

schoolteacher named Evdokim Nikitich Drozhzhin (1866–1894). Like the Doukhobors both these men refused to swear an oath of allegiance to the Tsar or to bear arms against those whom they embraced as their brothers, and both paid a heavy price for their conscientious objection. After incarceration and unsuccessful attempts to lure them back into the Orthodox fold, they were sent to a disciplinary battalion—a particularly cruel form of punishment introduced in 1878 (four years after the advent of universal conscription in Russia). In 1892 Iziuchenko was sentenced to two years in a penal battalion, to be followed by an additional three years' exile in western Siberia.

His story, edited and translated by two eminent scholars (the diary was previously published in Russian in 1905 as part of V. G. Chertkov's *Svobodnoe slovo* series in Christchurch, UK), represents an account of his (and Drozhzhin's) life in the penal battalion located outside Voronezh. It is presented in ten brief chapters of almost equal length ("Under obligatory arrest", "In No 5 Company—until dinner", "Dinner", "A Work day with the company", "In church", "Activities after dinner", "A Walk", "The General inspection", "In the infirmary", "The Jubilee holiday"). It shows the indignity to which prisoners were subjected—suspicion, ridicule, false charges, flogging and other forms of violence.

Yet through this difficult account there shines, as a principal motif, the remarkable resilience of the human spirit—of individuals whose ideals were based on pacifist beliefs. Iziuchenko's story is told in an engaging, racy idiom. More than simply descriptive, it is replete with dialogues and avoids lachrymose scenes. In some ways its accounts of daily life and prisoners' mistreatment are reminiscent of Dostoevsky's *Notes From the House of the Dead*—even down to the comparison of chapters (cf. Iziuchenko's "The Jubilee holiday" and Dostoevsky's "Stage show"). Both accounts reveal the remarkable artistic talents of the Russian peasant folk but also afford a glimpse of a momentary transcendence, through art, of the unity of both the flogged and the floggers in a union of moral purity, a semblance of universal brotherhood.

The translation reads very well; it is not encumbered by slavish adherence to the letter, but catches the spirit of the work. Together with the authoritative Introduction, this work should prove of interest and usefulness to the specialist and the general reader alike, as indeed was Peter Brock's earlier edition in English of "Vasya Pozdnyakov's Dukhobor narrative" (*Slavonic and East European Review* vol. 43, No 100/101 [December 1964/June 1965]: 152-76; 400-14).

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Ivan Bunin. *The Liberation of Tolstoy. A Tale of Two Writers*. Ed. and trans. Thomas Marullo and Vladimir T. Khmelkov. Evanston, IL: Northwestern University Press, 2001. Pp. xxxvi, 364.

Bunin published this book fairly late in his career, 1937, in France, with the Nobel Prize under his belt and the creative juices drying up. As an addition to the vast bibliography of memoir-biographies on Tolstoy, it adds little. The most interesting part of the book is his reminiscences, as a young writer, of his meetings with Tolstoy, and his participation in the Tolstoyan movement. But Bunin's meetings with Tolstoy were few in number, and amply commented on long before this. There is, however, the presumption that Bunin's words on Tolstoy have added weight because he was an heir to Tolstoy and to the tradition of the classical novel that Tolstoy embodied.

Prof. Marullo's introduction and notes reflect this view as does the blurb on the cover from Ruth Rischin that places this work on the level of Boswell's life of Johnson. Bunin has his excellences, but he is no Tolstoy and he has nothing original to say about Tolstoy. Nor is he the heir of the classical Russian novel, of which Tolstoy is the supreme embodiment. It is true that much of the pre-1914 ferment of the Russian novel passed Bunin by. He eschewed the ideological novels of Gorky (with whom he was for a time close friends), as

well as the feverish mysticism of the symbolist novels at the beginning of the twentieth century. His prose is classical in style, uncontaminated by the ornamentalism of Remizov and the experiments of Rozanov and Sologub. He seems to embody the norms of nineteenth-century prose. Yet, there is something profoundly unTolstoyan in his craft that should give us pause in bringing him too close to Tolstoy. He is like Tolstoy in the clarity and precision of his description of nature and the concrete world about him, but unlike him in that the natural world is not a key to the internal world. Every detail, no matter how small and insignificant has, for Tolstoy, a human meaning. There is no purely objective world for Tolstoy; everything is in contact with our inside and everything inside is also outside. Not so for Bunin. The world for him is sense, and there is nothing beyond sense. Even in such a magnificent story as *Solnechny Udar*, the personages have no "inside;" they are part of a dense network of sense data. They are overwritten by sense, and are what the sense-world makes them. There are no Prince Andreis in Bunin's works. His characters do not ponder the meaning of their lives and indeed his characters do not have characters. Even his celebrated difficult Russian seems to reflect this, with its dense network of participial constructions, which seem to make of language itself a tangible extension of the sense world.

But if he is not Tolstoy, he is Bunin and has his own creative centre. His works look back less to the nineteenth century and more to the twentieth century. He is at times astonishingly modern, for his characters live in a world devoid of reflective consciousness, anticipating the twentieth-century deconstruction of "personality" and autonomous consciousness. The world for him consists of bits and pieces, and it takes all the effort of art to make it whole and even then it is not whole. It is not surprising that he has little to tell us about Tolstoy, and that he leans so heavily on the words of others.

Osvobozhdenie Tolstogo is put together from patches of other people's reminiscences, quotations from Tolstoy's works, biographical remnants and random comments on Tolstoy's life. There is

no beginning and no end and the middle is everywhere; It is a miscellany of other people's views, and as such it may reflect Bunin's own difficulty in finding something of his own to say. Nor is it clear what the title means by "The Liberation of Tolstoy." Liberation from what? From, I suppose, the sins of the flesh and of material life, but Tolstoy was too complex to cut him down to such a state.

This volume, too, is strange in that the notes overwhelm the text. Bunin's text occupies 142 pages in Marullo's edition and the notes number more than 200. Why so much in notes? Not because Bunin's text requires such industry, not because accuracy and care require it, and not because originality or research require it. It is apparently Marullo's passion for Bunin and Tolstoy that require it. The result is a mini-encyclopedia on Tolstoy and Russian literature: entries (sometimes of essay length) on Tolstoy's last days, on similarities to Buddhist teachings, his relations with his wife, the comments of family members and friends, and random notes on everything that Tolstoy touched and touched him. And most of it taken from secondary sources.

Professor Marullo has dedicated his professional life to editing and commenting on Bunin's works. He has established, as has no other scholar, the presence and importance of Bunin in Russian literature. This volume adds to that presence.

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***Anna Karenina on Page & Screen. Studies in Slavic Cultures II.* Eds. Helena Goscilo and Petre Petrov. Pittsburgh: Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures and Center for Russian and East European Studies, University of Pittsburgh, 2001.**

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