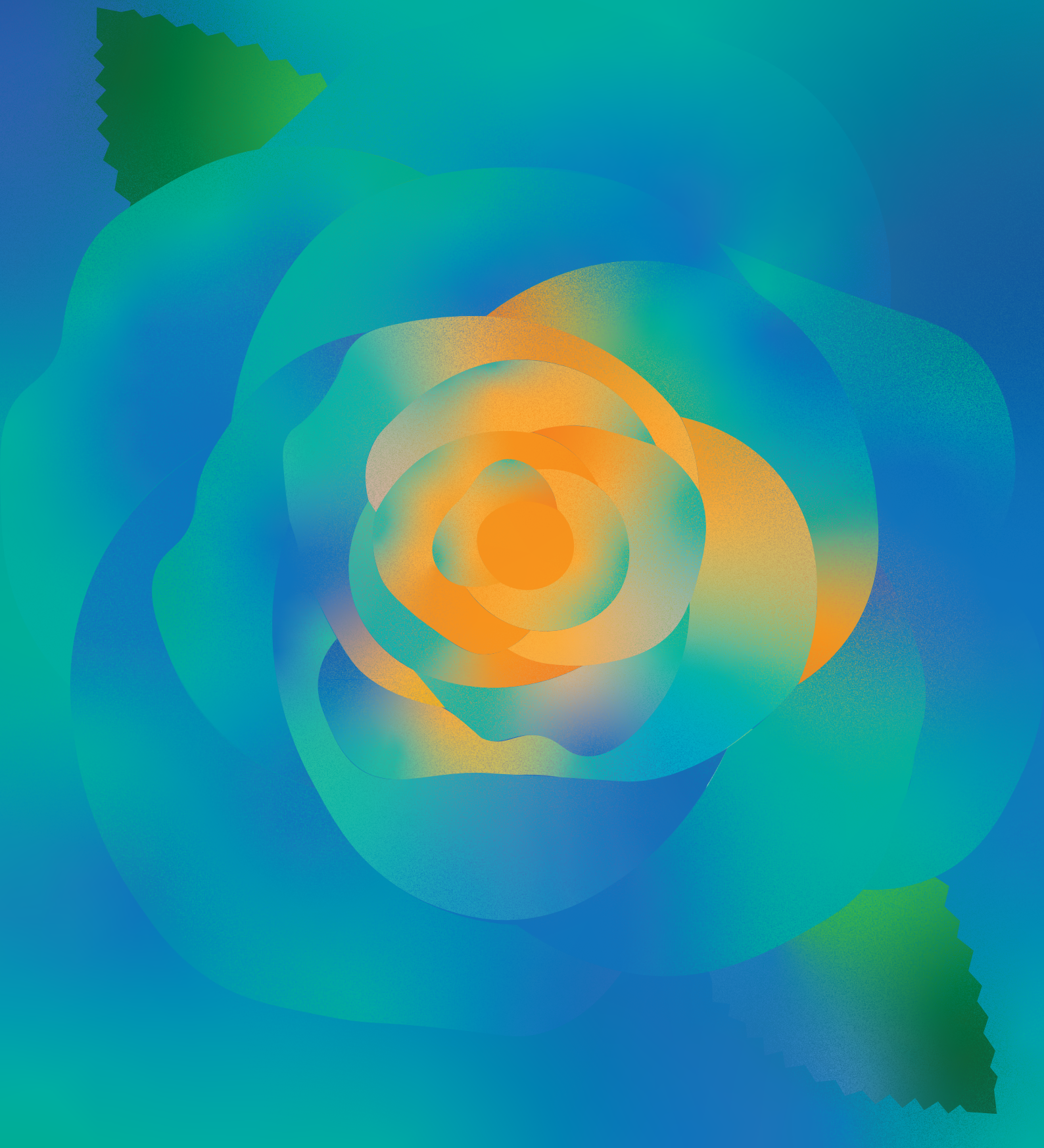
leto IV, številka 2 november 2025.

ARTEPAKT

ŠTUDENTSKA REVIJA FAKULTETE ZA HUMANISTIKO
UNIVERZE V NOVI GORICI



UVODNIK

V veliko veselje mi je, da lahko predstavim novo številko ARTEPAKT-a, ki smo jo pripravili na Fakulteti za humanistiko Univerze v Novi Gorici. Leto 2025 je bilo za Novo Gorico resnično posebno; kot Evropska prestolnica kulture je mesto odprlo svoja vrata novim dogodkom, ustvarjalnosti, energiji in ljudem, ki so ga napolnili z drugačnim utripom. Zato sem se odločil, da na naslovnico postavim prav vrtnico: simbol, ki ga že dolgo najdemo na zastavi Nove Gorice, pa tudi simbolni most med Gorico v Italiji in Novo Gorico. Vrtnica tako združuje tisto, kar je v tem prostoru nenehno prisotno, preplet kultur, zgodovin in tradicij, ki živijo drug ob drugem.

Vrtnica se povezuje z idejo plemenitosti, kontinuitete in kulturne dediščine; vrednote, ki jih prepoznam tudi v tem prostoru. Nova Gorica in Gorica sta pravzaprav del te širše evropske zgodbe, kjer se simboli prepletajo in prehajajo iz ene tradicije v drugo.

V tej številki boste našli kritike in kratke zgodbe, ki smo jih ustvarjali skozi celotno preteklo akademsko leto. Prispevki so raznoliki, pisani v slovenščini in angleščini, brez prevodov; tako smo lahko vključili širši izbor del. Kritike vas popeljejo od glasbe in mestnih prostorov do umetne inteligence, umetnosti in arhitekture, medtem ko kratke zgodbe odpirajo vrata v domišljijske in fantastične svetove, v katere se lahko potopite po svoje.

Zame osebno je bila priprava letošnje številke nekaj novega. Tokrat sem delal sam, kar se je izkazalo za izziv, hkrati pa tudi za izjemno pozitivno in celo pozitivno-avanturistično izkušnjo. Pri takšnih projektih se človek vedno nekaj novega nauči; o pisanju, o drugih, pa tudi o sebi. Upam, da boste v tej številki začutili trud, radovednost in iskrenost, ki smo jo vložili vanjo.

Kot skupnost Univerze v Novi Gorici smo že večkrat pokazali, da znamo stopiti skupaj, ustvariti nekaj dobrega in preseči pričakovanja. ARTEPAKT je eden od dokazov, da lahko kot kolektiv pustimo svoj pečat; ne le v akademskem prostoru, temveč tudi v širši kulturni pokrajini mesta, ki ga imamo radi.

Želim vam prijetno branje in iskreno upam, da bo vas ta številka navdihnila tako, kot je njen nastanek navdihoval nas.

Gordan Stefanov

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ARTEPAKT

Študentska revija študentk in študentov Fakultete za humanistiko Univerze v Novi Gorici

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Živa Stubelj, študentka programa Slovenistika, I. stopnja

Izdajatelji: Avtorice in avtorji revije

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Revija je brezplačna, tiskanih izvodov ???

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Razmnoževanje in fotokopiranje dela v celoti ali po delih brez predhodnega dovoljenja avtorjev je prepovedano. Avtorji člankov prevzemajo odgovornost za vsebino svojih člankov. Avtorji fotografij so zapisani pod fotografijami. Avtorske pravice so urejene. Uporabljamo tudi prosto dostopne fotografije.

Kritiško pisanje v umetnosti

V akademskem letu 2024/25 smo se pri predmetu *Kritiško pisanje v umetnosti* spoznavale_i s kritiškim pisanjem ter pomenom kritištva in kritične drže ter platformami za kritiško pisanje v Sloveniji. Obravnavale_i smo praktične rabe različnih elementov kritiškega pisanja na osrednjih področjih umetniške produkcije, od uprizoritvene in vizualne umetnosti, do glasbe in literature.

Poleg študentk_ov Fakutete za humanistiko in Akademije umetnosti Univerze v Novi Gorici so predmet obiskovale tudi zunanje udeleženke. Srečanja so bila naravnava praktično in so spodbujala udeleževanje na kulturnih dogodkih ter sodelovanje z različnimi strokovnjakinjami_ki ter lokalnimi in regionalnimi institucijami na področju kulturne produkcije. Gostile_i smo filmsko kuratorko in publicistko **Nadino Štefančič**, dramaturga in režiserja **Marka Bratuša**, pesnika in pisatelja **Iztoka Osojnika**, novinarja in glasbenega kritika **Jašo Bužinela** ter profesorja novih medijev in kuratorja **Petra Purga**.

V sklopu predmeta so študentke_i za vsako srečanje pripravile_i kritiški zapis, v katerem so reflektirale_i lokalno in regionalno dogajanje, predvsem dogodke programa čezmejne **Evropske prestolnice kulture GO! 2025 Nova Gorica–Gorizia**. V *Artepaktu* objavljamo sklop izbranih kritik, ki so nastajale v letnem semestru in naj služijo tudi kot vabilo h kritičnemu dialogu z umetniškimi deli in kulturnimi dogodki.

Predmet je bil izveden v sodelovanju s kulturnim stičiščem **Carinarnica** in njenim umetniškim direktorjem **Miho Kosovelom**

Mentorici in urednici sklopa: izr. prof. dr. **Kristina Pranjić** in asist. **Tery Žeželj**, MA





(Facebook, Fakulteta za humanistiko, predavanja Kritiško pisanje v umetnosti)

Štarkl, Ema: *Od najtrših do razneženih rokovskih izrazov*

Album *Helo* skupine MRFY in predstavitveni koncert *MRFY praznik* (21. 3. 2025, Media Center Ljubljana)



Ema Štarkl

MRFY z izidom singla *Tonemo* oktobra 2024 niso napovedali samo nedavnega izida svoje tretje plošče *Helo*, pač pa tudi vrnitev k liričnosti in ambientalnosti svojega prvega albuma *Story*. Dodatno pa je v tem komadu enostavno zaznati občutno nadgradnjo na področjih produkcije in aranžmaja, slišati je izkušenost, ki so jo z leti pridobili člani priljubljenega četverca, pri čemer je treba posebej izpostaviti Gregorja Starbergarja – Štrasa, ki se je razvil v zrelega in izjemno izraznega vokalista. Kljub tem napovedim pa je ob izidu plošče *Helo* jasno, da je navsezadnje bolj podobna drugemu albumu *Use*, ki je, kot pove že ime, pestra zbirka žanrsko in vsebinsko zelo različnih skladb.

Čeprav tujejezični komadi *Fat Kid* in *Future Idols* v angleščini ter še najbolj *Ljubav* v srbščini zvenijo bolj kot poskus prodora na tuje glasbene trge in v glavnem ne prinašajo posebne globine, pa lahko to skupini pogledamo skozi prste. Deloma zato, ker smo lahko po njihovem gostovanju v Veliki Britaniji, ponovni izdaji nekaterih uspešnic tudi v angleščini in kratki turneji po Balkanu to že pričakovali in ker jim prodor na tuje trge privoščimo. Prav tako unikatno MRFY izkušnjo privoščimo tujim glasbenim sladokuscem. Predvsem pa zato, ker album kljub vsemu prinaša zanimive nove presežke, za katere so MRFY že zdavnaj dokazali, da so jih več kot sposobni.

Zasedba je ostala zvesta eksperimentu in igri s preizkušanjem novih izraznih sredstev tako v svoji glasbi kot v svoji javni prezenci. Znova jim je uspelo postreči s skladbami in estetikami, ki jih pri njih še nismo poznali. Ob tem, da so vedno sposobni prevpraševati obliko in pomen svoje glasbe ter tudi svojo vlogo na slovenski glasbeni sceni, ki se je z leti precej preoblikovala in razvila, se zdi da jim idej za novo in sveže še ne bo kmalu zmanjkalo. Tukaj velja izpostaviti agresivno in surovo *Stupid*, ki so jo izdali skupaj z raperko Masayah, *Human*, ki prvič prinaša

klubske plesne ritme, in blagozveneče čudaški tok zavesti *Pravljica za lahko noč*, ki ploščo zaključi.

Naslovna in uvodna skladba *Helo* ter *palipali*, ki sta izšli tudi kot singla, sta najbolj bistveno MRFY-jevski na albumu, saj sta po eni strani spevni v slogu uvodne špice otroške risanke, hkrati pa prinašata močna sporočila, tokrat s področja odnosov in odraščanja, s katerimi se lahko enostavno poistovetimo. Zato tudi ni nepričakovano, da sta skladbi že postali hita. Prav tako se v znane zvoke zasedbe vklapljata skladbi *Lydian* in *Usi tako*, ki navsezadnje le eklektično spomnita na zgodnejša obdobja njihovega ustvarjanja. Morda pa je največji doprinos novega albuma skladba *Goff*, ki stilsko liči na njihov prvi beatlovski poskus *Tobogan* z albuma *Use*. Besedilo se med drugim dotika učinkov vse večje prepoznavnosti skupine na življenja članov kot javnih osebnosti. S tem skladba prebije četrto steno in tudi v sami glasbi vzpostavlja neposredno komunikacijo s svojim občinstvom. Poleg tega pa z mešanjem prijetnih in melanholičnih elementov vzbuja večplastne občutke,

»pa z mešanjem prijetnih in melanholičnih elementov vzbuja večplastne občutke,«

pred koncem pa nas z vprašanjem »*Kaj pa ti?*« povabi, da tudi sami razmislimo o svojih odnosih, ki so morda prav tako površinski kot parasocialni odnosi, ki jih opisuje skladba.

Tudi zunaj samih besedil skladb so MRFY skupina, ki s svojimi oboževalci vzpostavlja več neposrednih komunikacijskih kanalov, med katerimi so koncerti v živo en izmed tistih, ki se jim najbolj posvečajo. To je bilo razvidno tudi na koncertu *MRFY praznik*, ki je bil 21. 3. 2025 v Media Centru Ljubljana, na katerem so predstavili svoj novi album. To je bil drugi *MRFY praznik*, najdaljši koncert MRFY v posameznem koledarskem letu. V razprodani dvorani so z večurnim nastopom poleg celotnega novega albuma odigrali še uspešnice iz vseh obdobij svojega ustvarjanja. Kot gostje so se jim pridružili Masayah za skladbo *Stupid* in Matter za hit *Zonzei*. Hkrati pa smo doživeli dolgo pričakovano odkritje novega basista. Štrasu, Roku Klobučarju in Tomažu Zupančiču se je pridružil Dejan Slak – Sleyk, ki je zamenjal bivšega člana Lenarta Merlina.

Če so na prvem *MRFY prazniku* koncert vsebinsko, vizualno in zvokovno ločili na tri dele, so tokrat skladbe predstavili prepleteno in s tem pokazali na kontinuiteto in zaokroženost svojega sicer zelo raznolikega repertoarja, ki sega vse od najtrših do razneženih rokovskih izrazov. Večtisočglava množica ter profesionalna produkcijska ekipa, ki je skrbela za zvok, grafične projekcije, osvetlitev in snemanje koncerta sta samo ponovna potrditev, da se MRFY vse bolj uveljavlja ne samo kot zvokovno in vsebinsko kvalitetna glasbena skupina, pač pa tudi takšna, ki se bo na poseben način zapisala v srca trenutnih uporabnikov glasbe kot eden od glasov generacije.

Rebernik, Gašper: *Kaj ostane, ko izgine izročilo?*

Film *Nekoč v Posočju* (režija: Ema Kugler, 2024)



Gašper Rebernik

Mističnost. Beseda, ki v filmu Eme Kugler *Nekoč v Posočju* večkrat odzvanja – a ne kot jasno definiran pojem, temveč kot občutek, ki naj bi ga gledalec zaznal. Je to bolj stvar razpoloženja? Estetska odločitev? Ali ostanek sveta, ki se ga ne da več v celoti priklicati? Glede na naslov filma ne pričakujemo tako meditativne, skoraj arhetipske pripovedi. V svoji pripovedi o izgubljenih verovanjih in ritualih starovercev nam film pušča, da sam pomen počasi zbledi, se pomakne v ozadje, kar ustvari prostor za tišino in razmislek.

