

economic weakness of Russia which determined and indeed "limited Russian commitments in foreign policy." This weakness also explains Russia's successes for it forced the tsars to rely largely on their ability to maintain unusual flexibility, divide their potential enemies and effect alliance with the leading diplomatic capitals of Europe, Berlin and Vienna.

Omissions are usually the easiest and most observable shortcomings in any scholarly work and the author often has good reasons for his or her chosen emphasis. Yet one cannot help but wish that Mrs. Jelavich had paid slightly more attention to the impact of the rapid industrialization in Russia during the reign of Nicolas II. As is known, Russian industrialization was heavily financed with European capital. Also, industrialization and especially the rail-road building unavoidably pushed Russia into Far Eastern adventures which ultimately led to the Russo-Japanese War. Similarly, the author paid practically no attention to the various cultural channels in the Balkans and the Middle East which despite the suspicion with which they were frequently viewed by the Foreign Office, on numerous occasions nevertheless supplemented the efforts of Russian diplomacy in the region.

Despite the above comments and until a more ambitious work on the subject appears, Barbara Jelavich's book will remain a useful guide and reference work to an exciting phase of Russian history.

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Branko Lenski (ed.), *Death of a Simple Giant and Other Modern Yugoslav Stories*. The Vanguard Press, Inc., New York, 1965. Pp. 306.

Yugoslav literature is becoming better and better known to the English language public.

Not long ago the Yugoslavs were known abroad almost exclusively for their folk poems and tales; the amount of translation and discussion of Serbo-Croatian folklore was enormous.

But since the 1950's several years before Andrić received the Nobel prize, more and more Yugoslav writers, particularly novelists and poets, have been translated into English. Lincolns-Prager (London) has published some significant Yugoslav novels, such as *The Return of Philip Latinovicz* by Miroslav Krleža, *Bosnian Story* by Ivo Andrić, *The Poem*

by Oskar Davičo, *A Day in Spring* by Ciril Kosmač, *Glorious Dust* by Vjekoslav Kaleb, and others. As regards Yugoslav poets, particularly the Slovenes, no one has done as much as the former professor at Nottingham University, Janko Lavrin. Besides translating some first-rate Slovene authors (such as Francè Prešeren, Oton Zupančič and Alojz Gradnik) he has twice edited a remarkable anthology of Slovene poetry (*The Parnassus of a Small Nation*) and has recently published a judicious selection from all four Yugoslav literatures. (*An Anthology of Modern Yugoslav Poetry*) In the United States, isolated Yugoslav books have appeared in translation from various publishing concerns. Among them a unique position is held by Harcourt, Brace, and World which, in addition to publishing four of Djilas' books, has also popularized several other Yugoslav writers. (such as Ivo Andrić, Erih Koš, Ivan Kušan and Mihailo Lalić)

In Yugoslavia itself a great effort has been made to translate the best excerpts from Yugoslav literature into English. The illustrated de luxe magazine *Yugoslavia*, whose chief editor was Oto Bihalji-Merin, a distinguished connoisseur of primitive and Western art, included poems, stories, fragments from novels and plays, and several remarkable essays. The most noteworthy achievements in this magazine have been the translations of Yugoslav poets by Dorian Cooke. *Yugoslavia* made a most valuable contribution toward informing the English-speaking world about Yugoslav cultural life. The Committee for Foreign Cultural Relations (Belgrade) edited, from time to time, a publication entitled *Some Yugoslav Novelists*, which primarily contained short stories. Both these enterprises, unfortunately, have been abandoned for financial reasons.

Branko Lenski's anthology of modern Yugoslav stories deserves sincere commendation on several counts.

It is immediately apparent that the editor did his utmost to present impartially three Yugoslav literatures: Serbian (Andrić, Lalić, Ćopić and Bulatović), Croatian (Krlježa, Marinković, Dončević and Desnica) and Slovenian (Prežihov, Voranc and Kosmač). If we compare this selection with the anthologies prepared by Zoran Mišić (and published in Paris), we must emphasize Lenski's complete detachment from any chauvinism.

