



NEW
EDGE

ISSUE

XII

2019

XII / NEW EDGE / SEPTEMBER 2019

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ISSN 2670-5710

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Luka Grčar @lukakluka

The cover was created as my view on social media and social network life. How it falsely depicts everyday life. Many times images are 'staged' by Instagram models and lean towards visual perfection in order to display a lavish lifestyle. They directly state that happiness in life is measured in material goods and visual appearance.

WE ARE CELEBRATING FIVE YEARS!

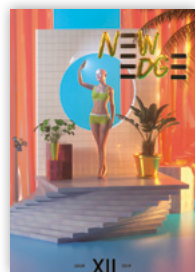
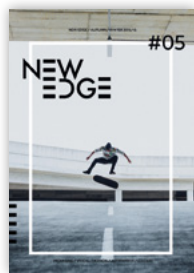


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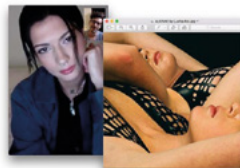
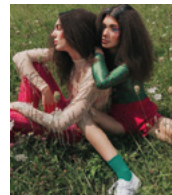
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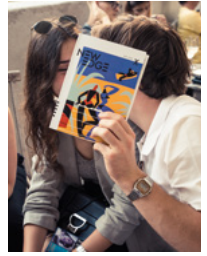
210,639
IMPRESSIONS







EVENTS





Anže Ermenc
Fashion Director

“What does New Edge mean to me?
 I mean... everything. It's how it all started, it's how I developed my work and how I became the person I am today. We had no idea at the beginning, but we learned, evolved and overcame the big and small problems. And nowadays, it allows me to work with the next generation of creatives, mentor them and give them a platform and a voice. Which is my favourite part of it all.”



Maja Podojsteršek
Content Director

“New Edge is a milestone. Four years ago I ran into Anže on the street when he was returning some clothes he'd borrowed for a New Edge editorial. New Edge is the reason why I believe that something in the Universe aligns once in a while, at just the right moment and just the right place. It gives me an opportunity to do what I love without limits and restraints. It allows me to meet new people, to share their stories and to share my own. It taps into my creative side in the best possible way. It's allowed me to grow both as a person and as a creative and I'm forever grateful and humbled that I was given the opportunity to create something as special, unique and important as New Edge Magazine. Cheers to five years and to five + five x infinity more to come!”



Photo: Rok Vrečer

Jasna Rajnar Petrović
Writer

“I dropped into collaborating with this amazing magazine completely out of the blue, not really knowing anything about fashion. But fashion as a term can include lots of different things, the entirety of how we go about living our lives and I think the editors realise that very well because they're excellent at giving us writers the freedom to write about absolutely anything. I'm extremely grateful for this because it both inspires and challenges me, so to many more years of New Edge!”



Tajda Hlačar
Writer

“Joining New Edge two years ago was an overnight decision that turned out to be a great opportunity to get to know myself better. Writing columns has given me an opportunity to express my sometimes hard-ass thoughts and has made me become a number one fan of the RuPaul's Drag Race because of the interesting people I've met.”



Photo: Luka Smuk

Denis Pucelj
Content Manager

“New Edge is a clever way of taking a topic, looking at it from different points of view, absorbing different voices and, in the end, understanding but also feeling the answers in all their complexities. It is the 2020 way of thinking.”



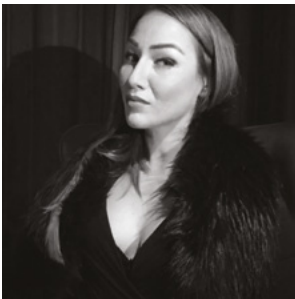
Mia Janežič
Writer

“It’s been a bit over a year since I saw an Instagram post that said; “We’re recruiting new creators” and responding to that was one of my proudest decisions. So, this relationship is still quite fresh, but I think it will always feel like that, because when you put words onto a page it can’t become the same-old-same-old, because it’s always something new; an event or experience, or another perspective. This magazine truly is a place where many creative minds come together, and being a part of it gives another home to my thoughts, for which I will be forever grateful.”



Masha Mazi
Writer

“To me, New Edge is like a diary I should be writing but fail to. It’s the artistic outlet where I meet fellow creatives by simply turning pages. It’s a community that unconditionally supports its fans, gives us space to grow freely, encourages us to discover what’s beyond the conventional edges. This beautifully curated medium enriches us and keeps us inspired from day to day, even long after we’ve put the mag down. I’m utterly proud to be a part of such a culture of impact and forever grateful for being able to express myself alongside aspiring individuals.”



Agnes Morimorski
Writer

“New Edge magazine has been thriving and continuously expanding consistently for the last five years since its conception. With its international presence it bridges the gaps between multiple worlds to capture a glimpse into the current cultural ambiance. Ever since I started working with them, I’ve loved their warm heart-felt approach which is always in touch with reality and the sometimes raw processes of emerging and established creative practices. An exciting combination of contributors from various backgrounds make New Edge an always pleasant read, and I can’t wait to see it thrive further in the future!”

HAPPY!

Woah, time flies when you are having fun. We have been together for half a decade now and here we are presenting you the twelfth and 5th birthday issue.

Since September 2014 when New Edge was created as my graduation project a lot has changed. Because the project was so well received by all of you, I'd decided to assemble a team of creative people in order to keep publishing new editions every year.

