

In gathering it together, however, with appropriate biographical information and interpretive commentary on its political and literary context, Leopold Labeledz has given us a well-organized and carefully integrated documentary collection of profound historical importance. Because the battle between Solzhenitsyn (and all he represents) and the Soviet cultural-political authorities (and all they represent) has continued unabated since 1970, there may soon be ample material for a second volume.

Included are attacks on Solzhenitsyn (and a few early defenses) from the Soviet press; various statements from Solzhenitsyn himself, including his correspondence with the Writers' Union; three "interviews" with the writer—two of which, Labeledz makes clear, are of dubious origin; numerous protests against his treatment gleaned from *samizdat*; and protests directed by foreign intellectuals to the Soviet authorities. Especially interesting and significant are the statements which numerous prominent writers sent to the Presidium of the Fourth Writers' Congress in 1967, in support of Solzhenitsyn's open letter to that congress (also printed here), and the letters of 1968 from Tvardovsky and Kaverin to Fedin, deploring Fedin's cowardly role in the suppression of Solzhenitsyn's writings. As of that time, at least, the spiritual gulf between many Soviet writers and those who control them was enormous.

Everything in this volume is significant as current history. My own guess, however, is that when this material settles into perspective in the course of time, the most enduringly fascinating documents will be the transcripts of Solzhenitsyn's three formal personal confrontations with the Writers' Union (his discussion of *Cancer Ward* with the prose section of the Moscow organization in 1966, his meeting with the Secretariat in 1967, and his meeting with the Riazan writers' organization prior to his expulsion in 1969) and Solzhenitsyn's own survey of letters, pro and con, which he received from readers of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. Historians will turn frequently to these documents for vivid evidence of the sinister machinery that controlled Soviet literary life in the sixties and for an indication of what Soviet readers were like.

DEMING BROWN
University of Michigan

FOREVER FLOWING. By *Vasily Grossman*. Translated from the Russian by *Thomas P. Whitney*. New York, Evanston, San Francisco, London: Harper & Row, 1972. vi, 247 pp. \$6.95.

VSE TECHET . . . By *Vasilii Grossman*. Frankfurt am Main: Possev-Verlag, 1970. 207 pp.

This novel apparently was the last work written by *Vasilii Grossman* (1905–64). The manuscript was confiscated from him, together with some others, during a house search which took place, according to some sources, not long before his death (in September 1964) and, according to others, soon after it. Somehow it found its way into *samizdat* and was published in Russian in Germany. An English version is now available.

Grossman, who graduated from the University of Moscow and was a mining engineer by profession, began his literary career in the 1930s as a perfectly orthodox socialist-realist writer. His story "Glückauf," describing the life of coal miners in

the Donets Basin, attracted the attention of Maxim Gorky, who became his literary sponsor. Grossman's first major work, *Stepan Kolchugin* (1937–40), was a fairly typical long socialist-realist novel, the hero of which was also a coal miner. During the war Grossman worked as a war correspondent for *Krasnaia zvezda* and wrote a war novel called *Narod bessmerten* (*The People Is Immortal*, 1942), which was enthusiastically received by the critics. But in 1946 his play *Esli verit' pifagoreitsam* (*If One Is to Believe the Pythagoreans*) was severely attacked for its exposure of certain aspects of Soviet life and mentality. In 1952 *Novyi mir* began publishing a long war novel by Grossman, *Za pravoe delo* (*For the Right Cause*), in which the battle for Stalingrad was central. It was immediately recognized as one of the most significant works of fiction to be written about the Soviet-German war, but on the very eve of Stalin's death an attack was unleashed against Grossman on "patriotic" grounds by a fellow writer (Mikhail Bubennov). After Stalin's death the first three parts of the novel appeared in a separate edition, but it remained apparently unfinished, and with it Grossman's literary career was practically over. A few stories published after 1954 are of little significance. The existence of some unpublished works has been known for some time, but so far *Vse techet . . .* is the only one of them to have surfaced.

