreanda here; **so it rumbles now, and it will rumble as indifferently and as hollowly** when we are no more (AY 419).
5. Not a leaf stirred on the trees, the cicadas chirped shrilly and the monotonous, muffled roar of the sea, borne from below, spoke of peace and the eternal sleep that awaits us. **That same roar resounded** before Yalta or Oreanda existed, **it resounds now and will continue to resound with the same dull resonance and the same unconcern** when we are no more (JC 278).
6. No leaves rustled, but the cicadas sang, and the monotonous muffled thunder of the sea, coming up from below, spoke of the peace, the eternal sleep awaiting us. **This muffled thunder rose** from the sea when neither Yalta nor Oreanda existed, and **so it roars and will roar, dully, indifferently**, after we have passed away. (RP 291).
7. Not a leaf stirred on the trees, the cicadas chirped, and the monotonous hollow roar of the sea, coming up from below, spoke of rest, of eternal sleep awaiting us all. **The sea had roared** like that down below when there was no Yalta or Oreanda, **it was roaring now, and it would go on roaring as indifferently and hollowly** when we were here no more (DM 270).
8. The leaves on the trees did not stir, cicadas chirped, and the monotonous, hollow sound of the sea, which reached them from below, spoke of rest, of the eternal sleep that awaits us. **That noise below them had been going on** when neither Yalta nor Oreanda were in existence; **the sea was making that noise now and would go on making it with the same hollow indifference** when we no longer existed (EF 229).
9. Not a leaf stirred on the trees, cicadas chirped. Borne up from below, the sea’s monotonous, muffled boom spoke of peace, of the everlasting sleep awaiting us. Before Yalta or Oreanda yet existed **that surf had been thundering down there**, **it was roaring away now, and it will continue its dull booming with the same unconcern** when we are no more (RH 12).
10. The leaves of the trees did not stir, cicadas called, and the monotonous, dull noise of the sea, coming from below, spoke of the peace, of the eternal sleep that awaits us. **So it had sounded below** when neither Yalta nor Oreanda were there, **so it sounded now and would go on sounding with the same dull indifference** when we are no longer here (PV 366).
11. Not one leaf stirred on the trees, cicadas chirped, and the monotonous, hollow roar of the sea that reached them from below spoke of peace, of that eternal slumber that awaits us. And **so it roared bel**ow when neither Yalta nor Oreanda existed. **It was roaring now and would continue its hollow, indifferent booming** when we are no more (RW 228).
12. The leaves on the trees did not stir, the cicadas were chattering, and the monotonous, muffled noise of the sea coming up from down below spoke of rest and of the eternal sleep which awaits us. **It had made that noise down below** when neither Yalta nor Oreanda existed, **it was making that noise now, and would continue to make that noise in that same hushed and indifferent way** when we are no longer here (RB 173).
13. **DOSTOEVSKY**

Dostoevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*. Alyosha’s “fall to the earth.” (Apollonio, from a paper presented at The Unviersity of Virginia to celebrate the centennial of the Garnett translation of the novel)

Какая-то как бы идея воцарялась в уме его—и уже на всю жизнь и на веки веков. Пал он на землю слабым юношей, а встал твердым на всю жизнь бойцом и сознал и почувствовал это вдруг, в ту же минуту своего восторга. И никогда, никогда не мог забыть Алеша во всю жизнь свою потом этой минуты. «Кто-то посетил мою душу в тот час», говори он потом с твердою верой в слова свои...(14: 328)

It was as though some idea had seized the sovereignty of his mind—and it was for all his life and for ever and ever. He had fallen on the earth a weak boy, but he rose up a resolute champion, and he knew and felt it suddenly at the very moment of his ecstasy. And never, never, all his life long could Alyosha forget that minute. “Some one visited my soul in that hour,” he used to say afterwards, with implicit faith in his words (Garnett).

A sort of idea was gaining an ascendancy over his mind—and that for the rest of his life, for ever and ever. He had fallen upon the earth a weak youth, but he rose from it a resolute fighter for the rest of his life, and he realized and felt it suddenly, at the very moment of his rapture. And never, never for the rest of his life could Alyosha forget that moment. ‘Someone visited my soul at that hour!’ he used to say afterwards with firm faith in his words… (Magarshack)

It was as though some idea had become installed in his mind for the rest of his days, eternally. He had fallen to the ground a weak youth, but rose from it a resolute fighter for the remainder of his life: he suddenly realized and felt it, at the very onset of his ecstasy. Never afterwards, never for the rest of his life, could Alyosha forget that moment. “Someone visited my soul at that hour!” he would say afterwards with firm faith in the truth of his words—(Julius Katser)

Something, a kind of idea, had taken over his soul for ever and ever. He was a weak youth when he fell on the ground and he rose a strong and determined fighter. He knew it. He felt it during that moment of rapture. And never, never thereafter would Alyosha ever forget that moment. “Someone visited my soul then,” he would say later, with firm faith in his words. (McAndrew)

