Journal of American Studies of Turkey
7 (1998) : 3-12.

America as Gurbet : The Litanies of a Repentant Émigré or Kolyo Nikolov's Writings on the US

Dina Iordanova

The American literary scene hosts today a small and somewhat marginal, but steadily growing group of displaced Balkan writers. Their writing is scattered, and difficult to construe as one group, mostly because of the difference in language and location. However, all of these authors more or less write about the same topics— of their émigré experiences, of their critical exploration of the West, and of controversial encounters back home. Authors loosely associated with this project range from the New Orleans-based Romanian Andrei Codrescu who made many points about the Balkan perception of the world in his American travelogue *Road Scholar* (1993), to the Paris-based Albanian Ismail Kadare whose allegorical works are being translated into all major Western languages. Other notable figures are exiles from former Yugoslavia, such as Toronto-and-Stockholm-and-occasionally-Zagreb-based Croatian Slavenka Drakuliæ with her *Balkan Express* (1993) and *Café Europa* (1996), the Connecticut-based Croatian Dubravka Ugresiæ with her *Have a Nice Day: From the Balkan War to the American Dream* (1994), and the Salzburg-based Bosnian Djevad Karahasan with his *Sarajevo: Exodus of a City* (1994). Unlike many of their compatriots scattered in ghettoized enclaves around the globe, these writers have undergone the necessary experiences of displacement and detachment from their own culture that allow them to overcome the traditional inferiority complex marking the ones that come from Europe's margins. They are the leading figures in the new literature coming out of the Balkans, venturing daringly into a critical examination of a living torn between the local and the global, as well as between the devotedly domestic and the designedly cosmopolitan.

Amidst this constellation of literary stars, the story of a writer such as the Bulgarian Kolyo Nikolov may seem of lesser significance. It is, nevertheless, worth telling. His accounts on his experiences in America in the 1970s, which I discuss below, constitute an interesting vantage point into a Cold War period that has only now begun to be studied.

Kolyo Nikolov is a Bulgarian writer of the so-called "April generation" which consisted of authors born in the 1940s who were in their teens at the time of the great April "thaw" of 1956. The members of the April generation were supposed to carry on the spirit of the "thaw" into the years to come.

By the mid-1970s, Nikolov had published several novels and collections of short stories, was moderately successful, and considered promising by Bulgarian critics

(Jordanov; Kalhev; Kolevski; Svilenov, “Svetl talant”; Topalov, “S etihnata myarka na detskiya svyat,” and “Za xudo’estvenata aktivnost na problematikata”; Xad’ikosev, “Dvi’enie po nizkhodyasha liniya,” and “Po utpkani ptisha”). A member of the prestigious Bulgarian Writer’s Union, a writer on the staff of the Bulgarian National Radio, and married to a very good-looking starlet—Nikolov had it all. Or almost. If his career had continued in the prescribed path of Bulgaria’s literary establishment of the times, he would most likely have been offered a full-time job at the Writer’s Union, been given a flat in the writers’ high-rise in a desirable neighborhood, and sent now and then to PEN Club gatherings abroad. He would likely start taking his summer vacations at the Writer’s holiday home in Varna during the month of August, right on time for the annual visit there of the Head of State Todor Zhivkov to the writers—the chosen ones, that is.

This predictable scenario, however, seemed somewhat too clear-cut and even boring to Nikolov. It did not contain the challenge of diverse experiences. So, Nikolov undertook a search for variety. In the mid-1970s, while on a trip to Italy, the writer and his wife defected. After a sojourn in Latina, a refugee stop near Rome, they took off for America and arrived at Ellis Island on 26 August 1976.

In yet another sharp turn of events, Mr. and Mrs. Nikolov returned to Bulgaria only a few years later, in 1979, claiming extreme disappointment with America.

