found in the six-page introduction by the official editor, Tsonko Genov, senior research associate at the Bulgarian Academy's Historical Institute.

Teodor Dimitrov, the author/compiler appears to have done extensive, but spotty, research. He provides details of Januarius's (not "Ianuari") family and early life that are not generally known. Most of MacGahan's earlier career as a roving and war correspondent was for the *New York Herald*, and for the curmudgeon, Bennett. After assignments in Spain, Cuba, and the Artic, MacGahan and Bennett parted company. Previously, he had reported on the Franco-Prussian War and on the Paris Commune. The book includes a description of MacGahan in Russia, scene of one of journalism's most famous exploits, his four-hundred-mile solitary desert chase after General Kaufman's expedition against Khiva. Especially interesting is the account by MacGahan's Russian wife—the talented and enterprising Varvara Elagina—of her six years with him (pp. 36-45).

Naturally, MacGahan's exposure of Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria is featured, but so too is the role of Eugene Schuyler, U.S. legation secretary and consul general in Constantinople. Unfortunately, only a page and a half is devoted to MacGahan and the Russo-Turkish War, which he also reported for the London *Daily News*. It was fitting that MacGahan should be present at the declaration of war in Kishinev on April 24, 1877, and at the declaration of peace in San Stefano on March 3, 1878, since he was one of the few correspondents to endure the whole campaign. In a sense it was his war. MacGahan's death, eventual reburial in New Lexington, and various commemorative ceremonies are described in detail.

MacGahan's historic letters to the *Daily News* on the massacres which took place in Bulgaria are given in Bulgarian translation, as are thirty-three documents, mostly correspondence between the American legation in Constantinople and the State Department. All but five of these concern Schuyler's role in reporting the atrocities that occurred in Bulgaria.

It is a pity that Dimitrov, librarian at the United Nations Library in Geneva, neglected to give his sources, which appear to include some standard English accounts, such as Harris and Shannon. Moreover, he is careless about quotations. The main contribution of this volume is that it reveals aspects of MacGahan's private, rather than public, life. MacGahan deserves something better.

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DOSTOEVSKY AND THE NOVEL. By *Michael Holquist*. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1977. xiv, 202 pp. $12.50.

This is a very ambitious, difficult, irritating, and uneven little book filled with questionable interpretations and genuine insights into Dostoevsky's works. The style is as uneven as the text. The reader is treated to a smorgasbord of Germanisms, Greek words, modish terms beloved by structural linguists, and occasionally a sentence such as, "There is no metaphysical copulative in the physical syntax of Myshkin's epilepsy." This means, I take it, that Myshkin finds no connection between the cosmic unity he experiences in his epileptic fits and the chaos and meaninglessness of the world he lives in. The pretentious grammatical trappings for this simple notion add nothing new and hinder understanding. The vocabulary is terribly abstract and there is a special difficulty in following the technical literary jargon created by the author. Thus, Stavrogin "increasingly suspects that his life merely enacts patterns that are prior to it. He keeps discovering the power of structure to subvert his lust for a unique identity." (*Lust* refers to animal passion, determinism, and is an odd word

to go with freedom.) Dostoevsky occasionally gets lost while Holquist expounds on history, biography, scientific thinking, wisdom tales, Midrash, Oedipus, Sherlock Holmes, hermeneutics, and so forth. Such self-indulgent meandering, like the self-indulgent excesses of style, can only irritate the reader instead of dazzling him.

One can only admire Holquist's daring in attempting, in one little book, to deal with the problem of identity in Russian history, identity in the genre of the novel, in Dostoevsky's work and life, and in modern man. A good introductory chapter offers a traditional account of how Belinsky, Chaadayev, and others felt about Russia's meager national history, and the importance of the Russian novel in defining national identity. The novel itself was especially suited for this role since it specialized from the outset (with Cervantes) in problems of identity. It arose as a distinctive genre, according to Lukács, celebrating the hero as individual precisely when belief in God and king were fading away; the novel sustained, as Holquist puts it, the "illusion of individuality" (p. 197). Furthermore, Holquist sees it as Dostoevsky's special merit to dispel this illusion of individuality: "Not only God has died, but . . . Man, his presumed successor, has perished as well." This is an astounding thesis in view of Dostoevsky's own passionate commitment to Christian values. Is there any writer who worked as hard and as successfully as Dostoevsky to restate and reinstate man's spiritual dimension? Holquist, like Shatov and Kirilov in *The Possessed*, seems to be overmastered by his theory at the expense of common sense.

