

Chapter 1 : Anna Karenina (Oprah #5) by Leo Tolstoy, Richard Pevear & Larissa Volokhonsky on Apple Books

The must-have Pevear and Volokhonsky translation of one of the greatest Russian novels ever written Described by William Faulkner as the best novel ever written and by Fyodor Dostoevsky as "flawless," Anna Karenina tells of the doomed love affair between the sensuous and rebellious Anna and the dashing officer, Count Vronsky.

One of the best things about being in a book group that lasts a while is that as the years go by, the members develop a shared background in reading and can chat easily about previous titles in relation to new books. What chance does he have of being reasonable husband material when his mother is infamous in Petersburg for her countless affairs? Anna Karenina is a wonderfully rich character. On the other hand there are times when I felt like giving her a good shake, especially when she reneges on the deals she has with Alexei – what a lot of trouble could have been avoided had she not made that fatal invitation in Part 4! While Anna is deceiving herself about her passion at home, Vronsky is back in his old haunt and congratulating himself on his world view. For him there are two sorts of people: Count Alexei also finds himself juggling the soul and reason: As the affair proceeds, he finds that every time he began talking to her, he felt that the spirit of evil and deceit, which had taken possession of her, had possession of him too, and he talked to her in a tone quite unlike that in which he had meant to talk Part 2, x. He not only forgives her, but also Vronsky. Having spent his whole life focussed on his work he now finds that his work colleagues are no substitute for friends – and on top of that he has reached a plateau in his work and is being sidelined into useless projects that are completely unnecessary. Everyone knows this, except him. Oh, if only estranged parents would try harder not to use custody of their children as pawns in relationship battles! The battle between soul and reason affects Vronsky too of course. He felt that the love that bound him to Anna was not a momentary impulse, which would pass, as worldly intrigues do pass, leaving no other traces in the life of either but pleasant or unpleasant memories. He felt all the torture of his own and her position, all the difficulty there was for them, conspicuous as they were in the eye of all the world, in concealing their love, in lying and deceiving; and in lying, deceiving, feigning, and continually thinking of others, when the passion that united them was so intense that they were both oblivious of everything else but their love. When he recognises that Anna too hates the deceit, he decides that this must stop – and that they must go away together. Later, of course, when things get tricky he decides this is not such a good idea – ever a man able to justify pleasing himself was Vronsky! Then, Vronsky recognises that his love for Anna is fading because of her jealousy and yet he feels more closely bonded to her. Jealousy is such a tiresome emotion! Tolstoy is, I think, a master at depicting the irrationality of jealousy. Levin and Kitty – two love birds once they eventually resolve their initial pride and prejudice – get into a squabble because Levin gets jealous of the handsome visitor Veslovsky. Levin sees their lives as full of merriment and job satisfaction. Farm labour was back-breaking work. It was work so tough that there needed to be a foreman to chivvy the workers along. I think I missed some of the gems in Anna Karenina when I read it before. The members of this deputation had not the slightest conception of their duty and the part they were to play. Pestsov recognises that it is a vicious circle. Woman is deprived of rights from lack of education, and the lack of education results from the absence of rights. We must not forget that the subjection of women is so complete, and dates from such ages back that we are often unwilling to recognize the gulf that separates them from us. This is, from a 21st century perspective, rather droll. They arrive and everything is so nice for a while, chatting away and reminiscing and so forth, that things that should be done around the house are neglected in favour of enjoying their company. But then, discussions verge onto more dangerous issues – usually politics – where ideas have diverged. Levin indulges in existential doubts and resolutions; the farm thrives amid his angst over the fair treatment of his serfs. Careers advance, debts of all kinds are incurred and paid.

Chapter 2 : An Anna Is an Anna Is an Anna - Los Angeles Review of Books

Pevear and Volokhonsky, winners of the PEN/Book-of-the-Month Club Translation Prize for their version of Fyodor Dostoyevsky's The Brothers Karamazov, have produced the first new translation of Leo Tolstoy's classic Anna Karenina in 40 years.

