

**Goran Vojnović**

*Author's Catalogue*



Beletrina\*



## ***About the Author***

**Goran Vojnović** (b. 1980 in Ljubljana) graduated from the Academy of Theatre, Radio, Film and Television in Ljubljana, where he specialised in directing and screenwriting for film and television. The film *Good Luck Nedim*, which he co-wrote with Marko Šantić, won the Heart of Sarajevo Award and was nominated for the European Film Academy's Best Short Film Award in 2006. He has directed three short films, and his first feature film *Piran Pirano* premiered in 2010. Vojnović is considered one of the most talented authors of his generation. Film magazines and newspapers regularly publish his articles and columns. His bestselling debut novel *Southern Scum Go Home!* (2008) scooped all the major literary awards in Slovenia, has been reprinted five times and translated into numerous foreign languages. A collection of his columns from a Slovene daily newspaper and weekly magazine have also been published as a book under the title *When Jimmy Choo Meets Fidel Castro* (2010), which was translated into Serbian. His new novel *What Did You Do in the Yugoslav Wars, Daddy?* was eagerly awaited by readers and has become an instant best-seller.

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# What Did You Do in the Yugoslav Wars, Daddy?

*When Vladan Borojević googles the name of his father Nedeljko, a former officer in the Yugoslav People's Army, supposedly killed in the civil war after the break up of Yugoslavia, he unexpectedly discovers a dark family secret relating back to the events of 1991 when he first heard the military term, deployment, and his idyllic childhood came to a sudden end. Seventeen years later Vladan's discovery that he is the son of a fugitive war criminal sends him off on a journey round the Balkans to find his elusive father, during which he also finds out how the falling apart of his family is closely linked with the disintegration of the world they used to live in. The story of the Borojević family brings together and juxtaposes images of the Balkans past and present, but mainly deals with the tragic fates of people who managed to avoid the bombs, but were unable to escape the war.*



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## **from the media**

*The main theme of Vojnović's second novel is the painful reconciliation with the past of an area that was once shared as a common homeland and a single country, though not as negotiated by the fathers who so bloodily marked this past, but by the sons, guilty through no fault of their own. Vojnović's hero in this case is, Vladan Borojević, eleven years old at the time, the son of a stubbornly defiant and girlishly affectionate Slovene mother Duša and a charming, funny and loving Serbian father Nedeljko, an officer in the Yugoslav Army, with whom Vladan lives an idyllic childhood on a residential estate in Pula on the Istrian coast (in what is now Croatia), a miniature Yugoslavia of sorts. Just ahead of the summer holidays in 1991 this untroubled life is upset in an instant when his father is called to Belgrade on duty without notice. This is where, in room no. 211 of the Hotel Bristol, Vladan sees his father for the last time, fatefully breaking his wife Duša's spirit and unleashing a huge emptiness that will never again be breached between her and their son. Seventeen years later we meet our protagonist as a dropout sociology student in Ljubljana, quite estranged from his now angst-ridden mother, her new husband and a half-brother. Convinced since the age of twelve that his father was dead, killed in the Balkan slaughter; he is dead until the moment Vladan enters his father's name into Google and discovers he is in fact a war criminal, wanted by the International Criminal Tribunal in The Hague. And that his mother had been lying to him.*

*The sudden end of his childhood in the early 1990's and the realisation of the adult man that he has a father who is still alive and accused of war crimes become the major elements of the plot of this maturely written Bildungsroman. Throughout the novel, the plot moves back and forth in time until the mosaic of the numerous places and fates, so thoroughly damaged by the disintegration of*





*excerpt from the novel*

I first learnt of Uncle Danilo's existence only that very morning when I saw my father for the last time. The previous evening, after yet another of their silent phone-calls, mother had announced to all those present in the room at the time that Colonel Borojević would be joining us for breakfast in the morning. That's what she called him, as if even then she knew that Nedeljko was no longer her husband or my father, but merely an officer of the Yugoslav Peoples' Army.

My premonition that there would be little to look forward to at breakfast apart from thinly sliced cheese and salami was confirmed by mother's midnight walk, which started and ended in the hotel restaurant where she got through a whole packet of cigarettes and downed her first brandy. She then called me from reception and invited me to join her with a coke. At half past one in the morning I sat in the empty hotel lobby drinking my second most favourite drink, observing her smoke cigarette after cigarette. At two she ordered herself a second brandy without asking me whether I wanted anything else; something the sleepy waiter, who brought her the drink with little further comment, also failed to do. At half past three mother suggested we should go to bed as soon as she had finished smoking her cigarette and at ten to three we finally made our way to our room where we both lay down on the bed, but I am sure she didn't sleep at all that night. In the morning we had already finished having our breakfast when Nedeljko stroked my hair and sat at the table with us. Mother asked him whether he was hungry but he shook his head. It turned out that instead of father, we had been joined by that voice from the telephone receiver. He kept asking me a load of stupid questions I had already answered at least eighteen times over the phone. When he ran out of questions he stopped talking and sat there with us in silence. When I asked him my single question of the evening: When would we be returning home?, he just shrugged his shoulders. Then mother asked me to go up to our room since she and father needed to talk about serious matters, a request I had not heard for years. When I was much younger and they didn't want to fight in front of me they would regularly send me to my room, but my presence had long ceased to be a consideration when they argued; they probably believed I was old enough to start coming to terms with the real world. So I was immediately aware that serious matters this time were far more serious than usual. They would talk in

low voices, almost whispering, maybe even quieter than that time they talked about Aunt Enisa when she was in hospital. So I stood up and went up to our room without a word, without ever really even saying goodbye to my father. I moved impatiently around the bed and switched TV channels for about an hour before mother eventually returned to our room. She went straight to the bathroom and when she came out a few minutes later and started rummaging in her suitcase she, in a rather by-the-way manner, threw in that we would be going to Novi Sad the following day. To Uncle Danilo's. I nodded and didn't even ask who Uncle Danilo was, knowing quite well that this was hardly an appropriate time for questions, let alone answers.

Packing up the huge pile of our belongings in room no. 211 the following morning, mother needed someone to stand up to her, someone to whom she could spit out all her own arguments and in doing so convince herself that Uncle Danilo in Novi Sad, father's second cousin and only living relative, was the best short-term emergency option available to us. She needed this, since she did not in the least believe it and was furious with father and angry at allowing herself to be pushed into a situation she could no longer control, one where she would soon be dependent on strangers.

I kept quiet, worried, not used to visiting people I didn't know, worried about not having my own room and even more worried that there might be local Novi Sad lads of my age living at Uncle Danilo's who would eyeme with suspicion, observing my every move, waiting for me to make a mistake that would cost me dearly. I was afraid of these Novi Sad ten to twelve-year-olds, frightened of having to prove myself to them and of the unrelenting fight to accept me as an equal into their midst. But mother didn't have time for my fears. She had plenty of her own to deal with. Having to comfort herself, she could not comfort me. She kept repeating to herself that all would be well; after all, Danilo is family and, unlike with her own kin, that meant something with these people. They would probably welcome us and we should be glad and grateful; we had little choice, having to wait for this 'state of emergency' to pass and father to return; then we could all return to Pula together.

