

# 13 novels by

**Evald  
Flisar**

**Slovenian author and playwright  
whose works can be read  
by half of the world's population**

***242 translations in 40 languages***

# The Slovenian Book Agency

## offers subsidies for translation and publication costs of Slovenian authors

The main form of international promotion is the co-financing of translations from Slovenian into other languages, including adult fiction, children's and young adult fiction, essayistic and critical works on culture and the humanities, theatre plays and comics. Only legal persons (publishing houses and theatres) may apply. The subsidy covers up to 100% of the translation costs.

### Subsidies for printing costs

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### How to apply

Application forms, instructions and deadlines are published by the Slovenian Book Agency (JAKRS) annually, usually between March and July, in Slovene and English. **For detailed information and sample chapters from the novels introduced on the following pages please contact the author's agent Katja Kac** ([katja.sodobnost@gmail.com](mailto:katja.sodobnost@gmail.com)).

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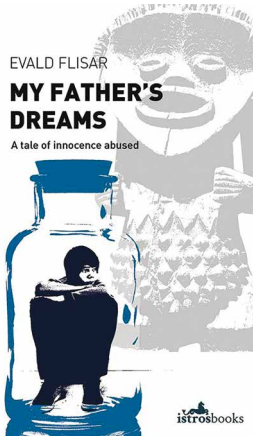


## Who is Evald Flisar?

EVALD FLISAR, born in 1945 in Slovenia, then still part of Yugoslavia, is an iconic figure of contemporary Slovenian literature. Not only is he the author of the most widely read Slovenian novel of the 20th century (*The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, twelve editions, more than 100.000 copies sold in Slovenia alone), he is also (after the philosopher Slavoj Žižek) the most widely translated Slovenian novelist and playwright (with 242 translations in 41 languages). The story of his life resembles an adventure novel: he has travelled in 98 countries, worked as underground train driver in Sydney, Australia, edited (among other things) an encyclopaedia of science in London, wrote radio plays and short stories for BBC, and was President of the Slovene Writers' Association for three consecutive terms (1995 – 2002). He has been editor-in-chief of the oldest Slovenian literary journal Sodobnost (Contemporary Review, founded in 1933) since 1998 and is actively engaged in promoting Slovenian literature abroad. Eleven of his novels have been short-listed for Kresnik, the Slovenian "Booker", and eight of his plays have been nominated for the Best Play of the Year Award. He has received Prešeren Foundation Prize, the highest state award for prose and drama, the Župančič Award for lifetime achievement, three Best Play of the Year Awards and other public acknowledgments. His international presence is considerable; he has attended more than 40 literary festivals, book signings and public readings, and more are waiting for him. He has given workshops and lectures on all continents, from the Congress Library in Washington to British Library in London and from the Drama Department of New Delhi University to Alexandria Library, to name just a few. Evald Flisar is in the 78th year of his life, but intends to write a few more novels and plays. His message to literature is "till death do us part".

Evald Flisar

## My Father's Dreams



**M**Y FATHER'S DREAMS (original title *Velika žival samote*) is regarded by some Slovenian critics as one of Flisar's finest novels. This "tale of innocence abused", in the words of one critic "a potent mixture of tragedy, perversity and self-awareness-in-retrospect", can be read as an off-beat crime story, a psychological horror tale, a dream-like morality fable,

or as a dark and ironic account of one man's belief that his personality and his actions are two different things. Above all, however, it can be read as a story about a boy who has been robbed of his childhood in the cruellest way imaginable: by being told by his father (desperate to protect his social position and retain the respect of the community) that many things he sees and hears are no more than a dream. The critics agree that the reader gains almost voyeuristic pleasure from following the "dreams" of fourteen-year-old Adam on his path to ruin and redemption. In the words of one of them, Flisar's descriptions are "luxuriously sensual, poetic, morbid, prophetic, erotic, hellish, heavenly ..." This archetypal story about good and evil, and about our natural inclination to be drawn to the latter, has the force of a myth; it is telling an important truth without drawing any particular attention to it. (200 pages)

**Sold so far to USA, United Kingdom, India (English, Malayalam, Odia), Indonesia, the Netherlands, Greece, Macedonia, Montenegro, Nepal, Vietnam, Czech Republic, Azerbaijan**

At the heart of this masterful and disturbing novel is a brilliant interplay of human deception and the unsettling lies and obsessions of which humans are capable.

*A. M. Bakalar, Words Without Borders*

Evald Flisar, Slovene man of letters extraordinaire, undertakes fearless forays into the bizarre ways in which the mind works. *My Father's Dreams*, a deadpan, slow-burning cautionary tale, requires patience yet ultimately delivers. His narrator is the bewildered only surviving son of a village doctor. It is a book about how a child is influenced and betrayed.

*Eileen Battersby, The Irish Times*

Apart from craftily capturing a child's thoughts (another writer who does it comparably well is Orhan Pamuk), Flisar is a formidable stylist too. A stylist whose elegant, precise sentences grant special meaning to anything they touch. "Give me a shopping list and I'll set it to music," said Rossini who, with legendary ease, composed 39 operas. If we lived at a time that allowed artists comparably beautiful arrogance, Flisar could very well brag to possess a similar ability.

*A. H. Kono, European Review of Poetry, Books and Culture*

With masterful strokes, Flisar weaves the episodes of his story into an eccentric bildungsroman-in-reverse, moves the action from one mental or emotional state to another, and resolves it with a dream vision ... *My Father's Dreams* is thus a fascinatingly multi-layered tale, which, with its many meanings, explores different themes and resolves them with unusual silences and telling digressions ...

*Igor Bratož, DELO (Literary Supplement)*

I cannot remember anyone in the five centuries of Slovene literature "interiorizing" dreams and forcing them into the reader's consciousness in such a shocking form as Flisar has done in this novel ... Anyone reading this book with the necessary attention, concentrating on its essence, will be deeply unsettled, almost stunned ...

*Jože Horvat, SODOBNOST (leading literary journal)*

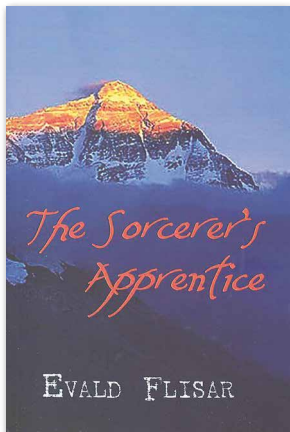
*My Father's Dreams* violates the psyche precisely as the characters are violated. It is via one's own trust and through the aggressive defense of one's own innocence (or ignorance) that the violation occurs ... What we see in Flisar's *My Father's Dreams* is precisely what Edmund Burke defined as the sublime.

*Susan Smith Nash, Preface, American Edition*



Evald Flisar

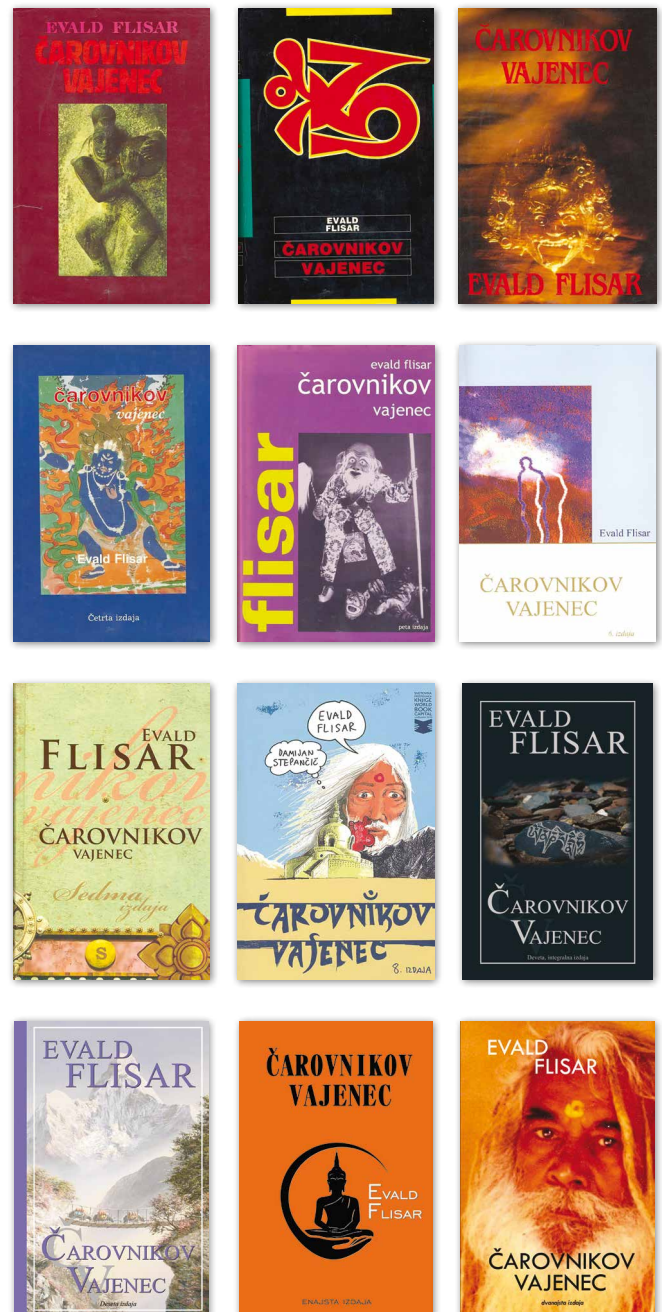
## The Sorcerer's Apprentice



**T**HE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE (original title *Čarovnikov vajenec*) is the most widely read Slovenian novel since World War II. Described as “one of the best stories on the theme of the outsider” and “a book that refuses to die” (12 Slovene editions in 36 years, with the 13th due to be published), it has reached sales

figures that are staggering in a country of only two million people (the equivalent on the American market would be well over ten million copies!). This intensely readable story of a young man's attempt to teach himself that he is “all right” as he is, and that the world is a friendly place, crosses the paths of a young Westerner running away from the excesses of his civilisation, a crafty old Indian guru Yogananda, an enigmatic American truth-seeker Henry Napoleon Alexander, and an innocent Tibetan girl Dolma, following them through breathtaking events in the remote mountains of Ladakh and Zanskar. On the one hand, the book can be read as a contemporary bildungsroman, dealing with the personal growth of a philosophically and religiously confused Western everyman with a “globalised mind”, and on the other hand, just as persuasively, as a debunking of the uncritical Western obsession with Eastern spirituality. The narrative force of the book far surpasses its theme, and will continue to enchant readers for years to come. (360 pages)

**Sold so far to USA, Austria, Serbia, Croatia, Finland, Czech Republic, Egypt, Bulgaria, Azerbaijan, Indonesia, India (Tamil)**



A literary presentation of the totality of the world ...  
*Tomo Virk, The Journey is Over, the Way Begins*

A work of fiction that comes closer to truth than any documentary ...  
*Tea Štoka, Searching for a Lost Double*

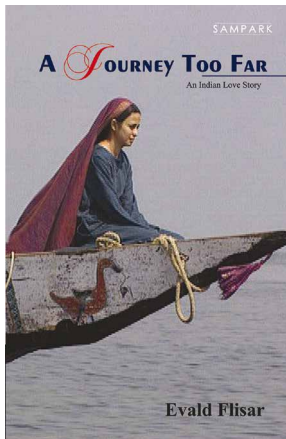
A novel that confirms the significance of inner life for rational human beings ...  
*Franc Zadavec, Slovenian Novel of the 20th Century*

A masterful tale about a journey to inaccessible parts of the human mind ...  
*Helena Grandovec, VEČER*



Evald Flisar

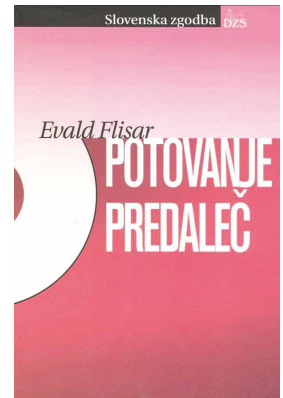
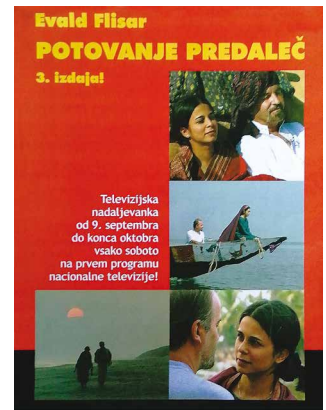
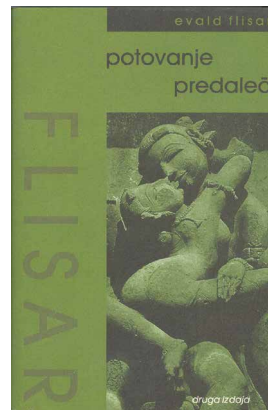
## A Journey Too Far



“sorcerer’s apprentice” – whose mastery had worn off – returns to the subcontinent to look for his guru and, with his help, to complete the training that would enable him to float rather than plod through life. Needless to say, his search for the old itinerant holy man appears almost ludicrous in a country of over a billion people, the point driven home repeatedly by the beautiful Indian girl Shakuntala, who travels with him on his journey in search of meaning and himself. What at first looks like the promise of an erotic relationship across cultural boundaries, soon becomes a new period of “apprenticeship”, only this time the teacher is not paradoxical Reason but intelligent Emotion, or “feminine wisdom”, imparted by a wise and sensual girl, who represents Anima, India and Woman to an equal degree. She teaches our hero, not explicitly, but by her own example, how not to *understand* the world, but to *love and accept* it by surrendering to the inevitable, just as Prince Arjuna did in the *Bhagavad-gita*. However, the hero realizes early on in his quest that his driving force is not a desire to surrender, but to conquer with imagination; not to discover the world, but to imagine one that would be to his liking. (230 pages)

Sold so far to India (Malayalam)

**A** JOURNEY TOO FAR (original title *Potovanje predaleč*) is a sequel to the phenomenally successful *The Sorcerer’s Apprentice* (*Čarovnikov vajenec*). In this equally admired book (five editions in ten years, shortlisted for *Kresnik*, the Slovenian “Booker”, in 1999, plus, based on it, a successful seven-part TV-series shot on various locations in India), the



The novel is a sharp and witty account of a series of attempts to disown one’s false self-image. Added to this is the author’s analysis of God search and of man’s essential dichotomy that has given the European rational mind (called by the narrator simply Lucifer) so much to think about that it has infected all of Western art and philosophy. Flisar simply demolishes the Western concept of personality...

