

in the 1700s and settled in various villages in Istria and Syrmia. We read of Jernej Kopitar's failed attempt to persuade the Vatican to support the study of Old Church Slavonic, and of Jagić's dismissal from the Gymnasium in Zagreb and his subsequent scramble to find work in Odessa. Many vignettes pull together characters of several nationalities, such as the account of Dimitrije Vladislavljević. He was a Serb from Syrmia, resident in Trieste, who maintained contacts with the Slovene community there, acted as a go-between for Njegoš and Vuk, and dispatched books to Montenegro.

In a decade when political divisions cast growing shadows over the history of cultural cooperation in the South Slavic lands, and in Central Europe and the Balkans in general, this fine work will not let us forget the past connections of the peoples of the region. Jelačić's words of congratulation point this out as well. Through Miklošič's support of Illyrianism and the *Wiener Absprache* of 1850, and through his fruitful work with Vuk, Daničić, Jagić, and others, his life is a memorial to the maintenance of healthy and broad scholarly perspectives. This quality in no way detracts from Miklošič's unassailable stature as a pioneer in the Slovene national awakening.

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Joseph Cary, *A Ghost in Trieste*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1993. 291 pages, including appendices, bibliography, maps, illustrations and drawings by Nicholas Read. \$ 27.50. ISBN (cloth): 0-226-09528-2

The jacket tells us that *A Ghost in Trieste* is "part travel diary, part guidebook, part literary history," and promises a "brilliant introduction to an extraordinary time and place." Thus, perhaps, the book deserves a somewhat literary review. I want to say something about the "brilliance" but intend, as seems right for this journal, to give what seems a proper Slovene reaction to this embarrassing, though extremely beautiful, book.

Faced with a book so beautifully caparisoned — full of maps, old and new, and epigraphs and bits of Triestine frescoes and chronologies and wonderful drawings by Nicholas Read — I first just rummaged happily through the paraphernalia of appendices and bibliography and index. The book has the feel of an interesting magazine. A series of translations by the author from

Saba, Svevo and Slataper¹ is followed by Montale's translations of Joyce's Trieste poems — lovely baggage for this trip. In Saba's "Avevo" (200-204) I liked the translation of "il tedesco lurco" as "the swilling german," although I wondered about the Italian influence that did *German* as *german*. It is also a little strange that the start of Slataper's *Il mio Carso* is done as "I would like to tell you that I was born on carso" (208): typos, I guess, and the sort of awkwardness that haunts translation; especially lacking its upper-case c, *carso* seems to need a definite article. When I went to the bibliography I was a little disturbed to discover that there were only two Slovene names in all of its twelve pages: Bogdan Novak, of course, and one Dušan Mihelić, who, I gather, is really Dušan Mihelič. (Accents are a problem for Cary or for the University of Chicago Press: Lovćen, for instance, becomes Lovcén (176)). Sometimes it is hard to tell what is a typo and what, a boner. Cary talks, for instance, of *Jugoslavja* (176). Nose twitching a little by now, I skimmed the index and discovered not one Slovene proper name in this book about Trieste (unless, of course, one counts some of those Triestines *passing as* Italians). I also noticed that there were ten references to *Slovenes* and 21 to *Slavs* and that Professor Cary thinks there was once a country called, yes, "People's Republic of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes" (289). That thought goes nicely with the author's style. Cary is one of those people who (Fowler be hanged!) still says "an horizon" (5) and is fond of words such as *sordor* (133) and *acedia* (225). I gather they're real words though I cannot afford a dictionary that acknowledges them. No wonder Cary loves Trieste. As Jan Morris has said of it, "it is a museum now, but it is still wonderfully evocative of resplendent evenings long ago" (212). Notice: I resort to Morris.

This is a well-intentioned book. Professor Cary, "a sensitive stranger" (168), notices in the Public Gardens that "there are [no statues] of Franz Joseph's *fedelissimi triestini* here and no Slavs either, unless you want to count Scipio Slataper" (168). Well, no, I don't. You can see here Cary's tendency, borrowed from the Italians, to call the Slovenes by the generic name of *Slavs*. What I would have appreciated in this literary history with its appendix of "a complete listing of the essential books of literary Trieste" (130) is some mention of Trieste's Slovene writers. Trying to

¹ Umberto Saba was the pen-name of Umberto Poli (1883-1957), poet and essayist, author of *Il Canzoniere*, an autobiography made of his collected poems. Slovene readers of Italian will find Atilij Rakar's essays in *Acta Neophilologica* 18, 23 a nice introduction. Italo Svevo was the pen-name of Ettore Schmitz (1861-1928). His *Senilità* and *La coscienza di Zeno* are available in English. Scipio Slataper (1888-1915) is best-known for *Il mio Carso* (1912). He was killed *na Krasu* fighting for the Italians.

make the second-rate Slataper, who became important because he died so young, into an honorary Slav is not quite the same as including the genius Kosovel.

