Leo Tolstoy and the Rights of Music under Stalin (Another Look at Prokofiev's Party-Minded Masterpiece, *War and Peace*)

Caryl Emerson

Princeton University

In November 1942, Sergei Prokofiev was summoned to Moscow from Alma-Ata to perform his opera *War and Peace* at the keyboard for the Union of Soviet Composers.[1] Although the work was barely complete in piano-vocal score, this was not its first exposure to a music jury. The previous May, a preliminary draft had been approved by the Committee on Art Affairs. On both occasions, the music establishment voiced concerns similar to those that had plagued Prokofiev's previous five operas—but given the catastrophic time, the topic, and the illustrious source text, some additional reservations were raised.[2] The lyrical portions were praised, but the score still contained too many words. Might not the "everyday scenes" [*bytovye epizody*] be shortened, the "dramatic and heroic line" of the people's scenes strengthened? There were too few traditionally-shaped arias and vocal ensembles; soloists had little place to display their operatic craft. After a brief overture, the curtain was to rise on Prince Andrei at Otradnoe, eavesdropping on Natasha Rostova who wanted to fly out her window into the moonlit night. In the year 1942, was it proper that *War and Peace* begin with a lyrical scene?

How Prokofiev, together with his librettist-companion Mira Mendelson, rose to the challenge of creating a *War and Peace* for their Soviet time and place is the focus of the present essay. The task was difficult, for the composer was obliged to present not just Peace but a peace that made the joys of private life inadequate, and not just War but the pieties of Stalin's War. The story of its composition is not easy to reconstruct. The full opera was neither published nor performed during Prokofiev's life. There is some question whether a definitive "authorial version" exists at all.[3] The earliest orchestrated version, from 1943, is austere and sleek; the final version is richer, more massive, more tuneful and rhythmically diverse. Prokofiev was still adjusting the opera ten years later, several months before his death, which occurred on March 7, 1953, within one hour of Stalin's. To what extent the changes were creative evolution, and to what extent an unwilling response to political directives and censorship, is an open question. Like Musorgsky, Beethoven, and Pushkin before him, Prokofiev possessed sufficient genius to be able to accommodate—and perhaps even turn to his creative advantage—both the abhorrent and the stimulating "outside initiative."[4] But one matter is certain: the basic outlines of the "Prokofiev versus Tolstoy" debate were already in place by 1942.

On one side were the Tolstoy literalists and loyalists. They were appalled that Prokofiev could so insult Tolstoy by recasting into musical drama this beloved national classic with its crucial scene that estranges and ridicules opera, a scene linking Natasha's night at the theater with ethical blindness, aesthetic stupefaction, and the profligacy of urban life. Tolstoy came to consider opera the most perverse and immoral art form in the European tradition. Even without this later verdict of the author, however, it was argued that the great Realist canvas of *War and Peace,* a document of incomparable historical complexity, could only be travestied by being transferred to the most conventional and artificed of all staged musical genres. Some of the musicians who supported Prokofiev's overall project in 1942 suggested that the opera be scaled back and retitled *Natasha Rostova,* to reflect what conventional opera does best: romantic love and its loss. The composer would not agree.[5]

On the other side were the opera literalists and loyalists. How dare Prokofiev insult the genre of opera by inserting into it so much "Tolstoy raw," all those meandering asymmetrical sentences that stretched out for whole paragraphs, which the composer then set to a single, lush, through-composed lyrical line? Or his decision to open the opera with a mass choral "Epigraph" based on the introductory sentence in Book III, Part Three, chapter 2 ("The forces of a dozen European nations burst into Russia . . ."), an option devised in 1943 to replace the more conventional Overture, with its medley of musical themes?[6] Battles, executions, prisoner-of-

war camps and conflagrations were of course timely, but Part Two of the opera was almost unrelieved War, unstageable and unsingable. Such events were also potentially double-voiced and politically suspect, since Stalinist Russia had been at war with its own people too. These problems and suspicions would intensify throughout the 1940s, as the demands for mass choruses and patriotic melodrama increased. Where were the duets, ensembles, dances, intermezzi, the trivial and manageable poetry of a libretto? With this source text and this opera, ultimately one genre surely had to betray the other. Whenever *War and Peace* is revived, these charges are repeated—and Valery Gergiev's gargantuan production for the Metropolitan Opera's 2001-2002 season was no exception.[7]

There is much to learn, I believe, from the Prokofiev-Tolstoy debates. The idea of adapting this sprawling prose work to musical drama was of course quixotic from the start. Yet it could have been liberating. Tolstoy's plots and personalities were so well known that a composer was released from any need to "tell the story," or even to motivate the sequence of scenes. Prompted by a single episode or even by a passing glimpse into this familiar Tolstoyan world, a Russian audience would immediately fill in the context. What is more, when a 1700-page novel is adapted to the opera stage, fidelity or completeness in the literal sense can hardly be a criterion for success. Thus Prokofiev approaching *War and Peace* was utterly unlike, say, Rimsky-Korsakov or Rachmaninoff setting to music Pushkin's *Mozart and Salieri* or *The Covetous Knight;* all four of Pushkin's "Little Tragedies" exist as operas, and since each text is already as compact as a libretto, all preserve Pushkin's lines essentially without change. But *War and Peace* is also unlike those looser operatic transpositions, Musorgsky's *Boris Godunov* and Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades,* whose source texts, while not librettistic, are still trim, manageable, poetic—and thus the operas built off them were routinely denounced as unnecessary "deformations" of a beloved literary original. In contrast to these famous cases where a sort of fidelity was possible, the opera transposer who works with a manifestly unmanageable, but universally known, prose classic like *War and Peace* can feel relatively free. Deformation and massive compression are inevitable, forgivable, and yet the details of the story—being Tolstoy—are firmly in place in cultural memory. Whatever the composer abbreviates or flattens, the audience will provide.

From the start, however, Prokofiev and Mira Mendelson had a stricter fidelity in mind. Against opera etiquette, they advised potential directors to cast singers who looked and acted like Tolstoy's characters.[8] They were also resolved to keep Tolstoy's prose intact inside the libretto, selecting and combining those passages from the novel, both direct and indirect discourse, that were "useable for singing" without reworking this prose into verse-like units. But these priorities of composer and librettist have only added to the controversy. Fidelity of this sort has fueled the irritation of opera-purists while inflaming the patrons of Tolstoy, who continue to see in the entire experiment an indignity and a deliberate offense.

