

The Roguish Tolstoy

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W*ar and Peace* has long been considered a worthy rival of the *Iliad*, a prose epic in the loose formal attire of the novel. Tolstoy's own concerns with the generic identification of the work are very well-known. In the initial drafts of the novel published in *The Russian Herald* (Русский вестник), the title *The Year 1805* held an explicit warning (to which Tolstoy attached considerable significance) that the book was not a novel (Christian 5; SS 7: 395–497). Further, in his clarification published in 1868, Tolstoy made the wonderfully mystifying claim that the novel “is what the author wished and was able to express in the form in which it was expressed” (SS 7: 382). He then tried to justify this unorthodox declaration by applying generic unorthodoxy to Russian literature as a whole, ensuring that his claim could thereby become a point of honor for the distinctiveness of Russian literature in comparison to its European counterpart.

Since Tolstoy was a master of the rhetoric of sincerity, the earnestness of his desire to distinguish *War and Peace* as an experiment, a work that brooks no clear model or competitor in

the modern literature of Europe, has generally been accepted. Moreover, the hidden thrust of his claims about the novel, that it is more or less an organic creation that moves beyond the trenchant artifice of convention, has struck many readers as appropriate, even though modern criticism has had no trouble identifying the careful structure that exists in the novel on every level of composition (Christian 123–147). And, indeed, many more readers have been offended or distressed by the old-fashioned, almost oracular authority that Tolstoy's claims lend to the novel. If Tolstoy does not choose to invoke the muse at the beginning of the novel as guarantor of its divine veraciousness, he does what is almost as good by making the implicit equation between his book and the workings of nature. Here Tolstoy is merely the medium of a much greater force, that very force which cannot be beholden to conventions; the latter are, after all, nothing more than assertions of human cognitive frailty.

It is thus no surprise that Tolstoy seeks to distance his creation from the novel which has a far different traditional orientation, one that ushers in a new age in which reality becomes overtly

problematic; questions of subjectivity and perspective take on adjudicative significance (Kundera 3–20; Watt). This is especially relevant with the advent of Romanticism, whose obsession with subjectivity lends only greater intensity to the ironic narrative structures that are the novel's truest and most powerful asset as a form of writing. When Tolstoy rejects the novel in *War and Peace* he is not only rejecting the heritage of Romanticism, but he is also daring a return to a more classical stance, a refusal to accept the vagaries of narrative that beset modernity. By all accounts, Tolstoy has been immensely successful in this attempt, and the suggestion that he was a most elusive and, indeed, cunning author still has the power to rattle those who claim that he is the great realistic writer, nature itself in words (Steiner 48–49).

But there is strong evidence within *War and Peace* that Tolstoy's narrative voice is a good deal more novelistic, trickier and ironic, than one may be led to expect. A rather amusing consequence of this claim is that it casts a shadow over Tolstoy's protestations of innocence and makes one wonder about their sincerity as well as that of the claims the narrator advances in his notorious asides—perhaps *War and Peace* is a more seriously playful literary work than its reception, strongly shaped by the master himself, has allowed.¹

To put the question about the narrative voice, one has only to raise the specter of doubt, and while there are many interesting examples of narrative cunning in the novel, I think that few strike as hard and deep as the marvelous chapter describing the meeting between Napoleon and Lavrushka after the taking of Smolensk. In this short chapter Lavrushka, a roguish character who would not be uncomfortable in a picaresque setting, mocks Napoleon, and this mockery is matched by the narrator's attitude towards Thiers' misinterpretation of the episode—here is the narrative trick, that Tolstoy employs his sovereign power as an artist, a weaver of fictions, to refute the

historian through a fictional account, one that cannot have any more authority, indeed, one that has less authority than the historian's account. The trick that Lavrushka plays on Napoleon is matched by the trick the narrator plays on the reader, one whose implications for the narrative in general are drastic and disturbing since they tend to puncture the illusion of narrative authority by showing just how arbitrary it can be.

