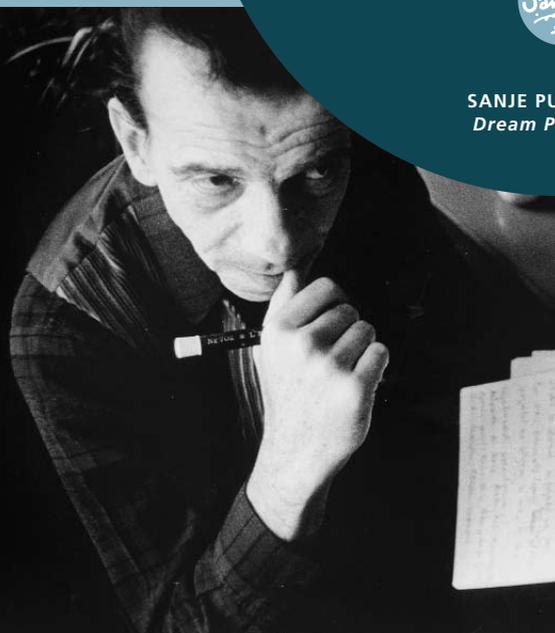


Frane Milčinski - Ježek

Give me the number
for mother luck!



SANJE PUBLISHING
Dream Publishing





SÁNJE - DREAM is a succession of images, sounds or emotions that the mind experiences during sleep. The content and purpose of dreams are not fully understood, though they have been a topic of speculation and interest throughout recorded history.

(Wikipedia)

A selection of awards received by Sanje:

★ *Best Young Translator
of 2012: Ana Barič
Moder for the translation
of Les fleurs bleues*

★ *International award
for Outstanding Merits in
Investigative Journalism
2012 presented by CEI
and SEEMO: Matej Šurc
& Blaž Zgaga for the
trilogy In the Name
of the State*

★ *Best Young Translator
of 2011: Stana Anželj
for the translation of Die
Stadt der Träumenden
Bücher by Walter Moers*

★ *Most Beautiful
Original Slovenian
Children's Book of 2010
(Fran Milčinski – Ježek,
Tina Volarič: Zgodba o
zamorčku Bambuleju in
vrtoglavi žirafi)*

★ *Slovenian Publisher
of the Year 2010*

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is a distinguished Slovenian publisher, publishing quality fiction and nonfiction for both adults and children. It enjoys the reputation of being one of the best publishers in the field of literature in Slovenia, among readers as well as critics. A publisher with a clear vision and ability to act, Sanje is one of the key promoters of reading in Slovenia. It clearly has a role of not only publishing but also educating the reading audience towards added value.

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★ *Special Prize for Best Illustrated Book of 2009*
(Fran Milčinski - Ana Razpotnik Donati: Laž in njen ženin)

★ *Best Young Translator of 2008: Katja Zakrajšek for the translation of The Book of Salt by Monique Truong,*

★ *Sovre Award – the highest national prize translation awarded to Nives Vidrih (the following translation was mentioned in the explanation of the jury: Sestra by Jachym Topol, Sanje, 2008)*

★ *Praise for best bookcover at Brumen, Biennale of Visual Messages, 2007 (Sestra, design by Matej Koren)*

★ *Best Debut Novel of 2006 (Ime tvoje zvezde je Bilhadi by Magda Reja)*

★ *Best Design of 2006 (Marjana by Katarina Lavš)*

★ *Best Design of 2005 (Faust by J.W.Goethe, the first complete translation in Slovenian)*

★ *Best Design of the Year 2004 (Idiot by F. M. Dostoevsky)*

★ *Best Design of 2001 (a series of audiobooks based on poetry by France Prešeren)*



Frane Milčinski - Ježek

Frane Milčinski - Ježek (1914-88), actor, director, author of screen and radio plays (co-screenwriter of *Kekec*, which received the Golden Lion in the Children's Film category at the Venice Film Festival in 1952), singer, poet and writer, was one of the most prominent media personalities in Slovenia and without a doubt Slovenia's greatest humorist and satirist. He received numerous awards for his work, including the Prešeren award (the most prestigious Slovenian award for the arts) for lifetime achievements in 1975.

In spite of Ježek's great popularity, his work has become widely available only in the last ten years, with the release of CDs, audiobooks and books of his short stories, poems and children's stories by Sanje.

Sundial

Collected Poems

original title: Sončna ura

poetry

672 pages

first published in 1997, with several re-editions and reprints, present

edition published in 2012

rights available: world

a selection of poems available in English translation

Sundial brings together, for the first time, Ježek's poems, song lyrics and other verse texts. His poetry is simple, humanly and socially involved, full of humour and often at its most funny when it is the saddest.

Luck Lives on the Seventh Floor (lyrics)

You can't buy luck

At a news-stand

Like a crime paperback

Or the latest GQ (...)

It's not something you find

In a supermarket

To pick off the shelf, pay as you leave (...)

Luck lives on the seventh floor,

The lift's out of order so we have to walk...



A selection of poems
available in English



The Ballad of a Little Slice of Bread

original title: *Balada o koščku kruha*

music album, songs

24 song, 68 minutes

first published in 1994, with several re-editions and reprints,

rights available: world



A masterpiece.