Lenski should also be congratulated for his attempt to include a variety of subjects. If some readers (and critics) complain that there are too many war stories, Lenski is not responsible for this, for in postwar

Yugoslavia almost all of the literary output has centered around Partisan exploits and the victory over the Axis and their collaborators.

The translations of the stories are not of equal quality and fidelity to the original, but all are acceptable. Some of the translators, such as Drenka Willen, Zora Depolo, Petar Mijušković and E. D. Goy, have already acquired a solid reputation; the others (Cordia Kveder-Milošević, Vida Janković, Olga Humo and Michael Scammell) are not so well known. There is no doubt that the translators have done a most impressive job. In comparing the originals with their translations one is often pleased by how successfully they have rendered many difficult pages. There are omissions or arbitrary interpretations here and there, but they seldom distort the meaning of the text; the numerous question marks in the margins of my copy do not detract from an over-all impression of care and attention.

I shall limit myself to a few remarks concerning the authors themselves. Andrić's second novel should be entitled either the Bosnian Story (as it was incorrectly called in its first English translations, 1958) or perhaps The Chronicle of Travnik (*Travnička hronika*), but not the *Bosnian Chronicle*. Krleža's excellent collection of short stories, the *Croatian God Mars*, is presented as a "novel." Prežihov Voranc did not "join the Italians," rather they jailed him because he wanted to join the Serbian army. His "major works" are definitely not his stories published in 1925, and 1931 (?). His best novel, *Požganica* (1939), is not mentioned. Kosmač continued to write after 1953 when his novella *A Day in Spring*, was published; from his later collection of stories, *Iz moje doline* (which was republished several times) is taken the title story "Death of a Simple Giant." Čopić produced several books before and during the War: thus his *Fighters and Fugitives* was published in 1938 and *The Fiery Birth of the Homeland* in 1944. Dončević's *Nomekss* (*Bezimeni*) appeared in 1944 and *The Peacemakers* in 1956. The analysis of Dončević's story, "The Insect Collector," inserted among his biographical data, has little in common with the story itself: Maksimir, Zrinjevac and the café Dubrovnik are mentioned only in passing. Desnica's literary career was initiated by his first novel, *Zimsko ljetovanje*, published in 1950. Is it significant that Bulatović now travels "in a white German sports car from country to country?"

The weakest and most baffling part of this book is its short *Foreword*. The writer has devoted too much space to the Yugoslav historical and political background, and lauds the Partisans and their leader.

Some biographical information, included at the end of the book, is also found in the foreword. There is very little literary criticism; when it is found it is usually either flat or incorrect.

The writer of the *Foreword* likes grandiloquent sentences whose meaning is often of questionable value. For example, he writes that "the hopeful socialistic Horatio Alger hailing from 'agraria' toward industrialization and affluence needs yet to find his interpreters." A Horatio Alger is possible in America which professes an ideology different from that practiced in Yugoslavia. But if Yugoslav writers continue to wait for "an affluent society" in their country, there is no hope for present-day Yugoslav letters, for their national economy is in very bad condition.

The most acceptable commentaries are those about Krleža and Andrić. But even in these cases one finds some unfortunate statements: Krleža is hailed not only by "Yugoslav officialdom" but also by the majority of critics and intellectuals as "the man who pronounced the conclusive funeral oration over the dead body of a condemned system and who foreshadowed the revolutionary events to come." Andrić in his works does not portray "the *good* Bosnian people" (*italics mine*) *merely* as observers of events around them, for the Bosnians (*Bošnjaci*), with their customs and mentality, with their wickedness and tenderness, with their passions and despair, are often the main heroes of Andrić's picturesque but also frightening world.

There is no doubt that Miroslav Krleža and Ivo Andrić are the two towering figures in Yugoslav literature. Their place in this anthology is unquestionable, but I doubt if they (particularly Krleža) are well presented.

