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A banquet held in the Parker House that evening to commemorate the competition were "Hyperion" (Longfellow), "Hosie Biglow" (Lowell), "The Autocrat" (Holmes), and "The Bad Boy" (Aldrich). Later, Dickens obliged with a narrative of the match, a vivacious broadside aping the vernacular of the sports world. Dolby presents transcripts of the "Articles" and the "Narrative" in *Charles Dickens As I Knew Him* (Philadelphia, 1885, 261-270), as does Fields in *Yesterdays With Authors* (Boston, 1872, 177-183).

RUSSIAN TRANSLATIONS OF HARDY

By Carl J. Weber

An interesting and informative article entitled "Russian Translations of Nineteenth Century Fiction" in the December 1953 issue of *Nineteenth-Century Fiction* (Berkeley, California) contains six or seven sentences about Thomas Hardy which invite further comment. Although the reader of that article was warned (p. 189) that "the present essay [is] based on only one source, ... A Bibliographical Index ..., published in St. Petersburg in 1897," the conclusions and judgments later expressed in the article are likely to lead the reader to regard the information as conclusive and definitive—at least as far as Thomas Hardy is concerned—instead of being what it is: tentative, fragmentary, and inconclusive. These are the statements:

Hardy [is] represented only by *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, translated in 1893. The ignorance of the work of this major novelist defies explanation. He often uses a rustic dialect, to be sure, but dialect had been no bar to the translation of Scott and Dickens. ... Why was Hardy neglected? His folk tragedies should have been of enormous concern to readers of Dostoevsky. The reasons for such an oversight are not clear. It may well be that there are no reasons—that Hardy's relative obscurity in Russia was a matter of blind chance. (Pages 191 and 197)
The words "ignorance," "neglected," "oversight," and "relative obscurity" as applied to Russian knowledge of Hardy's novels all imply the unqualified reliability of the Bibliographical Index of 1897, whereas we still need definite proof that Hardy is "neglected" in Russia, that his works do remain in "relative obscurity" in the land of Dostoevsky. There are reasons for doubting this, and at least one small segment of the evidence may be cited here. The following remarks are based upon the Russian books now present in the Hardy Collection in the Colby College Library.

First of all, it is not true that Hardy is represented in Russian "only by Tess," for A. M. Karnaukhovoi translated Far from the Madding Crowd into Russian and it was published under the title Vdali ot Shumnoi Tolpy at Lenin­grad in 1937. (Whether this was a reprinting of some earlier publication is not indicated.) The existence of this book makes it clear that dialect has, indeed, been "no bar to the translation" of Hardy, for the amusing rustics of Far from the Madding Crowd all talk in dialect. That the Russians recognized that they were here dealing with "the work of a major novelist" is shown by two facts: the book is durably and attractively bound in cloth and not (as is usually the case with books from continental Europe) in paper covers; and it is illustrated with pictures specially drawn for this translation. These illustrations are of well­chosen scenes in the story (Bathsheba opening Fanny's cof­fin, for example), scenes which have been illustrated in no other edition of the novel. These illustrations are, therefore, wholly of Russian origin, and represent something very different from neglect of Hardy's work.

The St. Petersburg Index of 1897 lists Tess as a translation of 1895—only two years after the London publication of the novel. The California article of December 1953 does not name the translator, but if the Russian transla­
tion of '93 was not done by A. V. Krivtzova, then interest in *Tess* has been great enough and persistent enough in Russia to lead to a second translation. The Colby copy of *Tess* in Russian was printed in Moscow in 1937. It is bound most attractively in gray cloth, with blue floral decorations and gilt lettering. The translation is the work of A. V. Krivtzova and is entitled *Tess iz roda d’Erbervill.* There is some reason to believe that this edition of 1937 was not the first printing of this translation—there has been a reference to an edition dated 1935 but Colby has no copy of any such earlier edition—and we of course have no way of comparing the text of our Colby copy with that of the edition listed in the 1897 *Index.* It would, in any case, seem quite possible that the Russians have turned out more copies of *Tess*—for their editions are in enormous quantities—than have appeared in Hardy’s own country.

We wish we were able to report on Russian editions of other novels by Hardy—on *Jude,* for example, *The Return of the Native,* and *A Pair of Blue Eyes*—but no copies of these works in Russian have found their way to the Hardy Collection on which these remarks are based. That does not mean that such translations do not exist. For it can be reported that Slavic translations of all these novels have been made in one country or another, and that readers “behind the Iron Curtain” in Latvia and in Poland, in Hungary and in Czechoslovakia can read Thomas Hardy in their own tongues; and what is known in Warsaw and Prague, in Riga and Budapest and Cracow, is not likely to remain unknown in Moscow.

Although these translations fall outside the scope of the California article, they are perhaps worth listing as evidence of Hardy’s penetration of Europe beyond the borders of French and German linguistic influence. We give the list in chronological order:
Instead, therefore, of concluding that Hardy is “neglected” in Russia, and that “ignorance” of his work represents “an oversight” there, the wise reader will regard our present knowledge of Russian publications as so far from complete as to make it unsafe to predicate ignorance or neglect. There is, moreover, one further point to keep in mind. In the list of all these titles from behind the Iron Curtain, it is striking that not a single one is of Hardy’s mediocre or inferior works—and he wrote a great many such. The critical judgment displayed by the excellent choice of Hardy titles for translation is in striking contrast with the incredibly uncritical American delight in The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid (eleven editions!) and the continued pleasure taken by British readers in The Trumpet-Major. The Slavic translators have noticeably left these works untouched. What we really need is a lot more of fresh, reliable, factual information before we dare draw any conclusions.