To make my case, I would like to take a closer look at the mechanics of the chapter, where it fits in the novel, and how it works as a small part, well-hidden in the grand structure. Then, I would like to point out the ways in which the narrative sleight of hand involved in this chapter carries momentous implications for reading the novel and evaluating its claims about how one is supposed to understand history. The upshot of this two-step interpretation is to uncover a different aspect of the narrative presence, moving beyond the canonization of the prophet Tolstoy to reveal the extraordinarily complex and original figure who always seems to hide in the coulisses of critical observation, a figure whose roguish cunning and suppleness of mind shed a most interesting light on the more famous dogmatist and nihilist, the mythical Tolstoy of Gorky and Bunin.²

The Hidden God

Lavrushka meets Napoleon in chapter seven of book three of the novel, roughly at the halfway point of the giant narrative. He meets Napoleon on the way from Smolensk and after a series of chapters which describe the panic and horror of the French onslaught on that city. The more general pattern that announces itself in these scenes is one of destruction and defeat as Russia suffers the first effects of the Napoleonic invasion. The atmosphere evoked by the descriptions of collapse heightens the sense of ominous threat associated with the conqueror whose aura of power only glows brighter as the Russian situation becomes bleaker.

In this rather solemn and portentous setting, the narrative is interrupted by the meeting of Napoleon with Lavrushka. This interruption is twofold in that the chapter forms part of a border, a transition between two other narratives, that of the fall of Smolensk and that of the revolt of the peasants on Prince Andrei's estate at Bogucharovo. Both these narratives involve the Bolkonsky family and focus on the hardships they must undergo as the French advance. The chapter also changes the tone of the narrative from the tragic momentum that strikes the Bolkonsky family to a rather more comic one. This change is emphasized by the immediately preceding chapter which gives a satirical portrait of Petersburg society whose empty and superficial interests mark such a vivid contrast with the suffering depicted at Smolensk.

But this comic orientation seems at best misleading. The Lavrushka chapter begins with a rather sharp and polemical attack by the narrator on Thiers, "Napoleon's historian." The narrator criticizes Thiers' attempt to justify what would only subsequently be regarded as Napoleon's reckless advance on Moscow:

...Thiers, like other of his historians, trying to justify his hero says that he was drawn to the walls of Moscow against his will. He is as right as other historians who look for the explanation of historic events in the will of one man; he is as right as the Russian historians who maintain that Napoleon was drawn to Moscow by the skill of the Russian commanders. Here besides the law of retrospection, which regards all the past as a preparation for events that subsequently occur, the law of reciprocity comes in, confusing the whole matter. A good chess-player having lost a game is sincerely convinced that his loss resulted from a mistake he made, and looks for that mistake in the opening, but forgets that at each stage of the game there were similar mistakes and that none of his moves were perfect. He only notices the

mistake to which he pays attention, because his opponent took advantage of it. How much more complex than this is the game of war, which occurs under certain limits of time, and where it is not one will that manipulates lifeless objects, but everything results from innumerable conflicts of various wills! (SS 6: 331; III/2/VII)³

Here is the now familiar complaint against historians, that they falsify based on an overly generous view of human causal authority that masks the intricacy of historical events which are extremely complex wholes embedded in equally complex causal matrices.⁴ And this opening paragraph seems to be an appropriate introduction to the encounter between Lavrushka and Napoleon.

This encounter is one of the most intriguing narrative moments in the novel. Tolstoy places Thiers' description of the meeting between a Cossack and Napoleon within the context of the fictional text. He sets Thiers' description of the meeting alongside the ostensibly "true" story which is nothing more than fiction created by Tolstoy himself, thereby making the highly provocative assertion that the fictional account is more accurate than that of Thiers. By indulging in this intercalation of different kinds of historical narratives, Tolstoy blurs the boundaries between ostensibly "true" historical writing and his own narrative. This point is underscored by the fact that only the latter appears to be true: Thiers' account fails because both historian and emperor have been fooled by the rogue Lavrushka. What is more, Thiers and Napoleon allow themselves to be manipulated with ease by Lavrushka because they seem to be quite unable to see him other than in accordance with their preconceived notions about Russia, their conviction that Russia is a rude and primitive land with a people to match.