Some sort of idea, as it were, was coming to reign in his mind—now for the whole of his life and unto ages of ages. He fell to the earth a weak youth and rose up a fighter, steadfast for the rest of his life, and he knew it and felt it suddenly, in that very moment of his ecstasy. Never, never in all his life would Alyosha forget that moment. “Someone visited my soul in that hour,” he would say afterwards, with firm belief in his words…(Pevear Volokhonsky)

Something that was almost an idea took mastery of his intellect—and now for the rest of his life and until the end of the ages. A feeble youth had he fallen to the earth, yet now he arose a resolute warrior for the rest of his life and knew and felt this suddenly, at that same moment of his ecstasy. And never, never for all the rest of his life would Alyosha be able to forget that moment. ‘Someone visited my soul in that hour,’ he would say later with resolute faith in his words…(DMcDuff)

An idea seemed to be taking possession of his mind—and it would be for his whole life and for eternity. He fell to the ground a weak adolescent, but when he rose to his feet he was a hardened warrior for life, and he felt and recognized this in a flash of ecstasy. And never, never in his whole life would Alyosha be able to forget this moment. ‘Someone visited my soul on that occasion,’ he would repeat later, firmly believing his own words…(Ignat Avsei)

It was as if some idea was taking over his mind—ad it was for the rest of his life, and forever. He’d fallen down on the earth a feeble youth, but had risen a determined warrior, and now he felt and knew it all of a sudden, at the very moment of his ecstasy. And never, never could Alyosha forget this moment during his entire life afterward. “Someone visited my soul at that hour,” he would say later with resolute faith in his own words.” (Katz)

1. **TOLSTOY**

Passages from translations of *War and Peace*

(discussed in Carol Apollonio, “Does the Translation Matter?” *Tolstoi: Art and Influence*, ed. Robert Reid and Joe Andrew (Leiden/Boston: Brill, 2023)

1. Description: Pierre (I: i: 5)

Пьер был неуклюж. Толстый, выше обыкновенного роста, широкий, с огромными красными руками, он, как говорится, не умел войти в салон и еще менее умел из него выйти, то есть перед выходом сказать что-нибудь особенно приятное. Кроме того, он был рассеян. Вставая, он вместо своей шляпы захвлатил треугольную шляпу с генеральским плюмажем и держал ее, дергая султан, до тех пор, пока генерал не попросил возвратить ее.[[2]](#endnote-1)

1. Pierre, as we have already said, was awkward. Stout, of more than the average height, broad-shouldered, with huge red hands, he had no idea of the proper way to enter a drawing-room, and still less the proper way of making his exit; in other words he did not know how to make some especially agreeable remark to his hostess before taking his leave. Moreover, he was absent-minded. He got up, and instead of taking his own hat he seized the plumed three-cornered hat of some general, and held it, pulling at the feathers until the general came and asked him to surrender it. (NHD I: i: 27).
2. Pierre was clumsy, stout and uncommonly tall, with huge red hands; he did not, as they say, know how to come into a drawing-room and still less how to get out of one, that is, how to say something particularly agreeable on going away. Moreover, he was dreamy. He stood up, and picking up a three-cornered hat with the plume of a general in it instead of his own, he kept hold of it, pulling the feathers till the general asked him to restore it (CG 34).
3. Pierre was clumsy. He was fat, taller than the average, broad, and had immense red hands; he, as they say, did not know how to enter a parlour, and still less did he know how to come out of it, that is, he did not know how to say something very pleasant before taking his leave. He was, in addition, absent-minded. Upon getting up, he picked up a three-cornered hat with a general’s panache instead of his own, and he held it in his hand and kept pulling the panache, until the general asked him to return it to him (LW V: 32).
4. Pierre was ungainly. Stout, above the average height, broad, with huge red hands, he did not know, as the saying is, how to enter a drawing room and still less how to leave one; that is, how to say something particularly agreeable before going away. Besides this he was absent-minded. When he rose to go, he took up instead of his own, the general’s three-cornered hat, and held it, pulling at the plume, till the general asked him to restore it (MM 23-4).
5. Pierre, as we have already said, was awkward. Stout, of more than average height, broad-shouldered, with huge red hands, he had no idea of the proper way to enter a drawing-room, and still less the proper way of making his exit; in other words, he did not know how to make some especially agreeable remark to his hostess before taking his leave. Moreover, he was absent-minded. He got up, and instead of taking his own hat he seized the plumed three-cornered hat of some general and held it, pulling at the feathers until the general came and asked him to surrender it (AK 13).
6. Pierre was ungainly, stout and uncommonly tall, with exceptionally large red hands; as the saying is, he had no idea how to enter a drawing-room and still less of how to get out of one. In other words, he did not know how to make some especially agreeable remark to his hostess before leaving. Moreover, he was absent-minded. He got up and, instead of his own, seized the plumed three-cornered hat of a general and stood holding it, pulling at the plume, until the general claimed it from him (RE 24).
7. Pierre was awkward; above average height, broad and stout, with huge red hands, he did not know how to enter a drawing room, as they say, and still less how to leave one, that is, how to say something particularly agreeable before going. Moreover he was absent-minded. Now when he got up to go he picked up a general’s three-cornered hat instead of his own and stood there plucking at the plume till the general asked him to return it (AD 49-50).
8. Pierre was ungainly, stout, quite tall and possessed of huge red hands. It was said of him that he had no idea how to enter a drawing room and was worse still at withdrawing from one, or saying something nice as he left. He was also absent-minded. He stood up now, picked up a general’s nicely plumed three-cornered hat instead of his own, and held on to it, pulling at the feathers, until the general asked for it back (AB 24)
9. Pierre was clumsy. Fat, unusually tall, broad, with enormous red hands, he did not, as they say, know how to enter a salon, and still less did he know how to leave one, that is, by saying something especially pleasant at the door. Besides that, he was absentminded. Getting up, he took a three-cornered hat with a general’s plumage instead of his own and held on to it, plucking at the feathers, until the general asked him to give it back (PV 22).
10. Pierre was ungainly. Fat and broad, with huge hands that seemed to have been made for swinging one-*pood* weights, he had no idea, as they say, of how to enter a salon and even less idea of how to leave it, that is, of how to make his farewells and say something particularly agreeable before his exit. In addition, he was absent-minded. As he stood up, instead of taking his own hat he grabbed hold of a three-cornered hat with a general’s panache and held it, tugging at the plume, until the general finally requested him with some animosity, or so it seemed to Pierre, to hand it back. (Bromfield 34 - here and always, Bromfield translated a different version of the novel)