The only story that was translated by Lenski is Krleža's "The Love of Marcel Faber-Fabrizy for Miss Laura Warronigg." To make more understandable his famous trilogy of plays, *The Glembays*, Krleža described his main characters in eleven sketches. Because Laura's emotional entanglements are the central point of his play *U agoniji*, Krleža returned to her in several of these portrayals. It seems to me that Krleža should have been represented by a better story. Lenski himself found it necessary to omit one-third of this genealogical tableau. Stories like "The Love..." cannot stimulate the American reader to learn more about Krleža, who for many years has been the Yugoslav candidate for the Nobel prize.

Since Krleža's the *Croatian God Mars* (*Hrvatski bog Mars*) is unan-

imously considered as one of his most successful collections of stories, one would have expected at least a piece from this book. Lenski could have found in *New World Writing*, no. 11 (1957), an excellent translation by Dorian Cooke of "Hut Five B" (*Baraka pet be*).

Krleža's "Hodorlahomor the Great" is interesting because it shows how the Croatian "provincials," primarily influenced by writers such as Kranjčević and Matoš, dreamt about the French capital, where they found upon their arrival the same human pettiness and social misery which they abhorred in Zagreb. This story is also interesting because it probably describes Krleža's childhood and demonstrates how he acquired an encyclopedic knowledge through voracious reading. Nevertheless, I would not have selected this story because one senses from the outset the fate of poor Pero Orlić. I have reread the collection, *Novele*, from which this selection is taken and it seems to me that the story most representative of Krleža's mind and style is "The First Mass of Aloysius Tiček." In it we perceive Krleža's solid knowledge and rejection of Catholicism, along with his marvelous description of what is occurring in the mind of a young priest celebrating his first mass; instead of having religious thoughts he is obsessed by the painful memory of his girl friend, Micika, whom he abandoned under the repeated threats of his mother to commit suicide.

Andrić's three stories offer delightful reading. "The Story of a Bridge" (*Most na Žepi*), the embryo of his famous novel, *The Bridge on the Drina*, is unanimously considered one of Andrić's supreme achievements. How can one forget "such a wonderful structure in this impoverished and desolate region. It seemed as if the two banks had spurted petrified gushes of water toward each other, that they had met, forming an arch, and remained there, suspended for a moment above the chasm . . . It startled travelers like some strange thought that had lost its way and was caught amid the rocks in this wilderness." The second story, "Miracle at Olovo," describes a sickly girl from a degenerate family, while the third, "Neighbors," convincingly portrays a boastful baron in Vienna, who finally provokes an explosion by his patient listener, the spinster Mariana, when in his monologue he lies about how he tried to provide marriage dowries for poor girls.

The second and third stories are interesting, but would not have been my choice. I would instead have selected at least one fragment from "The Journey of Alija Derzelez" (which was already translated into English in 1935-36, in *The Slavonic Review*) and something from Andrić's

numerous stories about the Bosnian Franciscans or from his marvelous portrayals of women who are seldom a blessing but often a curse to the males entangled with them. (e. g. "Anika's Times")

When Lovro Kuhar (Prežihov Voranc is his pseudonym) published his first collection of stories (*Povesti*) in 1925, it passed almost unnoticed. The author became discouraged and for years abandoned writing. Ten years later there appeared in *Sodobnost* his remarkable story ("Boj na požiravniku"), which was a turning point in his creativity and immediately attracted the attention of the critics. His eight stories were published collectively in 1940 (*Samonikli*, with a preface by Josip Vidmar). Vidmar correctly stressed that Kuhar's early writing was rough-hewn and that his great talent became apparent only in his later works. Lenski, however, did not make his selection from *Samonikli* because he regards the early stories as Kuhar's major work. I am sorry to say that "The Birdman," a story about a madman who from the start is doomed to disaster, neither renders service to Kuhar nor enhances the prestige of Slovenian literature.