But when father informed us over the phone that since he was being sent 'out into the field' he would be unable to get to Belgrade and take us to Novi Sad himself like he had promised only yesterday, mother finally broke down and collapsed on the floor in the middle of room no. 211, bursting into tears. I wanted to curl up to her and take away some of her pain despite not really understanding it, but she kept pushing me away like she had father on the day we moved from Pula. That day in the Hotel Palace her courage had irrevocably deserted her and mother finally abandoned her lifelong fight. She was a defeated woman who, at that point, probably finally realised she had been left alone in this story. I do not know whether she had a hunch that father would never return from the 'field', or that the 'state of emergency' would never end, but I do believe her sixth sense could feel the approaching horror and that, sitting there amidst boxes and suitcases full of our stuff, she finally transformed into the woman on the run who for years to come would still be running away from everything that had led to her collapsing on the dirty cheap carpet-covered floor in room no.211.

Mother thus stepped into Danilo Radović's flat on the fourth floor of a building on Žarko Vasiljević Street near Riblja pijaca, the fishmarket square, right in the heart of downtown Novi Sad, resigned to all she could expect in this flat. She was in no state to reassure or encourage me over the impending confrontation with our distant relatives, so I stood by her side, overcome with a fear greater than anything I had ever felt in my life. When we finally stopped at no.2 Vasiljević Street, it was this fear that nearly made me piss my pants. My heart pounded as it never had done before, my legs shook, the palms of my hands sweated, so I dropped one of the boxes twice and I felt like collapsing onto the ground and crying right there in the middle of Novi Sad, just like my mother had done in Belgrade. I probably would have done, had Danilo not rushed up to us at that moment and started to hug and kiss us, shrieking like he would shriek right until the day mother and I would ask him to drive us to the coach station and stick us on a coach to Ljubljana.

At that moment I was saved from fainting by his howling and even more so his strong hands that dragged me towards the entrance of the block of flats and all the way up the stairs to the fourth floor, pushing me through the door into their flat, continuously repeating that I should leave my stuff behind, that

they would bring it up later, that I should not worry and that the main thing is that mother and me were alive and well and here with them, and of course that I was “the spitting image of my father Nedeljko when he was ten and both of them lived together and were like two brothers”.

So mother, who was reluctantly dragging herself up the stairs behind us, and myself landed at the Radovićs, the only relatives I had met in my life. Besides Danilo, his wife Sava and their seven-year-old daughter Jovana and ten-year-old son Mišo, waited neatly lined up at the door. To make the occasion even merrier, their neighbour Kosa with her husband Risto and their fifteen-year-old daughter Nataša were there too. Since Kosa, Risto and Nataša spent more time there than in their own flat on the opposite side of the hallway, mother and I were thus the eighth and ninth occupants of what was, at the most, a fifty-square-metre flat. Our arrival only briefly interrupted this neighbourly idyll; just long enough for them all to kiss us on the cheeks three times and ask us seventeen times whether we were hungry, whether we wanted coffee or juice, whether we were tired, and show us a couple of mattresses on the bedroom floor, explaining that we would be sleeping in Miša and Jovana’s room, they would squeeze into Danilo and Sava’s double bed.

Throughout, they all, whilst continuously interrupting each other, cutting in and repeating the questions, kept asking us about father, about Pula and Belgrade and then again about Belgrade, Pula, Belgrade again and then again about father.

After this moving-in ceremony was over and we had inevitably had a few snacks, the news started and the ‘welcoming committee’ quickly settled round the far-too-loud box and even managed to stay quiet for a while, so I was able to find out that in Slavonia in Eastern Croatia, where father had been sent into the ‘field’, the Yugoslav National Army had intervened to pacify the fighting parties. I was unable to understand which parties these were supposed to be and who was arguing what, since Danilo and Risto started shouting at some politician who appeared on the box; they did the same with the next guy to appear on the screen, trying to drown out the presenter who was reading out some highly important news item at the time. Equally loud, Sava and Kosa joined in the debate and soon all four were shouting above each other. All I managed to figure out from all the shouting was that Sava and Danilo were

convinced that Risto and Kosa should arrange for his parents to come and stay with them in Novi Sad and that Risto was convinced that “the Gojković clan would live where they were born”.

I didn't get most of the rest of this 'conversation', since it was all about politics. Amongst a barrage of juicy swearwords, words like Serbs, Croats, Slobodan Milošević, Kosovo, Ante Marković, Milan Kučan, the Yugoslav Army, plebiscite and lots more kept cropping up. I figured out that the more I understood what they were on about, the more these people seemed to shout and the angrier they seemed to get. I sat on the sofa terrified, clutching onto my mother, who was simply trying to watch the TV and didn't react even when Danilo, probably in an attempt to thoroughly substantiate his argument, banged both hands on the table. The little girl Jovana sat next to me eating bread with chicken spread, covering the place in breadcrumbs, behaving, much like my mother, as if nothing special was going on around her. Only when, slamming his hands, Danilo managed to spill her glass of milk, did she order him to clean the table, making everyone laugh and Danilo proudly hug and kiss his daughter. At the opposite end of the room Mišo observed his parents with great interest and, with a similar interest, ever so often glanced in the direction of me and mother.

The racket continued long into the night, just as the news, with a few short breaks, continued long into the night. The sheer number of policemen, soldiers and politicians who strolled across the screen made it clear to me that the situation was very serious. Risto and Danilo kept loudly commenting on the happenings throughout, effing and swearing left right and centre, pouring out and toasting with endless shots of rakija. At least three times that evening Danilo swore “by his one and only son”, and Risto repeated the phrase “on my daughter's honour”, but with the loyal support of their respective wives neither of them would budge an inch, so hours later they were still repeating the same sentences and Risto again announced to all those present that “the Gojković clan would live where they were born”, with Danilo repeating “Why should the Slovenes demand their rights and the Serbs not be allowed to?” all evening.

In the meanwhile we moved to the kitchen and had dinner there. Mišo and I spoke our first words when he asked me whether I had been swimming already this year. When I told him I had only been once, he replied that if he

lived on the coast he would go swimming twice every day from May onwards and that he would probably never even leave the beach. A bored Nataša cut into the conversation, telling him to stop bullshitting since he doesn't have a clue what it is like to live on the coast and how different it is when you actually live there, so they soon started arguing about who knew better what it is like to live by the sea. Jovana, eating chicken spread with bread again, admitted that she had never been to the seaside, but said she would go alone next summer if her parents still didn't take her. Everyone laughed and this time it was Sava who kissed her, serving us all food in her neighbours' kitchen.

