

leto V, številka 1, 2026

ARTEPAKT

ŠTUDENTSKA REVIJA FAKULTETE ZA HUMANISTIKO
UNIVERZE V NOVI GORICI



UVODNIK

Drage bralke, dragi bralci,

pred vami je najnovejša številka študentske revije *ARTEPAKT*. Če se na trenutek ustavite ob njeni naslovnici, boste opazili podobo, ki nosi močno sporočilo: svetleče sonce, ki se počasi dviga nad smaragдно Sočo. Ta prizor ni zgolj lepa naravna kulisa našega okolja, temveč prispodoba tistega, kar nas nagovarja na straneh, ki sledijo.

Vsak nov svit nad reko prinaša tiho opozorilo in hkrati opomin; vsak dan imamo nov razlog, da gremo naprej, da vztrajamo in da postanemo boljša različica sebe, kot smo bili včeraj.

V tej številki vas študentski prispevki vodijo skozi raznolika raziskovalna in ustvarjalna polja. Od digitalnih metod, s katerimi odkrivamo nove plasti v poeziji Srečka Kosovela in Alojza Gradnika ter v klasiki *Slika Doriana Graya*, do poglobljenih razmislekov o literarnem novinarstvu. Mladi avtorji in avtorice v svojih besedilih odpira no občutljiva vprašanja sodobne družbe, spomina, prostora, človeške bližine in osebne stiske. Spremljamo zgodbe o solidarizaciji ob naravnih nesrečah, tihih izpovedih v vsakdanjih salonih, urbani dinamiki mest ter dostojanstvu posameznika na robu družbe.

Revija *ARTEPAKT* dokazuje, da študij ni le kopičenje znanja, temveč nenehno iskanje resnice, poslušanje sočloveka in opazovanje sveta okoli nas z večjo mero občutljivosti in etične odgovornosti. Vsak zapisan stavek, vsaka opravljena analiza in vsak osebni razmislek predstavljajo majhen korak naprej na naši skupni poti.

Naj vam prebiranje teh strani ponudi nov navdih, pogum za soočanje z izzivi in opomnik, da z vsakim novim dnem dobimo priložnost za rast, presegati lastne meje in prispevati k boljši skupnosti.

Želim vam lepo in navdihujoče branje,

Gordan Stefanov

Glavni urednik revije ARTEPAKT

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Nova Gorica, 2026

leto V, številka 1

Revija je brezplačna, tiskanih izvodov 130.

Tisk: A-media, d. o. o.

ISSN: 2591-0574

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.

Metode in orodja digitalne humanistika: Primerjava moje poezije z izbranimi pesmi Srečka Kosovela s pomočjo orodja VOYANT tools

Bajc, Natalija

UVOD

Pisanje poezije je zelo osebni proces, skozi katerega izražamo svoje misli, občutke in pogled na svet. Ko človek začne pisati svoje pesmi, se pogosto zgodi, da nanj močno vplivajo avtorji, ki jih sam rad bere. V mojem primeru je to Srečko Kosovel. Kosovel mi je eden izmed najljubših pisateljev in pesnikov, saj me njegova poezija privlači s svojo iskrenostjo, žalostjo in globokim razmišljanjem o življenju. Zaradi te naklonjenosti sem začela opazovati svoje lastno pisanje in se vprašala, koliko se moji verzi sploh ujemajo z njegovimi.

Danes nam računalniški programi omogočajo, da besedila analiziramo na drugačen način – s pomočjo statistike. Namesto da pesmi samo beremo, lahko program prešteje besede, izračuna njihov ritem in nam pokaže vzorce, ki jih sami sploh ne bi opazili.

V tej seminarski nalogi sem se odločila narediti zanimivo digitalno primerjavo. Vzela sem 6 svojih avtorskih pesmi in jih primerjala s 6 izbranimi pesmimi Srečka Kosovela. Cilj naloge je ugotoviti, kakšne so razlike v najinem slogu pisanja in kako se v podatkih pozna, da je on uveljavljen pesnik, jaz pa nekdo, ki svoje pesmi še razvija.

Hipoteza raziskave

V raziskavi postavljam eno hipotezo:

- Hipoteza (H1): Srečko Kosovel bo imel v svojem korpusu pesmi statistično višjo gostoto besednega zaklada (vocabulary density) kot jaz v svojem avtorskem korpusu. Ker je Kosovel dejanski, izkušen in svetovno priznan pesnik, ima veliko bolj izoblikovan pesniški sistem in bogatejši jezik. Predvidevam, da bo računalnik pri njem zaznal več unikatnih in različnih besed, medtem ko se bom jaz kot začetnica v svojih pesmih bolj ponavljala in uporabljala enake besedne strukture.

METODA DELA

Za analizo sem uporabila brezplačno spletno orodje za analizo besedil **Voyant Tools**.

-



ANALIZA REZULTATOV IN INTERPRETACIJA

Najin skupni korpus obsega 1.100 besed, v njem pa je 594 unikatnih besed. Moj del vsebuje 681 besed, Kosovelov pa 419 besed.

Kvantitativni podatki in potrditev hipoteze

Parameter	Avtorski korpus (moje_pesmi_txt)	Kosovelov korpus (kosovelove_pesmi_txt)
Število besed (obseg)	681	419
Gostota besednega zaklada	0.545	0.663
Povprečno št. besed na stavek	18.4	17.5

Ko pogledamo glavno številko za hipotezo – **gostoto besednega zaklada** – vidimo, da mojo hipotezo lahko potrdimo. Kosovelov indeks znaša **0.663**, moj pa **0.545**.

Ta razlika jasno kaže na to, da je Kosovel dejanski, izoblikovan pesnik. Njegov jezik je izjemno bogat in pester; v svojih pesmih redko ponavlja iste besede, ampak zna z različnimi izrazi ustvariti močne podobe. Moj nižji indeks (0.545) pa kaže na to, da sem še na začetku svoje pesniške poti. Za amatersko ali začetno poezijo je povsem normalno, da se avtor podzavestno naslanja na iste, "varne" besede in jih skozi pesmi večkrat ponovi, namesto da bi iskal zapletene sinonime.

Dolžina mojega korpusa vpliva tudi na povprečno dolžino stavkov. Ker so moje pesmi daljše, ima računalnik na voljo več besedila za izračun povprečja. Poleg tega program stavke loči po pikah, v poeziji pa ločila pogosto uporabljamo drugače kot v navadnem tekstu. Dejstvo, da imava s Kosovelom skoraj enako dolžino stavkov, pomeni, da imava podobno gostoto ločil in podoben ritem, ne glede na to, da je moj celoten korpus količinsko večji.

Vsebinska analiza

Program nam v Razločilnih besedah pokaže tudi, katere besede najbolj zaznamujejo najino poezijo in naju ločijo (ko program odmisli tiste najpogostejše besede, kot so v, se, in, je, da):

- Kosovel: tiha (4), mati (4), že (3), vas (3), polja (3)
- Moje pesmi: vse (13), ne (12), znova (7), vedno (7), tebi (6)

Tukaj se vidi še ena velika razlika. Kosovel kot pravi pesnik svojega okolja uporablja motive narave in domačnosti (mati, vas, polja), ki so zaviti v neko melanholično tišino (tiha). Moje pesmi pa so bolj usmerjene v odnos z nekom drugim, saj izstopa beseda tebi. Prav tako besede vse, ne, znova in vedno kažejo na to, da v svojih pesmih opisujem ponavljanje nekih čustvenih stanj in nihanje med skrajnostmi (vse ali nič).

ZAKLJUČEK IN REFLEKSIJA

Z raziskavo sem s pomočjo programa Voyant Tools dobila odličen pregled nad svojim pisanjem v primerjavi s Kosovelom. Moja hipoteza je bila potrjena: podatki so jasno pokazali razliko med dejanskim, uveljavljenim pesnikom in mano, ki svoje pesmi še razvijam. Kosovelova visoka gostota zaklada dokazuje njegovo jezikovno zrelost, medtem ko moja nižja gostota kaže na to, da se v pesmih še precej zanašam na ponavljanje istih ključnih besed.

Vendar pa moram biti pri zaključku kritična do svoje metode dela, saj so na rezultate vplivale nekatere napake:

- **Različna dolžina pesmi:** Čeprav sem izbrala po 6 pesmi, moji teksti skupaj obsegajo 681 besed, Kosovelovi pa le 419. Ker nisem izbrala pesmi z enako dolžino, je imel računalnik na voljo veliko več mojega teksta. Več kot je teksta, bolj naravno je, da se začnejo besede (como so vse, ne, vedno) ponavljati, kar je avtomatsko znižalo gostoto mojega zaklada. Če bi dala v analizo pesmi z natančno enako dolžino, bi bili rezultati bolj izenačeni.
- **Računalnik in umetnost:** Voyant Tools besede samo šteje, ne loči pa metafor. Program ne ve, ali beseda "mati" pomeni domovino ali pravo mamo, prav tako nikalnice "ne" ne zna interpretirati kot umetniški upor, ampak jo vidi le kot navadno slovnično besedo.

Kljub tem kritičnim točkam pa mi je seminarska naloga pomagala, da sem svoje pesmi pogledala objektivno. Dokazala mi je, da kljub temu, da mi je Kosovel vzornik, pišem s svojim lastnim glasom in ne kopiram njegovega sloga.

LITERATURA

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- Sinclair, S. in Rockwell, G. (2026). Voyant Tools. <https://voyant-tools.org/>

Od rokopisa do besede: moj prispevek k projektu

Čebbron Vukotić, Edita

Kot del obveznosti pri predmetu Digitalna humanistika, sem se za individualno nalogo odločila, da predstavim projekt *Od rokopisa do besede*, pri katerem sem sodelovala.

Projekt je potekal pod okriljem Narodne in univerzitetne knjižnice v Ljubljani (NUK), v okviru katerega smo pregledovali in urejali rokopisno zapuščino pesnika Srečka Kosovela. Rezultat predstavlja odličen primer dopolnjevanja umetne inteligence s človeškim znanjem, saj je rokopise najprej prebrala umetna inteligenca, več kot sto prostovoljk in prostovoljcev pa nas je te prepise nato natančno popravilo. Tako je dediščina Srečka Kosovela, do katere v digitalni obliki lahko sedaj prosto dostopamo na portalu Digitalne knjižnice Slovenije, še bolj živa in predvsem javno dosegljiva.

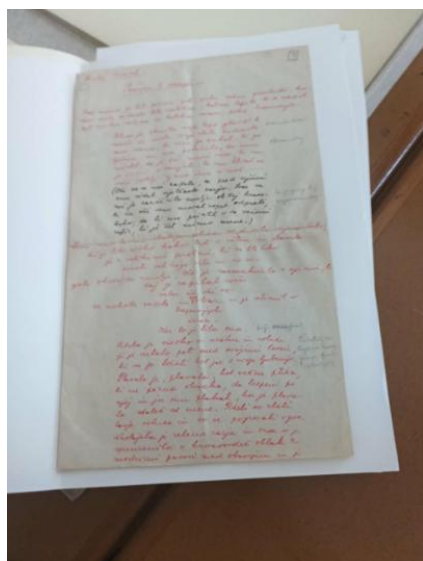
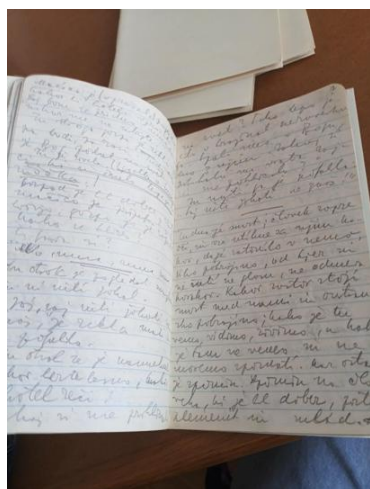
NUK v rokopisni zbirki in nacionalnem literarnem arhivu hrani okvirno 2.400 enot rokopisnega gradiva, ki ga je napisal oziroma ustvaril Srečko Kosovel. Od tega je digitaliziranih in na dLib-u objavljenih 1.045 enot rokopisov, povečini gre za pesmi, najde pa se tudi kakšen kolaž. Njegova zapuščina je ustrezno shranjena v posebnih ovojih iz brez kislinkega papirja. Več kot 1000 Kosovelovih rokopisov so digitalizirali in objavili v prostem dostopu na portalu Digitalne knjižnice Slovenije. Ob vstopu v leto 2026, ki ga je vlada Republike Slovenije razglasila za Kosovelovo leto, pa so uspešno zaključili še projekt transkripcije njegovih rokopisov, ki so večkrat precej težko berljivi in pri katerem sem tudi sama sodelovala.

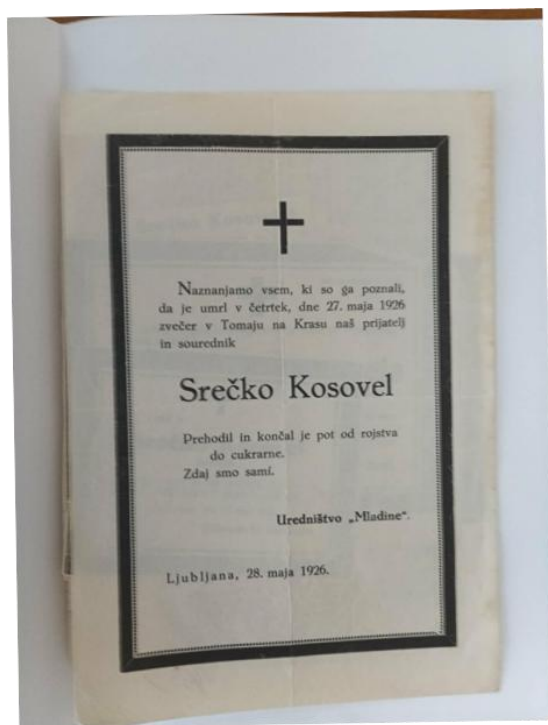
Že v lanskem študijskem letu sem se za nalogo pri predmetu Raziskovalno delo odločila, da bom primerjala različne izdaje Kosovelovih pesmi. Zanj je namreč značilno, da so ga različni uredniki drugače transkribirali (mu dodajali/jemali ločila, spreminjali besede itd.). Raziskovanje, primerjava ter sama analiza so mi bili zelo zanimivi, rezultati prav tako. V okviru predmeta sem s profesorico Kristino Pranjič obiskala njegovo rokopisno zbirko, za kar sem ji iz srca hvaležna. Z nama je bila tudi gospa Mateja Kralj iz Kosovelove sobe v Sežani. Tudi z njo še vedno ostajam v stiku glede mojih bodočih raziskav. Za mojo magistrsko nalogo namreč nameravam pisati ravno na temo Srečka Kosovela.

V NUK- u nas je toplo sprejel gospod Marijan Rupert in nas popeljal skozi Kosovelovo zapuščino. Izredno mi je bilo zanimivo njegova dela videti v živo. Zanimivo mi je bilo, da je za

podlago za pisanje uporabljal najrazličnejše kose papirja in listin, uporabljal je različne barve tintnikov, mnogo manjših zvezkov...nekako me je stisnilo v srcu ko sem se iz prve roke zavedala, da se on sam ni zavedal, da ga bomo čez toliko let brali. Pisal je zelo nečitljivo, ni se trudil, ker si ni mislil, da bo čez 100 let nekdo te njegove "čacke" želel analizirati, kaj šele javno objaviti. In ko sem čez nekaj mesecev videla objavo, da v NUK-u iščejo prostovoljce za transkripcijo teh rokopisov sem se brez zadržkov prijavila.

Nekaj slik iz zbirke:





OD ROKOPISA DO BESEDE

Projekt je potekal pod vodstvom Ajde Zavrtanik Drglin iz Oddelka za informacijske rešitve in je potekal v različnih fazah. Spomladi leta 2025 so uporabili Transkribus (<https://www.transkribus.org/>), orodje umetne inteligence, ki je prebralo in prepisalo Kosovelove rokopise v posamezne tekstovne datoteke. Prepoznavna črk se je izkazala za nezanesljivo, zato so za pomoč pri projektu povabili prostovoljce, ki smo pregledali in uredili rezultate prepisa umetne inteligence. Vsak od nas je dobil paket (ZIP datoteko), ki je vsebovala:

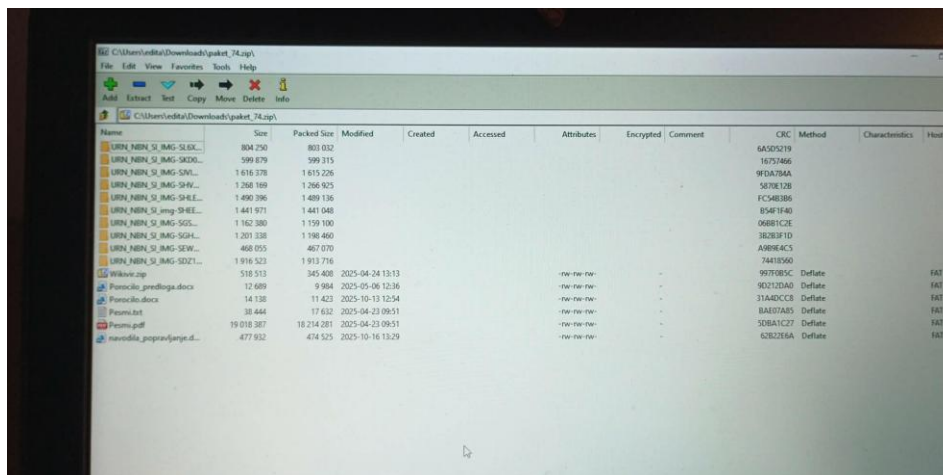
- 10 skeniranih Kosovelovih rokopisov.

- Datoteke iz orodja Transkribus, ki je posamezen rokopis poskusilo razvozlati.
- Nekaj datotek z njegovim že prej objavljenim gradivom za pomoč (če je bil kateri od rokopisov že transkribiran in objavljen iz strani različnih urednikov).
- Navodila za popravljanje.
- Datoteko, kamor smo vpisali morebitne opombe.
- Datoteko za poročilo o našem delu.

V zadnji, drugi fazi pa smo prostovoljci pregledovali besedila, ki so bila že urejena s strani prostovoljcev. Paket je tokrat vseboval:

- 10 skeniranih Kosovelovih rokopisov.
- 10 transkripcij rokopisov, urejenih iz strani drugega prostovoljca (niso bila enaka besedila).
- Nekaj datotek z njegovim že prej objavljenim gradivom za pomoč.
- Navodila za popravljanje.
- Datoteko z opombami prejšnjega prostovoljca.
- Datoteko, kamor smo vpisali lastne morebitne opombe.
- Datoteko za poročilo o našem delu.

Paketa sta izgledala tako:



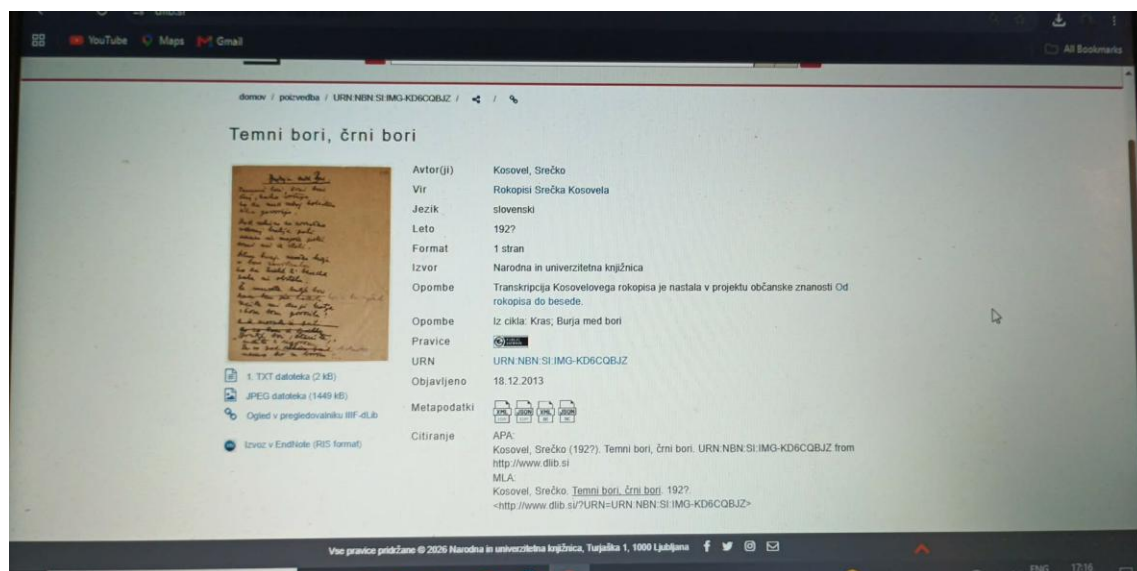
Delo mi je bilo osebno zelo prijetno in zanimivo. Na začetku sem imela nekaj težav, saj sem se s takšno obliko datoteke, ZIP datoteko, takrat prvič srečala in sem se najprej malce ustrašila kaj je to. Tudi ob zaključku projekta, ko smo morali gradivo ponovno oddati v isti obliki, sem

imela s tem največ težav. Za pomoč sem prosila svojega fanta, ki študira računalništvo in informatiko, in mi je on vse obrazložil.

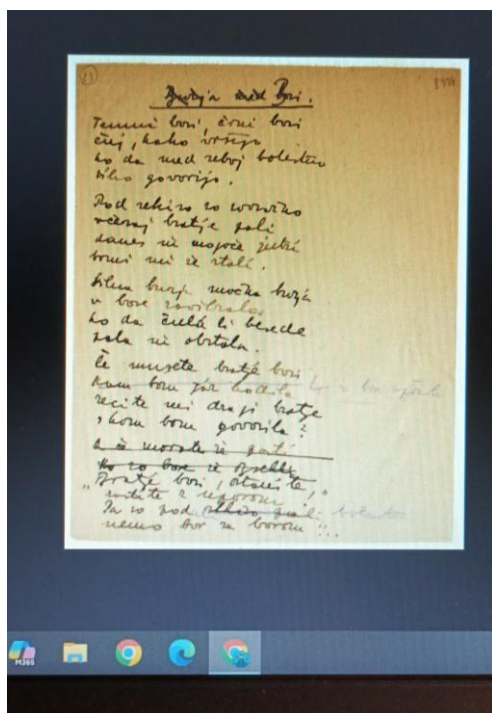
Orodje Transkribus rokopisov pogosto ni uspešno razbralo oziroma jih je v številnih primerih prepoznalo zelo nenatančno. Besede so bile velikokrat zapisane v obliki nerazumljivih nizov črk, zato je bilo večino dela prepuščenega nam prostovoljcem. Vmes je kakšno besedico oz. del besede vselej pravilno razbralo in s tem vsaj malce olajšalo delo. Kljub temu se mi je delo zdelo zelo zanimivo. Opazila sem, da sem z več urami dela postopoma vedno lažje prepoznavala posamezne črke in razbirala besede, kar mi je omogočilo učinkovitejše in hitrejšo delo.

Danes ima tako več kot 1000 Kosovelovih rokopisov pripadajočo tekstovno datoteko. Gre za strojno berljiv prepis, ki bistveno povečuje dostopnost Kosovelovih rokopisov tudi uporabnikom z oviranostmi, ki si pri branju pomagajo z govornimi pomočniki, spletnim iskalnikom in tudi sodobnim orodjem umetne inteligence.

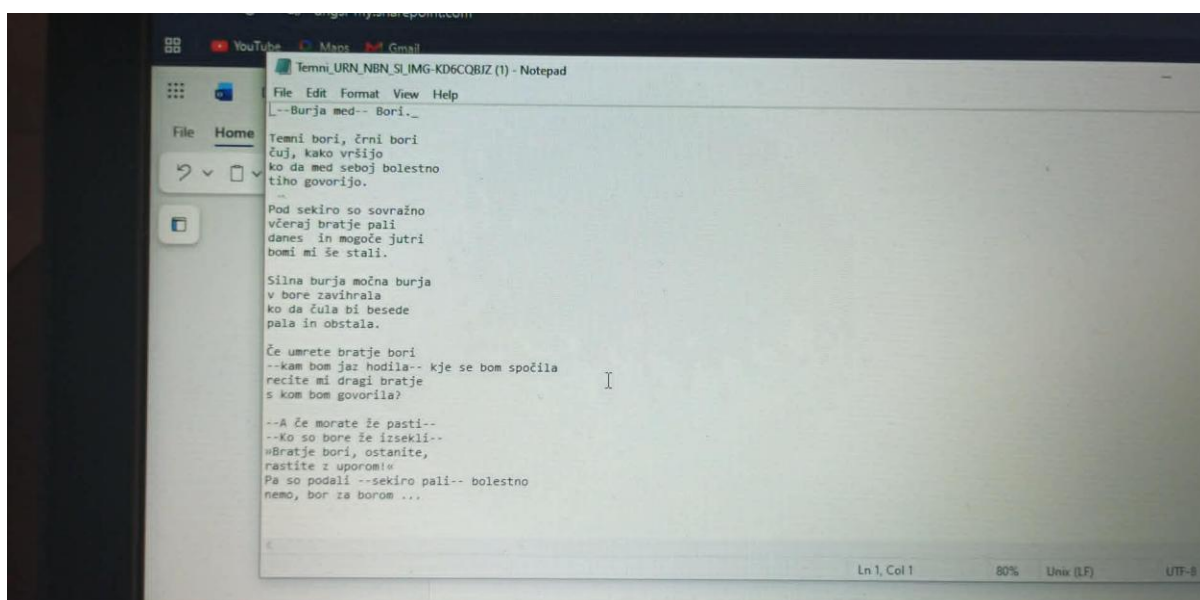
Tekstovna datoteka je dostopna na portalu Digitalne knjižnice Slovenije (dLib). Gre za digitalno knjižnico, ki vsebuje digitalizirano gradivo s področij slovenske znanosti, umetnosti in kulture. Uporabniki lahko na njem dostopajo do knjig, rokopisov, glasbenih del, slik in zemljevidov. Gradivo temelji na zbirkah Narodne in univerzitetne knjižnice ter njenih partnerjev. Primer iz dLib-a:



Skeniran Kosovelov rokopis:



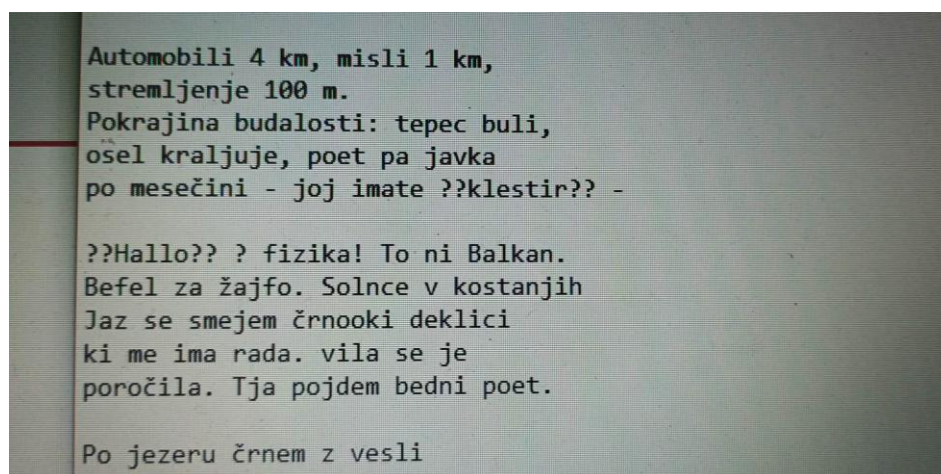
Pripadajoča tekstovna datoteka (to smo mi naredili kot prostovoljci) :



Dodajam še opombo!

V navodilih za popravljanje nam je bilo naročeno, naj dosledno sledimo Kosovelovemu pisanju: ne spreminjamo jezika, sloga ali arhaičnih izrazov. Prav tako naj ne popravljamo slovničnih in pravopisnih napak. Če pa je beseda vselej neberljiva, naj to označimo z ????. In če nismo prepričani ali smo besedo prebrali pravilno, to označimo z ??beseda??. Takih primerov ostaja precej. Kljub temu, da smo prostovoljci ogromno naredili ostajajo take pomanjkljivosti, ki jih ne človek, ne do sedaj razvita umetna inteligenca ne znamo razvozlati.