The initial point of this correction seems to be that the writing of history is shaped by the

prejudices of those who write, that the truth about what happened is often very inscrutable, that historians are often mistaken. In this spirit, Gary Saul Morson has given a succinct account of this chapter that reveals its pronounced parodic elements, the result of a remarkable dialogic interplay (132–136). He notes that Tolstoy juxtaposes Thiers' account of the meeting, usually quoted in the French original, with his own account and thereby sets up a kind of parodic double-voicing that casts doubt on the French historian's version. Morson's grasp of the parodic elements of the encounter is entirely convincing, but it is his approach to the central issue, the narrator's claim to know what really happens, that gets to the heart of the matter, raising more fundamental questions about Tolstoy's authorial voice.

Morson answers these questions by suggesting that Tolstoy merely seeks to subject Thiers' account to reasonable doubt and that Tolstoy's use of the words "in reality" to enforce the superior veracity of his own account should not be taken as a bald assertion that this account does indeed tell the truth, a manifestly absurd claim, given the fictionality of Lavrushka. This answer makes good sense since it tries to prevent Tolstoy's parody from extending to his own version of the encounter. But it is hard to avoid doubt about the wisdom of proceeding in this direction because Tolstoy's own form of attack is so peculiar. Why does Tolstoy engage in a parody of Thiers' version of the encounter in a way that so obviously seems to stack the deck unfairly against Thiers? Indeed, why does Tolstoy practically parade the arbitrariness of his own point of view, thereby allowing a most unflattering comparison between his claim to superior knowledge and Thiers' own account? It seems to me that this aspect of the parody, the essential one, merits closer examination.

The problem Morson so clearly identifies is one of authority. What kind of authority can be attributed to Tolstoy's version of the encounter?

Tolstoy seems to claim sufficient authority to engage in a brutal refutation of Thiers while at the same time potentially undercutting that authority by arguing through fictional characters. The issue is whether the means of the argument do not in fact undermine the end it seeks to achieve. But this approach to the question of authority is likely too narrow since Tolstoy's strategy looks to be a good deal more complex, his parody more wide-ranging.

Parody is a basic form of literary commentary that makes a direct appeal to the intellect by inducing doubt. In this rather modern sense, parody makes reality problematic, and it does so by bringing into disrepute the claims for authority that attend certain forms of seeing the world, of identifying reality. As such parody is one of the essential tools of the novel, one of the most characteristic forms of novelistic discourse displayed to great effect in *Don Quixote*, the supposed progenitor of the entire genre. In that novel, the authority of a certain kind of fictional tale is crushed by a reality that is so very different, the Don's continued attempts to see reality through the eyes of these tales becoming ever more ridiculous. Here a basic pattern of novelistic discourse, the difficult encounter between hegemonic fiction and infinitely multiplicitous reality, emerges for the first time siring a tradition that runs through many of the great satiric prose narratives of the following three hundred years (Ortega y Gasset).

While this pattern may be a staple of the novel, one should be careful to determine in each case how the parody fits within the pattern. I mean that the way parody induces doubt, revealing that truth may be no more than convention, has very important implications. And here I return to the question of authority because a parody must assume the authority it denies to its object or be consumed by its own critique in which case parody comes very close to a vertiginous deconstruction. In other words, the choices that inform a parodic structure must be fairly limited, since it can only

deny one truth by asserting another or, in absence of such an assertion, parody must deny its own authority as well—there is no way out of the law of excluded middle. In the former case, one truth yields to another, while in the latter one truth yields to another which in turn yields to itself in a self-reflexive paradox, the audacious irony described by Derrida famously as *différance* or the perpetual failure of authority (1–27).