We returned to the living room later where Risto and Danilo continued their polemic, getting absolutely plastered in the process, making them each more and more convinced of the veracity of their thoughts, despite their words making less and less sense, with Risto continuously repeating that "the Gojković clan would be born where they live" and Danilo shouting that "Slovenes should demand and the Serbs should not be allowed to!"

Leaning on mother who was still absently staring at the telly, I think I must have fallen asleep just at the moment when Risto, Danilo, Sava and Kosa all came to agree that "Tito had always hated the Serbs" and Danilo, probably forgetting that my mother Duša was sitting right next to him, came to the grand conclusion of his hours of 'exposure' and triumphantly blurted: "Fuck 'em Slovenes! 's far as I'm concerned they and this new country of theirs can just pack up and sod off to Afghanistan. I went to Lake Bled once and never want to go there again. Fuck the lot, Bled and Bohinj lakes, and that bloody politician of theirs with the silly little moustache – what's his name – Drnovšek, fucking Afghanistani cunts!"

The following morning I woke up in an empty room, but in the bed where my mother had gone to sleep the previous evening a tuft of Jovana's long thick hair peeped out from under the duvet. It was so quiet I was sure there was no one else in the flat, but I came across the full magnificent seven in the kitchen, sitting drinking coffee in total silence, whispering the occasional word or two, one after the other tiptoeing off to the bathroom, but otherwise staring at the TV with the sound switched off. The only one to make any kind of noise was Nataša who wore headphones and all those present at the table could clearly hear the rock music coming from her walkman.

Whispering, Sava asked me whether I wanted breakfast right away and when I returned from the bathroom a ham omelette and a glass of warm milk were waiting for me on the table. Danilo sat in the corner reading the newspaper in Cyrillic so I could barely read the headlines. He kept pulling at Risto's sleeve and showing him this and that article in the paper. Every time Risto turned to read a few lines in the newspaper they would then look at each other, frown and shake their heads. They went through the entire daily press in this way, stocking up on information, ready for the evening session of sitting around in front of the telly.

What was really bizarre about this entire scene, in which all eight of us sat squashed up in the tiny kitchen in absolute silence, was that it was already well past eleven, which meant that the blessed silence had been maintained for hours, since the adults had probably been up since seven. The notion that they spent at least four hours whispering or even mostly in absolute silence just so they would not wake up Jovana and myself simply did not fit in with the screeching creatures that had shouted away until well past midnight the previous evening, regardless of anyone trying to get some sleep in the neighbouring rooms or even the neighbouring flats.

The people sitting around me that morning were totally different people; tactful, lenient, tolerant, with a tendency to the irrational spoiling of their sleeping children, not considering their role to be in preparing their offspring for the cruel realities of life that follow a carefree childhood, but simply thinking "let the lucky, sweet kids sleep whilst they still can!" During those unhappy times we all found ourselves in at the time, peaceful sleep was something infinitely precious and probably represented to Danilo, Risto, Kosa and Sava the only privilege they could afford their children. That is why they could endlessly tiptoe around, consuming pot after pot of Turkish coffee, reading the newspapers and nodding and shaking their heads at each, amazed or horrified about what was written, all without letting out a single sound. They created their own silent world in which all telephones, radios, toilet cisterns, pressure cookers, door phones, shavers, hairdryers, television sets, coffee grinding machines, food processors, washing machines and any other appliances that these people refrained from using every morning fell silent in order not to wake up Jovana, Mišo and Vladan who were "just so cute when asleep", as

Sava whispered whenever she peeped into the bedroom and looked in on her daughter who, with the help of her exuberant hair, managed to spread herself across the entire bed.

Day after day I tried to no avail to unravel the secret of which image of the Radovićs and Gojkovićs was the true image, and I continuously wondered whether these people were in reality the kind, quiet morning lot, who remained silent for longer every day with Jovana sleeping in longer every morning, or the vampirised nationalists, who with every evening news bulletin took less notice of the presence of children in their midst, with ever greater volumes of rakija consumed, and every evening swore even more ferociously at various politicians, the treacherous Serbs and Montenegrins, cowboys, gypsies, Jews and Albanians. From the rare conversations with Miša and Nataša I was able to find out that all this was normal; neither of them saw anything unusual in the behaviour of their parents and were surprised at my questions on the subject.

It was at about that time when, totally uninvited, Slobodan Milošević entered my life; the only person who was not cursed when he spoke and never polemicised against in the Radovićs flat. His thoughts were adopted, appropriated as their own and repeated throughout the evening. Slobo always said exactly what Danilo and Risto were thinking, though they were themselves unable to articulate it as clearly and cleverly. Only Sava grimaced and tut-tutted every time Milošević appeared on the screen, and apologetically kept explaining that she had always disliked the man, and that although he seems wise, there is something repulsive about him, that he makes her feel uneasy whenever she sees him and that that is probably because very clever people such as him generally scare her. Nataša on the other hand, whenever one of Slobodan's statements was announced and a panicked Danilo started to warn his rowdy family to calm down and keep quiet so he wouldn't miss a single word, just rolled her eyes and complained about having to listen to "this crazy old fart" when anyone can see from miles away that he's "not quite with it".

Well, I should add that Nataša at the time called anyone over the age of eighteen an 'old fart'. I personally thought that in an American movie, with his demeanour and appearance, Slobodan Milošević would surely be a baddie. His manners of speech made him look like he had escaped from the Bolji život soap opera that my father enjoyed watching.

Since mother and I arrived in Novi Sad, father had only called once and spoke only to mother. All she said to Sava was that the line was really bad and she could hardly hear him, but that she thought he said that everything was fine and he would soon return. It was probably quite apparent to mother at the time that things were far from fine in the place where father was and she most likely had a hunch that father would not be back that soon, and it is quite possible that in reality father had told her something totally different on the phone, but that mother did not want to share his actual words with me and even less so with the Radovićs and the Gojkovićs. In any case, they mostly avoided conversations with my absent-looking mother, not to “exasperate her suffering” and likely also because they were afraid of where a conversation with a Slovene woman who lived in Croatia could lead in those tense times. They assumed that she had her own opinion about the conversations that took place in the living room every evening and were quite happy for her skewed Slovene-Croat opinion to remain unaired. This was also the reason they kept offering things to mother, kept asking her whether she was cold at night, whether she would prefer to sleep on the sofa in the living room, whether she would like to call anyone on the phone, whether she needed anything from the shop, whether she would like to visit the Petrovaradin Fortress, whether she liked baklava and stuff like that, just to try and make her feel good and not irk her to the point where she would decide to voice her own thoughts. Though they tended to forget her presence during the evening news, they were always careful not to provoke her into joining their conversation, and of course never asked for her opinion or ever turned to her with theirs. Whenever it was time to slag off the Slovenes or the Croats, they all pretended that that had nothing to do with mother and asked instead whether she might not prefer to watch *Twin Peaks* on Channel Two.