After three years of hardship and a lack of appreciation in the West, the privileges of an obedient writer’s life under socialism had reemerged on the Nikolov’s family agenda. Earning a livelihood as an author in the United States had proved problematic for Nikolov. His wife, the pretty actress, had not had the opportunity to shine on Broadway, either. A celebrated Bulgarian writer and an actress at the outset, once in Manhattan the couple had sunk to a mimeograph operator and a housewife. Overall, the family’s life had lacked challenge and inspiration. The milestones of their three years in New York seem to have been the big power outage in 1977 and an accidental encounter with actress Liv Ullman during an autographing session at Doubleday’s—both events Nikolov was to describe at length in his later work. (Note 1)

Back in Bulgaria Nikolov was given the chance to reenter the nourishing microcosm of the local socialist intelligentsia. But in order to be readmitted amidst the favored circle, Nikolov had to repent. Rumors went so far as to suggest that it was actually the Bulgarian Secret Service that had arranged for his defection and for his subsequent remorseful return. To claim that a repentance deal was ever articulated in factual clauses would be a speculation, however. (Note 2) The repentance seems rather to have occurred spontaneously. It took the shape of five best-selling books that Nikolov wrote and which raised him to a real domestic stardom: two novels, *Xotel Paridaiz* (Hotel Paradise, 1982) and *Keibl Rum* (Cable Room, 1986); and three collections of short stories, *Koi kakv e v Nu Iork* (Who is

What in New York, 1982), *Kadife v razbiti ulitzi* (Velvet in Broken Streets, 1984), and *Izvin Broduei* (Off Broadway, 1986). (Note 3)

All five books tell essentially the same story—a personal account of the author's failed American dream. Adhering to a prescribed *socialist realist* literary recipe, the protagonists of all five books choose the profoundly humane values of patriotism over the window-dressing superficiality of luring Western lifestyles. In each one of the books the deceitful glossy façade of the West is eventually substituted for the correct values of native land, childhood friends, and family.

The repentant émigré, Nikolov, gained a new wave of critical acclaim (Svilenov, "Otvid krasivata izmama"; Xad'ikosev, "Ravnosmetka na lutaniyata i nade'dite"), was given a government sinecure, and gradually came to enjoy the reputation of a first-hand expert on all things American.

Nikolov's literary outpour was supposed to pass on an important message—to warn and prevent people from committing the mistake of defecting. But readers tended to misperceive it. Nikolov's best-selling books about America scored top sales not because of their anti-Western slant, but because of the accounts of a forbidden fruit they contained, namely, of the "Big Apple." Readers were flocking not to hear Nikolov's didactic reasoning of New York's sores but to taste the scattered pieces of alluring decadence that the books contained. They wanted to learn what life was like "out there," and Nikolov's writings were supplying just the right amount for a nice sampling.

Emigré Life Stripped Of Glamour

It is not easy to find one's place in a new country: nobody is waiting for one. In fact, one does not even know how to go about what one needs to do. During his first Manhattan days, for example, Nikolov went about in his trendy Italian jeans, only to realize a week later that such an outfit would not help him get a job. He would be much better off switching to corporate America's boring "uniform" (*Keibl Rum*). Even then life does not get any friendlier:

> It is two months now that we have been looking for work in this enormous city, reminiscent of a dark cold barn in which the past grain has been swept away long ago; only the sour breath of sweat and wind blowing through ruined walls is left there for us. We walk, saving on bus and subway fare. Our feet are all swollen in warm dampness. The shoes get torn. We buy bread and salami at small grocery stores and look out in despair for a place to sit down. (Keibl Rum 10)

Besides the account of personal experiences, demystifying immigrant life is carried out on two more fronts: through telling stories of other Bulgarians and of other immigrants. The other immigrants usually come from regions close to Bulgaria—Armenians, Serbs, and Greeks. Their presence in America is encompassed in the

concept of *gurbet* (*kurpeti*): working abroad temporarily. These people do not intend to stay forever—typically, they have come to the West to make money, then return to their villages to erect big three-story houses there. They are hard-working and thrifty, always living with the idealized image of home. But they do not always succeed in returning. The years pass, they look in the mirror one day and realize that it is too late for the cherished return. They may disapprove of the politics back home, but this is never the leading motive for their exile: "When I think of our émigrés, [I realize that] I have never met a single political exile," one of Nikolov's characters claims. "As in the olden times, everybody has come to make money, this is the plain truth!" (*Xotel Paridaiz* 14).

