

& C.

[&c.: a fragment of the *War and Peace* erasure project]

done all the ghastly atrocities perpetrated by that Antichrist –

allow yourself to con-

and talk to me.’

Do sit down

alone must be Europe's saviour.

Russia

Baron Funke

lugubrious

the Empress

her Majesty

to be idiots

and they have both turned out

waddled slightly

By a small margin Pierre was indeed the largest man in the room

a gorgeous creature

‘Yes, I’ve heard about him and his scheme for everlasting peace. All very interesting, but not really feasible.’

‘Just as a skillful head waiter can pass off as a supreme delicacy a cut of beef that would be inedible if you’d seen it in the filthy kitchen, Anna Pavlovna served up to her guests that evening first the viscount and then the abbe as if they were supreme delicacies.’

good raconteur.'

'The viscount is such a

diamond necklace

classical beauty

imbecility, truculent and peevish –

dim with

startled nymph’.

‘the thigh of a

glowered at Pierre and asked the Italian

party

I'm so sorry to leave your delightful

in God's name

especially mothers

which might have suited her in days gone by, but now ill became her
scrawny face. She had obviously forgotten her age

ancient womanly wiles

this latest farce of a coronation in Milan

The whole world seems to have gone off its head.'

“I have shown them the path to glory, but they wouldn’t take it.”

Quite the reverse.

(Caesar's *Commentaries*)

‘I’m sure he must be a freemason,’

‘Never, never get married, my dear fellow, that’s my advice to you. Don’t get married, not until you can say you’ve done everything possible, and until you have stopped loving your chosen woman, until you can see her clearly – otherwise you will be making a cruel mistake that cannot be put right. Marry when you’re old and good for nothing ... Otherwise everything good and noble in you will be finished. It will all be frittered away over trifles.’

Bonaparte, when he was working his way step by step straight toward his goal, he was free, he had nothing but his goal to go for and he got there. But you tie yourself to a woman and you'll lose all your freedom, like a convict in fetters. And all the hope and strength there is in you just drags you down and tortures you with regret. Drawing-rooms, gossip, balls, vanity, vacuous nonsense –

or let's say women in general! Selfish, vain, stupid,
totally vacuous – that's what women are when they show themselves in their true colours. You see them out in society, you think there might be something there, but no, there's nothing, nothing. Don't get married, my dear fellow, just don't!

With this kind of life I can't make any decisions, or think anything through. I've got a permanent headache and no money in my pocket.

as so often happens with people who might be described as spineless, he felt such a strong urge for one more shot at the old debauchery that he decided to go.

The place reeked of drink

‘First things first. Have a good drink.’

removing the section of the window-frame

the English sailor at the front

bottle

window-ledge

bottle

And he grabbed the bear, hugged it, lifted it right off the floor and took it waltzing around the room.

unfolding damask linen

chairs scraping

skirts again rustling

Forty thousand serfs

shaking with mirth

having misjudged everything

monster

within the bounds of decorum

five years he had known her
great crack across her skull

shaking with suppressed laughter

double-coiled round her head

a thick black braid of hair

at a loss for words.

The countess was repeating the delusion of so many parents, who imagine their children have no secrets from them.

get married at twelve or thirteen

our mothers used to

unnatural, and therefore displeasing

she looked

plunging further in among the flowers

symmetrically

contemptuous

the full-length Venetian mirror on the wall

switched on

eyes

offensive glance that was levelled at her

seeming not to notice the frigid,

strictures

is a terrible thing

Christian duty

banished to Moscow for disorderly conduct.

officer to the bear. he had helped to tie the police

corpse or a plague-victim Pierre was received like a

When he had gone, Pierre paced the room again for some time, no longer stabbing at an unseen foe, but smiling at the memory of that pleasant, intelligent and confident young man. As so often happens with very young people, especially if they are leading a solitary existence, he

felt a strange warmth towards this young man, and made up his mind to become friends with him.

‘Oh, my dear! He’s so rich, and we’re so poor.’

‘That doesn’t seem enough reason, Mamma.’

‘Oh, my dear count, money, money, money – how much trouble it causes in this world!’
said the countess. ‘But I do need it very much.’

drawing-rooms of Moscow for his acid tongue

famed in the

coil

silence

killed in wartime

popular

pleased

revelling

He was an embarrassment, and only he was unaware of it.

you all the same.

I know you're a little pest, but I like

flowed from the ladies' end

A steady babble of chatter

was telling Vera with a tender smile that love was not an earthly emotion but a heavenly one

Berg

constituting

sacredness

sole and immutable aim

Ve must fight to ze last trop of our plood, said the colonel, thumping the table, and die for our Emperor, and zen all vill be vell.

the conversation split in two

... soul.

everything was going to be all right and nothing would be impossible

her bodice next to her throat and bony little chest

hiding the poetry in

a Daniel Cooper?

Can you play

a nice mixture of grimness and beauty.

legendary dourness

a man who had the last rites seven times

ze t'ird sdroke

pleasing scent of incense and flowers

A little dog yapped.