# *Southern Scum Go Home!*

Vojnović's novel acts as an encyclopedia setting the scene of the urban environment, where the smell of sarma (rolled sour cabbage leaves stuffed with rice and minced meat) and the imposing beat of traditional Balkan music penetrate through the walls of overcrowded apartments. A mix of football and 'southern' talk is an unavoidable part of the atmosphere. The Ljubljana 'ghetto' of Fužine is revealed to the reader through colorful slang, which the author used to describe Marko's adolescence and discomfort with his own identity, parents, surrounding stereotypes, etc. The fates of various inhabitants of Fužine are told through the bitter-sweet humor of Marko's tale. The novel *Southern Scum Go Home!* is an elegant story, unparalleled in Slovene literature for the complexity of its treatment of immigrants.



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## *from the media*

*Southern Scum Go Home! is a wonderful collage of short stories about life in the ghetto, basketball, babes, fathers in vests, differences between the Serbs from Bosnia and the Serbs from Serbia, friendships between various nations of the former Yugoslavia, and more: these stories contain more humor than most Slovene compilations of a similar nature.*

**Dnevnik Daily**

*A promising, readable, entertaining and well-balanced debut novel, which makes a firm cut into the ailing immigrant social tissue.*

**Mladina Weekly**

*excerpt from the novel*

*Who is scum? Scum is used to describe a person who lives in the territory of a certain country, but does not belong to the ethnic majority there. In our case this refers to those who come from any place south or east of the river Kolpa. In most cases their descendents are also considered scum. In their physiognomy they differ from the majority population by their low forehead, thick joined-up eyebrows, high cheekbones and a strong lower jaw. Their main behavioural characteristics are: they love an easy life, they swear, and they like alcohol, women and football. They adore kitsch and gold jewellery. They are into martial arts and are frequently aggressive without any real reason. In most cases their period of acclimatisation is a lengthy one.*

*from the song Čefur\* by Robert Pešut Magnifico*

*\* the word Čefur in the original is a derogatory term used in Slovenia  
Čefur – an immigrant from the southern republics of ex-Yugoslavia (20th century), also in written form čifur, čufur, čefurka, čifurka, čufurka, čefurski, čifurski, čufurski, all derogatory. Probably from Croatian or Serbian Čift, Čivut meaning 'Jew', in most uses in these languages is a derogatory description of a person of Jewish nationality. In Slovene the ending –ur, rather than the original –ut, has been adopted in line with other derogatory terms such as nemčur (instead of nemeč) – derogatory for a person of German origin.*

*Marko Snoj, Slovene Etymological Dictionary*

*Southern scum go home!*

*a popular graffiti slogan on the streets of Ljubljana (orig. Čefurji raus!)*

# *why I haven't got a team*

I haven't got my own team! This is really what bugs me most! If I lived in Belgrade, I would support Red Star and be a true fan. A Delija throughout my life! If I lived in Sarajevo I'd have been a Maniac, a FC Željezničar fan. But all that is real fucked up here. You can't support Olimpija if, like me, you play for our local club Slovan. You can't just say you're a Slovan fan, that just sounds crap. It's fuck all of a club. What does playing for them make me? A Red Tiger? What the fuck! Slovan footballers play in the third league and their grounds have a standing capacity of one thousand. But Olimpija is a club for mummy's and daddy's spoilt brats. Only up town fags play there. It is not that I don't support Olimpija, but no money in the world would persuade me to become a Green Dragon. I don't know why! It's just not right! Fuck it! Maybe the real problem is that I'm southern scum. But it is also because I'm scum that it really bugs me that I haven't got a team. It's in my blood. This need for a team for which I could get into a fight with anyone who dared say any shit about it.

I think my Slovene schoolmates don't really care that they haven't got a team. They don't give a shit. But me ... this really gets to me, so much so that I think I really need to beat someone up just to get it off my chest. There is no sodding tradition here. If you're born in Barcelona, your parents buy you a Ronaldinho kit, a club season ticket and take you to Camp Nou every Sunday to watch the match with Real. After that you go to matches all your life. When you get married you take your wife along, then your kids, your grandchildren and so on. And Barça is the law! If anyone just mentions Real or Ronaldo, they've had it! No questions. Get him! If you come to school in an Eto'o kit you're in. If you wear Raul you're fucked. Not like here where you can come into school with an Olimpija shirt with Cimirotić written all over it and still be cool. Or you can walk through the main square in Ljubljana wearing a rival Maribor kit and no one will kick your head in.

My old man, Radovan Đorđić, is a Red Star fan. I was too, when I was a kid and watched all of Radovan's taped old matches from when they were world champions over and over again. Stojanović, Radinović, Najdovski,

Šabanadžović, Belodedić, Jugović, Prosinečki, Savičević, Binić, Mihajlović, Pančev. I watched them play Milan, when it was one nil to Red Star and the match was stopped due to fog. In the repeat match they were out on penalties. I watched them play Cologne, when the goalie Stojanović was injured and the reserve Milojević let in three goals in the second half. Then they finally shook off this run of bad luck and went through the lot to win the European championship. Ranka, my mum, told me that it was crazy at our flat during the championship, full of people. The old man's mates, ageing scum. All supported Red Star of course. Everybody watched the match peacefully with just the occasional smart arse commenting on this or that. Then you'd suddenly get a: "Comeooooooooo! Shit no! Selfish motherfucker! Fuck you, you idiotic twat! What a loser! Unbefuckinlievable!" And then they all sank back into contemplative mode until the next opportunity for Red Star. The old man is actually Bosnian, but a Serb and has been a Red Star fan since birth, even travelling to matches in Belgrade and Sarajevo to support the team. I can't be a Delija. Don't know why not. It's all complicated to fuck's degree. OK, I support Red Star, but can't say it is my team ... no way ... no point in that is there? That's for folk from Belgrade. If you are cool, you support your local team. But Ljubljana is a strange town.

It might be because I'm southern scum. If I was Slovene, I'd sit at home and support Olimpija. I'd probably also go to ice-hockey matches. My father Janez would sit with me and calmly explain how Olimpija were national basketball champions in the 1970's and how, in the 80's, they once drew with Red Star who were World Champions and how they then played with Milan in a match that was Marco van Basten's last game with the team and Olimpija lost 3:0 only. That's it. If you once supported a team that were world champions, then you can't just switch and get excited about draws, honourable defeats, Champions League pre-qualifiers, the Slovenian Cup or the high score against FC Fuckin'Nowhere. Fuck it, you just can't. OK, I supported the Olimpija basketball team when they were in the Final Four in Rome and when they were totally dismantling Panathinaikos with Dominique Wilkins and Kinder with Predrag Danilović ... but when they started losing with minor local teams that was too much to take. This inborn tradition just doesn't exist here. It's the southern scum in me. Either you're the best in the world or you, as Radovan would say, 'just go off and sharpen some pencils'.

