

Mir filologii. Posviashchaetsia Lidii Dmitrievne Gromovoi-Opul'skoi. Ed. M. I. Shcherbakova. Moscow: Nasledie, 2000. Pp. 384.

The dedicatee of this festschrift needs no introduction to readers of this journal. Lydia Dmitrievna Opul'skaia is the world dean of Tolstoy Studies (with a strong second specialty in Chekhov)—and if there is any reason for dismay at her being thus honoured, it is because such jubilee publications remind us that sooner or later she might have to step down.

The volume contains an Opul'skaia bibliography of 271 items. Item No. 1 is the *referat* of her MGU dissertation on Tolstoy's realism of his late period, defended in 1952; at the end, among the "works in press," is the astonishing item No. 268: "L. N. Tolstoi, *Polnoe sobr. soch.: V 100 t.* (M: 2000)."

Almost fifty years of professional activity, soon to be crowned by the editorship of one hundred volumes of Tolstoy. Regimes come and go, but the work continues. The six testimonials from fellow scholars that open this volume acknowledge Opul'skaia's mythic status. One trait especially valued is her ability to combine "fantastical capacity for work, exceptional *usidchivost'* at the desk" (12) with a wryness and compactness in her own writing: all the details are kept in mind but the scene is not inundated with them, so the feel of a single consciousness is never lost. (Her two volumes to date "toward a biography" of Tolstoy, which complete and continue Gusev's work, are exemplary in this regard: just the right tiny slice of Tolstoy's voice and thoughts is selected to suggest the balance of the whole.) Some remarkable photographs exist of Tolstoy in his seventh decade, striding down a path toward the Iasnaiia Poliana pond for a swim, with a crowd of peasant children or family members half his age rushing to keep up: that is the sort of cumulative vision and concentrated energy we have here, which we are not likely to see again.

The scholarly torso of the festschrift (38 entries in all) is uneven in quality, as these enter-

prises always are, but with many highly interesting things. One third of the entries are related to Tolstoy, a handful to Chekhov, and the remainder more generally to the nineteenth century. Only five are by non-Russians. There is Robert Louis Jackson's wonderful close reading from 1987 of a Tiutchev poem; a discussion by Patrick Miles on the unstable nuances of the English phrase "I love ..." (when Lydia Dmitrievna says of Soviet Chekhov scholars that "they didn't love Chekhov," how are we to translate that?) (162); a very strong essay by Donna Orwin on the contrasting "psychologies of faith" in *Anna Karenina* and *Brothers Karamazov*, with a luminous comparison of Alyosha and Levin coming into their distinctive revelations under the heavenly vault; a survey by Lee Han Ze on the fate of Tolstoy in Korea (and on the importance of translations from the original Russian, which became the rule only in the 1960s; previously, Tolstoy came through the Japanese); and a well-annotated discussion by Andrew Donskov of Sergei Lvovich Tolstoy's notes on the Dukhobor resettlement project in Western Canada.

The Russian entries, which can only be sampled here, divide into several clusters. The divisions themselves are an interesting cross-section of the genres of Russian academic writing, bent—but not broken—by the pressures and fresh possibilities of post-Communist scholarship.

First are the celebrations: on Pushkin's greatness and Goethe's (E. P. Chelyshev); on Belinsky's and Lenin's criteria for world-class literature (A. S. Kurilov); on why "Nuzhen Chekhov . . ." (N. N. Skatov); on a more contemporary note, there is a tribute to the great Chekhov scholar Mikhail Gromov (M. L. Kalugina), whose devotion to Russian literature rivaled that of his illustrious wife. There is a nostalgic, Soviet-style monoglossic feel to parts of these essays—indeed, rhetorically they are more closely related to the testimonials at the front of the volume than to the genre of a critical article—but they are not without wisdom. Skatov reminds us, for example, that Chekhov differs from the other "Russian greats" not only because they wrote long and he wrote short, or because they were writers "of bright,

almost blinding ideas" (154) whereas for him the world was much more muted, but also because "all our greats"—here Skatov mentions Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoy—"are distinguished by a clear awareness of their chosenness and unconditional greatness" (155). Chekhov needed no such mandate. And one of the reasons he could so value freedom is that he did not depend upon the abstract unfreedoms of humanity as backdrop to his plots.

Somewhat larger is the cluster of "discoveries." These include archival finds, first-time publications, new annotations of texts or correspondence (the lengthy letters of the recently widowed Anna Dostoevskaia to Sofia Andreevna Tolstaia in the 1880s, remarkable for their deep respect, sentimental tone, and feeling for social class; the full text in French of a delicate letter from Tiutchev to his wife from 1853; Aleksei Remizov's ghastly legend about Meliuzina from a Paris archive), as well as new looks at less examined aspects of Tolstoy's work: his childhood compositions, his unrealized adolescent projects, and the real-life source for Kiriushka, Ivanushka, Pelageya—those colorful "God's folk" who visit Princess Marya Bolkonskaia—in the Tula countryside (S. Yu. Nikolaeva). There is a brief and fascinating entry by S. M. Tolstaia, "Commentary to a family portrait" (283-286), recounting family lore about the peregrinations of the now-famous portrait by an unknown artist of Tolstoy as an old man. There is something Gogolian about the story. A Russian painter, en route somewhere during 1914, left his belongings (including this oil-painting of Tolstoy) with a Serbian woman north of Belgrade, promising to return; he never did, and only in the 1920s did a son of Ilya Lvovich, living in Yugoslavia between the wars, manage (barely) to purchase the portrait, which by then was being revered by the household as an icon of Saint Sava (after some time in Belgrade, the portrait was repatriated to Moscow in 1945). The vast, fertile Tolstoy family must have hundreds of such labyrinthine tales, which will never be caught definitively and coordinated. There is a sturdiness to this sort of scholarship, which "fills in" and reconstitutes a past world rather than strives to critique it.