Igor Bratož, *DELO*

Flisar’s meditative travel story builds its meaning and purpose on the fragile divide between fiction and reality, interconnecting a colourful series of events, imagined as well as real, while successfully employing the form of the picaresque novel. A subtle love story is intertwined with the growth of the narrator’s philosophy of life. The traveller in the spiritual world of the East tries – through a series of complex meetings – to renew himself by surrendering to his runaway imagination and becoming someone else...

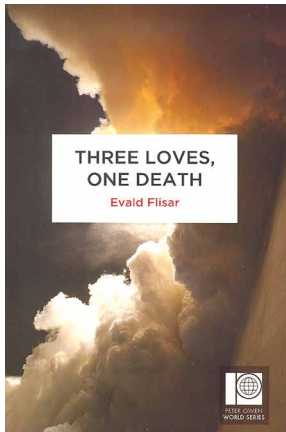
Helga Glušič, *SLOVENIAN STORY*

In this novel Flisar once again, this time differently, draws the reader into an irresistible adventure of looking for the meaning of life. And, at the same time, into an equally attractive and uncertain game of subverting the rules of narration, which, next to real events and people, introduces a magical world of creative imagination in which real life is allowed to merge with dreams and visions...

Josip Osti, *SODOBNOST*

Evald Flisar

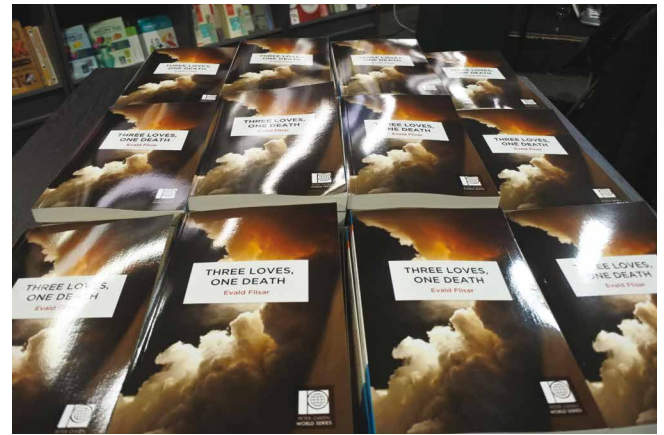
## Three Loves, One Death



**T**HREE LOVES, ONE DEATH (original title *Ljubezni tri in ena smrt*, in 2001 short-listed for *Kresnik*, the Slovenian “Booker”) is a novel about a middle-class Slovenian family who move from town to country to escape the excesses of the newly introduced capitalism. But their retreat proves unsuccessful, for the “brave new

world of looking after number one” follows them to their remote village, where, in a garden shed, they discover a most unusual implement whose purpose turns into the Great Conundrum, into the sphinx that changes their lives forever. Written with deadpan humour, this dark yet highly amusing novel explores our inner landscape, which remains mysteriously unpredictable regardless of the nature of the society in which we live. The story is narrated by the younger of the two sons who, with the benefit of hindsight, realizes that the Conundrum was really their projection, a manifestation of their inability to come to grips with the historic changes that have engulfed their lives. On the other hand, the Conundrum had quite a lot to do with the long-lost uncle Jaroslav Švejk, a comic character who suddenly appears out of nowhere and, with all the best intentions, pushes the family to the brink of insanity. (200 pages)

Sold so far to United Kingdom



Very Pythonesque, very funny! Flisar handles relationships within his multigenerational family with masterful confidence. The story develops as if in a boxing ring, with each new blow providing another twist. That is why the novel is not only cinematic but also dramatic. The author unveils his entertainingly intoned grotesque with exceptional economy, employing only a minimum of stylistic devices, relying instead on a bitter undertone and, at the same time, almost joyful cynicism...

Igor Bratož, *DELO*

*Three Loves, One Death*, almost a Menippean satire, belongs in the realm of seriously funny literature. The author's subject matter is an apparently stable and closely connected middle-class family on the threshold of the 21st Century. In fact, the family is made up of individuals who simulate closeness out of habit or out of fear of being left to themselves... The novel is an effective mixture of astonishing, often bizarre inventions that kept me chuckling and filled me with admiration for the author's imagination...

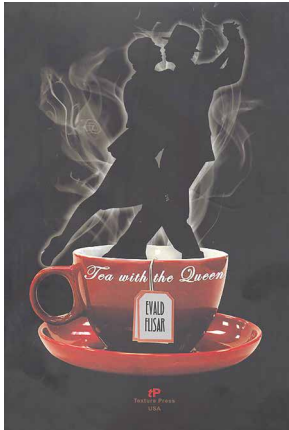
Darja Pavlič, *SODOBNOST*

If *The Chestnut Crown* tells a story about the disintegration of archaic family bonds, and *My Father's Dreams* shows the shocking collapse of a family, the third of Flisar's “family novels” causes only mad laughter at the situation in which the family (representing the world at large) can no longer be helped. This is probably the harshest criticism of contemporary civilisation that we find in Flisar's prose. The book is written with a high degree of irony, almost mockery, which makes for smoothly flowing, seductive and entertaining reading...

Jože Horvat, *SODOBNOST*

Evald Flisar

## Tea with the Queen



**T**EA WITH THE QUEEN (original title *Čaj s kraljico*), short-listed for *Kresnik*, the Slovenian “Booker”, in 2005, is set in London of the Sixties and early Seventies. Among adventurous foreigners drawn to the city of promise are Vili Vaupotič, a young Slovenian painter who arrives with the great hope that within two or three years his

paintings will be hanging in the Tate Gallery, while he himself will be invited to the annual Queen’s tea party for successful immigrants (Sir William Wowpotitch?); Sandrina, a mysterious beauty from the cross-Channel ferry who becomes Willy’s Muse and fatally influences his relationships with other women; Cleopatra el-Kaffash, “an Arabian weight-lifter” from Alexandria who has come to London to find a husband, ideally an aristocrat “although upper middle class will do” (until the wedding she must remain a virgin, so she begs the obliging Willy to teach her the meaning of the word *fellatio*); Alexei Ivanovich Solouhin (“just call me Dostoyevski”), a supposed escapee from a Siberian gulag, an ambitious but unsuccessful writer who wants to become another Nabokov, an impulsive life-gambler who reinvents himself on a daily basis; and many more... And finally there is Lord William Hattersley, an eccentric lover of art who elevates Willy from the fight for survival to the heights of recognition and material comfort. However, will the young painter be happy now? (280 pages)

**Sold so far to USA and Egypt**

Flisar’s latest novel is a bitter-sweet tale of lost illusions, rich with unexpected reversals and (self)reflections. The external narrative is merely a means whereby the author creates in front of the reader’s eyes “a stream of those aspects of reality that most people, because of their trivia-laden minds, no longer register”. The novel’s admirable flow is interspersed with “a cacophony of aggressive sounds” forcing their way into the minds of the characters from outside, revealing that “the outside reality is kinder than the reality of our souls”. A welcome addition to everyone’s library...

*Milan Vincetič, VECER*

*Tea with the Queen* is marked by the author’s unique sense of humour. And because readers like to see this kind of humour combined with narratives that have a meaning and purpose, it is hardly surprising that Flisar’s books are widely read. A similar fortune is awaiting *Tea with the Queen* which, in terms of narrative mastery, surpasses even his legendary *Sorcerer’s Apprentice*, in the past twenty years the most widely read novel by any Slovenian author...

*Josip Osti, SODOBNOST*

As a storyteller Evald Flisar is irresistible, capable of drawing the readers instantly into a kind of conspiracy whereby they take delight in the figures on the big chessboard hand in hand, so to speak... In this respect *Tea with the Queen* is a luxurious, vibrant story about eternal human fallibility, about our blindspots and hopes, mistakes and sorrows; in other words, as universal as a story can be. Thanks to the author’s exceptional feeling for nuances, dialog and dramatic fabulation even such a long novel is a pleasure to read...

*Igor Bratož, DELO*

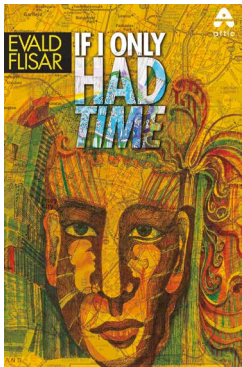
Flisar’s latest novel is a highly readable ode to megalomania, to appetites that, in the hell of their irrationality, reach carnevalistic dimensions... The explosive mixture reveals the contours of no less than a pop art fresque, while remaining throughout a hedonistic meditation on the possibilities open only to the passionate and the brave, to those who have managed to become Fortune’s lovers... Flisar’s novel is a veritable celebration of human delusions, false hopes and colourful nothings...

*Lucija Stepančič, SODOBNOST*



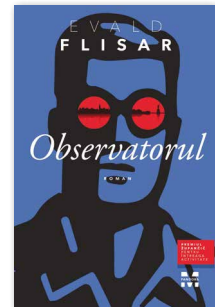
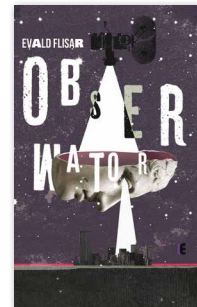
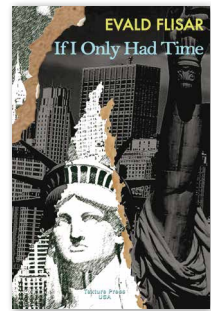
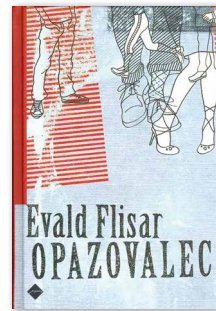
Evald Flisar

## If I Only Had Time



at most a year to live. Into this meagre span of time the young student of literature intends to cram everything that life can offer anyone lucky enough to reach the age of ninety. Inclined to see himself in the roles portrayed by his favourite movie actors, he plans to experience at least some of the stories that he has read or seen on the screen, all mental and physical states it is possible to experience, good and bad, moral and immoral, dark and sunny, positive and negative. He does not want to die with the knowledge that he has been robbed of life, so he sets out to stage a life for his benefit. But no sooner is the drama unleashed than it slips from his control and he is faced with the question of whether he can remain on top of events or is bound sooner or later to end up as their victim. He finds himself at the heart of unexpected events in New York where he meets unusual people, among them Al Pacino, Bruce Willis, Woody Allen, Uma Thurman... Are they who they appear to be or do they merely resemble their famous namesakes? Who is pulling the strings in this game of appearances? Flisar's narrative machine poses questions faster than his characters can provide the answers. (250 pages)

**Sold so far to USA, Poland, Romania, Greece, Bulgaria, Slovakia, Ethiopia (Amharic), India (English, Malayalam), Turkey, Indonesia**



It's in the little boxes that we should be able to find the key to this novel which speaks of the emptiness of the world that has turned us into blind prisoners of traditional as well as contemporary rigid beliefs. To open the boxes we need only a bizarre introductory moment: in Auster's case a wrong telephone number, in Flisar's case a wrong diagnosis... Flisar has proved once again that he is a master of storytelling and of sudden twists that frequently disrupt the world around us but often happen only in our heads, where we have too many secrets and not enough information...

*Milan Vincetič, VECER*

A firm, attractive storyline is – next to his polished style and inimitable black humour – one of the main distinctions of Flisar's writing. Structurally, we could say that Flisar's "metaphysical thriller" revolves on two intertwined axes: one is the question of the meaning of life (or, rather, of what sense it makes to go on with life), the other is a detective search for the meaning of the story which has sucked the hero into a vortex of mysteries... Although the author deliberately creates a distance that turns us into voyeurs, we are firmly enveloped by the plotline...