Primer:



Ob zaključku projekta so se organizatorji želeli vsem prostovoljcem osebno zahvaliti za naš prispevek in sodelovanje. V začetku letošnjega leta sem tako po elektronski pošti prejela vabilo na zaključni dogodek projekta. Prostovoljci, ki smo se na vabilo odzvali, smo se zbrali v Narodni in univerzitetni knjižnici. Ajda Zavrtanik Drglin se nam je ob tej priložnosti večkrat iskreno zahvalila za naše delo. S svojim prispevkom smo prostovoljci pomembno pripomogli k projektu ter pomagali približati Kosovelovo dediščino širši javnosti.

Nekaj utrinkov iz dogodka:



Vsebinska analiza Gradnikove pesniške zbirke *Padajoče zvezde* z oddaljenim branjem

Fornazarič, Kaja

UVOD

V nalogi se posvečam krajši vsebinski analizi pesniške zbirke *Padajoče zvezde* Alojza Gradnika, ki velja za enega ključnih vrhuncev slovenske moderne in ekspresionizma. Želela sem preveriti interpretativno moč umetne inteligence v povezavi z metodo oddaljenega branja. Kot izhodišče sem uporabila povzetek vsebine in tematskih poudarkov zbirke, ki ga je pripravil jezikovni model Gemini.

Da bi preverila verodostojnost teh vsebinskih interpretacij, sem v analizo vključila digitalno orodje Voyant Tools. Z njegovo pomočjo sem izvedla kvantitativno analizo besedila, ki temelji na statističnih podatkih o pogostosti besedišča, kolokacijah (povezavah med besedami) in vizualizacijah besednih trendov. Cilj moje naloge je ugotoviti, ali se ključni vsebinski poudarki, ki jih navajajo spletni viri in umetna inteligenca, odražajo tudi v sami strukturi jezika. Z drugimi besedami, ali grafični prikazi gostote besedišča in besednih zvez potrjujejo prevlado motivov krvi, ljubezni, pokrajine in trpljenja.

Gemini je napisal:

Pesniška zbirka *Padajoče zvezde* Alojza Gradnika združuje osebne, življenjske in domovinske teme. Pesnik stoji na prehodu med moderno in ekspresionizmom. Glavna tema zbirke je povezanost ljubezni in smrti (Eros–Tanatos). Ljubezen ni prikazana le kot nekaj lepega, ampak kot močna in usodna sila, ki lahko vodi tudi v trpljenje ali smrt. To kaže že naslov – padajoča zvezda močno zasije, a hkrati ugasne.

Poleg ljubezni je pomembna tudi navezanost na domačo pokrajino, predvsem Goriška brda in Istro. Narava ni le ozadje, ampak kaže življenje ljudi, njihovo trpljenje in težave, zlasti med prvo svetovno vojno. Gradnik skozi to izraža ljubezen do domovine in bolečino ob izgubi. Na koncu se osebne občutke poveže z usodo naroda, zato ima zbirka tudi družbeno in kritično sporočilo.

EKSPERIMENT

Na fotografijah so prikazani pari besednih oblakov, kjer levi prikazuje besede z odstranjenimi *stopwords*, na desni pa *stopwords* niso odstranjene. Že na prvi pogled je razlika precej vidna. V

[illegible]

15



*Slika 3: 200 najpogostejših besed brez stopwords
stopwords*



Slika 4: 200 najpogostejših besed s

Najbolj očitna je potrditev tistega, kar vsi pravijo o Gradniku, da sta zanj ljubezen in smrt neločljivi. V oblaku besed sta zelo izraziti besedi »srce« in »mati«, takoj zraven pa najdemo besedo »smrt«. To dokazuje, da je Gradnikovo pisanje razdeljeno na dva konca (na smrt in na življenje). To dodatno potrjujejo besede, kot so »bolečine«, »trudne« in »solze«.

Zanimivo je, kako močno v oči pade beseda »mati«. Čeprav vemo, da Gradnik piše o domu, nam ta analiza pokaže, da je prav lik matere tisti glavni steber, okoli katerega se vse vrti. Prav tako vidimo veliko besed, povezanih z naravo in kmetovanjem, kot so »zemlja«, »polja«, »trgatev« in »črešnje«. To nam potrdi, da njegove pesmi res diha z briško pokrajino. Pomembno je poudariti, da je enačenje zemlje z besedo »mati« zelo pogost primer v literaturi na stičišču kultur, saj je zemlja res predstavljala vir življenja in preživetja.

Vendar pa nam fotografiji pokažeta tudi nekaj, česar v opisih morda ne bi takoj opazili. Čeprav je vojna v zbirki pomembna tema, so imena krajev (npr. Krn ali Soča) v celotni zbirki manjša od splošnih besed, kot sta »mati« ali »srce«. To nam pove, da Gradnik o vojni in trpljenju ne piše kot poročevalec, ampak te dogodke prelije v splošno človeško bolečino. Prav tako se v oblaku pogosto pojavljajo besede »spet«, »zopet« in »zdaj«, kar nam pokaže, da se pesnik nenehno vrača k istim vprašanjem in občutku, da čas hitro beži.

	Izraz	Kolokat
☐	roka*	zdi
☐	roka*	vmira
☐	roka*	pravi
☐	roka*	pepel

Slika 5: kolokati beseda "roka"

V programu sem opravila tudi analizo s pomočjo kolokatov, ki omogočajo bolj poglobljen vpogled v pomenske povezave med besedami. Pri besedi »roka« se kot kolokati pojavljajo izrazi, kot so »zdi«, »umira«, »pravi«, »pepel«. To nakazuje, da roka ni zgolj fizični del telesa, ampak nosilec simbolnih pomenov, povezanih z minljivostjo, smrtjo in izginjanjem.

Kolokati:		
	Izraz	Kolokat
☐	rož*	sladka
☐	rož*	zlata
☐	rož*	zgine
☐	rož*	trat
☐	rož*	škrjančki
☐	rož*	rdeči
☐	rož*	rdeča
☐	rož*	postala
☐	rož*	plavaš
☐	rož*	mojega
☐	rož*	moja
☐	rož*	li
☐	rož*	kipele
☐	rož*	izsrkaj
☐	rož*	cvet

Slika 6: kolokati besede "roža"

Pri besedi »roža« (označeno kot »rož*«) se pojavljajo kolokati, kot so »zlata«, »rdeči«, »cveti«, »sladka«. Tukaj gre za izrazito estetsko in naravno simboliko, kjer roža predstavlja lepoto, a hkrati tudi minljivost (cvetenje kot prehodni pojav). Barvni pridevniki (»rdeča«, »zlata«) dodatno poudarjajo čutno zaznavanje. Rožo lahko torej enačimo z nekaj pozitivnega.

	Izraz	Kolokat
☐	srce*	živo
☐	srce*	zopet
☐	srce*	vam
☐	srce*	skrivam
☐	srce*	krvavo
☐	srce*	greje

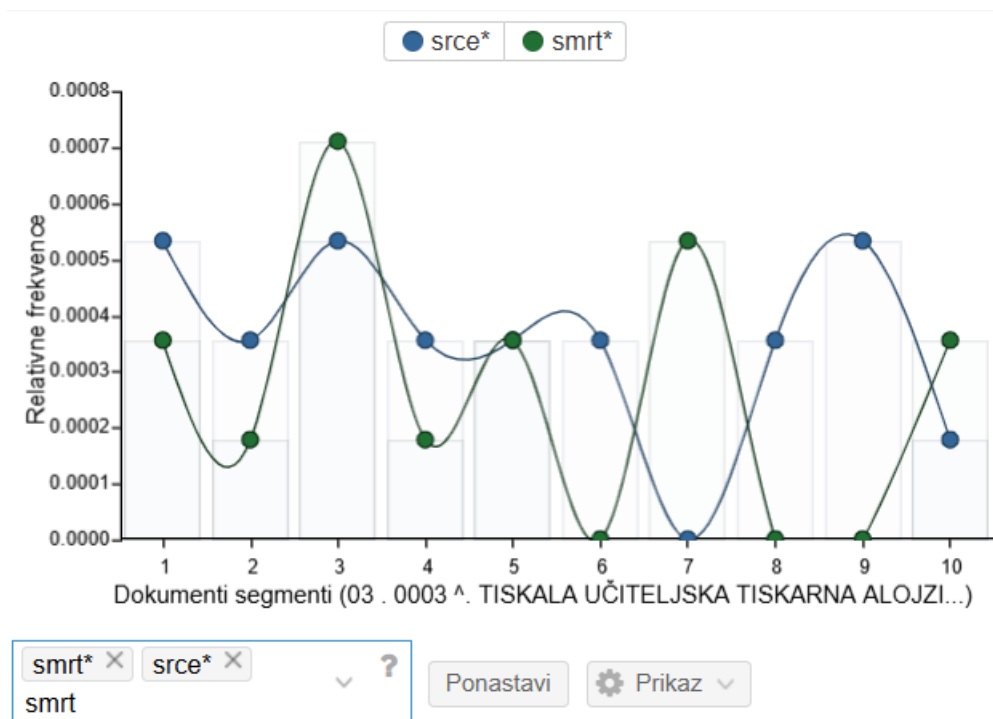
Slika 7: kolokat besede "srce"

Zelo pomenljivi so kolokati besede »srce«, kjer se pojavljajo izrazi, kot so »živo«, »krvavo«, »greje«, »skrivam«. Ti kolokati jasno kažejo, da je srce razumljeno kot središče čustvenega in telesnega doživljanja – hkrati je ranljivo (krvavo) in vitalno (živo, greje). Kot je značilno za slovensko literaturo, je tudi tukaj vidno, da je bilo ljubezen potrebno »skrivati«.

	Izraz	Kolokat
☐	trt*	cvetejo
☐	trte	cvetejo

Slika 8: kolokati besede "trta"

Kolokati za »trta« (»cvetejo«) dodatno potrjujejo povezavo z rastjo, rodovitnostjo in življenjem.



Graf 1: povezava med besedama "srce" in "smrt"

Prvi graf prikazuje razmerje med besedama »srce« in »smrt«. Vidimo, da se njuna frekvenca izmenjuje – kjer naraste ena, pogosto upade druga. To lahko interpretiramo kot tematsko nihanje med življenjem in smrtjo. V določenih segmentih (npr. okoli 3., 5. in 10. segmenta), se obe pojavljata skupaj, kar kaže na mesta, kjer se ti dve temi najbolj prepletata.

Izraz	Kolokat
☐ zemlja	mati

Tabela 1: kolokat besede "zemlja"

Zemlja je tukaj predstavljena kot mati – kot izvor življenja, kraj, iz katerega človek prihaja, in kamor se na koncu vrača. Besedna zveza »zemlja – mati« prikazuje zemljo kot rodovitno in zaščitniško. Ta motiv ne pomeni samo narave kot prostora, ampak ima tudi simbolni pomen: zemlja predstavlja varnost, pripadnost in osnovo našega obstoja. Kot je bilo že omenjeno, je takšno razumevanje zemlje zelo značilno za literaturo na stičišču kultur.

	Izraz	Kolokat
☐	vinograd*	zlati
☐	vinograd*	oj
☐	vinograd*	krije

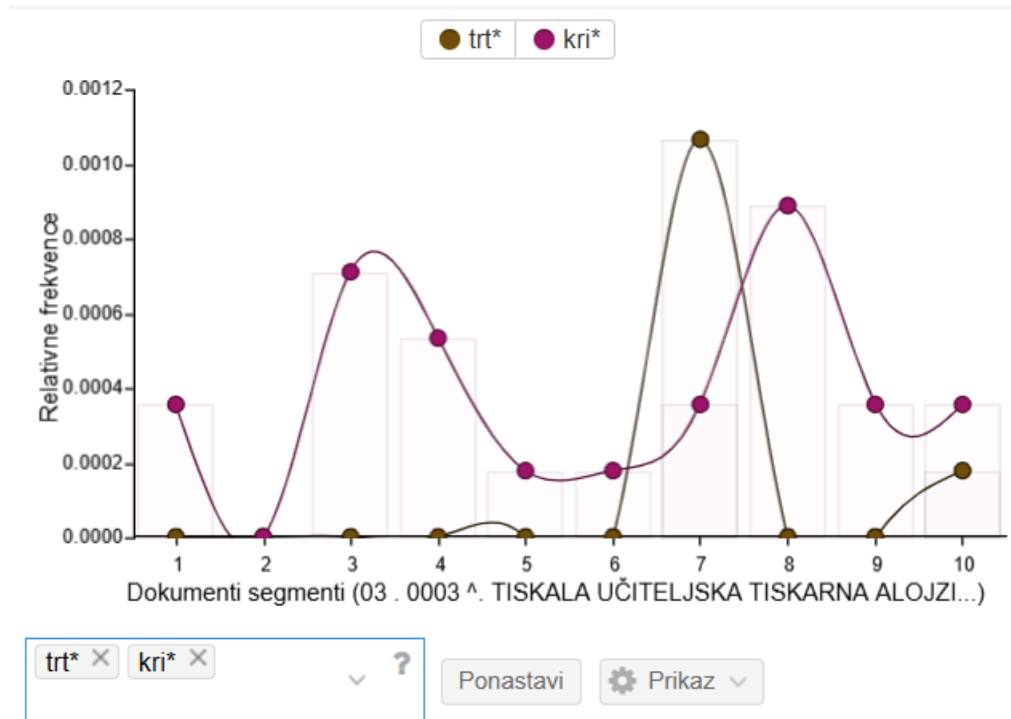
Tabela 2: kolokati besede "vinograd"

Pri besedi »vinograd« pa kolokati, kot so »zlati«, »oj« in »krije«, odpirajo nekoliko drugačno, a povezano simbolno polje. Pridevnik »zlati« vinograd estetizira in idealizira prostor. Vinograd postane nekaj dragocenega, skoraj svetega. Ne gre več zgolj za kmetijsko površino, ampak za prostor lepote in bogastva. Kolokat »krije« pa vpelje bolj ambivalentno dimenzijo: vinograd lahko nekaj skriva, zakriva, kar odpira interpretacijo vinograda kot prostora skrivnosti. Medtem vzklik »oj« kaže na čustveno zaznamovanost, je vzklik. Vinograd ni nevtralen prostor, ampak sproža močan afektivni odziv pesniškega subjekta.

Kolokati:		
	Izraz	Kolokat
☐	moja*	usta
☐	moja*	smrt
☐	moja*	roža
☐	moja*	sreča
☐	moja*	mila
☐	moja*	mati
☐	moja*	kri
☐	moja*	desna
☐	moja*	daljna
☐	moja*	črna

Tabela 3: kolokati besede "moja"

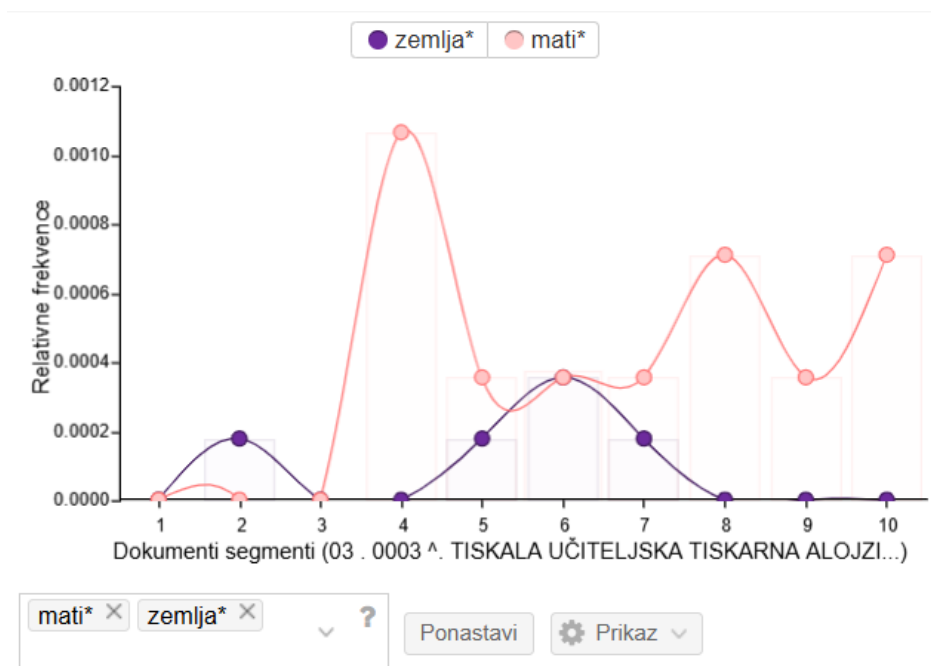
Pri kolokatih za besedo »moja«, se pojavljajo izrazi, kot so »usta«, »smrt«, »roža«, »sreča«, »mati«, »kri«, »daljna«, »črna«. To dodatno potrjuje izrazito subjektivno perspektivo zbirke. Beseda »moja« povezuje različne tematske sklope, in sicer od telesnosti (usta, kri), do čustev (sreča), narave (roža) in smrti. Gre za močno osebno doživljanje sveta, kjer pesniški subjekt vse izkušnje ponotranji.



Graf 2: povezava med besedama "trta" in "kri"

Graf frekvenc jasno kaže, kako se skozi zbirko gibljeta dva osrednja Gradnikova simbola. Motiv krvi je prisoten skozi celotno delo; prvič močneje izstopi v začetnih razdelkih, kjer zaznamuje erotiko in strast, ponovno pa naraste proti koncu zbirke.

Motiv trte se pojavi kasneje in doseže svoj vrhunec v 7. segmentu, kar se natančno sklada z razdelkom *Motivi iz Brd*. Ključna ugotovitev grafa je, da vrhuncu trte takoj sledi ponoven vzpon motiva krvi (8. segment).



Graf 3: povezava med besedama "zemlja" in "mati"

Tu je zelo očitno, da ima »mati« precej višjo frekvenco kot »zemlja«, z izrazitim vrhom okoli 4. segmenta. To kaže, da je motiv matere eden ključnih v zbirki. Hkrati pa kolokat »zemlja – mati« jasno nakazuje simbolno enačenje zemlje z materjo, kar je pogost motiv v poeziji na območju, kjer je Gradnik ustvarjal – zemlja kot izvor, zavetje in hkrati tudi konec.

UGOTOVITVE IN ZAKLJUČEK

V nalogi sem s pomočjo digitalnih orodij in metode oddaljenega branja raziskala vsebinsko strukturo zbirke Padajoče zvezde. Analiza je pokazala, da se sodobni tehnološki pristopi in tradicionalna literarna veda lahko odlično dopolnjujejo.

Ključne ugotovitve:

- Z orodjem Voyant Tools sem dokazala, da so osrednji tematski stebri zbirke skladajo s frekvenco besedišča. Neposredna bližina besed »srce«, »smrt« in »mati« v besednih

oblakih potrjuje Gradnikovo usodno prepletanje ljubezni, minljivosti in rodovne pripadnosti.

- Grafi relativnih frekvenc so razkrili, da se motiv trte in motiv krvi v ključnih delih zbirke (npr. Motivi iz Brd) pojavljata sočasno. To dokazuje, da Gradnik narave ne uporablja le za opis okolja, temveč jo razume kot »kri zemlje«, ki določa usodo človeka.
- Analiza je potrdila premik od začetne intimne in erotične poezije k bolj socialno in domovinsko obarvanim pesmim, kjer pokrajina postane nosilka narodne bolečine.

Kritična presoja in pomen bližnjega branja:

Čeprav so nam digitalna orodja hitro pokazala glavne teme zbirke, se moramo zavedati njihovih omejitev. Računalnik nam sicer lahko prešteje, kolikokrat se pojavi določene besede pojavijo, ne more pa razumeti, kakšno žalost ali strah ta beseda povzroča bralcu. Grafi nam pokažejo kaj je v pesmih, ne morejo pa nam razložiti, kako te pesmi na nas vplivajo.

Za pravo razumevanje Gradnika je zato nujno klasično, poglobljeno branje. Programi težko prepoznajo umetniške odtenke, metafore ali tisto posebno tišino med vrsticami, ki je v poeziji pogosto najpomembnejša. Računalnik besede obravnava le kot številke, medtem ko bralec v njih začuti pesnikovo osebno stisko in lepoto jezika.

Digitalna analiza je bila v tej nalogi odličen pripomoček, ki je potrdil naše predpostavke, vendar pa je zelo pomembno, da zadnjo besedo vedno dobi bralec, saj lahko le človek suhoparnim statističnim podatkom vdihne pravi pomen in zares začuti globino Padajočih zvezd.

VIRI

Digitalna knjižnica Slovenije (dLib.si). Ogledano: 26. 4. 2026.

<https://www.dlib.si/details/URN:NBN:SI:doc-HKXVHNJL>

Voyant Tools: Spletna aplikacija za analizo besedil. Stéfan Sinclair in Geoffrey Rockwell.

Ogledano: 24. 4. 2026. <http://voyant-tools.org/>

Vsebinska analiza Kosovelove pesniške zbirke *Pesmi z oddaljenim*
branjem

Maučec, Tanja

UVOD

V seminarski nalogi obravnavam pesniško zbirko Pesmi Srečka Kosovela, ki je izšla leta 1927, leto po pesnikovi smrti. Za izhodiščno gradivo sem izbrala digitalizirano izdajo, dostopno v Digitalni knjižnici Slovenije. dLib ob enoti navaja, da gre za knjigo v slovenskem jeziku, izdano leta 1927 pri Odboru za izdajo pesmi; gradivo ima tudi TXT datoteko, zato je primerno za osnovno računalniško analizo besedila.

Cilj naloge je pokazati, kako lahko metoda oddaljenega branja dopolni tradicionalno interpretacijo poezije. Pri Kosovelu so v ospredju motivi Krasa, narave, večera, samote, smrti, bolečine, človeka in družbene stiske. S pomočjo digitalnega branja lahko preverimo, ali se ti motivi kažejo tudi v pogostosti besed, v kolokacijah in v besednih povezavah.

Pri analizi me ne zanima samo to, katere besede so najpogostejše, ampak predvsem, kako se iz pogostih besed oblikuje širša podoba Kosovelovega pesniškega sveta. Oddaljeno branje zato razumem kot pripomoček: računalnik opozori na ponavljajoče se vzorce, vendar mora njihov pomen še vedno razložiti bralec.

GRADIVO IN METODA

Glavno gradivo naloge je Kosovelova zbirka Pesmi iz leta 1927, dostopna na dLibu. Dopolnilno sem upoštevala bibliografske podatke o zbirki in izbrano sekundarno literaturo o Kosovelu, posebej razprave o njegovi moderni, impresionistični, ekspresionistični in konstruktivistični razsežnosti.

Dostop do izhodiščnega gradiva: [dLib.si](https://dlib.si) - Kosovel, Srečko: Pesmi (1927)

Podatek	Opis
Avtor	Srečko Kosovel
Naslov	Pesmi
Leto izida	1927
Vir	Digitalna knjižnica Slovenije, URN:NBN:SI:DOC-FCE150LV
Predlagano orodje	Voyant Tools
Metoda	oddaljeno branje: besedni oblak, frekvence, kolokati, grafi trendov

Analiza je zasnovana po treh korakih: najprej pregled najpogostejših besed, nato analiza izbranih kolokatov, na koncu pa primerjava motivov po segmentih besedila. V dejanski oddaji naloge je smiselno spodaj označena mesta dopolniti s posnetki zaslona iz Voyant Tools, podobno kot v priloženem vzorcu naloge.

Pričakovano bi se v besednem oblaku po odstranitvi funkcijskih besed izrazile besede, povezane z naravo in kraškim prostorom: večer, veter, polje, bor, jesen, sonce, nebo, zemlja, vas. Takšno besedišče kaže, da Kosovel narave ne uporablja samo kot ozadje, ampak kot nosilko razpoloženja. Kraška pokrajina je hkrati realen prostor in notranja pokrajina pesniškega subjekta.



Slika 1: 50 najpogostejših besed brez funkcijskih besed



Slika 2: 50 najpogostejših besed brez funkcijskih besed.

Že sama razporeditev besed bi lahko pokazala dvojnost Kosovelove poezije. Na eni strani so tihe, impresivne podobe Krasa, večera, jeseni in borov, na drugi strani pa besede, povezane s smrtjo, bolečino, socialno stisko in razpadom sveta. Zato Kosovelova zbirka ni samo zbirka krajinskih pesmi, ampak tudi zbirka duhovne napetosti.

Kolokati: srce, Kras, smrt, človek

Kolokati pokažejo, katere besede se najpogosteje pojavljajo v bližini izbranega izraza. To je pomembno, ker posamezna beseda sama po sebi še ne pove dovolj; njen pomen se oblikuje v sobesedilu.

Kolokati besede »srce«

Pri besedi srce bi pričakovali povezave z besedami, kot so tišina, bolest, kri, samota, človek ali duša. Srce pri Kosovelu ni samo romantični simbol ljubezni, ampak prostor notranje napetosti. Lahko pomeni čustveno ranljivost, a tudi etično središče človeka.

	Izraz	Kolokat	Število (kontekst)
☐	srce*	polje	3
☐	srce*	ob	3
☐	srce*	mrtvo	3
☐	srce*	ustavilo	2

srce* ×

✓
?

124 kontekst

Kolokati besede »smrt«

Beseda smrt bi se lahko povezovala z nočjo, tišino, grozo, utrujenostjo in bolečino. Pri Kosovelu smrt ni samo konec življenja, ampak tudi znak zgodovinske in duhovne krize. V tem se njegova poezija približa ekspresionističnemu občutju razpada sveta.

	Izraz	Kolokat	Število (kontekst)
☐	smrt*	ekstaza	10
☐	smrt*	lepa	4
☐	smrt*	kaj	4
☐	smrt*	heli	4

smrt* x
?
266 kontekst

Kolokati besede »človek«

Beseda človek odpira socialno in etično razsežnost zbirke. Če se pojavlja ob besedah ljudje, brat, delo, trpljenje ali narod, lahko sklepamo, da se pesniški subjekt ne zapira samo v osebno izpoved, ampak razmišlja tudi o skupnosti.

	Izraz	Kolokat	Število (kontekst)
☐	človek*	obraz	5
☐	človek*	sivi	4
☐	človek*	kolesjem	4
☐	človek*	velik	3

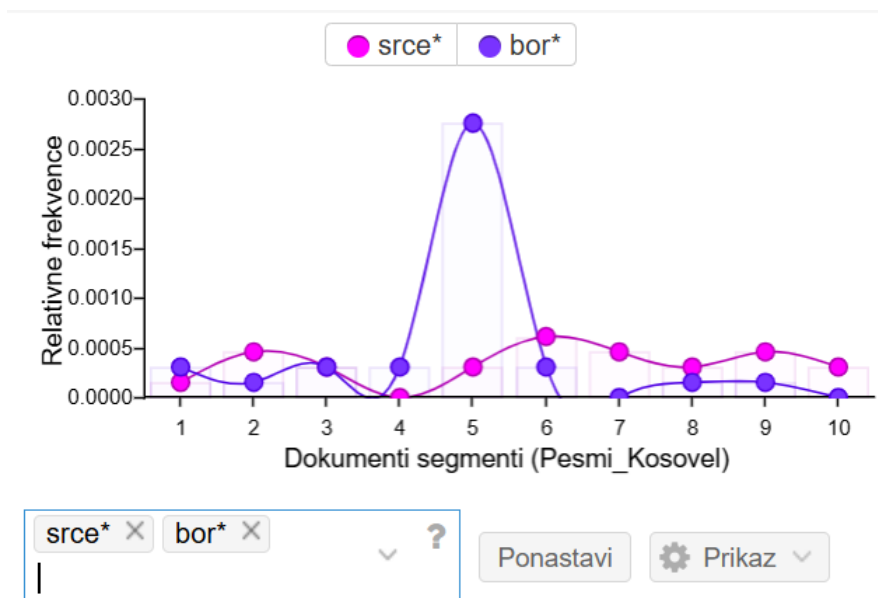
človek* x
?
120 kontekst

Primerjava motivov po segmentih

V zadnjem delu analize bi bilo smiselno primerjati relativne frekvence nekaterih motivov po segmentih zbirke. Tako lahko opazujemo, ali se zbirka premika od bolj intimnih in naravnih motivov k bolj družbenim in eksistencialnim motivom.