Ciril Kosmač usually evokes the sad destinies of his villagers, whom he knew well, and loved in his childhood. He writes with elaboration and a controlled style; the psyche or mentality of his characters are convincingly presented. All these qualities are best evidenced in his novella *A Day in Spring* (*Pomladni dan*; translated into English in 1959).

Kosmač's two stories, "Luck" and "Death of a Simple Giant," written in a traditional and realistic pattern, are well constructed, with plots which unwind smoothly.

His first story (already published in *Some Yugoslav Novelists*, vol. 3) was written before the war (1936), while "Death of a Simple Giant" first appeared in 1952. "Luck" is an original and interesting sketch of a poor peasant who has experienced all kinds of misfortunes, but has always consoled himself with the thought that it could have been even worse. He dearly loves his daughter, Tinka. She in turn becomes pregnant without knowing who the father is, gives birth to a retarded daughter and then goes away to Italy leaving the girl behind. When Tinka finally returns, she is still unwed but again pregnant, penniless and has lost the happy disposition which had captivated the author when he was her schoolmate. In despair she drowns herself and her now full-grown and destructive daughter. Tinka's father comments with resignation: "That was the only luck she ever had, her dying."

In the second story an almost identical social background is presented: we encounter here the "simple-minded" Mata Hotejec, conceived out of wedlock when his mother Pepa was a servant in Egypt; she returns, gives birth to her mentally deficient son and departs. Mata becomes a harmless giant who spends his days doing nonsensical things and waiting to learn who will next give him a huge meal. Though physically strong, Mata Hotejec is not another legendary hero, as were *Martin Krpan* (Fran Levstik), *Yerney* (Ivan Cankar) or *Veli Jože* (Vladimir Nazor); these giants were unlearned, but were quite normal and in their way shrewd peasants; all were hard working and performed remarkable deeds which astonished everyone. Mata Hotejec is not the same "simple-minded, good-hearted colossus" as is *Nikoletina Bursač* in Čopić's stories (p. 9). Whereas *Nikoletina* is uneducated, but shrewd and witty, Mata has an animal instinct for food and consequently develops a strong body, but his mind remains that of a harmless simpleton. Having compared Mata with *Nikoletina*, Lenski gives this highly questionable interpretation of Kosmač's story: "In portraying the optimisms of his 'simple giant,' Kosmač has probably touched upon the most outstanding characteristic of his country and his people!"

More than in his other stories, Kosmač proved with "Death of a Simple Giant" that he remains "a socialist realist," this story being permeated with a strong propagandistic element. We know well that in Trieste and in Istria, the Slovene and Croatian priests suffered many hardships during the Fascist regime. In this story, however, the priest and one peasant are on the Italian side. The priest has no other choice because "the Pope has blessed them (the Fascists) and burned incense over them and it's he who has sent them on their way here;" (p.178) there are other similar passages.

"Death of a Simple Giant" (which takes more than fifty pages, whereas Andrić's three stories occupy only half as much space) was slightly shortened by the editor, but this is not mentioned. The omitted pages logically explain why the story is divided into three parts. Without this introduction it loses its main thematic interest: Friends were discussing how death has been described in the masterpieces of world literature; the author then decided to narrate how even the simpleton Mata feared death, but accepted it when he realized it was unavoidable.

Considering the slow narrative, tendentiousness and similarity of theme of this story with "Luck" (illegitimate children and lunatics),

the collection would probably have gained if the second story had been omitted.

Lenski included Kuhar and Kosmač, both from the older generation and both socialist realists. It might have been better to drop one and present at least one member of the younger generation. Two names come to mind: Beno Župančič and Andrej Hieng (both born in 1925). In Hieng's stories there is a greater precision of language, a more modern structure and broader meaning than in the writings of his colleagues.

Although the recent novels (such as *Hajka* and *Lelejska gora*), of Mihailo Lalić have been highly praised, I think that his "Shepherdess," written during the War with a black-white technique and for propaganda reasons, does not enhance his prestige. It is a pity that such a distinguished novelist is represented by a sketch having little in common with belles lettres. Though Lalić has published three volumes of short stories, his forte is neither his stories nor his poems.