Frane Milčinski - Ježek (1914–88) remains without doubt the most important Slovenian humorist and satirist. From an early age he was involved in the theatre and started to perform in public as a youth; he worked for Radio Ljubljana from 1936 and in 1958 was in the team that created the first test programmes for Slovenian national television. He continued working in radio and television for as long as his health allowed and wrote the first Slovenian radio play and the first Slovenian radio play for children (*Little Sleepy Star*, 1952), which was later made into a puppet play, translated into several foreign languages and performed on stage in numerous countries. He wrote a myriad of sketches, short stories, poems, songs, chansons, couplets and adverts, directed, acted in and hosted numerous light entertainment programmes, and performed in films and public musical-literary evenings throughout Slovenia.

Together with Jože Gale he wrote the screenplay for the film *Kekec*, which at the Venice film festival in 1952 was awarded the Golden Lion for best youth film. In the film he played the role of Kosobrin and his acting received a special award from the People's Republic of China. Among his numerous awards, foremost was the Prešeren award (the most prestigious Slovenian award in the arts), which he won for lifetime achievement in 1975.

Throughout his life, Milčinski remained a man for the people and with his performances and humour stayed on the side of the little man. He once said of his work, "We comedians are not the kind of people who have a flat on Mount Olympus, a weekend cottage on Parnassus, or the other way round. Our place is at the foot of the slope, where ordinary people are grinding their way through the pressures of everyday life.

We're not ashamed to be down here, nor to be comedians”.

In spite of Milčinski's great popularity, his work has become widely available only in the last 15 years, with the release of cassettes, CDs and books of his short stories, poems, songs and chansons. The songs on this disc were written at different stages of his life (some he was already singing in his youth) but the first time they were recorded was in 1974 for Radio Ljubljana. Doubtless many of the old recordings have unfortunately been lost. The music for the songs was written, apart from Milčinski, by Bojan Adamič, Urban Koder, Marijan Vodopivec, Mario Rijavec and others (despite our best efforts, not all the composers have yet been identified).



The Ballad of a Little Slice of Bread

Content of songs (with draft
translation into English)

- 1. E lon lan ler** (3.21)
music and lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek
- 2. Luck Lives on the Seventh Floor** (1.43)
music and lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek
- 3. A Glass of Wine** (2.21)
Viennese hit tune, adaptation and lyrics Frane
Milčinski – Ježek
- 4. Darwin Had it Wrong** (4.18)
music Urban Koder, lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek
- 5. The Droplet and the Sea** (2.55)
music Mario Rijavec, lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek
- 6. Simple Love** (2.55)
music and lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek
- 7. The Prisoner's Ode to the Bedbug** (2.38)
music and lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek
- 8. The Bottomless Carafe** (3.16)
music S. Fellner, adaptation and lyrics Frane
Milčinski – Ježek
- 9. My Upside Down World** (1.30)
music Urban Koder, lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek
- 10. Number 203** (5.03)
music and lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek
- 11. The Ballad of a Little Slice of Bread** (2.20)
music Bojan Adamič, lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek
- 12. Love Always Finds a Way to Flower** (3.42)
music Marijan Vodopivec, lyrics Frane Milčinski –
Ježek
- 13. For Naughty Children** (1.41)
music Mario Rijavec, lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek
- 14. The Merry-go-Round on the Edge of Town**
(3.02)

music and lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek

15. A Soldier Dies in the Carpathians (3.00)

based on a folk song, adaptation Frane Milčinski –
Ježek

16. Smoke Song (3.00)

music and lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek

17. Whisky Johnny (2.35)

music Duncan A. Cowen, adaptation and lyrics Frane
Milčinski – Ježek

18. A Gangster Idyll (3.38)

music Mario Rijavec, lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek

19. An Undistinguished Corpse on a Charge (2.14)

music and lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek

20. Mother Luck's Telephone (3.53)

music and lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek

21. Marcia Funebre (2.19)

music Marijan Vodopivec, lyrics Frane Milčinski –
Ježek

22. Our Child (2.38)

music and lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek

23. Sunday Visits in the Madhouse (5.53)

music Urban Koder, lyrics Frane Milčinski – Ježek

24. Requiem (3.36)

music Marjan Vodopivec, lyrics Frane Milčinski –
Ježek

25. Mamma, the Sea (2.42)

from the documentary film *Zabavljaci* by Tomaž
Kralj (AGRFT, 1977)

1. E Lon Lan Ler

(Richepin's theme)

There lived a poor but youthful lad
Who loved a girl with all he had,
But she did not love him at all.
E LON LAN LER E LON LAN LA

She told him, "Go and kill your ma;
Do not return without her heart,
So I can feed it to my dog."
E LON LAN LER E LON LAN LA

So off he went, the slaughter passed,
And ripped her heart out of her breast
And as bore it back, he sang
E LON LAN LER E LON LAN LA

So off he went,
the slaughter
passed,
And ripped her
heart out of her
breast

And as he ran, heart in his hand,
He fell down on the hard, hard ground,
And the heart he'd held rolled from his grasp.
E LON LAN LER E LON LAN LA

The heart rolled over in the dust
And through its tears it gently asked,
"Oh, did you hurt yourself, my child?"
E LON LAN LER E LON LAN LA

2. Luck Lives on the Seventh Floor

Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay!
You can't buy luck
At a news-stand
Like a crime paperback
Or the latest GQ
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la
Tra-la-la-la-la-la

Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay!
It's not something you find
In a supermarket

To pick off the shelf,
 Pay up and leave.
 Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la
 Tra-la-la-la-la-la

Luck lives on the seventh floor,
 The lift's out of order and we have to walk;
 But what a walk, what a trial:
 The stairs drag on and on and on.

Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay!
 And when at last
 We reach its door,
 All we find's a note:
 NOT IN.
 Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la
 Tra-la-la-la-la-la

3. A Glass of Wine

A glass of wine, eh?,
 Should go to the heart right away
 And, as gently as it can,
 Comfort us.

A glass of wine, eh?,
 And the sun will shine through,
 And the whole world will be a rainbow,
 In an arc.

Hey, landlady, we're still here
 Give us the bottle from the corner:
 Just think how our money will pay
 Your daughter's dowry.

A glass of wine, eh?,
 And the sun will shine through,
 And the whole world will be a rainbow,
 In an arc.

And the sun will
 shine through,
 And the whole
 world will be a
 rainbow,
 In an arc.

4. Darwin Had it Wrong

No-no-no no-no-no-no no-no no-no
 No! No! No! No! No!
 Darwin had it wrong!
 No! No! No! No! No!

Man is not one
 There are two of them -
 One is an idler
 The other does the work.
 No! No! No! No! No!
 Darwin had it wrong!
 One hups! onto the saddle
 And he reckons he's a lord,
 The other is born
 And his feet can't leave the ground.
 No! No! No! No! No!
 Darwin had it wrong!

One is born
 With a silver
 spoon,
 The other for
 suffering
 Ordained by the
 Lord.
 No! No! No! No!
 No!
 Darwin had it
 wrong!

There was once a monkey on a branch
 (A long, long time ago);
 It yawned because it had no work
 And looked down to the ground.
 It saw a stick lying in the grass,
 "Well, bless my soul, a tool,"
 And so it crawled down from the tree
 And that's how it makes its dough.

No! No! No! No! No!
 Darwin had it wrong!

While on another bough
 There's monkey number two
 Who doesn't mind time passing by -
 With time it hasn't got a clue;
 It sees a stick, down in the grass,
 "Well, I'll be blessed, a walking stick,"
 And down it drops, and with its stick
 It sets off for a walk.

No! No! No! No! No!

Darwin had it wrong!
No! No! No! No! No!

Man is not one
There are two of them -
One's got a debt,
The other a purse of gold.

No! No! No! No! No!
Darwin had it wrong!

One is born
With a silver spoon,
The other for suffering
Ordained by the Lord.
No! No! No! No! No!
Darwin had it wrong!
So we'd better ask ourselves tonight,
When will that Darwin ever get it right?

As I wrote this to
you
A drop of ink
dripped from my
pen

5. The Droplet and the Sea

As I wrote this to you
A drop of ink dripped from my pen
And I thought:

See how in one droplet of ink
There can be a whole sea of luck,
While in the same droplet of ink
There can be a sea of strife,

Since this little droplet might contrive
An official document with a formal SIGNATURE.
Look, it's full of a magic strength
Like a magic sign at a crossing.

Signatures. Signatures.
Signatures. Signatures!
These ones aren't run-of-the-mill,
They're official.
Signatures. Signatures.

Signatures. Signatures.
 And being official,
 They're cold, they're cold.
 Signatures. Signatures.
 Signatures. Signatures.

Whoever's got the strength to hurl them on the form,
 Should be aware of what he's taken on -
 THE SIGNATURE, this tiny talisman -
 He can give luck, or he can take it.

Death ends
 everything, good
 or bad;
 You see,
 there's nothing
 afterwards,
 Neither hell nor
 heaven.

See how in one droplet of ink
 There can be a whole sea of luck,
 While in the same droplet of ink
 There can be a sea of strife
 A sea of luck and a sea of strife
 In a single droplet of ink.

6. Simple Love

Only the churchwarden
 Will witness the wedding,
 And the altar will be without flowers or candles,
 But for me you will be a golden treasure
 Because my love for you is so strong.

Then after a while you'll have a child,
 A little boy, the little cheat;
 He won't find anything good down here
 And he'll go with us to our Calvary.

But anyway, he'll grow up like the grass
 And get to know this tangled world,
 And if I lay a drunken hand on you
 He'll be sure to rise to your defence.

And then he'll suddenly leave home,
 Because that's what children do,
 And again alone, ah, so alone
 We'll trudge on down the dirty road.

And there'll come a spring when I shall die
 And you will curse the world and God;
 Maybe you'll hold my hand to say goodbye
 And that'll be the end for us.

That, my girl, is what life's like:
 Death ends everything, good or bad;
 You see, there's nothing afterwards,
 Neither hell nor heaven.
 This world is hell, with a bit of heaven for luck.

