VIRGINIA WOOLF AND SOME ASPECTS OF THE RUSSIAN NOVEL OF THE 19TH CENTURY

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UDK 820.091:882

This essay tends to discuss the validity of Mrs. Woolf's observations as they relate to one or more Russian novels of the nineteenth century and one or more English novels of the same period. Furthermore, the degree to which some twentieth century English fiction (including that of Virginia Woolf herself) has tended toward the kind of content and treatment regarded as specifically Russian in the foregoing quotation.

»Dashed to the crest of waves, bumped and buttered on the stones at the bottom, it is difficult for an English reader to feel at ease. The process to which he is accustomed in his own literature is reversed. If we wished to tell a story of a General's love affair (and we should find it very difficult in the first place not to laugh at a General), we should begin with his house; we should solidify his surroundings. Only when all was ready should we attempt to deal with the General himself. Moreover it is not the samovar but the teapot that rules in England; time is limited; space crowded; the influence of other points of view, of other books, even of other ages, makes itself felt. Society is sorted into lower, middle, and upper classes, each with its own traditions, its own manners and, to some extent, its own language. Whether he wishes it or not, there is a constant preassure upon an English novelist to recognize these barriers, and, in consequence, order is imosed upon him and some kind of form; he is inclined to satire rather than compassion, to scrutiny of society rather than understanding of individuals them selves.

No such restraints were laid on Dostoievsky. It is all the same to him whether you are noble or simple, a tramp or a great lady. Whoever you are, you are the vessel of this perplexed liquid, this cloudy yeasty, precious stuff, the soul. The soul is not restrained by barriers ... nothing is outside Dostoievsky 's province: and when he is tired, he does not stop, he goes on. He cannot restrain himself. Out it tumbles upon us, hot scalding, mixed, marvellous, terrible, opressive the human soul.«[1]

Virginia Woolf, in her discussion of Russian literature as opposed to English literature in her essay »The Russian Point of View« asserts that English literature:

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[1] Virginia Woolf, Colleted essays, Vol. 1. »The Bussian Point of View«, The Hogarth Press, London, 1966, p. 147.

> Society is sorted out into lower, middle, and upper classes, each with its own traditions, its own manners, and, to some extent, its own language... there is a constant pressure upon an English novelist to recognize these barriers, and, in consequence, order is imposed on him and some kind of form; he is inclined to satire rather than to compassion, to scrutiny of society rather than understanding of individuals themselves.

I agree with Virginia Woolf to a certain degree, although I think that she generalizes from her own reading experience to an excessive degree. It is the rather impressionistic point of view to which a vigorous personality like Virginia Woolf's would be easily prone, since her creative imagination tends to substitute interior data for objective realities. Certainly what she says about the English novel (I am thinking of nineteenth century in particular) is valid if one takes it from the point of view of traditon, of life in society, or if one wants to discuss the Zeitgeist of a certain period, or the link between past and present.

It is true that the nineteenth century novelist not only faced a more severely changing world than earlier novelists, but also found himself in a position of greater imortance. The novelist was becoming increasingly aware of his »role« in society, and the novel itself becoming socially conscious in a way rarely attained previously. The novel reflected the main issues of the day: rapid industrial and commercial growth, the establishment of democratic institutions, migration to the cities, the post-Darwinian science, the social consequences of evolution, etc., to list only some of the main issues. To proceed would sound too dry, and it is not the point of my discussion.

Although most nineteenth century novelists were not categorically social critics, nevertheless to read the novel starting with Jane Austen to Thomas Hardy is to attain the flavor and the substance of nineteenth century social, political, and cultural life in a way that no other literary type can provide.

In spite of the fact that social and political content played an important role in the nineteenth century English fiction, and sometimes it seemed to dominate at the expense of art, one should remember that the Victorian novelist was concerned with art, although not so consciously as the twentieth century novelist of the type of Henry James, Joyce, or Conrad.

One must also admit that there is a certain lack of »extremism« in the English novel - the lack of violence which is certainly present to a great extent in Russian fiction, especially in the case of Dostoevsky. But what does one make of a case like Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights* (1847)? One can hardly say that she is concerned with society and its strata, manners, or its ironies. Her novel abo-

unds in what the Russians would term »extremism«, violence, tumultuous feelings of love and hate; she is the unique example of this kind of novelist in English fiction of the nineteenth century.

