

affairs, for example, is now acknowledged, yet the escape from personal difficulties is always found in dedicated work. None of the openness of the twenties has been restored, for the society then was challenging the basic precepts of its prerevolutionary past, whereas now such criticism might reflect unfavorably upon socialist moral values.

It would be unfair for me to criticize Mrs. Gasiorowska's competent book for being no more than what she expressly intended it to be. Yet I found it curiously disappointing, as is the Soviet literature upon which it is based. Not only are its conclusions totally predictable to anyone familiar with Soviet literature, but it unconsciously raises a multitude of unanswered questions about the real woman in Soviet society. How do her problems and aspirations relate to the general phenomenon of female emancipation in the twentieth century? In what ways do they differ from those of women in the non-Communist world? Unfortunately, a study of women in Soviet fiction that will improve our understanding of the real Soviet woman will only be possible when Soviet writers are free to portray life around them as it really is, and not as it is preordained.

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IN RUSSIA. By *Inge Morath* and *Arthur Miller*. New York: Viking Press, 1969. 240 pp. \$12.95.

This book is a large travel diary, consisting of 178 pages of striking photographs by German-born Inge Morath and 57 pages of text by her famous husband, based on their trip to the USSR in 1967. Some of these travel notes were previously published in *Harper's Magazine* (1969).

Morath's beautifully composed and counterpointed photographs make up three-quarters of the book and include a whole series of fascinating outdoor and indoor scenes in Dostoevsky's, Pushkin's, Tolstoy's, and Pasternak's old dwellings. Morath also has single shots of former royal palaces and museums in Leningrad, children in Samarkand and Tbilisi, many churches in Rostov Veliky and elsewhere, a mushroom market, a hole-in-the-wall watch-repair stand, stage scenes at the Taganka and Malaia Bronnaia theaters, and portraits of many cultural figures (Brotsky, Dostoevsky's grandson, Furtseva, Zavadsky, Plisetskaia, Voznesensky, Mandelshtam's widow, Kassil, Ehrenburg, Simonov, Khachaturian, Kataev, Neizvestny, Aksenov, Efremov, and Evtushenko and his wife). One's only complaint might be the photographer's infatuation with horse-drawn sleighs (a total of six photographs).

Miller's text reflects his ultraserious philosophical and social outlook. The following passage is an illustration: "Turning these pages of pictures one inevitably senses a certain gravity, a special sort of weight in Russian images. To me anyway there is a depth of sadness and at the same time a longing, an aspiration in what one sees there. . . . The longer one contemplates people and scenes there, the more convinced one becomes of a pervading imminence rather than a substantial extant factuality" (p. 48).

Miller describes his meetings with people like Ehrenburg (pp. 8-10), Simonov (pp. 19-20), Kataev (pp. 33-37), and Minister of Culture Furtseva (pp. 20-22). He also gives brief impressions of stage productions he attended: *View from the Bridge* (pp. 21, 41; theater unidentified, but probably Malaia Bronnaia), *Uncle's Dream* at the Moscow Soviet (pp. 42-43), *Ten Days That Shook the World* (pp. 43-44) and *Triangular Pear* (pp. 44-45) at the Taganka, *Bratsk Station* at the Malaia Bronnaia (p. 45), *Leili i Mejnun* at the Tashkent Opera (pp. 53-54), and

the ballet *Don Quixote* at the Bolshoi (pp. 60–61). These interesting sections are, at least for the specialist in Russian literature and drama, disappointingly brief.

Perhaps one reason is the language barrier, since Miller writes so little about his meetings with writers, and regarding the stage productions he speaks almost exclusively of *visual* impressions (actor's makeup, physical movement, projected images on screens, etc.). He does make specific references to the language barrier, as when his lady interpreter at the *Triangular Pear* "simply sat there shaking her head and weeping," only able to say, "Oh, it's so beautiful!" (p. 12). Later, when the Millers, Kataev, and Mrs. Evtushenko encounter an odd character near Pasternak's grave (p. 34), Miller cannot understand what he is saying to Kataev, but Kataev explains that the man was quoting Pushkin. However, in a similar encounter in Tashkent (pp. 31–32) a drunk staggers up to the Millers and mumbles clearly understood criticism of America's race problems. If one assumes that a seedy drunk in the provinces would not be speaking English, Miller here must have had an interpreter—who might well have translated whatever she wished?

In Russia also has some small errors in rendering Russian words in English: Pergevalsky St. for Przhevalsky (p. 90), *Graf Hulin* for *Count Nulin* (p. 110), *Mezhd*u for *Mejnun* (p. 53), Yacovlena for Yakovlevna (p. 166), and several mistakes on page 162: Savadsky for Zavadsky, Anismovoy-Wulf for Anisimova-Wulf, Serafina Birman for Serafima (also p. 42), and S. G. Ranevskaya for Faina Ranevskaya. Aside from these linguistically understandable misprints, the reviewer noted only three errors of content: Vasilievsky Island is referred to as "Ostrovsky Island" (p. 77), the Moscow Soviet Theater is called "Akademicheskyy Theater" (p. 162), and the Facets Palace in the Moscow Kremlin is said to have been "built in 1491 . . . during the reign of Ivan the Terrible [who was born in 1530]" (p. 141).

One of Miller's most perceptive sections deals with the theory and practice of socialist realism (pp. 38–40), where he points out that "there is nothing wrong with Socialist Realism as an aesthetic theory, only provided that the artist is indeed a Socialist Realist." He also calls it "an aesthetic yardstick which frequently is made of rubber and sometimes of oak hard enough to crack any skull."

This quotation, and a number of similar flashes of colorful, poetic language (see also p. 63) enrich a book generally characterized by sober, serious prose. Heterogeneous as it is, Miller and Morath's book provides a fascinating look at the country and people that have so intrigued Westerners, be they Russian-area specialists, writers like Arthur Miller, or the general public.

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NATIVE REALM: A SEARCH FOR SELF-DEFINITION. By *Czesław Miłosz*.

Translated by *Catherine S. Leach*. Garden City: Doubleday & Co., 1968. v, 300 pp. \$5.95.

Goethe's saying "Wer den Dichter will verstehen muss nach Dichter Lande gehen" is very true of Miłosz, a poet. But a journey to his country is hardly possible. His beloved homeland exists today in history, in poetry, and in the memory of the older generation of its sons rather than in reality. It was old Lithuania, which has been erased from the political map of Europe and whose specific cultural tradition seems to have been broken down under the Soviet occupation. Miłosz's book invites us to an imaginative journey to a culture and time that have passed away.