

2003

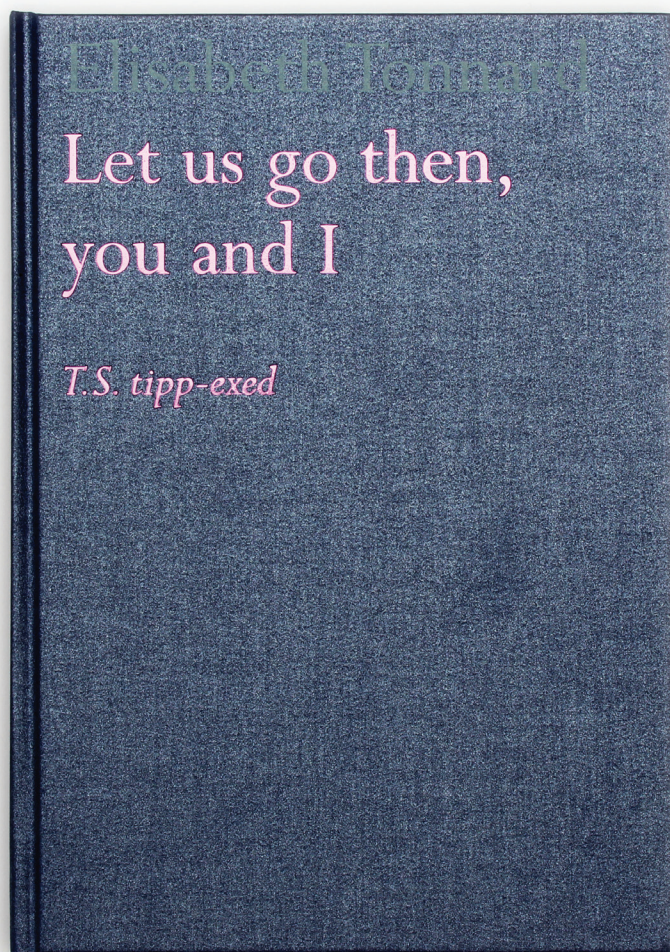
# Let us go then, you and I

## T.S. tipp-exed

Elisabeth Tonnard (\* 1973, NL)

T. S. Eliots Gedicht *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* (1915, *J. Alfred Prufrocks Liebesgesang*) gehört zu den bekanntesten englischsprachigen Gedichten des 20. Jahrhunderts. Von den insgesamt 131 Versen des Gedichts bearbeitet die niederländische Künstlerin Elisabeth Tonnard in ihrem Werk *Let us go then, you and I* die ersten zwölf:

*T. S. Eliot's poem The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock (1915) is one of the most famous English poems of the 20th century. In her work Let us go then, you and I, Dutch artist Elisabeth Tonnard adapted the first twelve of the 131 lines:*



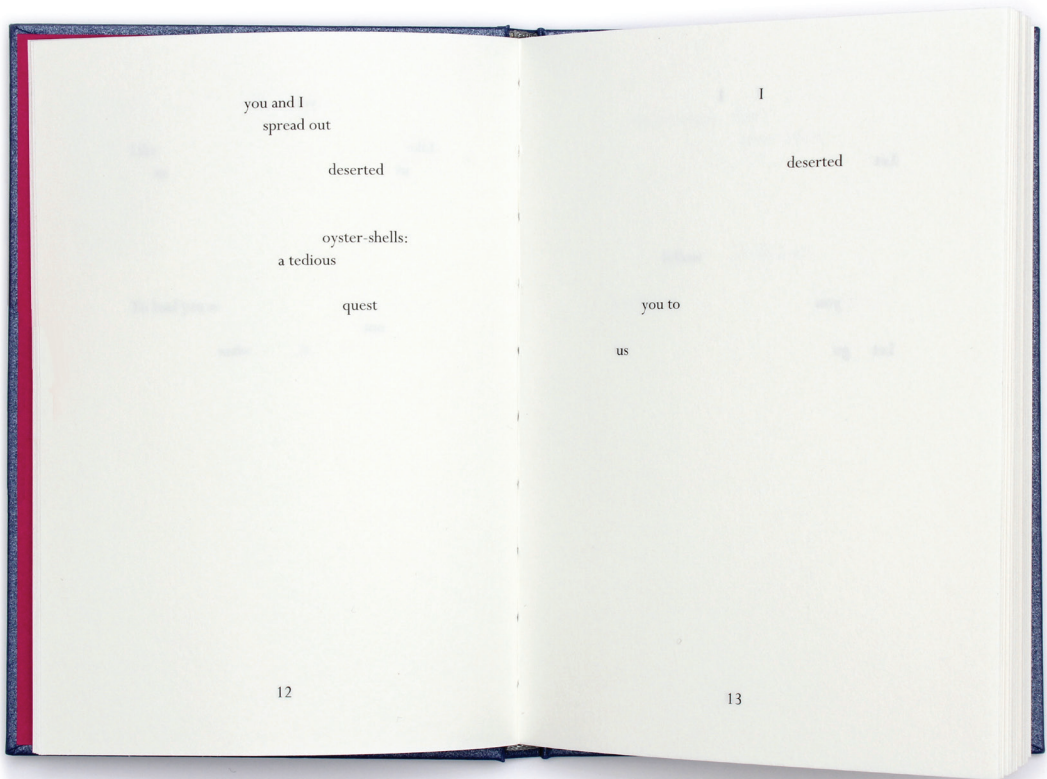
Acquoy: Ampersand 2003  
ISBN 9789080788411  
250 numm. Ex. /  
250 numbered copies  
68 S. / 68 pp.  
17,5 x 12,5 x 1,2 cm  
Hardcover

Quelle / Source:  
T. S. Eliot: *The Love  
Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*

Selection (Erasure) & Variation

Let us go then, you and I,  
When the evening is spread out against the sky  
Like a patient etherized upon a table;  
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  
The muttering retreats  
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  
Streets that follow like a tedious argument  
Of insidious intent  
To lead you to an overwhelming question...  
Oh, do not ask, 'What is it?'  
Let us go and make our visit.





