

THE STRUCTURE OF THE CHRONICLE NOVEL (2)

YOSHIO OGAWA

クロニクル小説の構造 (2)

小川好雄

5. Three Attitudes of the Author In the next place, I should like to examine the book from the different point of view. It is about TOLSTOY's attitude. TOLSTOY distinctly shows us three different attitudes in his writing of this book. The first of these is the attitude as a novelist; the second, as a narrator; and the third, as a scholar of philosophy of history (in a wider sense), which is chiefly seen in the latter half of the book. In this case the story seems to disappear from the mind of the author; and the only thing that is found there, is a polemic on history which would make one book on the subject. LUBBOCK would be right if, when he looks upon *War and Peace* as the combination of two novels, one of them is not a novel, but a polemical pamphlet. According to LUBBOCK, one of these two novels is the story on "the large subject in the world" or "the universal story of no time or country, the legend of every age," that is, in the concrete, the story of Peter, Nicholas, Andrew or Natacha etc; the other is "the drama of a great historic collision" or "the cycle of war and peace." Is this right really?

I have my own opinion concerning this point as the followings. As we have seen already, the theme of this book is the cycle of life; but which cannot revolve independently, being cut off from the world where the people of the book live; in the first place young men and women of these three brilliant households, Bésoukhov, Bolkonsky, Rostow, representatively appear with fresh and brisk air against the older generation, stale and bored; next, while love affairs and other problems of life are taking place among them, the society that surrounds them is embroiled in war as a great historical event; consequently they are, willing or unwilling, connected with the event. And now the war becomes the greatest concern to the people. So TOLSTOY does not spare his energy to wield his pen to the full in describing the war, while the people being dwarfed into a distant view; and at the same time he gives his opinion about the very historical event so laboriously that he seems to forget his story. But before long when the war comes to an end, we see them before us once more. At this period they are no longer youth but middle-aged persons with their families; and especially as to our beloved Natacha, "the lines of her face were firmer, and always wore an expression of quiet cheerfulness and good nature In short, she resembled a fine, vigorous, productive hen", or "the subject which absorbed all Natacha's faculties was her family, i.e. her husband (whom she meant to hold so tightly as always to remain her undivided property), her house, and her children

(who, of course, had to be born, reared, fed, and educated).” Thus the interest, in this stage, is turned to home life and the baton of their youth being handed over to the next generation—that of Nicholenka—in such a settled atmosphere, the story comes to an end.

Thus the war does not seem to be connected with their lives from the outside or mechanically at all. So I think this book is far from the combination of two novels. In this sense, it is not that the war and their lives are put side by side, but that the war breaks out in their lives. Thus this *War and Peace* is not the combination of two novels at all, but a book with the theme of vicissitudinous phases of life—youth and age, the flow and the ebb of the recurrent tide. To return to the attitude once more. As mentioned above, the third attitude is very clear. But it is difficult to distinguish between the first and the second.

As I think his first attitude will be naturally clear if we make out his second one, now I will try to examine it. *TOLSTOY* changes his attitude near the middle of *War and Peace*. Towards that time, the story develops into the following effect:

In 1812 these united forces, consisting of some millions of men, including the officers and commissariat, marched on the Russian frontier, while the Russians, on their part, marched Russia and war broke out. ⁽¹⁾

By this time the war has been mentioned frequently, but it is through the rumour at the soirée or bustle caused by Andrew's departure for the front on account of his wound, or at best the war has been described as Nicholas's first and personal experience—where he looked at Napoleon so closely that he could realize how poor this great man looked against the vastness of the blue sky behind him, which consequently affected his view of life and added something to his future life—as merely his own inner experience. But now it is the war that comes to the front. The war is represented before us immediately and in itself.

The third attitude begins to appear from here. When he is in the third attitude, *TOLSTOY* comes up to the platform and lectures philosophy of history to us while in the second he is immediately beside us, narrating about situations of the war. He narrates us of the historical event that happened in 1812 or of the actions of great men who appeared in the history through his great memory. In describing the war he approaches it through the mind of an onlooker, and he chooses every onlookers of his at random without following any consistent method. The scenes are looked on sometime by Andrew, sometime by Nicholas or Peter or even by a little girl, not speak of Napoleon or Koutouzow who are main actors in this part of the book.

Formerly he (Nicholas) would have felt afraid of marching on to battle; now, he had no fears On the right the infantry reserve were placed in dense columns, over their heads, on the heights, the cannon gleamed against the sky in the slanting rays of the morning sun. Below, in the hollow, the enemy's columns and artillery were briskly, exchanging shots with the Russian out posts..... ⁽²⁾

(1) *War and Peace*, Vol. II, p.205.

