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Prevodi in sprejem v drugih jezikih in kulturah
The Slovene short story in English translation is a small but important window through which the English-reading world can see Slovenia as it is imagined by some of its best writers. Just since 1991 over 130 short stories have been published by more than three dozen Slovene authors, about a quarter of whom are women. The themes of most of these stories show Slovenia in a somewhat grim light, with tales of escape (through suicide, travel, fantasy, insanity), horror stories about family life (often detailing crimes against or by children), and explicit vivisections of male-female relationships abounding. Many of these stories lack any Slovene coulure locale; the only characteristic that makes them Slovene is their language. The paper makes particular note of English translations done by Slovene authors themselves (specifically Branko Gradišnik, Evald Flišar, Uroš Kačič, Maja Novak, and Andrej Skubic), and the liberties author-translators take when rendering their works in a new linguistic environment. It speculates a bit on the nature and future of what might be considered to be a new genre.

Slovene short story, Slovene-English literary translation

Slovene short stories in English translation constitute a small but very important window through which the English-reading world can see Slovenia as it is imagined by some of its best writers. This window is new: the first Slovene short stories published in English appeared in 1899. Until 1990 the window was also always
shared but for rare exceptions with the other literatures of the former Yugoslavia. ¹
And, although it has grown over time, the window nonetheless remains relatively small: the appendix to this paper attempts to provide citations of every short story published since 1991 and references to those published before. If duplicates are excluded (along with excerpts of novels, fairy tales, and essays), we count between 1991 and 2004 a grand total of 117 stories by 36 different authors. Six of these authors – Branko Gradišnik, Drago Jančar, Lojze Kovačič, Florijan Lipuš, Rudi Šeligo, and Vitomil Zupan – were also published in translation before 1991, adding another 14 stories to the total. Seven of the writers published since 1991 might be considered “classical”: Bartol, Cankar, Kersnik, Ciril Kosmač, Levstik, Pregelj, and Tavčar. ²

Only nine of the 36 authors are women, and of these five were published in an anthology of specifically Slovene women’s writing and nowhere else. Only eight of the 36 have published more than three short stories in English translation, and of these eight only one is a woman (Maja Novak). The most published authors are Evald Flisar (24 stories) and Andrej Blatnik (22), each of whom had the rare distinction to have an entire volume of his stories published in English. Following them are Jančar (12), Gradišnik (7), and Kovačič (5), all of whom published both before and after 1991. Perhaps the most interesting statistic from my point of view is that five writers – Flisar, Gradišnik, Uroš Kalčič, Novak, and Andrej Skubic – translated themselves into English: more about that at the end of the paper.

Granted that this window into the Slovene literary imagination is small: we might also ask how accurately it conveys the images passing through it. To answer that question fully, however, would require a mammoth effort. The small subset of translated short stories would have to be juxtaposed with the entire corpus of Slovene short fiction to give the fairest results. Such an endeavor is beyond the scope of this paper as well as my abilities. But perhaps a less global approach might yield some interesting insights too. In reading what is available in English translation, I have attempted to group stories into various thematic categories (although a few stories defy categorization, like Rudi Šeligo’s Of the Flower of Jericho, or Florijan Lipuš’s The Day of the Country Wake). These categories

¹ Exceptions seem only to be three volumes published by the Slovenian Research Center of America, Inc., in Willoughby Hills, Ohio: Giles Edward Gobetz and Adele Donchenko, eds., Anthology of Slovenian American Literature (1977); Edward Gobetz, ed., Slovenian Heritage, volume 1 (1980; no subsequent volume has appeared); and Ivan Cankar, Dream Visions and Other Selected Stories, trans. Anton Družina (1982). A number of the authors in the former volume, writers in Slovene albeit modest ones (they are indicated by an asterisk in the appendix), are not included in Janko Kos et al., Slovenska književnost (Ljubljana: Cankarjeva založba 1996), which is otherwise quite exhaustive. From Slovenia itself before 1991 we have only Ciril Zlobec and Helga Glušič, eds., Panorama of Contemporary Slovene Literature (Ljubljana: Slovene PEN Centre and Slovene Writers’ Association 1980). Individual issues of Le livre slovène (Ljubljana) also contained short stories from time to time, but it was only in 1991 that a volume dedicated exclusively to the Slovene short story appeared as the first issue of the successor journal, Litterae slovenicae.

² No attempt has been made to calculate the pre-1991 translations of these authors, but with the exception of Cankar, the number is not significant.
include: escape (from bourgeois boredom and city life, from the country, and from reality and rationality), the horrors of family life and of male-female relationships, the idiocy of rural life, explicit sex, and the wars of the Yugoslav succession.

