

Pregledni rad

UDK 821.163.42.09Krlježa M.

Hrvoje MESIĆ (Osijek)

J. J. Strossmayer University in Osijek

Academy of Arts and Culture

hrvoje.mesic35@gmail.com

***THERE IS DOUBT IN MY MIND. ON MIROSLAV KRLEŽA'S
SELECTED WAR POETRY: TAKING A DIFFERENT PATH***

Miroslav Krleža authored several poem cycles at the time of the global bloodbath that was World War I, in which he described Croatia in the period 1914–1918, the pain and suffering of ordinary Croatian people at home and on foreign battlefields, and, finally and perhaps most importantly, his own personal feelings about the war and its aftermath. However, these poems, in which the bloody events of the war are the predominant theme, were not the only work Krleža produced in the period in question. Even though Krleža himself participated in this dreadful business of war, as much as it clashed with his views and principles, he was prolific as a writer at the same time. His work *Simfonije* (Symphonies), the culmination of the poet's lyrical enthusiasm for nature and life, was written in this period. As much as the mood of Krleža, the author of *Simfonije* differs from the mood of Krleža, the war poet, his characteristic wealth of vocabulary and the resonance and dynamic quality of his verses, and especially the power of his imagery, make it clear that they were penned by the same man. In other words, all his works share a deep organic bond that extends beyond content, setting and characters, also encompassing the author's subjective expressions and moods, and are distinguishable and classifiable only by the genre they belong to.

This paper examines and interprets a selection of Miroslav Krleža's war poetry in an effort to re-evaluate, review and understand Krleža's social engagement during World War I.

Keywords: *Croatian literature, Miroslav Krleža, World War I, war poetry, literary and historical discourse, literary taste*

Introduction

According to Mihovil Kombol's interpretation, modern Croatian poetry went through various stages of development between the Illyric Movement and World War II. The 19th century is a distinct period in Croatian literature with regard to its understanding of lyric poetry and the requirements the lyric poets were expected to fulfil. Patriotism and the ideal of platonic love for a woman are the two prevalent motifs in overall poetry in this first period, making it tendentious to the fullest extent of the word, with the poets acting as tribunes of nationalism and „celebrators of chaste love“ for several decades (Kombol, 1934: 5). While the beginnings of modern Croatian poetry are associated with the brilliant authors Stanko Vraz, Ivan Mažuranić and Petar Preradović, the poetry of the second half of the 19th century in general brought nothing but stagnation, fruitlessness and verbalism. August Šenoa, the greatest Croatian author of this period, was not a particularly accomplished poet. Dubravko Jelčić makes a note of the fact, underlining that „in political terms, the national revival and awareness-raising movement started and ended under the Croatian name; the Illyric idea and Illyric name were just an episode in its course (...), an episode that was admittedly very vocal and followed a very ambitious programme as far as literature was concerned, but was also very unfruitful in the purely literary sense“ (Jelčić, 2002: 16). Silvije Strahimir Kranjčević broke the conventional moulds with the power of his talent, his spiritual thoughtfulness, and the heat of his emotions, elevating lyrical poetry to the heights it had never been able to reach before. Kranjčević spent eight years as the editor of the *Nada* magazine in Sarajevo, the rallying point for the most eminent Croatian authors, which grew into the most important magazine of modern Croatian literature, and was the first Croatian author who raised his nation's historical reality to a universal level (Šimundža, 2004). However, as eminent and celebrated as he was towards the end of his life and after his death, Kranjčević remained lonely in his literary work, having never established „a school of poetry“, as one might have expected him to. Kranjčević exerted a certain influence only on Janko Polić Kamov (Gašparović, 2005), who thus became „the middleman“ between Kranjčević and the generation of poets who were active in the first years after World War I. All other „new poets“ – so-called Croatian modernists – pursued some new paths, seeking new motifs and new possibilities of expression. An important turnabout in the development of Croatian poetry occurred at the beginning of the 20th century. In the period of modernity, this genre, which had previously existed in a vegetative state in the shadow of novels and short stories, transformed into one of the major literary genres. „As a reflection of Central European trends

in art, in particular Viennese secession and modernity (whose terminology it adopted), the understanding of modernity in Croatia was the same as in other European literatures. Whether those modern trends were referred to as *décadence*, symbolism, impressionism or neoromanticism, they introduced one important novelty in comparison to the traditional understanding of art: the knowledge that literature cannot be reduced to a national or social function, and it is necessary to acknowledge its specific, autonomous character. More clearly, the aesthetic meaning of works of literature started to be emphasised as an important feature of the art of words, and, by extension, the emphasis was on the need to develop new stylistic procedures to seek and express beauty and human emotions“ (Šicel, 1997: 118). Celebrated authors like Vladimir Nazon, Mihovil Nikolić, Vladimir Vidrić, Nikola Domjanić, Milan Begović and Antun Gustav Matoš made a name for themselves on the Croatian literary scene in this period. Matoš exerted a tremendous influence on his „student poets“, who collectively presented their work in *Hrvatska mlada lirika* (Young Croatian Poetry) in 1914. Marijan Matković's review makes a note of the quality of this poem collection: „It is in essence a work of traditional poetry, painting pictures of idyllic vineyards and village church spires, and while it abounds in literary expression compared to the previous poetic style, for instance the one used by Domjanić, it is also decadent in the worst meaning of the word“ (Matković, 1950: 132–133). Some of the featured authors (Fran Galović, Zvonko Milković, Vilko Gabarić, Milan Vrbanić) published their last work in *Hrvatska mlada lirika*, while others pursued different individual paths later (Ivo Andrić, Tin Ujević), and only a handful continued to live and create in the spirit of Matoš's artism, accepting his influence only with respect to form (Ljubo Wiesner, Karlo Häusler, Nikola Polić).

The second great revival of Croatian poetry (Kombol, 1934) was driven by authors who mostly formed themselves at the time of the great global upheaval, during the bloody and turbulent war years, and who rushed like a foaming river into the field of Croatian poetry in the first years following the war. „All events in the life of our people, mainly the beginning of the socialist movement and the Balkan Wars, and everything we went through amidst the overarching European night of war, was truly fateful for our literature on the whole, and all its ups and downs (...)“ (Vučetić, 1983: 5). In comparison with the idyllic poetry penned by the modernists and Matoš's followers, which was centred on sonnets, this poetry ushered in a new, strong wave of free poetic elan, and motives that had never been explored before. In spite of all their differences, and even contradictions, Krleža, A. B. Šimić, Ujević and Krklec still shared some common traits, including their disassociation from the traditional poetry of Matoš's school and their search for new poetic potentials, their