(2) *War and Peace*, Vol. II, pp.256—7.

In the battle of Borodino, Peter who made up his mind to go to war in order to save himself out of inactivity, plays a part of an onlooker. But anyhow the predominant point of view is solely his, that of the independent story-teller. This is, I think, one of his attempts to put down his subjectivity which is apt to come out otherwise and to give the story an objective effect as completely as he can. As to the relation between the second attitude and the third, it can be said that *TOLSTOY* tries to demonstrate his theory on history through facts in his story. Now I will take two or three examples.

..... The onward march of humanity, while it is the sum total of an infinite multitude of individual wills, is nevertheless uninterrupted; the study of these laws is the object of history, and in order to account for those which govern the sum of the wills causing that uninterrupted movement, the human mind admits the theory of independent and separate wills. The first process in history is to take out at random a series of successive events, and then to examine them apart from all others; but, in fact, there can be no beginning to them and no end, since each event is the necessary outcome of that which preceded it. In the second place, history studies the actions of a single man — a king or a general — and accepts them as the result of the will of all men, while this result is never summed up in the actions of a single man, however lofty his opinion. ⁽¹⁾

After this generalization, follow the real historical events to explain it.

..... Add to this external pressure the minor facts that the commander-in-chief is in need of rest and sleep to recruit his exhausted strength,..... and the reader may understand that those who fancy that at Fili, within five versts of the capital, Koutouzow was free to decide as to the defence or loss of Moscow, are utterly mistaken.

When were the questions really settled? Why at Drissa, Smolensk, and irrevocably, at last, at Schevardino on the 5th of September, and at Borodino on the 7th. After that every day, every hour, every minute of the retreat sealed the fate of the capital. ⁽²⁾

And after this the scene in which generals have a debate whether they retreat from Moscow or not, is described very minutely; and at last they decide to retreat, but in this decision is scarcely found Koutouzow's very will to the point of accident. ⁽³⁾

And, in passing, we must not overlook the sight of Malacka, a little girl, who outlooks the scene throughout. Such being the case, these scenes of battle are frequently broken and are fragmentary. It can be said to be magnificent, but it does positively affect the universal story of no time or country, the legend of every age which consists of the story about Peter or Nicholas and Natacha or Maria. As we have seen already, here his power of making a story tell itself is suppressed and he is thrusting into his book, interminable chapters or comment and explanation, chapters in the manner of a controversial pamphleteer. He comes to be interested so much in historical researches and coincidence of them with his theory that he will

(1) *War and Peace*, Vol. III, pp. 68—9.

(3) *War and Peace*, Vol. III, p. 78.

(2) *Ibid*, Vol. III, pp. 72—3.

not easily leave this attitude.⁽¹⁾

The historical events, indeed, do not produce any active effect on the actors or have no bearing upon them, and sometimes the great public events are used as those materials of which the story of youth is composed, when the earlier theme demands that they should be used. In an earlier chapter, Nicholas is found to have fallen from his horse while he was rushing at the enemy. Since then the war has been depicted through his own mind until he was received into a field-hospital. It does not appear as one of great events but as the affair of Nicholas in this place. I can take the example.

“Who are they? What are they doing? When will all end?” said Rostow to himself, as his eyes followed the shadowy figures that passed him unceasingly. His arm hurt him more and more; want of sleep weighed him down;

“No one wants me,” thought Rostow, “no one helps me or pities me—and at home I used to be strong and happy, and every one loved me!” He sighed, and his sigh was lost in a groom.

“What is the matter?—Are you hurt?” asked the trooper, shaking his shirt over the blazed; and without waiting for a reply he went on,.....

Rostow did not heed him, he sat watching the snowflakes as they whirled in the air; he thought of his winters in Russia, of the warm, well-lighted house, of his soft furs, and swift sleigh—he saw himself happy, well, surrounded by his own people: “What on earth made me want to come here?” he asked himself. ⁽²⁾

A battle or a large part of it in this case is a piece of experience which belongs to him, enters into his life, and intensifies sense of living. The great scenes of the burning of Moscow are described through the lives of those who are escaping from Moscow with the Rostow household in its centre. It is here that the old affection between Andrew and Natacha which has been broken, are restored by the fact that they unexpectedly meet one night.