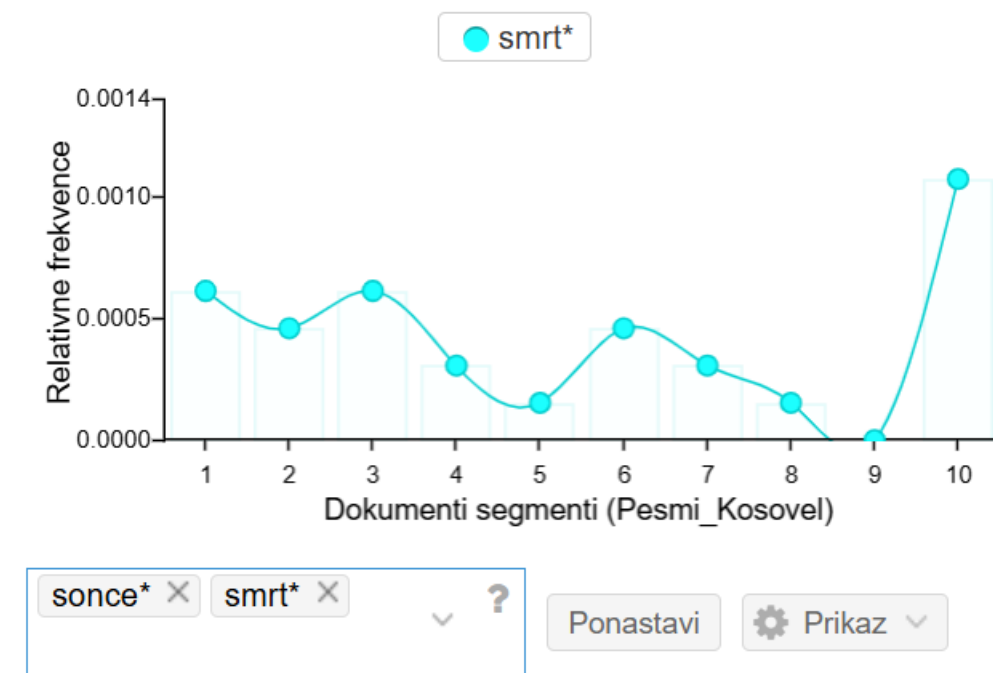
Graf 1: »bor« in »srce«

Primerjava bi pokazala razmerje med zunanjim prostorom in notranjim doživljanjem. Če se motiva pojavljata skupaj, to potrjuje, da je kraška pokrajina povezana s pesnikovo notranjostjo.



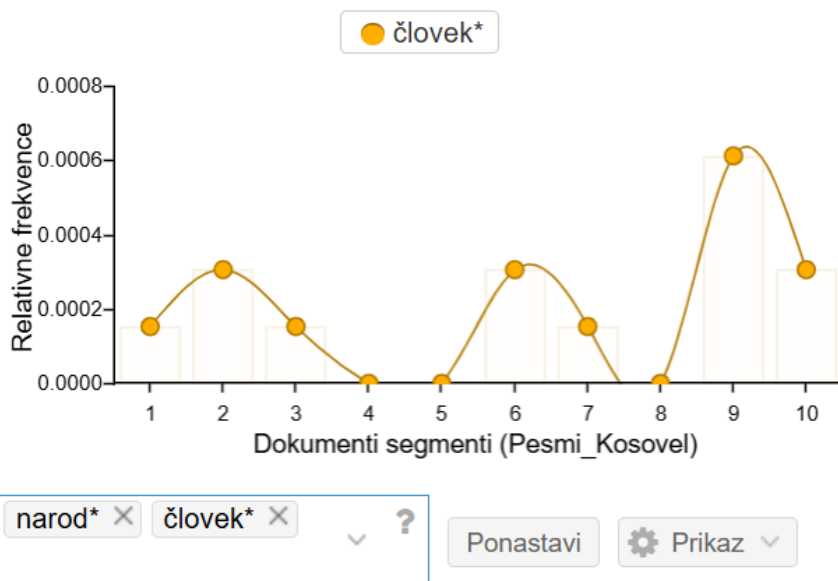
Graf 2: »smrt« in »sonce«

Ta primerjava bi pokazala kontrast med temo in svetlobo. Sonce lahko pomeni življenje, toplino in možnost upanja, smrt pa razpad, stisko in minljivost.



Graf 3: »človek« in »narod«

Ta primerjava bi pomagala ugotoviti, kje se osebna lirika najbolj izrazito približa socialni oziroma kolektivni tematiki.



UGOTOVITVE

Kosovelova zbirka Pesmi je primerna za oddaljeno branje, ker vsebuje izrazita ponavljajoča se motivna polja: Kras, naravo, srce, smrt, samoto, človeka in socialno stisko.

Besedni oblak bi najverjetneje potrdil močno prisotnost naravnih motivov. Ti motivi pa niso zgolj opisni, temveč nosijo čustveni in simbolni pomen.

Kolokacije bi pokazale, da se besede srce, smrt in človek ne pojavljajo izolirano, ampak v mreži pomenov, povezanih z bolečino, tišino, skupnostjo in eksistencialno negotovostjo.

Primerjava motivov po segmentih bi omogočila vpogled v gibanje zbirke: od intimnejših razpoloženjskih podob k izrazitejši družbeni in krizni zavesti.

Digitalna metoda zato ne nadomesti interpretacije, ampak jo usmeri. Opozori na besede in povezave, ki bi jih pri običajnem branju lahko spregledali.

KRITIČNA PRESOJA METODE

Oddaljeno branje ima pri poeziji posebno omejitev. Pesem pogosto učinkuje z ritmom, zvočnostjo, metaforo, presledkom in neizrečenim pomenom. Računalnik te razsežnosti težko razume. Če na primer preštejemo besedo smrt, še ne razumemo, kako deluje v posamezni pesmi. Prav tako enaka beseda v različnih pesmih nima vedno enakega pomena.

Zato mora biti digitalna analiza povezana z bližnjim branjem. Voyant Tools pokaže, kaj se v besedilu pogosto pojavlja; literarna interpretacija pa mora razložiti, zakaj je to pomembno. Pri Kosovelu je to še posebej nujno, ker njegova poezija prehaja med impresionistično sliko, ekspresionistično krizo in avantgardno obliko.

ZAKLJUČEK

Analiza Kosovelove zbirke *Pesmi* z metodo oddaljenega branja pokaže, da je zbirka zelo primerna za digitalno-humanistični pristop. Motivi narave, krasa, srca, smrti in človeka se lahko preverjajo z besednimi oblaki, kolokati in grafi frekvenc. Takšna analiza potrjuje, da Kosovelova poezija ni enodimenzionalna: združuje tiho razpoloženjsko liriko, bolečo izkušnjo minljivosti in občutek družbene krize.

Najpomembnejša ugotovitev naloge je, da digitalna orodja omogočajo drugačen pogled na pesniško zbirko. Ne razkrijejo vsega, vendar bralca usmerijo k vzorcem, ki jih je nato mogoče natančneje razložiti s klasičnim branjem. Pri Kosovelu je prav povezava med številčnim pregledom in občutljivim branjem najbolj uporabna, saj njegova poezija temelji na ponavljanju motivov, ki se v različnih kontekstih pomenljivo preoblikujejo.

VIRI

Digitalna knjižnica Slovenije (dLib.si). Ogledano: 19. 6. 2026.

<https://www.dlib.si/details/URN:NBN:SI:DOC-FCE150LV>

Voyant Tools: Spletna aplikacija za analizo besedil. Stéfán Sinclair in Geoffrey Rockwell.

Ogledano: 19. 6. 2026. <http://voyant-tools.org/>

Analiza pesniškega korpusa Vladislava Petkovića Disa s pomočjo digitalnih orodij

Murišić, Milica

Kosmični padec in onirično zatočišče

V središču te raziskave sta dve ključni pesmi srbske moderne: *Tamnica* (Ječa) in *Možda spava* (Morda spi).

- *Tamnica* predstavlja ontološko dramo pesnikovega prihoda na svet, ki ga doživlja kot padec iz „nedolžnih daljav” v telesno in zemeljsko „ječo”. Osnovna poanta pesmi je izguba metafizične svetlobe in sprijaznjenje s surovo materialnostjo življenja.
- *Možda spava* nadaljuje to pot, vendar se seli v sfero sanj. V njej pesnik išče idealno drago in izgubljeno harmonijo, pri čemer edino zatočišče najde v oniričnem svetu, onkraj zla in vsakdanjika.

Cilj tega dela je bil s pomočjo orodja za digitalno analizo besedil (Voyant Tools) vizualno zarisati ta prehod iz kosmičnega prostora v prostor sanj ter ugotoviti stabilnost osrednjih motivov skozi obe pesniški deli.

Metodologija in digitalna obdelava

Analiza je bila izvedena z metodo *distant reading*. Da bi pridobili relevantne rezultate, so bila besedila predhodno očiščena t.i. „stop-besed” (predlogov, veznikov in zaimkov), kar je omogočilo, da so ključne semantične plasti stopile v ospredje.

a) Vizualizacija leksikalne dominance (Cirrus)

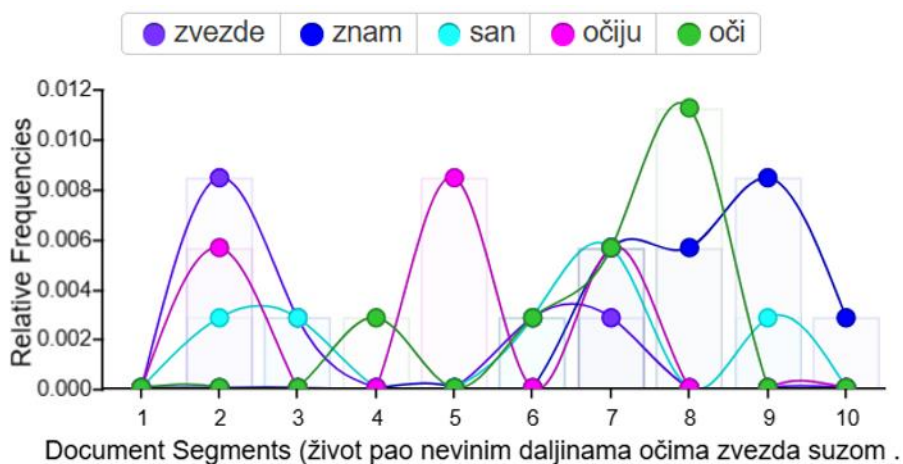
Kot je razvidno iz posnetka oblak besed izpostavlja lekseme *znam* (vem), *očiju* (oči), *zvezde* (zvezde) in *san* (sanje) kot najpogostejše. S tem je dokazano, da Disov svet ni zgrajen iz opisnih podrobnosti, temveč iz abstraktnih pojmov, ki se nanašajo na spoznanje in notranji vid. Prisotnost besed „zvezde” in „zemljo” (zemljo) v podobnem obsegu potrjuje nenehno napetost med pesnikovim nebeškim izvorom in zemeljsko usodo.



b) Dinamika motivov in transformacija stanj (Trends)

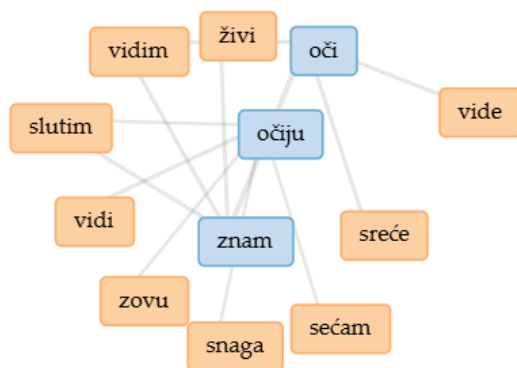
Grafikon distribucije besed ponuja ključen vpogled v strukturo korpusa:

- **Izguba svetlobe:** Vijolična črta (zvezde) beleži nagel padec po prvi pesmi, kar vizualno označi zaključek procesa „padca v življenje”.
- **Dominacija notranjega vida:** Zelena črta (oči) doseže svoj absolutni vrhunec v drugem delu korpusa, kar dokazuje, da se v pesmi „Možda spava” fokus v celoti prenese z zunanjega kozmosa na notranje doživljanje.
- **Spoznanje:** Temno modra črta (znam) narašča proti samemu koncu analize, kar nakazuje, da pesnik šele v sferi sanj pride do končnega spoznanja lastne eksistence.



c) Relacije in kognitivna mreža (Links)

Mrežni prikaz razkriva, da je beseda *očiju* osrednje semantično vozlišče. Neposredne povezave s pojmi *znam*, *vidim* in *slutim* nakazujejo, da pri Disu dejanje gledanja ni le pasivno opazovanje, temveč aktivno kognitivno iskanje smisla.



Z uporabo digitalnih orodij je subjektivno dožemanje Disove poezije dobilo kvantitativno potrditev. Vizualizacije so jasno zarisale pot od metafizične „zvezde” do oniričnih „sanj” ter potrdile, da sta oči in spoznanje (leksema „znam”) edini fiksni točki v Disovem svetu, ki se nenehno spreminja in propada.

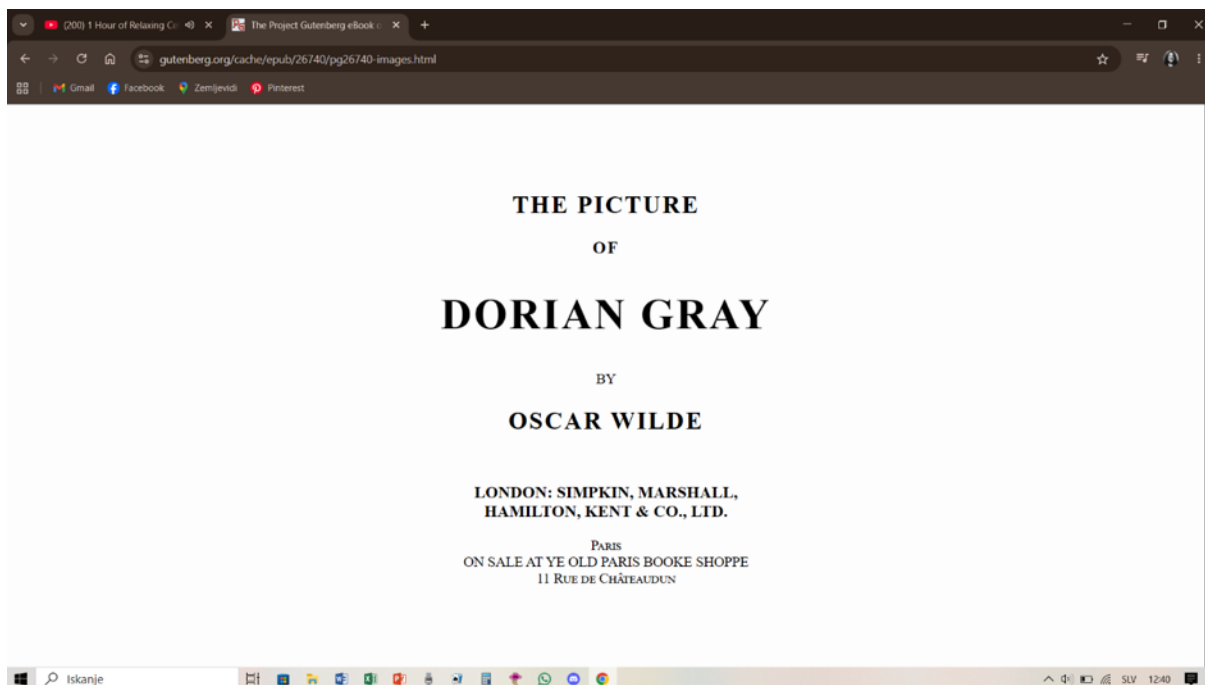
Zaključni eksperiment pri predmetu digitalna humanistika: Analiza besed romana *The Picture of Dorian Gray* Oscarja Wilda in primerjava z ruskim romantizmom

Štubelj, Živa

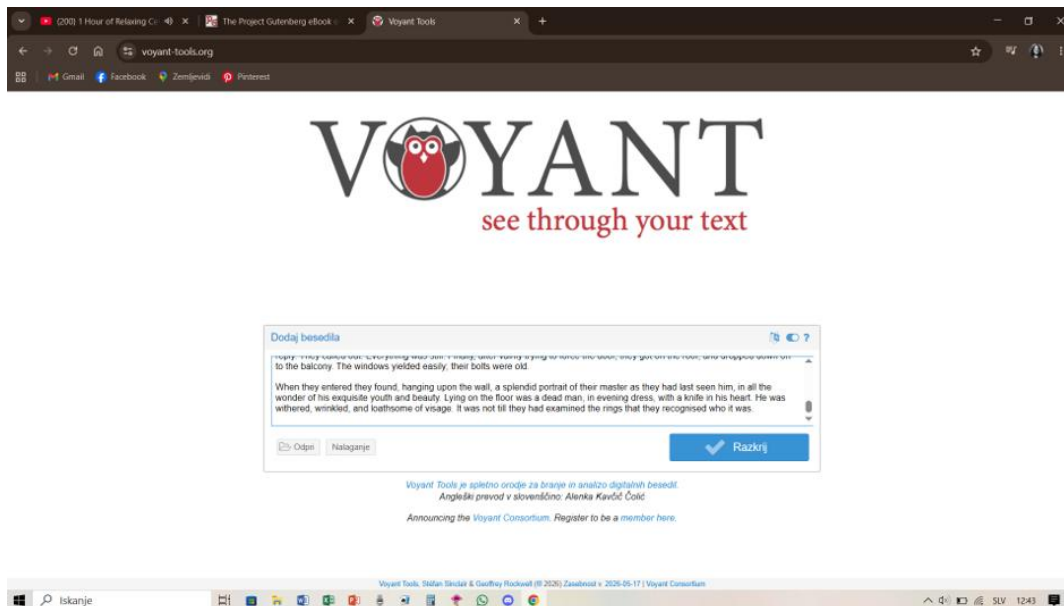
Vemo, da je *The Picture of Dorian Gray* edini roman, ki ga je napisal Oscar Wilde, in velja za eno najpomembnejših del angleške književnosti. Roman pripoveduje o mladem in izjemno lepem Dorianu Grayu, ki si po naslikanem portretu zaželi, da bi sam ostal večno mlad, medtem ko bi se staral njegov portret. Njegova želja se uresniči. Dorian začne živeti življenje, polno užitkov, razvad, dekadence in moralnega propadanja, vendar se vse posledice njegovih dejanj kažejo le na portretu, ki postaja vedno bolj strašljiv in iznakažen. Navzven Dorian ostaja mlad in lep, v notranjosti pa ga počasi uničujejo krivda, praznina in pokvarjenost. Roman odpira številne teme, kot so lepota, minljivost, vpliv družbe, moralnost ter nevarnost pretiranega hedonizma. Oscar Wilde skozi zgodbo kritizira družbo viktorijanske dobe in razmišlja o povezavi med umetnostjo, človekovo dušo in etiko.

Vprašala sem se, a so najpogostejše besede v romanu res veljale tudi v viktorijanski dobi? Ali to bile najpogostejše opisane besede tudi tako pomembne skozi celotno obdobje, ki ga roman tako kritizira?

Zato sem najprej odprla spletno stran Project Gutenberg, kjer sem besedilo romana tudi poiskala, v digitalizirani obliki.

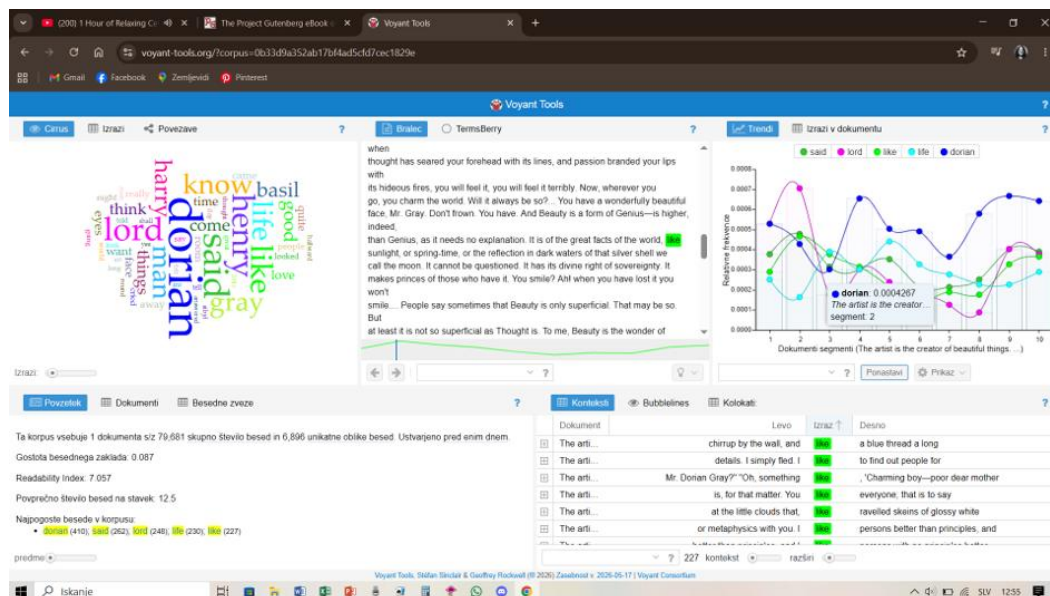


Nato sem tekst kopirala in prilepila v orodje Voyant Tools.

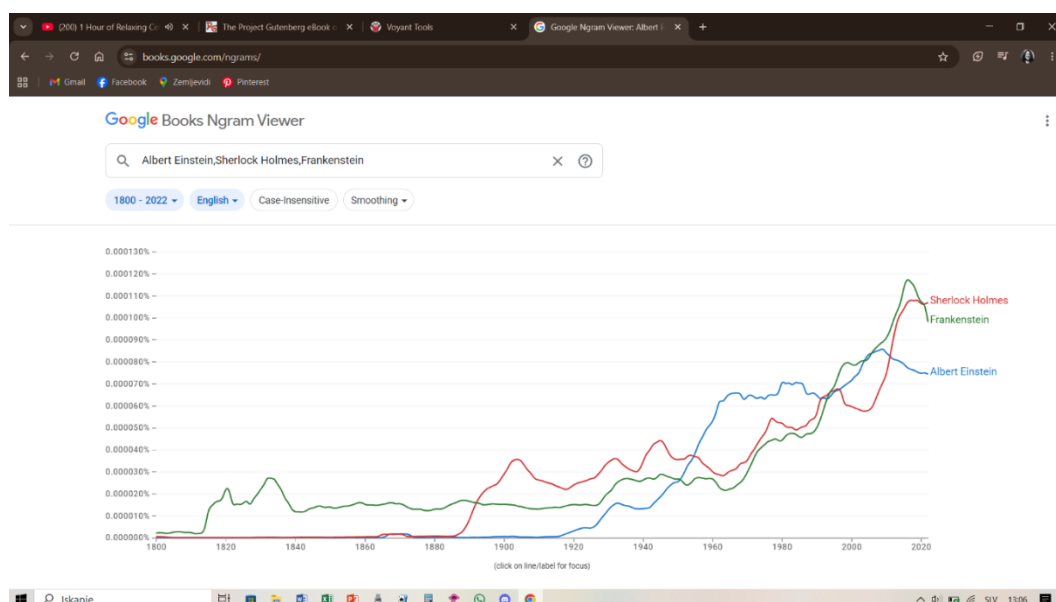


Tako sem tudi videla v na novo zasnovanem korpusu, da so bile najpogostejše besede said, lord, like, life in dorian. Na podlagi tega lahko že sklepamo, da se v romanu veliko pogovarjajo ali razmišljajo (said), da opisuje neko pozicijo družbenih stanov, oz. da so stanovi in družbeni razredi pomembni (lord). Naslednji segment opisuje tako primerjavo »Of course I am not like him...« kot

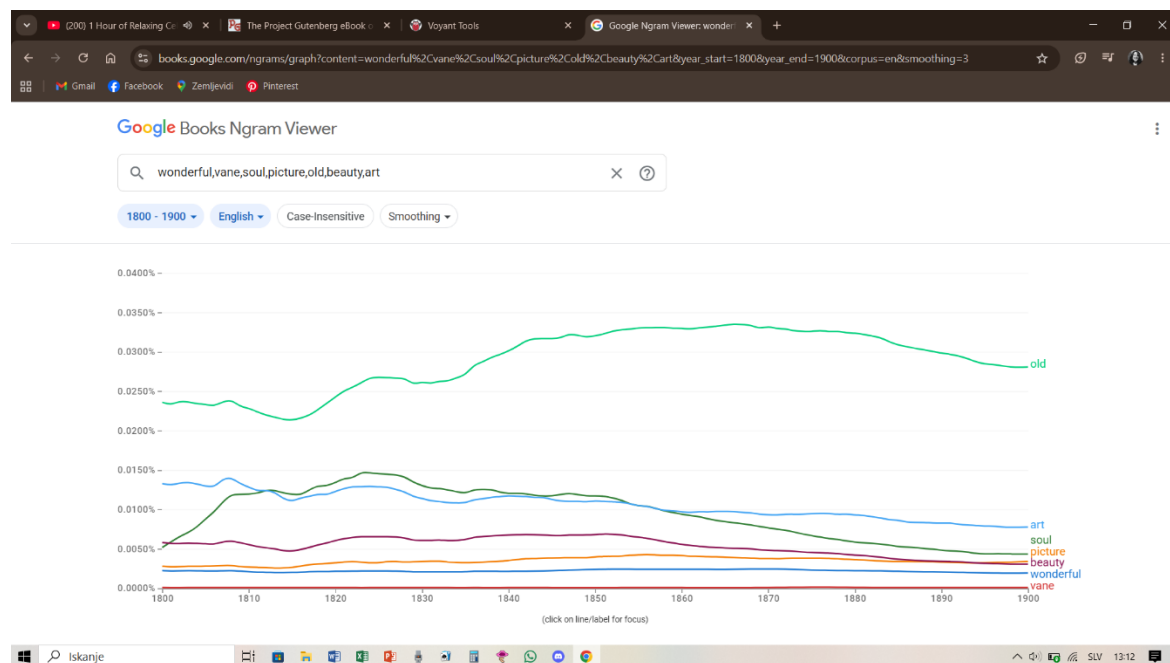
pa tudi glagol 'biti všeč' »I like persons better than principals.« (like) Naslednja beseda tudi opisuje, vsaj do neke mere tudi užitke in življenje (life), kar je predvidljivo, ker se roman naslanja na teme uživanja in prostaštva. Zadnja najpogostejša beseda pa je Dorian, ker je tudi ime protagonista.



To pa ni dovolj. V korpusu sem iskala še podrobnejše besede, ki bi se nanašale na čustva ali besede, ki so pomembne za roman. Izbrala sem si besede »*wonderful, vane, soul, picture, old, beauty, art.*« Ker roman je tudi kritika same nečimrnosti, nadutosti in raziskuje odnos viktorijanskega plemišтва do staranja. Zdaj pa, ko imam nabor besed, sem poiskala spletno stran Google Ngram Viewer.



Drugi korak je, da vpišem te besede v iskalnik in omejim čas recimo na 19. stoletje. Glede na to, da je roman izšel leta 1890, bi mi samo viktorijansko obdobje (1837-1901) dalo premalo podatkov.



In kaj vidimo? Besede 'vane', ki naj bi pomenila 'nadutost' je skorajda ni. Manj kot 1%. To je čudno. Očitno je bila bolj ali manj samo Wildeova kritika in ne toliko izraz časa? Pri besedah 'art' in 'soul' ni kaj presetljivega, saj smo nekako v obdobju romantizma. 'Soul' kot 'duša' je še posebej v porastu v obdobju 1820-1830, kadar je bil romantizem na višku. Besede, ki se nanašata bolj na lepoto v vizualnem kontekstu, kot sta 'picture' in 'beauty' sta skorajda paralelni in na neki toči se celo stikata. To pokaže, da sta bila izraza v literaturi tesno povezana. Besedi 'wonderful' in 'vane' doživita minimalne spremembe, in sta kar konstanti čez celo obdobje.

Kar me najbolj preseneča je beseda 'old', ki je najvišje in najbolj oddaljena na grafu. A to pomeni, da so bili ljudje pozorni na svoj videz na stara leta? Ali je to bolj povezano s grdobijo? Z modrostjo? Kar se pa tiče romana, mislim, da so tukaj kar velike povezave.

Osrednja tema Wildeovega glavnega dela je staranje in (ne)minljivost človeka, ter ohranjanje mladostnega videza. In na grafu vidimo jasne povezave. Še posebej okoli leta 1880-1900, ker takrat je delo prešlo tudi v javnost.

Odgovor mojega vprašanja je da. Staranje in vse kar je s staranjem v literaturi povezano, ni samo tema v samem romanu, ampak tudi družbe same.