Although *Wuthering Heights* has its similarities to the Gothic novel, it seems to me that it is closer to the late works of Dickens, Dostoevsky, and Hardy rather than to Mrs. Radcliff's *The Castle of Otranto.* The love between Catherine and Heatcliff is far removed from earthly considerations, for they move in spheres which are unrecognized by the ordinary mortals in the novel. Contrary to Emily Bronte's characters, Jane Austen's, for example, are concerned with dignity, breeding and gentility, in other words-manners; her irony is directed at those who wander ever so little from the expectations of society. Her heroines are directed towards balance and judgment, while her male characters enact the manner of fathers--protectors rather than passionate lovers. Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights* is the opposite of genteel, well-bred, and dignified. He is obsessed with the perpetual heat of passion and revenge; his reason and heart are equally subjugated to this passion. He is sadistically hateful and he recognizes few social norms as necessary for his own or others' behavior. In the inner story of *Wuthering Heights* there is no clear sense of the real world. There are few of the daily events which make up life, and none of the daily amenities are recognized. The characters live within different dimensions, in more heroic terms than the novel rooted in realism usually allows for. There is a sense of violence, of the swirl of the passions of tragic drama. The major protagonist, Heathcliff, is almost a tragic hero. He is partially explained by his unhappy childhood, yet he possesses an element of self-destructive, accumulated hatred that dooms him in the end. Nelly, the narrator in the novel, asks herself sometimes: »Is he (Heathcliff) a ghoul or a vampire«?

Not only the major protagonist, but also the women, Catherine Earnshaw, Isabell Linton, young Cathey, exhibit passions which go beyond those society terms normal. Everything and almost everybody shouts in *Wuthering Heights;* even the very winds swirl around the heights, and as it were, are partially generated by its inhabitants. They give free flow to their tumultuous fury of expression. Therefore I see this novel more as a novel of violent atmosphere in which the intense conflicts pile up, rather than the novel of realistically conceived chains of events.

Keeping in mind Virginia Wolf's quotation, it would be hard to fit this particular novel into the kind of novel that is revealing the layers of society and thus »dictating its form«; it is more a rebellion against the established social mores than its paragon. In its drama and the abnormality of the behavoir of the major characters, in representing a conflict between Heaven and Hell, in its

manifestation of the unconscious hidden in human nature, it is very akin to the kind of »extremism« that one finds in Dostoevsky's novels, - one recalls the violence of *The Brothers Karamazov*. (I am speaking only in terms of the expression of the extreme).

»The influence of other points of view, of other books, even of other ages« does not make itself significantly felt here. *Wuthering Heights* is so far outside the main stream of early Victorian fiction, and society is viewed from a completely individual point of view. It would not be too far-fetched to say that in this particular aspect *Wuthering Heights* foreshadows the novels of George Eliot (although Eliot does have a colpulsion to fit things into social schemes), and later on those of Conrad, Lawrence and Joyce. That is exactly why it would be hard to label *Wuthering Heights* as a realistic novel, or Gothic, or romantic in tradition, for passions and torments rather than rational behavoir or relationships are the substance of the novel. Since its protagonists live in a sort of heightened reality, *Wuthering Heights* is closer to a kind of surrealistic expressionism than to »pure« realism. The fact that such a novel exists in the nineteenth century is certain proof of the narrowness of Virginia Woolf's statement.

Dickens, to take an example of the later nineteenth century writer, whose early career was unfortunately dominated by his reading public and serial publication, was very much aware that the novel could be capable of conveying many things. His *Great Expectations* (1861) is one of his most perfectly wrough works, balanced and unified, and without the episodic linear development that was so characteristic of his earlier fiction. Especially in his later career, Dickens, like Dostoevsky, was very much fascinated and at the same time horrified by the criminal type, and it seems to me he suggests that the impulse towards criminality is much more widespread and much more closely connected with the morals of respectability that one would at first admit.

