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Wel -
come
to the
changes
issue

Changes.

Since the whole idea started as a school project, I never would've thought we would still be doing it by now and yet you are looking at the tenth issue of our magazine and 4 wonderful years of creating it. We are still committed to the same bases that we've set in the beginning - we are an online magazine that promotes and draws attention to all the good and valuable things in our life and environment. We try to present and introduce people with remarkable interests and innovative views of the world. And we live by the saying, that it is often necessary to look at life from another perspective.

In this time we've had more than 300 people involved and we've created more than 600 magazine pages, connecting people from Slovenia and also from other parts of the world who are willing to create and present themselves.

You can find us on our renewed website **newedgemagazine.com** where we've created an online platform for current and upcoming events, relevant interviews with innovative creatives and exclusive fashion and travel editorials. To keep you up to date and have content available online for you every day and **everywhere**.

The magazine itself has changed into a visual zine filled with beautiful editorials and essays on display for you to read and enjoy in the closest cafes at least once a year, because nothing beats the feeling and the smell of fresh print.



Thank you for
staying with us.

— Anja Korošec



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Jasna Rajnar Petrović
On passivity



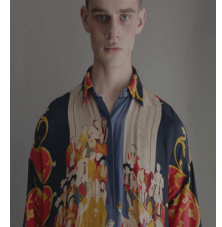
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If you dream it, you better not believe it



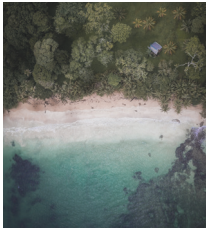
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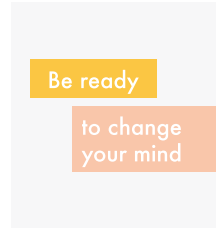
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Tamara Jenček

Jasna Rajnar Petrović



On passivity

Text, Photo: Jasna Rajnar Petrović

I've claimed one has to go travelling for a bit longer and experience living someplace else since my first stint outside Slovenia. Why, may you ask? Because I think it's the only way to see your country from the outside, objectively. You have something to compare it to. You get so many realisations that blow your mind away, it's dazzling. It's easy getting stuck in the same old rut as everybody else around you, grumbling and complaining about those bastards in power pocketing all that money, not doing anything good for us, how our health and education systems are in shambles, how our public transport looks and moves the same as it did a hundred years ago, I could go on. How other countries have it so much better than us. But do they, do they really? The first thing you realise when going out is: they think they have it the worst everywhere, even in the affluent Western countries such as, for example, Ireland.

You will now shake your head in disbelief and say to yourself; this woman is crazy, look at the paychecks and the standard up there, look at their economy, and then compare it to ours. I won't go into the details of how expensive their healthcare is or how much you have to pay to get an undergraduate degree (the fees for each year vary, anywhere from two to five thousand euro or more). I'll just give you an example that does not involve the economy, because not all things are about money. Until recently, an Irish girl or woman had to either buy pills online, with the fear of going to jail, or travel to another country to have an abortion. Yes, it was illegal since 1983, because the vast majority of the people decided that the life of the unborn is worth the same as the life of the mother, at a referendum. They wrote it in their constitution as the 8th amendment. The amendment that allowed abortion in the cases when the life of the mother was in serious danger was added in 2013, after one woman had to die of sepsis because they wouldn't perform the procedure. I repeat, this was five years ago.

The referendum on repealing that clause of the constitution was held at the end of May and I have been surrounded by the fierce campaign on both sides since my arrival here in March. All the polls were predicting a very tight outcome, but it turned out more than two thirds of the people who showed up to vote (a 64% turnout) voted to repeal, so to make abortion legal. They still need to decide on the actual legislation

about it, but people felt that the access to a safe procedure by professionals should be there for the women who need it, in their own country.

So why do I think this is important? Oh, it is in so many ways. I haven't given abortion almost a single thought in my entire life, until I came to Ireland. Because we've had it legal and accessible for so long. On the other side, there are no guarantees that this particular human right cannot be taken away from us – the backward movement is already happening in Poland, Croatia and influential politicians have been talking about restrictions on it in Slovenia as well. We have to be vigilant, and more importantly, we need to be able to wake up and fight for something before it's taken away from us. I'm saying this because we have been asleep, we have been passive as a nation, and particularly as a generation. I've seen so many students and young people here campaigning, organising lectures, debates, shouting, protesting, making posters, handing out leaflets and badges, that it amazes me to this day. No matter on which side they were on, they were talking about it constantly, they were active in any way they could, and THEY WENT TO VOTE. Yes, I capslocked it. They went to vote in droves, massively. People, mostly young, also flew back to Ireland for the single purpose of casting the vote, because they can't do it from abroad, another thing we have and don't appreciate. When I enthused to friends back home about how active the youth here is, they said it's easy to be active for such a basic human rights issue. Where was the young generation then, in the (two!) referendums about marriage equality? General turnout was the normal Slovenian kind of bad, and of course the percentage of youth in there was tiny.