Narrative Relevance in *The Attic* by Danilo Kiš: Report on the Analysis of Individual Nouns

Zorkić, Radovan

The Attic, the debut novel of Yugoslav and Serbian author, essayist, and translator Danilo Kiš, represents a formative work for the, at the time, young writer, who had written it at the age of twenty-five. The novel itself is a *Künstlerroman*, charting Kiš's relationship to the artform of writing through the main character, a young man known only as Orpheus, providing insight into his development from the more modernist tendencies of his youth to the postmodernist structure of his later prose. He starts off with his head in the clouds, stuck in the mystical space of the attic flat he shares with his flatmate Billy Wise Ass (real name Igor), self-mythologising and indulging in the modernist-aligned conception of the artist as a genius who distils true beauty from the world. However, through the novel, he gradually shifts to become an observer and documentarian of people's lives, a note present in the documentation and exploration of his father's life which can be found in his *Family Circus* trilogy of novels. He does, however, still maintain the vast library of intertextual references which he initiates in *The Attic*, one which begins with Orpheus and Igor's desire for intellectualisation, but develops into a source from which his later work can draw elements to play with, in much the same manner as he first does in this novel.

Having previously studied this very turn in *The Attic* in a paper as part of the course Methods of Literary Analysis, I ventured to explore the novel using digital methods in search of potential new findings, or even alternate approaches. Desiring to better understand both the underlying structure of the novel, and the importance of its individual elements, while also seeking to provide both an additional avenue for further analysis of the text and a novel lens through which to potentially explore Kiš's later work, I decided to adopt the following approach in analysing it: **a distant reading of the content words of the text coupled with an interpretative approach, wherein I analyse the relevance of individual terms based on their frequency within the novel and discern whether it correlates to a broader understanding of the text gleaned by way of close reading.**

In order to do so, the original Serbian text (sections of the novel written in French and Latin, Greek, etc. were removed from the analysis) was lemmatised using a python script, which additionally tagged each lemma according to part of speech. This lemmatised list was then

reviewed and cleaned, correcting minor classification errors, such as the preposition *oko* being misclassified as the noun *oko*. In order to more effectively study the primary motifs and elements of the text, function words were excluded from this analysis, considering their nature as parts of speech crucial to the grammatical structure, but not to the explicit meaning of the text. Furthermore, adverbs and adjectives were also excluded due to their nature as parts of speech which necessarily collocate with nouns and verbs, making their meaning more relevant to an analysis of collocations within the text than to the analysis of standalone words and their relevance and frequency. On top of that, adverbs often overlap with certain other parts of speech (through being an adverb, adjective and preposition in english, for example).

Finally, verbs were excluded for two reasons: due to the need to go through them more thoroughly so as to deduce and separate off the verbs which serve an auxiliary function or introduce dialogue (which would have taken an extended period of time and would have required the choosing a non-arbitrary cutoff point regarding which verbs to include), and due to the fact that nouns were deemed more relevant to the approach. This was because nouns, within their scope, cover both common and proper nouns, meaning that the degree to which individual characters and important items are mentioned is best gleamed from their frequency, as opposed to any other part of speech. Additionally, the nouns themselves also accounted for around 22% of the entire text, with individual types representing around 26% of the total individual types in the novel, representing a significant section. The list of lemmatised nouns was then again reviewed, with the data being cleaned additionally and placed in a Microsoft Excell spreadsheet, wherein it could be sorted and counted as needed.

The resulting frequency analysis yielded the following list of the top 55 terms (chosen as a cutoff point as it accounted for all words with at least double digits of instances, while remaining a relatively manageable number to analyse manually) out of 1540 types (3.57% of the total) in a sample of 3983 tokens:

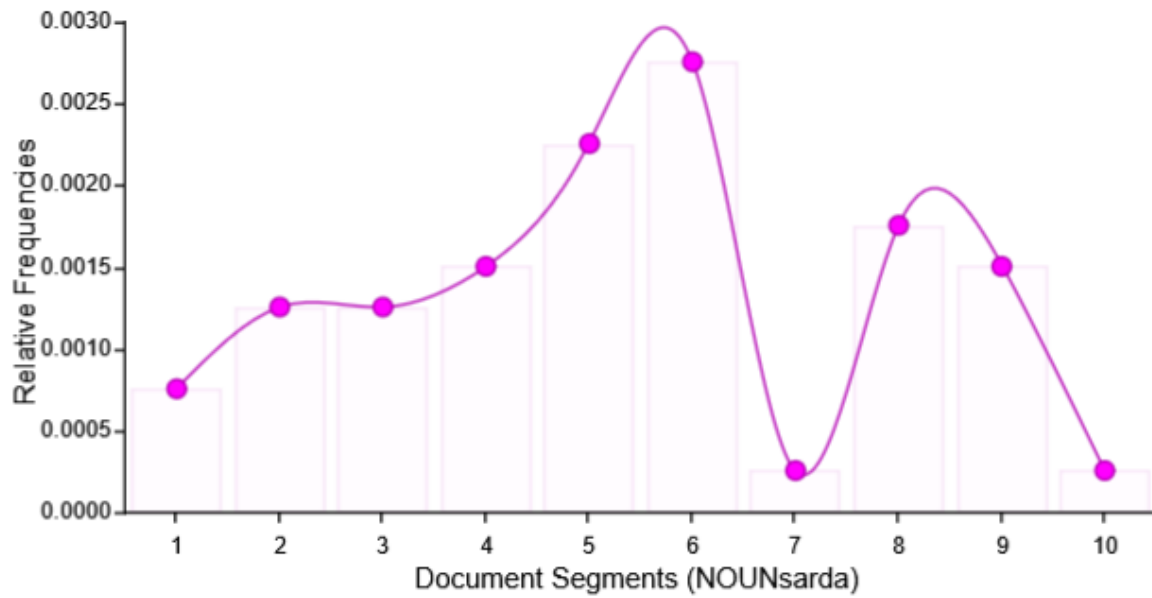
Igor (76); Mansarda (55); Euridika (54); Jarac (42); vreme (37); ruka (30); Mudrijaš (30); lauta (26); čovek (26); reč (25); pesma (25); glas (22); dan (22); zvezda (21); san (21); Marija (21); stvar (20); put (20); kosa (20); svet (19); prst (19); mesečina (19); žena (18); pitanje (18); Umberto (17); školjka (17); Osip (17); noć (17); ljubav (17); delfin (17); ime (16); život (15); pištolj (15); nastojnica (15); glava (15); bunda (15); zid (14); usta (14); roman (14); pas (14); lice (14); godina

(14); Tam Tam (13); zub (13); voz (13); prozor (13); ostrvo (13); noga (13); knjiga (13); zaliv (12); vetar (12); kafana (12); ideal (12); dete (12); desperados (12)

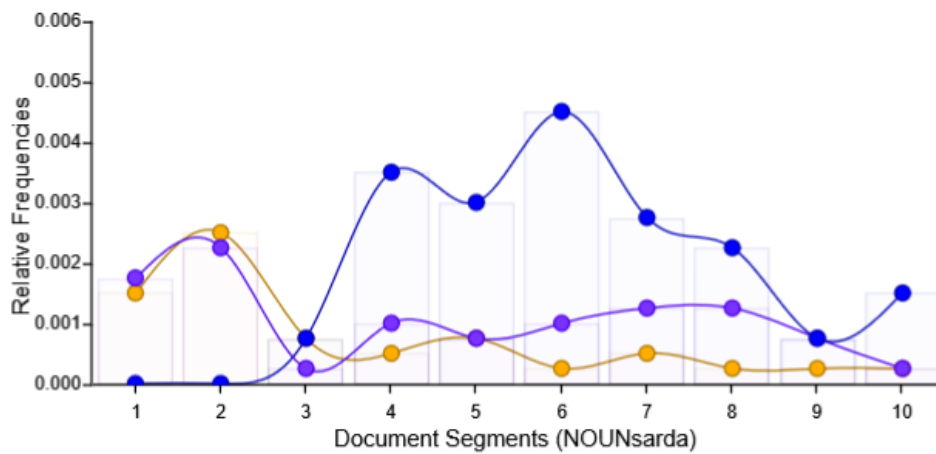
Based on this, I first paid particular attention to the distribution of names, and more specifically names of characters, which account for 9 of the top 55 terms, and for 4 out of the top 10. *Igor*, *Jarac*, and *Mudrijaš* (all terms used to refer to Igor/Billy Wise Ass, the latter two most often collocate as *Jarac-Mudrijaš*), *Euridika* (referring to Orpheus's primary love interest and obsession in the novel), *Umberto* (the prior owner of a kafana ran by Orpheus and Igor, later serving in the same establishment under their employ), *Osip* (a friend of Orpheus's to whom he elaborates about writing *The Attic*, revealing this fact to the reader), *Marija* (used in reference to multiple people, but chiefly an old fling of Igor's), and *Tam Tam* (a native of the Bay of Dolphins, a place which Orpheus visits on his travels) are all proper names of characters, with *nastojnica* being used to refer to the superintendent of the building Orpheus and Igor live in. Additionally, *Mansarda* (the eponymous attic), can be counted within this section as the proper name of the pair's abode, and *zaliv* (bay) and *delfin* (dolphin), while accounting for 12 and 17 instances respectively, are used 10 times in the collocation *Zaliv Delfina* (Bay of Dolphins), representing another properly named location which could be counted. *Orfej*, standing for Orpheus, is, naturally, absent from the top 55 as a result of first-person narration.

This significant sample of names in the list, particularly accounting for the high placement of some of them, betrays their significance to the narrative. *Igor*, *Mansarda*, *Euridika*, *Jarac*, and *Mudrijaš* all represent crucial partners of Orpheus throughout the novel, as he spends a massive amount of time with Igor and devotes a significant portion of the narrative to pursuing Eurydice, with the novel opening with a chapter bearing her name. An analysis of the distribution of these names throughout the sample (roughly corresponding to their distribution in the wider novel, but not equivalent) using Voyant Tools also reveals a significant pattern:

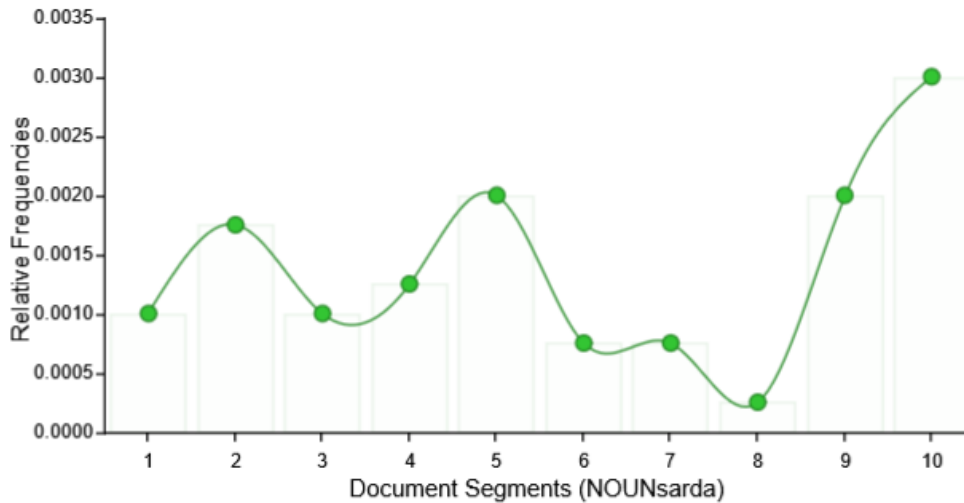
Euridika (pink):



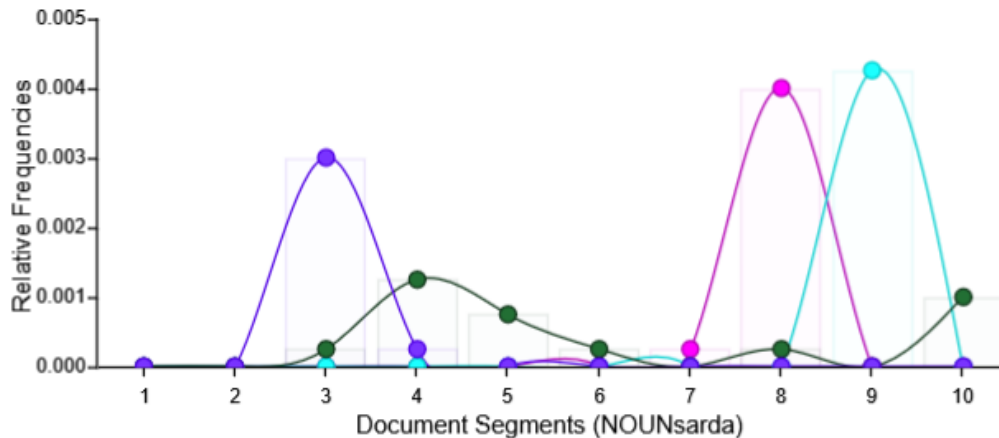
Igor (blue), *Jarac* (purple), *Mudrijaš* (orange):



Mansarda (green):



Tam Tam (purple), *Umberto* (pink), *Osip* (teal), *nastojnica* (green):

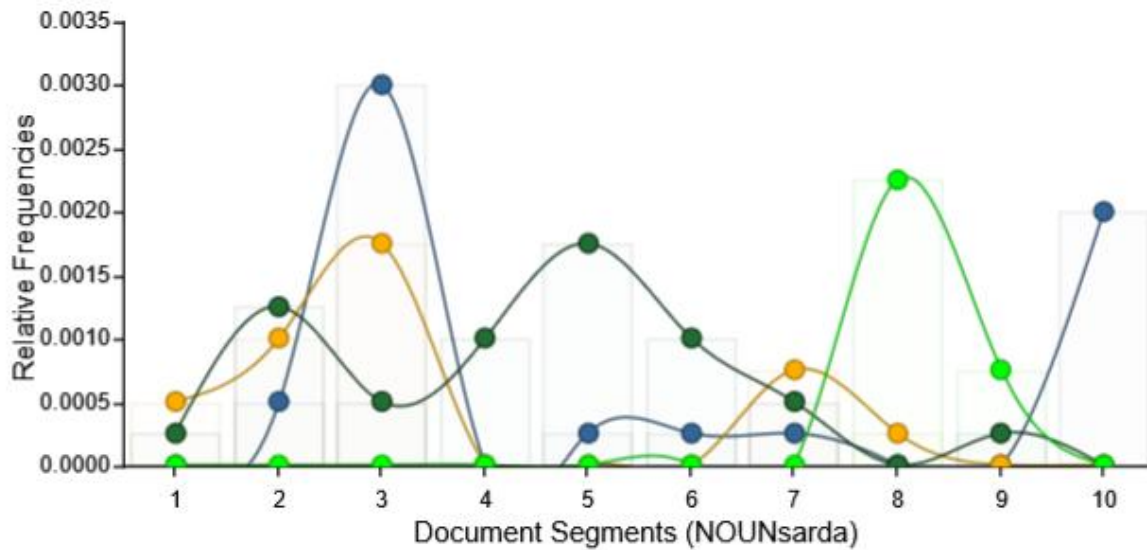


For one, *Euridika*'s relative frequency within the segments of the sample shows a clear rise followed by a dip, slight rise, and a final dip, very much in line with the overall arc of infatuation Orpheus experiences before, in the latter portion of the novel, turning towards a more documentarian style and choosing to turn his attention elsewhere. This is also evident within the graph for the names of Igor, as his presence in the narrative declines overall towards the end. However, what is also noticeable is a shift in the way in which he is referred to, as *Igor* overtakes both *Jarac* and *Mudrijaš* upon him first being referred to by name (with a noted preference for *Jarac* over *Mudrijaš*, as opposed to using both terms together, in the second half of the text). Igor's relevance in the text is noticeable not only in the way it balloons in its middle section, but also in the fact that its maximum relative frequency of 0.045 is significantly larger than the maximum relative frequency of the other terms.

Mansarda, however, has a slightly unique trajectory, as it maintains a strong presence in the first half, wanes, and then seems to significantly rise in prominence towards the end of the novel. This could be attributed to the significance of it as a symbol of “living in the clouds” for Orpheus and Igor, with a descent to the ground floor of their building being seen as the major step towards a documentarian style of writing. With the remaining character names, we see a different pattern. The remaining four (*Marija* being excluded as multiple characters bear that name), are either relegated to their own sections of the novel, wherein the actual episode of Orpheus’s life they belong to carries significance, as with *Tam Tam* and *Umberto* (it is worth noting that while the former is rarely mentioned later on, *zaviv* and *delfin* are, reinforcing this conclusion), mentioned throughout, but at a low frequency (*nastojnica*), or, as is the case with *Osip*, show up in their one isolated section, but do not represent a vignette which Orpheus relives later on, but a significant expository point in the novel.

Further insight is gleaned in the distribution of the different kinds of other nouns within the top 55, with particular attention necessarily given to the following topic which emerged during the analysis: *pesma, lauta, roman, knjiga, ljubav, život, san, ideal, reč, glas, ime, pitanje, godina, stvar, put, svet, vreme, zvezda*. These terms, together forming a topic of art, abstract concepts, and cosmology, account for 18 out of the top 55 terms, representing a significant section, while being a grouping relevant for the themes of the novel. Of these, the most frequent are *vreme* (37), *lauta* (26), and *pesma* (25), the latter two of which, when looked at distributionally along with several others, once again reveal significant patterns:

lauta (green), *pesma* (blue). *ljubav* (yellow), *ideal* (lime):



These four terms can be used to plot a particular shift in the novel. *Lauta*, the lute which represents a significant symbol for Orpheus throughout the novel, can be seen to lose significance and all but disappear in the latter half of the text. *Ljubav* (love), important due to the emphasis on the relationship between Orpheus and Eurydice, is also mentioned less, with a spike in section 7 of the sample. *Pesma*, meaning poem or song, is significant in the first third, where Orpheus is at his most poetic and romantic, but loses in significance up until the very end of the novel. *Ideal*, in turn, spikes following section 7 and falling in frequency right before the reemergence of *pesma*, giving some insight into the shift which occurred in these four terms. Namely, it is in the part of the novel corresponding to section 7 where Orpheus's transformation begins, where he abandons the love for and ideal of Eurydice (hence the rise in use of *ideal*), and slowly turns towards a “down to earth” kind of writing, seeing the merit in documenting the lives of the denizens of his building, repeatedly referencing the song of the trains near his building and a song a young woman living there was singing.

Some unique conclusions can be gleamed from this analysis, as the abstract and “head in the clouds” approach of Orpheus grows throughout the novel into the documentarian “down to earth” style of Danilo Kiš, noticeable in the shifting frequency of particular terms he uses. Additionally, the particular names of characters and places give us insight into just how relevant they are to the narrative and its individual sections. Furthermore, this kind of analysis could provide a template that, upon further refinement, could be used to explore Kiš's work further. Potential areas for further research include the comparative analysis of the author's later work,

checking it against *The Attic* in order to discern the degree to which the shift to a documentarian style changes the frequency of particular content words (a more in-depth and long-term analysis may include verbs and adjectives, for example). One preliminary hypothesis would be that his later work has a denser concentration of different kinds of content words, one closer to the distribution of examples like *Osip* and *pesma*, with certain primary characters retaining the distribution of terms like *Igor*. Additionally, a wider array of proper nouns might be presumed as a result of the documentarian style. Moreover, further research might be centred on tracking the frequency of less common terms and their distribution throughout the sample and/or text. Finally, the type to token ratio (TTR) of this kind of sample could be compared to the TTRs of other texts by Kiš in order to ascertain potential differences in this ratio with reference to content words.

UVOD K ŠTUDENTSKIM PRISPEVKOM: *Literarno novinarstvo kot hibridni diskurz*

Pri predmetu *Literarno novinarstvo kot hibridni diskurz* smo se spraševali, kaj se zgodi, ko se novinarsko opazovanje, intervju, osebna izkušnja, esejistična refleksija in literarna oblikovanost srečajo v istem besedilu. Literarno novinarstvo namreč ne opušča resničnosti; nasprotno, k njej se vrača z večjo občutljivostjo za glasove, prizore, tišine, detajle in etično odgovornost pripovedovanja.

Prispevki, ki jih objavljamo v nadaljevanju, so nastali kot študentski poskusi prav takšnega pisanja. Njihovi avtorji in avtorice vstopajo v zelo različne svetove: v spomin na potresno noč v Turčiji, v izkušnjo učenja slovenščine kot tujega jezika, v spreminjajoči se urbani utrip Beograda, v dediščino aleksandrink, v frizerski salon kot prostor poslušanja in zaupnosti ter v dnevni center za brezdomce, kjer se vsakdanja pomoč razkriva kot vprašanje dostojanstva, skupnosti in družbene odgovornosti.

Vsem besedilom je skupno to, da izhajajo iz konkretnega srečanja: s krajem, človekom, spominom, ranljivostjo ali družbenim problemom. Študentke in študenti so se učili opazovati, poslušati, izbrati pomenljiv detajl, oblikovati prizor in obenem ohraniti spoštljivo razdaljo do resničnih ljudi in njihovih zgodb. Njihovi prispevki kažejo, da literarno novinarstvo ni zgolj žanrski hibrid, temveč tudi način pozornega bivanja v svetu.

Kot predavateljica sem vesela, da lahko ta besedila zaživijo tudi zunaj učilnice. Bralcem ponujajo vpogled v različne poglede na prostor, spomin, jezik, solidarnost in krhkost vsakdanjega življenja — predvsem pa nas opominjajo, da se velike zgodbe pogosto začnejo v majhnih, skoraj neopaznih trenutkih.

izr. prof. dr. Leonora Flis

Silent Confessionals Beneath a Cloud of Hairspray

Tanja Maučec

The phone rang on my way home from work, right around lunchtime, when the day showed no signs of slowing down but was instead at its most vivid, wide-open point. My thoughts were drifting toward the errands still waiting for me, including a matter my partner and I were dealing with at our older child's school at the time. Amid all the everyday coordination that mainly requires patience, unexpected complications occasionally slip in and have to be resolved as they arise. When I answered, my partner was on the other end. His voice sounded slightly distant, blurred by a background in which the hum of a hairdryer, muted conversations, and the rhythmic snipping of scissors intertwined. "I'm at the hairdresser's," he said. That small, almost insignificant detail pulled me away from school-related worries for a moment. A scene formed before my eyes, one I could not see but could clearly reconstruct: the chair in front of the mirror, black capes, strands of hair on the floor, the scent of shampoo, hairspray in the air, and a conversation that begins without any particular intention, then sometimes slips much deeper than one would expect. At first I thought about the price of hairdressing services. How expensive they had become. At almost the same moment, almost automatically, I thought that I too badly needed to have my hair done, not only because of appearance, but because of that feeling of being put together that one rarely manages to achieve alone. But the thought did not stop at the price or at my own need. Almost at once, it unfolded into something else: hairdressers do not sell only haircuts, colouring, or styled hair. Their work has another, less visible dimension. Listening. While their hands skillfully shape hair, their ears are open to the stories clients bring with them. Stories about children and school, partnerships, small disappointments, illnesses, losses, quiet victories, and everyday tiredness. In a space where time slows down for a moment, hairdressers become trusted interlocutors, everyday listeners, sometimes almost therapists, even though this part of their work is never charged separately. When the call ended, my thoughts quietly shifted elsewhere. I caught myself thinking about how life has become such that almost everyone would need someone who knows how to listen without hurry and without expectations. And in that very thought, my earlier reflection on the price dissolved. Perhaps hairdressing services are not as expensive as they first appear, if we unintentionally include in them that invisible yet precious dimension of human closeness. That was when I thought of her. Janja is my friend. Among other things, she also works as a hairdresser.

For a long time, she cut our hair almost below price, as if this exchange were something self-evident, almost unnoticeable in the flow of friendship. It was never only about hair. It was about that time in which more could be said than one otherwise gives oneself the opportunity to say. Sometimes it was an entirely everyday conversation; at other times, something surfaced only after the scissors had been cutting evenly for a while and the person in front of the mirror had slowly relaxed. That day, Janja was on a short sick leave because of a cold. Nevertheless, when I turned off the motorway near Ajdovščina and drove toward the shop, I called her from the parking lot. She answered in a slightly sleepy voice, still carrying traces of illness, but also that familiar warmth of hers. I asked her how she was and told her that I would like to meet her soon. Not just briefly, not in passing, but properly. I wanted to ask her how she herself experiences her profession, all those conversations that gather among strands of hair, and the quiet role she takes on in the process. It seemed to me that in her telling I might find what I had only just begun to sense: how the hairdressing profession stretches beyond the mirror, into a space where work and human closeness meet. We met a few days later, when her voice already sounded almost as I was used to hearing it. We met at the café with the best desserts, the one I had promised to take her to after my first salary, though that promise had long remained somewhere between wish and everyday life. This time I finally fulfilled it. Between a display case full of carefully shaped little cakes and the smell of freshly brewed coffee, we chose a table by the window, as if we first had to create a space before we could truly begin to speak. At first, neither of us knew quite where to begin. The conversation first flowed through everything we had missed: everyday fragments, changes, children, tiredness, things that happen in passing and only later turn out to have been important. Between bites of something sweet and short pauses for sips of coffee, the conversation grew by itself. Then I slowly turned it toward her profession. I asked her how it had all begun. For a moment she was silent. She did not answer immediately, as if she first had to find the right entrance into something that was self-evident to her, but not necessarily simple to explain. “At the beginning, you think it’s just work,” she said. “That it’s about hands, technique, knowing how to cut, colour, make a hairstyle. But then, over time, you realize that the mirror is never just a mirror. There is always someone on the other side.” She told me that the hairdressing profession had never happened to her as one single major decision, but rather as a sequence of feelings that slowly came together into something meaningful. She was drawn to creativity, working with her hands, the feeling that the result is visible immediately. But over the years she came to understand that there is something in this

profession that goes beyond the shape of a hairstyle. “I like it because you have contact with people,” she said. “Not just that superficial contact where you serve someone and they leave. At the hairdresser’s, a person sits. They stay. And if you’re attentive enough, you see that they always bring something with them.” I asked her whether, from the way a client sits down in the chair, she can already sense what kind of day they have had. Whether mood can be read even before the first word. She smiled slightly. “Oh yes, you see it immediately. From how they sit down, how they look, whether they even look at you. Some arrive already tired, others nervous. Some would rather start talking right away, and some need time. And then you have to sense when to ask something and when to be quiet.” There was more professional knowledge in her answer than one might at first attribute to hairdressing. It is not only about how to hold scissors correctly, how to apply colour, or how to shape a hairstyle. It is also about reading the body, understanding silence, sensing when a person needs conversation and when they simply need peace. Janja says you do not learn that from a textbook. You learn it over the years, through repetition, mistakes, and listening. “Sometimes someone comes in and says they don’t want anything special,” she continued. “But you can see that something is there. That they didn’t come only because of their hair. And then maybe they begin with a completely ordinary sentence. That they’re tired. That things are hectic at home. That they have a headache. And from that, a whole story opens up.” When I turned the conversation toward trust, her expression changed slightly. It became more focused. She explained that trust is not established through big words, but through a feeling of presence. By not interrupting a person. By not correcting them. By not immediately looking for a solution. “People often don’t need advice,” she said. “They just need someone to hear them. But really hear them. Not in a way where you’re already thinking about what you’re going to say back.” This may be one of the hardest forms of listening. To be there without immediately taking the conversation over. Not to compete with one’s own story. Not to diminish another person’s pain with the usual phrases, that it will get better, that everything happens for a reason, or that others have even worse problems. Janja says that through her work you learn that some stories are simply too heavy for quick answers. At one point, she mentioned an elderly lady who had clearly stayed with her more deeply than others. She had come to have her hair done, at first almost motionless, reserved, as if she did not intend to say anything at all. She sat in front of the mirror and looked somewhere past herself. Janja asked her only something ordinary: how she was, whether the water was warm enough, whether she wanted the hairstyle the same as last time. Then the words began to come

slowly. The woman spoke about loss. About an empty apartment. About long days without another person's voice. About how one gets used to being alone, but never truly gets used to it completely. Meanwhile, Janja continued working. Washing the hair, combing, cutting. The rhythm of her work did not change much, but the space between them became heavier. "And you stand there, working, and you no longer know whether you're a hairdresser or something else," she said. In that sentence, everything I was interested in condensed. A hairdresser is still a hairdresser. Her work remains concrete, manual, visible. Yet at the same time, in such moments, something opens that cannot be placed on a price list. You cannot charge for listening to someone when they are having a hard time. You cannot measure how much it means to have an hour in which someone is not alone with their story. You cannot precisely determine when a professional service turns into human closeness. Janja says such moments are frequent, though not always so pronounced. Some clients talk a lot. Others say little. Some return for years, and through those years their life changes come with them: weddings, divorces, illnesses, births, deaths, moves, caring for parents, difficulties with children. In this way, the hairdresser unintentionally becomes a witness to other people's lives. "Sometimes you follow a person through the years," she says. "You see when they are different. When something is happening to them. And they don't need to tell you everything. You see a lot." She particularly singled out elderly ladies. With them, it is often clear that a visit to the hairdresser is not only an errand, but an event. Something that structures the week. Something because of which they get themselves ready, go among people, sit with someone who knows them by name and remembers how they like their hair, as well as what they told her last time. "Some come because of the hairstyle, yes," Janja says. "But in truth, they also come to be with someone for a little while. To have someone ask them how they are. To have someone listen without rushing." In a world where many relationships are moving into short messages, quick calls, and superficial contacts, this hour in front of the mirror seems almost old-fashioned. A person has to sit still. The phone may ring, but at least for a while it can be put aside. The gaze is not direct, which makes it less threatening. Words do not require an immediate response. Between the client and the hairdresser stands the mirror, which does not act as a barrier, but as a kind of in-between space. When I asked Janja about exactly that, about the mirror as the quiet third element between her and the client, she immediately understood what I meant. "It's easier to talk when you're not looking directly into each other's eyes," she said. "When a person looks into the mirror, they are a little hidden and a little visible. As if they first test the words with themselves. And then they say them."