In the end, the value of any theory is tested by the light it sheds on specific works. Holquist quotes Lukács: "The novel essentially narrates a search for autonomous self that ends in failure." This definition is shown to work well in all of Dostoevsky's novels, except *The Brothers Karamazov*. It is illustrated by the plots of the novels—the "calculated inversion of plots" which Holquist claims to be a major structural device in Dostoevsky. This means that the traditional Aristotelian plot with its beginning, middle, and end is disrupted in the Dostoevskian novel by an invasion of the unexpected—the contingent—which crushes or humbles the hero, ending his search for an autonomous self, thereby disproving the possibility of freedom. Thus Holquist examines the plotlessness of *Notes from Underground*, relates it to the meaninglessness of the world and history for the Underground Man, observes that he tries to organize his life around fictions in order to keep some sense of reality, and considers this reality to be crushed by contingency in the shape of Liza's unpredictable refusal to strike back at him. In *Crime and Punishment*—seen as a detective story with Raskolnikov as hunted and hunter (searching for his motives)—contingency appears in the epilogue in which Raskolnikov is mysteriously converted to Christianity. Holquist argues at length that this ending is not as feeble as it is generally thought to be, because the genre of the epilogue is not the realistic, logical genre of the detective story, but the symbolic genre of the wisdom tale, pointing to a higher mystery (what or who brings about Raskolnikov's conversion). In *The Idiot*, Myshkin's Christian optimism is shaken by the murder of Nastasia Filippovna, which leads to his madness. In *The Possessed*, Stavrogin is characterized as a kind of supermetaphysician seeking an "absolute ego," complete freedom, only to find in the end that he lives in a world of determinism. Holquist attributes the failure of these characters partly to their lack of fathers, the lack of an assured origin, and therefore of an assured identity, which in turn is related to the discontinuity of Russian history.

The Brothers Karamazov is said to differ radically from the previous novels since Alesha does succeed in becoming a father—he has twelve children-disciples at the end. Holquist offers an ingenious, if not quite persuasive, model for this novel in Freud's account of the Oedipus complex and the murder of the despotic father by the jealous primal horde of brothers. (It is unfortunate that the important novel, *A Raw Youth*, is not discussed as a transition between the previous novels and *The Brothers Karamazov*.)

At first, these interpretations of Holquist's seem exciting and novel, but on reflection one realizes that the interpretation is either incorrect or it is not new. For example, *Notes from Underground* has a carefully organized structure in parts 1 and 2, and its basic thesis is not disorientation and rootlessness at all, but (as Dostoevsky often said) self-judgment and self-punishment. What induces the Underground Man to summon into memory his humiliating past, to condemn himself so harshly, to "damn the underground" even while he chooses to live in it? Is it not an inner imperative, working even in the heart of a modern atheist? What is the origin of this imperative? As for *Crime and Punishment*, is there really such a sharp break between the detective story and the wisdom tale (epilogue)? Does not that same mysterious force which converts Raskolnikov in the end work unceasingly and just as mysteriously throughout the detective story, creating terror and isolation within Raskolnikov? Where then is the break between the two genres? And can *The Idiot* be trivialized, simplified, and reduced to a secular story about a "would-be Christ figure" who goes mad at his inability to change the world? Why would Dostoevsky want to write such a novel and why was it his favorite novel? It seems to me that Holquist is insensitive to the religious element in Dostoevsky: what is important is not that Myshkin goes mad—that is inevitable and expected—but that the havoc he creates in the secular world merely by appearing in it testifies to man's desperate need to worship a higher being; this, then, is proof of the lasting strength of the religious impulse, even in the modern world. Would it not have been far worse, far gloomier, if Myshkin had walked the earth and *nobody* had paid attention to him?

Holquist's language is murkiest when he tries to explain Stavrogin as a seeker of complete freedom who discovers that he cannot be free. Stavrogin seeks freedom through his unexpected actions and roles designed to astound the public and thus prove that he is unique. Holquist's Stavrogin turns out to be a very immature adolescent and not at all what Dostoevsky had in mind. Stavrogin says clearly in his farewell letter to Dasha that his strength is infinite, "but to what to apply my strength, that is what I have never seen." In other words, Stavrogin does not seek complete freedom, because he has it; his problem is that he does not know what to do with his freedom. Without a belief in God, one value is no better than any other. His boredom increases, his will to live degenerates, and when Liza Nikolaevna rejects him as a moral cripple, he commits suicide. Stavrogin's life and death are spelled out in Zosima's lecture on contact with other worlds.