The deceitful Mecca of the 20th century, New York, has attracted many Russians as well. Their chances to establish themselves professionally are poor, maintains Nikolov; like the Bulgarians they are doomed to remain anonymous losers. But at least they have their own diaspora and support networks. Additionally, there is the welter of other immigrants, mostly Hispanics, who struggle in a sea of rudeness and hardship (*Kadife v razbiti ulitzi*). The Latino experience in the US is bitter by definition, maintains Nikolov. One of his stories, for example, tells of a young Mexican woman who finds out that her beloved husband makes extra wages by catering to the sexual appetites of his predatory American supervisors.

The transformation that each one undergoes abroad is a complex process of losing and then gradually regaining identity. It is Nikolov's finding that Bulgarians who have succeeded abroad have first had to give up their national identity. Talking in English to one another signals an advanced stage in the inevitable process of betrayal:

> If they would switch to Bulgarian for a moment—in case they could not come up with the proper English expression—they would at least make sure to twist the word to show how proficient they are in the new language and how fast they have forgotten their native one. (*Xotel Paridaiz* 256)

Most, however, have neither mastered English, nor have "made it." An aging house-sitter, for example, is actually a poet writing in Bulgarian. She spends all her meager savings to publish poetry booklets—a desperate move, as in her alienated ambience no one can read her language (*Kadife v razbiti ulitzi*). Most other Bulgarians in America are people involved in shady dealings such as collecting welfare money to spend in casinos, or getting drunk in ghetto-like settings while planning grandiose undertakings. Most of them are *pishman* (Turkish for "disappointed," also used in Bulgarian) with life in America. The only character who has established himself is "the Professor"—the message being that you need to be no less than a professor to succeed (*Keibl Rum* 153). But by the time one

succeeds, one loses most of one's human-like qualities, and becomes an appalling self-confident egotist. If not, one may end up in an endless sphere of odd jobs—like that woman doctor who works as a hospital attendant (*Izvin Broduei*). The realization that "millions will end their lives as delivery drivers, janitors, sandwich-makers, cleaners, without ever again tasting the sweet and happily remote scent of their first and real occupations," seems to be the worst part of the immigrant experience (*Keibl Rum* 139).

Furthermore, Nikolov undertakes to unmask some widespread myths. Here are some of his claims:
1. Bulgarians abroad do not help each other, they are more likely to harm one another (*Xotel Paridaiz*).
2. Bulgaria may not be a real part of Europe, but it is at least close to its high culture, while America is ugly and lacks style (*Xotel Paridaiz*).
3. Under a totalitarian system someone else decides for one. But this way of life is easier and one has fewer responsibilities. In America one has to take all decisions oneself (*Xotel Paridaiz*).
4. Work in America is stressful and strenuous, and one is always being exploited (*Koi kakv e v Nu Iork*).
5. It takes at least 20 years of hard labor for an immigrant to be promoted to a junior supervisory job (*Keibl Rum*).
6. There is no free lunch, ever. The hairdresser in one story is invited to eat a Sunday meal at a chef's home, but after lunch she is asked to give all family members free haircuts on the spot (*Izvin Broduei*).
7. Americans will ignore one's national identity. One may be Bulgarian, but they will constantly call one Romanian or Czech—it is all the same to them, and nobody cares how one feels about it.
8. If one is not healthy and strong, one is lost. A nephew gets ill, and as the family cannot afford a doctor, the child almost dies (*Keibl Rum* 121-122).
9. It is unlikely one will be able to have a home of one's own; rather, one will live in run-down rental premises.