7. The Prisoner's Ode to the Bedbug

Little bedbug, red bedbug,
 I wish you good evening from the bottom of my heart,
 Tell me where you've been tonight
 And where you toasted your bloody beer!
 Did you sip the poisoned blood
 Of scoundrels, tramps and whores
 And suck from every one of them
 A little of their life?

Red bedbug, little bedbug,
 Your stomach holds
 A field of sinners' blood,
 And now you'll kiss me
 With a passion
 And my blood will mix with theirs.
 Because in you, red bedbug,
 Who slides in here anyway you please,
 We're all who've lost our happiness
 Together with a single pulse.

Little bedbug, red
 bedbug,
 I wish you good
 evening from the
 bottom of my
 heart.

8. The Bottomless Carafe

New inventions, day by day,
 Shock the world;
 For the weekend, the earthling

Will soon fly to the moon.
 But where's the scientist, the scholar
 Who'll solve the problem
 Which tortures me, wretch that I am,
 From sleep and sustenance.

Why does every carafe
 Have a bottom?
 How am I, poor wretch,
 To cope with this?

Let the carafe be bottomless
 As the sky,
 So that hundreds and hundreds
 Of litres will fit in.

Why does every carafe
 Have a bottom?
 How am I, poor wretch,
 To cope with this?

Why does every
 carafe
 Have a bottom?
 How am I, poor
 wretch,
 To cope with
 this?

Copernicus, Newton, Galileo,
 Einstein and the rest
 All discovered plenty of things
 Which we are glad to have;
 But day after day I wait
 For the news to come out
 And fill the front page:
 INTRODUCING THE BOTTOMLESS CARAFE

Why does every carafe...

9. My Upside Down World

Everything's properly wrong in my upside down world,
 And because it's upside down, that's how it should be -
 I sleep in the office and pick mushrooms at home
 And if I'm ill, I'm at my healthiest.
 What came before will be
 And backwards travels forwards;
 If you're quiet you're talking loudly,

And when you're old you're the youngest of lads.
That's just how it is
Because in my world everything is upside down.

This upside down world of mine's ideal:
It ends at the beginning and begins at the end,
It's spring when it's dreary winter elsewhere
And those who hate me love me,
And together with them
I go singing a song,
That's why my upside down world's spot on.

10. Number 203

At number 203
A hundred things are going on
Outside it's sunny, outside there's rain,
But you pass quietly by,
Past you go and never know
That at number 203
A hundred things are going on.

Janez is happy
Because he's skipping Latin today,
He's discussing with Peter
Who'll get a goal on Sunday;
But down on the ground floor
There's a girl with tears on her cheeks -
What's going to happen to the baby,
That's her sorrow.

At number 203
A hundred things are going on
Outside it's sunny, outside there's rain,
But you pass quietly by,
Past you go and never know
That at number 203
A hundred things are going on.

The old professor
Has put his trousers on wrong,

This upside down
world of mine's
ideal:
It ends at the
beginning and
begins at the end

And Pepca has watered the flowers
On the window-ledge;
Lojz has been drinking for three days already,
He'll drink up his wages,
The children are hungry
And staring into space.

At number 203
A hundred things are going on
Outside it's sunny outside there's rain,
But you pass quietly by,
Past you go and never know
That at number 203
A hundred things are going on.

Micka has locked her young soldier
In the wardrobe,
Because the devil has brought
A lady from somewhere;
Up in the attic
The old mother has died,

But there was no-one to close her eyes for her.

At number 203
A hundred things are going on
Outside it's sunny, outside there's rain,
But you pass quietly by,
Past you go and never know
That at number 203
A hundred things are going on.

11. The Ballad of a Little Slice of Bread

But this little slice of bread
Is no big deal,
You can lose it anywhere you like
On the road, in the cinema, or while playing football
And if you lose it you say, who cares,

Without this little slice of bread
I'm going round the world.

But this slice becomes important
If somebody wants it from somebody else -
There's a fight because everyone wants to have his share;
From such a spark a fire will grow
And in a flash
It will go around the world.

And that's how it will be:
Until everyone in the world
Can cut his own slice of bread,
The earth will never be dry of blood
Because - believe me - it's quite something,
This little slice of bread.

12. Love Always Finds a Way to Flower

Love always finds a way to flower
So that more beautiful and more fine
This round and crazy world will be.
Love always finds a way to flower
So that more beautiful and more fine
This foolish world will be.

A gentlemen, once upon a time
Of an evening in the spring,
Was wooing his beloved.
He liked to walk the promenade
And moved aside his parasol
To kiss her on the shoulder.

She lost her virginity
And his cufflink went astray:
That's how their child was born.

But oh! today,
Just look at the young,

She lost her
virginity
And his cufflink
went astray:
That's how their
child was born.

Off on their dates without a tie.
Though when a girl goes out with them
I find myself full of desire -
The stars are still golden for them.

If for the pram
They miss a payment,
I'll gladly pay it:
The baby will be a little bit mine.

Love always finds a way to flower
So that more beautiful and more fine
This round and crazy world will be.
Love always finds a way to flower
So that more beautiful and more fine
This foolish world will be.

Let the white
flags flutter in the
breeze,
The little white
flags of life:
nappies!