She shook her head and look round at the icons with a sigh.

The princess smiled, as people do when they think they know more than the person they are talking to

She had the air of someone who has suddenly lost faith in the whole human race.
malevolently

I shall remember that there are no rewards in this world, that in this world there is no honour or justice. In this world you need to be clever and wicked.

ghastly, horrible woman

I wouldn't have her as a housemaid –

his pillow ...

that inlaid portfolio he keeps under

hadn't even expected the existence of these rooms

with a censer

deacon

of crisis had arrived.

the moment

obliged to endure some ghastly ceremony because it was expected of him

posing innocently like some Egyptian statue, and then made up his mind that all was as it should be, and that to avoid losing his head and doing stupid things tonight he must not act on his own initiative but bend wholly to the will of those who were guiding him

gentle piety and resignation to the will of God

reverently congratulating the sick man on having received the mystery

Laboured breathing

leonine

green silk quilt

ruing

furiously

twitching

charm

unctuous

crumbled into uncontrolled hatred

And he burst into tears. Everything ends in death, everything does. Death is so horrible ...'

pain.' Cry if you can. There is nothing like tears for the easing of

‘The King of Prussia’

wanted nobody and needed nothing.

only two sources of human depravity – idleness and superstition; and only two virtues: hard work and intelligence.

deference bordering on dread

silent prayer

crossing herself with dread in her heart and saying a

Heloise?

the princess felt herself completely swamped by her father and his long-familiar acrid odour of tobacco and old age.

desiccated

in the freedom of her room

indissoluble bonds

I cannot overcome a certain secret sadness

last summer in your huge study

could not endure

keenness

very handsome and very naughty

if we had no religion to console us, life would be very sad.

If anyone asked what I would like most in the world, it would be to be poorer than the poorest beggar.

It seemed as if humanity had forgotten the laws of its divine Saviour, who preached love and forgiveness, and were placing the greatest merit in the art of killing one another.

five minutes late for clavichord practice

Dussek sonata

must infringe the timetable for each day

God doesn't come into it

Marlborough is off to war, God knows when we'll see him

eye-signals to the servants

you can

go out walking, yes, plenty of walking, as much as

generals and politicians

wasn't any war, only a kind of puppet show

there

You'd have to be pretty slow not to beat the Germans. Since time began everybody has beaten the Germans. And they've never beaten anybody – except each other.

country bumpkin of an emperor

At a time of departure and change thinking people usually find themselves in a serious frame of mind. At such a time you tend to review the past and make plans for the future. Prince Andrey's face was gentle and very thoughtful.

a look of irony and scorn came over his face.

As
Laurence Sterne says: ‘We love people not so much for the good they have done to us as for the good we have done to them.’

‘The only thing that bothers me – honestly, Andrey – is our father’s cast of mind in a religious sense. I can’t understand how a man of such vast intellect can fail to see what is as clear as daylight, and can get things so wrong. That’s the one thing that disturbs me. And even here I

think I've seen a glimmer of improvement recently. Lately he has not been so bitter with his mockery, and he has been willing to receive a monk and he talked to him for a very long time.'

face, in a silver setting, on a very finely wrought silver chain

a black

if you had faith, you would have turned to God and asked Him to give you the love that you do not feel, and your prayer would have been answered

away like mad

chattering

bemused

gabbling

like one pistol shot after another

their foot-gear

over seven hundred miles

categorical insistence

incur his displeasure

coming to a halt

Do you want your men in women's dresses!

the colour of factory cloth

‘ ... not to put up with insults,’

... ency! ... ency!

for the slightest whisper to carry

A flicker of a smile

a predilection for Bacchus

too

tedious for words

were missing –

knocked out by a rifle-butt at Izmail

his two front teeth

“temperamental”

Vodka

porridge

baccy

choir

delicately

the bosom of my cottage

conversation with the disgraced

a spell

No drinking or betting till I'm promoted

was obliged to concentrate on each carefully annunciated word

the listener

the present delay is depriving the gallant

a heavy sigh as he finished reading the extract

He had the
air of a man too absorbed in enjoyable and fascinating work to think about making an impression on other people

a cut above themselves

write a note

a black cloth around his head

Who shall I say has arrived?

humiliation

laugh

The Hofkriegsrath man

they gazed in silence

a stupid young idiot

baggy breeches hung down in folds

His long cloak

He scattered more sparks

ignoring the quartermaster

how to shoe a horse

fall in love

we are asleep until we

bowwowing from fwiends

somewhere just below the throat

veins standing out like cords

Lost for words

knives on plates

the scraping of

straight into Rostov's eyes

like a charge of electricity

drained of all colour

He flung the purse at him and ran out of the inn.