Pip, in *Great Expectations*, is very much a guilt-ridden hero. He not only suffers for his sin of snobbish ingratitude towards Joe and Biddy, but throughout the whole novel he is obsessed with the idea of criminal guilt. Finally, he is able to expiate his sins of snobbery and ingratitude by accepting the convict Magwitch's claim for his protection and help, by renouncing his great expectations, and by returning to Joe and Biddy. Yet he still cannot expiate his sense of guilt, that is, his conviction of criminality, completely, since it does not exactly correspond with any criminal acts or intentions. There is a »scrutiny of society« present in this novel to a certain degree, but nevertheless I see also a definite understanding of the indivdiual himself, Pip, an understanding wich is contrary to Virginia Woolf's claim. The later Dickens, especially, is increasingly interested in violence, the dark motives of his characters, the criminal

mind, and the complex psyhological phenomena of human mind, and his thus moving farther away from both his eighteenth and niveteenth century predecessors who had definitely influenced his early novels, and moving towards the major twentieth century authors-Joyce, Lawrence, Kafka. Some of Dickens' minor characters (Dolge Orlick, Steerforth, Breadly Headstone) definitely foreshadow Dostoevsky's »underground man«. Also it would be rather difficult to think of Dickens and his work without being very much aware that he is moved by compassion towards his characters as individuals.

When we move to George Eliot, whose sense of human tragedy is presented to us in a precisely defined social context where classes are structured and the work ethic proclaimed, we are aware that her ethical and social generalizations, like her positivistic optimism, emerge more from her omnipresent statement of high moral choice rather than from the sterectyped character and event. She tried to measure individual life against the flow of history, showing society as both the shaping force and as being shaped by each of its human units. Dorothea in *Middlemarch* (1872) is perhaps the first complex Victorian heroine because she cannot fall back on tradition of her parents, and she constantly exhibits rather complex morality which is connected to the power of immediate choice. Once again compassion never dies out of George Eliot's novels no matter which of her novels we choose to pick, and we are certainly led to watch individuals develop, and thus forced to suddenly understand them.

It is Thackeray who, I think, would satisfy Virginia Woolf's description perfectly. One is also brought back to Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* (1813) and the realization that the two authors were social writers in a special sense, for they were not interested in criticizing society in order to improve the standard of life in the lower or middle classes; they were social writers who dissected rather than wanted the improvemeit of the given society. Another point of comparison is that they share their sense of wit, controlled cynicism, and regard for gentility. Thackeray's positive characters at their finest fit into a social pattern, and actually their successful development is dependent on their acquistion of a social character. Thackeray saw an opportunity for happiness as a result of self-realization and hard work. And while he recognized that all ideals must be compromised, and all desires only partially satisfied, all illusions destroyed, he is closer to Jane Austen that to Dickens or George Eliot in his attempt to keep people within their natural milieu, and, as the results of their mastering of the milieu, offering them reasonable rewards.

Becky is an unmistakable type, and it Thackeray's terms she represents every woman of spirit determined to succeed and rebelling against the humiliations imposed on her by certain social assump-

tions. We can recognize in Old Osborne every successful nineteenth century businessman, enclosed in the luxurious ugliness in his big house in Russell Square. »How all respectable England trembles at the horror of his anger when he hears his son has married a bankrupt's daughter!« The artistic motive-force of *Vanity Fair* is Thackeray's vision of bourgeois society and of the personal relationships embodied by that society. The sweep and vividness of it, Becky's vitality, the comic and the tragic side of that panorama, all are the result of Thackeray's social vision. It seems as if Thackeray was holding telescopic lenses to reveal the hypocrisies of his *Vanity Fair,* and to show its disgusting, brutal sordidness in spite of its elegant glitter. It is a picture of the heyday of bourgeois society, of the days when an expanding economy could allow for the hangers-on to carry on through the credit it generated. Thackeray's human feeling was, perhaps, rebelling against this kind of society, and yet one has a feeling that he was almost fond of it.

So far I have presented evidence to demonstrate that Virginia Woolf's statement about nineteenth century English novels has to be accepted with some moderation.