I would like to reconsider this received opinion. To do so requires that we reverse the direction of the inquiry. In place of the usual question—does Prokofiev's *War and Peace* have a right to exist, given Tolstoy's condemnatory treatises against opera?—we should ask: Does it infect? If so, why? What, in general, are Prokofiev's rights vis-à-vis Tolstoy, a writer whose canonical stature in Soviet Russia was (for better or worse) unparalleled? Why do we limit ourselves to speculating how Tolstoy *might* (theoretically) have condemned Prokofiev's efforts on behalf of this epic novel, while tending to dismiss as misguided or even perverse how Prokofiev actually, and reverently, realized Tolstoy? The impulse to pursue such questions took me by surprise during a performance of Gergiev's *War and Peace* in February 2002, in a city still mourning the tragedy of the previous September. It struck me forcefully during one of the stately mass scenes that not only was the opera a masterpiece on its own terms, resonating in the right hall at a needy time, but that it was doing what Tolstoy wanted music and drama to do, and (I was suddenly persuaded) Tolstoy would have loved it. True, he disapproved in principle of mixed-media art forms, which in his view could only muffle, and thus contaminate, the "infectious" impulse of pure music. Also true, he believed that music infects its audience by expressive means different from those available to the visual, plastic, and verbal arts.[9] But there was a shocking truthfulness to Prokofiev's syncretic inter-

pretation of Tolstoyan aesthetics that was difficult to put into words.

That difficulty should come as no surprise. A major problem in dealing with Tolstoy's "likes" in art (as opposed to his manifold dislikes, about which he was endlessly articulate) is that Tolstoy did not talk much about what he loved. In keeping with his own aesthetic precepts, genuine artistic experience neither needed talk nor benefited from it. Music was a "stenography of feelings," and had its own indices of success. A quick glance through Bulgakov's or Goldenweizer's memoirs suggests that as regards musical performance and the aging, ideologically inflexible Tolstoy, key to the rightness and wrongness of music must be sought not in formal analysis or complexity of composition but in *proslezit'sia*: whether or not one's eyes watered up.[10] Music from high to low could qualify: Haydn, Chopin, Schubert, a monophonic folk song faintly discerned in the distance. For Tolstoy, no theory—even his own—took precedent over his immediate physiological reactions. G. A. Rusanov recalls in his reminiscences how Tolstoy had once told him of his pleasure, while travelling on a train to Voronezh, at hearing an itinerant violinist play a theme from *Don Giovanni*. "'But you don't like opera music!" Rusanov had exclaimed. 'Yes,' Tolstoy answered, 'but after all, this is Mozart'."[11]

What is proposed, then, is to keep the whole of Tolstoy in view: not only the ill-tempered treatises of his final two decades but also his life-long susceptibility to art of perfect pitch and high-mindedness. (One reason, surely, why the Wagnerian *Gesamtkunstwerk* came to offend Tolstoy so profoundly was its avowed seriousness of spiritual purpose, its presumption to define a value that Tolstoy wished to define and mandate himself.) Perfect pitch and nobility of purpose do not lend themselves to definitive generalization. His repeated calls for "clarity" [*iasnost'*] and "simplicity" [*prostota*] in art were, Tolstoy knew, subjective—and for this reason, perhaps, he took care to bolster his argument with more objective, quantifiable complaints. His most virulent diatribes against "civilized" music were triggered not by its essence or its innate form; about those things he speaks vaguely and unwillingly, like a craftsman protecting the secrets of his guild (just tune it up, just adjust it "bit by bit"). Tolstoy's wrath is directed against material causes, contexts and effects. He protests loudly against the aristocratic setting of chamber concerts, against expensive exhausting rehearsals, against the non-spontaneous—and thus false—programming of musical events, against the high salaries and fame awarded to artists, which can only isolate them from experience and enfeeble their talent. A special target of his rage is the performance of arousing music (such as Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata*) to passive audiences trapped sedentary in concert halls or at soirées, trivial sites where no outlet for one's emotion is sanctioned.

All this bespeaks not fear or dislike of music but an excruciating helplessness before it.[12] Like any other art, music could be better or worse in its basic ingredients, more or less likely to infect with the right sort of emotion. But in Tolstoy's view, music is almost certain to be depraved if performed in inappropriate contexts. Powerful music should be played only when the proper channels are in place for responding to it. That response must serve some legitimate purpose. If, as Prokofiev had fervently hoped, his *War and Peace* had been staged in 1943 on Russian territory brutally attacked and under siege, and if Tolstoy had been in the audience for the premiere, the great novelist may or may not have condemned the patriotism played out on stage; on this issue he felt variously at different times of his life. His own *War and Peace*, especially as it approaches its triumphant end, is rich in chauvinistic overtones. But either way, in 1943 Tolstoy would not have denied the appropriateness of the context.

Further compatibilities between writer and composer come to mind. The fates of Prokofiev and Tolstoy have a similar contour in the Stalinist period. Rebels of aristocratic temperament, each took pride in going against the grain of his time—shocking the bourgeois, flaunting convention, despising complacency above all—but at a certain point, the moebius-strip of their anti-bourgeois rebellion turned into its opposite. After an extended period in avant-garde circles abroad, Prokofiev returned home, into a simplifying maw that obliged him to be responsive to state directives, party correctives, and to transform himself into a malleable servant of the common people. For this he was rewarded with commissions and fame. The image of Tolstoy, rebel and nay-sayer, was domesticated at about the same time. After the disdain shown him by

the Symbolist generation, Tolstoy was forcefully brought back into the fold through the Centennial Jubilee of 1928, which carved out of his contradictory legacy an official, benevolent, collectivist face.[13] Tolstoy's archaicizing views on music and art, laughed down by a sophisticated nineteenth century, were taken seriously by true believers in the music conservatories of the 1920s, who adapted the radical simplicity and democratization of *What is Art?* to Bolshevik ends.[14] Tolstoy, too, had come home—and even were he to despair of the place to which he had returned, he would not, I wager, turn away from the mass audience being prepared for him, nor from the chance to infect that audience.

When considering Prokofiev's collaboration with Tolstoy, we must also keep in mind the relation of literary to musical traditions. The operatic transposition of a beloved artwork is always a risk, especially when possessiveness runs high on behalf of the original. Nikolai Strakhov's horror at the profanations of Pushkin in Musorgsky's *Boris Godunov* and Vladimir Nabokov's disgust at Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* have become genre scenes in Russian critical thought, nourished by the odd assumption that a literary masterpiece, once interpreted through another medium or genre, is somehow cast in fatal competition with this fanciful offspring and might even retroactively self-destruct in its presence. But the original *Eugene Onegin* has nothing to fear from Tchaikovsky (who skillfully reworked Pushkin's plot to resemble a novel by Turgenev, the reigning model of fictional intimacy for the prose-reading Russian 1870s[15]), just as Tolstoy has nothing to fear from Prokofiev, a composer whose expressive means were fully sufficient to complement certain aspects of the novelist's task. Doubling genius on the same spot is bound to produce something of intense interest.