Ema Kugler je avtorica, ki ustvarja na področju filma, videa in performansa. Leta 2023 je prejela Prešernovo nagrado za življenjsko delo, pred tem pa tudi mnoge druge nagrade, predvsem s področja mednarodnega neodvisnega filma. Za dokumentarni film *Nekoč v Posočju* je napisala scenarij, režirala, pripravila scenografijo in kostumografijo, kar kaže na njeno vsestranskost pri ustvarjanju.

Kugler se je pri oblikovanju filma uprla na knjigo Pavla Medveščka *Iz nevidne strani neba: razkrite skrivnosti staroverstva*, v kateri je zbrano avtorjevo raziskovanje o stari veri, starovercih in staroverstvu kot načinu življenja, kot so ga poznali naši predniki, preden so jih pokristjanili. Knjiga obsega 576 strani. Avtorica se je v svojem dokumentarnem filmu nanašala na opise raznovrstnih svetišč, obrednih praznikov, jedeh, pijačah, potekih obredov in povezovanju mitov.

Film je bil podprt s strani Evropske prestolnice kulture GO! 2025 Nova Gorica–Gorizia. Po ogledu filma v Hiši filma v Gorici je sledil pogovor z avtorico, v katerem smo lahko začutili prisotnost avtorice ter poglobili občutek tistega,

kar smo gledali v filmu. Povedala je, da je snov za film v celoti vzela iz knjige in da je izbrala tiste zgodbe, ki so po njenem mnenju bistvene za razumevanje tematike. V smehu je dodala, da bi lahko, v kolikor bi želeli prikazati vse raziskave Pavla Medveščka, posneli kar šest celovečernih filmov.

Dokumentarni film *Nekoč v Posočju* je dokument, v katerem so v 90 minutah opisani in prikazani rituali, obredi ter verovanja starovercev na območju Posočja, kjer naj bi ti živeli. Film gradi svojo poetiko s počasnim tempom, posnetki narave ter sugestivnim zvočnim oblikovanjem, ki ne informira, ampak vzpostavlja razpoloženje. V ospredju je tehnika pripovedovanja *voice-over*, ki je tu ključna. Poleg posnetkov iz današnjega Posočja lahko zaznamo veliko računalniške dodelave in posebnih učinkov, s katerimi se poskuša vizualizirati kraje, takšne, kot so bili nekoč. Danes zaradi vojne in zgodovinskega dogajanja mnogo lokacij ni več ohranjenih v stanju, kot so jih opisovali staroverci.

»Danes zaradi vojne in zgodovinskega dogajanja mnogo lokacij ni več ohranjenih v stanju, kot so jih opisovali staroverci.«

Animirani del filma nas na nek način bolj zbliža z zgodbo in nam na zelo ilustrativen način prikaže dogajanje, ki je povsem sanjavo oziroma nadrealno, kar učinkuje kot domišljijska interpretacija resničnosti. Kljub temu pa se zaradi tega v celotni podobi filma izgubi občutek mistične atmosfere staroverstva, saj se z animacijo ustvari drugačen vizualni svet, ki, vsaj deloma, ruši enotno estetiko filma. Mističnost pa v tem primeru ni le stvar teme, temveč predvsem del režijskega ritma, zvočne tišine, kompozicije kadra in občutka nedosegljivosti končnega pomena.

»Mističnost pa v tem primeru ni le stvar teme, temveč predvsem del režijskega ritma, zvočne tišine, kompozicije kadra in občutka nedosegljivosti končnega pomena.«

V filmu je večkrat poudarjeno, da informacije niso znane ali da se neko izročilo ni ohranilo in da bo za vedno ostalo skrivnost. Na določenih mestih so te predpostavke zelo močno izražene, kar lahko gledalca postavi v vlogo, da je to področje že raziskano in da ne bo sam našel ničesar novega. Kar pa seveda ni nujno res – veliko je zgodovine, o kateri ne vemo prav dosti ali pa o njej ni ohranjenih veliko virov, vendar to ne pomeni, da taka tema ni vredna poglobljene raziskave. S tem se mi odpira vprašanje, ali se morebiti tovrstne trditve v filmu pojavijo prevečkrat in nas kot gledalce distancirajo od teme, ki je sicer lahko zelo zanimiv, pa tudi mističen predmet nadaljnjih raziskav.

Poleg slikovitih in umirjenih kadrov narave ter pokrajine so dodani tudi igrani prizori, v katerih so igralci nepomembni – bistveno je njihovo početje in predstavitev ritualov starovercev. Določene informacije se skozi zgodbo ponavljajo, kar vzbuja občutek, da film tematsko

kroži okrog istih točk, in s tem nekoliko izgublja svoj namen. Zaradi tega lahko pomislimo, da gre bolj za informacijski prikaz kot pa dokumentarni film s poglobljeno pripovedjo – zastavljena tema se morda izkaže za preširoko, zaradi česar film posameznih pripovednih niti ne razdela v globino. Brez ponovitev bi lahko film pri gledalcu pustil več odprtih prostorov za lastne interpretacije in poetiko, ki jo je imel v sebi ter informiranje prepustil tistemu, ki bi si recimo želel poglobiti v branje Medveščkove knjige.

Film je vsekakor poseben simbolni dokument, ki podpre knjigo Medveščka in odpre prostor za nov dialog o prevečkrat prezrti staroslovanski zgodovini. Kljub različnim estetikam v filmu je jasno prisotna sporočilnost in motivacija, da je vera mnogokrat plod lastnih interpretacij in prepričanj, ki temeljijo na izročilih naših prednikov.

»Kljub različnim estetikam v filmu je jasno prisotna sporočilnost in motivacija, da je vera mnogokrat plod lastnih interpretacij in prepričanj, ki temeljijo na izročilih naših prednikov.«

Stefanov, Gordan: *Med načrti in pozabo: Razstava, ki nas uči gledati drugače*

Razstava Nonument Group: *Sijoče nevidno mesto* (Eda Center, 30. 5. 2025–30. 11. 2025)



Gordan Stefanov

Razstava *Sijoče nevidno mesto*, ki se je 30. maja 2025 otvorila v Eda Centru v Novi Gorici, predstavlja eno bolj premišljenih in konceptualno zaokroženih umetniških intervencij v okviru programa Evropske prestolnice kulture GO! 2025. Za njo stoji umetniško-raziskovalni kolektiv Nonument Group, ki že več kot desetletje deluje na presečišču umetnosti, arhitekture in politike prostora. Njihovo delo temelji na raziskovanju, dokumentiranju in reinterpretaciji zapuščenih, spregledanih ali ideološko obremenjenih javnih prostorov iz 20. stoletja, pri čemer se osredotočajo predvsem na njihove nevidne zgodbe in prezrto vrednost. V času, ko se evropski urbani prostori vse bolj banalizirajo in podrejajo komercialni logiki, takšna razstava deluje kot protiutež, poziv k refleksiji in k bolj empatičnemu, počasnemu gledanju na mesto.

»V času, ko se evropski urbani prostori vse bolj banalizirajo in podrejajo komercialni logiki, takšna razstava deluje kot protiutež, poziv k refleksiji in k bolj empatičnemu, počasnemu gledanju na mesto.«

Sama postavitev razstave je že na prvi pogled premišljena. Dolg hodnik prvega nadstropja Eda Centra je izkoriščen kot linearna pripovedna struktura, kjer obiskovalec postopno vstopa v vsebine, ki so razporejene v dvanajst tematskih točk, dopolnjenih s tremi konceptualnimi razmisleki o prihodnosti mesta. Uvodni oziroma zaključni plakat, deluje kot nekakšen odprti manifest, ob njem pa je miza z arhitekturnimi načrti, članki in risbami, ki ponujajo dodatno plast branja. Čeprav v razstavnem prostoru ni bilo fizičnih maket, kar bi lahko nekateri razumeli kot pomanjkljivost, so bile risbe in skice dovolj sugestivne, da so sprožile

prostorske predstave o urbanističnih načrtih in zamislih.

Ena izmed največjih kvalitet razstave je njena sposobnost, da kompleksne zgodbe pove o prostoru brez moraliziranja ali nostalgične potopitve v preteklost. Projekti, ki so predstavljeni, tudi tisti, ki nikoli niso bili uresničeni, kot denimo urbanistični natečaj iz leta 1988, niso prikazani kot izgubljene priložnosti ali neuspehi, temveč kot potenciali, kot dokumenti določenega časa, ki še vedno nagovarjajo našo sedanjost. To je pomembno, saj se tudi danes soočamo s številnimi arhitekturnimi in prostorskimi vprašanji, ki nimajo enoznačnih odgovorov. Nonument Group tako odpira prostor za razmislek: ali znamo razumeti in vključiti tisto, kar je bilo potisnjeno ob rob, prezrto ali opuščeno, ne le v fizičnem smislu, temveč tudi v zgodovinskem in simbolnem?

Pomembno mesto v razstavi zavzemajo trije citati Edvarda Ravnikarja, Emila Bratine in Vinka Torkarja, ki tvorijo idejno ogrodje razmisleka o preteklosti, sedanjosti in prihodnosti mesta. Ravnikar opozarja, da »iz drobnih in nepomembnih hotenj ni mogoče napraviti lepega mesta«, Bratina poudarja odprtost in razvojni potencial Nove Gorice, ki »zahteva in dopušča dograjevanje, nadgrajevanje in širitev, ne samo vsebinsko, ampak tudi fizično«, Torkar pa zapiše skorajda meditativno misel, da je lahko »navaden travnik sredi mesta prava odrešitev«. Ti trije glasovi, čeprav iz različnih časov in pozicij, skupaj vzpostavljajo prostor za kompleksno refleksijo o tem, kaj mesto je, in kaj bi lahko bilo, če bi znali poslušati bolj subtilne signale v prostoru.

Razstava ne nastopa z avtoriteto, temveč s povabilom. Namesto enoznačnih trditev ponuja večplastne pripovedi, ki gledalca ne obremenijo, ampak ga vabijo k aktivni udeležbi, tako čustveni kot miselni. V času, ko se Nova Gorica in Gorica zarisujeta kot skupni evropski kulturni prostor, takšna razstava deluje kot protiutež površinskemu spektaklu in hitrim kulturnim potrošnjam. Je povabilo, da stopimo bližje, da poslušamo prostor, tudi ko ne govori glasno. V tem smislu je *Sijoče nevidno mesto* izrazito aktualna, a tudi tiha razstava, namesto da razlaga, postavlja vprašanja; namesto da zapoveduje, sprašuje, in s tem doseže mnogo več.

Zadnje vprašanje, ki ga postavlja obiskovalcu, ni retorično, temveč etično: smo kot skupnost pripravljeni slišati zgodbe prostorov, ki ne kričijo, temveč šepetajo?

»smo kot skupnost pripravljeni slišati zgodbe prostorov, ki ne kričijo, temveč šepetajo?«

Od odgovora na to vprašanje bo morda odvisno, ali bomo znali v prihodnosti graditi mesta, ki niso le funkcionalna in gospodarsko uspešna, temveč tudi občutljiva, vključujoča in pravična.

Vodopivec, Neja: *Pokopališče kot (del) meja?*

Razstava *Vsemir – meja na mirenskem pokopališču* (mirensko pokopališče, 5. 2.–31. 12. 2025)



Neja Vodopivec

O meji med Italijo in Jugoslavijo po letu 1947 in celotnem dogajanju okoli nje nam priča multimedijska razstava na pokopališču v Mirnu z naslovom *Vsemir – meja na mirnskem pokopališču*. Avtor razstave je Rok Bavčar, oblikoval in idejno zasnoval pa jo je Bojan B. Biteznik. Svoje zgodbe za razstavo so delili tudi krajani Mirna Lojzka Nemec Badalič, Stanislav Faganeli, Vanda Klančič, Vida Klančič, Vlado Kremše, Danjel Kosič, Ivo Kovic, Lucijan Mozetič, Cirila Pregelj in Jelka Slokar.

Razstava nam na zelo razumljiv način predstavi problem meje med Italijo in Jugoslavijo, ki se je oblikovala po drugi svetovni vojni (1947), skozi lokalen primer mirnskega pokopališča. Osvetli nam neživljenjski način, s katerim so po vojni začrtovali državne meje, ki so ločevale družine, hiše, pokopališča, grobove …

»Osvetli nam neživljenjski način, s katerim so po vojni začrtovali državne meje, ki so ločevale družine, hiše, pokopališča, grobove …«

Tako je bil Karlo Franceschin pokopan v dveh državah – z glavo v Italiji, z nogami pa v Jugoslaviji. Kaže absurdnost meja, tistih, ki jih lahko vidimo in tistih, ki so nam nevidne. Ogled razstave pri obiskovalcu sproži razmišljanje o pomenu oz. pomenih meja. Razstava nas ne pusti ravnodušne in vzbudi kritično misel o svetu z drugega zornega kota. O svetu, kjer se nesporazumi lahko hitro spremenijo v sporazume in obratno, kjer se meje zarišejo, vzpostavijo in izginejo, kjer nas meje prečkajo in kjer mi prečkamo njih.

Razstava se nahaja v dveh prostorih ob vhodu na mirnsko pokopališče in je od začetka februarja 2025 odprta za obiskovalce vsak dan. Obiskovalci potrebujejo za vstop v prostora brezplačno vstopnico, ki jo lahko dobijo na lokacijah Goriškega muzeja ali pa pred vhodoma v razstavni prostor odčitajo kodo QR, s katero lahko pridobijo vstopnico. Razstavo je postavil Goriški muzej v okviru projekta *Muzej na meji* v

Mirnu; postavitev je nadomestila predhodno razstavo z naslovom *Spomni se name*.

Kot že omenjeno, se razstava nahaja v dveh prostorih, ki sta opremljena z drsnimi vrati, ki se obiskovalcu odprejo, ko ta odčita svojo brezplačno vstopnico. Stene prostorov so obložene s črnim, razgibanim materialom, prostor pa osvetljuje viseča luč, ki je skrita v umetno rastlinje. Oba prostora imata vsak po eno okno, skozi katerega v prostor vstopa zunanja svetloba. Sama notranja oprema prostorov nam daje vtis težkega vsakdana krajanov, ki so včasih zaradi meje bili primorani spremljati pogreb svojega bližnjega le od daleč, z druge strani meje, ali pa kako so morali krsto umrlega prenašati čez zid pokopališča, saj skozi glavni vhod niso smeli, luknja, ki so jo v zid naredili za prehod oseb, pa ni bila dovolj velika.

V prvem prostoru se nahajajo štirje ekrani, na vsakem izmed njih se vrti posnetek o sami zgodovini nastanka problematične meje in dogajanja na mirnskem pokopališču. Na prvem ekranu se predvaja krajša animacija o pomenu meje, ki ni samo fizična, sledijo posnetki krajanov, ki pripovedujejo spomine družinskih članov o tem obdobju. Zvok animacije je na voljo v slovenskem, italijanskem in angleškem jeziku, medtem ko krajani pripovedujejo v slovenščini, podnapisi pa so dostopni v italijanščini in angleščini.

Obiskovalci si lahko na drugem ekranu ogledajo slike meje in pokopališča iz različnih obdobji med 1950 in 2007, ki so opremljeni z opisi. Na tretjem ekranu se predvaja posnetek iz obdobja Jugoslavije, kako učiteljica pelje svoje učence ob meji, medtem ko se spoznavajo z različnimi državnimi organi, ki mejo patruljirajo. Tudi ta posnetek je v slovenščini z italijanskimi in angleškimi podnapisi. V prvem prostoru je postavljen tudi mejni kamen, ki je označeval mejo med Italijo in Jugoslavijo.