My grandpa had an old print of a painting hanging in his garage. A young beautiful mysterious woman sitting in a carriage in wintry Moscow and looking at the viewer through her heavy-lidded eyes with a stare that combines allure and deep sadness. Actually, it was "A Stranger" by Ivan Kramskoy - but for me it has always remained the mysterious and beautiful Anna Karenina, the femme fatale of Russian literature. Imagine my childish glee when I saw this portrait used for the cover of this book in the edition I chose! But Anna gives the book its name, and her plight spoke more to me than the philosophical dealings of an insecure and soul-searching Russian landowner, and so her story comes first. Few readers will be surprised that it is Anna who gets the blame for the affair, that it is Anna who is considered "fallen" and undesirable in the society, that it is Anna who is dependent on men in whichever relationship she is in because by societal norms of that time a woman was little else but a companion to her man. There is nothing new about the sad contrasts between the opportunities available to men and to women of that time - and the strong sense of superiority that men feel in this patriarchal world. No, there is nothing else in that, tragic as it may be. Anna, a lovely, energetic, captivating woman, full of life and beauty, simply crumbles, sinks into despair, fueled by desperation and irrationality and misdirected passion. This is what Tolstoy is a master at describing, and this is what was grabbing my heart and squeezing the joy out of it in anticipation of inevitable tragedy to come. That love was less; consequently, as she reasoned, he must have transferred part of his love to other women or to another woman—and she was jealous. She was jealous not of any particular woman but of the decrease of his love. Not having got an object for her jealousy, she was on the lookout for it. At the slightest hint she transferred her jealousy from one object to another. He soon felt that the realization of his desires gave him no more than a grain of sand out of the mountain of happiness he had expected. It showed him the mistake men make in picturing to themselves happiness as the realization of their desires. No, everyone, in addition to their pathetic little ugly traits also has redeeming qualities. Stiva Oblonsky, repulsive in his carelessness and cheating, wins us over with his gregarious and genuinely friendly personality; Anna herself, despite her outbursts, is a devoted mother to her son at least initially. And I love this greyness of each character, so lifelike and full. And, of course, the politics - so easily forgettable by readers of this book that carries the name of the heroine of a passionate forbidden affair. The dreaded politics that bored me to tears when I was fifteen. And yet these are the politics and the questions that were so much on the mind of Count Tolstoy, famous to his compatriots for his love and devotion to peasants, that he devoted almost half of this thick tome to it, discussed through the thoughts of Konstantin Levin. But he always felt the injustice of his own abundance in comparison with the poverty of the peasants, and now he determined that so as to feel quite in the right, though he had worked hard and lived by no means luxuriously before, he would now work still harder, and would allow himself even less luxury. Even if I disagree with so many of his views, they are still thought-provoking, no doubts about it. He liked and did not like the peasants, just as he liked and did not like men in general. Of course, being a good-hearted man, he liked men rather than he disliked them, and so too with the peasants. But like or dislike "the people" as something apart he could not, not only because he lived with "the people," and all his interests were bound up with theirs, but also because he regarded himself as a part of "the people," did not see any special qualities or failings distinguishing himself and "the people," and could not contrast himself with them. Yes, Tolstoy is the undisputed king of creating page-long sentences which I love, by the way - love that is owed in full to my literature-teacher mother admiring them and making me punctuate these never-ending sentences correctly for grammar exercises. But he is also a master of restating the obvious, repeating the same thought over and over and over again in the same sentence, in the same paragraph, until the reader is ready to cry for some respite. I highly recommend this film.

Chapter 3 : Translations of Anna Karenina: Constance Garnett, Maude, or Pevear & Volokhonsky? – mir

Oprah Winfrey chose this translation of Anna Karenina as a selection for her "Oprah's Book Club" on her television program, which led to a major increase in sales of this translation and greatly increased recognition for Pevear and Volokhonsky.