But transposition can do more. It can reveal aspects or potentials of the original that were not perceptible in its own time and medium. For not all expressive means are available to all times. One of the transposer's few authentic advantages is belatedness. It is a truism in the history of Russian music that the discordant genius of Gogol's Petersburg Tales could not find musical expression until the revolutions in musical syntax of the early twentieth century—which made possible Shostakovich's *Nose* of 1927; likewise, it is no accident that Dostoevsky was successfully adapted to the operatic stage only with Prokofiev's *Gambler* of 1917. By the time he approached *War and Peace*, Prokofiev commanded a musical vocabulary far wider and more flexible than that available to Tolstoy's nineteenth century. And—although fettered painfully in other ways—Prokofiev was not tied to the conventional formulas of mainstream Italian and German opera that so propelled Tolstoy to such merciless satire. The fact that Prokofiev's sixth opera was, by the cutting-edge standards of a Stravinsky or Schoenberg, conservative tonally and intensely lyrical could have only pleased Tolstoy. In fact, Prokofiev as mature operatic composer was the perfect match for Tolstoy as novelist: a cautious, highly experienced musical lyricist, flexible in form, if necessary adept at musical satire but overall a conservative in his own time, an artist whose priority was to coordinate words with the psychological states of the heroes.[16]

In the second half of this essay, I will sketch out the case for Prokofiev's *War and Peace* as a triumph of persuasive transposition and as an impressive, if necessarily partial, realization of Tolstoy's program for art. This will involve some reference to its genesis, since the opera—while remaining true to its original dramatic plan—was re-written over a period of ten years as more arias, dances, and mass-patriotic moments had to be incorporated. Musicologists identify a minimum of five distinct versions of the score between 1941 and 1952, which at one point became so swollen that the opera was projected on to two nights. Whether the final version is artistically superior to the earlier ones is a matter of musical taste, similar to judgment calls passed on other multi-versioned operas such as *Fidelio* or *Boris Godunov*. I argue a smaller point here: that as Prokofiev revised his opera, he realized more of the Tolstoyan potential in it. Two characters will illustrate this hypothesis: the guiding spirit of Part One ("Peace"), Natasha Rostova, and the guiding spirit of Part Two ("War"), Fieldmarshal Kutuzov.

In 1942, *War and Peace* was an immensely timely project. But for all its relevance to the Allied Powers during that dark winter, the opera had not been commissioned as part of the war effort. Well before the German attack, Prokofiev had been attracted to the operatic potential of Tolstoy's novels, *Resurrection* as well as *War and Peace*. Lina Prokofieva recalls her husband saying in 1935 that

he had already "long been dreaming" of such a project.[17] It fell to Mira Mendelson, early in 1940, to read Tolstoy's epic novel out loud as relaxation therapy for the composer—it was, she said, "the first work I read to him all the way through"; she noted that Sergei Sergeevich was especially struck by the operatic quality of the meeting between the wounded Prince Andrei and Natasha. In April 1941, still technically a time of peace for Soviet Russia, Prokofiev sketched a one-page plan for a libretto in eleven scenes.[18] It opened with the affianced Natasha's unhappy visit to the Bolkonskys' Moscow house and ended with the liberation of Pierre from French captivity. Not only were the scenes evenly distributed between the arenas of peace and war; the same plot events, broadly conceived, were to be lived through by equivalent players in the two halves of the opera.[19] The first major crisis in the "civilian" realm, the attempted abduction of Natasha by the seductive but treacherous Anatole, is followed by a thwarting of that violation and punishment administered by the lumbering, bumbling, slightly ridiculous Pierre Bezukhov (scenes #1-5). In the mirror-equivalent of this sequence on the military front, the violation of Russia by the seductive but treacherous Napoleon is followed by the expulsion of the French through the efforts of the lumbering, bumbling, slightly ridiculous Fieldmarshal Kutuzov (#6-11).

This same basic symmetry of events remains in all subsequent versions. But two new scenes were added, and the proportion of "wordiness" (recitative) to music, and of narrative to pageantry, shifted significantly. Composing began in earnest in August 1941. As the Nazi war machine advanced, Prokofiev, working steadily in hotel rooms and in transit, was shipped first to Nalchik, then to Tbilisi, finally to Kazakhstan. The pace of composition was extraordinary: by April 1942, in less than eight months, the eleven-scene opera was complete in piano-vocal score. Prokofiev turned frequently for advice to his friend, collaborator and co-evacuee Sergei Eisenstein, then at work on *Ivan the Terrible* and very experienced in historical epic. In the next few years, Prokofiev would draw on his own earlier (and sabotaged or shelved) compositions to supplement *War and Peace*. His film score for *Ivan the Terrible* provided material for the mandated extra Kutuzov arias (scenes 9-10), while dance episodes from his incidental music to the aborted, 1936 Meierhold production of Pushkin's *Evgeny Onegin* became the irresistible "Kuragin waltz" in the scene of Natasha's seduction (#4).

Stage prospects looked good in the immediate post-war period. In October 1944, seven of the eleven scenes were performed in concert to piano accompaniment; a concert performance with full orchestra, directed by the eminent Samuel Samosud, was enthusiastically received in Moscow in June 1945. A year later, with the addition of a totally new scene, #2, "New Year's Eve Ball, 1810," Leningrad's Maly Opera Theater under the direction of the young Boris Pokrovsky performed the "Peace" portion to rapturous acclaim. But then the tide turned. In January 1945, Prokofiev sustained a near-fatal concussion from which he never fully recovered. Forbidden by his doctors to work, he tried to sneak in the necessary hours to respond to an increasing number of irrational, often non-musical directives, from bureaucrats as well as from well-meaning friends. Under duress, and only after insistent prompting from the politically shrewd Samosud, did Prokofiev add a new war-worthy scene (#10), "Fili"—and a more desperately non-operatic setting than this military council could hardly be imagined. Kutuzov's central aria underwent eight revisions before Prokofiev reluctantly submitted it. Despite these accommodating gestures, however, "War" never reached the public in Prokofiev's lifetime. August 1946 saw the first of the Zhdanov decrees on party-minded art in the theaters. Although the "War" half of the opera was already in dress rehearsal, "Napoleon at Shevardino" (scene #9) and "Moscow in flames" (scene #11) were judged by the jittery staff of the Kirov Opera House to be ideologically too risky to include. February 1948 brought the infamous crackdown on Russia's leading composers, including Prokofiev and Shostakovich, for "formalism" and lack of political vigilance; that same month, Sergei Eisenstein died of heart failure.