My mates support Red Star. Dejan supports them. And Aco too. But their parents are Serbs. From Serbia. We Bosnians see things differently. Radovan can't stand these chetniks, Serbian nationalists such as Arkan, or his wife, the popular singer Ceca, or the basketball player Gurović with his tattoo of the chetnik leader Draža Mihajlović, or the fact that Red Star has become a team that now has to play in Champions League qualifiers, just like Olimpija. They're shit. Dejan wears his red scarf and goes off to Red Star matches with the Fins, Hungarians, Estonians and other such wankers. Aco hits for Croats, but I only watch matches with Germany. This I got from one of my old man's mates, who changed allegiance from Dinamo Zagreb to Red Star and then kept explaining how very different the teams are and how the people in them are quite the opposites. Before the Champions League draw, those in Zagreb awkwardly ponder: "You know guys, it would really be great if we don't get the Germans in the first round. That means we can get through to the second round ... just as long as we don't get the Germans." At the same time at Red Star they boast: "Hope it's the Germans. We'll fuck the Krauts and their mothers just like in forty-five. We'll score at least five against 'em!" It's not that the Germans don't totally walk over them in the end anyway, but your chances are better if you start the match with balls. That is what I bet on. You can't really give a shit about a game where all you can expect is an honourable defeat. That's not the mentality. That is why Aco, Dejan and me, and we sometimes drag Adi along too, get together and support the Yugo team. We have our God. That's the basketball player Dejan Bodiroga! In basketball we all support the same team. I can't be bothered with other shit such as volleyball or water polo. Footie and basketball. The occasional handball perhaps. All the rest is complete crap.

Fužine should have its own footie club. That'd be something! There are twenty thousand of us. Thirty thousand if you count all the illegals. And that's not including the junkies. FC Fužine. That's the real point innit? Either you support a big club that plays for the world championship title, or a small, local, neighbourhood, marginal team that loses all its games and it's all great fun when a hundred or so gather at each game and do someone in when they all get pissed afterwards. Ljubljana is sort of in between a town and a village and its teams are sort of in between good ones and zilch. FC Fužine would be the solution. One could get into that. Fužine ... neat!

For a while it looked like we might even get a club. Every Sunday the older guys set up their goal posts on the local playground and played. On the perimeters pensioners played chess, someone brought a boot full of beer and the stands were full of kids and older scum with the excuse that they cannot play ball cos they have a knee injury or some shit like that. The other point; not a woman in sight and not a word of Slovene heard. Only Matej the postman played, so everyone called him *Slovenac* as he was the only one that wasn't southern scum. Similarly the caretaker Vlado was called Tuđman after the president of Croatia. Just because he was from Slavonski Brod. No one gave a shit he wasn't even a Croat. Smajlagić was called Janša after the Slovenian PM, cos he once, long before Janša went into politics, joined a demonstration to let him out of the slammer. And so they played. It was great fun. We'd go along to watch and laugh at our old men. It was hilarious listening to those who had learnt some Slovene, forgotten some scum and sort of spoke a mishmash mixture of the two. Fužine language. You'd get stuff like: "Pass me z ballu! I've do my ankle bad! My back it is twitchy hurt!" And on top of this all the racist insults that showered in bursts of laughter from these caretakers, plumbers, drivers, conductors, builders and all the other scum from Fužine, all of them full of socio-political connotations of what was once common territory: "Shoot you Slovene bastard! You clumsy Ustasha idiot! Are you Bosnians stupid or just dumb? I am here alone by the goal, but you can't fuckin' see me!"

Then it all fell through. Even them cripples don't play chess any more. FC Fužine is no longer an option. FC Olimpija also fell apart and is no more. It's all crazy. Can you imagine Barça falling apart? Or Bayern? Or Liverpool? People would go out into the streets. There would be demonstrations. Parliaments would be stormed. All responsible would be hung by their balls. Not here. The largest football club in the country dissolves and no one gives a damn. If the National Philharmonic was closed, artists would go on and on about tradition and culture and all that. But if you fuck up a team against which Marco van Basten played his last game, it doesn't matter. They're only sportsmen anyway. Dumb, uneducated, uncultured. Only southern scum play footie anyway. They all have short wonky legs. This is the fucking mentality. No respect. How can one get enthusiastic about something everyone else despises? And then they go on about assimilation. This takes time. Workers come from ex-Yugo and

you want them to learn about your poets and writers. What else? As if they gave a toss about any of their own poets back home. I want to be into a team. But I can't. Simple as that. And so part of my Slovenian identity is under pressure. As is my scum identity. How am I supposed to assimilate and sort of feel Slovene if I ain't even got a team. Just not possible. And this kinda bugs me.

## *why we got into a fight after the end of the final*

No fuck in the whole world can really compare to a buzzerbeater in the final. OK, perhaps a fuck with Angelina Jolie. But for sure Brad Pitt can't remember every fuck with Angelina, while Michael Jordan certainly remembers all his buzzerbeaters in the NBA finals. Fuck it, that's a simple fact. I must tell all of you who were banging away at the moment I scored against Olimpija in the last second of the National Championships, even if you were pumping J.Lo with her fat arse, that at that moment I was the daddy. The Best! And there is no way I would exchange that feeling for a threesome with sexy singers Severina and Ceca. Well, perhaps for them I might, but not for any other threesome in the whole world. I'm not kidding. A buzzerbeater is better than a fuck and that's that!

I was nervous like hell. More than ever in my entire life. It was 'unbelievable', as my *komsčija* Senad would say. I was real worked up throughout the game, cos these cock-arse brats from Olimpija really get on my nerves whenever I see them, so much so that I just want to puke. With their new Air Jordans at every match. You always get those players on the court whose parents are in the stands and push free ski passes to the coach, or their companies sponsor the team and they are board members. I'm not saying Slovan is a cool team. But Olimpija is real shit! I mean real shit! Instead of a coach they've got this fat pig, blown up like a balloon! No wonder you're a nervous wreck when you play against them. Your hands sweat and you feel shaky. And the referees keep

blowing the whistle in their favour, so you really want to start head butting all of them, thieving cunts! Then there's our coach, a total idiot with a voice you can't possibly hear in a full arena, so all you see is his idiotic grimace from the perimeter, as if it might explode. You know exactly what he's shouting and would really like to tell him where to stick it. He hasn't got a clue and talks total bullshit. On top of all this I get Radovan attending the game, shouting nonstop from the stands, despite knowing bugger all about basketball as he only ever played footie. But he thinks he knows everything and I can hear him screaming during the game: "Marko! Maaarkoooo! Go get the ball! Watch their forward! Centre the ball!", and other such bollocks. And you get those pathetic Olimpija fans shouting: "He ain't got it! No way - he'll miss! He fucked up!", especially when their daddies begin letting out their typical Slovene warnings: "Sebastiaaaaan, do not allow him to outplay you with a crossover dribble!". Crossover dribble my cock across his stupid face! Then you get the ball, you rush towards the basket and shoot the ball somewhere. Anywhere, fuck knows where!

