(as far as Slovenia is concerned) he had asked a Slovene expert for advice... Indeed, in his “Acknowledgements” (8), there is only one exception to the rule that only Western European bureaus and experts were consulted, and that exception is the Baltic Council. — Nevertheless, the generous and forgiving reader will find something of value in this book; and, if only Pedersen takes more care, all readers will find a very great deal of value in the next edition.

Tom Priestly, University of Alberta

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The hero of this short book is Andrej Štritof, who was born in a small village near Cerknica in Slovenia and emigrated to Canada in 1925. Only twenty years old and a handsome man, Štritof wanteds to make money and return home to redeem his father's mortgaged estate. As that of many other Slovenes, Štritof’s life in exile was a hard, long struggle with a foreign country, and also with himself as a self-educated artist, who was especially sensitive to the injustices in a capitalist society. He did not have a family; his art was his entire life, and his paintings, which he did not sell, were his children. After sixty years of struggling, as an old man, whose art work — though recognized in Canada — was not appreciated and understood the way he wished, he returned to Slovenia to spend his last years there. He left all his art works and his books to Canadian Slovenes, to remind future generations of their roots and history. This is an abridged story of a Slovene immigrant, a painter who developed from a young peasant man to a mature intellectual artist who, at the age of seventy, was
greeted in the Canadian press with an article under the headline “Goodbye Picasso, hello Stritof.”

Cvetka Kocjančič has presented her story of Andy Stritof, based on interviews with him, his personal correspondence, newspaper clippings and art show catalogs, in “a semi-novelistic form rather than as conventional biography,” as she puts it (Unhappy Rebel, xii). She has succeeded in recon-structing an interesting life story, from the time Stritof was waiting on board the steamer Melita in Antwerp to leave for Canada, until — sixty years later — the time he was on board the Yugoslav airplane that would take him back to his homeland. In the book there are many skilful and sensitive descriptions of Stritof’s early experiences in the deep woods of the Canadian north, of his later social activities in Windsor and among miners of Northern Ontario and professional artists in Hamilton, of his two visits to Slovenia, and of his philosophy and his art. As his friend, Kocjančič is qualified to introduce us, on a very human scale, to the life-span of a creative and rebellious man, with all his disillusions about mankind, science, technology, and the materialistic society.

The book reads like a novel, full of intellectual suspense that keeps you deeply engaged and does not let you put it down before you reach the last page. I read the English version first, which, although similar in content, is by no means a translation of the Slovene text. There are changes in the style (the dialog in the English version are less fragmented) and in content (some historical inaccuracies have been omitted), both of which make the English version more readable. Kocjančič’s story about Stritof’s views and his dilemmas not only made me want to go to Hamilton and personally see his work, but also made me think about my own life as a Slovene immigrant in a society even more violent and disrespectful of human needs than was Stritof’s. On the whole, I found Kocjančič’s writing about Stritof’s life in general much more enjoyable than her writing about his art and philosophy in particular. It seems that Stritof’s paintings would deserve a serious esthetical and historical evaluation in the future.

The English and the Slovene versions differ also in book format and in the selection of illustrations. The English version is somewhat larger, with a beautiful self-portrait by the artist on the cover, and is esthetically more appealing, at least to me. The Slovene version, on the other hand, has more color pictures of
Štritof's paintings and thus offers a better insight into the artist's work; the quality of the reproductions is however better in the English version.

*Unhappy Rebel / Upornik s čopičem* is not only a book one can read for pleasure, but is also an interesting story of the past — Canadian and Slovene — which we want to preserve for future generations. Enjoyable reading!

Lea Plut-Pregelj, University of Maryland

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Resia has been a source of interest to Slavists since the early years of the discipline. Indeed, some of the most important pioneers of Slavic studies, including Josef Dobrovský and I.I. Sreznevskij, devoted considerable attention to the area, and the great Jan Baudouin de Courtenay, one of the first truly modern linguists, produced an epoch-making monograph on a Resian dialect in the 1870s.¹ To this illustrious company is now joined *Society for Slovene Studies* member Han Steenwijk who, in the present volume, has produced one of the few book-length descriptions of a Slovene dialect available in a "world" language. In many ways, it is an impressive work, all the more so because it is based on Steenwijk's doctoral dissertation, and represents his first major foray into the field.

Like other Dutch linguists who have recently been working on South Slavic dialects, Steenwijk describes the dialect of San Giorgio on its own terms, with few references to other Slovene dialects or other Slavic languages. This, of course, is a most valid approach, one with a long history in dialectology. Steenwijk is very consistent in its application, and gives the reader the double benefit of staying focused on the topic at hand, and being able to "discover" the material along with the author. Still, it would have been nice to have this dialect placed in some linguistic context,

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