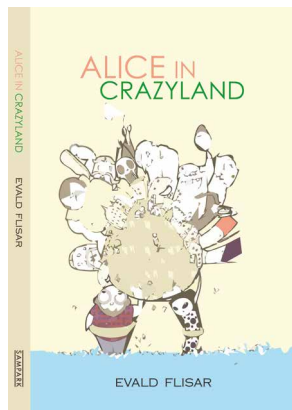
*Maša Ogrizek, BUKLA*

Novels like this one can fill the reviewer's heart with fear. With their ontological plurality, bravado and narrative daring, they create wonderment and astonishment. I believe that a good review can become a part of the work reviewed, achieving a kind of relationship similar to that offered between fiction and reality in Flisar's book. This relationship is constitutive and very important... In Austria, where his plays are regularly performed, Flisar has been called a "black moralist" – a precise definition. He is trying to tell us something, but like all the best writers he prudently hides his narrative tricks and moral convictions up his sleeve...

*Aljaž Kovač, SODOBNOST*

Evald Flisar

## Alice in Crazyland



**A**LICE IN CRAZYLAND (original title *Alica v nori deželici*), short-listed for *Večernica*, the highest Slovenian award for juvenile literature, in 2010, is an exceptionally funny book that delights young and adult readers alike. It follows the adventures of Alice (yes, the one from *Alice in Wonderland*) who is now twelve (a holder of three

MA degrees) and her uncle Jumper, a renowned economic adviser and saviour of collapsing states. Bound for Trinidad and Tobago they are washed ashore on a large island called Poteroonian. This country is of course a nightmarish vision of the end-game of our own civilisation: having exhausted all natural resources except a claylike substance called poti, the Poteroonians have no choice but to use it as a means of propelling and sustaining their economy. So everything is made of poti, even cars (Potiyota Mark 2), furniture, trees etc. Unfortunately, because they have to dig the last layers of poti from under their capital, Pottington, they need an increasing number of supporting pillars to prevent the collapse of the city, so they have to break most of their products within days of buying them (for which they earn awards). To get enough supporting material they organize National Destruction Days. Professor Jumper is engaged to work out a solution for their predicament, but he finds it hard to balance the conflicting (self)interests of leading Poteroonians (such as Pots, Potsy-Wotsy, Poteroonko, Poterspot, Poterolla, Potiella and a host of others with similar-sounding names), and the inglorious end of this ludicrous society (so reminiscent of our own) seems inescapable. Even serious critics have admitted that, reading this book, they have found themselves laughing out loud. (120 pages)

Sold so far to USA, United Kingdom,  
Austria, Indonesia,  
India (English, Malayalam), Croatia,  
Spain, Portugal, Latvia

Do you remember *Alice in Wonderland*? Evald Flisar has decided to tell us a story about what happened to her at the age of twelve, and because he has done it with “childlike enthusiasm” the book is very funny. Alice is now twelve, has three MA degrees and is a researcher into human stupidity... Not only the young but adult readers as well will be impressed by the originality of the author’s imagination, and both will be offered a chance to search for parallels in the sorry state of contemporary society...  
*F. Zumer, OTROK IN DRUŽINA*

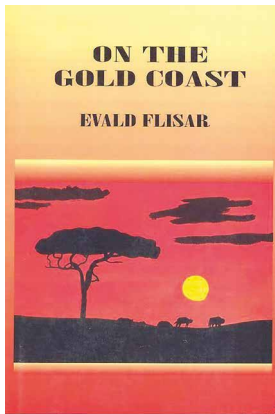
In Flisar’s *Alice* an allusion to the collapse of Western civilisation is easy for all to see. The bearer of positive values is a twelve-year old girl, and we may ask ourselves why the author has chosen a girl instead of a boy. Possibly because of the principle of cooperation as opposed to competitiveness? The girl is the bearer of progress, order and sensible solutions. Literature for the young needs more hope, for the child is a symbol of new beginning, change, incorruptibility. What lifts Flisar’s book above the current literary production for the young is not only a clear warning that unrestrained chaos, dystopia and consumerism lead to a cataclysmic end of our civilisation, but also the fact that the author has succeeded in passing on this message without preaching and moralizing...  
*Milena Mileva Blažič, SODOBNOST*

Is this what the author is trying to tell us? That the world he describes in his book is actually the world we live in? Well, I have a message for him. It is irresponsible to draw attention to the mistaken path on which mankind has found itself by writing books about it, no matter how funny. To frighten young people, let alone children, with warnings that the ground on which we are standing is getting thinner by the minute is, to my mind, regrettable. Has the author forgotten that he, too, was once young? How would *he* have felt if his teachers had fed him with suggestions that the world is less perfect than he had been led to believe? Children should be spared harsh truths until the age of twenty-five at least. Then they should decide for themselves.

*Peter Poterunkovič, PREFACE*

Evald Flisar

## On the Gold Coast



**O**N THE GOLD COAST (original title *Na zlati obali*, published in November 2010) is a novel about the power of literature to influence the actions and feelings of readers, in this case a group of European travelers in Africa whose paths keep crossing in unpredictable ways. A son looking for his lost father, two couples looking for the possibility of travelling together,

and a third – who decisively influences events and draws them all together – are retracing the journey made through West Africa by a well-known travel writer who has mysteriously disappeared, leaving behind only an unfinished account of his journey. The manuscript of the unfinished book reveals that the author was travelling through Africa in the company of a dissolute young lady who had drawn him into a life on the dark side and made him abandon his steadfast morality. His son believes that he may still be alive and perhaps ready to reclaim his old self, and return home. But many surprises await him on his turbulent journey. Not a single thing in this ambitiously interwoven African story turns out to be what it appears to be. Secrets and mysteries, real and imagined, chief among them the source of our desperate urge to take control of life instead of remaining its plaything, are resolved only at the very end, when apparent fragments are retrospectively joined into an unexpected whole. (240 pages)

**Sold so far to India (English, Bengali), Poland, Czech Republic**

The theme of the novel is the question whether authentic life is still possible in the world such as it has become. Which has a greater hold on our minds – reality or fiction? With our heads filled with characters, events and images absorbed from books, TV and films, has fictional “reality” so influenced our perception that true reality is now forever out of our reach? Is authentic, personal experience of “otherness” (of different cultural worlds) still possible, given the mass of easily available information with which we undertake journeys along pre-planned routes? Or are we so burdened by the amount of readily available “knowledge” that we are condemned to merely seek confirmation for our prejudices, be they positive or negative? Has the culture of books, TV, films and the Internet subjugated our minds so much that our sense of self has been shattered and our “authentic” self no longer exists?

Five Europeans travel along the trail of the journey described in one of his books by a European writer. With his descriptions so much in their minds that they mistake them for their own observations, they are unable to see the real Africa through which they pass, and because they don’t get involved with each other in any meaningful way they remain like blurred shadows even to each other. They are unable to break free from the perceptions they brought with them – perceptions that were created (and were then fixed in their minds) by the books they had read. Only one character, a young woman Adriana, is aware that what we call “I”, what we call “I think”, what we call “that’s me”, is more or less fiction, created by circumstances, by facts and narrative patterns we have absorbed, and is therefore not fixed but fluid, so it can be to a large extent manipulated. So she creates different identities for herself, moving from one to the other at will, depending on circumstances, believing that she is fully in charge of herself and her destiny. But it turns out that this is not so. Not only does her behavior affect the destinies of other people, she herself finally realizes that she is in fact filled not with authentic life but with self-created emptiness.

A fine novel about serious questions, using postmodern narrative patterns playfully and with confidence.

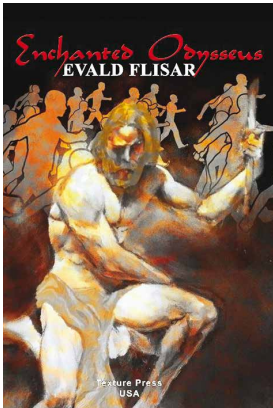
*Amitava Kumar, Professor of English at Vassar College, New York*

The English translation of *On the Gold Coast* was nominated for the Dublin International Literary Award and included by The Irish Times in their list of 13 best novels about Africa written by Europeans (next to *Heart of Darkness* by Joseph Conrad, *Out of Africa* by Isak Dinesen, *The Heart of the Matter* by Graham Greene, *The Viceroy of Ouidah* by Bruce Chatwin, *A Good Man in Africa* by William Boyd, and others.



Evald Flisar

## Enchanted Odysseus



**E**NCHANTED ODYSSEUS (original title *Začarani Odisej*, finalist for Kresnik Award in 2014) is a story about a tragically misguided journey to the illusory concept of home. In ancient Greece the fate of man was determined by the gods. In today's globalized world gods have been replaced by powerful individuals, mostly invisible, all-powerful and rarely

well-meaning. Our »enchanted Odysseus«, a man who after a surfing accident in Bali loses his memory and identity, is sent on a long journey home (back to himself as he was) through a series of tasks he has to perform in different countries. They are communicated to him by an Australian neurologist, supposedly his benefactor, who assures him that the tasks, including murder, are a part of his therapy. But nothing is what it seems. Our hero, who tells his story through a series of emails he sends to different people, either real or invented, largely to keep a record of his journey the details of which he keeps forgetting, presents a figure of contemporary everyman, lost in a world that has also lost its memory, and with it the meaning of existence. The dreamlike narrative enfolds the reader and drags him along by the force of incredible adventures, ruminations, and unexpected turnarounds all the way to the ending that doesn't resolve the mystery but only deepens it. Where in this world is Ithaca? Does it exist? (220 pages)

**Sold so far to USA, India (Bengali),  
Macedonia**

Evald Flisar is an experienced and sharp-witted storyteller who engages the reader with incredible ease. A proof of that is the popularity of his books. His latest novel, *Enchanted Odysseus*, is a story about a personal drama of an individual through which he reveals the drama of the global society which has moved from its centre into the blindness of its existence. The novel has been extensively reviewed. "We have forgotten what it means to be human, we all accept dictates of invisible manipulators and obediently carry them out because we want to survive," wrote Marko Pavliha in *Sodobnost*. In *Delo*, Igor Bratož says that "the story is a stampede of events that do not allow us to put the book down." And so on.

*Maja Megla, DELO*

In writing this novel, Flisar has chosen a new approach to telling the story. He has fashioned the novel as a series of e-mails which his hero sends to various persons with whom he is in one way or another connected, or not at all. The most frequent recipient of his messages is dr. Krauthaker, his saviour and at the same time his hijacker, who performed an operation on his brain and is now sending him to perform different tasks round the world with the promise that in this way he may remember a part of his previous life and so recover his true self. But the hero soon begins to realise that dr. Krauthaker is more his enemy than a friend.

*Lara Paukovič, LITERATURA*

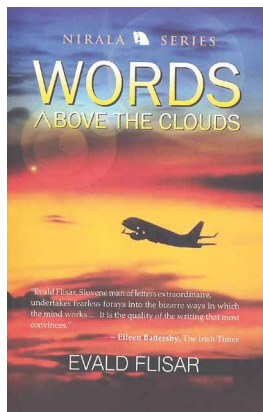
Evald Flisar is a writer with an exceptional wealth of ideas, an artist with an enviable and convincing range of literary tools, a delicate and unstoppable seeker, so the reader can never accuse him of not realising his aims. Good literature creates questions, it provokes, derails accepted notions and doesn't provide easy answers. Although Jože Horvat, the author of the Afterword, correctly describes *Enchanted Odysseus* as a "demanding work of high literature", this doesn't mean that it is not at the same time reader-friendly, a sovereign, plastic and compact work.

Here, too, we are in the presence of the writer such as we know: although each time conquering new territories, he remains attractive, readable and original. In other words, a master in the true meaning of the word.

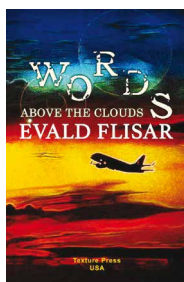
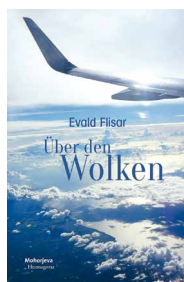
*Mare Cestnik, Radio Slovenia*

Evald Flisar

## Words Above the Clouds



soon begins to transpire that some passengers are in unusual ways and perhaps even fatefully interconnected. What we have before us is an increasingly dramatic (written mostly in dialogue) exploration of the fragmentary nature of contemporary human thought and a catalog of deceptions we employ in our dealings with one another. At the same time we have before us a mixture of detective uncertainty, tragedy, laughter and derision. During the twelve-hour flight through the history of human ideas we are increasingly accompanied by a painful question: Are we going to crash? Or shall we land safely? (360 pages)



**W**ORDS ABOVE THE CLOUDS (original title *Besede nad oblaki*) is a novel composed of a series of conversations. Sitting next to each other on a long flight from London to Singapore are married couples, gay and heterosexual partners, relatives and complete strangers. They get involved in personal conversations, at first polite and chatty, but it

Sold so far to USA, Austria, India (English, Bengali, Malayalam), Indonesia, Croatia

Evald Flisar is firmly at home in numerous roles – it is far from easy to speak convincingly through the mouths of a little child, an old man with a 70-year long marriage behind him, a person with a deadly disease, a rich man who can hardly move, a businessman, a phobia therapist ... In *Words Above the Clouds* description and narration are reduced to a minimum, what predominates is dialogue, which turns the novel into a dynamic and intriguing reading with numerous twists, although at the centre of the interconnected conversations is the human psyche. Novels that tell a story through dialogue are rare, but even rarer are authors who can write them as brilliantly as Evald Flisar has written this one.