What is more important is that it was when he met with Plato in his squalid imprisonment that Peter got really his peace of mind after a long spiritual difficulties. Peter, indeed, looks as if he had just come out of a moral bath. It is not such a false or superficial awakening of spirit as he was once affected by Masonry. After all it can be said that these scenes of the battle are, in the main, framed in their consciousness. Concerning this point LUBBOCK says:

In all these episodes, and in others of the same kind, the history of the time is in the backgrounds in front of it, closely watched for their own sake, are the lives which that history so deeply effects. ⁽³⁾

Surveyed as a whole, the book treats war as a background, just as actual war is occasional for lives of youth or life in general. To emphasize this point, I should

(1) Tolstoy may be left to belabour the conventional theories of the Napoleonic legend, and rejoined later on, when it has occurred to him once more that he is

writing a novel. (Lubbock: *The Craft of Fiction*, pp. 35—6)

(2) *War and Peace*, Vol. I, pp. 198—9.

(3) Lubbock : *The Craft of Fiction* pp. 37—8.

like to consider his opinion about war a little further—that which is seen through *War and Peace* at least. Except things that have been mentioned in the case of other two attitudes—that is, seen purely as an element of the story, war is accepted by TOLSTOY that it is a collision between two countries. His conception of war is very simple and formal. In other words, the story of youth is played out, before the background of war set up in idea. Therefore, there is no inevitable relation between war and lives of youth. This is apt to lead as to regard this novel as the combination of two novels—a cycle of war and peace and a cycle of youth and age.

“If we only thought for our convictions there would be an end of war.”

“Nothing could be better,” retorted Peter.

“Possibly, but it will never come to pass,” said Andrew smiling.

“But come now, what are we going to war about?”

“I have not the faintest idea. We must, and what is more, I am going to the front……” he paused, “because the life I lead here……does not suit me.”⁽¹⁾

This was the conversation between Peter and Andrew in a very earlier chapter—that was exchanged at Andrew's having left the soirée at Anna Schérer. Andrew and young men in general think their going to war as a mere diversion of their own life. War is, in this way, suggestive from the beginning of the story. But, for example, as to the essential germ of the war, there is nothing to be said. This proves nothing but his abstract grasp of war.

TOLSTOY also considers war as an inevitable event that is above human power, or as a thing that happens under the control of a mysterious power — that only God knows, nay, He even knows not. Here I will cite casually those sentences which show this.

“The war happened because it was found to happen.”

“……we can see how Providence led each individual, acting from his own point of view, to co-operate to colossal end of which certainly neither Alexander nor Napoleon had the faintest preconception.”

“That is to say, an event took place in diametrical oppositions to all laws human and divine.”

“The balls met and crossed, carried death to numberless victims, and still the fearful work went on, the outcome, not of any human will, but of the will which governs men and world.”⁽²⁾

In short, to TOLSTOY war, too, seems to be governed by “the mysterious forces which move humanity (forces mysterious only because we do not understand the laws which govern their action)”.

6. The Attitude as a Novelist It is not our immediate object whether such a conception of war is right or not. What is important is that the great historical event dealt by TOLSTOY in *War and Peace*, a great national epic which is depicted so minutely especially in the latter half, is only the central theme in the second and

(1) *War and Peace*, Vol. I, p. 23.

(2) *War and Peace*, Vol. III, p. 66.

the third attitude, but this historic scene is used as a foil and a background from his point of view as a novelist. Now, I am enough conscious of referring to his attitude as a novelist. It is not by the idea of war but by another idea, a more general than the former, that multifarious scenes of *War and Peace* are linked together. It is the cycle of life, we may say. For the sake of its value in throwing the nearer movement of life into strong relief, it shows very powerfully and strikingly what the young people are. For, the drama of the rise of a generation is nowhere more sharply visible and appreciable than it is in such a time of convulsion. In this sense, that background which TOLSTOY chooses is very effective. TOLSTOY tries to write an epical story putting those young people in the centre. So there is no faltering in his hold upon character; he ceases to hesitate in every scene, every event. The story rolls on and on just as life does. One character, one scene, or one event will lose its value, if it is observed separately. The story will not have a unit, until it is based upon the wholeness of life fluxing on and on. There are more and more young men and women at every turn, in the foreground as well as between and behind them. They crowd forward to take their places as the new generation. Andrew, Peter, Nicholas, Natacha and Maria are only representatives. They are in the book because they are young, not because they are the rising hope of Russia in the years of Austerlitz and Borodino. TOLSTOY portrays them simply as the embodiment of youth. TOLSTOY, in this way, conceives the vast scale of story; and at the same time he touches the detail of the scene, the single episode, the fine shade of character, with exquisite lightness and precision. In this case it is Peter and Andrew, Nicholas and Natacha, who are with us and about us, and TOLSTOY is effaced.