The mirror is therefore not merely an object in the salon. It is part of the conversation. It creates a distance that relieves people. A person can speak without having to constantly follow the other person's reaction on their face. They can look into themselves, adjust a strand of hair, look away, smile, fall silent. All of this gives the conversation a different rhythm. Slower, less direct, sometimes more honest. But listening also carries weight. I asked Janja what she does with all the stories she hears. Whether she can leave them in the salon when she locks the door. She did not answer immediately. "Not always," she said. "Some go with you. Whether you want them to or not." She explained that she has to consciously look for ways to set them down. Sometimes a walk helps. Sometimes silence. Sometimes a conversation with someone she trusts. This is not about revealing details or passing other people's stories on, she emphasizes. It is about the feeling. About the weight that remains in the body if you carry it alone for too long. "If you keep everything inside, it starts closing you off," she says. "Then you can't listen normally anymore. You either become numb, or everything hits you too hard. You have to find some kind of boundary." Boundary is a word that returns several times in the conversation. Janja knows she is not a therapist. She knows she cannot solve her clients' lives. She also knows that it is not her task to take other people's pain onto herself. But the boundary is not always clear. It does not appear in advance as a line that must not be crossed. Often it reveals itself only in the moment when a story becomes too heavy, too personal, too painful. "That's when you have to say to yourself: I can listen, but I can't live this instead of her," she says. This is one of the quiet demands of her profession. To be close, but not too close. To be warm, but not absorb everything. To listen, but not lose oneself in other people's stories. This is emotional work we often do not see because it is hidden behind the apparent lightness of a hair salon. Behind a conversation about the weather, behind the question of how much the ends should be trimmed, behind the smile at the end when the client looks at the new hairstyle and says it is fine. During our conversation, Janja's phone rang. The name of a client appeared on the screen. She apologized, answered, quickly checked an appointment, and arranged a haircut. A short, almost routine call, yet precisely because of it our conversation suddenly moved back into her everyday life. To the place where these stories do not happen as the subject of an article, but as part of a working day. Among appointments, colours, wet towels, hairdryers, delays, cancellations, and questions about whether there is still an available slot before the holidays. When she hung up, she smiled. "You see, that's it," she said. "One appointment, one hairstyle, one story. You never know what will come through the door." That

sentence stayed with me for a long time. You never know what will come through the door. Sometimes it is someone who wants a change of hairstyle. Sometimes someone who needs the feeling that at least something is under control. Sometimes someone getting ready for a celebration. Sometimes someone getting ready after a loss. On the outside, the service may look similar, but inside it can be completely different. A hair salon is therefore an unusual space. It is public, because different people enter it. Yet at the same time it is intimate, because within it one touches the body, the face, hair, image, self- image. A person in front of the mirror is not entirely protected. They see themselves. Sometimes too much. Perhaps that is why other things rise to the surface there so quickly: dissatisfaction, tiredness, the desire for change, the need to be noticed. "Hair is sometimes only the beginning," Janja says. "Someone says they would like to change something. But then you see that they are not talking only about the hairstyle." At that, I thought about how often we begin change with the outside, because that is the easiest to reach. We cut our hair, change the colour, take care of our face, buy new clothes. But behind that there is sometimes a deeper desire: for something else to move as well. For a new period to begin. For a person to feel themselves again. The hairdresser is often the first to see that change up close. Janja says that what fulfills her most in her work is the moment when a person leaves different, not necessarily only because of the hairstyle. "When you see that they straighten up a little," she says. "That they look at themselves and feel lighter. That is beautiful." This is also the answer to the question of why such professions carry a broader social meaning. It is not only about a service, but about small, almost invisible forms of care that hold everyday life together. About spaces where someone notices that we are tired. Where someone remembers what we said last time. Where we can set down part of our story for an hour without first having to find the right title for it. When Janja and I said goodbye, I felt that I was not leaving the conversation with an answer, but with an understanding. That quiet awareness that there are spaces we take for granted, though in reality they carry more than we attribute to them. A hairdresser's chair can be only a chair. A mirror only a mirror. Scissors only a tool. But in certain moments, all of this becomes something else: a space of trust, listening, and quiet closeness. Perhaps that is why, the next time I sit in a hairdresser's chair or catch from a distance the sound of a hairdryer and the rhythmic snipping of scissors, I will no longer think only of styled hair or the price of the service. I will remember the people sitting in front of mirrors, and the stories spoken there, often for the first or only time. I will remember the elderly ladies who come also so that someone asks them how they are. I will remember all those moments when a

person does not need great advice, but only someone who stays. And I will remember Janja, standing behind them, in the middle of work that seems routine, yet in reality requires something far more fragile and at the same time far more solid. Presence. Perhaps then I too will slow my step for a moment and ask myself whom I last truly listened to.

The interviews were conducted in Turkish. All translations are the author's own.

Nur Demirel, 26, is a civil engineering student at Fırat University in Elazığ. Originally from Muş, she was in Ankara during the earthquake and volunteered at donation sorting centers in the weeks that followed. She has given full permission for her name, experiences, and statements to be used. Beyza Özdemir, 16, is a high school student in Kahramanmaraş. She was thirteen years old on the night of the earthquake. She has given full permission for her name, experiences, and statements to be used.

She Used the Present Tense

Çağla Sağır

She used the present tense.

That is the detail I keep coming back to. Three days after the earthquake, a man and his wife came to stay at our apartment. They were passing through; they could not stay in their city anymore because it no longer existed. Their home was gone. Their shop was gone. They had a one-year-old baby boy and a single bag between them, whatever they had managed to grab in the dark. They sat in our living room. Their eyes were open, but they were looking at something the rest of us couldn't see.

I sat with the baby on the red couch and played with him, let him pull at my fingers and grab for my hair. I thought if I kept him occupied, maybe the parents could have a few minutes of quiet. They hadn't slept properly since it happened. They hadn't eaten properly.

After a while, the mother came and sat down next to me. She asked about my sister's age. I told her thirteen. She smiled, the smallest thing, just the corners of her mouth. Oh, she said. **Same age as my niece.**

I wanted to keep it going. She had barely spoken since they arrived, and here was a small, ordinary thing we could talk about. Where is she now? I asked. I meant: somewhere safe, another city, out of the disaster zone.

The woman turned and looked directly at me. Her face was completely still. She died last night.

But she said it in the present time. Her niece is the same age as my sister. This tense is used for things that are permanent or continuous: the sun rises, water flows. Not that she passed away. I could not say a word. She was already looking back at her son.

I have turned that sentence over in my mind for three years. Not the earthquake. Not the cold street, not the shaking walls. That sentence. Something about the way she said it broke something in me that I still haven't named, a thirteen-year-old girl. Present tense. Permanent. Just like that. We sat on a red couch, and her son pulled at my fingers, and outside, it was February in a city that was mostly still standing.

The earthquake happened on February 6, 2023. It was 4:17 in the morning.

...

In Turkey, the ground beneath you is not entirely stable. This is not alarming information. It is just the place's texture. For as long as I can remember, a small amount was taken from every paycheck in the country. A tax. The earthquake tax. Turkey sits on the Anatolian Fault, earthquakes will come, and so we prepare. We collect money. We build stockpiles. We train rescue teams.

I was asleep on the night of February 5th. The shaking woke me. For a second, I thought I had imagined it. Then it happened again: I was fully awake, the walls were moving, and I was not imagining anything.

I went to the hallway. My parents were there. I had never seen them look like that before, not frightened exactly, but emptied, as if the part of them that knew what to do had gone. They stood in the hallway with the same expression as I had, and I felt something I had not expected: some moments exceed parents. There are situations so far outside the known that adults become just people, and nobody is going to explain what to do next.

We went outside. The street was full of people in pajamas, some with shoes, some without, everyone looking up at the buildings to see if they would move again. It was February, very cold, and the buildings were still standing. We did not know yet what was happening south of us.

...

What I saw on Twitter in the next few minutes I will not forget for as long as I live.

Thousands of people were posting their addresses. I am alive. I am under the rubble at this address. Please send help. Some posts had photos, concrete turned to dust, rebar bent at wrong angles, a hand visible in the gap between slabs. Some had nothing but text, a street name, and a floor number.

Some were posting on behalf of relatives they had spoken to before the phone lines went down, relaying coordinates from people who could no longer relay them themselves.

The messages were simple, the way desperate things are simple: here is where I am, this is what I need, please.

I sat outside reading them. I could not go. I could not do anything. I read them and thought, "Is someone going?"

And then the government throttled Twitter.

Not at once. The bandwidth was reduced so severely across the first hours of the morning that loading a single tweet took minutes, then longer, and then it was impossible. Twitter in Turkey is where news breaks, where opposition organizes, and where corruption gets exposed. The authorities have restricted it before. We know the pattern. We had become so used to the curtain that we no longer found it surprising.

The difference this time was that people were posting their GPS coordinates from underneath collapsed buildings. Some of them were still alive when the platform went dark.

I sat, and I watched the feed slow down and stop. I thought about the addresses I had read. I thought about whether the people who wrote them were still there, still waiting, still alive. I thought about the specific feeling of reading someone's address and then watching the screen freeze.

I don't know how to describe what that was. I still don't.

...

Nur Demirel is twenty-six years old. She is from Muş, a small city in the east, and she studies civil engineering at Fırat University in Elazığ. In February 2023, she was on semester break in Ankara. She felt the earthquake from there. Even from that distance, hundreds of kilometers, there was something, a faint movement, enough to pull her out of sleep. She reached for her phone.

"I was in Ankara," she said. "I felt the earthquake. Afterward, I woke up, checked the news, and experienced the shock of my life. Every channel, every screen, nothing but this. I felt completely helpless. I didn't know if anyone was okay."

Her hometown of Muş was not the worst hit. But the disaster zone was enormous—eleven cities, a swath of eastern and southern Turkey—and her friends were scattered across it, and her university was in Elazığ, which shook.

"When I called my family and my friends," she said, "I felt terrible, like I should have been there. Like I should have experienced it too. Whatever happened, I should have been with them."

I asked her what she thought being there would have changed.

“Nothing, probably. But the guilt doesn’t care about that. The guilt says: you were somewhere safe when the people you love were not. And so you are guilty. That’s just how it works.”

Nur signed up to help sort donations at a warehouse in Ankara. Aid was pouring in from across the country: trucks with clothes, food, medicine, toys, blankets, whatever people could send. She spent several days there, in the cold, opening boxes.

“Some people sent their literal garbage,” she said. “I don’t want to generalize, never. Most people were genuine. But there were others. High heels. Mismatched, worn-out high heels. Inappropriate underwear. Things taken from the backs of drawers and the bottoms of wardrobes and shipped south, to people who had lost everything, because at least then you could say you helped.”

“The empathy gap was right there in the boxes,” she said, “and I had to open them with my own hands.”

On the last day she worked at the warehouse, a young father came in. He had a plastic bag. It was everything he owned in the world at that moment.

“He opened the bag and looked at me helplessly and asked for boys’ clothing,” she said. “Just that. Children’s clothes. I had been holding everything in for days. I knew I wasn’t supposed to cry in front of him. But when I saw his face, I just broke. I cried in front of him. I sobbed. In front of a stranger who had come in asking for help. Even now, telling you this, I feel it in my throat.”

...

Turkey has a dedicated Disaster and Emergency Management Authority—AFAD—built precisely for a moment like February 6th. The general institutional understanding has always been that a country sitting on a major fault line needs a serious, prepared response infrastructure. A body that coordinates. A body that leads.

Rescue teams arrived from across the world. Dozens of countries, teams with equipment and dogs trained to find living people under concrete. They came because that is what you do when something this large happens, and they went to work immediately.

Images circulated on social media showing AFAD officials standing in front of search equipment, logos visible beside rescue dogs. The criticism was pointed: that some officials appeared focused on positioning themselves for cameras rather than on coordination, not on finding people, but on being seen to find people. A subtle distinction, unless you are the person under the rubble. I want

to be fair: I am sure the organization is full of people who joined it to help, and that real work was done. But those images, and what they suggested about where priorities landed, stayed with people. And then there was the Kızılay.

If you are not Turkish, it may be easy to hear “Red Crescent” and not understand the specific weight that name carries. In Turkey, the Kızılay was supposed to be above politics. It was what you told people to donate to. It was the thing that would be there.

After February 6th, reports emerged that a portion of the disaster tent stockpile had been sold commercially. Not mismanaged—sold. The tents had been on the market. The accountability questions that followed have not been fully resolved.

I thought about the earthquake tax. I thought about a country that had been collecting money for decades, promising preparation, and then, when the ground moved, could not produce what people needed. I find this not surprising. That’s the worst part.

...

Beyza Özdemir is sixteen years old. She lives in Kahramanmaraş—the city at the center of the earthquake, where apartment buildings ten stories tall folded into three or four, where the street-level photographs look like something from a place that had been bombed. She was thirteen when it happened. She was asleep.

“I woke up from a sound,” she told me. “Before the shaking. A deep sound, like something moving underground. I thought I was dreaming. Then the swaying started, slowly, and I ran to my parents’ room before I even understood what was happening.”

“Half asleep and in shock, I screamed a lot. We held onto each other, my mother, my father, my siblings. The whole thing was like being inside something that wasn’t supposed to be happening. When we finally got outside, I understood it was an earthquake. And I realized the only thing I had been thinking, through all of it, was: are they okay? My relatives. Not me. Just them.”

I asked her about this—about being thirteen years old, the building possibly falling, and not once thinking about herself.

“I was always like that,” she said. “Very empathetic, always thinking of others first. But when I think about it now, it does make me sad. Like I was asking too much of myself. And then that, being someone who carries too much, combined with the earthquake. I couldn’t get out from under it for five or six months. Hallucinations. Nightmares about my family every night.”

...

Beyza wears the hijab. She started covering young, her own decision, she says, and I believe her. Though she is honest about the environment surrounding that decision, that certain choices made in certain contexts cannot be fully separated from unspoken pressure.

When the earthquake hit, and the family had to get out, Beyza grabbed her jacket, boots, and coat. She moved for the door.

Her mother stopped to find her headscarf.

“I was angry,” Beyza said. “I was saying: come on, let’s go, let’s get downstairs. Because in that moment, you are thinking about one thing. Alive or not alive. A headscarf, in that kind of escape, is not a necessary thing.”

She had not looked for her own. “I just pulled my hood over my head and went out. Maybe because for me it had been my own choice, so in a crisis, it wasn’t the first thing my body reached for. But my mother had been raised differently. That reflex was there before she could choose it.”

She paused. “I think about what it means,” she said, “that there are women for whom the emergency is not the building. The emergency is their hair. Who taught them that? Who decided that was the hierarchy?”

I did not add anything. I think she said it precisely.

...

I asked Beyza what made her most angry.

“Both,” she said. “People who didn’t take it seriously. And the state, failing to meet the needs of people who had lost everything. The state had one job at that moment. Protect the people it’s responsible for.”

I asked her how it felt, at thirteen years old, to understand all of this already.

“It’s an injustice,” she said. “A thirteen-year-old shouldn’t know this much about how institutions fail. I have foreign friends now, from Europe, and when I tell them what I carry, they are shocked. Because in their countries, children don’t have this. But we grow up faster because we have to. Because the ground is unstable, and nobody is coming to make it easy. We are its victims. Not with self-pity. Just as a fact.”

She is sixteen now. She said we are its victims with the calm of someone who has had enough time to stop being surprised by it.

...

I asked Nur, at the end of our conversation, whether she thought what she had been through counted as trauma: the guilt, the volunteering, the boxes, the young father's face.

"Yes," she said. "I truly have incredible trauma left from it. I still haven't overcome it."

Then she said, "But sometimes I think even calling this trauma is an indulgence because there are people who have lost their children. And me saying I'm traumatized, sometimes it just feels wrong. Like, I don't have the right to the word."

This is what disaster does to the people at its edges. It makes them doubt their own pain. It builds a hierarchy: everyone positions themselves below someone else, so the grief never gets a name. Nur doubts her right to the word because she was not there. The people who were there doubt their grief because others lost more. The ones who lost the most cannot speak at all. Everyone is waiting for someone worse off to go first.

...

The couple stayed with us for two days. On the evening of the second day, they left, heading west to a relative's apartment, the husband carrying the bag and the wife carrying the baby.

I don't know where they ended up. I know they had a one-year-old boy, a shop that was gone, and a thirteen-year-old niece. Who is thirteen years old? Who will always be thirteen years old, in the present tense, permanent, ongoing, the tense for facts that do not change.

I have thought about this for three years: the way she said it. The way she did not flinch. The way she had already, in days, made her peace with the tense she would use, not past, not gone, not was, just the flat, honest present of a love that has nowhere else to put itself. Maybe that is all any of us can do when the language runs out, the institutions have failed, the ground has moved, and the promises have not been kept. You hold the person in the present tense. You refuse the past. You say is for as long as you can say anything at all.

I sat on a red couch, and I could not say a single word to her.

The earthquake lasted sixty-five seconds.

Zadnja vrata pred nočjo: Zakaj se mesto ustavi ob osmih zvečer.

Valentina Štanta

OPOMBA: Pri pripravi tega prispevka sta Andreja L. in Uroš M. podala ustno privolitev za javno navedbo svojih imen. Zaradi stopnje občutljivosti tematike je bila preostalima udeležencema zagotovljena anonimnost; v enem primeru z navedbo splošne geografske pripadnosti (prebivalka Nove Gorice), v drugem pa z uporabo psevdonima (Damir).

Na goriškem, ujet med griče, vinograde in morske sapice, stoji Mirenski grad - grad, ki mu je tako samo ime, saj gre dejansko za cerkev - Cerkev Žalostne matere Božje. Ko se v jutrih človek vzpenja proti Mirenskemu gradu, oziroma Gradu, kot mu pravimo domačini, ga pot vodi skozi naraven predor bujnega zelenja - ki nima tiste stroge simetrije drevoredov, živo-zelene barve, ki v jutranji rosi in z vzhajajočim soncem sije, kot bi bilo posuto z drobnimi biseri. Če se na grad vozi z vklopljeno navigacijo, dokaj hitro opaziš, da se tukaj asfaltna pot zvija v obliki polža na vrh griča z 120 metri nadmorske višine. Na vrhu te vzpetino, se obiskovalcu odpre čudovit razgled na Trnovski gozd in Vipavsko dolino ter Furlansko nižino z Dolomiti na eni strani, na drugi, pa na novo zasajen Kras, ki obiskovalca ne pusti ravnodušnega in opomni na strahotne požare, ki so te vrhove pustošili leta 2022. Tako kot je neuničljiva moč prostovoljstva iz vse Slovenije pritekla pred štirimi leti na pomoč gorečemu Krasu, se ta isti duh nesebičnosti udejanja tudi v tišjem, a prav tako usodnem delovanju na Mirenskem gradu. Tu zaposleni ob podpori prostovoljcev vsakodnevno gasijo stiske najšibkejših in dokazujejo, da je solidarnost tista, ki povezuje posameznika v skupnost.

Društvo prostovoljcev Vincencijeve zveze dobrote (VZD) je v teh prostorih zasnovalo navdihujoč projekt, ki je več kot le humanitarna storitev - je ogledalo družbe. Na prvi pogled gre za tipično prostovoljsko zgodbo: ljudje prostovoljno darujejo svoj čas. A ko si tu nekoliko dlje, ugotoviš, da se znotraj tega preprostega dejstva skriva tisoč drobnih konfliktov - sram, jeza, ponižnost, trma, sistemski razpadi in upanje. Jutranja kava na Gradu nima okusa po formalni dobrodelnosti, temveč po pristnem, včasih utrujenem, a trdnem prijateljstvu. Medtem ko se nad dolino še dvigajo megle, zaposleni v tišini obdrsavajo robove svojih skodelic. To so trenutki, ko se toplota kave sreča s hladno logistiko dneva: pogledi švigajo po urnikih, v mislih pa se zlagajo koščki pomanjkanja. Kako zapolniti vrzeli, ker manjka par rok pri učni pomoči?

Kdo bo danes varno zavetje brezdomcem, ko so prostovoljci zasedeni s svojimi obveznostmi? Vsak srk kave je hkrati kratek vdih pred dnevom, ko bo treba z lastno iznajdljivostjo in neusahljivo voljo premostiti razkorak med potrebami najšibkejših in razpoložljivimi močmi. Danes je ponedeljek, vem, da bo meni in drugim prostovoljcem zazvonil telefon s ponedeljkovim sporočilom, ki se začne: „Živijo, tudi danes imamo veliko otrok in zelo malo prostovoljcev“. Moja naloga je na prvi pogled preprosta, skoraj banalna. Sem prostovoljka na učni pomoči. Sedim v sobi, ki je do zadnjega kotička napolnjena z življenjem. Prostor preveva tisti značilen, topel nemir: šelestenje zvezkov, praskanje svinčnikov po papirju in pridušen šepet, ko se otroška vprašanja prepletajo z umirjenimi odgovori prostovoljcev. Nasproti mene sedi otrok, čigar pogled je težak od skrbi. Med nama, na mizi leži berilo v slovenskem jeziku – tisto hladno bojišče, kjer se lomijo kopije otrok, ki slovensko ne znajo.

Delovanje na Gradu pa ni namenjeno samo otrokom. Je tesno prepleteno tudi z ljudmi na robu. Njihovo srce bije v ritmu pomoči tistim, ki jih družba preprosto spregleda. Glavno poslanstvo društva je celostna pomoč, kar pomeni, da človeku ne dajo le tople juhe, temveč mu povrnejo dostojanstvo. Druga slika solidarnosti se izriše v centru Nove Gorice. Tam stoji Dnevni center, ki za ljudi z roba ulice predstavlja edino stalnico in toplino doma sredi dneva - kraj, kjer niso le številke, temveč slišani ljudje. Tam se ne deli le hrana, tam se odvijajo usode posameznikov. Tu naša pot dobi nov obraz - obraz človeka, ki v tem zavetju išče košček svojega dostojanstva.

Nova Gorica je mesto, ki jo pogosto opisujejo kot mesto brez duše – v primerjavi s sosednjo Gorico. Odeta v sivino betona in funkcionalistično arhitekturo, kjer široke ulice pogosto delujejo prazno in odtujeno. Nastala kot politični projekt sredi travnikov, še danes išče svojo pravo identiteto med bleščicami igralniških salonov in zapuščenimi industrijskimi objekti. Stičišča, ki bi morala biti središča druženja, so velikokrat le prehodne točke za ljudi, ki hitijo v sosednjo Italijo ali domov v okoliška naselja. Vsakdanji utrip mesta narekujejo neosebni trgovski centri in monotone stanovanjske soseske, ki ob mraku hitro utonejo v tišino brez prave mestne duše. Čeprav se trudi z nazivom prestolnice kulture, Nova Gorica v svojem jedru ostaja ujeta v občutek nedokončanosti in hladnega urbanizma. In v Novi Gorici, mestu vrtnic, obstaja svet, ki ga večina prebivalcev opazi le s kotičkom očesa.

Dnevni center za brezdomce ni zgolj prostor; je stičišče usod, kjer se dišava toplega kosila prepleta s težkimi tišinami ljudi brez naslova. Vsak dan lahko tu v popoldanskem času srečamo Andrejo. Ona je tista „deklica za vse“, ki s svojo energijo povezuje prostovoljce in brezdomce. Center vodi

z neusahljivo energijo. Poudarja, da so oni tista prva, osnovna točka - kraj, kjer se človek lahko umakne z ulice, se stušira, opere oblačila in se celo ostriže. Poleg hrane in higiene se tu nudi tudi osnovna zdravstvena pomoč in pomoč pri urejanju socialnih zadev, a pod to

nujno oskrbo tli stiska, ki je Andreji najtežja: »Najtežje mi je, ker ni kapacitet za namestitve. Ti imaš človeka, ki živi na cesti, pa mu lahko rečeš le: „Pridi sem na večerjo“, drugega pa mu ne moreš dati. Se pravi tu smo zdej res tista osnova za brezdomce, da se lahko pridejo stuširat, da lahko pridejo nekam na varno, da dobijo hrano, pač res ta osnova tku...da se lahko umaknejo z ulice. Zdravstvena pomoč pa pač urejanje teh njihovih socialnih zadev.« Ta osnovna oskrba se dnevno preveša v strateško zasnovan urnik, ki z usklajenim delovanjem dveh različnih centrov zagotavlja, da ljudje ne ostanejo na cesti. Dopoldne, od sedmih do treh, deluje dnevni center za odvisnike, dnevni center za brezdomce, pa prevzame štafeto ob dveh popoldan in ostane odprt do osmih zvečer. Tako so uporabniki teoretično cel dan na toplem, kar je plod združevanja z drugimi ustanovami. Ko se vrata centra odprejo, „fantje“ že čakajo zunaj in aktivno sodelujejo; pomagajo nositi hrano, pripravljati mize in pospravljati. Jasno je, da v center prihajajo moški in ženske, mlajši in starejši, vsak s svojo zgodbo, ki pogosto nima jasnih začetkov in koncev. Razlogi so različni, nekateri so izgubili dom zaradi zasvojenosti, drugi zaradi izgub služb, spet tretji zaradi družbenih razpadov, bolezni ali sistemskih spodrsiljajev. Andreja v letih delovanja v Centru opaža, da stiska na ulicah dobiva nove razsežnosti. Center ni več le zavetje za peščico, temveč postaja pribežišče za vse večje število ljudi, med katerimi je, na žalost, vedno več mladih na pragu odraslosti. »Imeli smo primer fanta, ki se je vrnil z Nizozemske, kjer je živel v nečloveških razmerah. Ko je prišel nazaj, se mu je zalomilo pri službi in najemnini, stanovanj pa preprosto ni,« mi pove Andreja, ko ugasnemo motor starega Renault Clia, ki je v sebi prevozil več obrokov kot ljudi, in opozarja na nemogoče pogoje, kjer varščine in najemnine nanesejo tudi 700 evrov, kar je za te ljudi nepremostljiva ovira.

Vzdušje v centru je postalo prijetno, kljub prvemu občutku utesnjenosti. Vreče se praznijo, mize se pripravljajo, nekateri trenutke pred večerjo izkoristijo za ureditev higiene, spet drugi na televiziji preverijo aktualne informacije iz Slovenije in sveta. V ta kompleksen svet je kot prostovoljec tisto popoldan vstopil tudi Uroš, ki svojo pot z brezdomci hodi že dvanajst let. Na prvo žogo je videti, da delo opravlja s srcem in to se vidi tudi z odzivom uporabnikov, ki ga spoštljivo pozdravijo.

Njegov prihod je kot naročen, ker naju je z Andrejo pogovor nanesele na tematiko prostovoljcev, saj me je zanimalo, kako občuti zahtevnost okoliščin za prostovoljca.