I, again, have no answers about how to make this better. And I know this issue is supposed to be about changes, not passivity. What I'm suggesting is, as my friend Lena would neatly put it, to go out, see what's out there, and then come back home. So you can implement something good you've seen somewhere else. How else is anybody going to change anything? And who is going to do it if not us? It's definitely not going to happen if we keep sitting in our own little corner of the world, not getting our arses off the couch to do the tiny bit of democratic action afforded to us and always seeing our system as impenetrable and bleak. —

ALTERNATIVE

Denis Pucelj

IF YOU DREAM IT,
YOU BETTER NOT
BELIEVE IT

The talk on post-Soviet aesthetic is finally cooling down. The experiment which tried to put the focus of the fashion industry back on clothes backfired as fast fashion engulfed the subversive designs and sold them as fashion. No more rubbish on catwalks? Or better yet - no more dreaming of rubbish on runways?

The post-Soviet aesthetic is a vehicle of our dreams.

We anticipate a certain reality through the clothes associated with the post-Soviet label, we crave it, we imagine it and can't wait to feel ourselves as utterly cool.

Yet what started as the reinvention of the self in the field of mediatized fashion backfired and exposed who we really are - still in the helms of conspicuous consumption, trying to one up one another by showing how cool we are that we can read the irony in today's fashion. We forgot about being new - we satisfied ourselves by being provoked, put in front of the mirror, and become the product. Subcultures are long gone, Pete Tong, for as long as we cherish cynicism we can't let romanticism show us the way.

Can the post-Soviet aesthetic be considered anti-fashion? Sure, it is subversive. But how many times can we see PVC in high fashion before we disregard it as a way of minimizing costs? The jokes have become stale - it's time to throw the drawing board through the window and have a walk on the wild side. Not the one you see in fashion magazines. —

I'm going to be a painter or a writer or something very artistic like that.

I have a crush on my classmate and everyone knows about it.

I've never kissed a boy and when it finally happens it's going to be amazing. Like in the movies, you know?

My best friend and I are going to be in each other's lives forever and that's a fact.

Time is infinite and everything is possible.

I'm scared of the dark and I still sleep with my night light on.

I like travelling and I like long car rides and one day I'll move far away from here.

One day I'm going to get married to the love of my life.

During summer I cut my hair into a bob and I hate it so much and I'm not pretty, I've never been the pretty girl and I never will be.

I hate tomatoes.

If someone doesn't want to be my friend anymore it's my fault. There's something wrong with me because of that. There something wrong with me.

I like the stars. They make me calm.

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Maja Podojsteršek

I don't know what the fuck I'm going to do career-wise. It used to scare me but now it doesn't I guess.

I have a crush on someone and no one knows about it.

I don't really remember the first time I kissed a boy because I was blackout drunk when it happened.

I've so many close friends and I'm so humbled and happy that they're all in my life (I don't know where my best friend from grade school is).

Honestly if I don't make something out of myself by 25 it's over for me, for real.

I'm scared of dying and the thought of it gives me serious panic attacks.

I like travelling and I love long car rides and random road trips and one day I'll move someplace far from here for a while. I'll probably come back though, at one point.

One day I'm going to be very in love with someone and they'll love me back and we won't need a ring to establish that. We don't need to get married, it's all good.

I've gained some weight in the past month or so and you know what, I'm tired of giving a fuck about it because I look great.

Tomatoes are alright.

Sometimes people are going to leave. Sometimes I should fight for them. Sometimes it's my fault and I should own up to it. Sometimes I should just let them go.