Months after their arrival in Manhattan, the Nikolovs still live in the shabby Hotel Paradise, which is:

> An old, plunged-in-ashes-and-ruins, tumble-down building on 28th street; a room with a window overlooking a deep dark shaft closed between four walls; mice-infested cupboards; a creaking bed with a blanket all in cigarette burns; a rusty shower dripping something like sulfur acid, and, of course, millions of cockroaches, kissing every corner with their brown nozzles. (*Xotel Paridaiz* 7)

And then there is homesickness. In *Koi kakv e v Nu Iork* (also repeated in *Keibl Rum*) Nikolov expresses it through a specific approach—by comparing the

American reality to familiar images from home. He depicts his working place, the cable room, for example, as an acre in the Bulgarian countryside:

> The cable room reminds me of harvest time. The photocopiers are the reapers, the stapler is the sheaf-binder, the mimeograph—the threshing machine, throwing up heaps of chaff. The teletypes rattled like woodpeckers at a dry willow rind. The air-conditioning rustled—wind in wheat fields. Only the smell of ammonia somehow does not fit into this nice homeland picture. (*Keibl Rum* 61)

Another time, Nikolov is in his room at the Paradise Hotel, when he experiences an unbearable paroxysm of nostalgia. Neon signs glimmer outside and induce a nightmarish dream: he returns home to his parents, but they can neither see, nor hear him. Is there a way back at all?

What Is America Like?

Nikolov's American series was probably written on a computer—large portions of text appear exactly the same throughout the five books, as if simply cut and pasted from one Word file to another. Reiterating images of American lifestyles is not in the core of Nikolov's literary concerns, but it is this imagery that made his books sell extremely well. Descriptions of neighborhood Chinese restaurants serving "*won ton*" and "*kung pao*," all-you-can-eat roadside steak houses, and neat cardboard boxes for leftovers can barely interest an American reader—but these were the most attractive descriptions for the Bulgarian ones. The imagination of the Bulgarian readership was further tickled by scattered mentions of "triple X" stores, call-girls wearing patent-leather boots on 12-inch heels, and liquor deliveries right to one's doorstep—all that comprises "life" in New York (*Koi kakv e v Nu Iork*; *Xotel Paridaiz*). The fact that Nikolov also depicts social contrasts and poverty does not matter, the poor are less interesting. The portrayal of the life of the well-to-do is a greater attraction: custom-made shirts and live-in domestic help lure the reader, as in America (in contrast to Bulgaria, the reader would say) "the sky is the limit," and there is always the chance to skyrocket.

In these works the "genuine Americans" are always "they," distinct from "us," the despised immigrants. "They" are subjected to harsh criticism, mostly for being hypocrites. The American custom of addressing people as "dear" is nothing but a manifestation of this hypocritical politeness, maintains Nikolov (*Koi kakv e v Nu Iork*; *Keibl Rum*). According to one short story, the pennies that people drop in the charity jars at the cash counters end up in the pocket of the retailer (*Koi kakv e v Nu Iork*). This interpretation is a projection of the Bulgarian attitude toward charity—its motives are always scrutinized with suspicion. Another instance of the hypocrisy hypothesis is the story about restaurant customers who claimed "doggy bags" with leftovers. It becomes clear eventually that they have no "doggies" or any other pets whatsoever; ashamed to admit it, they were claiming the leftovers

for themselves (*Koi kakv e v Nu Iork*; *Kadife v razbiti ulitzi*). Gradually the Manhattan skyscrapers become populated with the characters created by Nikolov—all of them a sort of nashentzi ("our people")—thinking and behaving like Bulgarians. The conclusion, naturally, is that if Americans are the same, then what is the point in defecting.

Nikolov thinks of Americans as lonely, overworked people. They do their best to look like achievers but are more likely to be losers. Pretension is revealed as a major pattern—employees who live in the rhythm of bi-weekly paychecks pretend they are millionaires. Besides, they all have some dirty laundry to hide—most often their own inferiority complexes. If this was not the case, why would they make such a big deal of privacy?