And the ball falls into the basket. You don't even know how yourself. It's all a blur anyway, but you have won. And that's that, fuck it! And you see the perplexed expression on the face of the girlfriend of this Sebastian bloke, the guy who tried to block you, but you outplayed him with a crossover dribble as you showed him the finger and screamed into his ear how you'll pull your pants down and show him how he can go fuck himself. We're the best! We're the best! All the tension disappears, adrenalin starts pumping and you become an animal, or 'aminal', as my *komšija* Senad would say! You let out a beastly roar and hit into something with all your strength. Anything that happens to be in front of you and if you're lucky it isn't a concrete wall cos you'd probably injure yourself. You run up and down the court shouting until your vocal chords start to fail you. We are the best, the best! You hug and embrace your totally sweaty teammates, hit each other on the shoulders, jump up and down, throw yourself on the floor, jump up again and release all the crazy energy. We're the best! We're the best!

That is actually a Red Star fan chant. Our team started using it after a match in the Pionir Arena in Belgrade when a fan ran out onto the court towards the end of a match in which Red Star were losing, and started jerking off in front of the best player of the Italian team, some black dude, with all

the fans shouting: “We’re the best! We’re the best! We’re trash! We’re trash!” This scum primitivism, fucked up, vulgar, repulsive and sick, Balkan morbid narcissism is, in a strange way, always really cool when something as raw and animalistic as this is happening to you or when you are totally wasted. This is something in our genes, at least in us scum. So you shout “We’re the best! We’re the best! We’re trash! We’re trash!” And everyone else in the locker rooms joins in, even the Slovenes. They towel snap each other on their naked butts, jump around, pull faces. When those white and green wankers went past I shouted into somebody’s face “We’re the best! We’re the best! We’re trash! We’re trash!” All he did was push me aside, but that was enough to start it off. It was the best punch up of my life. We kicked their asses real good. Smashed up their poncy ass faces!

## *why, thanks to radovan, we ended our celebrations in a meat wagon*

The cops came thanks to Radovan. I am sure of that. It was bound to happen and I knew it would before I went out, plus the fact that Rile and Krstić came round. I imagine they were playing classic popular Serbian singers like Miroslav Ilić or Šaban Šaulić at full volume, or some other golden oldie that Radovan has the original tapes of. He gets them out every time he is hammered. Then they wail along: *‘Come and we’ll grow old together!’* We even toasted before I left, me with lime cordial and them with some really fierce *rakija* that he had brought from Bosnia years ago and was saving for a special occasion. Of course for him it’s a special occasion every time he gets hammered. It is not that he does it often, but when he’s pissed he’s a real mess. I can just see him, waddling down the corridor to speak to the cops. He probably took the trophy with him and started to explain how his son Marko won and

how they are celebrating a little and were a little merry, cos our Marko scored, like, in the last second of the match and got a trophy for the best shot of the tournament. Then he promised them that they would turn the music down and go to bed, so they left. He then shouted back down the corridor to turn it back up and kept banging on the door of that fat Maršič woman, yelling that it's none of her business calling the cops and how he'd fuck all her excess flab and how it's not his bloody fault her son is a crack head. Pero is in fact not a real junkie, he just smokes pot. Of course Radovan doesn't know the difference or realise that smoking a joint does not mean that you'll automatically switch to coke. It's all the same shit to him. He'd send them all off for rehab with a couple of years' hard labour on a building site. The cops heard him for sure, but couldn't be bothered to come back up again. They only came to give a warning anyway. That's all they are obliged to do by law. But then they came across us on the ground floor. Well, dear Radovan, you really fucked us well on that one.

We'd also downed a bottle of *rakija*. One that Dejan nicked from his old man. Old Mirtić doesn't notice, cos he's got plenty of other bottles around and doesn't give a shit what kind of booze he drinks anyway. We really got loaded. Then one of us four geniuses, Dejan, Aco, Adi and me, had the idea of singing 'We are the Champions' to the entire block of flats. So we rang all the door phones, held onto each other and started howling something that sounded more like chucking up than singing. And that was the exact moment that the cops who had warned Radovan that his Šaban was too loud came by. They actually just walked past us, rolling their eyeballs, but then Adi, most wasted of us all, began banging on the intercom panel shouting.

"No one can get to us! We are stronger than fate!"

These are actually the words to a popular song by the Bosnian Serb folk singer Mitar Mirić, but it fucked up the whole situation. The cops suffered from humour failure, it seemed, and before we managed to complete the chorus of the Republika Srpska unofficial anthem, all four of us were in the back of the riot van. I can't remember how I got there, all I remember is that Adi was underneath me and Dejan on top of me. Then the doors closed and the van took off with us all trembling in the dark.

It was clear what this was all about. Classic. The cops used to fill their vans with kids who fished illegally on the nearby river. They would drive them

around for a while and then dump them in a forest in the middle of nowhere to scare the shit out of them. Adi was caught once and he wandered around the forest until he came across some other cops. He sold them a load of bullshit about how he was at dance class and got lost on the way home and asked them to drop him off at home. And they did. What dumb-arses! They didn't shake him up as much as us though. To start with it was actually quite cool and Dejan kept shouting at the top of his voice.

“We are from Fužine, and we know where we are. You can't fool us, we have a compass!”

“What compass! It's called a compass you twat!”

Dejan kept at it and we kept laughing our heads off as Adi continued to sing the Mitar Mirić tune.

*“They can hate us, those who do not love us!”*

“Drive straight to Belgrade man!”

“I sure can, my friend, blindfolded!”

But then the fun was over. We started being thrown around the back of the van, falling over each other and these bloody idiots set off their siren, floored it and cornered like crazy. Not a sound from any of us. All you could hear is the thumping against each other or the side of the van and cries of pain and agony. I didn't know whether to try to keep my balance with my arms stretched out, or to protect my head. I couldn't really manage either and as we went round a corner somebody fell onto me and pushed me against the wall so I fell down and rolled around. I felt dizzy and the other three kept falling onto me. I decided to protect my head and wait for the madness to end. True hell. I was shitting myself big time and thought that was the end of us. The van kept going round corners and we were all on the floor holding onto each other. Then the moron braked suddenly and we all hit our heads. We'd stopped. The door opened and somebody pulled me out by my leg and I landed on the ground. Straight into a pool of mud. Aco fell on top of me. The cops drove off. I lay on the ground as Aco slowly peeled himself off me. I could hear Adi throwing up and I think Dejan cried. We were in the middle of some woods fuck knows where. It was raining. We lay in the stinking mud and for at least five minutes no one moved.