I like the stars. They make me calm. —



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Models: Primož @Immortal Model Management, Anja S., Mia, Žan, Anja Z., Ana Lucija
Special thanks to Drama Ljubljana Costume Archive



Dress Barbara Vrbančič



Top and Shorts Estera Lovrec
Corset Eric Matyash





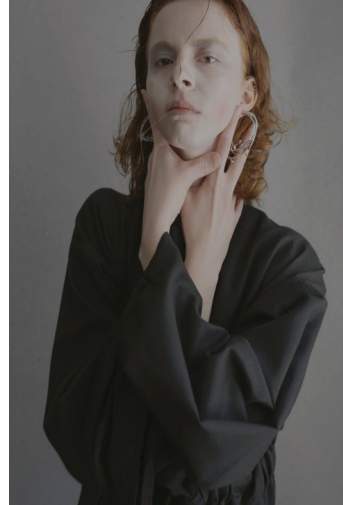
Dress Eric Matyash











Mia: Jumpsuit Barbara Vrbančič, Hat Eric Matyash, Anja S.: Dress Barbara Vrbančič, Ana Lucija: Dress Barbara Vrbančič, OfR Jewelry, Anja Z.: OfR Jewelry, Primož: OfR Jewelry

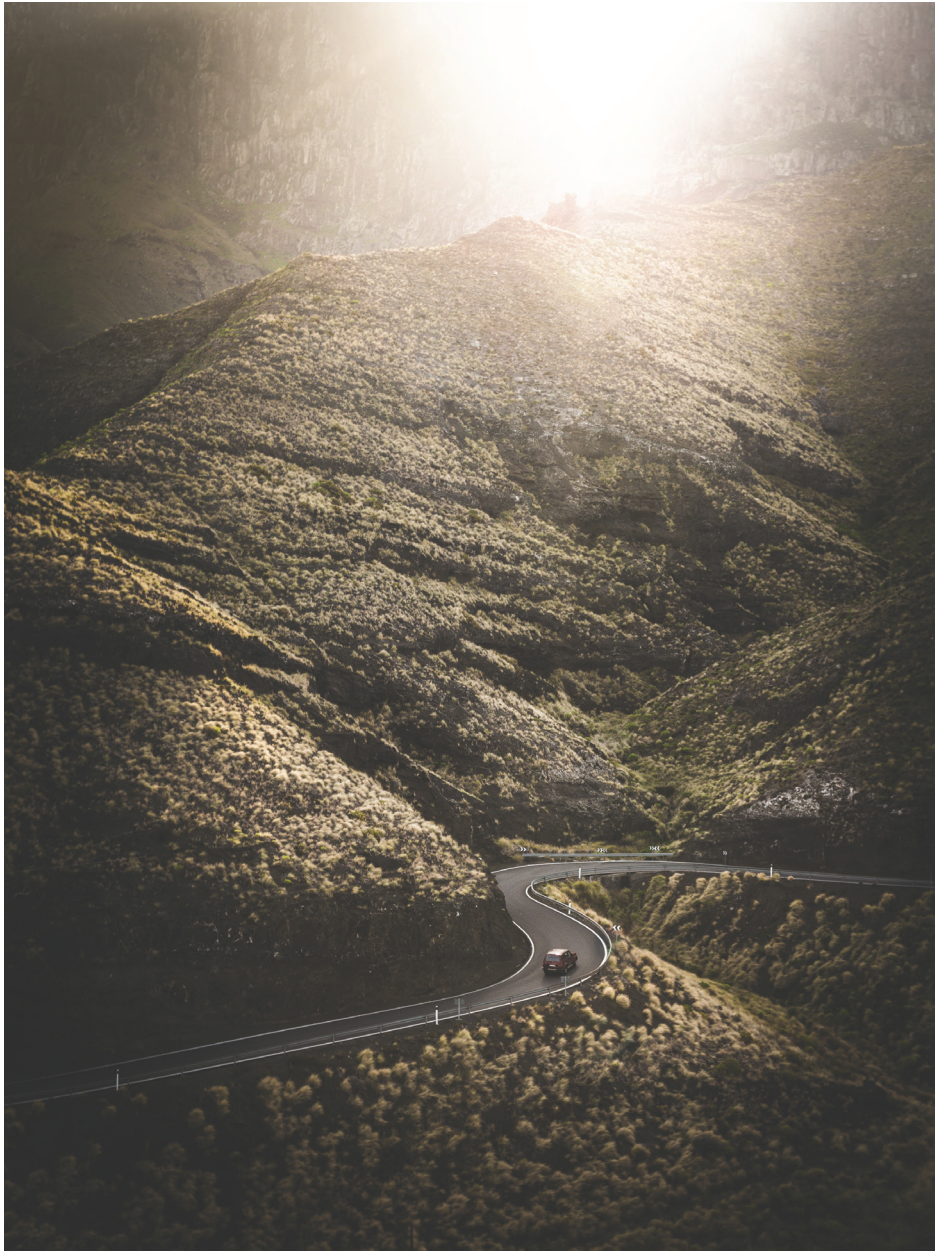


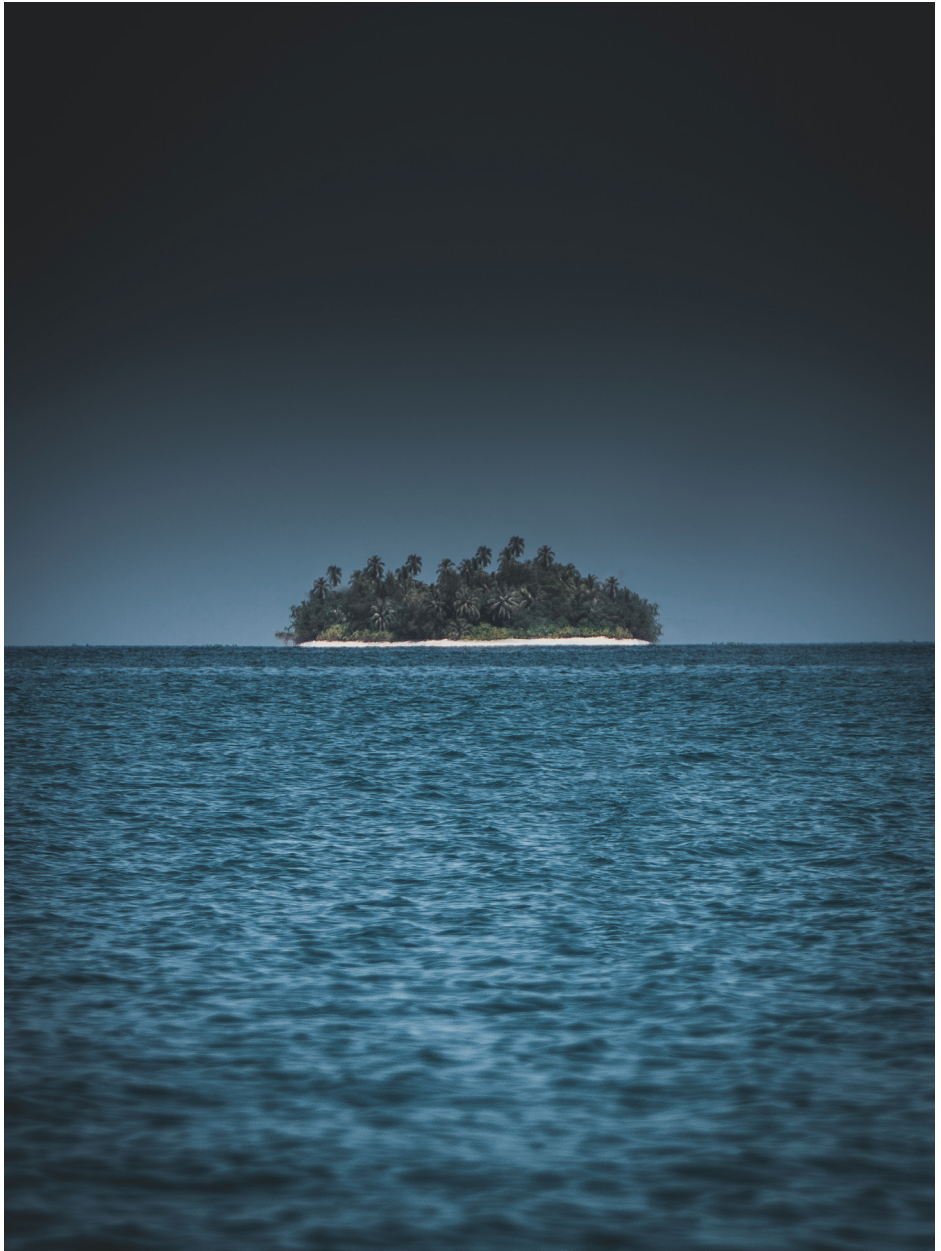
A step behind REALITY
Denis Čebulec













COLD CUTS

EDITORIAL BY FUGA
(Lara Zagor and Valerija Intihar)

Model Ana Frelih



This page: half-dress Sari Valenci, trousers Sari Valenci, shoes Monika Colja
Opposite page: half-dress Sari Valenci, top Monika Colja, robe FUGA