V drugem prostoru sta postavljena dva ekrana. Eden od njiju je okrogle oblike, oblikovan na način, kot da gledamo skozi okno rakete. Oblika ekrana je tako usklajena z animacijo, ki se predvaja na njem. Zaradi tega nas zgodba še bolj pritegne, prestavi nas v raketo, s katero poletimo v vesolje, vedno bolj se dvigamo stran od Zemlje – stran od mirnskega pokopališča, stran od Slovenije, stran od Evrope, stran od Zemlje, letimo v vesolje, izven sveta, preko vseh meja v neskončnost. Vse to nam prikazuje animacija, ki nas spodbuja k prevpraševanju raznolikosti meja. Podobno je tudi na drugem ekranu, kjer se v slovenščini, italijanščini in angleščini izpisujejo vprašanja. »Kje so naše meje?«, »Do kod seže naš pogled?«, »Meje česa smo?«, »Kdo smo?«, »Kam smo namenjeni?«, »Kje je začetek in kje je konec?«, »V miru in nemiru?«, »Meje našega sveta?«.

Razstava nas poziva, da se vsaj za trenutek ustavimo v našem hitrem tempu življenja ter se vsaj malo zamislimo o mejah. Nekatere meje so fizične, nekatere obstajajo samo v naših glavah, druge so stalne, tretje se spreminjajo. Danes nam hiter tempo življenja redko dovoljuje, da na

globlji ravni razmislimo o nekaterih pomembnih stvareh ali pa da preprosto vidimo reči, za katere bi morali biti hvaležni. Predvsem iz pripovedi krajanov lahko tisti, ki meje na mirnskem pokopališču niso doživeli, razumejo, kakšen pomen je ta imela ter kako je vplivala na življenja ljudi. Izpostavljeno je, da je vstop Slovenije v Evropsko Unijo leta 2004 in Schengensko območje leta 2007 spremenil dojemanje meje ter njenega prehoda, ki ga prevečkrat dojemamo kot samoumevnega. Meje postavljamo ljudje in mi vemo, da papir prenese vse, človeška življenja pa ne tako zlahka.

Sama razstava nosi zelo pomembno sporočilo, ki ne govori samo o mejah, temveč tudi o izkušnjah samih krajanov,

»Sama razstava nosi zelo pomembno sporočilo, ki ne govori samo o mejah, temveč tudi o izkušnjah samih krajanov,«

ki so nam lahko v opomin o nenavadnih življenjskih dogodkih. Iz zgodovine bi se morali nekaj naučiti in ne ponavljati napak, ki so jih ljudje delali pred nami. Zato je pomembno, da posebej mlade, ki so močno vpeti v digitalni svet, prepreden z lažnimi novicami (*fake news*), pritegnemo h kritičnemu razmišljanju o svetu iz različnih zornih kotov. V tej luči bi lahko razstavo še izboljšali z elementom interakcije, kjer bi lahko tudi obiskovalci vsaj na simboličen način prispevali k razstavi.

Razstava nas poziva, da mejo dojamemo večplastno in kompleksno. Danes je prehod fizične meje med dvema državama v Evropski uniji dokaj enostaven, po drugi strani pa se med ljudmi dvigujejo zidovi, ljudje se delijo na različne skupine – na "naše" in "vaše", pri čemer človek ne more biti del prve (recimo rožnate) skupine, če je že del neke druge (recimo zelene) skupine. Svet je tako vedno bolj črno-bel, brez vmesnih sivin. Vedno večje meje so tako med ljudmi različnih ras, religij oz. verskih prepričanj ter sploh drugače mislečih. Opazimo lahko vedno večje pomanjkanje empatije in razumevanja. Tako so vedno redkejši prostori, kjer lahko posameznik najde svoj mir.

Če je govora o pokopališču in meji, navadno pomislimo na pokopališče, ki predstavlja mejo med živim svetom in svetom mrtvih. Ko govorimo o pokopališču v Mirnu (pri Gorici), kraju, oddaljenem 10 km od Nove Gorice, na Primorskem tik ob meji z Italijo, pa ne moremo govoriti samo o meji kot taki. Pokopališče je leta 1947, po koncu druge svetovne vojne, razdelila meja. Državna meja, ki se je takrat vzpostavila med Jugoslavijo in Italijo, je pokopališče po diagonali razdelila na dva dela. Tako je približno ena tretjina pokopališča pripadala Italiji, druga tretjina pa Jugoslaviji. Pomislili bi, da so takšne situacije možne samo v filmu. A je jasno, da tudi v vsakdanjem življenju prihaja do absurdnih situacij, kjer še umrli nimajo miru. Meja je tako razburkala tudi večni mir na pokopališču in vanj vnesla nemir.

Santoro, Nina: *Prihodnost izobraževanja v dobi umetne inteligence – kako razumeti svet, ki ga sooblikuje stroj?*

Javni pogovor serije Dialogi_čez_ (22. 4. 2025, Xcenter, Nova Gorica)



Nina Santoro

Fakulteta za humanistiko Univerze v Novi Gorici že tretje leto zapored organizira tri pogovore letno z namenom razpiranja sodobnih tematik z gosti in obiskovalci v javnem prostoru, zunaj akademskih zidov. Drugi letošnji pogovor je v torek, 22. 4. 2025, ob 18.00 v prostorih novogoriškega Xcentra soočil razmisleke dveh profesorjev o umetni inteligenci na področju slovenskega izobraževanja. Medtem ko so argumenti dr. Marjana Krašne, ki je trenutno zaposlen na Univerzi v Mariboru, izhajali iz znanosti in predvsem iz področja psihologije, so argumenti dr. Klemna Laha, ki sodeluje z več fakultetami, izhajali iz njegovih delovnih izkušenj s področja izobraževanja. Tako smo v dvournem dogodku, ki je bil razdeljen na uvodni 10-minutni argumentaciji obeh gostov in debato vseh prisotnih, poglobljeno in sproščeno spoznali različne vidike glede uporabe umetne inteligence – tako v vsakdanjem življenju kot tudi pri strokovnem delu in predvsem v kontekstu slovenskega jezika.

Pogovor se je začel s kratkim uvodom moderatorja in glavnega organizatorja dogodka asist. dr. Milana Mrđenovića z Univerze v Novi Gorici. Led je z manjšimi tehničnimi problemi prebil dr. Krašna z razmisleki o poznavanju lastnosti umetne inteligence. Poudaril je, da se večina uporabnikov ne zaveda, kako umetna inteligenca deluje, niti ne pozna dobro njenega izvora, ampak ga uporablja zgolj kot programsko orodje. S svojim preprostim primerom o tem, kako videoposnetka v maternem jeziku ne bi razumeli, če bi vsebino predvajali dvakrat hitreje, je odprl zanimivo tematiko o t. i. »pretirani stimulaciji« (ang. *overstimulation)*.

O uporabi umetne inteligence v osnovnih, še bolj pa v srednjih šolah, pri nalogah, kot so eseji, je pogovor nadaljeval dr. Lah. Med delovanjem na srednjih šolah je ugotovil, da se v njegovem odnosu z dijaki pojavi nezaupanje, če jih vpraša o uporabi umetne inteligence pri pisanju domačih nalog ali esejev. **Zato se je odločil, da dijakom ne bo več pregledoval domačih nalog, ampak je uvedel preverjanje nalog s predstavitvami oz. retoriko** – dijak je svoje odgovore pri nalogah preprosto moral zagovarjati.

»dijak je svoje odgovore pri nalogah preprosto moral zagovarjati.«

Glede na svoje izkušnje pri poučevanju pa je hkrati tudi ugotovil, da je vsakodnevna uporaba umetne inteligence izničila pomen besede »plagiat«, saj dela oz. pisnega sestavka, ki ga izdela umetna inteligenca zaradi sestavljanja informacij iz različnih virov, ne moremo enačiti s plagiatom. Ta razmislek je podprl tudi dr. Krašna o principu človeškega razmišljanja in procesu ustvarjanja novih sestavkov; nekdo pred nami je nekoč že domislil vsako našo misel, vendar ne bomo nikoli imeli dovolj podatkov, da bi navedeno vsakič tudi točno citirali.

Zanimive so bile tudi anekdote, kako se z umetno inteligenco spoprijemajo mladi v slovenskih gimnazijah. V eni izmed njih je dr. Lah skupaj z ostalimi sodelujočimi izvedel projekt, kjer so skupinam gimnazijcev naročili, naj pripravijo argumente za uporabo in proti uporabi umetne inteligence pri vsakodnevnih opravilih. V spominu, ki ga je dr. Lah predstavil skozi anekdoto, so dijakinje, ki so sestavljale eno izmed skupin, uporabo umetne inteligence označile kot sporno, saj z večkratno uporabo uči uporabnike, naj zanemarijo samostojno procesiranja informacij ter jih tako posledično uči podrejanja avtoritetam.

Taki dogodki, kot je serija *Dialogi_čez*, spodbujajo pogovore in krepijo osebno ozaveščanje o samostojni presoji človeka in njegovem pomenu v času, kjer se večino časa počutimo nemočni. V tem oziru nas je zadnji pogovor spodbudil, da moramo v času, ko se umetna inteligenca še razvija, še bolj razvijati naše sočutje ter samostojno odločanje. Ljudi, še posebej pa mlade, se najbolj dotakne preprosto ozaveščanje skozi anekdote, saj se lahko prek njih prepoznajo ali mogoče z njimi celo sočustvujejo bolj, kakor bi prek zahtevnih strokovnih predavanj.

Gosta sta se z moderatorjem dotaknila primerov uporabe umetne inteligence v vsakdanjem življenju; od razlikovanja med glagoloma »uporabiti« in »zlorabiti« umetno inteligenco sta prešla na pomen uporabnikove etike in moralne presoje, vse skupaj pa sta podkrepila s tematiko odvisnosti in rušenjem dopaminskega ravnovesja pri uporabi tehnologije in socialnih omrežij.

Argumentiranje strukture slovenskega jezika se je zanimivo usklajevalo s prevajanjem besedil z umetno inteligenco. Dr. Krašnar je omenil pogovor s kolegom s Finske, v katerem je izvedel, da je finski kolega pri učenju

slovenščine imel težave, saj je z enakimi besedami v slovenščini lahko izrazil več misli, včasih tudi pomensko si nasprotujočih. V primerjavi s finščino je poudaril, da so besede v finščini enopomenske, kar onemogoča možnost, da bi si specifičen stavek interpretirali na več načinov. Tako je dr. Krašnar prišel do sklepa, da lahko jezike, ki so po zgradbi enostavnejši, lažje prevajamo, kakor besedilo v slovenščini. Slovenščina namreč velja za jezik, v katerem z manj besedami izrazimo bolj poglobljeno in detajlno sporočilo. Seveda pa ne smemo pri prevajanju pozabiti, da je naš cilj pri prevajanju besedila v drugi jezik predstaviti čim bolj točno sporočilo, ki je zapisano v prvotnem jeziku. Kot sta izrazila gosta: »Keep it simple.«

Dogodek se je zaključil z enotnim mnenjem, da uporaba umetne inteligence za opravljanje dela, ki posamezniku vzame preveč časa, posebej ko gre za rutinske opravke z veliko količino podatkov, ni sporna, ampak postane sporna šele takrat, kadar si posameznik z uporabo odvzame ustvarjalni in kritični proces, ki ga učenci ali študentje pridobivajo in izkušajo preko ustvarjanja pisnih sestavkov, kot je npr. esejska naloga. Prav tako smo se vsi navzoči strinjali z nevarnostmi daljše uporabe socialnih omrežij, saj ta z ustreznimi psihološkimi prijemi povzroča že vidne trajne posledice, kot sta kratkotrajnejša pozornost in hitrejše poškodbe vida. Velik vpliv ima tudi vzgoja otrok, saj starši pri vsakodnevnih opravilih zaposlijo otroka s telefonom, da se lažje posvetijo službenim ali gospodinjskim opravilom, kar povzroča trajne posledice, kot sta zasvojenost in težje vzdrževanje pozornosti pri otroku. Pozorni pa moramo biti, da dejanj, če le-ta niso pogosta, ne enačimo z zanemarjenjem otroka. Rešitev je dr. Lah izpostavil v uporabi igrač za mlajše, ki otroku pomagajo razvijati fino motoriko, hkrati pa ne moremo mimo nujnosti interakcije in čustvovanja otrok z odraslimi in nasploh več človeškega stika.

Ključno je, da se v javnem prostoru še vedno odvijajo takšni dogodki oz. pogovori, saj prispevajo k ohranjanju prostora za nenehen razvoj kritičnega mišljenja, moralne presoje posameznika v družbi in vseživljenjskega učenja vseh generacij.

»Ključno je, da se v javnem prostoru še vedno odvijajo takšni dogodki oz. pogovori, saj prispevajo k ohranjanju prostora za nenehen razvoj kritičnega mišljenja, moralne presoje posameznika v družbi in vseživljenjskega učenja vseh generacij.«

Smiselno bi bilo razmisliti o vključevanju dijakov gimnazij in strokovnih srednjih šol v tovrstne razprave, saj lahko pomembno prispevajo k njihovi vzgoji v aktivne in reflektirane državljane. Sodelovanje omogoči ali spodbudi državljane k aktivnosti, saj mladi polagajo temelje za ustvarjanje boljšega in mirnejšega sveta.

Zorkić, Radovan: *Realists*, a Cathartic Cabaret

Theatre Show *Realisti. Kabaret za pet igralcev, pijanca in občinstvo*/ *Realists. Cabaret for five actors, drunkard and audience* (Director: Tijana Zinajić, SNG Nova Gorica, 11 March 2025)



Radovan Zorkić

The play Realists, which premiered in 2018 at the Slovene National Theatre in Nova Gorica, directed by Tijana Zinajić, written by Jure Karas, and brought to life by the performers of the Slovene National Theatre (SNG) Nova Gorica presents the audience with an exceedingly humorous and deeply personal reckoning with the state of the world we live in. Subtitled as "Cabaret for five actors, drunkard and audience," it roots itself in a rich tradition of mass entertainment rife with satire and irony, and, as such, markets itself as a more than worthy vessel for the everyman's frustrations regarding today's world.

Staying true to the claim of continuity with the tradition of cabaret, Realists consists of disjointed vignettes satirizing contemporary life, interspersed with moments of musicality (provided by Sound and Video Designers Vladimir Hmeljak, Majin Maraž, and Stojan Nemec), with parodic songs serving as capstones to several of the comedic episodes, all set on a sparsely decorated smoke-filled stage fitting the image of a cabaret environment (courtesy of Set Designer Neža Zinajić). Peter Harl, Jure Kopušar, Matija Rupel, Urška Taufer and Žiga Udir give humorous and exaggerated, yet easily approachable performances punctuated by moments of interacting with the audience. The subject matter of the play itself covers everyday situations ranging from interactions with one's neighbours to the chore of recycling, tackling the hypocrisy of modern man and the societal rules one is beholden to, as well as calling out, so to speak, those of us most complicit in said hypocrisy.

With the essential attributes of the performance disclosed, it is worth noting the exceptional audience experience it provides.

“Going to the theatre in the twenty-first century is a far cry from the popular spectacles of Shakespeare’s Globe Theatre, and it competes with the much more accessible media of television and the internet.”

Going to the theatre in the twenty-first century is a far cry from the popular spectacles of Shakespeare’s Globe Theatre, and it competes with the much more accessible media of television and the internet. As such, this play leans on the intimate atmosphere and tradition of cabaret shows, where the performers mingle with the audience, eschew a fourth wall and the story is experienced as directly as possible to bridge a potential gap of intimacy, making the audience member more than just that, making them a participant, with the play feeling more like a visit to one’s favourite pub populated by familiar characters. The actors serve as makeshift masters of ceremony, centring the audience and guiding them through the surreal episodes of the play, from the squabbling of married couples when the Wi-Fi isn’t working and they have nothing to distract them from everyday issues to a scene where making fun of the way native Chinese speakers speak Slovene is flipped on its head and the role of each participant is reversed.

This directness alone serves to empower the audience and allows for a veritable catharsis to unfold, with a common lamentation on the state of our lives not only displayed but experienced through a comedic and musical lens. Caricatured events and characters like the nosy neighbour, the hypocritical politician, the group of lads on a night out, and even a parody of mandatory recycling practices and the ostracization one might face by not following them in which they are likened to authoritarian regimes of the past, simultaneously surreal and hyperreal, aid the audience in facing the banalities of twenty-first century life and laughing at our own misery.

