

sence is extremely important as a redeeming factor among the manifold destructive elements of life today. Hence I think that Seferis is not a poet of despair but rather one of hope: not, to be sure, of the easy hope of dreamers or of transcendentalists, but of the hard-earned hope gained after conscientious and harsh striving. Although history has passed with a heavy and destructive hand over the Greek land and people, Greece is not a wasteland. Even its rocks, bare and harsh as they are, live with their long history, vibrating and shining under the Greek sun. Life in its full meaning is not an easy matter, but Greece and its people confront it valiantly and tenaciously. The real Greek does not despair. This, I think, is what Seferis' robust poetry tells us.

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Ante Kadić, *Contemporary Serbian Literature*. The Hague: Mouton Co., 1964. Pp. 104.

As a result of the centuries of political and cultural separation preceding their union in 1918, Croats and Serbs, though speaking what is basically the same language, developed two distinct and separate literatures. The past half century of political amalgamation has done little to change the traditional Serbo-Croat cultural *apartheid*. Jovan Skerlić's comment in 1914 (*Istorija nove srpske književnosti*) that "one of the main features of Serbo-Croatian literature is that it does not present a uniform whole, but rather is composed of separate literatures, weakly linked or with no mutual ties at all," was echoed in 1964 by Milos Crnjansky, who told Nikola Drenovac (*Pisci govore*, p. 56) that "right up to the present time our literature is mainly regional."

Ante Kadić, a Croat by birth, preceeded this book on Serbian literature with one on that of Croatia (1960). His present work opens with a nine-page Introduction, plus three separate sections of nearly equal length: "Western Trends in Serbian Literature (1903-1918)"; "Between the Two Wars (1918-1941)"; and "Present-Day Serbian Literature (1941-1961)." It concludes with an Epilogue and an Index.

Kadić's chronological grouping of Twentieth Century Serbian writers parallels that used by Antun Barac in his *History of Yugoslav Literature*. The inconsistencies of this approach can be seen from the fact that Kadić places Milan Dedinac (born 1902), Dušan Matić (born 1898), Aleksandar Vučo (born 1897), and Oskar Davičo (born 1909) in the latest group

of writers (1941-1961), while he casts Ivo Andrić (born 1892) and Miloš Crnjansky (born 1893) in the interwar group, even though both men have published significant works since 1941.

This arbitrary cataloguing would be acceptable if there was some interpretative framework to justify the arrangement. But this book is mainly a listing of names and comments, plus copious footnotes about writers whose primary connection seem to be the facts that they are Serbs and that they were born at about the same time. Kadić himself is quite frank about the inadequacies of this approach. In his Epilogue he writes:

It has not been an easy task to write about contemporary Serbian literature. Since Skerlić, who died in 1914, no one has attempted to treat Serbian literature as a whole. There are very few monographs even about the most important writers; I have therefore been obliged to rely upon the Introductions to their selected works. Bogdanović's reviews on writers from 1920 to 1930 were extremely valuable; he became involved in politics afterwards and one has serious doubts whether he read entirely the books he talks about (pp. 103-104).

The lack of originality is underlined by the fact that this small book swarms with footnotes. The footnotes are particularly frustrating: some are relevant, many are irrelevant, some attack certain authors (Dučić and Andrić, for example) by condemning their personal and public lives; while others seem to be simple hedging. A typical example of such circumlocution is the commentary on the poets Vasko Popa and Miograd Pavlović:

They are mocked by some critics, but are considered by others as champions of a new poetic wave in Serbia. They are a symbol around which modernists and social [sic] realists either chant panegyrics or shout vociferous condemnations...Whereas Z. Mišić esteems Popa for his linguistic experimentation and preoccupation with world problems, Milan Bogdanović takes Popa's writing as a typical case of absurd and nonsensical poetry (p. 93).

Indeed, Kadić relies too heavily on the opinions of Skerlić, Barac, and Bogdanović. For example, he describes Sofka's wedding (*Nečista krv*) as being rich in characters and colors, "like a Rubens' Flemish kermess." Skerlić used an identical image some fifty years ago in describing the very same wedding (Skerlić, *Odabrane kritike*, Zagreb, 1950, p. 274).

This book could have been very useful as an annotated bibliography had Kadić avoided tendentious and misleading remarks. It might appear to some that the author is simply an overly severe critic who

mixes irrelevant personal and political commentary with literary judgments. But a comparison of this book with its counterpart on Croatian literature forces us to conclude that Kadić is not untouched by the age-old sense of cultural superiority that some Yugoslavs always felt towards their brethren in other provinces. In his book on Croatian literature, the author lavished praise on Tin Ujević, Ljubo Wiesner, Miroslav Krleža, Antum Matoš et al., but his Serbian authors all have feet of clay, and some are pictured as villains (Njegoš, Dučić, Drenovać). Admittedly dependent on other sources for much of his material, Kadić nonetheless paints Serbian cultural history in dark tones. If at times this mark is invisible in the text, it soon reappears in the footnotes. For example, in the very first paragraph of his Introduction he extolls the mosaics and icons of Medieval Serbia which "adorn her graceful churches and monasteries." But he undercuts this praise with a footnote citing Oto Bihalji-Merin's *Byzantine Frescoes and Icons in Yugoslavia* (1960):

Without exception the work of the artists was rigidly controlled by ecclesiastical doctrine. They painted according to fixed precepts which determined not only the composition, gestures, and specific colors, but also the techniques employed. Particularly the painting of icons can scarcely be regarded as pure art in the Western sense (Kadić, p. 9).

