

man, coming to even the most informal gathering in a jacket and tie. He had a superior memory, and even to his last days he could quote long passages of German and Russian poetry and loved to sing songs and tell jokes. In his later years he would reread Augustine in Latin just to keep that wonderful memory in shape.

In a very real sense, Heinrich represented what the “globalized” world could be—not the domination of one language and culture over all others but the capacity to function in many cultures and languages, supported with intimate knowledge and deep respect for their peoples and traditions.

EDITH W. CLOWES
University of Kansas
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Victor Terras, 1921–2006

Victor Terras, author of literally hundreds of books, articles, and reviews and adviser to countless students, passed away on 17 December 2006. We all mourn his loss.

Born in Estonia, Victor was educated in Tallinn and Kraków, receiving his master's degree in 1942 in Indo-European and Slavic linguistics, and teaching his first courses in Greek and Latin at the University of Tartu. Together with these ancient languages, his native Estonian, Russian, Polish, German, French, and of course English, Victor also knew Sanskrit and, at least later in life, Portuguese. A quick check of the table of contents of this very issue will prove his knowledge of yet another language and subject matter; several months ago his wife, Rita, sent *Slavic Review* Victor's final review, which he dictated to her while already very ill with Parkinson's disease. The book, on the Ukrainian Orthodox Church, was written in Italian. Victor's career was as long as it was wide-ranging. He came to the United States in 1952, was naturalized in 1956, and soon resumed his graduate work, receiving a PhD in Slavic languages and literatures from the University of Chicago in 1963. He taught at the University of Illinois and the University of Wisconsin and retired from his final position as the Henry Ledyard Goddard University Professor of Slavic Languages and Comparative Literature at Brown University in 1988.

Retirement did not end Victor's publishing career. Adding to his earlier accomplishments, including *The Young Dostoevsky: A Critical Study* (1969) and his absolutely indispensable *Handbook of Russian Literature* (1984), while “slowing down” he published a Twayne series book on *The Idiot* (1990), then the thorough and sometimes provocative *History of Russian Literature* (1991), and the often brilliant *Poetry of the Silver Age* (1998), before returning to his early interest with *Reading Dostoevsky* (1998). At the same time, he published on just about all of the major figures in nineteenth- and twentieth-century Russian literature, including Aleksandr Pushkin, Nikolai Gogol', Ivan Turgenev, Lev Tolstoi, Anton Chekhov, Isaak Babel' (with my favorite article on line and color in *Red Cavalry*), Vladimir Maiakovskii, and his real love, Osip Mandel'shtam. Indeed, Victor was at work on a major book about Mandel'shtam when he died, and, according to a Mandel'shtam expert here at Wisconsin, Andrew Reynolds, Victor's “article on time in Mandel'shtam is still one of the best things written on the subject.”

Perhaps Wisconsin attracts scholars who move in Victor's footsteps. David Danaher, a colleague who first knew Victor, not here, but at Brown, wrote the following recollection. I reproduce it in full, since it reflects both Victor's fame and his typical humility:

I taught at Brown for a year as a lecturer and it was determined that I would need to share an office with the recently retired Professor Terras. He was using a cane to walk at the time, and it was a common sight to see him making his way up to his office and then, at the end of the day, down again, tightly gripping the banister and patiently navigating the stairs, without ever complaining and always refusing offers of help.

When he was in town, he spent a good part of the day working in the office, taking notes on index cards. I had a newly minted PhD, and the thought of sharing an office with such a distinguished personage simply mortified me. So I moved my office hours to a nearby cafe and, as a result, hardly had any contact over the course of the year. I honestly was not even sure that he was aware who I was or that he even technically had an officemate.

Some time toward the end of the academic year, I happened to be heading down the stairs when Terras was painstakingly working his way up to the office to begin his day's work. He looked up at me, addressed me by my first name, and asked in a very sincerely puzzled way why I was never in the office. He added that he hoped it was not because his presence there disturbed me. I mumbled some nonsensical denial, not wanting to explain to him that it was just the opposite. Then he said that this was his last day in town and it was a real shame that we had not gotten a chance to know each other and that he would have been very interested to hear about my current research.

As for me, I also met Victor only casually. But I recently came across a yellowing folder filled with equally yellowing offprints of articles, the latter marked with inscriptions: "With the author's respects! Victor" and "To Valentin and Frances with fond greetings." The earliest one, from 1964, is marked "To Professor F. Sobotka with gratitude, V. Terras." It seems that my grandmother had hired Victor as an instructor to teach Russian at the University of Illinois in 1959 and helped see him through to the rank of full professor in 1965, only six years later, and only two years after Victor received his PhD from the University of Chicago. On the outside of the folder I found the penciled words in my grandmother's shaky Russian scrawl: "Send to Judy?" I had never been sent the folder and instead came into its possession along with a box of moldy books belonging to my grandparents, salvaged from a flood in my parent's basement. In response to my inquiry about Victor, my mother revealed her own adolescent claim to fame: She had taught my grandmother Roberts' Rules of Order to help control sometimes contentious department meetings with the younger, outspoken, but always erudite Victor Terras. Known for his extraordinary memory, Victor no doubt then used those rules during his tenure as president of the American Association of Teachers of Slavic and Eastern European Languages, not to mention other professional societies and programs.

Along with the offprints, I found in the musty folder several translations of poems by Mandel'shtam, Velimir Khlebnikov, Fedor Sologub, and Boris Pasternak, fastened with a rusty staple. Were the translations by Victor? My grandmother? Someone else? On the back of one of the pages are hurried notes in Victor's hand for what must have been a class lecture on Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*. I read them, hoping for new insights into an often-taught work. "Mentions of history. The animal in man. Christianity. Nationalism and Jewry. Socialism." Nothing new to me. They seemed to be old truisms on the novel. But wait. Are they really truisms? Or did they only become "true" because, in fact, Victor had originally pointed them out in some earlier paper, lecture, or book? Indeed, it is through Victor's eyes, or rather, his pen, that I and many of my colleagues around the country still read Pasternak, Dostoevskii, Babel', Gogol', and in fact all of Russian literature.

This obituary thus closes the circle on my all-too-brief relationship with Victor Terras and his marvelous contribution to my own Slavic education and to that of at least three generations of other Slavicists.

JUDITH DEUTSCH KORNBLOTT
University of Wisconsin, Madison
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