Translations of Anna Karenina: But since Anna is shorter though still long , it is more popular and accessible both to the literati and the common reader. Rufus Wainwright, Jeffrey Eugenides, Jilly Cooper, and David Brooks list it as one of their favorite books – and could a singer, a literary novelist, a pop novelist, and a New York Times columnist be more different? At the moment I have five, one of them a glitzy Folio Society edition. You can also find the Maude in a used Oxford World Classics edition, but beware, the paperback has a new translation by Rosamund Bartlett. She has a fine sense of English, and, especially, the sort of English that appears in British fiction of the realist period, which makes her ideal for translating the Russian masterpieces. Tolstoy and Dostoevsky were constantly reading and learning from Dickens, Trollope, George Eliot and others. Every time someone else redoes one of these works, reviewers say that the new version replaces Garnett; and then another version comes out, which, apparently, replaces Garnett again, and so on. She must have done something right. I found it clunky, but it was a revised edition of her translation. Malcolm thinks this is a sexist interpretation of her work. And she may be right. But Malcolm also admits Garnett made thousands of mistakes, and that the revisions in a recent Modern Library edition are often awkward. Why is Garnett our only choice? Their lyrical translation of Doctor Zhivago made me finally appreciate Pasternak: Reading that had led me to assume that Pasternak won only for his politics. Pevear, an American, and his wife, Volokhonsky, a Russian, have a fascinating philosophy of translation. And yet, it is elegant, if different from the Edwardian translators. This new philosophy of more literal translation has been applied occasionally to Greek and Latin classics lately, so I am familiar with it. People try different things to capture the nuances of a language. Malcolm wants a certain elegance. She writes, Another argument for putting Tolstoy into awkward contemporary-sounding English has been advanced by Pevear and Volokhonsky, and, more recently, by Marian Schwartz, namely that Tolstoy himself wrote in awkward Russian and that when we read Garnett or Maude we are not reading the true Tolstoy. Pevear, who is sometimes drawn into the online jousting, never apologizes for erring on the side of the unfamiliar sounding over muting the original. It is always good to have more than one translation at bookstores.

Chapter 4 : Anna Karenina - Wikipedia

The must-have Pevear and Volokhonsky translation of one of the greatest Russian novels ever written. Described by William Faulkner as the best novel ever written and by Fyodor Dostoevsky as "flawless," Anna Karenina tells of the doomed love affair between the sensuous and rebellious Anna and the dashing officer, Count Vronsky.

Do we really need another English translation of Anna Karenina? There is no English translation of the Academy of Sciences edition of the novel currently in print. This version contained a host of small differences from earlier versions; these may not amount to much individually, but cumulatively they add up to a new reading. And just as conductors and performers can produce revelatory new interpretations after intense listening, so translators have the potential to allow the author to speak more clearly. Take chapter eight of Part Six. By this stage of the novel, Anna and Vronsky have returned from their sojourn in Italy and have retreated to the country, having been ostracised by St Petersburg high society. Before they start out, Tolstoy lovingly describes what they are all wearing. The old world aristocrat Stiva Oblonsky, by contrast, looks like a tramp: Constance Garnett, whose translation of the novel was published in 1912, has him shod in "rough leggings and spats", the latter word being an abbreviation for "spatterdashes", either short cloth gaiters covering the instep and ankle, or long leather ones. Puttees, which derive from the Hindi word for band or bandage, are strips of cloth wound round the leg from ankle to knee for protection, and have an undeniable association with the Raj. One could never imagine the debonair Vronsky doing the same. Porshni denote primitive shoes made out of single pieces of leather which are drawn tight with a cord threaded through holes along the edges, like Native American moccasins. Because they are light and dry out quickly, they are well suited for tramping quietly through soggy marshes in search of snipe. Do such details matter? Tolstoy certainly thought so. After helping him prepare the text for publication in book form in 1877, Nikolay Strakhov recalled his friend staunchly defending the slightest expression, and opposing even the most innocuous changes. Strakhov realised that "in spite of all the apparent carelessness and unevenness of his style", Tolstoy had "thought over every word, every turn of speech no less than the most fastidious poet. Take the opening sentence of Part 2, chapter 20, which is set outside St Petersburg, where the Russian army is garrisoned during the summer months. In one recent translation we read: Although literally correct, it is the figurative meaning of the Russian verb "to stand" which is clearly intended: The English-speaking world owes Constance Garnett a great debt for producing a translation of Anna Karenina which has stood the test of time and set a high benchmark for future versions.

