

volume, which is not indicated anywhere. If he did not want to include émigré literature, its existence and its most outstanding works should at least have been mentioned.

Obviously one cannot ask of the German edition, which clearly states on the title page that it will end with the year 1967, to include works that came out after that year; the English version (1972!) does not contain such a statement. I am afraid some readers will be disappointed not to find a discussion of Solzhenitsyn's novels (published in 1968, 1969, and 1971) and not even of Bulgakov's *Master and Margarita* (published in November 1966 and January 1967 in the periodical *Moskva*).

It might be to the point to close with a quotation from Elisabeth Markstein's "Supplement," discussing problems which Holthusen does not emphasize clearly enough in his certainly highly valuable but sometimes too dispassionate presentation of the material: "It is simply not true to say that nothing can hold up the march of progress. The censor can intervene, can forbid, distort and conceal. He can destroy live babies, but equally he can permit thalidomide babies to grow crippled in their mother's womb. He can draw up maps with blank spaces (each of which might be a new America). And—to make things even more difficult—he can set the signposts on the existing portion of the map pointing in the wrong direction" (p. 282).

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MODERN SLAVIC LITERATURES. Vol. 1: RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

Compiled and edited by *Vasa D. Mihailovich*. A Library of Literary Criticism. New York: Frederick Ungar, 1972. xii, 424 pp. \$15.00.

In format this book is a dictionary of twentieth-century Russian authors, sixty-nine of whom have been included. The word "dictionary" does not, however, adequately convey the richness of the information compiled. Professor Mihailovich has examined a wide range of materials concerning each author—articles, book reviews, textbooks in various languages—and selected from these materials excerpts that are pithy and stimulating. Many of the selections are translated from Russian for the first time, and the translations read well. Other selections have been rescued from undeserved oblivion in old periodicals. For those who do not know Russian, this book will be invaluable, providing for the first time access to important opinions and data. But even specialists in the field will find here many items interesting and previously unknown.

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D. H. LAWRENCE'S RESPONSE TO RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By *George J. Zytaruk*. Studies in English Literature, vol. 69. The Hague and Paris: Mouton, 1971. 193 pp. 25 Dglds.

The extent to which literary works are assigned in the classroom is not the best token of their vitality as literature. Far better is the degree of intensity with which other writers respond to them. D. H. Lawrence's almost obsessive love-hate for the

great Russian writers is known from his letters, some of his essays, from G. M. Hyde's interesting recent essay on Lawrence's work as translator (*Delos*, no. 4, 1970), and from K. W. Gransden's account of Lawrence's correspondence with Koteliansky (*Twentieth Century*, vol. 159, 1956). A detailed yet broad exploration of the contacts, influences, struggles, resistances, and acceptances that went into Lawrence's prolonged wrestling with his Russian angels (of the kind, say, begun by Martin Green in connection with Lawrence and Germany) is still lacking—or was until the appearance of this excellent monograph by Professor Zytaruk.

The most important witness to the power that Russian literature held over him—more important even than his letters and essays, or the reminiscences of his close friends, or even the evidence of his actual collaboration with Koteliansky in translating from the Russian—is Lawrence's own creative work. Deftly, Zytaruk documents Lawrence's involvement, in successive chapters on Lawrence's response to Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Rozanov.

To Dostoevsky, Lawrence's response was weakest. In combating the English "cult of Dostoevsky" (resented bitterly also by D. S. Mirsky) Lawrence tended to miss what the Russian was really up to. Yet his essay on the Grand Inquisitor, perverse as it is, has a brilliance that Dostoevsky would have recognized if not altogether appreciated. Lawrence's response to Rozanov, on the other hand, precisely because it was ideologically affirmative, tends to be a little flat and stale in its perceptions—though Zytaruk demonstrates, interestingly enough, how much the phallic Christ of *The Man Who Died* owes to some of Rozanov's writings.

The fundamental relationship, however, was with Tolstoy. It was there that love and hate, admiration and rebellion, got under Lawrence's skin and made his flesh crawl. Three of his most important novels—*The Rainbow*, *Women in Love*, and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—have to be understood as part of an ongoing polemic with Tolstoy. For a reader to whom *Anna Karenina* is unknown, much of Lawrence's meaning will remain dark. It is true that Lawrence interpreted *Anna* very much in the light of the later Tolstoy (just as he interpreted the ultimate fate of the Russian upper classes in the light of what he considered to be Tolstoy's betrayal of the phallic principle) and that what he failed to grasp in *Anna* was the author's condemnation and rejection of that society, while of course retaining powerfully, what Lawrence retained only weakly, a sense that eros, too, needed social soil in which to batten and grow. What Zytaruk also demonstrates, both directly and indirectly, is the degree to which, for all their ideological differences, the Lawrence sensibility and the Tolstoy sensibility resembled each other, and how much the latter fed the former.

The book is somehow smaller than it should be. I do not refer to its compactness—a triumph, in part, of Zytaruk's abbreviated and unpretentious style. In adhering perhaps too rigidly to the positivist tradition in literary scholarship, in rejecting all speculation and every opportunity to engage his materials from a vantage point other than that directly provided by the texts themselves—and this is most striking in the relatively dull conclusion to an often very bright book—I think the author makes his work smaller than it need have been.

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