Hey, get up all you
Hitchhikers,
The roads are calling you;
The winter cold has gone away
And now it's time
To play hopscotch in the sun.

I'm crazy enough, you know,
To love you guys,
Pushed away to the side of the road
You are our hope of hopes.

That's why I like it when Lady Spring
Starts her Mercedes of gold.
Hey, a Mercedes of gold,
Empty front and back
So there is space for all.

Just a little advice for the road
Before you go away:
It's best to wander on your own
But come to rest as two.

Love always finds a way to flower
So that more beautiful and more fine
This round and crazy world will be.

Let the white flags flutter in the breeze,
The little white flags of life: nappies!

Love always finds a way to flower
So that more beautiful and more fine
This foolish world will be.

13. For Naughty Children

This little song
I'll sing as a joke
To say hello to naughty children,
For little monsters who scuff their trousers
And always do the wrong thing.
Hey, you crafty, cunning things,
Let luck be with you everywhere -
Good children are loved quite enough
But you miss out on things.

Monsters, ruffians,
Make every stupid move,
But when they're sad, their tears
Hurt just as much as ours.

And when some day they find wisdom,
They'll be just how they should be -
A little bit good, a little bit bad,
Like people usually are.

So, as a joke,
This little song,
To send the naughty on their way -
Hey, you crafty, cunning things,
May luck be with you everywhere,
May luck be with you everywhere.

14. The Merry-go-Round on the Edge of Town

We had a merry-go-round on the edge of town
 When I was a little tousle-haired kid;
 On Sundays I played the hurdy-gurdy,
 But not for money, for pride.

For the poor the merry-go-round
 Was a step from hell to heaven;
 They went around almost in the stars
 And the hurdy-gurdy sang to them.

If it works, it
 works,
 Life is a roast,
 Life's not the
 crust,
 Yes, that's how it
 is.

Diddle-diddle-diddle-deya
 Diddle-diddle-diddle-dey
 If it works, it works,
 Life is a roast,
 Life's not the crust,
 Yes, that's how it is.
 Diddle-diddle-diddle-dey
 That's the sweet story,
 Life's not the crust,
 Life is a roast
 What will be will be.
 Diddle-diddle-diddle-dey.

Where are you now, old merry-go-round,
 Has time caught up with you as well?
 Or are you still there, dust choking the air,
 Sending the poor villagers to the stars?

The stars of the poor are so, so close
 That every beggar could pull them down,
 But the longer arm takes everything
 And the poor stay as they are.

It doesn't work for a beggar
 To eat the Sunday roast;
 He only gets to eat the crust,
 Yes, that's the way it is.

It's a sad story:
The beggar gets the crust,

But who gets the roast?
Well, what will be will be.

15. A Soldier Dies in the Carpathians

In the mountains of Carpathia
Around the fire,
Thirty soldiers gather
And one is dying there.

As the lifeblood runs out
And soaks the Carpathians
He says to the others,
He asks of his comrades:

Don't leave me abroad
To die from this wounded heart;
Take me home with you,
Home to Saint John.

Lay me there
In the tall grass
And dig me a grave
A sword's length wide.

Bury my corpse
A yard-glass deep,
But leave outside
My right arm.

Tie to it
My faithful black horse,
That it can cry
If my love does not.

Bury my corpse
A yard-glass deep,
But leave outside
My right arm.

And from my eyes
 A white flower will bloom,
 Which my love will pick
 For another man.

16. Smoke Song

(After the song by B. Brecht from the play *The Good Man of Sichuan*)

Life's a whip to
 us -
 Look at that
 smoke
 All going to
 nothing,
 And we're all
 going with it.

When young you think you know enough,
 That in front of you
 There'll always be a full bowl;
 But when you're old, work-worn and grey,
 You realise
 You don't buy food by being wise.

So just let it go!

Life's a whip to us -
 Look at that smoke
 All going to nothing,
 And we're all going with it.

If you're honest, life crushes you;
 If you follow
 Bad examples
 You'll get to the gallows too.
 So what now?, whither?, where to go?
 There's sadly nobody who'd know!

So just let it go!

Life's a whip to us -
 Look at that smoke
 All going to nothing,
 And we're all going with it.

Old folk, away! What can we do with you?
 Away!
 But it'll be better for the young,
 A life of crime -

Just come in, young man, here's paradise,
 With your first step
 You'll arrive at nothing.

So just let it go!

Life's a whip to us -
 Look at that smoke
 All going to nothing,
 And we're all going with it.

17. Whisky Johnny

A good for nothing father lies at the bottom of the sea,
 Whisky Johnny
 The fish have gobbled up his eyes for tea;
 Whisky Johnny
 When his very guts they finally start to eat,
 Johnny will again be out on his feet.
 Whisky Johnny.

The last time you cross yourself, pig captain,
 Whisky Johnny
 You'll fly across the deck after you do;
 Whisky Johnny
 Tomorrow on the bridge, I'll stand alone,
 I the captain, the devil at the helm.
 Whisky Johnny
 The deceased master, Kid himself,
 Whisky Johnny
 Will come at midnight to drink my health,
 Whisky Johnny
 And the cursed corpse will say,
 "You're Captain Kid's brother, Johnny boy."
 Whisky Johnny.