Chapter 5 : Anna Karenina by Leo Tolstoy | theinnatdunvilla.com

I'll admit to not having read Anna Karenina at this point in my life, however I have read War & Peace by Pevear & Volokhonsky, and loved their translation! I think when I get around to reading Anna, I'll use two different translations and compare them as I read.

It was great, but it was just another translation. So on a sabbatical, 10 years ago, I set out to read it in Russian, having given myself a couple of months of lessons. Because Tolstoy was a genius and I was not and am not. I knew the novel, I found, the way a young man in love knows the body of his lover. I was only vexed when I hit the chapters involving farming or fashion. Taking notes on my reflections and discoveries, I discovered, I had made many times before, my trek through the original took more than a year. McLean is meticulous and generous; in trying to rank the various editions, this is his most important conclusion: None of the existing translations is actively bad. From any of them the ordinary English-speaking reader would obtain a reasonably full and adequate experience of the novel. The English in all of them sounds like English, not translationese. I found very few real errors and only a few omissions, and of the latter most were only a few words or phrases. Turner, author of *A Karenina Companion*, have done more than most commentators to keep discussions of the novel sensible and free of jargon. But anyone who reads can read Anna Karenina without any help, just the same way that any of my community college students who reads can read *Pride and Prejudice* without any help from me. In a scene between Anna and her husband Part III, Chapter 23, she and he discuss their new domestic arrangements in light of her affair: I occasionally feel disoriented, like watching a movie in the original language after having seen it dubbed. All unhappy readers worry about Anna Karenina translations and their differences from the original, so let me retreat to my standard position: They let us think about all the other spellbinding things that are going on besides the particular words. I sometimes felt obliged to be on the lookout for gaffes and yet the novel is too great and overwhelms me. There are no translation machines that can get us much closer to the novel than Constance Garnett did in, or Leo Wiener in, or Louise and Aylmer Maude in *Translators of Russian literature are wonderful* except for their annoying habit of denigrating the work of earlier ones: As readers of Tolstoy, in translation or not, we find ourselves developing the finely tuned receptiveness of the adoring newlyweds Levin and Kitty Part VI, Chapter 3: By now Levin was used to expressing his thoughts boldly, not troubling himself to put them in precise words. He knew his wife in moments of love such as now would understand what he was trying to say; one hint and she understood him. Levin was used by now to blurting out his thoughts boldly, without bothering to put them into precise words; he knew that at loving moments such as this one his wife would grasp what he meant to say from a mere hint, and she did. . . . In word by word translation, maintaining the syntax insert definite and indefinite articles to taste: Levin already was used now to saying boldly his thought, not giving himself trouble to clothe it in exact words; he knew that his wife in such loving moments, as now, understood what he wanted to say, with hint, and she understood him. As absolutely masterful as Tolstoy was in finding the exact words, he sometimes banged up his writing, in order for it to be more like speech, more natural. He so enjoyed the rough and ready voices of peasants and non-literary people. Too much fuss over language made Tolstoy grimace, made him too conscious of the author trying to pull something over on him. The language and his vision have the energy of life and of the moment, and Tolstoy has developed in us a sensitivity to them. We become as conscious as his characters are, and we feel as if we are as conscious as he is. He was standing there still in his coat, taking something out of his pocket. In that moment when she came even with the middle of the staircase, he looked up and saw her, and something shameful and frightened passed across his face. Glancing downwards, Anna immediately recognized Vronsky, and a strange feeling of pleasure mixed with an amorphous fear suddenly stirred in her heart. He was standing there without removing his coat, and taking something out of his pocket. Just as she came level with the middle of the staircase he raised his eyes, saw her, and his face took on a frightened, sheepish expression. . . . In word by word translation: Anna, looking down, recognized right away Vronsky, and strange feeling of pleasure with fear of something suddenly stirred in her in heart. He stood, not taking off coat, and something took out from pocket. In this moment as she