2. Descriptive Detail: the bloodstained finger (III: ii: 37)

Tolstoi is the master of the tiny detail, the drop of water in which the entire world is reflected. These gems can present a serious challenge to the ablest translator; just as in the original, every word, and every word’s placement, is important.

Один из докторов в окровавленном фартуке и с окровавленными небольшими руками, в одной из которых он между мизинцем и большим пальцем (чтобы не запачкать ее) держал сигару, вышел из палатки (XI: 253).

1. One of the surgeons, with a blood-soaked apron and with his small hands covered with gore, holding a cigar between thumb and little finger so as not to besmear it, came out of the tent (NHD II: ix: 329).
2. One of the doctors came out of the tent with a blood-stained apron, and small, blood-stained hands, in one of which he had a cigar, carefully held between his thumb and little finger, that it might not be stained too (CG 1283).
3. One of the doctors in a blood-stained apron and with small, blood-stained hands, in one of which, between his little finger and thumb (in order not to soil it), he was holding a cigar, came out of the tent (LW VII: 363).
4. One of the doctors came out of the tent in a bloodstained apron, holding a cigar between the thumb and little finger of one of his small bloodstained hands, so as not to smear it (MM 872).
5. One of the surgeons, with a blood-soaked apron and with his small hands covered with gore, holding a cigar between thumb and little finger so as not to besmear it, came out of the tent (AK 508).
6. One of the doctors came out of the tent in a blood-soaked apron, holding a cigar between the thumb and little finger of one of his blood-stained hands, so as not to besmear it (RE 965).
7. One of the doctors came out of the tent in a bloodstained apron with a cigar held between the thumb and little finger of his small, bloody hand, to avoid smearing it (AD 976).
8. A doctor in a bloodstained apron came out of the tent, holding a cigar between the thumb and little finger of one of his bloodstained hands to keep the blood off it (AB 902).
9. One of the doctors came out of the tent in a bloody apron and with small, bloody hands, in one of which, between the thumb and the little finger (so as not to stain it), he was holding a cigar (PV 812).

3. Non-Standard Speech

1. Peasant Speech: the huntsman (II: iv: 4)

 –Картину писать! Как намеднись из Заварзинских бурьянов помкнули лису. Они перескакаивать стали, от уймища, страсть – лошадь тысяча рублей, а седоку цены нет! Да, уж такого молодца поискать! (X: 249)

1. ‘Like a picture! How he run that fox t’other day out of the steppe at Zavarzino! How he did gallop out of the woods, t’was a caution! Horse worth a thousand but the rider beyond price! ‘T would be a hard job to find such another young fellow’ (NHD II: vi: 127).
2. ‘A perfect picture he is! How he drove the fox out of the Zavarzinsky thicket the other day. He galloped down from the ravine, it was a sight – the horse worth a thousand roubles, and the rider beyond all price. Yes, you would have to look a long while to find his match!’ (CG 785).
3. ‘Like a picture! The other day he chased a fox in the Zavarzin steppe. He took some terrible leaps, –his horse is worth a thousand roubles, but there is no price to the rider himself. Yes, it would be hard to find such a fine fellow!’ (LW VI: 356)
4. ‘A perfect picture! How he chased a fox out of the rank grass by the Zavarzinsky thicket the other day! Leapt a fearful place; what a sight when they rushed from the covert … the horse worth a thousand rubles and the rider beyond all price! Yes, one would have to search far to find another as smart’ (MM 532).
5. (not present in AK)
6. ‘A reg’lar picture! How he run that there fox out of the steppe Zavarzino way t’other day! Come flying out of them woods, ‘twas a caution! Horse worth thousand roubles but nobody could set no price to the rider. Aye, a man’d need to go a long way to find the likes of him!’ (RE 586).
7. ‘A picture, he is! He made short work of running that fox out of the Zavarzinsky high grass the other day. Came galloping out like a fury – the horse worth a thousand rubles and the rider beyond price! Yes, one would have to search far and wide to find the likes of him!’ (AD 602).
8. ‘Perfect picture! The other day he run this fox out of yon patch at Zavarzino. Flew down that ravine, he did, sight for sore eyes – horse worth a thousand roubles, no price on the rider. Aye, you’d go a long way to find another like him!’ (AB 544).
9. ‘A real picture! Like the other day when we chased a fox from the Zavarzinsky thicket. The master went hurtling to cut it off from the forest, something fearsome – a thousand-rouble horse, but the rider’s priceless! Yes, a fine fellow like that is hard to find!’ (PV 498).
10. ‘A real picture. The way as he drove that fox out of the Zavarzins’ thickets the other day ­– what a sight: the horse is worth a thousand, but the rider’s priceless. Where would you find a fellow to match him’ (Bromfield 590).
11. Denisov’s lisp (IV: iii: 4)

