

# ODJUGA



**ODJUGA: Zgodbe o identitetah na prepihu**  
**Up YU Go! Stories About Identities on the Line**

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Up YU Go! Stories About Identities on the Line

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MUZEJ NOVEJŠE  
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Ljudje se premikamo, selimo, migriramo, nikakor nismo pri miru. Selimo se kot posamezniki, z družino ali v skupinah. Premikanje je del nas. Odkar človek obstaja, obstajajo migracije, saj smo se ljudje skozi celotno zgodovino človeštva nenehno premikali: prisilno ali prostovoljno, fizično in čustveno. Zato lahko rečemo, da je zgodovina človeka zgodba o njegovi mobilnosti.

Četudi so migracije človekova stalnica in so z nami že čisto od začetka, na ta vidik človeštva pozabljamo ali pa mu pripisujemo status izrednosti, odmika od normalnega stanja. Pri tem običajno pomislimo na selitve v zelo oddaljene kraje in tuje države, čeprav so po svetu med najpogostejšimi notranje migracije.

Migracije za sabo nepreklicno potegnejo tudi prevpraševanje lastne identitete in iskanje odgovora na vprašanja: Kdo sem? Kam (ne) spadam? Socialni teoretiki trdijo, da je identiteta ključnega pomena za vse ljudi: omogoča, da osmislimo svoj obstoj in uredimo svoj svet; oblikujemo svoje norme in vrednote. Identiteta prispeva k temu, kako posamezniki in skupine dojemamo in konstruiramo družbo, kako osmišljamo in kako (pre)delujemo, razmišljamo, glasujemo, se družimo, veselimo, kupujemo, zaznavamo, delamo, jemo, presojava ali se sproščamo.

Čeprav je nemogoče postaviti enoznačne definicije identitet, jih pogosto obravnamo kot samoumevne ter kot nekaj, kar je dano, določeno in ima jasno podobo. Toda praksa vedno znova kaže, da na identitete ne moremo gledati tako poenostavljeno.

V sklopu obsežnega evropskega projekta Identiteta na prepihu je Muzej novejšje zgodovine Slovenije dokumentiral in raziskoval dediščino zgodb ljudi in njihovih potomcev, ki so se iz jugoslovanskih republik preselili v Slovenijo v obdobju po drugi svetovni vojni pa vse do slovenske osamosvojitve. Iz tega je nastala tudi participativna razstava z naslovom Odjuga: Zgodbe o identitetah na prepihu, ki je zasnovana na osebnih izkušnjah več kot štiridesetih pričevalcev. Njihove zgodbe, ki nas vodijo tudi

skozi pričujočo publikacijo, osvetljujejo raznolike, pogosto večplastne razloge za selitev, srečevanje kultur, medkulturne odnose in strategije (pre) oblikovanja individualne ter kolektivne identitete v skupni državi Jugoslaviji in po njenem razpadu v novonastali Republiki Sloveniji. Pri tem pa počlovečijo procese pripadanja, samospoznavanja, spominjanja, izključevanja, stigmatizacije, drugačenja – in nenehnega gibanja med njimi.

Prav to spreminjanje nakazuje tudi naslov razstave Odjuga, saj se koncept identitete – kakor zimski sneg ob južnem vetru – iz zaledenele nepremičnosti, statičnosti taja in preide v fluiden proces nenehnega nastajanja in spreminjanja. Obenem pa se naslov hudomušno poigrava še s hegemonskimi stereotipi javnega diskurza, ki pogosto govori o (domnevno) hladni avstro-ogrski slovenskosti in (prav tako domnevno) toplem temperamentu južnejših sosedov.

Na naslednjih straneh se bomo posvetili ravno temu: različnim, spremenljivim (včasih povsem kontradiktornim) pogledom na selitve, identitete in njene označevalce, ki kot volnene niti tvorijo raznolik preplet (harmoničnih in disonančnih) vzorcev, izkušenj našega individualnega in kolektivnega jaza.

Prispevek dr. Silve Mežnarič, pionirke raziskovanja migracij z območja nekdanje Jugoslavije, denimo, osvetljuje tako družbene razmere, ki so ustvarile posebnost migracijskih pretokov, kot tudi (osebne) izkušnje znanstvene prakse v obdobju intenzivnih notranjih in meddržavnih migracij (1960–1989). Prispevek dr. Damirja Josipoviča plastično predstavi prostorska območja migracij, obenem pa izpostavi stereotip in predsodke, ki so dolgo kraljevali javnemu diskurzu. Esad Babačić ponudi intimen pogled v jezik pripadanja, čustvovanja — in molka, ki ga prek osebne izpovedi nadaljuje Tina Palaić. Dr. Jelka Piškurič osvetli gradnje socialističnih sosesk in bivalnega načrta, kar prek spominov na Velenje in kioske z najrazličnejšimi kulinaricnimi ponudbami obogati dr. Ana Kladnik. Eden nespregljivih vidikov družbene identifikacije

je šport, ki ga dr. Aljoša Harlamov predstavi iz vidika povezovalnega in razdiralnega dejavnika med našimi in vašimi. Sem sodi tudi glasba: Žiga Valetič nas usmerja v tem bogatem glasbenem procesu prek skupin in glasbenikov, ki so zaznamovali obdobje najintenzivnejših selitev v Sloveniji. Od nekoliko manj resnih tem nas Katarina Vučko popelje k usodnejšim in nas z jasnostjo seznanja s problematiko izbrisanih, nato pa Lidija Jularič nadaljuje s pregledom (ne)sprejemanja drugačnosti in z mehanizmi izključevanja v izvoru koncepta »čefurstva«, ki mu Amra Bajrektarević nadene sodobno preobleko in humoren pridih. Potovanje zaključujemo z razmišljanjem Tine Ivnik o večplastnostih identitet, ki bogatijo človeka, kar še vedno ni samoumevno. Selma Skenderović pa nas s kratko zgodbo postavi na mesto junakinje, ki živi enega od scenarijev posledic človeškega premikanja.

Človek je torej premikajoče se bitje. Vsak od nas ima zgodbo preseljevanja v svoji družini – če je že nismo izkusili na lastni koži. To prispeva pomembno nit v nizu identitet, ki jim pravimo jaz in ki jutri mogoče ne bo več enak današnjemu.

*Corinne Brenko in Urška Purg*

People move all the time, we move around and we move house, migrate – we are always on the move. We move as individuals, with our families or in groups. Movement is part of who we are. Migrations are as old as humanity and throughout our history people never stopped moving, be it forcefully or voluntarily, physically or emotionally. It's therefore safe to say that the history of humankind is the story of our mobility.

But even though migrations have been with us since the very beginning we tend to overlook this aspect of humanity, or we see migration as a disruptive force, a deviation from the norm. When we think of migrations the first thing that comes to mind is usually faraway places and foreign countries, but in fact the majority of migrations across the world are internal.

Inevitably, migrations lead us to re-examine our own identity as we seek answers to the questions: Who am I? Where do I (not) belong? Social theorists claim that identity is an essential part of human experience: it helps us to give purpose to our existence and make sense of our world, shaping our norms and values. Identity contributes to how individuals and groups perceive and construct society, how we find meaning and (re)process things, how we think, vote, socialise, celebrate, buy, perceive, work, eat, judge or relax.

And while there is no such thing as a univocal definition of identity, it is often taken for granted, something that is given, defined and clear. In practice, however, identities are anything but simple.

In the framework of the large-scale European project *Identity on the Line* the National Museum of Contemporary History documented and explored the stories of migrants from Yugoslavian republics to Slovenia and their descendants in the period after World War II until Slovenia's independence. This served as the basis for the participatory exhibition we called *Up YU Go! Stories of identities on the Line*, which builds on personal experience of more than 40 informants. Their stories lead us also through

this publication, shedding light on the various and manifold reasons for migration, meeting of cultures, intercultural relationships and strategies of (re)shaping the individual and collective identity in the common state of Yugoslavia, and after its dissolution in the newly formed Republic of Slovenia. In doing so, the processes of belonging, self-discovery, remembrance, exclusion, stigmatisation, othering - and continuous shifting among them - are humanised. And it is this shifting that comes through also in the title of the exhibition *Up YU Go!*, which we called *Odjuga* in Slovenian. *Odjuga* means thaw, but the word is composed of two words - *from* (*od*) and the *south* (*jug*, "Juga" is also short for *Jugoslavija*). Like the winter snow when the south winds begin to blow the concept of identity melts from its frozen inertia, turning into a fluid process of constant becoming and changing. At the same time the title playfully explores the hegemonic stereotypes of the public discourse that frequently brings up the (supposedly) cold Slovenian character inherited from Austro-Hungarians and (just as arguably) the warm temperament of our southern neighbours.

The pages that follow will focus on just that: different, changing (sometimes completely contradictory) views on migrations, identity and its signifiers that are interwoven like threads of wool into a diverse complex of (harmonious and dissonant) patterns, experiences of our individual and collective self.

Dr Silva Mežnarić, author of pioneer studies into migrations in former Yugoslavia, for example, sheds light on the social circumstances that created particularities of migration flows as well as on the (personal) experience of academic practice in the period of intensive internal and international migrations (1960-1989). Dr Damir Josipovič presents migration areas as well as stereotypes and preconceptions that have dominated the public discourse for a long time. Esad Babačić offers an intimate view on the language of belonging, emotions — and silence, which is continued by Tina Palaić's intimate

reflection. Dr Jelka Piškurič takes us on a journey to socialist neighbourhoods, their design and construction, bringing us to Dr Ana Kladnik, who remembers *Velenje* and its kiosks that brought diverse culinary delights to this town. Sport is definitely one of the most prominent aspects of social identification and Dr Aljoša Harlamov takes a closer look at how it unites and separates us, creating a divide between us and them. And then there's music: Žiga Valetič guides us through the vibrant music scene, presenting the groups and musicians that marked the period of the most intensive migrations in Slovenia. With her straightforward report on the erased Katarina Vučko touches on a more serious subject, and Lidija Jularić offers an insight into the origin of the concept of "being a *čefur*" in the context of (non)acceptance of otherness and mechanisms of exclusion associated with it, whereas on a more humorous note Amra Bajrektarević puts a contemporary twist on *čefur*. Tina Ivnik wraps up the journey with her reflection on the multifaceted identities that enrich us, but are still far from a matter of course. Finally, Selma Skenderović offers a short story that transports us into the shoes of a heroine who lives one of the scenarios of the consequences of human movement.

If anything, people are moving beings. We all have a story to tell about migrations in our families - if not our own. This is an important thread in the string of identities which we call self, and which may not be the same tomorrow as it is today.

*Corinne Brenko and Urška Purg*



V prvi vrsti bi se želeli zahvaliti našim pričevalcem, ki so nam med pripravo projekta zaupali svoje osebne in družinske zgodbe, se odzvali na javni poziv, udeleževali posvetovanj in delavnic snovanja razstave ter s predmeti, predlogi in komentarji soustvarjali razstavo ter razmišljali z nami. Vi ste resnični ustvarjalci in srce razstave Odjuga: Zgodbe o identitetah na prepihu. V čast nam je bilo sodelovati z vami.

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»EH, GOSPOD MOJ,  
VSI SMO OD NEKOD  
PRIŠLI! VI STE  
PRIŠLI OD ZGORAJ,  
JAZ PA OD SPODAJ.«

**“We all came from somewhere, my  
dear sir! You came from the North  
and I came from the South.”**

**Sead Česa - Brko, 1953, Mali Trnovci,  
(Visoko), Ljudska republika Bosna in  
Hercegovina (FLRJ)  
(Visoko), People's Republic of Bosnia  
and Herzegovina (FLRY)**

**Jugoslavija – migracije kot ovira razvoju**  
 Razvita Zahodna Evropa je v obdobju 1959–1969 začela množično »uvažati« delovno silo z evropskega sredozemskega juga. Premiki so izhajali predvsem iz socialnih, ekonomskih in političnih (danes bi dodali: ekoloških) neenakosti. Pretok prebivalstva, ki ga običajno povezujemo z izkoriščevalskim odnosom med središčem in obrobjem selitvenih prostorov, prispeva k nadaljnjemu siromašenju slabše razvitih območij (predvsem podeželskih, na obrobju), obenem pa k povečanju blaginje gospodarsko razvitejših urbaniziranih središč. Posledica emigracije se je tako izražala v osiromašenem socialnem in kulturnem kapitalu emigracijskih območij, kar je onemogočalo strukturalno preobrazbo in napredek.

Temu je treba dodati, da sodobne (zahodne) teorije migracij, ki so temeljile na t. i. analizi koristnosti in stroškov, niso (bile) zmožne odgovoriti na vprašanje: zakaj se porušeno ravnovesje med različnimi dejavniki proizvodnje vzpostavlja tako, da se premika delovna sila, ne pa kapital?

V Jugoslaviji so se skupnosti, ki so prebivale na območjih močnega izseljevanja (v Bosni, Srbiji, Makedoniji, v dalmatinskem zaledju in na otokih), na to odzvale tako, da so krepile tradicionalne strukture družbene organizacije, torej tiste, za katere so po izkušnjah iz preteklosti vedele, da so jih dotlej ohranjale pri življenju. Tako ustvarjena »zaprtost v revščino« pa je še dodatno spodbujala izločanje bolj vitalnih in ustvarjalnih prebivalcev in tako nenehno ustvarjala pogoje za njihovo izseljevanje. Vendar »zaprtost v revščino« praviloma ni pomenila nazadovanja v napredu; v življenjskih razmerah številnih vasi, družin in celo v infrastrukturnih posegih v okoljih intenzivnega izseljevanja je bil opazen napredek.

Brez lokalnih spodbud se denar ne steka v podjetništvo. Povečan priliv denarja od izseljencev in višji osebni življenjski standard na območjih izseljevanja praviloma nista bila uporabljena za širitev lokalnega zasebnega podjetništva. Državi kot regulatorju »vsega« ni bilo v interesu krepiti

neodvisnosti osebne pobude v proizvodnji, ker bi to spodbudilo razvoj socialnega in kulturnega kapitala prebivalstva. »Zaprtost v revščino« se je tako postopno razvila v »zaprtost možnosti«. Kljub vsem »odprtim« kanalom za komunikacijo znotraj razvite Evrope jugoslovanski »gastarbajter« (leta 1981 jih je bilo okoli 875.000 ali 4 % skupnega prebivalstva Jugoslavije; Slovenija je istočasno imela 53.480 ali 2,8 % začasnih delavcev in družin v tujini)<sup>1</sup> na domačem ozemlju ni imel artikuliranih, reguliranih možnosti investiranja v zasebne gospodarske dejavnosti z večjim številom delavcev v ekspanzivnih sektorjih, ki so kompatibilni z modernimi zmogljivostmi Zahodne Evrope. Zaradi tega so se, med drugim, doma bohotili potrošništvo, korupcija in siva ekonomija. Hkrati, kot je jasno pokazal razpad nekdanje Jugoslavije leta 1991, se je krepila monokulturna, folklorna »etničnost«, ki so ji sledili lokalpatriotizem in izključujoča politika na emigrantskih in priseljenjskih območjih. Posledično so se oživili in okrepili temelji za nacionalizem.

### **Slovenija: imigracije podpirajo razvoj, emigracija ga ne ogroža**

V začetku šestdesetih let se je nesorazmerje med razvitimi in manj razvitimi območji Jugoslavije povečalo; pri nerazvitih smo spremljali stalno rast prebivalstva, presežek brezposelne (mlade) delovne sile in vse večjo migracijo v lokalna mestna središča. Vse to bi bili zadostni razlogi za okrepitev in spodbujanje notranjih migracij na »večjo razdaljo«, od manj razvitih k razvitim republikam – Sloveniji in Hrvaški. Vendar do tega ni prišlo; četudi je Slovenija do 1967. leta kazala nekatere značilnosti tipičnega dejavnika, ki spodbuja imigracije, za imigracijo do takrat ni bila pomembna.<sup>2</sup> Postavlja se vprašanje, kako to, da v obdobju od leta 1959 do 1965 kljub takšnim »pritiskom« manj razvitih ni prišlo do večjih medregionalnih migracij. Odgovora sta dva: prvi ugotavlja, da sta Slovenija in Hrvaška še vedno črpali delovno silo iz lastnih virov polproletariziranega kmečkega prebivalstva, drugi pa potrjuje dejstvo, da so razvite republike uskladile nižji prirastek prebivalstva s hitrejšo rastjo zaposlenosti. V takšno stanje »migracijskega limba« je posegla

sama država kot regulator: leta 1965 je Jugoslavija kot edina med socialističnimi državami odprla meje in omogočila (po sporazumu z Nemčijo) zaposlovanje v tujini. Agent zaposlitve je imenovan: »gastarbajter«. Prišlo je do odliva delovne sile tako iz vrst kmečkega prebivalstva na nerazvitih območjih kot tudi nekmečkega prebivalstva in zaposlenih iz razvitih regij, predvsem iz Slovenije in Hrvaške. Okrog leta 1967 se je v razvitejših jugoslovanskih regijah ta emigracija ustavila, v manj razvitih regijah – v Srbiji, predvsem v zahodni Bosni in Hercegovini – pa se je intenzivirala. Emigracija v tujino se je kontinuirano povečevala vse do »umetne prekinitve« 1974. leta zaradi naftne krize. Ko so se leta 1974 zahodnoevropska tržišča delovne sile zaprla, se je nezaposlena in polproletarska<sup>3</sup> delovna sila manj razvitih jugoslovanskih periferij začela premikati v središča razvitejših republik, predvsem v središče in na obrobje Slovenije.<sup>4</sup> Že splošno znana »antimetropolska« paradigma razvoja Slovenije je imela dokaj imenitno vlogo v percepciji Slovenije kot posplošenega dejavnika, ki spodbuja imigracije (»pull dejavnika«). Tipični dejavniki, ki so privlačili ekonomske imigrante – zaposlitve v javnem sektorju, socialne službe, osnovne šole tudi v večinskem jeziku imigrantov, višji dohodki, priložnost za zaposlitev ženske delovne sile, kratke razdalje potovanja – so bili bolj ali manj enakomerno razdeljeni po vsej državi.<sup>5</sup>

### **Slovenija kot priseljska republika**

Slovenija je vse do konca šestdesetih let kazala negativen migracijski saldo: izselitve (1962: -22,059) so bile večje od priselitev. V začetku sedemdesetih je prišlo do značilnega preskoka v pozitiven migracijski saldo: vsakih 5 let v obdobju od 1972. do 1987. leta je imela Slovenija okrog 30.000 presežka priseljencev nad izseljenimi. To je doseglo vrhunec v letu 1982, ko je bilo 68.363 (3,6 % populacije Slovenije) več priseljenih kot odseljenih, vendar je v naslednjem petletju (do leta 1987) že prišlo do zmanjševanja pozitivnega salda. Najbolj »dramatičen« migracijski prehod kaže leto 1992: migracijski saldo je padel v minus (-17.461). Vojna v Jugoslaviji, predvsem v BiH leta 1992, je ustavila imigracijske in pospešila emigracijske tokove iz Slovenije. Šibki premiki k pozitivnemu migracijskemu saldu se začnejo šele leta 1997 in leta 2007 dosežejo raven priselitvenih presežkov sredi osemdesetih let.<sup>6</sup>

Od sedemdesetih let naprej so bile imigracije v Slovenijo pod prevladujočim vplivom dotoka iz drugih jugoslovanskih republik (»medrepubliške migracije«); ključno obdobje je bilo desetletje od 1970 do 1980, ko so imigranti iz jugoslovanskih republik in pokrajin sestavljali 94 % vseh priseljenih. Lahko bi ocenili, da se je prav v tem desetletju temeljna imigracijska populacija v Sloveniji oblikovala, utemeljila in prevzela vlogo »mašila« za vse bolj osiromašene delavske in demografske resurse Slovenije. Danes je že dokazano, da primanjkljaji v človeških virih praviloma omejujejo razvoj ali ga celo onemogočijo, medtem ko migracije – ob primernem upravljanju – pomenijo obetajoč potencial tako za imigracijsko kot tudi za emigracijsko območje. Zaenkrat lahko domnevamo, da je Slovenija deloma izkoristila populacijski, delovni in kulturni kapital, ki so ga prinesli priseljenci iz tujine in iz jugoslovanskih virov. Popularna »antropologija« lahko v nas spodbudi narativ o vitalnih, kulturnih, športnih zmogljivostih, ki smo jih »dobili«, »uvozili«, »si priskrbeli«, »ohranjali« ... v posameznih priseljskih skupnostih, naseljih, institucijah. Vendarle ostaja odprto vprašanje: ali smo na političnem nivoju res spoznali, kakšno možnost ustvarjanja večkulturnega habitata smo imeli na dosegu rok? Dejstvo, da Sloveniji v tem obdobju ni uspelo artikulirati migracijske politike – politike, ki bi regulirala tako priseljevanje kot tudi izseljevanje iz Slovenije v tujino – sugerira, da se k migracijam ni pristopalo kot k dejavniku razvoja, ampak bolj kot k dejavniku socialnega tveganja.

Vendar obstaja segment javnega življenja, ki je zagotovo veliko pridobil z migracijskimi fenomeni v Sloveniji: slovenska družboslovna znanost.

### **Migracije in družboslovna znanost v Sloveniji v osemdesetih letih: dokazano velika pridobitev**

Ni znano, kako in kdaj, vendar se je v sedemdesetih letih prejšnjega stoletja na Fakulteti za sociologijo, politične vede in novinarstvo (FSPN; danes FDV) v Ljubljani med sociologi zaiskrila ideja, da glede na to, da so migracije takrat vse bolj zavzemale javni prostor v anekdotnih, kriminalističnih, nacionalističnih, skratka izključevalnih podobah, »gredo malo raziskovat«. A to je pomenilo odgovoriti na osnovna vprašanja: kdo so priseljenci, od kod prihajajo, zakaj prihajajo, kaj pričakujejo v Sloveniji in pa zakaj, od kod in kam odhajajo ter kaj pričakujejo izseljenci iz Slovenije. Nepristransko,

objektivno, kolikor se le da, z inštrumenti, ki jih sociološka znanost redno uporablja – anketa, intervju – in ob pomoči takrat (1973) na Univerzi v Ljubljani delujočega računalniškega sistema. Večletne raziskovalne projekte sta podprli Raziskovalna skupnost Slovenije in vlada.

Projekta FSPN in Inštituta za sociologijo: Slovenci v Nemčiji (1973–1978) in Imigracije v Slovenijo (1975–1983) sta bila med prvimi in nekaj časa edina znanstvena in empirična posega v dejanskost migracij, notranjih in zunanjih, v Evropi in Jugoslaviji. Raziskovalne skupine so si projekte zastavile kot istočasne posege v podvojene habitate migrantov – v emigracijski in imigracijski habitat. To je bil takrat enotni primer realizacije temeljnega teoretičnega in praktičnega izhodišča raziskovanja migracij: kaj se dejansko dogaja v vsakdanu migranta v prehodu iz domačega okolja v imigracijsko »destinacijo«? Temeljna vprašanja vsake analize dejanskosti: WWW – What, Who, When, Why – je bilo treba opisati in pojasniti tudi na ravni posameznika. Pri tem je bilo treba upoštevati sistem migracijskih makrodejavnih (ekonomskih, demografskih, trga delovne sile), vendar se je začela priznavati tudi trditev znanstvenikov, da »... zaradi načina, na katerega označimo, definiramo in kategoriziramo ljudi, ki se selijo, naredimo nevidno njihovo dejansko izkušnjo« (Zavratnik in Cukut Krilić, 2020: 50).<sup>7</sup> V nasprotju z večino dotedanjih opisov in analiz migracij v svetu in Jugoslaviji se je celoten paket slovenskih migracijskih raziskav osredotočil na posameznega priseljenca/odseljenca. To je bil skorajda »revolucionaren« odmik od tradicije velikih raziskav »strateških politik«, ki so dominirale v Evropi in v Amerikah. Tako je raziskovanje »podvojenega habitata« posameznika, migranta v Sloveniji in v Nemčiji (tuje migracije) ter v Sloveniji in Bosni (medrepubliške migracije), omogočilo odločilen prehod na pojmovanje migracij kot človekovih pravic. Na pravico posameznika, da poišče svobodo, zdravje, delo, boljše življenje po lastnem navdihu in lastnem izboru.

Zakaj je bil obrat v raziskovanju migracij mogoč prav takrat in prav v Sloveniji? Razlogi so globalni, institucionalni, kadrovski in tehnološki: migracije so postale vsakodnevna tema, raziskovalne inštitucije so se konceptualno in tehnološko, računalniško in s programsko opremo opremile za večje strogo

nadzorovane terenske posege, najpomembneje pa je, da se je kadrovska osnova za takšen zasuk oblikovala na dveh ključnih raziskovalnih inštitucijah v Ljubljani, na FSPN in na Inštitutu za sociologijo in filozofijo Univerze v Ljubljani. Začetniška trojica avtorjev temeljnih konceptov in organizacije migracijskih raziskav<sup>7</sup> – Toš, Klinar, Saksida – je imela pregled, informacije in osebne kapacitete za aplikacijo pridobljenega<sup>8</sup> znanstvenega (Klinar in Saksida) in organizacijskega kapitala (Toš). Danes so podatki, inštrumentariji raziskav in poročila shranjeni v podatkovnih bazah Računalniškega centra FDV.

Stroški teh raziskav v Sloveniji in Nemčiji/Bosni so bili pokriti iz raznih virov in razumno razdeljeni; koristi za družboslovne znanosti in znanstveno politiko so bile mnogotere in dolgoročne – vse do danes. Raziskovalne inštitucije so si priskrbele publiciteto doma in v tujini, mreža istovrstnih raziskav in znanstvenikov se je razširila po svetu, na to področje raziskovanja so se usmerile tudi nekatere druge slovenske in neslovenske inštitucije, ki so potem razvijale kompatibilne kritične in inovativne posege v raziskovanje migracij (ZRC SAZU, Inštitut za narodnostna vprašanja, Inštitut za migracije v Zagrebu), in predvsem Mirovni inštitut v Ljubljani, ki je od ustanovitve leta 1991 prevzel vodilno inovativno vlogo v razvoju raziskovanja migracij v Sloveniji.

In kaj je inovacija v raziskovanju migracij? To je individualizacija migranta, ki je deloma omogočena s prenosom izkušenj iz dejavnosti nevladnih organizacij in drugih civilnih skupin, ki se ukvarjajo z Drugim in Drugačnim, v javno znanstveno in civilno skupnost.

## **Yugoslavia – Migrations as an impediment to development**

In the period 1959–1969 the developed countries of Western Europe started to “import” masses of workers from the European Mediterranean South. Migrations were largely the result of social, economic and political (and today we would add: ecological) inequality. Generally associated with an exploitative relationship between the centre and the peripheral migration areas, the population flow further contributed to the impoverishment of less developed regions (in particular rural, at the periphery) and to the increased prosperity of economically more developed urban centres. The consequences of emigration were thus felt in the diminished social and cultural capital of emigration regions, which hindered structural transformation and progress. In this context it should be noted that contemporary (Western) migration theories based on cost-benefit analysis have failed to offer an answer as to why the imbalance between different production factors is resolved by moving workforce rather than capital.

In Yugoslavia, the communities in high emigration areas (in Bosnia, Serbia, Macedonia, the Dalmatian hinterland and the islands) reacted to emigration by strengthening the traditional structures of their social organisation, i.e. those that they knew from past experience had been essential in helping them keep their heads above water. The result was “entrapment in poverty”, which additionally facilitated exclusion of more vital and creative residents and kept creating the push factors that forced them to emigrate. But this “entrapment in poverty” did not necessarily mean lack of progress; there was considerable progress to be seen in the living conditions and even the infrastructure of numerous villages and families in high emigration areas. However, with no local initiatives there was no money to be invested in entrepreneurship. As a rule, increased remittance inflows from emigrants and a higher living standard in emigration areas were not used

to expand local private entrepreneurship. The state as the regulator of “everything” was not interested in strengthening independent personal initiatives in production, because it would promote the development of people’s social and cultural capital. “Entrapment in poverty” thus gradually evolved into “limited opportunities”. Despite all the “open” communication channels with the developed part of Europe, Yugoslav “gastarbaiters” (guest workers; in 1981 they constituted 4% of the total population of Yugoslavia, or 875,000 people; at the same time, Slovenia had 53,480 or 2.8% of temporary workers and families abroad)<sup>1</sup> did not have an articulated, transparent platform for opportunities that would allow them to invest in private economic enterprises with a larger number of workers in the expansive sectors that were compatible with the modernisation capacities of Western Europe. This was one of the reasons for the rise in consumerism, corruption, and the grey economy in the country. At the same time, as clearly demonstrated by the breakup of Yugoslavia in 1991, monocultural, folklore-based “ethnicity” was booming, accompanied by local patriotism and exclusionary policies in place in both emigration and immigration areas. Altogether, this was fertile ground for the revival of nationalist tendencies that continued to grow stronger.

## **Slovenia: immigration promotes development and emigration is not a threat**

In the early 1960s, the imbalance between the developed and less developed regions of Yugoslavia increased, and the less developed regions saw continued population growth, a surplus of unemployed (young) workforce and increasing migration to local urban centres. These reasons alone would be sufficient to strengthen internal “long-distance” migrations from the less developed republics to the more developed ones of Slovenia and Croatia. Nevertheless, this was not the case, and although Slovenia had demonstrated certain characteristics of a typical pull area, immigration to Slovenia was insignificant



until 1967.<sup>2</sup> This raises the question of why these “pressures” from the less developed areas did not lead to more significant interregional migrations in the period between 1959 and 1965. The answer is two-fold: firstly, Slovenia and Croatia still had sufficient workforce in their rural semi-proletariat, and secondly, the developed republics made up for their lower population growth rates with accelerated growth in employment. This “migration limbo” was resolved by the state as regulator: in 1965 Yugoslavia was the only socialist country to open its borders and allow (after an agreement with Germany) its people to seek employment abroad. The agent of such employment was even given a name: “gastarbeiter”. Labour migration took place both from the rural population of undeveloped regions and from non-rural population and workers in developed regions, mainly in Slovenia and Croatia. In the developed regions of Yugoslavia this emigration stopped around 1967, but it intensified in less developed regions (Serbia, and even more so in western Bosnia and Herzegovina). The increase in emigration abroad was steady until it was “aborted” in 1974 in the wake of the oil crisis. When Western European labour markets closed in 1974, the unemployed and semi-proletarian<sup>3</sup> workers in less developed Yugoslavian peripheries started moving to urban centres in the developed republics, in the first place to the centre and periphery of Slovenia.<sup>4</sup> The generally known “anti-metropolitan” development paradigm of Slovenia played a rather prominent role in the perception of Slovenia as a “generalised pull factor”. Typical pull factors that attracted economic migrants – jobs in the public sector, social services, primary schools that offered lessons in the language spoken by most of the migrants, higher income, job opportunities for women, a short journey to work – were more or less equally available across the country.<sup>5</sup>

### **Slovenia as an immigrant republic**

Until the end of the 1960s, Slovenia had a negative migration balance: the number of emigrants (1962: -22,059) exceeded the number of immigrants. This changed in the early 1970s when net migration became positive: every five years in the period 1972–1987 Slovenia had a surplus of about 30,000 immigrants over the number of emigrants. The trend culminated in 1982 when

the difference in the number of immigrants and emigrants was 68,363 (3.6% of the Slovene population) in favour of immigrants, but already in the next five-year period the positive net migration rate declined. The most “dramatic” shift in net migration was seen in 1992, when the net migration rate turned negative (-17,461). The war in Yugoslavia, especially in Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1992, put a stop to immigration and accelerated emigration flows from Slovenia. Slight shifts towards a positive net migration rate occurred again in 1997 and reached the net migration levels (excess of immigrants over emigrants) of the mid-1980s in 2007.<sup>6</sup>

From the 1970s onwards, immigration to Slovenia was predominantly influenced by the influx from other Yugoslavian republics (“inter-republic migrations”); the decade between 1970 and 1980 was the key period and during this time, immigrants from Yugoslav republics and provinces constituted 94% of all immigrants. This was probably the period when the immigration stock in Slovenia was shaped and established, and took over the role of a “filler” for Slovenia’s increasingly diminished labour and demographic resources. Today, evidence shows that a shortage of human resources tends to inhibit or even stop development, whereas migrations – when properly managed – offer promising potential both for immigration and emigration areas. We can tentatively assume that Slovenia took some advantage of the population, labour and cultural capital supplied by foreign and Yugoslav immigrants. Popular “anthropology” has created this narrative of vital, cultural, sports capacities that we have “received”, “imported”, “secured”, “preserved” ... in individual immigrant communities, settlements, institutions and so on. Still, the question that remains to be answered is whether we have in fact come to realise, at the political level, what potential for creating a multicultural habitat we had within our grasp. The fact that in this period Slovenia was unable to articulate a migration policy that would regulate migrations both to and from Slovenia suggests that migrations were seen as a factor of social risk rather than a development factor. But there is a segment of public life in Slovenia that has definitely benefited significantly from migration: Slovene social science.

### **Migrations and social sciences in Slovenia in the 1980s: a huge asset with a proven track record**

It is not exactly clear how and when, but at some time in the 1970s sociologists at the Faculty of Sociology, Political Sciences and Journalism (*Fakulteta za sociologijo, politične vede in novinarstvo, FSPN*; today's Faculty of Social Sciences or in Slovene *Fakulteta za družbene vede, FDV*) in Ljubljana got the idea to "go and explore a little", given that at the time migrations were increasingly occupying public space in anecdotal, criminal, nationalistic and other exclusionary notions. This meant answering some basic questions: who immigrants were, where they came from, why they came to Slovenia and what they expected to find there, where emigrants from Slovenia came from and why, where they were going and what they expected. The aim was to provide an impartial, objective view obtained where possible with the usual instruments of social sciences (questionnaires, interviews), using the computer system that the University of Ljubljana had at the time (1973). These multi-year research projects were supported by the Research Community of Slovenia and the government.