One critic (in the *New York Times Book Review*) objected that Lenski did not include Oskar Davičo in his selection. The editor was nevertheless quite correct. Although Davičo is at times a first-rate poet, has written one excellent novel (*Poem*, translated into English, in 1960) and now is publishing a profuse but interesting tetralogy about the Communists in the prewar Yugoslav jails (*Robija*), he is not a writer of short stories.

And what about Branko Ćopić? If this writer should have been included at all, Lenski did well by selecting a fragment from his well-known humorous work (*Doživljaji Nikoletina Bursaća*). This author enjoyed, during and after the War, great popularity for his now almost-forgotten poems and war sketches. He later published one "roman-fleuve" (*Prolom*), another daring and partly successful novel (*Gluvi barut*) and his third novel (*Osma ofanziva*). In all his writings, Ćopić deals with war heroes and their postwar misadventures; he writes in an old-fashioned, readable and witty style. He is one of those best-selling authors whom the public at large read with delight, but whom the critics usually label "popular," and consequently dismiss. Though Ćopić's work proved useful for export to the socialist countries and particularly to the Soviet Union, one doubts if he has any appeal to the American public.

If the most "representative" Serbian short-story writers were to be included, it is difficult to understand why Antonije Isaković was not selected instead of Lalić and Ćopić. He is an ideal choice on many ac-



counts. He belongs to the middle generation, being born in 1923. He is exclusively a story-teller, and one of the best in contemporary Serbian literature: he reduces his description and dialogue to a necessary minimum; we perceive his heroes from their brief utterances; he reminds us of Hemingway. If the editor already took three translations ("The Story of a Bridge," "Mr. Pink's Soliloquy," and "Luck") from the third volume of *Some Yugoslav Novelists*, he could also have taken Isaković's magnificent story "Midday," from its fifth volume.

Ivan Dončević is best known for his war stories, *Nameless (Bezimeni)*, 1944). Lenski selected one of his rather unusual stories, "The Insect Collector," which was published in the periodical *Republika* in 1953. Though Dončević's story is interesting and displays insight into the mentality of a deranged man, Lenski errs when (on the basis of this story) he places Dončević, along with Marinković and Desnica, among the Croatian "psychological" writers. Marinković and Desnica are leading figures in recent Croatian prose, whereas Dončević achieved a certain fame when partisan and socialist literature was being publicized. Lenski's comment on "The Insect Collector" is surprising; he writes that Dončević "displays a keen insight into those purely contemplative and very Slavic natures." Do all deranged people have "purely contemplative and very Slavic natures?"

If he were obliged to include only four Croatian short-story writers, Lenski should have selected from Vjekoslav Kaleb, Petar Šegedin or Slobodan Novak instead of Dončević. The only significance of Dončević lies in the fact that he is from Northern Croatia while the others (with the exception of Krleža, a citizen of Zagreb) are Dalmatians. This sort of situation is not unusual. The leading voices in Serbian literature between the two wars were from Vojvodina (Isidora Sekulić, Veljko Petrović and Miloš Crnanski), while today some of the best Serbian writers are from Montenegro (Mihailo Lalić and Miodrag Bulatović).

Kaleb is of the same age as Desnica, and Šegedin is four years older than Marinković, all four thus belong to the generation which has already passed its fiftieth birthday. I think therefore that Novak (born in 1924) should have been chosen as the fourth representative from Croatia. He is one of the most distinguished Croatian postwar writers due to his concise, unusual, soul-searching and symbolist-realist prose. If the term "modern" means anything, at least some writers less than fifty should have been included. With the exception of Bulatović (born in 1930), no single postwar writer is presented. It is true that the majority

of those included came to prominence in socialist Yugoslavia (to a great extent because of their leftist orientation, as with such as Ćopić, Dončević, and Lalić), but they had all published something before 1941. Their younger colleagues, often much greater artists, should not have been completely neglected.