Regarding *The Brothers Karamazov* as a radical departure from Dostoevsky's previous novels, I fully agree with Holquist—in fact, I published two detailed articles on this theme in 1958, consequently, there is nothing new in Holquist's discovery. I doubt, however, if there is as much cause for rejoicing in Alesha's becoming a father as Holquist would have us believe. Alesha is, to begin with, a secondary figure who is to become important in later volumes. (And if he becomes the hero of two volumes he may also have to become a sinner!) Second, he shares the guilt for the murder of the father by disobeying Father Zosima's order to watch over Mitia (in addition to Holquist's point that Alesha wanted the vicious general of Ivan's story to be shot). Third, unlike Mitia, Alesha never admits his guilt for the murder nor does he do penance for it. (Presumably this was to take place in the unwritten second and third volumes.) The epilogue is best regarded as a prayer, a hope (and nothing more) that the future will differ from the evil past.

As regards such crucial scenes as the Grand Inquisitor and Ivan's devil, Holquist has little to add. Moreover, in keeping with his secular approach, he completely ignores the mystical Cana of Galilee episode which is so essential for Alesha.

Dostoevsky and the Novel is obviously no introduction for the general reader; the experienced reader of Dostoevsky must go through it cautiously. There are some good things in the book: the role of Eden in Myshkin's and Nastasia's memories;

Nastasia's reading of Solov'ev's *History of Russia* (which I had not noticed before); and the fine analyses of *Winter Notes on Summer Impressions* and *A Gentle Creature.* Holquist's general theme of identity—in Russian history, the novel, Dostoevsky, and modern man—is certainly stimulating, but his elaboration of the problem leaves much to be desired.

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THE BITTER AIR OF EXILE: RUSSIAN WRITERS IN THE WEST, 1922–1972. Edited by *Simon Karlinsky* and *Alfred Appel, Jr.* Berkeley: University of California Press, 1977 [1973]. iv, 475 pp. Illus. $18.75, cloth. $6.95, paper.

Russian émigré literature has alway been and still is the stepchild of literary scholarship in the West as well as in Soviet Russia. As far as the latter is concerned, this fact is certainly not surprising; as to the West it can also be explained, but the explanation is rather sad. The neglect has nothing to do with literary values; in part, unfortunately, it is also politically motivated, in part it is a result of the absence of new editions (not to mention translations) of émigré works. Too many literary scholars know hardly anything about the excellence of this branch of Russian culture. Even the sudden emergence of Vladimir Nabokov did not arouse sufficient curiosity to look for similar discoveries. Still, a certain increase in interest can be noticed, and this volume is one of the few pioneering endeavors to attract the attention of the English reading public to a brilliant, but so far nearly closed, section of Russian literary art, one that is very wide and would be impossible to cover in relatively limited space. A close selection was necessary and the editors, on the whole, made very wise choices (it is always easy, of course, to lament the absence of this or that writer).

The short, lucid foreword by Simon Karlinsky speaks impressively about the difficulties surrounding the recognition of Russian émigré literature, ending with the statement: "Russian literature has been far richer and more varied in our century than is generally acknowledged. The political barriers to recognition of this richness and variety can now be seen as artificial and arbitrary. It is time they were removed."

The first part, "Six Major Émigré Writers," contains short stories, essays, and poems by Aleksei Remizov, Vladislav Khodasevich, Marina Tsvetaeva, Georgii Ivanov, Vladimir Nabokov, and Boris Poplavskii. Each section, except for the one on Nabokov, is preceded by an introductory article or note. The section on Nabokov contains the short story, "Torpid Smoke," and an excellent, well-researched article by Alfred Appel, Jr., "Nabokov's Dark Cinema: A Diptych," in which he discusses Nabokov's reactions to movies of his time and their influence upon his work. For this particular volume the article seems too long (nearly eighty pages); the inclusion of one more émigré writer might have been more to the point, and the article as such covers such a vast area beyond any "emigration" that it certainly deserved publication in a widely spread periodical. The introduction to Georgii Ivanov ("Georgy Ivanov: Nihilist As Light-Bearer") by Vladimir Markov may be controversial ("biased in favor of Ivanov at the expense of Khodasevich," in the words of the author himself), but it is stimulating and highly informative, as is especially appendix 2, "Ivanov Book by Book." To counteract the "bias" of Markov, one should read the well-balanced article about Khodasevich by Robert P. Hughes. A fine performance is the "collage," "In Search of Poplavsky," by Simon Karlinsky, a lively, "digressive," and unusual presentation of an eccentric poet and writer. The "usual" introduction—competently discussing Poplavskii's ideas—is provided by Anthony Olcott. Alex M. Shane introduces Aleksei Remizov, and a 1926 essay by D. S. Mirskii discusses aspects of Tsvetaeva's art.