Some of the first, and for some time the only scientific and empirical research into the reality of migrations, both internal and external, in Europe and Yugoslavia, were the FSPN's and the Institute of Sociology's projects *Slovenes in Germany* (1973–1978) and *Immigration to Slovenia* (1975–1983). Research groups envisaged the projects as simultaneous interventions into both migrant habitats – the habitat they were leaving behind and their destination. At the time, this was a unique example of a realisation of a fundamental theoretical and practical starting point of migration research: what goes on in a migrant's daily life in the transition from their domestic environment to the destination of their migration journey. The fundamental questions of any reality analysis, the 4Ws – what, who, when, why – had to be described and interpreted also at the individual level. They had to consider the system of macro-factors that drive migration (economic, demographic, the labour market), but they also took into account the scholars' claim that "the manner in which people who are migrating are labelled, defined and categorised, obscures their actual experience"

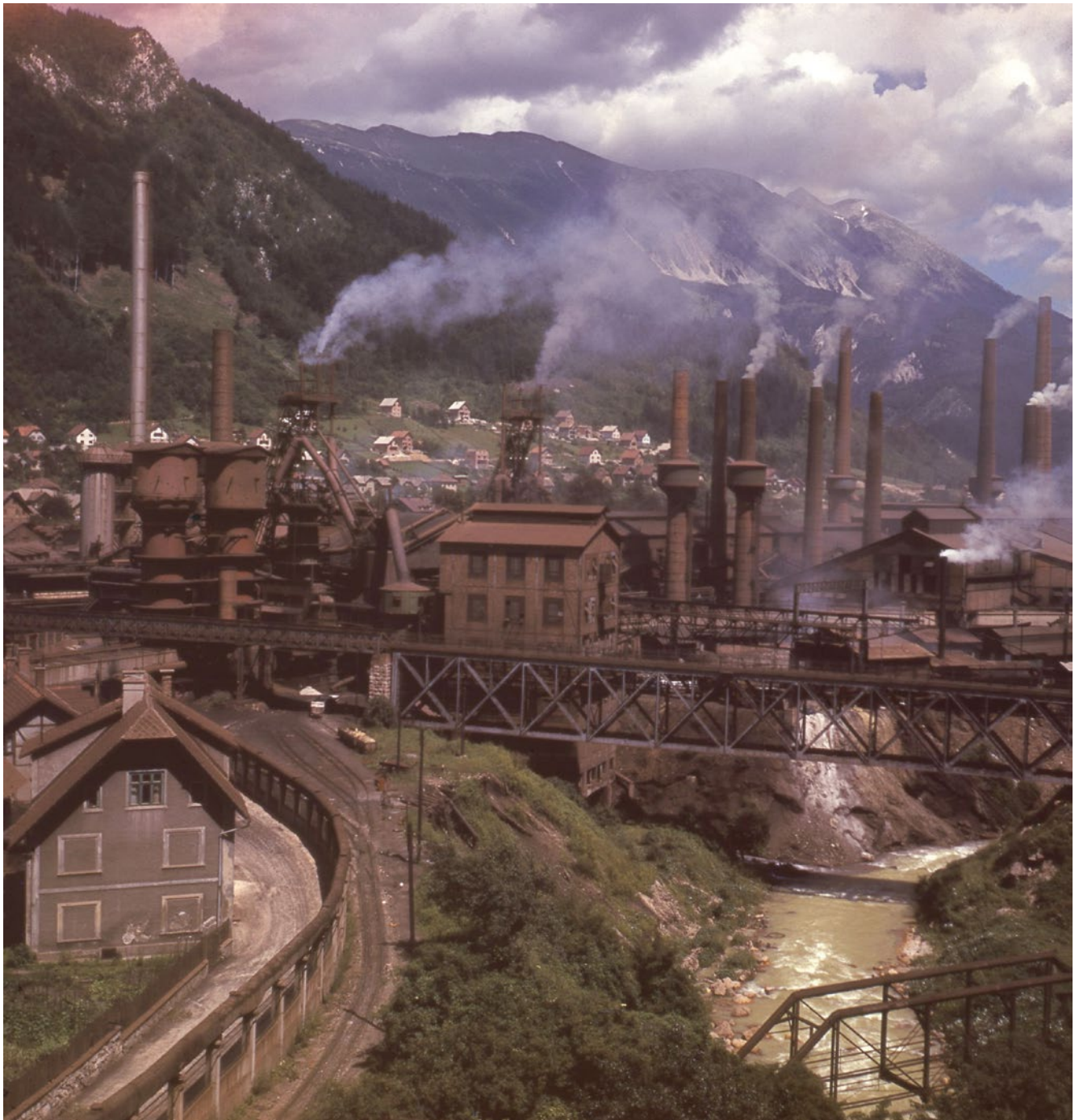
(Zavratnik and Cukut Krilić, 2020: 50).<sup>7</sup> In contrast with most previous descriptions and analyses of migrations, both global and Yugoslav, the entire package of Slovene research into migrations focused on individual immigrants/emigrants. This was an almost "revolutionary" departure from the tradition of systemic large-scale research into "strategic policies" that dominated in Europe and both Americas at the time. Research into the "double habitat" of an individual, a migrant in Slovenia and Germany (international migrations), and in Slovenia and Bosnia (inter-republic migrations) meant a crucial shift to the perception of migration as a human right. The right of an individual to seek freedom, health, work, a better life as they imagine and choose.

What made the shift in migration research possible right then and in Slovenia? The reasons are global, institutional, technological and professional: migrations had become the topic of the day, research institutions obtained the conceptual and technological, hardware and software equipment required for larger, strictly supervised field studies, but most importantly, the expertise that facilitated this shift was formed at two key research institutions in Ljubljana: at the FSPN and the Institute of Sociology and Philosophy of the University of Ljubljana. The first three authors, Toš, Klinar, Saksida,<sup>8</sup> who developed the fundamental concepts and organisational principles of migration research had the insight, information and personal capacities to apply the acquired scientific (Klinar and Saksida) and organisational capital (Toš).<sup>9</sup> The data, research instruments and reports are stored in the databases of the FDV Computer Centre.

The costs of research in Slovenia and Germany/Bosnia were covered by various sources and reasonably distributed; the benefits for social sciences and science policy were manifold and long-term, and are still felt today. Research institutions attracted publicity at home and abroad, the network of related research and scientists spread across the globe, other Slovene and non-Slovene institutions took interest in this field of research and subsequently developed compatible critical and innovative interventions into migration research (ZRC SAZU, Institute for Ethnic Studies, Institute

for Migration and Ethnic Studies in Zagreb), in the first place the Ljubljana-based Peace Institute, which took on the leading innovative role in migration research in Slovenia already upon its inception in 1991.

And what did the innovation in migration research consist of? It was the individualisation of the migrant, which was facilitated in part by the non-governmental organisations and other civil society groups that had shared their experience of the Other and Otherness with the scientific community and civil society.



## I04, 1956

Kalesija

Ljudska republika Bosna in  
Hercegovina (FLRJ)  
*People's Republic of Bosnia  
and Herzegovina (FPRY)*

V Slovenijo sem prišel leta 1973 kot učenec srednje poklicne šole na Jesenicah. Takrat sem bil star 16 let. Imel sem brata, ki je delal v železarni na Jesenicah in me je pripeljal v Slovenijo leta 1971. V družini nas je bilo malo več, in ker ni bilo denarja za šolanje, smo se odločili za odhod v drugo državo. Za Slovenijo pa sem se odločil predvsem zaradi brata, ki je bil že tukaj. Šolanje nam je omogočila takratna država in v Republiki Sloveniji smo se šolali tako rekoč zastoj. Živelimo smo v internatu, hrano in bivanje smo imeli zastoj. Pogoj pa je bil, da po končani šoli oddelamo tri leta, potem pa lahko zapustimo državo ali železarno. Takrat je veliko ljudi prišlo iz Bosne, v internatu nas je bilo okoli 200, nas iz bivših republik pa je bilo okoli 150.

*I came to Slovenia in 1973 as a student of the vocational high school in Jesenice. I was 16. My brother was working in the Jesenice ironworks and he brought me to Slovenia. Ours was a large family and there wasn't enough money for school, so we decided to move country. I decided for Slovenia because of my brother, who was already living here at the time. It was our former homeland that made schooling possible and, thanks to the Republic of Slovenia, our education was basically free. We lived in a boarding school with free food and accommodation, but there were some strings attached – after completing school we were obliged to work three years before we could leave the country or the ironworks. A lot of people came from Bosnia at the time and from among around 200 of us at the boarding school 150 came from former Yugoslav republics.*

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Pogled na poslopje Železarne  
Jesenice. Jesenice, ok. 1963.  
Foto: Franci Kolman.  
Inv. št.: Fkdia3.

*View of the ironworks industries.  
Jesenice, circa 1963.  
Photo: Franci Kolman.  
Inv. no.: Fkdia3.*

# 103, 1931,

Milotski Breg (Pazin)

Kraljevina Italija  
*Kingdom of Italy*

V Kopru je [moj mož] našel stalno zaposlitev – v Pulju je dobival 3500 dinarjev, v Kopru pa 12.000. In smo šli vsi. [...]

Drugi so bežali v Trst in še dlje, mi pa smo ostali v Izoli. To so bili Italijani, ki so bežali prek nove meje. Mi nismo razmišljali, da bi se jim pridružili. Jaz sem rekla, da v Italijo ne grem! Nisem bila zadovoljna s tem, da bi šli v Trst in bi bila tam »kot ena sirota«. Ljudje so namreč o tem govorili. Možu sem rekla: »Do Izole grem, dlje pa ne!« V Italijo, v Trst – pod nobenim pogojem! Tudi bolj severno, do Ljubljane, nisem hotela. Do tukaj mi je bilo v redu, dlje od tu pa ne. Tukaj so bili še naši ljudje, kako bi rekla? [...] Ko so Italijani bežali in smo mi prišli v Izolo, so veliko ljudi pripeljali z avtobusi iz Makedonije, iz Bosne – iz Sarajeva, da bi lahko delali v »fabrkah«. Tukaj jih je bilo več kot drugih. Z Bosanci smo govorili srbohrvaško ... nekako smo se vsi razumeli.

*He [my husband] found a steady job in Koper – in Pula he had been paid 3,500 dinars and in Koper he got 12,000. So we all left. [...]*

*Others left for Trieste and further on, but we stayed in Izola. It was Italians running across the new border. We didn't even consider joining them. I was adamant that I wasn't going to Italy. I wasn't at all tempted to go to Trieste and live there like beggars. Because people talked about how it was. So I told my husband: "I'll go as far as Izola, but no further!" Not to Italy, not to Trieste – no way! I didn't want to go further north to Ljubljana either. I was fine here, and that was as far as I would go. Because here were our people, what can I say? [...]*

*When Italians were fleeing and we came to Izola, many people were brought in by buses from Macedonia, Bosnia – from Sarajevo, to work in factories. There were more of them than anybody else. We spoke Serbo-Croatian with Bosnians ... somehow we always got the message across.*



Pričevalka I03 z družino pred novim domom. Izola, ok. 1965.  
Neznani avtor, osebni arhiv.

*Informant I03 with her family in front of her new home, Izola, circa 1965.  
Unknown photographer,  
personal archive.*

O migracijah prebivalstva Slovenije je bilo opravljenih precej raziskav, in to o migracijah v obe smeri – v Slovenijo in iz nje. Žal jih je le malo obravnavalo oba procesa vzporedno. Ker so deli današnjega slovenskega ozemlja doživljali različen politično-geografski razvoj, so med posameznimi regijami in predeli tudi velike migracijske razlike. Odkar se izvajajo moderni popisi prebivalstva (od sredine 19. stoletja dalje), zbrani podatki kažejo, da je celotno današnje ozemlje Republike Slovenije tradicionalno podvrženo izrazitemu izseljevanju. Temu so sledile prve študije, ki so se zato ukvarjale zlasti z vprašanji izseljenske problematike, ne pa tudi z nasprotno smerjo, ki bi segala kaj dlje od povratništva že izseljenih. Še več, v okviru študij o izseljevanju je bilo malo ali nič pozornosti namenjene drugim populacijam, prepoznanim kot etnično različnih na tem območju (Judi, Nemci, Madžari, Italijani, Hrvati, Slavonci, Romi itd.). To se je nekoliko spremenilo šele v zadnjem času s tem, da se je pozornost precej preusmerila na vidike priseljevanja, še zlasti v času modernizacije in množične industrializacije, urbanizacije in deagrarizacije, pričeni s šestdesetimi in zlasti sedemdesetimi leti 20. stoletja. V tistem obdobju se je tudi postopno pričela graditi še vedno slabo informirana, a trdno zasidrana predstava o priseljencih kot o »neuki masi«, ki je prišla »s trebuchom za kruhom« iz drugih delov Jugoslavije, ali kar »z juga«, kot se je to stereotipno poimenovalo. Glede na njihov domnevni geografski izvor »iz Bosne« (vendar ne Hercegovine) se je »v narodu« zanje hitro prijela tudi oznaka »Bosanci«. Ti »Bosanci« so bili postopoma krivi za »odžiranje delovnih mest«, za »neizobraženost«, s tem pa za »nekulturnost« in kakopak za »razpasenost kletvic«, saj »vse kletvice k nam prihajajo z juga, kajne« (četudi jih uporabljamo Slovenci).

Razumsko misleči človek si ni mogel kaj, da ne bi takih neinformiranih in docela neutemeljenih, stereotipnih, posplošujočih in za lase privlečenih zaključkov spočetka pomiloval, a kaj kmalu (v sredini osemdesetih) je tak javni diskurz celo postopno prevladal in se militariziral, znova na neosnovanih

temeljih. Problem so povečevale tudi »učene glave«, ki so s preplitko analizo še utrjevale diskurz »utopitve Slovencev med 'južnjaki'« in bile plat narodnega zvona s pozivi po višji rodnosti, ki naj bi botrovala preprečitvi izumrtja Slovencev. Ob prehodu v drugo polovico osemdesetih se je ta diskurz postopoma širil in do leta 1990 dosegel vrhunec ter pomagal mobilizirati množice, ki so, podžgane tudi z omenjenimi stereotipi, drle glasovat za osamosvojitve od »pokvarjenega juga«. Ob za razpad socialističnega svetovnega bloka ugodni mednarodni klimi seveda ni bilo tako težko doseči razpada večnacionalne federalne države, kot si danes morda domišljamo. Svetovne razmere kapitalistične metamorfoze iz produkcijske v financializacijsko fazo (po odpovedi sporazuma iz Bretton Woodsa – bretonskih gozdov v Novi Angliji – leta 1971, prvi [1973] in drugi [1981] naftni krizi ter neoliberalni preobrazbi Kitajske pod Deng Šjaopingom [1979] in vzponu v reaganizem [1980] ter thatcherizem [1981] in samovoljne politike diktiranja obresti Mednarodnega denarnega sklada, zlasti socialističnim državam, kakršna je bila Jugoslavija) so bile pogubne ne le za Sovjetsko zvezo, temveč posledično tudi za mnogo manjši federaciji Jugoslavijo in Češkoslovaško. Če k temu prištejemo še rastoči nacionalizem in šovinizem v okviru večnacionalne federacije, je bil recept za dezintegracijo zagotovljen.

Po evforičnih devetdesetih letih in začetni nezainteresiranosti ali odrivanju te problematike na rob je v zadnjih dveh desetletjih kljub temu nastala omembe vredna zakladnica spoznanj na podlagi informiranih raziskav in teorij o migracijah ter etničnosti zlasti v kapitalistično razvitih deželah. Nacionalistično manj ali povsem neobremenjeni raziskovalci in šolniki so kvalificirano ovrgli številne stereotipe in predsodke. Tako danes vemo, da Slovenija nikdar ni prenehala biti emigracijska dežela, kar se je še posebej dramatično utrdilo v obdobju po veliki finančno-gospodarski krizi, ki je izbruhnila leta 2008, ko je Slovenija prvič v povojni zgodovini izgubljala nadpovprečno izobražen in usposobljen kader. Najnovejše študije celo kažejo



popolnoma uravnano kompenzacijo izseljenih s priseljenimi v obdobju nove Jugoslavije med letoma 1945 in 1991. Še nekaj prej, v začetku tretjega tisočletja, pa so bili ovrženi še zlasti naslednji stereotipi in predsodki:

**1** Ni res, da so bili priseljenci v okviru notranjegoslovenskih migracij v Slovenijo manj izobraženi od samoopredeljenih kot Slovenci, temveč celo boleče nasprotno – priseljenci iz drugih republik nekdanje Jugoslavije so imeli v povprečju višjo izobrazbo kot »domače« prebivalstvo v Sloveniji. To je še posebej veljalo v primerjavi posameznih etničnih skupin v Sloveniji, kjer so najvišje izobrazbeno povprečje dosegali opredeljeni kot Črnogorci, Makedonci in Srbi ter »Jugoslovani«. Nekaj več nadpovprečno izobraženih pa je bilo tudi med Hrvati.

**2** Hrvati (in ne »Bosanci«) so tradicionalno prevladovali med priseljenimi – ne le v povojnem obdobju (1945-1991), temveč v zadnjih 150 letih od uvajanja modernih popisov prebivalstva.

**3** Prav tako je kot območje odseljavanja v Slovenijo vseskozi prevladovala Hrvaška, in ne »Bosna«. Slednja se po deležu priseljenih s Hrvaško izenači šele ob razpadu Jugoslavije.

**4** V okviru Bosne in Hercegovine kot odselitvenega območja ne prevladujejo »Bosanci«, temveč bosenski Srbi, pred njimi pa celo bosenski Hrvati, medtem ko so opredeljeni kot Bošnjaki (vključno z Muslimani in Bosanci) po deležu dohiteli Hrvate in Srbe šele po letu 2000.

**5** Tudi o grozeče visoki rodnosti »južnjakov« v Sloveniji ni bilo ne duha ne sluha. Nasprotno – priseljenci kot pretežno urbano prebivalstvo so v povprečju celo nižali celokupno rodnost s tem, da je bila z izjemo maloštevilne romske in albanske populacije rodnost pri Slovenkah ves čas višja kot pri etnično drugače opredeljenih priseljenih prebivalcih Slovenije.

**6** Zato tudi ne more biti govora o kakršnem koli »izumiranju Slovencev«, saj je splošen upad rodnosti del globalnega demografskega prehoda, ki se je prej odvil v razvitejših državah, s problemom zniževanja rodnosti pa se v okviru kapitalističnega

tipa proizvodnje srečuje ves svet. Sicer pa so se zoperstavljanju konceptu »izumiranja Slovencev« posvetili in zlasti posvetile v antropološki smeri družboslovno-humanističnih raziskovanj na Slovenskem ter na ta način pomembno doprinesli oziroma doprinesle k razbijanju rasističnih stereotipov.

**7** Slovenija je z vidika območij priseljavanja v okviru notranjegoslovenskega sistema migracij igrala kaj nepomembno vlogo, saj je bila še leta 1948 kljub obsežni povratni migraciji na ravni Makedonije.

**8** Enako kot so se oblikovala regionalno specifična območja priselitve, je veljalo tudi obratno – obstajala so tudi regionalno specifična območja odselitve. Tako je na današnjem ozemlju zgodovinske Kranjske oziroma osrednje Slovenije prevladovalo priseljavanje iz Bosne in Hercegovine, na območju zgodovinske Štajerske in Prekmurja ter v obmejnem pasu s Hrvaško priseljavanje iz Hrvaške, ob meji z Italijo in Avstrijo pa se pridružuje tudi priseljavanje iz Srbije, Makedonije in Črne gore. Najbolj izpostavljena območja odselitve pa so bila obmejna območja na Hrvaškem (Medžimurje, Zagorje, Žumberk, Istra), v Bosni (Bosenska krajina oz. Turška Hrvaška), v Srbiji (Negotinska krajina in Južno Pomoravje) in v Vojvodini (zahodna in severna Bačka).

**M**igrations to and from Slovenia have been a subject of a number of studies, but few have looked at both processes together. With different parts of today's territory of Slovenia experiencing different political and geographical development, the migratory pressure on different regions has been similarly diverse. Ever since modern-age censuses began (since the mid-19th century) the data they have collected shows that what is now Slovenia has traditionally been prone to significant migrations. The first studies on the subject therefore focused on the issues of emigration rather than on the other side, at least not beyond returns of those who had previously left their homes. What's more, emigration studies paid very little or no attention to other populations recognised as ethnically different in this area (Jewish, German,

Hungarian, Italian, Croatian, Slavonian, Roma and so forth). It was only recently that this changed when attention shifted to different aspects of immigration, especially in the age of modernisation and mass industrialisation, urbanisation and deagrarianisation, starting with the 1960s and intensifying in the 1970s. This was the period when gradually a still poorly informed, but firmly established idea emerged of immigrants as “unschooled masses” that came looking for work from other parts of Yugoslavia, i.e. “from down south”, as the stereotype went. In line with their alleged origin in Bosnia (but not Herzegovina) people soon started calling them “Bosnians”. And these “Bosnians” gradually became guilty of “stealing jobs”, of being “ignorant” and in turn “uncultured”. This was, of course, associated with “overuse of profanity” because “all swearwords come here from the south, don’t they” (even though it’s Slovenes who use them).

A rational person could not help but pity such misinformed and completely unfounded, stereotypical, generalised and far-stretched conclusions, but soon (in the mid-1980s) this public discourse gradually began to dominate and become more militant, again on unfounded premises. The problem was further exaggerated by certain “learned scholars” whose shallow analyses only served to consolidate the discourse of “Slovenes being swallowed up by ‘southerners’”, sounding the nation-wide alarm demanding measures to boost the fertility rate in order to protect Slovenes from extinction. Towards the second half of the 1980s this discourse gradually spread and peaked by 1990, when it mobilised the populace which, incited by these stereotypes, rushed to the polls, voting for independence from the “corrupt south”. With an international climate that looked kindly on the disintegration of the socialist bloc it was not as difficult to have a multinational federal state disintegrate as one might imagine today. The global circumstances of the capitalist metamorphosis from the production to the financialisation stage (after the end of the Bretton Wood Agreement in New England in 1971, the first [1973] and second [1981] oil crisis, the neoliberal transformation of China under Deng Xiaoping [1979] and the rise of Reaganomics [1980] and Thatcherism [1981], and the arbitrary interest rate policy that the International Monetary Fund dictated predominantly to

socialist states such as Yugoslavia) were disastrous not only for the Soviet Union, but also for the much smaller Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. Adding growing nationalism and chauvinism in the multinational federation to the mix was the recipe that guaranteed successful disintegration.

Following the euphoric 1990s and initial lack of interest, combined with the tendency to push these problems aside, the last two decades have nevertheless produced a noteworthy treasure trove of findings based on well-informed research studies and theories of migration and ethnicity, primarily in the developed capitalist countries. Researchers and scholars who were less or not at all constrained by nationalist bias have refuted many stereotypes and prejudices. As a result we now know that Slovenia has never ceased to be an emigration country, which became dramatically obvious in the wake of the global financial and economic crisis that erupted in 2008 with the first brain drain from Slovenia in its post-war history. The most recent studies even show a balanced compensation of emigrants with immigrants in the period of new Yugoslavia between 1945 and 1991. Sometime earlier, at the beginning of the third millennium, the following stereotypes and prejudices were refuted:

**1** Immigrants in internal Yugoslavian migrations to Slovenia were not less well educated than people who identified themselves as Slovenes, but painfully the opposite – immigrants from other republics of former Yugoslavia were on average more highly educated than the “domestic” population of Slovenia. This was especially evident in educational attainment statistics for ethnic groups in Slovenia, which showed that those who identified as Montenegrin, Macedonian, Serbian and Yugoslav had the highest educational attainment average. Croats also had a higher share of population with above-average level of education.

**2** Croats (not “Bosnians”) have traditionally had the highest percentage of immigrants – not only in the post-war period (1945-1991), but in the last 150 years since the introduction of modern population censuses.

**3** Similarly, the region from which most people emigrated to Slovenia has always been Croatia, not “Bosnia”. It wasn’t until the breakup of Yugoslavia

that the latter caught up with Croatia in the number of immigrants.

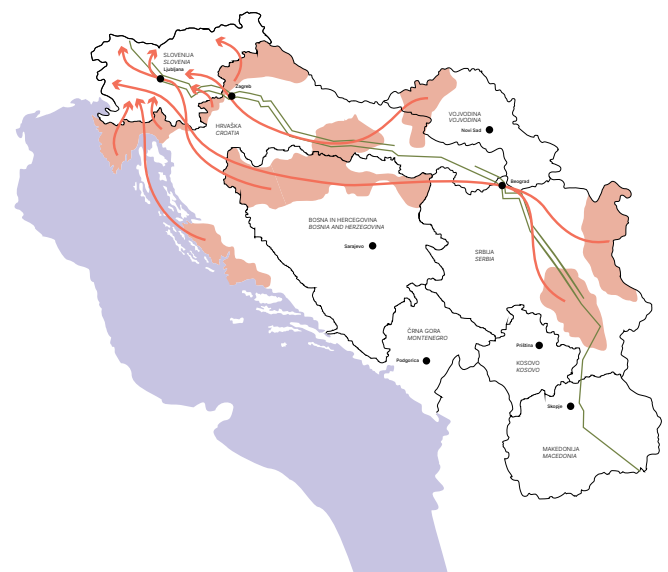
**4** Most emigrants from Bosnia and Herzegovina were not “Bosnians” but Bosnian Serbs and Bosnian Croats, whereas Bosniaks (including Muslims and Bosnians) only caught up with Croatians and Serbs after 2000.

**5** The threatening high fertility of “southerners” in Slovenia has also turned out to be a myth. It was quite the reverse – immigrants as a predominantly urban population even reduced the total fertility rate, which was consistently higher for Slovenes than for other ethnic groups in the country, with the exception of the small Roma and Albanian populations.

**6** As a result, there can be no doubt that Slovenes were never in danger of “extinction”, because the general decline in the fertility rate is a part of the global demographic transition that previously took place in the developed countries, whereas lower fertility rates are a world-wide problem associated with the capitalist mode of production. Nevertheless, numerous anthropological studies within the social sciences and humanities in Slovenia have challenged the concept of “endangered Slovenes” and thus importantly contributed to the challenging of racist stereotypes.

**7** In terms of immigration areas within the internal Yugoslav migrations system, Slovenia played a relatively insignificant role and its migration balance in 1948 was at the same level as Macedonia’s, despite extensive return migration.

**8** Regionally specific emigration areas formed in parallel with regionally specific immigration areas. Most immigrants to the territory of historic Carniola or today’s central Slovenia came from Bosnia and Herzegovina, most immigrants to the territory of historic Styria and Prekmurje and the frontier zone with Croatia were Croatian, whereas the border with Italy and Austria received immigrants also from Serbia, Macedonia and Montenegro. Regions with the highest number of emigrations were frontier areas in Croatia (Međimurje, Zagorje, Žumberk, Istria), Bosnia (Bosanska Krajina or. Turkish Croatia), Serbia (Negotinska Krajina and the Southern Morava Basin) and in Vojvodina (western and northern Bačka).



- Meje republik in avtonomnih pokrajin  
*Borders of the republics and autonomous provinces*
- Glavna mesta republik  
*The capitals of the republics*
- ← Smeri migracij  
*Directions of migration*
- Avtocesta bratstva in enotnosti  
*Brotherhood and Unity Highway*
- Območja največjega izseljevanja  
*Areas of greatest emigration*

## Dragica Dobriča, 1957,

Batočina

(Beograd), Ljudska  
republika Srbija (FLRJ)  
(Belgrade), People's  
Republic of Serbia (FPRY)

Rojena sem bila v Srbiji leta 1957. Doma smo bili povprečno dobro stoječa družina. Imela sem zelo lepo otroštvo. Otroci smo bili lepo vzgojeni. Končala sem gimnazijo. Sicer sem bila četrti otrok v družini, tisti najbolj razvajeni, ki si je marsikaj dovolil pravzaprav, bilo mi je marsikaj dovoljeno. Malo sem študirala, potem pa Beograd kot Beograd, sploh pa takrat ... vse mi je bilo bolj privlačno kot pa učenje.

V Ljubljano sem prišla k sestri na kratek obisk. Svak je moral iti na daljše terensko delo, ona, visoko noseča, pa je bila pred porodom. Čez nekaj časa sem poiskala zaposlitev, ki sem jo prav hitro dobila. Čeprav je bil moj obisk mišljen za določen čas, od jeseni 1978 živim v Ljubljani.

Bila je jesen, tista grda jesen. V tistih letih je bila Ljubljana še zelo meglena, jaz pa sem prišla iz enega vetrovnega območja, kjer je skozi pihalo in je bila megla redek pojav. Bilo mi je prav klavstrofobično biti ves čas v megli. Bil je november in nonstop smo bili v megli. Pogosto sem hotela vse pustiti in iti domov.

Razmišljala sem, kaj bom jaz tukaj, ta megla ... V kateri klimi, v kakšnem mestu jaz živim, v kakšni megli – od jutra do večera je bila. Začneš delati v megli, končaš v megli. Katastrofa. Nič drugega nisem tu poznala, hodila sem samo v službo in domov. To je bila bistvena razlika v primerjavi z življenjem, ki sem ga imela prej.

Pomlad in dnevi brez megle so spremenili moje mnenje.

*I was born in Serbia in 1957 into an average well-to-do family. I had a very nice childhood. My family brought up its children well. I finished high school. I was the fourth child in the family, the most spoiled one, who could get away with more than the rest and I was in fact allowed more than others. I studied a bit, but Belgrade being Belgrade, especially at that time, everything was more fun than studying.*

*I came to Ljubljana to visit my sister for a short time. My brother-in-law was away on longer field work, and my sister, highly pregnant, was about to give birth. I began to look for a job after a while, which I soon got at the Ljubljanska Banka bank.*

*Though I was planning to visit for a short period of time, I have lived in Ljubljana since the fall of 1978.*

*It was autumn, one of those awful ones when Ljubljana was still very foggy, and then there was I, who had come from a wind-swept region where the wind never stopped and you hardly ever saw fog, whereas here it was really claustrophobic, being in that fog day in day out. It was November, and it was foggy 24/7. I often wanted to leave everything and go home. With the arrival of spring and its fog-free days, I changed my mind.*

## Patricija Tratar, 1980,

Koper

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)

Družina mojega očeta je zaradi dedkove službe, bil je cestni delavec, prišla v Slovenijo konec 50. let prejšnjega stoletja. Izhajajo iz Međimurja, vendar so jih po vojni preselili (kolonizirali) v Slavonijo, tako da se je moj oče rodil v Zdencih. Očetovi predniki so že pred tem veliko migrirali, tudi v ZDA. Nekaj časa so živeli v Jarenini pri Mariboru, nato so skrbeli za kmetijo pod gradom Brestanica, na koncu pa so se za stalno naselili v Božiče pri Hrvatinih nad Ankaranom.

Sedaj upokojeni oče je bil med drugim tudi kuhar na čezoceankah Splošne plovbe – ladja Borovnica.

*My father's family came to Slovenia at the end of the 1950s. They moved where my grandfather's job took them, he was a road worker. They originally come from Međimurje, but were moved (colonised) to Slavonia after the war, so my father was born in Zdenci. His ancestors had migrated a lot already before that, and some went as far as the USA.*

*For a while they lived in Jarenina near Maribor, then they managed a farm below Brestanica Castle until they finally settled for good in Božiče near Hrvatini above Ankaran.*

*My father is retired now, but he had done myriad jobs in his life, and even worked as a chef on the company Splošna Plovba's ocean liner Borovnica.*

»... KO SE BALKANEC  
RAZJEZI, POTEM  
SE PA  
SLOVENŠČINA  
KONČA ...«

“...when a Balkanian loses  
their temper, Slovene gets  
switched out...”

**Boris Denić, 1967, Ljubljana,**  
Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
*Socialist Republic of Slovenia (SFRY)*

Mama mi je doma pogosto govorila: *Sine, nemoj bit bisan*. Seveda sem si njene besede avtomatično prevajal v svoj jezik, tako da se nikdar nisem spraševal, zakaj recimo ni rekla: *Ne bodi besen*, ali recimo: *Ne budi bjesan* namesto: *Nemoj bit bisan*. Jasno, da me to ni prav nič skrbelo, saj je bilo v tistih divjih, adolescenčnih časih zunaj preveč tistega, kar me je držalo v napetosti. Prav nič me ni zanimalo, zakaj moja mama govori v ikavskem, in ne v ijekavskem narečju, tako kot me ni zanimalo, iz kako različnega kulturnološkega miljeja so moji starši. Pa bi me moralo. Zdaj to vem. Če nič drugega, bi lažje razumel, zakaj sta si bila tako različna, čeprav sta oba prišla v Slovenijo iz Bosne in Hercegovine. Pojmi, kot so religija, vera, nacionalnost, mi takrat še niso bili najbolj jasni, tako da si nisem mogel predstavljati, kako narazen so si bili moji starši. Med njima je bila doma pogosto prava »državljska« vojna, in to mnogo pred začetkom prave vojne, ki se je najbolj razvnela ravno v njuni matični domovini.

Seveda sem bil del kolateralne škode v tej vojni tudi sam. Zataknilo se je namreč že pri imenu. Tako me je mama krstila v lokalni cerkvi, kjer sem dobil ime Tomislav, kar pa seveda ni bilo vseh očetu, vztrajal je pri imenu, ki ga nosim še danes. Kasneje se je izjalovil tudi poskus prijatelja Jaše, ki mi je v devetdesetih letih prejšnjega stoletja svetoval, naj se preimenujem in postanem Edo Babnik. Kar sem seveda kategorično odklonil, ne vedoč, da mi je želel samo dobro. Kasneje se je izkazalo, da bi mi bilo v življenju marsikdaj lažje, če bi bil preprosto Edo Babnik.

Moje drugo, krstno ime, Tomislav, sem uporabil samo enkrat. Takrat, ko so nas na bosansko-hrvaški meji, pri Neumu, ustavili hrvaški vojaki in v nas uperili puške; bilo je ravno med najhujšimi spopadi med Bošnjaki in Hrvati v Mostarju in okolici. Seveda je na moji novinarski izkaznici pisalo Esad, in to ni bilo niti malo vseh pripadniku hrvaških oboroženih sil. Nič ni pomagalo, ko sem ga prepričeval, da sem Slovenec, in ne Bosanec, kaj šele kakšen musliman. Tudi moja višina in dinarsko poreklo

nista zalegla, prav tako ne omemba materine vasi Zvirovići, v kateri so bili v prejšnji vojni vsi do enega ustaši. Še danes ne vem, kako sem se takrat izmazal in preživel. Morda pa me je rešilo ravno ime, ki je seveda arabskega izvora in ima zato tudi svoj pomen (vsako muslimansko ime nekaj pomeni), Esad recimo pomeni *zelo srečen*. Ne vem, kolikokrat v življenju, če sploh, sem bil zelo srečen, a takrat sem imel zagotovo srečo.

Kadar sem starega spraševal o našem poreklu, opredelitvi, kakršnikoli pripadnosti, mi je venomer odgovarjal, da smo polutani, torej ljudje, ki so malo tu, malo tam, v bistvu pa nikjer. Ta odgovor me je spomnil na Humphreyja Bogarta v filmu *Casablanca*, ki je na vprašanje Nemcev, katere narodnosti je, odgovoril, da je po narodnosti *pijanček*. Iz zadrege ga je seveda rešil njegov prijatelj, francoski policist, ki je ugotovil, da ga to dela prebivalca sveta. Torej tistega, ki je malo tu, malo tam. Edina svoboda je v dobrem humorju v pravem trenutku, kajne Rick? Vsi smo mi polutani, trezni ali pijani.

Tudi v občevanju s svojimi vrstniki, najsi bo na igrišču, kjer smo cele dneve igrali košarko, ali pa v mestu, kjer smo se dobivali s pankerji, nikoli nismo ločevali med Hrvati, Srbi, kaj šele med muslimani in katoliki, govorili smo slovensko in tudi sam sem se počutil kot Slovenec in prav nič drugače. Tako je bilo vse do leta 1991 in dokončnega zloma nekdanje skupne države. Moja polutanska narava se je težko soočala z delitvami, ki so postajale del našega vsakdana, tako kot sovraštvo, ki se je z malih ekranov širilo med ljudi. Kar naenkrat so nekdanji prijatelji postali tujci in zdelo se je, da vrnitve nazaj ni več.

Tako sem besedo polutan občutil in živel sam. Vse v slogu jezika, ki ga nismo govorili, ker je bil to jezik molka in pogosto tudi jezik sovraštva. Zdelo se mi je, da očetu Mustafi takšna definicija povsem ustreza. Spomnim se, ko so prišli na naša vrata muslimani iz vodmatske džamije in ga vprašali, če bi se šel k njim klanjat, torej molit, saj se je bližal sveti mesec ramazan. Stari se je samo prijel za hrbet,

malce zastokal in jim razložil, da je bil pred dvajsetimi leti operiran in da se od takrat ne more več sklanjati, s tem pa tudi klanjati ne. Verniki iz bližnje džamije gotovo še niso slišali česa takšnega, zato so se hitro pobrali. Proletarec je ostal zvest svojemu delavskemu poreklu, s tem pa tudi svoji definiciji nacionalne in verske pripadnosti. Polutan je imel svoje pravice, ena teh je bil tudi jezik, ki ga je izbiral sam, seveda po trenutnem navdihu. Doma, recimo, ko so bile na sporedu kletvice, je bila v uporabi srbohrvaščina, zunaj, za široko uporabo, pa slovenščina, z južnjaškim naglasom. Čeprav so včasih, v navalu besa, padle tudi kletvice v slovenščini, kar je bilo sicer bolj poredko, a zato toliko bolj smešno. Neredko se je v slovenščini norčeval tudi iz samega sebe in svoje nacionalnosti. Zelo pogosto je recimo uporabljal pridevnik *prekleti*, kar je dalo slutiti, da je zunaj že kdaj slišal koga reči *prekleti Bosanc* ali kaj podobnega.

