

mon burden of human suffering. But Terras, having described the dream in detail, concludes: "It is difficult to decide whether Proxarčín's dream is supposed to indicate that he has a guilty conscience, or simply emphasize his fear of people and of life in general" (p. 186).

There is much description, but insufficient analysis of the final scene of *Mr. Prokharchin*. Terras says that the dead body "becomes curiously alive" (p. 134), but he does not explain the ironic intent: Prokharchin, treated as an inanimate object when he was alive, is granted awed attention only after he has in fact become a mere thing.

Chapter 4 contains an interesting discussion of the manifestation of psychology in style, and chapter 5 includes a fine treatment of the levels of Devushkin's speech (similar to Vinogradov's in *Iazyk i stil' khudozhestvennoi literatury*, which should have been cited in the bibliography).

Chapter 6, "Structure and Texture," makes many interesting observations, relying heavily on Bakhtin's discussion of polyphony. Otherwise, few references are made to the canonical criticism on early Dostoevsky. Tseitlin's "O bednom chinovnike" is cited (in the text but not in the bibliography), but Vinogradov's more relevant analysis of *Poor Folk's* relationship to the literature of the forties is not mentioned. The concluding chapter summarizes material which Mochulsky treats in greater detail, and does not use relevant material from Komarovich's "Iunost' Dostoevskogo," which is also missing from the bibliography. Other omissions include Fanger's *Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism* and related material on Gogol (Tschizewskij's "O 'Shinele' Gogolia," Eikhenbaum's "Kak sdelena 'Shinel' Gogolia," and so forth). Terras deliberately avoids the problem of Gogol and Dostoevsky, which seems unwise. In this connection it would have been helpful to distinguish between Dostoevsky's earliest works (*Poor Folk*) and the later ones (*The Landlady*).

The book nonetheless provides insight into Dostoevsky's concept of style and is an important addition to the field.

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DOSTOEVSKY, TOLSTOY AND NIETZSCHE. By *Lev Shestov*. Translated by *Bernard Martin* and *Spencer Roberts*. Introduction by *Bernard Martin*. Athens: Ohio University Press, 1970. xxx, 322 pp. \$10.00.

A SHESTOV ANTHOLOGY. By *Lev Shestov*. Edited, with an introduction, by *Bernard Martin*. Athens: Ohio University Press, 1970. xvii, 328 pp. \$10.00.

There are now five volumes of the works of Lev Shestov (1866–1938) in print in English under the editorship of Bernard Martin and published by Ohio University Press. One more, a reprint entitled *Chekhov and Other Essays*, is available in a cheap edition (Ann Arbor Paperbacks). Not since the palmy days of Merezhkovsky and Berdiaev has a Russian religious philosopher been made so readily available to the American public. Since I have the highest esteem for Shestov as a writer, I am both impressed and grateful. Bernard Martin, the scholar largely responsible for this renaissance, is to be congratulated not only for his good judgment and sober scholarship but for his perseverance and persuasiveness as well.

The first volume consists of two essays by Shestov—one on Tolstoy and

Nietzsche, published in 1900, near the beginning of Shestov's literary career, the other on Dostoevsky and Nietzsche, published three years later. Professor Martin has written an informative introduction in which he emphasizes the originality of Shestov's interpretations of these three writers, their relation to Shestov's own thinking, and the significant modifications, especially of his opinions concerning Tolstoy, that Shestov later made in his approach to all three. The boldness of Shestov's views may perhaps be indicated by the fact that he considered Nietzsche a God-seeker, questioned above all the *sincerity* of Tolstoy's preaching, and identified Dostoevsky's most fundamental views and deepest insights with those of the Underground Man. Shestov's eloquence may be attested by the fact that no one—no matter how strong his preconceptions—who reads Shestov at all carefully can really come away unconvinced. As a challenger and underminer of conventionally held opinions on a wide range of great figures in literature and philosophy, from Plotinus to Spinoza to Husserl and Chekhov, he has few peers. Although he wrote profound, subtle, and original essays ("pilgrimages through souls," he called them) on a number of Russian figures (Pushkin and Vladimir Soloviev among many others), his range extended far beyond his native country. Nevertheless, for all his profundity and intensity, his focus was narrow. He was interested in exposing the inadequacy of *ratio*—of reason and reasonableness—as an ultimate standard of what is most human, and "most important" to philosophy. At the same time he tried to join a few "select" souls like Pascal in opposing that entire tendency of modern thought to exalt the authority of the general over the particular and individual, the process of converting the miraculous into the commonplace that is sometimes called science, and to regard with sympathetic irony the failure of his most deeply admired allies to go all the way—the shying away, at crucial points, of even such figures as Nietzsche and Kierkegaard, from a complete overthrow of the tyranny of the general. Although he was not a literary critic, and not at all interested in problems of form and technique, but only in the "tendency" of a writer, he was inclined to find great literature more congenial than great formal philosophy. Although he was not a psychologist (and never once mentions Freud), he had an uncanny sense of the inner drama of a writer, especially under the impact of extreme experience. His most astonishing characteristic, however, was his style—lucid, subtle, ironic, allusive, lyrically repetitive (he uses key quotations and key themes with extraordinary skill), and profoundly effective.