We, at any rate, have observed that TOLSTOY changes his attitude three times in writing *War and Peace*, but it has become clear where his element lies. I will, therefore, look into story of youth and age which forms this great novel, more closely hereafter.

7. "War and Peace" as a Novel When we have read *War and Peace*, we feel that we have read a novel. It is a novel in much more comprehensive sense than we ordinary conceive. TOLSTOY does not take the mental development of Andrew or Peter as the theme; he does not seem to describe the love affairs of Natacha or other young ladies with men as its subject; much less he writes this book in order to explain the history. But all these things are found in the book. And each one belongs to the essential notion. That essential notion which forms and keeps this book together is that of the march of life, or the shift of the generations in their order. Such a theme, indeed, wants a generous amount of room.

First of all, we think of people there; the people of Bolkonsky household, Rostow household and Besouhow household are in the centre of the story; around them there crowd farmers, other soldiers or nobles and what not; and those who come out immediately on the surface of the book amount to about thirty or forty. But this is not enough to us to feel generous. To our surprise, in reading the book we cannot

help feeling actually, that there crowd more and more people around, between and behind them, just as we meet them in the actual world. Such a big and various population is not inevitable in this book. TOLSTOY does not give us this effect by mere enumeration of number or the same sort of epithets; it is we who naturally feel a number of people in the book. As one of them each of us sees them jostling. We happen to be acquainted with these few selected figures in an earlier stage; as if we could not but be conscious of numberless people in the world, though our own acquaintances are limited around us. So a few selected figures may sufficiently keep the main thread of the story and represent its course. They are choice examples, standing away from the man but their meaning would be lost if they were taken to be utterly exceptional; their significance would disappear if they appeared to be chosen because they are exceptional. That they are not particular but are attaching to the general drama of life must accordingly be felt and understood; so the effect of a wide world must be given, opening away to broad and far distances round the action of the centre. Consequently we think that the space where such a large number of people move must be also broad and boundless.

Scenes or rather space in general of *War and Peace* are stages, narrow and particular, at all. Those scenes are not spots on which light is shed in the dark, but are enveloped in daylight. So there is no scene that does not bear the common air. As we have seen already in the outlines TOLSTOY does not falter in his hold upon character. The same thing is applied to scene. Nicholas, the eldest son of the Rostow, falls in love, though childish, with Sonia, his cousin when he is a cadet. This does not continue so long. As the battle is gradually raging, their love affairs have to be broken. And in that case we have no time only to lament with them. Nicholas is called away to the war so often that he now becomes as a fine soldier and an important person in his regiment. He once returns home with his friend. We see them wend their way homewards on a long snow-covered road in a sled. We are impatient with them at the fact that they can not reach Nicholas's so soon as the sight of the house suggests, because of the vastness of the road. When they arrive at the house, they receive a cheerful welcome. This house is not such an odd one as one drawing-room, or one sitting-room, or one bed-room is only known to us. It seems to us that we can independently go and knock at every door independently apart from people in the book. After a few days Nicholas goes on his old hunting at the home hunting ground. There we fall into such an illusion that we ourselves are running to and fro among them. We remember that a hare suddenly rushed out and fled away before our eyes. We seem to feel fatigue with them, when the time to go back comes. Anyhow we cannot read this book without sympathizing with actions in the book. Such an episodic event will be insignificant to a novel in which the plot is mainly followed or characterization is the main business. But here in *War and Peace* this sort of episodic event is indispensable just as every fiber, in a fabric or every musical instrument, in a symphony. In the actual life no one spends his

time only in a love affair, an amusement, military affairs, household affairs. For this reason we may say with LUBBOCK that there is no perceptible horizon, no hard line between the life in the book and the life beyond it. The communication between the men and women of the story and the rest of the world is unchecked. We see it as the continuation of our own life. That world may be the world that best reveals what they are to be and to do. We naturally realize that to this book space is essential, with the scene of the continuity of life.

The imagination of distance that suggests vast space is found everywhere. We can find it in Nicholas's hunting ground which we have already quoted; or in the moon-lit scene at the roadside seen by Andrew as he for the first time calls on Rostovs on his way to his son's possession for inspection. And especially the examples of the sense of vastness in the field are too numerous to be mentioned. I will take examples of the latter two.