demolition of the form, and their acceptance of the free rhythm as the only decisive factor in poetry. A. B. Šimić gave a very clear description of their „mission“ in an editorial in *Juriš* in 1919: „Bursting with inner strength, the hands of the young authors will tear down all old, lifeless forms and criticsists’ glues that had kept them from falling apart, and send a world of new, living forms into time. In their vision, the flag of our spirit flies high above their ruins“ (Šimić, 2008: 192). Irrespective of their affiliation with particular literary movements (expressionism, impressionism, symbolism, and so on), these poets showed a rare independence and originality in their work, introducing new themes to the rather narrow universe of Croatian poetry. The motives of social injustice, the misery of dirty suburbs, intellectual and sensual unrest, life during and after the war, and the problems of life and death were merely superficially sketched, and required a new form. The temperamental rhythm of the free verse, often lacking not only rhyme, but also the customary inter-punctuation, was more than just an expression of fashionable ecstasy: it was a true poetic need, shaped by the new situation, the objective life circumstances and the subjective notions held by our intellectuals in the 1920s. „Covered in wounds and dried blood, humiliation, damnation. He is wearing a prison uniform. (...) Hearing the drunken shouting and mad cacophony in the railcar, like a Ghost he travels, unseen, through the whole train (...), the crying of mourners, the moaning of the sick, the laughter of the drunken, and the prayers of the sinners rising up around him, as the People go about their lives in the railcar“ (Frangeš, 1973: 13). New content, form and shapes, new opinions and new sentiments required a new poetic vocabulary, encompassing all the elements of diverse poetic tendencies. The main traits of the poets who made a name for themselves in the first years after the war and who have rightly been dubbed the revivers of Croatian poetry are briefly detailed below. Miroslav Krleža definitely holds the central place among them, his thoughts and writing nothing but a „persistent, passionate, painful and masculine portent of the things to come“ (Frangeš, 1973: 13).

There is doubt in my mind

In the article *Krležina lirika* (Krleža’s Poetry), Milan Ogrizović points out that „our audience needs to be introduced to Krleža, because his work is gold and pearl, silk and velvet, music and image combined into one: in general, it is the most perfect product of our poetry so far (the true kind)“ (Ogrizović, 1918: 277). Speaking of the interplay between art and music, Viktor Žmegač concludes that their interaction is a two-sided one: „Music aspires to be a reflection of literary thought, while literature strives to express the experien-

ces of organised sound“ (Žmegač, 2003: 8). Darko Gašpović, on the other hand, underlines that, „having made his debut in the last years of symbolism, to which World War I would deal the final blow, Krleža went through all phases of modern literature during his long, prolific and versatile career as an author, with expressionism and social and political engagement as its two main pillars. His deep and indeed fateful connection with space, and his immersion in the times that he lived and wrote in and that he described, naturally guided him toward the pursuit of forms that would allow him to best express them“ (Gašparović, 1989: 11). At the time of the global bloodbath that was World War I, Krleža authored several poem cycles in which he described Croatia in the period 1914–1918, and the pain and suffering of ordinary Croatian people at home and on foreign battlefields: „I carry it on my bosom too, wounded, bloody and warm“ (*Pjesma o pjesmi* – The Poem about a Poem), and finally – and perhaps most importantly – his personal feelings about the war and its aftermath. The cycles in question are titled *Pjesme I. (Poems I)*, *Pjesme II. (Poems II)*, *Pjesme III. (Poems III)*, *Haos (Chaos)*, *Pir iluzija (The Feast of Illusions)*, *Pjesme bez poante (Pointless Poems)* and *Pjesme pomirenja (Reconciliation Poems)*. They were all written in the period 1914–1919, and Poems I, II and III, for example, were printed during the war. The symphony *Ulica u jesenje jutro godine devetsto i sedamnaeste (The Street on an Autumn Morning in 1917)*, which belongs to war poetry in terms of its theme, was written later. It was published for the first time in the book *Simfonije (Symphonies)* in Zagreb in 1933. However, these poems, in which the bloody events of the war are the predominant theme, were not the only work Krleža produced in the period in question. Even though Krleža himself participated in this dreadful business of the war, as much as it clashed with his views and principles, he was prolific as a writer at the same time. His work *Pan* and *Tri simfonije (Three Symphonies)*, the culmination of the poet's lyrical enthusiasm for nature and life, was written in this period. As much as the mood of Krleža, the author of *Simfonije* differs from the mood of Krleža, the war poet, his characteristic wealth of vocabulary and the resonance and dynamic quality of his verses, and especially the power of his imagery, make it clear that they were penned by the same man. In *Podnevna simfonija (Noon Symphony)*, the author cheers: „And I'm casting sunny dreams in the marble, creating, oh, royally creating! Wonderful, bright white living Ideas dance before me!“, while the desperate poet wails: „I'm singing the song of the graveyards, ditches and pits, the song sung by Mammon the Large, the song sung by the goddess Fashion, the Song sung by the sell-out church and the fallen sick ladies, O, the bloody song of the graveyards, ditches and pits“ (*Svibanjska pjesma* – May Poem). The war was a fruitful period for Krleža as a dramatist and short story writer

as well. In addition to his earliest dramas, which bear the common name *Legende* (Legends), the dramas and short stories belonging to the same group as his war poetry in terms of content were also written, or at least originated, in this period. It is impossible to read any of Krleža's war-themed poems without picturing one of the suffering heroes of his war-themed short stories or dramas, without feeling the stench of Barrack 5B, without hearing Vidović, Račić or Horvat speak, and, finally, without being carried away by the powerful and touching tones of *Hrvatska rapsodija* (Croatian Rhapsody). In other words, all these works share a deep organic bond that extends beyond content, setting and characters, also encompassing the author's subjective expressions and moods, and are distinguishable and classifiable only by the genre they belong to. When World War I broke out, Croatia was a part of the Habsburg Monarchy. Four centuries of waging wars under the Habsburgs, centuries of wars against the Ottoman Turks, the megalomaniac pretensions of Croatia's neighbours on all sides, Bach's absolutism, the Settlement, twenty years of Khuen Hedervary's rule as the uncrowned king of Croatia, the fully alienated nobility and the insatiable Croatian bourgeoisie had made Croatia one of the most pitiful provinces, reducing it to a wealthy, but completely lifeless colony: „The sea murmurs and breathes, the Drava flows, and a country sleeps in between“ (Cesarić: *Trubač sa Seine* – The Trumpeter of the Seine). The political activity of Croatian opposition parties produced no real results. Instead, they wasted their energy on fruitless discussions and intrigues, flinging accusations at each other. In demagogue fashion, certain political leaders used like-minded politicians to satisfy their own opportunism (Gaj, Jelačić, Frank), while others sailed the seas of romanticist politics and clashed with reality, which led to their painful devastation and ruin (Starčević, Kvaternik). The Croat-Serb Coalition held an important place in political life in Austro-Hungary in the eve of the fateful war, its members convinced that the liberation and unification of all Balkan nations would heal all wounds that had been inflicted by alien invaders on the Southern Slavs over the centuries. However, those hopes died on 26 July 1914, when a new Calvary began: held apart by state borders, the Croatian people died for conflicting political interests, slaughtering each other in the same battlefields. While some Croats believed that „the survival of an entire monarchy is at stake“ (*U logoru* – At the Camp), the majority filled Austria's ditches, rattled around in cattle cars from Galicia to the Isonzo, and died in hospitals and lazarettos without understanding who they were making this sacrifice to, or why. Throughout the four bloody years of the war, Croatian peasants, workers and intellectuals sacrificed their living flesh on the altar of rotten Austria, their sacrifice entirely devoid of purpose or meaning: „Feeling yourself disappear beneath the feet of the black and yellow