Die Verse sind zu Beginn von Tonnards Buch unverändert wiedergegeben. Ihnen folgen 63 Bearbeitungen, für die Tonnard Teile des Textes – ganze Wörter, aber auch einzelne Buchstaben – mit Tipp-Ex tilgte. So entstanden minimalistische Gedichte aus nur wenigen Worten wie „Let us / read / less“, die durch großen Weißraum zwischen den einzelnen Wörtern gekennzeichnet sind, da Tonnard die Position der Wörter im Ausgangstext beibehielt.

Die Gestaltung des Buches hat Tonnard an eine Faber & Faber-Ausgabe von Eliots *Collected Poems* angelehnt, um eine ‚typische‘ Ästhetik von Lyrikbänden zu imitieren und ihr Buch so möglichst marktgängig zu machen.

*The 12 lines are reproduced unaltered at the beginning of Tonnard's book. These are followed by 63 variations in which Tonnard deleted parts of the texts—words as well as single letters—with whiteout. She thus created minimalist poems comprising only a few words each, such as “Let us / read / less,” and characterized by large fields of white space between the words, which are preserved in their original positions.*

*Tonnard based the layout of the book on a Faber & Faber edition of Eliot's *Collected Poems* to imitate the 'typical' aesthetics of poetry books and possibly to give the book a more marketable appeal.*



# In this Dark Wood

Elisabeth Tonnard (\* 1973, NL)

Rochester, New York: Selbstverlag /

Self-Published 2008

Aufl. unbegr. / open edition

196 S. / 196 pp.

22,8 x 15,2 x 1,2 cm

Softcover mit s/w-Abb. / with b/w illustrations

Quelle / Source: Dante Alighieri:

*Divine Comedy*





Dantes *Göttliche Komödie* (1321) wurde vielfach in andere Sprachen übersetzt, in viele Sprachen auch mehrfach. In ihrem Buch *In this Dark Wood* griff Elisabeth Tonnard auf nicht weniger als neunzig englische Übertragungen der *Divina Commedia* zurück. Allerdings beschränkte sie sich auf das Terzett, mit dem der erste Teil *Inferno* beginnt. Es lautet im italienischen Original: „Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita / mi ritrovai per una selva oscura, / ché la diritta via era smarrita.“ Die erste Übertragung stammt von Mark Musa: „Midway along the journey of our life / I woke to find myself in a dark wood, / for I had wandered off from the straight path.“ Die letzte stammt von Tonnard selbst: „In the middle of the journey of our life / I

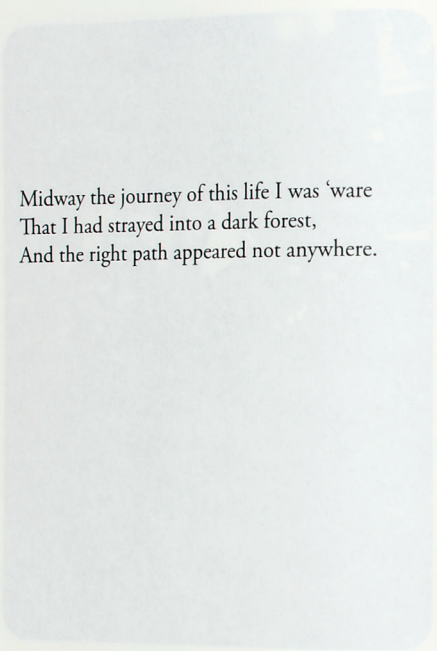
*Dante's Divine Comedy (1321) was translated into many languages, sometimes multiple times. In her book In this Dark Wood, Elisabeth Tonnard drew from ninety English translations of the Divina Commedia. But she focused only on the first three lines of the text: "Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita / mi ritrovai per una selva oscura, / ché la diritta via era smarrita." The first translation is by Mark Musa: "Midway along the journey of our life / I woke to find myself in a dark wood, / for I had wandered off from the straight path." The last one is by Tonnard herself: "In the middle of the journey of our life / I found myself lost in dark woods, / Trying to seize the light." All translators are listed at the end of the book under the headline "Voices."*

Midway along the journey of our life  
I woke to find myself in a dark wood,  
for I had wandered off from the straight path.



found myself lost in dark woods, / Trying to seize the light.“ Alle Übersetzer werden am Ende des Buches unter der Überschrift „Voices“ aufgelistet. Pro Doppelseite präsentiert Tonnard eine Übersetzung, der jeweils eine s/w-Aufnahme gegenübergestellt ist. Die nächtlichen Passantenaufnahmen aus den Jahren 1930 bis 1970 stammen aus der Sammlung von Joseph Selle mit rund einer

*On each double page, Tonnard presents a single translation accompanied by a black-and-white illustration. The images of passers-by at night between 1930 and 1970 stem from the collection of Joseph Selle which contains more than one million photographs. “While I was looking through these images,” Tonnard writes, “it struck me that at nighttime a higher percentage of people were walking alone than in the daytime. These*



Midway the journey of this life I was 'ware  
That I had strayed into a dark forest,  
And the right path appeared not anywhere.