It would all be impossible to do without my amazing co-workers. Anže Ermenc is our Fashion Director and in charge of all the editorials as well as creating a series of interviews 'AWAY' where he explores why young Slovenian creatives are moving away.

And Maja Podojsteršek who as Content Director is taking care of the variability of content and our priceless writer as well as working as an art director.

And there have been plenty others, writers, photographers, creatives, who have contributed in their own special way, and I couldn't be happier!

I am deeply thankful for all the people that joined us on this journey and made the whole experience unforgettable.

We have been working hard for five amazing and challenging years now and our aim is to improve our content and expand our platform. During this time, we've worked with over 400 people and you have browsed our magazine and web page more than 25,000 times. Thank you.

Our project was recently recognised by "University of Ljubljana Rector Award for the Best Innovation" award where we were announced among 8 finalists. Yaaay :)

I am so happy that we are an important platform for young people, which enables creativity without any restrictions and promotes creativity and connecting. And that through us you have a chance to be recognised and show your work.



Photo: Anika Klirner

Thank you for
staying with us.

— Anja Korošec

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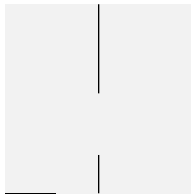
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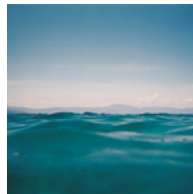
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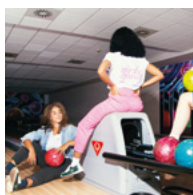
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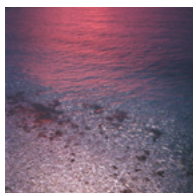
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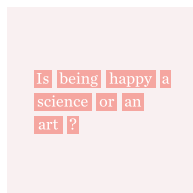
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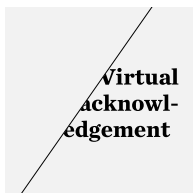
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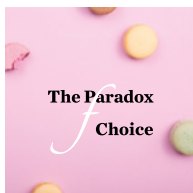
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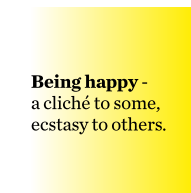
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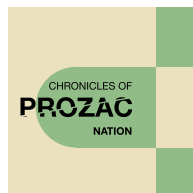
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ALTERNATIVE

Maja Podojsteršek

Vincent



There's a poster of Vincent's sunflowers painting hanging in the staircase of our home. I remember being thirteen and happiness was merely a concept back then, something so far out of reach I couldn't quite grasp the full meaning behind it. My back hurt as I slowly wandered along the walls looking up at the framed works of this guy who'd cut off his ear. Vincent ate yellow paint because he thought it would cure his sadness. Ingesting what he thought was happiness materialised. And then he shot himself, or so they say.

Everyone has their own perception of happiness; we all find happiness in different places. For my dude Vincent it was eating yellow paint even though people saw it as complete and utter madness. I reached my twenties and stumbled upon the epic highs and lows of what is commonly known as an existential crisis. If at thirteen happiness was a concept barely understood, at twenty-something I fully knew what it meant, and I was trying to hold on to it for dear life just so I could escape the epic lows. In November of 2015 I had my first panic attack. My chest was so tight, and I couldn't breathe normally for several days. The ER was a mess of people murmuring, people moaning in pain, people talking in hushed voices; it smelled like polished floor and disinfectant, it smelled wrong and my chest was tight. They took me in, and I explained how I felt, there's pain around my ribcage, it's like something is squeezing more and more with each breath I take, like the garbage compactor in Episode IV. After forever and a while more, my first ever ECG, an x-ray of my lungs and an ultrasound, finally: "Your lungs are okay. You're okay. Have you ever had a panic attack before? We think this might be it. And your body cramped up. You need to relax and go out, maybe do some charity work. Maybe helping people who actually have it bad in their lives will help you realize that you're fine. You're too young to be this stressed."

Here's what makes Vincent so relatable to our generation. The majority of our peers struggle with mental illness and whilst it only sometimes crosses the threshold of madness, it's a taboo topic. Anxiety and depression and panic attacks are frowned upon. Thou shan't speak of it! We're too young to be this stressed, too privileged to feel this sad. To feel the way we feel. We need to relax. It's not okay to feel these things, it's not okay to worry about the things we worry about, the things that trigger us. Well excuse me, Karen, but it's hard out there for an

average millennial struggling to find something they're good at whilst simultaneously trying to maintain a social life, be good at college and wait, are you not having fun yet? Please hold while we dramatically stare out of bus windows and feel sad. The truth is we're all battling our own demons and while we're one by one slowly starting to talk about it, the fact that these things haunt us and life is but short and temporary and that's scary, it's still something that is frowned upon and misunderstood because how dare you feel these things when there's a roof over your head and you're alive and physically okay? Wasn't Vince, in the end, just misunderstood even when he took actions to help his mental illness?

