an enrichment of English and American poetry (as are Lowell's few Mandelstam translations, published some years ago in the *New York Review of Books*). What is lacking is Mandelstam, who is more in evidence in the small number of translations, with their greater fidelity and less ambitious aims, which Brown has attempted alone.

The lyric ecstasy associated with the spoken or sung verse of Mandelstam would be best rendered by a Dylan Thomas. This would give us close to half of Mandelstam in English. The other half, the reverberations of intellect and culture in his verse, would have to be provided by a Wallace Stevens, from whom Brown takes several epigraphs in his *Mandelstam*. Together these two dead poets, so dissimilar in themselves, would give us almost a whole Mandelstam in English. What would remain untranslated would be the essential Mandelstam, and we are not ready for that. The study (and translation) of silence is a science of the future.

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POEMS OF NIGHT AND DAY. By *Fyòdor Tyútchev*. Translated by *Eugene M. Kayden*. Boulder: *The Colorado Quarterly*, University of Colorado, 1974. xvi, 96 pp. $5.00.

This "slim volume" of verse translations from Tiutchev is pleasant to look at, to handle, and to read. Mr. Kayden's selection of lyrics (eighty-eight in all) is unexceptionable; his overall strategy—to approximate the rhyme, meter, and stanzaic forms of the original without allowing them to become a Procrustean grid—is wise; and the grace and fluency of the translations themselves bespeak a sensitive ear for pleasant poetic effects.

But is Tiutchev a "pleasant" poet? In a well-known essay, Ezra Pound once distinguished between "soft" and "hard" poetry, expressing, as he elaborated the distinction, a strong preference for the latter. It is the translator's main shortcoming that, by beveling some of the more jagged edges of Tiutchev's verse, he turns a predominantly "hard" poet into a "soft" one. Thus, to cite but four examples, Mr. Kayden drapes Tiutchev's spare enumeration: "Zemlia zelenela, svetilsia efir,/ Sady, lavirinfy, chertogi, stolpy" ("Dream at Sea"), with all manner of pretty epithets: "Sweet grasses and roses aglow in clear air,/ White palaces, gardens, fair halls, colonnades." Working in the opposite direction, he dilutes the beautiful and gravid "umil'naia, tainstvennaia prelest'" ("Autumn Evening") to a mere: "fair autumn hour." The "hard" and Baudelairean "ugriumyi tusklyi ogn' zhelan'ia" ("I Love the Beauty of Your Eyes") is softened to the vaguely Swinburnean "longing dark and ecstasy." And in "Twilight," the poet's anguished imperative "Dai vkusit' unichtozhen'ia" is rendered by the Norman Vincent Pealish "Grant a fuller life of wholeness."

"La critique est aisée; l'art est difficile." If Mr. Kayden softens and sweetens Tiutchev a little too often for one reader's tastes, he has nonetheless shaped many a smooth and pleasing line. The first stanza of "Summer Evening" may stand as an example:

Down from her head the earth has rolled
The sun's great flaming ball aside;
In twilight peace the tongues of flame
Are swallowed by the ocean tide.

There are, come to think of it, worse qualities in verse than being pleasant.

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THE MAZEPPA LEGEND IN EUROPEAN ROMANTICISM. By *Hubert F. Babiński.* New York: Columbia University Press, 1974. xii, 164 pp. $12.00.

"There's something in a flying horse. . . ," and though the author does not make the point specifically, Wordsworth's ejaculation is, in fact, the theme of this monograph. For it was the "flying horse"—to which, at the will of a jealous husband, Mazeppa was bound and on which he was carried, flying like the wind, across a wolf-infested steppe—that captured the imagination and kept the legend useful as its vehicle for so long.

The legend arose in the eastern borderland of Europe, in what is today's Ukraine, but reached its highest development in the West. Though the legend was widely known long before 1819, it took Byron's treatment in the long poem *Mazeppa* to give it genuine life. Babiński traces in great detail the use the romantics made of it, in both East and West, climaxing his study with a long analysis of the most conspicuous Polish *Mazeppa,* the drama in five acts by Juliusz Słowacki (1809–59). This drama, incidentally, just escaped presentation on the American stage by the Polish actress Helena Modjeska, who, from the very beginning of her American career in 1877, cherished the dream of giving Americans something Polish, in English, of course. To her, the Słowacki *Mazeppa* offered the most likely dramatic appeal to American audiences. Only the onset of age kept her from doing it, and thus offering the American public an antidote to the shenanigans of Adah Isaacs Menken in the Mazeppa role.

In his concluding chapter, Babiński makes a special case for the mystical-messianic aspect of the Słowacki drama. Here, he seems to be straining to make his point. To those familiar with the play, its appeal is principally its theatricality, as was seen in the brilliant anniversary production in Warsaw in 1959.

Babiński enriches his catalog of the uses to which the romantics turned the Mazeppa legend with a listing of works not only of literature but of art, from 1688 on. He might, with profit, have noted the musical works similarly inspired, for there is a considerable literature on this. In his list we find a portrait of Mazeppa by Norblin (1775), which according to reliable sources is not Mazeppa at all, but an unidentified peasant. Also we find the usual, but mistaken, attribution of the 1823 drama, *Mazeppa, or The Wild Horse of Tartary,* to Anon, whereas, according to A. H. Saxon (*Enter Horse and Foot,* 1968, p. 174), it was written by Henry Milner.

The work is a useful addition to Mazeppa literature. The bibliography is extensive and catholic—even strictly nationalistic studies are included. Unfortunately, the author is not always careful with the spelling of proper names. It is also a pity that the frontispiece, Vernet's *Mazeppa aux loups,* is so pallidly printed. A clear reproduction of this work would have captured and communicated far more effectively the perennial appeal of the legend to the romantic or any other imagination.

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