To conclude, Realists provides a unique experience, a genuine continuation of the tradition of cabaret, brimming with laughter, self-reflection, satire of contemporary society and genuine, albeit exaggerated, emotion. It can provide a cathartic outlet for the frustrations of contemporary man, while taking the audience on a journey where, for an hour and a half, they need not worry and simply be entertained.

“It can provide a cathartic outlet for the frustrations of contemporary man, while taking the audience on a journey where, for an hour and a half, they need not worry and simply be entertained.”

The play can be approached as both an example of a long tradition of an underrepresented form of popular entertainment, or as an experience unto itself, representing a multifaceted and unique play which could appeal to many different audiences.

Husejnović, Riad: *Umetnost na konicah naših prstov*

Razstava *Umetnost onkraj vidnega* (taktilna galerija v Mercator centru Nova Gorica, 21. 3.–13. 12. 2025)



Riad Husejnović

Zahvaljujoč ključnim osebnostim – Davidu Kožuh, Igorju Miljavcu, Jasni Hribernik, Mateji Maljevac in Boštjanu Drinovcu – ter sodelovanju Goriškega muzeja je osrednje sporočilo, ki ga prenaša izjemno raznolika galerija taktilne umetnosti, celovito, a preprosto: umetnosti ni treba videti, da bi jo doživeli.

»umetnosti ni treba videti, da bi jo doživeli.«

Ta ideja ni bila le predlagana, temveč uresničena, raziskana in na novo koncipirana skozi široko paleto umetniških pristopov, materialov in oblik. Rezultat je bila razstava, ki ni bila namenjena le slabovidnim, ampak je ustvarila skupno senzorično izkušnjo za vse obiskovalce ter jih spodbudila, da se z umetnostjo ukvarjajo na nove in poučne načine.

Kiparska dela, kot so na primer tista umetnika Alfreda de Locatellija, grobo upodabljajo človeško figuro na način, ki je takoj prepoznaven na dotik – obris trupa, prisotnost udov – vendar tam, kjer bi pričakovali jasno opredeljen obraz, naletimo na abstraktno obliko. Podrobnosti na glavi ne sledijo pravilnim proporcem, temveč dajejo prednost bolj abstraktnim oblikam, kar omogoča več interpretacij o tem, kaj pomeni kiparjenje človeške figure. Ta stilistična izbira ne vabi le k globljemu raziskovanju z rokami, ampak tudi preusmerja naše pojmovanje tega, kaj je bistveno pri upodabljanju človeka. Zato ni nujno, da je človek prikazan v vseh podrobnostih, če umetniško delo še vedno prenaša svoje sporočilo.

V ostrem kontrastu so skulpture iz nerjavečega jekla umetnice Tee Curk Sorta, ki upodabljajo

žensko postavo v skoraj nadnaravnih podrobnostih. Te skulpture so tako natančne v svojih površinskih značilnostih, da je v teksturo vključena celo struktura »las«. Ta raven podrobnosti nas preseneti in lahko deluje nekoliko srhljivo, zlasti če jo doživljamo preko dotika, saj nas postavi v neposreden stik z realnim, ki meji na nadrealno. Tako lahko začutimo krivino ustnic, obris obrvi in nežne pramene las.

V primerjavi s tem je bolj poenostavljen primer kiparjenja bronasta skulptura Lego figurice, ki jo je ustvaril Boštjan Drinovec. Čeprav je Lego figurica znana ikona, je tu na novo predstavljena skozi »resno« medijsko skulpturo, ki ji doda plast ironije in humorja. Oblika figure je prepoznavna tudi na dotik, odločitev, da se figura običajno iz plastike upodobi v bronu, pa ji daje občutek brezčasnosti in jo na nek način »legitimira«.

Na razstavi niso bila predstavljena zgolj tridimenzionalna dela. Nekateri umetniki so posegli po medijski raznolikosti ter združili vizualni in verbalni izraz. Roberto Cantarutti je tako prispeval sliko z naslovom *I Walk*, pa tudi pesem, katere besedilo je nameščeno neposredno nad umetniškim delom na steni galerije. Ta sopostavitev povezuje taktilno in konceptualno. Pesem dodaja interpretativno plast in obiskovalcem ponuja način, da se z isto temo ukvarjajo tudi prek jezika. Ta premišljena integracija razširja pripoved razstave od oblike k ritmu in besedi.

Primož Pugelj je prispeval izjemno delo – tri človeške obraze iz varjenega železa, postavljene drug ob drugem. To niso le simbolični ali sugestivni obrazi; so natančno izdelani in z izjemno natančnostjo zajemajo obrazne poteze. Tekstura kože, struktura čeljusti, oblika vek – vse to iz železa izstopa na izjemno realističen način. To delo spominja na znana dela, kot so doprsni kipi Franza Xaverja Messerschmidta, na primer krika, ali Michelangelova *Marija iz Bruggea*. Te zgodovinske reference niso bile izbrane naključno. Messerschmidtov krik na primer odlično kaže, kako lahko umetnik surovo čustvo prevede v fizično obliko – tako močno, da celo taktilna upodobitev uspe ohraniti del njegove intenzivnosti.

Michelangelova *Marija iz Bruggea*, ki je čustveno bolj zadržana, izstopa po tehnični dodelanosti in duhovni milini. Dejstvo, da so bila dela takšnega prestiža vključena v razstavo – nekatera kot taktilne reinterpretacije, druga kot digitalne ali reliefne simulacije – poudarja zavezanost kuratorjev, da kanonsko umetnost postavijo v dialog z novejšimi oblikami, ki raziskujejo različne perspektive umetniškega dela. Zlasti zanimivo je bilo videti, da so poleg največjih imen zahodne umetnostne zgodovine (Edvard Munch, Pablo Picasso, Salvador Dalí) tudi sodobni umetniki, kot je Banksy, svoja dela – na primer *Dekle z balonom* – ponovno interpretirali v reliefni obliki, primerni za taktilno raziskovanje.

Morda najbolj fascinantni primeri so bile rekonstrukcije arhitekture – ne posamezne človeške figure ali statične scene, temveč celotni prostori, upodobljeni v miniaturi. Ti modeli, kot so Fidijev Partenon, Janez Lenassijev spomenik Edvardu Rusjanu in različne mostne konstrukcije, so obiskovalcem ponudili nov način razumevanja proporcev, prostora in simetrije, saj so lahko fizično sledili obrisom in odnosom med oblikami. Ti kosi so se zdeli še posebej primerni za taktilni format. Medtem ko slika lahko izgubi nekaj podrobnosti, ko se pretvori v relief, arhitekturni modeli pod rokami oživijo ter postanejo nekaj intuitivnega in intelektualno stimulativnega.

Posebna pozornost je bila namenjena tudi poudarjanju pomembnih slovenskih umetnikov. Vključitev ustvarjalcev, kot so Avgust Černigoj, Zdenko Kalin, Nika Simac in Tone Kralj, je zagotovila, da se lokalna umetniška dediščina ni izgubila v množici. Vsak od teh umetnikov je prispeval svoj specifičen glas in estetiko, kar je obiskovalcem omogočilo, da v koherentnem tematskem okviru doživijo različne izrazne načine – od abstraktne geometrije do figurativnega realizma.

Prepoznavnost igra pomembno vlogo pri zagotavljanju občutka bližine, ki ga ima povprečen človek do interpretiranega dela, in mnoga najbolj izjemna dela so bila tista, ki so bila takoj prepoznavna: Salomonov vozel, Hokusajeva *Velika vala pri Kanagavi*, *Orfej in Hades* Giulia Romanova ali celo reinterpretacija Michelangela Daniela de Volterra. Seveda cilj razstave ni bil zgolj poustvariti znana umetniška dela v taktilni obliki, saj bi to celoten projekt zreduciralo na vajo v posnemanju. Namesto tega so te reinterpretacije služile kot katalizatorji za pogovor in razmišljanje. S predstavitvijo umetnosti v oblikah, namenjenih dotiku, je razstava povabila k radikalnemu ponovnemu razmisleku o tem, kaj pomeni »videti« umetniško delo. Zaradi narave materialov – bron, jeklo, smola, les – nobena od teh rekonstrukcij ne more ponoviti občutka dejanske kože, tkanine ali organske snovi. Pa tudi ni treba. Cilj ni simulirati, temveč reinterpretirati. Navsezadnje te upodobitve ne poskušajo nadomestiti izvirnikov – niti ne bi mogle.

»Umetnost mora vzbujati.«

Umetnost mora vzbujati. Kip je lahko iz marmorja, slika iz stekla, pesem pa iz besed, napisana na steno. Toda nihče ne sodi slike zgolj po platnu. Zakaj bi torej svoje dojemanje umetnosti omejevali le na vid?

Grassi Sgarban, Sara: *Ko je odsotnost velika kot ocean*

Film *Šterkijada* (režija: Igor Šterk, 2023)



Sara Grassi Sgarban

Šterkijada (2023) je film Igorja Šterka, ki pripoveduje zgodbo svojega očeta Jureta skozi oči režiserja in sina. Film je otvoril Festival slovenskega filma v Portorožu leta 2023, predvajali pa so ga tudi v kinu Visionario v Vidmu minulega 6. in 7. marca v sklopu predstavitve slovenskih filmov v Italiji »Così vicino, così lontano« (»Tako blizu, tako daleč«), ki ga kot del programa Evropske prestolnice kulture GO! 2025 prireja Kinoatelje.

Jure Šterk (igra ga Janez Škof) bi lahko veljal za slovenskega narodnega junaka, saj je večkrat sam objadral svet. To je bil pomemben dosežek, še posebej v družbenem kontekstu od devetdesetih let do začetka novega tisočletja, ko se je novoustanovljena samostojna Slovenija trudila (in uspela) izoblikovati svojo identiteto tudi s pomočjo takšnih posameznikov in velikih osebnosti, kot je bil morjeplovec in pomorščak Šterk. Film se pri portretiranju Jureta Šterka ne osredotoča na njegovo javno vlogo ali športne podvige, temveč ga prikazuje kot moža in očeta, kar prinaša drugačen pogled nanj kot človek.

Film si v resnici ne prizadeva, da bi metaforično pripovedoval narodno zgodovino skozi osebno zgodbo, temveč sta ti dve preprosto neizogibno prepleteni in neločljivo povezani. Pravzaprav je pogled na narodno zgodovino njenih pričevalcev prekril osebno zgodbo, ki šele v filmu najde prostor, kjer jo lahko slišimo. Gre za pripoved, ki je nujno bolj intimna in nežna ter neizogibno postavi pod vprašaj potrebo (ali željo?) po mitizaciji javne osebnosti vse do njenih zadnjih trenutkov, pri čemer jo skrči na plosko, enodimenzionalno podobo, reducirano izključno na njena dejanja, medtem ko je avtentično in

večplastno žalovanje prepuščeno ožji družini. Kljub temu, da se je žalovanje ob odhodu v protagonistovi družini izoblikovalo že v času njegovega življenja – saj je s svojo odsotnostjo »navadil« družino na misel o odsotnosti – se dokončno slovo vseeno pokaže kot izjemno težko. Medtem pa javnost, ki paradoksalno skoraj bolj intenzivno spremlja življenje Šterka, njegovo smrt doživi razmeroma po tiho in v ozadju.

Zgodba se začne v režiserjevem otroštvu. Očetova podoba je že takoj prikazana kot stroga, avtoritarna in v določenem smislu odtujena od preostale družine, razpeta med željo po svobodi in idealom družine. Glavni protagonist zgodbe je pravzaprav njegova odsotnost v življenju žene Vojke (Silva Čušin) in sina Tita (Tito Novak kot otrok in Jernej Gašperin kot odrasel) ter nekakšen mehanizem žene in sina za spoprijemanje s to praznino. Gre za disfunkcionalno družinsko dinamiko, ki nima nič junaškega, a se vendar ne more izogniti temu, da ne bi nenehno zrcalila sama sebe, kar nakazuje že naslov. *Šterkijada* je namreč ljubkovalno ime za redna družinska srečanja stricev in bratrancev Šterk. Občasen občutek normalnosti, ki ga prinese na primer Juretova vrnitev domov ali kratki telefonski pogovori z ženo in sinom, vedno znova prekinejo prazne obljube o dokončni vrnitvi, kar razkriva neozdravljivo strast do oceana glavnega lika. Ta tesna povezanost z oceanom namiguje na razplet zgodbe in usodo Jureta Šterka, tudi tistim, ki je pred ogledom filma niso poznali.

Občutek slutnje ne izhaja samo iz zgodbe, temveč tudi iz načina pripovedovanja. Čeprav ocean nima neposredne vloge v Juretovih podvigih (Šterk ni nikoli posnet med plovbo, edini prizori z ladjo so tisti, ko je ta zasidrana v pristanišču), je voda v filmu nenehno prisotna – je skoraj kot četrti član družine, ki mu je protagonist bolj naklonjen in s katerim se bolje razume kot z ostalimi družinskimi člani. Ko je ni v kadru, je voda umirjena, a hkrati nemirna. V nemih utrinkih, ki govorijo glasneje od besed, se njena prisotnost udejanji v dialogih, kot takrat, ko zmedeno sožalje uslužbenke veleposlaništva, ki Igorju Šterku vrne očetove stvari, sproži njegov razočaran monolog: »Moj oče bi si želel takšnega konca: izčrpan sredi odprtega morja, daleč od svojih bližnjih, v ledeni vodi, ne da bi imel koga, ki mu ponuja roko.«

Ključno vlogo ima tudi glasbena podlaga, katere prisotnost oz. odsotnost dodatno izraža Igorjeva čustva in podrobneje opisuje njegov odnos z očetom. Sprva je igranje klavirja Juretova zahteva do sina, in je še ena od neštetih dejavnosti, ki mu jih nalaga, kot da bi mu lahko sin s tem dokazal svojo vrednost. Na koncu pa Rahmaninov *Preludij v c-molu*, ki ga zaigra Igor, postane njuno poslednje slovo.

Z vidika filmskega žanra bi film lahko po eni strani označili kot biografijo, po drugi strani pa je pripoved tako osebna in subjektivna, da ne moremo brez vprašanja do kolikšne mere gre pri filmu za fikcijo in tega, ali je to sploh pomembno vprašanje. Navsezadnje, kot se

pogosto zgodi v pripovedovanju, se individualna zgodba nezavedno razširi v kolektivno in nagovori širše občinstvo, saj gledalec vanjo projicira lastne izkušnje in občutke, ter v njej začuti odmev tudi svoje notranje resničnosti.

»Šterkijada je film, ki s surovo iskrenostjo slika portret večplastne družinske zgodbe.«

Šterkijada je film, ki s surovo iskrenostjo slika portret večplastne družinske zgodbe. Ob tem presega javni mit o Juretu Šterku, da bi tako obudil njegovo zasebno človeško podobo v njegovih protislovjih. Osebna pripoved režiserja se spremeni v vsesplošen premislek o teži odsotnosti in o nuji po spravi, ki bo ostala, implicitno, jalova.

Matovska, Sofija: *Blunda och se*

Exhibition *Umetnost onkraj vidnega/ Art Beyond the Visible* (Tactile Gallery at Mercator center Nova Gorica, March 21–December 13, 2025)



Sofija Matovska

Located in the new Mercator Center in Kromberk, Nova Gorica, the interdisciplinary event Umetnost onkraj vidnega (Art Beyond the Visible) holds special significance for a marginalized community that has too often been excluded from access to cultural experiences.

The exhibition was organized by Goriški muzej in collaboration with the Medobčinsko društvo slepih in slabovidnih Nova Gorica and the School of Arts of the University of Nova Gorica, under the theme I See, I Touch, I Feel. Key contributors to the project include David Kožuh, Igor Miljavec, Jasna Hribernik, Mateja Maljevac, and Boštjan Drinovec, alongside a wider network of institutional partners.