The editors of anthologies should be more selective than translators of individual books. If the translations of some Yugoslav novels (such as Olujić's *An Excursion to the Sky*, Oljača's *A Prayer for my Brethren*, and Koš' *Big Mac*) proved successful this does not reflect very much upon Yugoslav literature as a whole. But when "representative" anthologies seek to convince the foreign specialist that Yugoslav letters has nothing to offer, the damage is much greater.

Because I value Yugoslav literature highly, I was disturbed when I read in the *Saturday Review* (July 10, 1965) that "On the whole this collection adds little that is new to contemporary letters . . . The novelty is only in the setting and the names. The craftsmanship of these Yugoslav writers is for the most part uncertain: primarily concerned with content, they tend to neglect technique and plunge along at a rapid, compulsive pace after the idea" (Thais Lindstrom).

One hopes that if Novak, Hieng, Isaković and Čingo had been included instead of Dončević, Kosmač or Kuhar, Lalić and Ćopić, if Prežihov Voranc and particularly Krleža had been more judiciously presented, that the judgment would have been far less damaging and far more favorable.

Two stories by Ranko Marinković are among the best selections in this anthology. "Hands" (first translated in the magazine *Yugoslavia*, no. 11, 1955) is not localized as most of Marinković's stories are, on his native island of Vis. People often admire the beautiful shape of hands and neglect to consider how much blood and dirt has stained human palms throughout the centuries. Marinković's superb handling of this theme, using a dialogue between the left and right hand as a medium is masterfully executed. "Whether they carve knives, sign death sentences, join in handshakes, write love letters, or collect keys, the hands in Marinković's world are but the lackeys of a dark subconscious that cannot be mastered by reason" (Lenski). In the second story, "Ashes," Marinković describes a man who collects old keys. Eleven years have passed since he was rejected by a woman who later married another man. She now asks to serve as a witness during the secret baptism of her boy (her husband as a partisan would be annoyed by such a ceremony).

The unmarried man is delighted to see his rival defeated and thus to take revenge for his humiliation. But he discovers that the couple is in love and in absolute harmony. His hopes having failed, he attempts to commit suicide one night with the ribbon which once bound the woman's love letters to him.

Marinković's stories, particularly in the collection *Hands* (Ruke, 1953), are almost all exceptional. My favorite one is "Embrace" (*Zagr-ljaj*), a story describing a conflict between the author and a stupid, arrogant and dangerous gendarme. He revolts against this manifestation of oppressive power, but is also frightened by the dangers of the struggle. Marinković's characters are usually silly, deranged and disturbed people whose viscera he scrutinizes with an ironic smile. Within his main stories there are often several minor yet remarkable sketches. For example, in "Embrace" we have two secondary stories, one about peasants who cheat the gendarmes, and the other about the gendarme who listens tearfully to the unhappy love story of a pickpocket. These secondary stories are sheer gems of structural and thematic prowess.

Desnica's best stories are well known through various collections (*Frtar sa zelenom bradom*, 1959; *Proljeće u Bardrovcu*, 1964) and translations into several languages. Lenski chose two very indicative "soliloquies"; both are concerned with neurotics who can no longer distinguish between their hallucinations and reality. They are minor employees whose thoughts reveal that they do not deserve a higher position.

Since both stories ("Mr. Pink's Soliloquy"; "The Tale of the Friar with the Green Beard") focus on petty clerks who sink lower and lower through their isolation from the world, it might have been better to choose another story, particularly "Saint Sebastian."

This exquisite tableau portrays a lady who, week after week, month after month, converses with a "dear" colleague of her late husband about how she finds consolation only in past memories; when this loving and patient friend becomes bored and finds another woman who cares more about him, the poor widow realizes how dear he is to her, and weeps. By its sheer reality this fragment speaks eloquently and shows how people change without knowing it.

Desnica is less complicated than Marinković. He gives a clear and detailed narrative. Although at times wordy, he never loses the main theme or character. He likes to philosophize, but his penchant for myths and symbols is less apparent than it is in Marinković's writing. He has recently shown more detachment toward his native province and its

inhabitants; he now avoids irony and presents his subjects with external coldness, as if he were a surgeon obliged to decide on the removal of a cancerous organ.

