

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

country: his lonely search for a job, any job, his wandering from one type of inferior accommodation to another, his physical and spiritual isolation in the community of strangers. *Za dolar človečnosti* is for them their own never-written diary and, at the same time, "an educational piece of history". The main character of the novel is, for them, a hero who has valiantly fought his battles for a decent existence in the new country, in spite of the fact that his soul had died in him when he was forced to leave his homeland. The critics in Slovenia, on the other hand, see the hero as an extension of an old literary character which was created by Ivan Cankar: a misfit, an uprooted tree, a failure, a man whose physical suffering in the foreign land is aggravated by his feelings of guilt and remorse. According to them, Dolenc's elaboration of a known literary theme seems to differ from Cankar's lyrical sketches only in its naturalistic, photo-camera style, in its vivid descriptions of people and places, a style close to that of Dos Passos.

Yet, the value of Dolenc's novel, written in the first person, is neither in the autobiographically defined presentation of a historical document nor in the realistic approach to a known literary theme. It is in the fact that Dolenc created a new literary type in Slovene literature. The hero of *Za dolar človečnosti* differs greatly not only from Cankar's victims of economic circumstances but also from the nostalgic, embittered exiles who left Slovenia after World War II. Dolenc's hero is one of the new, international breed of emigrants: he is a dissident, a victim of his conscience rather than circumstances. He was not forced to leave Slovenia either by poverty or by political persecution. In Slovenia he was a journalist, a man with "aktovka", respected by his family and neighbours. He had an apartment, quite a luxury in Slovenia of the 1950's, and a family. He left because of his yearning for freedom: freedom of speech, movement, decision-making, freedom to choose or reject ideas, ideologies and lifestyles, freedom to question and criticize. Therefore, his joblessness and homelessness in the winter-bound loneliness of the Canadian Prairies cannot break him: all his physical suffering touches him only on the outside; it is a price he is prepared to pay for these freedoms. He remains intensely alive, a master of his own destiny, never a victim. The fierce intensity of his feelings reaches and inspires others, who—like him—are the citizens of the world, determined to retain their human dignity and free will at all costs. He finds them in mental hospitals, in city slums, in a Chinese tavern. What they do for a living, what they eat, in what conditions they live, is not their central preoccupation. They help and look after each other's needs as well as they can, but their main concern is their retention of the "strength for freedom" under most trying circumstances. These people do not weep, are not torn with regrets, even if deep down they long for the simple paradise of their youth. This is pointedly brought to the reader's attention in the prelude to the novel, a quotation from the poem "Domotožje" by Janko Glazer: "Tja bi šel, kjer naše bukve košate/ same zase stojijo,/ tja čez samotne naše frate,/ tja čez poletne planinske trate,/ kadar po arniki bridki dišijo..."

Creating this very modern portrait of an emigrant is Dolenc's main contribution to contemporary Slovene literature. Yet, perhaps this was not the author's conscious intent. He has simply eased his mind, combining autobiography, meditation, and groping for the answers to some painful questions. His style is simple, non-sentimental and convincing because of its very sincerity and lack of pretensions. *Za dolar človečnosti* is a book that can be experienced on different levels. For an unsophisticated observer it reads like fiction full of adventure; to a fellow-immigrant in North America

it is a recording of some of his very own experiences; for an ethnographer and social analyst it represents a vivid study of the interaction between "old" and "new" Canadians in a particular geographic location; a literary historian can see in it a variation on an old theme. Even a linguist can find the book interesting material for the study of the influences of the English syntax on the author's native Slovene. In Slovenia the novel is very popular. "Prešernova družba", which caters mainly to its subscribers, has already run out of copies. In libraries there have been waiting lists of people who want to read it. To meet the demand, both "Nedeljski dnevnik" in Ljubljana, and "Večer" in Maribor are serializing Dolenc's story.

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France Bezljaj, *Etimološki slovar slovenskega jezika: druga knjiga, K-O*. Ljubljana: Mladinska Knjiga, 1982. Pp. 265.

In my view every etymological dictionary is a fundamental contribution to the culture of the nation which produces it and therefore also a contribution to world culture. The second volume of this dictionary (the first volume of which I reviewed in 1978) is no exception and its author is to be thanked for providing us with the results of his great erudition. Particularly interesting for me is the author's willingness to cast his etymological net broadly and to capture the relationships with the Baltic languages. This is a welcome antidote to what I perceive as the typical East European parochialism. I cannot find any major faults in his dictionary but since it is the duty of the reviewer to find fault I must content myself with noting minor inconsistencies, errors and misprints.

One notes, e.g., that for the concepts 'Lithuanian' and 'Latvian' respectively Bezljaj uses *litavsko* (abbr. *lit.*) and *lotiško* (abbr. *lot.*) instead of the forms *litovski* and *letonski* or *latovski* found in the Slovene Academy Dictionary (Vol. II).

In the first volume of Bezljaj's dictionary it was probably not possible to take into consideration V.N. Toporov's new *Prusskij jazyk*, three volumes of which have appeared, but for anything regarding Old Prussian Toporov's work must now be consulted.

Under the heading *kadīti* 'to smoke' (9) Bezljaj repeats the suggestion that Old Prussian *accodis* 'dimnik v izbi, hole in a hut for smoke to escape' derives from **at-kodis* and that the second element should be connected with the Slavic root **kad-*. Had he quoted Toporov (1975:70), the reader would be aware that Old Prussian *accodis* has also been corrected to **aucodis* and been connected with Polish *uchod* 'Entweichen, escape' (Trautmann 1910:298). He would have also found my suggestion (1969:166) that *accodis* should be phonemicized as /akutis/ deriving from the Baltic root *ak-* 'eye' plus a diminutive ending *-utis* and that the word originally meant something like 'little eye.' A parallel would be found in the derivation of the English *window* from Old Norse *vindauga* ← *vindr* 'wind' plus *auga* 'eye' (see Webster's Third New International Dictionary, p. 2620).