

mination of Serbs and Jews by Ustashi Croats during the war. Using a story that is much similar to *Anne Frank*, Štiglic deftly portrays a romance and drama between a Jewish girl, Ruth, and Ivo, a Croatian Catholic from a good middle class family. Štiglic's direction of this taut drama is remarkable for the concise and subtle way in which the tale moves from the comfort of a middle-class drawing room to the staccato pace and drama of the concluding scenes, set in an Ustashi concentration camp, as the star-crossed lovers are caught between forces larger than themselves.

With fifteen feature films and numerous television films and series, Štiglic has proved not only a pioneer but an artist with incredible staying power. As Rapa Šuklje sums up in her essay, "Štiglic has remained the central figure during the first three decades of the Slovene Cinema. He has paved the way both for the national 'partisan cinema' and for comic and juvenile cinema."

Documentation on Yugoslav filmmakers is only now beginning to appear in more than its statistical forms. But the Filmski Muzej of Slovenia is proving to be in the forefront of film study in Yugoslavia through its carefully researched and assembled materials. In this collection there are articles by Vladimir Koch, Rapa Šuklje, Miroslav Čepinčič, Nenad Polimac, Bogdan Lešnik and Lilijana Nedić. Two articles, "Thirty Years of the Slovene Cinema" by Rapa Šuklje and "Life and Works" by Vladimir Koch appear in a summarized English and French translation in the back of the book. The book contains a full filmography including all of his television shows and a complete bibliography of articles about Štiglic and interviews with him. There is also a useful selection of quotations and comments by Štiglic on his own career and work. The text is well illustrated with production stills from his films. Many will be interested, for instance, to learn that Štiglic is like many Yugoslav directors in that he has worked in other republics of the country. He was in fact a major figure in the development of Macedonian cinema (Miroslav Čepinčič's article).

"I perhaps neglect facts too much," writes Štiglic in the section devoted to his remarks. "I like to be lyrical even though the situation may be dramatic." Here, in this useful and long-awaited book, he well defines his own accomplishment. As Rapa Šuklje states, his special talent was to create "a lyrical narrative focusing on emotional experiences of the heroes and not on the external action" (p. 215).

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Feliks J. Bister and Herbert Kuhner, eds. *Koroška slovenska poezija/Carinthian Slovenian Poetry*. Celovec/Klagenfurt: Hermagoras-Mohorjeva, and Columbus, OH: Slavica Publishers, Inc.: 1984. 216 pp.

*Carinthian Slovenian Poetry* brings together fourteen living Carinthian poets of the Slovene language (they range in age from 19 to 83) and seventy of their brief lyrics (none over a page in length). Each poem is translated (by Herbert Kuhner, one of the editors, with a host of other translators listed in the rear of the volume) on the facing page. Each section is preceded by a colored illustration from the easel of the Austro-Slovene artist Valentin Oman. The book has a short and rather impressionistic intro-



duction to the poets by Feliks J. Bister (the other editor), and a useful section of bio-bibliographies of the artists at the end. A map and two "Comments" complete the volume, which is handsomely and carefully printed on glossy paper and hardbound.

The poems themselves represent for the most part an expression of intimate feeling or of a personal and often very private vision on the part of individuals who think and write in Slovene. I confess to seeing little in them that is definably Carinthian, or political enough to justify statements in either the introduction (p. 19) or first comment (p. 213). Even the language lacks any regional flavor, with perhaps the exception of *vigred* (rather than Standard Slovene *pomlad*) to mean "springtime". To those who both love lyric poetry and read Slovene, I can certainly recommend them.

The translations, on the other hand, caused me some problems. The best are from the collaboration of Kuhner and Klaus Detlef Olof; the least satisfying from Kuhner and Peter Kersche. My difficulties arose not from the English itself, which throughout shows a native sensibility and poetic sensitivity. Rather they came from a certain *reductionism* (for lack of a better word) in some translations. For example, the Slovene line from Milka Hartman's "Žito valovi" reads: "Rdeča zarja se poslavlja." The English is merely: "The sun sets" (pp. 26/27). Or in Valentin Polanšek's "Balada o rokah" (mistranslated as "The Ballade of Hands" [p. 39]), the contrast in each stanza is between hands (*roke*) and mouth (*usta*), which is needlessly lost in the translation:

Bil sem mož.	I was a man.
Roke so skrbele	My hands bore ( <i>sic</i> )
in usta ljubila.	and I loved.

On occasion poetic effects are created in the translation that are absent from (I would say even alien to) the originals, such as in Andrej Kokot's "Moji besedi", where "Ni bliska, ki bi razklal" is translated as "Thunder cannot sunder" (p. 47), or in Erih Prunč's "Kralj Matjaž V," where "bokov vojski" becomes "flanks of a phalanx" (p. 75). The result of all this is to give a qualitatively different impression of this poetry to the reader who can manage only the translation.

But then to some extent or another all translation is betrayal. And by and large the translations in *Carinthian Slovenian Poetry* are accurate enough and in every case readable. *Caveat lector* in the details, therefore, but profit and pleasure are to be had as well from this handsome little book.

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Ivan Dolenc, *Za dolar človečnosti*. Ljubljana: Prešernova družba, 1983. 192 pp.

Dolenc's novel, written in Canada a few years ago and recently published in Yugoslavia, has been reviewed in both countries. The critics in the two countries perceive and emphasize different aspects of the narrative, but they all seem to judge the book from the point of view of the "story line", from the surface events and descriptions of people and places, rather than on its message and ideas. To Canadian-American Slovenes the book is interesting because it so vividly describes the misery which nearly every immigrant experienced in the first years after his arrival in the new