This page: shirt Cilka Sadar, overshirt Valerija Intihar, trousers Monika Colja
Opposite page: dress Ela Mejač, bag FUGA, sweater Lara Žagar







This page: top Klara Rešetič, dress Dominika Rozina, jacket Cilka Sadar, bag FUGA
Opposite page: hoodie FUGA, half-dress Klara Rešetič, trousers Cilka Sadar,
shoes Monika Colja, black and white robe Dominika Rozina



Opposite page: jacket Cilka Sadar, top Klara Rešetič, overalls Monika Colja, shoes Kaja Bakan





Adam into Madam

photography: Claudi Sovre Mikelj

models, headpieces and MUA: Alen and Robi Predanič

clothes: Jan Brovč & Natalija Lesjak















Vanja Žižić

Be ready

to change
your mind



Do you remember what was the last turning point that changed your view or mind of a certain thing? You do, right?

No matter what it was, a trip, an accident, a problem you had to solve, maybe just a slight change to the routine, it opened a different angle of seeing and blew your mind away.

Do you ever think about those moments? What encouraged you to choose the alternative or perhaps even the unknown? It leaves you wondering why these events are so significant that they get stuck in your mind. Switching directions - changing your current state of being, as you already figured out, is not an easy task yet an immensely important one.

We are all familiar with the feeling of being uncertain and being afraid of the unknown, a feeling when we just don't want to push it because it just isn't pleasant. But as everything in life understanding and accomplishing new challenging things requires listening, hearing and a healthy dose of "pushing it", trying to make sense of it. If we don't we will remain in doubt, forever not feeling safe enough in the overly traditional ideas of the world.

If we want to conquer the breadth of the world we must be ready to change our opinion and perhaps even more, have the freedom to change our mind. I stopped worrying about having a fully-fledged opinion on everything in my late 20s when existentialism kicked in

and I started taking the right to improve it. As a younger self I had a much more unwavering opinion about a lot of things like family, stereotypes, faith, even beauty. How little I knew then, close minded in my resolute opinions, rigid and not ready to adapt.

Of course, this doesn't mean I only chase the latest trends whenever something new comes along. I just don't deny myself the possibility that a new thing could affect my outlook on a certain topic.

The ability to reshape is encoded in our core being. The whole life cycle is one long evolutionary transformation to better adapt to the environment. Every time we listen and learn something new, our brain and train of thought rewire and we emerge stronger, more adapt for future encounters in our rapidly ever-changing society.

But I am not writing this to calm you down, to tell you it's OK not to have an opinion or a standpoint, since you are going to make alterations anyway. I write this to encourage you to be ready to shape your opinion and not stress about it.

In the end, the ones willing to change are the ones that are able to progress.

Tajda Hlačar

Can We

IMAGINE FASHION

without Changes?



Everyone wonders what the next fashion trend will be. Perhaps clothes with an animal print, colourful silk or T-shirts with the #MeToo sign? These are probably some of the main questions fashion enthusiasts who consider themselves 'fashionable' merely by being amongst the first wearing a product which is a new rising fashion trend have. If a fashion bible really did exist, guidelines on how to stay in vogue would suggest keeping up with the trend's changes. When thinking about how to be fashionable one of the main points that needs consideration is the differentiation between fashion and anti-fashion. The most known anti-fashion items are, for example, uniforms; meaning that a glance at a doctor suffices for determining his or her profession. What different uniforms represent is generally known, set and transparent.

If you think that wearing jeans and a T-shirt is regarded as fashionable, you are wrong. A T-shirt and jeans were in fashion when James Dean and Marlon Brando first wore them; but over the decades they have become a part of everybody's wardrobe and consequentially today they represent anti-fashion. The little black dress, designed by Coco Chanel, probably one of the most known items of clothing throughout history was a major change in 30s after the war time. Nowadays, every woman's wardrobe should include at least one little black dress and therefore it is no longer a 'part of fashion' but it represents anti-fashion. This, however, does not mean a person's style is out of fashion if he or she wears a T-shirt or jeans. As presented above, the word 'anti-fashion' does not imply not wearing the latest fashion trends since its meaning is beyond the bare distinction

between being 'fashionable' or 'not fashionable' and it should thus not be considered as the opposite of 'fashion'. The anti-fashion is settled, its code is mostly generally known and changes are not part of its core.

