

Journal, 17 [Fall 1973]: 332–33), no statement of purported fact in Barratt's book is to be accepted without supporting evidence from elsewhere. The interpretation of Kozlov as representing Preromanticism, and at the same time as the translator who brought the "true Byron" into Russian, is a central unresolved (and unrecognized) conceptual contradiction in the book. We are never given a clear idea of what Barratt thinks—or what Barratt thinks Kozlov thought—the "true Byron" to be like. Kozlov was indeed known mainly for his translations and imitations of Byron, but the only long poem of his he translated was a Romantic verse tale, *The Bride of Abydos*. The rest of the translations from Byron are of short lyrics or short passages, few of which adequately represented much of what—then or now—would be considered the "true Byron" that a "systematic" translator of his works would have given; that would require substantially all of *Childe Harold*, plus *Manfred*, *Cain*, *Beppo*, and *Don Juan*. Of the some twenty-six hundred lines Kozlov translated from Byron, seventeen hundred were in his translation of *The Bride of Abydos*, but only thirty (to translate sixteen lines) were from *Don Juan*, and they are not of a nature to reveal the quality of the work. The "true Byron" of Kozlov's translations did not include the earth-storming or the heaven-storming, or the humorous or satiric (the Byron that today remains most alive and fresh). Barratt asserts, in contradistinction to the usual scholarly opinion and without presenting convincing evidence, that Kozlov exemplified a degree of literalness and fidelity in translation uncommon in Russia at the time (in contrast to Zhukovsky). Barratt sniffs at the level of knowledge of English possessed by Russian poets of the time other than Kozlov—especially Pushkin and Lermontov—without considering the evidence or scholarship on the subject. And then he commits three howlers in his own translation of Kozlov's Russian on the first page I checked (p. 98): *na persiakh belosnezhnykh* "on her snow-white fingers" (breasts); *v gondole odinokoi* "alone in a gondola" (in a lonely gondola); *polnochnnyi, veshchii boi* "prophetic, midnight buoy" (striking of a clock). These expressions are from Kozlov's perhaps most popular original poem—and one about Byron—"Venetian Night: A Fantasy"; Barratt's discussion of the poem is condescending and at the same time shows total failure to understand it. Barratt's publications up to now have been mainly biographical; what is new about his *Kozlov* is the publication of a number of letters (mainly to Kozlov) and some documents, including a prose poem in French, which may have been by Kozlov (pp. 115–16). The level of Barratt's criticism may be seen in his thumbnail critique of Lermontov's *Hero of Our Time*: "It is an obvious patchwork, the earliest chapters having been composed the last, and various influences are discernible." However inadequate this judgment of Lermontov's novel may be, its term "obvious patchwork" all too accurately characterizes Barratt's *Kozlov*.

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POEMS AND POLITICAL LETTERS OF F. I. TYUTCHEV. Translated with introduction and notes by *Jesse Zeldin*. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1973. xi, 236 pp. \$8.95.

It is symptomatic of this book that its title is misleading. Any reader, but especially a reader of Tyutchev, would expect it to contain excerpts from Tyutchev's

voluminous and fascinating correspondence, not his essays, two of which are indeed in letter form. All four are available in the original French, though they may be difficult to find. Since there is no detailed listing of contents, one is tempted to find out what this section contains. The translations of these four famous conservative and Slavophile pieces, "Russia and Germany," "Russia and the Revolution," "The Roman Question," and "Censorship in Russia," are stilted, convey no sense of style, and after awhile become annoying in their misuse of English: "Russian solicitude . . . has belied it itself," "Once Russia's choice was made, Europe knows whether she remained faithful to it for thirty years" (p. 168), "as you have said, my Prince," "a restraint, a too absolute, too prolonged repression" (p. 206), "the project . . . would appear to me to be of a possible, if not easy realization" (p. 214). In such form, the quality and importance of Tiutchev's thought are necessarily diminished, and the esteem of leading Russian figures for his work is inexplicable.

In the prefatory material there is even more awkward and idiosyncratic usage, ranging from nomenclature—"rhymes are often far from pure," "Tyutchev mixes his meters" (p. viii), "a tendency to syllabic versification and 'composed' adjectives" (p. 12)—to grandiose generalizations on Tiutchev, philosophy, Romanticism, and the universe. The phrase "doing what comes naturally" sidles up to "sobornost'," and Tiutchev's putative approval of a "giant step for mankind" resoundingly concludes the cosmic introduction. In the small steps preceding, however, the general view of Tiutchev contains a number of inaccuracies (among others that he was the first translator of Goethe into Russian, that there are few poems on poetry in the canon, that he expressed his opinions "virulently"; a note on page 89, by the way, reads "Tyutchev had known Zhukovsky as a child"), and a great deal that is muddled, arbitrary, poorly expressed, and almost impossible to understand.