Worn down by these events, suffering from severe headaches and hypertension, Prokofiev agreed to massive cuts. The largely declamatory confrontation between Pierre and Anatole (scene #7) was sacrificed, as well as the politically suspect Shevardino (#9) and Moscow (# 11).[20] The opera was now less vulnerable to the recurrent charge of excessive "prosiness" and insufficient vocal canti-

lena. In the final revisions at the turn of the decade, Kutuzov became even more monologic and majestically static. All his off-color, half-joking asides to his troops—which are so crucial to his intonation in Tolstoy—had been cleansed away, and his melodic motif (supplemented by Denisov's patriotic arioso) surfaced ever more frequently in the opera. Natasha became even more lyrically melodic, as on-stage songs (that is, singing that the performers hear *as singing*) entered the fabric of the libretto.[21] Important for us, in the more detailed discussion of Natasha and Kutuzov to follow, are the episodes and scenes that remained in place. For the more Prokofiev adjusted his opera to these party-minded norms, the more Tolstoyan it became. Not, to be sure, Tolstoyan in its politics. The Stalinist "Great Leader" that glints through Kutuzov, and the rapture implicit in the leitmotifs of "victory" and "disaster" that permeate Part Two, hardly accord with Tolstoy's philosophy of history or his later pacifist views. But the opera became definitely more Tolstoyan in its musical aesthetics. Eros is triumphantly defeated by the principle of the Nation—or, put another way, individual striving is gradually dissolved in communal striving. Personal motivation gives way to the moral overview. What accomplishes this shift are those musical devices that always reduced Tolstoy to tears: broad and simple melody, vigorous rhythms, and the interpersonal dynamics of infection.

Let us first consider this musical aesthetic as it pertains to the operatic character of Natasha Rostova. For innovative artists like Tolstoy and Prokofiev, intent upon reforming the conventions of their respective genres (novel and opera) in the direction of greater psychological verisimilitude, Natasha is the perfect heroine. In his earliest sketches of her, Prokofiev already grasped the potential of the Tolstoyan project in the realm of musical expression. As Lidiia Ginzburg has noted, among Tolstoy's valuable contributions to the art of direct discourse is his mastery of the "microcharacterology" of internal speech, "the different functions of the word in semiconscious, delirious, and dying states; gestures that say more than words; and the richly significant, associative, and intuitive semantics of the Rostov family, whose true virtuoso is Natasha" (278). It is this virtuosity that Prokofiev exploits as he breaks down, in her person, the usual operatic distinction between aria and recitative. The impulsive, musical Natasha blurts out what she feels, expresses with her body what she experiences in her mind and her soul, and dances or sings more easily than she speaks. Unlike the case with most operatic figures, "Natasha singing her lines" does not feel radically false. Nor do we sense undue convention in Natasha exposing her feelings in a form that others on stage can hear (thus infringing on the privacy topos of the aria)—for in "real life," the novelistic Natasha does this constantly. When, at the end of her disastrous audience with the Bolkonskys père and fille at their Moscow house (scene 3), Natasha sings her astonishing internal monologue—one long, swelling melodic line almost unchanged from Tolstoy—she could be speaking it, thinking it, dancing it; all these expressive media are for her equally unconstrained. "What right do they have not to want to accept me into their family?" she sings. "Oh God, if only he were here! But perhaps he'll arrive today. Maybe he already arrived yesterday, only I've completely forgotten. He's sitting there in the drawing-room. I'll hug him without any shyness, I'll force him to gaze into my eyes with his questioning and curious look, I'll return home and suddenly see him, his eyes, his face, his smile, oh, why am I perishing here . . ." (I, 105-9). Somewhat like Tchaikovsky's miraculous setting of Tatiana's Letter, but of course without that heroine's inner discipline and without the poetry of the Pushkin stanza, Natasha's aria at the Bolkonskys feels like a transcript of honest flowing thought, an unshaped cry. It is experienced by the audience as unmediated.

This is the positive, immediate, transparent side of Natasha that fascinates and infects all those who come into contact with her—in the novel, on stage, and in the opera hall. But this capacity to infect and be infected has another aspect, more dangerous and liable to moral distortion. Here it is worth recalling Richard Gustafson's useful distinction between the genuine "art of infection" and the kindred but more self-absorbed states that flank it: ecstasy and intoxication.[22] The supremely receptive, musical Rostovs, who pick up on and amplify the rhythms around them, are as often ecstatic and intoxicated as they are healthily infectious. In passionately charged environments, they can easily resonate out of control. Thus Nikolai's disastrous gambling loss to Dolokhov, Petya's fatally impulsive plunge into

battle. Neither the older nor younger Rostov brother appears in Prokofiev's opera; the Rostov element is invested completely in Natasha. She alone must pay for the excesses of her family type. All scenes for "Peace" are taken from Book II, Parts Three and Five: Natasha's fall from innocent ecstasy to intoxication to attempted suicide. Scene 6 of the opera ends with Natasha's shriek off-stage: "Sonya! Save me! Sonya! I've taken arsenic!"[23] At the epicentre of these events sits a famous episode that Prokofiev did not set: "Natasha at the Opera."

That the novel's pivotal opera experience, with its illusion, disillusionment, and gradual re-illusioning, plays no role in Prokofiev's opera is an absence that speaks loudly. In the novel, what are the dynamics of that famous scene? Although at first appalled by opera's crude artifice, Natasha is slowly bewitched by its brazenness; when operatic convention begins to look like real life, Anatol Kuragin begins to look like true love. Of course Prokofiev had nothing to gain by reproducing Tolstoy's disgust at opera. But as composer and transposer, he had everything to gain by showcasing the seductiveness of music. Thus in Part One, scene 4 of his second revision, he replaces the "absent center," Natasha at the Opera, with an equally intoxicating device of his own: an E-flat major waltz in compelling 3/4 time, a brilliant adaptation of his own earlier *Evgeny Onegin* music. None of the resonant, pliant Rostovs are able to resist it. Modulating in and out of more sinister minor keys, Hélène and Anatol keep this waltz going throughout the scene. Natasha and her father try feebly to counter with a 4/4 beat of their own, but they cannot sustain it; their words might resist, but they end up singing the waltz. There is a strange potency to this musical infection gone morally awry, because for Prokofiev (unlike Tolstoy), opera is not a spectator sport, nor is it something merely described on paper. We are *in* it. Even the impeccably moral Sonya, who reads the incriminating letter from Anatol and castigates Natasha for her profligacy, cannot assert a successful 4/4 beat against the maddening swirl. Intoxicated Natasha Rostova, the spirit of music and dance, defies them all.

The final glimpse of Natasha in the opera occurs in the penultimate scene, Part Two, scene 12, "Mytishchi": the meeting of the dying Prince Andrei and his repentant fiancée. This was, we recall, the first episode of the novel that had caught Prokofiev's attention as inherently operatic. In his final revision, dance rhythms and songs are far more prominent throughout the opera—not only in the newly added second scene, "New Year's Eve," with its waltzes and stately choral tribute on a Lomonosov ode, but also at those later moments in the "War" section where times of peace are temporarily, transitorily recalled. The most anguished of these reminiscences occurs in scene 12, where, as background to the farewell between Natasha and Andrei, the orchestra plays a substantial stretch of the B-minor waltz from the New Year's Ball. Ultimately, dancing and dying are linked. Among the controversial staging details of the Gergiev production were several fantastic, choreographed moments in the hut at Mytishchi where the feverish Andrei actually rises from his sickbed and waltzes, haltingly, with Natasha during this reminiscence music—a final tribute to its resurrectionary potential, perhaps, but one which quickly becomes a grotesque dance of death. After Natasha departs this scene, she is seen and heard from no more. The personal departs from the opera; the supra-personal and sacrificial remain.