An alternative to the dominant focus on visuality in art, the main aim was to design an experience, which would be equally immersive for both sighted and visually impaired individuals. This was achieved through meaningful collaboration and intentional design. Firstly, the active involvement of visually impaired individuals in the organizing team ensured that the event was thoughtfully crafted to meet their needs around their lived experience and perspectives, rather than treating them as peripheral audiences with limited access. The gallery was set up in a space of daily routine and distraction, a shopping center, whose very ordinariness made the experience all the more unexpected and affecting. Singer Zara Smrtnik, dancer Jana Führer, and flutist Mila Vučko opened the event with performances shaped by their own experiences of visual impairment. Their involvement made the event feel more personal and showed how creativity comes in many different forms. After the red ribbon was cut, the exhibition officially opened, immediately revealing how limiting traditional galleries can be, where the “do not touch” policy excludes

those who cannot see, challenging the conventional reliance on our eyes.

“Participants were encouraged to engage with the artworks through touch, feeling and interpreting them through textures and forms, allowing their imagination to take over.”

Participants were encouraged to engage with the artworks through touch, feeling and interpreting them through textures and forms, allowing their imagination to take over.

Umetnost onkraj vidnega introduced many historical practices of making art accessible to those with visual impairments using examples from Slovenia and abroad with names like: Phidias, Pablo Picasso, Roberto Cantarutti, Bruno Paladin … One of the art pieces was of Giorgio De Chirico, who does metaphysical art, with many dreamlike, timeless spaces, which resonate with the exhibition’s focus on uncertainty and the mind’s search for meaning beyond immediate perception. De Chirico’s art challenges the viewer to question reality and engage with deeper layers of the subconscious, making it a fitting piece to highlight in this context. The decision to list the materials used for each artwork, along with providing audio descriptions and Braille texts, is a deliberate and thoughtful choice. This approach reflects an indirect form of typhlo-pedagogical training – educating artists, curators, and students about how to create truly inclusive experiences for people with visual impairments. It shows the genuine commitment of everyone involved to meaningful inclusivity, going beyond mere token gestures or symbolic representation.

This also carries a deeper message when considered in the context of today’s digital age, where we are constantly bombarded with new information, absorbing content at an overwhelming pace. In contrast, engaging with an artwork through touch forces a slower, more deliberate interaction, one that unfolds gradually, bit by bit, as your fingers go through every crevice and notice every bump. It invites you to reflect on how life would look like if screen overload and instant imagery weren’t our main engines.

“The act of touching breaks the traditional barrier between observer and artwork, transforming the viewer into an active participant.”

The act of touching breaks the traditional barrier between observer and artwork, transforming the viewer into an active participant. In that moment, the artwork is no longer a distant object to be passively consumed; it becomes something personal, shaped by individual perception. No two interpretations are going to be alike. Each person’s encounter is intimate, subjective, and unrepeatable. But all of these are just snippets of the bigger picture and for some – everyday life.

As a predominantly visual species, humans rely heavily on eyesight to navigate the world. When this primary mode of perception is removed, the mind compensates by constructing narratives, calling back to familiar images stored in our

memory. This process mirrors the natural fear of the unknown – when certainty is stripped away, the mind begins to fill in the gaps, sometimes with curiosity, other times with apprehension. The exhibition captures this exact sense of uncertainty, pushing the visitors to go deeper and deeper within themselves, looking for explanations on what they're perceiving in the real world.

The way we consume art has become repetitive, reduced almost entirely to one sense: sight. Throughout the entire event, a question lingered in the air:

"Who are you, and how do you perceive the world if you close your eyes? Do you truly stop "seeing"? Or do you dare to open yourself to another dimension?"

Who are you, and how do you perceive the world if you close your eyes? Do you truly stop "seeing"? Or do you dare to open yourself to another dimension?

"BLUNDA OCH SE" (CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SEE).

The exhibition fulfills its most important purpose: making art more accessible to blind and visually impaired audiences as a central, guiding principle of the curatorial approach rather than merely an afterthought. This interplay between blindness and insight is not intended as a charitable adaptation but as an essential, enriching expansion of cultural expression. Umetnost onkraj vidnega does not offer a simple resolution. Instead, it leaves visitors with a lingering awareness of their own sensory biases and the realization that perception is always, to some extent, incomplete.

Vinzi, Teresa: *Meja na Mirenskem pokopališču*

Razstava *Vsemir – meja na mirenskem pokopališču* (mirensko pokopališče, 5. 2.–31. 12. 2025)



Teresa Vinzi

Predstavljajte si, da naenkrat ne smete več čez dvorišče, se ne smete družiti s prijatelji ali s člani družine. Kako bi to vplivalo na vaše vsakdanje življenje? To bi gotovo drastično spremenilo vaš vsakdan.

»Ravno to se je zgodilo moji noni, ki je izgubila ne samo del dvorišča, ampak tudi vsa prijateljstva v Rožni dolini.«

Ravno to se je zgodilo moji noni, ki je izgubila ne samo del dvorišča, ampak tudi vsa prijateljstva v Rožni dolini. Meja, ki je bila začrtana leta 1947 med Italijo in Jugoslavijo, je bila rezultat pogajanj in dogovorov, ki so sledili po koncu druge svetovne vojne, in je bila večinoma določena s Pariškim mirovnim sporazumom. Ta pa je pomenila veliko spremembo v vsakdanjem življenju ljudi, ki so živeli na goriškem območju.

Težave in spremembe, ki jih je povzročila začrtana meja, so bile uspešno predstavljene na razstavi na Mirenskem pokopališču. kjer je meja razdelila pokopališče in mrtve ali dele pokopanih teles na jugoslovanska in italijanska.

»V večni mir Mirenskega pokopališča je vnesla nemir. Iz nemira, ki ga je meja prinesla na pokopališče, se je razvila razstava, imenovana Vsemir.«

V večni mir Mirenskega pokopališča je vnesla nemir. Iz nemira, ki ga je meja prinesla na pokopališče, se je razvila razstava, imenovana *Vsemir*.

Obisk razstave je brezplačen, kar omogoča, da si razstavo ogleda čim več ljudi. Potrebno pa je imeti elektronski listek, ki ga obiskovalec pridobi s preprostim skeniranjem kode QR pred vhodom. Ko stopimo na pokopališče, pred seboj zagledamo grobove, na levi in desni strani pa dve sobi. V prvem prostoru si lahko ogledamo dokumentarni videoposnetek RTV Slovenija, ki nam poglobljeno predstavi tedanje življenje ob meji, ter različne intervjuje z vaščani in

vaščankami. Intervjuji so še posebej učinkoviti, saj omogočajo, da si boljše predstavljamo, kako so ljudje takrat živeli v vsakdanjem življenju. Zaradi meje, ki je prekinila Mirensko pokopališče in ga razdelila med Jugoslavijo in Italijo, ljudje niso več mogli pokopavati svojih najdražjih na drugi strani meje in so bili ločeni od svojih bližnjih. Edini dan, ko so se lahko vsi zbrali na pokopališču, je bil 1. november, ko so imeli priložnost obiskati pokopališče vsi, ne glede na to, na kateri strani so živeli.

Čeprav je bilo pokopališče strogo varovano, so ljudje vseeno našli način, da so se srečali, si na skrivaj izmenjali sporočila ali čez mejo vrgli kakšen predmet. Včasih je kdo izkoristil to priložnost tudi za pobeg čez mejo, v upanju na boljše življenje. Intervjuvanke in intervjuvanci govorijo v svojih narečjih, kar doda nek občutek povezanosti in intimnosti s poslušalcem. Besedilo dokumentarnega videa in intervjujev je dostopno tudi prek podnapisov v angleščini, kar omogoča večjo razumevanje tudi za tiste, ki ne razumejo slovensko.

Če vstopimo v drugi prostor, smo obdani z dvema ekranoma, ki nam na eni strani predvajata vprašanja glede meje v treh jezikih, na drugi pa svet. V tem delu je tematika osredotočena na filozofske razmisleke o meji. V reprezentaciji in razmisleku se pogreša predvsem mnenja mlajših. To bi omogočilo širšo perspektivo in bolj aktualno razpravo o tem, kaj meja danes pomeni in kakšen je njen vpliv na prihodnost. Razumevanje o večplastnosti meje in celotnem zgodovinskem kontekstu predstavljenega fenomena bi lahko organizatorji podprli tudi z brošuro, ki bi jo pričakovali ob takšnem dogodku.

Ob zaključku ogleda razstave in sprehoda po pokopališču sem se znova spomnila na svojo nono in zgodbo, ki mi jo je zaupala. Meja, ki ji je odvzela dvorišče, prijatelje in del življenja, je postala veliko več kot le črta na zemljevidu – postala je osebna izkušnja, ki jo zdaj tudi sama bolje razumem. Razstava mi je odprla oči in srce. Z vsakim intervjujem, vsakim vprašanjem in vsakim pogledom na družinske grobove, ki jih je meja pretrgala, sem čutila večjo povezanost z zgodovino in s svojo družino. Po eni strani sem bila vesela, da sem lahko vse to doživela in spoznala, po drugi strani pa me je spremljala tiha žalost – zaradi vseh tistih, ki so izgubili stik z najdražjimi, zaradi zgodb, ki jih je meja za vedno spremenila. To ni bila le razstava, bila je pot skozi čustva, spomin in zgodovino, ki mi bo še dolgo ostala v mislih.

Stubelj, Živa: *Zemlja se spominja – mi ne več*

Film *Nekoč v posočju* (režija: Ema Kugler, 2024)



Živa Stubelj

V svojem najnovejšem dokumentarnem filmu se Ema Kugler pogumno podaja v eno najskrivnostnejših in najmanj raziskanih poglavij slovenske duhovne zgodovine – v svet staroverstva, ki je stoletja živelo (in skrivoma preživelo) v Posočju. To je film, ki ne želi razlagati ali prikazovati z objektivno gotovostjo, temveč vzpostaviti stik s tistim, kar je ostalo onkraj besed, onkraj zgodovine, v pokrajinah tišine in ustnega izročila. Film ni zgolj dokument o veri, temveč tudi zgodovinska meditacija o izgubljeni povezanosti med človekom in naravo.

Dokumentarec izhaja iz spoznanja, da pisnih virov o staroverstvu skorajda ni – vse, kar vemo, vemo zaradi tistih redkih, ki so v desetletjih trdega raziskovalnega dela pridobili zaupanje redkih nosilcev ustnega izročila. Eden ključnih med njimi je bil Pavel Medveščck, ki je med letoma 1953 in 1975 vztrajno zbiral pričevanja t. i. »stricev«, samskih, marginaliziranih moških, ki so živeli na robu kmečke skupnosti in ohranjali znanje, ki so ga drugi že zdavnaj pozabili – ali ga v strahu pred cerkveno in družbeno represijo niso upali prenašati naprej.

Kugler občutljivo in brez didaktičnosti nakaže brutalnost zgodovinskih procesov, ki so staroverce prisilili v molk. V letu 1331, ko iz Čedada pridejo prvi prinašalci krščanstva, se začne dolgotrajno nasilno pokristjanjevanje: rušenje svetišč, prisilno spreobračanje, tudi fizično uničenje ljudi, ki so v naravi videli božansko. Prav zato staroverstvo nikoli ni imelo pisnih zapisov – preživetje je bilo mogoče le v molku in prikrivanju. Izročilo se je prenašalo iz ust v uho, iz pogleda v pogled. In v tej logiki prikritega znanja se giblje tudi ta film.

Največji umetniški in etični izziv tega projekta je jasno izražen že v začetnem vprašanju: kako posneti film o veri, ki ne obstaja več? Kako

pokazati svetišča, ki niso nikoli imela zidov, le naravne formacije, ki jih je človek le zaznaval kot svete? Kako prikazati obrede, ki so bili strogo varovana skrivnost in se niso nikoli beležili?

Umetnica sprejme to neulovljivost kot ključno sestavino svojega filmskega jezika. Odreče se rekonstrukciji, igranim prizorom, razlagam. Namesto tega gradi filmsko izkušnjo na podobi in vzdušju: posnetki narave – jam, rek, drevesnih skorj, meglic in ptic – niso ilustracija, temveč samostojen pripovedovalec. Narava je subjekt, nosilec zgodbe in obenem prostor duhovnega stika. Kot pravi izročilo samo: »Edina boginja je Nikrmana, kozmična prasila, ki je brez oblike in je vseprisotna.«

Filmska fotografija (Lev Predan Kowarski in Dejan Ulaga) je v tem smislu osrednji gradnik. Kamera lebdi nad gorami in vstopa v soteske kot v votline spomina. Svetloba ni realistična, temveč sugestivna; zdi se, da film zajema svet, kot ga vidi duh, ne oko. Kuglerjeva v prvi polovici ustvari skorajda molitveno atmosfero: narava kot kraj, kjer se človek še ni oddvojil od kozmosa, kjer ni hierarhij, temveč kroženje, prepletanje in spoštovanje.

Ko se film dotika konkretnih obrednih praks – od žrtvovanja krvi vodnim duhovom, do zdravilne umetnosti medežnikov, ki so z rastlinami, uroki in čarobnimi predmeti zdravili dušo in telo – to stori z distanco in spoštovanjem. Ne razlaga, ne posnema, temveč zvočno in vizualno nakaže razpoloženje obreda. Vse, kar gledalec ve, je tisto, kar mu je dopuščeno začutiti.

Osrednja etična nit filma je spoštovanje. Spoštovanje do Medveščkovega dela, ki ni bilo le raziskovalno, temveč predvsem človeško – kako pridobiti zaupanje skupnosti, ki je stoletja gojila molk? Spoštovanje do »stricev«, ki so, kljub socialni izključenosti, nosili znanje o tem, kar danes mnogi iščejo v novih duhovnostih: občutek za povezanost z naravo, z duhovnim svetom, s predniki. In nenazadnje, spoštovanje do samega izročila, ki se mu film nikoli ne približa z redukcionizmom znanstvenih razlag ali senzacionalizmom mitoloških podob.

Film v zadnjem delu gledalca preseneti s sedemminutno animacijo, ki ne deluje kot razlaga, temveč kot rahla razbremenitev, priložnost za distanco in premislek. A že prej nas s toplino presunejo opisi, kako so bili ti ljudje – kljub skromnim razmeram – duhovito vedri, igrivi, polni življenja. Režiserka Ema Kugler z dokumentarcem o staroverstvu ni ustvarila filma o zgodovini, ampak film zgodovine same: tiste tihe, potlačene, pozabljene. To je film, ki ne išče resnice v dokumentih, temveč v čutenju, v krajih, kjer kamen nosi več spomina kot papir.

»To je film, ki ne išče resnice v dokumentih, temveč v čutenju, v krajih, kjer kamen nosi več spomina kot papir.«

In prav zato je to eden najmočnejših slovenskih dokumentarcev zadnjih let: ker nam ne pove vsega – *ampak nas povabi, da prisluhnemo*.

V času, ko se svet narave krči, in ko se zdi, da je narave več v spominih kot v pokrajinah, film Eme Kugler ni nostalgična elegija, temveč opomin in molitev: naj še znamo prisluhniti, kaj nam govori Zemlja.

Kreativno pisanje

Predmet *Kreativno pisanje* je v študijskem letu 2024/2025 študente popeljal v svet literarnega ustvarjanja. Podrobno smo se ukvarjali z literarnimi prvinami kratke zgodbe. Prek raznovrstnih primerov iz domače in svetovne literature smo se učili pisanja prepričljivih likov, katerih želje in konflikti poganjajo dogajanje ter vplivajo na zasnovo. Pri tem so nam pomagali številni odstavki iz literarnih del Barbare Kingslover, Toni Morrison, Shirley Jackson, Marguerite Duras, Suzane Tratnik, Ajde Bračič, Antona Čehova, Vladimirja Nabokova, Jamesa Baldwina, Roberta Bolaňa in drugih. Spoznavali smo uporabnost različnih pripovednih perspektiv in značilnosti učinkovitih literarnih opisov ter dialogov. Raziskovali smo vplive dogajalnih prostorov in časovnosti. Poudarili smo tudi pomen različnih slogovnih izbir in poglobljene revizije, ob kateri lahko pozorni bralci postanejo izvirni pisatelji. V *Artepaktu* objavljene kratke zgodbe so plod tega dela.