The other thing that makes Vincent relatable is we're all searching for our own bucket of yellow paint, our source of happiness. And once we find it we hold on to it, mine, mine, keep the vultures away, and we have to restrain ourselves from devouring it all at once even though it would be oh so delicious to feel that happiness hitting us like a train on a track. We disperse it. Because here's the thing about happiness, it isn't supposed to be a constant. A constant is the state in which everything levels out into content whereas happiness and sadness in their purest form are just highs and lows that keep us moving. Being permanently stuck in that constant state of content would be too boring and we need the spikes and dips to feel alive. Because feeling something, anything, means we're truly here, truly present, truly ourselves. And you need to feel sad in order to know what happy looks like. You need the grey paint in order to recognize the yellow. Which means there's nothing wrong, no matter what anyone tells you, with feeling a certain way sometimes and it is absolutely right that you talk about it if you need to. You'll find that people are going through or have gone through similar things and that you're not alone, nor are you too young or too privileged to be feeling these things.

Vincent didn't actually eat yellow paint because he thought it would make him happy, he was hoping to die of it. Or maybe he was hoping to die of joy but either way the yellow paint makes for a beautiful metaphor for happiness. Normalize being sad, let yourselves feel all the feelings and talk about them. But also this: find your bucket of yellow paint (a source of happiness in this case) and splash it all around. Let yourself feel that too. —

ALTERNATIVE

**Hug your
moments**

Jasna Rajnar Petrović

Happy, to me, has become a morbid word. What I see in my mind when I come across it is a face with a forced fake smile, a very slight frown and panic hiding in the eyes, all of it screaming 'save me from this pretence, I'm miserable!'. I think we've all got our eyes and ears full of this duplicitous message society's sending us: on one hand, we should constantly strive for happiness that's portrayed in every ad ever, and recently in different books and articles, that we're driving ourselves crazy trying to achieve this elusive state.

The thing is, life is an undulating curve of good and bad periods. When diagnosed with Bipolar disorder you learn that your curve just has higher and lower spikes called mania and depression, so your life can be extra hyper or extra shitty. In the life of a Bipolar person, heaven is achieving the state of Euthymia. Wikipedia describes it as "a normal, tranquil mental state or mood. It is often used to describe a stable mental state or mood that is neither manic nor is it depressive yet is distinguishable from healthy controls." Also, according to the Roman philosopher Seneca, euthymia means a state of internal calm and contentment (more Wikipedia wisdom).

Not nearly enough is said about calm and contentment. For the modern human, mostly in a rush to attain the next life goal and achieve happiness, good is not enough. It has to be great, excellent, amazing, superb, class, the bomb - it has to be described in superlatives. Usually these superlatives happen for really short periods of time and that's why we constantly strive for more and more, using all kinds of helpers to attain it. We drove ourselves so far with it that the different narratives promoting slower lifestyles, appreciation of the moment, and several (mostly Eastern) practices to calm us down - from yoga to meditation, mindfulness and others - have become more known and widespread.

What I found out for myself is not to force myself to appreciate every single moment because I know I can't do that. There will

always be times when I'll be worried, frustrated, cranky, sad, apathetic or angry. That's why my rendition of the popular saying 'Don't worry, be happy' would be 'You'll worry in any case, but it mostly passes and better feelings come along'. And when a better feeling or moment comes along, I recognise it in all its beauty and I smile to myself, feeling very content. I try to "Freeze the moment, seize it, own it"* wallow in it as long as it lasts and hug it tight. Also, there aren't only moments, there are also moods I like and appreciate a lot and I don't even try to understand why, where and when they appear. Mischievous, ridiculous, giddy, all-over-the-place crazy, excited, inspired, wonder, fulfilled by an experience - these are my favourite ones.

When the breeze in the trees is perfectly aligned with the full moon in the sky, the feeling of complete freedom during summer night bicycle rides with friends, unstoppable laughter attacks that hurt your stomach, the first green in spring, jumping into your favourite spot by the river and freezing your brain in the cold water, eating the first ripe peach from your garden, taking in a particularly beautiful view wholly, meeting and getting to know kindred spirits, the giddiness of completing a task with your own two hands which will serve a purpose that is close to your heart, **PETTING BABY ANIMALS OF ANY KIND!**

All these are just some of my own treasured moments from the past couple of months. If you close your eyes and think hard enough, you'll realise you had a bunch of your own. Miraculously, you'll find that they aren't so few and far in between, they happen all the time. Hug them close and tight when they do. (And if you're suffering from any kind of mental illness and cannot hug your moments right now: the hard times WILL pass and then you can wallow in your own version of 'Euthymia' and hug your moments again)

**Lyric in the song Moments by Jhené Aiko and Big Sean —*

Agnes Momirski

Human Happiness Augmented

The technological future promises unprecedented human flourishing. Currently, the large emotional and spiritual experience economy is fueling a growing wellness paradigm while millennials actively reshape the future of consumption by investing in leisure and health. Positive psychology* (applied approach to optimal human flourishing) is informing design thinking globally, bringing digital experiences which are deeply human-centered. There seems to be a glamorous promise of human happiness in the not-so-far future.

As humanity advances, human enhancement is the frontier of cultural developments. Mindfulness and spiritual practices are multiplying globally. The attunement into the inner dimensions brings a cultural shift in priorities and values - replacing the need for linear achievement with the desire for happiness and harmonious interaction. Our emotional lives become the first priority, which informs the philosophies that deal with the next stage of human evolution (trans-/post-/humanism). Human enhancement or augmentation, seeks to

enhance our emotional lives and maximize our potential, proposing a complete overhaul of the human being so that we might live longer, enjoy greater cognitive abilities and experience more happiness. This is achieved with the use pharmacological, technological and biological means, to extend ourselves beyond our human limitations as we know them. The dissolution of boundaries between technology and humans, is expanding the understanding of human psychological and inner spiritual dimensions.