On the contrary, changes are immanent in fashion. New collections come into stores all over the world more than twenty times per year. Just step into a fast fashion brand store, take a look and then return in a few days. What you will see are changes – new items, new merchandising and also a new layout of already seen items. More changes, more new fashion items – the lure of all-embracing capitalism. This is why fashion is becoming one of the most important economic and social fields.

To elucidate even further, fashion exists on the grounds of paradox – on the changes that provide its stability. Interestingly, changes are not really welcome in the fashion system itself. The fashion system is somehow afraid of changes. Take a look at articles announcing the changes of creative directors of worldwide fashion brands – 'Where Will Kim Jones Take Dior Homme?', 'What We Lose When Phoebe Philo Leaves Céline?' or try to imagine the headlines of articles if Karl Lagerfeld were to leave Chanel. Every change in the fashion system, intended or not, undermines the stability of a brand. However, a consumer cannot imagine fashion without changes, since they are inherent in fashion. What will be new and what revived, remade and recycled? A change does not necessarily have to be something new, it merely has to be something different from the previous one. ■

Masha Mazi

The flight of my life



I used to live under the assumption that I'd never see a Third World War or a grey hair in my lifetime. As a rebellious 15-year-old, I religiously believed I'd jump off the Golden Gate Bridge at the age of 25. Things have changed since then, including myself. I've switched suicidal thoughts for spontaneous meditation sessions and getting lost in Eckhart Tolle's soothing flow of words.

I oscillated between seasons of hollowness, imbued with suffocating void and between dynamically switching among a million personalities. My life was the Faceless Man and I was Arya Stark gone astray. It took me years to realize I should take pride in my personal transmutation rather than regret the burdening choices of my past self. And that at its core, change solely embodies self-growth, a vital aspect of finite life.

As I'm writing this, my plane is taking off from a far-off country I'd have never imagined I'd ever go to. The other passengers have already gone through the selection of the movies available with me setting myself on Black Panther. However my mind keeps drifting aimlessly. My insides feel feverish with reminiscence, a state akin to déjà vu. I close my eyes, heavy with a lack of sleep, fix my earphones and let the carefully composed beats and melodies gently lead me into the realm of self-reflection.

What I see first is a naive little girl envisioning her life as a princess while dragging chalks of a thousand colors across a freshly painted facade. I was so incomprehensibly happy. My dad was not.

The emotional pain of growing up I felt at the age of 14 still aches inside my once cut-open wrists. I run my finger down them and feel the shrunk scars which I'd inflicted upon myself. Back then I pined for reconciliation or reciprocation or anything that would bring me release. Funny, how the people surrounding me today will never get to see that version of myself. It's probably better that way.

Being 18 felt like living the reckless life of Skins characters, pulling off school while not being

sure how I got home the day before. At 22 all I saw was career, to the point where I changed my beloved sweatpants for a boujee business attire and high heels. My friends hadn't recognised me when I'd walked past them, tiptoeing on unstable grounds. I ached to reach out, scream for help, ask for guidance, but the expectations of society had reprogrammed my vocal chords to the point where you could only hear me say "I'm doing great!" I was on the ever-glorified path most people firmly believe is ideal. Get a mundane 9-5 job, start a family with an average car, an adequate partner, a loyal dog, a loan and hopefully buy a house. Good path for some, just not the right one for me.

When I quit, I dyed my hair dark, washed off my phony visage and took a month off before going to the seaside. It must have been the dreamy mediterranean sunsets, influence of Porto in my bloodstream and falling asleep to fado from the bar next door that gave me the courage to embrace my metamorphosis, including the will to find myself again.

How far I've come. I am not even 24 and I'm coming back home to tell my parents I've landed my dream job. For the moment, at least. Because, you know, just like people dreams too can change. Perspectives shift. I used to feel cursed by my past and the inability to control the turbulent flow of life. How much time do I have left to form my ultimate self? How much longer before I turn spiritless and dull, only to ridicule what will be the youth of tomorrow? But no more. I feel like on this trip I've emancipated myself from uncertainty and stopped feeling obliged to care about how the world sees me.

Touchdown in Ljubljana. I can't believe how much things have changed in a month. The trees are bursting with emerald green, nature bathing in colors of rainbows, the sky is heavenly blue. We get off. The air smells of growth. I embrace the nuances and let go of all the burdens that have brought me so far. A brand new realization flows over me: change is the only thing I've ever known, everything else has changed. For the first time I am truthfully ready to make peace with what has shaped me. —

until
next
time ...

www.newedgemagazine.com

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