

Dimitar Hinkov



This is a photo of my husband Dimitar Hinkov taken in Sofia in the 1970s. My husband was a silent and calm man. A military officer, neither tall, nor short, good-looking. We had been corresponding with each other before that, we had taken part in anti-fascist demonstrations together. I met him in Stezherevo; he had a friend living there who introduced us to each other. He invited me to the theater, he was very well read. But later it turned out that he was from the 'silent academy' [i.e. he didn't speak much]. He couldn't graduate from the Academy in Svishtov. He was negligent, not

trying too hard, an inert man. He did hard work and didn't mind doing household work either. We lived like that for 30 years and raised two children. I looked after the children and did everything that was expected of me. He knew only 'no' in his life. For everything I asked him to do or buy, he said no. Let's buy a fridge - we shouldn't, let's buy a stove - we shouldn't. We already had two granddaughters, when he met an old love of his and we separated. But even nowadays I'm in very good relations with his sisters, Lyuba and Vera. He went to live with this old lover from Svishtov, but we got divorced three years later. After less than two years he died. Everything we have and we have achieved was thanks to me. I supported the children by myself.