

any case, for the Czechs this route became a shattering experience that led to conflict between Old Czechs and Young Czechs; the latter could not and would not sacrifice their basic democratic commitment for the sake of national concessions from the side of the government. Here we are led directly to Stanley B. Winters's contribution, which deals with the heyday of the Young Czechs from 1891 to 1901, especially the position of Kramář and Kaizl, and at the same time reveals the basic reasons for the collapse of this party.

In general one may say that in this volume we have a valuable collective work on the history of the Czech people that at the same time demonstrates the high level of American Bohemistics and historical scholarship.

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KAFKA AND PRAGUE. By *Johann Bauer*. Photographs by *Isidor Pollak*. Design by *Jaroslav Schneider*. Translated by *P. S. Falla*. New York, Washington, London: Praeger Publishers, 1971. 191 pp. \$14.95.

This is, so far as I know, the second attempt of its kind to present Franz Kafka as an emanation of his native city. A forerunner, with text by Emanuel Frynta and photographs by Jan Lukas, appeared in 1960. Both endeavors were perhaps inspired by Paul Eisner's *Franz Kafka and Prague* (1950), an original and important study to which Bauer pays due respect, although he does not mention the Frynta-Lukas work.

The joint efforts of Bauer and Pollak differ from those of Frynta and Lukas chiefly in that the former use many more quotations from Kafka's writings—skillfully, for the most part, juxtaposed with the pictures—and fill out the record with several lately discovered official documents and with passages from Kafka's unpublished letters to his sister Ottla. These items, however, add little new and nothing surprising to the not much we knew before about Kafka's brief sojourn in his family circle and the workaday world.

On photographs of persons and places, the text—in this edition, at least—is only minimally informative as to source; sometimes not at all, as with the charcoal and pencil portraits on pages 150 and 184. Of two impressive double-page spreads (pp. 142–43 and 158–59) not even the subject is revealed. Although the book is cleverly shaped to look like a ledger, it lacks a unified list of illustrations: surely an essential feature in a work of this kind, and one which is supplied in Frynta-Lukas.

Yet connoisseurs of photography will find much to admire in each of the composites. Pollak's camera work appears designed to make you feel like Josef K.; buildings, streets, passports, faces leap arrestingly at the eye. Frynta and Lukas aim rather at the aesthetic distance maintained by the mature Kafka. Classicists will prefer the earlier book, expressionists the later. Kafka, I fancy, keeps both on his coffee table.

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