Two perennial themes of earlier Slovene short fiction, oppressed peasants and industrial workers on the one hand, and World War II on the other, have by and large disappeared from modern Slovene translated fiction. To be sure life outside the city is still depicted, but not in a way that would be recognizable to writers like Fran Erjavec (*Not All Is Gold That Glitters*) or Janko Kersnik (*The Peasant’s Death*), the first two Slovene short story writers translated into English (along with Anton Puntek), or to their successors, Miško Kranjec (*My Uncles Have Told Me*) or Ciril Kosmač (*Luck*). The idiocy of modern rural life has nothing to do with farming or poverty; nature (along with religion, I might add) is no longer a regular part of Slovene daily life. To judge by Jani Virk’s *On the Border* or Tomaž Kosmač’s *To See Žiri and Die*, rural life is much like city life, with the same violence, hatred, alcoholism, misanthropy, and disconnectedness as in the city, but with greater space between the characters. If anything, the countryside is a place not of misery but of mystery and danger: the fear expressed by the father in Branko Gradišnik’s *Mouseday* is quite palpable, the result of an innocent expedition that went perhaps too far afield, too far from a comfortable city apartment and bourgeois pleasures.

In older writers, many of whom had first-hand experience of World War II, the war figures prominently in their stories (Ciril Kosmač’s *Death of a Simple Giant* or *Caterpillar*, Nedeljka Pirjevec’s *Stigmatized*). But for younger writers like Jančar, the war is either disembodied, an excuse to tell another story (*Aethiopica, Repetition*), or a prelude to the horrors that followed the war in Stalinist Yugoslavia (*Joyce’s Pupil*). For the very young, like Blatnik, the war becomes an unspoken backdrop for relating other pain (*Isaac*). Perhaps because it was so brief, especially in comparison to World War II, the ten-day war that followed Slovenia’s declaration of independence in 1991 hardly surfaces at all in the Slovene short story in translation. The only direct depiction of it that I found was in Flisar’s *Shorthand Novels: 1. Good Soldier Schweik*, with its tragic climax not at all serving as a rallying cry for Slovene defense.³ Jančar’s much anthologized *Augsburg*, Lela B. Njatin’s *Why Do These Black Worms Fly Just Everywhere I Am Myself Only Accidentally*, and Blatnik’s *Too Close Together* are all peripheral to the Slovene action. Perhaps there are stories that treat the ten-day war in the same way World War II has been treated; if so, they have not yet been translated.

What has been translated in relative abundance are Slovene tales of escape, horror stories about family life, and explicit vivisections of male-female relationships (and in one case a male-male relationship, namely Maja Jančič’s *Siesta*), a number of which feature extremely provocative scenes and language, even in their

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³I am at a disadvantage, however, in regard to Flisar’s translated work in that I have been unable to locate a copy of his short-story collection *Tales of Wandering* (Norman, Oklahoma: Texture Press 2001).
titles: Mohor Hudej’s *Like Shit He Will*; Andrej Morovič’s *Calienta Braguetas, Everything Is Going to Be All Right*, and *In the Evening We Go Out Together*; Aleš Čar’s *Out of Order* or the virtually unbearable *The Floors*; and Pirjevec’s *Stigmatized*. Escape comes in many forms and it comes from many things; I cannot enumerate all the short stories that treat it but I will mention a few representative ones. Escape can come through suicide, as in Gradišnik’s *Oeopath* and *The Life Story*, Zofka Kveder’s *Eve*, or Jančar’s *Death at Mary-of-the-Snows* and *The Jump Off the Liburnia*. It very often comes from travel and relocation to foreign parts, as in *Tales of Wandering* by Flisar, Skubic’s *Not With This Train*, Jančar’s *Ultima Creatura*, Blatnik’s *Kyoto*, and others. It can also come from dreaming, fantasy or insanity: Kovačič’s *Messages in Sleep* and *Messages from Dreams: God*; Novak’s *The Tomcat*; Njatin’s *The Dead Perpetually Dream the Truth*; and others. Characters escape from the boredom of bourgeois life (Dušan Čater’s *Love-Seat, History is Written by the Winner, First Day*, and *The Forecast*; Virk’s *Regatta*; Novak’s *This Story Should Have Been Written by Simenon*). They try to escape from the horrors of family life, with a special flight from crimes perpetrated against children or, on occasion, by them: Blatnik’s *The Day of Independence, The Electric Guitar, The Surface, His Mother’s Voice, The Day Tito Died*; Polona Glavan’s *Hansel and Gretel*; Jančič’s *Dogs*; Virk’s *Rošlin and Verjanko*; Andrej Hieng’s *The Fatal Boundary*; Novak’s *The Conspiracy*, and others. And they also attempt to escape from the burden of relationships: Mart Lenardič’s *Programme Plus and The Fighter*; Hudej’s *The Director*; Glavan’s *Actually*; Kveder’s *Eve*; Sonja Dimic’s *Women Laywers and Judges Why, Then, Do You Cry ... Afterwards*; Blatnik’s *Just As Well and Billie Holiday*; Jančar’s *The Look of an Angel*; Virk’s *The Door*; Novak’s *Wrong Side of the Bed* and *Closed*, as well as others. If there are rules whereby Slovene short stories are selected for translation into English, one of them might be that the story must involve tortured human relationships among the urban middle class; another would call for the depiction of tormented children; and a third would proscribe almost completely any Slovene *couleur locale*. In many cases what makes these short stories *Slovene* is merely the language in which they are written. When they are rendered into English, they metamorphose into a kind of universal fiction of any place and no place.