As far as Dostoevsky is concerned, I agree with her sense that Dostoevsky's characters emerge as »tortured, tormented souls... bumped and battered on the stones at the bottom«, and, to use another quotation from the same essay, that »men are at the same time villains and saints; their acts are at once beautiful and despicable, »and that they »love and hate at the same time. There is none of that precise division between good and bad to which we are used. Often those for whom we feel most affection are the greatest criminals, and the most abject sinners move us to the strongest admiration as well as love«.

It is a very well known fact that Dostoevsky was one of the first novelists to ponder in depth the psychological ambivalence of contrasting the most intense emotions, love and hate, pride and humility, generosity and sheer selfishness. His characters passionately pursue whatever happen to be their individual obsessions and thus become oblivious to the limits that are characteristic of normal human behavior. That is how they expose their inner being. In creating such characters, Dostoevsky has explored the depths of the human soul and illuminated its contradictions. This element certainly contributes greatly to Dostoevsky's popularity in Western culture. »The soul is not restrained by barriers . . . nothing is outside Dostoievsky's province«, and it is exactly this that is so compelling in Dostoevsky to watch the character pouring out his soul, giving expression to inner impulses »while all the outward appearances would demand it to be contained.« It is no great wonder then that Western literary observers and authors found these outpourings

of »the precious, yeasty stuff« rather alien to their contained and rather controlled fiction. Erich Auerbach in his *Mimesis* expressed somewhat similar reactions to Dostoevsky:

> There is something truly monstrous-especially in Dostoevsky but elsewhore too — in the change from love to hatred, from humble devotion to animal brutality, from a passionate love of truth to the most vulgar lust for pleasure, from pious simplicity to the most cruel cynicism Such changes often occur in one person almost without transition — in tremendous and unpredictable oscillations... When the great Russians, especially Dostoevsky, became known in Central and Western Europe, the immense spiritual potential and the directness of expression which their amazed readers encountered in their works seemed like a revelation of how the mixture of realism and tragedy might at last attain its true fulfillment.[2]

Dostoevsky, it seems, did not recognize any form of restriction. The fresh and profound insights which Dostoevsky added to our knowledge of the human soul have been discussed by many critics. Dmitri Merezhknowsky called him »the seer of the spirit«[3] as opposed to Tolstoy whom he called »the seer of the flesh«; Berdyaev, who evaluated the theological and the philosophical aspects of his work called him »a master of spiritual discipline«,[4] and Vjaceslav Ivanov attributed to Dostoevsky's mock-execution the later development: »all the spiritual doing and striving of Dostoevsky were henceforth sustained by the inspiration of the newly created man within«.[5]

In Dostoevsky's novels the whole emphasis is placed on analysis of the irrational regions of the human soul. And it is exactly this immense concentration on the inner world of his heroes that also distinguishes him from practically every other Russian writer. Dostoevsky himself stated. »I am a realist in the higher sense of the world, that is. I explore all the depths of the human soul,« and this is what is the core of Dostoevsky's originality. E. J. Simmons describes Dostoevsky's artistic skill in these words: »In realism Dostoevsky created a fourth dimension which concerned the souls of man and women. His characters live through their feelings in the chaos of passions.«[6]

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[2] Erich Auerbach, *Mimsis* (Doubleday Anchor Books, New York, 1957), p. 462.

[3] Dimitry Merezhkovsky, *Tolstoy as man and artist, with an essay on Dostoevsky* (A. Constable and Co., ltd., Westminster, 1902), p. 310.

[4] Nicholas Berdyaev, *Dostoevsky* (Meridian Books, Inc., 1957), p. 50.

[5] Vjaceslav Ivanov, *Freedom and the tragic life: a study in Dostoevsky* (New York, 1957), p. 35.

[6] E. J. Simmons, *Dostoevsky — The making of a novelist* (Oxford University Press, London, 1940), p. 56.

Sometimes this very characteristic of Dostoevsky's art created a rather vague conception in Western culture since it was easily misinterpreted and he was often given the tag of 'a great human heart,' a 'mysteriously mystical soul,' and, to mention the most misquoted and the least meaningful phrase, 'the Russian soul.'