Which brings out the essential problem with this book — or is my (our?) reaction to the problem? — namely: is a Slovene reader's objection to the book really fair? Let me begin to answer the question somewhat unfairly. Imagine a three-hundred-page book on Montréal, say, which pretends to discuss its literary history and in which English-Quebeckers are mentioned ten times (and Anglo-Saxons/Germanic peoples 21 times), and in which there is not one reference to a Montréal English-language writer: no Cohen, no MacLennan, no Gallant. But, really, can I expect Cary to know Slovene, or to know of Slovene writers? Is it fair to write a review of a book on the basis of what it should have been? Of course, Cary did not need to know Slovene to be aware of Slovenes as something other than representatives of the earthiness that Slataper hankered after. Ara and Magris's *Trieste, un'identità di frontiera*, which is in Cary's bibliography, gives Slovenes their proper place. Cary's bibliography includes Fölkel and Cergoly's *Trieste provincia imperiale*, so I assume that Cary has read it. There, Fölkel insists that a proper literary history of "Trieste e il Territorio" — and it is to being such a history that Cary's book aspires — has to acknowledge "due linee di letteratura, anzi tre:

"Una legata all'ebraismo e allo psicologismo: Ettore Schmitz, Carlo Michelstaedter, Umberto Poli, i Voghera (Bobi Bazlen vede tuto da un'angolazione piú interna-esterna, 'diversa'); una seconda, che dell'Ascoli a Slataper a Giani Stuparich giunge a P.A. Quarantotti Gambini. Un terzo itinerario: gli sloveni e la terra del Carso: da Kosovel a Gruden." (193)

Slataper is a Carso 'wannabe' and belongs in a different list. For Fölkel, Kosovel is "uno scrittore della linea aristocratica" (193), and Schmitz (Svevo), Kosovel and Saba are "i nostri tre maggiori" (225). Had Cary read the Fölkel/Cergoly book more carefully, he would have had an introduction to the third stream, including the beginning of a translation of Gregorčič's "Soči."

After being properly awakened by Fölkel and Cergoly, Cary could have gone on to find Kosovel in Italian or French or English. But not only does Cary lack Slovene; his book-Italian does not serve him well in Trieste. He listens to "two old ladies conversing in a tongue [he] could not follow. It was the dialect of Trieste..." (29). Which one? As only an occasional speaker of and an eager student of Italian, who has nevertheless gotten along quite nicely, ear and tongue, in Italian in Trieste, I cannot help but wonder, given the shared melody and rhythms, if the ladies were

not speaking Triestine Slovene. Hemingway's Lieutenant Henry, in *Farewell to Arms*, made the same mistake outside Gorica, and so have I, occasionally, even in Nabrežina. But Cary is almost proud of his difficulties with languages. He decides after much page-filling rumination that *sua mare grega*, a Joyce alternate title for *Ulysses*, must mean "Upon a Grey Sea" (174). When he checks his Triestine dictionaries, however, it turns out it means "'his Greek mother' literally, but more precisely, 'his whore of a mother' in the dialect." (179) "Close enough for jazz," as a classical music teacher I once knew used to say contemptuously of muffed notes. I would have been more amused if this linguistic detective work of Cary's had not occurred in the same section as his second-best howler.

But before I share with you the second-best, here's the best (although it's a toss-up). Early in the book, the well-intentioned Cary tells his reader that "the limestone plateau called Karst by the Austrians,... Carso by the Italians," is called "Krš by the Slovenian Slavs who have been the main ones to live on it" (15). What does one do at this point? You can't laugh because the man is so nice. The embarrassment that one feels at such a moment is not only for Cary but for ourselves. How come he doesn't know? Why didn't we tell him? — What has happened becomes clear enough in the section called "Three Farewells," which contains our second-best howler. Cary wants to say good-bye to Slovene Trieste, for he realizes that from another perspective he has all the time "been in Trst" (177). Good man! Then he trips a little on his tongue and his hand and speaks of "*Slovensky Trst*" (his italics, 177). So now it's Slovak or something? Then Cary takes his leave of Slovene Trieste and says (and this was the title of this section, too) "*Do vidjenja Trst*" (177). Did somebody consciously sabotage this work by slipping Cary a Croatian dictionary and telling him it was Slovene? Is there a Monty Python skit here? Is this the work of Yugoslav irredentists? Whose fault is it that Cary does not know the difference between Croatian and Slovene; that his geography is a little shoddy, for he thinks that "the Julian countryside was populated by ... Croats to the south in Istria and Slovenes from Trieste northward" (47)? (Well, that's sort of right). There is a project here for Slovenia and the Slovene community in Trieste. Professor Cary, who admits that he spent only three weeks in Trieste (8), needs to be invited back and given an guided tour by Boris Pahor, for instance, or Božidar Pahor. He obviously wants to learn. It seems to a Slovene, however, that it was a little early in his studies for him to write a book.