Homophobia and racism are a natural attitude for Nikolov. As a new immigrant to the US, he maintains, one is so disadvantaged that one is likely to end up in the company of "faggots" (*Kadife v razbiti ulitzi* 10; *Keibl Rum* 232). If you are a woman, beware—"if a neighbor or a colleague is too nice, she turns out to actually be lesbian" (*Keibl Rum* 71).

People of color, another despised cast, are everywhere: "We looked around, and saw ourselves surrounded by Chinese and Japanese from all sides" (*Kadife v razbiti ulitzi* 33). Nikolov does not resort to direct racist remarks, but he never misses a chance to underline the prevailing presence of blacks in American society, which he considers unfortunate, since, in his opinion, blacks are inclined to unburden their historical grief on white immigrants (*Keibl Rum*), as in the case of the dictatorial black female supervisor in the store where Villy, Nikolov's wife, gets an entry-level job (*Izvin Broduei*; *Keibl Rum*). In yet another story, a Bulgarian immigrant boy is the only Caucasian child in a class of 40 blacks in a public school: "As soon as they realized that he did not speak good English, several black boys started systematically beating him up every day" (*Koi kakv e v Nu Iork* 213).

The Hardship of Being an Immigrant Writer in America

While in America, Nikolov does not cease thinking of himself as an author. In fact, he arrives with a briefcase full of papers documenting his author's identity: a diploma in literature, a membership card from the Bulgarian Writer's Union. At the JFK airport the aspiring author identifies himself: "I am an author, you know, and any impression of this city..." (*Keibl Rum* 12). But the immigration officer does not even let him finish.

A writer arrives in America and his creative urge is stronger than ever. Numerous plots take shape—of stories, novellas, and novels. Nikolov describes the experience in *Keibl Rum*:

After the initial stress of the arrival, that little spot in my brain, which composes my stories, started working all of a sudden. At any moment I would see a concise plot: I would sit down and take note of the title only—the rest was to be put down much later; much later also was I supposed to gain glory as one of the greatest bards of Manhattan. (101)

Nikolov hangs around, observes, takes notes—what any author would do. Soon he has his own ideas about America and its diverse immigrant population. He is rushing to write before losing his unspoiled and uniquely biased outlook on the reality of this country. He wants to reveal the vanity of the strenuous competitiveness and to assert the multi-layered diversity. He will show that, from within all these men and women on the streets of New York, rushing or pausing in despair, there may lurk another personality, completely different from its brutalized, chased, intimidated, never-listened-to, downtrodden double (*Keibl Rum* 138).

Only, how could Nikolov write compellingly about all this? Sound reasoning suggests that out there must be someone who would like to hear his different voice. But then, if he wanted to be listened to, he would have to address his readership in English, as there are "no translators around here" (*Keibl Rum* 132). This very discrepancy between his desire to write and his lacking the language lays the foundation for a gap that will grow deeper and deeper and prove insurmount-able at the end.

At some point Nikolov seems to have found a translator, an elderly immigrant, whose services he will reward with sumptuous ethnic Bulgarian meals prepared by his wife. Some stories are translated and typewritten, copied and sent out, along with a self-addressed-and-stamped envelope to a list compiled after researching *The Writer's Market*. Addressees include *Harper's* and *The New Yorker*. None of the stories are ever accepted.

Things would develop differently, Nikolov comes to believe, if someone would give his career a jump start. This someone should ideally be a prominent American author, one with a reputation of attentiveness to new literary voices, able to appreciate and eventually recommend his writings to publishers. Nikolov sends his pieces to John Updike (*Koi kakv e v Nu Iork*; *Keibl Rum*)—"because he [Updike] has been to Bulgaria and wrote something about my country" (*Keibl Rum* 361); and to Kurt Vonnegut (*Xotel Paridaiz*; *Keibl Rum*)—perhaps because the latter's work was well-known in Bulgaria. In any event, both authors respond with nothing more than the traditional letter of acknowledgment. Not a line more ever arrives.