It would be enough to take one of his best constructed novels, *The Brothers Karamazov* (1880), to prove the point and see Dostoevsky in action as his Brothers pull us down into the depths of their complex souls into the world of brutality, animality and absolute despair, and then lift us up (Alyosha) to the heights of spiritual perfection and the conscious effort to maintain it. Dmitry's greatest pain comes from his vacillation between dual impulses. His »spiritual world« longs for self-perfection. »Glory to God in the world, glory to God in me,« he recites to Alyosha, but his spiritual side is debased by his Karamazov animalistic instincts. Being aware that man's spiritual side is his most valuable possession, that he should cherish this treasure and discard the impulses which debase human dignity, he cannot comprehend why man had to be created with such polarities — the base instincts and the striving to attain the higher, spiritual purpose. All Dostoevsky's characters are tormented by this »riddle« that is the part of man's innate nature, the contrast between good and evil. The only dafference between his »good« and »bad« characters is that the good, the meak ones will manage to suppress the latent desire for evil through their strength of will while the evil, the egocentric ones are too weak to resist the temptation.

That is perhaps also the reason that Dostoevsky overlooks the *petits faits vrais* about the physical characteristics and activities of his characters. The way he establishes his characters as concrete and true to life is by dramatizing rather the picture of the psyche. We see them vividly in terms of their inner tensions which they expose mostly in their angry dialogues. They solve them at times by forgiveness and under standing but constantly doubting and striving to gain faith. Dostoevsky's moust usual approach to these conflicts is through violent scenes, verbal clashes or actual events that keep pushing the story on.

One is not surprised then that Virginia Woolf's temperament, not being that of Emily Bronte, was at first repelled by Dostoevsky's »formless, confused, diffuse and tumultuous « manner; yet she was forced to recegnize the incredible power of Dostoevsky's way of exposing the extravagant intellectual and spiritual processes of his characters.

In his novels time is measured by the changes of the inward state of his characters and not by the actual sequences of time. In *Crime and Punishment* (1866) the action takes place in a week; it takes

actually only a few hours to see *The Brothers Karamazov* (1880) tragedy develop, and the events in *The Idiot* (1869) happen between midnight and morning.

This is actually where one can point to the similarity between Dostoevsky and Virginia Woolf's own work, in the presentation of the scene where action develops. That is, what she takes as a scene for her novels is the same invisible realm that Dostoevsky revealed, the experiences of mind and soul creating the action. There are no cloks, »samovars or teapots« or perhaps calendars to denote time, instead there is the time sequence of the psyche.

Within a framework of a single day Virginia Woolf in her novel *Mrs. Dalloway* disposes of her material and through two main characters — Clarissa and Septimus (who in actuality never meet). The events in this day of their lives link them together hour by hour. And from the moment Clarissa Dalloway steps into the streets of Westminster, each episode and scene rises organically from the other until everything reaches a climax by means of a steady subjective progression of the objects which connect the characters either by being observed or by actually moving through space. Mrs. Dalloway's fractured and split personality echoes somewhat Dostoevsky's split personalities. I think, however, that in the case of Virginia Woolf this is her conception of the »modern personality« rather than, as in Dostoevsky's case, a conception of the duality of human nature which is part of the Dostoevsky metaphysic.

Dostoevsky thus compelled Virginia Woolf, or better, motivated her, to explore »the cloudy, yeasty, precious stuff, the soul, »and to demonstrate her belief that life was not« a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged,« but »a luminous halo, a semitransparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end.«

Although when Virginia Woolf published »The Russian Point of View« she did not mention Turgenev, later, in an article which she contributed to Yale Review in 1939, she is intrigued by the form and symmetry of Turgenev's novels. They give us »a ganeralized, harmonized picture of life«, and she maintained that Turgenev derives the structure in his novels from »emotional unity,« not from »architecture.« Turgenev's »ear for emotion was so fine that if he uses an abrupt contrast, or passes away from people to a description of sky, or of the forest, all is held together by the truth of his insight.«[7] She feels that this is exactly why his novels achieve symmetry, and that this also contributes to the feeling of intensity.

[7] Virginia Woolf, *Collected essays,* Vol I, »The Novels of Turgenev,« (The Hogarth Press, London, 1966), p. 248.