It is clear that he has relied too much on Italian sources. It is the sort of thing a Slovene can be sensitive about these days, when

the world seems to be preparing to listen to Mirko Tremaglia and Livio Caputo on recent history. Cary is naive about the period between the wars. Fascism is largely missing, as it is missing, for instance, in the city guide one can pick up nowadays in the Trieste central station. Cary is easy on irredentism, quoting without argument the definition from the *Grande dizionario della lingua italiana* (78).² Needless to say, a Slovene reader will not think that that definition does the subject justice. Cary does tell us that “Fascist nationalism exacerbated the city’s problems with its Slav populace, an augmented percentage of largely Slovene manual laborers who had left their smallholdings above on the Carso in order to find work in the shipyards” (23). In the next sentence, however, it’s already “after Italy’s defeat.” Cary’s confusion about Fascism in Trieste and about irredentism, a proto-Fascism, is evident in his treatment of Silvio Benco. He quotes Benco on post-1918 Triestines: ““They live in a sort of stupor for there is no more need to be irredentist... They peer about them. Are there truly no more Austrians to despise?”” (43) A Slovene reader does not find this as “amusing” (43) as Cary does. But what follows is rather more disturbing. Says Cary, “(In 1932, as Silvio Benco knew very well but could not say in print, the Austrians had been replaced by members of Mussolini’s black-shirted legions with their own irredentist notions about Ethiopia also once having been a part of Caesar’s empire)” (43). I want to be fair about this, and I am truly confused. Is Cary suggesting that the Triestine irredentists considered the Fascists as occupiers? Is he suggesting that the old irredentists are now going to despise these Italians, these somehow crazier irredentists, for to covet Ethiopia is wackier than to covet “Postumia”? Sure, Cary is a fuzzy writer, but to call attention to Benco’s being censored as an example of Fascist terror is a little strange. 1932 was the year when *Il Piccolo* (13 entries in *Ghost in Trieste* but none of them pertinent to this point) published that page with two columns on it: one column of Slovene names and beside it the Italian names which those Slovene names had to be changed to. Wouldn’t a detail like that have made this a richer book? A simple antidote for the Italian version of things would be for Cary to read A.J.P. Taylor’s 1945 pamphlet on Trieste, which reminds us that “the guilt for the ill-treatment of the Slovenes and Croats [in the annexed territories] cannot be placed solely on Fascism; it must be shared by Bonomi, by Count Sforza, by every liberal parliamentarian” (18). “Italians

² *Irredentism*: the aspiration of an ethnic group in the possession of a state considered foreign, to rejoin that state to which it feels itself linked by reasons of history, cultural tradition, and linguistic unity; in particular that movement of public opinion which in Italy, between 1866 and 1918, urged the liberation of those regions inhabited by Italian-speaking peoples still subject to the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

of all parties," he tells us, "agreed in the aim of exterminating the nationality of the Slovenians" (19). Judging by his bibliography, Cary is only aware of a short article by Taylor on Trieste, and so can only say that "A.J.P. Taylor has argued forcefully that its rightful name should be Trst since its current fortunes seem linked both geographically and logically to Central and Eastern Europe" (23). Taylor's central argument is not quite so dry. Looking in 1945 at "the record of the last twenty years," he concludes that "Italy, whether Liberal or Fascist, cannot be entrusted with rule over non-Italian peoples" (27).

At a time when the Italian government is a little post-Fascist, as the currently fashionable phrase has it, and a little liberal, to stretch a term, while we are watching the bizarre spectacle of Italy demanding the return of property some of which had first been seized from Slovenes under Fascism, it may be time to reprint Taylor's pamphlet. Cary, unwittingly, buys into the Italian version of history at every turn. There's the old saw about parallels between Irish and Triestine history with Joyce lecturing to the likes of Attilio Tamaro on the "parallels." Triestine Italians (says Cary, parroting Joyce) and the Irish were "a subject people living under foreign domination" (98). The silliness of taking this comparison very far is all too evident, so a light-hearted Slovene counter-argument may do as an antidote. Says A.D. Person, against the argument that the situation of the Italian-speaking Triestines almost exactly paralleled that of the Irish:

"Really? Let's compare. Trieste's Italians were under the Austrians; the Irish under the Brits. Yup. Britain occupied all of Ireland; Austria, all of Italy. Nope. The Italians bucked the Austrians by beating up on the Slovenes; the Irish bucked the British by beating up on the . . . Welsh who were the native population surrounding Dublin?" (38)