Doc. dr. **Primož Mlačnik**



Doc. dr. Primož Mlačnik

One last shot of Jägermaister, in my name

Gordan Stefanov



Gordan Stefanov

Dear brother,

If you are reading this letter, I am dead. I know we haven't been in touch much, but the times we were, well, they were very precious to me. I have gone back to our childhood house, after thirty years; I decided to die in the house I never let you sell. I hope you understand that I needed it for this last part of my life. After I die, my lawyer will contact you and hand you the documents you need to sell it. I am sorry I never let you do this before today, I really hope you understand, but after all the childhood beating, alongside the patience and "understanding," and all the fights about my gay marriage with Derek, my now deceased husband, I simply couldn't allow myself to lose the place where I'm still able to feel that childhood joy. Do not be sad I'm no longer alive, but cherish the moments we had together, like that time we went to a local bar in Berlin and you had one cocktail and had a mini nap on the bar because you were tired that day. Whenever I look back to that moment a smile appears on me ...

I hope you are healthy, happy and carefree, as you are reading this letter and no troubles, at your house in London. After thirty years in Prague, I got diagnosed with an inoperable brain tumour and decided to live my last few weeks at home, not wanting to make myself a burden to anyone. I've always been a chatty person, and even though it would have been more logical to send you a voice message, I decided to write you a letter, for old time's sake. This is my last written piece, my last adventure, though it may not be as perfect as my bestseller, it's from my heart. Unfiltered and simple I'll be on this piece of paper, for the first time in my life. So I invite you to this journey with me. I know that the both of us

enjoyed traveling together, even though it was rare, it happened nevertheless, hence me writing about my last adventure, going home…

The road from Prague was long. I felt like time wasn't moving at all. I felt as if I was thrown in a loop, a rolling sensations down the road. Me counting seconds that last like eternities each. One, two, three, four, five and so on. Oh, how I enjoyed the nature outside the window of the bus, overcoming the discomfort in my head.

Yet there was not a thing to do! My legs were in one position for eighteen hours straight, my head constantly leaning against the window and falling asleep. Falling asleep isn't ideal on a bus. Just when I start to fall asleep, I am woken up by those bumps on the road. The people on the bus had lives as amazing as they can be; with no health issues, certainly no brain issues; not a worry. That whole spring was adventurous. How can it not be! I was going back home for the sole purpose of dying, although that does not seem like a bad trip at all.

I was never a conventional man brother; you've known me long enough to know that; I never gave one flying fuck about societal rules. They seemed too confining, boring and made for the ones in charge, of course. That said, I never was an anarchist either, or if I was, I would've been a soft anarchist. I always stopped on a red light, never vandalised a sign on the road, and never missed a zebra. Even on days when the nights were silent and the roads were empty. I was grateful to be surrounded with people in Prague that were more like me, made my life there happier.

All that was left for me to do was be seated in the bus seat and just wait until I reach our hometown. I checked the time; thirty flying minutes had passed with me on the road, I looked out the window, noting but darkness around 3am, calmness took over within me. I couldn't do anything but be there, and be as grateful as one can be. I closed my eyes in hopes of sleeping, started counting backwards from one hundred, ninety nine, ninety eight, ninety seven…and by the time I counted sixty, I was asleep, in the dream world, swimming happily in its calm silence.

Somewhere along the road, I started to wake up, like programmed to do so. As the bus was slowing down, I started to open up my eyes. First I recognised the smell and after that I woke up. The bus stopped at the bus station. I was thirsty and people around me were rushing to get out of the bus.

No one I knew was at the bus station, logically, everyone I once knew was no longer talking to me, dead, or they couldn't stand me being right all the time, do not tell them this, but I think everyone was intimidated by me a bit. My life felt a bit lonely after the passing of my husband. But I was always an individualist, which stopped me from feeling as bad as I would have otherwise. My friends knew what

time I was going back home, but they all decided to stay back in Prague. I couldn't blame them. All of us being academics... academia has no time to waste; didn't allow pauses of any kind. I don't want to sound cliché, brother, but you know that I lived by several mottos, nothing wow. One of them: "treat people the way you want to be treated", and "if you don't have anything nice to say, don't say anything," which seems rational, hence I didn't expect anything more from the people around me. What's important now is that I am in our hometown, even though I had just arrived at the bus station, simply breathing in the air and listening to the chatter of the people, was enough, and just when I thought that a fresh breeze flew by and caressed me through my hair tied up in a messy bun.

After I stepped out of the bus, I was standing in that same spot for a good fifteen seconds, just feeling the present which embodied peacefulness, contentedness, excitement, gratefulness and most of all relief that I was on my feet.

I started walking. I had no intention of going back to our house right away. I wanted to go on a short walk around Bellaville, to see what had changed, what had stayed the same and what is still broken and unfixed.

Somehow, I walked my way into the city centre. I found myself back in time, not literally, but more in my mind, where things looked exactly the same as they did a few years back. A wave of nostalgia I felt. I was never the one to feel emotion, aside from laughter, anger, I never allowed myself to feel much, being rational and all, yet now I felt chills, in my mind happiness, and in my eyes, something I didn't think I was able to do after Derek's death, I thought I cried everything out of me, yet my eyes watered and one last tear fell from my eye. I finally felt that wave of nostalgia that everyone talked about, every book described, it finally caught up with time. Even though everything stayed the same from an outside perspective, from an inside one, it felt like I was looking at a completely new place, different people were walking; no longer my friends and soon, no longer me.

It was the same ice cream place, even though uncle Todorov was in his 80s, he was still standing and being as healthy as ever; the same mini shop, together with his wife; the same old clock stood there, as always, now with more dust and oxidised bronze that showed me time indeed passed since last I saw that clock. They did not recognise me, but that is okay, I had changed plenty since the last time we saw each other. I no longer was that boy full of life, with a buzz cut, running around the park and climbing up the trees, now I am an old man in his fifties, with thoughts as fast as the light and tongue rid of all the innocence I once had, now sharpened by the hands of time and distance.

You know that I was never an outdoorsy person, yet I bought ice cream and started eating it; it was the same delicious chocolate formula as ever. I ate it while sitting underneath one ginormous willow in our hometown…There I was sitting underneath the willow with the river next to me, eating an ice cream, feeling alive as I never did, even though I was dying. Ironic, isn't it? The willow swung, the river flowed, the rains have done the river good; they gave it a new, fresh look. Even without my friends, I didn't feel alone. I was happy that the river and the willow stayed there, greeted me with their beauty and jazzy tunes. I was glad that at least someone remembered me after all these years. I was overwhelmed with happiness for the first time in a while.

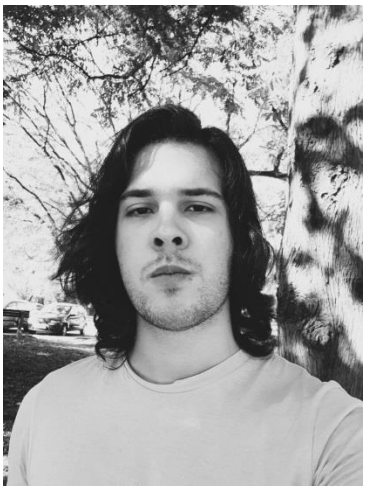
Once a town I wanted to escape, because of our homophobic parents, now a place I can't get enough of. It turns out you were right. They were the fucking problem, not me. Nevertheless I am grateful for the time I am finally spending in our hometown in peace. The realist within me is aware that time cannot stop, freeze, and make me be there in that moment forever, yet that did not stop me from daydreaming about it. The town now reminds me of the time I was a child and did not know anything about the social problems; it reminded me of that childhood innocence I lost the second I ran away from home.

As a child, I was open, adventurous, with a thirst for knowledge, you remember, but living in our town demanded otherwise. I understood that not everyone liked that quality of mine, so I started suppressing myself, that later turned into reshaping and reforming, until I could no longer recognise myself in the mirror. That is why I ran away. I could no longer withstand the looks from the people around me, and worst of all were our parents. I should have listened to you earlier and escaped that conservative town long before my 20th birthday, but I have no regrets about escaping when I did.

I haven't told anyone yet that my life is soon to end; you are the first and only one who now knows. And because this letter finds you after my death, I would be very happy if you organise a dinner send-off in my name. No funeral, nothing. I already organised for people to write my name on the family grave, as for my body, I ordered to be cremated and my ashes to be thrown around our childhood house. I do not have the physical energy to host a dinner party. I hope you understand and do not feel burdened. I know, brother, we did not stay in touch and did not talk as much, but I need you to know that you never left my mind. As an older brother, I was always thinking of you, wondering if you were happy and healthy. I know I could've lived, loved, made more memories, and had so many mistakes that only tattoos can cover, but that was never my calling. I leave you with this: have our remaining friends and family drink one last shot of Jägermeister in my name.

DECREPIT

Riad Husejnovic



Riad Husejnovic

I remember the 22nd of April 1952 - my first day at the Devayne manor. The taxi dropped me off at a massive rusty gate with bent bars and no lock, so I walked in, knowing they were expecting me. I didn't know the manor's age, but the Devayne Luxury brand had been around for decades. Seeing a well-dressed woman flaunting their signature jewelry and dresses made me jealous. I didn't have their wealth, but now I was to work and live in their home.

Yet, it wasn't glamorous. The grass was wild, the stone path cracked, and the crooked door looked as if it had been forced back in place. Bushes overran the pavement. Shouldn't a gardener handle this? I'd taken the job to support my mother, tired of her nagging about finding work or a husband by the age of twenty.

Stepping onto the porch, the door creaked open before I could knock. Constance Devayne-Lutteral, the matriarch, greeted me warmly. "You must be that Holst girl," she said. I stammered, "Yes, you can call me Geneva. My cousin recommended me because I was looking for a job." She interrupted, "The family eagerly awaited you. You're late, but excused. It's your first day, after all." She shut the door firmly, shaking the wall.

She led me down a long corridor lined with busts of her late husband Reginald, crooked family portraits and peeling tapestries. Despite the decay, the manor inspired awe. Then she pulled a huge set of keys from her bosom and opened a small cellar-like room. "Make yourself at home," she said cheerfully.

"Is this where I'm supposed to sleep?" I asked cautiously.

She sighed, “You’ll be surprised, but we don’t even own the company anymore. It was sold five years ago. We’ve been burning through our money. It had to be like this.”

I asked about other staff. She exhaled deeply. “No proper workers anymore. We hired a cleaning lady because anyone would apply. But cooks, gardeners, nannies? Too expensive. You’ll live here and get a fair salary. We even have a maid uniform for you.”

She handed me the uniform and said, “Don’t call me Madame or Miss. The previous staff called me Countess. I prefer that.”

I barely had time to process it. I was supposed to clean but now expected to prepare meals. Still, at least I was away from my mother.

Those six months, I did as told; worked silently, never argued, then retreated to my tiny room. The more bedrooms I cleaned, the more I overheard the family’s guarded conversations, learning only what they wanted me to know.

The oldest son of Reginald and the Countess is Augustus, though he insisted on being called ‘Gus’. An unmarried 58-year-old veteran of both world wars, he lost his right eye and left leg, now walking with a cane he jabbed me with whenever I “breathed too loudly.” He spent most of his time in a wheelchair in the manor’s smoking room, staring out the window. He only ever called me ‘Dame’. In my presence, he’d grumble about losing his eye in France or his leg in Italy—though he often mixed them up. Each morning, I brought him the *Times* and listened to him rant about MacArthur, the Reds, and the war in Korea.

His younger brother, 55-year-old Bertram, is married to 52-year-old Eleanor, née Farncombe. Their bedroom, once a nursery, now served as an office cluttered with dusty ledgers and folders labeled ‘EMERGENCY (NOT YET)’ and ‘DO NOT SHOW MOTHER’. Groomed by Reginald to inherit the family empire, Bertram studied at Eton and Oxford. Years later, he managed draining bank accounts, from housekeepers to boiler repairs to Gus’s endless cigarettes. His ink-stained hands trembled as he muttered calculations before smiling anxiously when he noticed my presence. In his desk, under old invoices, there was a photo of a Parisian woman he said his mother forbade him from courting. I once heard the Countess call him “the clerk” instead of his name.

Eleanor chain-smoked with professional intensity, always reaching for a silver cigarette case; likely a wedding gift. The only things of hers I ever cleaned were lipstick-smeared gin glasses and filter tips. She only called her husband ‘dear’ when annoyed, correcting his posture without looking. Always impeccably

dressed, her heels clicked across warped floorboards. Her exchanges with the Countess were barbed and theatrical - two women who loathed each other with the elegance of practiced disdain, trading venom like others trade pleasantries. Their curt, regular spats were often the highlight of family meals. Eleanor spent most of her time on the faded veranda with a martini and newspaper, sighing dramatically at every article she read.

The elder son, 17-year-old Julian, applied early to Yale, Princeton, and "as a backup, Oxford," expecting his "distinctive background" to carry him. He read Proust, fancied himself a Lacrosse star, and penned essays on the decline of modern taste. Jazz, he told me, was "exotic but tragically unserious." He signed his name with a dramatic 'J'. He spoke like he was always toasting a country club crowd, chin raised. Eleanor encouraged his delusions when it pleased her, correcting his pronunciation when it didn't. To Bertram, he was a financial drain with too many tennis rackets. Every day he seemed more convinced the world owed him a pedestal simply for being born a Devayne.

Julian made his 11-year-old brother Simon's life a series of humiliations: mock wrestling matches that turned into beatings, pompous lectures about his "lack of promise," constant reminders that Julian was the heir and Simon the "extra." Simon was mostly ignored unless he broke something, which he often did. He rarely spoke unless spoken to, his replies flat and brief. His calmness was eerie. He didn't cry or play with toys, only with sharp objects and traps he built himself. Eleanor once forgot his age. Constance called him "the littlest one" or "that pale boy" when she noticed him at all.

The Countess's third child, 49-year-old Vivian, spent hours with her 14-year-old daughter, Charlotte Weatherby, in silence, sharing cigarettes and staring out windows. She told me about her youth: a blur of overdoses, expulsions, scandalous debuts, drifting through boarding schools and unsupervised Paris apartments. She publicly used drugs, had flings with jazz musicians, and renounced the family name. She scrawled poetry on cocktail napkins and often forgot what year it was. Vivian lived in a repurposed nursery on the second floor and wandered barefoot through the halls at night, humming torch songs to herself. She mentioned how her ex-husband, a schoolteacher from Vermont named Peter, left her right after Charlotte was born and her time in an asylum shortly afterwards.

Charlotte dreamed of fleeing to New York, changing her name, dyeing her hair black, and working in a bookstore, jazz club, or record label - something real, where no one called her "dear," "a troubled girl," or "that poor thing." She wrote venomous letters to no one and tore pages from Julian's books just to feel in control. At dinner, her face was fixed in a practiced sneer she honed in the mirror and sat in silence. She told me the adults would call her ungrateful and the staff "moody."

The Countess's 36-year-old daughter, Isadora, came last; long after her parents lost interest in parenting and long before anyone prepared her for being a Devayne. Raised by rotating nannies, she showed early talent for music: piano, then cello, then violin. She studied in Europe before the war, performed in salons and halls, and now gives lessons in a converted room in the east wing, where dust creeps near but never touches her instruments. She spoke to Vivian like an old friend from a fever dream and played duets with Charlotte, who pretended not to care.

Her husband, 39-year-old Bart Everly, was a philosophy professor who spoke in long, meandering sentences. Content to let Isadora be the accomplished one, what he truly craved was comfort - lavish meals from the manor's kitchen, a life of ease. He had no real relationship with anyone beyond Isadora, treating the family like background characters in his private narrative. He was careful never to cross lines too blatantly, always maintaining just enough distance to avoid direct criticism. The family saw him as an accessory, a man of no particular consequence, but no one ever said it aloud.