On the superficial level I can see the link between her own and Turgenev's work in the fact that she also attempted to impose form upon the novel; — both were in a sense poets in ficton. Unlike Dostoevsky, although striving to capture the ebb and flow of the soul, the reader can always observe the vivid, sharp details which amerge with startling clarity to reveal the innermost thoughts and feelings of her characters. *Les petits faits vrais* are common to both Virginia Woolf and Turgenev; Turgenev tells us in *Fathers and Children* how Bazarov packs his trousers at the top of his case; Virginia Woolf has Mrs Dalloway's thread and needle in *Mrs. Dalloway,* or the paper cut-outs in *To the Lighthouse* (1927).

Of other twentieth century authors influenced by the Russian nineteenth century fiction, especially in terms of content, I can draw closer parallels between D. H. Lawrence and another »giant« of Russian literature, L. N. Tolstoy. Indeed, it would be difficult not to see the resemblances. In the beginning when confronted with *Anna Karenina* (1877) and *War and Peace* (1869) Lawrence considered them the greatest books every written, but this praise later on changed to some sort of condemnation of Tolstoy. What bothered Lawrence is that Tolstoy betrayed Russia through his art, that he had failed to express the vision of life which the Russians needed, that instead he gave it some sort of »Christian-socialism« based on brotherly love. What actually intrigued Lawrence in Tolstoy is »his marvelous sensuous understanding,« and that is what he rated highly in that« seer of flesh« yet he found his 'metaphysic' ignobled.

Lawrence misread *Anna Karenina* in that he accuses Tolstoy of artistic immorality because »he put his thumb in the scale«, and pulled »down the balance of his own predilections.« Lawrence's reading of *Anna Karenina* is to see Anna's conduct as a transgression of Tolstoy's own moral beliefs and therefore she must perish in the nevel. Lawrence did not see much logic in Tolstoy wanting to condemn Anna to death while he so lavishly presented her to us at first as being so full of life. Hence Tolstoy's creation comes through logically because Tolstoy is not the one who condemmed Anna—she is the one who is bearing the seeds of her own tragedy within herself and its patential is gained by the circumstances and the character of Vronsky who was not to sustain the passion he awoke in her and which became her only life-force, and at the same time her nemesis.

In looking at *The Rainbow* (1915) as an instance of Lawrence's response to his reading of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina,* one must consider that circumstantial evidence that when Lawrence was writing *The Rainbow,* Frieda with whom Lawrence was living but to whom he was not married, was reading *Anna Karenina* and apparently tried to apply the similarity to her own situation. The parallels are

rather interesting: the family of Brangwen girls resembles that of Shtcherbatsky's — Anna Brangwen's absorption in her procreative functions can easily recall Tolstoy's Dolly. There are other parallels one can draw which would be difficult to prove with absolute certainly. My main point is that Lawrence in creating Ursula Brangwen in a sense extends Tolstoy's artistic vision by showing us a woman similar to Anna who need not perish in her search for personal happiness and thus can archieve individuality. Ursula Brangwen in her search for personal fulfillment and individuality finds a man similar to Vronsky, who failed as a »male and a man« in a sense that he could not sustain the original love he gave Anna — but turned out to be merely a social instrument. Screbensky in *The Rainbow* is also »an officer« in the army and he also collapses, to use Lawrence's own terminology as »a man and a male.« Ursula Brangwen does not cease her quest after she finds out that her lover leaves her unsatisfied, Tolstoy's heroine — according to Lawrence — takes the easy way out, and as it were, Lawrence wanted to show Tolstoy's heroine that she should have rejected the man who has no integrity and no manner of individuality. Anna Karenina gives in to her despair and chooses suicide, thus showing her own weakness and lack of integrity, while Ursula Brangwen is capable of remaining her own integral self.

There is also a basic difference in the two authors' approaches to their heroines: while Tolstoy starts »in medias res« Lawrence's novel is actually a »Bildungsroman.« We see Anna at the peak of her womanhood, with that famous »quickness,« while Lawrence's Ursula develops in front of our eyes to blossom into an equally »quick« woman. By the time we see Ursula in her attempt to establish a vital relationship with Skrebensky her character is firmly established; she is not only a »body« without spiritual identity. Thus I would say Lawrence extends Tolstoy's comception of Anna, of whose bodily beauty we are constantly reminded even when we do not know much about her spiritual development. The final outcomes are also different; Ursula tells Skrebensky: »I do not think I want to be married.« Anna, on the contrary, decides to throw herself under the train.