»Ma jaz ne vem, dejstvo je, da je to delo zelo zahtevno. Ni da boš ti kar razumu zakaj so ti ljudje tu. In da je to kar logično da so tu. Ni. Se mi zdi da mora človek določeno pot prehoditi pa neki razumeti in da pol si lahko z njimi in vidiš da so čisto normalni ljudje. Niso nič posebnega mislim, da imajo probleme lahko tako kot mi«. Smeh, ki ga med nama izzove naključje, odmeva le kratek čas, nato pa se nežno potopi v živahno zvočno kuliso vseh prisotnih. Tudi z Urošem se vezi stekajo brez truda. Že po kratkem klepetu ugotoviva, da najine usode niso povezale le skupne

vrednote, temveč predvsem tista ozka, zavita pot na Grad. Smeh naju izda, ko ugotoviva, da sva pravzaprav stara znanca z asfalta – mojstra milimetrski natančnosti pri manevriranju, ko se na tistih nemogočih ovinkih na Grad z avtomobili srečata 'dva polža' in vsak po svoje ugotavljata, koliko trave je še ostalo do roba prepada. In prav tam, med spomini na te cestne podvige, mi razloži svojo pot prostovoljstva. Spominja se svojih začetkov v študentskih letih, ko je na delo prišel s kopico predsodkov. »Mislil sem, da se brigajo le zase in da jim je mar le za alkohol, nato pa me je presenetilo, da so to ljudje, ki iščejo odnos,« pravi. V centru ta dan pomaga pri postrežbi večerje in navezovanju stikov, predvsem pa opazuje, kaj se s kom dogaja, da lahko pravočasno posreduje informacije odgovornim. Uroš, je kot študent začel z brezdomci sodelovati kot prostovoljec v Ljubljani, zdaj pa že tri leta in pol pomaga na Gradu. Priznava, da delo zahteva močnega človeka - ne nujno fizično, ampak psihično. »Pomembno je znati presoditi položaj in biti uvideven,« pravi. Njegove izkušnje z brezdomci in tudi otroki pri učni pomoči in se prepletajo v eni ključni točki: vztrajnosti. Kot prostovoljec pri učni pomoči poznaš tisto počasno, potrpežljivo platenje zaupanja; otroka spoznaš tedne, preden ti pokaže svoj pravi obraz ali prizna, kje se mu zatika. Pri delu z brezdomci pa je dinamika obrnjena na glavo. Tu ni časa za ovinke. »Brezdomci ti bo hitreje povedal, kaj mu gre na živce, otroka pa spoznaš dlje«. Ura je 18:00 in soba v kateri se nahajamo, je še vedno polna uporabnikov. Tudi svetloba ostaja ista. Človek se s časoma privadi na neonske luči, ki dajejo tisti varljivi občutek, da je sonce še visoko na nebu. Ko pogledam skozi tisto majhno okno, ki se zdi utesnjeno, med velikimi belimi stenami, opazim, da se na sosednjem bloku za nekaj zrn iz krmilnice prepirata dva ptička. Iznenada je moje vprašanje jasno: »Ali si bil kdaj vpleten v kakšno "neljubo" situacijo?« Uroš niza drobce napetih srečanj, ki so skozi leta klesala njegovo potrpežljivost in razumevanje človeške stiske. Ne malokrat je bil pretep "tam-

tam“, a poudarja pomen mirnosti: »Takrat pogledaš drugega prostovoljca ali odgovornega in to pomaga. Večinoma pa se med sabo sami „pošlihtajo“«. V teh razmišljanjih se mu pridružuje tudi Andreja, saj se v svetu, kjer so meje včasih zabrisane, vprašanje varnosti neizogibno in pogosto postavlja v ospredje. Delo z ranljivimi zahteva jasna pravila. Andreja prostovoljcem svetuje, naj ne dajejo svojih telefonskih števil. Posebno pozornost namenjajo ženskam. »Večina uporabnikov so moški, ki radi vidijo ženske. Če so te pomanjkljivo oblečene, začnejo hitro osvajati. Dekleta opozarjamo, naj ne pustijo uporabnikov preblizu, hkrati pa spodbujamo pristna prijateljstva.« To so ljudje z močnim instinktom. »Brezdomci ful čutijo, ali si tam samo uradno, da 'pokljukaš' uro, ali si tam zares,« dodaja Andreja. Ta neizprosna budnost ulice od prostovoljcev zahteva, da se po vsakem srečanju ustavijo in pretehtajo težo izrečenega. Ko se vrata za zadnjim obiskovalcem zaprejo, sledi refleksija - kratek, tih pogovor, kjer skozi

besede odložijo čustvena bremena dneva in v varnem krogu predelajo situacije, ki bi sicer ostale pregloboko pod kožo. Naše druženje teče hitro in pripravljeni smo za večerjo. Takrat pa... tišina... kar naenkrat v Centru zvoki izginejo. Društvo prostovoljcev je krščansko usmerjeno - seveda to ni znak, da mora biti tudi prostovoljec kristjan - in brezdomci to vejo. S tega vidika pa je tudi Nova Gorica zelo protikrščansko usmerjeno mesto, tudi pri brezdomcih... ampak... po tistem trenutku tišine... »V imenu Očeta in Sina in Svetega duha...«. Prvi zvok, po skoraj minuti tišine. Tudi sama se prekrizam. Oči rutinsko zaprem, ampak mi firbec ne da miru. Z levim očesom preletim dogajanje v prostoru. Spoštljivi so. Ne molijo, oni so tiho in poslušajo. Ko končajo z blagoslovom hrane, ki jo dobijo, pa se šunšur v prostoru ponovno pojavi. Ampak zvok besed zamenjaj ropotanje pribora in mamljivi vonji obeda pred nami. Dovolj je en pogled.

»Mi nobenega ne silimo. To ni pogoji, pač mi samo rečemo da dejmo si kej povedat na začetku pa poč blagoslovimo hrano k smo jo dobil. Tako. Pač recimo in v temu nevem Njim je logično, da tud se televizijo ugasne in pač zdej majo, da so tiho in se tudi oni med sabo pošlihtajo če pride kdo na novo in ne ve za kaj se gre mu drugi reče pač bodi tiho in počaki zdej bomo zmolili....mislim pač tak je naš svet in tako je pri nas in no... Smešno je,« mi z rahlim nasmeškom pove Andreja. Sedim med Andrejo in Damirjem. Mislim, da je Damir moje starosti. Bistrega pogleda in delovnih rok, ki bi ga zlahka zamenjali za soseda, ki se vrača z vrta, če ne bi tistih nekaj trdovratnih madežev na njegovih povsem običajnih oblačilih tiho izdajalo, da je ulica njegov edini dom. Že na poti v center mi Andreja pove, da so fantje bolj zadržani, ampak vseeno poskusim

načeti pogovor. »Oprosti, a te lahko vprašam nekaj? Če je preveč osebno mi ne rabiš odgovoriti«. Poskušam najti tisti pravi ton, da bi to grenko tableto vprašanja lažje pogoltnila oba. Na srečo je sogovornik pripravljen sodelovati. »Kako dolgo si brez stalnega bivališča in kaj je po tvojem razlog za to situacijo?« vprašam in nestrpno čakam odgovor.

»Trenutno sem drugi mesec brez stalnega bivališča,« začne. »Živim v kleti železniške postaje, kjer je vlažno in vpliva na moje zdravje. Sploh na ledvice. Razlog je, ker si ne uspem privoščiti najemnine. To je moja krivda. Težko je opisati točen razlog. Je kompleksnejši problem. Ne želim si tega, niti nočem to. Rad bi normalno stanovanje za normalno ceno. Službo, če človek hoče, službo dobi in jaz to hočem«. Njegova pripoved slušatelja ne pusti ravnodušnega. Skupaj malo „opravljava“ dnevni center in najin skupen imenovalec - oba pozna prostovoljce. V nekem trenutku se svet okoli naju ustavi. V očeh mu vidim, da mu je hudo. Pogovor steče, ampak počasi. Njegov glas je miren, naenkrat mi razloži njegovo stisko: »Ne pijem alkohola in ne jemljem drog. V dnevnem centru sem med 14:00 in 20:00, da sem med ljudmi. Uporabljam ga za prehrano za kar sem zelo hvaležen, se pravi kosilo in večerja. Včasih uporabljam tudi toaletne prostore. Veš, zelo pogrešam stanovanje. To mi je najbolj pomembno. Drugo si uredim sam. Za

službo mislim. Družine nimam oziroma imam hčerko, ki jo redko vidim in jo res zelo pogrešam. Moja pot je začela z zdravstveno poškodbo. Imel sem poškodbo izpaha leve rame in strgano mišico. Bil sem zaposlen, v podjetju, v Novem mestu in tudi če sem imel napotnico s stopnjo zelo hitro za magnetno resonanco sem bil štirikrat zavržen in potem dobil odločbo, da moram v službo za štiri ure, s strgano mišico, kar je zame absurd. Zato sem šel na Nizozemsko, kjer so mi ramo uredili v treh dneh. Plus menjal sem službo ker me je delodajalec prisilil, da sem dal odpoved. Nekaj časa sem bil na cesti in sem nato vrnil na Nizozemsko. Socialne službe pomagajo. Trenutno sem zadovoljen ker so mi odobrili izredno denarno pomoč. Čakam še odgovor za redno socialno pomoč. V mesecu maju si bom uredil sobo da lahko normalno zaživim. Nato pa služba. Rad bi ostal v Novi Gorici, ker mi je všeč, sploh reka Soča ker je po mojem najlepša slovenska reka. Tu v centru se počutim spoštovano in varno. Nimam nobenih problemov z nobenim od ljudi, ki so tle v centru. Za prostovoljce pa lahko rečem samo najboljše, res. Čim več takšnih ljudi in takšnih programov, da bi jih bilo še malo več za druge ljudi. Ker tudi drugi ljudje so v težki situaciji.«. Najin pogovor zmoti zvok pribora, ki je padel nesrečno na tla. Naš pogovor se je zavlekel. Drugi so že spravljal krožnike, ko sva midva na hitro zbasala v usta kar nama je ostalo na krožniku.

Zunaj se je začelo večeriti, čas je da zaključimo svoj obisk. Zanima me še zadnja točka mojega potovanja. Sogovornika vprašam, zakaj je po njunem mnenju prostovoljcev malo, na katero mi Uroš in Andreja odgovarjata podobno: delo je zahtevno in terja osebno zrelost. »Dostikrat se s temi ljudmi poveže nekdo, ki ima sam probleme, saj rane vlečejo skupaj,« razmišlja Andreja. Uroš pa dodaja, da je v družbi preveč govora o tem, kako bi brezdomce predstavili nekam, kjer jih ne bi videli. Po njegovem mnenju bi se morali iz njih učiti kulture in spoštovanja do drugačnosti.

Ko se vrata centra ob osmih zvečer zaprejo, se uporabniki vrnejo v svoje mrzle koticke mesta, a s seboj nesejo tisti občutek, o katerem govori Andreja: da jih ima nekdo rad, da jih ne prezira in da so za nekoga še vedno ljudje. To je tista nevidna vez, ki center drži pokonci, medtem ko se mesto zunaj sprašuje, zakaj so ti ljudje sploh na ulici.

Ko za sabo zapiram vrata centra, se mi v glavi vrtinčijo misli in spoznanja današnjega dne. Ampak, če sem se kaj v življenju naučila, je da ima medalja vedno dve plati. Dan sem preživela z brezdomci in prostovoljci. kaj pa prebivalci Nove Gorice? Res da je ura že nekoliko pozna, ampak vseeno se odpravim v center mesta, kjer ob pisanih igralih zagledam mamico, ki po prepričevanju še vedno čaka, da se z otrokom odpravijo domov. Pristopim do nje, tokrat bolj nesamozavestna kot s prejšnjimi sogovorniki. Seveda je moje družbe na začetku malo začudena, ampak nas pogovor v mraku že pošteno prevzame. Tudi njen vidik tematike brezdomstva in prostovoljstva, me pozitivno preseneti.

» Kot prebivalka Nove Gorice, ki se z brezdomstvom srečuje vsakodnevno, opazam, da je mesto z dnevnim centrom naredilo velik korak naprej, vendar težava ostaja pereča predvsem na področju dolgoročne reintegracije. Čeprav so osnovne potrebe, kot sta higiena in dnevno zavetje, zdaj verjetno pokrite, čutim, da nam manjka tisti ključni most nazaj v družbo – celostni programi za odvajanje od odvisnosti in varno okolje po zdravljenju, ki bi ljudem dejansko omogočilo nov začetek in zaposlitev, namesto da se vrnejo v isto uničujoče okolje. Moje prepričanje je, da bi morali kot družba postati bolj pozorni in sočutni, namesto da na te ljudi gledamo kot na nevidne, hkrati pa bi lahko država uvedla inovativne pristope, kot je družbenokoristno delo za prekrškarje, ki bi krepilo solidarnost. Osebno sem pripravljena pomagati in v prostovoljstvu vidim velik pomen, a se pogosto ustavim pri pomanjkanju informacij; o konkretnih akcijah v mestu se sliši premalo, zato bi bila boljša obveščenost ključna, da bi se ljudje, kot sem jaz, lažje vključili v projekte, kot je delo v centru ali učna pomoč tistim, ki jo najbolj potrebujejo. Moj dan se je že konkretno prevesil

v noč. Doma me čaka petletni otrok, ki je mamó čakal do pozne ure, da ji je, kot vsak večer dal lahko noč. V toplem objemu sinčka se spomnim na Damirja, ki svoje hčérke ni videl že mesece, pomislim na Andrejo in Uroša, ki sta verjetno šele sedaj prišla domov na grad in zaključujeta dan v kuhinji, mislim o Goričanih, ki si pred brezdomci zatiskajo oči in o njihovem zdravstvenem stanju sprašujejo v facebook skupini Goriške mamice in tat koti. Pisati o prostovoljstvu pomeni pisati o nas samih. V ljudeh, ki iščejo pomoč, prepoznamo možno prihodnost - in nevarnost, da postane prihodnost nekaterih manj vredna. Prostovoljstvo, ki se razvija v sklopu Vincencijeve zveze dobrote na gradu je kraj, kjer se to razmerje med upanjem in krivico razkriva v mikrokozmosu. Tam vidimo, kako majhne geste prinašajo tolažbo, a tudi kako so potrebna večja strukturiranja, če želimo, da bi bila tolažba trajna in pravična. Kot prostovoljka sem priča temu vsak dan: anonimnim uram dela, drobnim zmagam in trenutkom, ko besede "hvala" resnično pomenijo več kot priložnostna vljudnost. In prav zato je pomembno, da ne spregledamo, kako pomemben je sistem v tem, kar delamo; da ne zamenjujemo srca z rešitvijo. Dnevni center deluje v tem kratkem stiku med potrebo in tistim, kar je na voljo. Vsak obraz tukaj je dokumentacija: o neprespanih nočeh na betonu, o čakalnih vrstah za vloge, ki zahtevajo stalni naslov, in o tišini, ki nastane, ko človek nima vrat, ki bi jih lahko zaklenil za sabo. Lahko noč Nova Gorica.

Belgrade Through Young Eyes:

The City to Live in, not A Liveable City

Radovan Zorkić

The sun was beginning to rise, and Belgrade slowly crept into light. At first, you could only see the dim outlines of warehouses scattered around the motorway, but as we moved forward, the brutalist landscape of New Belgrade, with its towering blocks of concrete and broad boulevards, emerged from the dark. We passed the Western City Gate, an ageing skyscraper, once the tallest building in Belgrade, which still greeted new arrivals to the city with its unique silhouette, two gargantuan blocky towers, one covered entirely by an advert, capped with what seems like a lunar lander of sorts. It ushered us toward the tangle of road snaking its way through the space around the Belgrade Arena, smattered with road signs and advertisements, which gave way to the wide flat area around the station, punctuated at times by rectangular glass buildings and billboards reaching for the sky and covered in lights. We were two hours late.

The border crossing, packed with passengers making their way through the late, and also quite early, hours of the day, had taken nearly two hours of our time, and so, once we had reached the bus station, our bus dispersed onto the platform in a rush, clamouring for luggage and first chance to feel solid ground. Having disembarked our vessel and collected my suitcase, I looked around, drinking in the rush of people looking for taxis, meeting relatives, getting their bearings before moving onto the rest of their journeys. The faint sound of construction equipment could be heard from just beyond the arrivals platform. The station was still very much under construction, having replaced its predecessor, the old main station in the city centre, two years ago, and though the latter was actively being demolished, it still remained fresh in people's minds, as it had seen the comings and goings of so many since the sixties. Now, in the continuous development and refurbishment of the city, it too had been left behind for this new station, in a pocket of empty space in New Belgrade, farther away from the busy city centre. On every successive visit, Belgrade felt slightly different, constantly shifting and updating its contents in tune with the passage of time, modernising, with endless construction, new buildings and bus lines, and road work at every corner.

I made my way just beyond the station entrance, looking onto the road, at the edge of which a car was waiting for me, the man inside waving at me through the open window. Lazar Ristić had moved to Belgrade as a child, his family making their way from Paraćin in Central Serbia to the very outskirts of Belgrade, a village in Zemun municipality named Ugrinovci, where I also lived at the time. They had been in contact with relatives already living there and secured lodging as tenants in a house owned by a family living in France. Recently the rest of his family moved into a house they had built in Busije, a village next to Ugrinovci, and he himself had moved into a flat in Vračar, in the very centre of Belgrade, together with his wife, just last year. I put my suitcase in the trunk, got into the car, and thanked him for picking me up, as it was on short notice, but he assured me that it was fine, he was going to visit his family in Busije that day anyway. Whenever he went to visit them, he said, he went by car, otherwise he usually used public transport. As we drove, zigzagging along the streets of New Belgrade, making our way between the concrete city blocks towards Zemun, he talked more about the state of public transport in Belgrade, how it was slow, especially in the city centre, but that he at least didn't have to worry about the dire lack of parking space or fuel cost.

“I hate spending money, and public transport is free, so I can put up with the traffic and too many people on the bus. I even walk when I can, and it sometimes ends up being faster. Even for someone like me, someone who's in the service industry, these kinds of costs get to be too much, even with the generous tips.” he said with a laugh, adding that “It's like with rent. That's why, wherever I moved, I had roommates, so we could split the cost.”

He had, in fact, lived in several neighbourhoods of Belgrade, within the city centre. twice in Karaburma, once in Zvezdara, and he was now enjoying his second stint in Vračar. He'd lived in Novi Sad as well and had spent some time working on a cruiser in the Caribbean, where he met his wife, who was from Brazil. He spoke about how, when he had gone to visit her in Brasilia for the first time, he was overjoyed at the greenery there, since that's what he enjoyed about certain parts of Belgrade, like Zvezdara forest, or Kalemegdan fortress. He had realised, in the meantime, that he preferred being someplace else, not in the very centre of Belgrade, or perhaps not even in Belgrade at all, but he was stuck there because of work, as his wife could not work outside of the country easily, as she had already spent 90 days in the EU previously, and could not, as such, re-enter an EU country to find work there. He talked about potentially moving back to Ugrinovci,

how he had wanted to rent the same place he had lived in with his family because it was cheap—100 euro, cheap even for the time—but someone had already moved in by the time he had the money for it. He insisted that he would still like to do it when the opportunity arose, not just because of the greenery, but because he felt Belgrade just wasn't for locals anymore, which he said with the usual misplaced confidence of someone who had spent just long enough living there to consider himself a local.

“More and more foreigners are coming in, and they have the money to rent, so we have to move to the periphery. A friend of mine, he and his wife got a flat, but he had to take out a housing loan, a government one, and I just don't like that kind of stuff, it locks you down for a long time.” He finished this thought just as we arrived at my destination, a newly built development in the Galenika neighbourhood of Zemun, at the edge of what could be considered Belgrade proper, urban and well-connected. Lazar helped me with my luggage and, having said goodbye, carried on towards Busije, to spend the day with his family. I, in turn, entered the building I lived in with *my* family, a white and yellow seven storey building in a neighbourhood of several others just like it, not too modern and not too brutalist.



Throughout the following two weeks I reacclimated to my surroundings, studying them from the balcony of my seventh floor flat. The children's park between the adjacent building and mine was regularly full of families with small children, as well as groups of teenagers intent on spending their time anywhere but home. The park itself was bordered by a large clearing, which was intended for a kindergarten that, though it was even assigned an address, never materialised, even as the other buildings went up. Construction of the development had finished four years ago, but the flats were bought long before that, as when the development was in the planning stage, those employed by the army, police, and national intelligence agency were given the chance to buy property first. In my mother's own words, it was a "quick fingers" system, wherein those who did not already have a flat to their name were meant to apply to the program via website on a specific date and at a specific time. Those who applied first would then be at the top of the list—allegedly, as most people assumed that those with enough government favours would simply reserve their flats in advance—and would have first choice regarding which of the one thousand flats to buy. The number of applicants in the end was over four thousand. The property itself was of questionable quality, according to many of its denizens, but they slept comfortably knowing that just during construction, the price of their flats had gone up, and if they chose to sell them, they would be making a profit.

During this period of acclimation, I made plans to see and talk to several of my friends and colleagues, all young people from outside Belgrade who had come here for studies and put down roots, arranging to see them all over the course of two days before I had to leave Belgrade again. In the meantime, I split my time between my neighbourhood and my home village for the holidays, as Easter was just around the corner. In Ugrinovci, as with many other rural areas on the outskirts of Belgrade, the demographic makeup had shifted somewhat. Swaths of newcomers had, much like Lazar and his family, made it their home, due to its proximity to Belgrade, buying land and building houses, enjoying the distance from the hustle and bustle of the city, while cherishing the three bus connections to more central parts of Belgrade the village of some ten thousand residents possessed. Galenika, in turn, had also changed. Following the Russian invasion of Ukraine in 2022, more and more Russians had come to Belgrade, hoping to live somewhere far enough from the consequences of war, and as those who could afford to flee had not lacked funds, they quickly settled across the city, including in the vacant flats of our would-be neighbours, who upon being

lower on the list could only buy smaller or less desirable flats, which they were more than happy to then rent out to Russian tenants, while staying at their current residences, sometimes even partitioning their already small flats so they could rent them out to more people. As such, I spent the following days looking at new houses emerging at Belgrade's farthest periphery and listening to the distinct soft sound of Russian at the supermarket.

When the time had finally come to meet my first interlocutor, a drizzly afternoon had descended upon the city. The decent bus connections of Galenika meant that I had several options for getting to my destination, but the meteorological circumstances meant that whichever bus I chose for my commute would be uncomfortably warm and full of people. Waiting for the bus was in itself a gamble, as with the privatisation of a large number of sections of the transport system and increased leverage afforded to the companies running them, a fixed bus schedule was done away with in favour with a dynamic one, where a bus running late would not incur penalties for the company. As such, one could never plan ahead too effectively. I had, in fact, not planned nearly effectively enough, as the bus I had ended up in, a relatively new but small 84—connecting Galenika and Zeleni Venac in the very centre of the city—had gotten stuck in traffic, a regular occurrence between 2 and 5 in the afternoon, a time when many are either going to work or returning from it, resulting in a glacial flow of cars and buses, which is compounded by the old narrow streets of Zemun and Belgrade proper, and not remedied even by New Belgrade's wide boulevards.

Having broken through the bottleneck of the centre of Zemun, we were then faced with Branko's Bridge (a bottleneck unto itself considering it crosses a major river), preceded by a recently built roundabout, complete with stoplights, right next to Ušće, one of the preeminent shopping centres in Belgrade. This was followed by a stop at Zeleni Venac, whereupon the concentration of people and cars continued to rise. At this point, the rain settled down somewhat and I chose to walk the rest of the way to the neighbourhood of Vukov Spomenik. I climbed the stairs of a small greyish building, some five or six storeys high, after buzzing the intercom, and being let in. I was met at the door by a young woman who smiled and invited me in.

Mina Kokeza had moved from Kraljevo to Belgrade for university and ended up moving in with her sister, as she had already been living there. She spoke about their living arrangements while

making tea. At first, they lived together in a different flat, the one her sister had been in for the first three years of her studies, as the landlady let her live there for a year due to the difficulty of finding a flat. Afterwards, they agreed, they would move out. She explained that the flat itself was very small, really only a room within the landlady's own flat, and that it was too crowded, with everyone in the flat sharing one bathroom, so there was added incentive to leave. Her sister and her parents then found a couple flats but none of those worked out, as one had mould and another was part of a house with a courtyard and was therefore easily accessible and unsafe for women. She brought out the tea, setting it on table and continuing, gesturing toward the rest of the flat we were currently in. It was a studio flat, a living room and bedroom in one, with a standalone bathroom near the entrance and a kitchenette in one corner, across from which stood the table we were sat at.

“This one wasn't too expensive at the time, almost five years ago. It was maybe under 300 euro...” She paused, thinking for a second before continuing: “We moved here that autumn, since it was still in the city centre despite being farther away, and the landlord was okay. He's very relaxed, wouldn't visit us, almost at all, since he lives in some other city.” She added that, despite it being small, the fact that it was in the city centre meant they were lucky to find the place, since they would have had to find other options farther away. Her father, who had actually studied in Belgrade, though for less than a semester, had the good fortune of living in Vračar with his aunt, who owned multiple properties, during his time at university, and as such did not need to pay rent. The reason for his short academic career in Belgrade, however, had to do with his faculty, the Faculty of Agriculture, being one of the rare faculties which was too far from the city centre.

When I asked her if she or her sister intended on staying in Belgrade, she affirmed they both did. Her sister had been considering it for a while, years even, but wasn't earning enough, as her salary would cover the living expenses but would leave no room in her budget for travelling, which she enjoys and does really often, so she would have to wait for a raise or find a way to acquire more money. Mina then questioned her own continued stay in Belgrade, as she feels pressure to move back home until she finds a job, due to living expenses and leisure activities in Belgrade being far more expensive, which she noted was a common issue among her peers.

“My biggest problem with living in Belgrade long term, as in the rest of my life, is not just with the prices, but the quality of life. There's way too much pollution. It's impossible to breathe in the

winter. As soon as there's no wind for a couple days the pollution accumulates and you can feel it." She paused, collecting her thoughts, adding that "the architecture is really ugly and the street layouts in other cities are much more human-friendly. Some areas of New Belgrade feel dystopian, like some sort of grey doomscape. It's so depressing, like it developed so rapidly it didn't have time to look good or to adapt to the amount of people coming in all the time. Novi Sad is a much more beautiful place, and some other people would love to live there. There's a lot more room in the city squares, it's better adapted for walkers." She noted that in Belgrade there's much more happening, like bazaars, gigs in pubs and bars, large outdoor concerts, and that it's much more connected culturally speaking, but, touching upon the look of Belgrade again, added that many newer buildings look horrible and unliveable, that new developments like Belgrade Waterfront were not beautiful and that they just look like new sources of pollution of all kinds, environmental, visual, noise pollution.

"It's tailored to attract rich people, not ordinary middle-class citizens, especially not lower-class ones, and soon enough not even upper middle-class ones. Well-to-do immigrants find it attractive and so most people blame Russians for the spike in rent, since many already had money for rent as soon as they came here, much more than a Serb could pay. My landlord sold the same narrative to my parents when he kept raising the rent each year. The first time he did it he said it was because the Russians changed up the markets. I don't know if that's actually the case or if landlords use the Russians as an excuse." We spent some more time talking and she reflected on the fact that people still keep moving to Belgrade, saying that "people keep moving here regardless since everything is centralised and they know they will find something better. There's more opportunity." Having finished the tea, and moved on with the conversation, I eventually thanked Mina for the tea and said goodbye. I walked back to Zeleni Venac, took the bus back to Galenika, and took an early leave as I would be meeting the next person I was to talk to early in the morning.

The next day I set out around 9 o'clock, making my way along a familiar route to the same area of town as the day before, paying more attention to the view outside the window. Along the left side, the Hotel Jugoslavija had been demolished to make room for new developments, and not far from it, one of the rare parks in the vicinity was plastered with advertisements for a new aquarium being built in that spot by a company with links to the Turkish president. I once again walked from Zeleni Venac as the weather was clearer and fresher, with plenty of sun and an ever-

present cool breeze. The streets were full of people; a sea of rushing citizens being navigated by men in yellow and light blue outfits on bicycles. Despite the weather someone had clearly decided to stay in and order food. I made my way to a short building of three storeys at most and knocked on the door of one of the flats in the courtyard. I was met by one of the two tenants of the flat, who invited me inside.

Isidora Dadić came to Belgrade from Alibunar. Her two older sisters had also studied in Belgrade, and her eldest sister had rented all throughout university, first living with a cousin, where she was joined by her and Isidora's middle sister. Afterwards they changed flats and eventually she moved in with her boyfriend, with the middle sister opting to move to one of the student dorms in Belgrade, which gave Isidora firsthand feedback on the dorms she herself eventually decided to move to. When asked about the dorms and her experience there she talked about how she was initially in one of the many dorms near the city centre, in Karaburma, before eventually moving to Studentski Grad in New Belgrade, in the eponymous neighbourhood built to be a campus for students, which she found to have a manageable commute despite the distance. She had, however, reached a point in her life where she needed to find part-time employment and life in the student dorm became an obstacle to her ability to work due to its relative distance from her workplace and the inconvenient working hours of the local facilities, such as the student restaurant.

