

works (pp. 121–53). Other aspects of Gogol—Gogol as Christian moralist, as neurotic, as revolutionary and social critic, and, finally, as creator of works of art—are also discussed. The third part returns, somewhat surprisingly, to Merimée's criticism, without adding much to what has been already said in part 1. A complete list of Gogol translations into French and a bibliography of French secondary literature about Gogol complete the book.

The strongest side of this monograph is undoubtedly the intelligent enumeration and brief discussion of the manifold judgments on Gogol—based mainly on *Taras Bul'ba*, which was considered to be the most typical of all of Gogol's works. The weakest part is the overlong "philosophical" excursus about the "truth of reality," in which the author, leaving France behind, floats in a rather helpless state upon a dangerous, and needlessly created, metaphysical sea. But certainly this does not take much away from the fact that, as a whole, the book is a fine, informative report, a pleasure to read as a respite from the usual modern "critical" *bavardage*.

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FAULKNER AND DOSTOEVSKY: INFLUENCE AND CONFLUENCE.

By Jean Weisgerber. Translated by Dean McWilliams. Athens, Ohio: Ohio University Press, 1974. xxii, 383 pp. \$12.00.

One misses a foreword by the translator of this book. When the volume first appeared in 1968 (in French), reviewers were quite critical of it (see, for example, Edward Wasiolek's review, *Slavic and East European Journal*, 14, no. 2 [Spring 1970]: 83–85), so an outright translation, without changes or updating of its scholarly apparatus, should have required some justification.

Weisgerber has had some precursors (he duly gives credit to them at all times) who have suggested the details of Dostoevsky's possible influence on Faulkner. In this respect, Weisgerber has not added much and whenever he goes beyond his precursors (for example, in his comparison of Quentin Compson and Raskolnikov, pp. 174 ff.) he flounders badly. Therefore, the value of this long study must be sought in the author's insights into interesting confluences in the works of these two writers. There is nothing wrong with using Dostoevsky as a backdrop and contrast to Faulkner, often showing Faulkner to be quite different from the Russian writer, sometimes establishing similarities. Unfortunately, this aspect of Weisgerber's study does not realize its potential, mostly because he reads his Dostoevsky routinely and unimaginatively.

Weisgerber seems to have missed the polyphonic orchestration of Dostoevsky's novels (a brief reference to Bakhtin is undoubtedly secondhand), and in particular the fact that their effect is largely based on the reader's hearing a concert of individual *voices*. This is precisely what one finds in Faulkner.

Weisgerber says: "Faulkner, unlike Dostoevsky, has no talent for philosophy. Ideas come to life for him only after being transmuted into novelistic material; divorced from the concrete, left to themselves, they crush or derail the narrative" (p. 44). He ignores an entirely analogous observation on Dostoevsky's "philosophy," made by Gide over half a century ago and long since tacitly accepted by Dostoevsky scholarship. When Weisgerber says that "Dostoevsky does not usually pass for a skilled artisan" (p. 101), he is sadly behind the times. Scores of investi-

gations (ever since the 1920s) have shown Dostoevsky to be a sophisticated, virtuosic, and highly conscious craftsman. The same is of course true of Faulkner. It seems unlikely, however, that Faulkner, in the 1920s, could have recognized the finesse of Dostoevsky's novelistic technique, when few Western critics had done so. Weisgerber suggests that Faulkner may have borrowed from Dostoevsky, among other things, "several technical procedures: the soliloquy, the leitmotif, the reverse schema, the accentuated opposition of the heroes" (p. 177). These are all traits, of course, which Faulkner could have found in more obvious and accentuated forms in Western writers closer to him than Dostoevsky. In fact, Weisgerber himself admits this (p. 105).

Weisgerber's assessment of Dostoevsky's philosophy—"What power among the atheists: Kirillov, Verkhovensky, Ivan Karamazov; and how dull is Zossima's bland piety after the Grand Inquisitor's indictment!" (p. 64)—is based on a superficial interpretation of the great novels: Ivan Karamazov and his "double," the Grand Inquisitor, are merely "set up" for their eventual defeat, and their ideas discredited by a concentric attack of counterarguments. When Weisgerber says that "for Dostoevsky there is only the nobility and the people" (p. 151), he echoes the superficial judgment of earlier Western critics and ignores generations of Russian critics who have seen Dostoevsky as a typical representative of the emerging middle class. This circumstance is highly relevant to a comparison of Faulkner and Dostoevsky: both writers *seem* to be provincial, outside the mainstream of political life, clinging to outdated moral views, yet both deal with nothing short of twentieth-century man and his most focal problems and both have grasped these problems as well as anyone in their respective countries. Faulkner is an American (not a "Southern") writer, much as Dostoevsky is a European (and not a "Russian") writer. This is why one compares Faulkner with Dostoevsky, and not with Bunin (who as a "Russian" has much in common with Faulkner the "Southerner" precisely because the "Southern" and "Russian" elements give their ideas a body of true flesh and blood).

In conclusion I want to say that my rather negative assessment of Weisgerber's book is made from a Dostoevsky scholar's viewpoint. Perhaps the translation of this book is warranted by its importance for the student of Faulkner.

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TOLSTOY: THE MAKING OF A NOVELIST. By *Edward Crankshaw*. New York: Viking Press, 1974. 276 pp. Illus. \$16.95.

Mr. Crankshaw's brief study of Tolstoy boasts fine paper, a large format, and beautifully reproduced photographs and pictures. It also enshrines and, hopefully, entombs every cliché of Tolstoy biography and criticism: that Tolstoy had a mother fixation (and a "life-long hankering after the womb"); that he was an unwavering egotist without a tinge of true feeling for others; that he grew, in his later years, self-righteous to an intolerable degree; that adolescent notions of happiness pleased Tolstoy the adolescent, as one might expect, and Tolstoy the bearded prophet, as one might not; that the self-appointed saint who advertised universal love also destroyed his own wife; that his uncommon talent, which could seize any variation on the surface of human behavior, could not plumb the