In presenting Ursula's relationship with Skrebensky, Lawrence's novel provides a parallel to Tolstoy's treatment of the relationship between Anna and Vronsky. In Lavrence's novel, Ursula's life begins at the very point at which, in Tolstoy's novel. Anna's life ends. One can develop this theme further in Lawrence by taking his *Women in Love* as one step ahead of *The Rainbow* in that he extends the character of Ursula. Gudrun Brangwen not only rejects Gerald Crich who proved to be incapable to fulfill her as »a man and a male« but goes on to Germany without hesitation together with her newly found friend Loerke, but also emerges as a stronger personality

than her lover who in turn commits suicide. Thus the situation in reversed from the situation in both Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* and in Lawrence's *The Rainbow*. We find a man here at a loss once he is aware of his incapability to give Gudrun what she needs. It is easy to see here Lawrence at work because in his terms the achievement of individuality comes through some kind of creative or purposeful activity and intense sexual fulfillment. This is the issue on which he condemns Tolstoy's limitation of his heroine's development. Lawrence interpreted it as Tolstoy's siding with the claims of nineteenth century Russian society, the claims of »social morality,« and not with the claims of natural or »greater morality.« Lawrence is convinced that in his own intrinsic self Tolstoy recognizes the »higher morality,« but as a writer he betrays that vision by taking sides with society against those individuals who are trying to live from their deepest instincts. It is obvions that Lawrence cannot forgive Tolstoy for refusing to devote his powers as a novelist to communicating his »marvelous sensuous understanding.« That Tolstoy was a complex personality torn between his own passionate nature and the spiritual strivings throughout his whole life is undeniable, yet in this particular case Lawrence has failed to understand the nature of a character like Anna Karenina within the given context of the work. It is very well known that later on Lawrence considered both *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace* not worthy of having been written. And it is a mistake, in my opinion, to judge the earlier work of Tolstoy, his two great novels, on account of his later dramatic change of ideas and repudiation of flesh as best seen in his didactic *Kreuzer Sonata* (1889).

Whether Lawrence exhibits good insight into reading the seeds of Tolstoy's later development in these two novels would be a topic of an interesting thesis, and I think rather difficult to prove. It is certainly true that writers are often better artists than they are good critics, and in Lawrence's case this is quite the case.

Both Virginia Woolf and D. H. Lawrence, while as artists at work they excell in their art, as ciritics they provide quite a different impression. Virginia Woolf's impressionistic arproach to literature and Lawrence's tendency towards eccentricty are equally misleading. Their independence of judgment tends to have often blind spots.

Finally one is compelled to realize that most of the issues that concerned the ninetheenth century novelists remain significant in the twentieth century, although a twentieth century novelist approaches the issues differently given the greater technical facilities and broader range of subject matter.

Sonja Valčić: VIRGINIA WOLF I NEKI ASPEKTI RUSKOG ROMANA 19. STOLJEĆA

Sažetak

Tema ovog eseja je bazirana na citatu V. Woolf »The Russian Point of View«, tj. na citatu iz njena eseja, koji otvara jedan interesantan uvid u neke tendencije ruskih i engleskih romanopisaca 19. stoljeća. Engleski novelisti, po V. Woolf, čini se, teže objektivnijem prikazivanju društva, dok su ruski veći individualisti. Da se svi engleski pisci ne mogu klasificirati kao objektivni promatrači društva u kojem žive, potvrđuje Emily Bronte sa svojim romanom *Wuthering Heights.*

Isto tako ruski novelisti 19. stoljeća otvaraju »mogućnosti« modernih interpretacija s tematikama moralnih sukoba koje onda pisci 20. stoljeća (engleski) proširuju na određen način, ili, bolje rečeno, sagledavaju s drugih točaka gledišta i stavljaju u određene okvire. Obrađeni su naročito V. Woolf i D. H. Lawrence, te su povučene neke paralele s Tolstojem i Turgenjevim.