“Things also started getting expensive overall, it came out to about the same as renting a flat, especially since we couldn't prepare food in the dorm, and the working hours of the student restaurant weren't convenient for someone who's working, so you ended up spending a lot of money on eating out.” She continued, speaking on the aftermath of their decision to move: “It was an awful experience, the worst one I've had so far. We joined Facebook groups, went through real estate agencies, checked out tonnes of flats... Overall we spent 9 months looking for a flat, which felt very long, but was shorter than some I've heard about. The real estate market over the last several years has been awful and really expensive.” Stopping to answer the phone, she rummaged through the cupboards and brought out some snacks. We were sat in a combination dining room and living room, a sight not uncommon with flats in Belgrade, with a kitchen area tucked into the corner of the dining room section, but one which, while having cabinets and a fridge, curiously lacked an oven, stove or sink. Those were located in a separate room, across from the bedroom

and adjacent to the bathroom, which stood opposite the one we were in. Seeing me looking around, she pre-empted my inquiries.

“It’s a little unconventional, but that’s common enough in Serbia. Flats that were made just because some additional space existed, I mean. It feels like an extension rather than something that was built with intention. Still, the kitchen area being split means the dining area doesn’t smell whenever I cook, so I find it convenient,” she said, smiling. “but most importantly it’s close to work. The commute to and from Studenjak [Studentski Grad] got worse over time since public transport became free, that’s when the crowds and traffic got worse. Still, it was manageable when I had no other responsibilities, but now it’s not feasible. There’s always the option of walking or taking a taxi, though taxis are pricey. We usually walked whenever we had time, so that we could avoid places with a lot of traffic, like the bridge or roundabouts. We would walk to a certain point and *then* catch a bus. I still do that now, since my new job is back near the dorm, and my commute back is usually during rush hour, so I walk to the flat from Zelenjak [Zeleni Venac] to avoid the worst of the traffic.” Talking further, she expressed concern at the fact that public transport between the centre and periphery of Belgrade took about the same time as travelling within the centre itself, which is remedied at times by availability of trains, since those make a commute shorter, but aren’t everywhere like bus stops. She added that finally getting a metro would be nice, and that it would certainly lower stress about commutes.

When I asked her if she planned on staying in Belgrade she said: “As soon as I graduate I plan on moving home because, even though it’s not as big, Belgrade is such a stressful and fast city and such a tiring environment that I don’t mind moving to my hometown or commuting to Belgrade for work, since the commute takes about an hour by train. I do have the privilege of living close to the capital, unlike many people who don’t have that option. I also prefer living in a house to living in a flat, I love having a backyard and a garden and pets. Back home is also obviously cheaper than Belgrade, not by much, but certainly cheaper.” She didn’t have many positive words for the new developments throughout the city, saying that “some benefit citizens but most are money laundering projects. Plus, buildings nowadays are not built to last long, everything’s focused on temporary rather than long term solutions.” She thought for a while before adding: “I think that the issue is Serbia and Belgrade being so centralised. Developing places other than Belgrade, or providing better connections with other cities, that could help shift population with everyone’s

needs being met. Right now, you have people moving to the periphery not because it's an appealing option with some benefits while being one of several, but because it's only option, the lesser of two evils. The job market is awful, and the salaries don't match the standard of living, while buying a first property is almost impossible unless you are extremely wealthy."

Having continued our conversation for a little while longer, I had to say goodbye to Isidora as I was on my way to meet my next interlocutor. I returned along the same route, walking to Zeleni Venac, but then continuing the walk across Branko's Bridge, only then catching a bus that took me closer to the main bus station, one that ran along a line introduced during my absence, between the two biggest shopping centres in New Belgrade. When I arrived near the station, I took notice of several other buses brandished with new numbers, all headed to Obrenovac, a municipality at the westernmost edge of Belgrade, which up until a few years ago had only intercity bus lines which catered to it. Across the street I saw the person I was supposed to meet.

Melisa Barna was originally from Kikinda. As we walked, she talked about her decision to live in a student dorm upon first coming to Belgrade, a no-brainer, considering she could not afford private lodging, though she would have loved to, but a flat was not in the cards until she had found a job that would cover rent and utilities. After finishing her bachelor's degree, she started looking for a flat that was not too far away from the city centre and close enough to her faculty, her work, and the place where she was tutoring privately. Cost was more of a factor for her than location, as she was working only two days a week and could not afford much. Prior to the place she lives in now, she looked at two other flats, one of which was a cordoned off section of a house with old furniture and appliances which she was still willing to settle for until finding black mould and pulling out of the commitment, and the other of which was a subterranean flat with a strict and untransparent interview process.

"The flat I'm in now, it's an hour by bus from the city centre and very small, but I was the first person to see it, I checked it out that same day and decided on it. In Belgrade if you see a post advertising a flat you have to call them immediately, schedule a tour of the place as soon as possible, and, if you have the money, pay immediately." She continued, describing the flat: "It's barely walkable, not even one room. The tv stand is also the furniture you use for storage, and there's barely ten centimetres between it and the bed, which is actually a pull-out couch. The desk

and bed are placed in such a way that you can't pull out the chair and sit at the desk if the bed is made, and the bed itself is too far to sit on instead. In one corner of the living space, you have a kitchenette and across from it is the fridge, placed right up against the head of the bed." She reiterated the importance of the commute as a negative factor of the aforementioned flat, adding that she doesn't like the part of town it's in, nor does she spend much of her time there.

"I really like Old Karaburma, Zvezdara, Stari Dorćol and Vračar too, the city centre proper. I don't mind Lion or Ustanička. All of this mostly because of the buildings. Also, there's lots of greenery in Zvezdara despite closeness to the city centre. I don't really like anywhere where I would need to cross a bridge. Bridges in Belgrade are cursed, there's always traffic on them." She sighed and continued: "I really like Belgrade and would like to stay. My friends and job are here. I came here from a small Northern town and I wouldn't like to go back, so I have been in contact with people within half an hour of an advert being posted, but my working hours don't allow for me to drop everything to go look at a flat. Or, if it's a flat somebody else finds for me it looks perfect, but there's a lot of mould in it. I am on Facebook every hour, on Halo Oglasi, constantly refreshing and trying to find something in a good location, but it hasn't happened yet."

"The issue is that everyone sets their own price and there's no regulation, no market-wide standard, all you can count on is flats in the city centre proper being more expensive." Commenting on the new developments, she said: "Development in the city doesn't benefit anybody. Belgrade Waterfront has so many empty flats, some posted for 2200 euro a month. People can't afford such prices. The new buildings and developments the government strives for are all aimed at Belgrade Waterfront and there are no lower income housing developments, and the funnelling of money toward EXPO 2027 is not gonna help the housing issue. Government investments are being misplaced, the focus is on vanity projects. The constant roadwork in Belgrade is due to the president fixing the roads each election cycle, and then they fall apart just as quickly, meaning traffic issues and congestion."

"Moreover", she adds, "ever since the buses became free, there are, paradoxically, more cars on the streets creating congestion, due to all the buses being overcrowded. There's not enough parking for all those cars, you will find them constantly parked on the pavement, in school zones... What we need is good legislation, but so far, most things are done illegally and without supervision, and

that's how it's been done for decades. People tend to leave for Belgrade or Novi Sad in pursuit of education or employment, or they just leave the country to look for better living conditions." As the conversation slowly petered out, we said goodbye around the same place where we had met up. I looked for quite a while at the construction work and looked at the buses approaching the station. A blue public transport bus, which was painted that colour because all the new buses had to adhere to a new government colour standard, with a bright glowing *860i* above the windscreen, notifying the passengers that it commuted between Nikola Tesla International Airport and three of Belgrade's many urban municipalities—Surčin, Obrenovac, and New Belgrade. A green FlixBus, connecting Belgrade, Zagreb, and Ljubljana. Finally, a 73, which takes me back to my flat.

Belgrade keeps growing, keeps changing, keeps morphing into a city of today, keeps being called a city of tomorrow. The shift of the people within it, the movement of traffic and individuals across it, through it, beyond it, paints a rich picture of growing pains and the arduous ordeal of living in a metropolis. How this all pans out, how the lives of those calling Belgrade their home are affected by the many factors which shape the city is, at the end of the day, down to what the individual makes of it. Still, one cannot escape having to encounter the traffic, the housing prices, the many people out and about, living their lives, shaped by the soul of a city old and new, all at once, when setting foot on Belgrade's streets.

Izven predavalnice

Nekje med predavanji, kavo in zadnjim rokom nastane tudi nekaj, česar ni v zapiskih. Ideje, zgodbe, umetnost, mnenja in trenutki, ki jih je vredno ujeti na papir. Prav v teh drobnih trenutkih se pogosto skriva tisti del študentskega življenja, ki ga ne najdemo v urnikih in ne moremo izmeriti z ocenami. To so pogovori, ki trajajo dlje od predavanj, ideje, ki se rodijo mimogrede, ustvarjanje, ki nima roka, in trenutki, ki bi sicer hitro ostali pozabljeni.

ARTEPAKT zato za nekaj strani stopi izven predavalnic in odpre prostor vsemu, kar študentsko življenje naredi malo bolj nepredvidljivo, ustvarjalno in naše. Tukaj ni treba iskati pravih odgovorov ali slediti učnemu načrtu. Dovolj je radovednost, dobra zgodba, zanimiva misel ali preprosto želja, da nekaj delimo z drugimi. **Ker univerza ni samo prostor, kjer se učimo, ampak tudi prostor, kjer nastajajo ideje, prijateljstva, spomini in zgodbe, ki ostanejo z nami še dolgo po zadnjem predavanju.**

Gordan Stefanov

Ranke o sorodnostih in razlikah med zgodovino in politiko

Atanasoski Antim

Kaj je prva asociacija, ko v istem stavku združimo politiko in zgodovino? Govorimo o dveh področjih človeškega prizadevanja, ki delujeta vzajemno, vendar brez poseganja ene v osebni raziskovalni prostor druge in brez njune zlorabe? Ali pa gre za vladarja oziroma politika, ki zgodovino uporablja kot svojo sužnjo, ki deluje na polju manipulacije in izkrivljanja dejstev? Kakšni so mehanizmi delovanja politike in zgodovine? Kaj je zgodovinska resnica? Ta temeljna vprašanja bomo analizirali skozi akademski pogled Leopolda von Rankeja, zgodovinarja 19. stoletja, ki je pomembno oblikoval metodologijo sodobnega zgodovinopisja.

Predvsem poudarja, da gre za zgodovinski in politični pristop k oblikovanju ter izboljševanju države, česar zgodovina sama nikakor ne more doseči. Pri tem lahko sodeluje le kot človek, ki opozarja na pomanjkljivosti in njihove vzroke – kot star učitelj, ki si želi upokojitve, vendar ga pri tem ustavljajo birokratski postopki časa; učitelj z izjemnimi življenjskimi izkušnjami in izostreno percepcijo, ki hodi le z eno nogo ter nosi oblačila, ki so napol civilna in napol vojaška. Za zdravljenje kolektivističnih problemov, ki jih je povzročila tako imenovana država s svojimi usodnimi napakami – nekatere so otročje, druge nekoliko manj – je potreben zdravnik, imenovan politika. Če me vprašate, je to res, vendar je njegovo delovanje v veliki meri odvisno od okolja, v katerem se je politika oblikovala, od ljudi, ki so jo ustvarili, in seveda od miselnosti ljudi, ki živijo v državi ter nanjo vplivajo na mikro ravni. Nadaljuje z argumentom, da lahko takšen odnos v bistvu politiko izkrivi, namesto da bi jo izboljšal. Kljub temu pa to ne pomeni, da učitelj in zdravnik nimata nobenega odnosa drug do drugega; nasprotno, njun odnos obstaja, vendar je zapleten.

Drugič, preden v celoti pojasni to razmerje, Ranke najprej ponudi vpogled v temeljno naravo zgodovine. Poudarja, da zgodovina ne temelji zgolj na spominu, temveč tudi na ostroumnosti uma, ki je potrebna za razčlenitev zgodovinskega dogodka na dele, ki so resnični, in na dele, ki vsebujejo določeno mero pristranskosti. Toda ali lahko resnično ostanemo objektivni, četudi imamo izjemno ostroumnost? Preprost odgovor je ne, predvsem zaradi subjektivnosti avtorjev, ki so zgodovino zapisovali, saj so lahko obravnavano temo razumeli skozi lastne predsodke in bili pri tem politično motivirani. S tem lahko Rankovo trditev razširimo: nevarnost ne obstaja zgolj takrat, ko se zgodovina vmešava v politiko, temveč tudi takrat, ko politika posega

v zgodovino. Zato je ena od redkih možnosti, ki jih ima zgodovinar, sistematično razčlenjevanje in primerjanje različnih vidikov v upanju, da bo prišel do čim bolj objektivnega zaključka. Kot bi poudaril Ranke iz svoje perspektive, je treba izločiti poetične predstave in prazne zgodbe, ki zakrivajo resnični pomen posameznih zgodovinskih osebnosti ter samo bistvo zgodbe, ki jo raziskujemo.

Potem ko smo analizirali zapleteno psihološko naravo učitelja in subjektivno naravo njegovega poučevanja, se lotimo še »politike doktorjev«. Ranke trdi, da ta vrsta prizadevanja, ki ni niti umetnost niti znanost, domnevno obstaja v državah z dolgo tradicijo in kontinuiteto. Kot primer navaja Beneško republiko. Ta država je po njegovem mnenju popoln primer različnih faz, skozi katere lahko gre država: od mesta trgovcev in lastnikov sužnjev do mogočnega trgovskega imperija spretnih govorcev ter nazadnje do mesta na smrtni postelji – podobno kot pri različnih fazah človeškega življenja. Tudi Florus je na podoben način razlikoval različna obdobja Rimskega imperija. Rim je bil država, ki je bila odkrito ekspanzionistična, vendar zaradi svoje širitve ni uspela ohraniti enakih zakonov. Nato se pojavi doktor politike, imenovan Grim Ripper, ki je Rimljanom odvzel *vis vitalis*.

Torej, imamo učitelja in imamo doktorja, toda kakšno vlogo ima pri tem država? Seveda lahko državo razumemo kot osebo z vsem svojim duhom in telesom, omejeno s smrtnostjo, vendar hkrati zaznamovano z idejo večnosti svojega duha. Iz njene »duše« lahko razberemo uspehe in ukrepe, ki jih država sprejema, medtem ko so njen razvoj, odpor in izkušnje tisto, kar se skozi čas vtisne v telo oziroma mehanski aparat države. To življenje in igra države imata svoja pravila, po katerih se mora država ravnati. Kot pravi Cicero: »Vsaka skupnost, ki je ustanova ljudstva, vsaka država, ki je del človeštva, mora delovati po določenih pravilih.« Cicero svojo tezo o pomembnosti vladanja nadaljuje s prispodobo ladje: vedeti moraš, kako z njo manevrirati, če jo želiš uspešno obvladovati. Človek mora dobro skrbeti za svoje zdravje in poslušati nasvete zdravnikov, vendar mora biti hkrati popolnoma zavesten svojega telesa in duše.

Tretjič in zadnjič: razlike in podobnosti med zgodovino in politiko. Delujeta kot umetnost in znanost, kot to preprosto opredeli Ranke. Z znanstvenega vidika se bistveno ne razlikujeta; ena se ukvarja s preteklostjo, druga pa s preteklostjo in sedanjostjo. Z umetniškega vidika se ena bolj približuje literaturi, druga pa pragmatičnemu pristopu. Učitelj govori in daje nasvete praktičnemu

strokovnjaku – zdravniku –, ki zdravi in skrbi, da je človek v dobrem stanju tako telesno kot duševno. Zgodovina je univerzalna kategorija, politika pa je konkretna in služi predvsem interesom države, ki ji vlada.

Predavanje Ranke zaključi z ugotovitvijo in vprašanjem, ali je stoletje, v katerem živi, dobro ali slabo. Pri tem ugotavlja, da ima vsako obdobje svoje prednosti in svoj namen. Lahko bi mi očitali, da Rankejev zaključek razširjam z eno od klasičnih trditev o zgodovini, namreč da se zgodovina ponavlja. Vendar bi šel še korak dlje in citiral pisatelja Marka Twaina: »Zgodovina se ne ponavlja, ampak se rima.«

Ali je torej učitelj zgodovine pesnik, ki rad na poetičen način pripoveduje o svojih dogodivščinah, medtem ko nas uči, ali pa si to le domišlja, da bi si olajšal življenje? Ali je mogoče spoznati zgodovinsko resnico? Ali bo v prihodnosti obstajala boljša metodologija za razlago zgodovine? Vsi odgovori so bili izbrisani. Ostala so le vprašanja.

Can Men and Women Ever Just be Friends?

From Zofka Kveder and Ivan Cankar to the blue ticks of modern intimacy

Đukić Taša

There is a familiar moment in almost every close friendship between a man and a woman. It does not happen during the first coffee, and usually not during the second. It arrives later, often through a third person who has appointed themselves curator of other people's emotional lives: "So, what is really going on between you two?"

The question survives because it is useful. It turns ambiguity into a plot. It converts affection into evidence, attention into suspicion and every delayed answer into a clue. A friendship is allowed to exist, but only provisionally, as if it were a waiting room for romance. One person must be secretly in love; the other must be pretending not to notice. If neither possibility applies, the arrangement appears almost wasteful. Two heterosexual adults have spent time together and failed to produce a relationship. Somewhere, an algorithm is disappointed.

This suspicion is often presented as modern realism: people are complicated, attraction happens, feelings change. All true. Yet the certainty with which friendship is dismissed is not realism at all. It is a cultural habit, one strengthened by films, gossip columns, social media and a romantic vocabulary so dominant that other forms of closeness are forced to borrow its words. We know what a date is supposed to mean. We know what a kiss is supposed to confirm. Friendship has no equivalent ceremony, no anniversary imposed by custom, no clear progression from "talking" to "official." It can deepen without announcing itself. That makes it emotionally important and narratively inconvenient.

More than a century before anyone could be left on read, Zofka Kveder and Ivan Cankar were corresponding across the cultural geography of Central Europe. Their messages travelled by post rather than Wi-Fi, but the relationship preserved in those letters is recognisable: literary advice, unfinished work, practical requests, apologies, jokes, concern and the ordinary maintenance required by any friendship that survives distance. Their correspondence is valuable because it records two major writers thinking alongside one another. It is also valuable because modern readers still feel an urge to ask whether "friendship" is a sufficient description.

The habit of asking did not begin with smartphones. Technology merely gave it timestamps.

A friendship society could not easily imagine

Friendship has never been a timeless, self-explanatory category. Classical writers praised it as one of the highest human bonds, but the ideal friend was usually imagined as male: a citizen, intellectual and moral equal. Equality was central to the concept. Women, excluded from political citizenship, much formal education and much of public life, were excluded from the conditions on which that ideal rested. A woman might be a daughter, wife, mother, muse or lover. “Friend” was theoretically possible but socially underdeveloped.

Marriage offered no simple solution. For centuries it was primarily a legal, economic and familial institution, and its participants did not enter it with equal rights or authority. Affection and companionship certainly existed within marriages, but the structure remained hierarchical. Friendship implied voluntary attachment between equals; marriage often formalised unequal duties. The two ideals could overlap in private life while remaining conceptually tense.

By the nineteenth century, industrialisation, urban life, expanding literacy and new educational opportunities were bringing men and women into more frequent contact outside the family. Literary societies, newspapers, publishing houses, political movements and universities created new forms of acquaintance. Attitudes did not modernise at the same speed as institutions. A woman could enter public life and still be treated as a moral event. Her work might be reviewed together with her personality; her ambition could be interpreted as a failure of femininity; her friendships could become public property.

That asymmetry matters when reading Zofka Kveder. Born in Ljubljana in 1878, she grew up in a family shaped by instability, poverty, her father’s alcoholism and her mother’s intense religiosity. She left home in 1897 with little financial security and no intention of accepting the life available to a poorly educated middle-class woman. She took badly paid office work, began publishing under a pseudonym and joined the editorial world of the Trieste journal *Slovenka*. She studied briefly in Bern, lived in Munich and Prague, later moved to Zagreb, wrote in several languages, edited periodicals and became one of the defining female voices of Slovene modernism.

The biographical summary makes her life sound like a sequence of achievements. In practice, each achievement was also an argument with the limits placed around her. A man who travelled, published and built international networks could be called cosmopolitan. A woman doing the same invited questions about morality, domestic duty and temperament. Kveder did not politely request exemption from those questions. Her work confronted marriage, motherhood, poverty, bodily exhaustion and the unequal terms on which women were expected to love.

Cankar, born in 1876 in Vrhnika, came from an artisan-proletarian family and became the central literary figure of Slovene modernism. His writing combined social criticism, moral seriousness and a capacity for exposing hypocrisy that made him both canonical and inconvenient. He too moved through Vienna and other urban literary environments, knew precarity and treated literature as a public act rather than ornamental culture.

Their friendship grew from a world of manuscripts, translations, journals and shared professional concerns. This sounds obvious until one remembers that women in literary circles were often treated as guests in a house men considered their own. Kveder did not write to Cankar as an admirer requesting admission. She wrote as a colleague.

Two writers at work

A surviving letter from May 1904 begins: “Dear friend! ... I wait and wait, and you do not even send me the poem ... No, I laughed terribly.” The tone is impatient, amused and entirely without reverence. It contains the texture that summaries remove: the waiting, the mild accusation, the private joke. The address “dear friend” matters less as proof of a category than as evidence of ease. Kveder expected an answer because the exchange already had a rhythm.

In January 1906, Cankar wrote that he wanted to see her before she left and that he was writing “to quiet my conscience a little.” Again, the sentence is ordinary in the best sense. It carries warmth without performing it. Anyone who has apologised for neglecting a friend recognises the manoeuvre. The medium is different; the social mechanics are not.

Much of their correspondence concerns work: poems, translations, publication, criticism and professional opportunities. To readers trained by romantic plots, practical content can feel like background material, the unimportant part before the confession. In a literary friendship, it is often

the relationship itself. They were not merely exchanging information about writing. They were granting one another intellectual attention, the scarce currency of any serious creative life.

This is where the usual question—were they really only friends?—starts to look intellectually lazy. It assumes that romance would make the letters deeper, while professional and intellectual companionship makes them somehow less complete. The assumption repeats an old hierarchy: bodily desire is treated as the hidden truth, and every other attachment as camouflage.

There is no need to sterilise the relationship in the opposite direction. Affection can coexist with uncertainty; admiration can contain attraction; human beings do not organise their feelings according to archival labels. The available letters cannot provide a laboratory result for emotional purity, nor should they be forced to. The point is not to certify that neither person ever experienced an ambiguous feeling. The point is that ambiguity does not cancel friendship. It is present in many friendships, marriages and family relationships without becoming their sole definition.

What the letters do show is reciprocity. Kveder appears as a writer with opinions, demands and professional purpose. Cankar responds to her as a participant in literary culture, not as a decorative exception. That equality was neither perfect nor detached from the gender politics of the time, but it existed strongly enough to leave a record.

Kveder's own fiction makes the significance clearer. Her early work repeatedly turned private experience into public knowledge. In stories such as "My Friend" and in the collection *The Mystery of a Woman*, domestic suffering is not sentimental scenery. It is evidence. Women work, give birth, care, endure violence, think and remain inwardly alive while social convention treats them as functions rather than subjects. Kveder's female characters demand to be read as consciousnesses.

Her correspondence with Cankar belongs to the same struggle for recognition, though in another register. In fiction she wrote women into intellectual existence. In letters she enacted it.

The temptation to improve the archive

Historical letters invite bad behaviour from modern readers. We approach them as detectives, convinced that punctuation contains fingerprints. A warmer greeting becomes a confession. A

delay suggests punishment. A request to meet acquires orchestral music. The dead cannot object to our screenplay, so we cast them freely.

Part of this is harmless curiosity. Part of it comes from the prestige of romance. A secret love story appears more dramatic than two writers discussing translations. The same instinct shapes celebrity journalism today. Two actors laugh during an interview and thousands of strangers begin conducting forensic analysis of their knees. A man and a woman leave a restaurant, and the friendship is demoted to an alibi before dessert has been cleared.

Popular culture has spent decades training the audience for this conclusion. In romantic comedies, friendship is often the first act, valuable mainly because it delays the kiss. When Harry Met Sally gave the argument its most portable slogan: men and women cannot be friends because “the sex part always gets in the way.” The line works because it is funny and because it flatters cynicism. It is quoted as social science even though it is spoken by a fictional man whose certainty is part of the joke.

The problem is not that friendships never become romances. They do. The problem is the leap from possibility to inevitability. Attraction also develops between colleagues, neighbours and classmates, yet nobody concludes that offices, apartment buildings and universities are therefore impossible. Friendship receives a harsher logical standard. One example of romantic complication is presented as evidence against the entire category.

The claim also carries an unflattering view of adults. It assumes that heterosexual men and women are so governed by desire that trust, humour, shared work, loyalty and judgment eventually become irrelevant. Men are reduced to concealed intention; women to either temptation or denial. Calling this “human nature” does not make it less crude.

Research is less theatrical. Studies of same- and cross-gender friendship find differences in average expectations: women tend to place more emphasis on emotional disclosure and communication, while men more often emphasise shared activity. These are patterns, not laws. They overlap, vary across individuals and change with age, culture and circumstance. Cross-gender friendships can involve asymmetrical attraction, jealousy or misunderstanding. So can every other intimate relationship known to humanity.

They can also widen perspective. Research on adolescents suggests that regular friendships across gender lines can contribute to more egalitarian attitudes, especially among boys who gain direct familiarity with experiences they might otherwise encounter only through stereotype. This is hardly mysterious. Prejudice thrives at a distance; friendship makes abstraction inconvenient.

The more interesting question, then, is not whether cross-gender friendship is free of complication. No serious relationship is. It is why complication is treated as disproof only here.

From the postbox to the typing indicator

The most obvious difference between Kveder's correspondence and modern messaging is speed. A letter had to be composed, addressed, posted, transported and delivered. Silence was built into the system. Nobody could infer emotional strategy from a twenty-minute delay because the postal service did not provide read receipts.

Slow communication did not automatically produce deeper thought; people have always been capable of writing nonsense at any speed. Still, the letter imposed a useful resistance. It required selection. A writer had to decide what deserved paper, what could wait and what might look different when read days later in another room. The physical object survived the mood in which it was written.

Digital communication removes most of that resistance. It offers immediacy and then turns immediacy into obligation. A message arrives now, so an answer appears to be owed now. The typing indicator exposes hesitation. The blue tick turns reading into testimony. Silence, once a neutral interval, has become content.

This has produced an entire minor theology of response time. Five minutes means enthusiasm. Five hours means caution. Five days means either emotional unavailability or a dead battery, and contemporary advice culture strongly prefers the first explanation. People no longer simply exchange messages; they monitor the metadata of affection.

The result is not necessarily greater intimacy but greater measurability. We know when someone was online, which photograph they liked and how quickly they viewed a story. None of this tells us whether the conversation enlarged either person's understanding, whether the

friendship offers courage, whether the other person can recognise a bad idea before it becomes a life decision. Technology records contact with extraordinary precision and meaning rather badly.

Kveder and Cankar's letters survive because paper is patient. Modern friendships produce vast archives that are both more complete and more disposable: thousands of fragments stored on devices, searchable until a password is lost, a platform disappears or one person deletes the thread after midnight. Future historians may have more words and less context.

The comparison should not become nostalgia. Letters could be evasive, manipulative and dull; messages can be tender, intellectually alive and exact. The relevant change is not from authenticity to superficiality. It is from communication constrained by distance to communication shadowed by constant availability. Each creates its own misunderstandings.

What has not changed is the demand for classification. A century ago, social convention watched the visible conduct of unmarried men and women. Today, friends, partners and strangers inspect digital behaviour. The courtroom has moved into the group chat.

The unequal cost of suspicion

Suspicion does not affect men and women equally. Historically, a woman's reputation could determine access to employment, publication, marriage and social respectability. A man's unconventional friendships might be treated as evidence of charm or eccentricity; a woman's could be used to question her character. Kveder's independence was therefore never merely personal style. It exposed her to judgments that Cankar, despite his own conflicts with society, did not face in the same form.

The imbalance has not disappeared. A woman with several male friends is still easily framed as inviting attention, keeping "options" or failing to maintain proper boundaries. A man with close female friends may be praised as emotionally intelligent or suspected of strategic patience. Both judgments reduce friendship to sexual accounting, but the reputational consequences remain gendered.

Modern vocabulary sometimes disguises the same anxiety with humour. "Work wife," "work husband," "girl best friend" and "guy best friend" sound casual, yet each term marks the friendship

as requiring special explanation. Same-gender friendship usually keeps the unmarked word. Cross-gender friendship receives an asterisk.

Partners can reasonably negotiate boundaries, and friendship should not be used to excuse secrecy or disrespect. But suspicion is not a boundary; it is a theory of ownership. The belief that romantic partnership should absorb every important form of intimacy places impossible pressure on couples and quietly impoverishes everyone else. No single person can be lover, confidant, colleague, critic, audience, emergency contact and sole witness to another life without eventually needing a committee.