Million erhaltener Fotografien. Während Tonnard die Bilder durchsah, fiel ihr auf, „dass nachts mehr Leute alleine unterwegs sind als tagsüber. Auch hatten die Gestalten einen ganz bestimmten Ausdruck in ihren Gesichtern, als wenn ihre Augen etwas anderes als ihre Umgebung erblicken würden. Diese Fremdheit führte dazu, dass ich sie als Seelen betrachtete, die im dunklen Wald der Stadt

*figures also had a certain look on their faces as if their eyes were seeing something else than their actual surroundings. This alienation made me think of them as souls lost in the dark woods of the city, all speaking the words of Dante's first lines in the Inferno." The signs and phrases that can be found in the photographs seem to refer to Dante as well ("HELL IS A CITY," "TROUBLE IN THE SKY"). Moreover, the people*





verloren gegangen waren und die ersten Verse aus Dantes *Inferno* sprechen.“ Auch die manchmal auf den Fotos zu sehenden Reklameschriftzüge („HELL IS A CITY“, „TROUBLE IN THE SKY“) scheinen auf Dante zu referieren. So wie sich die Personen auf den Fotos ähneln, verhält es sich auch mit den Texten. Das Layout des Buchs unterstreicht den Eindruck von Wiederholung und Austauschbarkeit, schärft damit aber zugleich den Blick für die Unterschiede: Jede Person scheint dasselbe zu sagen, aber in immer wieder anderen Worten; jede ist wie die andere und doch allein und einzigartig.

Tonnards Montage erinnert an Caroline Bergvalls Text *Via* aus dem Jahr 2000, der 48 englische Übersetzungen der ersten drei *Inferno*-Verse aneinanderreicht, wobei den Terzetten jeweils die Namen der Übersetzer sowie die Erscheinungsjahre folgen.

*in the images resemble each other, just like the texts seem similar to each other. While the layout of the book emphasizes the idea of repetition and exchangeability, but also sharpens our understanding of difference: every person seems to utter the same words, but they sound different every time. Everyone is alike, and at the same time unique and special.*

*Tonnard's montage is also reminiscent of Caroline Bergvall's text Via from 2000. Bergvall assembled 48 English translations of the first three Inferno lines, adding the name of the translator and year of publication after every tercet.*

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# The Man of the Crowd

Elisabeth Tonnard (\* 1973, NL)

(1) Rochester, New York: Selbstverlag /  
Self-published 2008

14 numm. Ex. / 14 numbered copies

17,8 x 12,7 cm

76 ungeb. Bl. in schwarzer Lederkassette /

76 unbound sheets in black leather slipcase

(2) Leerdam: Selbstverlag 2012 / Self-published 2012

ISBN 978-90-807884-0-4

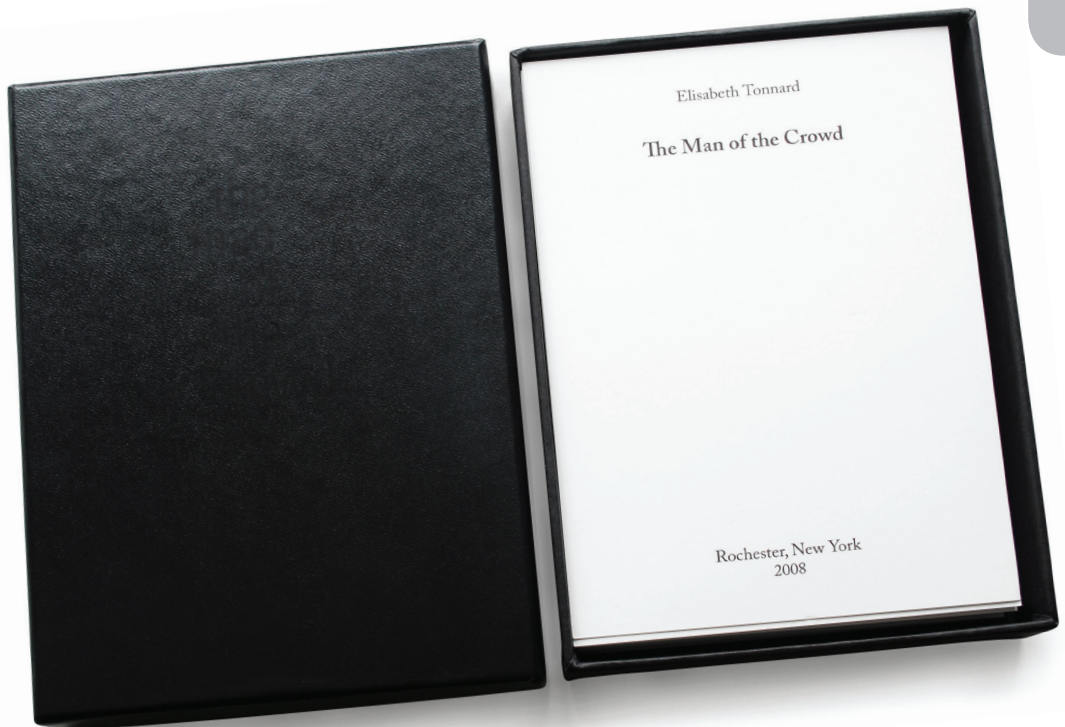
48 S. & 1 Faltblatt / 48 pp. & one foldout sheet

23,5 x 19,5 cm

Hardcover mit geprägtem Titel / with  
stamped title

Quelle / Source: E. A. Poe:

*The Man of the Crowd*





Im Juli 2008 fotografierte Elisabeth Tonnard in Paris einen vorübergehenden, eigenbrötlerischen alten Mann, der in der Menge verschwand, wieder auftauchte, stillstand und weiterging, während die Menschen um ihn herum in stetiger Bewegung waren. Dieses Erlebnis erinnerte Tonnard