“Mindfulness and connect with the greater consciousness will be the only tools to outsmart machines. The practice of mindfulness will not just be an option but a survival imperative.” (1.)

Certainly, human enhancement will augment, scale up and expose a realm of human motivations related to inner spiritual dimensions of human existence. This is a process of engineering a new humanity - an Augmented humanity***. This is a process of augmenting what is truly human - the emotional, spiritual and creative processes. By scaling up human cognitive, perceptual and emotional capacities, an augmented human has savant-like skills and enhanced perceptions, experiencing new sensory dimensions of hearing, speaking and feeling. As we augment the inner desire for happiness, mindfulness and spiritual practices become a prerequisite for the future of human flourishing.

“Proponents of positive psychology view flourishing as a core good denoted by the term

happiness, which is defined as a pleasant, engaged and meaningful life. ... Happiness is a spiritual experience of living where individuals live ever-moment from a higher-order place of love, grace and gratitude.” (2.)

Happiness is one of most intrinsic human motivations, despite the fact that the meaning of being happy is often unclear. In accordance with posthumanist ideals, which advocate for a deeper understanding of the world and enhancing cognitive and physical abilities, happiness and wellbeing are achieved by reshaping and reengineering our psyches and bodies. Will we be able to engineer a state of unconditional happiness, and a new spiritual awakening in the techno-future?

The techno-future of human flourishing promises the end of demonising our humanity, allowing for scaling up our compassion, happiness and empathic awareness. This is where we are no longer concerned with linear achievement and standards others have set for us. The untempered lust for results, achievements and competitive drive is replaced by a deep awareness of the eternal nature within. In this unconditional state of being we stop measuring success by productivity and consider happiness as the highest value for global success. We redefine how we give our time and global contribution value. This will be a world where attunement with deep inner nature becomes the new moral and ethical code, aware people the new standard and where spirituality is freed from oppressive, dogmatic and limiting belief systems.

—

Sources:

4 steps to prepare for augmented humanity and the new world of work, Rowan Tonkin, 15.11.2018; from <https://www.insidehr.com.au/4-steps-augmented-humanity-world-of-work/>
 Kurzweil, Ray. *The Age of Spiritual Machines: When Computers Exceed Human Intelligence*. New York: Viking, 1999. Print.
 Miner, M., Dowson, M., & Devenish, S. (2012). *Beyond well-being: Spirituality and human flourishing*. Charlotte, N.C: Information Age Publishing, Inc.

* “Positive Psychology is the scientific study of human flourishing, and an applied approach to optimal functioning. It has also been defined as the study of the strengths and virtues that enable individuals, communities, and organisations to thrive.” Source: Positive Psychology Institute.

** “Augmented Humanity”, is a phrase that was coined in 2010 by ex-Google CEO Eric Schmidt. Augmentation of the human being is achieved through pharmacological methods, genetic engineering, tools for cognition and bodily enhancement, and the use of any other technology to both aid, and replace, and augment human capability.

ALTERNATIVE

Neja Činkole

Micro doses of happiness

Photo: Magnolia Neya

Finding happiness is similar to the Finding Nemo movie. It starts with a simple plot that takes you on a turbulent, but also exciting journey, going from a feeling of total despair to the ultimate climax that resolves into a very satisfying end. Then you start again, since nothing lasts and besides we indeed have a need to climb that Maslow's pyramid up and down probably until death due us part.

Asking yourself which journey to take next to achieve that happy peak has probably been a daily crunch for many of us. Not to mention dark spirals forcing us to lose our way. A question within this question is often how quick I can reach it. Sometimes it needs time and patience, other times it quickly comes to a very simple solution. And while the latter can no doubt be a bite of your favourite dessert, it can also be a skyrocket into a fuzzy, colourful land.

Let's be real, I'm not talking about some new futuristic type of traveling, but an essence of Your Highness. If you have ever tried at least one drug once (or as the "cool" privileged kids are doing it these days: tried them all at once), then you know what I'm talking about. Recreational drugs such as alcohol (yeah, it's a drug), weed, MDMA, cocaine - and the list goes on - have become a popular shortcut to feeling elevated, relaxed or - whatever adjective you want to insert here - to reach that big H. Even though it's pretty tempting to delve into this topic, I won't reveal magical trip stories, nor will I preach about responsible use at this point.

What interests me more is another shortcut. Microdosing of psychedelics, most commonly *lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD)* and psilocybin mushrooms. For LSD its powerful effects to alter our mood and cognition were not known until 1943, when its inventor Albert Hoffmann "accidentally" ingested trace amounts and tripped hard for what later became known as the Bicycle Day. This set psychedelics on the promising two-decades long journey of numerous treatments for mood disorders that (unfortunately) ended

up with restrictive regulations in the 70s.

Yet a new wave of microdosing on *mind manifesting* came in 2011 with *The Psychedelic Explorer's Guide* by psychologist and researcher James Fadiman introducing the practice into popular culture and setting out appropriate doses (10 micrograms of LSD every three days) with first-hand reports. Ever since, numerous individuals from Silicon Valley's creatives to home staying moms have been sharing their profound, sometimes life-changing experiences. Microgram doses of LSD and mushrooms supposedly helped them to find their happy spot, whether it was a way out of the dark depths of depression, reconnecting to their creative, emphatic and light-hearted-self and/or boosting productivity with improved concentration and overall focus on the positive. Setting aside that the true impact has been hard to prove, mainly due to legal restriction and potential placebo effect, it is indeed one way of shortcutting to self-actualization.