So Cary could have benefited by reading Taylor's pamphlet. Another serious omission in his bibliography is Fölkel's *Risiera di San Saba*. And if I cannot find Slovene books among the "listing of essential books of literary Trieste" (130), where is Tomizza's *Gli sposi di Via Rosetti*? Judging by his inclusion of *Trilogia istriana*, Cary knows of Tomizza. Had he known of *Gli sposi*, he might then have gone on to Stanko Vuk's *Scritture d'amore*. What is frustrating is knowing how much the story of Stanko Vuk and Danica Tomažič (told by Tomizza) would have been Cary's kind of story; how he would have appreciated a series of love-letters written by Stanko from a Fascist prison near Milan to Danica in Trieste — letters from a Slovene which had to be written in Italian so that the lewd censors could read them and so that the Slovenes were reminded which the language of culture was. Had

he known of him, Cary might have put Pino Tomazič, Danica's brother, into his list of local martyrs — San Giusto, Winckelmann, Oberdan. That story I will not even start to tell him. He can find out about it by reading Tomizza. The fault of all this is not entirely Professor Cary's. It is ours too. But this book is part of the easy ride that Italy — pre-, post-, and just plain Fascist — has gotten in this world.

Oh, there are Slovenes in this book all right, but they're there to spice up the gene pool so that Scipio-Slatapers can be born and slum a little in their family trees. As to the style? Would Cary's failings bother me if he could write like Jan Morris? Morris speaks of the Treaty of Asimo [*sic*] (208); you can tell she hasn't a clue about what *Lista per Trieste* is all about: a "regionalist party" (214), whose leader is "wry, ironic, and loving about his city" (215); and not once does she mention the Slovenes, not once. She does not seem to know that Trieste's indigenous Slavs are Slovenes. But she can write stuff like this:

"The sun is warmly rising as we step onto our hotel balcony over the harbour. A couple of fishing boats are bustling off into the bay, a couple of anglers are already settled against their bollards on the quay. It is a shining morning, and across the water down the coast the romantic little castle of Miramare is already caught in the sunlight. But below us along the quayside a long, long freight train is laboriously moving among the parked cars, its engine out of sight along the waterfront, and all its wagons are crusted with snow. *Snow!* Snow from Vienna? Snow from Carpathia? Snow from some distant steppe or forest of Asia? Trieste snow: momentarily snow: snow passing by." (204)

So, all in awe, I forgive her. But there's nothing in Cary to buy me off, and he gets it. It's his bad luck that I have just heard of Gianfranco Fini's interrupting a post-Fascist fund-raiser on the *Achille Lauro* [yes!] in order to helicopter off to the Fourth of July reception at the American Embassy in Rome.

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Lojzka Bratuž, *Manoscritti sloveni del Settecento. Omelie di Carlo Michele d'Attems (1711-1774) primo arcivescovo di Gorizia*. Udine: Università degli studi di Udine. Istituto di lingue e letterature dell'Europa orientale. 1993. 109 pp.

Stimulated by a new realization of its ability to edify, the sermon flourished during the Reformation and Counter-Reformation as part of religious observance, but many sermons acquired a literary importance which went beyond their religious impetus. In English literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the sermon came into full bloom in the hands of such practitioners as Lancelot Andrewes, John Donne, John Tillotson, and Jonathan Swift. In the Slovene lands too at this time, though works of literature written in Slovene were not numerous, the sermon achieved literary prominence. Among the Slovene sermons that have come down to us are those of Matija Kastelec, Janez Svetokriški (alias Tobija Lionelli), Peter Pavel Glavar, and Karel Mihael Attems (1711-74). Attems, in particular, has recently attracted a good deal of interest, leading to the examination and disclosure of archival sources, the organization of conferences, and the appearance of a number of valuable publications, to which Lojzka Bratuž now adds a volume containing six of his previously unpublished Slovene sermons, accompanied by a useful commentary.¹

In 1752 Pope Benedict XIV consecrated Attems Archbishop of Gorizia, committing to him the see newly instituted for the Austrian part of the suppressed Patriarchate of Aquileia. His diocese, stretching from eastern Friuli and the Karst to Carinthia and Styria (thus including the greater part of present-day Slovenia), was a multilingual area, in which the Italian, Friulian, German, and Slovene languages (to say nothing of Latin) were in everyday use. Attems, motivated by pastoral solicitude and

¹ A further twenty-eight sermons by Attems were recently published by Professor Bratuž in a separate volume. See my review of: Karel Mihael Attems, *Slovenske pridige*, edited and published by Lojzka Bratuž (Trst/Trieste, 1993), in: *Slovene Studies*, 14/1 (1992 [1994]), 113-17.