Whether one can identify this kind of failure of authority in Tolstoy's parody of the historians is no small matter because the claim that a fictional account is superior to Thiers' cannot be understood otherwise than to suggest that no account can have authority, that imagination and not carefully reasoned investigation is in fact the ruling authority, the only source of authority.⁵ And this entails that the refutation of Thiers itself must fail, since Tolstoy's fictional account can have no greater authority itself.

At this point I think that a very important caution is in order lest this wholesale denial of authority be too broadly applied to the text. The authority of the narrative applies to the internal state of the characters involved, to reading what they think, and this is the crucial point that needs to be made. If there is an essential parody of narrative authority that applies both to Thiers and Tolstoy, it relates only to the internal states of individuals, a much broader and more significant issue in the novel that is discussed on an abstract level in the second part of the epilogue.

That Tolstoy does not deny the historians' capacity to know history in its external but in its internal form is the striking ambiguity of Tolstoy's parody of Thiers. Tolstoy implicitly relies on a distinction that is essentially Kantian, that knowledge is restricted to appearances and that nothing outside of appearances can be known with any assurance. By doing so, Kant notoriously makes room for faith or what is perilously close to pure imagination, fiction—indeed, he seems to equate the two tacitly.⁶ Tolstoy reiterates this

Kantian point in the representational context of the novel by suggesting that the subject is simply not “factually” knowable in so far as it is pure, acting subject, but only as an object.

This is the roguish aspect of the narrative. Tolstoy claims that fiction and history are on the same level when it comes to the description of the internal life of individuals, of their subjectivity—indeed, the implication of the Lavrushka chapter is more radical; namely, that the author of fictions may present a better account than the historian because he is free to depict the whole human being. Tolstoy writes:

(5) *The divergence between my description of historical events and that given by the historians.* This was not accidental but inevitable. An historian and an artist describing an historic epoch have two quite different tasks before them. As an historian would be wrong if he tried to present an historical person in his entirety, in all the complexity of his relations with all sides of life, so the artist would fail to perform his task were he to represent the person always in his historic significance. Kutuzov did not always hold a telescope, point at the enemy, and ride a white horse. Rostopchin was not always setting fire with a torch to the Voronovsky house (which in fact he never did) and the Empress Marya Fyodorovna did not always stand in an ermine cloak leaning her hand on the code of laws, but that is how the popular imagination pictures them.

For an historian considering the achievement of a certain aim, there are heroes; for the artist treating of man's relation to all sides of life there cannot and should not be heroes, but there should be men.

An historian is sometimes obliged by bending the truth to subordinate all the actions of a historical personage to the one idea he has

ascribed to that person. The artist, on the contrary, finds the very singleness of that idea incompatible with his problem, and tries to understand and show not a certain actor but a man. (SS 7: 385)

Here is a forceful declaration of the sovereign power of the artist as opposed to the historian, for only the artist is capable of representing the whole, that is, the internal and the external, the subjective and objective facets of human being. This claim to holism is suspiciously romantic and suggests that Tolstoy's view of the artist is considerably more romantic than many have suspected.

Tolstoy's parodic attitude to Thiers seems to confirm this view because of its ambiguity, the fact that the essential message of the parody, that historians cannot properly know the internal states of the individuals they may happen to describe, both exalts and deprecates the role of the artist. On the one hand, the narrative suggests that the artist may know the truth, that the artist is uniquely qualified to see the hidden reality of historical being. On the other hand, the artist's authority is not one that can be backed up by fact, it is basically an arbitrary one. The artist creates and discovers a world only because there is no given world against which to measure what the artist has done; in this sense, the artist moves from a mimetic craftsman who dutifully reproduces a given reality to a creator who in fact makes reality, a "poet" in the true sense of that word. The great question that Goethe puts to himself, that of the distinction between poetry and truth, comes to the fore.