*In July 2008, Elisabeth Tonnard photographed an introverted old man on the streets of Paris, who disappeared into the crowd, surfaced again, stopped in his tracks, and then continued walking, while those around him were constantly moving. This reminded Tonnard of Baudelaire's poems Les Sept Vieillards*

in of an evening in autumn, I sat at the large bow window  
in London. For some months I had been ill in health, but

to breathe was enjoyment; and I derived positive pleasure  
legitimate sources of pain. I felt a calm but inquisitive

and a newspaper in my lap, I had been amusing myself for  
period of the evening I had never before been in a

delicious novelty of emotion. I gave up, at length, all care  
and generalizing turn. I looked at the passengers in

relations. Soon, however, I descended to details, and  
two large classes beyond what I have noted. Their

was an obvious one; and here I discerned two remarkable  
of the gentry; -- and this, I believe, involves the best

habit of standing off on end. I observed that they always  
of dashing appearance, whom I easily understood as

great cities are infested. I watched these gentry with  
. The gamblers, of whom I described not a few, were

traits, moreover, by which I could always detect them; --  
company with these sharpers, I observed an order of men

of what is termed gentility, I found darker and deeper  
themes for speculation. I saw Jew pedlars/-104-/with

then peculiar mental state, I could frequently read, even  
With my brow to the glass, I was thus occupied in

resembling that expression I had never seen before. I  
I had never seen before. I well remember that my first

incarnations of the fiend. As I endeavoured, during the  
-- of extreme despair. I felt singularly aroused,

. 'How wild a history,' I said to myself, 'is written  
and seizing my hat and cane, I made my way into the street,

crowd in the direction which I had seen him take; for he  
. With some little difficulty I at length came within sight

to attract his attention. I had now a good opportunity  
the strong glare of a lamp, I perceived that his linen,

which enveloped him, I caught a glimpse both of a  
heightened my curiosity, and I resolved to follow the

degree. For my own part I did not much regard the rain  
handkerchief about my mouth, I kept on. For half an hour

the great thoroughfare; and I here walked close at his  
that, at every such movement, I was obliged to follow him

steadily and perseveringly. I was surprised, however, to  
his steps. Still more was I astonished to see him repeat

, he rushed with an activity I could/-107-/not have dreamed  
his observation. Luckily I wore a pair of caoutchouc

At no moment did he see that I watched him. He entered shop  
with a wild and vacant stare. I was now utterly amazed at

an Baudelaire's Gedichte *Les Sept Vieillards* (Die sieben Greise) und *Les Foules* (Die Menge) sowie Poes berühmte Kurzgeschichte *The Man of the Crowd* (1840, *Der Mann in der Menge*), in der ein hinfälliger alter Mann von einem Ich-Erzähler aus einem Londoner Café heraus beobachtet und bei seinem Gang durch die Menge verfolgt wird. Poes Erzählung bildete den Ausgangspunkt von Tonnards gleichnamigem Werk, in dem sie 56

(The Seven Old Men) and *Les Foules* (Crowds), as well as Poe's famous short story *The Man of the Crowd* (1840), in which an unnamed first-person narrator observes a decrepit man outside a London coffee shop, and follows him through the crowds. Tonnard's work, which bears the same title as Poe's story, juxtaposes 56 photographs of the old man with a two-part textual analysis of Poe's text. Tonnard focuses exclusively on the narrator who, while trailing

[illegible]

Fotografien des alten Manns mit einer zweigliedrigen Textanalyse zusammenführte. Tonnard richtete ihre Aufmerksamkeit dabei ganz auf den Erzähler, der während der Verfolgung wie der Beobachtete selbst zum „Mann in der Menge“ wird. In eben dieser Position sieht Tonnard auch sich selbst, nicht nur angesichts ihrer eigenen Beobachtung eines Manns in der Menge, sondern auch als Autorin, die sich ihren Weg durch die Menge der bereits geschriebenen Texte bahnt. Im ersten Teil ihrer Poe-Analyse sammelte sie daher alle Vorkommnisse des Wortes „I“, behielt – wie in einer Konkordanz – je einige Wörter davor und danach bei und ordnete sie als Zeilen eines Gedichtes an. Eine fortlaufende Lektüre ergibt überraschende Zusammenhänge. Im zweiten Teil gab



sie Poes Erzählung vollständig wieder. Gesetzt ist diese dabei so, dass sich der Zeilenfluss über mehrere Blätter hinweg erstreckt. Dergestalt verwandelt sich die Erzählung in eine „verbale Straße“, die der Leser in ihrer gesamten Länge Zeile für Zeile abgehen muss. Allerdings wird sie von weißen Flecken zerrissen, da die 100 meistbenutzten Wörter weiß gedruckt, also unsichtbar sind. Diese Lücken können laut Tonnard als Spuren des Individuums in der Menge gelesen werden, das sich auch bei sorgfältigster Beobachtung nicht erschließen lässt – ganz in dem Sinne, in dem Poe seine Erzählung mit dem Verweis auf ein gewisses Buch beginnt und abschließt, von dem es auf Deutsch heißt: „Es lässt sich nicht lesen.“

*visible. These gaps may be read, according to Tonnard, as traces of an individual in the crowd impossible to decipher despite the most careful observation. This is precisely what Poe hinted at when he framed his story with the reference to “a certain German book” of which it is said that “es lässt sich nicht lesen”—it does not permit itself to be read.”*



# "Speak! eyes – En zie!

Elisabeth Tonnard (\* 1973, NL)

Gent: Druksel 2010  
 126 Ex., davon 1-100 & A-Z numm. /  
 126 copies, of which 1-100 & A-Z lettered  
 36 unpag. S. / 36 pp. (unpag.)  
 18,2 x 12 x 0,3 cm  
 Softcover mit transp. Schutz-  
 umschlag, grauer Vorsatz / with  
 transparent dust jacket,  
 gray endpaper