A large number of entries are in the genre "writer x + y," with "y" being another writer or a philosophy. Some of these juxtapositions are legitimized by real-life relations (Tolstoy and Tiutchev, Turgenev and Garshin); others on parallels that are realized only in later generations (Dostoevsky on Lermontov, Zamiatin and Dostoevsky); some, mystifyingly, ride on little more than "textological resemblances" ("Tolstoy and Whitman," 271-77: both *Leaves of Grass* and *Kazaki* do celebrate a pagan sense of nature, but beyond that the sympathies are thin). Two essays deserve special notice: "Tolstoy and the Philosophy of the Stoics" (N. A. Nikolaeva), and "Tolstoy and Lao Tze" (Kim Rekho). The first is a survey of Tolstoy's marginal notations in his French and German editions of Marcus Aurelius—a conventional Russian method for evaluating Tolstoy's opinions on things-supplemented by subsequent passages in Tolstoy's own writings where this "annotated" wisdom surfaces (for example, Simonson in *Resurrection*). The essay on Lao Tze is more problematic. Subtitled "the theory of 'non-doing' and the image of Kutuzov," it illustrates a more general difficulty with Tolstoy and "influence studies." After speculating sensibly on Tolstoy's enthusiasm for Taoism in the 1880s as an antidote to the activism and positivism of Zola and the Naturalists (262-63), Kim Rekho admits that "the cosmology of the Chinese philosopher does differ from the Christian." But this matters little, because "Tolstoy is not seeking irreconcilable differences, but strives to find what is common, what unifies people." From there it is a short step to the sentiment that, since Tolstoy did not know Lao Tze in the 1860s, it is "all the more remarkable" that in *War and Peace* the "image and behavior of his favorite heroes appear to be consonant with the Chinese philosopher" (265). But is there anything remarkable about this? Tolstoy reads widely in world culture to find support for views he himself finds intuitively correct. He does not seek the "whole" of the other philosophy for its own sake—whatever in Stoic philosophy Tolstoy finds not compatible with his own intuitions or anxieties, he simply leaves out—and thus we could say that he does not find

Reviews

a unity as much as he forges one. If a criticism can be made of these two essays, it is that Tolstoy's unification procedures are presented as objective "discoveries" rather than as creations. This activity, like Tolstoy's version of the Gospels, will appall some and thrill others, but it should be acknowledged for what it is.

A relatively small portion of the essays here are genuinely interpretive. There are Orwin's and Jackson's above, an excellent discussion by A. G. Grodetskaya on the semeinoe versus "khrest'ianskoe" in Anna Karenina (why Kitty cannot sustain Varen'ka's sort of virtue, and how Tolstoy's triumphant family principle in this novel has as strong a Biblical foundation as a patriarchal one), a fine essay by V. A. Tunimanov about Goncharov's views on Russia's missionary activity in the Far East, a velvet imperialism that contrasts well with Pushkin's more aggressive rhetoric a generation earlier; and an unusual essay by E. V. Nikolaeva on "Konstantin Levin and the Path of the Russian Intelligentsia," which attempts to align Levin less with Tolstoy's own biography (the routine gesture) and more with the "people of the seventies," whose trajectory also moved from skepticism through a trust in nature toward trust in a Creator (232).

In closing, a word might be said about the texture of this festschrift as compared to similar scholarly tributes in the West. There is still very little—almost no—reliance in this volume on non-Russian scholarship (this lack is felt especially in V. A. Nedzvedskii's rather elementary article on the utopian theme in Zamiatin and Dostoevsky, a topic with a huge and sophisticated literature "over here"). Pure hymns of praise have long since passed from our academies. But in one sense the volume is a model to emulate. We are still dealing with a profession—at least as it mobilizes to honour one of its senior members that makes heroes out of those who are servants of the literary text, not critics of it. It is a Russian high art. (Lydia Dmitrievna is revered as one of the few people alive who can absolutely decipher Tolstoy's handwriting.) Exemplary of this service is

"Who among textologists is not familiar with the smarting feeling of not having found at one time a source for something, when the work is already long in print and one's thoughts are busy with utterly different problems?" (165). The aggravation in question is an unusual word in *The Cherry Orchard*, which Polotskaia had "commentaried" in volume 13 of the Academy Edition of Chekhov; since that time, she confesses, "the vagueness of the etymology of the unknown word *nedotepa* had tormented me." Her essay revisits the word with new elucidations and hypotheses. This torment—of the textologist, the commentator—is the inner world of the philologist in the most pure sense of that word. The title of the volume is well chosen, *Mir filologii*: a discriminating place to be.

CARYL EMERSON
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

ERRATUM

In the 1999 issue of *Tolstoy Studies Journal*, in Robert Whittaker's review of *L. N. Tolstoi i F. A. Zheltov: Perepiska* (edited by Andrew Donskov [Ottawa, 1999]), F. A. Zheltov was inaccurately identified as an Old Believer. He was a Molokan, and in fact the whole group of correspondents whose letters have been edited by Prof. Donskov were not, as the first sentence of the review states, Old Believers, but Russian peasants professing various religious beliefs. Thanks to Ethel Dunn, Executive Secretary of Highgate Road Social Science Research, Inc. (who is herself