This particular example raises some questions of a textual nature. Denisov has an unusual, manly, guttural lisp; he pronounces ‘r’ like ‘g’ ( – Г’остов! Петя! […] –Ну, я г’ад тебя видеть [XII: 127-8]). Here, though, Denisov is *not speaking, but thinking*, and the original (or at least the Jubilee edition) lacks the lisp:

«Едва ли выйдет другой такой случай, как нынче, напасть на транспорт. Одному нападать слишком рискованно, а отложить до другого дня, – из-под носа захватит добычу кто-нибудь из больших партизанов», – думал Денисов […] (XII:127).

1. ‘We shan’t be likely to find another chance like to-day’s to stwike the twansport twain. To attack them alone is too much of a wisk; and to wait till another day – some of those big bands of partizans will be sure to snatch it away from under our vewy noses,’ said Denisov […] (NHD III: vi, 13).
2. ‘We shall never have such another chance to fall on the transport as today. To attack them alone would be risky and to put it off to another day – some of the bigger leaders will carry the booty off from under our noses’, thought Denisov […] (CG 1645).
3. ‘There will hardly present itself another such an opportunity as to-day to attack the transport. It is too risky for me to attack it alone, and if I put it off to another day, some one of the greater partisans will snap it up under my nose’, thought Denisov […] (LW VIII: 183).
4. ‘There’ll hardly be another such chance to fall on a transport as today. It’s too risky to attack them by oneself, and if we put it off till another day one of the big guerrilla detachments will snatch the prey from under our noses’, thought Denisov […] (MM 1117).
5. ‘We won’t be likely to find another chance like today’s to stwike the twansport twain. To attack them alone is too much of a wisk; and to wait till another day – some of those big bands of pa’tisans will be sure to snatch it away from under our vewy noses’, said Denisof […] (AK 646).
6. ‘We aren’t likely to get another chance to fall on a twansport twain like today. To attack them alone is too much of a wisk, and if we put it off till another day one of the big guewwilla detachments will snatch the pwey from under our vewy noses’, thought Denisov […] (RE 1229).
7. ‘We’re not likely to have another chance like this to fall on a twansport twain. To attack them alone is too wisky but if we put it off to another day, one of the big guewwilla detachments will snatch the pwey fwom under our noses’, thought Denisov [...] (AD 1240).
8. ‘There’ll never be a chance like this to attack that wagon-twain. It’s too wisky to attack on our own, but if we put it off some of the big boys will gwab the spoils wight under our noses’, said Denisov to himself […] (AB 1154-5).
9. ‘There could hardly be another such occasion as today for attacking the transport. To attack alone is too risky, but put it off to another day and some bigger party will snatch the booty right from under our noses’, thought Denisov […] (PV 1038).

4. Tolstoi’s Epic Landscape: the dusty march (III: ii: 5)

Каждый день по небу ходили курчавые облака, изредка заслоняя солнце; но к вечеру опять расчищало, и солнце садилось в буровато-красную мглу. Только сильная роса ночью освежала землю. Остававшиеся на корню хлеба сгорали и высыпались. Болота пересохли. Скотина ревела от голода, не находя корма по сожженным солнцем лугам. Только по ночам и в лесах, пока еще держалась роса, была прохлада. Но по дороге, по большой дороге, по которой шли войска, даже и ночью, даже и по лесам, не было этой прохлады. Роса не заметна была на песочной пыли дороги, встолченной больше чем на четверть аршина. Как только рассветало, начиналось движение. Обозы, артиллерия беззвучно шли по ступицу, а пехота по щиколку в мягкой, душной, не остывшей за ночь, жаркой пыли. Одна часть этой песочной пыли месилась ногами и колесами, другая поднималась и стояла облаком над войском, влипая в глаза, в волоса, в уши, в ноздри и главное в легкие людям и животным, двигавшимся по этой дороге (XI:120).