We wandered round that fuckin' forest for fuckin' ages. What the fuck, they dump you there and then it's your fuckin' problem what to do. Adi threw

up again and Dejan felt really sick. We argued over which direction we should head into. We kept shouting at each other and Aco sat on the ground and said he wasn't going anywhere. That we should all just fuck off. Dejan started hissing something at him and Aco grabbed him to beat him up. Then he suddenly took off through the forest. We ran after him. I don't think I've ever been so fucking furious in my life. What morons these idiotic pigs! Fuck 'em all. Dejan and Adi kept at it for a while.

"We must be in the eastern suburbs."

"No way, the eastern suburbs are built up."

"We must be north then."

"You ain't been north in your life."

"Where are we then?"

"How should I know? Šmarna gora."

"Šmarna gora my arse. Šmarna gora is a hill, you twat!"

I felt dizzy. I thought I was about to faint. Shaking, I wanted to cry. I had a funny feeling in my teeth. I kept biting my lips, clenching my fists and digging my nails into the skin of my palms. Had I met a cop at that moment, I'd have killed him. I swear. I was mental. Loony bin mental. All the fear from being thrown around the back of the van really did me in. I thought I was about to have a heart attack.

"To me this looks like Golovec hill. Just from the other side."

"The other side of Golovec is the motorway."

"Come on! Call a cab, man!"

"And what're you gonna tell him? To come to the other side of Golovec, under Šmarna gora to the northern suburbs?"

"Have you got a better idea, or what?"

When I saw that fucking hunting lodge or whatever shit that old wooden hut was, I went berserk. I started throwing anything I could get my hands on at it. Stones, earth, branches, anything. I kicked the door with all my strength.

"Fucking cunts! Motherfucking bastards! What did we ever do to them, fucked up wankers! What did we ever do?!"

The others joined in. We smashed all the windows, tore down the door and totally trashed the place. I mean totally!

# *why we didn't hang around outside the block of flats as usual*

Sitting outside the block of flats is a national pastime in Fužine. It probably is elsewhere too, but in Fužine this discipline has developed into an art form. Fuck it, small flats, large families, tense relationships, low living standards. Low standards mean that every large family has only one television in the flat. This makes relations tense, cos you keep fighting over who is going to watch the box. Once some lucky person gets to lie on the sofa and grabs hold of the remote control, there's not much everyone else can do. If the mother is watching a Mexican soap, the father goes off to the coffee shop. And if the father is driving everyone up the wall with Serbian cable, the news and current affairs channel or some tedious TV debate, then the mother goes off to visit a neighbour for a coffee. Either way the kids are fucked and if they don't own a computer they go and sit around outside the blocks of flats. And scum and computers don't really go together. PlayStations, OK, that perhaps, but programming and hacking aren't really scum scene. Most scum parents once heard somewhere from someone that computers can be dangerous for children, so then they never cough up for a good machine. So you sit around in front of the block of flats, bored to tears. Wasting your time. You discuss whether a Merc made by German machines is better than a handmade Ferrari. Machine vs. man. Big theme. Then you include Terminator, Robocop and Schumacher, and Adi's uncle Emir who works at the Merc assembly line in the factory in Germany, and Dejan's mate who tests Ferraris in Italy, and Juventus, and Bayern, and Aco's granny Stojadinka's sweater, and sweaters from Emporium and so on for days and days. Meanwhile you watch tired fathers returning from work, well behaved neighbours' kids coming back from school, that TV presenter that lives on the eighth floor in her high heels, wiggling her arse so that I always

get neck ache when she walks by, Božo's sexy mum whose age we are still not sure about – is she around 40 or closer to 50?, the pisshead Šuškić from the eleventh floor, who was once so wrecked he went into the wrong block of flats and nearly broke into a total stranger's flat cos he couldn't unlock the door, or Vlado, the caretaker who is always grumbling about something, fuck him. At the end of it you still don't know whether a Merc is better than a Ferrari. A Merc is German and the law. All gastarbeiters and mafia guys have one. A Ferrari is a Ferrari and that's that. You rot away sitting in front of the block of flats. But at least that's cool. Much better than listening to Radovan and Ranka.

It's always the same. Dejan goes on and on about some shit or other and Adi takes the piss and keeps trying to prove him wrong.

"I tell you we were north of town."

"You're full of shit, man. North my arse! Number six bus goes to the north of town. You just haven't got a clue!"

"Go and buy a paper. Then we'll see where that hunting lodge is. It's sure to come up in the crime section that we trashed it."

This is just a sort of clever-front-of-the-block-of-flats idea. That as soon as you wreck some shithole somewhere, you'll be headline news. But Aco believes him and goes off to the newsagent, returning with the daily broadsheet *Dnevnik*. I didn't even know such a paper existed.

"Look at what this idiot bought. Thinking to read 'bout cultural stuff? I told you to buy a tabloid."

"This has got a crime section too!"

"Now you'll see where we really were. Huh, north. You'll see we were west of town."

Anyway.

"Hey look! We're in!"

"Give it to me! I'll read it! You don't know how to anyway!"

"Shut the fuck up!"

Unbelievable! The hunting lodge is a high society party venue and now we're in the papers. Fucking hell, it's not much, but you have to start somewhere.

"Hut van ... da ... li ...zed ... What's this?"

"What a loser. Read on."

“Hut vandalized on Dolgi Most last night ... There, Dolgi Most.”

“But that’s north of town. Number six goes on to Dolgi Most.”

“You really are full of shit. Do you know where Dolgi Most is?”

“Well, where?”

“It’s ... you go towards Vič in the western end of...”

“Just shut it. It’s nowhere near Vič, cos it’s on Dolgi Most. If it was Vič, the paper would say Vič.”

“You ain’t got a clue. What about the time you didn’t know where the triple bridge on the main square was?”

“I knew it was on the main square, just didn’t know what the square was called.”

God knows whether this conversation would ever have ended were it not for Samira, Adi’s mother.

“Adi, here comes your mum.”

“Shit, what does she want this time?”

Samira marches towards us, looking serious. Adi’s old man Mirsad works in Austria. Adi says he’s a driver – we all believe he is really a rubbish collector. Samira is always following Adi around the estate, bugging him to come home. Adi doesn’t take any notice of her and is always slipping away. She then tells Mirsad when he’s next around and Adi gets an official telling off. Then Mirsad goes back to Klagenfurt, Adi gets away again and Samira is back to traipsing after him all around Fužine.

“Adi, come home with me now.”

“No way, I’m staying right here.”

“Your father is coming home today.”

The thing is that Mirsad never comes when he is supposed to come, so Samira waits around for him with lunch ready, trying to round up her children all over Fužine, so they can have a proper family meal together when Mirsad gets in. Occasionally she manages to catch up with Adi, but never Adi’s older brother Sanel. He’s a totally lost cause.

“So what? I’ll come home when he arrives.”

“Come home right now, we’re having lunch!”