emperor, this is what it means to be a Croat“ (Krleža, 2008: 198). As a participant of these momentous events, Krleža witnessed all the heart-breaking tragedy suffered by the Croatian people, the hopelessness of their situation, and the terrible position of Croatia in the vast slaughterhouse that Europe had turned into. Krleža concludes one of his earliest pieces, *Zaratuštra i mladić* (Zarathustra and the Young Man), which combines poetry and prose, with the sentence: „There is doubt in my mind!“ This confession, published in 1914, became the leitmotif of his war-themed poetry. In each song, we feel the presence of the invisible worm that systematically eats away at his faith in humanity, and all the common ethical ideals that he used to believe in, often bringing the poet to the verge of despair, and finally revealing to him all the antitheses of the political and social life, the lies in all their nakedness. The literary lie, as Jan Wierzbicki puts it, signifies „an ideological depravity, an acceptance of the misconceptions created by cultural conventions and myths. All Krleža's fictional characters are presented as slaves and victims of illusions. Their world is mythologised, warbled by art, literature, mythical conceptions, ideologies, civil ethics, customs and law, in one word, everything that comes down to the basic categories of culture and myth. The psychology of Krleža's fictional world is almost exclusively confined to the convolutions of the mind trapped by conventions (and rebelling against them)“ (Wierzbicki, 1980: 79). Thus divided between „himself“ and the inescapability of the events he found himself in, Krleža the poet protests, despairs, swears, hopes, believes, and then again denies it all. As individual as his form and expression might be, on occasion we glimpse in his work a trace of Kovačić's sharp satire or a twitch of Kranjčević's pain, or a brief awakening of Matoš's dormant *Mora* (Nightmare). All of this – Kovačić's „unionist protests“, Kranjčević's „question on ice“, Matoš's grief over his homeland, betrayed and sold, Krleža's doubts, swearwords, despairs and hopes – they are all candid outpourings of poets who carry „the cross of an entire nation“ in their souls (*Pri svetom kralju* – At the Holy King's). The cross that Croatia carried in this bloody period was indeed too heavy to be sustained by the weak back of the Croatian people. Torn between Vienna and Pest, ignorant and backward, deceived and exhausted to the extreme, this people died and vanished for the unreal, fake slogans spouted by petty politickers (*Na trgu svetoga Marka, Pjesma bez poante* – At St. Mark's Square, Pointless Poem). Croatia had become a breeding ground for lies, despair, hatred and sickness: „Our home is damned, sick, a hell!“ (*Naša kuća* – Our Home). Caught in the chaos of the war and the events sweeping across Europe, unfree and powerless, the Jambreks, Peseks, Kada-vers, Lobaracs, Vidovičs and Horvats „swallow Croatian tears, bitter and salty“. It is the most obvious proof of the nation's inertia, a result of foreign po-

litical oppression and economic exploitation: „In the bloody, imprisoning light of the copper’s red lamp, what can the Croatian man do on Europe’s Good Friday?“ (*Veliki Petak hiljadu devet stotina i devetnaeste* – Good Friday of 1917). Croatia’s position did not really change even after the war ended: „the theatre did not close, but merely let the curtain fall, everything changing as quickly as the stage is changed between the first act and the second“ (*Pijana noć 14. novembra 1918.* – The Drunken Night of 14 November 1918). The Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes did not live up to the hopes of the Yugoslav-oriented patriots. Another heavy emotion joined the horrors of the war that they barely survived, the hunger they suffered, and the bloody, purulent wounds they had just recovered from: disappointment. The Croatian people had again been swindled and manipulated by skilful diplomats. Their national question was not solved, and the social problems intensified daily to the point of acuteness. Rivers of blood had been spilled in vain, there was no compensation or satisfaction for all of the pain suffered, and the sacrifices made remained fruitless: „We slaughtered each other, my dear mother! (...) Oh, why did we slaughter each other, my dear mother?“ (*Pietà*). In his war poetry, Krleža presents a sweeping scale of the most powerful emotions and moods, from despair and creative ecstasy to resignation and destructive instinct, revolt and optimism, in any case always impressing the idea of experience and honesty on the reader: „Oh, I’m marching in this tired file too“ (*Olimpijac u pješačkoj koloni pjeva* – Olympic Athlete Sings in the Infantry File). All this poetry is, first and foremost, antimilitarist to the extreme. The poet describes the war as „the Black Thief, the king of all crimes“ (*Rat* – The War), who rules in the darkness while people are helplessly scrambling to run away from this monstrous ruler, searching in vain for a ray of light. Ideals, humanity and brotherly love are nowhere to be seen: „And everyone glares at each other today like rabid, carnivorous wolves“ (*Pjesma hromog đavla* – Lame Devil’s Poem). Even if one happens to stumble upon an occasional lonely individual in this bloody circle who understands all the horrors of his time, he is unable to get away from the fact that „entire Europe is standing beneath the gallows tonight, and there is no one who can find the strength to get hanged, because no one wants to do the hanging!“ (*U logoru*). As we see, Krleža was neither absent nor blind: he was very well aware of everything that was going on, and he spoke of these events in words that he believed, as Stanko Lasić puts it, „could be and remain an authentic testimony, given their antithetic complexity“ (Lasić, 1974: 131). Morally, the people were completely disoriented, with no firm foothold to grab on to. Having lost their compass, they were increasingly drowning in the darkness of hunger, sickness and lies with each passing day. All nations were exposed in all their squalor, and no one trusted anyone any-