Along with his increasing proficiency in American life, Nikolov arrives to a bitter realization: being an ordinary author in America is not a prestigious occupation. To succeed as a writer seems inconceivable: "You should either be a Solzhenitzin, or have tons of money. The writers are actually poor guys, and different things are

being appreciated, such as entrepreneurship; the spiritual is not valued" (*Xotel Paridaiz* 278).

Nikolov never seems to ask himself who exactly his audiences would be. Imagine he was writing in perfect English—there would still be the question of whom he would address. He does not understand or like the Americans, he is different, he does not have anything to tell them. His natural audience would be others like him, distanced and isolated from the Americans—the immigrants. But why would they listen to him? Each immigrant group has its own author, its own "unique and diverse voice." What of the minuscule group of Bulgarian émigrés? But they barely care about literature, plus, following his sound Bulgarian reflex, he would rather distance than associate himself with them. The only remaining audience for him seems to be the Bulgarians in Bulgaria; they would most likely listen attentively to what he has accumulated while in America. In the case of Nikolov, the fear of becoming an obedient conformist upon return gives way to the obsessive desire to be listened to.

If he were Russian, he would possibly (as in the case of Limonov, Dovlatov, and many other less significant Russian émigré writers) still manage to get published and to create in America in his own language. Then translators would seek him out. He would be encouraged to write more, to touch on painful controversies, to be as daring as he could be, to go to the limits, and beyond. Eventually, he would be offered a job with an exile radio station or would live off occasional but lucrative royalties. If he were to learn English, he would maybe even get a teaching position in creative writing somewhere in the South. He would have a limited but steady academic audience and possibly even students of his work. But all this would be if he were Russian. He is Bulgarian, however. And what happens to Russians cannot happen to him. He has to be a survivor, to conform.

Nikolov's account of the doubts and misperceptions that overwhelm his initial assimilation effort in the US does not differ very much from the well-known and popular accounts by other contemporary East European and Russian authors. One could easily take quotations out of Nikolov's novels and present them as quotes from more recent writings by the Russian Tatyana Tolstaya or the Pole Stanislaw Baranczak. What makes things different, however, is the social setting in which Nikolov's accounts were published and received. The writers mentioned above, and many others, were widely published and acclaimed while abroad. Their literary work became the subject of scholarly panels and the subject of numerous scholarly studies. Meanwhile Nikolov, writing about similar experiences in a similar manner, falls into the disrepute of a repentant mercenary. One might wonder if he really had a choice. Could he have made it in their lofty way?

Hardly. Nikolov's most realistic option was to return and provide his newly regained Bulgarian audiences with detailed accounts of deceitful America, with

pictorial “de-mythologization” of emigrant life, and with plausible confessions of unbearable homesickness which takes him back at the end.

But there is also the nostalgia for New York lurking between the lines in his *Izvin Broduei*:

> When taking out a knife plunged into your stomach, you never know if this action is going to cause all your blood to flow out, or if the wound will turn out to be just a lucky pinch, and if only a mother-of-pearl scar will remind you about that sweet monster, called New York. I am still afraid to take out the knife … (236)

Epilogue

When researching for this study, I tried to inquire about the further fate of Nikolov. I only knew that the couple had parented a child around the mid-1980s. According to a well-informed source, the social and economic crisis of the 1990s in Bulgaria had then taken the Nikolovs on the move one more time. They had come back to the United States. The couple was now living either in Georgia or West Virginia, offering accounting and home economics services for a wealthy employer of Bulgarian descent. My source, however, was unable to provide information as to whether Nikolov was still writing in his spare time.