Quelle / Source:  
 15 Werke der Weltliteratur /  
 works from world literature



Für ihr Buch "Speak! eyes – En zie!" hat sich Elisabeth Tonnard auf die Suche nach der Essenz bekannter Werke der Weltliteratur begeben und diese in ihren jeweiligen Originalsprachen der AutoZusammenfassen-Funktion einer bekannten

For her book "Speak! eyes – En zie!", Elisabeth Tonnard set out in search of the essence of famous works from world literature: 15 books were autosummarized by a well-known word processing program in their original language. The program's slogan, quot-



[The Waste Land – T. S. Eliot]

Son of man, 20  
The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.  
Unreal City, 60  
Speak.  
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME  
Goonight. 170  
Goonight. Line 161 ALRIGHT. Jug jug jug jug jug jug  
Southwest wind  
White towers  
la la  
Burning burning burning burning  
IV. DEATH BY WATER  
Which are mountains of rock without water  
If there were only water amongst the rock  
If there were water  
If there were rock  
And also water  
And water 350  
Drip drip drip drop drop drop drop  
Line 20. Cf. 23. Cf. 60. Cf. 63. Cf. 64. Cf. 74. Cf. 77. Cf.  
100. Cf. 115. Cf. 118. Cf. 126. Cf. 138. Cf. 192. Cf. 196.  
Cf. 197. Cf. 293. Cf.

ten.“ Entstanden sind so 15 kurze Texte, die von Tonnard häufig in der Art eines Gedichts angeordnet wurden, wobei extrahierte Reste als Titel fungieren. So ist etwa Goethes *Faust* überschrieben mit „Und ach!“, Stendhals *La Chartreuse de Parme* mit „Et la peine.“ Während Word aus Ann Radcliffes *The Mysteries of Udolpho* neben einigen Verben durchaus treffend 64-mal den Namen der Heldin Emily, einige Anrufungen („O“) und „heart“ als „Themenschwerpunkt“ auswählt, reduziert sich Shakespeares *Hamlet* ganz auf die Hauptfigur, die in ihrer Verstümmelung als „Ham“ einen Bogen sowohl zum Schmierenkommödianten (engl. ham actor) als auch zu der Figur Hamm aus Becketts *Endspiel* schlägt. Auch eine

extracted text functions as a title. Goethe's *Faust*, for example, is titled „Und ach!“, Stendhal's *La Chartreuse de Parme* respectively „Et la peine?“ In the case of Ann Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, Microsoft Word deemed 64 mentions of the heroine's name, Emily, „most relevant to the main theme,“ along with a few verbs, exclamations („O“), and the word „heart.“ Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, on the other hand, is entirely edited down to the mutilated main character „Ham,“ evoking the expression „ham actor“ as well as Beckett's *Hamm* from the play *Endgame*. Moreover, the program captures a relevant feature of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*—namely the annotations; Shakespeare's Sonnets are relatively well represented as a sonnet solely about love.



Eigenheit von T. S. Eliots *The Waste Land*, nämlich die Anmerkungen, wird treffsicher erfasst; und Shakespeares *Sonnets* kommen stilsicher als ein Sonett über nichts als die Liebe daher.

Nachdem Tonnard 2003 bereits 63 Erasure-Varianten der ersten Verse von T. S. Eliots *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* vorgelegt hatte (→ S. 241), unterwarf sie für "*Speak! eyes – En zie!*" den gesamten Text der Gedichtsammlung *Prufrock and Other Observations* den Computeralgorithmen:

*In 2003, Tonnard had already produced 63 erasure versions of the first lines of T. S. Eliot's 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock' (→ p. 241). For "Speak! eyes – En zie! she fed the entire text of the poetry collection Prufrock and Other Observations to the program:*

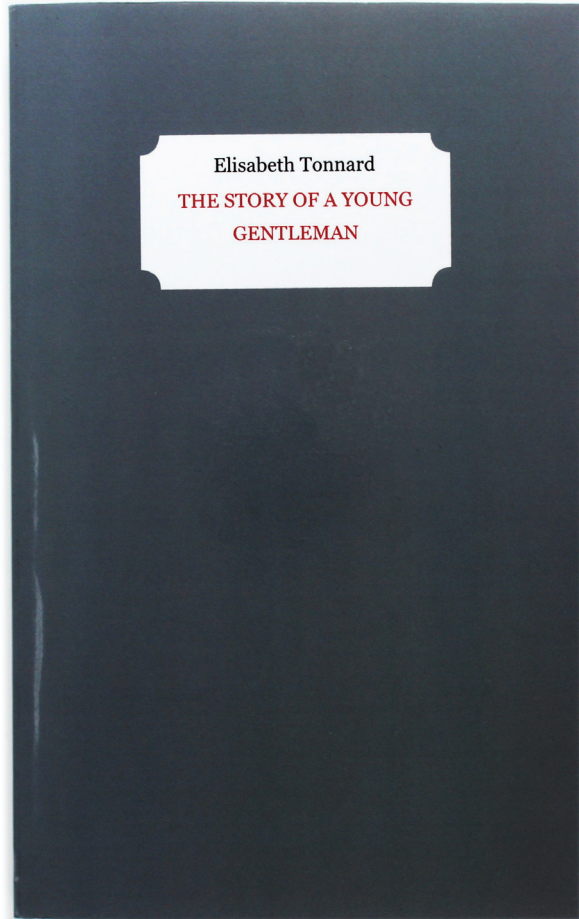
*The Boston Evening Transcript  
From the sawdust-trampled street  
That time resumes,  
As the street hardly understands;  
The street lamp sputtered,  
The street lamp muttered,  
The street lamp said,  
The street lamp said,  
Memory!  
Mount.*