This short and somewhat unconventional "novel" is the story of a Soviet freedom-lover who in the early 1920s, as a young student, is arrested and exiled to Siberia for making a speech against dictatorship. After that, with no more than a year's total interval, he spends thirty years (from 1936 on, without interruption) in various prisons and labor camps. It is not, however, a story of his camp experiences. They are described only in brief fragmentary flashbacks, by way of his disjointed recollections and musings. The story begins with the return of the hero, Ivan Grigoryevich (the reader never learns his last name) to Moscow, presumably in the early stages of the post-Stalin "rehabilitations." In the short initial chapter we see him not so much directly as in contrast with his fellow passengers on the Moscow train—several typical, successful Soviet citizens. This device of contrast, of "setting-off," is skillfully used several times by the author.

In Moscow Ivan Grigoryevich plans to visit his only surviving relative, a cousin, Nikolay Andreevich (his last name, presumably the same, is also never mentioned). He is a prominent scholar who owes his survival and even advancement in the Stalin era to constant compromises with his conscience—of which he is fully aware and most of the time, in his heart of hearts, duly ashamed. In describing how Nikolay Andreevich and his wife Masha await the arrival of Ivan Grigoryevich, Grossman takes the chance of sketching briefly but very impressively, through the memory of Nikolay Andreevich, a picture of the Soviet postwar years: the campaign against the "rootless cosmopolitans," the notorious "doctors' plot," Stalin's death in 1953, the reactions to it, and its impact on Soviet society. When Ivan Grigoryevich arrives, he is treated to a good dinner during which his cousin manages to mix his reminiscences with half-repentant confessions. He is also offered Nikolay Andreevich's discarded clothes and invited to stay. To the astonishment, not unmixed with relief, of his hosts, he declines the invitation and leaves the same night for Leningrad, where the woman he had loved as a young man still lives. He passes once outside her house, but makes no attempt to see her. Instead, by pure chance, he meets an old fellow student who had played the role of Judas in his life and has now risen to the top of Soviet society (unlike the hero, nearly all the other

characters in the novel, except his cousin, are provided with a complete name, a patronymic and a surname; this "Judas," who makes only a fleeting appearance in the novel, is called Vitaly Antonovich Pinegin). The meeting with Pinegin gives Grossman a chance to digress and describe various types of Soviet "Judases."

After only three days in Leningrad, Ivan Grigoryevich goes south and settles in a quiet provincial town. He finds lodgings with a war widow who is a cook in the canteen at the place where he takes a job. It is in this part of the story that Grossman inserts some of the camp flashbacks. But the highlight comes in chapter 14 (less than twenty pages long), in a story told him by his landlady, Anna Sergeevna. A sympathy has gradually developed between them, and one night, hearing him cry out (he has seen his mother in a dream), she comes to comfort him and joins him in bed. During this first night together she tells him how, as a young Communist "activist" in 1930, she was sent to the Ukraine to help carry out forcible collectivization. This succinct, vivid, "excited" account of the horror and inhumanity of that operation ordered by Stalin, and of the still greater horrors of the famine that followed in 1932, is probably the most powerful description of that episode in all of Soviet literature.

After that, nothing much happens in the story. Anna Sergeevna soon dies of cancer. After burying her and sending her son Alyosha away to relatives in the country, Ivan Grigoryevich decides to visit Sochi, where he had lived as a boy with his father. This visit is described briefly in the last four pages. But it is preceded by some sixty pages of Ivan Grigoryevich's (and here the reader cannot help but identify him with the author) musings, partly in the form of an "imaginary conversation" (rather a monologue, however) with Anna Sergeevna, about the Russian Revolution and the roles in it of Lenin and Stalin. For the first time, I think, a Soviet writer shows Lenin as *the* villain, the betrayer and murderer of the democratic February Revolution, the "gravedigger" of freedom. The Lenin-Stalin theme is tied in with the theme of "unfreedom" which Grossman sees as running through the whole of Russian history. This has led some Russian émigré critics to charge Grossman with historical pessimism and fatalism. Some of his (or his hero's) historical parallels and generalized conclusions are no doubt hasty and overdone. But in his apparent pessimistic fatalism he is himself not quite consistent. On page 237 we read: "In spite of Lenin's genius, which had inspired the creation of the new world, freedom was coming true. Freedom was coming true because human beings continued to remain human beings. . . . And Ivan Grigoryevich found it quite natural that the word 'freedom' had been on his lips when, as a student, he went off to Siberia, and that the word had not disappeared from his mind but lived on there even now." And, revisiting the scene of his childhood and reliving its memories, Ivan Grigoryevich muses again: "Nonetheless, human beings were human beings. And it was a marvelous, divine thing, because, whether they wanted to or not, they were not allowing freedom to die, and even the most awful and terrible among them nurtured freedom in their awful, distorted, warped, yet human souls" (p. 246).