Miroslav Cmur, SCENA

*Words Above the Clouds* is a novel about practically all the unhappy aspects of the world we live in, such as wars, poverty, starvation, exploitation, natural catastrophies and human destruction of nature. Five hundred passengers on a plane represent the entire humanity, while the plane is a metaphor for the world on the verge of collapse. Conversations among the passengers are stories about love and relationships, sex and prostitution, God and religions, fear and phanaticism, about lies and truthfulness, about little and big deceits, about greed and crime, about punishment and revenge, and much more...  
Nada Breznik, Radio Slovenija (ARS)

A special quality of the text is the fact that the author avoids attempts to "connect" his characters in a way that would gradually reveal family or other relationships among them. Coincidences that connect the fates of individuals remain natural and believable and never become the driving force of the story. Flisar intentionally introduces "big themes" and "questions without answers", and it is in these themes that we can recognise the points that connect humanity, and in which the thoughts of individuals of different backgrounds, ages, genders, races, cultures and experiences turn the novel into a narrative whole.

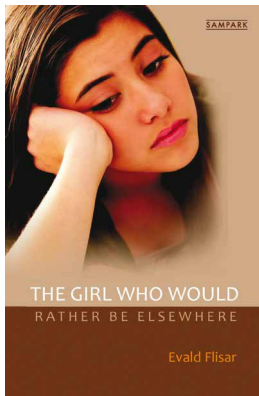
Anja Radalj, DELO

Flisar skilfully avoids the traps presented by a novel written mostly in dialogue (the chief of which is a failure to present enough information about the characters to give them sufficiently strong existence without lapsing into added descriptions) and makes them live and convincing through their words alone. *Words Above the Clouds* is the work of a seeker who with a great insight follows the meaning of truth, freedom, fate, coincidence and other questions that do not lead to universal answers.

Alenka Urh, SODOBNOST

Evald Flisar

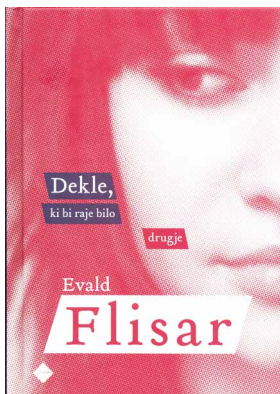
## The Girl Who Would Rather be Elsewhere



**T**HE GIRL WHO WOULD RATHER BE ELSEWHERE (original title *Dekle, ki bi raje bilo drugje*) is a funny and touching story about a Slovenian girl with a beautiful face and stumpy legs who has no greater desire than to be loved for what she is, faults included. After her father's suicide and mother's descent into mental illness a friend,

Lucija, who works in a bookshop

in London, invites her to join her on a publishing project "1000 books that will change your life". Many things happen in London; our heroine meets an interesting Japanese gentleman Mr Yamaguchi, takes care of 30 cats with the names of English queens and kings, reads to a blind former spy Uncle Patrick, gets involved in a game set up by a mad old actor who wants to bequeath his life insurance by enticing people to play Russian roulette, and finally has a romantic love affair with a good-looking inspector from Scotland Yard. But nothing is what it seems, and the feeling of betrayal she experiences at the end makes her realise that even the best intentions can cause grief and disappointment. Wiser and more mature, she returns home to look after her mother. The book was nominated for the Slovenian Blue Bird Award. (312 pages)



Sold so far to India (English)

Some time ago, after reading Flisar's novel *Tea with the Queen*, I told myself that I have to read another book by this author. I tried his most famous one, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, but I failed come to terms with it. Then I went to the library and borrowed *The Girl Who Would Rather be Elsewhere*. I read it from beginning to end in a single day. In between house painting, cooking and tidying up. The narration is so direct and witty, and the story is so interesting! Somewhere between *Bridget Jones*, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Hamlet*. With deep reflections about self-image, literature, life and death.  
*Živa reads Blogspot*

When Špela looks at recent events in her life, including a passionate love affair, as a game, she takes it seriously: she stops virtualising herself and returns to her mother who needs her help. She starts, we could say, taking care of her garden, perhaps not the best and most fertile, but her only one, and so a new story begins for her. What remains to us is to carry on thinking about the question posed by the book. No longer about the usual "Who am I?", so often present in many good books, including Flisar's, but one that goes a step further: can we really become what we want to be?

*Andrej Blatnik, Afterword*

And finally, we won't remember the heroine because of her stumpy legs and exceptionally beautiful face. We will remember her because she has made the longest possible journey home from the neighbouring block of flats. What did the author want to say? That we must, before crawling into a corner, venture from behind the wall and into the world. Everything is a way of coming home. The true aim of departures is returning. The final goal is the beginning. If on the way we can shed a few surplus illusions, so much the better.

*Mojca Pišek, Sodobnost*

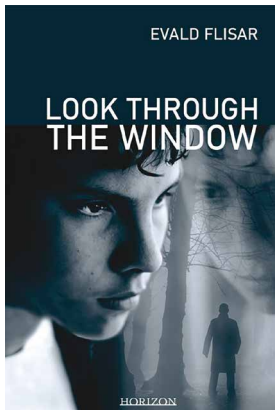
Because in the end (after her unusual catharsis) Špela returns to her starting point, her adventures in London sound as something she may have written into her diary because she wanted them to happen, not because she really experienced them. After all she uses Facebook to build not only a different image of herself, but also a different life. The question posed by the novel is: reality as it was, or an illusion of reality as escape, somewhere else, anywhere? An excellent novel, leaving the reader freedom to come to his or her own conclusions.

*Vesna Paradiž, Bukla*



Evald Flisar

## Look Through the Window



a crime that will radically change his view of reality. Already semi-autistic from a blow to his head, he decides to drown in a nearby river. The river forms a border between Croatia and Slovenia, and is a popular crossing point for migrants. In the nick of time the boy is saved by a Syrian refugee a few years his senior. Gratefully, he joins him in an adventurous journey across Europe all the way to London, where he discovers that nothing is what it seems. Along the way, the boy and his travel companion try to overcome their cultural and religious differences and align their ideas about friendship, liberty and equality. (204 pages)



Sold so far to United Kingdom, Austria,  
India (Hindi), Croatia, Italy

While reading this book we keep asking ourselves: What is going to happen? The story is told in a way that fills the reader with tension and requires his active participation. We are hoping for answers to questions such as: what is a human being and what is an animal, what is Islam and what Christianity, what is illness and what is health, what is friendship and what is abuse?

*Nina Prešern, Gospodična knjiga*

The Slovenian author Evald Flisar is a master storyteller who through the words of a semi-autistic boy with surgical precision dissects everything that is wrong in the society which appears normal to us in our everyday lives, habits and convictions. Most of them we never question, although we often feel that we should. If you felt relieved when you read that the murdered friend of the boy who is telling the story wasn't human but "only a pig", you should ask yourself why you felt relieved. This isn't a book about vegetarianism, or about migrants, or about children with special needs – this is a story about the world in which we live and about values for which we pretend to stand. I believe that the story will force every reader to undertake a serious self-examination.

*Martina Frka, Books & Blanket*

I admire Flisar's writing and *Look Through the Window* has with a sharp slap reminded my why. The story is so rich that I don't really know where to begin, whether with hypocrisy we are served every day, or with acknowledgment that we are all bad, or with the hope that we are all good and prepared to do almost anything to put things right, or that we don't really think too much and only follow voices we hear, or that not all migrants are terrorists but ordinary human beings ... If this book had appeared while I was still studying, I would have been able to solve twelve times more tasks I was given, and still many themes of the book would have remained untouched.

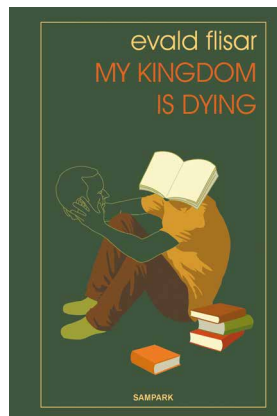
*Anja Orehek, OTHERWORLD*

From the very first page this novel is shocking in many ways. Flisar excellently introduces different views of the world and finds a common ground among them. After reading it you will be forced to ask yourself if your view of the world is right, and whether there really exists the right view of the world. The text is highly readable and suitable also for young readers, who are presented difficult themes in an understandable way. Without hesitation I would recommend this novel to everyone who wishes to examine the many themes skilfully woven into the story.

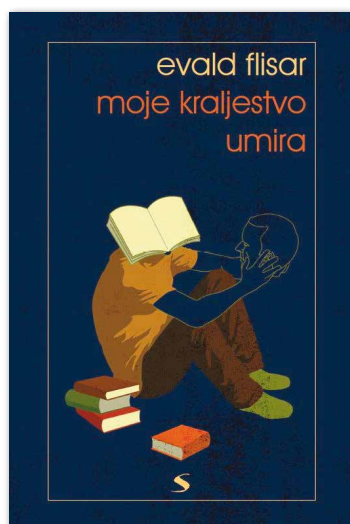
*Lina Krnic, GOODREADS*

Evald Flisar

## My Kingdom is Dying



(without moralising, of course) is still important and which gives priority to experiencing rather than analysing. Flisar's storytelling swears on a multitude of layers and ambiguity, and steers the reader's horizon of expectations here and there until the story culminates in an ultimate surprise. In this novel, the reader wanders around labyrinths of fiction and metafiction, whilst in a tense, unusual and in places unreliable tale they jump between reality and imagination, between the pure form of literature and reflection on its essence. The novel's key protagonist is in fact literature itself, the artistic form that the modern world favours least. (384 pages)



Sold so far to India (English) and Croatia

**M**Y KINGDOM IS DYING (original title *Moje kraljestvo umira*) is a novel that strongly questions the nature, possibilities and limitations of novelistic writing, and from which the fundamental outlines of Flisar's poetics can be extracted; outlines to which other writers' stylistic innovation at any price, especially at the expense of content, is alien; to which representing certain moral values

Flisar's writing tells us that our experiences are a construction of reality, that our lives are fabulated. If in the early chapters we saw *My Kingdom is Dying* as a novel about fiction, towards the end we realise that it is a novel about the fiction of the world in which we live. To repeat: the house of stories is the one in which we live, and this house is the kingdom that is dying. If we see the novel in this way, we may indeed be worried: what does it mean for our future if we are composed of stories that are dying?

Andrej Blatnik, *SODOBNOST*

When the main character, a successful storyteller, suffers a writer's block, he travels for treatment to a Swiss institution by the name of Berghof. There he finds quite a number of renowned writers suffering from the same complaint, ranging from Martin Amis, Graham Greene and Saul Bellow to JM Coetzee, Cabrera Infante and Salman Rushdie. But is the clinic with a strange name in fact what it pretends to be? The novel is not merely a mixture of genres containing forms of confession, detective story, memoirs and invented biographies, but is also an original blend of fiction and metafiction. The reader follows a suspenseful story in which unusual events are cleverly interwoven with meaningful reflections and deep insights.

Goodreads

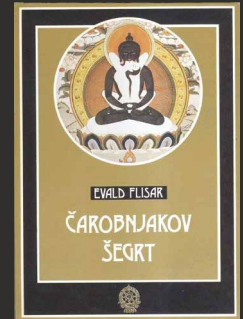
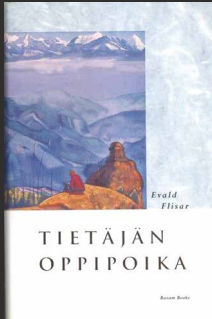
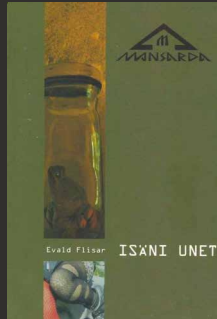
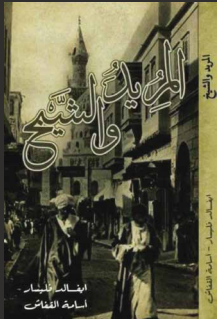
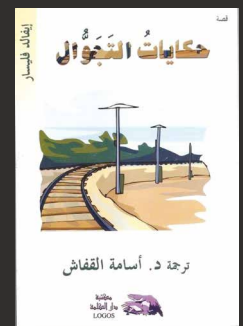
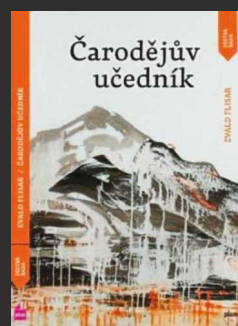
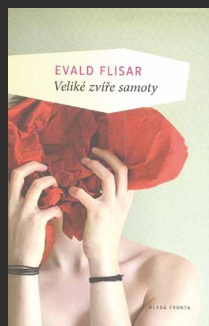
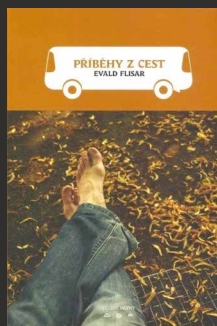
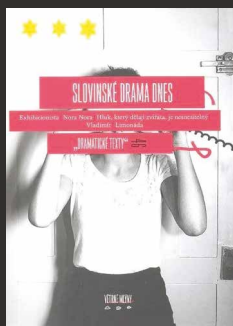
*My Kingdom is Dying* is not only a generic hybrid, containing the forms of confession, detective story, thriller, memoir, fictitious biography and others, but there is at play a unique combination of fiction and metafiction, literature and metaliterary reflection, which also at the substantive level are woven organically into the story itself. This time again, the foundations of writing are an open polyphony, an openness to multi-layered communication with reality, including with the entire intellectual-historical stock of mankind, which has been externalised in the form of this or that philosophical or artistic direction. The skilfully created referential network of endless intertextual possibilities, which gives voice to the works of other authors and the elements of his own creative oeuvre, establishes the novel as a place where Flisar meets himself and his literary predecessors and peers.