Navkljub vsemu je bil najpogostejši jezik, ki ga doma nismo govorili, jezik molka, in to je bilo še posebej navdihujoče, saj si lahko v tišini slišal besede, ki jih nismo znali povedati, smo jih pa čutili. V teh neizgovorjenih besedah je bila spravljen poezija, tiha, bojzljiva lirika, in nič čudnega ni, da še danes pišem poezijo, ki je nekakšno zaklinjanje tišine. Tudi moji verzi so vse krajši in včasih se zdi, da iščejo svojo končno tišino. V bistvu sem v maternem jeziku napisal eno samo pesem, pa še ta je bila posvečena mojemu polutanskemu očetu. Naslov je bil *Abosko*, objavljena pa je bila v mojem prvem fanzinu z naslovom *Če bi bil rojen pred svojo mamo, bi bil svoboden*. Izšel je pri založbi ŠKUC, verjetno leta 1982, ne vem natanko. Zadnja verza pesmi se glasita nekako takole: *zašto me ne voli moje dijete, pička mu materina*. Bil je čas panka in tovrstna poetika je imela državljansko pravico. Danes je seveda le najstniški poskus pisanja poezije.

**A**t home, my mum would often say to me: *Sine, nemoj bit bisan* (Don't get mad, son). Naturally, I would automatically translate her words into my language, so I never wondered

why she didn't say, for example: *Ne bodi besen* (Slovene for *Don't be mad*), or *Ne budi bjesan* rather than: *Nemoj bit bisan*. Why should I, when there were so many other things out there in those wild, adolescent days that kept me on my toes. I didn't care a bit why my mum spoke in "ikavski" and not "ijekavski" dialect (of Serbo-Croatian), nor did I care to know how different the cultural milieu that my parents had come from was from mine. I should have, I know that now. If nothing else, it would help me understand why the two of them were so different, although they had both come to Slovenia from Bosnia and Herzegovina. Concepts such as religion, faith, nationality, were still unclear to me then and I couldn't possibly imagine the gap between them. There was often a "civil" war going on between them at home, long before the outbreak of the real war that culminated in their very homeland.

I was the collateral damage of this war myself. It started with my name. My mum had me christened at the local church, where I got the name Tomislav, but that didn't go down well with my dad, who insisted on the name I still bear to this day. Then there was my friend Jaša, who suggested to me in the 1990s to change my name to Edo Babnik. Which I categorically declined, unaware that he only had my best interests at heart. As it turned out, a lot of things in my life would have been much easier if my name was Edo Babnik.

I only used my other, Christian name once. At the Bosnian-Croatian border at Neum, when we were stopped by Croatian soldiers with their guns pointed at us; it was in the midst of the worst fighting between Bosniaks and Croats in Mostar and around. My press card, of course, said Esad, and the member of the Croatian armed forces wasn't at all happy. Trying to convince him that I was Slovene, not Bosnian, let alone Muslim, didn't help. Even my height and Dinaric origin did not persuade him, nor did the name of my mother's village, Zvirovići, where in the previous war every house had members of the Ustaše (Croatian fascist



movement). It escapes me to this day how I managed to get across the border and survive. Maybe it was the name that saved me. It's Arabic in origin and therefore has a meaning (every Muslim name means something), and Esad means *the one who is very lucky*. I can't say how many times, if ever, I've been really lucky, but luck definitely smiled on me that day.

Whenever I asked my old man about our origin, identity, any kind of affiliation, he always said that we were *polutani*, i.e. people who are sometimes here, sometimes there, but in fact nowhere. This reminded me of Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca*, who said when asked about his nationality that he was a *drunkard*. He was saved by his friend, a French police officer, who added that that made him a citizen of the world. Someone who is sometimes here, sometimes there. The only freedom is good humour at the right moment, right, Rick? Sober or drunk, we are *polutani*, all of us.

And when we hung out with our friends, be it in the playground where we played basketball all day, or in the city where we met with other punks, we never distinguished between Croats, Serbs, let alone between Muslims and Catholics; we spoke Slovene and that's how I felt, Slovene and nothing more or less. And that's how it was until 1991 and the final breakup of our former country. The *polutan* in me found it hard to cope with divisions that forced themselves into our everyday together with hatred that spread from the small screen. Friends suddenly became strangers and it seemed there was no way back.

That's how I felt and lived the word *polutan*. In the fashion of the language that we didn't speak, because it was a language of silence, and often also a language of hatred. It seemed to me that this concept fit my father Mustafa like a glove. I remember when Vodmat Muslims came to our door and asked him if he would come to bow, i.e. pray with them, because it was near Ramazan (Ramadan). In no time, the old man's hand was on his back and he groaned, explaining that he had been operated on 20 years previously and could no longer bend his back, let alone bow. They can't have heard anything like it before, so the worshippers from the nearby mosque turned around and left.

The proletarian stayed true to his working class background and in turn to his definition of national and religious affiliation. The *polutan* had his rights and one of them was the language that he picked as he pleased, depending on his mood. He would use Serbo-Croatian at home, when it was time for profanities, and Slovene when he was out, for general use. Sometimes, in a fit of rage, there would be obscenities in Slovene as well, not often, but when there were, it was so much the funnier. There were times when he would make fun of himself and his nationality in Slovene as well. He would often use the adjective *prekleti* (damned), which implied he had heard people outside say 'damned Bosnian' or suchlike.

But no matter what, the most common language we didn't speak at home was the language of silence. This was particularly inspiring because you could hear words in that silence that we didn't know how to express ourselves otherwise, but we could feel them. There was poetry packed in those unspoken words, soft, shy lyric poetry, so it makes perfect sense that I still write poetry today, because poetry is a kind of imploring of silence. My verses are getting shorter too and sometimes I get the feeling they are looking for their final silence. I have actually only written one poem in my mother tongue and it was dedicated to my *polutan* father. I titled it *Abosko*, and published it in my first fanzine *Če bi bil rojen pred svojo mamo, bi bil svoboden* (If I'd been born before my mother I'd be free). It was released by ŠKUC publishers sometime around 1982. The last two lines went something like this: *zašto me ne voli moje dijete, pička mu materina* (why doesn't my child love me, for fuck's sake). It was the time of punk and such poetics had the right of citizenship then. Today, of course, it's just an adolescent attempt at writing poetry.



Otroška knjiga pričevalke I06 s pesmicami v srbskem jeziku, v cirilici. Zasebna last.

Children's book with poems in Serbian belonging to informant I06. Personal collection.

## I06, 1988,

Kamnik

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY).

Srbščino sem se naučila precej pravilno uporabljati pa slovenščino tudi, sem kar »grammar nazi« (jezikovni purist), ko pride do pisanja slovenščine. Zlahka sem preklapljala med eno in med drugo. Pa tudi ko sem preklapljala med jezikoma, se mi ne zdi, da bi med njima čutila kakšne razlike, tako velikokrat nisem niti vedela, kateri jezik govorim ali pa berem. Srbščine sem se naučila prej kot slovenščine, cirilico sem brala in sem se je naučila že v mali šoli. [...] Vse knjige, ki smo jih brali, so bile pač v srbsčini, tudi filmi, risanke, tako da poznam naslove teh risank samo v srbsčini, recimo, ne v slovenščini. Enako otroške pesmice pa vse drugo.

*I learned to use Serbian quite correctly, and Slovene too, I am what you would call a "grammar nazi" when it comes to writing in Slovene. It was easy for me to switch between languages and I don't think I ever felt different speaking them, often I wasn't even aware which language I was speaking or reading. But I learned Serbian before Slovene, I could already read Cyrillic in pre-school. [...] All the books we read were in Serbian, even films, cartoons, so I know the titles of those cartoons only in Serbian, not in Slovene. It's the same with children's poems and everything else.*

## Boris Denić, 1967,

Ljubljana

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)

Ker jaz govorim slovenščino popolno. Nimam naglasa ali česa podobnega. Ta jezik je sestavni del mene veliko bolj kot srbohrvaščina. Edina razlika je, ko se Balkanec razjezi, potem se pa slovenščina konča in prehaja v srbohrvaški jezik.

*Because I speak perfect Slovene. No accent or anything else to give me away. This language is much more a part of me than Serbo-Croatian. The only difference is that when a Balkanian loses their temper, Slovene gets switched out and Serbo-Croatian takes over.*

## Dragana Marošević, 1971,

Pančevo

Avtonomna pokrajina  
Vojvodina (SFRJ)  
Province of Vojvodina  
(SFRJ)

Jaz mislim, da sem slovenščino osvojila zelo hitro, ker sem bila otrok in sem se je hitro naučila. [...] Jaz sem zelo ponosna na materinščino in na slovenščino kot tudi na svoje otroke, ker vsi trije obvladajo oba jezika. [...] Mislim, da človek, ki [...] zataji materinščino ali pa je ne zna, ker se je ne nauči ... to ni dobro. Tudi zaničevanje ljudi, ki govorijo drugače, ki uporabljajo tudi svoj jezik ali pa kakšen drugi, to sploh ni pomembno, to ni v redu. To je žalitev. Tega se ne smemo posluževati.

To se je dogajalo in to se še dogaja. K sreči sem jaz takšen tip, ki to vržem čez ramo oziroma ... saj ne, da me ne prizadene, me! Seveda me, ampak ne jemljem tega tako tragično. [...] Nikoli me ni bilo sram, niti mojih otrok, da bi na cesti ali pa kjerkoli govorili srbohrvaško. [...] Vem, da sem imela v šoli sošolca, ki me je na ta račun večkrat zasmehoval [...].

Ni mi pa všeč, da se delajo razlike med govornici drugih jezikov. Ko nekdo »z Juga« lomi slovenščino tako kot moja mama (ona se še ni naučila perfektne slovenščine in se je tudi nikoli ne bo) je deležen zaničevanja, a ne? Ko pa nek Anglež lomi slovenščino je pa: »Oh, kako lepo se je naučil.« To ni prav, ne. [...] Jezik je treba negovati. Jaz ljubim slovenščino [...]. No, zdaj tudi študiram slovenistiko. [...] Ljudje se malo čudijo, ko nekdo z Juga ljubi slovenščino.

*I think I learned Slovene very quickly, because I learned it as a child and I was a quick learner too. [...] I'm very proud both of my mother tongue and Slovene. And of my children, because all three of them speak both languages. [...] I think that someone who [...] hides what their mother tongue is or doesn't even speak it because they never learned it ... that's not good. And looking down on people who speak differently, use their mother tongue or any other, it doesn't matter which, that's not good either. It's an insult. We shouldn't stoop so low.*

*But that's what happened before and it still happens now. Fortunately, I'm the kind of person who prefers to just ignore this – which doesn't mean that it doesn't get to me, it does! Of course it does, I just choose not to take it so seriously. [...] I've never been ashamed, nor have my children, to speak Serbo-Croatian in the street, or anywhere else for that matter. [...] I had this classmate who liked to make fun of me because of it [...]. .*

*But I don't like how they treat people differently based on the language they speak. When someone from "down South" tries hard to communicate with their broken Slovene like my mum (she has never learned Slovene well and she never will), they will be looked down on, won't they? But when an English person flaunts their broken Slovene people say: "Oh, look at them, how well they speak." That's not fair, it really isn't. [...] Language should be nurtured. I love Slovene [...] Well, now I am also a student of Slovene Studies. [...] People are a bit surprised to see that someone from the South loves Slovene.*



**Dragana Marošević**

(zadnja vrsta, prva z desne) s  
sošolci v OŠ Alojza Cotiča - Borisa.  
Dornberk, ok. 1980.

Neznani fotograf, osebni arhiv.

*(last row, first one from the right)  
with her schoolmate at Alojz Cotič-  
Boris Primary School. Dornberk,  
cca 1980. Unknown photographer,  
personal archive.*

**M**oj ata je po duši velik popotnik. To njegovo strast po spoznavanju novih svetov sem začutila že zgodaj. Moji najlepši otroški spomini so tisti samo najini skupni trenutki, ko je s knjižne police potegnil velik atlas sveta, ga položil na mizo pred naju in pričel listati to veliko in meni takrat tako skrivnostno knjigo, ki je s črtami, barvami in številkami pripovedovala o bližnjih in tudi zelo oddaljenih krajih in ljudeh. Kako so mu žarele oči, ko mi je poskušal ob zemljevidih pričarati življenje na drugih celinah! Njegovih besed se ne spomnim, občutek neke posebne povezanosti očeta in hčerke pa lahko še vedno priključem.

Kolikor mi je znano, je moj ata sosednje in bližnje dežele obiskal le redko in za kratek čas. Dopust na sosednjem Hrvaškem je vštet v ta seznam. Več svojega časa je posvetil gradnji družinske hiše, v katero smo se preselili, ko sem ravno vstopila v najstniška leta. Postavitev hiše je zahtevala sodelovanje vseh družinskih članov. Jaz sem atu podajala orodje, nosila opeko in pometala tla med praznimi zidovi. Včasih sem tudi skuhala kavo in delavcem postregla z vinom ali pivom. Veliko časa sva takrat preživela skupaj, moj ata in jaz. Zgradili smo hišo in naše življenje postavili na nove temelje. Zanimal ga je svet, a je ostajal na domačih tleh. Postavil je temelje naši hiši, o svojih temeljih pa ata ni nikoli spregovoril. Ni me naučil svojega jezika.

Ć je bil vedno del moje identitete. Ljudi, ki so morali zapisati moj priimek, sem brez oklevanja popravila, če ć ni bil pravi. Seveda sem vedela, da je moj priimek hrvaški, a to v nobenem pogledu ni bistveno vplivalo name. Ali pa jaz tega nisem opazila, ker me niso učili, da bi bila na to pozorna. Prav tako me niso učili, da je en ć/ć boljši od drugega. Moji starši v obilici vsakodnevnih opravkov in skrbi verjetno niso niti pomislili, da bi posebej odpirali temo korenin in pripadnosti. Morda zato, ker moj ata s tem ni imel nobenih težav. Morda zato, ker se je hotel izogniti travmi obnavljanja neprijetnih izkušenj. Ne vem. Spomnim se, da sta mi sošolca kar precej ponagajala, ko sem bila v tretjem ali četrtem razredu osnovne šole. Ata me je v obeh

primerih zaščitil, a dogodka ni povezoval z najinim ć-jem. V šoli pa nikoli nisem imela težav. Kvečjemu nasprotno, lahko bi rekla, da so me učiteljice in učitelji spodbujali in podpirali v mojih prizadevanjih. Morda zato, ker sem bila vzorna učenka ali pa ker je bila moja slovenščina odlična. Moj ć je torej vedno bil, a je bil bolj ob strani, nekje v ozadju. Ne doma ne v šoli ga nismo izpostavljali ali poudarjali. Svoje novo mesto in dodatne pomene je dobil precej kasneje, ko sem se zaradi študija preselila v Ljubljano.

Mojemu atu je ime Ivan. Rojen je bil nekje na Hrvaškem, družina pa se je kmalu po njegovem rojstvu preselila v Slovenijo. Tukaj se mu je pridružila še sestra Anka. Odraščal je v majhni štajerski vasi v času, ko staršem ni bilo treba skrbeti, če so se njihovi otroci ves dan podili naokrog. Mislim, da je imel moj ata brezskrbno otroštvo, a tega ne vem zagotovo. Nikoli ga nisem vprašala, ali je imel zaradi svojega priimka kakšne težave – v otroštvu ali morda tudi kasneje v življenju. Ata ne govori rad o sebi. Tako na primer ne vem, ali je kdaj poskušal navezati stike s svojimi sorodniki na Hrvaškem. Prav tako ne vem, ali sta z njegovim očetom kdaj govorila o selitvi v Slovenijo in spremembah, ki jih je ta prinesla v njihovo življenje. Kakšno vlogo je imela pri tem njegova mama, katere korenine so segale v sosednjo Avstrijo? Veliko počitniških dni sem preživela pri omi in dedu, pa tudi pri nji-ma beseda ni nikoli nanesa na to. O preteklosti se v naši družini pač nismo pogovarjali. Ko danes razmišljam o svoji družinski zgodovini, čutim, da prav na tem mestu zeva velika luknja.

Kmalu po selitvi v Ljubljano sem spoznala Borisa. Rojen je bil v Ljubljani, otrok staršev priseljencev. Ob njem sem spoznavala, da lahko različna čustva ubeseduješ različno v različnih jezikih. Drugačni pomeni, različne intenzitete. Moja nelagodja, ki so se pojavila na javnih prostorih ob priložnostnih pogovorih v hrvaščini, je sčasoma zamenjala domačnost. In neka posebna bližina med dvema, ki vznikata iz skupnih besednih iger in je včasih pomenljiva samo v tej dvojini. Še vedno

izpopolnjujem znanje jezika svojega ata. V dodajanju novih pomenov in razumevanj sem jaz sama nenehno v postajanju. Ne predstavljam pa si, da bi z atom kdaj govorila v hrvaščini. Ali bi lahko ta jezik vzpostavil nove mostove med nama?

Razmisleki in spoznanja, ki so mi jih v okviru projekta Identiteta na prepihu zaupali moji sogovorniki iz prve, druge in tretje generacije priseljencev, so v času trajanja raziskave v meni precej odmevali. Ugotavljala sem, da mnoga vprašanja in razdvojenosti, s katerimi se nekateri od njih soočajo, v meni ne razpirajo dvomov. Na vprašanje, kdo sem, vedno odgovorjam, da sem Slovenka s številnimi ozadji: hrvaškim, avstrijskim, madžarskim. Toliko mi je doslej uspelo izbrskati. Pripadam temu prostoru, a sem lahko hkrati del kateregakoli drugega. Povsod sem jaz, a hkrati nekoliko drugačna. Bogastvo doživljam prav v tem spoznavanju sebe v različnih položajih, tudi če je kateri od njih kdaj manj lahkoten in manj samoumeven. Še zlasti v slednjem. Ali je to tisto, kar mi je, zagotovo nevede, podaril moj ata?

Kaj nas določa? Kraj, v katerem preživimo svoja otroška leta? Mnogi prostori, ki nas v življenju zaznamujejo s svojimi sapicami, vonji in zvoki, podobami? Ljudje, s katerimi smo obkroženi in pomembno sooblikujejo naša življenja – starši, sorodniki, morda še bolj vrstniki in prijatelji? Je to morda jezik, v katerem spoznavamo svet, v katerem se veselimo in trpimo? Glasba, hrana, knjige? Verske prakse? Razmišljam, da smo mozaik vsega, kar smo spoznali in izkusili, sestavljeni iz številnih prepletajočih se koščkov, ki se nenehno preoblikujejo in kreirajo naše postajanje. Kdo torej smo? Morda v nekem trenutku bolj en košček, v drugem pa drugi. Smo vse tisto, kar čutimo kot svoje.

Ko razmišljam, kateri košček bi posebej izpostavila zase, je to zagotovo jezik. Slovenščina, v kateri sem odraščala in jo obožujem, je tista, ki me določa v moje temelje. Hrvaščina, ki se je v otroštvu nisem naučila in jo izkušam v odrasli dobi, me pomembno dopolnjuje in utrjuje. Jezik te lahko približa drugemu, jezik je sredstvo vzpostavljanja mostov.

Jezik povezuje, a hkrati ne more prečiti vseh vrzeli in prepadov, ki obstajajo med ljudmi. Vedno ostane neizrekljivo in neulovljivo. A vendarle – jezik je okno v svet. Z njim si zarisujemo obzorja in krojimo možnosti. V njem prepoznavamo obstoječe in ustvarjamo alternative. Jezik je ena od tistih danosti, skozi katere obstajamo in hkrati nenehno postajamo.

Morda pa ata še kdaj povprašam o njegovih spominih in čustvih. Morda ga kdaj vprašam, kdo pravzaprav je danes.

**M**y dad is an adventurous traveller at heart. I could already feel his passion for exploring new worlds as a small child. My best childhood memories are those moments that just the two of us shared, when he pulled the big atlas of the world from the bookshelf, put it on the table and started leafing through this big book that I found so mysterious then, its lines, colours and numbers telling stories about places and people near and far. How his eyes glowed when he tried to conjure up life on other continents for me with those maps! I can't remember his exact words any more, but I can still invoke the feeling of that special bond between father and daughter.

As far as I know, my dad only rarely visited our neighbouring countries, and even then only for a short time. This includes our annual holiday in Croatia next door. He dedicated more of his time to building our family home, where we moved just as I became a teenager. The whole family had to lend a hand in building the house. I would pass tools to dad, carry the bricks and sweep the floor between empty walls. Sometimes I made coffee and served workers beer or wine. We spent a lot of time together then, my dad and I. We built the house as a family, laying new foundations for our life. But as fascinated as he was by the world, my dad stayed at home. He laid the foundations for our house, but never spoke about his foundations. He didn't teach me his language.

The letter ć has always been a part of my identity. I would always correct people without hesitation if they misspelt my name. Of course I knew my surname was Croatian, but that did not affect me in any way. At least not that I could see, because nobody had told me to pay attention to that. Nor did they tell me that a č was better than a ć or vice versa. In the midst of everything that went on, their daily chores and errands, my parents never thought about starting the subject of roots and belonging. Perhaps because my dad had no problems with it. Or because he didn't want to bring out the trauma of going through unpleasant experiences again. I don't know. But I do remember my classmates playing quite a prank on me when I was in the third or fourth year of primary school. My dad protected me both times, but he never thought either that those events had anything to do with our ć. School was never a problem though, quite the reverse – I could say that all my teachers supported and encouraged all my efforts. Maybe because I was a model student or perhaps because my Slovene was so good. My ć was therefore always there, but on the sidelines, somewhere in the background. It was discussed neither at home nor at school. But it got a new place and new meanings much later, when I moved to Ljubljana to study.

My father's name is Ivan. He was born somewhere in Croatia and his family moved to Slovenia soon after he was born. It was here that his sister Anka was born. He grew up in a small village in the Štajerska region, at a time when parents didn't worry if their little ones chased each other outdoors all day. I think his was a carefree childhood, but I can't be sure. I never asked him if he had any problems because of his surname when he was a child – or later for that matter. Dad doesn't like to talk about himself. So I have no idea if he ever tried to make contact with his relatives in Croatia. And I don't know if he and his father ever talked about moving to Slovenia and the change this would make in their lives. What part did his mum, whose roots were part Austrian, play in the move? I spent many holidays with my oma and grandpa, but they never spoke about that either. I guess we just didn't talk about the past in our family. When I think about my family history today I see a gaping hole right there.

I met Boris soon after I moved to Ljubljana. Born in Ljubljana, he also is a child of immigrants. By his side I learned that different feelings can be put into different words in different languages. Different meanings, different intensities. My discomfort that used to come up in public spaces on occasions when we spoke Croatian gradually turned into familiarity, a special closeness between two people that springs from shared word plays and sometimes only means something when expressed in this duality. I'm still working on mastering my dad's language. By adding new meanings and understandings I find myself constantly in becoming. But I can't imagine ever speaking with my dad in Croatian. Could this language build new bridges between us?

The reflections and realisations that I was entrusted with by the first, second and third generation of immigrants who participated in the Identity on the Line project really resonated with me. I found that many questions and divisions that some of them are confronted with do not raise doubts within me. When asked who I am I always say that I'm a Slovenian with different backgrounds: Croatian, Austrian and Hungarian. At least, that's what I've managed to dig up so far. This is the space to which I belong, but at the same time I could well be a part of any other. I am always myself, everywhere, but slightly different every time. I find my fortune right here in this learning about myself in different situations, even when they are challenging and less than ordinary. Especially in the latter. Is this what my dad passed on to me, most likely without realising?

What is it that defines us? Is it the place where we spend our childhood years? The many spaces that leave a mark on us with their breezes, smells, sounds, and images? The people that we are surrounded by and that importantly shape our lives – our parents, relatives, and even more importantly, our peers and friends? Is it a language with which we learn about the world, rejoice and suffer? Is it music, food, books? Religious practices? To my mind, we are a mosaic of everything that we have learned and experienced, composed of myriad interlocking pieces that constantly change and create our becoming. So who are we? Perhaps in one moment we are more of



one piece of a mosaic and the next moment another piece comes to the fore. We are everything that we feel as our own.

As I think about which piece I find the most defining for myself, it is definitely language. Slovene, the language I grew up with and adore, is the language that defines me to the core. Croatian, which I didn't learn as a child and am now trying out as an adult, significantly complements and consolidates me. Language can bring you closer to another; it's a means of building bridges. Language unites, but it cannot bridge all the gaps and abysses between people. There is always something that remains unsaid and elusive. But still, language is a window to the world. We outline our horizons with it and tailor our options. In a language we recognise what exists around us and create alternatives. Language is one of those realities through which we exist and continue to become at the same time.

I may still ask my dad about his memories and feelings one day. Maybe one day I'll ask him who he actually is today.

»KER JAZ BOM  
DOBILA SVOJE  
STANOVANJE! «

“Because I'll get  
my own apartment!”

105, 1942, Brčko

Ljudska republika Bosna in  
Hercegovina (FLRJ)

*People's Republic of Bosnia and  
Herzegovina (FLRY)*

Ljubljana je bila kmalu po koncu druge svetovne vojne deležna prvih modernizacijskih procesov in je začela v svoje okrilje hitro vabiti nove prebivalce. Ponujala jim ni le veliko novih in raznolikih delovnih mest ali možnosti za izobraževanje, ampak tudi bolj razvito stanovanjsko infrastrukturo. Z naraščanjem števila prebivalcev se je seveda povpraševanje po stanovanjih nenehno večalo in je bilo v celotnem obdobju socializma večje kot ponudba.

Skrb za stanovanjske razmere delavcev je bila ena od pomembnih nalog socialistične socialne politike. Stanovanjska gradnja prvega povojnega obdobja se je razvijala v znamenju velikega pomanjkanja stanovanj in novih družbeno-ekonomskih razmer. Država je želela od začetka sama urejati stanovanjsko oskrbo, a je kmalu spoznala, da ji za to primanjkuje sredstev in da gradnja novih stanovanj ne dohaja povpraševanja, zato je začela v začetku petdesetih let spodbujati delovne organizacije, da same aktivno rešujejo stanovanjsko problematiko svojih zaposlenih. Prva večja stanovanjska gradnja v Ljubljani so bili bloki Savskega naselja, ki so jih začeli graditi jeseni 1946. Med večjimi investitorji naselja so bili Jugoslovanska ljudska armada, Gradis in Zavod za stanovanjsko gradnjo. Drugo je bilo Litostrojsko naselje, ki sta ga med letoma 1948 in 1954 gradila Litostroj in Mestni ljudski odbor. Obe naselji so kasneje še dograjevali in ju opremili z nekaterimi javnimi servisi. Savsko naselje je bilo leta 1958 povezano v celoto z zazidalnim načrtom, ki je kot prvi sledil nekaterim načelom stanovanjske soseske.

Petdeseta leta so v načrtovanje mestnega prostora postopno uvajala organizirano grajene stanovanjske predele, a koncept soseske se je dokončno uveljavil šele v naslednjem desetletju. Arhitekti so navdih zanje jemali pri skandinavskih zgledih. Razmah stanovanjske gradnje v šestdesetih letih je omogočil leta 1958 sprejeti Zakon o nacionalizaciji najemnih zgradb in gradbenih zemljišč, s katerim je država prišla do večjih nezazidanih gradbenih zemljišč. Spremembe je leta 1965 prinesla tudi

stanovanjska reforma, ki je med drugim omogočila gradnjo stanovanj za prodajo na trgu. Ponudbo komercialnih stanovanjskih posojil so prevzele banke, medtem ko so delovne organizacije omogočale ugodna stanovanjska posojila za svoje zaposlene. Ljubljana je v začetku leta 1966 dočakala še prvi celoviti urbanistični dokument po drugi svetovni vojni, Generalni plan urbanističnega razvoja Ljubljane (GUP), na podlagi katerega se je začelo mesto načrtneje in intenzivneje širiti.

Z GUP-om so postale stanovanjske soseske eden od osnovnih elementov organizacije mesta. Soseske, načrtovane ob glavnih vpadnicah v mesto, so bile zamišljene kot zaokrožene celote, ki naj bi združevale stanovanja z vso infrastrukturo, potrebno za kakovostno življenje – vrtce, šole, trgovine, zelene površine, športnorekreacijske dejavnosti – notranja prometna mreža pa naj bi ločevala motorna vozila in pešce. Zaradi pomanjkanja denarja ali političnih odločitev gradnja sosesk pogosto ni bila izvedena v celoti. Prevzele so predvsem organizacijski in prostorski vidik, mnogokrat so jim priključili še vrtce, šole in trgovine, nikoli pa se niso v celoti uveljavile kot družbeni centri z vsemi izobraževalnimi, zdravstvenimi in drugimi kolektivnimi storitvami. Kljub temu so pomenile veliko spremembo v kakovosti bivanja. Soseske, grajene med letoma 1965 in 1972, so bile zasnovane za 3000 do 5000 prebivalcev, tiste, grajene med letoma 1972 in 1985, ko je opazen tudi večji val priseljavanja delavcev iz drugih jugoslovanskih republik, pa za 10.000 in več prebivalcev.

V centru mesta so bile možnosti za večje stanovanjske komplekse omejene, zato so se stanovanjske soseske širile najprej v Šiški in za Bežigradom, kasneje tudi na Viču in v Mostah. Prvi poskus oblikovanja nove soseske je bila Bežigrajska soseska 6, zasnovana leta 1962, kot prva celostno zasnovana soseska pa velja Šišenska soseska 6, za katero so načrti nastali leta 1966. V približno istem času, leta 1967, je nastajala tudi zasnova za Bežigrajsko sosesko 7. Sledile so mnoge druge, ki so se ravnale po osnovnem konceptu soseske,

a so se razlikovale glede na velikost in arhitekturno zasnovo. V šestdesetih letih zasnovane in v sedemdesetih zgrajene soseske so bile na primer soseski Bonifacija na Viču in Fužine, naselje terasastih stolpnic v Kosezah ter Ferantov vrt kot edini večji stanovanjsko-poslovni kompleks v središču mesta. Rastlo je tudi naselje vrstnih in atrijskih hiš v Murglah, edini primer nizke stanovanjske gradnje. Naselje je zaradi svoje ločenosti od avtomobilskega prometa in zaradi urejenih zelenih površin kmalu postalo zelo priljubljeno.

Sedemdeseta leta so bila čas najintenzivnejše gradnje stanovanj v Ljubljani. K pospežitvi in povenitvi gradenj je pripomogel razvoj montažnih sistemov, ki so se začeli uveljavljati ob koncu šestdesetih let. K lažjemu nakupu stanovanj pa sta pripomogli ugodna posojilna politika in povečana kupna moč. Nekatero od novih sosesk, ki so bile načrtovane v sedemdesetih in večinoma zgrajene v osemdesetih, so bile Bežigradska soseska 3, soseski Trnovo in Nove Jarše, Draveljska gmajna, Štepanjsko naselje in Nove Fužine.

Neugodne gospodarske razmere so v osemdesetih letih postopoma zavrle intenzivno stanovanjsko gradnjo. Vedno znova so se pojavljale tudi zamude pri gradnjah in težave zaradi slabega gradbenega materiala. V tem času so bile dokončane še zadnje velike ljubljanske soseske, Nove Fužine kot ena od zadnjih. Ko je nastajal načrt za to sosesko, je bilo priseljevanje v Slovenijo najbolj intenzivno. Načrtovanje soseske za večje število stanovalcev je rezultiralo v visokih stavbah in veliki gostoti naselitve, kar je nekoliko vplivalo tudi na kakovost življenja. Soseska je prav tako postala nekakšen simbol kulturne heterogenosti. Ne samo ta, tudi druge velike ljubljanske soseske so že v času socializma postajale talilni lonci različnih identitet. Njihovi stanovalci so prihajali iz vseh delov Slovenije, s porastom priseljevanja pa tudi iz drugih jugoslovanskih republik. Tam so se ustali, osnovali družine, se vključili v novo okolje in na koncu dočakali razpad sistema, ki je gradil njihove soseske.

Čeprav so stanovanjske soseske prinesle veliko novih stanovanj, so bile le eden od načinov za reševanje stanovanjskega vprašanja, zato je prav, da si vsaj na kratko ogledamo večplastno podobo stanovanjske politike v času socializma. Poleg sosesk so se v mestu gradili tudi posamezni bloki in vrstne hiše. Družbenih stanovanj, to je stanovanj v lasti podjetij, občin ali republike, ki so imela praviloma nižjo najemnino, ni bilo dovolj za vse. Prednosti pri dostopu do njih so izvirale iz zaposlitve, izobrazbe, vrste delovnega mesta in ne nazadnje članstva v družbenopolitičnih organizacijah. Sredi sedemdesetih let so se uveljavila še tako imenovana solidarnostna stanovanja, s katerimi naj bi občine zagotavljale stanovanje ranljivejšim skupinam prebivalstva. Ostali so stanovanjsko vprašanje reševali z nakupom, gradnjo individualne hiše, v manjši meri z najemom. Prav gradnja individualne hiše je bila za mnoge edina rešitev, saj je omogočala razporeditev finančnih virov na daljše časovno obdobje, razrast te gradnje pa je spodbujala tudi ugodna posojilna politika. Na manj urbaniziranih območjih na obrobju mesta so se ob tem pojavljala večja naselja črnih oziroma nedovoljenih gradenj. Vzroki zanje so bili raznovrstni, od dolgotrajnih postopkov za pridobitev gradbenega dovoljenja in nižje cene nezazidljivih zemljišč do večje svobode pri izbiri načina in vrste gradnje. Posamezne primere teh gradenj sta spremljali socialna stiska in izključenost, ki so ju žal izkusili tudi nekateri priseljenci iz drugih jugoslovanskih republik.<sup>10</sup>

Soon after the end of World War II Ljubljana saw the first modernisation processes take place in the city and started inviting new citizens under its wing. It offered not only various new jobs and diverse opportunities for education, but also an increasingly well-developed residential infrastructure. With a growing number of residents the demand for housing also increased, and throughout the socialist period demand exceeded supply.

Workers' housing conditions was one of the most important concerns of the socialist social policy. In the first post/war period, housing construction

was driven by the housing shortage and new social and economic circumstances. From the very beginning, the state was set on ensuring the housing supply, but soon realised that it lacked resources and that new housing construction could not keep up with the demand, so in the early 1950s the authorities started encouraging work organisations to actively engage in tackling their employees' housing problems. The first major housing project in Ljubljana was the Savsko Naselje neighbourhood, where the construction of apartment buildings started in the autumn of 1946. Major investors included the Yugoslav People's Army, the Gradis construction company, and the Housing Construction Institute. The second was the Litostroj neighbourhood, built between 1948 and 1954 by the Litostroj factory and the Municipal People's Committee. Both neighbourhoods continued to grow and also received several public service facilities. In 1958, the development plan, which was the first to have employed certain neighbourhood planning principles, integrated the Savsko Naselje neighbourhood into a coherent whole.

The 1950s saw organised housing projects make their way into urban design, but it was not until the 1960s that the neighbourhood concept became a norm. Architects looked to Scandinavian models for inspiration. The rise in housing construction in the 1960s was due to the Act on Nationalisation of Leased Buildings and Construction Land that was adopted in 1958 and gave the state access to large stretches of unbuilt construction land. Further changes came with the housing reform of 1965, which among other things allowed housing construction for the market. Banks thus took over the supply of commercial housing loans while work organisations provided low-interest housing loans for their employees. In early 1966 Ljubljana finally received its first comprehensive urban document after World War II, the General Urban Plan of Ljubljana (GUP), which served to regulate and guide the dramatic expansion of the city.

The GUP defined the neighbourhood unit as one of the building blocks of urban development. Planned along the city's major arterial roads, neighbourhoods were designed as comprehensive units that offered housing with all the infrastructure necessary for quality living – kindergartens, schools,

shops, green areas, sports and recreation activities, and an internal traffic network that separated motor vehicle traffic from pedestrians. Due to limited resources and political decisions the construction of neighbourhoods often stopped before it was fully completed. The organisation and spatial design were there, and often the neighbourhoods had kindergartens, schools and shops, but they never fully developed into social hubs with educational, health and other collective services. Nevertheless, they still meant a huge change in the quality of life. The neighbourhoods built between 1965 and 1972 were designed for 3,000 to 5,000 people, whereas those built between 1972 and 1985, the time that saw a major wave of workers migrating to Slovenia from other Yugoslav republics, were meant to receive 10,000 residents and more.