more. Civilisation was a lie, since all its accomplishments merely served to benefit villains and scoundrels. Absurdly, the 20th century, so proud of its technological and scientific success, turned out to essentially be as bloody and dark as the Middle Ages. How did humanity really benefit from all this progress? Was it elevated, ennobled or perfected? No! It merely learned new and refined methods to kill, and saw the path to ultimate destruction (*Pjesma novinara; Haos; Nedjelja; Podne; Večernja pjesma u bolnici* – Journalists' Poem; Chaos; Sunday; Noon; Evening Poem at the Hospital, etc). *Silvestarski nokturno godine hiljadu devet stotina i sedamnaeste* (New Year's Eve Nocturne of 1917) is a sad testimony to a disgraceful age: „People beat each other with their thoughts, books and press. They beat each other with knives, lead and gas, their nails, rifle butts and fists; People slaughtered each other...” (*Silvestarski nokturno godine hiljadu devet stotina i sedamnaeste*). Entire Europe turned into an enormous slaughterhouse, where young lives that had only just begun to bloom were being extinguished: „We expire in sadness, without having drunk from the fountain of our youth“ (*Večernja pjesma u bolnici*). However, the devastating effects of the war extended beyond the battlefields, taking an equally merciless toll in its background. Gripped by a crippling fear of death, whose scythe reached far and wide, people sought oblivion in drunkenness and debauchery. Prisons and hospitals were full of criminals, thieves, madmen and syphilis sufferers, sick, broken and lost lives (*Nedjeljna pjesma; Badnjak* – Sunday Poem; Christmas Eve). Any resistance was futile: one could get drunk on dreams, wine or love, but this did not help them fight and beat all the horrors. Rather than a solution or a way out, this merely offered a short-lived escape. There was no escaping death, the supreme monarch to which the war, as its most loyal servant, served lavish meals every day to satisfy her insatiable hunger for human flesh. Death triumphed in the battlefields, cities, villages, hospitals, churches and brothels – wherever one turned, its rule was undisputed. Through the moans of the wounded, the cries of the dying, the blast of rifles and the roar of cannons, the whistles of locomotives and sirens, the beat of tired horses' hooves and half-dead infantry files, „echoes the loud cackle of Her Majesty, the Victorious Death“ (*Plameni vjetar* – Burning Wind). The poet sensed death everywhere. It imprinted its indelible mark on everything: „Flies and leaves and people are dying, and the night rain whispers and cries. The flies cry and drop dead like silent chords!“ (*Noćna nostalgija* – Nocturnal Nostalgia). Death knells are sounding in the cities, black flags are flying, even the nature itself puts on a grey mourner's attire. Trees, leaves, flowers, and the entire plant and animal kingdom bear the tragic, but immutable law of death inside them. In cheerful, bright tones, the poet paints the beauty of a sunny morning, the silence of early evening, the youth-

ful charm of the spring, the wanton maturity of the summer, and the harmonic opulence of the autumn. All of a sudden, it all vanishes – it was *The Feast of Illusions*! Death has passed through, killing the beauty with its omnidestructive breath, destroying wealth, breaking the silence, and leaving desolation and disquiet in its wake: „Ravens are crying, yellow flowers are crying, butterflies are dying“ (*U šumi* – In the Forest). When he writes about nature in his war-themed poems, Krleža usually uses autumnal motives (*Kiša*, *Smrtni dan rujna*, *Listopadsko jutro*, *Predvečerje*, *Pjesma čovjeka i žene u predvečerje*, *Jesenja noć*, *Novembarski tmurni dan* – Rain; September Death Day; October Morning; Dusk: Man’s and Woman’s Poem at Dusk; Autumn Night; Gloomy November Day, etc). The autumn season, especially its later stage, offers an abundance of phenomena and characteristics, such as rain, mud, wind, fog, clouds and dried leaves, which the poet uses to paint a faithful and vivid picture of the grey, funereal mood: „Wretched fogs are grieving, grey fields are wailing, and the purple-clad winds are beating and chasing the clouds“ (*Predvečerje* – Dusk). The poet views love through the same grey, hopeless prism. Love has lost its brilliance and its mysterious attraction. The war destroyed romantic notions in people, awakening their most basic instincts, and blurring the line between man and animal. The woman is no longer the unreachable ideal on a high pedestal. At best, she is a plaything that offers a momentary distraction, and at worst she is the outlet for the man’s animal instinct, which he uses to find momentary oblivion amidst the horrors of the war: „At our home, men and women kiss each other with fear!“ (*Naša kuća*). Such a notion of love has disastrous and fateful consequences. Deprived of dreams and ideals, men no longer understand the notion or the essence of beauty and nobility. Venereal diseases reached disastrous proportions. This topic figures more prominently in Krleža’s war-themed prose (*Smrt Franje Kadavera* – The Death of Franjo Kadaver), but he indirectly refers to this plague that was slowly eating away at the healthy organism of the Croatian people in his poetry as well: „...we are all a bloody barn, leaking pus!“ (*Pjesma bezimenoga čovjeka na Golgoti* – The Poem of the Nameless Man on the Golgotha). Branimir Donat observes that „Krleža had been fascinated by the mystery of Golgotha from the very beginning of his career as an author. The metaphors of his poems, writings, dramas and, above all, his poetry are permeated with strong evocations and reminiscences of a number of biblical motives, mostly importantly the Golgotha, where the crucified man dies for the ideals that will, even if fulfilled, only refute his deepest belief about the purpose of personal messianism. The image capturing one of the deepest Christian beliefs seemed to the poet like an impressive enough metaphor of man’s position in the world. In this mystery, the poet saw a reflection of man’s destiny, always being reborn like a

solarist peace, always reincarnating into a new personality“ (Donat, 1970: 15). The woman was robbed of her most exalted and most noble purpose: the joy and pride of motherhood. Childbirth became an ordeal and a dread, because new life promised nothing good or beautiful. The children who are born bear in their bodies the seeds of the diseases inherited from their parents, and nothing but misery awaits them in the future (*Naša kuća, Razdrti psalam* – Our Home, The Torn Psalm). All of these phenomena that Krleža observes, analyses and makes a note of in his difficult, but candid and impressive verses, as has already been stated, put him in different moods. Sometimes he sinks so deep into despair that he runs out of creative enthusiasm, his hand sagging, powerless to continue its bloody writing (*Ples mrtvih stihova, Glazba umirućeg dana* – The Dance of Dead Verses, The Music of the Dying Day). He is most troubled by the awareness of his own powerlessness against the cruel dictate of the force that holds him in its grip. Tiny and weak, his „heart in the madhouse“, his „brain in the ditch“ (*Pjesma Gospodinu koji je nad mojim skladom i nad mojim grčem* – Poem to the Lord Who Stands Above My Harmony and My Agony), man has been surrendered to the mercy of his tragic fate. In his desolate anger, the poet feels the pointlessness of his strivings and hopes, and understands the helplessness of his position: „As the bloody Absurd slaughters and swallows up millions, of what use is Miroslav Krleža's rambling and swearing“ (*Pjesma naših dana* – The Poem of Our Days). The burden of these thoughts weighing heavily on him, the poet usually becomes resigned. On countless occasions, he concludes mournfully: „Nothing! There is no salvation!“ In his pursuit of anything to quell the nirvana within him, the poet looks for support in nature (*Pir iluzija*), science (*Haos*), patriotism (*Pjesma bez poante*) or love (*Predvečerje puno skepse; Žena i iluzije* – Scepticism-filled Dusk, Woman and Illusions). But he is unsuccessful – the answer is always the same: „In vain, it is all in vain!“ (*Pjesma naših dana*). Occasionally, a ray of light breaks through the dark, hopeless atmosphere: art, its long verses caressing the poet's tired forehead with their gentle hands, uplifting his fallen spirit, and cheering him so he would not give up altogether. Art is the only thing that can stop him from falling over the edge into despair, and let him drink from the cup of reconciliation (*Reznacija, Večernja pjesma* – Resignation, Evening Poem). The poet finds the meaning and the purpose of his existence in his art: „I am the man who tunes all the broken tones in the evening into the glorious song of reconciliation“ (*Večernja pjesma*). However, at the moments of the blackest despair and the deepest resignation, he suddenly lifts his head up and tackles the evil and the beasts surrounding him. Summoning a stubborn pride, like a rebellious slave he breaks his shackles and cries out madly: „I will not, will not, will not!“ (*Borba sa stvarima* – Battle against