Alenka Urh, *Afterword*

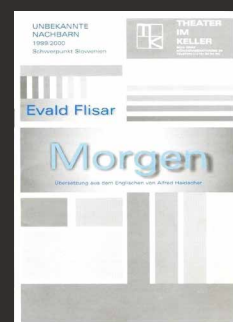
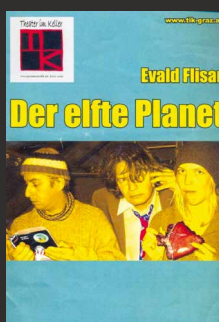
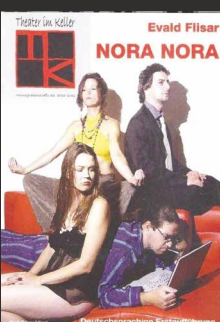
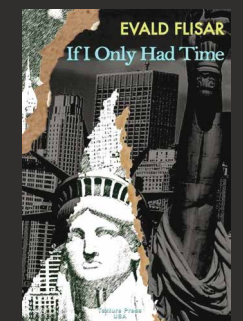
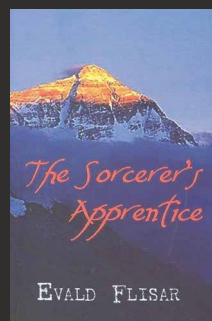
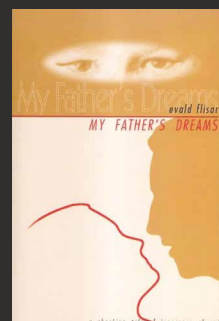
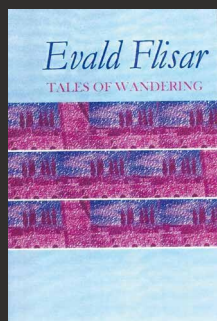
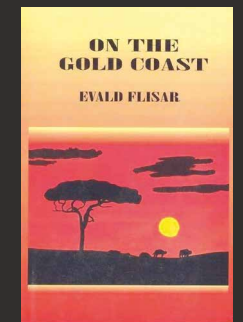
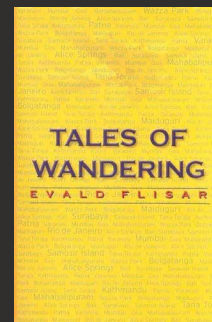
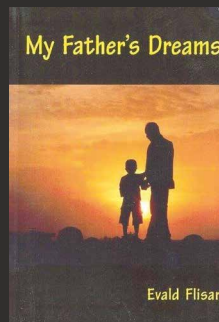
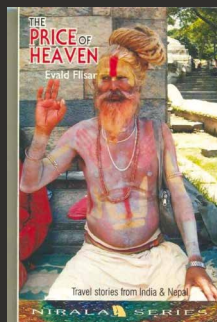
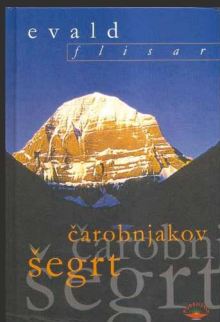
*My Kingdom is Dying*, subtitled *Storytelling at the End of the World*, is not only the sum, but also an upgrade, almost *summa summarum* of Flisar's prose.

Matej Bogataj, *MLADINA*

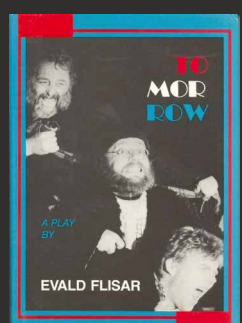
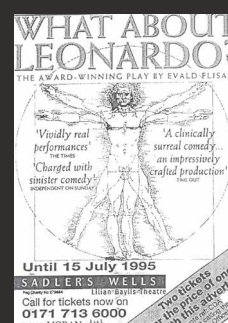
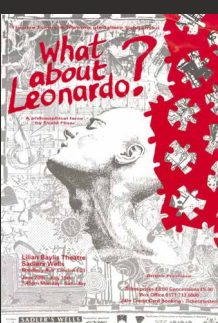
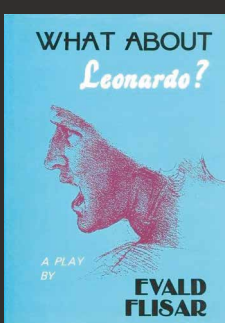
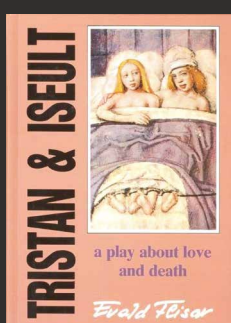
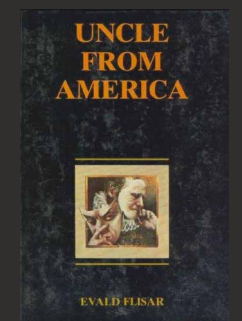
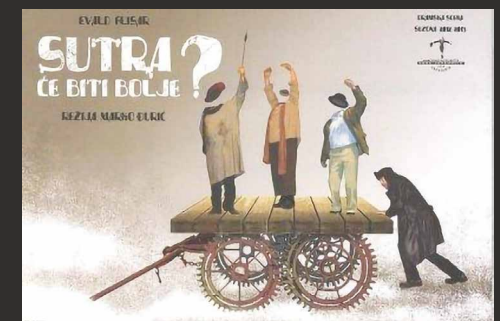
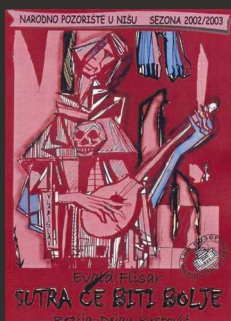
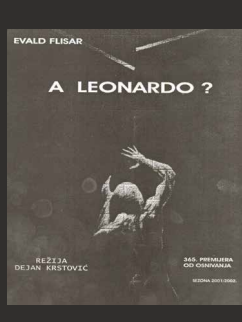
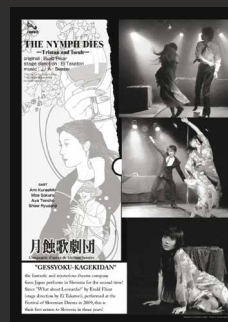
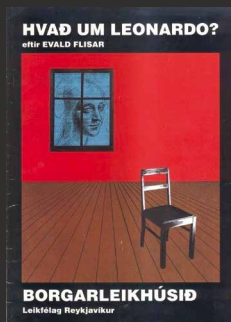
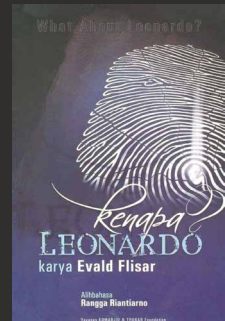
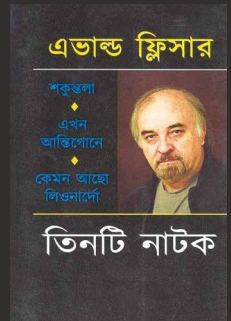
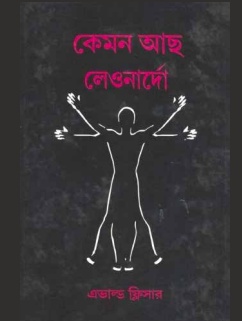
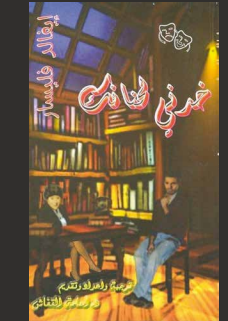
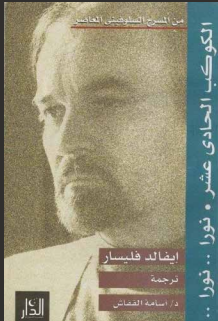
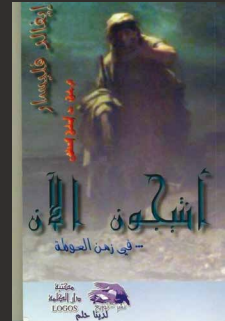
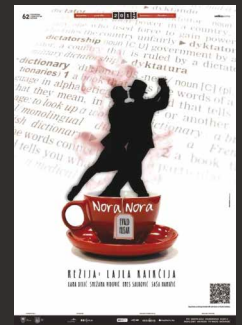
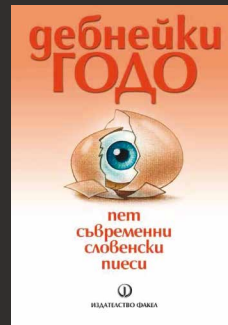
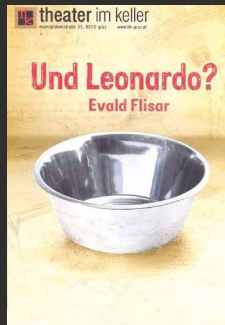




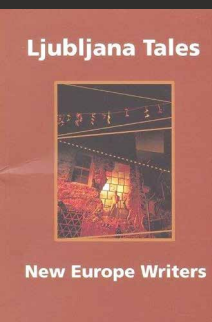
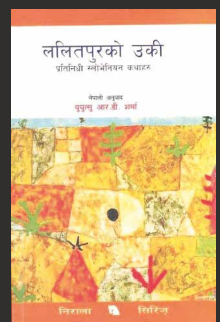
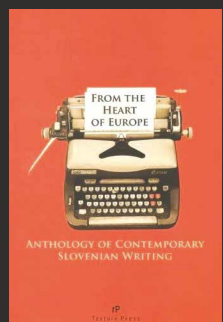
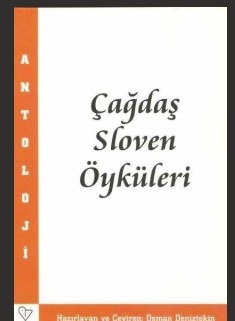
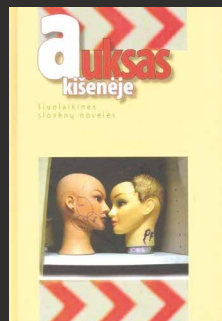
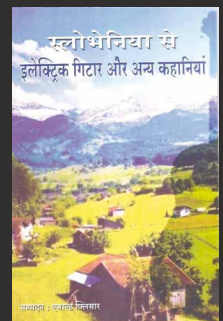
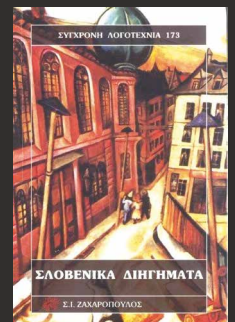
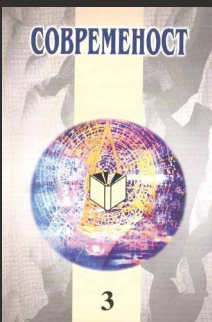
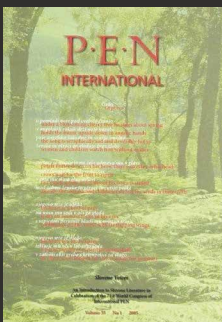
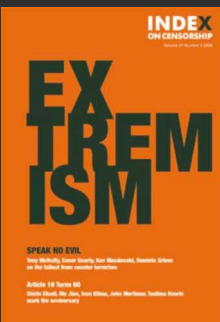
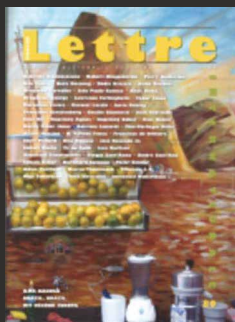
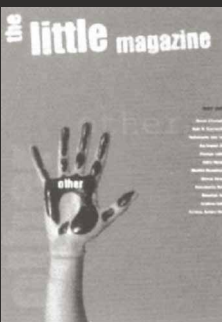
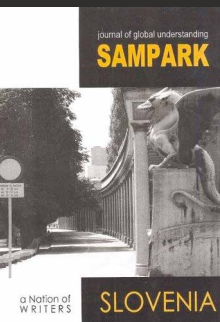
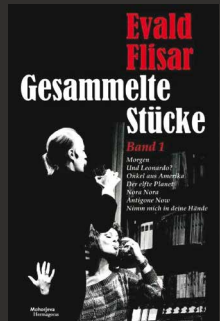
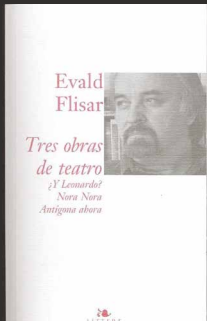
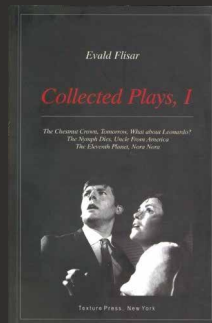
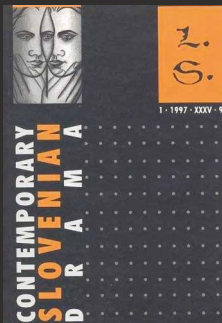
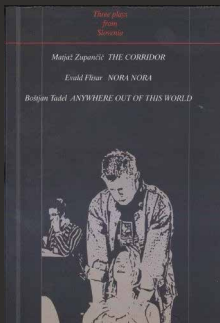
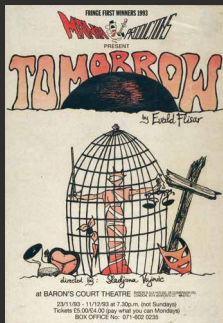
## Translated novels, short stories and plays