Perhaps it is this power of translation to liberate stories from “the prison house of language” that has persuaded some Slovene authors to translate themselves into English. I became aware of this practice as a result of a complication that arose in the preparation of Branko Gradišnik’s story *Meopat/Oeopath* for the bilingual anthology of Slovene literature I published recently. In Mr. Gradišnik’s own words:

I wrote the original version of the story [“Zemlja”] ... somewhere around 1978. During the eighties it was translated into English. I was not happy with the translation and decided (around 1986) to translate it anew, but in the process of doing so found out that it was also the story itself that made me uneasy – that I had left it behind in the meantime. So I succumbed to an impulse to rewrite it completely – in English. I
never submitted my version anywhere but sometimes I wondered what was to become of it. At last I as much as forgot about it. This year [2001] I received a request from Dr. Cooper regarding the previous English translation and the copyright. The story slipped back into my memory – and I offered the revised translation instead. He seemed to be pleased, until he found out, during the final stages of preparing the anthology, that my “Oeopath” was based on a different version of the original Slovene story. Since the anthology was meant to be bilingual – which I was not aware of at the time – the good doctor was again obliged to inquire. I explained and offered, lacking any better solution, to translate my English story back into Slovene, so that the two versions would finally match. He graciously gave his assent. Although Heraclites was right, this time I resisted the temptation to change anything. (Cooper 2003: 317.)

Mr. Gradišnik’s Rückübersetzung prompted me then to consider other self-translated authors, of whom I found, in addition to him, four more: Evald Flisar, Executioners, The Eternal Traveler, Shorthand Novels: 1. Good Soldier Schweik, but who in more recent publications has been collaborating with Alan McConnell-Duff; Uroš Kalčič, Spirits; Maja Novak, Wrong Side of the Bed, Closed, The Conspiracy; and Andrej Skubic, Not With This Train. Close comparisons of the original with the authors’ translations revealed some interesting phenomena.4 Author-translators seem to add and subtract from their texts ad libitum. For example, Maja Novak’s short story The Conspiracy reads thus in the original:

Naši meščani so majhni, ampak dobri: sprenevedajo se in se za mojim hrbtom prisrčno muzajo v pest le zato, da mi ne bi pokvarili veselja – da bi bil lahko takrat, ko me bo obšel navdih, ko se mi bo razkrilo, ko bom zablestel v polni glorioj, prijetneje presenečen.

Saj se primerjave, ki govorijo v prid moji domnevi, kar same ponujajo!
(Novak 1996b: 60.)

Novak’s English version is quite different, however:

My neighbours are small, but kind: they feign ignorance and chuckle heartily behind my back, only not to spoil my joy – so that, when I’m enlightened, when it’s all revealed to me, I shall be more pleasantly surprised.

One never can tell what good shall arise out of something nasty.

Actually, analogies supporting my thesis just offer themselves.
(Novak 1996a: 26–27.)

4 Assuming, as I have done of necessity, that the Slovene originals from which I worked, that is, the published Slovene versions of these short stories, are the same originals from which the authors made their translations: that is a large assumption, I admit. At this point I would like to insert an urgent request to all translators, be they the original authors or, more likely, the professional translators who on the whole handle Slovene-to-English translations with extraordinary competence, that they indicate the precise source from which they are translating, both for their own protection, lest they be accused of tampering with a text or mistranslating it, and for their readers’ benefit. Knowing especially when a story was first published can often help in contextualizing and understanding it; knowing where and by whom it was published can assist the bilingual reader in finding the original.
The original speaks of “our townspeople,” not “my neighbours,” of navdih, “inspiration,” not “enlightened”; the phrase ko bom zablestel v polni gloriji, which is particularly important to the point of the story, as the narrator imagines himself to be Jesus Christ, is omitted, while an entire apothegmatic paragraph is inserted into the English.5