Denisov was biting his moustache and looking rather grim as he listened to the conversation

in the presence of other officers

disgrace the whole regiment

regiment and please God we'll die in it

we've grown up in this

an honourable and gallant old colonel

using his title in appreciation of his confession

swine

going into battle

field guns at the top of the hill

knapsack and flask

studying the countryside.

he peered through his field-glass

one cannon recoiled

deafening metallic boom

rising smoke

the advancing enemy up ahead

two enemy cannonballs

bayonets, long muskets

soldiers

the featureless waves of

been at the bottle

soldiers who had obviously

wagon

horses

soldiers' eyes

every man thought his salacious thoughts

'Hey, pumpernickel's on the road!'

devils

bloodshot

hooves clanging on the boards of the bridge

How come you aren't drunk today?

going into battle

hollow clang of hooves

he watched as his squadron came towards him. The

that special feeling of unfriendly rivalry and derision

Showmen and showhorses!

Put a stick between your legs – that's your kind of horse

infantrymen funnelled onto the bridge

on the opposite slope some troops and artillery appeared

blue greatcoats

appearing on the skyline

glancing at dark patches

enter an unknown world of suffering and death

galloping up and down in front of the squadron

with a couple of bottles inside him

like a bird drinking

enemy's range

passed unscathed out of the

extend the hand of reconciliation

I told you to burn the bridge
It's a madhouse over there

he shouted, still galloping

was it really necessary to 'burn the bridge' when you were packing it with kindling materials?

it I by Holy Spirit couldn't tell

who iss going to burn

The word of command was given

was no time. His one great dread

falling behind the hussars

Rostov had stopped looking at the colonel; there

what stretcher meant

gold-braided dark-green jackets

the Vladimir medal and ribbon

here comes the grapeshot.

He pointed to the French guns

as if he

were looking for something

the distant hills that shone so blue beyond the Danube, the convent, the
mysterious gorges , the pine woods misted over

this feeling of dread , all the
uncertainty, this rushing about ... There they are, shouting again, everybody's running back
somewhere, and I'm running too, and here is death – hanging over me, all around me ... One
flash, and I'll never see that sunshine, that water, that mountain gorge ever again ...

a single sensation of sickening horror

On the 28th of October

(without any foundation)

It was a dark but starry night and the road shone black against the white snow that had fallen on the day of the battle

had found the beginnings of a long-sought happiness

His feeling were those of a man who

contempt. His fertile mind

humiliation

slowly into the war minister's room

His face was left wearing an inane smile – the forced smile, with no attempt to disguise the effort behind it, of a man who receives endless petitioners one after the other

adjutant, His entire cast of mind had changed in an instant

unctuous

things to my bedroom

take the prince's

a touch of elegance in composing

thin, lean, sallow face

like a dog in a skittle-alley

God is with us

Bonaparte is at Schonbrunn

force Austria's hand and there'll be war

genius

Bu-onaparte?

All the atrocities of the, er, French army – I nearly said the Russian army – are nothing compared with this fellow's achievements with women.'

'A woman is ... a good companion for a man,' declared Prince Hippolyte, peering at his elevated legs through a lorgnette.

Demosthenes

impassive features

To cut a long story short

Oh! Oh! Oh!

Tell me when the battle began

seven o'clock? Very sad! Very sad!

(Third Class)

mentally composing a letter

the army's only salvation

ostrich feathers

light the fuses and blow up the bridge

duty calls

My dear fellow, you're a hero,

disorder

maximum speed maximum

solitary soldiers

Soldiers
floundering knee-deep in mud heaved guns and wagons along with their bare hands while the
whips cracked, hoofs slithered, traces

Holy Russian military machine

suddenly in a drunken rage

imagination

It's a gang of crooks, not an army

Where are the headquarters?

an absolute disaster

sitting on an upturned tub

anxieties

tears

sharp wisdom

with Buxhowden
from Krems to Olmutz

unnecessary bloodshed

ominous letter to Murat

galloped off at full speed bearing this

none of them realizing or even dreaming of what might be in store for them

dejected faces
soldiers carrying doors

handed his boots to a stallholder

various divisions

piling up mounds of fresh red clay

noxious

yonder

they didn't all get vodka

bewilderment and sorrow

his face a picture of

up the ammunition

unload the guns, blow

ominously guns
ready, ranged against each other

tethered horses and campfires of the artillerymen

the ground below fell away

the other side of the ravine

if we could know what's going to happen
after we're dead not one of us would be scared of dying

we
know for certain there isn't any heaven – there's only the atmosphere up there

His eyes swept the wide open spaces

our guns were beginning to respond

eating porridge and drinking vodka

a cannonball hit the ground not far ahead of them

an old-fashioned sword

the smoke

the cannon

the wheel

more like a priest blessing someone than a soldier saluting

incendiary bombs

village on fire

it would be a good thing to set the

dismounted in the wood

like liquid from a bottle

destroyed by the attack

killed by these bullets

He talked as if he couldn't be

protests

a breeze lifted the pall of smoke covering the hollow like an unseen hand sweeping from right to left

end man on parade

concentration

And then a cannonball whooshed over

inspired and jubilant mob

mutual abuse

in their hearts

secret venom

as if the whole argument between them
would be settled once and for all when they were there under fire

several bullets flew by

the slash of sabres

the

horse's every moment

a solitary tree

What's happened? Why can't I move? I'm down. I'm dead.

His whole being was reduced to a single sensation –