leveled with middle of staircase, he raised eyes, saw her, and in expression of his face became somewhat ashamed and scared. But you know what? If there is one more pulse of pleasure in the original, all the rest of the many pulses of life show up in the translations. Buy the one with the prettiest cover or with the most attractive formatting. . . Levin is amazed and for the next few moments hears and sees with divine clarity: You can see and hear the grass growing! He stood there, listening and gazing down the wet mossy ground, at the attentive Laska [his dog], at the sea of bare treetops which stretched out before him at the foot of the hill, and at the darkening sky, which was covered with strips of white cloud. High above the distant forest a hawk flew over, flapping its wings slowly; another one just like it flew in the same direction and disappeared. The birds were twittering more and more loudly and busily in the thicket. Not far off an eagle-owl hooted, and Laska gave a start, took a few cautious steps, and put her head on one side, listening intently. I can hear and see the grass growing! He stood there listening and looking down at the wet, mossy earth, at sharp-eared Laska, at the sea of bare treetops spread over the slope below, at the dimming sky masked with white bands of clouds. A hawk, lazily flapping its wings, crossed high above the distant woods; another crossed in exactly the same way, in the same direction, and was lost from view. The birds chirped more and more loudly and restlessly in the thicket. Not far away, an owl hooted, and Laska, shuddering, took a few cautious steps, cocked her head to one side, and listened closely. He smiled, while she let out a merry peal of that endearing, chesty laughter which was one of her main charms. . . . He smiled, and she merrily began laughing with that sweet chesty laugh, which was one of her main charms. I appreciate no, delight in! We critics, because we have seen in a work of art this or that detail, this or that connection, congratulate ourselves on our discernment. This was another one of million true considerations that might be found in his painting and in figure of Christ. This was another of the million valid opinions that could be formed about his painting and the figure of Christ. This was again one of the million truthful reflections that one could find in his picture and in the figure of Christ. Vronsky, who has retired from the army and taken up painting himself, commissions Mikhailov to paint a portrait of Anna. From the fifth sitting onwards the portrait astonished everyone, and Vronsky in particular, not only with its likeness but also its special beauty. It was uncanny how Mikhailov had been able to uncover her special beauty. But this expression was so truthful that he and others felt they had known it for a long time. At the fifth sitting, the portrait impressed everyone, especially Vronsky, not only by its likeness by also by its special beauty. It was strange how Mikhailov had managed to discover that special beauty of hers. But this expression was so true that he and others felt they had known it all along. Art makes us feel we already knew what we otherwise never would have known. Reading Anna Karenina makes me think I know what Tolstoy knows.

Chapter 6 : Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky - Wikipedia

Anna Karenina by Leo Tolstoy, Richard Pevear, Larissa Volokhonsky available in Trade Paperback on theinnatdunvilla.com, also read synopsis and reviews. Beautiful, vigorous, and eminently readable, this is the new English-language translation of one of.