The last time you
 cross yourself, pig
 captain,
 Whisky Johnny
 You'll fly across
 the deck after you
 do;
 Whisky Johnny

18. A Gangster Idyll

The little
grandson is
dropping off,
Cradling a colt in
his dreams,
And granddad
gangster is taking
care of him
Because he's too
old for the Mafia.

Granddad gangster is taking care of his grandson -
He's too old for the Mafia.

"Sing to me, Grandpa," the grandson squeaks.

But the old gangster would rather not:

"Leave me alone and play with your gun!"

Grandson - "I don't want to, sing me a solo."

Granddad gangster really doesn't want to -

Maybe he's ashamed to sing -

And because nothing seems to work

The grandson threatens him:

"I'll tell grandma

That you stole the sugar from the larder."

And so the grandson gets his way,

The granddad gangster quietly sings:

Golden sunbeams,

These are your carats,

Steal them and hide them up your sleeve,

They'll warm you up

On your way through life

When one day you're alone.

And white clouds,

Tousled and happy,

Are your intoxicating heroin.

Grab a dream from the sky,

That of everyday life

The memory won't be too bitter.

If from the black night

A bright star falls,

Then steal it, tough guy,

That it will shine for you

When trouble comes

And show you the safe path through.

Be good, take care,

And remember: poker has four aces,

Hide the fifth one in your shoe,

La-la-la-la, sweet dreams.

The little grandson is dropping off,
 Cradling a colt in his dreams,
 And granddad gangster is taking care of him
 Because he's too old for the Mafia.

19. An Undistinguished Corpse on a Charge

There was no-one to say a word,
 Say a warm word to me and nothing more;
 I was too low for their level,
 I raised myself, and now I am a corpse.

In the middle of adverts and naked girls,
 They read my meagre obituary,
 Out of company loyalty they cried,
 The firemen and inqorate union.

People said,
 "Well, look at him, the splodge,
 In the middle of his work he dies;
 He died a bourgeois democrat:
 On his aunt's toilet
 With his head in the bowl.

Oh, how many problems there were
 For me to finally get to my funeral;
 So, listen,
 This funeral is my big day -
 I'm a corpse
 And finally the boss.

So, listen,
 This funeral is my
 big day -
 I'm a corpse
 And finally the
 boss.

20. Mother Luck's Telephone

There's a post-office phone and a voice on the line:
 Hello, give me mother luck's number!
 I would so like to get her on the phone -
 I've got an exam, you know,

And our professor's an ogre when it comes to marks;
 My dad's got a pitiful pension,
 GIVE ME THE NUMBER
 FOR MOTHER LUCK!

There's a post-office phone and a voice on the line:
 In May the stars went on parade,
 My boyfriend is so handsome and strong,
 And on a park bench
 We drank our cup of passion,
 And now night and day
 A dark feeling burns,
 GIVE ME THE NUMBER
 FOR MOTHER LUCK!

There's a post-
 office phone and
 a voice on the
 line:
 Around me - like
 monsters -
 Men in white
 coats,

There's a post-office phone and a voice on the line:
 Around me - like monsters -
 Men in white coats,
 I'm in hospital and under the knife tomorrow;
 In the spring the apple tree will bloom,
 But they're going to open up my chest,
 GIVE ME THE NUMBER
 FOR MOTHER LUCK!

Hey, you student,
 Who wants this number,
 The girl whose skirt
 Is played with by the spring,
 All you clutching at the last straw,
 How from my heart I would like to help you.

BUT MOTHER LUCK
 DOESN'T HAVE A PHONE

NO MOTHER LUCK
 DOESN'T HAVE A PHONE

21. Marcia Funebre

(It's best to live like a corpse)

Ah, how many times I wish I had a flower,
 Even if only a dandelion,
 Because a flower from a woman means quite a lot;
 But who would give me one
 While I'm alive?
 Ah, but when the gravedigger
 Sets me in safety,
 Lying horizontal in the basement,
 They'll bring a whole florist's to the grave -
 It's best to live like a corpse.

While the poverty of life keeps you down,
 You're just a poor chap, in short: empty nothing;
 But all the world sings your praises
 The moment you're officially dead.
 While you're alive only dogs bark at you,
 But in front of the corpse everyone opens up.
 Generally there's only one thing on my mind:
 It's best to live like a corpse.
 It's best to live like a corpse.

While the
 poverty of life
 keeps you down,
 You're just a poor
 chap, in short:
 empty nothing;

22. Our Child

When she gave herself to me, she quivered,
 But she also coughed in my ear.
 The tit sang a song on the birch tree
 And the sun was shining, so warm.

She told me she was pregnant
 And a thousand was the doctor's demand;
 We're both poor, so she had to have it -
 That's how our son was born.

It was as revolting as warm beer
 When he sipped sick blood from the empty breasts.
 He died.
 The sky was grey,
 And the farmer was hoping for rainy days.

She patted his backside once again,
 Then I hammered down his black crate;
 Upon my soul, it was bitter,
 Worse then trapping your arm in the machine.