Things). The poet protests against the killing and the torture, the troubles and the evils that have struck humanity, the shackles and the limitations that have constrained man, rendering him helpless and insignificant. Finding himself in a revolutionary mood, the poet openly attacks the rigid, ruthless invisible force, getting ready to fight God: „I will sink my knife into your back!“ (*Ja tebi pjevam Gospode* – I Sing to You, Lord). There is no telling right from wrong in the omnipresent chaos. All the masts need to be torn down and all the lies crushed (*Na trgu sv. Marka*), and only then can a new and nicer life be built on the ruins. The poet gives in to this destructive urge, which is nothing but the means to achieve a higher goal. The destructive urges promise a happy solution. These constitute the lonely bright tones in Krleža's „helpless, passive and nihilist“ (the author's own words!) war-themed poetry, showing the poet the way, opening up his horizons, and portending the harmony that is to come. This path, these horizons and this optimistic perspective are „the power of millions“ who are marching toward their goal (*U logoru*). The International dawns on the black, cloudy horizon (*Good Friday of 1919*), a new Sun is born, and all of Croatia, demolished, beaten up, wounded, and savaged by the war, rushes towards it. In conclusion, „the myth of the Golgotha had strongly occupied Krleža's creative imagination from an early age, taking shape in his earlier dramas either as a passing (but not unimportant!) association, or as the crucial mark of his literary and performing work“ (Gašparović, 1989: 70). According to Milan Špehar, „sadly, the entire life of Jesus – who features in Krleža's work as the purest and only man in the entirety of his humanity, or even as a Superhuman, exhibiting supernatural and divine traits – and his tragic end have taught the humanity nothing at all. Instead of being transformed on the inside by this purest and most perfect of ideas, man continues to live like an animal“ (Špehar, 1987: 299).

Literature and music: *The Symphonies*

Simfonije (The Symphonies), worthy of the name both in terms of their subject matter and their formal shape, are Miroslav Krleža's earliest and most specific pieces of poetry. In several poetry opuses, the poet explores a variety of moments and events in nature, proving that he has real knowledge of the most subtle elements of life, and the tools of the poet's trade. The poems appeared at a time when Croatian poetry was stagnant, and the followers of Matoš's artism supported modernist formalism. Krleža's new and fresh expression, characterised by strong thoughts, peculiar lyricism, and original style, made even more of an impression against such a backdrop. Letting his emotions and impressions guide him, Krleža tore away from all existing poetic cli-

ches, showing a remarkable individuality. As Vučetić puts it, „on the one hand, these symphonies resemble legends to a degree, given their epic beauty, being either a manifestation of power or the dramatic disquiet of human strengths, restrained by time and fatal coincidences, but on the other hand, these poems are constituent chapters and cycles of Krleža's war poetry, which was written in the same period as the symphonies, with their truth, their lyrical basis, and their Illyrism“ (Vučetić, 1983: 23). Donat notes that Krleža „starts with symbols, and ends with allegory, the genius who penned poems in impressionist registers in *Simfonije* cheering at its helm (...), by stringing together picturesque sequences derived neither from social nor from conventional literature elements, but instead derived the register of proto-expressionist topics (...), with a seeming immediate dependence between the tragedy and the dynamism of picturesque poetic representation“ (Donat, 1970: 51). The Croatian word speaks in Krleža's *Simfonije* in its natural rhythms and full voices. The strength of this word, and the wealth and diversity of its symbolism, reveal a poet who shapes his internal disquiets and intellectual crises into dynamic verses, bound together into a perfect rhythmic complex. A deep and strong feeling for nature, its beauties, charms and horrors, is the dominant sentiment. Krleža self-published his first symphony, *Pan*, in 1917. Much like Vladimir Nazor did in *Slavenske legende* (Slavic Legends), Krleža used characters and settings from the life of the ancient Slavs to express his admiration for the freedom and magnificence of nature, but also the horror he felt for the weaknesses and miseries of shackled people. While the battle between good and evil is the main point of Nazor's work, Krleža discussed a much more specific problem, reducing it to the battle between freedom and slavery in a general, humanistic sense. The lively, hoof-footed Pan, the ancient Slavs' forest deity that had for long captured the imagination of Croatian poets, was an excellent vehicle for the subject. Nazor, Vidrić, Mišanović, Katančić and Krleža all sang about the likeable, naive Pan from different viewpoints. Krleža placed his Pan in the setting of a fruitful autumn season, when grapes mature in vineyards, grasses and flowers of all kinds spread their intoxicating scents, and the sun casts its golden rays on the late afternoon scene. All of nature participates in this magical, lively game: sunrays, flowers, leaves, wind, grapes and autumnal colours. All this is personified and comes to life in the sounds of its melodies, stroking and caressing Pan as he fantasises about the faraway sea, expressing his yearning through his flute: „Oh, there the ashen islands stand out in blue, and the cypresses cry like blue martyrs. And the sea, glimmering like a queen, dreams away, covered in olive-coloured fabric, woven from the frost. Sprinkled with a scattering of fiery gold, thalatta! Thalatta!“. Pan only calms down when he is lulled to sleep by the song of the autumnal flowers, but then he is

suddenly roused by the mournful song of the procession marching monotonously towards the church. Confused by this unexpected sight, he watches this mystery of invisible forces in surprise. Turning over the black prayer book in his hands, he tries to decipher the magical force emanating from the dead letters, and filling god-fearing people with dread. Surrounded by organ music and the scent of incense, they are all in panic, thinking about their sins, humbly repenting, and yearning for the heavenly island of peace. As the organ roars threateningly, the mindless sinners wail in despair: „We all, oh, we all, in a mad rhythm and in sin and laughter, whimsical, easy, always dance toward the grave. Waiting for the Light, the White God, we wait for the holy heavenly ray to fall, shiny, into our life, into the mad dance of the Spectre in the dark.“ The poet breaks this black, terrifying atmosphere with the cheerful colours of the Slavonian folk costume and the intoxicating scent of blooming lindens, which are Slavic symbols. Pan invites a young, sturdy peasant girl to faraway, unknown worlds, to the endless blue sea, but immediately begins to realise that fear and verse are battling with the healthy, natural instinct inside her, just as they are in all other people gathered in the church. And he concludes: „These children are sick!“ Pan launches a duel between his flute and the organ, which symbolically represents the dramatic battle between joy and sadness, laughter and tears, light and darkness, pagan freedom and Christian slavish asceticism. As the organ’s powerful chords portend God’s anger and threaten to bring down his fury, the flute sings the song of the autumn and the sun. Pan’s song is so seductive that it attracts people, wins over their hearts, conquers their fear and stokes their natural instincts. Young men and women discover the simple beauty of nature, and breathe in the fragrances of the meadows and forests. The entire nature sings through Pan’s wanton song: „I wear the shiny disc of the Sun on an autumn day to crown the Shadow of the joyous God Pan: life is autumnal joy, not a purulent wound!“ The people, caught up in the marvellous beauty and drunk on mead, dance in a wild and raucous circle. The vivid colours of the folk costumes interweave with the bright, vibrant colours of nature in autumn in song and dance. Pan leads the singing circle, his flute competing with the bagpipes, in a culmination of the magnificent beauty of nature, the triumph of Life. Even though *Pan* was Krleža’s first symphony, it is also the most famous and most printed one. In spite of its brevity, it is an important piece, wonderfully combining strong poetic invention with fantastic symbolism and choice poetic decorations. Its main thought is completely clear: Christianity hinders man’s free will with its dogmas, robs him of common sense, and does not allow him to openly express his emotions and innate tendencies and instincts. The victory of Pan’s flute over the threatening chords of the organ means a triumph of man’s liberated personality