His nickname is a Russianized form of Steve. Leader of a high society circle that includes Karenin, and shuns Princess Betsy and her circle. She maintains an interest in the Russian Orthodox mystical and spiritual Countess Vronskaya: Plot introduction[edit] Anna Karenina is the tragic story of Countess Anna Karenina, a married noblewoman and socialite, and her affair with the affluent Count Vronsky. Although Vronsky and Anna go to Italy, where they can be together, they have trouble making friends. Back in Russia, she is shunned, becoming further isolated and anxious, while Vronsky pursues his social life. Konstantin has to propose twice before Kitty accepts. The novel explores a diverse range of topics throughout its approximately one thousand pages. Some of these topics include an evaluation of the feudal system that existed in Russia at the time—politics, not only in the Russian government but also at the level of the individual characters and families, religion, morality, gender and social class. Plot summary[edit] The novel is divided into eight parts. Its epigraph is Vengeance is mine; I will repay, from Romans The novel begins with one of its most often-quoted lines: Stiva informs the household that his married sister, Countess Anna Arkadyevna Karenina, is coming to visit from Saint Petersburg in a bid to calm the situation. Levin is a passionate, restless, but shy aristocratic landowner who, unlike his Moscow friends, chooses to live in the country on his large estate. Whilst at the railway station to meet Anna, Stiva bumps into Vronsky who is there to meet his mother, the Countess Vronskaya. Anna and Vronskaya have traveled and talked together in the same carriage. As the family members are reunited, and Vronsky sees Anna for the first time, a railway worker accidentally falls in front of a train and is killed. Anna interprets this as an "evil omen. Anna is uneasy about leaving her young son, Sergei "Seryozha" , alone for the first time. Kitty, who comes to visit Dolly and Anna, is just eighteen. In her first season as a debutante , she is expected to make an excellent match with a man of her social standing. Vronsky has been paying her considerable attention, and she expects to dance with him at a ball that evening. At the big ball Kitty expects to hear something definitive from Vronsky, but he dances with Anna instead, choosing her as a partner over a shocked and heartbroken Kitty. Kitty realizes that Vronsky has fallen in love with Anna and has no intention of marrying her, despite his overt flirtations. Vronsky has regarded his interactions with Kitty merely as a source of amusement and assumes that Kitty has acted for the same reasons. Anna, shaken by her emotional and physical response to Vronsky, returns at once to St. Vronsky travels on the same train. During the overnight journey, the two meet and Vronsky confesses his love. Anna refuses him, although she is deeply affected by his attentions to her. Anna returns to her husband, Count Alexei Alexandrovich Karenin, a senior government official, and her son Seryozha in St. On seeing her husband for the first time since her encounter with Vronsky, Anna realizes that she finds him unattractive, though she tells herself he is a good man. A specialist advises that Kitty should go abroad to a health spa to recover. Dolly speaks to Kitty and understands she is suffering because of Vronsky and Levin, whom she cares for and had hurt in vain. Meanwhile, Stiva visits Levin on his country estate while selling a nearby plot of land. Vronsky continues to pursue Anna. Although she initially tries to reject him, she eventually succumbs to his attentions. Karenin reminds his wife of the impropriety of paying too much attention to Vronsky in public, which is becoming the subject of gossip. Vronsky, a keen horseman , takes part in a steeplechase event, during which he rides his mare Frou-Frou too hard—his irresponsibility causing her to fall and break her back. Anna is unable to hide her distress during the accident. Before this, Anna had told Vronsky that she is pregnant with his child. Karenin is also present at the races and remarks to Anna that her behaviour is improper. Anna, in a state of extreme distress and emotion, confesses her affair to her husband. Karenin asks her to break it off to avoid further gossip, believing that their marriage will be preserved. Kitty and her mother travel to a German spa to recover from her ill health. There, they meet the wheelchair-bound Pietist Madame Stahl and the saintly Varenka, her adopted daughter. She then returns to Moscow. Part 3[edit] Portrait of a

