

special mention are the 19 illustrations of the travelers and of several manuscript pages.

The editing and annotating of the Russian texts by Tatyana Nikiforova is impeccable, as one would expect from the Tolstoy State Museum. The translations of the notes and letters of Sergej Tolstoy by John Woodsworth is most reliable and readable, and his note on names, terms, weights, and measures is very helpful. Finally, both the Russian and English texts have complete indices. There is little more one could wish, except perhaps for a few maps to assist in appreciating the distances and vast territories covered by this remarkable passage.

This collection is a worthy celebration of the Centenary—for descendants of the Doukhobors, for the Canadians who received them, and for students of Tolstoy. It is an auspicious and timely inauguration of the publishers' Tolstoy Series.

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A Calendar of Wisdom: Daily Thoughts To Nourish the Soul Written and Selected from the World's Sacred Texts by Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by Peter Sekirin. New York: Scribner, 1997. Pp. 384. \$20.00.

Russians are great ones for tear-off calendars. Scholars in the field of Russian cultural studies have their work cut out for them. But even more traditional scholars need to deal with the genre, because Tolstoy spent much of the final period of his life compiling the text of what could have been (and may yet live to be) marketed as a tear-off calendar par excellence. I am speaking of *Krug chteniia: Izbrannye, sobrannye i raspolozhennye na kazhdyi den' L'vom Tolstym mysli mnogikh pisatelei ob istine, zhizni i povedenii 1904-1908* (A Circle of Reading: Thoughts of Many Writers about Truth, Life, and Behaviour Selected, Collected, and Arranged for Every Day by Lev Tolstoy 1904-1908), volumes 41 and 42 of the definitive, ninety-volume *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii*

(*Complete Works*).

Tolstoy would, I dare say, have been pleased to learn of an English-language edition of the compendium. As its reworking of the title indicates, *A Calendar of Wisdom* is meant to be taken seriously as a devotional tool. It bears a testimonial from one Sarah Ban Breathnach, identified here as the author of *Simple Abundance*, calling it "a profound and passionate collaboration between the Great Creator and one of history's consummate artists" and promising that "you'll feel as if a devoted spiritual guide, with a wink in his eye, has secretly helped you circumvent the laws of heaven and earth in order to nourish and sustain you on your own personal journey to wholeness." The editors add that "it deserves to be placed with the few books in our history that will never cease teaching us the essence of what is important in this world." And the translator tells us in his introduction that when it was published in Russia in 1995 for the first time since 1912, that is, since the Soviet regime banned it, it sold over 300,000 copies—clearly to more than Tolstoy scholars.

Tolstoy scholars will, again I dare say, take a different tack. They will notice that Tolstoy cites himself almost as often as all the "many writers" combined (the entries for several days—even several pairs of days—consist entirely of unattributed, which means personal, quotations), and they will trace many of the self-quotations to such works as "In What Does My Faith Consist?" and "What Is Art?" Nor will they be surprised to find that the topics treated by the invited writers overlap considerably if not entirely with the topics he himself wrote about publicly and in his diaries (also a source of quotations) in the post-*Confession* period: God resides within you, live in God without trying to define Him, true art is moral in character, work is good in and of itself, wealth is evil and keeps the wealthy from God, war is evil, love one another, love your enemies, the love of family can be a vice, do not blame others, stand above your rage, be humble, repay evil with good, suffering is necessary for growth, do not kill animals, do not eat meat, there is only one religion, concentrate on the present rather than the past or the future, think of yourself as a spiritual

rather than a material being, mankind is moving ever closer to true spirituality, the quality of the knowledge you acquire is more important than the quantity, the truth is always simple, and over and over—he was in his late seventies while putting the work together—if you live your life in the awareness of death, death is not to be feared.

Each day groups together a number of related quotations, one of which, the guiding thought, appears in italics. The opening and closing thoughts generally come from Tolstoy himself. Besides the inevitable repetition of ideas within a single day there are repetitions—multiple repetitions—of topics. Since Tolstoy meant the texts to be read day by day, the repetitions are pedagogically functional: spread out over a year's time, they hammer in key points. There are, however, a few literal or near literal repetitions: a Confucius quotation dealing with the three paths to wisdom on 29 January turns up again, all but verbatim, on 21 June. There are also a few near contradictions: a quotation from the Talmud on 25 February warning that "those who make a habit out of prayer do not pray sincerely" (68) does not quite tally with the self-quotation on 8 March, only two weeks later, that begins, "It is good to pray at the same time each day" (80). Then there are the myriad commonplaces such as the italicized message for 13 April, "Great thoughts come directly from the heart" (116), which is attributed to an eighteenth-century French writer by the name of Luc de Vauvenargues.