The city centre offered limited opportunities for large residential complexes, so neighbourhood expansion began first in Šiška and Bežigrad, and later in the Vič and Moste districts. The first attempt at designing a new neighbourhood was made with Bežigrad neighbourhood BS6 in 1962, but the Šiška neighbourhood ŠS6 is considered to be the first comprehensively designed neighbourhood, its plan dating to 1966. At about the same time, in 1967, they started planning the Bežigrad neighbourhood BS7. Many other neighbourhoods followed, different in size and architectural design, but all of them based on the neighbourhood unit concept. The neighbourhoods designed in the 1960s and built in the 1970s include Bonifacija in Vič and the Fužine neighbourhood, the terraced block neighbourhood in Koseze, and Ferant Garden as the only large residential and commercial complex in the city centre. A neighbourhood of atrium houses was growing in Murgle, the only such example of low-rise housing in the country. Separated from motor traffic and offering well-maintained green areas the neighbourhood soon became very popular.

The 1970s saw the most intensive housing construction in Ljubljana. The development of pre-fabricated systems that gained momentum in the 1960s facilitated faster construction and more affordable housing. A more favourable lending policy and increased spending power also helped

make housing more affordable. Some of the new neighbourhoods that were planned in the 1970s and mainly built in the 1980s include the Bežigrad neighbourhood BS3, Trnovo, Nove Jarše, Draveljska Gmajna, Štepanjsko Naselje and Nove Fužine neighbourhoods.

This intensive housing construction slowed down in the 1980s, when economic conditions deteriorated. Delays in construction and the poor quality of construction materials became a regular problem. This period saw the completion of the last big neighbourhoods in Ljubljana, among them Nove Fužine, which was designed when migration to Slovenia was at its peak. As it had to accommodate a growing number of residents, Nove Fužine became a high-rise and high density neighbourhood, and this in part affected the quality of life there. The neighbourhood also became a symbol of cultural heterogeneity. But other Ljubljana neighbourhoods had also evolved into melting pots of identities under socialism. Their residents had come from all parts of Slovenia, and with increasing migration they received people from other Yugoslav republics as well. These newcomers settled down there, started a family, integrated into the new environment and finally saw the collapse of the system that had built their neighbourhoods.

Although residential neighbourhoods provided housing for many, they were only one of the means of tackling the housing problem, so it seems appropriate to briefly outline the multi-layered housing policy in the socialist era. In addition to neighbourhoods the city built individual blocks of flats and terraced houses. There was not enough affordable social housing, i.e. flats owned by companies, municipalities or the republic, for all. Access to this housing was given based on employment, education, type of employment post and, last but not least, membership of socio-political organisations. In the mid-1970s, municipalities introduced so-called solidarity housing, which provided homes for the most vulnerable groups. Others could resolve their housing issues either by buying or building a home, to a lesser extent also by renting. For many, building their own house was the only solution, as it allowed them to allocate their financial resources over a longer period. A favourable lending policy additionally

facilitated these private home-building projects. At the same time, large neighbourhoods of illegal housing sprang up in less urbanized areas on the city's outskirts. There were several reasons for these, from lengthy procedures for obtaining the building permit and the low price of non-development land, to the freedom that this self-build gave people in deciding how and what they wanted to build. Individual cases of illegal constructions were accompanied by economic hardship and social exclusion, something that certain immigrants from other Yugoslavian republics were unfortunately also familiar with.<sup>10</sup>



Savsko naselje in stolpnice.  
Ljubljana, 1980.  
Foto: Svetozar Busić.  
Inv. št.: DE5831/4.

*Savsko neighbourhood and  
high-rise buildings.  
Ljubljana, 1980.  
Photo: Svetozar Busić.  
Inv. no.: DE5831/4.*

## I05, 1942,

Brčko

Ljudska republika Bosna  
in Hercegovina  
(FLRJ)  
*People's Republic of  
Bosnia and Herzegovina  
(FPRY)*

Ko sem bila še sama, sem stanovala pri eni teti v Savskem naselju. Imela je veliko dvosobno stanovanje z veliko kuhinjo. [...] Moj mož je stanoval v samskem domu, samo to možnost je imel. [...] Midva sva oba delala. Moj mož je za naju poiskal namestitev, in ko sem ji povedala, da se bom odselila, je bila čisto zaprepadena. [...] Moj mož mi je sporočil, da je našel stanovanje in naj spakiram kovčke. Našel nama je nastanitev pri Slovencih, ki so imeli veliko hišo, velik vrt in na dvorišču še eno malo hišico. Tisto hišico so nama dali na voljo, da v njej stanujemo. [...] Ko so videli, da sem noseča, jim je bilo tako žal, da so naju vzeli na stanovanje. Ampak midva sva že prišla. Takrat sem imela tri mesece do poroda. [...] Pri tej družini sva bila samo 18 dni in potem sva dobila svoje stanovanje. Jaz sem ga dobila od vojske. Ko sem tej ženski povedala, da sva dobila stanovanje, je tako jokala. Mi je rekla, da »poštenijeg reveža od tebe nisam nikad srečala«. S temi besedami. Kjerkoli sem bila, sem to vzela kot svoje, to sem čuvala in ohranjala.

*When I was still on my own I lived with a lady in the Savsko Naselje neighbourhood. She had a big two-bedroom flat with a big kitchen. [...] My husband was living in a hostel for single men, it was the only option he had. [...] Both of us had a job. My husband found accommodation for us and when I told the lady she was shocked. [...] My husband said he had found a flat and told me to pack my suitcases. We went to stay with some Slovenes who had a big house with a big garden and a little hut in the backyard. They gave us the hut to stay in. [...] When they saw I was pregnant they regretted having us, but there we were. I was six months pregnant then. [...] We only stayed with the family for 18 days before we got our own flat. I got it from the army. When I told the woman we had got the flat she couldn't stop crying. She said I was the most honest pauper she had ever met. She used these very words. Wherever I lived, I took care of the place as if it were mine.*

## Sead Česa - Brko, 1953,

Mali Trnovci (Visoko)

Ljudska republika Bosna  
in Hercegovina (FLRJ)  
*People's Republic  
of Bosnia and Herzegovina  
(FRY)*

Veš, kaj je bilo zame težko? Ko sem zapustil hotelsko sobo [v kateri sem stanoval, ko sem bil zaposlen v Cimosu], mi je šef, ki me je povabil v Slovenijo in pri katerem sem delal naslednjih 14 let, pomagal poiskati sobo zame, ker je želel, da ostanem. In veš, kako so me ljudje gledali, ko sem prišel, tako zviška ... Mi smo od nekdanj imeli svojo hišo, svoje dvorišče, hleve ... in sedaj ti prideš na vrata prosit za eno sobico in oni te gledajo tako, veš ... To mi je bilo neverjetno težko!

*You know what was difficult for me? When I left the hotel room [where I stayed when I worked in the Cimos factory] my boss, who had invited me to Slovenia and for whom I worked for the next 14 years, helped me find a room, because he wanted me to stay. If you could have seen how people looked down on me when I arrived ... We had always had our own house, a backyard, stables ... and you come to someone's door asking for a little room and they look at you like ... This was so incredibly difficult!*

## Dragana Marošević, 1971,

Pančevo

Avtonomna pokrajina  
Vojvodina (SFRJ)  
*Autonomous Province  
of Vojvodina (FRY)*

Ko je bila stara šest let, se je z družino preselila v predmestje. Pravzaprav je to bilo staro naselje, ki se je kasneje, ko je partija s Titom na čelu ukazala zgraditev novega mesta, zlilo z novonastalim mestom. Zgradba je bila stara, stanovanje je imelo le dva večja prostora z visokim stropom. Sanitarije so bile skupne, brez kopalnice. Mama je vsak večer grela vodo na plinskem štedilniku in ju z bratom kopala v plastični kadi. S težavo si je pustila umivati dolge lase, ker ji je bilo izpiranje milnice zoprno, saj so jo oči vedno pekle in srbele. Rada se je z bratcem igrala na dvorišču. Vozila ga je v starem otroškem vozičku.

*When she was six years old she moved with her family to the suburbs. It was an old settlement that merged with a new town that was built later, when the party with Tito at the helm decided to build a new town. The flat was in an old building, it only had two big rooms with a high ceiling. We shared the toilets and had no bathroom. Every evening, mother would boil water on a gas stove and wash her and her brother in a plastic tub. She didn't like having her hair washed, she hated how the soap got in her eyes and made them itch and burn. She loved playing with her little brother in the playground. She would wheel him around in an old pram.*





Koper, 1968. Foto: Alfonz Deniša.  
Inv. št.: EPT2344/9.

Koper, 1968. Photo: Alfonz Deniša.  
Inv. no.: EPT2344/9.



Žetev pšenice ob Vodnikovi cesti.  
Ljubljana, 1968. Foto: Marjan Ciglič.  
Inv. št.: MC6807.

Wheat harvest along Vodnikova  
cesta. Ljubljana, 1968.  
Photo: Marjan Ciglič.  
Inv. no.: MC6807.

»U,  
POL ZNAŠ  
DELAT  
BUREK! «

“Uh, so you know  
how to make burek!”

107, 1988, Novo mesto  
Socialistična republika Slovenija (SFRJ)  
Socialist Republic of Slovenia (SFRY)

**M**oja osnovnošolska leta v Velenju segajo v čas, ko se je mesto še ponašalo z imenom Titovo. Prve razrede sem obiskovala na osnovni šoli v centru mesta, kjer smo tedaj stanovali. Kot otroku se mi je zdelo imenitno, da živim v čisto novem mestu, kjer je bil center videti kot »naš mali New York«, kakor se je izrazil deček iz ene od bratskih republik na šolskem izletu v Velenje. Zame sta mejo mesta sprva pomenila pisano otroško igrišče, ki se je nahajalo na eni strani našega bloka, na drugi strani pa velik mestni trg. S pričetkom osnovne šole se je ta meja razširila: pot do šole je namreč vodila prek mosta čez reko Pako. Tik pred mostom se je nahajala ena večjih atrakcij na tej poti, in sicer rdeč kiosk, kjer so med drugim prodajali tudi hotdog. To ni bila navadna vroča hrenovka, kakršno sem poznala od doma. Priprava, kot jo je bilo moč opazovati skozi okence kioska, je bila dokaj zapletena: štručko kruha je bilo treba s posebno napravo najprej izdolbsti, odprtino nato pomazati z gorčico in končno še vtakniti v štručko kuhano hrenovko. Izprositi od staršev dovoljenje in denar, nato pa naročiti in pojedti takšen hotdog je bilo posebno doživetje, vsaj meni se je zdelo, kot v ameriških filmih.

Rdeč kiosk, znan tudi kot K67, ki ga je v šestdesetih letih prejšnjega stoletja oblikoval in patentiral arhitekt Saša Mächtig, je postal kmalu popularen tako v Jugoslaviji kot tudi zunaj njenih meja. V Ljubljani so na primer v začetku osemdesetih let našli že 84 kioskov. Največkrat so jih postavljali v novozgrajenih stanovanjskih soseskah, kjer je primanjkovalo trgovin z živili in drugimi potrebščinami. V kioskih se je tako dalo nabaviti sadje in zelenjavo, tobačne izdelke, časopis, sladoled, slaščice, tople in hladne napitke ter prigrizke, kot na primer ocvrt krompirček. Prodajalci, ki so kiosk najeli ali kupili, so velikokrat prihajali iz drugih jugoslovanskih republik, med njimi so bili mnogi po narodnosti Albanci iz Makedonije in Kosova<sup>11</sup>. Že v Dravski banovini, v času med obema vojnama, so bili Albanci iz takratne Vardarske banovine znani kot prodajalci sladoleda, slaščic, kot je na primer turški med, ali limonade, imenovane boza.

Od sedemdesetih let prejšnjega stoletja dalje se je število priseljencev iz drugih jugoslovanskih republik v Sloveniji povečevalo, tudi albanskih iz Kosova in zahodne Makedonije. Mnogi med njimi so se ukvarjali s prodajo sadja, zelenjave in prigrizkov, kioski in slaščičarne, ki so jih odpirali v Sloveniji, pa so nosili imena kot na primer Pri Makedoncu ali pa Ohrid.

V velenjskem lokalnem časopisu julija 1984 zasledimo naslov Kioski so preplavili mesto. Tisto poletje naj bi v Velenju kot gobe po dežju vznikali novi kioski, predvsem na mestih, kjer je bil prehod ljudi večji. Medtem ko so bili mestni arhitekti s postavljenimi kioski nezadovoljni, češ da niso v skladu z moderno arhitekturno zasnovo novega mesta, so bili prebivalci Velenja navdušeni, saj da so kioski pripomogli k večji ponudbi v mestu. Fotografija ob članku je prikazovala kiosk z imenom Okrepčevalnica Mladost, ki je stal med glavno mestno avtobusno postajo in veliko prireditveno dvorano. Pred kioskom so bile postavljene številne mize, polne gostov, katerim je okrepčevalnica ponujala jedi na žaru, začinjene z vegeto, hotdog ter pijače, kot so jupi, kokakola ali schwepeess.

Ko sem začela obiskovati tretji razred osnovne šole, se je naša družina iz središča preselila na drugi konec mesta in morala sem zamenjati šolo. Ta je stala v bližini novonastale stanovanjske soseske, zgrajene predvsem za nastanitev večjega števila delavcev iz republik tedanje širše domovine. Podobnih stanovanjskih naselij je zraslo v Velenju še več. V sedemdesetih in osemdesetih letih so velenjska podjetja, eden največjih med njimi je bil tedanji Rudnik lignita Velenje, zaradi pomanjkanja delovne sile zaposlovala delavce iz drugih jugoslovanskih republik. Do konca osemdesetih let so migranti iz vseh koncev države sestavljali prek 20 % prebivalcev Velenja. Mesto je bilo tako upravičeno znano kot Jugoslavija v malem.

Zgodbe mojih novih sošolk in sošolcev so v meni zbudile radovednost. Z veliki očmi sem poslušala Vahidina, ko mi je razlagal, da je njegova družina

muslimanske veroizpovedi in da molitve opravljajo kar doma. Ko sem pred nekaj leti raziskovala v arhivu v Tuzli, sem se znova spomnila na sošolca Zorana, kako mi je pripovedoval, da so njegovi starši bosanski Srbi iz Tuzle. Tedaj se mi je zdelo, da je to nekje neskončno daleč. Na poti v novo šolo je bilo treba prečkati glavno cesto, ki je peljala skozi naselje. Na prehodu te ceste je stal rdeč kiosk. V nasprotju s kioskom iz centra mesta so v tem prodajali slaščice. Ježke in zimski sladoled sem še poznala, veliko slaščic pa mi je bilo neznanih. S sošolko Nusreto sva se večkrat, ko sva se vračali iz šole, sladkali pri kiosku. Njej so bile, v nasprotju z mano, slaščice, ki jih je ponujal kiosk, znane že od doma. Šele čez dobrih deset let, ko sem na študijskem izletu prvič obiskala Bosno in Hercegovino ter Sarajevo, sem se znova spomnila na ta velenjski kiosk in ugotovila, da so v njem prodajali baklave.

V življenju je nanoslo tako, da je moj dom za nekaj let postala nemška prestolnica. Kot v številnih drugih velemestih tudi v Berlinu najdejo svoj prostor ljudje z vseh koncev sveta. Ti prinašajo mestu pestrost barv, okusov in vonjev. Zaradi povojne delovne migracije Turkov v Nemčijo živi v Berlinu ena največjih turških skupnosti zunaj Turčije. Turki, tako kot na primer italijanski in kasneje jugoslovanski migranti ali »gastarbajterji«, so pripomogli k nemškemu gospodarskemu čudežu, hkrati pa tudi k pestrejši kulinarčni ponudbi. V Berlinu je tako moč najti nešteto turških ali italijanskih in tudi nekdanjih imenovanih jugoslovanskih restavracij. Slednje so se po razpadu skupne države preimenovali v npr. Čevabdžinic Sarajevo ali Restaurant Dubrovnik ali Imbiss Leskovac. Že nekaj let je ena od berlinskih multikulturnih mestnih četrti bogatejša še za eno prodajalnico: na dvorišču trgovine so postavili Mächtigov kiosk rumene barve, kjer sem lahko izbirala med finskimi prigrizki. In tako so se v letu pandemije sredi Berlina ob rumenem kiosku, pri berlinskih Fincih, srečali spomini na Velenje, rdeče kioske, Nusreto, Vahka, Zorana, Tuzlo, hotdog in baklavo.

My school days in Velenje go back to the time when the town still had Titovo (Titov's) in its name. My first school was in the town centre, where we lived at the time. As a child I thought it was wonderful living in a brand new town with a centre that looked like "our little New York", as a boy from one of our brotherly republics noted on a school trip to Velenje. For me, the town limits started first with a colourful playground on one side of our block of flats and with a large town square on the other. Once I started going to school the limits expanded – I had to cross a bridge over the Paka River to get there. Just before the bridge stood one of the main attractions on the way, a red kiosk that sold hot dogs, among other things. Those weren't just any hot dogs, like those I knew from home. I could watch through the kiosk window how they prepared them, and it was quite a sophisticated process: they started with a special tool that drilled a hole in the bread bun, which they filled with mustard and finally slipped in a boiled hot dog. Getting permission and money from my parents, and then ordering and eating such a hot dog was a special treat, and I at least felt like I was in an American movie.

The red kiosk aka K67, which was designed and patented in the 1960s by architect Saša J. Mächtig, soon became popular in and beyond Yugoslavia. In the early 1980s Ljubljana, for example, already boasted 84 kiosks. Usually they found a place in newly built residential neighbourhoods, which lacked grocery and other shops. You could buy fruit and vegetables in kiosks, as well as tobacco and cigarettes, newspapers, ice cream, sweets, hot and cold drinks and snacks, like French fries. The vendors who bought or hired a kiosk often came from other Yugoslav republics, many of them were Albanians from Macedonia or Kosovo<sup>11</sup>. Already between the wars, in the Drava Banovina (province), Albanians from Vardar Banovina were known as vendors of ice-cream and sweets, such as Turkish delight or lemonade, which they called *boza*. From the 1970s on, Slovenia received an increasing number of migrants from other Yugoslav republics

to Slovenia, including Albanians from Kosovo and west Macedonia. Many of them sold fruit and vegetables or snacks, and the kiosks and confection shops which they opened in Slovenia carried names such as The Macedonian's and Ohrid.

A headline in a local newspaper in Velenje from July 1984, for example, read *Kiosks swarm the town*. Reportedly, that summer Velenje saw new kiosks popping up all over the town, especially in busy spots. Even though the town architects were unhappy with the new kiosks, saying that they did not conform to the modern urban design of the new town, the people of Velenje welcomed their contribution to the street food and other things. The article featured a photograph of a kiosk called 'Okrepčevalnica Mladost' (Youth Snack Bar), which stood between the main bus station and a large events venue. The tables in front of the kiosk were always full of guests enjoying their grilled dishes spiced with Vegeta condiment, hot dogs and drinks such as Jupij, Coca Cola or Schweppes.

When I started my third year of primary school my family moved from the centre to the other side of town and I had to change schools. The new one stood near a new neighbourhood that was built to accommodate a large number of workers from other republics of our former country. Other residential estates of this kind soon followed. In the 1970s and 1980s, faced with a shortage of labour, many Velenje companies, the biggest among them was the Velenje Lignite Mine, recruited workers from other Yugoslav republics. By the end of the 1980s, migrants from all ends of the country made up more than 20% of the population of Velenje. The town thus earned its nickname of 'Little Yugoslavia'.

The stories that my new classmates had really piqued my curiosity. I gaped at Vahidin as he was telling me that his family were Muslim and that they prayed at home, not at church. Several years ago, as I was exploring the archive in Tuzla, I remembered my schoolmate Zoran telling me that his parents were Bosnian Serbs from Tuzla. How far it seemed to be then! On my way to the new school I had to cross the main road which ran through the neighbourhood. At the zebra crossing there was a red kiosk. Unlike the kiosk in the town centre this one sold sweets. Sure, I knew

what 'hedgehogs' (a Slovene dessert) and 'winter ice cream' were, but there were many sweets I had never seen before. My classmate Nusreta and I would often treat ourselves at the kiosk on our way home from school. She knew those sweets from home. It was only a good ten years later, on a study excursion to Bosnia and Herzegovina and Sarajevo, which was my first visit to that republic, that I remembered this kiosk in Velenje, realising that they had sold baklavas.

Eventually, life took me to Berlin and for a few years the German capital became my home. Like any other metropolis Berlin, too, is a home to people from all over the world. They bring colour to the town, and flavours and smells. Post-war labour migration of Turks to Germany made Berlin home to one of the largest Turkish communities outside of Turkey. Like Italian and later Yugoslav migrants, aka 'gastarbeiter', Turks fuelled the German economic miracle, while also enriching the town's food culture. Berlin is full of Turkish and Italian restaurants, as well as those once called Yugoslav. After the breakup of Yugoslavia, the latter took on different names, e.g. Čevabdžinica Sarajevo, Restaurant Dubrovnik or Imbiss Leskovac. For years now one of Berlin's multicultural districts has been one tiny shop richer: sitting in a courtyard of a shop is Mächtigt's yellow kiosk, where I found myself choosing from Finnish desserts. And so in the year of the pandemic, I found myself flooded by memories of Velenje, red kiosks, Nusreta, Vahko, Zoran, Tuzla, hot dogs and baklavas in front of a yellow kiosk in the thick of Berlin, the home of the kiosk's Finnish owners.



&lt;

Kiosk za prodajo sladoleda v Štepanjskem naselju. Ljubljana, 1979.  
Foto: Miško Kranjec.  
Inv. št.: DE7907/16a.

*Ice cream kiosk in Štepanjsko neighbourhood. Ljubljana, 1979.  
Photo: Miško Kranjec.  
Inv. no.: DE7907/16a.*

&gt;

Gostinska ponudba v hotelu Kompas. Dubrovnik, 1972. Foto: Jože Mally.  
Inv. št. Koc367.

*Catering at the hotel Kompas. Dubrovnik, 1972. Photo: Jože Mally.  
Inv. no.: Koc367.*



## Dragana Marošević, 1971,

Pančevo

Avtonomna pokrajina  
Vojvodina (SFRJ)  
*Autonomous Province  
of Vojvodina (SFRY)*

Ta knjiga je stara toliko kot jaz. S sabo jo je vzela moja mama, ko je – mislim, da leta 1975 – prišla v Slovenijo z enim kovčkom in z mano. In ta knjiga je bila zraven. Mislim, da je mama iz nje še dolgo časa pripravljala jedi. V njej so taki domači recepti. Je v cirilici. Vsa je že potrgana, oguljena. To je vez moje mame z domom, ker takrat so ženske šle ... ne vem, če s trebuhom za kruhom ... mislim, da je šla z otrokom po kruh ... [...] In je bila to neka vez z domom, zato jo je toliko časa hranila in zdaj jo je dala meni, ker ima zdravstvene težave in se mi zdi, da počasi razdaja stvari, da ostanejo v spominu nam. Meni in tudi mojim otrokom.

*This book is as old as me. My mother took it with her, I think it was in 1975, when she came to Slovenia with a suitcase and me. This book was in her suitcase. I think that for a long time my mum would make dishes from that book. It has comfort food recipes. It's in the Cyrillic alphabet, its pages tattered and faded by now. It's my mum's link with home, because at that time women went ... I don't know if I can say in search of a way to earn their daily bread ... she went after bread with a child ... [...] and it was a link with home, so she kept it for so long and now she has passed it on to me, because she has some health problems and I think she is giving things away for us to remember them. For me, and my children also.*

>

Knjiga z recepti »Savremeni kuvar«, ki jo je mama Dragane Marošević prinesla s seboj v Slovenijo ok. 1975. Zasebna last.

*A cookbook that Dragana Marošević's mother brought with her to Slovenia around 1975. Personal collection.*



Што се тим избора, свака врста може се употребити за било коју једну од боранија. У куварству не постоје познати други прописи у тој области. Добра меса, док је „мешка“ изврсна за сва српска туркијска јела.

#### БОРАНИЈА НА СРПСКИ НАЧИН

Боранију оштити, опрати, исећи улауж и оставити на страну. У посуду у којој ће се боранија кувати загрејати маст, спустити први лук и пржити га приврети и додати мало паприке. Разпржити заправку вољом у којој се боранија пржи. Налити супом од поменишта и ставити јело на тону ватру да лагановри док боранија не онекши. Прод крај кувања додати бели лук и першун или мирођију. Служити са жешћом месома.

#### БОРАНИЈА С ПАРАДЉОМ

Боранију оштити, опрати и исећи улауж. Ставити јело до у посуду поклапајућу умом, распоредити омако једни до другог парадлај, посолити, посути испрженим луком и попржати умом. Поновити овај поступак још једном или док се састојци не утроче и посути першуним или мирођијом. Поклопити и ставити боранију на тону ватру да лагановри и крчка у сопственом соку један сат, или док не онекши. Не домати никакву тежину, довољан је парадлај.

#### БОРАНИЈА С МАСЛАЦЕМ

Боранију оштити, опрати и оборити у славој воли. Опалити и држати на тону месту. Пре служења додати растопљен маслаци, помешати, ставити у загрејану чинију и посути першуним. Служити као додатак уз месо, нарочито уз мало јагњаче печено.

#### БОРАНИЈА С ЛИМУНОМ

Боранију оштити, опрати и исећи улауж. Ставити је у лонци, налити вољом, спустити на загрејан маслаци. Додати бибери и першун и пржити на јачој ватри десетак минута. Непосредно пре служења попржати боранију супом од лимуна.

#### БОРАНИЈА С БЕШАМЕЛОМ

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#### БОРАНИЈА НА БЕРБИ НАЧИН

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#### БОРАНИЈА С КИСЕЛОМ ПАВАЦКОМ НА МАЂАРСКИ НАЧИН

Боранију оштити, опрати и исећи улауж. Ставити је у лонци, налити вољом, спустити на загрејан маслаци. Додати бибери и першун и пржити на јачој ватри десетак минута. Непосредно пре служења попржати боранију супом од лимуна.

#### БОРАНИЈА С КАЛУЈОМ НА ИТАЛИЈАНСКИ НАЧИН

Боранију оштити, опрати и исећи улауж. Ставити је у лонци, налити вољом, спустити на загрејан маслаци. Додати бибери и першун и пржити на јачој ватри десетак минута. Непосредно пре служења попржати боранију супом од лимуна.

#### БОРАНИЈА СА СЛАВИНОМ НА ФРАНЦУСКИ НАЧИН

Боранију оштити, опрати и исећи улауж. Ставити је у лонци, налити вољом, спустити на загрејан маслаци. Додати бибери и першун и пржити на јачој ватри десетак минута. Непосредно пре служења попржати боранију супом од лимуна.

**PRAVO DOMAČE VLEČENO TESTO**  
**DELNO PEČENO VLEČENO TESTO**



Uporablja se za:

**ŠTRUKLJE, BUREK,  
GIBANICO, ZAVITKE**

Sestavine: **pšenična bela moka**, voda,  
jedilna sol, lahko vsebuje **sledove jajc**.

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Energetska vrednost 1410 kJ/332 kcal, maščobe 1,0 g,

od tega nasičene 0,2 g, ogljikovi hidrati 70,9 g,

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15. 06. 2020

## I07, 1988,

Novo mesto

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)

Sama tega nič ne delam. Ampak vsak me pa vpraša, če znam narediti burek. Ne znam vleči testa. [smeh] Res, mislim, ko se srečujem z drugimi in se malo bolj spoznamo in izvejo, ja, moja mati je iz Bosne, mi rečejo: »U, pol znaš delat burek!« To velikokrat slišim. Pa ga ne znam. Pa kot da bi ga morala znati.

*It's not something I make. Still, everybody asks me if I can make burek. I can't pull dough. [laughs] Seriously, when I meet other people and we get to know each other a bit better and they find out that my mum is from Bosnia, they go: "Wow, you can make burek then!" I get that a lot. Well, I can't. It's not like I should.*

## Leonardo Salomon, 1977,

Ljubljana

Socialistična  
republika Slovenija  
(SFRJ)  
Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)

Ne spomnim se, da bi kakšen vikend minil brez peke. Mami je že zjutraj ob osmih začela peči, da je bilo do dvanajstih vse gotovo. In potem mi je dala še pet krožnikov, da sem moral to po vsem naselju »potalati« (razdeliti); »Na, to nesi za sosede na enajst, to je za sosede zraven na sedmem, tole nesi oni v drug blok.« In potem so naslednji dan, v nedeljo, te iste gospodinje na naših krožnikih prinesle nam nazaj nekaj, kar so pač one spekle, kakšne makedonske sladice ali bosanske, kaj takega.

*I can't remember a weekend going by without us baking. Come eight in the morning my mum would start baking so that everything was ready by noon. Then she would give me five plates that I had to distribute around the neighbourhood. "Here, take this to the neighbours at number 11, this is for number seven, take this to the block next door." And then the next day, on Sunday, those same housewives would bring our plates back with something they had baked, some Macedonian or Bosnian sweets and such like.*

<

Reklamni listič za pekovske izdelke.

Advertising leaflet for bakery products.

»» ČE NISMO  
PRVI – »» NEMA ««! ««

**“If we don't come  
first – “nada”!”**

**Sead Česa - Brko, 1953,  
Mali Trnovci (Visoko)**

Ljudska republika Bosna in  
Hercegovina (FLRJ)

*People's Republic of Bosnia and  
Herzegovina (FPRY)*

Reprezentančni šport je nadaljevanje nacionalizma z drugimi sredstvi. S tem nočem reči, da je to nekaj absolutno negativnega, že zlega. Nič ni narobe z željo po pripadnosti, z željo po povezavi z nekim kolektivom, neko širšo skupnostjo, z željo po varnosti in bližini; vsa družbena bitja jo čutimo. Nič ni narobe, vse dokler se zavedamo, da je naša vez enako fiktivna, kot je fiktiven sam kolektiv oziroma njegova posebna identiteta. Tako kot gledališki tragediji mora tudi športni tekmi po koncu slediti katarza, očiščenje – in gledalec oziroma navijač mora pustiti fikcijo za sabo in stopiti nazaj v kaos in naključnost življenja.

Kot športni navijač sem nemalokrat začutil tisti srh, tisto ščemenje, ki ti naježi dlake, tisto posebno vznesenost, ko nas več tisoč družno planepokonci ob zadetku in skandiramo v en glas, ali ploskamo, ali skačemo, ali se samo veselimo skupaj. Žargonsko temu pravimo, da te »pone-se«, in res je občutek, kakor da si del mogočnega vala, ki te skupaj z drugimi vzdiguje. Ko pogledaš neznanca, ki mu je naključje namenilo sedež ob tvojem, neznanca, s katerim dotlej nisi spregovoril besede, in se režita in pojeta. Športna tekma je res nekakšen mašni obred. Obred, ki posameznike, ki zunaj stadionov, dvoran in športnih barov opravljamo različne službe, živimo v povsem drugačnih razmerah, volimo različne politične opcije, mislimo in sanjamo drugače, prek ekipe na igrišču poveže v neko skupnost. Ko se povežeš z bojem reprezentantov, doživljaš njihove poraze in zmage kot svoje; ko se povežeš z drugimi okrog sebe in imaš občutek, da tudi »mi« pomagamo v tem boju, prispevamo k uspehu. Hkrati občutek anonimnosti in nenadoma oprijemljive identitete, ker si le eden mnogih, ampak eden mnogih »rojakov«.

Seveda je že tu nacionalizem prisoten tudi s svojim grdim obrazom; izključevalnostjo. To je druga plat istega kovanca. Ne gre eno brez drugega. Nikoli, naj bodo specifične lastnosti te skupne identitete na videz še tako nenevarne in brez očitnih protipomenk. Če se povežeš s tistimi, ki skačejo, se s tem

takoj razločiš od tistih, ki ne skačejo – nasprotnega moštva in njegovih navijačev. Zmaga enih je lahko le poraz drugih in tudi remi je pogosto le poraz obeh. Vendar pa je tipično, da se več sovraštva proti drugim, ki izhaja iz te temeljne izključevalnosti, vedno manifestira ob porazih, ko kolektiv razpada. Najprej razpade kolektiv navijačev. In sovražnost proti drugim se pogosto prej kot v kolektivnem, organiziranem navijanju – čeprav tudi tako, zlasti kadar gre za »večne nasprotnike«, za večkratno ponovitev, za nadaljevanje političnega konflikta v tekmi, za dolgo zgodovino dvobojev – pojavi v osamljenih vzklkih iz množice: »Dajte jih kot leta 1945!«, »Pojdi raje delat sladoleđ, Šiptar!«, »Trst je naš!«, »Zgazi te ustaše!«, »Pa saj ne more zadeti koša s temi škilavimi očmi!«

Ko »naši« izgublajo, se sinhronizacija pogosto prekine, ni več srha in občutka presežnega, spet je vsak navijač zase, vsak s svojim načinom soočanja s frustracijo. In najpogosteje je to gnev. Ki je velikokrat najprej uperjen v nasprotno športnike, nacijo, iz katere prihajajo, v sodnike, v zaroto mednarodnih športnih organizacij, toda ta se lahko hitro obrne proti lastnim športnikom. Razpadu navijaškega kolektiva lahko zelo hitro sledi razpad fiktivne vezi z moštvom oziroma domačim športnikom. Pojavijo se luknje v identiteti, neskladja v fiktivni povezavi z domačim športnikom ali moštvom. »Kaj bo ta tekel, leni Črnogorec?« »Kdaj pa se je Bosanec še boril za Slovenijo!?« »Ne more Slovencev voditi Srbin, to je sabotaža!« Še trenutek prej lahko nazdravljaš s popolnim neznancom, klepetaš, izmenjuješ izkušnje in rane iz zgodovine prejšnjih tekem in navijanaj, potem pa začne zraven tebe vpiti: »Ne podajaj več temu črnuhu. Opica ne zna drugega kot banane žreti. Daj not prave Slovence!« Ob neuspehih se hitro odpre lov na krivca, lov na notranjega sovražnika. Težje je namreč priznati, da smo (»mi«) slabši, lažje je iskati vzrok, saboterja, črno ovco. Ker že res, da si zmage naše reprezentance in naših športnikov radi interpretiramo, kakor da govorijo o našem nacionalnem karakterju: da smo borbeni do zadnjega diha, da smo iznajdljivi, da smo trden kolektiv,

da smo za to trdo delali ... Toda porazi, porazi so samo njihovi. In še več: za poraze je vedno nekdo kriv. Sovražen element, nepravi Slovenec, tujec.

Isti politiki, ki so izvedli ali opravičevali »izbris« sodržavljanov, ki govorijo o »intimnih opcijah«, o lenobi, nerazvitosti in divjaškosti Balkancev, ki podpirajo venetske teorije, ki Slovence rasno in kulturno razlikujejo od drugih južnih Slovanov, bodo vrhunske uspehe reprezentance ali posameznih športnikov hitro prikazali kot uspeh nacije. Njihovi volivci in somišljeniki bodo ponosno vihteli slovenske zastave in nosili drese reprezentantov, čeprav so o drugih sodržavljanih, ki si s temi reprezentanti delijo podobne priimke, družinske zgodbe, isti sleng, takoj pripravljeni verjeti, da izkoriščajo socialno državo, da so neumni, zločinci, pripadniki neke druge, Slovincem sovražne kulture, da so zavarovani pred policijo, da imajo privilegije, da se ne želijo asimilirati. Nekateri od teh so mi recimo, ko sem ob zmagi slovenske reprezentance na evropskem prvenstvu v košarki nekaj podobnega zapisal v kolumni za brani dnevni časopis, celo grozili s smrtjo.

Ne gre samo za to, da bi si športniki s pripisano ali resnično priseljenko identiteto šele z zmagam zaslužili spoštovanje večine in pravico do slovenske identitete, temveč točno za to fiktivno povezavo s fiktivnim kolektivom. Dokler z dobrimi predstavami in uspehi potrjujejo našo lastno (idealno) kolektivno samopodobo, ne morejo biti nič drugega kot Slovenci, zato da ta povezava sploh deluje. Takrat je njihovo »priseljenstvo« treba izbrisati, zamolčati; takrat se osredotočamo na »materine« ali »očetove gene« (odvisno od tega, ali kdo od njiju ni »priseljenc«), na njihovo vzgojo v slovenskem okolju, takrat njihov »ič« čudežno otrdi. Na ta način tudi to lahko postane vzvod, da »priseljencem« jemljemo njihovo identiteto in jo na silo slovenimo, da »priseljenke« navijače odrežemo od fiktivne vezi z moštvom. Toda v hipu ko s slabimi predstavami in neuspehi ogrozijo našo kolektivno samopodobo, jih spet, logično, prepoznamo kot Neslovence, saj šele tako, kot negativ,

znova odslikavajo našo želeno »slovenskost«. In opravičujejo »naše« poraze. Gre za samoobrambni mehanizem, ki se vklopi pri ljudeh, ki jih misel na fluidne, netrdne, kompleksne identitete spravlja v tesnobo, ki jim prehodnost, nedoločnost, naključnost in kaotičnost sveta porušijo njihov monolitni red, enostavni smisel in po lastni podobi utemeljeno logiko.