1. Each day cirrus clouds moved across the sky and occasionally veiled the sun; but by evening the heavens were clear again, and the sun set in brownish purple haze. The only refreshing that the earth got was from the heavy dew at night. The standing crops of wheat were parched, and wasted their seed. The marshes dried up. The cattle bellowed from hunger, finding no pasturage along the ponds, which has shrunk to nothing in the sun. Only at night and in the depths of the forest, before the dew evaporated, was there any freshness.

But on the roads, on the highroad where the troops were marching, even at night, even in the shelter of the forests, this coolness was not to be found. The dew was imperceptible on the sandy dust, which was more than a quarter of an arshin deep.

At the first ray of dawn the troops were set in motion. The baggage train and the field-pieces plowed along noiselessly, sinking almost up to the hubs of the wheels, and the infantry struggled through the soft, stifling, heated dust which settled not even at night. One part of this sandy dust impeded feet and wheels; the other arose in the air and hovered like a cloud over the troops, filling eyes, hair, ears, and nostrils, and above all the lungs, of men and beasts alike as they moved slowly along this highway (NHD II: x, 155-6).

1. Every day curly clouds passed over the sky, rarely covering the sun; but towards evening the sky cleared again and the sun set in a glowing, red mist. But a heavy dew refreshed the earth at night. The wheat left in the fields was burnt up and dropping out of the ear. The marshes were dry. The cattle lowed from hunger, finding nothing to graze on in the sun-baked meadows. Only at night and in the woods, as long as the dew lasted, it was cool. But on the road, on the high-road along which the troops marched, there was no coolness even at night, and even where the road passed through the woods. The dew was imperceptible on the sandy dust of the road, more than a foot deep. As soon as it was daylight, the soldiers began to move. The transports and artillery moved noiselessly, buried up their axles, and the infantry sank to their ankles in the soft, stifling, burning dust, that never got cool even at night. The sandy dust clung to their legs and to the wheels, rose in a cloud over their heads, and got into the eyes and hair and nostrils and lungs of the men and beasts that moved along the road (CG 1113).
2. Fleecy clouds had been scudding every day across the sky, occasionally shrouding the sun; but toward evening it cleared up again, and the sun went down in a brownish red mist. Nothing refreshed the earth but a heavy dew each night. The grain on the stalk was burnt and fell out. The swamps were dried up. The cattle bellowed from hunger, being unable to find food on the sunburnt meadows. Only at night and in the forests was there any freshness, and then only as long as there was any dew. But on the road, on the highway, over which the troops marched, there was no coolness even at night, and even in the forests. The dew could not be noticed on the sandy dust of the road, which was turned up to the depth of more than half a foot. The moment day broke, the troops began to move. The baggage-train and the artillery proceeded noiselessly up to the hub, and the infantry up to the ankle, in the soft, strangling, hot dust, which had not cooled off through the night. One part of this sand dust was kneaded by the feet and wheels, while another rose in the air and stood in a cloud above the army, getting into the eyes, the hair, the ears, the nostrils, and, above all, into the lungs of the men and the animals that were moving along this road (LW VII: 170-1).
3. (not in AK)
4. Each day fleecy clouds floated across the sky and occasionally veiled the sun, but towards evening the sky cleared again and the sun set in reddish-brown mist. Heavy night dews alone refreshed the earth. The unreaped corn was scorched and shed its grain. The marshes dried up. The cattle lowed from hunger, finding no food on the sun-parched meadows. Only at night and in the forests while the dew lasted was there any freshness. But on the road, the highroad along which the troops marched, there was no such freshness even at night or when the road passed through the forest; the dew was imperceptible on the sandy dust churned up more than six inches deep. As soon as day dawned the march began. The artillery and baggage-wagons moved noiselessly through the deep dust that rose to the very hubs of the wheels, and the infantry sank ankle deep in that soft, choking, hot dust that never cooled even at night. Some of this dust was kneaded by the feet and wheels, while the rest rose and hung like a cloud over the troops, settling in eyes, ears, hair, and nostrils, and worst of all in the lungs of the men and beasts as they moved along that road (MM 752).
5. Every day fleecy clouds floated across the sky, occasionally shutting out the sun, but towards evening the sky would clear again and the sun set in a sombre red haze. Only the heavy night-dews refreshed the earth. The wheat left in the fields was burnt up and dropping out of the ear. The marshes dried up. The cattle lowed from hunger, finding nothing to graze on in the sun-baked meadows. Only at night and in the forests while the dew lasted was it ever cool. But on the road, the high road along which the troops marched, there was no coolness even at night or where the road passed through the forest: the dew made no impression on the sandy dust inches deep. As soon as it was daylight the soldiers began to move. The artillery and baggage-wagons ploughed along noiselessly, buried almost to their axles, and the infantry sank ankle-deep in the soft, choking burning dust that never cooled even at night. Sandy dust clung to their legs and to the wheels, rose and hung like a cloud overhead, and got into eyes, ears, hair and nostrils, and worst of all, settled in the lungs of the men and beasts that moved along the road. (RE 832-3).
6. Every day fleecy clouds floated across the sky, occasionally hiding the sun, but toward evening the sky would clear again and the sun set in a russet haze. Only the heavy night dews refreshed the earth. The standing wheat was scorched and shed its grain. The marshes dried up. The cattle lowed from hunger, finding nothing to graze on in the sun-baked meadows. Only at night and in the forests while the dew lasted was it cool. But on the roads and the highway along which the troops marched there was no such freshness even at night or when the road passed through the forest. The dew made no impression on the sandy dust which was churned up more than six inches deep. As soon as it was daylight, the soldiers began to move. The artillery and transport wagons advanced noiselessly, buried up to their hubs, and the infantry sank ankle deep in the soft, hot, stifling dust that never cooled, even at night. This sandy dust, kneaded by wheels and marching feet, rose in a cloud over the troops, settling in eyes, ears, hair, nostrils, and, worst of all, in the lungs of the men and beasts as they marched along the road (AD 844).
7. Every day fleecy clouds floated across the heavens, now and then hiding the sun, but the sky always cleared in the late afternoon and the sun went down in a deep red haze. The earth got its only refreshment from a heavy dew at night. Any wheat left in the fields was scorched and scattered. The marshes had dried up. The cattle bellowed from hunger, finding nothing to graze on in the sun-baked meadows. Only at night and in the woods was there any cool air, and then only while the dew lasted. Out on the road, the high road where the troops were marching, there was never any cool air, not even at night, not even when the road went through a wood. No dew touched the six inches of churned-up sandy dust. They were on the road at first light. Axle-deep, the wagons and big guns trundled on without a sound, while the infantry marched up to their ankles in soft, choking, burning dust that never cooled off overnight. Sandy dust stuck to feet and wheels, and rose in a cloud over the marching men, getting into eyes and hair and nostrils and, worst of all, down into the lungs of man and beast moving down the road (AB 777).
8. Every day fleecy clouds crossed the sky, occasionally covering the sun; but towards evening it cleared up again, and the sun set in a reddish brown murk. Only the heavy dews at night refreshed the earth. The standing wheat was scorched and spilled its grains. The swamps dried up. The cattle lowed from hunger, finding no food in the sun-parched meadows. It was cool only at night and in the woods, while the dew lasted. But on the road, on the high road along which the troops were marching, there was not that coolness even at night and in the woods. There was no dew to be seen on the sandy dust of the road, churned up more than half a foot deep. As soon as dawn broke, movement began. Baggage trains and artillery went noiselessly, sunk to the hubs, and infantry sunk to the ankles in the soft, suffocating, hot dust that did not cool down overnight. Part of this dust was kneaded by feet and wheels, the rest rose and hung in a cloud over the troops, filling the eyes, hair, ears, nostrils, and, above all, the lungs of the men and animals moving along this road (PV 700).