over the forces of darkness that stand against it. However, nature, the source of strength, joy and beauty, which Pan bows to, is the true winner. Staying away from conventions, the poet lets each character, or more precisely, each element, speak in its own voice and sing its own distinctive melody. Chords chime on the heavenly strings, the flute cries, laughs and sings, the organ drones, roars and wails, and the sun, the clouds, the flowers, the leaves, the colours, the shadows and the people all sing their primordial songs. The songs differ in more than just content and text: each has its own verse and its specific rhythm. The entire symphony is adorned with countless carefully chosen epithets, successful comparisons and personifications, and a multitude of metaphors and allegories, with onomatopoeic words making certain images more tangible and more authentic. The dark and ominous effect of the organ is expressed through several variations, of which this one is perhaps the most eloquent: „Black, barking spectres are whirling, the sorrows of all sleepless nights spinning, all the witches screeching in a mad cyclone. Wailing stars are dropping, packs of wolves are howling, Black Forces are breaking, eerie black horses are galloping, dark is the anger of the almighty God, mad is the hurricane of his fury.“ Finally, the circle dance with which Krleža concludes this symphony has its own connotations, giving it the final mark of an interesting and characteristic folklore element. Slavonian elements – folk costumes, linden trees, bagpipes, and local percussion instruments, with the cheerful, benevolent, folk god Pan leading the circle – counterbalance the Roman Catholic internationalism. Even though they were printed sometime after *Pan* (also in 1917), *Tri simfonije* (Three Symphonies) were written back in 1914 or before, and can therefore be considered Miroslav Krleža's earliest works of poetry. In three long lyrical poems, brimming with dramatic elements, Krleža describes three important and very different moments in time: noon, dusk and night. While noon is the highest point and culmination of the day, dusk is its agony and death. Night is the antithesis of day, its greatest nemesis, with whom it constantly fights for dominion, and keeps getting defeated. With unbridled pleasantness, the poet paints the brilliant landscape of a warm noon in May, with the whole of nature painted in vivid red and gold rays of hot sunshine. The Sun rules the entire universe, and all that lives sings and dances to the rhythm of the supersong: „Oh, everything lives. Everything is eternal. Everything dances, and nothing dies!“ In the short verses and clipped rhythm, the flowers and the birds sing gently and discreetly, and all of personified nature joins in their song: silver wind strums the harp's strings, clouds dance madly, colours beat the drum of bright tunes, and poplars converse with the clouds. The poet does not stop at the momentary image; rather, he paints the eternally living and unchangeable dynamic in nature's life. Noon clouds first dance

drunkenly and wildly, only to later sail the skies peacefully, like white balls, and finally come together to form a white cover. Sunrays are not all made equal either, the poet combining them with different epithets, such as hot, scarlet, bright, melancholic. The magical rays, clouds, blue mists and people all bow to the Sun, the source of life, singing the apotheosis: „The Sun! Holy! Great Sun!“ A moth strays into this bright, hot noon atmosphere, and, dazed by sunlight, sings the hymn to the Sun and gets drunk on its beauty. This entire paragraph is reminiscent of Nator's *Cvrčak* (Cricket), exuding a similar enthusiasm and passion for life. The central thought of *Podnevna simfonija* (The Noon Symphony) is found in the monologue spoken by man, the 20th century pagan, who enjoys the intoxicating perfumes and the unreachable beauty at the moment when „the Earth submits to the Sun, and the Sun consumes it burningly“. He ecstatically swallows up the abundance of warmth and light, drowning in the bright flood of noon. The poet depicts this „anacreontic“ death through a series of metaphors and allegories. One sad, grey discord invades this bright, wanton song of a noon in May: the intermezzo of the dying patient in the attic room, who watches his ashen, bloodless hands and his yellow, waxy body, asking himself in despair: „Oh, who is going to cry for me when I am gone?“ In this image, the poet abandons the dynamic of events and presents the painful and grey static of misery of the poor, touching upon a contemporary issue. In vain, the sufferer yearns for the distant beauty of the sea and protests his hopeless, gloomy situation, bitterly wishing for health: there is no getting away from the dismal, fatalist inescapability of his social background. Even the nature cannot help being touched by this misery and wretchedness. For a moment, the birds, the sunrays and the flowers stop their cheerful dance to mourn human tragedies, and the lonely swallow wails: „Oh, why are people unhappy?“ In the ensuing andante, „the mountain celebrates with the sun in the solemn peace of the forest“. The whole of nature transforms into an endless string of atoms of light, singing and dancing the playful song of the noon in May. The final tones of this symphony merge into the sounds of a magnificent hymn: „Hosanna to you, Sun! Lightbearer! Hosanna!“ *Suton* (Dusk), the second symphony, opens with one of the most beautiful poetic descriptions in Miroslav Krleža's opus. The poet's free verse, perfectly suited rhythm and poetic vocabulary was remarkably successful in depicting the „funeral“ of day: „...the big hero, the white, sunny Day is dead!“ Like *Podnevna simfonija*, this poem too sketches all the living elements the nature is composed of. However, they have changed their features, and now represent entirely new and different images and landscapes. The bright and vivid colours of the noon have been replaced with purple, blue and green, which march in the funeral procession, mourning the dead day, only to die themselves in the