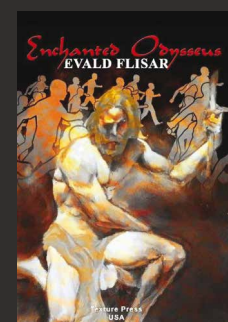
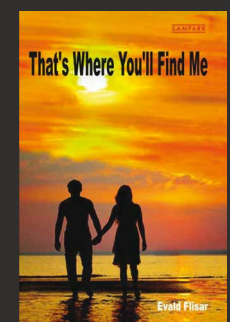
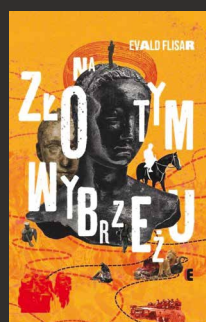
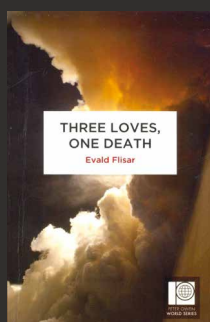
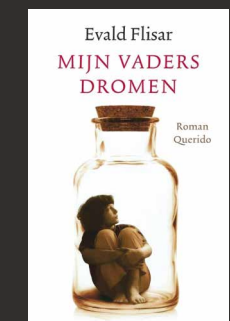
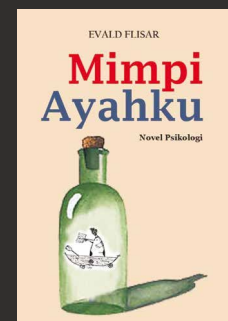
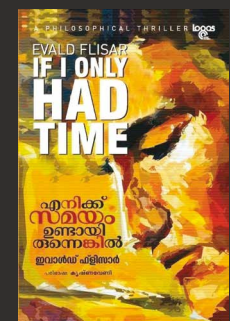
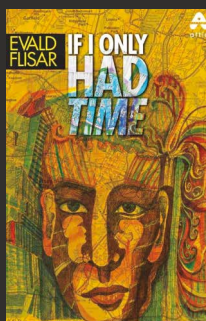
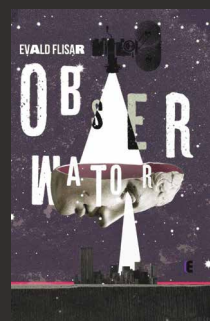
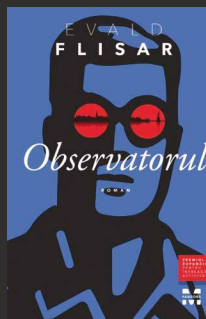
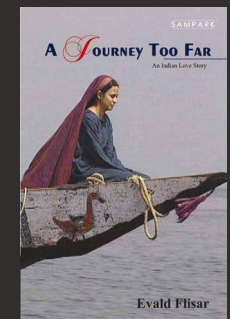
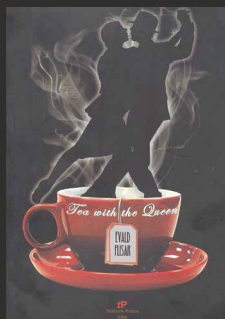
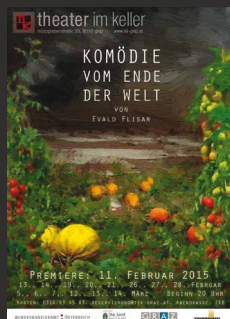
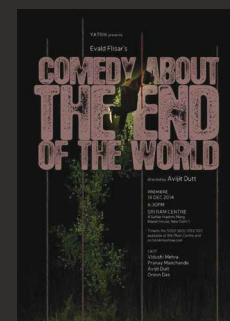
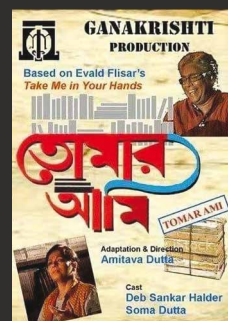
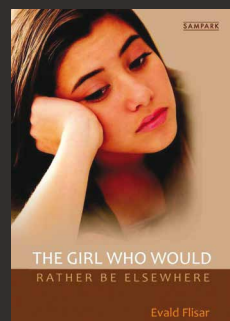
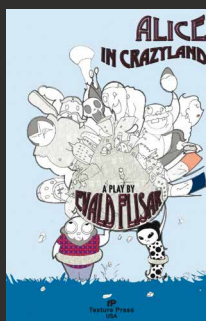
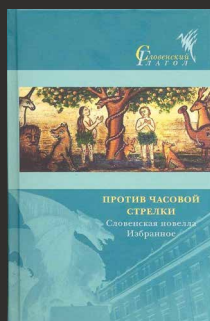
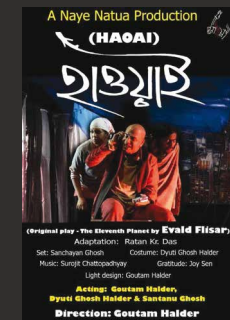
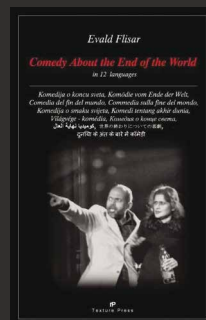
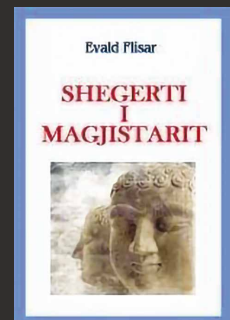
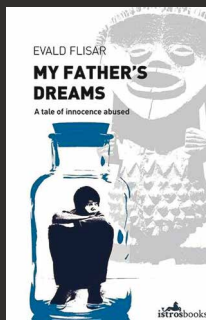
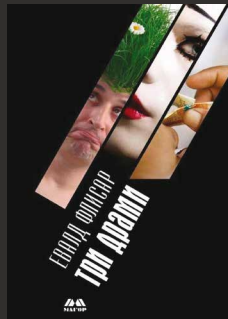
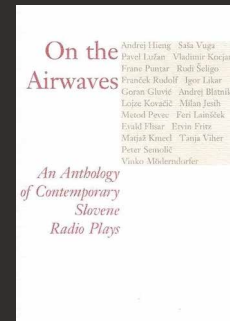
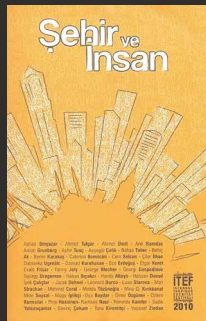
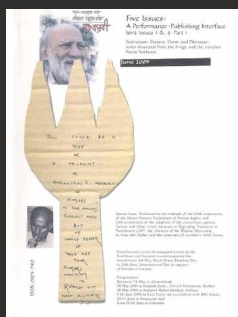




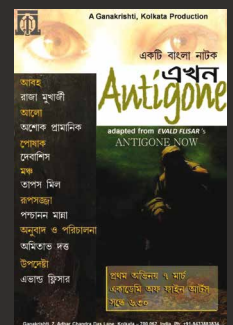
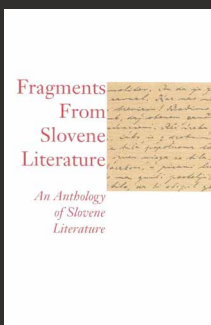
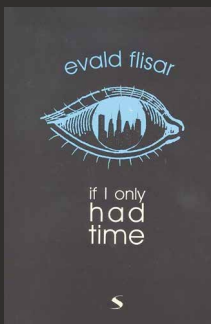
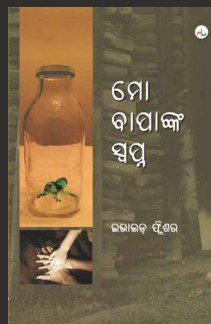
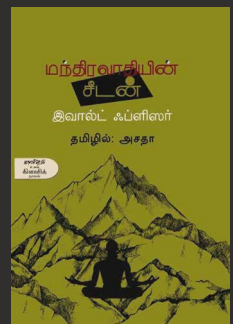
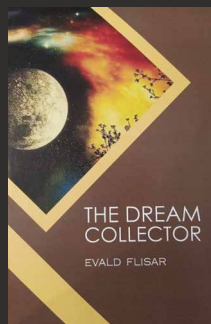
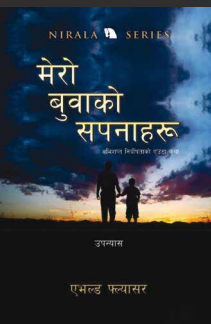
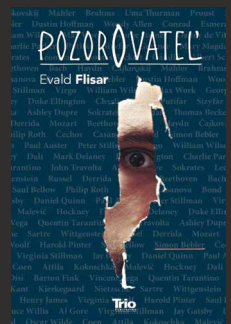
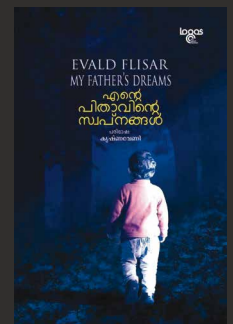
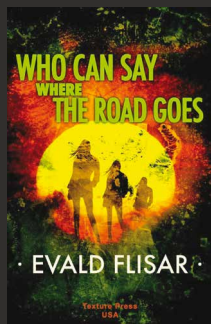
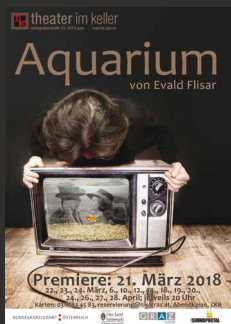
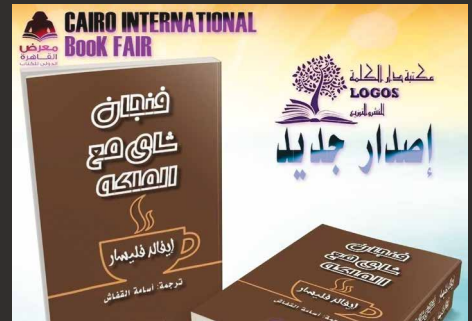
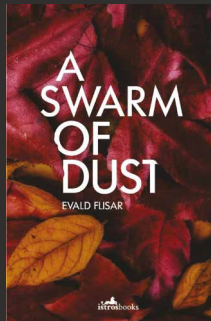
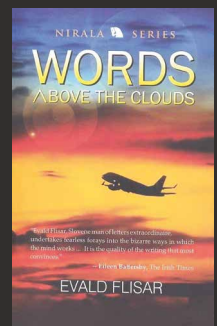
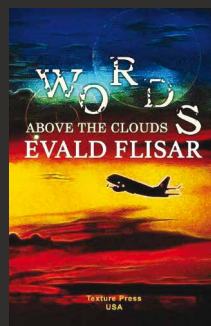
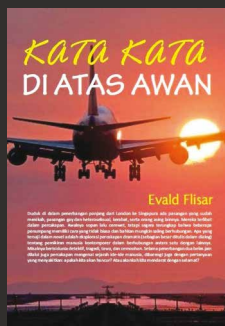
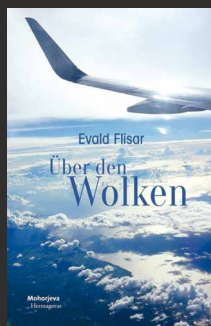
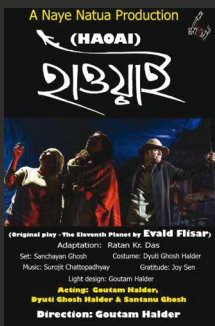