Their 8-year-old daughter, Clementine, had an intuitive grasp of art that seems almost otherworldly. She knew her father disappears into his study for hours, but she didn't understand why. She knew her mother sometimes cries in her room, but she thought it's just because of "the grown-up things." I was her only friend, listening when she held up a scrap of paper with her drawings.

Reginald's younger brother, 88-year-old Edward, worked tirelessly behind the scenes for decades, ensuring the family empire's success without recognition. As the lawyer managing the company's affairs and legal battles, he did the heavy lifting while Reginald took the public spotlight. He told me his first four wives left him, and he stayed close to the family out of necessity, or because the company was all he had left. Now, his legal skills are called on only to fix family messes. He spent most days alone in his study, reading legal papers or scribbling notes, quietly bound to a legacy that never truly felt like his.

His fifth wife, 61-year-old Margaret, was stripped of speech and mobility - a husk of her former self, physically present but mentally vacant, trapped in an unresponsive body. Her silent existence became a family fixture, though faint traces of her old self sometimes flickered in her eyes, following movements with brief recognition. Edward told me she would sit for hours staring into space, suffering violent mood swings, paranoia, and sudden crying spells. His decision to silence her was extreme, born from a desperate desire for peace and quiet; a solution to his "nagging" wife that left her trapped in silence and stillness.

Their 33-year-old son, Laurence, wore velvet blazers, smudged eyeliner, and always had a cigarette dangling. He took pleasure in unsettling others, recounting lurid nights at breakfast with crossed legs, lazily stirring his coffee. When someone stormed out, he simply shrugged. Margaret was the only person

he truly loved. He alone brushed her hair, dabbed her lips with water, and hummed songs from her youth while changing her linens. He insisted on doing it himself, saying I don't know how to *see* her. Sometimes, he'd just sit by her bedside, speaking as if she could respond, his devotion clear despite her silence.

The bewildering, pale-eyed man who somehow ended up as Constance Devayne's second husband, the 30-year-old Benedict Rowe, is the only one in that house who might actually love someone else for who they are. Disinherited by his ruthless industrialist father, he came with no company perks, no inheritance, no status boost. She kept the name "Devayne" and made no effort to hide her disappointment. They slept in the same bed. He bathed her and brushed her hair. He called her "darling" and read to her from books she didn't care about. She listened because she liked the sound of her name in his voice. Benedict had no power in the household. He was mocked, ignored, sometimes pitied. But he didn't care. He had his place - beside her. I once asked him if he regretted it, he replied: "What man wouldn't give up everything for a goddess?"

Maybe it was my youth, that I'm quiet, that I never flinched when things turned cruel or confessional. I kept a small, battered journal in my apron, a leather-bound book with loose stitching and recorded *everything*. Conversations. Glances. Unspoken tensions. Accusations implied. Secrets half-confessed. I knew where the drugs were hidden, which hallway doors never locked, which sons flirted with me, which rooms always smelled faintly of copper and roses. I know which ones cry when they thought they're alone.

SHADOWS OF MAGIC

Tamara Laković



Tamara Laković

The night pressed heavy over Arcadia Academy, mist curling like vines around the ancient towers. Ellie pulled her cloak tighter as she hurried through the cold corridors. Her footsteps echoed across the marble floor while she was rushing to the classroom. She was late, but that wasn't what bothered her. It was the strange feeling she had since she got there - a strange tension that settled on her skin whenever Lucas was near her.

She spotted him the moment she entered the classroom. Leaning in the back, dark hair falling across his face, flipping through a worn-out book. He looked bored. But Ellie knew better - Lucas noticed everything. Their eyes met briefly, and her heart fluttered, until he looked away again.

"Ellianna," Professor Whitmore gave her a sharp look. "You're late again."

"I'm sorry," she mumbled and slipped into an empty seat. She snuck another glance at Lucas. What she didn't see was how his fists clenched beneath the table. She wanted his attention more than she admitted even to herself.

"Take me where stars fall. Take me where the sky kisses the sea, into the unknown. Let's run away, far away, just you and me." she kept repeating to herself, imagining that instead of a book, he was holding her hand. But now, she really had to focus on professor Whitmore's lecture.

But the story doesn't begin here, it began a year ago - in London.

It was a foggy morning, seemingly like any other. Ellie, with her headphones on, was about to head off to her favorite park, while her sister Nala was packing for her final year at Arcadia. Top of her class, everyone adored Nala. Perfect, brilliant, confident student.

“Ellie, are you seriously going to the same park in that same tracksuit again? Don’t you get bored of doing the same thing every day? Pack already!”

“Oh my God, can you not?” Ellie rolled her eyes. “Of course I know I need to pack, and I will, when I feel like it.” She slammed the door behind her and walked off, lost in her own thoughts.

Ellie was tired of living in Nala’s shadow. Maybe Arcadia would be her escape, but she was wrong.

September brought orange leaves and the smell of rain. The trees reached up to the towering stone spires of Arcadia Academy. Walls looked so tall and grim, that the gate itself seemed too heavy to ever open. Forged of black iron, with intertwining runes that glowed faintly in the mist. Everything was larger than Ellie had imagined. Behind her, the tall towers reached into the gray sky, surrounded by a dense forest whose treetops swayed in the wind, as if the woods knew who was coming.

Ellie, actually Ellianna, as her mother called her when she was serious - tightened the strap of her bag and took a deep breath. There was something... ancient here. Just then, the gates opened without a single creak. A man in a dark blue cloak greeted her.

“Welcome, Ellianna. Welcome to Arcadia Academy.” His voice was deep and calm, but carried the weight of authority. “I’m Headmaster Valmont. I trust your journey wasn’t easy?”

Ellie swallowed hard, not breaking eye contact. “No... but it was worth it. I’m glad to be here. It’s very... unusual. But the good kind of unusual.” She didn’t know why she said that. She wasn’t even sure it was true. But something about this place - maybe the way the light broke through the clouds and fell directly on her - made her feel like she had come home, even though she knew nothing would be easy here. She was practically standing in her own shadow.

The headmaster nodded, as if reading her thoughts. “Arcadia doesn’t accept those who don’t belong. You were chosen - don’t forget that.”

That word ‘chosen’ lingered. It had begun.

Ellie’s first few weeks were chaotic mix of lectures and enchantments. She often heard the name Cassius Draven pass around like a curse. He was a senior, charming but cold. Always watching, always listening.

Once, she caught him staring at her across the hall, with his lips curled in a smirk. Lucas, on the other hand, was distant. Friendly to others but cold to her. And yet, she could feel him looking at her. Something unspoken passed between them whenever they crossed paths.

One day, a girl from Ellie's class whispered to her: "He's not like others, you know. Lucas. He's...complicated. I heard his family was tied to forbidden magic. Some shadow kind. But it's probably just gossip."

Ellie said nothing. But something about it made her heart skip a beat.

In the library, where she went almost every break she had between the lectures, Ellie was searching for books on transformation spells when she stumbled across a page torn from a journal. It was about ancient bloodlines, gates and guardians, shadow magic and the ones meant to protect or awaken it. Something about the written words unsettled her. A week later, she received a letter. The handwriting was Nala's.

Ellie,

Don't trust everyone. There's someone at Arcadia who isn't what they seem to be. I thought I could handle it, but I was wrong. His name is Cassius, but he isn't just a student - he's something else. If he starts showing any kind of interest towards you, be careful. Promise me you'll stay away from him.

Love, Nala.

Ellie read that letter over and over. That was the last letter she received from Nala before she stopped responding altogether. Days passed, Ellie tried to focus, but stress grew. Lucas was near, yet never reachable, and Cassius began appearing more frequently, always asking questions, complimenting her seminar works in a way that felt like it was rehearsed. Then, the midterm came.

Every student has to pick a scroll from a small box and demonstrate what skill they had learned. Headmaster Valmont counted the students gathering in the meadow. The sky was overcast, and the wind carried the scent of burning resin from the torches. Though Arcadia still had its grim charm, it now looked almost 'hauntingly elegant'.

“Elegantly spooky,” Ellie thought as she walked to her place. “I wonder if he’ll be here. My not-so-destined love. Ugh! Whatever happens, I need to focus! Doing magic isn’t simple - I have to prove myself. If not for him, then for me. For my future.”

Of course, Lucas never looked away from her. Not once. It pained him to admit that he loved Ellianna more than anything, especially when he remembered all the time spent near her, never truly with her. But what stood between them was what he feared most... And how could he tell her? He just wanted to protect her. To tell her he loved her. Arcadia was anything but innocent. Even when it was “elegantly spooky.”

“The next student: Ellianna Mornvale.” announced one of the senior students, his voice cold and misty. It was Cassius Draven. The student who always had to be at the center of everything.

Ellie’s palms began to sweat. She held the scroll she picked earlier. The letters were etched in golden ink, despite the parchment being tattered.

“Magia Tenebris - Basics of Shadow.”

She froze.

“That’s impossible! First-years can’t have that one!” - someone from the crowd shouted.

Ellie looked at Cassius, and his weird smile told her everything. It wasn’t just him that was watching her. She felt it always, just behind her. As she stepped into the center of the circle, her spine tingled. Panic rose and she felt it in her throat. Then, resolve.

If Cassius manipulated Nala, if he was behind her disappearance, Ellie needed answers. Power. Control. She whispered words from the book she once read: “Imagine the silence. And the shadow behind it.”

Shadow magic responded instantly. Dark threads rose from the earth, pulsing with her breath. The crowd gasped.

“Stop! Ellie, don’t!” Lucas’s voice rang out.

“Why?” she shouted, while magic was swirling around her. “What do you know that I don’t, Lucas?”

The answer came not from him, but from the shadows:

“You are the chosen one. You are the gate. And someone has already begun to unlock it.”

A masked figure appeared behind her. The explosion of magic was blinding. Professors ran forward, trying to activate protective spells. Lucas reached her first and Ellie grabbed his hand.

“You knew. Tell me the truth, NOW!”

He hesitated, then said: “That’s why I kept my distance. My parents were guardians of shadow magic. I was trained to recognize it. I saw the signs. And your eyes - they shimmer under stress, you were born with it. If you let the shadows consume you... I’ll lose you forever. I can’t lose you! I love you, Ellie!”

Ellie felt it, her fear, the truth, everything Lucas said. Her eyes filled with tears, but then she spoke: “You won’t lose me - not now. Not when I finally know who I am, not when I have you.”

The shadow shattered into silver shards, but the threat wasn’t gone. Cassius was missing, and the masked figure was now becoming him. Shards twisted into cruel shapes, darkness rose again. Suddenly, the air shifted. They were no longer in Arcadia.

The trees, sky and ground melted into a gray void. Ellie and Lucas stood on a stone platform. It was the space between realms - a mirror world created by shadow magic. Lucas held Ellie’s hand tighter.

“This shouldn’t have happened”, he said. “But it makes sense. The magic responded to us both. My oath to protect you, your bond to the gate. Shadow magic recognizes connection. It brought us here together to finish this once and for all.”

A cold voice echoed around them.

“I knew Nala would be useful,” the figure hissed, as it fully formed into Cassius. “So eager to prove herself. She gave me everything I needed to find the gate.”

Ellie’s heart twisted. “You used her. Manipulated her.”

Cassius smirked. “She thought she was saving Arcadia. Instead, she led me to you.” His form flickered, unstable. “When I first touched the forbidden spell book, I became one with the shadows. I’ve lived between worlds ever since. Waiting. Watching. Shaping. But now, I take form again - through you.”

“No,” Ellie said, standing tall. “I’m not Nala, and I’m not alone.”

Lucas stepped beside her. The shimmer in his eyes matched hers. They raised their hands together. Light bloomed - so pure, laced with memories, pain, love. The figure of Cassius screamed, unraveling as the shadow burned away. Silence followed.

But some shadows don’t disappear. They wait.

Ellie looked at Lucas. His hand was still in hers, warm and steady. “The shadows brought us here,” she whispered, “but maybe they didn’t expect the light to follow.”

He smiled. “Maybe the gate was never meant to be a prison, but a choice.”

And for the first time, the air didn’t feel so heavy. Somewhere far behind them, the shimmer of Arcadia’s towers glowed faintly - like a memory waiting to return. They didn’t know what would come next, but they would walk into it together.

Casa lui Luciano

Taša Đukić



Taša Đukić

The apartment had gone quiet a long time ago. Not peaceful quiet, but the kind that listens, that waits. Gabriela sat at the kitchen table, her luscious hazelnut waves framing a tired face. Her coffee was cold. Her hazel eyes stared at the dim glow of her phone.

By the window, Adrian smoked, tall and handsome, his olive skin warmed by the last light of day. They hadn't really spoken in months.

"So, beer with the boys again?"

"It's been a long week."

"When will you need a night for us?"

"We live together, don't we?"

She scoffed. "No. Every day is you zoning out in front of the TV while I sit here pretending that's enough."

He turned, frowning. "Why are you so angry lately? It feels like nothing I do is good enough."

She hesitated, then said, "Maybe because I've stopped pretending I don't feel invisible. Or like I failed at being the version of me you wanted."

He looked genuinely confused. "What are you talking about?"

“You wanted me calm, quieter. Mature. I thought I was growing, but I realize now I was just… shrinking. You never said it outright, but it was clear, the singing, the touring, the chaos… you were relieved when I stopped.”

“I thought it was your choice. I thought you were tired of it, of the tabloids.”

“They played a part,” she said, voice sharpening. “But what really broke me was how you handled it. Like it wasn’t insulting. Like it didn’t matter.”

He rubbed the back of his neck, clearly uncomfortable. “They just said you might be pregnant. That’s not… horrible.”

She froze. “That’s what you took from it? That it was flattering? Being reduced to a uterus in the middle of my biggest performance?”

“I didn’t mean it like that,” he said quickly. “I just meant… people always speculate.”

“I had to smile through interviews and say, ‘No, I’m not pregnant, just fat.’ They didn’t hear my voice, they stared at my stomach. And you didn’t defend me. You barely acknowledged it.”

Adrian sighed, softer now. “I’m sorry. I honestly didn’t know how much it hurt you.”

“I moved from Romania to Vienna to escape that. I didn’t choose where I was born. But I chose you.”

“I chose you too,” he said gently. “I still do.”

“No,” Gabriela said, her voice trembling. “You chose parts of me. And I’ve been living in pieces ever since.”

She looked at him across the room, the silence thick with truth.

“I need space,” she said at last. “I don’t know what this means yet… but I can’t keep living like this.”

He took a step back, stunned. “Are you saying… you want a divorce?”

“I don’t know,” she admitted. “But I know I need to remember who I was before all this. Before I stopped hearing my own voice.”

Adrian nodded slowly, the weight of her words sinking in. “I never wanted to silence you, Gabriela.”

“I know,” she said. “But silence grows between people when no one’s brave enough to speak. I don’t hate you. I just… can’t keep disappearing.”

He didn’t argue. For once, he listened.

“I’ll go stay at my friend’s for a few days,” he said quietly. “You deserve some air. And I think maybe… so do I.”

Gabriela said nothing as he left, but when the door clicked shut.

In the silence that followed, the apartment felt unfamiliar. On the fourth night, Gabriela browsed Romanian news, something she hadn’t done in years, and saw a photo of a starving and a sick puppy at a shelter. Moved, she found the shelter’s Instagram and messaged a woman named Eva, offering help. That night, for the first time in ages, she felt something stir: she cared.

* * *

On the fifth day, just after sunrise, his key turned in the door, slowly, like he wasn’t sure he still had the right.

He stepped inside quietly, his bag slung over his shoulder, eyes tired.

“I can go if you want,” he said.

Gabriela stood in the hallway, wrapped in a blanket, silent.

“I’m not here to fix anything,” Adrian added. “I just wanted to come home. Not to us, maybe… just to something that feels like home.”

She paused, then nodded.

“Couch is yours.”

He nodded back. “Thank you.”