We buried him,
 And put flowers on the grave,
 Then I took my wife by the hand.
 The tit sang a song on the birch tree
 And the sun was shining, so warm.

23. Sunday Visits in the Madhouse (Schizophonia)

It's Sunday again,
 the wife's wearing
 Her silk dress, the
 child is pushing
 his scooter;
 Here in the
 madhouse it's
 visiting time.

It's Sunday again, the wife's wearing
 Her silk dress, the child is pushing his scooter;
 Here in the madhouse it's visiting time.

Come on, kiss me
 On my mad forehead, my love -
 Your kiss will be a path away
 From all the crazy dreams
 On which my lost mind feeds;
 Take me back to a world
 I can believe in.

Why are you crying, my love?
 Everything's fine for me now:

Under my cranium
 Two fat pigeons
 Have made a nest.
 Ay-ay-ay-ay!
 'Neath a hot cranium,
 The pigeon and its mate
 Are drinking my eyes -
 Ay-ay-ay-ay!

It's Sunday again, the wife's wearing
 Her silk dress, the child is pushing his scooter;
 Here in the madhouse it's visiting time.

Kiss from my forehead these crazy dreams
 So I can be like you again,
 Like everyone on the outside.
 Around and around go the fantasies,
 I'm drowning in them,
 Now, now, without return,
 I'll go in through the front door.

Why are you crying, my love?
 Everything's fine for me now:

Because the fat pigeons
 Under my cranium
 Have drunk my eyes.
 Ay-ay-ay-ay!
 Two caves remain,
 Deep wells, wells for tears.
 Ay-ay-ay-ay!

It's Sunday again, the wife's wearing
 Her silk dress, the child is pushing his scooter;
 Here in the madhouse it's visiting time.

Give me a final kiss,
 Now that's my fill,
 I'm rarely aware for an instant.
 You're hugging me and all I can think is
 Look, the woodpecker is tapping the crust.
 But it's really just your pulse.

Why are you crying, my love?
 Everything's fine for me now:

Look, the fat pigeons
 Under my cranium
 Have had babies.
 Ay-ay-ay-ay!
 When they wake up,
 The fat little pigeons
 Will drink my tears.
 Ay-ay-ay-ay!

It's Sunday again,
 the wife's wearing
 Her silk dress, the
 child is pushing
 his scooter;
 Here in the
 madhouse it's
 visiting time.

It's Sunday again, an unknown wife
 Is wearing her silk dress;
 An unknown child is pushing his scooter -
 Why are they here in our forest?

Go away!
 This kiss of yours doesn't warm me,
 You see, I'm a tree,
 Who doesn't care at all.
 Hug you? I don't have arms,
 Just hard branches.
 In the crown there are fat
 Pigeons nesting there.

Doff your hats. Why are you crying, woman?
 The clown is I feel so great as a tree:
 dead. Look, from my branches
 The fat little pigeons
 Have made a cradle.
 Ay-ay-ay-ay!
 The wind is rocking them
 And my leaves
 Are singing them a lullaby.
 Ay-ay-ay-ay!

24. Requiem

Doff your hats. The clown is dead.

Only three attend the funeral:
 Marjana, the ticket seller,
 Ben Ali, the sword-swallower
 And the dog who barks numbers.

But all who ever laughed at him,
 Are missing from this sad line -
 He no longer means anything to anyone,
 This clown, who's dead in his coffin.

But before he was your laughter,
 Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
 We used to split our sides on the benches,
 Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
 A whole tankard of beer he poured in his pocket,
 Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
 And sniffed under the horse's tail,
 Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
 He plonked his rear down in a tub,
 Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
 And said, "Herr Graf," to the donkey.
 Ha-ha-ha-ha ha-ha ha... ha

Don't laugh, the clown is dead.

His dog is whimpering so sadly,
 Marjana is rubbing her eyes,
 And Ben Ali, who gobbled swords,
 Can now hardly swallow his tears.

Today's show is cancelled,
 The trapeze is quiet above the net;
 Through the ripped canvas, only a star
 Will see into the dark arena.

Doff your hats.
 The clown is dead.

His dog is
 whimpering so
 sadly,
 Marjana is
 rubbing her eyes,
 And Ben Ali,
 who gobbled
 swords,
 Can now hardly
 swallow his tears.



Frane Milčinski – Ježek Gorazd Vahen Little Sleepy Star

original title: *Zvezdica zaspanka*

Bestselling children's book

48 pages

first published in 2004, several reprints, present edition published in 2009

rights available: world

co-edition options



Starting out as a hugely successful radio play in 1952 (still one of the most popular children's audiobooks), continuing as a puppet show (translated into several languages and staged throughout then Yugoslavia, in Russia, Poland, Germany, the Czech republic, Switzerland, Italy, even Chile and Canada), the legendary *Little Sleepy Star* finally appeared in book form in 1993 with illustrations by Gorazd Vahen.

When night falls, the stars go to work, showing the way to travellers, inspiring poets... Except for the Little Sleepy Star who is always late. But the absence of a star in the sky causes strange things to happen on Earth... In order to punish her and teach her responsibility, Uncle Moon sends her to Earth. Before she can return to the sky, she will have to experience the difficulties of life down here, learn that nothing is to be had without money and teach a terrible brigand with a stone instead of a heart to spell the word "dear" so he can write to his mother.