“No way. Fuck off.”

It’s always the same shit. I really don’t get how she puts up with it!

“Come on...”

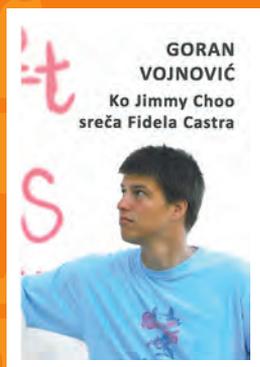
“I said no, fuck it. We’re all going out for lunch. Marko’s treat cos he won yesterday.”

The real shit is that I always end up feeling sorry for Samira. Adi never goes home with her, but she still stands there, looking at us all, pleading with Adi who just ignores her. All we do is stand around staring at the pavement like a bunch of dimwits. Sometimes I feel so bad I think of going to have lunch with her myself instead.

“Just go home and leave me alone. Come on guys let us go somewhere else, she’s not going to go away.”

So we usually follow Adi and leave her standing there slouching sadly. Mirsad in the meantime is off somewhere, pumping Austrian girls. There’s someone you really can’t trust. I wouldn’t be at all surprised if he worked somewhere locally and that all this stuff about Klagenfurt is just a shitty story he tells Samira. What does Mirsad know about where Klagenfurt is anyway?

# *When Jimmy Choo Meets Fidel Castro*



Original Title: *Ko Jimmy Choo sreća Fidela Castra* /  
Publication date: June 2010 / Essays / 140 pages /  
Publisher: Beletrina Academic Press (Študentska  
založba) /  
Rights sold: Serbia (Rende)

## from the media:

*It is the unburdened and frequently (self-)ironical way in which the author, without moralizing, manages to hit the nail on the head, that provides the high note of this book. Social commentary with weight, delivered with great ease.*

**Playboy**

*The unique, unencumbered and slightly humorous style Vojnović uses in his contributions soon justifies the bold move taken in publishing a collection of newspaper columns by a young, albeit media-recognizable director and writer. What's more, Vojnović comfortably adapts to his journalistic role and, from his standpoint as a messenger of his generation, routinely merges the rules of column writing with his own poetics to articulate his socially critical thoughts. In his collection When Jimmy Choo Meets Fidel Castro, these thoughts touch upon various aspects of the social reality that surrounds us – from the position of youth, to trash media, sports, global socio-political issues and childhood nostalgia – that generally might not afford much innovation of theme. Thus, Vojnović frequently uses daily issues merely as a starting point for more general ponderings where he takes a more relaxed and, in terms of contents, a far more superficial approach. Rather than searching for deeper meanings, causes and effects, the author's lucidity crystallizes through urban wit, references to weird trends in pop-culture and Balkan jokes which, through an enjoyable read that keeps the reader smiling, lead to some unconventional conclusions that are worth thinking about. Elements of fiction, irony and symbolism, coupled with the sentimental notes at the end, reveal Vojnović's predestined role as a writer, as well as the agreeable possibility of merging the literary with the journalistic without the newspaper column losing its vital characteristics.*

**Siol.net**

# Filmography



On the set of *Piran Pirano*: the director with two of the main characters.



On the set of *Piran Pirano*

**2002: *Fužine rules*** (Fužine zakon)

Short film; script writer and director.

**2003: *Season 90/91*** (Sezona 90/91)

Short film; script writer and director.

**2005: *Good Luck Nedim*** (Sretan put, Nedime)

Short film; co-scriptwriter. Heart of Sarajevo Award.

**2006: *My Son, the Sex Maniac*** (Moj sin, seksualni manijak)

Short film; script writer and director.

**2009: *The Chinese Invasion*** (Kitajci prihajajo)

Short film; scriptwriter and director.

**2010: *Piran Pirano***

Debut feature film; 101 min; scriptwriter and director

Piran Pirano is a film about how the unusual destinies of three individuals become intertwined. As children Antonio, an Italian, Veljko, a Bosnian and Anica, a Slovene girl, all find themselves faced with the horrors of war and in different ways each of them becomes its victim. Half a century later their brief joint journey during the last days of the war, full of fear, despair, love and numerous other inexplicable emotions, is relived when Antonio returns to Piran to see his birthplace once again before he dies.

Production: Arsmedia

**awards:**

Film Festival Cottbus 2011 (Award for Intercultural Dialogue)

South-East European Film Festival 2011 (Best Actor, Best Production)

Slovene Film Festival 2010 (Best Script, Best Editing, Best Actress)

**2012-2013: *Southern Scum Go Home!*** (Čefurji raus!)

Feature film based on the best-selling novel. Script writer and director.



# Beletrina Literature in Translation

*(selection of titles)*

Gerhard Roth: *Winterreise*

Ernesto Cardenal: *Chrétiens du Nicaragua*

Hans Carl Artmann: *Die Sonne war ein grünes Ei*

Antonio Tabucchi: *Ultimo invito*

Czesław Miłosz: *Selected Essays*

Gottfried Benn: *Selected Essays*

Tomas Tranströmer: *Selected Poems*

*Anthology of Contemporary Irish Short Story*

Patrick White: *The Aunt's Story*

Marguerite Duras: *Moderato Cantabile*

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Jacques Roubaud: *Selected Poems*  
Denis Johnson: *Angels*  
Herta Müller: *Heute wär ich mir lieber nicht begegnet*

# Funding Possibilities for the Translation and Publication of Slovene literature

## 1. THE SLOVENIAN BOOK AGENCY

The Slovenian Book Agency subsidizes translations of Slovene literature into foreign languages. They set the terms for applications every year in February and October. The Book Agency contributes up to 100% of translation costs. The application should usually include the title of the book, name of the author, name of the translator and the references, length, number of copies and the planned date of publication. Basic information and Calls for Proposals can be found via the web page: <http://www.jakrs.si>

## 2. THE TRUBAR FOUNDATION

The Trubar Foundation is a joint venture of the Slovene Writers' Association, Slovenian PEN and the Center for Slovenian Literature. Foreign publishers can apply for subsidies to publish Slovene works in their native languages. The Trubar Foundation contributes up to 70% of printing costs. The Board will consider all applications for works of fiction, poetry, drama or literary essays, providing the originals are written in Slovene. They convene at least twice a year, usually in April and October and applications can be sent at anytime.

The Board advises applicants to submit their applications in Slovene or English, in written form, by post.

### Address for applications:

Slovene Writers' Association for the Trubar Foundation

Tomšičeva 12, SI – 1000 Ljubljana

Email: [dsp@drustvo-dsp.si](mailto:dsp@drustvo-dsp.si)

### Further information:

[http://www.drustvo-dsp.si/si/drustvo\\_slovenskih\\_pisateljev/dejavnosti/567/detail.html](http://www.drustvo-dsp.si/si/drustvo_slovenskih_pisateljev/dejavnosti/567/detail.html)

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