The Lavrushka interlude thus serves to pose some very important questions for the narrative, questions whose nature is typically "novelistic" in so far as they deal with a reality having become problematic. The peculiar mise-en-abyme structure of the narrative, the possibility that the parody cuts both ways, blurs the border between mimesis and sovereign creation that is the crucial foundation of realistic art. Indeed, I would venture

somewhat farther to suggest that the narrator points to the impossibility of realistic art, to the fact that, in some fashion, art cannot simply be the dutiful or faithful *reportage* of a reality but creates it, and that any reality that does not have this added, created element must needs be an impoverished one. This created element is in the most powerful sense a meta-physical one, since it claims to know what is beyond the phenomena, what drives the phenomena, while also maintaining that any knowledge that does not possess this metaphysical aspect is radically partial, limited and trivial, and thus fully deserving of the scorn Tolstoy heaps on the practitioners of such a limited art: the historians. Despite this claim, as I have noted, the ultimate irony of Tolstoy's position is the tacit equation of the meta-physical with fiction, with a kind of lying that seems to justify Aristotle's warning about poets (14–15, 983a5).

The Absent God

The complexity of Tolstoy's position may seem somewhat exaggerated since I am making rather far-reaching claims based on the exiguous evidence of one chapter in the novel. But evidence for the significance of this chapter is to be found outside of the fictional text in the philosophical meditations that come at the novel's end and constitute its culmination. Here Tolstoy engages in a remarkable discussion of the limits of human knowing and provides a model for knowing whose very nature involves the same kinds of irony that the narrator brings upon his parody of Thiers, albeit in a rather different context.

This model of knowing is developed in the last seven chapters of the second part of the epilogue. In these chapters the narrator discusses the great problem of historical writing, that of subjectivity. The problem of subjectivity emerges in the fact that individuals feel themselves to be free which, as subjects, they in some sense must be (Schelling 9). Since what is free cannot be described, it always defeats the imposition of structure that is the best

definition of the objectification of reality, the processing of subjective experience into the kind of experience which can be shared by a specific group or community. The fact that subjective and objective kinds of experience are created simultaneously, that the one is impossible without the other, only serves to reveal the conflict at the center of human knowing.

This conflict has played itself out in a great variety of philosophical forms in the modern era, all of which stem, however, from an underlying anxiety about the relation between the mind or reason, as the source of objective, and the body or the senses as the “portal” of subjective, knowing. Are the mind and body two radically incompatible sources of cognition or is there a relation between the two? If not, the mind creates out of itself a world independent of the senses, and the senses give us a world independent of the mind; the split is irremediable with the mind reasoning constantly about things that cannot be said to exist in the world perceived by the senses—the mind chatters about no perceivable thing—and the senses do not speak at all, they are mute. By engaging in a rather reductive but nonetheless useful characterization, one can isolate three different approaches in modern philosophy to this problem on the commonsensical assumption that mind and body, reason and sense, are not wholly independent:

1. realist empiricism, where the mind is dependent on the senses and learns to speak their language; or
2. idealist rationalism where the senses depend on the intellect which teaches them to speak; or
3. German Idealism where both mind and body are dependent on the other—they learn that they speak the same language, albeit from considerably different points of view.

Tolstoy’s approach in the second part of the epilogue has most affinity with German Idealism and is indebted to it for the specific terms Tolstoy employs to describe his model of knowing.⁷ Tolstoy begins with the question of freedom and necessity,

a particular way of asking about the relation of subject to object, and ties them together with his rather original conception of the relation of reason to consciousness. He succinctly summarizes this relation as being between two different sources of self-cognition, one rational and mediate, the other non-rational and immediate, and claims that it is necessary to bind both together to obtain knowledge of the whole of human life:

Reason expresses the laws of necessity. Consciousness expresses the essence of freedom.

Freedom not limited by anything is the essence of life in human consciousness. Necessity without content is reason in its three forms.

Freedom is the thing examined. Necessity is what examines. Freedom is the content. Necessity is the form.