# The Story of a Young Gentleman

Elisabeth Tonnard (\* 1973, NL)

Leerdam: Selbstverlag /  
Self-Published 2011  
unbegr. Aufl. / open edition  
350 unpag. S. / 350 pp. (unpag.)  
20,3 x 12,8 x 2,1 cm  
Softcover

Quelle / Source: Leo Tolstoy:  
*War and Peace*

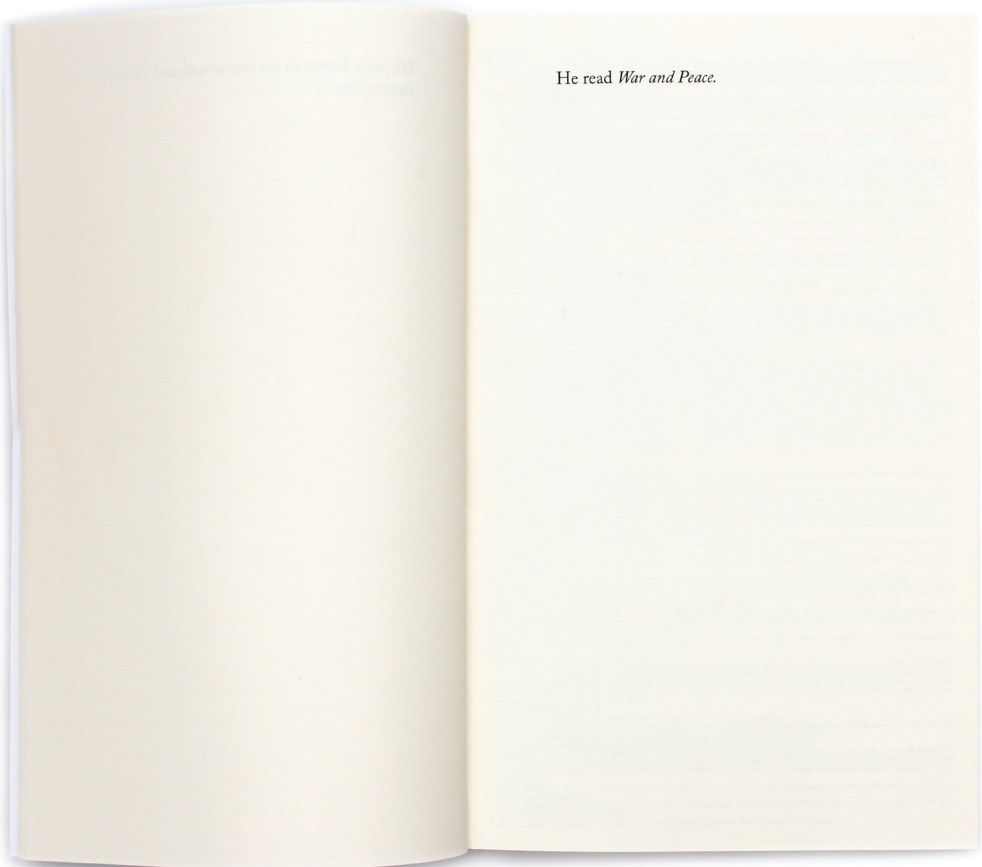


Das Verhältnis von Kürze und Länge, das Tonnard in ihrem Werk *“Speak! eyes– En zie!”* (→ S. 456) thematisiert, ist auch in *The Story of a Young Gentleman* zentral. Vom Umfang her könnte es sich bei den 350 Seiten um einen Roman handeln, eigentlich aber stellt Tonnard hier eine eigene, äußerst kurze Erzählung von nur sechs Sätzen vor, in die einer der längsten Romane der Weltliteratur eingebunden ist: Lev Tolstoj's *Krieg und Frieden* (1868/69), der nicht weniger als vier Bände, 17 Teile und 365 Kapitel umfasst. Tonnards Erzäh-

*The relationship between brevity and length, which Tonnard also thematizes in her work “Speak! eyes – En zie!” (→ p. 456), is at the center of The Story of a Young Gentleman. Judging from its length, the book could be a novel, but Tonnard presents instead a rather short story of her own. The story consists of six sentences, and contains one of the longest novels in the history of world literature: Leo Tolstoy's War and Peace (1868/69), with its 4 volumes, 17 parts, and 365 chapters. Tonnard's story begins: “He was born on a bright summer day. / For a succession of seasons*

lung beginnt so: „He was born on a bright summer day. / For a succession of seasons he was educated by the best minds of his generation. / He put a flower in his buttonhole and visited restaurants. / He read *War and Peace*.“ Dem folgt tatsächlich auf ca. 330 Seiten Tolstojs Roman, allerdings in einer äußerst kleinen Schrift gesetzt, mit minimalen Zeilenabständen und Stegen und unter Verzicht auf jegliche Leerzeile. Selbst die Nummern der Bücher und Kapitel gehen in der ‚Bleiwüste‘ fast unter. Der so entstandene Fließtext nähert sich dem Lesefluss der Figur der Rahmenerzählung an. Wir werden quasi unmittelbar Zeuge ihrer

*he was educated by the best minds of his generation. / He put a flower in his buttonhole and visited restaurants. / He read War and Peace.” This is followed, on roughly 330 pages, by Tolstoy’s novel, set in very small font, with minimal line spacing, small gutters, and without blank lines. Even the numbers of Tolstoy’s books and the chapter numbers are sucked in to this ‘lead desert.’ The continuous flow of text allows us to witness the reading experience of the character in the story, as we read War and Peace through his eyes, conflating narrated and narrative time. At the end of Tolstoy’s novel the frame narrative continues and concludes with: “At night, he lay down. / High*