young lady so-called Anna Karenina by Aleksei Mikhailovich Kolesov, , National Museum in Warsaw Levin continues working on his estate, a setting closely tied to his spiritual thoughts and struggles. He wrestles with the idea of falseness, wondering how he should go about ridding himself of it, and criticising what he feels is falseness in others. He develops ideas relating to agriculture , and the unique relationship between the agricultural labourer and his native land and culture. He comes to believe that the agricultural reforms of Europe will not work in Russia because of the unique culture and personality of the Russian peasant. Levin resolves to forget Kitty and contemplates the possibility of marriage to a peasant woman. However, a chance sighting of Kitty in her carriage makes Levin realise he still loves her. Petersburg, Karenin refuses to separate from Anna, insisting that their relationship will continue. He threatens to take away Seryozha if she persists in her affair with Vronsky. Part 4[edit] When Anna and Vronsky continue seeing each other, Karenin consults with a lawyer about obtaining a divorce. Karenin changes his plans after hearing that Anna is dying after the difficult birth of her daughter, Annie. At her bedside, Karenin forgives Vronsky. As Anna recovers, she finds that she cannot bear living with Karenin despite his forgiveness and his attachment to Annie. When she hears that Vronsky is about to leave for a military posting in Tashkent , she becomes desperate. Meanwhile, Stiva acts as a matchmaker with Levin: Part 5[edit] Levin and Kitty marry and start their new life on his country estate. Although the couple are happy, they undergo a bitter and stressful first three months of marriage. Levin feels dissatisfied at the amount of time Kitty wants to spend with him and dwells on his inability to be as productive as he was as a bachelor. When the marriage starts to improve, Levin learns that his brother, Nikolai, is dying of consumption. Kitty offers to accompany Levin on his journey to see Nikolai and proves herself a great help in nursing Nikolai. Kitty eventually learns that she is pregnant. In Europe, Vronsky and Anna struggle to find friends who will accept them. Whilst Anna is happy to be finally alone with Vronsky, he feels suffocated. They cannot socialize with Russians of their own class and find it difficult to amuse themselves. Vronsky, who believed that being with Anna was the key to his happiness, finds himself increasingly bored and unsatisfied. However, Vronsky cannot see that his own art lacks talent and passion, and that his conversation about art is extremely pretentious. Increasingly restless, Anna and Vronsky decide to return to Russia. Petersburg, Anna and Vronsky stay in one of the best hotels, but take separate suites. It becomes clear that whilst Vronsky is still able to move freely in Russian society, Anna is barred from it. Even her old friend, Princess Betsy, who has had affairs herself, evades her company. Anna starts to become anxious that Vronsky no longer loves her. Meanwhile, Karenin is comforted by Countess Lidia Ivanovna, an enthusiast of religious and mystic ideas fashionable with the upper classes. She advises him to keep Seryozha away from Anna and to tell him his mother is dead. However, Seryozha refuses to believe that this is true. Anna visits Seryozha uninvited on his ninth birthday but is discovered by Karenin. Anna, desperate to regain at least some of her former position in society, attends a show at the theatre at which all of St. Vronsky begs her not to go, but he is unable to bring himself to explain to her why she cannot attend. At the theatre, Anna is openly snubbed by her former friends, one of whom makes a deliberate scene and leaves the theatre. Unable to find a place for themselves in St. He becomes extremely jealous when one of the visitors, Veslovsky, flirts openly with the pregnant Kitty. Levin tries to overcome his feelings, and succeeds to a large extent during a hunt Veslovsky, Oblonsky and he engage in, but eventually succumbs to them on their return and makes Veslovsky leave his house in an embarrassing scene. Veslovsky immediately goes to stay with Anna and Vronsky at their nearby estate. In addition, all is not quite well with Anna and Vronsky. Vronsky makes an emotional request to Dolly, asking her to convince Anna to divorce Karenin so that the two might marry and live normally. Anna has become intensely jealous of Vronsky and cannot bear it when he leaves her even for short excursions. When Vronsky leaves for several days of provincial elections, Anna becomes convinced that she must marry him to prevent him from leaving her. After Anna writes to Karenin, she and Vronsky leave the countryside for Moscow. Levin and Stiva pay a visit to Anna, who is occupying her empty days by being a patroness to an orphaned English girl. Levin is initially uneasy about the visit, but Anna easily puts him under her spell. When he admits to Kitty that he has visited Anna, she accuses him of falling in love with her. The couple are later reconciled, realising that Moscow society life has had a negative, corrupting effect on Levin. Anna cannot understand why she can attract a man like Levin, who has a young and beautiful new wife, but