The changes that started in Bulgaria at the end of 1989 led many on the track to emigration, the author of this paper included. Many writers—such as poets Nikolay Kanchev, George Belev and Vladimir Levchev, novelists Ivailo Dichev and Krassimir Kroumov, or screenwriter Boyan Papazov—went to live abroad, some temporarily, others with the intent to settle permanently. They divide their time and devotion between their new countries and Bulgaria, and no doubt they sometimes feel nostalgic for the place that happens to be away at the given moment. No doubt they may feel the overwhelming feeling of detachment, a necessary step in accepting the displacement as an ordinary fact of life. Whatever these writers produce, however, will never be marked by the dilemma of the repentant émigré Nikolov—they can write about their experiences without having to constantly offer judgment about the superiority of one of their two worlds. They are spared the burden of making a definitive choice. Moreover, as we see with recent twists of history, no choice is definitive and the repentant émigré is now back in America, the place he seemed to have left forever in the difficult path towards self-assertion.

Notes

1

When Changing, the autobiography of Liv Ullman, was translated into Bulgarian in 1986, it appeared with a preface by Nikolov who again described the famous accidental encounter at Doubleday's, as if this encounter of the loitering unemployed newcomer completing his daily pedestrian workout through Manhattan was the most adequate contact Bulgarian audiences could possibly have with the elevated world of the Swedish actress.

2

It is still not possible to present evidence of these allegations. My opinion is that the Secret Services of Bulgaria have not been as maliciously active as they have been rumored to be and that many of their alleged conspiracies should be attributed to the paranoid state of mind typical for persons living under totalitarianism. Yet, there is the scandalous 1977 London assassination of the émigré author George Markov, known as the case of the "Bulgarian umbrella," which needs to be quoted as one of the important operations planned and carried out by the Services.

3

All translations of the titles, and of subsequent quotations from Nikolov's work are mine.

Works Cited

Dovlatov, Sergei. *Hemodan*. Tenafly: Ermitazh, 1986.

Jordanov, Yulian. "Vlog v mladata proza." *Literaturen Front*. 31 Yuli 1969.

Kalhev, Kamen. "Kolyo Nikolov." *Deca, Izkustvo, Knigi*. 4(1970) : 34-5.

Kolevski, Vasil. "Nezabelqzani dostojnstva." *Literaturen Front*. 17 April 1975.

Limonov, Eduard. *Eto ya, Edihka*. New York: Evergreen, 1983.

Nikolov, Kolyo. *Koi kakv e v Nu Iork*. Sofiya: Bılgarski Pisatel, 1982.

Nikolov, Kolyo. *Xotel Paridaiz*. Plovdiv: Xristo G.Danov, 1982.

Nikolov, Kolyo. *Kadife v Razbiti Ulitzi*. Sofiya: Profizdat, 1984.

Nikolov, Kolyo. *Izvin Broduei*. Sofiya: Bılgarski Pisatel, 1986.

Nikolov, Kolyo. *Keibl Rum*. Plovdiv: Xristo G. Danov, 1986.

Nikolov, Kolyo. *Predgovor. Promanata. Liv Ullman*. Sofiya: Narodna Kultura, 1986.

Svilenov, Atanas. "Svetl talant." *Narodna Mladei*. 11 Yuni 1975.

Svilenov, Atanas. "Otvid krasivata izmama." *Literaturen Front*. 12 Avgust 1982.

Topalov, Kiril. “S etihnata myarka na detskiya svyat.” *Puls*. 31 Yuli 1973.

Topalov, Kiril. “Za xudo’estvenata aktivnost na problematikata.” *Plamk*. 7(1975) : 162.

Xad’ikosev, Simeon. “Dvi’enie po nizkhodyasha liniya.” *Literaturen Front*. 28 Yanuari 1971.

Xad’ikosev, Simeon. “Po utpkani ptisha.” *Puls*. 25 Fevruari 1975.

Xad’ikosev, Simeon. “Ravnosmetka na lutaniyata i nade’dite.” *Puls*. 6 Dekemvri 1983.