This brings me to my personal view of applying microdosing practice as a necessity to stay content in our human existence. By that I don't necessarily mean drugs. It actually goes way beyond that. When you are aware of you in your body, how to take care of it and what it needs to be comfortable, then you can unlock your ability to be present and to embrace all the beauty and light in your surroundings. And right there, in the shimmering light on the wall, upbeat rhythm of the song and a warm look in the eyes of another person, are all micro doses that you need. So, as my dear friend E. would say, how can it be even better? —

Denis Pucelj

Marie Kondo,

I'm happier

without you

in my closet.



I have spent a few Summer days wandering the Internet, checking out the big sales, scouring the fashion pieces which haven't fulfilled their marketing goals and can, by a big discount, land in my closet. As per usual, I like to wait for the final days of sales and not just because of the extra discounts. It is then that you see the special fashion pieces, the ones that are designers' pets and had kept them up at night, mesmerized in their love for what they do.

These items defy logic - they are past their expiration date by influencer standards or they are simply too outlandish for what, one presumes, is a practical, utilitarian wardrobe. They scream for attention, but what is more important, they speak to that fashion kid deep inside and his first love for all things creative in the fashion industry.

It is with this state of mind, in the blistering Barcelona heat of 39 degrees, that I have found them - the J.W.Anderson Glitter Converse 70's Chuck sneakers made, of course, out of glitter and as if that wouldn't be enough, the shoes come in a bold color trio of red, yellow and blue. And oh so shiny! And 70 % off! The usual questions popped into my head. What can I wear them with? Where can I wear them to? Are they too much? Are these shoes ironically too much? And who exactly is this person who is asking these questions?

And then I recognized her - it was Ms. Marie Kondo. The smart lady who has built an empire on creating innovative ways of folding your t-shirts and organizing your closet. Her big thing: decluttering and throwing away anything that does not, as she says, spark joy. But what exactly is that joy? For her, it holds a sentimental memory of past experiences, of a version of you that has brought you to the version of who you are today. Throw it away, she says, anything that does not bring you joy, as joy has to be (in her words) built on the past. Meaning you are only as good as you remember your old self to be, constantly in dialogue with past versions of yourself. But what is fashion if not a big question mark that makes you move forward? It is the vehicle that mediates all the personas of you and puts a neat glittery ribbon around it and says - here you are,

you in fashion, representing yourself in your time and space.

And this is where I put up a big "Stay out of my closet" sign for all the Kondos out there. Is being happy through fashion a fickle conditioned sparkle or a genuine feeling? Joy is always best when it arises all of a sudden, without much thought, comprehension and with as little puritanism spirit as possible. Joy is a condition, one that the fashion industry fulfills and in which the Kondos take the role as regulators of taste and utility. But forget them all - joy is not only something that has a foundation in the past experiences or something that one says you should feel and tells you all the ways you should feel them. Joy is a promise to yourself, of getting out there and having fun with your fashion choices. It is saying: "I don't know, but I like it!" without overthinking it. It is accepting the little fashion kid in you and going for those shiny sneakers as they do bring you joy, even though you still don't know how to wear them. Joy is a state of mind, a bricolage, a clockwork that clicks at just the right moment. Joy is the result of finding answers and surprises along the way of creating your style. And you can rest assured there will be some purchases that will never find their way into your style. But the crazy ones that do, oh, they make it all worthwhile. This kind of thinking refuses fashion to be seen as fickle sparkle, which, when you boil it down, comes to a puritan style of thinking which then puts forward an old fashioned idea of the fashion utilitarian aesthetic.

I bought the glitter shoes and, as of right now, still have no idea what to wear them with or if they are rainproof. But you can bet I am happy. —



