antiquity, and to Voltaire and Feuerbach. He succeeds in drawing interesting parallels with the adduced thinkers, which is not surprising since most of them shared a similar world view and intellectual disposition.

The remaining articles under such familiar headings as "Turgenev and George Sand," "Turgenev and Goncharov," and so forth, provide the uninitiated reader with a mass of information, until now dispersed in various books and articles, but here reinterpreted from a Soviet scholar's point of view. Unfortunately, that reinterpretation decreases the potential benefit of the subject matter. Generally, the author seems to be working in a vacuum, unaware of any scholarly work on Turgenev that appeared in the West after Melchior de Vogüé! His annotations refer solely to nineteenth and twentieth-century Russian scholars, and among them Batiuto's selection is geared to the requirements set by authorities. These limitations and the lack of a bibliography lend the volume a pedestrian quality. At best, it is a book by a pre-eminently Soviet scholar for pre-eminently Soviet readers.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY INTERPRETATIONS OF *CRIME AND PUNISHMENT*: A COLLECTION OF CRITICAL ESSAYS. Edited by *Robert Louis Jackson*. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1974. v, 122 pp. $5.95, cloth. $1.45, paper.

BALZAC AND DOSTOEVSKY. By *Leonid Grossman*. Translated by *Lena Karpov*. Ann Arbor: Ardis Publishers (2901 Heatherway), 1973. 98 pp. $6.95, cloth. $2.95, paper.

PROBLEMS OF DOSTOEVSKY'S POETICS. By *Mikhail Bakhtin*. Translated by *R. W. Rotsel*. Ann Arbor: Ardis Publishers, 1973. vii, 249 pp. $8.95, cloth. $3.95, paper.

Twentieth Century Interpretations of "Crime and Punishment" numbers a bare hundred pages of text, a quantity that is insufficient to give the reader any sense of the diversity and richness of twentieth-century criticism on *Crime and Punishment*. The fourteen selections are almost all fragments, some of them as little as two or three pages in length. Most of the selections also are by foreigners, even though some of our best work on *Crime and Punishment* has been done by Americans. Snodgrass's magnificent essay on the novel is not included, and there is nothing of Reeve, Steiner, or Fanger. But we do have Chirikov on the capitalist ethos in *Crime and Punishment*; three pages of Konrad Onasch on "The Death of Marmeladov," in which he offers such gems as, "Life and death are closely intertwined"; and neither Kozhinov nor the editor seem to be aware that the legal and religious ambiguities of the word "crime" had already been analyzed some ten years before—by an American critic. Fortunately something by Joseph Frank is included, and his essay along with the essays by Jackson and Holquist are probably the best in the volume; they are also the only ones that are not excerpts. Even the heavyweights of twentieth-century Russian criticism are not here: no Grossman, Bakhtin, or Shklovsky, among others. There is at least some unconscious bias against structural and formal studies and in favor of ideological and metaphysical ones. Finally, the bibliography is a single page.

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Balzac and Dostoevsky is another slim volume. It is less than a hundred pages with large print, generous margins, and narrow pages. Why, given Grossman's prolific work on Dostoevsky, was it necessary to restrict the volume to two essays ("Balzac and Dostoevsky" and "Composition in the Novels of Dostoevsky")? Grossman is one of the classical critics on Dostoevsky, and his work in the early years of this century went a long way to counteract a tradition of pronounced ideological and philosophical treatment of Dostoevsky's novels. He was the first to turn the attention of the reading public to Dostoevsky's art and to remind the reader that Dostoevsky was a novelist as well as a prophet and philosopher. He showed us that Dostoevsky's talent was nourished by wide reading in European literature and that many diverse traditions had found their way into his creative work. Yet for all the excellence of Grossman's formidable work on Dostoevsky, time has not been kind to him. For we are coming to look upon his work—and these two essays are representative examples—as evading Dostoevsky's art rather than talking about it. It is a pity that someone who worked so hard and long to prove that Dostoevsky was an artist, as well as a thinker, will be looked on as someone who does not really talk about art at all. Grossman tells us about everyone that Dostoevsky read: he finds little chunks of Balzac, Dickens, Ann Radcliffe, Cervantes, Eugène Sue, Victor Hugo, and dozens of others here and there in Dostoevsky, but he never tells us how these chunks became transmuted into the magic and power of Dostoevsky's art. The hard and arresting questions are never asked nor, apparently, conceived of. But perhaps it is unfair to demand of him the prejudices of our age for a criticism of craft and minutiae.