Tolstoy's choice of sources is sometimes surprising. He includes numerous quotations from standard classical Roman authors (Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, Seneca) but nothing from Plato or Aristotle and a scant few from other Greeks; he is careful to cite thinkers outside the Judeo-Christian tradition (Buddha and the Dhammapada, Confucius, Lao-tzu, Muhammad, Saadi), but Hindu thought appears in the form of proverbs and a line or two from the sage Manu rather than the writings of his beloved Gandhi. The continental thinkers he quotes frequently are those we might expect (Pascal, Kant, Goethe, Rousseau, Schopenhauer), but as he was more at home with Anglo-American thought than most Russian writers

he also featured Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, and Thoreau. A group of now largely forgotten American moralists—the clergymen William Ellery Channing and Theodore Parker, the political reformer Henry George, and the journalist Lucy Malory—occupy an inordinately large place in the corpus; indeed, their ponderous, sententious style typifies the tone of the entire volume.

For the entire volume has in fact a single tone. Despite the great diversity of source material the end result is uniformity of both message and style: Lao-tzu sounds like Cicero, who sounds like Rousseau, who sounds like Lucy Malory. And they all sound like Tolstoy. Of course that was precisely what Tolstoy intended. In his brief introduction he virtually states as much by admitting that when translating the contributions of others he was obliged to omit or change some words and phrases for sake of clarity and consistency. "In some cases I even express the thought entirely in my own words" (11). In the translation by Peter Sekirin this passage is preceded by the following sentence:

Therefore, if someone desires to translate this book into other languages, I would like to advise them not to look for the original quotes from the English poet Coleridge, say, or the German philosopher Kant, or the French writer Rousseau, but to translate directly from my writing. (11)

Although I could not locate this sentence in the *Complete Works*, no translator could have proceeded otherwise: many, if not most, of the quotations would be impossible to find.

Let us take one of obvious provenance, however: Pascal's famous "thinking reed" aphorism. The original runs as follows: "L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus faible de la nature, mais c'est un roseau pensant." My 1980 edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* translates it as "Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed." Tolstoy, in the entry for 26 June, turns it into: "V sravnenii s okruzhaiushchim ego mirom chelovek—ne bolee, kak slabyi trostnik; no on—trostnik, odarenniy razumeniem" (Compared with the world surrounding him, man is no more than a reed; but he is a reed endowed

with reason.) In Sekirin's translation of the Tolstoy it undergoes yet another expansion: "In the scheme of the world, a person is no more than a pine cone, or a weak herb, or a bit of swamp grass, but he is a grass which possesses some intellect" (190).

Unfortunately, this is not an isolated instance of what the Russians call *otsebiatina*, that is, ad-libbing on the part of the translator. It is rampant. For example, the 29 January quotation from Confucius, mentioned above, states that one may attain wisdom in three ways, the second way, being "the way of imitation." "This is the easiest and least satisfying way," reads the English text (41), but there is no "least satisfying" in Tolstoy. In the 21 June quotation from Confucius the analogous passage in Tolstoy reads: "podrazhaniem—eto samyi legkii [put']" (by imitation—this is the easiest way). The English has: "by being influenced by someone or following someone; this is the easiest way." The cumulative effect is to make the translation sound even more wordy, ponderous, and sententious than the original.

But there is another problem: the English text is far from complete. Granted, the work is repetitive, but the reader is entitled to know that whole selections—occasionally quite lengthy selections—are missing from most days. The day containing the Pascal quotation, for instance, contains a quotation from Marcus Aurelius; it is missing in the translation. In fact, two paragraphs of the Pascal translation are missing as well. I suspect that it is the editors who are responsible for the decision to make the cuts. They may have wanted to limit each day to a single page (though selections that would have fit are also cut). In any case, the translator could have used his introduction to mention that the text is abridged. He does after all mention the fact that he has not included the weekly stories Tolstoy wrote or edited for Sunday reading.

1. Sekirin makes consistent use of the word "intellect" to translate Tolstoy's *razum* and *razumenie*, "reason." English readers will thus come away from his epistemologically oriented dicta with a view significantly different from that of Russian readers.

Tolstoy, I still maintain, would have been pleased to see an English-language edition of the *Circle of Reading*: he wanted his words to be available to the people, to all peoples. But it is a pity the translation gives us more words than he wrote when it pads and fewer than he wrote when it cuts.

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Leo Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* and Bernard Rose's "Anna Karenina": And Never the Twain Shall Meet?

If you love Leo Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, stay away from Bernard Rose's new lavish film production of the novel. The best thing to be said for the film, billed as the first Western movie to be totally filmed in post-Soviet Russia, is the visual beauty of the setting. An Impressionist-like, swirling, blinding blizzard; the powerful silence of the broad expanses of Russia's countryside; a lone train chugging along between wide-open fields and a horizon painted in patches of twilight pastels and deepening darkness—these are a few of the memorable moments of Bernard Rose's film.

But even here, the film disappoints. It makes a point of emphasizing the historical details of clothing, of interiors, of street life. It inserts the years during which various scenes of the film are supposed to be taking place. These dates are from the early 1880s, although no explanation that might make sense to the film's internal logic is given for Rose's decision. This is puzzling since Tolstoy had finished writing *Anna Karenina* by 1877.

With the exception of Sean Bean, whose interpretation of Vronsky is sensitive, the acting does little justice to Tolstoy's novel. To this viewer, it would be helpful to eliminate the actors altogether, with the exception of Bean, in order to give readers of the novel the cinematic equivalent of the "minus one" recordings for musicians—the