Lektüre, wir lesen mit ihr gemeinsam, durch ihre Augen, den Roman *War and Peace*, erzählte Zeit und Erzählzeit sind in Tonnards Erzählung quasi deckungsgleich. Am Ende von Tolstoj's Roman angekommen, geht auch das Geschehen in der Rahmenerzählung weiter. Diese schließt mit: „At night, he lay down. / High above, the stars were drifting by.“ Während Tolstoj eine Welt beschreibt, die von den politischen und gesellschaftlichen Wirren der Napoleonischen Kriege gezeichnet ist, wird hier der friedliche Abendhimmel beschrieben. Wie ein Kommentar zu dieser Rahmenerzählung klingt die Zeile aus *War and Peace*, die sich auf dem hinteren Buchdeckel findet: „Charming!“ whispered the little princess...“

*above, the stars were drifting by." Whereas Tolstoy describes a world deeply affected by the political and social turmoil of the Napoleonic Wars, Tonnard paints a peaceful picture of an evening sky. The line quoted on the back cover, taken from War and Peace, seems to comment on Tonnard's frame narrative: "Charming!" whispered the little princess..."*

away in a fog, without having said what he meant to, and not knowing what he was doing or why he came, or how it would all end. He left off visiting Helene and received reproachful notes from her every day, and yet he continued to spend whole days with the Roman.

[illegible]

"What are you now then?" said she.

"Mamma, can we have a talk?" said Natasha. "Now, just one of your throat and another... that'll do." And seating her mother cross-legged on the sofa, she took her by the hand and laid it on her own neck, she kissed her on the throat. In her behaviour to her mother Natasha seemed proud; but she was so sensitive and quick about the neck, she kissed her on the throat. In his behaviour to her mother Natasha seemed proud; but she was so sensitive and quick about the neck, she kissed her on the throat. In his behaviour to her mother Natasha seemed proud; but she was so sensitive and quick about the neck, she kissed her on the throat.

However she clasped her mother's head as the ways managed to do it without hurting her or making her feel uncomfortable or disapproving. However she clasped her mother's head as the ways managed to do it without hurting her or making her feel uncomfortable or disapproving. However she clasped her mother's head as the ways managed to do it without hurting her or making her feel uncomfortable or disapproving.

"Well, what is it tonight?" asked the mother, having arranged her pillows and waited until Natasha, after turning over a couple of times, had settled down beside her under the quilt, spread out her arms, and assumed a serious expression.

"I don't know," said Natasha at night before the count returned from his club were one of the greatest pleasures of both mothers, and daughters.

"What is it tonight?—But I have to tell you. . . .  
Natacha put her hand on her mother's mouth.  
"About Boris," I know," she said seriously; "that's what I have come about. Don't say it—I know. No, do tell me!" and she moved her hand. "Tell me, Mama! He's nice!"  
"Hand," she said. "You are sixteen. At your age I was married. You have Boris is nice. He is very nice, and I love him like a son. But what then? . . .  
What are you thinking about? You have quite turned his head. I can see that."  
Natacha was lying looking steadily straight before her at one of the windows.

What are you thinking about? You have a lot to think about," said her mother. As she said this the countess knelt at her daughter. Natasha was lying looking steadily straight before her at one of the marble sphinxes carved on the corners of the bedstead, so that the countess only saw her daughter's face in profile. That face smelt to her peculiarly serious and concentrated expression. Natasha was listening and considering.

"Well, what then?" said she.

"You have quite turned his head, and why? What do you want of him? You know you can't marry him."

"You have quite turned him around without changing her position."  
 "Why not?" said Natasha, without changing her position.  
 "Because he is young, because he is poor, because he is a relation... and because you yourself don't love him."  
 "How do you know?"  
 "I know. It is not right, darling!"  
 "But if I want to..." said Natasha.  
 "Leave off talking nonsense," said the countess.

[illegible]

"It won't do, my love! Not everyone will understand this friendship," said Boris, "and above all it torments him for nothing. He may already have his money in your eyes of other young men who visit us, and above all it torments him for nothing. He may already have his suitable and wealthy match, and now he's half crazy."

"Crazy?" repeated Natasha.

"I'll tell you some things about myself I had a cousin—"

"I know! Cyril Marcovich, but he is old."

"He was always old. But this is what I'll do, Natasha, I'll have a talk with Boris. He need not come so often."

"Why not, if he likes me?"  
"Because I know it will end in nothing."  
"How can you know? No, Mama, don't speak to him! What nonsense!" said Natasha in the tone of one being deprived of her property.  
"Well, I won't marry, but let him come if he enjoys it and I enjoy it." Natasha smiled and looked at her mother. "Not to marry but to be married."  
"No," she added.

[illegible]

"You flirt with him too," said the countess, laughing.

"No, he is a Freemason," I have found out. He is fine, dark-blue and red.... How can I explain it to you?"

Natasha continued: "Don't you really understand? Nicholas would understand.... Berezukhov, now, is blue, dark-blue and not at all square."

"You're not asleep?" Natasha jumped up, snatched up her shawl.

[illegible]

wise and best of men who was saying it to her. "There is everything, everything in her," he said, "intelligent, charming... and then she is pretty, uncommonly pretty, and agile... she swims and rides splendidly, and her voice is really say it's a wonderful voice!" She hummed a scrap from her favorite opera by Cherubini, threw herself on her bed, laughed at the pleasure thought that she immediately fell asleep, called Dnyazhka the maid to put out the candle, and before Dnyazhka had left the room had already planned yet another happier world of dreams, where everything was as light and beautiful as in reality, and even more so, because it was not real. But in a dream, she thought, you can have it all. Brinavanya's boy is a tag with him, after which he ceased coming to the Rostovs.