After passing the ferry, where, the year before, he had crossed the river with Peter, then a poverty-stricken village with its granaries and cattle pens, down a slope where some snow still lay thawing slowly, and along a clay dyke that crossed the cornfield, he got into a little wood which fringed the road closely on each side.⁽¹⁾

After riding along the front to the loft flank Bolkonsky went up to the battery whence, as the staff-officer had told him, he could get a view of the whole ground—on a hill in front of him the village of Schongraben stood out against the sky; to the right and left, in three separate divisions, the French could be seen in the midst of their reeking fires, but the greater portions were collected in the village and behind the hill. To the left of the houses, through clouds of smoke, a dark mass was discernible, which might be a battery, but which was quite indistinct to the naked eye.....⁽²⁾

These are vastness which are represented completely, but beside these an ample vision, as we have seen, opens in every direction. And it may be left untold, but men and women of the book have only to lift their eyes to see it. The effect of this vastness can not always be attained by mere entering of so many people. On the contrary, it is impossible more often to make so many actors enter the stage. In *War and Peace* a comparatively small number of people are portrayed, as compared with the effect it gains, but it is sufficient to show us what is desired here, as emphasis is laid upon evenly. It is that TOLSTOY manages to give them such freedom, or such an obvious latitude of movement in the open world. An experience of a character is of the same quality as ours. It is that which TOLSTOY has taken from the same field as ours. These experiences are absorbed by TOLSTOY and pass through him so great plastic imagination that it seems so fresh. LUBBOCK says:

His people, therefore, are essentially familiar and intelligible; we easily extend their lives in any direction, instead of finding ourselves checked by the difficulty of knowing more about them than the author tells us in so many words.⁽³⁾

8. Compared with "Vanity Fair" We have spoken of People and Space. At

(1) *War and Peace*, Vol. II, p.2.

(2) *War and Peace*, Vol. II, p.175.

(3) Lubbock : *The Craft of Fiction*, pp. 48—9.

this moment we recollect THACKERAY'S *Vanity Fair*. Rebecca Sharp, Amelia Sedley, George Osborne, Rawdon Crawley and William Dobbin mainly occupy our mind there, but we cannot pay attention to their actions without thinking of those who are around them. They are choiced people, but they are not exceptional but representative of mass. They have freedom to associate with numberless people, so the world where they live is vast space which is always enveloped in daylight. That story consists of concatenation of episodes also. The whole point of action is in its representative character or its universality. It is sufficient to apply what have been talked about *War and Peace* to *Vanity Fair*, if we are to examine the structure of such a book. But it remains to speak of the more important thing in *War and Peace*. And this thing is essential element which distinguishes these two novels. What we receive from these two as a whole is equally the idea of human world. And the years that are dealt with in these two have the same length. For example, Beckey and Amelia study at Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall; but Beckey leaves the academy without finishing the whole course, parting from America. After that each of them pass through varied experiences in the actual world for a considerable length of time. And at last they meet at London again. In this case, however, there can be nothing remarkably changed to be noticed between them, except the fact that the former has become a good person by a conversion; and even this change is an idealistic one which is expected to be so from the beginning. I presume that Rebecca stands for a bad character and Amelia, a good one; and that in a sense, in order to tell us moral purpose Amelia's final triumph is shown in front of a book at Fancy Fair which is kept, by penitent Rebecca. THACKERAY, in passing, makes preaches everywhere in the book. This inclination is proved distinctly in the following sentence at the end of the book.

"Ah! *Vanitas Vanitum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?"

In *Vanity Fair*, the human scene, that world in itself, is infinitely various and interesting. In such a novel we feel consequently that time lingers or at its best that time is inexhaustible. If the form of a book depends on the author's intention, the form of this book may be said to be regulated by THACKERAY'S intention of "the punishment of vice, and the reward of virtue." So it is difficult for us to seek for the passage of time, the effect of time in *Vanity Fair*, while what belongs to the heart of the subject of *War and Peace* is the very passage of time, the very effect of time. Concerning the importance of time, LUBBOCK says:

If we could think of *War and Peace* as a book still to be written, this no doubt would seem to be the greatest of its demands.⁽¹⁾

How is time contrived in *War and Peace* then? Merely to lengthen the series of stage and developments in the action and to suggest the lapse of a certain stretch of

(1) Lubbock: *The Craft of Fiction*, pp.49.