For all the competence and good will of Professor Martin, I am afraid it is Shestov's style that has been most scanted in the volumes edited, introduced, and translated by him. The *Anthology* comes close to gross negligence in this regard. I refer not merely to the clumsy proofreading which allowed, for instance, page 286 to pass in its hopelessly garbled form, but to many errors of choice and commission that have to do with translation.

Shestov's aphorisms should come logically *after* considerable exposure to Shestov. Martin *introduces* Shestov to the reader with these aphorisms. But these are the "language of revelation," the summing up, or the coiling into paradox, of much that has been thought through in more conventional manner earlier. The aphorisms are also very difficult to translate, and their quality (except for those felicitously rendered by Koteliansky) has not on the whole been captured here.

One of Shestov's best books, *In Job's Balances*, was translated into English in 1932, not directly from the Russian, but from a German translation. That translation is in a number of selections merely reprinted here. Martin himself has translated

Shestov's essay on Martin Buber, not from the Russian text, which is easily available, but from a German translation. The result is rather weird. Why Spencer Roberts's awkward and inept translation of Shestov's essay on Chekhov was preferred to the fluency and lucidity of Koteliansky's remains a mystery.

Also, it must be pointed out that in all his interpretive introductions to Shestov, informative and judicious as they are, Martin never really asks Shestovian questions. He never, for example, attempts to relate Shestov's thoughts and observations to his inner experiences. It is true that he does occasionally refer in a rather banal way to "the crisis of our times"—but then we all live through *that*. Nor does he account for Shestov's own inability to transcend *ratio*, to speak finally in a language that goes beyond discourse and analysis, to speak in poetry. Surely the "old Hassid" (as Kornei Chukovsky once called him) must have felt that this—more than his lack of disciples—was his ultimate failure.

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THE INVISIBLE LAND: A STUDY OF THE ARTISTIC IMAGINATION OF IURII OLESHA. By *Elizabeth Klosty Beaujour*. New York and London: Columbia University Press, 1970. 222 pp. \$8.00.

This book, the first devoted to Olesha, contains much perceptive analysis of his work, but the analysis does not convincingly support the assumptions as formulated. Professor Beaujour examines the grotesque in Olesha's work in order to dispel the myth that he was basically a joyous comic writer, but she never says who subscribes to this myth, and it is difficult to imagine that anyone could see Olesha in this way. Surely the importance of the grotesque has always been clear—even before Professor Nilsson's penetrating article.

Professor Beaujour also maintains that the concentration on *Envy* has given a distorted picture of Olesha's significance. Accordingly, she chooses to neglect *Envy* in favor of some of the lesser-known stories. There are two objections to this approach: (1) the lesser-known works do not, in fact, reveal essential aspects of Olesha's thought and technique not found in *Envy*; (2) this study would have been improved by having *Envy* as its fulcrum. As it is, something is wrong with the formulation that the central problem of *Envy* is the need to dominate and control—verbs singularly inappropriate as descriptions of either Olesha or Kavalero. The relationship between Olesha and Kavalero seems similar to that between Turgenev and Bazarov: in both cases, nostalgia blunts the original purpose of the author and introduces a beneficial ambivalence.

The chapter entitled "Olesha as a Writer of the 1920s" belongs not in this book but in the author's projected study of narrative structure in the novels of the twenties. The comments on novels by Shklovsky, Fedin, Ehrenburg, Kaverin, and Zamiatin are superficial and throw little light on Olesha's work. All these authors, of course, shared the interest in experimental art that prevailed during the twenties. For purposes of context, a chapter on the authors who influenced Olesha would have been better—one including a discussion of Olesha's comment that the most important influence on *Envy* was H. G. Wells's novel *The Invisible Man*. A discussion of the articles written by Olesha during the thirties would also have been helpful.

Finally, more effort should have been made to present an outline of Olesha's