They didn’t hug. They didn’t talk more.

But they didn’t slam the door either.

They moved around each other for days, quiet and careful, like strangers in a place that used to be familiar.

* * *

The days passed in small, steady ways.

Adrian was trying to be invisible and so did Gabriela. Their apartment was never quieter and they both needed to scream.

Eva kept sending updates and photos of the puppy. Gabriela watched them feeling something she hadn't in years: connection.

One morning, she opened a new message from Eva, a video of the pup wagging his tail, weak but alive. Something cracked open in her chest.

"If he's still trying... maybe I should, too."

She didn't think. She typed:

"I want to adopt him."

After a week, Gabriela decided that she has to tell Adrian about the dog. With hundreds of questions about their separation and future, she was scared not to start a fight. Surprisingly, Adrian supported her decision.

"I am happy that you are letting me stay here, I will be the one moving out anyway..." he said, voice trembling, „I mean, if it comes to that."

Gabriela, still not ready for that talk, gave him a slight smirk and thanked him.

* * *

Two months later, Gabriela met Eva in the countryside. The dog, thin but alive, looked up at her with soft, scared eyes.

"Luciano, that will be your name," she whispered. "Like the light."

That night, he slept curled beside her. Adrian watched quietly from the doorway, not saying a word.

Gabriela sang to Luciano when he didn't eat, songs she didn't realize were healing her, too.

Weeks passed. One morning, while making tea, she found herself humming again. Then writing lyrics. Quietly, carefully, she began rebuilding her voice.

Gabriela soon realised that Luciano gave her life a new meaning and purpose. He saved her more than she saved him.

Adrian would wake before the dawn, and secretly fill the dog`s bowl with water. He wanted to help, but was too afraid to ask.

One day, Gabriela wandered into a small café that hosted karaoke nights. She had a couple of drinks, and before she knew it, the mic was in her hands. Someone filmed her singing, and the video went viral.

Soon enough, a producer from Vienna called. An old contact, surprised but excited. He offered her a chance to have a concert.

She felt weird about it, she wasn't sure if she should get back to concerts that fast, but she said yes. Gabriela was so excited that she had to tell someone, and Adrian was just in the other room. She could tell that his smile is genuine.

The day before the concert, Gabriela asked Adrian if it would be okay to watch Luciano tomorrow so he doesn't feel lonely. Adrian said, "Of course, we will order pizza and watch your concert on the TV."

The night of the concert, Adrian sat on the couch with Luciano curled up beside him. A pizza box steamed on the coffee table. The TV flickered, casting soft light over the room.

While Gabriela was getting ready for the concert in the dressing room, a women that managed the event knocked on her door with flowers in her arms.

"Fan dropped these off earlier," the woman said.

"Lilies, my favorite. Any name?" Gabriela smiled.

"No name. Tall guy. Said he posted your viral video." "That's so exciting, thank you!", Gabriela said while taking the flowers.

She found a letter in the bouquet, opened it, and started to read.

„My dearest Gaby,

I am sorry for not having the courage to say this before. I know how hurt you are, and how much have I hurt you. I am sorry for not being your number one supporter like I was before. I don't want to make tonight about me, tonight is your big night, just know, I will always have your back. That's what I hope to give to you forever. I love you.

-Adrian

Gabriela froze, a moment of clarity washing over her. She reflected on how she had grown out of it all. Than she remembered Adrian's support from the early days of their relationship. But behind her progress was one small creature, Luciano. He made everything easier..

When Gabriela stepped onto the stage, the crowd roared. She stood confident, in a black jumpsuit, no makeup, her hazelnut wavy hair loose. Just her and a piano.

Her voice cut through the room.

Between songs, she paused, eyes scanning the audience.

“This concert,” she said, “is for my dog and many dogs that need saving. When I saw a shelter in Romania, a few months ago, I saw a dog in there. A dog that didn’t have a say in his future, and a dog that people have failed. I immediately thought to myself, he doesn’t deserve to live in a country where his life doesn’t matter. If I had a chance to leave, so does he, and so should every dog. So all profits from tonight are going to the dog shelters in Romania.” She smiled softly. “And my next song is for Luciano, my little light, thank you for saving me.”

The crowd applauded gently, touched by her sincerity.

Gabriela then added, “And to thank my number one fan who is making sure that my Luci is not lonely tonight, thank you, Adrian.”

Adrian stared at the screen, proud. Luciano let out a soft huff.

Later that night, his phone rang.

“Hey, superstar,” he answered.

Gabriela’s laugh came through, breathless and full of joy. “I’m buzzing. Was it really okay?”

“It was more than okay. You were brilliant.”

“I miss Luciano so much,” she said. “I want to come home, but i can’t, at least for a while.“

„I thought so. Have fun tonight, enjoy it.“, Adrian said while feeding Luciano the pizza, „Wake us up when you get here, we want to hear everything.“

„You’ve got it boys, I’ve got to go now, see you soon.“

He grinned. “See you soon.”

She hung up.

The morning sunlight woke Luciano up. He jumped on the still sleeping Adrian, and started to lick his face. He was up fast enough.

„Luciano, stop!“, Adrian said screaming in laughter, „Oh no, she didn’t wake us, go get her buddy!“

Luciano and Adrian ran to Gabriela’s room, but as soon as they opened the door, they saw that the bed was unslept in. Adrian paced to his phone, wanting to call Gabriela, but instead, a big news headline popped out on his screen.

His heart dropped,

BREAKING: Singer Gabriela D., 36, dies in car accident after her concert in Vienna.

The phone hit the floor.

The dog whimpered.

And her voice kept playing like she was still here.

But she wasn't.

Not then.

Not ever again.

Ten years later, some hearts were still learning how to beat without her.

Adrian knelt by the wooden sign: Casa lui Luciano. Behind him, kennels stretched into the gray Romanian sky. Dogs barked in the distance.

Lucian lay at his feet, old, muzzle white, beautiful.

"My wife rescued him," he said. "Before she died."

"She didn't want children. I pushed. After she was gone, I found out I couldn't have them either."

"He stayed. So I moved back to Romania and built this, for him and all the abandoned dogs."

"Go on," he said, tears in his eyes. "Let them run."

The volunteer nodded and walked away.

Adrian lay beside Lucian, hand on his side. Felt his heart.

"Some souls weren't meant to be saved," he whispered. "They were meant to save the rest."

The Morning After

Živa Štubelj



Živa Štubelj

The kettle hissed softly, steam curling into the cold morning air of the small, wooden cabin. The walls looked dim under the gray light filtering through the curtains. The low ceiling seemed to press in, the wooden beams darkened with age, their rough-hewn texture visible even in the faint light. Outside, the trees in the yard stood bare and still, their branches swaying slightly in the breeze. The cabin felt quiet, the stillness settling over everything. Alina stood with her back to Rowan, arms braced on the countertop, her shoulders tense.

Rowan sat at the small round table, his flannel shirt was disheveled, muddy and wet. His trousers ripped from tripping over branches. He stared as his arms full of cuts from the thornbushes, wincing at the memory.

“You could’ve died," Alina said. Her voice was low, steady, but there was a growl beneath it, something feral still clinging to her.

Rowan looked up. “I didn’t know.”

Alina turned slowly, her eyes sharper than usual, glowing faintly with something not entirely human. “I told you not to go into the forest last night. The people all around hear these howls every damn month! The livestock’s disapearing! That should’ve been enough!”

“You didn’t tell me why!” He snapped, more out of fear than anger. “You think I wouldn’t have listened if you’d just - God, Alina, you almost killed me.”

Her expression broke, just for a moment. Regret flickered across her face like sunlight through trees. “I know.”

She poured the tea in silence, setting a cup in front of him with deliberate care. He noticed her hands trembled as she withdrew them.

“You always vanish on full moons,” he said, his voice softer now. “I thought maybe you were... in trouble. I wanted to help.”

Alina sat across from him, tucking a stray strand of hair behind her ear. “I am in trouble, every full moon. That’s the problem.”

“You didn’t kill me, Alina.” He shifted in his seat.

“No, but I wanted to.” Her voice cracked. “I chased you because I thought you were prey. I smelled you and didn’t recognize you.”

Rowan flinched.

Silence returned. The kind that comes when both people are too exhausted to fight anymore.

“You need to understand,” she said, “when I turn, I’m not... me. The wolf doesn’t care about friends or warnings. It only knows hunger, fear, territory.”

“So what do we do about the next full moon?” He nodded slowly.

Alina looked up. There was something steel-like in her eyes now, the grief tempered with resolve. “I’m going north. There’s a cave system past Blackstone Ridge - remote, secure.”

“Alone?” he asked.

“Always.”

Rowan stood up, arms crossed tightly over his chest. His dark hair fell messily into his eyes, still damp from sweat and dirt, clinging to his jacket like scattered stars.

Their bond was forged in this wilderness, a friendship born of long nights by crackling fires and whispered secrets, of hunts through the underbrush and shared silence under a full moon. She, a creature of cycles and instincts, and he, a wanderer haunted by his own failures, each seeking something only the other could understand. They moved through the world like ghosts, neither fully belonging to the human villages nor to the wild packs that prowled the darkened woods.

For all his questions, he never truly asked the ones that mattered. Perhaps he feared the answers, or perhaps he sensed, deep down, that the truth would change everything.

“What if I came with you?” Rowan tapped his fingers against the mug.

“Did you not hear anything I just said?” She blinked.

“I did. And I’m still sitting here.” He paused, offering a small, crooked smile. “Clearly, I’m not known for good decisions.”

“Rowan... you barely made it out last night.” Alina laughed - just a soft exhale, but real.

*

Later that afternoon, Rowan helped Alina pull thick chains from a trunk in the shed behind her cabin. He had never noticed it before—tucked behind ivy and moss, half-swallowed by time. He had been to her house countless times over the years, sharing coffee on the back porch, watching the mist rise from the

pines, listening to the crackling of the forest at dusk. They would talk of simpler things—old songs, strange dreams, the wild animals that sometimes wandered too close to the cabin. They rarely spoke of the past, and even less of the future, their conversations weaving around unspoken fears as much as they clung to familiar comforts. But he had never ventured this far into the overgrown thicket, never thought to push past the dense wall of ferns and creeping vines.

After all, even the most loyal of friends can miss the signs when they are not ready to see them.

A few nights before the full moon, they sat by a fire outside her cabin.

“I can't… can't believe I never asked you this, but why did you move here?” Rowan inquired, his voice breaking the silence between them.

Alina stared into the flames, her face softened by the firelight, as if the flickering shadows hid something deeper. “Because no one knew me here,” she said, her voice almost too quiet to hear over the crackle of the fire. Rowan shifted, unsure whether to press further. “Not even... where you’re from? Or before?”

She glanced up at him, the ghost of a smile on her lips, but it didn’t quite reach her eyes. “I moved around a lot before,” she said, her tone carefully neutral, as if revealing too much might crack the thin shell of calm she had built around herself. “Cities, towns — always leaving before anyone could ask questions. Before anyone noticed the missing days, the strange injuries, the way I would vanish when the moon pulled at me. It’s hard to maintain friendships, jobs, anything really, when you’re always running from yourself. This place, though — it’s quiet. No one notices you here, not really. It’s easy to disappear.”

She tossed a pine cone into the fire, watching it catch and crackle. Her fingers twitched, the flames casting strange shadows across her face. “I killed someone” she said, her voice low, as though the weight of the words was enough to make her tremble. “A stranger. He was out in the woods, too close to me, too close to the things I couldn’t control.” She paused, her gaze flickering to Rowan before dropping again to the flames. “First time I... lost myself completely.”

Rowan was silent, the crackling fire the only sound between them. “What happened?” he asked, his voice barely above a whisper, as though he feared she might disappear into the smoke before answering.

“I was running... I was scared… it was the first time the moon was that strong,” she continued, her words steady now, but the edges were raw. “It wasn’t supposed to happen like that. It hit me like a storm, all teeth and fury. I wasn’t ready. I had been fighting the change for so long, pretending I could control it, that I wasn’t a danger to anyone. But when it took me, it wasn’t just the wolf—it was everything I had tried to bury. The anger from years of isolation, the fear of being hunted, the rage of a predator cornered. It came out all at once.”

He nodded. Then, softer, “I’m not afraid of you.”

She finally looked at him. Her eyes gleamed in the firelight—lupine, and impossibly human.

“You should be.”

The blood moon rose like an uninvited fiend in the sky.

“That’s… new.” Alina stared at it, shoulders tight.

“New?” Rowan stood beside her in the cave, chains in hand.

“Ancient…. The blood moon stirs something deeper. Something I’ve kept buried.” She hesitated.

“I’m not going anywhere.” He met her gaze, as he started fastening the locks on her wrists and ankles.

“Then listen to me. No matter what happens—don’t stop talking. Your voice is an anchor.”

*

The transformation came earlier and harder. Bones cracked. Skin stretched. The scream from the tortured soul, bound in the cave like a slave to her urges, brought by unnatural forces wasn’t like before—it was guttural, laced with pain and fear.

Rowan stood back but didn’t retreat. He kept his voice steady.

“I’m here. You’re okay. You’re stronger than this.”

She thrashed against the chains, and one link began to give. For a moment, he saw nothing human in her eyes—just rage and hunger.

But then he said her name.

Not shouted. Just whispered.

“Alina.”

And her head snapped toward him. Her eyes were almost black, and a glint of something predatory flashed beneath the surface, deep and wild. Her skin seemed to ripple, the fine hairs along her neck and arms standing on end, bristling like fur ready to sprout. Her lips parted, revealing teeth that were more animal than human. The muscles beneath her clothes started to tighten like coiled springs, ready to snap. A low, guttural growl slipped from her throat, almost too soft to hear, but it was enough to make the air in the room feel heavy, as if something ancient and fierce was awakening.

It was a glimpse of what she could become—the wolf that waited beneath her skin, just a breath away from breaking free.

She lunged, but the chains held. Rowan didn’t move.

“You told me to talk,” he said, heart racing. “So listen.”

*

He spoke quietly for hours. How they met, when he had lost himself in the dense underbrush, how he had stumbled into her territory, breathless, his flesh torn by brambles, the sound of snapping branches too close behind him. He remembered the way his heart had raced, how every shadow had felt like a threat. But her eyes were not wide, wild, and or a predator, but that of a guardian: she blinked slowly at him, and lowered her head as she saw a man that needed help.

He was terrified but she saved him anyway, not with words or reassurances, but by simply being there, by knowing the woods better than any map or compass. She did not ask for thanks, and didn't even look back to see if he followed—she just knew he would.

Her breathing slowed. Her shoulders drooped.

The beast was still there—but it listened.

Near dawn, the moon still burned red. But Alina lay on the cave floor, still transformed, her chains slack.

Rowan crouched near, exhaustion written in every muscle.

“I’m still here,” he said softly.

Her golden eyes fluttered toward him.

And then—slowly—she shifted. Fur receded. Claws dulled. She drew herself inward, bare and quivering, silent tears tracing paths down her cheeks.

Rowan enveloped her in a blanket and carried her back to the comfort of the cabin.

“I feared I’d hurt you….” She whispered.

“You didn’t. You fought it. I just helped to ground you… even if a little.” Rowan sat down across from her.

She reached out, tentative. Her fingers brushed his.

“I’m not safe, Rowan. I never will be.”

He met her eyes, his own steady, unflinching. “I’m not asking for safe,” he said. “I’m asking for you.”

He let out a slow breath, his eyes not leaving hers. “I know that. But I’ve seen you fight it. I’ve seen you come back from the edge. I’m not asking you to change. I’m just... asking you to let me stand beside you.”

Later that day, they hauled the chains into the clearing behind the cabin, stacking them high like the bones of some ancient, conquered beast. Rowan ignited a match and together they watched as the metal turned black, the fire reflecting in her dark, unblinking eyes.

They wouldn’t need them anymore. She had decided to stop fighting alone.

Because the monster hadn’t won. Because she came back.

Because they knew—next time, they’d face it together.

leto IV, številka 2 november 2025.

ARTEPAKT

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