Only by separating the two sources of cognition, related to one another as form to content, do we get the mutually exclusive and separately incomprehensible concepts of freedom and necessity.

Only by uniting them do we get a clear representation of human life.

Outside these two concepts, which in their unity mutually define each other as form and content, no representation of life whatsoever is possible. (SS 7: 376; second epilogue / X)

This relation is predicated on the claim that reason is in effect the objectifying source, whatever is present to reason and can be mastered by reason is lifted into the realm of objectivity, and that means the realm of thought. Consciousness is the essence of the subject, of the inarticulate moment of subjective experience that can only be made to speak by the application of reason, by the imposition of reason on silence. And I use the term silence here quite on purpose, since reason finds itself first and foremost in language, the *ratio*, that

gives form to inchoate subjective experience. This equivalence, a very traditional one, adds another fascinating layer to the relation Tolstoy establishes (Heidegger, *Vom Wesen der Sprache* 153–163).

If reason or language gives form, the crucial question as to the origin of this form remains unanswered. Is form a given that language somehow brings to light or is form the imposition of order on primordial chaos? The difference between these two propositions is of the utmost importance for grasping Tolstoy's critique of historians and his attitude towards realism. Obviously if there is no given, every imposition of form is an act of sovereign creation, an act that is radically arbitrary. If there is some given to which language conforms, then language, like the verbal art that stems from it, cannot be completely arbitrary, it is not an act of supreme creation.

The problem that lies in Tolstoy's model of knowing is that this question is left open or is rather ambiguous. This is where the Lavrushka interlude has such suggestive force, since it implicates the fictional text of the novel itself in the same kinds of ambiguities as are contained in the relation between reason and consciousness. The underlying concern is that there cannot be a simple solution to the problem, that any narrative or other kind of knowing must somehow hover uncomfortably between the two possibilities. The narrator is not really a rogue as such but a teller of unsure truths, a revealer of a different sort of reality, one that is much more radically in motion. The Lavrushka interlude is thus a powerful hint at the tremendous ambiguity that Tolstoy's artistry conceals, that ambition to create a world which everyone will recognize and the anxiety that no such world can exist, that the vagaries of subjective experience can never be forced to submit to the yoke of objective categorization.

Hence, the overriding irony in the narrator's presentation of the Lavrushka episode is that the narrator's authority is diminished just as effectively as that of Thiers and Napoleon himself. Tolstoy in

effect puts in question the capacity of the narrator to provide any account that is not just as fictitious or questionable as those that are criticized in other parts of the novel where characters are typically unable to remember what "really" happened or shape their responses to fit preconceived notions about the relevant subject matter.

This deflation of authorial authority is in its way completely consistent with the abundant criticism of the historians' fixation with great men. One can argue that the reader has to be ready to accept the author's preternatural ability to see reality and grasp its inner workings as others cannot. If Tolstoy seems to make fun of the notion of genius that was attributed so freely to Napoleon, he does not spare the narrator or authorial presence either. The very contrast of Thiers' narrative with the novelistic one implies that the author must create a fiction to overcome his inability to have superior knowledge, that genius is a double-edged sword, at once an admission of failure and a talent at concealing that failure through brilliant invention. If Napoleon's vaunted genius is the result of the desire to exalt human freedom, so is that of the artist whose power to create may be a freedom even more heady than the power to command.

This problem of authority must also extend to the narrator's philosophical explorations. The assertion that all human knowing emerges from the relation of reason to consciousness applies to itself as well, and if there is no way that the human mind can possess the kind of knowledge whose quality and quantity would be able to justify the absolute status of any given statement, then the narrator's own analysis has to be vulnerable. Not only that. The narrator's claim that all knowing is radically deceptive, that it conceals in revealing, cannot but shed the greatest doubts on the narrative's attempt to represent what really happened.