5. Philosophical Exposition: the life of nations (Epilogue II: 5)

Жизнь народов не вмещается в жизнь нескольких людей; ибо связь между этими несколькими людьми и народами не найдена. Теория о том, что связь эта основана на перенесении совокупности воль на исторические лица, есть гипотеза, не подтверждаемая опытом истории (XII: 313).

* 1. The life of the nations cannot be summarized in the lives of a few men, for the bond connecting these few persons with the nations has not been discovered. The theory that this bond of union is based on the will of the masses transferred to historical personages is an hypothesis not confirmed by the experienced of history (NHD III: Epilogue ii, 254).
	2. The life of nations is not contained in the life of a few men, since the connection between those few men and the nations has not been found. The theory that this connection is based on the delegation of the combined will of a people to its historical leaders is an hypothesis, not supported by the testimony of history (CG 1891).
	3. The life of the nations is not embraced by the lives of a few men; for the connection between these few people and the nations has not been found. The theory that this connection is based on the transference of the sum of the wills to the historical persons is a hypothesis which is not confirmed by historical experience (LW VIII: 453).
	4. AK unsurprisingly dispenses with the epilogues.
	5. The life of the nations is not contained in the lives of a few men, for the connection between those men and the nations has not been found. The theory that this connection is based on the transference of the collective will of a people to certain historical personages is a hypothesis unconfirmed by the experience of history (MM 1284).
	6. The life of nations cannot be summarized in the lives of a few men, for the connexion between those men and the nations has not been discovered. The theory that this connexion is based on the transference of the collective will of a people to certain historical personages is a hypothesis not supported by the experience of history (RE 1416).
	7. The life of nations is not contained in the lives of a few men, for the connection between these few men and the nations has not been found. The theory that this connection is based on the transference of the collective will of a people to certain historical personages is a hypothesis not confirmed by the testimony of history (AD 1428).
	8. The lives of nations cannot be contained within the lives of a few men, since the connection between those few men and the nations has never been discovered. The theory that this connection is based on a transfer of collective popular will from a people to its historical leaders is a hypothesis not borne out by historical experience (AB 1333).
	9. The life of peoples cannot be contained in the lives of several men, for the connection between these several men and the peoples has not been found. The theory that this connection is based on the transfer of the sum total of wills to historical figures is a hypothesis not confirmed by the experience of history (PV 1192).