end. They retreat and disappear, giving way to the grey and dark shadows that the poet describes through metaphors and personifications: „The colours of the night crow like grey birds.“ The clouds are no longer the inebriated, good-natured merry-makers who dance the circle dance and get drunk on the Sun's wine. They are now personified as ailing dreamers, sad nuns and nostalgic romanticists who are singing the swan's song: „We are dying. Dusk. Same as last year, without song, without women, without the blood of trophies – surrounded only by the sad dusk of the day.“ A few bright tones penetrate these gloomy chords of the dusk's requiem. As the sky breaks out in the first stars, the bells toll Ave Maria. Krleža gives a graphic description of the difference in the tones coming from different churches, including a brief, but eloquent description of the church buildings from to a variety of cultural and historical periods, and the atmosphere in and around them. The sound of the Gothic cathedral dies away, vibrating quietly in a vast empty space; the Angelus from the bright white basilica blends with the joyful chirping of the birds into a single, quiet, blue melody of the dusk; while the sobs of the bells on the Baroque-style church spill over the fantastic golden carvings, disappearing in the velvety blue evening. This complex, mournfully coloured sound of the three bells spreads the melancholy sensed by man, lost in the bustle of urban life, the stone saint in front of the church, the marble statue in the park, the telephone wires and the poet in the field. The melancholic atmosphere is amplified by the sound of the piano playing Chopin's prelude, coming from a palace in the Upper Town. The colours are mournful because they are all enveloped in the silky blue darkness. The spirit of the people undergoes dramatic changes under its veil, as their forebodings, subconscious inclinations and weaknesses are exposed. Different tendencies battle one another in man's soul, wavering between sadness, despair, fatigue, neurasthenia, hallucination, religious fanaticism and cynicism. The strong, healthy instinct for life triumphs over all these sicknesses of the soul: „When I love Life, when I love it dearly in all its bright forms, in all its dreadful, black pains.“ Amidst the patter of the rain and under the cover of the late dusk, everything is lulled into a peaceful, silent resignation: „The chords of the blue melody fall silent, and the songs of invisible strings cry.“ *Noćna simfonija* (Night Symphony) opens with the soundless, terrifying song of distorted black things, accompanied by guitars and mandolins. The night speaks through the gloomy, threatening chords, revealing its impenetrable dark face. Shrouded in the cloak of night, the city experiences difficult moments, full of dread: „When blue demons circle over the sleepy city, when the invisible night Forces battle each other.“ The tall, slender tower breaks away from this omnipresent gloomy impression, leaving the space of the black, dead city in a defiant allegretto, shooting up into the blue

starry sky. The leaves and the flowers have lost the beauty, fragrance and shine they had at noon. Now they are feverishly struggling to survive, fighting death, which is hard at work in the hours of the night. The song and dance of the stars, more or less distant, provides the only glimmer of peace in this darkness, singing a summer lullaby. Observing this magical dance, the miserable man draws the line beneath his life, concluding in resignation: „My lucky star is not there...” Through superb allegory and a number of personifications, onomatopoeias and paronomasias, the poet paints the endless canvas of the dark sky, illuminated by stars, swarming and squealing, while their sounds are all drowned by the sepulchral recital of the big black diamond star. The night creates a peculiar funereal atmosphere not only outdoors, in the nature, but also within walls, in unknown rooms behind closed curtains. Silently and somewhat eerily reverberates the interplay of pale shadows on old-fashioned carvings and gilt frames, and the ghostly smiles of porcelain figurines illuminated by the yellow gleam of the petroleum lamp, as the clock on the wall sighingly counts the minutes that go by. The melodies of dreams whizz through this silence, taking form on the strings of the piano and in the tones of a warm, mournful nocturne, amidst whose silent sounds man abandons himself to fantasies about happiness and the beauty of faraway lands out of his reach. The following dreamy monologue is an example of an original poetic fantasy, embellished with brilliant epithets, onomatopoeias and personifications: „In the long nights, amidst the howling of black winds, the cackling of the witches in the chimney, the ticking of the clock, and the whisper of black birds, as the wind screeches, dances, and roars outside in the battle of strange, invisible forces, happiness and warm idyl dream away in my room!” Krleža contrasted the boisterous life at Lower Town’s taverns with the peaceful silence of Upper Town’s empty streets in the night. The suffering souls and ailing hearts of modern people look for asylum in smoky, dimly lit taverns. These children of the 20th century are suffering a severe spiritual crisis, feeling the deep rift between themselves and their ancient ancestors, who lived primitive, but peaceful lives in their backward environments. In contrast, various types of modern „patients“ are drowning their pains in the tide of tavern smoke, trying in vain to kill their loneliness and forget their miseries in the company of their fellow-sufferers. Intellectuals, bohemians, psychological and nervous wrecks are sinking into the grey tragedy of the night, looking for a way out in a world of unreal dreams. In illusionist fashion, they flee to Paris in their thoughts, believing that they would find salvation in the city of art and bustling life to save them from the boredom, languishment and emptiness that is tearing them apart. Desperate and tired of their aimless journey, exhausted from overindulging in love and wine, they feel nothing but pain and disgust, wondering: „For

how long will this desperation and emptiness continue? This absence of light, laughter and sunny colours?" The atmosphere in Grič is diametrically opposite. The sleeping palaces, gardens, spires, squares and streets are resting in solemn, undisturbed peace. In the hours of the night, Grič is even more reminiscent of a dead city, the place of a forgotten past and sleeping memories. This gloomy, dark symphony of the night ends with bright tones of a new day awakening. Dark shadows retreat before the first contours of daybreak, heralding the arrival of the smiling Sun, the source of strength, light and life, somewhere far away on the horizon. The last chords of the eerie black Nocturne die away, and the just awakened flowers, trees, birds and people optimistically welcome the birth of another day, still unsullied.

Conclusion: Style – it is Krleža!

Krleža wrote the three symphonies as an enraptured supersong dedicated to nature and life. With his vast variety of colours and tones, and his unmatched magnificent wealth of vocabulary, he built a series of brilliant poetic images and embellishments, honouring all the gifts and blessings offered by nature, and underlining its beneficial impacts on health and the driving force of men. The harmony of the pure, bewitching melodies is occasionally interrupted by a threatening, eerie tone or the fluttering of painful doubt, but a cheerful and earnest mood always prevails, from the introduction to the final verses, the poet giving it precedence with the whole of his personality. Our analysis of individual items in this poetic opus reveals an occasional beginner's weakness, unclarity or lack of elaboration. Their paragraphs can be classified by value (in which exercise *Podnevna simfonija* will leave *Noćna simfonija* far behind), but if we examine the piece as a unit, we have to unconditionally pay our impressed respects to the perfectly formed poetic idea. Born in the broad cheerfulness of a noon in May, it grew in the expanses of unimaginable beauty, joy, resignation, temptation and dread, to be finally revived in the joyous moments of a sunny morning. The Day triumphed over the Night, and healthy, powerful and blazing Life stood victorious over the ruins of darkness, sickness and fear: „Life is a drunken, wild melody, dancing in the rhythm of the noon octave. Oh, life is the shadow of a blue dream, fraught with sunlight.“ Branimir Donat described Krleža as a rebellious poet, because rebellion is „the strongest driver of artistic creation (...) Just as Lucifer led the rebelling angels, the poet leads the procession of the dissatisfied and disenfranchised rebels, teaching his followers the grammar of emotions, helping them to not forget the language of communication, and encouraging them to always recognise the world around them anew“ (Donat, 1970: 7). Regardless of its topics,

