other words they attached more importance to the Patriarchate than to the Government of Athens.

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The Wailing Mountain is the story of a man who is alone. It is the story of a man constantly pursued, a man who knows neither peace nor tranquility. His moments of happiness and satisfaction are only fleeting, and his relationships with other people are only superficial. Through the character of Lado Tajović the author vividly portrays the struggle of man to sever the bonds of loneliness and to find a path which will lead him out of the darkness.

Lado Tajović is a young Partisan in wartime Montenegro. He is separated from the main group of his companions and wanders through regions controlled by Chetniks and inhabited by people whom he cannot trust. His life is constantly in danger, and therefore he is always alert and always on the run. Lalić realistically depicts his hero's experiences and aspirations, his encounters with the families in the villages, his love for Nada, his hallucinations, dreams, and reminiscences. Lado soon becomes oblivious to all comforts of life as the desire to survive drives him onward in search of food and shelter.

The author chooses to present the novel from the standpoint of the main character. It is narrated in the first person because the thoughts within Lado's mind are more significant than the actual development of the plot or the other characters, who are important primarily not as individuals, but as a means of further revealing Lado's estrangement from society. The use of the first person enables the reader to identify more closely with Lado Tajović and to perceive more acutely the hardships which he endures. The dreams and visions within Lado's mind are the motivating factors in the novel.

Lado Tajović is a man who is fleeing not only from his political enemies, but also from the devastating loneliness within his own mind. Even when he is traveling with his companions, he is alone and is tor-
mented by emptiness and nothingness. His life is void of meaning and direction as he stumbles through the forests and over the hills, leaving his past behind him. "The scraps of paper no longer exist, nor do the memories of their solidity. Those branchy caves have merged into one, into softness and despair. Everything that's happened and that is about to happen grows more pliant... only the fine porous substance of time and space remains, not as yet molded, to rock in this vast cradle." Lado's strong will to survive—to overcome the lonelines which haunts him—drives him onward. He gradually begins to understand the essence of the conflict within his mind: "In relation to the society which has defeated and banished me, loneliness is my temporary death, at best some unnatural hibernation. It resembles sleep in that it liquifies, changes, transforms those images of the outside world which, within a natural state of affairs (and for a man the natural state is society), seem so different."

When Lado encounters the devil on Wailing Mountain, he knows that the demon is merely an extension of his own conscience—an evil element seeking to destroy him. This demon resides on Wailing Mountain, a region filled with ugliness and deformity, death and decay. "This is the real Wailing Mountain: fallen tree trunks lying like corpses, sprawled out and rotting. Some resemble huge lizards with mushrooms growing on their backs like impetigo. Devils of different sizes jump from corpse to corpse and amuse themselves. The constant movement, in an air troubled with shadows and the smell of rot, causes a quiet commotion which is gradually growing. I approach a tree trunk and the devils jump out like monkeys and disperse—some into the trees, others into the shadows. So they let me pass, and then returned to their playground."

Lado Tajović at last defeats the loneliness which had threatened to destroy him. He emerges victorious; he has found meaning and direction in his life and is exalted by the removal of a heavy burden from his heart. He comments: "I hadn't felt so good in a long time: we knew where we were, we knew where we were going, and I was full of joy at the thought that there was some purpose in our wandering."

In this excellent novel, Lalić qualifies himself as a worthy successor of the great nineteenth-century epic tradition originated by his Montenegrin countryman, P.P. Njegoš, the author of Mountain Wreath.

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