Musical analysts of the opera, A. Volkov in particular, have noted that Prokofiev structured his Peace scenes with a very limited number of melodic motifs.[24] Leitmotifs do not attach to individual persons as much as to attitudes and strivings. The "Natasha motif," for example, signifies the emotional cluster "love-beauty-happiness-spring-spiritual renewal"; first sung by Prince Andrei when he recalls the late-blossoming oak, it then passes over when appropriate to Natasha and to Pierre. It is common enough operatic procedure for several singers to share one musical theme. But the very high degree of similarity between the major arias of the three main positive characters in this opera is noteworthy—especially because Prokofiev's usual practice was to strive for keen character individualization. We might extrapolate that here, too, the composer was interpreting in operatic terms the Tolstoyan principle of infection as it operates between Natasha and the two men who genuinely love her. If successful, infection both focuses and effaces the individual personality who shares a spark of feeling with someone else. Volkov points out that the absence of singular themes tied to singular heroes or actions in this opera makes it difficult to

demarcate equivalently singular counter-actions or concentrated villains; "the heroes move, and events flow, as if in some elemental disorder, 'as in life itself'" (43). That "blow of counter-action" will not come from a person, but from War (44).

We are now at our final exhibit: the operatic Kutuzov as a Tolstoyan hero. Molded in response to Stalinist directives and superficially embodying all that Tolstoy despised about Great Leader myths, it is nevertheless the case that Prokofiev's Fieldmarshal, at least in his final redaction, sins much less against the novel than might be supposed. Prokofiev's early version of the "War" scenes presented the experience of Napoleon's invasion on a humble, concrete, at times even jocular plane. Because Part Two, which required the operatization of war, presented so many more problems than the conventional lyrical love-and-abandonment plot of Part One, the composer and librettist wrote out a far more detailed plan for scenes 7 through 12 in their July 1941 scenario.[25] Whole conversations are excerpted from Tolstoy (especially for scene 9, "Before the Borodino Battle") and written out in dialogue. Also included are lengthy discussions between Pierre and Andrei, between Andrei and Kutuzov, as well as affectionate bantering between Kutuzov and his troops. In scene 10, "Moscow," the text of Napoleon's swaggering "proclamation" to the residents of Moscow is read out loud and ridiculed, in a public-square scene recalling the ironic, polyphonic "Scribe" episode that irreverently opens Musorgsky's *Khovanshchina*. Pierre's entire hair-raising exchange with Davout is transcribed. Everywhere, in short, we feel the stamp of personality, personal courage, and the individualization of voice. In 1943, in Tbilisi, Prokofiev consulted the memoirs of Denis Davydov, the illustrious prototype for Tolstoy's Denisov, as well as anthologies of war songs from the Napoleonic campaign. War was to be presented as Tolstoy had described it: from the bottom up, in its own time, replete with moments of local horror, suspense, and unexpected comic relief.

Had Prokofiev been allowed to pursue this vision of "War," he would have achieved fidelity to one aspect of Tolstoy's historical and narrative art. We know that the composer found his forced departure from this plan extremely distressing: the *de*-personalization of Kutuzov, the removal of all dialogic vigor and irreverence from his image and their replacement with epic distance and abstract patriotic pomp was—as Prokofiev told Samosud—something he did not think he could do. Everything potentially comic in Kutuzov's zone was transferred to the much reduced scenes with Napoleon (#9, Shevardino, and then a cameo appearance at the end of Moscow, #10), where comedy instantly became satire or humor of the blackest sort. "What an awful spectacle," Napoleon sings at the close of scene 10. "They're setting it on fire themselves. Such decisiveness! These are Scythians." Military leaders in the final version of the opera are either somber, or satirized. They are not allowed to make light of any aspect of life.

But there is, I suggest, another way to look at the image of Kutuzov that Prokofiev was obliged to create. Although confirming the composer's infidelity to Tolstoy on one plane, it will open up other dimensions where Tolstoy's priorities in *War and Peace* shine radiantly through. We saw how Prokofiev had blurred the individually-marked lyricism of his major heroes in the "Peace" scenes by sharing a single powerful "attitudinal" motif among them. This strategy effectively reduced the sense of individual agency and of personal error, as these sympathetic heroes—Andrei, Natasha, Pierre—infected one another, fell in love with one another, and struggled not to lose hope. As soon as the waltz fades away from scene 12, life in the form of Eros fades away Prince Andrei. By that time in the opera, dance rhythms have been replaced by fife-and-drum and mass chorale. But more startling, the ballroom and boudoir have ceased to be the sites of the lyric aria. The pathos and longing of the lyrical aria—Natasha's zone in Part One—is now the province of Kutuzov in an epic warrior zone, and he sings of national, not personal, longing.

Kutuzov's lyrical arias on the fate of Moscow and of Russia transform possessive Eros into faceless, sacrificial collective energy. Through them, Prokofiev's Kutuzov becomes that invisible choirmaster directing the mammoth unison choruses that flank the opera—an embodiment, perhaps, of Tolstoy's "spirit of the army" or "will to victory" which every soldier instantly senses, even under the most stressed conditions and along the most extended front. Here again, Prokofiev's repertory (both musical and philosophical) is enriched by his belatedness. Tolstoy wrote his *War and Peace* several

decades before the Russian Symbolists, inspired by Nietzsche's "Birth of Tragedy out of the Spirit of Music," began to speak of a dionysian principle dissolving the personal in the communal. Four years after Tolstoy's death, Alexander Scriabin was planning his *Mysterium,* a communal-sacrificial work of fantastic utopian and apocalyptic proportions that was to realize a universal infection of brotherhood on an unprecedented scale.[26] On Russian soil, these mystic symbolists in music did not survive the conflagration of the First World War. Before his departure for the United States in 1918, however, Prokofiev had been saturated by Symbolist theories of art. In the early and mid-twenties, back in Paris, he based an ambitious opera on Nikolai Briusov's Symbolist novel *The Fiery Angel.* We might rightly wonder how much of this pre-war Symbolist fascination with "collective creation"—defined by our best historian of Symbolist opera, Simon Morrison, as "the collaborative attempt to create a bridge between artistic form and events in the real world" (184) —was revived in Prokofiev in the early 1940s, when consecrated sacrifice was of even more urgent moment.