As all good fairy tales do, *Little Sleepy Star* gives direct but unintrusive lessons on values such as responsibility, love and acceptance. The poetry and warm humour suffusing the text have bewitched generations of Slovenian children for over half a century.

Little Sleepy Star available in translations:

Little Sleepy Star (English)

Suddenly, it all becomes clear. This is why everything on Earth is upside down. This must be the reason why the children weep because they cannot sleep, why the sailors cannot find their way and why the poet is searching for a rhyme to the word friend in vain. A star was missing in the sky.

Translated into English by Ksenija Leban * 27,7 x 20,4 cm
* 48 pages



Das Schlafsternchen (German)

Da segelt aus der Ferne Gevatter Mond herbei und zählt seine Silbersternherde und obwohl es Milliarden um Milliarden von ihnen gibt, kennt er jeden Stern und weiß genau, wo er zu leuchten hat. Als er heute Nacht so in unseren Winkel des Weltalls herbeisegelte, bemerkte er, dass die Zahl nicht stimmt.

Translated into German by Daniel Holl in Amalija Maček
* 27,7 x 20,4 cm * 48 pages



Zvijezdica Pospanka (Croatian)

Navečer, kada se svi mi već pomalo spremamo na počinak, zvijezde na nebu se bude. Protrljaju oči, iz bijelih si maglica natoče rosu i njome umivaju svoje svijetle obraščiće. Još počesljaju srebrnu kosu, a zatim svaka od njih krene na svoje mjesto na nebu, da bi tamo svijetlila svu dugačku noć. I tako one sa neba svijetle, velike i male, stare i mlade, svijetle i ljudima veselje pružaju.

Translated into Croatian by Edo Fičor * 27,7 x 20,4 cm
* 48 pages



Stellina Soniolina (Italian)

Continuando a volare, a un palmo dalla Terra, ho visto che i marinai si sono persi tra le onde del mare. La nave errava da una parte all'altra, ha smarrito la strada. Non trovava la costa né il porto in cui poter gettare l'ancora. Vagava dispersa in mezzo al mare, mentre tutti i marinai guardavano su verso il cielo.

Translated into Italian by Alenka Možina * 27,7 x 20,4 cm
* 48 pages

Etoile Endormie (French)

Attention, les enfants – au cas où Ceferin surgirait vraiment de cette page avec ses gros sabots, vite, faites claquer le livre pour l'empêcher d'y revenir, et là-dessus, appelez maman, papa, mamie, papi et aussi un gendarme et comme ça, ils vont lui apprendre à nettoyer ses chaussures avant d'entrer chez les gens!

Translated into French by Liza Japelj Carone * 27,7 x 20,4 cm
* 48 pages



Frane Milčinski - Ježek

Tina Volarič

A Tale of Bambulej the Piccaninny and the Giddy Giraffe

original title: Zgodba o zamorčku Bambuleju in vrtoglavi žirafi
picture book
32 pages
first published in 2010
co-edition options

Following the flow of thousands of brooks and torrents, loopings of time, fine rolls of oblivion, and the thread that was not linen but - upsy-daisy – Equatorial, the world has ended, no, was raised again. A dizzy world that cannot be halved – or can it? There was a giraffe of covered eyes / And a hole three fingers wide / To settle the mess without delay / Bambulej the Puccaninny made a patch / Using the Equator in place of the thread / Dividing the Earth in two halves.

On the other side of the sea, where the sun mercilessly plays with its rays, Bambulej prepares an ostrich's egg in the hot sand. It would be a day like any other if right at that moment a giraffe hadn't turned up. What makes Bambulej's new friend different from other giraffes? What adventures has it seen on its way through the African desert? How will they find a solution to a seemingly unsolvable problem?



National award
Most Beautiful
Original
Slovenian
Children's Book
of 2010





Where to apply for translation and publication grants:

- JAK / Slovenian Book Agency:
Translation grants for publication of works by Slovenian authors in
foreign languages
www.jakrs.si

- Trubar Foundation:
Printing costs (up to 50%)
[http://www.drustvo-dsp.si/si/drustvo_slovenskih_pisateljcev/
programi/1696/detail.html](http://www.drustvo-dsp.si/si/drustvo_slovenskih_pisateljcev/programi/1696/detail.html)
<http://www.culturalprofiles.net/slovenia/Units/6006.html>

- EU Culture Programme / Creative Europe
Grants for translations of works of fiction from one European
language into another European language
www.culturejnd.eu

- CEEBP / Fund for Central and East European Book Projects
Translation and publication of high quality literary and scholarly
books into the languages of Central and Eastern Europe
<http://www.ceebp.org/>

- TRADUKI
Translation programme for fiction, the humanities as well as
books for children and young people, which involves Albania,
Austria, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Bulgaria, Croatia, Germany,
Kosovo, Macedonia, Montenegro, Romania, Serbia, Slovenia and
Switzerland.
<http://english.traduki.eu/>

Produced by Sanje publishing.

Translated by Alenka Ropret, Petra Kavčič and others.

Design concept: Boštjan Pavletič

October 2013



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