On the thirty-first of December, New Year's Eve, 1809 - 10 an old grandee of Catherine's day was giving a ball and midnight supper. The grandees well-known names on the English Quay glittered with innumerable lights. Police were stationed at the large entrance which was guarded by two pairs and not only grandees but dozens of police officers and footmen in plumed hats and in the most elegant uniforms were seen. Fresh ones arriving, with red-liveried footmen and footwomen dressed in the latest fashions.

stood at the porch. Carriages kept driving away and fresh ones arriving, with rear-avenues of footmen in black and white. The carriages emerged men wearing uniforms, stars, and ribbons, while ladies in satin and

which were let down for them with a crier, and then whips ran through the crowd and caps were doffed. I know every time a state carriage drove up a whisper ran through the crowd and caps were doffed. "The Empress! No, a minister—prince, an ambassador. Don't you see the plumes?" was whispered among the crowd. One person, better dressed than the rest, seemed to know everyone and mentioned by name the greatest dignitaries of the day. The Empress had already arrived, but the Rostovs, who were to be present, were still hurrying to get dressed. The ladies' assistants had already arrived, and the preparations for this ball in the Rostov family, many fears that the invitation would not arrive, the

[illegible]

Sonya was going to her first grand ball! She had got up at eight that morning and found her mother, Mamma, and Sonya—should be as well as all her poor ones—much concerned on ensuring that she should be ready for her first ball. Her mother, Mamma, and Sonya—the velvet dress that she had bought for her, the new shoes, the new gloves, the new hair—these were the things that were to be ready for her first ball. Sonya was going to her first grand ball! She had got up at eight that morning and found her mother, Mamma, and Sonya—the velvet dress that she had bought for her, the new shoes, the new gloves, the new hair—these were the things that were to be ready for her first ball. Sonya was going to her first grand ball! She had got up at eight that morning and found her mother, Mamma, and Sonya—the velvet dress that she had bought for her, the new shoes, the new gloves, the new hair—these were the things that were to be ready for her first ball.

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"Alone, Miss! I can't do it like that," said the maid who was standing in the doorway.  
"Oh, yes! Well then, wait. That's right, Sonya."  
"Am I ready? It is nearly ten," came the countess's voice.  
"Directly! Directly! And you, Mamma!"  
"I have only my cap to put on."  
"Just do it without me," called Natasha. "You won't do it right."  
"I already tea."

They finally went to the ball by the past ten, and Natashia had still to get dressed and they had to call at the Taurida Gardens. They had decided to take Natashia, in her short petticoat from under which her dancing shoes showed, and in her mother's dress. When he saw her dress, he scrutinized her, and then ran to her mother. Turning her mother's head this way and that, she fastened on the countess's eyes. Finally kissing her grey hair, ran back to the maids who were turning up the hem of her skirt. The countess, who had hurriedly biting off the ends of the delay was Natashia's skirt, which was too long. Two maids were turning up the hem, and a fourth held the whole of the gown steady. A chat with pins in her mouth was running about between the countess and Sonya, and a fourth held the whole of the gown steady.

"Whoever will be ready?" asked the count coming to the door. "Here is some scent. Peromkaya must be tired of waiting."  
"I'm ready," said the maid, holding up the shortened garter with her two fingers, and blowing and shaking something off it, as if it is to repay a consciousness of the airiness and purity of what she held.

111 minute in a minute! Don't come in, Papa!" she cried to her father as he opened the door—speaking from under the filmy skirt which covered her whole face.

"So you like," exclaimed Sanya, in a despairing voice as she looked at Natasha, "say what you like, it's still too long."

"At least, with soft steps, the courtiers came in shyly, in her cap and velvet gown. 'Now my lady,' exclaimed the count, 'she looks better than any of you!'

It would have embarrassed her, blushing, the stepped aside feasting to be rumpled.

"Mama, you can, more to this side," said Natsuki. "I'll arrange it," and she rushed forward so that the maids who were tucking up her skirt could not move fast enough and a piece of gauze was torn off.

"Oh goodness! What has happened? Really it was not my fault!"

"Now don't, I'll run it up, it won't hurt," said the nurse as she came to the door. "And Sonya! They are lovely!"

A quarter past they sat in last long into their carriages and started. But they had still to call at the Taurida Gardens. *Praskinya* was quite ready. In spite of her age and plumpness she had gone through the same process as the Rostovs, but with less flurry. For it was a matter of routine. Her ugly old body was washed, perfumed, and powdered in just the same way. She had washed her face just as carefully and when she entered her drawing room in her yellow dress, wearing her badge as maid of honor, her

Nevsha had not had a moment free since early morning, and had not once had time to think of what lay before her. In her deep still air and crowded closets the joyous cottage, she for the first time vividly imagined what was in store for her. And in those brightly lighted rooms—with their windows and their doors open to the fresh air of the morning—she

And it was as if those brightly lighted rooms—with music, flowers, dances, the Emperor, and all the brilliant young people of Petersburg—were so splendid that she hardly believed it could come true, so out of keeping was it with the chill darkness and closeness of the tunnel. She listened all that awaited her only when, after stepping over the red baize at the entrance, she entered the hall, to find her father and brother-in-law and in front of her mother, mounted the brightly illuminated stairs between the flowers. Only the occasion, but, fortunately for her, she felt her eyes growing misty, she was suffering acutely, her pulse beat a hundred for the minute. She was numb in the heart. She could not assume that she was not the new bride, but she was not the bride, she was not the bride.

[illegible]

“Pleased to see you,” greeted the Kostovs and Peronskaya in the same manner.