Reprezentančni šport je nadaljevanje nacionalizma z drugimi sredstvi. Toda ne glede na to, kako lep in eleganten je šport, kako povezovalni so lahko uspehi, kako veličastne so lahko te maše, so ta sredstva vedno lahko tudi orodje za discipliniranje Drugih. In bližje, kot so nam, bolj topo, bolj silno in brutalnejše je to orodje.

**N**ational team sport is the continuation of nationalism by other means. I'm not saying that this is something absolutely negative, or even evil. There's nothing wrong with the need to belong, to be a part of a collective, a wider community, the need to be safe and close to someone – all social beings have it. There's nothing wrong as long as we are all aware that our bond is as fictitious as the collective or its specific identity. Just like a tragedy at the theatre climaxes with catharsis, a sports match is also followed by cathartic cleansing – and the spectator or a supporter must leave fiction behind and take a step back into the chaos and randomness of life.

As a sports fan, on quite a few occasions I felt that thrill, the tingle that makes your hair stand on end, that special elation when thousands of you rise in unison when you score and burst into chanting, or start clapping, jumping, or simply celebrating together. In sports jargon you say that you are "riding high" and you do actually feel like you are riding a mighty wave that is lifting you up together with everyone else. When you glance at the stranger that chance sat next to you, a stranger you've never laid eyes on before, and you both just grin and sing. A sports match really is a kind of

religious ritual. A ritual that brings together individuals who live completely different lives outside the stadium, sports halls and bars, do different jobs, vote for different political options, and think and dream differently, and makes them cheer for their team in the field and bind into a community. A ritual through which you identify with the struggle of the national team members and feel their failures and victories as your own; when you just click with people around you and get the feeling that "we" too are involved in this struggle, giving it our all to succeed. That feeling of both anonymity and identity that has suddenly turned tangible, because yes, you are just one of many, but you are one of many "compatriots".

And here comes nationalism, already rearing its ugly head – exclusion. The other side of the same coin. One cannot exist without the other. Never, no matter how harmless and without obvious antonyms the specific characteristics of this shared identity may seem. When you relate to those who jump, you inevitably dissociate from those who don't, i.e. the opposing team and their fans. One team's victory can only be another team's defeat and even a draw is more often than not but both teams' failure. Typically, however, the hostility against others that springs from this fundamental exclusivity is always more pronounced upon defeat, when the collective is falling apart. The first to break up is the fan collective. Even though hostility against others can emerge with collective, organised cheering – especially in repeated matches against "eternal rivals", where it transpires as the continuation of a political conflict that continues through a long history of duals – it sooner materialises with single cries coming out from the crowd: "Do them in, like in 1945!", "Why don't you go back to making ice-cream, Shiptar!" (Albanian), "Trieste is ours!", "Trample the Usta-sha!" (Croatian), "He can't score a basket with those crossed eyes!"

When "our team" is losing, the sync is often interrupted, there's no more thrill and overwhelming rush – it's back to each fan for himself, each with his own way of dealing with frustration. Which more often than not involves indignation, and this indignation is frequently pointed at the opposing team, the nation they belong to, the referees, the

conspiracy of international sports organisations, but this can quickly shift against their own team. The breakup of the fan collective can soon be followed by the breakup of the fictitious bond with the home team. Gaps in identity turn up, inconsistencies in the fictitious bond with the home team or athlete. "Why won't he run, the lazy Montenegrin?" "When has a Bosnian ever fought for Slovenia!?" "You can't have a Serb run Slovenes, that's sabotage!" Only a moment earlier you were cheering with a complete stranger, chatting with them, sharing experiences and wounds from previous matches and cheering expeditions, when he suddenly starts shouting: "Stop passing to that coon. The monkey can't do anything but eat bananas. Bring in real Slovenes!" When things go wrong, the hunt for the culprit is open, the hunt for the enemy within. It's easier to seek the root cause, the saboteur, the black sheep, than admitting "we" are less good. We may like to interpret the victories of our national team and our athletes as if they speak of our national character: we fight to the last breath, we are ingenious, a strong collective, we've worked hard for this... But failures, these are theirs alone. What's more, failures are always someone's fault. That of a hostile element, a fake Slovene, a foreigner.

The very same politicians responsible for or apologetic of the "erasure" of their fellow citizens, those who speak of "intimate decisions", laziness, underdeveloped and savage Balkanians, those who propagate theories of the Venetic roots of Slovenes, which differentiate their race and culture from other South Slavs, will not hesitate to interpret the highest achievements of the national team or athletes as the nation's success. Their voters and supporters will wave Slovene flags and wear the national team jerseys, still more than willing to believe that other citizens who share similar family stories, carry similar surnames and speak the same argot as the national team members, take advantage of the welfare state, are ignorant, criminals, members of a different culture that is hostile to Slovenes, protected from the police, have privileges and refuse to assimilate. When the Slovene national team won the European basketball championship and I wrote a column on the subject for a popular daily newspaper some of them even sent me death threats.

It's not only that athletes with attributed or actual immigrant identity have to earn the respect of the majority and with it the right to Slovene identity by winning, the main issue here is this very fictitious bond with a fictitious collective. As long as they put up a good performance and reap success, thus consolidating our own (ideal) collective self-image, they can be nothing but Slovene in order for this connection to work at all. Their "immigrant origin" is something to be kept quiet, erased; that's when we focus on "mother's" or "father's genes" (depending on which parent is not an "immigrant"), their upbringing in the Slovene environment, and their soft "iç" miraculously becomes hard. In a way this gives us a licence to strip "immigrants" of their identity and forcefully Slovenise it so as to cut "immigrant" supporters off from their fictitious bond with the team. But the moment their poor performance and failures threaten our collective self-image we, logically, recognize them as Non-Slovenes, because it is only as a negative that they can reflect our coveted "Slovenhood". And provide excuses for "our" failures. It's a self-defence mechanism that switches on in people who get anxious just thinking about fluid, unstable, complex identities, people whose monolithic order, simple sense and the logic they have built on their own image disintegrates in the face of transience, indeterminacy, randomness and chaos of the world.

National team sport is the continuation of nationalism by other means. No matter how beautiful and elegant the sport, how connective the power of success and how magnificent these religious services may be, these means can always serve also as a tool to discipline Others. And the closer these Others are to us, the blunter, fiercer and more brutal the tool.

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Šušková trenirka. Zgornji del moške trenirke Adidas – Sport Style. 90. leta 20. stoletja. Hrani Muzej narodne osvoboditve Maribor.

*A rustling tracksuit. The upper part of men's tracksuit Adidas - Sport Style. 90s of the 20th Century. Kept by the Museum of National Liberation Maribor.*







Finalna tekma Eurobasket 2017  
med Slovenijo in Srbijo v Carigradu  
17. septembra 2017.

Foto: Blaž Samec/Delo.

*Eurobasket 2017 final match  
between Slovenia and Serbia in  
Istanbul on 17 September 2017.*

*Photo: Blaž Samec/Delo.*

## Luka Denić, 1991,

Ljubljana

Republika Slovenija  
Republic of Slovenia

Ta mentaliteta itak vedno prevaga. [...] Ravno v tem, da smo bolj nori, kako bi rekel, ne predamo se, za razliko od teh ljudi tukaj, in potem kaka »zajebancija« pade. Tudi čez šport. Ravno to, ta zmagovalna mentaliteta. To največ. [...] Da se ne popusti, dokler ni konec. Ni pomembno, kdo je nasprotnik. [...] Itak je drugače, ko imaš dva taka v ekipi, recimo enega Srba in enega Hrvata, kot pa če sta to dva Nemca. Lažje ti je. Ker veš, da nisi edini tak. Da bosta tudi onadva grizla do onemoglosti.

*This mentality always prevails anyway. [...] We are crazier, what can I say, we don't give up like these people here, and then you hear them banter. About sports too. It's this winning mentality. More than anything else. [...] That you don't give up until it's over. It doesn't matter who you're playing against. [...] Of course it's not the same when you have two of a kind in the team, say one Serb and a Croat, as when you have two Germans. It's easier. Because you know you're not the only one. You know that the two of them will also keep grinding till they drop.*

» KOJU MUZIKU  
SLUŠAŠ?  
PA ZAVISI  
OD RAKIJE. «<sup>12</sup>

“What kind of music do you listen to? Well, it depends on the rakija!”

**Dragica Dobrila, 1957, Batočina**  
(Beograd), Ljudska republika  
Srbija (FLRJ)  
(Belgrade), People's Republic  
of Serbia (FPRY)

**K**olikor je glasba neoprijemljiva, tako rekoč nevidna, ima obenem izrazit čustveni naboj. Je toliko politična kot apolitična, njena vseprisotnost, ko smo jo primorani poslušati skoraj na vsakem koraku, pa je korak za korakom napredovala s pojavom radia in gramofonov, nato s televizorji in kasetofoni, pa s snemalno in koncertno opremo, na koncu še s pojavom računalnikov in interneta. Tu se ne vračamo v daljno preteklost, ampak v čas staršev in starih staršev, saj se je resen vzpon popularne glasbe začel šele v drugi polovici petdesetih let, največji razcvet pa je doživel v osemdesetih letih prejšnjega stoletja z vzponom videa in elektronskih glasbil ter naprav.

Toda ni samo tehnologija tista, ki diktira trende, tudi ljudje smo tista hočeš nočeš politična bitja, ki se pretakamo skozi tokove zgodovine in medtem hlastamo za utrinkom lepote, hvaležnosti in navdiha. In prav to je glasba pomenila mladim v desetletjih po drugi svetovni vojni, ki se je na zahodnem Balkanu udejanjila v večetnični državi po imenu Jugoslavija. Kultura v socialistični domovini še zdaleč ni imela prostih rok, začuda pa so oblastniki pustili glasbi veliko svobode, tudi zato, ker je bila kot voda ali mravlje: če si ji postavil prepreko, je vedno našla pot, da jo je zaobšla. In ko je leta 1980 umrl maršal Tito, je bilo vse pripravljeno za zlato dobo rockovske glasbe, ki je po eni strani pritiskala z Zahoda, po drugi strani pa se je avtohtono razvijala tudi na tem območju. Pravzaprav je po raznolikosti poprock žanrov prostor naplavil tretjo najbolj raznorodno sceno na planetu – takoj za ZDA in Veliko Britanijo. Seveda, tudi Južna Amerika je imela široko paleto izvajalcev (poglejte si sijajno dokumentarno miniserijo *Break It All: The History of Rock in Latin America*), toda tam govorimo o celini, tu pa o državi.

Jugoslavijo je lépilo prav preseganje narodnih razlik. Režim ni ravno spodbujal oziranja k etniji, zato je bila poprock scena vse do sredine osemdesetih let tesno povezana. Tako kot smo imeli skupno košarkarsko reprezentanco in so filme snemale skupine ljudi iz vse države, tako so se na

glasbenih festivalih in lestvicah pojavljali izvajalci celotne širše domovine, praviloma jezik ni bil prepreka. Tudi če se v Sloveniji v osnovnih šolah ne bi učili srbohrvaščine, smo jo razumeli vsi – gledali smo namreč filme, nadaljevanke in risanke, brali stripe in knjige, najbolj čustveno pa se je jezik v nas usidral skozi glasbo. Ne le tukaj, osemdeseta so bila nasploh desetletje, ko je popularna glasba doživela globalni razmah, kakršnega danes na primer dosejajo kakovostne televizijske nadaljevanke ali kot ga je v šestdesetih in sedemdesetih letih prejšnjega stoletja doživiljal literarni in časopisni humor.

Specifičen pojav je bilo že dejstvo, da so bili številni člani najbolj znanih rockovskih skupin sinovi častnikov. Te družine so se zaradi menjav očetove službe večkrat selile, njihovi otroci, pubertetni najstniki, pa so morali večkrat zamenjati okolje, prijatelje, šolo in jezik, kar jim je zadalo nekaj življenjskih brazgotin. Sinovi častnikov so bili med drugim Johnny Štulić (Azra), Goran Bregović (Bijelo dugme), Bora Đorđević (Riblja čorba) in Momčilo Bajagić – Bajaga. Bili so tudi v Sloveniji, denimo kitarist Marjan Malikovič – član najzgodnejših skupin Kameleoni, Srce, September in Faraoni. Nadalje Boris Bele, pevec skupine Buldožer, ki je svojo glasbo izvajala pretežno v srbohrvaščini in obveljala za ključno skupino, ki je v širši Jugi napovedala novi val. Brata Vuksanovič iz novogoriških Avtomobilov prav tako prihajata iz takšne družine, manj znano pa je, da je v prvi šolski skupini v Sarajevu Marko Vuksanovič igral z Milanom Mladenovićem, še enim oficirskim sinom in poznejšim pevcem poslednje velike jugoslovanske skupine Ekatarina Velika.

Ko je torej Andrej Košak leta 1997 posnel nostalgichen film o slovenskem panku *Outsider* in je za glavni lik določil častnikovega sina Seada Mula Hasanovića, je bil to prej simptom kot naključje. V filmu je stransko vlogo odigral pevec pank skupine VIA Ofenziva Esad Babačić, danes eden najbolj nagrajenih slovenskih literatov, drugače pa otrok iz bošnjaško-hrvaškega zakona. Človečnost, ki se upira togim nacionalno-kulturnim opredelitvam, je

pri številnih protagonistih jugorocka vzbudila izjemen in nepreslišan kreativni vzgib, seznam imen pa bi se seveda lahko nadaljeval.

Zanimivo je, da je slovenski pank od vsega začetka prenašal sporočila v avtentično slovenskem jeziku. V tem vidiku pankerji niso posnemali Britancev, jezikovno pa se niso prilagajali niti jugovzhodnim republikam. Je pa iz teh krogov prišla prelomna pesem *Vahid*, ki jo je napisal Dare Kaurič, s katero so KuZle iz Idrije, kot je zapisal Igor Vidmar, postali pionirji čefurske tematike. »In kva je pol, če nisem tak, kot je on, / svinje so tu in tam čez reko, / kva je pol, če nisem Slovenec?«

Priseljenci oziroma druga in tretja generacija so vseeno pustili pečat v ostalih žanrih. Kitarist Milojke (Mijo) Popović je kot glavni mož skupine Pomaranča na noge postavil slovenski in jugoslovanski heavy metal že z albumom *Peklenska Pomaranča* leta 1981. Tudi za prelomno avantgardno gibanje FV, ki je bilo tesno povezano z glasbo in videom, so bili zaslužni mladi umetniki in intelektualci Zemira Alajbegović, Neven Korda, Dušan Mandič in Marina Gržinić, katerih domet je segal daleč onkraj slovenskih meja – med drugim zaradi sodelovanja z elektronsko skupino Borghesia, ki se je uveljavila tako vzhodno kot zahodno od Slovenije in sta jo poganjala Dario Seraval ter Aldo Ivančić. Povsem na koncu pa ne smemo zaobiti še domačijskega popa, s katerim je komercialno revolucijo izpeljal Goran Šarac, sin makedonsko-slovenskega arhitekta in urbanista Darka Šarca. Šarac se je prebil kot klaviaturist v skupini Rendez-Vous, pozneje pa zasnoval svoj mali glasbeni imperij Megaton Records, katerega glavna zvezda je bila njegova soproga Simona Weiss, za katero je tudi pisal pesmi. Goranov brat Miki pa je bil v osemdesetih letih ena glavnih najstniških zvezd.

Potomci priseljenc in priseljencev so v slovenski prostor velikokrat prinesli širši pogled, morda celo svetovljanstvo, in se stvari lotevali z večjo resnostjo, jasnostjo in preudarnostjo, če govorimo o njihovem nastopu znotraj posameznih kulturnih

scen. Tudi danes se nam ni treba ozirati daleč, da bi našli primerne zglede: od glasbe in literature do filma in gledališča.

**A**s intangible, virtually invisible as music is, it also has a distinct emotional charge. It is political as much as it is apolitical, and its omnipresence, which forces us to listen to it everywhere we go, has gradually progressed, step by step, with the emergence of radio and turntables, followed by televisions and cassette players, recording and concert equipment, and finally by computers and the internet. We are not turning back to a distant past, but to the time of our parents and grandparents, because it was not until the second half of the 1950s that popular music really caught on before it fully boomed in the 1980s with the arrival of video and electronic instruments and devices.

But it's not just technology that dictates trends, people too, whether we want to or not, are political beings, pouring through currents of history while gasping for a flash of beauty, appreciation and inspiration. And that's exactly what music meant to the young in the western Balkans in the first decades after World War II, which finally led to the formation of the multi-ethnic state called Yugoslavia. Culture in our socialist country was far from free, but music was a different story and surprisingly, the authorities gave it much more freedom, perhaps also because it was like water, or ants: whatever the obstacle, it always found a way around it. When Marshal Tito died in 1980 the stage was set for the golden age of rock music, which was making its way here from the West while already developing its indigenous expression in this region. In terms of the variety of pop rock genres, this area in fact produced the third most diverse scene on the planet – second only to the USA and Britain. Yes, South America also boasted a colourful palette of recording artists (just see the brilliant documentary series *Break It All: The History of Rock in Latin America*), but South America is a continent, not a country.

Yugoslavia was glued together by the efforts to overcome differences between its nations. The regime didn't exactly encourage flirting with ethnicity and in turn the pop rock scene remained very close-knit until the mid-1980s. Just as the country had one national basketball team and our film-makers worked with production teams and film crews whose members came from across the country, music festivals and pop charts also featured artists from the entire homeland, and language as a rule was no barrier. You didn't have to go to school to understand Serbo-Croatian – it was spoken in the films, TV series and cartoons that we watched, the comics and books that we read, but it really got through to us emotionally through music. Not just here, the 1980s in general were a decade when popular music had a global boom equal to that enjoyed by quality TV series today, or literary and newspaper humour of the 1960s and 1970s.

There was an interesting specific here though, namely the fact that many members of the most prominent rock groups were sons of military officers. These families often moved when dads were posted somewhere new and their adolescent teenage children were forced to frequently change their environment, friends, schools and language, which left quite a few scars in their lives. Johnny Štulić (Azra), Goran Bregović (Bijelo dugme), Bora Đorđević (Riblja čorba) and Momčilo Bajagić – Bajaga were all military children, for example. It was no different in Slovenia either; guitarist Marjan Malikovič, member of some of the earliest bands Kameleon, Srce, September and Faraoni, was one of them, too. Then there was Boris Bele, lead vocalist of rock band Buldožer, which mainly wrote music in Serbo-Croatian and is considered the key band that signalled the arrival of new wave in wider Yugoslavia. The Vuksanovič brothers from Nova Gorica's Avtomobili also come from a military family, but what is less known is that in his first school band in Sarajevo Marko Vuksanovič played with Milan Mladenović, yet another military child and later the singer of Yugoslavia's last great band Ekatarina Velika.

It was therefore a symptom rather than a coincidence that the protagonist of Andrej Košak's *Outsider*, a nostalgic film about Slovenian punk

from 1997, was Sead Mulahasanović, the son of an army officer. One of the side roles in the film went to the singer of the punk rock band VIA Ofenziva, Esad Babačić, today a multiple literary award winner of Bosnian and Croatian roots. In many Yugo-rock protagonists, a humanity that defied the stiff nationalistic and cultural definitions stirred up an exceptional creative impulse which did not go unnoticed, and the list of names could definitely be longer.

Interestingly, from the very beginning Slovene punk spread its messages in authentically Slovene language. In this respect, punk rockers didn't imitate their British peers, nor did they take over the language from southeast republics. The scene also produced a ground-breaking song, *Vahid*, written by Dare Kaurič of punk rock band KuZle from Idrija, which according to Igor Vidmar introduced the "čefur" theme in music. "In kva je pol, če nisem tak, kot je on, / svinje so tu in tam čez reko, / kva je pol, če nisem Slovenec?" (So what if I'm not like him, / there are swines here and across the river, / so what, if I'm not Slovene?)

Immigrants, or rather the second and third generation of them, left a mark on other genres, as well. As early as in 1981 guitarist Miloje (Mijo) Popović as the frontman of Pomaranča set the stage for Slovene and Yugoslav heavy metal with the band's debut album *Peklenska Pomaranča*. The avant-garde movement FV, which was closely connected with music and video, brought together artists and intellectuals like Zemira Alajbegović, Neven Korda, Dušan Mandič and Marina Gržinić, who had an impact well beyond Slovene borders – also owing to their collaboration with the electronic band Borghesia, which came to establish itself both east and west of Slovenia, driven by its founding members Dario Seraval and Aldo Ivančić. Last, but not least, we cannot overlook the commercial revolution that Goran Šarac, son of Macedonian-Slovenian architect and urban designer Darko Šarac, started with domestic pop. Šarac made his name as a keyboardist in pop group Rendez-Vous and later started his own little music empire Megaton Records, whose leading star was his wife Simona Weiss. Goran Šarac wrote lyrics for her songs and his brother Miki was one of the leading teen stars in the 1980s.

Immigrant children often brought with them a broader perspective, perhaps even a sense of cosmopolitanism, to the Slovene context, and their appearance in different culture scenes was permeated by seriousness, clarity and subtlety. Even today we don't have to look far for a good example, be it in music and literature or film and theatre.



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Koncert Lepe Brene. Ljubljana, 1983.  
Foto: Janez Bogataj.  
Inv. št.: JB8318/9.

*Lepa Brena's concert. Ljubljana, 1983. Photo: Janez Bogataj.  
Inv. no.: JB8318/9.*

&lt;

Kuzle na festivalu Novi rock.  
Ljubljana, 1981. Foto: Janez Bogataj.  
Inv. št.: JB8133/28.

*Punk band Kuzle performing at the  
Novi rock festival. Ljubljana, 1981.  
Photo: Janez Bogataj.  
Inv. no.: JB8133/28.*

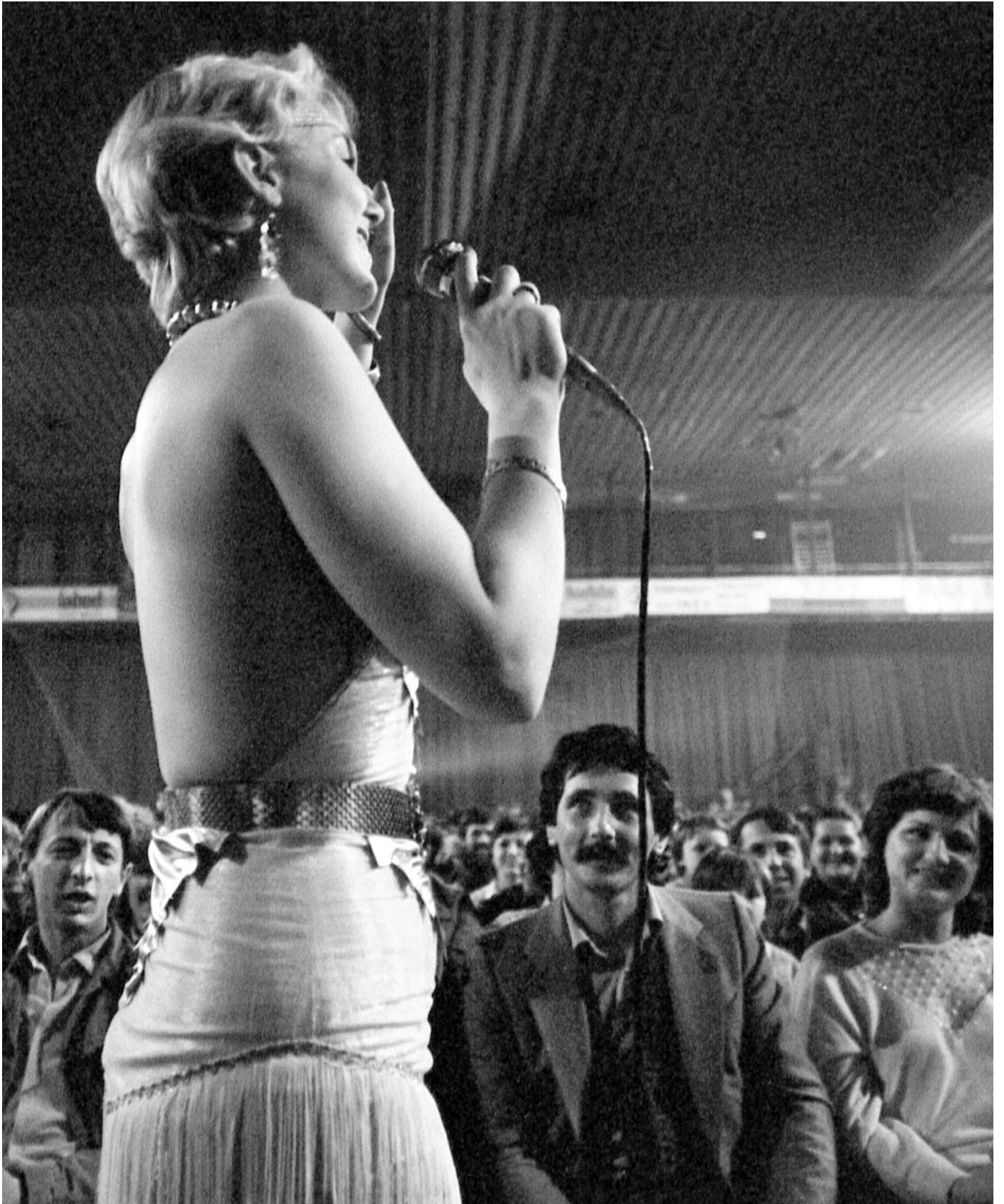


&lt;

Nastop benda Prljavo kazalište na  
rock dogodku Ljubljana je zaspana.  
Foto: Janez Bogataj. Ljubljana, 1979.  
Inv. št.: JB7919/30.

*Rock band Prljavo Kazalište's (Dirty  
Theater) playing the Ljubljana je  
zaspana (Ljubljana is sleepy) event.  
Ljubljana, 1979. Photo: Janez Bogataj.  
Inv. no.: JB7919/30.*





## Boris Denić, 1967,

Ljubljana

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
*Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)*

Mi smo odraščali ob Filmu, Idolih, Riblji čorbi, Larih Pingvinih, Parnem valjku, Bijelom dugmetu. [...] Saj smo poslušali tudi druge, ampak zmeraj se je končalo na rock sceni Jugoslavije, ki je bila takrat zelo močna. Jaz dolgo nisem razumel stiha: »Veliki uporno zezajo male, za ideale ginu budale.« Dolgo, dolgo, a drl sem se kot jesihar, ko smo to peli. Vem, da sem se spraševal, zakaj je pevec šel v zapor zaradi tega. Ampak nas takrat ni brigalo. Enostavno smo dirkali skozi to svojo mladost v tej Jugoslaviji, kjer se je vse odpiralo.

*The bands we grew up with were Film, Idoli, Riblja Čorba, Laki Pingvini, Parni Valjak, Bijelo Dugme. There were others we listened to, sure, but we always ended up with the Yugoslav rock scene, which was really strong at the time. For a long time I didn't understand the line: "Veliki uporno zezajo male, za ideale ginu budale." (The big ones insist on teasing the small, only fools die for ideals.) How I screamed and sang at the top of my lungs when it played. I know I was wondering why the singer was sentenced to do time in prison for it. But we weren't bothered about that at the time. We just rushed through our youth in Yugoslavia, where everything was opening up.*

## I01, 1978,

Prnjavor

Socialistična republika  
Bosna in Hercegovina  
(SFRJ)  
*Socialist Republic of  
Bosnia and Herzegovina  
(SFRY)*

Na koncu srednje šole sem imela zelo mešano družbo, vmes je bilo tudi nekaj takih, s katerimi smo zajadrali v balkanski krog. Spomnim se, da sem ob četrtnih hodila v Grado, tam je bila »ex-yu« muzika ... bolj rock'n'roll scena, ob petkih smo hodili v Kranj na orto čefurjado, ob sobotah pa je bila na vrsti Dvanajstka.

Več je bilo zaničevanja do turbofolk scene – ki sicer tudi meni ni všeč. In tudi zame to ni glasba, to so vse na pol nage, operirane punce ... in me zato tudi ni zmotilo, če je kdo pljuval čez to muziko. Na starogradsko ali celo narodno-zabavno glasbo (Modrijani) bi šla, na trash muziko pa ne bi šla. Glasbeniki pa cenijo tudi to staro narodno glasbo in pravijo, da je to izvor ... da so to pevci, ki so imeli glas in ki so znali ustvariti vzdušje ... zato ta odnos ni bil nikoli zaničevalen.

*At the end of high school I had a very mixed circle of friends and with some of them we sailed straight into the Balkan scene. I remember going to Grado on Thursdays, they played “ex-Yu” music, rock’n’roll mainly, and on Fridays we would go to Kranj for this total čefur scene, and on Saturdays it was time for “Dvanajstka”.*

*People looked down on the turbo folk scene then – not that I’m a fan. It’s not even what I call music, it’s just half-naked girls that had all sorts of jobs done to them ... so I wasn’t bothered if people lambasted this music. I’d go to a starogradska muzika (urban traditional folk-music) gig, even pop-folk (Modrijani), but not trash.*

*But musicians, they appreciate this old folk music and say it’s the source, that those singers had a voice and knew how to create an atmosphere ... so there was never any contempt there.*

## I08, 1984,

Ptuj

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)

Glasba, ki se je poslušala, je bila bolj, dajmo temu reči, romantična. Poslušala se je klapska pesem, s tem sem bil seznanjen, Oliver Dragojević, Tedi Spalato, Coce, Dedić, Gibonni, ampak starši so poslušali vse. Mama je rada poslušala Beatlese, Elvisa, džez, klasiko itd.

Ja, vem, da sem staršem uničeval posluš z Mišom Kovačem. Ko sem bil majhen, mi je bil zakon, top, in tako se je potem na kasetofonu vrtela stran A, stran B, kolikor dolgo je pot trajala.

*The music we listened to was ... let’s call it romantic. Klapa music (traditional multipart singing in Dalmatia) was in, Oliver Dragojević, Tedi Spalato, Coce, Dedić, Gibonni, but my parents actually listened to everything. My mum loved the Beatles, Elvis, jazz, classical music and so on. Yes, I know that I made my parents’ ears bleed with Mišo Kovač. As a young boy I just loved him, I thought he was sensational, so I played side A on the cassette player, then side B, and repeat for the rest of the journey.*



## Borut Trpin, 1989,

Ljubljana

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
Ljubljana, Socialist  
Republic of Slovenia (SFRY)

Mandolino mi je že pred kar nekaj leti podaril nono, ker igram kitaro in sem ob obiskih posledično brenkal tudi na ta inštrument. [...] Od takrat me je pot vodila po različnih krajih in državah, mandolina pa potuje z mano vedno, ko se kam selim za dlje časa, [...] in me opominja na korenine, tako kot je mojega nona, ki je prav tako zamenjal svojo domačo vas za novo okolje.

*My nono (grandad) gave me a mandolin years ago, because I play the guitar, and when we visited him I played the mandolin. [...] Since then life has taken me to many places in different countries and my mandolin is always there with me whenever I move somewhere for a longer while, [...] reminding me of my roots, like it did my nono, who had also changed his home village for a new environment.*

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Mandolina Boruta Trpina.  
Zasebna last.  
*Borut Trpin's mandolin.*  
Private collection.

## Ana Aleksandra Gačić, 1986,

Ljubljana

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY).

Zdi se mi, da bolj ko so bile v Jugoslaviji razpadale, boljša je bila glasba. S trpljenjem je nastajal tudi humor. Ljudje so se v tistih kriznih časih precej šalili, enako se je dogajalo z glasbo. Zdi se mi zelo zanimivo, kako vzporedno s problematičnim političnim dogajanjem, nastajajo tudi stvari, ki so res »kul«. Verjetno je to nekašen obrambni mehanizem ali preživetvena strategija ali karkoli že. Glasba tega časa je močno sporočilna, a istočasno nabita s čustvi.

*It seems to me that the more things fell apart in Yugoslavia, the better the music was. The more you suffer the better your jokes. There was a lot of banter in those days, we found so much humour in times of suffering. It was the same with music. It's fascinating how many things that are really cool spring up parallel to problematic political times. It's probably some kind of defense mechanism or survival strategy or whatever. The music of that time is communicative, but at the same time charged with emotions.*

## Antun Katalenić, 1992,

Zagreb

Republika Hrvatska  
Republic of Croatia

Nekaj časa sem rad poslušal skupini Parni valjak in Hladno pivo pa Damirja Urbana, predvsem v srednji šoli. Ni me pa noben komad posebej navdušil. Ko sem prišel na Hrvaško, na morje, na te žurke za »Velo Gospo« (15. avgust), pa me je fasciniralo, kako vsi moji sovrstniki na Hrvaškem poznajo vse komade, te narodne »fore«. Bolj kot Slovenci slovenske.

*For some time my favourite bands were Parni Valjak and Hladno Pivo, and I liked Damir Urban, especially in high school. But I wasn't really crazy about any particular song. When I came to Croatia, to the seaside, to those celebrations for "Vela Gospa" (15 August), I was fascinated to see how all my Croatian peers knew all the songs, those national folk ones. Much more than Slovenes knew Slovene folk music.*

## Saša Petrović – Challe Salle, 1991,

Ljubljana

Republika Slovenija  
Republic of Slovenia

Metronom sem uporabljal pri pouku, v glasbeni šoli, ko sem hodil igrat klavir. Metronom, vsi vemo, ti daje ritem in ritem je najbolj pomembna stvar pri glasbi, pri rapu, pri inštrumentih, kakorkoli. In če nimaš ritma ... Ti moraš igrati inštrument po ritmu, ritmi so pa različni. [...] Moraš ujeti ritem, moraš ujeti *flow*. Ko sem začel pisati svoje komade, svoje rime, mi je metronom prišel prav [...]. Ritem je zelo pomembna stvar [...], predstavlja neko značilnost glasbe, hip hopa, umetnosti, česarkoli.

*I would use the metronome at music school, in my piano lessons. Everybody knows that the metronome gives you rhythm and rhythm is the most important thing in music, in rap, instruments, anything, and without rhythm ... you have to play an instrument to the rhythm and rhythms come in all sorts [...] You have to get the rhythm, catch the flow. The metronome was very useful when I started writing my own songs, my rhymes. Rhythm is really important [...] it characterises music, hip hop, art, anything.*

## I05, 1942,

Brčko

Ljudska republika Bosna  
in Hercegovina (FLRJ)  
People's Republic of Bosnia  
and Herzegovina (FPRY)

Jaz, kadar zaslišim glasbo, sem lahko na pol mrtva, pa bom vstala. Kar srce mi začne plesati. Še danes imam rada slovensko narodno glasbo. Ne maram zabavne glasbe, ampak narodno, ni pomembno, od kod je, tudi če je iz Turčije, jo rada poslušam. In plešem.

*I can be half dead, but when I hear music I just have to move. My heart starts dancing. Even today I still like Slovene folk music. Not popular music, but folk music, no matter where it's from, Turkey even, I enjoy listening to it. And I dance.*

## Dragica Dobriča, 1957,

Batočina

(Beograd), Ljudska  
republika Srbija (FLRJ)  
(Belgrade), People's  
Republic of Serbia (FPRY).

To življenje ni tako resno, da bi se tako resno lotili raziskave. »Koju muziku slušaš? Pa zavisi od rakije.« To je to. Moja generacija je poslušala Led Zeppeline, Doorse ... in domačo rock glasbo. Jaz še danes poslušam to glasbo, čeprav Balkancem pripisujejo, da poslušamo le turbofolk.