In the case of Uroš Kalčič’s translation of Duhovi (Kalčič 1987: 319–339), the author as translator seems to have decided to make his text more accessible to an English-speaking audience. Thus in the translation of the first letter of the story, Kalčič adds: “I apologize for my clumsy English (I’ve been trying to learn it desperately all by myself, by ‘candle-light,’ in late midnight hours).” (Kalčič 1991: 108.) This is nowhere to be found in the original. Likewise, in the PS to that first letter, Kalčič the English translator writes: “Rest assured and comforted, dear Mr. W., that ‘he’ [i.e., the boots that have been ordered] is going to be ‘in good feet’ at my place…” (presumably a play on “in good hands” in English). Kalčič the Slovene author has, however: “Bodite prepričani in potola`eni, cenjeni gospod W., da se ‘mu’ pri meni ne bo godilo slabo…” (Kalčič 1987: 320.) Likewise a phrase that recurs throughout the story, škornje za ljudi, ki jih sploh ni (Kalčič 1987: 323 et passim.), becomes in English the far more exotic phrase “boots for the people who in non-existence ripple” (Kalčič 1991: 111 et passim.), which is not so much an anglicization of the original as a rewriting of it. Likewise the simple Slovene “Ne slišite je [duše], ker jopreglaša smeh; torej, prej ali slej Vas obsodijo njene solze” (Kalčič 1987: 332) becomes in English “You cannot hear it as it is being drowned by your laughter; sooner or later, however, thou shalt be condemned by its tears.” (Kalčič 1991: 121.)6 Boris Volk iz Pirana (Kalčič 1987: 333) becomes “Boris Wolf from Zagreb” (Kalčič 1991: 121). A number of differences between the two texts may simply be the result of mistranslation: akti are not “acts” but documents; a sevdalinka is not a “dirge” but a love song; “I’ll turn to your manufacture,” which makes no sense in English, is probably “I’ll drop in on your plant” (Kalčič 1987: 338–339, Kalčič 1991: 126–127).7 On the whole, however, the translation remains a translation and does not become a new story in English: Kalčič has taken some liberties with his translation, clearly more than a professional translator who is not the author would dare to do, but, unlike Gradišnik, he has not rewritten his story in English.

Andrej Skubic’s Not With This Train is, like Gradišnik’s Oeopath a reworking rather than a translation of his tale Nočem s tem vlakom from the collection Norišnica (Skubic 2004: 77–94). Whole episodes of the story are reordered. A good deal of the original is missing from the English version, and on occasion the English

5 We must, of course, take into consideration the author-translator’s command of English, which, at least in this case and in Novak’s other self-translated story Wrong Side of the Bed, clearly is not up to the task. For example, the entire point of the latter story is lost when the author translated the Slovene idiomatic expression vstati z levo nogo with the equally idiomatic, but completely inadequate English expression “to get out of [better would be: to get up on] the wrong side of the bed.”

6 If there is a hidden reference here (to Shakespeare or the Bible, perhaps), I am missing it.

7 There are clear mistakes in the English elsewhere, although by and large the translation reads very well.
contains passages that are absent from the Slovene. Small changes abound: Hamburg and Bonn in the original become Munich and Mannheim in translation (Skubic 1996: 78–79), Balzac becomes Barthelme (Skubic 1996: 81), port becomes tequila (Skubic 1996: 82), a Dutchman turns into a German (Skubic 1996: 89). English obscenities are found where the Slovene is more timid: golazen when used to refer to a dead pigeon is translated as “vermin,” but on the same page, in the preceding paragraph, when it refers to trainconductors it is translated as “mother-fuckers” (Skubic 2004: 78, Skubic 1996: 78). But perhaps the most important alteration is that the protagonist, known as “gospod Vladimir” in the Slovene and as “Vladimir S.” in translation, takes on a whole new persona in English. The original Vladimir is a retired schoolteacher, widowed, paunchy, and cranky in an old-man sort of way (Skubic 2004: 83-84, 91, 92; see also 80). In English Vladimir S. is a University of Ljubljana student (Skubic 1996: 85), and references to his age, marital status, physique or moodiness are all absent. The English reader is given to understand that Vladimir S. is backpacking around Europe while suffering from drug- and alcohol-induced nightmares, a not quite care-free young man who indulges in casual sex. “Gospod Vladimir,” on the other hand, bowls with pensioners like himself, he seems fearful of narcotics and his sexual involvement is complicated by notions of commitment and stability. The differences are so great that we may wonder whether Skubic rewrote his Slovene tale for publication in 2004: perhaps the base of the earlier English translation was a prior version of this later publication.

One of Evald Flisar’s self-translated stories, Shorthand Novels: 1. Good Soldier Schweik, actually appeared in a bilingual format with the original, Stenografski romanji: 1. Dobri vojak Švejk, and perhaps for that reason the translation hews fairly close to the original, although with liberties another translator might not allow him- or herself, and with a paragraph in the English that cannot be found in the Slovene.8 The only other short story translation by Flisar that I have been able to compare against the Slovene original9 is Executioners, which (first?) appeared in The Imagination of Terra Incognita: Slovenian Writing 1945–1995 (Fredonia, NY: White Pine Press 1997) and subsequently in Flisar’s Tales of Wandering. Executioners is based on (rather than strictly speaking translated from) Ukijev srečni dan, the fourteenth tale in Flisar’s well-regarded Popotnik v kraljestvu senc (Ljubljana: Ganeš 1992). From the opening paragraph the reader of both the

8“In spite of the fact that he needed seven stitches and had to put up with loud ringing noises in his left ear for more than a year!” (Sodobnost 2001: 126; the corresponding passage in Slovene is on p. 132.) This may, however, be a simple oversight and not an intentional insertion.