Friendship distributes the work of being known.

That may be why it is both necessary and culturally undervalued. Romantic love has institutions, industries and rituals. Friendship has coffee, messages, favours and the recurring uncertainty of whether it is acceptable to call after midnight. Its importance is enormous; its public language remains strangely small.

What the letters leave behind

Kveder and Cankar do not provide a final answer to the title question. They provide something more useful: evidence that the question is badly designed. “Can men and women be friends?” treats friendship as a biological exception awaiting permission. It asks about categories instead of conduct. The better questions are ordinary and harder. Do these two people respect one another? Is the relationship reciprocal? Are its boundaries understood? Does it make room for honesty without demanding possession? Does it survive when nobody is watching?

Their correspondence cannot tell us everything about what they felt, and its silences should not be filled with certainty. It can tell us what they did. They exchanged work, criticism, humour and attention across years and distance. Kveder occupied the correspondence as an intellectual equal in a society still debating whether women should occupy such space at all. Cankar answered her seriously. That is not a minor historical detail.

In May 1904, Kveder waited for a poem and complained that it had not arrived. In January 1906, Cankar wrote to soothe his conscience before she left. Nothing explodes. Nobody confesses

beneath a railway clock. Two writers continue the difficult, undramatic business of remaining present in another person's life.

More than a hundred years later, the envelope has disappeared. The suspicion has not.

Životna borba

Laković Tamara

Samo dok se muzika čuje sasvim glasno,
Moja osećanja rastu, osećaju strasno.
Neki kažu čudno je, loše k'o iz pakla,
Drugima je emotivno, kao pesma od stakla.
Kao leptirovo krilo, osetljiva je ona,
Neverovatno jaka, jer drži je jedna spona.
Najjači heroji radjaju se tako,
Svi kažu najlakše je njima, ali nije baš toliko lako.
Da bi heroj bio, moraš biti potpuno svoj,
Ne, to nije tudje, to nije neprijatelj tvoj.
U najjačima samo opstaje čudo to,
Kao magnet za neprijatelje kao magnet za zlo.
Teško je razumeti misli koje lete,
Misli u glavi, misli iz tuge i sete.
Razum i dobrota, nisu za svaki dan,
To se retko vidja, kao da je najlepší san.
Energiju čuvaj, trebaće ti to,
Moraš savladati sebe, moraš oterati zlo.
Nije ovo čudo neko, nije ovo reč strana.
Potruđi se da dozoveš dugu, da ti ne dodje crna vrana.
Pesmu pišem, život živim, dišem i gledam,
Ali nikada, nikada ne želim da se predam.
Život je borba, i najjači ostaju,

A istinski ljudi, oni tada postaju.

Med čopičem in revolucijo: umetnost, nacionalizem in oblikovanje identitete v Italiji ter Makedoniji v 19. Stoletju

Stefanov Gordan

Umetnost je skozi zgodovino predstavljala mnogo več kot zgolj estetski izraz posameznika. Bila je odraz družbenih sprememb, političnih idej in kulturnih vrednot, hkrati pa je pogosto sodelovala pri njihovem oblikovanju. Prav zato umetnosti ni mogoče obravnavati ločeno od zgodovinskega konteksta, v katerem nastaja. Vsaka družba v umetniških delih pušča svoj pečat, umetniki pa s svojim ustvarjanjem ne le dokumentirajo čas, temveč ga pogosto tudi soustvarjajo.

Posebej izrazita je povezava med umetnostjo in nacionalizmom v 19. stoletju, obdobju velikih političnih preobratov, oblikovanja nacionalnih držav in prebujanja kolektivnih identitet. Umetnost je postala pomembno sredstvo izražanja političnih idej, utrjevanja narodne zavesti in oblikovanja skupnega zgodovinskega spomina. Vendar se ta proces ni odvijal povsod enako. Na razvoj umetnosti so pomembno vplivali politični sistemi, stopnja družbene svobode in kulturne razmere posameznega prostora.

Namen tega prispevka je primerjati razvoj umetnosti v Italiji in Makedoniji v 19. stoletju ter pokazati, kako so različne zgodovinske okoliščine oblikovale dva različna umetniška izraza. Italija je svojo nacionalno identiteto gradila skozi proces združevanja države, medtem ko je bila Makedonija še vedno del Osmanskega cesarstva in vpeta v drugačne politične ter kulturne razmere. Prav zaradi teh razlik primerjava obeh prostorov omogoča boljše razumevanje razmerja med umetnostjo, revolucijo in nacionalizmom ter razkriva, da umetnost ni le odsev zgodovine, temveč tudi eden izmed dejavnikov, ki jo soustvarja.

Revolucija in umetnost, prepletenost ustvarjalnosti in družbenih sprememb

Revolucija in umetnost sta skozi zgodovino neločljivo povezani. Že od prazgodovine, ko so ljudje na stenah jam ustvarjali prve poslikave, pa vse do sodobnih avantgardnih gibanj, umetnost ni bila zgolj estetski izraz, temveč tudi način razmišljanja, sporazumevanja in odzivanja na družbene spremembe. Revolucije zato ne smemo razumeti zgolj kot političnega prevrata ali oboroženega spopada. Pogosto se začne precej tišje, z idejo, besedo ali umetniškim delom, ki spremeni način razmišljanja posameznika in družbe.

Tudi književnost je bila pomemben nosilec takšnih sprememb. William Shakespeare sicer ni bil revolucionar v političnem smislu, vendar je s svojimi dramami odpiral vprašanja oblasti, morale, družbenih odnosov in človeške narave. Njegova dela so presegala meje svojega časa in dokazovala, da lahko umetnost vpliva na družbo tudi brez neposrednega političnega delovanja.

Revolucija in umetnost sta kot dve niti iste tkanine. Vsaka ima svojo vlogo, vendar šele njuno prepletanje ustvari širšo podobo družbenega razvoja. Umetnost pogosto postane glas sprememb, revolucija pa umetnosti odpira nove možnosti izražanja.

To povezavo je leta 1849 v svojem eseju *Umetnost in revolucija (Die Kunst und die Revolution)* izpostavil tudi Richard Wagner. Besedilo je nastalo po revolucionarnih dogodkih leta 1848, v času njegovega političnega izgnanstva. Wagner je zagovarjal prepričanje, da umetnost ne sme služiti zgolj zabavi ali razkošju, temveč mora sodelovati pri moralni in družbeni prenovi. Posebej je poudarjal opero kot umetniško zvrst, v kateri se združujejo glasba, poezija, drama in vizualna umetnost, zato lahko učinkovito posreduje revolucionarne ideje.

Pomemben premik v razumevanju umetnosti je v prvi polovici 20. stoletja predstavil tudi Walter Benjamin v znamenitem eseju *Umetniško delo v dobi svoje tehnične reprodukcije (Das Kunstwerk im Zeitalter seiner technischen Reproduzierbarkeit)*. Benjamin opozarja, da je razvoj fotografije in drugih tehnik reproduciranja bistveno spremenil položaj umetniškega dela. Po njegovem mnenju je tehnična reprodukcija oslabilala »avro« umetnine, njeno enkratnost, zgodovinsko prisotnost in ritualni pomen.

Po drugi strani pa je prav ta proces umetnost približal širšemu krogu ljudi. Reprodukcijska je omogočila, da umetniška dela niso bila več dostopna le družbenim elitam, temveč so postala del vsakdanjega življenja. Umetnost je tako dobila novo vlogo: postala je sredstvo množične komunikacije, s katerim je bilo mogoče širiti ideje, kritizirati družbo in spodbujati razmislek o političnih ter socialnih vprašanjih.

Ob tem se odpira temeljno vprašanje: kako sploh prepoznamo prihod revolucije? Odgovor ni enoznačen, saj revolucija ni vedno najprej vidna na ulicah. Pogosto se začne v jeziku, simbolih in umetniškem izrazu. Prav umetnost lahko ustvari prostor, v katerem se nove ideje najprej oblikujejo, nato pa postopoma prerastejo v širše družbene spremembe.

Ameriški filozof John Dewey je zapisal, da so umetniški predmeti izrazni, zato predstavljajo poseben jezik. Vsako umetniško delo, naj gre za sliko, kip, glasbeno delo, arhitekturo, fotografijo ali film, nosi sporočilo, ki ga lahko razumemo le, če smo pripravljeni prisluhniti njegovim pomenom. Umetnost tako ni zgolj predmet opazovanja, temveč oblika komunikacije med umetnikom in družbo.

Seveda obstajajo tudi drugačna stališča. Nekateri sodobni teoretiki menijo, da je umetnost zaradi množične produkcije in medijske prenasičenosti izgubila del svoje komunikacijske moči. Razumevanje njene revolucionarne vloge je zato vedno odvisno od zgodovinskega konteksta in interpretacije posameznika.

Na to opozarja tudi Guy Debord v delu *Družba spektakla (The Society of the Spectacle)*. Debord meni, da sodobna družba zaradi prevlade podob, medijev in potrošniške kulture ustvarja poenoten jezik, ki lahko oslabi avtentičnost umetniškega izraza. Umetnost zato nenehno išče nove načine, kako preseči ustaljene vzorce komuniciranja in ponovno vzpostaviti neposreden odnos z občinstvom.

Ko govorimo o umetnosti kot obliki družbenega upora, ne moremo mimo Frida Kahlo, ki je skozi osebno izkušnjo bolečine, identitete in političnega prepričanja izzivala družbene norme svojega časa. Podobno je avantgarda s svojimi radikalnimi estetskimi pristopi preoblikovala razumevanje umetnosti ter odprla prostor za nove umetniške jezike, katerih vpliv je opazen še danes.

Posebno vlogo sta v tem procesu odigrala tudi fotografija in film. Oba medija sta bila pogosto uporabljena kot sredstvo politične propagande, hkrati pa sta omogočala dokumentiranje dogodkov in razkrivanje resnic, ki so jih oblasti skušale prikriti. Prav zato sta postala pomembno orodje družbene kritike.

Z umetnostjo je tesno povezana tudi cenzura. Čeprav je njen namen omejevanje svobode izražanja, je prav cenzura mnogokrat prispevala k temu, da so nekatera umetniška dela in njihovi avtorji postali simboli upora. Paradoksalno so prepovedi pogosto še okrepile njihov vpliv ter jih zapisale v zgodovino kot glasnike družbenih sprememb.

Nacionalizem in umetnost med Italijo in Makedonijo

Razmerje med umetnostjo in nacionalizmom je eno najzanimivejših vprašanj evropske zgodovine 19. stoletja. Umetnost ni bila zgolj odsev družbenih razmer, temveč je pogosto sodelovala pri oblikovanju kolektivne identitete, zgodovinskega spomina in političnih idej. Če drži rek, da ena slika pove več kot tisoč besed, potem lahko umetnost razumemo kot enega najmočnejših jezikov nacionalnih gibanj.

Primerjava Italije in Makedonije je pri tem posebej zanimiva, saj sta se obe območji razvijali v povsem različnih političnih in zgodovinskih okoliščinah. Italija je v 19. stoletju stopala na pot nacionalne združitve, medtem ko je bila Makedonija še vedno del Osmanskega cesarstva in prostor, kjer so se prepletali različni jeziki, vere ter politični interesi. Čeprav ju povezuje skupna dediščina rimskega imperija, sta se njuni kulturni in politični poti skozi stoletja močno razšli. Prav zato se njuna umetnost razvija na različne načine in odraža različne družbene potrebe.

Slikarstvo in narodni preporod v Italiji

Devetnajsto stoletje je bilo za Italijo obdobje temeljitih političnih sprememb. Proces združevanja, znan kot *Risorgimento*, je postopoma povezal razdrobljene italijanske države v enotno kraljevino. Nacionalistične ideje, ki so jih navdihnili razsvetljenstvo, francoska revolucija in romantični nacionalizem, so se hitro širile med intelektualci, umetniki in političnimi reformatorji.

Čeprav revolucije leta 1848 niso dosegle vseh svojih ciljev, so pomembno vplivale na politično zavest prebivalstva. Pod vodstvom Camilla Bensa di Cavoura je Piemont-Sardinija z diplomatskimi zavezništvi in vojaškimi uspehi postopoma prevzela vodilno vlogo pri združevanju Italije. Na jugu je Giuseppe Garibaldi s svojo znamenito odpravo »Tisočerih« osvojil Sicilijo in Neapelj, leta 1861 pa je bila razglašena Kraljevina Italija pod Viktorjem Emanuelom II. Z vključitvijo Benečije leta 1866 in Rima leta 1870 je bil proces združitve dokončan.

Za uspeh Risorgimenta so bili ključni štirje posamezniki. Giuseppe Mazzini je kot ideolog narodne enotnosti zagovarjal demokratično in republikansko Italijo ter ustanovil gibanje *Mlada Italija*, ki je pozneje postalo del širšega evropskega gibanja *Mlada Evropa*. Cavour je s premišljeno diplomacijo utrdil položaj Piemonta, Garibaldi je združevanju zagotovil vojaško moč, Viktor Emanuel II. pa je postal simbol nove italijanske države. Njihovo delovanje je združilo različne politične poglede v skupni cilj – oblikovanje enotnega italijanskega naroda.

Politične spremembe so se odražale tudi v umetnosti. V Firencah se je sredi 19. stoletja razvilo gibanje *Macchiaioli*, ki danes velja za eno najpomembnejših italijanskih umetniških smeri pred impresionizmom. Njegovi predstavniki so zavračali akademska pravila in iskali neposrednejši način upodabljanja resničnosti.

Ime gibanja izhaja iz besede *macchia*, ki pomeni »madež« oziroma barvno ploskev. Izraz so sprva uporabljali kritiki posmehljivo, umetniki pa so ga sčasoma sprejeli kot oznako svojega ustvarjalnega pristopa. Navdih so našli predvsem v francoski Barbizonski šoli, od katere so prevzeli zanimanje za slikanje v naravi (*plein air*) ter raziskovanje svetlobe in atmosfere.

Čeprav so njihova dela sodobniki pogosto označevali kot nedokončana, cilj gibanja ni bil ustvarjanje popolne akademske forme, temveč ujeti trenutni vtis, svetlobo in razpoloženje. Barvni kontrasti, igra svetlobe in sence ter poudarek na vsakdanjih motivih so postali temelj njihovega izraza. S tem so odprli pot razvoju impresionizma in poznejših modernističnih smeri.

Eden najpomembnejših predstavnikov gibanja je bil Giovanni Fattori. Njegova dela, kot sta *French Soldiers of '59* (1859) in *Rest (Red Wagon)* (1887), jasno prikazujejo značilnosti sloga *Macchiaioli*. Fattori je mojstrsko uporabljal svetlobne kontraste, preprosto kompozicijo in barvne ploskve, s katerimi je ustvarjal občutek neposrednosti in življenjskosti. Njegovo slikarstvo ni predstavljalo le estetske novosti, temveč tudi odsev družbenih sprememb, ki jih je Italija doživljala v času narodnega preporoda.

Slikarstvo v Makedoniji v 19. stoletju

Povsem drugačna zgodba se je odvijala na ozemlju današnje Makedonije, ki je bilo v 19. stoletju del Osmanskega cesarstva. Regija je bila etnično in versko raznolika, politično pa pod močnim vplivom interesov Grčije, Srbije in Bolgarije, ki so si prizadevale utrditi svoj kulturni in nacionalni vpliv med tamkajšnjim prebivalstvom. Slabljenje Osmanskega cesarstva je postopoma ustvarjalo prostor za razvoj nacionalnih gibanj, vendar je bil ta proces bistveno počasnejši kot v zahodni Evropi.

Tudi umetnost je odražala te razmere. Medtem ko je Italija razvijala moderne slikarske smeri, je bila makedonska umetnost še vedno tesno povezana z religiozno tradicijo. Pomembno mesto je pripadalo zografski umetnosti. Zografi so bili slikarji ikon, fresk in cerkvenih poslikav, njihovo

delo pa ni bilo omejeno le na Makedonijo, temveč je zaznamovalo tudi Bolgarijo, Srbijo in širši pravoslavni Balkan.

Dolgotrajna prisotnost osmanske oblasti in močna vloga Cerkve sta omogočili, da se je ta umetniška tradicija ohranila precej dlje kot v zahodnoevropskem prostoru. Zaradi tega je bila umetnost v Makedoniji bolj konservativna, vendar to ne pomeni, da se ni razvijala. Ravno nasprotno – postopoma je začela iskati ravnotežje med tradicionalno ikonopisno dediščino in vplivi modernejših umetniških tokov.

Pomemben predstavnik tega prehoda je bil Gjorgji Zografski, ki izhaja iz znane umetniške družine iz vasi Papradište pri Velesu. Njegovi predniki so bili ikonopisci, rezbarji, zidarji in kovači, zato je odraščal v okolju, kjer je bilo ustvarjanje del vsakdanjega življenja. Bil je učenec Dimitra Andonova-Papradiškega, enega zadnjih velikih makedonskih zografov, ki je postopoma uvajal tudi posvetne motive in s tem odpiral novo poglavje makedonskega slikarstva.

To je razvidno tudi iz njegovih del *Pogled na Veles* (1903) in *Sveti Gjorgji Pobedonossec* (1899). Prvo predstavlja prehod k posvetni krajinski umetnosti, drugo pa ohranja močno vez z ikonopisno tradicijo. Prav ta dvojnost kaže, da se je makedonska umetnost ob koncu 19. stoletja znašla na prelomnici med stoletno religiozno dediščino in začetki modernega likovnega izraza.

Primerjava italijanske in makedonske umetnosti zato razkriva dva različna modela razvoja. Italijansko slikarstvo je raslo skupaj z nastajanjem nacionalne države in modernizacijo družbe, medtem ko se je makedonska umetnost razvijala v precej zahtevnejših političnih razmerah, kjer je bila njena naloga predvsem ohranjanje kulturne in verske identitete. Prav zaradi teh razlik je njuna primerjava dragocena, saj pokaže, kako močno lahko politične okoliščine vplivajo na razvoj umetniškega izraza.

Zadnje besede eseja

Primerjava italijanske in makedonske umetnosti v 19. stoletju jasno kaže, da umetniškega razvoja ni mogoče razumeti brez poznavanja političnih in družbenih okoliščin, v katerih je nastajal. Čeprav sta obe okolji pripadali evropskemu kulturnemu prostoru, sta se razvijali pod povsem različnimi zgodovinskimi pogoji. Italija je skozi proces Risorgimenta oblikovala enotno nacionalno državo, kar je umetnikom omogočilo razvoj novih slogov, eksperimentiranje in iskanje sodobnega likovnega jezika. V Makedoniji pa je umetnost še naprej ohranjala močno povezavo z versko

tradicijo in kulturno dediščino, saj je delovala znotraj političnih in družbenih omejitev Osmanskega cesarstva.

Prav te razlike potrjujejo, da umetnost nikoli ne nastaja v praznem prostoru. Njena vsebina, motivi in izraz so tesno povezani z družbo, v kateri nastaja. Kjer se oblikujejo nacionalna gibanja in politične spremembe, umetnost pogosto postane njihov glasnik; kjer prevladujejo drugačne razmere, pa prevzame predvsem vlogo varuhinje kulturnega spomina in identitete.

Ne glede na različne poti razvoja pa imata italijanska in makedonska umetnost skupno temeljno značilnost, obe sta odraz človekove potrebe po izražanju, razumevanju sveta in ohranjanju kolektivnega spomina. Prav zato umetnost ostaja eden najdragocenejših zgodovinskih virov, saj ne pripoveduje le o estetskih idealih določenega obdobja, temveč tudi o vrednotah, konfliktih, upih in spremembah, ki so oblikovali družbo. V tem smislu umetnost ni le spremljevalka zgodovine, temveč njen dejavni soustvarjalec.

The 110 Second Fracture:

Personal Trauma, Collective Resilience, and Systemic Collapse in the 2023 Anatolian Earthquake

Tabak Taha

Personal Trauma

On February 6, 2023, at exactly 04:17 AM, a shuddering roar traveling upward through the bedrock severed the deep sleep of a freezing winter night in Elazığ. The city sits on the precarious periphery of Turkey's most volatile seismic networks, and for those who inhabit Eastern Anatolia, earthquakes are not abstract geographical data; they are foundational historical markers woven into the collective psyche. In 2020, we had already endured a massive 6.8 magnitude earthquake and the relentless aftershocks that followed.

In the opening five seconds of this new tremor, my mind instinctively sought refuge in familiarity, reasoning that it was just another distant echo or a minor release of pressure. But the earth refused to cooperate. The vibrations escalated, shifting from a localized rumble into a terrifying rhythmic heave that vibrated through the reinforced concrete walls of our apartment. My eyes snapped open to the immediate realization of mortality.

Through the darkness, the voices of my mother and father cut through the mechanical groans of the building, urgently calling for my brother and me to come to my room. Following the lessons of the 2020 disaster, we had systematically designated my bedroom as our family's tactical assembly point. It faced a wide street with an adjacent roadway. We had calculated that if the structural integrity of the building failed, this quadrant offered the highest probability of visibility and the most direct path of access for search and rescue operations. We had planned for the catastrophe, yet no amount of abstract preparation can condition the human spirit for the actual sensation of a building swaying like a pendulum above an abyss.

The first ten seconds were consumed by a hyper-rational assessment of our surroundings. I found myself staring at the ceiling, calculating the weight of the levels pressing down from above, wondering if rescue teams would see the street from here. But as the shaking deepened and its amplitude widened, this analytical detachment evaporated, replaced by a desperate internal monologue pleading for it to stop.

The auditory landscape of a major earthquake is something documentation rarely captures. The walls emitted a deep metallic screeching as the rebar twisted within the concrete.

Beneath these mechanical horrors lay the deeply human sounds of the crisis: my mother's continuous cycle of prayers, and the frantic thudding of footsteps accompanied by raw screams leaking through the walls from the communal stairwell. It was the sound of an entire community realizing at the exact same moment that the ground beneath them had turned fluid.

When the violent oscillation ceased with a sudden deceleration, the silence was heavy and tense. We moved instantly, propelled by a singular instinctual imperative to escape. We ran without looking back. In that moment, winter coats were luxury items we could not afford to spend seconds acquiring. The descent down the stairwell was a blurred sequence of kinetic panic; I carried my shoes in my hands while my bare feet struck the cold stone of the steps. The air was thick with fear.

Collective Resilience

When we finally burst through the threshold into the freezing night, we were greeted by a scene of total social displacement. The street was already choked with people who had poured out from every adjacent structure. The immediate terror of survival was mutating into the desperate hunger for information.

Among the crowd shivering in the darkness, my brother was the only one who had managed to retrieve his mobile phone. At 04:20 AM, mere minutes after the shaking stopped, we clustered around the small screen, our breath pluming in the freezing air as we scrolled through barren news feeds. The digital infrastructure was paralyzed. There were no headlines, no official casualty figures, and the media's silence only amplified the surrounding dread.

Because Elazığ is a tightly woven community, my family knew nearly everyone on our block. Gathered in a tight circle were the elderly sisters Sevim and Zehra, Sevim's son Murat with his wife and newborn daughter, and a young man named Ferit. Ferit had been staying as a guest on one of the upper floors of an older concrete structure. As we stood in the open air, he explained the sheer psychological pressure he had just survived, confessing he had been ready to jump from the upper story into the night. If Murat had not physically pulled him back, he would have thrown himself to the concrete. Like us, both Murat and Ferit had escaped completely barefoot. Sitting on

the cold pavement near us was an elderly widow clutching a small plastic bag with her daily medications. Looking at the towering apartments, she cried, "My husband worked his entire life in a factory just to buy that flat... If it is condemned, I will die in the streets."

When data finally trickled through the cellular networks, the reality was older and far more terrifying than we had imagined. The epicenter was Kahramanmaraş, roughly 322 kilometers to our west, with a catastrophic magnitude of 7.8. This realization brought a false sense of security; we reasoned that if the epicenter was over three hundred kilometers away, the worst of the energy had already passed. Exhausted by hours of freezing adrenaline, my family made the fateful decision to return to our apartment to rest. We lay down in our clothes, watching the slow disorganized stream of early morning reports, our eyes tracking every micro-movement of the light fixtures.

That sleep lasted only hours. At 13:24 PM, the earth broke its truce. A second independent earthquake of 7.6 magnitude struck with its epicenter in Elbistan. If the morning earthquake was a shock, the afternoon earthquake was an existential betrayal. For 45 seconds, the building shook with an unmitigated fury. Thousands who had returned to their homes were sent fleeing back into the streets. The screams that echoed through the afternoon air were different from the morning—they were sharper, laced with the profound despair of a people who realized that the rules of nature had been completely suspended.

Returning home was no longer an option. We joined the mass migration toward Kültür Park, where the municipal government had transformed a newly constructed cultural center into an emergency sanctuary. Inside, the complex socioeconomic stratifications that define urban life were instantly flattened. In the endless line for hot broth, wealthy property owners stood shoulder to shoulder with working-class laborers and marginalized families. Sitting on the floor nearby, I overheard a young Syrian refugee woman wrapped in a thin municipal blanket. I remember her whispering something like how they had run from the bombs because they thought the ground here was safe, but now the earth itself was trying to kill them.

Yet, it was within this dense concentration of human suffering that the park became an epicenter of profound grassroots solidarity. Recognizing that neighboring provinces had suffered far more apocalyptic destruction, families sleeping in the cultural center began returning to their properties at great personal risk to retrieve winter clothing, canned goods, and blankets for the southern

provinces. While standing in the soup line, I witnessed a young girl holding a worn unicorn plush toy tightly against her chest. She looked up at her mother, and I remember her asking something like if they could send her toy too, believing it would help the other children.

Systemic Collapse

This image of infinite empathy existed in a state of sickening tension with a parallel reality of profound exploitation. While a child offered her toy to comfort an unknown infant in Hatay, reports began to surface of looters invading the abandoned ruins of collapsed buildings.

Organized criminal elements intercepted humanitarian supply convoys, robbing aid trucks before they could reach isolated communities. Furthermore, it was revealed that certain humanitarian organizations engaged in the commercial sale of emergency tents rather than deploying them immediately to the freezing survivors.

In the absence of functional state coordination during the critical first forty-eight hours, the digital landscape of Twitter became the nation's emergency response system. From under the rubble, victims who still possessed functioning cellular connections pinned their exact geographical locations to the digital sphere. Strangers sitting thousands of miles away became remote rescue coordinators, directing volunteer field teams to specific locations at a speed that bypassed paralyzed bureaucracy.

Yet, this digital lifesaver was quickly choked. Citing the spread of disinformation, the central government implemented a strict bandwidth throttling protocol on Twitter. At the exact moment when thousands of buried citizens were using their remaining battery percentages to signal their survival, the platforms went silent. The cries for help were trapped behind a digital wall, leaving volunteer networks blind and deaf during the golden window for survival.

This logistical paralysis bore a heavy, tragic cost. Heavy earth-moving machinery and specialized thermal imaging teams failed to reach the deepest zones of destruction for days. In cities like Antakya and Adıyaman, families stood outside the ruins of their homes in total darkness, listening to the voices of their children fading beneath the concrete. The delayed arrival of aid ultimately caused the victimization of countless individuals who survived the initial collapse but succumbed to the freezing temperatures. Over 53,000 people died in Turkey alone, and over 160,000 buildings were destroyed or severely damaged. Bureaucrats who had signed off on faulty building permits

and facilitated widespread amnesty laws for illegal constructions largely avoided serious legal consequences.

More than three years have passed since those 110 seconds fractured our lives, yet the disaster did not truly end when the ground stopped moving. Recently, I spoke again with Murat and Ferit. Murat told me his family is still paralyzed by lingering terror, triggered by the slightest unexpected noise in their neighborhood. Ferit confessed that for almost a year following the disaster, he refused to sleep in an apartment building, staying exclusively at his aunt's single-story house because the psychological weight of vertical concrete was simply too heavy to bear.

I share this invisible burden. Even as I sit down to write this text far away from that geography, the distance of time and space collapses. The trauma is not a distant memory; it remains an active physical reflex. The earth may have settled, but we are all still trapped in those 110 seconds.

In the end, the devastation that began at 04:17 AM was a dual collapse: the physical failure of unreinforced pillars running parallel to the moral failure of delayed aid and institutional greed. Yet, if the disaster exposed the structural rot of our institutions, it also illuminated the profound resilience of the human spirit. The memory of the 2023 earthquake is permanently divided between the darkness of the system's failure and the blinding light of a small girl in an Elazığ soup line, willing to part with her only source of comfort to heal an unknown child.

leto V, številka 1, 2026

ARTEPAKT

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