*Life is not serious enough to take research so seriously. Which music do you listen to? Depends on the rakija. That's it. My generation listened to Led Zeppelin, the Doors... and rock music. I still listen to that music, even though people from the Balkans are believed to listen only to turbo folk.*

»» ČLOVEK, KI  
JE IZGUBIL  
DRŽAVO. ««

**"A man who has  
lost a country."**

**Dragan Antonijević, 1962**  
Pulj, Ljudska republika Hrvatska  
(FLRJ)  
*Pula, People's Republic of Croatia*  
(FPRY)



**M**inistrstvo za notranje zadeve Republike Slovenije je 26. februarja 1992 iz registra stalnih prebivalcev nezakonito izbrisalo 25.671 državljanek in državljanov drugih republik nekdanje Socialistične federativne republike Jugoslavije (SFRJ) s stalnim naslovom v Sloveniji.

Kako je do tega prišlo? Dolgo so se v javnosti pojavljala napačna razumevanja problema izbrisa, in še vedno se, da je bila težava v izgubi državljanstva. A to ne drži. Šlo je za nezakonit izbris iz registra stalnega prebivalstva, kar je pomenilo izgubo statusa stalnega prebivalca/-ke.

Ob osamosvojitvi Slovenije 25. 6. 1991 so tisti, ki so imeli republiško državljanstvo Socialistične republike Slovenije, avtomatično pridobili državljanstvo nove države Republike Slovenije. Vsi državljani/-ke drugih republik SFRJ s stalnim prebivališčem v Sloveniji so imeli pravico, da v šestih mesecih zaprosijo za državljanstvo.

Zgodba o izbrisu se je začela z iztekom tega šestmesečnega roka z vprašanjem, kaj storiti s tistimi, ki državljanstva na ta način niso pridobili. Oblasti so se odločile, da ljudi preprosto izbrisejo iz registra stalnega prebivalstva – a za to niso imele nikakršne podlage v zakonu. Lokalni upravni organi so izbrisanim stalno prebivališče odvzeli arbitrarno; na osnovi centralnega internega navodila Ministrstva za notranje zadeve RS pod vodstvom ministra Igorja Bavčarja in državnega sekretarja Slavka Debelaka.

Še huje, izbrisanim prebivalcem/-kam oblasti niso izdale nikakršnih odločb ali jih o tem obvestile. Izbris je bil tajen. Da nimajo več pravnega statusa v državi, so izbrisani izvedeli po naključju, ko so na primer želeli podaljšati veljavnost pretečenih dokumentov, ko so hoteli k zdravniku, ko jih je legitimirala policija. A niti takrat niso vedeli, da so žrtve množičnega ukrepa. Tudi javnost tega ni vedela. Pravno je bila kršitev razkrita leta 1999, ko je Ustavno sodišče z odločbo ugotovilo, da je bil izbris nezakonito dejanje državnih oblasti. Širša

javnost je za izbris izvedela še kasneje, približno deset let po izbrisu. Prav tako ni bilo znano natančno število izbrisanih. Sprva je veljalo, da je bilo izbrisanih več kot 18.000 ljudi, nekateri pa so domnevali, da je bila številka mnogo višja. Leta 2009 je Ministrstvo za notranje zadeve RS izvedlo notranje štetje izbrisanih, ki je pokazalo, da je bilo izbrisanih **25.671 ljudi**: 42 % (10.896) žensk in 58 % (14.775) moških; 79 % izbrisanih je bilo odraslih, kar 21 % (5360) izbrisanih pa je bilo otrok.

Izguba statusa stalnega prebivalca/-ke je za izbrisane pomenila izgubo vseh pravic, ki so nanj vezane: pravico do dela, do socialnega in zdravstvenega varstva. Posledično so se mnogi izbrisani znašli na robu preživetja, utrpeli pa so tudi hude in neredko nepopravljive okvare zdravja. Izgubili so dostop do stanovanj in nastanitve, nekateri so ostali brez strehe nad glavo. Otroci nekaterih izbrisanih ob rojstvu niso pridobili nobenega državljanstva in so ostali apatridi (osebe brez državljanstva). Nekateri so postali žrtve nezakonitih izgonov iz države, brez odločbe pristojnega organa. Nekateri so zaradi vojne na območju nekdanje Jugoslavije zato izgubili svoja življenja. Druge so zaprli v Prehodni dom za tujce z namenom deportacije. Izbrisani so postali tarča sovraštva in laži, ki so jih zoper njih uperjali politiki. Mnogi izbrisani so zaradi stigme izgubili številne socialne vezi. Prihajalo je do ločitev družin. Nekateri družine so bile ločene zaradi izgonov, nekatere izbrisane so družinski člani zapustili, nekateri so morali svoje otroke pustiti pri drugih skrbnikih, ko so poskušali ponovno urediti svoje življenje.

Pot do poprave krivic je bila dolga, za večino izbrisanih nikoli končana. Po odločbi Ustavnega sodišča leta 1999 je bil sprejet prvi zakon, ki naj bi izbrisanim povrnil nezakonito odvzet status stalnega prebivalca/-ke. Ustavno sodišče je nato leta 2003 ugotovilo, da je bil zakon v neskladju z ustavo, in je zakonodajalcu naložilo, naj neskladje odpravi. Ta odločba Ustavnega sodišča je ostala neizvršena sedem let. V vmesnem času je Ministrstvo

za notranje zadeve RS predlagalo nekaj spornih predlogov zakona, s katerimi naj bi zakonodajalec izvršil ustavnosodno odločbo. V tem obdobju je bilo zahtevanih več referendumov.

Šele leta 2010 je bil na podlagi odločbe Ustavnega sodišča iz leta 2003 sprejet zakon, ki je nekoliko širšemu krogu izbrisanih omogočil ponovno pridobitev dovoljenja za stalno prebivanje. Vseeno so strogi pogoji in neprimerne zakonske rešitve številnim izbrisanim onemogočili pridobitev statusa stalnega prebivalca.

Izbris pa je epilog doživel tudi na Evropskem sodišču za človekove pravice. Slednje je o pritožbi izbrisanih pritožnikov v zadevi Kurić in drugi proti Sloveniji odločalo leta 2010 (na prvi stopnji) in 2012 (na drugi stopnji). Sodišče je ugotovilo, da je Slovenija izbrisanim kršila pravico do zasebnega in družinskega življenja, pravico do učinkovitega pravnega sredstva in kršila prepoved diskriminacije. Državi je naložilo, naj izbrisanim povrne škodo.

Leta 2013 je bil zato sprejet zakon o povračilu škode izbrisanim. A do odškodnine so bili upravičeni le tisti izbrisani, ki so si status že uredili, pod strogimi dodatnimi pogoji pa tudi tisti, ki so zanj v preteklosti neuspešno zaprosili.

**Izbris ni bil nikoli celovito razrešen.** Posameznikom in posameznikom je povzročil ogromno škodo. Ukrepi za popravo krivic, ki jih je sprejela država, so bili prepozni in neceloviti, zato posledic izbrisa nikoli niso ustrezno naslovili. Zakon, ki naj bi povrnil status izbrisanim, je bil neustrezen in ni omogočil vrnitve statusa stalnega prebivalca vsem tistim izbrisanim, ki bi ga želeli ali potrebovali. Po izbrisu si je zato status v Sloveniji uredila manj kot polovica izbrisanih. Vsi tisti, ki si statusa niso mogli urediti, tudi niso imeli pravice uveljavljati odškodnine.

V Sloveniji še vedno živijo izbrisani, ki nimajo urejenega nikakršnega statusa. Oblasti se za izbris še vedno niso uradno opravičile. Opravičilo, ki so ga

izrekli ministrica za notranje zadeve Katarina Kresal, predsednik Državnega zbora RS Pavel Gantar in kasneje še predsednik Državnega zbora RS Milan Brglez, je pomembno. Vendar opravičila nikoli nista izrekla predsednik države ali predsednik vlade in ni zapisano v nobenem uradnem dokumentu države.

**O**n 26 February 1992 the Ministry of the Interior of the Republic of Slovenia unlawfully removed 25,671 citizens of other republics of the former Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia (SFRY) with permanent resident status from the Register of Permanent Residents.

How did this happen? For a long time, this erasure was misinterpreted by the public and many still believe that the problem was the loss of citizenship. Not true. The problem was the unlawful erasure from the registry of permanent residents, which meant that the erased lost their permanent resident status. When Slovenia became independent on 25 June 1991 everyone with citizenship of the Socialist Republic of Slovenia automatically became a citizen of the new state, the Republic of Slovenia. All citizens of other republics of SFRY with permanent residence in Slovenia had the right to apply for citizenship within six months.

The erasure story began upon the expiry of this six-month deadline with the question of what to do with those who had not obtained citizenship. The authorities decided to simply erase people from the register of permanent residents, although there was no legal basis for such a decision. The erased were arbitrarily deprived of their permanent residence status; local administration units carried out this measure in accordance with the instructions from the Ministry of the Interior, headed at the time by Minister Igor Bavčar and the State Secretary of the Interior, Slavko Debelak.

To make things worse, the erased were not issued with any decision or notification of the erasure. The erasure was carried out in secret. It was by

chance that the erased learned about the loss of their legal status in the country – when they wanted to extend their expired documents, for example, or to see a doctor, or when they were asked to show their ID by the police. Even then, they still weren't aware that they were one of many victims of this measure. The public wasn't aware either. The violation was not legally disclosed until 1999, when the Constitutional Court issued a decision in which it found the erasure an unlawful act by the state authorities. The general public only learned about the erasure about ten years after the deed. For a long time, the exact number of the erased also remained unknown. Initially, it was believed that more than 18,000 people had been erased, although some presumed the number was much higher. In 2009 the Ministry of the Interior of the Republic of Slovenia conducted a new investigation, which put the number of the erased at **25,671**: 42% (10,896) of them were female and 58% (14,775) were male; 79% of them were adults and 21% (or 5,360) of the erased were children.

For the erased, the loss of the permanent resident status meant losing all the rights associated with it: the right to work, and the right to social and health security. As a result, many of them found themselves struggling to survive; many also suffered serious and often irreparable health problems. They lost access to housing and accommodation, some of them lost the roof over their head. Some of them had children who did not obtain any citizenship when they were born and thus remained stateless. Some of them became victims of illegal deportation carried out without a decision of a competent body. Some of them subsequently lost their lives to the war in the former Yugoslavia. Others found themselves awaiting deportation at the detention centre for foreigners. Many became targets of hatred and lies directed at them by politicians. The stigma that came with erasure led to many of them losing their social ties. Many families were separated, some because of deportations, some because family members left the erased, and some of the erased were forced to leave their children with other guardians while they were trying to put their lives back together.

The journey to redress wrongs was long and for many of the erased it never reached a conclusion. The first legislation to reinstate the permanent

resident status of the erased was adopted following a Constitutional Court decision of 1999. Subsequently, in 2003 the Constitutional Court found this act to be unconstitutional and imposed on the legislator the need to remedy inconsistencies with the Constitution. This Constitutional Court's decision was ignored for seven years. In the meantime, the Ministry of the Interior put forward several contestable proposals for legislation with which the legislator was to comply with the Constitutional Court's decision. In the same period there were several requests for a referendum. It was not until 2010 that an act was passed based on the decision of the Constitutional Court, which enabled a wider circle of the erased to regain a permanent residence permit. Nevertheless, strict conditions and inappropriate legal solutions still prevented many of the erased from obtaining this status.

The erasure also had an epilogue at the European Court of Human Rights, with the case of Kurić and others v. Slovenia in 2010 (at the first instance) and 2012 (at the second instance). The Court found that Slovenia had violated the right of the erased to private and family life, as well as their right to an effective legal remedy, and had violated the principle of non-discrimination. It also ordered the Government to set up a compensation scheme. In 2013, the Government therefore passed an act on the restitution of damage for the erased. However, only those who had by then succeeded in receiving the status were eligible for compensation, and under very strict conditions this included those who had previously, but unsuccessfully applied for the status.

**The erasure has never been fully resolved.** It had dramatic and wide-ranging consequences for people's lives. The restitution measures adopted by the state were late and incomplete, and as such failed to properly address the consequences of the erasure. The act that was to reinstate the status of the erased was inadequate and failed to reinstate permanent resident status to all those erased residents that wanted or needed the status. Less than half of the erased succeeded in obtaining the status in Slovenia after the erasure. Those who failed were not eligible for compensation. There are still people who live in

Slovenia without any legal status. The authorities still have not officially apologised for the erasure. The apology expressed by Katarina Kresal, Minister of the Interior, Pavel Gantar, the president of the National Assembly, and his successor in this function Milan Brglez, is extremely important. Still, the erased have never received an apology from the president of the country or the prime minister, nor has an apology been written in any of the national official documents.



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Javni protest, ki je opozarjal na stisko tistih, ki so 17 let po izbrisu iz registra stalnih prebivalcev še vedno čakali na popravilo krivic. Ljubljana, 2009. Foto: Tomi Lombar, hrani MNZS/DELO.

*A public demonstration drawing attention to the plight of those still waiting for the redress of injustices, seventeen years after erasure from Slovenia's permanent residence record. Ljubljana, 2009.*

*Photo: Tomi Lombar, MNZS/DELO.*

## Aleksandra Elenovski, 1967,

Ljubljana

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
*Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)*

Vesela sem bila, da bomo imeli svojo državo, in razočarana obenem – da niso preverili, zakaj je človek tukaj, koliko let je že tukaj, kaj je delal. Ne! Bil si okupator in konec. V tem smislu sem bila razočarana. Niso pogledali celote. Moj oče je bil več časa tukaj kot v Makedoniji, s Slovenko je bil poročen, otroci so rojeni tukaj. Ampak pod črto je bil okupator.

*I was happy that we will have our own country, but I am also disappointed, because they didn't check why somebody is here, how long they have been here and what they have been doing. No! You were the invader and that's it. This was really disheartening. They didn't look at the whole picture. My father had been here longer than in Macedonia, married to a Slovene, their children were born here. But for them he was an invader.*

## Dragan Antonijević, 1962

Pulj, Ljudska republika  
Hrvaška (FLRJ)  
*Pula, People's Republic  
of Croatia (FPRY)*

Rojen sem 5. avgusta 1962 v Pulju na Hrvaškem, v FLRJ (Federativna ljudska republika Jugoslavija), ki se je leto zatem preimenovala v SFRJ (Socialistična federativna republika Jugoslavija). Imel sem srečno, brezskrbno, razigrano in ljubezni polno otroštvo, kar se je nadaljevalo tudi v srednji šoli. Prve preizkušnje življenja so prišle z odhodom v JLA (Jugoslovanska ljudska armada), a je tisto leto minilo dokaj hitro, v nestrpnem pričakovanju odhoda na študij novinarstva v Ljubljano. Še vedno v isti državi, le 200 km od Pulja. Študijska leta so prinesla nekaj več skrbi, a lahko rečem, da so se srečni in razigrani dnevi nadaljevali. Vse do razpada SFRJ leta 1992. Moje države ni bilo več in kot da so z njo izginili vsi tisti srečni, razigrani dnevi.

Slovenija, moja nova, nesojena država, me ni hotela. Ali želela. Ali pa je bila v svoji negotovosti šele rojene države enostavno nevoščljiva. In prišla so leta življenja v popolni negotovosti, brez vsakršnih veljavnih dokumentov, zdravstvenega zavarovanja, socialne in tudi fizične varnosti. Siva leta, a vendarle leta borbe. Borbe za preživetje, borbe za identiteto. Medtem ko sem že osem let izgubljal bitko za bitko proti vsemogočni birokraciji, sem pridobival trdnost, vztrajnost, ljubezen, empatijo, mehko in sposobnost odpuščanja. Seveda nisem bil sam.

Brez brezpogojne podpore in ljubezni staršev, sestre in partnerke, kdo ve, kam bi me zaneslo ...

Za popolni preobrat in dokončanje več kot osemletne agonije pa so poskrbeli moji dragi prijatelji, za kar sem jim še danes neizmerno hvaležen. 6. aprila 2000 je 22 mojih prijateljev, razumnikov, intelektualcev, pravnikov, delavcev in izobražencev, na naslove ministra za notranje zadeve, RS MNZ, Sektorja za upravni nadzor, Urada varuha človekovih pravic, Urada predsednika vlade RS in predsednika RS Milana Kučana poslalo dopis z urgenco za prošnjo za pridobitev državljanstva, ki so ji priložili peticijo s svojimi lastnoročnimi podpisi.

20. aprila 2000 sem bil sprejet v državljanstvo Republike Slovenije. In še danes živim tukaj, s sinom in partnerko.

Kdo sem, torej? Človek, ki je izgubil državo. Apatrid. Človek, ki je našel državo. Srečen človek. Nesrečen človek. Borec. Luzer. Zmagovalec. Vztrajen. Trdoživ. Prijatelj. Ljubimec. Ljubeč. Jazen. Nežen. Nezamerljiv. In lahko bi še dolgo našteval ... a to so le lastnosti, ki jih drugi vidijo oz. mislijo, da jih vidijo v meni, ali so plod mnenja drugih o meni. Kdo pa sem v resnici? Sem kar vse.

*I was born on 5 August 1962 in Pula, Croatia, in the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia, renamed the next year to the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia. Mine was a happy, carefree, playful childhood full of love, and this continued well into my high school years. My first trials and tribulations came when I left for the army (Yugoslavian People's Army), but it wasn't a long year and it passed in anxious anticipation of my study of journalism in Ljubljana. It was still the same country, only 200 km away from Pula. Those study years were a bit more problematic, but I'm happy to say that my days of joy and play continued. Until the breakup of SFRY in 1992. My country was gone and it seemed that all those happy days disappeared with it.*

*Slovenia, my new country, didn't want me. It didn't welcome me. Or perhaps it was just jealous, still insecure so soon after its birth. What followed were years of utter uncertainty, life without any valid documents, health insurance, social or physical security. Grey years, but still years of struggle. The struggle to survive, the struggle for identity. While losing battle after battle against the almighty bureaucracy, I was also building my resilience, determination, love, empathy, softness and ability to forgive. Not on my own, of course. Who knows where I would have been without the unconditional support and love from my parents, sister and partner. And my dear friends helped turn all this around and ended the agony that had lasted for eight years, for which I will never stop being grateful. On 6 April 2000, 22 of my friends, intellectuals, lawyers, workers and scholars addressed to the Minister of the Interior, Ministry of the Interior*

*of the Republic of Slovenia, Administrative Supervision Division, the Ombudsman's Office, the Office of the Prime Minister and Office of the President of Slovenia, Milan Kučan, a letter with an urgent request for citizenship, to which they enclosed a petition with their handwritten signatures.*

*On 20 April 2000 I became a citizen of the Republic of Slovenia. I still live here with my son and partner.*

*So who am I? A man who has lost a country. A stateless person. A man who has found a country. A happy man. A miserable man. A fighter. A loser. A winner. Persistent. Hardy. A friend. A lover. Loving. Angry. Gentle. Unresentful. I could go on and on, but these are only the things that other people see, or think they see in me, things that others have come to think of me. But who am I really? If anything, I'm everything.*

» ČEFUR JE  
RENEŠANS! «

"Čefur is a renaissance!"

**Sead Česa - Brko, 1953,  
Mali Trnovci (Visoko)**

Ljudska republika Bosna in  
Hercegovina (FLRJ)

*People's Republic of Bosnia and  
Herzegovina (FPLY)*



V času mojega odraščanja konec devetdesetih let prejšnjega stoletja je bilo veliko govora o čefurjih, ki so »harali« po Ljubljani in mimoidoče ustrahovali s svojim neprijetnim vedenjem. Ponavadi je izraz čefur označeval mlade, ki so na glas poslušali narodno glasbo in arogantno hodili naokoli ter zaničevali ljudi po ulicah in na avtobusih, običajno tiste, ki so zaradi česarkoli izstopali. Lahko so izstopali zaradi svoje frizure, oblačil, načina hoje, nenavadnega cekarja. Dostikrat so se tako imenovani čefurji »zataknili« pri pripadnikih določene subkulture – rejver ali panker je težko šel mimo neopažen. (V tem primeru mislim tudi sebe, saj sem takrat imela rožnato pobarvane lase, in to je bilo kar opaženo pri čefurjih pa tudi pri določenih starejših gospeh.) Včasih so čefurji koga tudi pretepli. Zdelo se je, da so bili prav obsedeni z razmišljanjem, kako bi prišli do denarja, za vzor jim bil lokalni mafijec. Večinoma je veljalo, da so starši čefurjev kot delikventne subkulture prišli iz drugih delov nekdanje Jugoslavije. In v tem podatku je bilo jabolko spora.

Zanimivo se mi zdi, zakaj jaz nisem spadala med tako imenovane čefurje in čefurke. Nikoli se nisem s tem identificirala, niti mi nihče ni rekel čefurka, čeprav so moji starši prišli v Slovenijo iz Bosne in Hercegovine. Sem pa bila v nekaj primerih označena kot Bosanka. Najboljša prijateljica v srednji šoli je v nekem trenutku ob pitju kave zastala in me sama od sebe začudeno pogledala ter kot strela z jasnega rekla, ti si torej ... Bosanka. Kot da je v tistem trenutku vse skupaj povezala.

V nekem obdobju sem vzljubila turbofolk glasbo zaradi svoje energičnosti, razposajenosti in veseljaštva. Na zabavah s turbofolk glasbo sem se večinoma počutila kot črna ovca. Všeč mi je bila glasba, z ostalimi gosti pa se nisem počutila tako povezano kot na primer na reyv zabavah.

Torej nisem bila čefurka – nisem bila nasilna niti arogantna. Denar ni bil v središču mojega zanimanja. V resnici sem samo sebe videla kot alternativko,

drugačno od večine – tako od tistih, ki so imeli starše iz ostalih delov Jugoslavije, kot od ostale slovenske mladine.

Podatek, da so bili starši čefurjev priseljenci iz ostale Jugoslavije, je bil sporen v tem, da se je izraz čefur v nekem trenutku izmenično uporabljal tako za delikventno subkulturo kot za priseljence sploh, predvsem za tiste iz Bosne in Srbije. Pojavljati se je začelo vprašanje, kdo je sploh čefur. Leta 1996 je Magnifico izdal album Kdo je čefur, na katerem je bila tudi istoimenska skladba, s čimer je prvi v slovenski javnosti opozoril na izraz čefur in na to, na kar se ta izraz nanaša: na diskriminiranje imigrantov iz bivših jugoslovanskih republik v slovenski družbi.

Pri tem se pojavlja vprašanje, zakaj je prišlo do te izmenične uporabe izraza čefur: čefurji so enkrat zopni mladi s priseljenkim ozadjem, drugič pa vsi priseljenci.

Tudi v nedavni preteklosti, od šestdesetih let prejšnjega stoletja naprej, ko so se začele množične notranje migracije, so se za priseljence z drugih območij Jugoslavije pojavljali različni izrazi z negativnim prizvokom. Najpogostejši izrazi so bili: »Bosanec«, ki je označeval vse priseljence iz bivše Jugoslavije, »južnjak«, »jugovič« in »ta spodnji«. Izraz »čefur« je bil tako le naslednji med oznakami za priseljence.

Nasilnost mladinske subkulture je ta negativni odnos do priseljencev takrat le povečala.

Kot so priseljenci, ki so prišli delat v Slovenijo, v neki raziskavi povedali, pred prihodom niso bili pozorni na možne posledice, ki jih lahko prinese življenje v novem okolju.

Danes se je naboj negativnosti, ki sta ga nosila izraza »Bosanec« in »čefur«, močno zmanjšal. Ni več tako nezaželeno biti Bosanec. Tudi čefurji so odrasli, takratni pankerji so odrasli, tudi jaz sem odrasla. Veliko otrok staršev priseljencev nas

ima danes svoj naraščaj, ki je rojen v Sloveniji. Vprašanje narodnostne identitete pa je še vedno prisotno. Tudi pri prijavi začasnega prebivališča obstaja polje za vnos, da izbirno poveš, kaj si po narodnosti. Še vedno se tu in tam pojavi vprašanje, ali je kdo Bosanec. Tako je pri mojem otroku v šoli sošolka vprašala, ali je kdo v razredu Bosanec. Moj otrok je rekel, da je on Slovenec.

Jaz osebno se ne morem točno narodnostno opredeliti. O svoji narodnosti lahko rečem, da sem rojena v Sloveniji, starši pa so iz Bosne. Bosna se mi zdi domača dežela, s tem območjem se počutim povezana, kot se počutim povezana s Slovenijo, kjer je moj dom. Vendar narodnosti ne morem izbrati oziroma poimenovati: sem Bosanka ali Slovenka? Oboje oziroma nič od navedenega. (Pri tem pravim Bosanka, ker mi je všeč multikulturalnost Bosne, čeprav se v Bosni uporabljajo predvsem drugačni narodnostni izrazi).

Vendar zakaj bi se v 21. stoletju, času visoke tehnologije, Instagrama, Facebooka, Kickstarterja, sploh kdorkoli moral narodnostno opredeliti, izbirati?

Zdi se, da v resnici ni težava v tem, da še vedno obstaja vprašanje opredelitve narodnosti (ob prijavi začasnega prebivališča, v razredu), ampak je še vedno težava biti drugačen oziroma kako inkorporirati drugačnost tako v vsakdan kot v gradnjo države. Kako sploh graditi državo z več narodnostmi? To je še vedno vprašanje, saj v času digitalizacije in visoke tehnologije še vedno prevladuje koncept ena nacija – ena država.

S spraševanjem po narodnostni identiteti tisti, ki to sprašuje, (nehote) nekoga izključi iz skupine. Zakaj bi se moral kdorkoli slabo počutiti, ker je drugačen od večine?

**W**hen I was growing up in the late 1990s there was a lot of talk about *čefurs* rampaging the streets of Ljubljana, intimidating passers-by with their awful behaviour. As a rule, the word *čefur* described young people

who listened to loud ethnic music and arrogantly walked around, intimidating people in the streets and buses, usually those who stood out in any way, perhaps because of their hairstyle, the way they walked, or the funny straw bag they carried. These *čefurs* frequently picked on members of a certain subculture – a raver or a punk rocker would have difficulty going by unnoticed. (Myself included – at that time I had pink hair, which *čefurs* duly noted, as well as certain older ladies.) Occasionally, *čefurs* also beat someone up. They seemed obsessed with thinking about how they could get their hands on some money, and looked up to the local mobster as a role model. In the main, *čefurs* were considered members of a delinquent subculture whose parents had come from other parts of former Yugoslavia. And this piece of information was the bone of contention.

I still find it fascinating how I never got to belong among *čefurs*. I neither identified with them nor has anyone ever called me a *čefur*, even though my parents had come to Slovenia from Bosnia and Herzegovina. I have been termed a Bosnian on some occasions, though. Once when I was having coffee with my best friend in high school she gasped at one moment and looked at me in surprise, blurting out, out of the blue, *so you are ... Bosnian*. As if she had only put it all together at that moment.

At one time I became fond of turbo-folk music because of its energy, playfulness and exuberance. Most of the time I felt like a black sheep at turbo-folk parties. I liked the music, but didn't feel connected with the crowd, like I did at rave parties. So I wasn't a *čefur* – I was neither aggressive nor arrogant. I wasn't preoccupied with money. I saw myself as someone from the alternative culture scene, someone different from most – both from those whose parents had come from other republics of former Yugoslavia and from other Slovene youth.

The fact that *čefurs'* parents were immigrants from the rest of Yugoslavia became contestable when at one moment the term *čefur* was used

interchangeably for the delinquent subculture and for immigrants in general, mainly for those from Bosnia and Serbia. Suddenly it became unclear who a *čefur* actually was. In 1996, the singer Magnifico released the album *Kdo je čefur* (Who is a *čefur*) with its eponymous song, thus becoming the first to have pointed out the term *čefur* in the Slovene public and what it implied: discrimination against immigrants from former Yugoslav republics in Slovene society.

The question remains why this alternative use of the word *čefur* – sometimes for the obnoxious young people with immigrant background and other times for immigrants in general – occurred in the first place. Even in the recent past, from the 1960s onwards, when mass internal migrations started taking place, people came up with new words for migrants from other republics of former Yugoslavia, all of them with a negative connotation. The most common labels were *Bosanec* (Bosnian), which referred to all immigrants from former Yugoslavia, *južnjak* (southerner), *jugov-ič* (derived from the word Yugoslavian) and *ta spodnji* (meaning from down there). The term “*čefur*” was thus just another label used for immigrants.

The aggressive youth subculture only added fuel to the fire of negative attitudes towards immigrants. In a research study, immigrants who came to work in Slovenia admitted that prior to arriving here they had not given much thought to the possible consequences that life in the new environment might have for them.

The negative charge of the words Bosnian and *čefur* has diminished by now. Being a Bosnian has lost most of its unwelcome connotations. *Čefurs* have grown up and so did punk rockers, and I have grown up too. Many children of immigrant parents now have children of their own who were born in Slovenia. But the question of national identity remains topical. Even when you want to register your temporary address there's a box for your nationality. A question if there are any Bosnians also still comes up on occasion. My child's classmate asked if there were any Bosnians in the classroom. My child said he was Slovene.

Personally, I cannot unequivocally define my nationality. I can say that I was born in Slovenia and my parents come from Bosnia. Bosnia is close to my heart, I feel connected with this area, just like I feel connected with Slovenia, where my home is. But I cannot choose a nationality or give it name: am I Bosnian or am I Slovene? Both, or neither of the above. (I say Bosnian, because I like Bosnia's multicultural character, even though people in Bosnia mainly use different names for their nationality).

Still, why should anyone have to choose or define their nationality in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, in the age of high-technology, Instagram, Facebook and Kickstarter? It seems that the real problem is not that you are still asked to state your nationality (to register your temporary place of residence, in the classroom), but that it is still difficult to be different or to incorporate this difference both into your daily life and in building a country. How do you build a country with multiple nationalities anyway? This is a question that remains to be answered, because “one nation – one state” is still the dominant concept, even in the era of digitalisation and high technology. Questions about people's national identity (inadvertently) lead to exclusion. Why should anyone feel bad just because they are different from most?

## Sead Česa - Brko, 1953,

Mali Trnovci (Visoko)

Ljudska republika Bosna  
in Hercegovina (FLRJ)  
*People's Republic of Bosnia  
and Herzegovina (FPRY)*

Vedno sem se znal vključevati v družbo, vedel sem, kako se obnašati ... a čutilo se je to: »Eh, kaj boš ti, Bosanec?« To je pregloboko, da bi o tem govoril ... Posebno ta bošnjaški narod, tudi tukaj, ne govorimo o verski ali nacionalni pripadnosti.

V Sloveniji pa to vidim. Najlažje je reči: »Ah, to je glupi Bosanec.« To je nekaj, kar raste kot noht ... ti tega nočeš, vendar vseeno raste. Spoznal sem neko žensko in sva bila trikrat skupaj na zmenku. Nekoč me vpraša o tem in jaz ji odgovorim: »Evo, jaz sem Bosanec.«

Ona pa meni: »Ne, ne, ti nisi Bosanec.«

In jaz: »Pa, ja, Bosanec sem,«

»Ma nee ... ti si Dalmatinec.«

In jaz še vedno: »Ne, Bosanec sem.«

»Pa si morda Črnogorec?«

»Pa jaz sem iz Sarajeva!« Veš, ona ni vedela niti, kje je Sarajevo! Da je to v Bosni. In to me je presenetilo! To je ta odpor: Ne Bosanec! Ne Bosanec!

*I always knew how to be part of the group, I knew how to act ..., but you could feel that attitude: "What's to it, you Bosnian?" It's too deep to talk about ... Especially this Bosniak nation, even here, and it has nothing to do with religious or national affiliation.*

*But I see this in Slovenia. It's easy to say: "Ah, that's a dumb Bosnian for you." It's something that grows like a nail ... you don't want it to, but it grows anyway. I met this woman and we went on three dates together. She asked me about that once and I said: "Well, I'm Bosnian."*

*And she went: "No, you are not Bosnian."*

*And I: "Sure I am, I'm Bosnian."*

*"You can't be ... you're Dalmatian."*

*And I insisted: "No, Bosnian."*

*"Montenegrin then?"*

*"I'm from Sarajevo!" Imagine that, she didn't even know where Sarajevo was! That it was in Bosnia. That was a shock! It's this resistance: Not Bosnian! Not Bosnian!*

## I07, 1988,

Novo mesto

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
*Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)*

Saj ne vem čisto natančno, kaj pomeni čefur. Je to nekdo, ki ima samo korenine od nekod južno in so starši od dol, torej niso rojeni v Sloveniji, ali pa naj bi bil to begunec? Dejansko nisem prepričana. Pač nekdo od dol. Pa ni rečeno, da so to strogo Hrvati. Saj jih veliko v resnici ne pozna razlike. Ne ločijo. Pa so kar vsi čapci. Pač kar vsi so bedni, kar vsi so Bosanci, a veš. To mi gre res na živce. Ni vse isto, da je kar vse bosansko, pa srbsko in hrvaško ... Res so zelo velike razlike, a veš. Ampak veliko ljudi tega ne ve. Saj jim ne zamerim, sam bilo bi mi res fajn, če bi se malo o tem izobrazili. [smeh] »Ful« bi mi bilo lažje.

*I don't think I even know what exactly čefur means. Is it someone with southern roots and parents from down there who were not born in Slovenia, or is it a refugee? I'm really not sure. Someone from down there anyway. Not necessarily a Croatian. Not that many people know the difference. They can't tell the difference. So they're all čapci. All of them are pathetic, all of them are Bosnian, you know. That really gets on my nerves. It's not all the same, not everything is Bosnian, or Serbian and Croatian ... There are really huge differences, you know. But many people don't know that. I don't blame them, but it would be really nice if they cared to find out more about that. [laughs] So much easier for me.*

## I01, 1978,

Prnjavor

Socialistična republika  
Bosna in Hercegovina  
(SFRJ)  
*Socialist Republic  
of Bosnia and  
Herzegovina (SFRY)*

Spomnim se, da mi je tašča enkrat rekla, zakaj si ne spremenim ob poroki še imena, če že menjam dokumente (da bi zvenelo manj bosansko). Predvsem teta je imela težave z dejstvom, da sem iz Bosne. Nikoli mi tega sicer ni rekla, ampak med pogovorom je to postalo večkrat jasno, ko je govorila na primer: »... in potem ti Bosanci ... Joj, oprostii!« Res sem vesela, da otroka nimata tega -ić. Moja generacija je imela s tem težave.

*When I got married I remember my mother in law suggested I change my name when I was changing documents (so it would sound less Bosnian). Especially his aunt had problems with me being from Bosnia. She never said it, but it was clear many times when we talked and she would say things like: "... and those Bosnians ... Oops, I'm sorry!" I'm really happy the children don't have this -ić. My generation had problems with that.*

## I06, 1988,

Kamnink

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)

Pač, ja, itak, čefur so me klicali v osnovni šoli. To itak. To je bilo ... na to sem čisto pozabila. Mi je bilo že čisto samoumevno, da so vse nas tako klicali. Pa itak je bilo to s poniževalnim tonom, z negativno konotacijo, definitivno. In to je potem trajalo še v gimnaziji, tam je to že prešlo v šalo.

*Sure, they called me čefur, didn't they in primary school. What else. It was ... I've completely forgotten about it. I just took it for granted that we were all called that. With a derogatory tone, of course, with negative connotation, definitely. And it went on in high school too, but by then it had already turned into a joke.*

## I04, 1956,

Kalesija

Ljudska republika Bosna  
in Hercegovina  
(FLRJ)  
People's Republic  
of Bosnia and Herzegovina  
(FPRY)

Takrat se je reklo Bosanec, ne spomnim se, da bi takrat obstajal izraz čefur. Rekli so nam Bosanci, predvsem so nas tako klicali Slovenci, ne glede na to, od kod si prišel, za njih smo bili vsi Bosanci, tudi če si bil iz Srbije, Črne gore.

*In those days they said Bosanec (a Bosnian), I don't remember the word čefur being used then. They called us Bosnians, especially Slovenians did that, everybody was Bosnian for them, even if you came from Serbia or Montenegro you were Bosnian.*

&gt;

Eden izmed 500.000 letakov promocijske nagradne igre "Kdo je čefur", ki sta jih glasbenik Robert Pešut – Magnifico in producent Iztok Turk leta 1996 stresla nad Ljubljano iz toplozračnih balonov. Akcija je potekala v sklopu promocijskih aktivnosti za istoimenski album.