For it is one of the surprises of the operatic *War and Peace* that the patriotic scenes with Kutuzov are genuinely stirring. To appreciate how this figure can be elevating in the opera, and even redolent of a Tolstoyan value, we must be willing (again) to alter our perspective. An opera need not be measured solely against its original source text—the usual reflex when judging operatic transpositions—which in this case is Tolstoy's prose masterpiece. It can also be measured within its own genre, that is, against operatic convention, and more specifically, against the conventions pertaining to Russian historical opera. In an article from 1991 on character-images in Prokofiev's *War and Peace*, A. Andreev noticed an important fact: that this Kutuzov is an extremely odd war hero for the Russian operatic tradition (34). Unlike the heroic peasant Ivan Susanin from Glinka's *A Life for the Tsar*, or the anguished Prince Igor from Borodin's exotic epic-musical spectacle of that name, or even the venerable Old Believer Dosifei from *Khovanshchina,* Fieldmarshal Kutuzov has nothing to do. Nothing to sacrifice, no risk to take on, no deed to accomplish in full view of the audience, in his own name. True, he does deliver the occasional quotable comment about the course of the war, set off by the piccolo, flute and drum of a military band (as in scene 8: "And to retreat, with fine lads like these!" [II, 57] or later in the same scene, having complained to Prince Andrei about those parasitic "advisers": "As for the French—believe me, I'll have them eating horseflesh!" [II, 68-69]). In the "Fili" scene (#10), the Fieldmarshal hears out his generals and then remarks ruefully, in the opening line of his second aria: "So, gentlemen, it appears that I must pay for the broken crockery" (II, 111). But nowhere does Kutuzov have any serious choices to make in the present; there is no inner tension in his person.

This absence of tension is a natural result of Kutuzov's mobility in time, a mobility that at moments can approach epic immortality. During his third aria in scene 10, facing the abandonment of Moscow and having asked himself "when, when was it decided, this terrible deed?", Kutuzov leaps over the anxious present altogether and addresses himself to some distant time when the future has already become the past. That generalized future is, of course, the Second Fatherland War of 1941-45. To sing from that zone is both to document one's national survival in 1812 and to posit, perhaps against all odds, national survival in 1943. The words Kutuzov sings here are not to be found in Tolstoy. "We will return tranquillity to our Fatherland and peace to other nations. . . . In white-walled Mother Moscow the enemy will never be able to subjugate the hearts of brave, free people; the enemy's bones will be scattered throughout the land of Russia, our great people will triumph over the enemy" (II, 118-19). These predictions are then echoed by mass choruses, which increase in intensity and hurrahs! throughout the closing scene, "The Smolensk Road." Ramballe, Karataev, and Pierre, huddled on stage for the opera's final moments, are engulfed in this massive choral Glory! Hurrah! for Holy Russia and for Fieldmarshal Kutuzov. Let us return briefly to the end of Andreev's essay. In a curious application of literary theory to operatic practice, Andreev suggests that Bakhtin's concept of "authorial surplus" [*avtorskii izbytok*] is relevant to the two military leaders in the opera, Napoleon and Kutuzov. Prokofiev distances himself historically, activates the surplus, and surrounds "Napoleon, his court and his army" with "the tonality of blindness"; Kutuzov, from that same distanced perspective, is

endowed with wisdom, culture, and the Pushkinian virtue of "universal responsiveness" (33). We might expand upon Andreev's point by noting that a universally responsive hero does not have his own deed; he amplifies and confirms others' deeds, others upon whom his success always depends. Correctly or no, this is also Tolstoy's view on the role of history's genuine heroes.

But can one say—as I did in my opening argument—that had Tolstoy been in the Moscow audience in 1943, his eyes would have watered up? And he would have applauded the production, proud that his novel lay at the base of it? He would surely agree that this was accessible, tuneful, arousing music performed in a context where patriotic arousal was appropriate. He would probably approve of the fact that in the course of Prokofiev's opera, the lyric principle matured, inexorably moving beyond Eros toward less self-absorbed forms of love, that of People and Country. He might even have concurred with the composer that Countess Natalia Bezukhova, with her four children and slovenly ways, was better disappeared from the opera than being forced to sing within it—a flirtatious hobby for which she no longer had any time. In any event he would have hardly believed his ears, given his experience with the opera of his time, that a libretto could be fashioned out of whole sentences of his prose and that a singer could utter them persuasively and with their emotional accents intact.

For we must not forget that Tolstoy's passionate views on music, however much he hoped to address the issue out of time and for all time, were very much a part of the nineteenth century. The quarrels over Wagner, the press war between the "Mighty Handful" and conservatory musician-pedagogues, the merits of modal folk music versus its necessary reworking into diatonic forms: Tolstoy was a part of these debates. But he was also a privileged part. His eccentricities, while recognized as such, were nevertheless studied, catered to, and revered. In 1876, Tolstoy expressed a desire to hear some Tchaikovsky. Nikolai Rubinstein, younger brother of the virtuoso pianist and director of the Moscow Conservatory, arranged for a private performance of the sort of music he knew Lev Nikolaevich would like. Listening to the String Quartet No. 1 in D major, with its folksong theme in the second movement, Tolstoy deeply gratified its composer (who was sitting next to him) by dissolving into tears.[27] But Tolstoy's later attempt to send Tchaikovsky a collection of folksongs "for reworking" put an end to their correspondence; Tchaikovsky was not inspired, and Tolstoy remained with his own opinion.

What, then, of our thought experiment in the twentieth century? By the mid-1940s, through no fault of his own, Tolstoy's most extreme views on music had assumed a Stalinist face. Strong melodies, simple constructions, folk choruses, music useful to the people at work, at war, and at rest: these were no longer the preferences of a single thinker (Rousseau, Tolstoy) but mandates of the state. Artists lived and died by them. Tolstoy would have been astonished and dismayed, of course, that Prokofiev, with a productive genius as aristocratic, disciplined, and stubborn as his own, was subject to such devastating positive censorship as he struggled with his ill-fated score. The merely negative censorship of his own literary activities, so infuriating to him at the time, paled by comparison. During those Soviet years, the Russian opera-going public was allowed to glimpse only select scenes of *War and Peace,* which in its long genesis was growing ever more Tolstoyan in its musical priorities. But what the public saw, it loved. It is hard to believe that Tolstoy's eyes would not have watered up.