In fact, the story ends on an optimistic and all-forgiving note. Grossman shows his hero, who "had achieved nothing in life," who "would leave behind him no books, no paintings, no discoveries," but who "had remained exactly what he had been from his birth: a human being," as forgiving even "those who had driven him, pushing him along with a gunstock, to the interrogator's cabinet, and those

who would not let him sleep during interrogations, and those who had said loathsome things about him while they were being interrogated, those who had said repulsive things about him at meetings and assemblies, those who had renounced him, those who had stolen his camp bread, those who had beaten him—all of them, in all their weakness, rudeness, crudeness, malice, had not done him evil because they really wanted to." Grossman's final *profession de foi*, the guiding inspiration of his little novel, is an ineradicable belief in the *humanity* of human beings. He sees freedom as man's greatest blessing, and a longing for it as one of his most permanent characteristics.

Mr. Whitney's English version reads well. But it is regrettable that he did not retain the Heraclitean flavor of the Russian title and render it exactly as *Everything Flows*.

GLEB STRUVE

University of California, Berkeley (Emeritus)

STRUKTURA KHUDOZHESTVENNOGO TEKSTA. By *Iu. M. Lotman*. Introduction by *Thomas G. Winner*. The Brown University Slavic Reprint Series, 9. Providence: Brown University Press, 1971. x, 381 pp. \$6.00, paper.

As a prophet of semiotics, Iurii Lotman has received much honor abroad, but in his own country has usually been isolated at the University of Tartu. His work has played an important part in the recent efforts to find objective ways to describe literature. He takes as his metaphors not the mirrors or the lamps or the growing things of earlier critics, but language itself, or any simpler instrument of communication. Like so many earlier metaphors for literature, this modern one works excellently. The theoretical chapters of Lotman's book establish the bases for the analogy between a work of literature and a language. These bases lie in the simplest model out of which communication theory grows: a sender who encodes a message for transmission through a channel to a receiver who reconstitutes it. But just as a single sound of the human voice or a single movement of a telegraph key conveys no meaning except in relation to other signs, so the meaning of any literary sign resides in a structured series of relationships, which may be re-encoded using other signs, as a musical text may be presented audibly or graphically.

In this book Lotman deals most frequently not with the relations between signs in a code, but with those between the signs that constitute a text. These relations may be observed on different scales; a line of poetry may be a sign whose meaning resides in its structured relationships, not only grammatical and linguistic ones, but artistic ones within a poem, patterns of repetition, identity, or opposition; or relationships outside the poem, reminiscences, parodies, elaborations of other poems or of whole literary traditions. But a line of poetry may also be a text, a phonetic and semantic structure of smaller units, letters, morphemes, or syllables, depending on the code under consideration.

In using linguistic terminology to describe relationships on all these scales, Lotman has made ingenious critical applications of theoretical work being done all over the world. With examples that range from Derzhavin and Lermontov to Mayakovsky and Okudzhava, he uses his terminology to describe patterns of poetic repetition, metrical variation, sound effects of all sorts, but also of literary relationships on a much larger scale. He describes, for example, the structural opposition between the harmony, faith, love, and beauty of a romantic heroine, and the demon-