9See footnote 3. I did find on the Internet the texts of Safari and Portrait, two of the stories Flisar published in Tales of Wandering, but I have been unable to locate their Slovene originals. The closest I could come to a Slovene version of Safari was the twenty-ninth story in Popotnik v kraljestvu senc, namely Črni Babilon, which provides the African backdrop for Safari but does not contain the tale of Sylvia and Peter in the bush. I wonder, therefore, whether Safari is a translation of longer story by Flisar that I have been unable to find, or whether perhaps the English is an original for which no Slovene version exists.
Slovene and the English realizes that the texts may be siblings but they are definitely not twins:

Patan se je včasih imenoval Lalitpur, mesto lepote, a čeprav je bila lepota še tam, ni bil prvi vtič čisto nič vzpodoben: prispeva sva v oguljeno, nastlano mestece, kjer sva zbujala splošno pozornost. Ustavila sva se na trgu, kjer je v prahu stalo nekaj branjevek stojnic. Začela sva razmišljati, kje naj pustiva kolesi. V hotelu, v katerem sva si jih izposodila, so nama zaciščali, naj paziva nanje, ker Nepali ne pešačijo radi. (Flisar 1992: 127.)

The next morning we cycled to Pathan, in better times known as Lalitpur, “the city of beauty.” Six months into the journey, our hope of finding a place that would be “magic,” “undefiled” and “different,” was as clear as ever. But as we negotiated our way through littered alleyways, trying to avoid chickens, dogs and piles of excrement, it began to dawn on us that our expectations were once again on a collision course with reality. Pathan was a provincial market town of open sewers and crumbling facades, its ancient beauty buried under the pungent layer of Himalayan squalor.

We dismounted near a cluster of food stalls on a tiny square.

In the Slovene the narrator’s traveling partner is both Jernej and Margaret. In the English she is Margaret and, at least in this one story, no further identification of her is provided. Virtually every English paragraph differs in some way or another from the Slovene: “To ni zvenelo prav nič nepalsko. Obenem pa ni bilo dvoma, da nama hoče nekaj povedati …”; “Whatever language that was – and it sounded like a mixture of half a dozen – the boy was obviously trying to tell us something.” (Flisar 1997: 412 for both quotes.) The English has sentences the Slovene lacks: “In the absence of any alternatives, we did just that”; “That took a bit longer, but he was determined to finish what he had started.” (Flisar 1997: 413.) And likewise the Slovene, where the English is lacking: “‘Margaret,’ sem pokazal na ženo in ‘Evald,’ sem pokazal nase.” (Flisar 1992: 128.) Paragraphs can be rearranged (Flisar 1992: 129 and 1997: 415), unimportant details changed (in the Slovene Uki had two sisters and five brothers, but in English he has two sisters and one brother (Flisar 1992: 129 and 1997: 416), in the Slovene the travelers give him five rupees for his help, but in the English ten (Flisar 1992: 130 and 1997: 417)). But sometimes the differences can be significant, it seems to me: “His eyes filled with relief and gratitude, but also with something that shocked me: something close to pure, unadulterated love” (Flisar 1997: 418). Likewise the final paragraph:

As we rode off, great bitterness welled up in our hearts. Just before we left the square I looked back. The boy had not moved. Half sitting on the ground and half leaning against the wall he looked like a hostage executed by a firing squad. (Flisar 1997: 423.)

The italicized words are missing from the Slovene.
The Slovene is more explicit:

Ko sva zapuščala trg, sem se ozrl. Ždel je ob steni, sključen, negiben, kot ustreljen talec. Silna grenkoba se je razrasla v nama. Šele zdaj sva začela doumevati meje zločina, ki sva ga zagrešila. Iz sveta, v katerem je bil neizmerno bogat, saj si je želel samo tisto, kar je imel, sva ga pahnila v svet hrepenanja in bolečine.
Od tam ni poti nazaj. (Flisar 1992: 134.)

Absent any information from the author, we can only speculate about the reasons for these differences. Had Flisar, like Gradišnik, changed his thinking about his story? Did he wish to make his crime (actually his and his wife’s crime in the Slovene) less heinous? Was the Slovene ending a bit too melodramatic (i.e., the thoughtless first world perverting the innocent third world), or did the author think such considerations would not play well for an English-speaking audience? Is there meaning in the alteration of minor details, or are they simply the result of a carelessness or indifference for which a professional translator would be rightly criticized? Whatever the answers to these questions might be, I believe author-translated short stories such as these represent a new phenomenon: they are not genuine translations from Slovene into English but rather, for lack of a better word, transpositions or transmutations of a Slovene text into an English one, where the creativity of the author continues to work in another linguistic environment. They coexist with proper translations but must not be confused with them. For the time being this phenomenon is quite rare, and professional translators are hardly in danger of losing their jobs. But the Slovene short story in English transposition bears watching, for it may become yet another way the tiny window through which the Slovene literary imagination shines out into the world can be enlarged.