Chertkov's secretary Aleksei Sergeenko recalls in his memoirs how Tolstoy, in September 1909, was eating his soup at dinner when he heard a waltz by Strauss sounding on the player piano in the next room.[28] Tolstoy rose, removed his napkin, wiped his beard, and offered his hand to a daughter-in-law: "So, Olga, let's recall the past!" Tolstoy "placed his right hand on his lady's waist, straightened up, thrust out his chest, raised his leonine head somewhat proudly, gazed in a manly way into space, having placed his right foot forward, and handsomely holding Olga Konstantinovna's hand in the air, began to await the beat." The pair began to waltz around the room. "How good he was!" Sergeenko writes. "What a marvelous old age! . . . Finally he found the beat and set off spinning! And with what lightness, elegance, rhythm!" In 1943, Tolstoy would have been even older, even more sentimental and receptive. He would surely have relished Prince Andrei rising for one final waltz with Natasha Rostova.

Notes

1. For a concise account in English of the genesis, see Brown, esp. 305.

2. The early reception history is paraphrased here from the memoirs of Prokofiev's second [common-law] wife, Mira Mendelson, first available in the early 1960s. Prokofiev immediately began to revise, consulting frequently with his friend Sergei Eisenstein, also in Alma-Ata. To the musicologist Pavel Lamm, Prokofiev wrote on 17 July 1942 that he had received from the Committee a "delayed but very courteous letter expressing their wishes for some reworkings." See Volkov 16.

3. The text consulted here is the maximally complete piano-vocal reduction by L. T. Atovmyan: S. Prokofiev, *Voina i mir* (op. 91), published in two volumes according to vol. VII of the Academy Edition of Prokofiev's works (Muzgiz, 1958). Libretto passages are referenced by volume and then page number to this edition.

4. These issues are sympathetically raised, with these musical predecessors as exemplars, by Volkov in his "Zakliuchenie," 120-121.

5. In 1945, when the opera had grown very large with mandated additions, Prokofiev continued to resist any division or subtitling of its parts. "I categorically object to any names for the two parts of the opera, should *War and Peace* be performed on two evenings," he wrote to S. Shlifshtein on August 30, 1945. "It is important to emphasize that this is *one single unified performance.*" Cited in Volkov 38.

6. Prokofiev explains this alteration to E. M. Radin of the Kirov Opera Company in a letter from Alma-Ata, 25 March 1943. See Volkov 130.

7. See, for example, Taruskin; and the opening sentence of my "Tolstoy at the Opera" (for the Seattle Opera production of 1990): "Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace* as an opera? The idea seems outrageous. . ." (24). The opposition of Prokofiev to Tolstoy, opera to novel, artifice to the honest laying bare of artifice, is a temptation that has proved almost impossible to resist when writing about this work.

8. Distressed by delays in the Bolshoi schedule during 1943, Prokofiev was investigating other options, including a Leningrad premiere. In that connection he wrote to E. M. Radin of the Kirov Opera Company in a letter from Alma-Ata, 25 March 1943: "In addition I will send you detailed character traits of the dramatis personae, excerpted from Tolstoy's novel; this will be especially useful to the director and the artist [scenic designer and costumer]." See Volkov 131.

9. For an excellent overview of Tolstoy's evolving stance on music, balancing the intemperance of later publications with more thoughtful judgments recorded in private diaries and in conversations, see Babaev 24-28.

10. See, for example, Bulgakov's entry for 16 July 1910: "In the evening Goldenweizer played Chopin's mazurkas. Lev Nikolaevich got teary-eyed [*proslezilsia*] and then paid compliments to the pianist . . ." (288). In *Vblizi Tolstogo*, Goldenweizer records numerous instances of Tolstoy begging him to play, or alternatively not to play, because (to take one example from 1899, as regards Chopin), "I'm afraid I will break down into tears" [from *Vblizi Tolstogo*, cited in LT&m 181].

11. G. A. and A. G. Rusanov, *Vospominaniia o L've Nikolaeviche Tolstom* (Voronezh, 1972), cited in Babaev 19. Tolstoy was rarely embarrassed by inconsistencies of this sort, and at times even prided himself on them.

12. It might legitimately be asked why reverence before an artwork must result in helplessness. To the end of his days, Tolstoy—hyper-receptive from head to toe—judged every other person's body by his own. The possibility that an audience could be pleased with, interested in, or stimulated by a musical performance but not incited to wantonness or reduced to tears through it could only mean, to him, that the work had not succeeded as art.

13. For an excellent account of this "rehabilitation" that suggests (properly) both its exploitation of and its realization of Tolstoy's contradictory legacy, see Sloane 64-65.

14. A telling example is found in the autobiographical fiction of the eminent classicist philosopher (and amateur violinist) Aleksei Losev, who taught history of aesthetics at the Moscow Conservatory and State Institute of the Musical Sciences until his arrest and deportation to BelBaltLag at the end of the 1920s. Losev later devoted one of his labour-camp stories to the debates over music carried on by three prisoners of the Belomor Canal zone. The quasi-autobiographical narrator lays out, at enthusiastic length, criteria for the perfect communist art of the future that appear literally lifted from *What is Art?*: a simplified orchestra, fewer refinements in notation (an eighth note was subtle enough), an avoidance of music that needlessly roused the erotic passions, the desirability of working-class artists, the superiority of a workers' march or a peasant wedding over Beethoven's Ninth

Symphony, an end to conservatories which can only cripple students physically and develop fragile, irritable egos. See "Vstrecha" [Meeting] (1933, untitled and unfinished), in Losev 52-149, esp. 56-58.

15. Boris Gasparov brilliantly developed this thesis in a paper, "Eugene Onegin in the Age of Realism," presented at AATSEEL, December 2000, Washington D.C. It is part of his longer study, *Five Operas and a Symphony: Word and Music in Russian Culture*, currently in production.

16. An issue insufficiently addressed in Tolstoy studies is the relationship between Tolstoy's taste in music and his genre or period preferences in other art forms (verbal arts, painting). In literature a realist and an admirer of the eighteenth century, an opponent of Romantic "excess" who was proud not to have passed through the Romantic school, Tolstoy was manifestly a Romantic in his musical loves (Schubert and Chopin heading the list). This disjuncture can be explained in part by the tensions inherent in Romantic music, its restlessness and genre-breaking impulses within what would now be considered a conservative, tonally centered musical envelope. This topic is being creatively revisited by Russian musical theorists. "The unavoidable meaningfulness of the objective [world] transforms the ideal freedom of the Romantic into an endless *striving, longing*," writes musicologist Konstantin Zenkin. "That is why, on the one hand, Romantic music knows a liberation from traditional typified, rhetorically pre-established intonational formulas, genres, compositional schemas. And on the other hand, the unavoidability of the objective results in the preservation of the prior style parameters of classical thought: primarily the traditional tonal-harmonic system, metro-rhythmic organization, etc. New aspects of Romantic poetics show up in relief only against the background of the general principles of Classicism, which, for that reason, are included into the essential nucleus of Romantic music. . . . For example, that most exemplary Romantic, Chopin, is at the same time classic!" Zenkin 15.

17. The "prehistory" of Prokofiev's interest in Tolstoy's novels is recounted in Brown and, more briefly, in ch. 1 of Volkov, esp. 9.

