

what he calls “ideational emphases” and “narrative schemes,” are muddled and inconsistent.

Anderson declines to discuss all Karamzin’s stories, his only explanation being that those ignored “lie outside the scope of this study” (p. 19). At the same time, he devotes several pages to the *Pis'ma russkogo puteshestvennika*. A good deal of this material is taken without acknowledgment from an article Anderson published in 1969. He makes no reference to the article in footnotes and the book contains no bibliography. During his discussion of the *Pis'ma*, Anderson argues that there is a shift from the first person singular to the first person plural and that it indicates Karamzin was “eliminating the narrator’s personality” (p. 39). In fact, Karamzin was using “we” to refer to himself and a nameless Russian *tovarishch* who accompanied him on a tour of Potsdam.

The most depressing aspect of this book is not the clumsy style or its numerous errors, but Anderson’s lack of critical perception. One must conclude, sadly, that Anderson is himself an unreliable narrator.

The best short introduction to Karamzin remains G. A. Gukovskii’s article in the fifth volume of the Academy *Istoriia russkoi literatury* (1941). The best studies of Karamzin’s fiction are the relevant articles by Lotman and the excellent book by Peter Brang, *Studien zu Theorie und Praxis der russischen Erzählung 1770–1811* (1960).

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DIE FRANZÖSISCHE GOGOLREZEPTION. By *Helmut Stolze*. Slavistische Forschungen, vol. 16. Cologne and Vienna: Böhlau Verlag, 1974. vi, 201 pp. DM 52.

Although it seems to be fashionable, nowadays, to look more closely at critical opinions about writers than at the writers’ works themselves, one may certainly question the usefulness of this approach. Too often, tendentiousness carries the critic of critics to absurd extremes. Sometimes, however, a discussion of the reception of the work of an outstanding writer from one country by critics of another country can be worthwhile. Such is the case of the book presently under review. In this volume, Stolze gives us some information about literary connections between sometimes very heterogeneous parties and, alas, about the instability of literary judgments as such.

It is really quite interesting to read how Gogol was understood—or rather misunderstood—in French criticism. Of course, this criticism does not contain any new information whatsoever about Gogol. Exceptions are such excellent monographs as Boris de Schloezer’s *Gogol* and a few others, but they were written by critics of Russian extraction and can hardly be considered to belong under the heading: Reception of Gogol by the French. This survey is a kind of erudite catalog of misjudgments about the great Russian writer, which can mostly be ascribed to the ignorance and lack of information on the part of his largely journalistic critics. The French critics were obviously unable to see that Gogol’s work reaches far beyond national boundaries.

The first part of the book is a historical survey with special attention given to such figures as Sainte-Beuve and Merimée; the second part deals with twentieth-century criticism, focusing on the question of “the truth of the reality” in Gogol’s

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-