*One of 500,000 promotional prize game leaflets that were thrown over Ljubljana in 1996 by the musician Robert Pešut – Magnifico and the producer Iztok Turk from hot air balloons. The campaign was part of promotional activities for the album "Kdo je čefur?" (English: Who is a čefur?).*

# DRŽAVLJANI!

SODELUJTE V NAGRADNI IGRI

**"KDO JE ČEFUR".**

MED SPODAJ NAVEDENIMI BOSTE NAŠLI  
NEKOGA, KI TO NI.

**OBKROŽITE GA!**

ROBERT BOTTERI	BRANKO MAKSIMOVIČ
BORIS BELE	SVETLANA MAKAROVIČ
MARKO BRECELJ	MARKO MILOSAVLJEVIČ
BORIS BENČIČ	SAŠA OLENJUK
ESAD BABAČIČ	OTO PESTNER
DRAGAN BULIČ	SPELA PREDAN
MARKO CRNKOVIČ	MURAJICA PAJIČ
MIRO ČEKELIŠ	JAN PLESTENJAK
DRAGAN GAJIČ	DRAGA POTOČNJAK
RATKO DIVJAK	NORINA RADOVAN
ZLATKO DOBRIČ	NINO ROBIČ
ALI EN	PETAŘ RADOVIČ
KARPO GODINA	MILOŠ ŠOŠKIČ
SPOMENKA HRIBAR	MIKI ŠARAC
JURE KOŠIR	GORAN ŠARAC
DUŠAN JOVANOVIČ	DAVID TASIČ
DEJA MUŠIČ	MARKO'N'MIRKO VUKSANOVIČ
MARKO MILIČ	BRENDY V. JOVANOVIČ
ZVEZDAN MARTIČ	DRAŠKO VESELINOVIČ
IVO MILOVANOVIČ	SAMIR ZULIČ
MILE MILOVANOVIČ	MATJAŽ ŽBONTAR
KSENJA MIŠIČ	DRAGAN ŽIVADINOV...

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**MED PRAVILNIMI REŠITVAMI BOMO  
IZŽREBALI BOGATE NAGRADE!**

**VAŠ MAGNIFICO**



Tiskano na recikliranem papirju!

Danes je čefur lahko vsak, ki si to želi. To je ta vidik normalizacije, ki se trenutno kaže v tem, da je to postala ena izmed možnosti, ki jo lahko izbereš, ne da bi občutil hujše posledice. Beseda čefur ima še vedno negativni prizvok in je zato tudi delno tabuizirana v delu politično korektne javne komunikacije. Hkrati pa je v uporabi tudi kot precej normalizirana beseda, a pri njeni uporabi, tu se strinjam z Vojnovičem, moramo biti previdni oziroma je vljudno biti previden.

Če vstopimo v katerikoli slovenski javni prostor, kjer imajo zaposleno čistilko, lahko od nje pričakujemo slabše znanje slovenskega jezika, hkrati pa prav tako lahko slišimo kakšen njen komentar o avtohtonih Slovencih, ki so, »kot je znano«, nemarni, ne znajo potegniti vode za sabo, ko opravijo veliko potrebo, ali so pač skopuhi, ki denar zapravljajo za potovanja v Afriko, vedejo se pa kot reveži. Ob »kofetkanju« lahko temu doda še kaj o slovenskem smislu za humor.

Ko govorimo o čefurjih, je moja prva asociacija Goran Vojnović in njegov roman Čefurji raus! Tema romana Čefurji raus! in njegov uspeh na kulturni sceni sta močno prispevala k spremembam reprezentativnih vzorcev in pokazala, da je mogoč prikaz čefurja kot kompleksnega bitja, pri katerem se kljub različnim problemom prepozna tudi stopnja normalizacije. Vojnović je tvegala, da bo nerazumljen pri tisti populaciji, ki fužinščine ne pozna, a je kljub temu postavil lingvistično plat zgodbe v samo središče. Jezik je gotovo prvi element poistovetenja in ga lahko razumejo samo pripadniki čefurske subkulture. Naša komunikacija ne more potekati, ne da bi mešali bosanske in slovenske besede, in tukaj nastopi moj zelo znani stavek »Tako kot bi mi Bosanci rekli ...« Drugi element poistovetenja je naša tragikomičnost, pri čemer smeh ne izvira iz zadrege zaradi tujosti, ampak iz značilne mešanice odločnosti, samozavesti in obupanosti. Čefur ostaja čefur ne glede na to, koliko časa je bil izpostavljen slovenski kulturi.

Postavljen je v položaj, ko mora svojo čefurskost realizirati in sprejeti. Vojnoviću je uspelo pokazati na spregledano in podomačiti besedo čefur z opisovanjem izkušenj čefurja in njegovega življenja.<sup>13</sup> Ne gre samo za to, da je to zgolj zgodba o tipičnem čefurju, ob kateri se ostali čefurji lahko smejimo. Gre za to, da je zgodbo predstavil vsej Sloveniji, ki manjšinskega kulturnega in lingvističnega ozadja ni dodobra poznala in še manj razumela. Takšen uspeh in komunikacijska dinamika prispevata tudi k spremembam glede možnosti in izbor, ki so na voljo čefurjem. Njihove življenjske prakse in vedenje niso več tabu tema, o njihovi identiteti se je mogoče pogovarjati tudi v družbeno prestižnih okoljih in v prevladujočem javnem konceptu slovenske kulture, v umetnosti in na akademiji. Etiketa »tipičnega čefurja« je začela razpadati in to, kar se je ustvarilo kot etnični stereotip, se je začelo spreminjati v novo dimenzijo »čefurskega kul«, ki se v javnem življenju izpostavlja na humorno-ironičen način, kar je tudi postalo del kolektivne identitete.

Razvili so se različni koncepti dojemanja čefurstva, a glavna še vedno ostajata dva. Prvi je ta, po katerem si kot čefur zaznamovan z imenom, priimkom, jezikom in poreklom. Pri drugem gre za bolj popkulturni fenomen, kateremu moraš slediti, da si lahko kul. Jaz imam to srečo, da izpolnujem oba koncepta. Danes lahko to opazimo že ob običajnem sprehodu po Ljubljani, ko slišimo 15-letnike, kako se pogovarjajo med seboj. Priznati moram, da me preseneti, kolikokrat slišim ta trdi L, in vsaka peta beseda je »naša«, pa čeprav bi za marsikoga rekla, da ni čefur. Poleg tega (no, mogoče v zadnjih dveh letih manj) to lahko opazimo tudi po načinu hoje, nošenju oblačil, poslušanju glasbe. Pred obdobjem koronavirusa sva s kolegico obiskali diskoteko, v kateri je nastopala srbska pevka Milica Todorović, in imena obiskovalcev, ki sem jih slišala, so bila skoraj vsa slovenska, ampak peti so znali bolje od mene. Sicer ne želim, da to zveni, kot da je to zame nekaj negativnega, ravno nasprotno. Ko koga vprašaš, zakaj se vede, kot da je čefur, ti odgovori, da zato, ker so kul in ker je zabavno. Čefur je v zadnjih desetih letih postal



prava atrakcija, ki se je mnogi poslužujejo zato, da bi pustili močnejši pečat v javnosti, in meni najljubši primer je definitivno čefurozlom, na katerega sem zelo ponosna.

»V poplavi Instagram profilov s končnico -zlom že nekaj časa navdušuje profil čefurozlom. Na njem objavljajo posnetke spletnih pogovorov, ki na tak ali drugačen način vključujejo prigode čefurjev.«<sup>14</sup> To je eden izmed zapisov v slovenskem časopisu Dnevnik, Čefurozlom, profil, ki bi ga lahko poimenovali za fenomen v nastajanju. Profil vsebuje »zlome« (žanr krajših humorističnih in družbeno-kritičnih digitalnih form sorodnih imen, nastalih z zajemom zaslonske slike – »screenshot« – segmentov zasebnih pogovorov – »chatov«). Vsakdanji problemi in jezik čefurjev so obarvani pozitivno in objavljeni na spletni platformi Instagram z namenom kolektivne komunikacije med čefurji (instrument zabave in poistovetenja), med čefurji in avtohtonimi prebivalci (instrument zabave in učenja), med slovenskimi prebivalci in ostalimi (instrument zabave in informiranja). Za čefurje je platforma oz. profil pomemben kot poligon za prikaz opolnomočenja. Čefur se lahko tukaj pohvali z lastno kulturo in se tudi sproščeno in suvereno izpostavlja humornemu, ironičnemu in kritičnemu pogledu. To naredi tudi z večinsko kulturo: istočasno se smeje na svoj račun in na račun »resničnih« Slovencev. Prva objava na Instagram profilu Čefurozlom je bila 31. januarja 2020 in do danes ima ta profil že čez 400 objav. Profil vsebuje tudi druge vidike čefurskega življenja, na katerega se odzivajo večinoma potomci priseljencev. Naj to ponazorim s primerom. Pred kratkim se je postavilo vprašanje, katere starševske fraze se spomnijo iz otroštva. V roku pol dneva je sledilo več kot 200 odgovorov. Najpogostejše fraze so bile: »*Pamet u glavu*«, »*Znaš ti gdje ti je kuća?*«, »*Dok si pod mojim krovom, ima da me slušaš*«, »*Zatvori prozor, ubiće me promaja*«, »*Dodji vamo, neću ti ništa*«, »*Reci slobodno, neću biti ljuta*«, »*Popričaj ćemo kad odu gosti*«...<sup>15</sup> Recimo, eden izmed takih primerov, ki jih avtohtoni Slovenec ne bi razumel, je: »*Ja sam te rodila, ja ću te i ubiti*.« V prevodu to pomeni, jaz sem te rodila, zato te jaz lahko tudi ubijem. To je pri čefurjih nekaj vsakdanjega in normalnega, ker se fraza ne jemlje preveč osebno. Kulturni in komunikacijski kod je prepoznan: kar bi se pri avtohtonih Slovencih lahko razumelo kot

grožnja ali emocionalno nadlegovanje, med čefurji velja kot humorna ekspresija in razreševanje medsebojne napetosti in stresa. Zato svojo mami večkrat prosim, naj mi pred kolegi »ne grozi« s pleskami ali s tem, da mi bo jezik odrezala, ker ji jezikam, ali da mi bo prst zlomila, ker sem pokazala sredinca (seveda ne njej), ali da me bo premlatila, ker je ne poslušam, itd. Drugi primer, ki je prav tako značilen za čefurje, se navezuje na padec otroka po tleh. Strah in zaskrbljenost ob padcu otroka pri igri s prijatelji se pri Slovencih prelevi v melodramatična čustva ljubezni in skrbi, medtem ko pri čefurskih starših prevladujejo izrazita jeza, poučnost in dodajanje močno čustvenega naboja v kolektivističen družbeni kontekst (*»Šta će ljudi reći?« in »J\*\*\*\* ti m\*\*\*\*, u šta si gledao?!«*). Kot deklica nisem mogla razumeti te razlike ali odstopenja od večinskih vzorcev. Na igralih ob meni je bilo še pet čefurskih otrok in vse nas je čakala ista usoda, postavljeni smo bili pred prag čefurske samoidentifikacije.

V zadnjih letih se je pokazal še večji premik k normalizaciji. Stopnjevanje svetovnih migracij in vprašanje vojne proti terorizmu sta preusmerila pozornost nacionalistične kulturne in politične scene na druge grešne kozle, a prav tako so se na slovenski javni sceni začeli pojavljati tisti, ki se v preteklosti ravno zaradi svojega porekla ne bi pojavili. Čefurozlom je primer, kjer se kaže element poistovetenja in uporabe ironije kot orodja za harmonizacijo družbenih odnosov. Tukaj je pomemben še drugi vidik, to je inverzna energija odpora in samoozaveščanja. Takšno opolnomočenje izpostavlja »čefurski kul« kot odgovor na medsebojne napetosti in diskriminatorne poskuse. S postopno normalizacijo se je razvilo tudi novo sprejemanje samoidentificiranja, ko so se čefurji začeli dobro počutiti v svoji koži in se s tem tudi pohvaliti. Ne počutijo se več ogrožene, ampak samo še močnejše.

Anyone who wants to can be a *čefur* today. This is an outcome of normalisation that is currently becoming available – it has become one of the options you can choose without feeling any major consequences. The word *čefur* (a derogatory term for an immigrant from the southern republics of former Yugoslavia) still carries a negative connotation and as such it has become a taboo in certain segments of politically correct public communication. On the other hand, it is also being used as a relatively normalised word, but – and here I agree with Vojnović – one that should be used carefully, or one which etiquette requires to be used with caution.

Step into any public space in Slovenia that has a cleaning lady in its employ – you won't hear her speak Slovene fluently, but you may hear her comment on native Slovenes, who are apparently "as we all know" sloppy, don't flush after number two, and are real cheapskates, spending money on trips to Africa while acting as if they were insolvent. Take her for a coffee and she'll add her insights on the Slovene sense of humour, too.

When we talk about *čefurs*, the first thing that comes to my mind is Goran Vojnović and his novel *Čefurji raus!* The novel's story and its success on the cultural scene have radically changed the way *čefurs* are presented and perceived, demonstrating that they can be depicted as complex beings in whom we can recognise a certain level of normalisation, despite the many issues they may have. Vojnović risked being misunderstood by those unfamiliar with the language of the Ljubljana suburb of Fužine, but he nevertheless put language at the heart of the story. Language is the first component of identification and can only be understood by members of the *čefur* subculture. We can't communicate without mixing Bosnian words with Slovene, and here's where my famous phrase "As we Bosnians would say..." comes in. The second element of identification is our sense of the tragicomic, where laughter doesn't spring from embarrassment at being foreign, but from the characteristic blend of determination,

self-confidence and despair. *Čefurs will be čefurs*, regardless of how long they've been immersed in Slovene culture.

They are in a position where they have to realise and accept their "čefurness". Vojnović succeeded in pointing out what had been overlooked, and domesticated the word *čefur* with a story of a young *čefur's* life, its trials and tribulations.<sup>13</sup> His novel is not simply a story about a typical *čefur* that other *čefurs* can laugh at. Vojnović told the story to all Slovenes, including those who had not really known much about the minority's cultural and linguistic background, let alone understood it. Such success and communication dynamics also contribute to changes in terms of the options and choices available to *čefurs*. Their lifestyle and behaviour are no longer a taboo, their identity can be discussed in higher social circles and in the predominant public concept of Slovenian culture, in arts and at the academy. The "typical *čefur*" label has started to dissolve and what was once an ethnic stereotype has gained a new dimension of "čefur cool", which is demonstrated in public life in a humorously-ironic fashion and has now also become a part of collective identity.

There are different concepts of perception of *čefurs*, but two prevail. The first is the one that sees *čefurs* in people with a certain name, surname, language and background. The second is a pop culture phenomenon that you have to follow if you want to be cool. I am lucky to meet both criteria. On my usual walk through Ljubljana I often hear 15-year-olds talking to each other and I admit that I'm surprised to hear them speak with this hard L and use "our" words, even though by the look of them I would say that most of them aren't *čefurs*. You can also recognise them (perhaps not so much in the last two years) by the way they walk, wear their clothes and the music they listen to. Before coronavirus, my friend and I went to a disco to see the Serbian singer Milica Todorović, who appeared in front of the audience that, from what I could hear, were all Slovene by name, but could definitely sing better than me. Mind you, I



Scena iz filma *Čefurji raus!*, slovenskega komično-dramskega filma iz leta 2013. Napisal in režiral ga je Goran Vojnovič, ki je priredil svoj istoimenski roman. Foto: Andraž Čok. Slika je last produkcije Arsmmedia d.o.o.

*A scene from the film Čefurji raus!, a Slovenian comedy-drama film from 2013. It was written and directed by Goran Vojnovič, who adapted his book of the same name. Photo: Andraž Čok.*

don't want you to think that I don't like this, quite the opposite. When you ask someone why they act like a *čefur* they will tell you that it's because *čefurs* are cool and being like them is fun. In the last ten years, being a *čefur* has become quite an attraction which many people adopt to make a stronger impression in public, and my favourite example is definitely "*čefurozlom*" (*čefurbreak*), something I'm really proud of.

"In the flood of Instagram profiles ending with -break, there's one that particularly stands out – *čefurozlom*. It features snapshots of online chats that in one way or another involve *čefurs* and episodes in their daily lives,"<sup>14</sup> reported the Slovenian daily newspaper *Dnevnik*. *Čefurozlom* is a profile that could be described as a phenomenon in the making. The profile features "breaks" (a genre of short, humorous and socially critical digital forms of similar names, screenshots of segments of chats). Daily problems and *čefur*-speak have a positive vibe and are posted on the Instagram online platform as a means of collective communication between *čefurs* (an instrument of fun and identification), between *čefurs* and the native population (an instrument of fun and learning) and between Slovenes and others (an instrument of fun and information). For *čefurs*, this profile is important as a testing ground for empowerment. Here, a *čefur* can be proud of his/her culture and exposes him/herself to the humorous, ironic and critical eye. And vice versa with the majority culture: (s)he laughs at him/herself and at "real" Slovenes both. The first post on the *Čefurzlom* Instagram profile was posted on 31 January 2020 and by now the profile has already made more than 400 posts. These look also at other aspects of *čefur* life that mainly stir reaction from descendants of immigrants. Here's an example. Not long ago it asked followers which phrase they remember hearing from their parents when they were children. More than 200 answers arrived in only half a day. The most common phrases were: "*Pamet u glavu*", "*Znaš ti gdje ti je kuća?*", "*Dok si pod mojim krovom, ima da me slušaš*", "*Zatvori prozor, ubiće me promaja*", "*Dodji vamo, neću ti ništa*", "*Reci slobodno, neću biti ljuta*", "*Popričaj čemo kad odu gosti*"...<sup>15</sup> Here's an example that a native Slovene would not understand: "*Ja sam te rodila, ja ću te i ubiti*," meaning *I brought you to this world and*

*I can take you out*. It's something *čefurs* say every day, because it's not taken literally or personally. The cultural and communication code is recognised: what native Slovenes could understand as a threat or emotional abuse, *čefurs* take as a humorous expression, a way to release tension and relieve stress. So I often ask my mum not to "threaten" me with a slap across the face or cutting my tongue out for talking back, or breaking my finger because I pointed it (not at her, of course), or to beat the hell out of me because I'm not listening, and so forth. Another example, also very typical for *čefurs*, is the situation when their child falls. With Slovenes, the fear and worry when you see your child fall while playing with friends evolves into melodramatic feelings of love and care, whereas *čefurs* will be angry, patronising and very emotionally invested in a collectivist social context ("*Šta će ljudi reći?*") *What will people say?* and "*J\*\*\*\* ti m\*\*\*\*, u šta si gledao?!*") *What the f\*\*\* were you looking at?*). As a child I couldn't understand these differences in behavioural patterns. I was there in the playground playing with five other *čefur* kids, all of us awaiting the same fate, all of us at the brink of self-identifying as *čefurs*.

Normalisation has become even closer in recent years. Increasing migrations across the globe and the war against terrorism have turned the attention of the nationalist cultural and political scene to other scapegoats, and what's more, those who once would not have made an appearance just because of their background suddenly started to emerge on the Slovene public scene. The *Čefurozlom* profile stands as an example of an element of identification and of the use of irony as a tool in the harmonisation of social relations. There's another aspect here that's important, namely the inverse energy of resistance and self-awareness. Such empowerment offers "*čefur cool*" as an answer to mutual tensions and discriminatory attempts. Gradual normalisation also helped develop a new sense of openness to self-identification as soon as *čefurs* started to feel good in their shoes and learned how to show it off. They no longer feel threatened, just stronger.

## I02, 1989,

Ljubljana

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
*Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)*

Prej je bilo to precej zaničevano in si bil manjvreden, če si bil čefur. Zdaj pa je to postala neke vrste subkultura, za katero se opredeljujejo tudi Slovenci. To je postala skupina ljudi z nekim načinom obnašanja, oblačenja, stila. Ni enako biti čefur danes in 20 let nazaj.

Ko gledam mladostnike, vidim med njimi dejansko čiste Slovence, ki so kot čefurji – to je v bistvu postal neki stil, na primer poslušajo glasbo na telefonu, nosijo oprijete kavbojke, superge, majico, izstopajočo uro, nakit ... Med njimi je zagotovo kakšen na –i<sup>c</sup> oz. kakšen od dol, vendar tudi kakšen Slovenec.

*In the past they would look down on you if you were a čefur, like you were something less. Now it has become a kind of subculture that Slovenes also identify with. It defines people with a certain style, fashion and behaviour. Being a čefur today is not the same as 20 years ago.*

*Watching young people today I see pure Slovenes that look like čefurs – it has become a style, they listen to music on the phone, wear tight jeans, sneakers, a T-shirt, a bling watch and jewellery... There definitely include those whose surname has ‘-i<sup>c</sup>’ at the end or people from down there, but there are Slovenes among them too.*

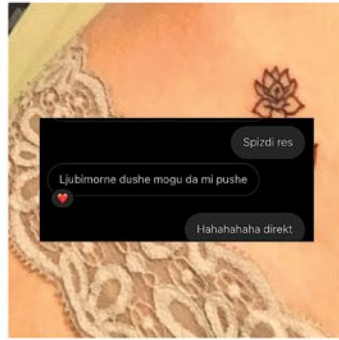
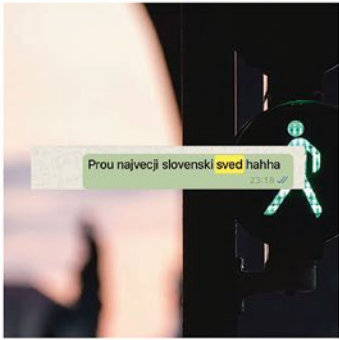
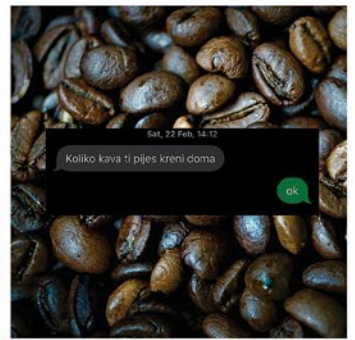
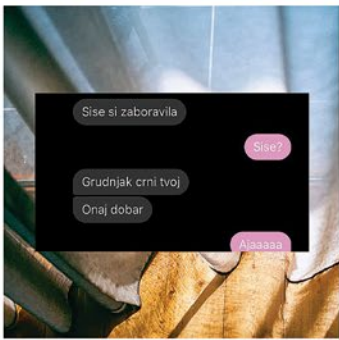
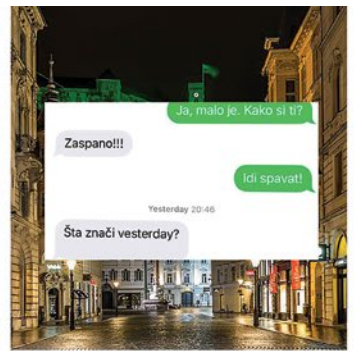
## I07, 1988,

Novo mesto

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
*Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)*

Pri nas v srednji šoli je bil en model, ki je na vsak način hotel biti čefur. Totalno je »fural« ta imidž. In tudi oblačil se je tako, bil je v trenirki, to je bilo njemu všeč, »kul« mu je bilo nositi tesno ogrlico in kar naprej je poslušal te Cece, turbofolk. In potem sem v nekem trenutku, potem ko sem ga spoznala, ugotovila, da mu je ime Tilen. Ampak on je tudi govoril tako po njihovo, na »l«, veliko je prekinjal, prav hotel je biti tak »čapac«. To je bilo zelo popularno.

*In high school there was this dude who wanted nothing more than to be a čefur. He totally wore the style. He liked a good tracksuit and thought wearing a tight necklace was cool, and he listened to Ceca and such like, turbo folk, all the time. Then I met him and I realised his name was Tilen. But he even talked like them, with their hard ‘l’, and swore a lot, he wanted to be the same kind of “čapac”. It was very popular then.*



## Alenka Česa, 1988,

Koper

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
Koper, Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)

Nikoli nisem pomislila, da je nošenje trenirke Champion v Kopru lahko povezano s čefurstvom – to je bilo nekaj, kar je meni tako udobno in estetsko lepo in zaželeno (oh, moj bog, kako sem si kot otrok želela Adidasovih superg!). Ko sem bila mlajša, mi kaj takega na kraj pameti ni prišlo! In še vedno pravim: »To je udobno, ljudje!« Mogoče nam je skupno to, da smo čefurji zelo radi sproščeni. In »komot«.

*I never thought that wearing a Champion track suit in Koper could have something to with being a čefur – it was something so comfortable and aesthetic and desired (God, how I longed for Adidas sneakers as a child!). This was the last thing on my mind when I was younger! And I still say: “That’s comfort, people!” Maybe what we have in common is that we čefurs like to be casual. And comfortable.*

## Sead Česa - Brko, 1953,

Mali Trnovci (Visoko)

Ljudska republika Bosna in  
Hercegovina (FLRJ)  
People’s Republic of Bosnia  
and Herzegovina (FPRY)

Jaz pa pravim: Mi čefurji smo zajebani!  
Čefur je renesansa! Renesansa je vse, kar je novo!  
Čefur je nov! Nova doba!

*But I say: We čefurs are fucking wicked!  
Čefur is a renaissance! Renaissance is everything that’s new!  
Čefur is new! New age!*

<

Primeri objav Instagram profila, kjer Amra Bajrektarevič objavlja “čefurozlome” – posnetke zaslonov pogovorov uporabnikov, ki se odvijajo v mešanici slovenskega in “srbohrvaškega” jezika.

*Examples of posts on Amra Bajrektarevič’s Instagram profile “Čefurozlom”, where she posts user-submitted screenshots of conversations*

» LAHKO SI  
KDORKOLI,  
ISTOČASNO. «

**"You can be whoever you want,  
simultaneously."**

Ana Aleksandra Gačić, 1986, Ljubljana  
Socialistična republika Slovenija (SFRJ)  
*Socialist Republic of Slovenia (SFRY)*



**»Svoj dom iščem tam, kjer cenijo sestavljeno bitje, ne da bi skušali ločiti njegove plasti. Svoj dom iščem tam, kjer ni ostrih meja med delčki jaza. (...) Svoje ozemlje iščem na listu belega papirja; zvezek je reč, ki jo zlahka spraviš v potovalko. Tako sem doma povsod, kjer odložim prtljago. Nobena mreža ne bo preprečila atlantskim algam, da bi krožile in črpale okus iz voda, ki jih prečkajo. Naj postrgam, pometem morska tla, se namočim v sipinem črnilu, pišem življenje na grebenu valov. Pustite vetru, da opeva moje morsko ljudstvo, ocean zaziba le tiste, ki jih pokliče k sebi, ne vem, kaj pomeni biti zasidran. Odhod je edino obzorje za iskalce tisočev skrinjic, kjer usoda skriva rešitve za svojih tisočero napak.«**

*(Fatou Diome, Trebuh Atlantika)<sup>16</sup>*

Vprašanja o pripadnostih, domu, identitetah in soočanje z zamotanimi in nejasnimi odgovori na ta vprašanja močno zaznamujejo čas, v katerem živimo. Danes razpravljamo o identiteti kot pripadnosti skupnostim, ki so lahko vaške, poklicne, regionalne, lokalne, globalne, nacionalne, verske, subkulturne, etnične, ali pa kar vse od naštetega, igrivo združeno v enem samem posamezniku. Pa vendar, komu zares pripadamo in kaj sploh je identiteta? Je to neko intimno občutenje sprejetosti, razumljenosti in domačnosti, povezano s tem, ali pijemo turško kavo ali kavo iz kafetjere, kje se v svežih jutrih radi sprehajamo, kaj kuhamo za nedeljska kosila? Ali pa so to lažje merljiva in določljiva dejstva, ki jih opredeljujejo naš materni jezik, jasni zapisi na osebnih dokumentih in kraj, s katerim nas na zemljevid sveta uvršča naše rojstno mesto? Ko podrobneje razmišljamo o identitetah, občutek, da so te kristalno jasne in lahko določljive, izgine, nadomesti pa ga kopica zamotanih vprašanj. Ob tem se nam lahko zazdi, da je pojem identitete tako širok in nedoločljiv, da bi

lahko označeval prav vse in zato ne pomenil praktično ničesar. Razmišljanje o tem enigmatičnem pojmu zato zapolnjuje že na tisoče strani akademskih, poljudnih, literarnih in drugih razglabljanj. Pa jim s tem zapisom dodajmo še enega.

V sodobnosti so refleksije o lastnih identitetah, identitetah drugih in (ne)združljivosti teh identitet postale pomemben del naših življenj. Poljski sociolog Zygmunt Bauman je za ta čas, ki ga je poimenoval tekoča moderna, zapisal, da je posameznik v njem zaznamovan z nenehnimi spremembami – izmenjevanjem svojih družbenih pozicij, prepričanj, krajev bivanja, partnerjev in identitet. Prilagodljivost je zato postala ključna vrлина, ki nam omogoča, da lahko nemoteno jadramo skozi vse te spremembe in vedno znova nekdo postajamo, se izboljšujemo in moderniziramo. Ker kot posamezniki pripadamo več različnim skupinam hkrati, skozi naše življenje pa te skupine praviloma menjujemo, smo postali zelo refleksivna bitja – veliko se sprašujemo o samih sebi in drugih. Običajno je, da se hkrati identificiramo z delom, ki ga opravljamo, z zanimanji, ki se jim posvečamo v prostem času, in z glasbo, ki jo poslušamo. Prav tako ni presenetljivo, če se nam za časa življenja spreminjajo družbeni status, politična prepričanja in želje o tem, kje bi raje živeli – na vasi ali v mestu. Manj samoumevna pa se nam zdita spreminjanje in večplastnost nacionalnih in etničnih identitet.

Tudi občutja nacionalnih in etničnih pripadnosti se lahko skozi prostor in čas predručajijo, obenem lahko čutimo več identitet ali pa ne čutimo pripadnosti tem skupnostim. Kako svojo identiteto čuti sin Francoza in pripadnice slovenske manjšine v Italiji, ki odrašča v Parizu? Kaj se z njegovimi občutki zgodi, ko se družina po devetih letih življenja v Franciji preseli v Italijo, tri leta kasneje pa še na območje, poseljeno s slovensko manjšino, kjer je odraščala njegova mama? Katere identitete so mu bile skozi čas pomembne in kako sta obe selitvi, pa tudi drugi na videz nepomembni dogodki, vplivali nanje? Lahko bi se zgodilo, da je ob prihodu v novo okolje izrazil občutil francosko identiteto,

saj so mu manjkali pariški vrvež, ljubeči stari starši, množica ljudi, dogodkov in posebni vonji, ki so ga spominjali na Pariz.

Kako se bo to spremenilo v nekaj letih, ko bo zanj Pariz postal kraj, kamor se bo vračal le za teden dni med kratkimi poletnimi počitnicami? Čeprav bo njegov francoski naglas še vedno zaznaven, bo slovenščino in italijanščino takrat že popolnoma obvladal. V času študija bo z novimi prijatelji burno razpravljal o vseh pomembnih temah, o svetu in življenju, delil z njimi sladke in grenke izkušnje odraščanja in imel prvo dolgo romantično razmerje. Če pomislimo na vse dejavnike, ki oblikujejo njegovo izkušnjo, in na njegovo intimno doživljanje, o katerem ne vemo ničesar, lahko vidimo, da bi bilo nemogoče birokratsko določiti različne pripadnosti, ki jih je čutil skozi ta proces, in secirati, na kakšen način so pomešane med sabo. Doživljanje identitete je tako zelo subjektivno in osebno, da je popolnoma mogoče, da bi se njegova sestra v enaki situaciji počutila popolnoma drugače. Morda bi obupno čutila domotožje in bi se nemudoma, ko bila za to dovolj stara, vrnila v Pariz, morda bi se počutila bolj povezano s Slovenijo. Prav lahko bi se zgodilo, da bi njuni starši spet drugače razmišljali o svojih pripadnostih in občutenj svojih otrok nemara sploh ne bi razumeli.

Ti raznovrstni in zanimivi procesi svet delajo neizmerno bolj razgiban in bogat. Kljub temu pa se od nas pogosto pričakuje, da se bomo zelo jasno in nedvoumno opredelili za eno identiteto, pri čemer smo deležni sumničavih pogledov, če tega ne želimo ali ne moremo storiti. Ta zahteva bi se našim prednikom iz osemnajstega stoletja zdela na moč trapasta. Nacionalna identiteta je namreč šele nedavno postala ključen označevalec, ki ureja medsebojne odnose v našem velikem in kompleksnem svetu. Danes se nam nemara zdi čudno, da se naši predniki niso razporejali v skupnosti po nacionalnem ključu vse do konca devetnajstega stoletja, pa vendar – nič naravnega ni v takem razvrščanju, kot ga poznamo sedaj.

Nedvoumna izbira ene identitete se tako mogoče ne sklada z našim dejanskim občutenjem sebe in s tem, kako bi se miselno umestili v ta raznoliki, veliki in zamotani svet. Tako imamo včasih občutek, da smo s svojo nacionalno identiteto ožigosani in

da nam jo določa nekdo drug. Naše intimno občutenje sveta in sebe v svetu pa gre lahko svojo pot in sploh ne upošteva, kaj piše na naši osebni izkaznici in kaj bi o naši identiteti znali povedati zaposleni na upravni enoti. Ta »identitetna nalepka« zajame malo tega, kako se kot posamezniki počutimo; vonj katere hrane nam vzbudi občutek domačnosti, kakšne pravljice beremo svojim otrokom, kako izražamo žalost in ne nazadnje, če nam gre grozno na živce, da si obiski pred vstopom v stanovanje ne sezujejo čevljev.

Raznovrstne, mešane pripadnosti in izmuzljivi odgovori na vprašanja o identitetah so danes torej nekakšna začimba za monoton vsakdanjik. Z njimi preizprašujemo birokratske označbe na naših dokumentih in ustvarjamo življenje v prostorih, ki bi bili brez raznolikosti občutno osiromašeni. Življenjske zgodbe, ki povezujejo različne kraje, okuse in načine bivanja, nam lahko odpirajo vpogled v kompleksnost sveta in posameznikov v njem ter v načine, na katere si iz množice različnih pripadnosti kreativno osmišljamo svoj lasten, edinstven svet.

**“I seek my home where they appreciate a multi-layered being without trying to separate its layers. I seek my home where all the fragments of identity blur together. (...) I seek my country on a white page, a notebook that can fit into my travel bag. So, wherever I put down my suitcases, I’m at home. No fishing net can prevent the seaweed of the Atlantic from drifting and drawing its savour from the waters it traverses. Let me scrape, sweep the ocean floor, soak in squid’s ink, write life on the crests of waves. Let the wind sing praise to my sea people; the ocean cradles only those to whom it calls, and I don’t know what it means to be anchored. Departure is the only horizon left to seekers of a thousand coffers where destiny hides the solutions to its thousand errors.”**

*(Fatou Diome, The Belly of the Atlantic)<sup>16</sup>*

Questions of belonging, home and identities, and convoluted, vague answers to them have left a profound mark on our time. Today, we talk about identity as an affiliation with communities that may be village, professional, regional, local, global, national, religious, subcultural, ethnic, or all of the above playfully blending in one single individual. Still, who do we really belong to and what is identity in the first place? Is it an intimate feeling of being accepted, understood and at home, something that has to do with us drinking Turkish coffee or moka, where we take our walks in crisp fresh mornings, or what we make for Sunday lunch? Or does it consist in easily measured and identifiable facts that are defined by our mother tongue, straightforward inscriptions on personal documents and that spot on the map of the world that is our birth place? As we take a closer look at identities, the feeling that they are crystal clear and easily identifiable disappears, to be replaced by myriad complex questions. We may even get the

impression that the concept of identity is so broad and indeterminable that it could stand for everything and therefore mean virtually nothing. Deliberations on this enigmatic concept have thus filled thousands of pages of academic, general interest, literary and other musings. Here’s another one.