6. *Ostranenie*: Natasha at the opera (II: v: 9)

На сцене были ровные доски по средине, с боков стояли крашеные картины, изображавшие деревья, позади было протянуто полотно на досках. В середине сцены сидели девицы в красных корсажах и белых юбках. Одна, очень толстая, в шелковом белом платъе, сидела особо, на низкой скамеечке, к которой был приклеен сзади здленый картон. Все они пели что-то. Когда они кончили свою песню, девица в белом подошла к будочке суфлера, и к ней подошел мужчина в шелковых, в обтяжку, панталонах на толстых ногах, с пером и кинжалом и стал петь и разводить руками (X: 324).

1. Smooth boards formed the center of the stage, on the sides stood painted canvases representing trees, in the background a cloth was stretched out on boards, in the foreground girls in red bodices and white petticoats were sitting around. One, who was exceedingly stout, wore a white silk dress. She sat by herself on a low footstool, to the back of which was glued green cardboard. They were all singing something. After they had finished their chorus the girl in white advanced toward the prompter’s box, and a man in silk tights on his stout legs, and with a feather and a dagger, joined her, and began to sing and wave his arms (NHD. II: vi, 231)
2. The stage consisted of a boarded floor in the middle, with painted cardboard representing trees at the sides, and linen stretched over boards at the back. In the middle of the stage there were sitting maidens in red bodices and white skirts. An excessively stout woman in a white silk dress was sitting apart on a low bench with green cardboard fixed on the back of it. They were all singing something. When they had finished their song, the woman in white moved towards the prompter’s box, and a man, with his stout legs encased in silk tights, with a plume and a dagger, went up to her and began singing and waving his arms (CG 888).
3. On the stage there were smooth planks in the middle; at the sides stood painted pictures, representing trees; in the background a canvas was drawn over boards. In the middle of the stage sat maidens in red corsages and white skirts. One of them, who was very stout and dressed in a white silk dress, was sitting apart on a low stool, to the back of which was pasted up a green pasteboard. They were singing something. When they had all finished their song, the maiden in white walked over to the prompter’s box, and was accosted by a man in closely fitting silk trousers over stout legs, with feather and poniard, and he began to sing and wave his arms (LW VI: 466).
4. The floor of the stage consisted of smooth boards, at the sides was some painted cardboard representing trees, and at the back was a cloth stretched over boards. In the center of the stage sat some girls in red bodices and white skirts. One very fat girl in a white silk dress sat apart on a low bench, to the back of which a piece of green cardboard was glued. They all sang something. When they had finished their song the girl in white went up to the prompter’s box and a man with tight silk trousers over his stout legs, and holding a plume and a dagger, went up to her and began singing, waving his arms about (MM 601).
5. Astoundingly, AK omits this famous passage.
6. Smooth boards formed the centre of the stage, at the sides stood painted canvases representing trees, and in the background was a cloth stretched over boards. In the middle of the stage sat some girls in red bodices and white petticoats. One extremely fat girl in a white silk dress was sitting apart on a low bench, to the back of which a piece of green cardboard was glued. They were all singing something. When they had finished their chorus the girl in white advanced towards the prompter’s box, and a man with stout legs encased in silk tights, a plume in his cap and a dagger at his waist, went up to her and began to sing and wave his arms about (RE 663).
7. The stage consisted of smooth planks in the center, with some painted cardboard representing trees at the sides, and a canvas stretched over boards in the back. Girls in red bodices and white petticoats sat in the middle of the stage. One extremely fat girl in a white silk dress was sitting apart on a low bench, to the back of which was glued a piece of green cardboard. They were all singing. When they had finished their song the girl in white advanced to the prompter’s box, and a man with stout legs encased in silk tights, with a plume and a dagger, began singing and waving his arms about (AD 678).
8. The stage consisted of flat boards down the middle with painted cardboard representing trees at both sides and cloth-covered boards at the back. Several young girls in red tops and white skirts were sitting in the middle of the stage. One very fat girl in a white silk dress sat to one side on a low bench with green cardboard glued on the back of it. They were all singing something. When they had finished their song the woman in white came forward to the prompter’s box, and a man with fat legs squeezed into silk tights, with a feather in his hat and a dagger in his belt, came up to her and burst into song with much waving of his arms (AB 617).
9. The stage consisted of flat boards in the middle, with painted pieces of cardboard on the sides representing trees, and canvas stretched over boards at the back. In the middle of the stage sat girls in red bodices and white skirts. One, very fat, in a white silk dress, sat apart on a low stool with a piece of green cardboard glued to the back of it. They were all singing something. When they finished their song, the girl in white went up to the prompter’s box, and a man with tight silk breeches on his fat legs, and with a feather and a dagger, came up to her and began singing and spreading his arms (PV 560).
10. There were level boards in the centre of the stage and sheets of cardboard at the side, painted green, supposedly to represent trees. Men in frock coats and a few girls were sticking their heads out from behind the sheets of cardboard, and at the back there was a very poorly painted town - the kind you always see in the theatre, but which doesn’t exist in reality. Sheets of canvas were stretched over the top of everything. There were young ladies in red bodices and little white skirts sitting on the boards and one in a white silk dress who was sitting apart from the rest, all of them dressed in a way that people never are in reality, but always are in the theater. And they were all singing something. Then the maiden in white walked over to a little hut, and a young man in skin-tight silk breeches (he had fat legs), with a feather in his hat and a dagger at his side, walked up to her and began trying to persuade her of something, clutching at her bare arm, running his fingers along the arm and singing (Bromfield).