18. This first (and only "peacetime") plan, in Prokofiev's hand, lists 11 episodes: "1. The Rostovs visiting old man Bolkonsky. 2. The meeting of Natasha with Anatole at Hélène's. Hélène and Natasha. The count: Let's go, Natasha. Hélène steers the count away. Anatole. The kiss. Natasha alone. The old count. 3. Anatole and Dolokhov before the abduction. 4. The unsuccessful abduction. Natasha's despair. Pierre. 5. [inserted into the plan later, occasioning a re-numbering of episodes] Pierre shakes Anatole. 6. Vilna. Balashov informs Alexander of the declaration of war. 7. Balashov at Napoleon's quarters. 8. Before the battle. Kutuzov—Andrei. Pierre—Andrei. 9. Moscow. The scene of the execution. Pierre in captivity. 10. Natasha with the wounded Andrei. 11. The retreat of the French. The liberation of Pierre." At the bottom of the sheet is added, as unnumbered items: "Andrei on the oak, on vengeance against Anatole. From the very first scene, phrases about Napoleon and relations toward him." Volkov 10-11.

19. In selecting Natasha's infatuation with Kuragin as the core of his "Peace" scenes, Prokofiev chose a sequence operatic in its essence and also, according to Tolstoy, the "knot [*uzel*] of the entire novel." See Tolstoy's letter to P. I. Bartenev, 1 November 1867, in Christian (216).

20. Prokofiev even authorized, at the director's discretion, omitting the seduction scene at Hélène's (scene 4) and—surely less lamented—the war council at Fili (scene #10). This brief chronology of post-war revisions is summarized from Brown (317-21), and (with its tyrannical edge blurred) Volkov, ch. 1, "K istorii sozdanii opery."

21. The lovely period-piece duet for Natasha and Sonya, a setting of a lyric by Vasily Zhukovsky, was added to the opening "Otradnoe" scene at this late date.

22. Gustafson, Chapter Seven: "Intoxicated Consciousness." Gustafson develops the distinction in three linked subchapters, pp. 338-91, "States of Intoxication," "States of Ecstasy," and "The Art of Infection." The Rostovs are vulnerable to all three states. Ecstasy is innocent, self-contained, enraptured, displaced: Nikolai Rostov on the fresh morning battlefield or Petya contemplating the Tsar. Intoxication is reckless and often blind. Natasha at the opera partakes of both (349-52).

23. Curiously, the Avtomyan score stops the scene earlier, with the more sentimental and less self-destructive line: "Sonya, save me! Sonya! I'm worse, worse than everyone" (I, 194-5). The two most widely available recordings of the opera, the classic (and still unsurpassed) Bolshoi production from the early 1970s under Melik-Pashayev starring Galina Vishnevskaia as Natasha, and the Spoleto Festival CD (Chandos 1999) end the scene on Natasha's off-stage cry. That cry is essential. "Sonya! Save me! Sonya! I've taken arsenic!" is trademark Natasha, blending perfectly her shame, stubbornness, suicidal gesture, and insistence that she be cherished and restored to life.

24. See Volkov 40-43, although he does not note the connection with Tolstoy's aesthetics. Volkov calls this tactic the "unified image complex"; unlike more tradi-

tional uses of the leitmotif, such as in large-scale Wagnerian musico-dramatic works, "in Prokofiev's opera, unified action does not have a unified subject" (43).

25. The July 1941 scenario is reproduced in Volkov (122-29). At this point, the opera was envisioned in four acts. The peace scenes (1-7) take up two acts and their description occupies 3 pages; the war scenes (Acts 3 and 4) occupy over 5 pages. Only scene 11, Prokofiev's first operatic impression from the novel and apparently so clear to him that he did not need to make notes on it for himself, consists of a single lapidary line: "Natasha and the dying Prince Andrei. Love for Natasha. Love for life" (129).

26. Although the idea for *Mysterium* was conceived as early as 1902, only the "Preparatory Act," intended to fuse the creative process with the creative product and deeply indebted to Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and theosophical doctrine, was actually composed. Scriabin died of a septic carbuncle in 1915. See Morrison, Chapter 3, "Scriabin and Theurgy" 184-94.

27. See diary entry for July 1, 1886 (ten years after the event), in Chaikovskii, *Dnevniki,* 210-11. Preceding his appreciative remark about Tolstoy weeping over his First Quartet, Tchaikovsky recorded the following impressions of his first meeting with Tolstoy (210): "When I first became acquainted with L. N. Tolstoy, I was seized with terror and a feeling of awkwardness before him. It seemed to me that this greatest of all Knowers of the Human Heart would penetrate into all the secrets of my soul with a single glance. Before him—it seemed to me—it would be impossible to conceal all the worthless rubbish at the bottom of my soul and put forward only the bright side. If he's kind, I thought (and he *had* to be that way, of course), then he delicately, tenderly, like a doctor studying a wound and knowing all the places that hurt the most, would avoid taunting or irritating those places, thereby letting me know that nothing was hidden from him; but if he was not especially compassionate, he would poke with his finger directly at the center of the pain. I feared both the one and the other. And neither was the case. This most profound Knower of the Heart in his writings turned out to be, in his treatment of people, a simple, integrated, sincere nature, giving very little evidence of that *tauntingness* that I had feared. It was clear that he did not in any sense see in me an object of his investigations—but simply wanted to chat about music a bit, which was the reason I interested him at that time. Incidentally, he loved to *reject* Beethoven and directly expressed doubts about his genius. This is a trait not usually inherent in great men; to bring down to the level of one's own *lack of understanding* a genius acknowledged by everyone is a quality of *limited people.*"

Although the fastidiously delicate Tchaikovsky regretted Tolstoy's self-appointed move from "demi-god" to "prophet" (diary entry for 29 June 1886: 210), he never ceased to consider Tolstoy personally a man of great charm and good manners. For a brief summary of the Tchaikovsky-Tolstoy relationship, see also Babaev 31-33.

28. Sergeenko 221. Earlier in the same entry (220) Sergeenko remarks on the irrepressible natural musicality of Tolstoy, which he witnessed in December 1903, when he and his father brought to Iasnaia Poliana its first grammophone. It played a dance tune. Tolstoy could not restrain his delight and his tapping foot. "Lev Nikolaevich's legs again twitched once or twice, and then he began rhythmically to beat out the rhythm of the song with his feet . . . the domestics and family paid no attention to him. Apparently they were accustomed to seeing him so merry. But I was astonished beyond end, after everything my father had told me about his illness and that he had just passed his seventy-fifth year, that he could be so receptive to dance music. Apparently he knocked out the beat with his feet involuntarily, as a reflex, and not because he wanted to amuse us. If he had been sitting alone in the hall, without us, all the same he would not have been able to keep his feet quiet."

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