Girls Girls Girls









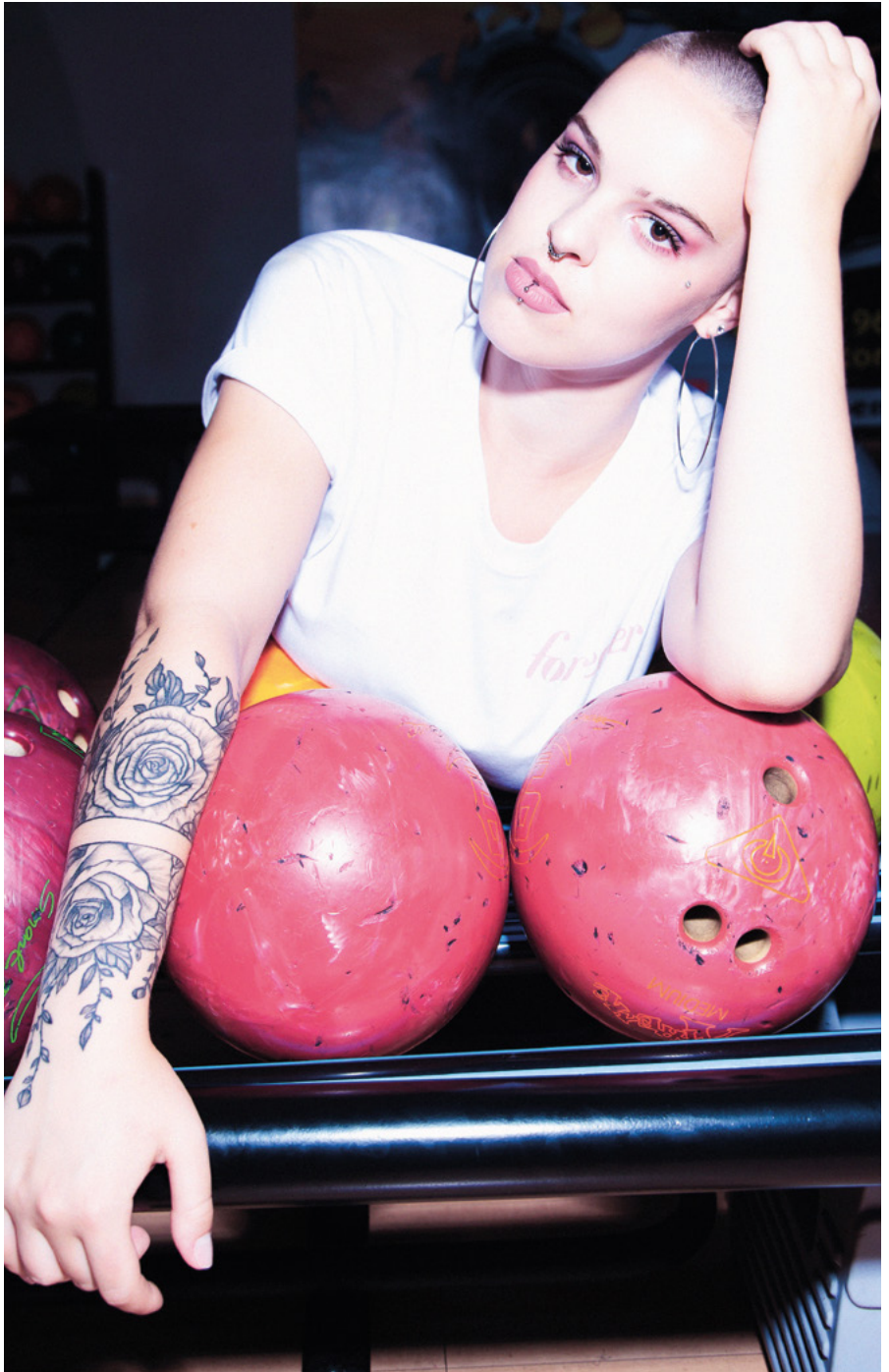




Photo: Urška Pečnik

Styling and Direction: Estera Lovrec

MUA: Nina Potočnik

Hair: SaON/OFF

Models: Nicolle Taveras Garcia, Teja Vrbnjak Erbežnik, Noka Žujo and
Nataša Mernik (part of I Am All (Wo)men body positivity project)

Inspired by: Girls Gang by Pirate Piška

Special thanks: Bowling Center Spider

Clothing and Accessories: Pirate Piška, Pulz Second Hand, Anselma, Lena,
Fuga and models own, Shoes: Bowling Center Spider and Deuchmann





I'VE MISSED YOU

Frame by frame animation by Jovana Đukić.

Based on a story by Alenka Drobnyak.

Project was part of an internship in in60seconds studio.















GARNIRLANDIA BY GARNIR 2





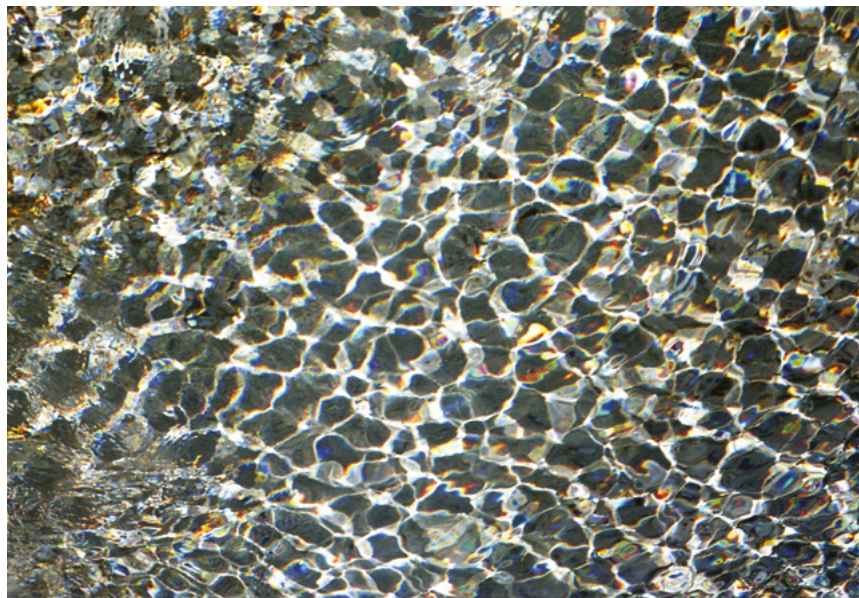








Holding space for feelings



Concept and photography
Magnolia Neza ©magnolia.neza











During endless wanderings, questions about the belonging, heart breaks and the fear of future arise. Analog camera plays the compassionate companion as well as the weapon of light to find ease and happiness in nature's fragments. Being present opens up the space for feelings that holds together the pure human existence in this world.