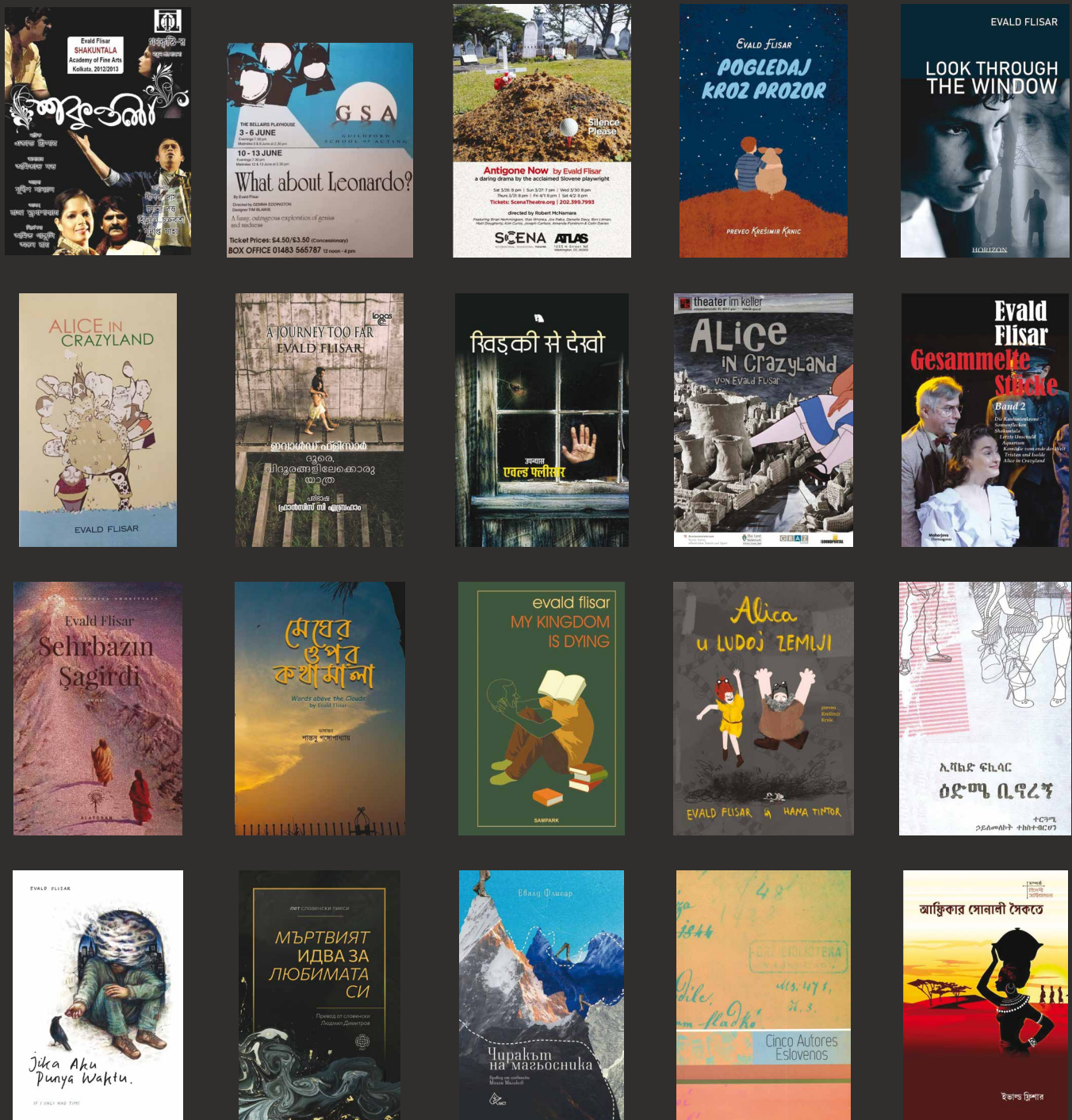








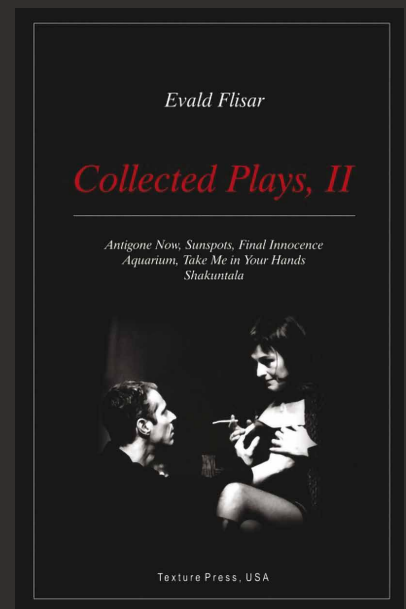
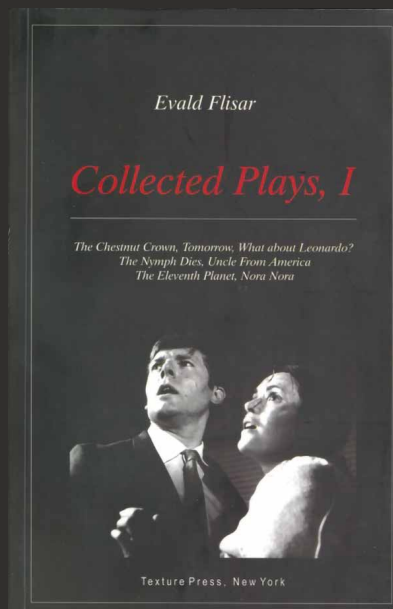
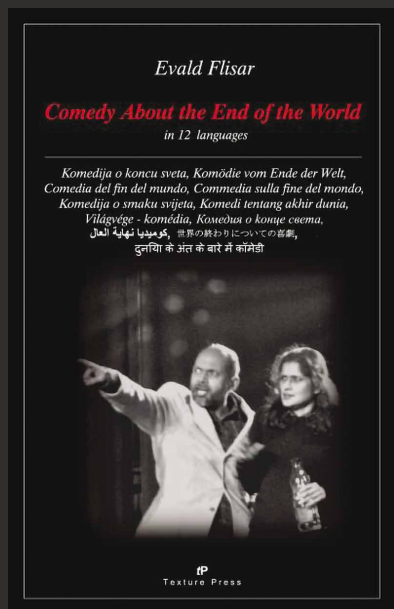




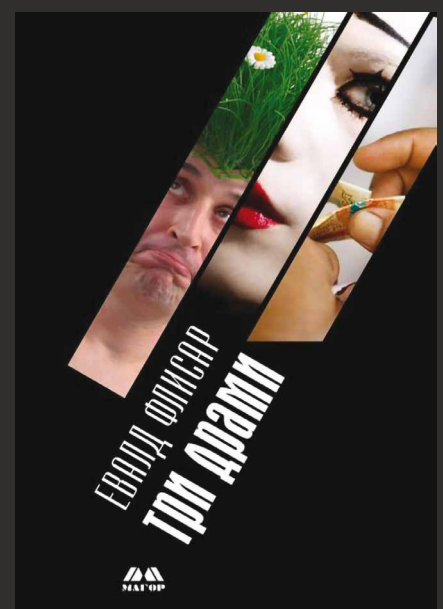
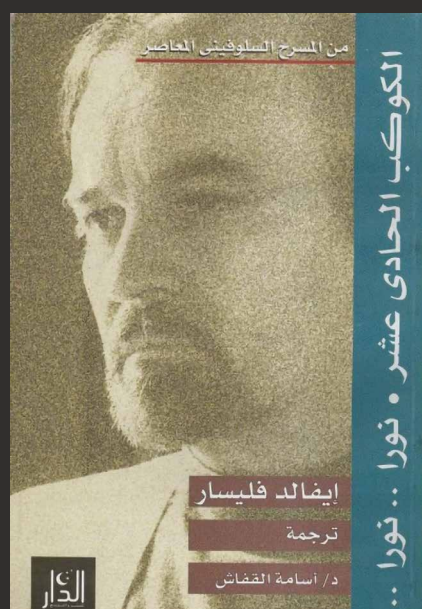
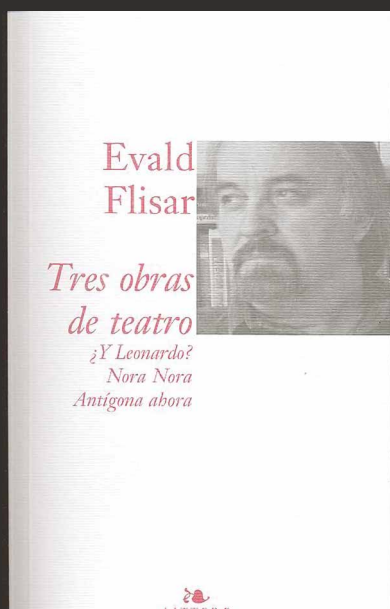
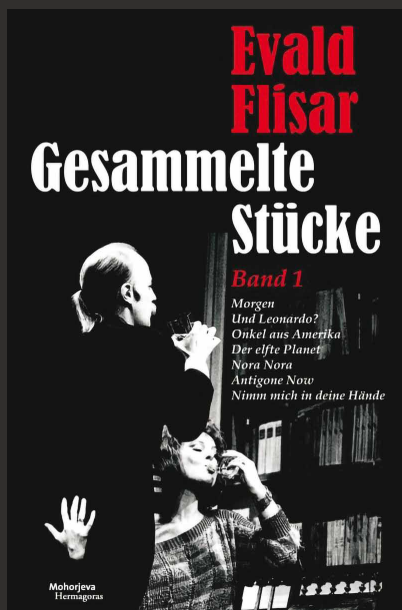
**Various novels, short stories and plays (for stage and radio) by Evald Flisar have been translated into the following languages:**

**English, German, Russian, Polish, Czech, Slovak, Romanian, Bulgarian, Greek, Turkish, Italian, Spanish, French, Belarusian, Azeri, Albanian, Macedonian, Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian, Hungarian, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Vietnamese, Malaysian, Indonesian, Hindi, Bengali, Nepalese, Tamil, Malayalam, Odia, Konkani, Icelandic, Portuguese, Amharic, Finnish, Dutch, Latvian, Euskara (Basque).**

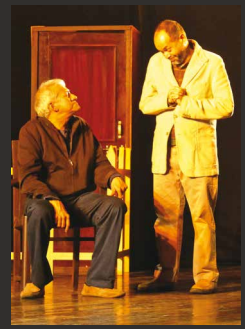
**All of his works are available in English. For translation rights or sample chapters please contact the author's agent Katja Kac ([katja.sodobnost@gmail.com](mailto:katja.sodobnost@gmail.com))**



## Books containing several translated works







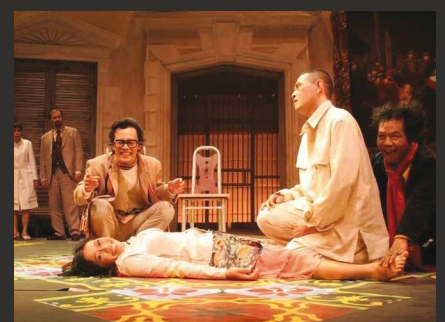
# Worldwide play productions







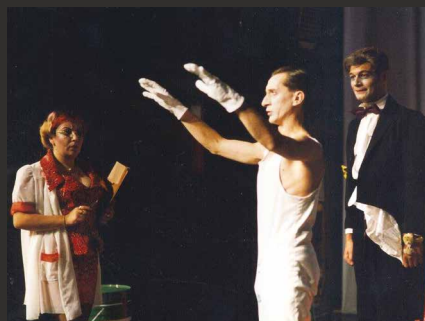
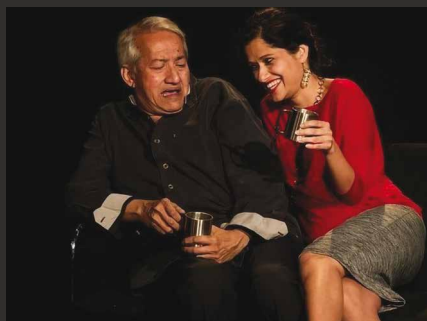
# Worldwide play productions