time will not endure the feeling of time. It depends upon the whole book. It is a matter of the build of the whole books. So the lines and masses of the book must show it. So much time as in *War and Peace* has nominally passed in *Vanity Fair*, but the effect of time is missed in the latter. And this does not destroy the purpose of the book, for THACKERAY, as we have seen, is satisfied with describing "flat societies" rather than human world which moves and changes every movement. On the other hand, TOLSTOY'S aim is to enact the cycle of birth and growth, death and life again and in other words it is change itself; it is a process — "life" that is fluxing. Anyhow time is all-important in *War and Peace*, but that does not necessarily mean that it will cover a great many years. The revolution of life, marked by the rising and sinking of a certain generation — such is the story; and the years that TOLSTOY treats, fifteen or so (1805-1820) may be quite enough to show the sweep of the curve. Youth, who are going to marry, at such a time of convulsion as war are very effective actors in this book.

9. Two Phases of Time *War and Peace* seems to be very loose in its framework just as *Vanity Fair*. The story goes on and without predicting any future development. Particular happenings are all accidental. So we may call its structure a loose concatenation of episodes. *War and Peace*, however, has a strict framework besides this arbitrary and careless progression. It is this fact that distinguishes this book from *Vanity Fair*. A loose progression and a strict framework are necessary to *War and Peace* as an aesthetic form. And it is in time that both of these are revealed. So I feel that if we do not presume two sorts of time, our future explanation of the form of this book is scarcely accomplished. In *Vanity Fair*, time plays a part of background, accessory to the theme, it is not that there is no time, but that time is bracketed — for we have already observed that it is exhaustive there. That there are various characters in society, is the main object. And the more time is showed down or ignored — the more all urgency is taken from it — the more favourable does it become for the emergence of characters. In consequence, space is the predominant factor here. Time is, in a sense, filled up in the environment, taking a phase of space. So we may find an image of modes of existence in such a novel. On the other hand, in such a novel as *Tess*, the articulation of space is vague and arbitrary, being an abstract idea as compared with that of *Vanity Fair*. Its scene is an image of humanity's temporal environment. So that the feeling of space is effaced in the outside of scenes where actions are concentrated, and a far more intense visual realization of scene is found. Space itself wears temporal tincture conversely and time is solely emphasized. This is shown in the urgency of time most typically. Respecting this point, MUIR says concisely:

In the beginning, we see time gradually gathering itself up; then beginning to move its end still unknown to us; then as its goal becomes clearer, marching with a steady

(1) E. Muir: *The Structure of the Novel*, p.72.

acceleration; and finally fate is there and all is here.⁽¹⁾

Now we may accept the following generalization that the imaginative world of the one (*Vanity Fair*) is in Space, and that of the other (*Tess*) in Time. And when we think of the conception of time in both cases, we notice that two phases of time, that is, external and internal, may be abstracted. It is in *War and Peace* that these two sorts of time are coexisted.

In *War and Peace*, there is first of all the steady progression, the accumulation of the years; it has a cold and deadly regularity, which is external to the characters and unaffected by them. This external time is neutralized in *Vanity Fair*. But here it regains its activity. Its movement is regular, arithmetic and, in a sense, inhuman and featureless. As far as the limit of the book is concerned, there are fifteen years or so, and they are there in the story with their whole effect. Natacha was so merry and childish that she so openly began to count the date, when she was told that Boris and she would marry four years later. This is Natacha at the age of fourteen. Her knowledge, her thought and her emotion were no more than those all other young girls of her age have. And her actions were described as true to her age as others. But fifteen years later, Natacha has married Peter and now is the mother for three children; the outlines of her face become hard; her only business is bound to housekeeping. We notice she has reached now middle age without being mentioned the lapse of time. Between these two points we also see that she has been changing little by little though her character is little affected. Like Natacha, all other young men and women grow older with the noiseless regularity of life. They grow as we all do. And what is the purpose of it all? It is, as I have suggested already, that the whole structure of the novel shows an image of the circling sweep of time. And this is the most important factor in this novel, I think, and, as to this LUBBOCK will more dexterously persuade us.⁽¹⁾

In this book, time is not measured by human happenings and it continues to exist, unchanged after its story has been told, still as regular in its movement, still as rich in accident and in the multitudes of figures it will discover. Nicholenka will prove this in the future without fail. This sort of time exists outside the event and does not yield to nor sympathize with the human happenings, on the contrary, it controls the latter, becoming a sort of frame that contains everything, and finally it connects with the Eternity.