@magnolia.neya

NO ME IMPORTA

Photography: Manca Kocijančič

Make-up: Tinkara Ručman

Styling & Creative Direction: Maja Podojsteršek

Models: Kristina Eržen, Lana Eržen, Mateja Škraba, Nika Sretenović, Zala Metlika

Assistants: Lena Miličević (hand model), Lara Lukšič

Designs: Eva Jež, Ela Mejač and Ema Uršič, Perú Studio, BISTAN (as featured in Extraordinary. shop, Novi trg 6, Ljubljana)



tops by Perú Studio, jeans and shoes models' own



Mateja wears BISTAN dress from Extraordinary. shop



Zala wears BISTAN dress from Extraordinary. shop



Lana wears BISTAN dress from Extraordinary. shop



Kristina wears top by Eva Jež



Nika wears top by Ela Mejač and Ema Uršič

SKATEPARK
FUZZONE



tops by Perú Studio, jeans and shoes models' own

ALTERNATIVE

Petja Podlipnik

Platform
No. 3

Hey you!

Right now, you're about to turn 17 years old and your sweet 16 will leave and the next thing you'll know is everyone (but for real, everyone) referencing ABBA to you. And then you'll hear something that goes a little bit along the lines of this: "Oh my God! Next year you'll be 18 and then you can get a driver's license and drive anywhere you want!"

Yeah well, sort of. At some point, you definitely will.

A couple of days after your birthday, you'll go to New York and you really will have the time of your life. You'll buy your first pair of hipster jeans and you'll see your first original Van Gogh painting.

All these things sound great right?

Yeah well, if only you'd be happy. For the slightest moment, you will be. You will live in the fantasy world, where you're a college student at NYU and the reality you'll have to face sooner or later is 6,794,834 kilometres away.

A couple of days later, you'll find yourself sitting at a train station in the middle of nowhere, with two boys you've met two days ago and with the biggest reality check of your life (so far). For the first couple of minutes you'll all sit in silence, watching a paper bag being carried by the wind along the tracks and the only thing you'll hear is birds singing and occasionally someone driving by on an old motorbike and you'll watch him disappear long after the sound of that rusty motor is gone. Then one of the guys will start playing Don Mclean's song Vincent and it will pull you right back into the fantasy world you'd spent two weeks creating. When asked to talk about yourself and to say something, your jaw will drop and you'll stay speechless. The only thing you'll be able to say is that you're lost and that just sitting here is the most present you've felt for the past year. You won't see yourself as a stranger anymore and you will

be able to feel the air filling up your lungs and your heart starting to beat and right then, a little tear will slip down your cheek and you'll smile. The other boy will light up his cigarette and say: "Aren't we all?"

Another tear will slip down your cheek and you'll close your eyes and the sun will hit your face and after a very long time, you'll feel fine. All the memories will come back to you.

The painting you drew in kindergarten and was hanging in the town's library for months. The cake you got on your first school day. That time you were 10 and you sang Adele in front of the whole theatre.

Your very first debate tournament.

The very first crush that asked you if you wanted to get ice cream after school, but you freaked out and ran away.

Your first time seeing your favorite movie.

Or your first ever concert.

When you'll get home, you'll write those memories down and you're going to take a paintbrush and paint an autoprtrait. You're going to write another debate speech and you're going to go see another movie. Because this is what makes you feel good and fulfilled. This is what you do. This is who you are.

You've answered the questions everyone asks themselves; who they are and what they want to do. We'll both probably get lost again and again and again, but that's okay. It's more than okay.

And you can feel happy or sad or nervous or excited, but you'll still have yourself and that's the most important part of overcoming obstacles.

But don't worry in a year you'll be just fine; trust me, I'd know.

Your future self

—

Nika Aleša Strle

Is being happy a science or an art ?

What is happiness, anyway? Like, *really*?

Is it the opposite of sadness? Or maybe the lack of it? Something a little more than contentment but a little less than euphoric joy? One of the Basic Emotions™ that we're able to experience even as new-borns, and then the ultimate goal we chase for most of our adult lives? We don't seek wealth or status or even love, those are merely tools to achieve something else we crave - happiness. A mysterious and elusive sentiment, that fuzzy warm feeling we associate with everything good, an emotion so familiar and yet so indescribable.

You know, I'm something of a scientist *insert meme*, so I turned to a trusted and reliable source, the science side of Tumblr, which explained "how the human brain works: electricity tickles your meat so that different slimes come out. sometimes the slime feels good sometimes bad. some people make

more bad slime than good slime. that's called clinical depression."

Now, as an aspiring med student, I really *am* something of a scientist sometimes, but let's not get into psychological or sociological aspects of it or the very exact definitions of depression and electricity and meat or the fact that the bad slime usually just means an imbalance of the good one. Instead, let's discuss the point this otherwise impeccably accurate explanation omits and brace ourselves for some happy news (pun intended): there are actually at least four good slimes. The first one is serotonin, an all-round good slime and the famous happiness hormone that appears when purpose-seeking and confidence-generating parts of the brain are tickled; then there's dopamine slime which makes us all motivated and allows for feelings of gratification; oxytocin slime

bonds lovers to each other and mothers to babies and is produced when the electricity is generated by affection, contact and intimacy; endorphin slime kills our pains and persuades us to endure unhappiness to ultimately, later, somehow, achieve happiness. Then, there are a million more connected little bunches of atoms like adrenalin and endocannabinoids and phenylethylamine and GABA and whatnot (thanks, Google) and they all interact with each other and form even more bunches of atoms and somehow make us happy. So, what are we, a little Santa's workshop of endless test tubes full of chemicals that are all poured together and swirl into one big mess that is our body? And how the *heck* do these hormones and neurotransmitters, these little chemy bois of different properties, govern us?