7. Tolstoi’s Metaphors: the watch mechanism (III: ii: 29) (in French).

As the original text is in French, this passage gives the opportunity to mention the problem of French in *War and Peace* overall. Also, be aware of chronology: NHD-CG/LW-MM-AK-RE-AD-and the other three in a close cluster, these latter presumably operating independently from one another.

*Notre corps est comme une montre parfaite qui doit aller un certain temps; l’horloger n’a pas la faculté de l’ouvrir, il ne peut la manier qu’a tâtons et les yeux bandés. Notre corps est une machine à vivre, voilà tout* (XI: 223).

1. ‘Our body is like a perfect watch which is meant to go a certain time; the watchmaker cannot open it; he can only regulate it by his sense of feeling and with his eyes shut. Our body is a living-machine, that is all it is’ (NHD II: x, 290).
2. ‘Our body is a perfect watch, meant to go for a certain time; the watchmaker has not the power of opening it, he can only handle it in fumbling fashion, blindfold. Our body is a machine for living, that’s all’ (CG 1244).
3. *LW provides only the French text* (VII: 318).
4. ‘Our body is like a perfect watch that should go for a certain time; the watchmaker cannot open it, he can only adjust it by fumbling, and that blindfold … Yes, our body is a machine for living, that is all’ (MM 844).
5. *AK does not include this part. Generally the French in this edition is minimal—as in her puppetmaster, Dole; when present it appears with no translation.*
6. ‘Our body is like a perfect watch meant to go for a certain time; the watchmaker cannot open it - he can only adjust if by fumbling his way blindfold. Yes, our body is a machine for living, that is all’ (RE 935).
7. ‘Our body is like a perfect watch, meant to go for a certain time; the watchmaker can’t open it, he can only fumble with it blindfold. Our body is a machine for living, that’s all’ (AD 946).
8. ‘Our body is like a perfect watch with only a fixed time to run. The watchmaker has no power to get inside it, he can only fumble with it blindfold. Our body is a machine for living, and that’s all there is to it’ (AB 874).
9. *PV quote the French in the text and provide the following translation in a footnote*: ‘Our body is like a perfect watch that must run for a certain time; the watchmaker is not able to open it, he can only handle it by feel and blindfolded. Our body is a machine for living, that’s all’ (PV 787).

8. Emotional Climax: Prince Andrei’s death (IV: i: 16)

Наташа и княжна Марья теперь тоже плакали, но они плакали не от своего личного горя; они плакали от благоговейного умиления, охватившего их души перед сознанием простого и торжественного таинства смерти, совершившегося перед ними (XII: 65).

1. Natasha and the princess also wept now, but they wept not because of their own personal sorrow; they wept from a reverent emotion which took possession of their souls in presence of the simple and solemn mystery of death, which had been accomplished before their eyes (NHD III: xi, 252-3)
2. Natasha and Princess Marya wept too now. But they did not weep for their personal sorrow; they wept from the emotion and awe that filled their souls before the simple and solemn mystery of death that had been accomplished before their eyes (CG 1557).
3. Natasha and Princess Marya also wept, but they did not weep from their personal grief; they wept from that sensation of reverent awe which held possession of their souls before the consciousness of that simple and solemn mystery of death, which had taken place before them (LW VIII: 90).
4. Natasha and Princess Mary also wept now, but not because of their own personal grief; they wept with a reverent and softening emotion which had taken possession of their souls at the consciousness of the simple and solemn mystery of death that had been accomplished in their presence (MM 1060-61).
5. Natasha and the princess also wept now, but they wept not because of their own personal sorrow; they wept from a reverent emotion which took possession of their souls in presence of the simple and solemn mystery of death, which had been accomplished before their eyes (AK 621).
6. Natasha and Princess Maria wept too now, but they wept not because of their own personal grief: they wept from the emotion and awe which took possession of their souls before the simple and solemn mystery of death that had been accomplished before their eyes (RE 1167).
7. Natasha and Princess Marya also wept now, but not because of their own personal grief; they wept out of a reverent emotion that filled their souls before the solemn mystery of a death that had been consummated in their presence (AD 1177).
8. Natasha and Princess Marya now also gave way to tears, but not from personal sorrow. They wept with a melting sensation of reverence gripping their souls as they contemplated the simple and solemn mystery of death that had been accomplished before their eyes (AB 1095).
9. Natasha and Princess Marya also wept now, but they did not weep from their own personal grief; they wept from a reverent emotion that came over their souls before the awareness of the simple and solemn mystery of death that had been accomplished before them (PV 986).

EDITIONS QUOTED (“Lady with the Dog” examples)

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1. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. [↑](#endnote-ref-1)