We, however, notice that the story itself sometimes falters, though we are always conscious of the arithmetical phase of time. For example, we find this at Anna Scherer's soirée, in the meeting of Andrew and Peter at Nicholas's on their homeward way, or in the last chapters of the book where Nicholas and Peter together with their families spend several days in the same house; during these days time falters in their recollections of the past and their expectation of the future. But, on the

(1) Lubbock: *The Craft of Fiction*, pp.53 —4.

contrary, we feel often that there are, at the same time, the rushing of time. To take an example, it is in the death-bed scene of Count Besouhoff, father to Peter:

.....Anna Mikhailovna also watched him narrowly, with a strong conviction of the importance of this last, pathetic meeting of father and son.

Two minutes, which seemed to Peter an age, had hardly elapsed when the count's face was suddenly and violently distorted by a convulsion, his mouth was drawn on one side and his breathing became stertorous and difficult. To Peter this was the first omen of approaching death;⁽¹⁾

The gesture to turn and move in his bed, or his mouth which faintly articulates for something tells us that time is rapidly passing. We feel the more keen urgency of time in those scenes of beau Anatole's attempt to tempt Natacha and elope with her and of the subsequent matter. Anatole fails in his attempt, because of the courage and good sense of Sonia and Maria Dmitrievna. That night Natacha tries to commit suicide in vain. After that we find her with fevered eyes, pinched lips and hollowed cheeks. She thinks ill of their interference. And the next day Natacha's father is to visit there. While Natacha is expecting to hear something of Anatole, her father's appearance starts her and makes her fractious. She does not answer his father's anxious questioning. Through her silence he suspects that some serious crisis has already passed. And lastly the great scenes of the burning of Moscow make us feel this rushing and flying of time in a grand scale. This is the climax of this story, towards which all TOLSTOY's characters are running to knit their lives closely with the scenes. It is here that Peter falls into a tangle and misfortunes which results in his meeting with Plato. Andrew is wounded, nursed by Natacha unexpectedly and brought home to die, having acquired that splendid peace of mind. Of course, among and behind them many other people are stirring. Scenes of battle generally make us feel the urgency of time, except the case in which TOLSTOY lingers on the explanation of his philosophy of history. Concerning this, E.MUIR says:

But at the same time, within this process of birth, growth, and decay, as its content, are all the diverse manifestation of life, everything that can happen; and it is these that make up the particular incidents in the chronicle,* that fill and animate it.⁽²⁾

This phase of time is in the inside of the event, which is measured by human happenings.

10. Relation between Two Phases of Time Now let us consider the relation between these two phases of time. At that night when Natacha's attempt to elope was discovered in advance and Anatole ran away, Natacha tried to suicide. It is after a personal worry on her side that Natacha decided to elope with Anatole. Andrew, her betrother, has gone on a tour and does not return home by the time he is expected to. She is pursued by uneasiness that her youth withers while she is waiting for him. At this occasion, Anatole appears before her. But she still hesitates

(1) *War and Peace*, Vol. I, p. 81.

(2) E.Muir: *The Structure of the Novel*, p.103.

※ This refers to *War and Peace* here.

to whom she belongs. She at last made up her mind to elope. But the result was very clear. This was the most important matter to her at that period of her life. What did she, however, behave at the burning of Moscow? And what did she look like in the marriage life with Peter in 1820? What had been grasped before as absolute will now be seen as relative. Natacha really is a remarkable character in this story. She is beautiful. And she has several love affairs. But in the large drama of which she is a part, it is not the actual course of her love affairs that has any importance. While she is only a heroine of a romance, she is charming. But when she takes her place in a drama so much greater than herself, her beauty is heightened boundlessly. She becomes representative, with all her gifts and attraction; she is there, not because she is the spirit of youth, her charm is universal; it belongs to the spirit of youth and lasts for ever. She marries and soon becomes a mother. And the lines of her face are firmer. Perhaps her beauty will wither. Nevertheless, we cannot forget the eternity of her beauty. I think one of TOLSTOY's great faculties lies here. And we cannot but thinking that the structure which shows us this greatness to the full is found in the twofoldness of time.