language or form, the sum of Krleža's poetry comprises an organic complex that is impossible to separate and break down using any criteria. Not only his poetry, but the entirety of his extensive literary opus forms such a synthetic and integral unit that it seems like a solid chain from which it is impossible to break away a single link without it revealing its origin. Each „link“, each piece of Krleža's writing, bears all of the author's unmistakable traits. Each sentence and each verse speak in a language and style so specific to Krleža that their originality is impossible to question. The style – it is Krleža! This style is always equally rich and fluid, sometimes perfectly simple, but mostly so eloquent as to border on bombastic (the plethora of words that Krleža showers the reader with, and that come to him spontaneously and directly, like a torrent of water). Krleža is a master with words. His knowledge of language is not the dry, theoretical kind of knowledge that confines his possibilities of expression. Words live in him, and he rules them sovereignly and casually. This is exactly why Krleža never ensconced himself in a cocoon, distancing himself from real life. Even in his purely lyrical contemplations about nature, and even in his most intimate personal confessions, he maintains a close connection with his time, which he imprinted with the mark of his live, active, deeply humane, and morally strong personality. As Ante Stamać concluded, Krleža's „personality was a measure of the modern intellectual: in spite of all his wanderings, his public personality set an example for many to follow, and his sentences and his verses reverberate in the speech of many Croats without him being aware of it“ (Stamać, 2000: 18).

References

Sources:

- Krleža, M. (2018). *Hrvatska rapsodija*. Zagreb: Nacionalna i sveučilišna knjižnica u Zagrebu; Jesenski i Turk; Teatar poezije – festival Miroslav Krleža.
- Krleža, M. (1956). *Legende*. Zagreb: Zora.
- Krleža, M. (1973). *Michelangelo Bounarroiti; Kraljevo; U logoru; Gospođa Glembajevi; Aretej*. Zagreb: Zora.
- Krleža, M. (1973). *Pan; Ulica u jesenje jutro; Pjesme; Balade Petrice Kerempuha*. Zagreb: Zora.
- Krleža, M. (1969). *Poezija*. Zagreb: Zora.
- Krleža, M. (1964). *Simfonije*. Zagreb: Zora.

Theoretical references:

- Donat, B. (1970). *O pjesničkom teatru Miroslava Krleže*. Zagreb: Mladost.
- Engelsfeld, M. (1975). *Interpretacija Krležina romana Povratak Filipa Latinovicza*. Zagreb: Liber.
- Frangeš, I. (1973). „Miroslav Krleža“, in: Krleža, M. *Miroslav Krleža I: Pan, Ulica u jesenje jutro, Pjesme, Balade Petrice Kerempuha*. Zagreb: Zora & Matica hrvatska, pp. 7–29.
- Gašparović, D. (1989). *Dramatica Krležiana*. Zagreb: Cekade.
- Gašparović, D. (2005). *Kamov*. Rijeka: Adamić & Faculty of Philosophy.
- Jelčić, D. (2002). *Hrvatski književni romantizam*. Zagreb: Školska knjiga.
- Krleža, M. (2008). „Hrvatska književna laž“, in: Matičević, Ivica (ed). *Hrvatska književna avangarda: programski tekstovi*. Zagreb: Matica hrvatska, pp. 195–208.
- Lasić, S. (1974). *Struktura Krležinih Zastava*. Zagreb: Liber.
- Matković, M. (1950). „O lirici Antuna Branka Šimića“, in: Šimić, A. B. *Pjesme*. Zagreb: Zora, pp. 132–133.
- Ogrizović, M. (1918). „Krležina lirika“. *Savremenik: mjesečnih Društva hrvatskih književnika u Zagrebu*, pp. 276–303.
- Stamać, A. (2000). „Predgovor“, in: Krleža, M. *Izbor iz djela*. Vinkovci: Riječ, pp. 7–18.
- Šicel, M. (1997). *Hrvatska književnost 19. i 20. stoljeća*. Zagreb: Školska knjiga.
- Šimić, A. B. (2008). „Juriš“, in: Matičević, Ivica (ed). *Hrvatska književna avangarda: programski tekstovi*. Zagreb: Matica hrvatska, pp. 187–192.
- Šimundža, D. (2004). *Bog u djelima hrvatskih pisaca*. Zagreb: Matica hrvatska.
- Špehar, M. (1987). *Problem Boga u djelima Miroslava Krleže*. Zagreb: Kršćanska sadašnjost.
- Vučetić, Š. (1983). *Krležino književno djelo*. Zagreb; Beograd; Opatija; Rijeka: Spektar; Jugoslavijapublik; „Otokar Keršovani“.
- Wierzbicki, J. (1980). *Miroslav Krleža*. Zagreb: Sveučilišna naklada Liber.
- Žmegač, V. (2003). *Književnost i glazba: intermedijalne studije*. Zagreb: Matica hrvatska.

***SUMNJA JE U MISLIMA MOJIM. O IZABRANOJ RATNOJ
LIRICI MIROSLAVA KRLEŽE: DRUGAČIJI SMJER***

U vrijeme velikog svjetskog klanja, Prvog svjetskog rata, Krleža je napisao nekoliko ciklusa pjesama, u kojima je opisao sliku Hrvatske od 1914. do 1918. godine, patnje i stradanja malog hrvatskog čovjeka u zemlji i na stranim stratištima i konačno, što je možda i najznačajnije, svoj osobni stav prema ratu i njegovim posljedicama. Značajno je istaknuti da te pjesme, kojima je osnovna poanta krvavo ratno zbivanje, nisu osamljene u Krležinom stvaralačkom radu toga razdoblja. Iako je i sam, suprotno svojim pogledima i nazorima, angažiran u toj strašnoj raboti, Krleža je istovremeno razvio plodno i bogato književno djelovanje. To je doba postanka i *Simfonija*, djela u kojima je lirski zanos pjesnika prema prirodi i životu dosegao kulminaciju. Pa premda je raspoloženje pjesnika *Simfonija* sasvim različito od onoga što proživljava pjesnik rata, ipak po bogatstvu rječnika, zvučnosti i dinamici stiha, a naročito po snazi slikanja, prepoznaje se isti autor. Drugim riječima, sva su ta djela međusobno organski toliko povezana, ne samo sadržajno, ambijentom i ličnostima, nego i subjektivnim izrazom i raspoloženjem samoga autora, da ih se može razlikovati i klasificirati jedino po književnoj vrsti kojoj pojedino djelo pripada. U radu se donosi pregled i književna interpretacija izabrane ratne lirike Miroslava Krleže u svrhu revaloriziranja, kritičnosti i razumijevanja društvene angažiranosti Krleže tijekom Prvog svjetskog rata.

Ključne riječi: *hrvatska književnost, Miroslav Krleža, Prvi svjetski rat, ratna lirika, književnopovijesni diskurs, književni ukus*