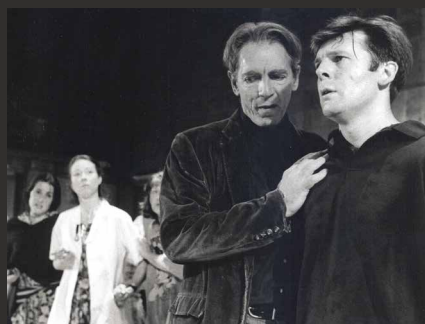




# Worldwide play productions



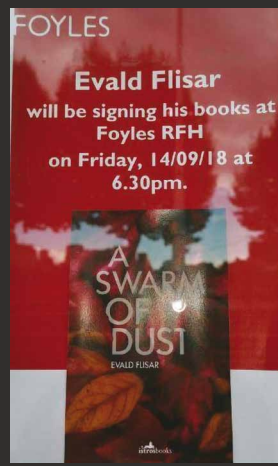




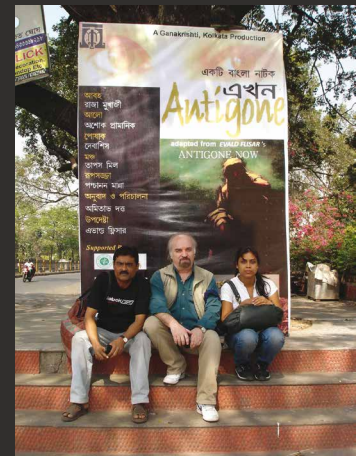
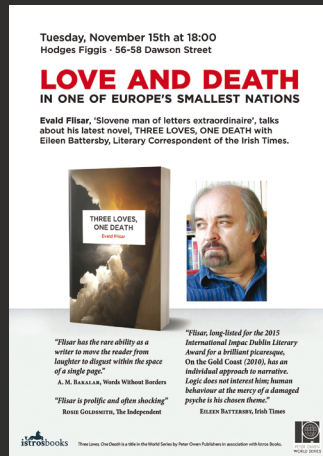
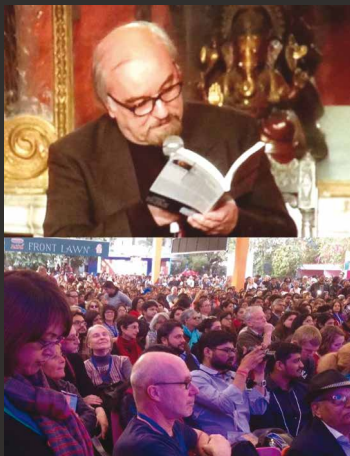
# Worldwide play productions



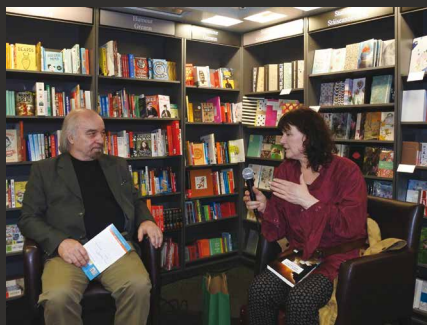
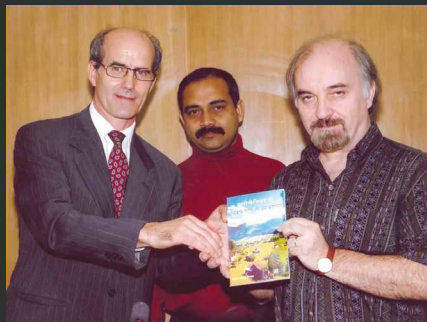
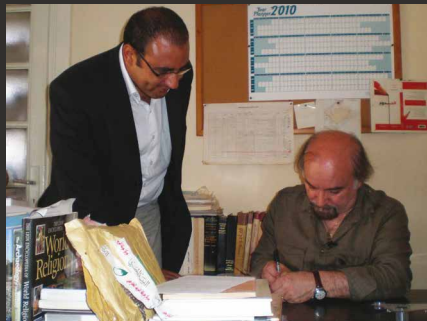
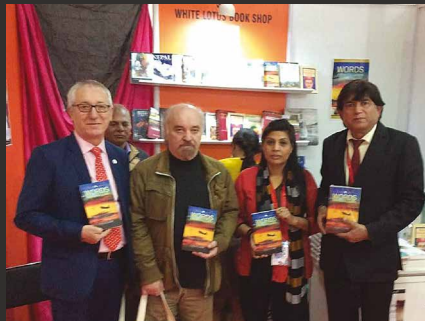
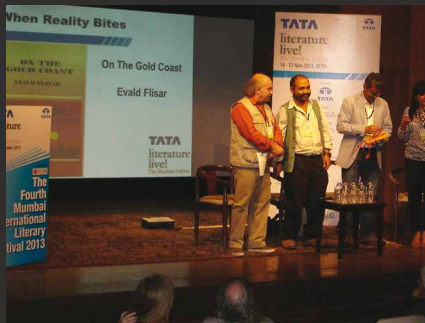




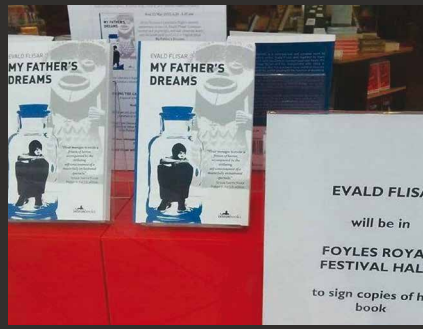
# Festivals, readings, book signings



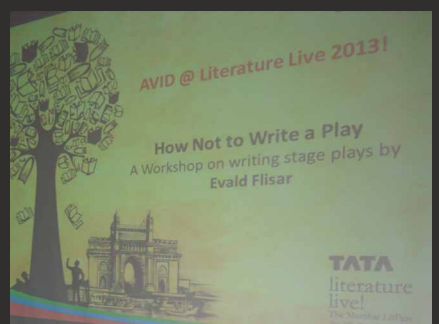
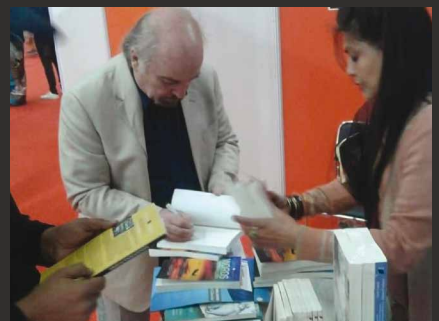
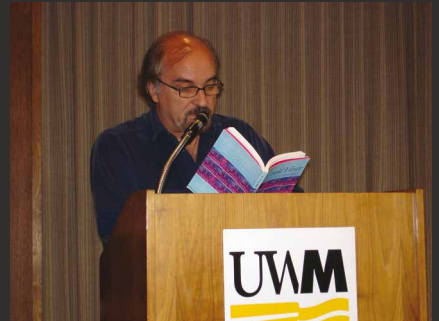




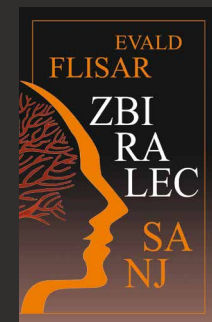
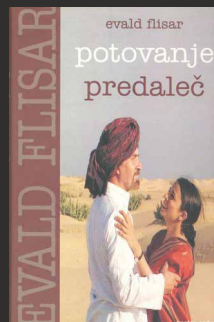
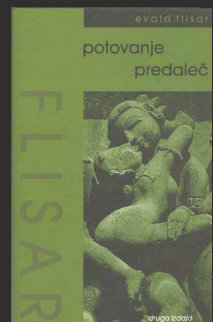
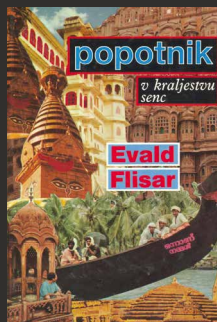
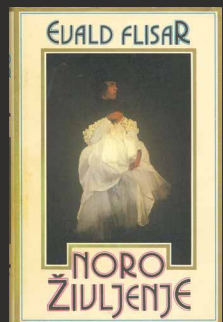
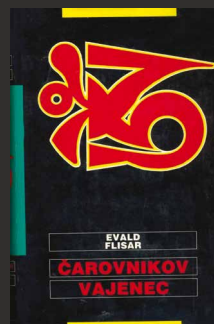
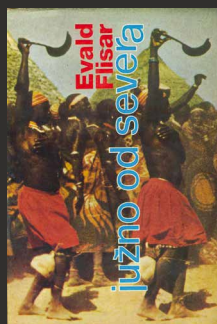




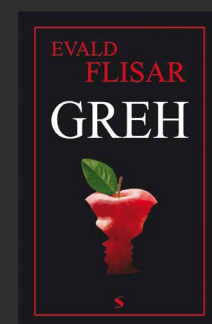
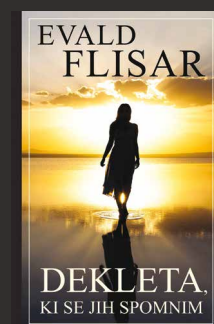
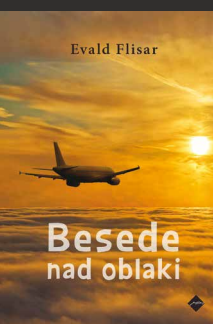
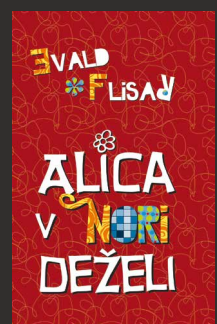
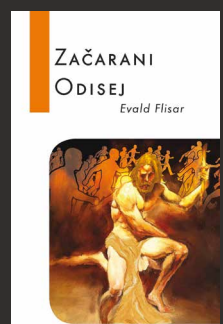
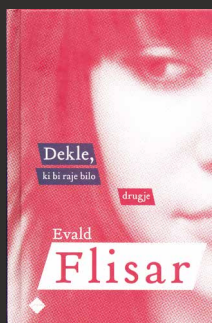
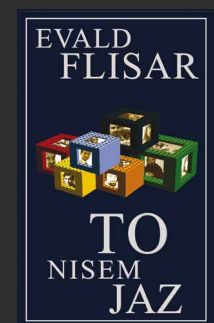
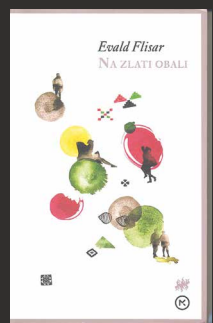
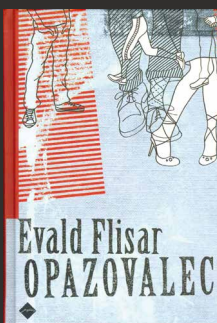
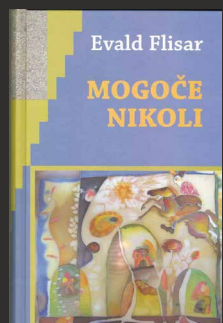
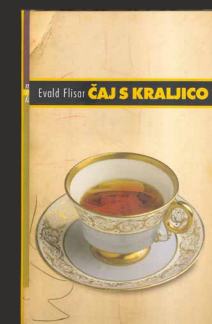
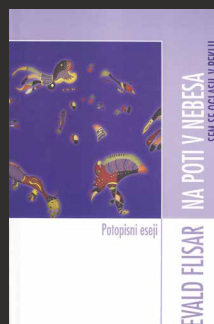








# Selection of Slovene originals







Alfred Haidacher



Amitava Dutta



Ann Catrin Bolton



David Limon



Sunandan Roy Chowdhury



Filiz Deniztekin



Hidenaga Otori



Kari Klemela

## Translators of Flisar's work



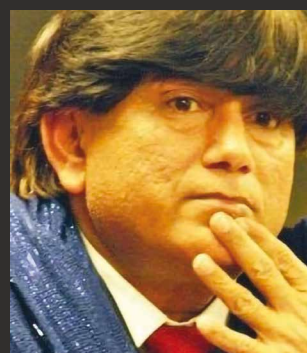
Krešimir Krnic



Ljudmil Dimitrov



Marlena Gruda



Yuyutsu Ram Dass Sharma



Nunung Deni Puspitasari



Ossama el-Kaffash



Timothy Pogacar



Ratan K. Das

**Other translators:** Kamil Valšik, Emese Rajsli, Dina Sideris, Josip Osti, Jadranka Matić–Zupančič, Zaur Sattarli, Paula Braga, Krishnaveni Ayyappan Variath, Nikolle Berisha, Duša Damjanović, Neda Oršolić, Milen Malakov, Irena Jelerčič, Monica Mansour, Valdet Fetahu, Robert Stallaerts, Davor Stojanovski, Mara Gredzena, Roel Schuyt, Diomira Fabjan Bajc, Nadežda Starikova, Rangga Bhuana, Alan McConnell Duff, Savo Rašović, David Heredero Zorzo, Maruša Fakin, Maryna Pyatrova, Hallmar Sigurdsson, Dejan Krstović, Balas King, Marjeta Drobnič, Pavle Goranović, Orsollya Gallos, Anupam Pachauri, Lyma Masyte, Sevgi Demir, Rosa Beltran, Kristina Pellarova, Darko Spasov, Hailemeleket Tekesteherban, Chuah Guat Eng, Rosalina Perales, Maksim Reyno, Anastasja Plotnikova, Lidija Dimkovska, Svetlana Kmecova, Asada, Manu Dash, Francis Abraham, Cong Huyen Ton Nu Thien Nga, Santanu Gangopadhyay, Anchita Ghatak, Tsolmon Bayaraa, Ibon Plazaola Okariz, Mohamed Sayed, Yorgos Goumas