Bibliography

NOVAK, Maja, 1996b, Zverjad. Ljubljana: Cankarjeva založba.
Appendix

(Note: this appendix is intended to be exhaustive only for short stories published in English between 1991 and 2004; for translations before then, I have sought to adduce all Slovene writers translated into English, but not their individual short stories. Where more stories are translated than are listed here, an “et al.” is inserted. Information about additions to the list will be welcome.)

Bartol, Vladimir

Bevk, France
In the Depths (tr. A. Klančar and F. Noyes, 1936–1937), The Black Chicken (tr. J. Hendry, 1939–1940) VDM

Blatnik, Andrej
Billie Holiday [163–171], Kyoto [172–186] (tr. Tamara M. Soban) LS1
Billie Holiday [119–128], Kyoto [129–141], Isaac [142–143], His Mother’s Voice [144–147], The Day Tito Died [148–149] (tr. Tamara Soban) DTD
The Drummer’s Strike [352], Isaac [352–354], The Day Tito Died [354] (tr. Tamara Soban) VD
Billie Holiday [456–463], His Mother’s Voice [464–467], The Day Tito Died [468] (tr. Tamara Soban) ITI
Billie Holiday [226–232] (tr. Tamara Soban) ASW
Too Close Together/Preblizu skupaj [55–61] (tr. Tamara Soban) SCR
The Day of Independence [57–60], Electric Guitar [61–67], The Surface [69–71] (tr. Tamara M. Soban) KW

Bojetu, Berta
Helena Brass’ Diary (part two) [227–231] (tr. Lili Potpara) VD

Božič, Peter
The Death of Father Vincenc (tr. Stanko Klinar, 1980) VDM

Bukvič, Frank
Sweeper Marich (tr. Edward Krasovich, 1977)* VDM
Mardak (tr. Danica Dolenc, 1988) VDM2
Cankar, Ivan
Simple Martin (tr. Louis Adamic, 1921) et al. VDM, VDM1, VDM2
On Honeymoon (tr. Peter Herrity, 1991) VDM3

Čar, Aleš
Out of Order [135–141], The Floors [143–152] (tr. Erica Johnson Debeljak) KW

Čater, Dušan
Winters in Cities Are Quite Depressing, I Think [43–48], Our Things [49–50] (tr. Polona Šeško) ATHPM
Love-Seat [117–119], History Is Written by the Winner [121–123], First Day [125–127], The Forecast [129–133] (tr. Tamara M. Soban) KW

Dimic, Sonja
Women Lawyers and Judges Why, Then, Do You Cry ... Afterwards [79–85] (tr. Sonja Kravanja) VL

Dolenc, Mate

Erjavec, Fran
Not All Is Gold That Glitters (exc.) (tr. Leo Wiener?, 1899) VDM

Filipčič, Emil
Grein Vaun (tr. Alasdair MacKinnon, 1980) VDM

Finžgar, Fran S.
Our Daily Bread (tr. Louis Adamic, 1923) et al. VDM, VDM1

Flisar, Evald
Executioners [412–423] (tr. Evald Flisar) ITI
The Eternal Traveller [65–72] (tr. Evald Flisar) MSP

Funtek, Anton
Lights (tr. Leo Wiener?, 1899) VDM

Glavan, Polona
Hansel and Gretel [153–156], Actually [157–161], Natte [163–166] (tr. Sonja Kravanja) KW

Gradišnik, Branko/Brane
Some Other Old Man (tr. Anne Čeh, 1983), The Earth (tr. Mario Suško and Edward J. Czerwinski, 1984) VDM1
Oeopath [81–91], Mouseday [92–102] (tr. Branko Gradišnik) LS1
Oeopath [39–48], Mouseday [49–58], The Life Story [59–78] (tr. Brane Gradišnik) DTD
About the Author [270–271], About the Mountain [272–273] (tr. Branko Gradišnik) VD
Meopat/Oeopath [318–333] (tr. Branko Gradišnik) BASL (revised for this edition)

Hergold, Ivanka
The Singing Walnut Tree (tr. Anne Čeh, 1984) VDM1

Hieng, Andrej
The Bloodstained Bird (tr. Margaret Davis, 1981) VDM1
Deaf Man at the Border (tr. Martin Cregeen, 1988) VDM2
Harite (Fragment) [65–68] (tr. Lili Potpara) VD
The Fatal Boundary [333–351] (tr. Mia Dintinjana) ITI

Hofman, Branko
Three Words on Crumpled Paper or the Fate of an Author (tr. Martin Cregeen, 1988), Man with No Face (tr. Martin Cregeen, 1990) VDM2

