

period in which the Big Deal seemed most firmly established and the regime most generous in its rewards to those who moved to responsible administrative positions.

This system of privilege in the Soviet Union has been well known for some time. What is less well known is the manner in which the regime justified these privileges, and it is here that Dunham documents the role played by literature (and other art forms, one might add). At one point in Kochetov's novel *Zhurbin* (*The Zhurbin Family*, 1952, p. 109) a trade union official browbeats a young worker, born into the New Class, for rejecting the material rewards which are his due: "What a generous fellow you are! Why, to give you a room today, we had to make a revolution, sleeping on the bare ground and holding our rifles tight. And you, you wave it all aside! Some gentleman you are!" This passage bears a curious resemblance to an exchange between the mechanic and the barefoot youth in scene two of Mayakovsky's *The Bedbug*, where the roles are reversed—the older worker preaches revolutionary asceticism. In Stalin's time this raw youth is told that his rejection of material benefits is a harmful manifestation of revolutionary romanticism (or, even worse, of individualism). The New Class, however limited and insecure, must accept its privilege with gratitude, not with undue soul-searching; and, as a result, *meshchanstvo*—the traditional target of Russian satire—is established as the basis of a new social order properly glorified in middlebrow fiction.

In her final chapter Dunham warns against the condescension with which intellectuals are likely to view this development; and although one may disagree with her qualified defense of *meshchanstvo* as a bulwark against Stalinist terror, her point seems well-taken. She concludes with an observation familiar to any recent visitor to the Soviet Union: that all classes of Soviet citizenry expect their "deal," not in a political, but in a material sense; and recent middlebrow literature continues to support Dunham's contention.

The book contains the usual misprints as well as certain mistakes in the notes (on p. 260, n. 11, Ezhov's dates should be "1895–1938?"; on p. 266 the 1913 census figure is incomprehensible). And on page 278 in the bibliography Rufus Mathewson's *The Positive Hero in Russian Literature* is identified by the first edition (1958). The second, expanded version appeared in 1975 and should be noted, particularly because Mathewson's material and approach make his book an ideal complement to Dunham's work.

In Stalin's Time not only provides a valuable assessment of the relation between literature and social values in the Soviet Union, it also offers another perspective of the milieu that Solzhenitsyn portrays so effectively in *The First Circle*. After reading the book I am convinced that Vera Dunham deserves a Hero of Labor award for the great amount of patience and work her topic obviously demanded.

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HOPE ABANDONED. By *Nadezhda Mandelstam*. Translated from the Russian by *Max Hayward*. New York: Atheneum, 1974. xii, 687 pp. \$13.95.

Nadezhda Mandelstam's second book of memoirs has provoked many negative reactions. Critics who praised her first book accept the second with reservations, some are disappointed or shocked, and others reject this book altogether. *Hope Abandoned* is different from *Hope against Hope*, but only in the degree of the author's merciless treatment of Soviet society and many well-known literary figures. Where she was general and vague in the first book, she is specific and precise in the second. The author is just as merciless to herself as she is to others; she does not claim infallibility

—she admits that at times she is arguing about insignificant things. In short, Nadezhda Mandelstam knows that at her age one can afford to say what one thinks, and she does just that.

One frequent criticism of the book is that in it the author does not even spare her and Mandelstam's closest friend, Anna Akhmatova. Seeing human frailty—whether of body or spirit—may go against the piety that traditionally surrounds Russian literary figures, but it certainly does not detract from Akhmatova's stature as a poet or a human being. It is for Soviet literary functionaries particularly that Nadezhda Mandelstam has no mercy. Her bitterness is understandable, for the same people who hounded Mandelstam out of literature and life are still holding influential positions in the Soviet literary establishment or have been honored posthumously.

In *Hope Abandoned*, the author attempts a reevaluation not only of the 1920s—which are usually idealized both in the Soviet Union and in the West—but of the Silver Age as well. However, the book's greatest significance lies in its perceptive analysis of the ways intellectuals change under a totalitarian system. The inevitable result—a loss of one's identity—is seen by the author as an illness of our age. One can overlook some remarks that are too biting or too sharp in tone for the sake of the acuteness of the author's perception (reminding one of Czesław Miłosz's *The Captive Mind*).

Although the second book is more frankly autobiographical than the first, it also provides a wealth of information helpful in reading Mandelstam's late poetry. Chronologically it ranges over their entire life together. This book is further proof that Nadezhda Mandelstam is a significant writer. Her prose has a character of its own: it is modern without being slangy or vulgar.

The English translation by Max Hayward is very accurate. In addition to an index, a chronology and very useful appendixes are provided, and many of the numerous quotations and allusions to Russian literary matters are identified in footnotes. These additions to the original text are essential because the book presupposes a knowledge of the Russian pre- and post-Revolutionary literary scene.

Hope Abandoned stands next to Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* as a witness to its times. It can be viewed as a companion to Solzhenitsyn's epic, for it is written from the point of view of a woman who lived her life *outside* the labor camps and with a focus on the intellectual milieu. However, it should not be studied only as a testimony by an intelligent contemporary but as a work of art in its own right. Together with *Hope against Hope*, this book has its place among the best memoir literature of the century.

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THE ARDIS ANTHOLOGY OF RECENT RUSSIAN LITERATURE. Edited by Carl Proffer and Ellendea Proffer. Ann Arbor: Ardis, 1975. xvi, 420 pp. Illus. \$5.00, paper.

Carl and Ellendea Proffer's Ardis enterprise has been the most active force in American Slavistics of the last decade in publishing translations of works from twentieth-century Russian literature. Unlike some other publishers who have concentrated on the currently topical, the Proffers' standard has been to publish the best literature, especially literature that is experimental, stylistically interesting, or from what a recent Russian émigré writer called in conversation "the other camp," meaning the aesthetic dissidents who do not develop a political platform in their writings, but object to limitations on artistic freedom. The new *Ardis Anthology of Recent Russian*