Now, this way of looking at the narrative may seem all too late- or post-modern with its suggestion that the contradictory tendencies of

form and content that emerge in the novel simply cancel each other out, that Tolstoy is indeed a skeptic, if not a nihilist in some sense, because he believes in the inaccessibility of the truth. But one does not have to be a nihilist to claim that the truth is inaccessible—nihilists in fact claim that it is accessible but ugly—Christians claim it is inaccessible without some form of revelation. The limitations that form imposes on content in the novel are dynamic, they do not wind up undermining the content but place it within a horizon of doubt that makes the fictional reality problematic, showing the hand of the artist behind the wall of immutable authority that Tolstoy so often seems to construct.

The crucial point here has everything to do with Tolstoy's ambivalence about the role of the artist. He seems unable to accept that an artist who attempts to be nothing more than a faithful vassal to the facts can get to the truth, but neither is he fully ready to accept that the artist, in exercising the sovereign power of a creator, can actually possess the kind of knowledge that only a divinity could possibly possess. This ambivalence is an extremely vital aspect of Tolstoyan narrative and gives added significance to the fluctuations, the variations in authorial interference with the narrative that many have noticed in *War and Peace* (Silbajoris 55–73). To put this in different terms, Tolstoy recognizes the absence of divine authority in the artist and hesitates to assume that authority, because to do so is to be a master of illusion, of declaring the truth rather than discovering it.

Notes

1. I adapt this term from Goethe's own description of *Faust*.
2. While Gorky in fact manages to capture the ambiguity that underlies Tolstoy's complexity, he seems to emphasize the latter's nihilism, and this may have been appropriate in dealing with the old man. Bunin's portrait, as one might expect, is highly nuanced but often depicts Tolstoy as a daemonic soul; thus in his own way, Bunin gives support to a "chthonic Tolstoy" (Gorky 31–57; Bunin 3–13).
3. This edition prints the text of the novel edited by E. E. Zaidenshnur who conducted an exhaustive examination of published editions and manuscript variants in an effort to eliminate the many problems in the text. Despite the high quality of Zaidenschnur's text, I have also referred from time to time to the two different texts (of 1933 and 1936) and the draft variants printed in the Jubilee Edition as well as the epilogue (book six) in the first and second editions of the novel which were issued at the same time in 1869. All translations are based on either the Maude or Dunnigen renditions which I have not hesitated to modify where necessary for the sake of greater accuracy and literalness. The locations of quotations are given by the relevant book, part and chapter to facilitate reference for those using other editions of the novel. Books and chapters are designated by Roman numerals, Parts by Arabic numerals.
4. This argument is presented bluntly in the first chapter of book three.
5. This is a particularly important problem in the tradition of thought following Kant. Nietzsche asks whether truth is created or discovered, and, in favoring the former, gives art a privileged place above "truth." According to Heidegger, this overturning of truth constitutes one of the crucial pillars of Nietzsche's overcoming of Platonism, resulting in the revolutionary assertion of will as the sovereign authority. Tolstoy's own view seems, at first glance, to have similar implications (Heidegger, *Nietzsche* 177–254).
6. "I have therefore found it necessary to deny *knowledge*, in order to make room for *faith*. The dogmatism of metaphysics, that is, the preconception that it is possible to make headway in metaphysics without a previous criticism of pure reason, is the source of all that unbelief, always very dogmatic which wars against morality" (Kant 29, BXXX; Rosen, 3–18).
7. Schopenhauer is the key conduit here, as Boris Eikhenbaum was quick to recognize. Tolstoy was engaged in the intense reading of Schopenhauer while

working on the second part of the epilogue in 1869 and borrows a good deal from the language Schopenhauer uses in his *Prize Essay on the Freedom of the Will* (1839). But it is worthwhile to caution, as does Eikhenbaum, that Tolstoy does not for all that simply adapt Schopenhauer's thought to his own purposes without modification; while the influence is obvious, the specific accentuation belongs to the purposes of the novel (Эйхенбаум 93–101).

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