Hudej, Mohor
Like Shit He Will [99–106], To Serve or Not to Serve [107–112], The Director [113–115] (tr. Tamara M. Soban) KW

Ingolič, Anton
Sightless Eyes (tr. N. Viktorovič, 1967), The Girl from Chicago (tr. M. Sheppard, 1974) VDM

Jančar, Drago
Kristof (tr. Anne Čeh, 1974), In Philistia (tr. Tom Ložar, 1979), The Galley Slave (tr. Franci Slivnik, 1980) VDM
Death at Mary-of-the-Snows (tr. Mario Suško and Edward J. Czerwinski, 1984) VDM1
Terra Incognita (tr. Anne Čeh, 1987), The Partisan Birch Tree (tr. Ann Čeh, 1988) VDM2
Aethiopica, Repetition [156–163] (tr. Lili Potpara) COS
Death at Mary-of-the-Snows [7–17], The Jump off the Liburnia [18–24], Ultima Creatura [25–36] DTD
Augsburg [75–88] (tr. Alasdair MacKinnon) BB
Repetition [10–18] (tr. Lili Potpara) DOS
Augsburg [246–252] (tr. Alasdair MacKinnon) VD
Augsburg [446–454] (tr. Alasdair MacKinnon) ITI
Smrt pri Marij Snežni/Death at Mary-of-the-Snows [298–316] (tr. Mario Suško and Edward J. Czerwinski) BASL

Jančič, Maja
Dogs [123–124], Siesta [125–126] (tr. Sonja Kravanja) VL

Jontez, Ivan
A Soul Divided (tr. Joseph Kess, 1977)* VDM

Jurčič, Josip
Tattered Vishna Gora, Patched Zuzenberg (tr. A. Družina, 1928) VDM

Kalčič, Uroš
The Intended (tr. Anne Čeh, 1988) VDM2
Spirits [107–128] (tr. Uroš Kalčič) LS1

Kavčič, Vladimir
Siege of the Sky (tr. Margaret Davis, 1980) VDM
Minutes (tr. Anne Čeh, 1984) VDM1
Seven Lies (tr. Jan Dekker and Helen Lenček, 1969) VDM2

Kersnik, Janko
The Peasant’s Death (tr. Leo Wiener, 1899) VDM
Knetska smrt/The Peasant’s Death [106–116] (tr. Leo Wiener) BASL

Kerže, Frank
Podboy’s Return to Slovenia (tr. Florence Unetich, 1977)* VDM

Kleč, Milan
Škilan [292–293] (tr. Lili Potpara) VD

Kosmač, Ciril
The Caterpillar (tr. Svetozar Koljević, 1966) VDM
Death of a Simple Giant (tr. Cordia Kveder, 1965) VDM
Thatanthere (tr. Michael Biggins, 1984) VDM1

Kosmač, Tomaž
To See Žiri and Die [89–98] (tr. Irena Zorko) KW

Kovačič, Lojze
Silence [131–139] (tr. Margaret Davis, 1991) COS
A Story of the Dead Ljudmila [88–90] (tr. Miriam Drev) VD

Kraigher, Alojz
Builders (tr. Louis Adamic, 1924) VDM

Kranjec, Miško

Kristan, Ebin
The Invisible Bridge (tr. Rick Sustaric, 1977)* VDM

Kvieder, Zofka
The Montenegrin Widow (tr. Louis Adamic, 1922) VDM
Eve [49–53] (tr. Sonja Kravanja) VL

Lenardič, Mart

Levstik, Fran
The Fishermaiden (tr. Louis Adamic?, 1931), Martin Krpan of Verkh (tr. A. Klančar, 1943) et al. VDM
Martin Krpan z Vrha/Martin Kerpan of Verkh [58–86] (tr. Anthony J. Klančar) BASL

Levstik, Vladimir
An Adder’s Nest (tr. F. Copeland, 1931) VDM
The Holy Ghost and John Dolt (tr. David [sic!], 1932) VDM2
Lipuš, Florijan
Filip Murn Causes Trouble (tr. Stanko Klinar, 1979) VDM
The Day of the Country Wake [401–410] (tr. Dušanka Zabukovec) ITI

Mauser, Karel
John Kovach (tr. Joseph Zelle, 1977)* VDM

Meško, Francis Xavier
The Man With the Ragged Soul (tr. Helen P. Hlacha, 1927) VDM

Molek, Ivan
Graveyards of the Living (tr. Mary Molek, 1977)* VDM

Morovič, Andrej
Calienta Braguetas [27–32] (tr. Erica Johnson Debeljak), Everything Is Going to Be All Right [33–35], In the Evening We Go Out Together [37–39] (tr. Irena Zorko) KW

Njatin, Lela B.
A Night in Ljubljana [75–77] (tr. Lili Potpara) MSP

Novak, Maja
The Tomcat [111–121] (tr. Sonja Kravanja) VL
This Story Should Have Been Written by Simenon [7–25] (tr. Jure Novak) KW

