

The present volume contains four sections: "Criticism," "Poetry," "Prose," and "Articles." An appendix with the Russian texts of Blok's "The Twelve," Akhmatova's "Poem without a Hero," and several verses by Mandelstam is also provided. Poetry is represented by male poets, with the exception of Akhmatova whose works, however, are cited too generously as compared to those of Andrei Belyi, Briusov, Vladimir Soloviev, Viacheslav Ivanov, Innokentyi Annenskii, and Nikolai Gumilev. The poems of Zinaida Hippus, a major representative of the Silver Age and an original practitioner of verse, are not presented, even though on page 367 she is referred to as a "recognized poet," and on page 400 a statement indicates the "weight" of her name in *The World of Art*. The poetry of Cherubina de Gabriak and Adelaide Gertsyk, to mention only a few among other excellent "innovators" in Russian versification, is also omitted. There is no explanation for the absence of Fedor Sologub's verse. The "Prose" section includes several curious selections, which are poorly translated by Samuel Corian, who apparently does not understand idiomatic Russian. On page 317, for example, the Russian "Na utro ne iz vsiakogo doma poshli . . ." is translated "In the morning people from every house failed to go . . .," or on page 318, "Dariushka uzh ne v pervyi raz gadala" is translated "Daryushka could not guess on the first day," and so forth. Even the English rendering seems somewhat awkward.

The selection of articles by Russian poets—including one by the late V. M. Zhirmunskii—is commendable, although their translation is uneven. Moreover, one can question the value of translating articles which often demand firsthand familiarity with the Russian texts under discussion.

The best two items in the anthology are twenty-one excellent translations of Akhmatova's poems by Walter Arndt, instructive articles written by Denis Mickiewicz ("Apollo" and "Modernist Poetics"), and John E. Bowlt's essay ("The World of Art"). Several remarkable portraits of Russian poets, as well as various sketches and drawings by Evreinov, Benois, Somov, Vrubel, and other Russian artists, add merit to the volume. Little useful purpose seems to be served, however, by illuminating the Silver Age of Russian culture with a drawing by Marquis von Bayros. The quality of the anthology is further marred by abundant typographical errors.

Despite these flaws, the volume is noteworthy for its portrayal of the *Zeitgeist*, artistic pungency, and emotional intensity of the period.

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THE NAKED YEAR. By *Boris Pilnyak*. Translated with an afterword by *Alexander R. Tulloch*. Ann Arbor: Ardis, 1975. 204 pp. \$3.95, paper.

A new translation of Pil'niak's *Golyi god* has long been needed; for all its fluency and vigor, Alec Brown's 1928 rendition is too expensive (photoreprint by AMS Press, 1971), frequently inaccurate, and unabashedly bowdlerized because of the "plainspokenness" of the original. Unfortunately, this handsome, high-quality, reasonably priced volume does not fully answer our need. Tulloch replaces Brown's occasional looseness with a meticulous attention to the Russian original that frequently constitutes a flaw in itself. One encounters, for example, a pervasive tendency toward word-for-word translation that often preserves virtually intact the Russian syntax—for example, on page 39, "Noch'iu ot poloev i zavodei poidut tumany" becomes "By night up from the water-meadows and creeks mists will

drift." Such syntactical eccentricities might be defended as efforts to render Pil'niak's mannered style, which Tulloch describes as "jerky, unfinished and, at times, chaotic" (p. 198), but to my knowledge Pil'niak never published the Russian equivalent of "The merchants' club met at the soap merchant Zyabrov's place, a fire-lover" (p. 23). Indeed, because of this methodical exchange of English words for Russian, there are instances where the sense is almost completely garbled in transit. Such awkwardness deprives the work of Pil'niak's verbal verve and zest.

There are, however, compensating triumphs, not the least of which is general accuracy. If errors sometimes do occur, only a few are serious. Two examples will suffice: Tulloch forgets that *monastyr'* does not specify the gender of the occupants of a particular institution; consequently he refers consistently—but not quite exclusively (p. 41)—to the nunnery Vveden'e-na-Gore as a monastery—a mistake not found in Brown's translation. Not only does this result in surrealistic formulations such as "In the monastery, in [the] Mother Superior's cell" (p. 119; cf. p. 121), but it disrupts a fundamentally important pattern of feminine symbolism based on the Virgin. Similarly, Tulloch translates the first two lines of the "Indispensable Addendum" at the end of the novel's introduction as follows: "The Whites went away in March—and the factory had March [*i zavodu mart*]. And the town (Ordinin town)—had July [*Gorodu zhe . . . iul'*], the villages and hamlets—the whole year [*i selam i vesiam—ves' god*]" (p. 33). This rendering regrettably obscures the key to Pil'niak's symbolic use of the calendar throughout the novel. Finally, Tulloch is inconsistent in translating passages repeated virtually verbatim—a familiar Pil'niakian device (cf. pp. 31–32, 161–62; 40, 158; and 150, 177); and the original Russian punctuation is often utilized uncritically. The translator's afterword touches tangentially on issues of importance but contributes little to our knowledge and contains surprising errors (for example, Tulloch makes one character of the two Natal'ias, so that the anarchist Natal'ia, killed in chapter 5, marries the Bolshevik Arkhip Arkhipov in chapter 6 [pp. 195–96]).

Despite its flaws, Tulloch's translation stands up to close scrutiny as well as many. It is certainly a useful volume and we can be grateful that Ardis has made it available.

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DETAILS OF A SUNSET AND OTHER STORIES. By *Vladimir Nabokov*.

Translated from the Russian by *Dmitri Nabokov* in collaboration with the author. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1976. 179 pp. \$8.95.

In his afterword to *Lolita* Nabokov wrote: "None of my American friends have read my Russian books and thus every appraisal on the strength of my English ones is bound to be out of focus." Since then Nabokov has been supervising all the English renditions of his Russian prose. The present short story collection contains thirteen stories, the "last batch" of his stories "meriting to be Englished" (p. 11). Only some seven remain untranslated.

The volume is special because it contains not only some of Nabokov's earliest prose (written in Berlin in 1924–35), but some of his finest Russian stories ("Christmas," "The Return of Chorb," "The Passenger," "The Doorbell"). As Nabokov's first pieces these are preliminary études which show the promise of his later creative genius. Many of these stories are built around the émigré themes of