In this day and age, reflections on one’s identity, the identities of others and their (in)compatibility have become an important part of our lives. Polish sociologist Zygmunt Bauman stated that the age that he labelled liquid modernity is marked by constant change – people change their social positions, convictions, places of residence, partners and identities. Flexibility has thus become the key virtue that allows us to sail smoothly through these changes to keep reinventing, improving and modernising ourselves. As individuals we belong to several groups at a time and through our lives we usually change these groups; we have become very reflective beings, constantly asking questions about ourselves and others. It is far from uncommon for people to identify with the work we do, the interests we pursue in our free time, and the music we listen to. And it is far from surprising if our social status, political beliefs and wishes as to where we want to live – in town or country – change as we go through our lives. Changes in national and ethnic identities and their complexity, on the other hand, seem less of a matter of course.

The sense of national and ethnic affiliation can also alter through time and space, and we can feel several identities at a time or none at all. What sense of identity does the son of a Frenchman and a mother of the Slovene ethnic minority in Italy feel while growing up in Paris? How does he feel when his family moves to Italy after nine years in France, and three years later to a region populated by the Slovene minority where his mother grew up? Which identities has he held important through this time and how have both migrations as well as other, seemingly insignificant events, shaped them? He may have strongly felt his French identity as he arrived into the new environment, because

he missed the hustle and bustle of Paris, his loving grandparents, crowds of people, events and the special smell that evoked Paris.

How will this change in a few years when Paris becomes a place to which he returns for a week during the short summer break? Although his French accent will still be there, he will be completely fluent in Slovene and Italian by then. When he studies he will engage in heated debates about topical issues, life and the world with new friends, sharing with them the sweet and the bitter sides of growing up, and he'll have his first meaningful romantic relationship. If we consider all these factors that shape his experience, and his intimate world that we know nothing about, we can see that it would be impossible to bureaucratically define the different affiliations he has felt through this process and dissect them to see how they interconnect. The experience of identity is so subjective and personal that it is entirely likely that his sister feels completely different in the same situation. She might feel awfully homesick and return to Paris as soon as possible, or she might feel more connected with Slovenia. And it could just as easily happen that their parents perceive their affiliations in yet another way and not understand their children's feelings at all.

These varied and fascinating processes make the world infinitely more diverse and rich. And yet we are so often expected to clearly and unambiguously opt for a single identity, and are met with suspicion if we cannot or want not to do so. Such a request would have seemed ridiculous to our ancestors in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. It was only recently that national identity became the key marker that regulates interactions in our big, complex world. We may find it strange today that it was not until the late 19<sup>th</sup> century that our ancestors started to classify themselves in communities based on the nationality criterion, but still – there's nothing natural about the classification that we know today.

An unequivocal choice of a single identity therefore does not necessarily satisfy our actual sense of self and of the place which we imagine for ourselves in this diverse, big and complex world. Sometimes this leaves us with a feeling that we carry our national identity as a stamp that has

been chosen for us by somebody else. On the other hand, our intimate sense of the world and of ourselves in the world can go its own way, completely disregarding what our identity card says or what clerks at the administrative unit have to say about our identity. This "identity label" captures very little of what we feel as individuals – which food smells like home, what stories we read to our children, how we express sadness and, last but not least, how annoyed we are if our visitors forget to take their shoes off at our doorstep.

Today, diverse, mixed affiliations and evasive answers to the questions about identities therefore come as a spice that breaks the monotony of our daily lives. We use them to challenge bureaucratic designations on our documents and stir up life in spaces that would otherwise be deprived of diversity. Life stories that connect different places, flavours and lifestyles can provide insight into the complexity of the world and its people, and shed light on the ways in which we interpret the myriad different identities to creatively make sense of our own, unique world.

>

Tradicionalna ročno tkana volnena tkanina (čilim), izdelana po predlogi računalniškega programa, ki je sto najbolj reprezentativnih besed, pojavljajočih se v pričevanjih, prevedel v unikatne vzorce.  
Avtorici: Nina Mršnik in Ivana Blaž – Kobeiagi Kilims.

*A traditional hand-woven woolen fabric (kilim) whose unique patterns were generated by a computer program using one hundred words selected from the informants' stories. Authors: Nina Mršnik and Ivana Blaž – Kobeiagi Kilims.*



## I06, 1988,

Kamnik

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
*Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)*

Meni je bilo najlažje, ko sem kasneje, itak šele na faksu, šla kam izven Evrope in so me spraševali, od kod sem, in sem lahko samo rekla, da sem iz Evrope, tako da mi ni bilo treba pojasnjevati ničesar. To je bilo zame res veliko olajšanje. Zato ker tukaj sem bila pač zmeraj razpeta med tremi državami. Saj to sem še kar v bistvu. Samo da sem se zdaj malo distancirala in sem sprijaznjena s tem, da mi ni treba nikamor pripadati.

*I felt best when I travelled somewhere beyond Europe, after the uni of course, when people asked me where I was from and I could simply say that I was from Europe, without having to explain anything. It was such a relief, because here I was always torn between three countries. I still am, come to think of it. But I have distanced myself from all that now and I'm quite happy not to have to belong anywhere.*

## I04, 1956,

Kalesija

Ljudska republika Bosna  
in Hercegovina (FLRJ)  
*People's Republic of Bosnia  
and Herzegovina (FPRY)*

Jaz nisem rojen tukaj, je pa Slovenija moj dom, otroci so tukaj rojeni. Vse imamo tukaj. V bistvu, ko so se otroci rodili, takrat sem se tu zares počutil doma. Drugače pa je tako, tukaj smo Bosanci, ko gremo »dole«, pa nas kličejo Slovenci. Mama je ob razhodu vedno govorila: »Odoše moji Slovenci.«

*I wasn't born here, but Slovenia is my home, my children were born here. Everything we have is here. Actually, it was when my children were born that I really felt at home here. But otherwise, we are Bosnians here, and when we go "down there" they call us Slovenians. Every time we parted my mum would say: "Odoše moji Slovenci" (There go my Slovenes).*

## Dragica Dobriča, 1957,

Batočina

(Beograd), Ljudska  
republika Srbija (FLRJ)  
(Belgrade), People's  
Republic of Serbia (FPRY)

Jaz se nikoli nisem počutila tujka, dokler me drugi niso na to spomnili. [...] Mogoče se to na prvi pogled ne zdi logično, ampak rekla bi, da sem Srbkinja, ki se istočasno ne počuti kot tujka v Sloveniji. [...] Ta moja edina identiteta, v kateri sem odraščala, ta jugoslovanska identiteta, je propadla, kaj pa imam drugega? Zdaj pa kaj, a bi bila Slovenka, pa ne morem biti? Ne morem biti Slovenka, ne morem biti Hrvatica, ne morem biti Makedonka, ne morem biti Finka, ampak sem Srbkinja, to, kar sem. [...] Moj dom je tam, kjer so moji otroci, kjer sem jaz. In tam, kjer uspeva zelje za sarmo, da jo lahko pripravim.

*I never used to feel like an alien until others reminded that I was. [...] It may not make sense at first sight, but I'd say I was a Serbian who does not feel like an alien in Slovenia. [...] The only identity I was raised in, my Yugoslavian identity, is gone, so what else have I got? And now what, why would I want to be a Slovenian when I can't be? I can't be a Slovenian, or a Croatian, or a Macedonian, I can't be a Finn, but I am a Serbian, that's what I am. [...] My home is where my kids are, where I am. And where they grow cabbage, so that I can make sarma.*

## I08, 1984,

Ptuj

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
Socialist Republic  
of Slovenia (SFRY)

Moj dom je Ptuj. Rojen sem na Ptuj, krščen pa v katedrali v Šibeniku. [...] Doma [...] smo tudi gojili to kulturo, moj materni jezik je hrvaščina, moja mama je Hrvatica. In če gledam iz tega nekega kulturnega zaledja, je Dalmacija moj drugi dom. Ja, vsako leto sem bil dol in oboje čutim kot svoj dom. Sem rojen Ptujčan, ponosen Štajerec (smeh). Kar pa ne pomeni, da ne morem imeti dveh domov.

*My real home is Ptuj. I was born in Ptuj and christened in the Šibenik cathedral. [...] At home [...] we also fostered this culture, my mum is from Croatia so my mother tongue is Croatian. And in terms of a cultural background Dalmatia is my home away from home. Yes, I've been going there every year and I feel at home both here and there. Born in Ptuj I am a proud Styrian (laughs). Which doesn't mean I can't have two homes.*

# Ana Aleksandra Gačić, 1986,

Ljubljana

Socialistična republika  
Slovenija (SFRJ)  
Ljubljana, Socialist  
Republic of Slovenia (SFRY)

Moja nacionalna identiteta je samo ena od identitet. Ker sem živela v Sloveniji, sem dobila tudi druge identitete. Istočasno je minilo veliko let. In nobena kultura ni statična, vsi ti nacionalizmi govorijo o statični kulturi, ampak dejansko je kultura zelo dinamična in spremenljiva. Tako da je prišlo do tega obrata, da si v bistvu tuj v svoji kulturi. Ker nisi bil toliko časa v stiku z njo oziroma se je ona razvijala po svoji poti in ti po svoji poti – oziroma razvoj Srbije ni vplival na moj razvoj, ni vplival na moje vsakdanje življenje, ni vplival na moje vsakdanje odločitve. [...] Jaz nikoli ne rečem, da sem iz Slovenije. To je popolna igra usode, da sem jaz tukaj. To je pač neko naključje, to je neka igra nekimi migracijsko-političnih spletok, na katere jaz sploh nisem imela vpliva. Slovenija mi je od nekdaj pomenila dom v smislu varnosti, ne pa tudi v smislu čustvovanja.

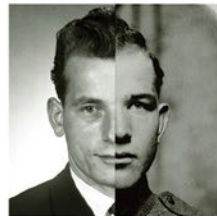
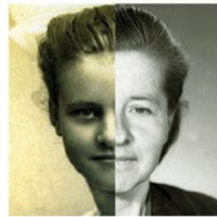
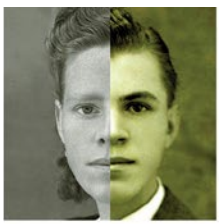
*My national identity is but one of my identities. Having lived in Slovenia I've accumulated other identities as well. In the meantime, years have gone by. No culture is static, all these nationalisms speak of a static culture, but in fact culture is very dynamic and constantly changing. So you suddenly find yourself foreign to your own culture. You've been out of touch with it for so long and it kept evolving, each of you set in your own ways – or in my case, the development of Serbia did not shape mine, it didn't affect my life, it had no bearing on my decisions. [...] I never say that I'm from Slovenia. It was a twist of fate, me being here. A serendipity, a game of some migratory and political intrigues beyond my control. Even though Slovenia was my home in that it provided a sense of security, I had no emotional attachment to it.*

>

Vsak človek je skupek različnih identitet, 2020.  
Avtor: Tomaž Perme.

*Every human being is a collection of different identities, 2020.*  
Author: Tomaž Perme.





» NIKOLI NE BOM  
PREBRALA  
DESETEGA BRATA! «

**"I'm never going to read  
The Tenth Brother!"**

**Selma Skenderović, 2002,  
Peć, Kosovo**

(UNMIK – Začasna uprava Misije  
Združenih narodov na Kosovu)

(UNMIK – *United Nations Interim  
Administration Mission in Kosovo*)

**N**i pomembno, katere narodnosti si, dokler veš, da si Slovenec, Hrvat ali Francoz. Morebiti Nmec, Danec, Poljak ... Ni pomembno, v katerega boga veruješ, dokler te ne vidijo, da ga v javnosti častiš z burko ali s križem okrog vratu. Kaj pa, če si ateist, ki nima domovine?

Ko sem jo prvič videla, sem mislila, da je brezdomka. Spala je na klopi sredi Kopra. Za trenutek sem si želela biti kot ona. Nihče. Lena, opita, brezskrbna in od vsega sveta pozabljena. Svobodna. Dopizdilo mi je vsakodnevno življenje. Rutina, ki se začne zgodaj zjutraj in konča, ko odidem spat. Nobenih barv ni. Vse je sivo, jaz pa sem rdeča.  
»Gospodična, prispeli smo.«  
»Aha, hvala.«

Glas voznika avtobusa me je opozoril, da sem že doma. Če se lahko prostoru brez vonja in fotografij družine, ki v njem prebiva, sploh reče dom. Prvih šestnajst stopnic je za mano. Pizda, je že avgust! Drugih šestnajst stopnic je za mano. Če bom še naprej toliko preklinjala, bom napisala priročnik kletvic v slovenščini. Oseminštirideset stopnic je za mano. Sem morda zgrešila blok? Zadnjih šestnajst stopnic je za mano. Spet ne bo nobenega doma. Vstopim kot podivjani bik, stanovanje ni stanovanje, temveč savna. Ne vem, kaj bi sama s sabo. Znabiti, da ste vsaj enkrat poskušali zložiti neko stvar v kakšno škatlo ali posodo. Le-ta je bila premajhna, zato niste mogli prav vsega spraviti vanjo. Razmišljali ste, če bi višek vrgli v smeti ali bi ga preložili drugam. Ker vaša odločitev ni bila precizna, je ta višek dolgo stal v omari ali hladilniku, ne da bi kdorkoli vedel, da je še vedno tam. Jaz sem višek. Moje ime je Hava. Dobila sem ga po materi vseh živih, Ademovi ženi. V Bibliji sta poimenovana nekoliko drugače kakor v Koranu, in sicer Adam in Eva. Raje jem majonezo kot kečap.

Nikoli se mi ni predstavila. Ni želela vedeti mojega imena, starosti, ničesar. Sprva sva le molčali skupaj. Njeni temni lasje so bili tako mastni, da so se mi gnusili. Oblečena je bila v ponošena oblačila, stara

vsaj deset, če ne že dvajset let. Ene in iste čevlje je nosila najverjetneje, že odkar ji je noga nehala rasti. Rekla mi je, da uhani in verižice niso njen stil. Ličila so bila zanjo zgolj nepotreben strošek. Ne spominim se, da bi kdaj zavohala njen parfüm. Jedla je, kar je našla. Včasih nič. V rokah je vedno čvrsto držala platneno vrečko rumene barve. V njej so bili shranjeni strgani delčki fotografij, tako da se obrazov ni razločilo. Menda so to bili spomini na njene ga sina. V očeh se ji je videlo, da ga obožuje, toda z besedami je bila strašno groba. Ne razumem, kako je lahko komu, kot sem jaz, prirasel k srcu nekdo, kot je ona. Saj vendar sovražim ljudi, ki ne skrbijo za lastno higieno, ne uporabljajo dvojine in se dobro razumejo z vsemi. Kaj pa vem, zdijo se mi neuporabni, zaigrani. A prisežem pri vašem in svojem bogu, da ona ni bila zaigrana. V dobrih štirih mesecih me je spoznala bolje od tistih, ki me poznajo od rojstva. Vedela je, da preziram vsakogar, ki se obnaša kot pička. Da v slovenščini ne govorim edino takrat, ko preklinjam, čeprav ta ni moj materni jezik. Razumela je moj strah pred ljudmi in nenehno bežanje pred vsem neznanim. Povedala sem ji svojo najtemnejšo skrivnost, kljub temu da tega ni zahtevala od mene.

Včasih opazujem svojo podobo v zrcalu neverjetno dolgo. Skušam najti tisto, česar nimam, Slovenci pa imate. Oči imam, ušesa imam, nos imam, vse imam. Zakaj se potemtakem ve, še preden odprem usta in izgovorim besedo, ki vsebuje črko l, da sem tujka? Mogoče je kriva hoja. Ja, to bo. Še teže je najti tisto stvar, po kateri vsi veste, da sem muslimanka. Možno, da so tudi za to krivi moji koraki.  
»Nikoli ne bom prebrala Desetega brata!«  
»Zakaj?« Njene ustnice so oblikovale nasmeh.  
»Ni potrebe, da bi nepravi Slovenci prebrali prvi slovenski roman!«  
»Ah, dej no! Kako veš, da ga je Jurčič napisal samo za Slovence?«

Res ne vem. In ravno ta nevednost je, že odkar pomnim, moja največja hiba. Jebemti, ne vem, kdo sem! V vaši Sloveniji sem tujka, ker doma ne govorim slovensko. Moje ime je tuje. Kamorkoli grem,

ga moram ponoviti vsaj trikrat. V banki, na pošti, pri zdravniku. Ob vsaki ponovitvi je moj glas tišji in bolj sramežljiv, kakor da ne zaupa samemu sebi, da bo slišan. V svoji, tako imenovani, domovini sem tujka, ker ne vem, kdaj je kateri državni praznik. Babica mi je rekla, da me ne prepozna. Menda sem se spremenila. Z mano se več ne more pogovarjati kakor prej, ker sem divja. Zasačila me je, ko sem v njenem domu preverjala, ali je salama svinjska. Navada pač.

»V teh oblačilih si kot lastovka.« Namrdnila sem se. Nikakršni komplimenti mi niso po duši, še najmanj pa absurdni. Nisem se zahvalila.

»Ti pa v teh kot brezdomka.«

»Imam dom, ampak to ni hiša.«

»Kaj pa je?«

»Moj dom je iz mesa in krvi.« Tukaj sem nehala spraševati naprej, kajti zlomljen človek je podoben zlomljenemu krožniku. Zelo hitro ga lahko zdrobiš na še manjše delčke. Obstaja nevarnost, da se potem porežeš z njimi. Nisem je mogla gledati v oči. Bile so preveč vodene in radovedne, zato sem med pogovorom največkrat zrla v morje.

»Ne maraš morja?«

»Pozimi že. Takrat se nihče ne kopa.«

Več kot mesec dni sem brala knjigo z nekaj več kot dvesto stranmi. Prvo poglavje odpreta Jenkova verza: Mlad junak po polji s težkim srcem hodi.

Petnajstega marca sem prišla do konca. V tem času sem sprevidela, da je vse, kar ljudje vedo o meni, zgolj sofizem. Prava resnica je znana le meni. Nenavadno vesela in vzhičena sem se odpravila iz šole, da bi svoje spoznanje delila s prijateljico. Tokrat so bili moji koraki odločni. Nisem se bala, da bom uničila tla, ki so tuja last. Ko sem v glavi izbirala besede, s katerimi bom začela pogovor, moj glas ni bil tresoč. Med hojo po Čevljarski ulici sem zagledala nekaj sebi podobnih ljudi. Imeli so temne lase in temne oči, spominjali so na Arabce. Prvič v življenju se mi je zadelo, da nisem sama.

Prišla sem do klopce, kjer me je čakala vsak dan, a je ni bilo. Zlomljen človek je podoben zlomljenemu krožniku. Zelo hitro ga lahko zdrobiš na še manjše delčke. Obstaja nevarnost, da se potem porežeš z njimi.

Vedela sem, da je ne bom videla nikdar več, zato sem se tistega mesta ognila v širokem loku. Včasih še pogledam skozi okno avtobusa, upajoč, da jo bom zagledala. Ni je. Drugo poglavje Desetega brata odpirajo Levstikovi verzi:

*Povsod poznan, nikjer domà,  
kjer uleže uro se poslednjo,  
tam smrt mu domovanje dá.*

It doesn't matter what nationality you are as long as you know you're Slovene, Croatian or French. German, perhaps, or Danish, Polish... It doesn't matter to which God you pray as long as they don't see you worship in public wearing a burqa, or a cross around your neck. But what if you're an atheist without a homeland?

I thought she was homeless when I first saw her. She was sleeping on a bench in the centre of Koper. For a moment I wanted to be like her. A nobody. Lazy, intoxicated, carefree and forgotten by the world. Free. I was pissed off with everyday life. The routine that starts at sparrow fart and ends when I go to bed. No colours there. Everything grey and I red.

"Here we are, miss."

"Oh, thank you."

The bus driver's voice telling me I was home. If you can call a place without a smell and photos of a family who lives there home. The first 16 steps behind me. Fuck, it's August already! Another 16 steps behind me. If I keep up with the profanities I'm going to write a user guide to profanity in Slovene. 48 steps behind me. Am I in the wrong building? The last 16 steps behind me. Again, there'll be nobody home. I enter like a raging bull,

the flat is not a flat, it's a sauna. I don't know what to do with myself. At one time or another you must have tried to put something in a box or a container. You couldn't cram everything inside because it was too small. So you considered throwing the excess away or just putting it somewhere else. And because you were unsure what to do, the excess stayed in the cupboard or the fridge for too long without anyone knowing it was still there. I'm the excess. My name is Hawa. I got it from the mother of all the living, Adem's wife. The Bible knows them under different names than the Quran, namely as Adam and Eve. I prefer mayo to ketchup.

She never introduced herself to me. She didn't want to know my name, age, anything. At first we were just quiet together. Her dark hair was so greasy it was repulsive. Her worn-out clothes must have been at least ten, if not twenty years old. Her shoes were always the same pair that she had worn since her feet stopped growing, I'm sure. She told me that earrings and necklaces weren't her style. Makeup was an unnecessary expense. I don't recall ever smelling her perfume. She ate what was there. Sometimes nothing. She always clung to a yellow canvas bag. It held pieces of ripped photographs, so you couldn't make out the faces. Memories of her son, apparently. You could see in her eyes how much she adored him, but she was terribly rough with words. I don't understand how someone like myself could have grown so fond of someone like her. I detest people who aren't careful about hygiene, who don't use the dual form and get along with everyone. They just seem useless, fake. But I swear to God, yours and mine, that she was anything but fake. In only four months she knew me better than the people that have known me since I was born. She knew I despise everyone who behaves like a pussy. That it's only when I swear that I don't speak Slovene, even though it's not my mother tongue. She understood my fear of people and restless running away from everything unknown. I told her my darkest secret, even though she didn't ask me to.

Sometimes I stare at myself in the mirror for a long while. Looking for something that I don't have, but Slovenes do. I have eyes, ears, nose, I have

everything. So why do they know, even before I open my mouth and say a word with a letter I in it, that I'm a foreigner? Perhaps it's the way I walk. Yeah, right. Identifying the thing that lets you all know I'm a Muslim is even more difficult. Perhaps that also has to do with my steps.

"I'm never going to read *The Tenth Brother!*"

"Why?" The corners of her mouth turned up in a smile.

"No need for a fake Slovenie to read the first Slovene novel!"

"Come on! How do you know Jurčič wrote it exclusively for Slovenes?"

I don't. And this ignorance has always been my biggest flaw. I don't fucking know who I am! I'm a foreigner in Slovenia because I don't speak Slovene at home. My name is foreign. Wherever I go I have to repeat it at least three times. At the bank, at the post office, at the doctor's. My voice lower and shyer each time, as if it doesn't trust itself to be heard. In my so-called homeland I'm a foreigner because I don't know the dates of public holidays. Gran said she didn't recognise me. She says I've changed. She can't talk to me like before because I'm wild. She caught me checking, in her own home, whether her salami had pork in it. Just a habit.

"You look like a swallow in these clothes." I frowned. I don't appreciate compliments, least of all absurd ones. Thanks for nothing.

"You look like a homeless person in yours."

"I have a home, but it's not a house."

"So what is it?"

"My home is made of flesh and blood." This is where I stopped asking, because a broken human is like a broken plate. Easily broken into even smaller pieces. The danger is that you may cut yourself on them. I couldn't look her in the eyes. They were too watery and inquisitive, so I just stared at the sea as much as I could as we talked.

"Don't you like the sea?"

"I do, in the winter. Nobody swims then."

For more than a month I had been reading a book with more than two hundred pages. The first chapter opens with Jenko's verses: *Through the grassland a young hero walks with a heavy heart.*

I finished it on the 15 March. Reading it I realised that everything that people knew about me was mere sophistry. Only I knew the real truth. Uncharacteristically happy and elated, I left school to share my insight with a friend. This time, I strode purposefully. I wasn't worried about ruining someone else's floor. As I was choosing the words to start the conversation with, my voice wasn't shaky. Walking down Čevljarska Street I saw some people who looked like me. They had dark hair and dark eyes, they made me think of Arabs. For the first time in my life I felt I wasn't alone.

I came to the bench where she would wait for me every day, but she wasn't there. A broken human is like a broken plate. Easily broken into even smaller pieces. The danger is that you may cut yourself on them.

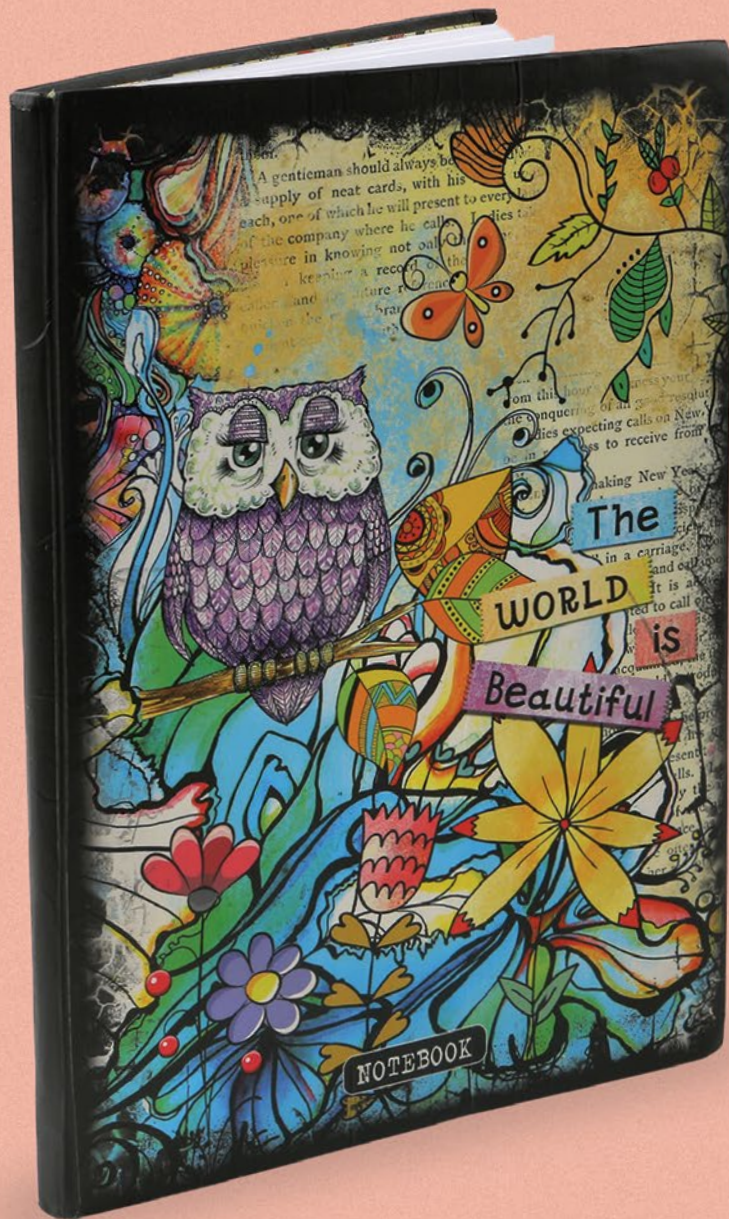
I knew I'd never see her again, so I gave that place a wide berth. I still sometimes look out from the bus window, hoping to see her. She's not there. Chapter two of *The Tenth Brother* opens with Levstik's verse:

*Everywhere known, nowhere at home,  
wherever he rests for his final hour  
is where death will provide a place to reside.*

>

Beležka Selme Skenderović, v katero je vpisovala prve zgodbe in poezije.  
Zasebna last.

*Selma Skenderović's notebook containing her first stories and poetry.  
Private collection.*



- <sup>1</sup> Saopštenje SZS (1983). Beograd: Savezni zavod za statistiku, št. 183 in št. 239.
- <sup>2</sup> Po podatkih UNDP-ja iz leta 2019: med 1962 in 1967 je neto migracija Slovenije negativna. Pozitivna neto migracija kot ključni demografski dejavnik gospodarskega razvoja nastopi v petletju 1968–1972 (UNPD. World Population Prospects: 2019 Revisions data.worldbank.org/indicator/SM.POP.NETM?location=SI).
- <sup>3</sup> V jugoslovanskem javnem slengu: »radnici-seljaci«.
- <sup>4</sup> Med 1960 in 1980 se je v Slovenijo priselilo skupno 132.726 ljudi, 94 % iz drugih jugoslovanskih republik/pokrajin, samo 6 % iz tujine. Večina (93 % vseh priseljencev) se je priselila v obdobju 1970–1980 (o tem v Malačič, J. (1981) Reprodukcijska stanovitnost Slovenije posle demografske tranzicije. Referat na: Svetovanje statističkih društev Jugoslavije, Novi Sad in Mežnarić, S. (1986) Bosanci; a kuda idu Slovenci nedeljom? Ljubljana: KRT).
- <sup>5</sup> Primerjava podatkov o deležu neslovenskega prebivalstva po občinah Republike Slovenije v letih 1971 in 1981 pokaže, da se imigranti priseljujejo tudi v manjše urbanizirane centre slovenskih regij (Popis prebivalstva SR Slovenije 1981. Priseljenci iz drugih republik v Sloveniji (1983). Ljubljana: Republiški zavod za statistiko SRS).
- <sup>6</sup> UNPD. World Population Prospects: 2019 Revisions data.worldbank.org/indicator/SM.POP.NETM?location=SI
- <sup>7</sup> Cukut Krilič, S., Zavratnik, S. (2020) Digitalni begunci. Transformacije migracijskih poti ali ko pametni telefon nadomesti kovček, Ljubljana: Založba ZRC, Založba FDV.
- <sup>8</sup> Toš, Niko. – direktor Centra za raziskovanje javnega mnenja FSPN, Klinar, Peter – redni profesor sociologije na FSPN, Saksida, Stane – znanstveni sodelavec in direktor Inštituta za sociologijo v Ljubljani, vsi v obdobju 1972–1982.
- <sup>9</sup> Peter Klinar je kot štipendist na Sociološkem oddelku University of Chicago 1970/71 obdelal v svoji disertaciji, pozneje v knjigi, osnovne koncepte o raziskovanju migracij; Stane Saksida je v večletnem delu na raziskovalnih projektih University of Edinburgh obvladal znanja iz teorije sistemov, družbene stratifikacije in aplikacije SPSS programa v družboslovnih raziskavah. Niko Toš je kot prvi znanstvenik v Jugoslaviji in Vzhodni Evropi utemeljil, organiziral in vodil Center za raziskovanje javnega mnenja na FSPN.
- <sup>10</sup> Več o vsakdanjku v času socializma: Piškurić, J. (2019) Bili nekoč so lepi časi: vsakdanjik v Ljubljani in okolici v času socializma. Ljubljana: Inštitut za novejšo zgodovino: Študijski center za narodno spravo.
- <sup>11</sup> Več o kioskih in njihovih albanskih upravljalcih v Sloveniji v: Kladnik, A. (2019) Dobri Dol – Sweet Village: Albanians, Kiosk Culture and Urbanization in Socialist Slovenia, v: Ruža Fotiadis, Vladimir Ivanović and Radina Vucetić (eds.), Brotherhood and Unity at the Kitchen Table. Food in Socialist Yugoslavia. Zagreb: Srednja Europa, 219–237.
- <sup>12</sup> Kakšno glasbo poslušate? Pa odvisno od rakije!
- <sup>13</sup> Vogrinčič Čepič, A. in Petek, P. (2019). Identitete na presečišču kriz. Roman Kuhar (ur.), Čefurji raus! Večkulturna zamišljanja slovenske identitete v knjigi in filmu. Ljubljana: Znanstvena založba Filozofske fakultete Univerze v Ljubljani, str. 164.
- <sup>14</sup> Žagar, Š. (2020). Instant zvezde: Alenka Bratušek se navdušuje nad Melanio Trump, Tomi Meglič je imel rojstni dan. Ljubljana: Dnevnik: <https://www.dnevnik.si/1042924952>
- <sup>15</sup> Prevod navedenih primerov: Po pameti; Ali veš, kje je tvoj dom?; Dokler si pod mojo streho, me moraš ubogati; Zapri okno, prepri nas bo ubil; Pridi sem, ne bom ti nič; Lahko mi poveš, ne bom jezna; Ko gosti odidejo, se bova pogovorila.
- <sup>16</sup> Diome, F. (2007) Trebuh Atlantika. Ljubljana: Sanje.

- <sup>1</sup> Saopštenje SZS (1983). Beograd: Savezni zavod za statistiku, n. 183 and n. 239.
- <sup>2</sup> According to 2019 UNDP: The net migration rate of Slovenia in the period 1962–1967 was negative. A positive net migration rate as a key demographic factor in economic development occurred in the five-year period 1968–1972 (UNPD. World Population Prospects: 2019 Revisions data.worldbank.org/indicator/SM.POP.NETM?location=SI).
- <sup>3</sup> Known in Yugoslav vernacular as "radnici-seljaci" (workers-peasants).
- <sup>4</sup> A total of 132,726 people moved to Slovenia between 1960 and 1980, 94% of them from other Yugoslavian republic/provinces and only 6% from other countries. Most (93% of all immigrants) moved to Slovenia between 1970 and 1980 (see Malačič, J. (1981) Reprodukcijska stanovitnost Slovenije posle demografske tranzicije. Referat na: Svetovanje statističkih društev Jugoslavije, Novi Sad and Mežnarić, S. (1986) »Bosanci«; a kuda idu Slovenci nedeljom? Ljubljana: KRT).
- <sup>5</sup> Comparison of data on the percentage of non-Slovenes in municipalities of the Republic of Slovenia in 1971 and 1981 shows that immigrants move also to small urban centres in Slovene regions (Population Census of the Republic of Slovenia 1981: Immigrants from other republics to Slovenia).
- <sup>6</sup> Source: UNPD. World Population Prospects: 2019 Revisions data.worldbank.org/indicator/SM.POP.NETM?location=SI
- <sup>7</sup> Cukut Krilič, S., Zavratnik, S. (2020) Digitalni begunci. Transformacije migracijskih poti ali ko pametni telefon nadomesti kovček, Ljubljana: Založba ZRC, Založba FDV.
- <sup>8</sup> Toš, Niko – director of Public Opinion Research Centre at FSPN, Klinar, Peter – full professor of sociology at FSPN, Saksida, Stane – research fellow and director of the Institute of Sociology in Ljubljana, all of them in the period 1972–1982.
- <sup>9</sup> As a fellow at the Sociology Department of the University of Chicago in 1970–71 Peter Klinar elaborated in his dissertation and later in a book the fundamental concepts of migration research; through his participation in several multi-year research projects at the University of Edinburgh. Stane Saksida gained insight into the systems theory, social stratification and application of the SPSS programme in social science research. Niko Toš founded, organised and ran the Public Opinion Research Centre at the FSPN, the first such organization in Yugoslavia and Eastern Europe.
- <sup>10</sup> For more on the aspects of everyday life in socialism see: Piškurić, J. (2019) Bili nekoč so lepi časi: vsakdanjik v Ljubljani in okolici v času socializma, Ljubljana: Inštitut za novejšo zgodovino: Študijski center za narodno spravo.
- <sup>11</sup> For more on kiosks and their Albanian managers in Slovenia see: Kladnik, A. (2019) Dobri Dol – Sweet Village: Albanians, Kiosk Culture and Urbanization in Socialist Slovenia, in: Ruža Fotiadis, Vladimir Ivanović and Radina Vucetić (eds.), Brotherhood and Unity at the Kitchen Table. Food in Socialist Yugoslavia. Zagreb: Srednja Europa, p. 219–237.
- <sup>12</sup> The title refers to a famous advertising slogan that was adopted by Slovene sports fans: "He who isn't jumping isn't Slovene".
- <sup>13</sup> Vogrinčič Čepič, A. in Petek, P. (2019). Identitete na presečišču kriz. Roman Kuhar (ed.), Čefurji raus! Večkulturna zamišljanja slovenske identitete v knjigi in filmu. Ljubljana: Znanstvena založba Filozofske fakultete Univerze v Ljubljani, p. 164.
- <sup>14</sup> Žagar, Š. (2020). Instant zvezde: Alenka Bratušek se navdušuje nad Melanio Trump, Tomi Meglič je imel rojstni dan. Ljubljana: Dnevnik: <https://www.dnevnik.si/1042924952>.
- <sup>15</sup> Translation: Use your head; Do you know where your home is?; As long as you live under my roof you'll do as I say; Close the window, that draft is gonna kill us; Come here, I won't do anything to you; You can tell me, I won't be angry; We'll talk when our guests leave.
- <sup>16</sup> Diome, F. (2007) Trebuh Atlantika. Ljubljana: Sanje.