

quotes whole paragraphs of this work in (his own?) translation, but never gives the title of either the article or the book.

Unfortunately the book is a catastrophe in the spelling of Yugoslav names, omitting diacriticals as if they meant no more than accents in Byzantine Greek. The book's absolutely consistent misspelling of the name Karadžić creates the kind of effect that a biography of Benjamin Franklin would. There is no good reason for mistreating the personal names of Yugoslavs, who possess such an admirably definite orthography—an orthography invented by the very man whose biography this book is!

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POEMS OF ENDRE ADY. Introduction and translations by *Anton N. Nyerges*.

Prepared for publication by *Joseph M. Értavy-Baráth*. State University of New York, College at Buffalo, Program in Soviet and East Central European Studies, no. 1. Buffalo: Hungarian Cultural Foundation, 1969. 491 pp.

Professor Nyerges's volume of Ady translations is so pioneering in its subject, and impressive in its scope, that an unqualifiedly negative criticism of its core contents, while often justified, may seem pedantic in the face of the very magnitude of a much-needed offering. Large books do of course have the advantage of leaving room both for high praise and for censure. The documentary portions of this volume—the long, learned introduction and the section of priceless photographs at the end—are excellent. The translating, it must be said, is uneven at best.

There are some happy moments when Nyerges's translations succeed as poetry: when he renders free rhythms ("The Lake Laughed," pp. 68–69) or Ady's curious, almost Dadaistic, repetitive technique ("My Bed Calls," p. 253), or when, obviously delighted by a particular poem, he is inspired to speak naturally and freely ("The Rainbow's Death," p. 225). It is also at such times that Ady's own shining gift for post-Symbolist innovation, his manneristic and sensitive lyric moods and tonalities, are communicated most successfully. All the more regrettable is Nyerges's frequent resort to a balladesque, archaic tone *de chez* Heine—for example, "in ancient halls and mouldy towers / the widow bachelors dance and sing" (p. 114). He also does not know when to call a halt to "shattering the myth" of Ady's untranslatability (see jacket), and in an effort to render Hungarian compounding processes he gives us neologisms that simply do not work in English (e.g., p. 219, "againrising"). Most unfortunate, even offensive, is a blatant mistranslation in a poem of mildly racist sentiment, "I Am Not a Magyar?" (p. 112), in which the Hungarian word *korcs* "birth-defective" is mistranslated as "mongrel" (the note on page 151 does not help matters much). All in all the Léda poems, some of Ady's most consistently lyric utterances, seem to fare best, even in the artistically rather naïve effort that the present offering represents.

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