It is always arguable whether a translator has made a conscious but unhappy choice or an error. The principles Zeldin espouses are exactness and the conveying of it as poetry. The kind of insensitivity to language already noted does not bode well for the poems, and most of them present a gross distortion and a sort of travesty of poetic diction. There are grotesque passages such as "So long, so long, O blissful South / Since I saw you face to face" (p. 63) and "I love your eyes, my love [*Liubliu glaza tvoi, moi drug*]" (p. 59); impossible images such as "The threaded trail of pearl drops dropping" ("Spring Storm," p. 28); words that do not exist ("The sky of night is louring"—*Nochnoe nebo tak ugruimo*); and words that jar, such as "pave" used as a noun, that is, "pavement" (p. 76), or are a dictionary alternative that cannot be used in this context, as "motley trees" for *pestrota derev*.

There is a consistent failure to appreciate augmentative functions and emphasis by inversion. None of the thirteen poems that begin "And . . ." in Russian do so here; only four of the seven beginning "*Est'* . . ." start "There is . . .," and very few of the twenty-three negatives (*ne* or *net*) appear that way. Surely "Nor is there feeling in your eyes" is closer to Tiutchev than "There is no. . ." One may argue about emphasis: Russian "i . . . i" need not necessarily be rendered by "both . . . and," though it probably should be in Tiutchev. One may also argue about other translations, as in the beginning of "Silentium!" But line seven should read "How *can* the heart express itself" rather than "How does the heart speak out." And Tiutchev's most famous line, also from this poem, "A thought

once uttered is a lie," appears as "Pronounced thought is a lie," which is neither English nor Tiutchev. Nor are most of the other poems.

There are peculiar renderings, such as "In the gloom-filled depths of the dark" for *v sumrake glubokom* (p. 27), and outright mistakes: the lyre in "Problek" mourns "across the skies" rather than "for the heavens" (p. 27); "I lay deaf to this chaos" rather than "Deafened by . . .," and "both capriciously inwardly played" (!) for "played (toyed) with me" (in "Son na more").

The footnoting depends heavily on Soviet texts, but is sometimes wrong, sometimes unnecessary ("The addressee of this poem is unknown"), sometimes misleading in indicating liberties taken in the text and specific meanings rendered differently—misleading because it implies that the text elsewhere is correct. There is a line in "Napoleon's Tomb" translated with no reference to the original, footnoted "This line could also read . . ." and then the correct translation. But there is no ambiguity in Tiutchev's text at all.

The clumsy versions debase Tiutchev's art and perform him a disservice.

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TURGENEV-ROMANIST. By *A. Batiuto*. Leningrad: "Nauka," 1972. 389 pp. 1.49 rubles.

Potentially this volume would be a welcome addition to Turgenev scholarship and could serve as an introduction to Turgenev's work for the uninformed reader. Unfortunately the book does not fulfill those expectations. This is the more regrettable because Batiuto already has established himself as a specialist in Turgenev studies through some stimulating articles on sparsely illuminated aspects of Turgenev's fiction. The specialist will accept the present monograph as a collection of uneven articles on various topics and, since it is published under the "responsible editorship" of G. A. Bialy, will be prepared to find a renewed defense of Turgenev's "enrichment of the realistic literary tradition begun by Pushkin, Lermontov, and Gogol" (p. 3) and a staunch reaffirmation of Turgenev as the "champion of realistic aesthetics in literature" (pp. 36, 166, 227).

The first article sets the tone appropriately. In it Batiuto does justice to its title, "The Sociopolitical Contents of Turgenev's Novels," by repeating the hackneyed assertions of established Soviet critics and by referring again and again to the authority of radical nineteenth-century critics and to Lenin's sacred pronouncements. When at the end of this disappointing introduction Batiuto discloses his intention to examine diverse components of Turgenev's "synthetic art," including philosophical and aesthetic problems, one is tempted to assume that this first article serves as a shield behind which the author will turn to more interesting aspects of Turgenev's work.

But the following chapter, in which Batiuto concentrates on the philosophical and aesthetic connection of Turgenev's major novels with the "mysterious tales," is also not satisfactory. The author reiterates much that is known from his earlier articles and from essays by prominent Turgenev scholars. In his overbearing insistence on Turgenev's "materialistic world view" (pp. 44, 70, 81, 107, 131), Batiuto overlooks the part of Schiller, Schelling, and the German Romanticists generally in Turgenev's intellectual growth; he also minimizes Schopenhauer's role in order to give priority to the influence of classical thinkers of Greco-Roman