Concerning the twofoldness of time we can say as follows, according to MUIR's manner of speaking: the cosmic progression gives a different value to all the particular happenings, making the tragic pathetic, the inevitable accidental, the final relative, and doing this naturally and inevitably. It is this that gives us the broadness of mind. We feel tranquility and balance. After 1820, Peter and his group spend most of their time in recollecting the past and in expecting the future course as theirs. We may appreciate a sort of contemplative feeling like Peter, the moment we close the last page of the book. Answering what the meaning of *War and Peace* is, LUBBOCK says that it is an image of the cycle of recurring life, but it is not sufficient, I think. TOLSTOY, moreover, seems to give us a sort of thinking or philosophy nay, religious resignation, does not he? It is no exaggeration to say that we are given life as a whole by TOLSTOY through his great work. It is each human happening in our life which we can touch actually, but it is only a milestone or an episode in the vista of life. If this episode is the only thing which we can recognize, we cannot help reducing ourselves to the life of *carpe diem*. It is in life as a whole that each episode has value. I have said that TOLSTOY had an intention to show us religious resignation, but this is not my own dogmatism. Andrew is the spokesman of this. He gained a peace of mind, being conscious of something great before he died.

"Yes, it was certainly Death! To die and wake! Is death then an awakening?"

The idea flashed on him like a lightening dream; a corner of the veil which still parted him from the unknown had been lifted from his soul. His body was being released from the bounds that held it to earth, and a mysterious beatitude came over him which from that moment did not desert him.⁽¹⁾

(1) *War and Peace*, Vol. III, p.223.

Plato Karataieff is a man who has been early equipped with such a state of mind. And it is this state of mind like Plato's that after a long period of the struggle for mastery of his soul, it seems to me that this is the chief concern to Peter—, Peter gains. And after this he looks like "as if he had just come out of a moral bath". May I not say that those broadness and serenity which *War and Peace* gives us, come from the perception of the Absolute? Here we cannot help being conscious of the limit of this novel. It was between 1865 and 1869 that *War and Peace* was written. At this period he was enjoying the sweetness of the marriage life. And his life seems to have symbolized the characteristics of older aristocratic circles. So, in a sense, this book represents the panorama of the life of landowners at their golden age. And Plato Karataieff, who is considered as an idealistic character by TOLSTOY, is a representative of farmers who have long been accustomed to submission under their landlords and took the principle of non-resistance as the ground of their views of life. But history subsequently suggests us the omen of the life of resistance and the literature of revolution from among the oppressed people. So that, if I am asked what is my sole dissatisfaction about *War and Peace*, I would answer that the idea of life grasped by TOLSTOY is not that of the true life as a unified whole, but of the social life of aristocracy in the nineteenth century. And, what is more, life is shown there as if it circulates for ever as it does from Peter to Nicholenka. But, we hardly consider that one generation shifts to another as an action of inheritance. The next question must be found developed as the result of its negation of the older one. This is proved too distinctly by every fact of development in all history, I think.

11. History TOLSTOY neglects the most important problem of time, in spite of his enormous consideration of history in *War and Peace*. What he maintains is, in short, that every historical event does not depend upon a small number of statesmen, diplomats, or commanders of armies, but upon infinitely small particles that take part in the event, that is, the total sum of will and impulse of the people. We have already observed that there are two phases of time; but in that case we still see time under such two orders as particular and universal, relative and absolute, or internal and external. What has passed is non-existence. What will not yet exist is also non-existence. It is only "present" that exist. So it is only this "present time" that we can grasp. If it be so, are we not right to say that the internal time to the event which we have already mentioned corresponds to what we call here "present"? It is this "present" that the reader feels constantly in his reading the book. And still we do not deny the movement of the astronomical time when we look at the book as a whole. It can be said that the latter is history itself. Now the question is reduced to the problem of "History and Present". We usually mention time in the order of past, present, and future so lightly. But such things do not exist concretely: and still our consciousness can scarcely deny its existence. So that these three are found to exist in such three mental functions as remembrance, action and expectation which respectively correspond to past, present, and future seen through "Present".

The same thing is applied to the perception of history. It is by living human beings in a certain animate period that history is perceived. Consequently the perception of history is done through the given "Present", be it conscious or unconscious. It is the very present that is the only standpoint to recognize history. We may call this present "Historical Present." It is at once present and the perspective of past, present and future. It is only this "Historical Present" that we can grasp life actually. But in case of TOLSTOY we have been unable to find the dialectic unity of history and present. What has been grasped by TOLSTOY is not such an idea of history as we mean here. So Nicholenka was a banal successor of the generation of Peter. In that case we cannot see that notion of development which is based upon actual practice. What is given to us by this story is the peaceful and tranquil contemplation of a panorama that shows the recurrence of life.

Now let us close the consideration of *War and Peace* for the time being. And in the next place, we will consider what this great book is lacking in, that is, historical present in a true sense. I should like to consider SAMUEL BUTLER's *The Way of All Flesh* as an example to meet this requisite, though the book is too far inferior to *War and Peace* in respects of design, characterization and what not. (To be continued)