Bihalji-Merin's purpose here was to qualify a preceding statement that Western artists had seldom been given the great assignment faced by Byzantine artists after the defeat of the iconoclasts in 843, namely, to cover the walls of all their churches with frescoes and mosaics. But Kadić's quote, taken out of context, makes it appear that Bihalji-Merin was deprecating Old Serbia's greatest cultural achievement.

Kadić also deals harshly with Serbian Romanticism and its attempts to create a new national literature for a people lacking a secular literary tradition. He writes:

Folk poetry became the source of inspiration and the model for the Serbian romantic writers; they regarded the popular myth about Kosovo and the Serbian past as their bible; even in diction and rhythm the romantic writers did not go much beyond it (p. 10).

The author shows little regard for Serbian oral literature (elsewhere he writes that a novel by the contemporary Montenegrin writer, Mihailo Lalić, "suffers from... overwhelming folkloristic impact"), but he might have indicated that a major factor in the beginning of the Serbian cultural awakening in the first half of the nineteenth century was the re-

cognition given Serbian oral poetry by such European scholars and writers as Bowring, Merimée, Goethe, Jacob Grimm, and Pushkin.

In discussing Vuk Karadžić's efforts in the nineteenth century to create a new Serbian literary language based on the spoken language, and the opposition this stirred from the Serbian Orthodox Church ("many clergymen believed that any reforms in language would introduce a Western mental outlook and thus undermine secular privileges"), Kadić does not mention that the Orthodox hierarchy had good reason to fear any Serbian cultural movement originating in Vienna. For nearly a century (from the Great Migration to the Vojvodina in 1960 until the coronation of Joseph II in 1780) the Serbian Church had been fighting a losing struggle against attempts by the Austrian government and the Jesuits to achieve the complete religious and cultural absorption of the Serbian minority. In common with many Serbian cultural historians, Kadić over-emphasizes the Russian role in Serbian cultural life at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Vienna, not Petersburg, was then the center of the South Slav national revival. More than any other single factor it was the educational reforms of Joseph II which fostered the development of a Serbian intelligentsia by promoting the opening of national schools such as the first gymnasium at Karlovci in 1791. From then on, more and more Serbian intellectuals read European literature in the original or in German translation. The growing Western orientation of both progressive and conservative Serbs is illustrated by the fact that in the great debate on the new literary language, the Karadžić and Strati-mirović forces turned to the Czech linguist Dobrovsky for arbitration, and not to the Shishkov clique in Petersburg.

Kadić's composite picture of Serbian writers is hardly flattering: they are "semi-oriental" and have a Turkish fascination with sensuality, especially sexuality; they utilize cruelty and sadism as themes (in one of his footnotes Kadić quotes Milovan Djilas' description of the poet Njegoš, who "played with his victim's severed head as with an apple, and never thought of rectifying his errors and injustices;" Kadić, p. 50). Kadić also mentions Serbian "cannibalism" in his commentary on Dobrica Ćosić's *Deobe*, a novel about the *Chetnici*. He concludes: "They are the logical product of primitive Serbian society, which was more appreciative of bravery, banditism, and extermination of any opponent than of spiritual values. Ćosić's pages devoted to the importance of the "murderous knife" in the Serbian tradition are unforgettable" (p. 91).

Kadić's treatment of Ivo Andrić, while not as negative as his critiques of the poets Dučić and Drenovać, is significant for what it reveals

of his attitudes. First, his placement of Andrić in the interwar group is misguided, for it implies that Andrić has not been active since 1941, whereas in actuality Andrić's greatest works have appeared since the War. Although Kadić mentions that Andrić spent three years in Austrian jails (1914-17) because of his participation in the revolutionary "Mlada Bosna," he nevertheless suggests about Andrić's decision to leave Zagreb after World War I: "Though an admirer of revolutionaries whom he had no courage to follow,... he was afraid for his life if he remained in Zagreb, which was then entering into a long-term opposition to Belgrade" (p. 57). Kadić defines Andrić as a "Catholic by birth" who "switched his national allegiance" for opportunistic reasons. Although his documentation is profuse elsewhere, he offers none for his contention that Andrić was considered a Croatian writer until he reached forty. Nor does he explain how the "Croat" Andrić could have entered the diplomatic service at the age of 32, at a time when Serbian nationality was a prerequisite for any significant government post. Kadić writes: "It has been remarked that [Andrić] has adapted himself with remarkable success to the new state of affairs in Yugoslavia." The reference is to an article by Milan Bogdanović in the *Yugoslav Encyclopedia* (1955), and it implies that Bogdanović is responsible for this interpretation. This is not the case, however; indeed, Bogdanović commended Andrić (*Stari i novi*, III, 1961) for having secluded himself during World War II. "In that way he made it impossible for his name to be used in any way by the dark policy that fascism had brought into the land" (Bogdanović, III, p. 146).

As he does with many other Serbian writers, Kadić criticizes Andrić for his Turkish, semi-oriental *Weltanschauung*. Hence, he writes of the portrayal of David in the *Travnik Chronicle*:

Is Andrić, so rooted in his Bosnian world, capable of interpreting the Western mentality and of understanding David, who was neither cruel nor fatalistic, but a man religiously devoted to his family...? The answer seems rather in the negative. It would appear that for all his long years of residence abroad Andrić's vision was nevertheless constantly turned toward his native Bosnia, and probably he saw all foreigners through Bosnian eyes.

Space does not permit further discussion of the ill-balanced treatment given some other authors by Kadić. Suffice it to say that we believe in his objective intentions; his failure reminds us of the lack of mutual understanding and acceptance that still exists in Yugoslavia.

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