Bakhtin, however, is conscious of the minutiae of Dostoevsky's craft, and this 1963 edition (*Problemy poetiki Dostoevskogo*) of the original 1929 study (*Problemy tvorchestva Dostoevskogo*) is still a provocative and strikingly original work. The new edition is about 25 percent longer than the first, and the chief addition consists of a sixty-page excursion into the sources of polyphonic art, which takes Bakhtin back to classical models, folk art, and ritual, and to what he calls the carnivalization of life. The carnival attitude to life in its literary form has the effect of mixing styles, tones, and of uniting opposed ideas; it is the matrix from which the polyphonic novel developed. I am not sure that the excursion is worth all the bother or that it is important to Bakhtin's thesis. But the excursion is Bakhtin's way of showing that Dostoevsky's momentous achievement is prepared for by centuries of development. Dostoevsky's creation of the polyphonic novel is no ordinary achievement; according to Bakhtin, Dostoevsky effected something of a "small-scale Copernican upheaval" in the novel form and in the artistic vision of the Western world. He succeeded in creating a new genre and in breaking the hold of the monological novel on Western artistic habits. With these words Bakhtin places himself in that exclamatory tradition which finds it hard to talk about Dostoevsky as if he were just another writer. If Dostoevsky opened up metaphysical and religious worlds for critics like Soloviev, Rozanov, and Viacheslav Ivanov, he opened up new artistic worlds for Bakhtin.

Bakhtin's thesis is simple, even if the style is not. Dostoevsky had a remarkable ability to create worlds with multiple autonomous centers. In the homophonic or monological novel—Leo Tolstoy is the example Bakhtin uses over and over again—the author's voice subtly or not so subtly permeates and controls what may appear to be autonomous centers of consciousness. But in Dostoevsky's world the centers are truly autonomous. The thesis is provocative and exaggerated. That

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Dostoevsky was able to entertain views other than his own (his own views as a man were fairly definite and definable) is fairly clear; indeed one can describe his novels as assaults upon what he believed in. But to insist that his voice was totally autonomous, as Bakhtin does over and over again, is to indulge in some measure of philosophical mystification. At the very least the thesis makes a number of assumptions, which are never proved or even discussed, one of which is that an author can create characters that are untouched by his own being and consciousness. One can grant Dostoevsky exceptional distancing and dramatic abilities without having to resort to exaggerations about autonomous worlds. Dostoevsky's voice is only too evident in some of his work; he was not always successful in restraining it. We can also grant him genius without speaking of Copernican revolutions. But such is the power of Dostoevsky that critics have a hard time talking about him in normal tones. Bakhtin is part of "classical" Dostoevsky criticism, and serious students of Dostoevsky who do not know Russian will now have an opportunity to judge for themselves whose voice they hear in his novels.

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LEONID ANDREYEV. By *Josephine M. Newcombe*. Modern Literature Monographs Series. New York: Frederick Ungar, 1973. ix, 118 pp. $6.00.

ISAAC BABEL. By *Richard Hallett*. Modern Literature Monographs Series. New York: Frederick Ungar, 1973. ix, 118 pp. $6.00.

These two volumes are part of a series called Modern Literature Monographs, which includes brief introductory studies of many important twentieth-century authors: T. S. Eliot, Faulkner, Joyce, Sartre, Günter Grass—even Maxim Gorky. The list is impressive in the names it offers, and judging by the two works under review, it aims at making available basic introductory material on the life and works of important modern writers.

The study of Andreev is intended for readers who know almost nothing of its subject and have no knowledge of Russian: the bibliography emphasizes translations of his works into English and works about him in the same language. The book has little interest for the student specializing in Russian literature, and its critical approach (or lack of one) will probably disappoint students of other literatures seeking information about a Russian writer whose reputation early in the century rivaled that of Chekhov and Gorky. The author does give us, interestingly and in roughly chronological order, an account of the contents of Andreev's works, offering some speculation concerning the influence on him of contemporary writers (Gorky and Chekhov) and contemporary critics, and pointing out clear evidence of Schopenhauer's influence in certain stories. She sketches his progression from "realism" to the "purely fantastic and allegorical." Sometimes the present reviewer would have quarreled with the interpretation of certain stories. Chekhov's pregnant evaluation of Andreev is quoted, but without the appreciation it deserves: "There's no simplicity in Andreev, and his talent reminds me of the singing of a clockwork nightingale."

Richard Hallett's sketch of Babel also suffers from the limitations imposed, apparently, by the editors of the monograph series. Here, too, we are given a chronological account of what Babel wrote, together with biographical facts

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