Novak, Zdravko
A Patch of Earth (tr. Joseph Kess, 1977)* VDM

Pirjevec, Nedeljka
Stigmatized [103–110] (tr. Tamara Soban) VL

Pregelj, Ivan
Vicar Mathias’ Last Guest (tr. M. Zmajić, 1934–1935) VDM
Gospoda Matije zadnji gost/Vicar Mathias’ Last Guest [166–184] (tr. Baroness Zmajić) BASL

Prežihov Voranc
Land Hunger (tr. Louis Adamic, 1923) et al. VDM
The Self-Sown (tr. Irma Ožbalt, 1983), Tear Drops (tr. Irma Ožbalt, 1985) VDM1; et al. VDM2; et al. VDM3
Rogelj, Janko
*The Charter Member* (tr. Joseph Valencic, 1977)* VDM

Šeligo, Rudi
*What They’re Doing to You* (tr. Tom Ložar, 1979) VDM
*Keeping Silence* (tr. Anne Čeh, 1988) VDM2
*What They’re Doing to You* [144–152] (tr. Tom Ložar, 1991) COS
*Of the Flower of Jericho* [394–399] (tr. Tamara Soban) ITI

Skubic, Andrej
*Not With This Train* [77–92] (trans. Andrej Skubic) ATHPM

Stritar, Josip
*The Brother, The Island* (tr. Louis Adamic?, 1931) VDM

Suhodolčan, Leopold
*Signs in the Snow* (tr. Margaret Davis, 1982) VDM1

Tavčar, Ivan
*Old Antony’s Son* (tr. N. B. Jopson, 1923–1924) VDM
*Autumn Blossoms* (tr. Savo Torey; Sydney, Washington, Oxford: s.n., 1999)

Tomšič, Marjan
*A Road* [199–203] (tr. Dragan Milivojevic, 1991) YFP

Velikanovich, Iso
*The Old Fogies’ Club* (tr. Louis Adamic, 1925) VDM

Virk, Jani
*The Door* [133–139], *Rošlin and Verjanko* [140–146], *Regatta* [147–158] (tr. Lili Potpara) LS1
*The Door* [81–86], *Rošlin and Verjanko* [87–92], *Regatta* [93–102] (tr. Lili Potpara) DTD
*On the Border* [41–55] (tr. Lili Potpara) KW

Vojsković, Marija
*Women’s Bay* [71–77] (tr. Sonja Kravanja) VL

Zakrajšek, Kazimir
*A Father’s Love* (tr. Edward Krasovich, 1977)* VDM

Zidar, Pavle
Zorec, Ivan
_Begali_ (tr. Louis Adamic, 1926–1927) VDM

Zupan, Vitomil
_The Standpoint of Great Peace_ (tr. Margaret Davies [sic!], 1979) VDM
_Stališče velikega miru/The Standpoint of Great Peace_ [234–250] (tr. Margaret Davis) BASL

Zupančič, Beno

Zupancic, Katka
_How Much Will You Give?_ (tr. Edward Krasovich, 1977)*

*indicates Slovene language writers whose translations are found in: Giles Edward Gobetz and Adele Donchenko, eds., _Anthology of Slovenian American Literature_ (Willoughby Hills, OH: Slovenian Research Center of America, Inc., 1977). Most of these writers are not listed in Janko Kos et al., _Slovenska književnost_ (Ljubljana: Cankarjeva založba, 1996).

Abbreviations

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Abbreviation</th>
<th>Title</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ATHPM</td>
<td>At Three and a Half Past Midnight: Anthology of Young Slovene Poetry, Fiction, and Non-Fiction (Ljubljana: Društvo Apokalipsa 1996)</td>
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<tr>
<td>COS</td>
<td>The Case of Slovenia: Writers’ Journal Special Edition (Ljubljana: Nova Revija 1991)</td>
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<tr>
<td>DTD</td>
<td><em>The Day Tito Died</em> (London/Lincoln Center MA: Forest Books 1993)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KW</td>
<td>Aleš Berger, ed., <em>The Key Witnesses: The Younger Slovene Prose at the Turn of the Millennia</em> (Ljubljana: Slovene Writers’ Association; Slovene P.E.N.; Association of the Slovene Literary Translators 2003) (= <em>Litterae Slovenicae</em> 1/2003/51/102)</td>
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Addendum

A very recent set of English translations of Slovene literature was brought to my attention by Dr. David Limon of the University of Ljubljana after I had completed this paper. It is:


Dr. Limon informs me there are three additional short stories in this collection: Drago Jančar, *The Spectre from Rovenska* (translated by Andrew Wachtel), and Polona Glavan, *Hansel and Gretel* and *Actually* (translated by Sonja Kravanja). My attempts to procure a copy of this publication through Interlibrary Loan have been to date unsuccessful. The Glavan translations have been published before; the Jančar translation, however, appears to be new. I would like to thank Dr. Limon for informing me of this volume.