Miodrag Bulatović (born in 1930) is the only writer younger than fifty included in the anthology. He has achieved a certain international reputation through the translations of his works into many languages, and notoriety by his personal behavior. His second novel, *A Hero on a Donkey* (*Heroj na magarcu*), about the Italians and Partisans in Montenegro in 1943, is well known abroad but has not yet been printed in Yugoslavia.

Bulatović's story "The Lovers" is taken from his first book, *The Devils are Coming* (*Đavoli dolaze*, 1956). This nightmarish collection of stories is filled with quotations from the Book of Job. Bulatović protests also: "Why do the just suffer and the wicked flourish?" Although he portrays the sufferings of the wretched whom society has rejected, he does not attempt to answer the question of why they suffer. He is not satisfied with the reply given by the Voice out of the Whirlwind (*Job*, ch. 38-41): man should not presume to question the motives of God.

While one story, "The Black One" (*Crn*), deals with the Italian occupation of Montenegro, the others deal with bohemians, neurotics, thieves and drunkards in the suburban taverns of Belgrade. The critics were correct in recognizing Bulatović as the most original among the younger Serbian writers, though still without control of his talent and his demoniac world; they unanimously pointed to his excessive morbidity, his nightmarish dreams and his portrayal of human beings as devils, maniacs or tyrants. For Bulatović Satan does not exist; he says that men act like devils toward each other and do everything possible to create a hellish atmosphere in this world.

In touching the extreme limits of black humor, Bulatović is not exceptional among contemporary Yugoslav story writers: the majority wear dark glasses. These writers perceive no other stimuli for human actions than morbidity, the petty ego, and sexual perversity. They rarely deal with normal and decent human beings, marital love, true friendship or devotion to any ideal. This is more a result of literary fashion, an imitation of similar tendencies in the West, than a description of reality. It is unbelievable that the Yugoslavs, a gay and resilient people, have suddenly become mentally deranged. In spite of everything, they continue to enjoy life, nature and those comforts which existence provides;

they are more interesting and attractive than are their descriptions in works of art.

Yugoslavia is undergoing a fundamental moral crisis. After 1945 the old values were attacked and disregarded, but communism has failed to attract the people's minds and hearts. Youth in general is without any ideals. The most alarming phenomenon is the resurgence of violent nationalism.

The intellectuals show disorientation, alienation, mental anguish and loneliness. A sincere search for truth and light is apparent in the works of their younger members. At least in content, if not in structure, they are more daring and factual than were most of their seniors.

Taken all in all, however, Lenski's anthology is a welcome addition to the growing body of Yugoslav literature in English.

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ANTE KADIĆ

Domna N. Dontas, *Greece and the Great Powers, 1863-1872*. Thessaloniki: The Institute for Balkan Studies, No 87, 1966. Pp. 223.

As the author well notes, the policies of the Great Powers relative to Greece during the period of 1863-1875 have been studied largely in general outline, and generally from the point of view of the Great Powers, and there has been a basic assumption that, in the early reign of King George I of Greece, the country was merely a kind of protectorate of the guarantors, France, Imperial Russia and Great Britain. Greece was the subject of politics on the part of others not an initiator of its own policies and aims. Mrs Dontas' study lends no support to this view. To the contrary, she contends that these were years of transition towards a period when Greece gained considerable freedom of action, partly because of the disparate aims of the Great Powers. The British attitude, for example, was determined by the desire of the British Government to maintain the *status quo* and by the tradition of favoring constitutional regimes. France had limited objectives in the area, and ambitions in the West, which ended in disaster, prevented it from playing a consistent or dominant role in Greece, leaving aside financial interests in the Ottoman Empire. Imperial Russia pursued a policy of expedience, its aim being to strengthen Russian influence in Greece as a means of dominating the Balkan Peninsula.