can no longer attract Vronsky. Her relationship with Vronsky is under increasing strain, because he can move freely in Russian society while she remains excluded. Her increasing bitterness, boredom, and jealousy cause the couple to argue.

Chapter 7 : Anna Karenina – the devil in the details | Books | The Guardian

About Anna Karenina. The must-have Pevear and Volokhonsky translation of one of the greatest Russian novels ever written Described by William Faulkner as the best novel ever written and by Fyodor Dostoevsky as "flawless," Anna Karenina tells of the doomed love affair between the sensuous and rebellious Anna and the dashing officer, Count Vronsky.

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Chapter 8 : ANNA KARENINA by Leo Tolstoy , Richard Pevear , Larissa Volokhonsky | Kirkus Reviews

Pevear and Volokhonsky, in their year-old translation, rendered Levin's initial reaction to the baby not as disgust or revulsion but as squeamishness. And that changes everything. ANNA KARENINA.

Pevear earned a B. In , he joined the faculty of the American University of Paris AUP , where he taught courses in Russian literature and translation. He is also the author of two books of poems *The Night Talk*, and *Exchanges*. Pevear is mostly known for his work in collaboration with Larissa Volokhonsky on translation of Russian classics. After graduating from Leningrad State University with a degree in mathematical linguistics, she worked in the Institute of Marine Biology Vladivostok and travelled extensively in Sakhalin Island and Kamchatka. Volokhonsky emigrated to Israel in , where she lived for two years. She completed her studies of theology with the diploma of Master of Divinity from Yale. She began collaboration with her husband Richard Pevear in . Together with Richard Pevear she translated into English some poetry and prose by her brother, Anri Volokhonsky published in: *Modern Poetry in Translation*, New series. Vol 10, Winter , Grand Street, Spring , ed. Volokhonsky is mostly known for her work in collaboration with Richard Pevear on translation of Russian classics. Collaboration[edit] Volokhonsky met Pevear in the United States in and they married six years later. As a result, the couple collaborated on their own version, producing three sample chapters which they sent to publishers. The husband-and-wife team works in a two-step process: Volokhonsky prepares her English version of the original text, trying to follow Russian syntax and stylistic peculiarities as closely as possible, and Pevear turns this version into polished and stylistically appropriate English. Pevear has variously described their working process as follows: And then we go over it again. I produce another version, which she reads against the original. We go over it one more time, and then we read it twice more in proof. Larissa produces a complete draft, following the original as closely as possible, with many marginal comments and observations. From that, plus the original Russian, I make my own complete draft. It was a 3-part program called "In Other Words" and involved discussions with many leading translators. The program was podcast in April. *Y Times Book Review*. Reception[edit] Universal acceptance of their translation process has not been met by other translators, either in Russia [16] or outside of Russia. Gary Saul Morson wrote in *Commentary* that the translations "take glorious works and reduce them to awkward and unsightly muddles.

Chapter 9 : Richard Pevear & Larissa Volokhonsky: eBooks, audiobooks and videos for libraries

Pevear & Volokhonsky "Yes, here, in this woods, was that oak that I agreed with," thought Prince Andrei. "But where is it?" he thought again, looking at the left side of the road, and, not knowing it himself, not recognizing it, he admired the very oak he was looking for.