If we were to mush them all together and then render our bodies happy by taking a happy pill or sipping on happy juice or having a happy shot, how could we make sure to encompass all our differences and little quirks? Because happiness means something different to each of us. For some, it's the small things – the first day of Summer vacation, meeting an old friend, meeting a new friend, a cup of tea on a foggy Autumn morning, the sheer freedom of diving off a cliff, a perfectly soft-boiled egg, a shooting star, first little green buds in Spring, children's laughter, hugging your pet, Christmas lights, the magic moment when a pair of jeans fit, finding a new favourite song via YouTube recommendations, picking up your kid from school, watching your mother unwrap a Christmas present, enjoying a sunset from the porch you built plank by plank with your very own pair of hands. For others, it's being let out of prison, or pooping after three days of not pooping, or popping a particularly nasty pimple, or just good ol' feet (no judgement here); or any other of the 14,000 things to be happy about. Because all

reasons for happiness are valid, as long as they don't reduce someone else's happiness.

Now, can all of this really be attributed to some chemicals? To neurons firing because we see or feel or smell or have something *pretty*? Maybe it would be easier this way, but consider this: sometimes, you swim under the colours of the setting sun that light the sky up on fire, your sun kissed arms strong and capable as you swim through the crystal clear water, and you feel the beauty of the world around you almost physically, happiness in every last cell of your body, your bones singing with it, your heart so very light. And sometimes, you experience the exact same sunset and feel nothing at all. So, is it the good slime, the Heavenly substance of joy, that gives you the privilege of feeling it? Is it the bad slime, the creature from Hell, that takes that privilege away from you?

Because it is a *privilege* to feel happiness, a luxury that comes easy for some people, harder for others, for some not at all. It is an honour and a gift – it can't be taken, it can't be bought, but it can be given, and it can be shared. The slimes must spread, then. The electricity must be generated, and our brain tickled for just the right amount of time in just the right spot.

So, you see, it seems to be very complex actually, but the very best thing about it is that you don't really have to understand it to be able to feel it. It's complicated and it's beautiful and we should marvel at its powers and drink it in, every moment we're blessed with it, and stop analysing and start feeling, really *feeling it*.

Let the good slime flow. Let it be. Let it in.

—

ALTERNATIVE

Anastasija Vranishkoska

Virtual acknowl- edgement

Walking alone with headphones in my ears and really nothing special on my mind, I started thinking if I am really happy with myself. When you really have everything you could ever wish for and could not think of anything that you need right now, do you still feel the emptiness inside? You push yourself to some dark borders of your mind when you just start questioning your own existence.

Does it occur to you to ask yourself, is it really worth it? What can actually fill that abyss, what is that thing that can remove the void in your living? What is that particular thing that is missing. So, I just continued walking and thinking and still, thinking. It started to look a lot like winter, and that winter inside lasted for a pretty long damn time. I never actually finished walking. And that path seemed endless. Everything I had done until that moment seemed senseless and every story became blurry.

I realized that I did not have time for myself and that every span of time I get to have alone is actually wasted on overthinking. A question which popped out of nowhere and was still going through my mind as, if I can call it, a branch of my not-so-happiness was: why do you share so much content on social media? In that context I started thinking in a completely different direction. Do I need

people to acknowledge me? Do I do it for myself or for the outer world? Does it make me feel something on the inside? Not to sound clichè, but social media indeed has an impact on my life.

The virtual insanity is real and people have gone somewhat out of the borders. What amazes me is that we're living 'the best of both worlds'. On the other hand, the state of mind of a person "sharing and caring" behind the small screens on what he or she shares is somehow still an enigma. But, what happens when the actual emptiness is not filled even with the social media ego boost? Then it is actually time for a real life boost, I realized. Something to push you out of the borders and beyond your limits – something to make you feel alive. The first thing that came into my mind were the adrenaline rushes, the parties and the people.

But then I finally sat down, after miles of walking, at my favourite place. Distancing myself from everything and everyone that pushed me down, I somehow felt the sun shining on me. Spring had arrived and everything was blooming – I, on the inside was blooming too. And no, I did not need any real or virtual acknowledgement. I just knew that in that particular moment, I felt happy.

■

ALTERNATIVE

Tajda Hlačar



The Paradox *of* Choice



'What do I really want?' is maybe the most common question in our minds, whether we confess it or not. Generally, it is a question with an existential undertone that can be used for particular concerns as well as for making choices on a daily basis. Choices are an indispensable part of our lives, even if we choose not to make any. At first, they might look simple, but under the surface they hide a complex mechanism, which forms a core of a capitalist consumer society.

As first, a choice has to make an impression as if it depends solely on my (personal) decision. This is one of the main tasks of capitalism that have to be fulfilled if it wants to stay on the throne of the modern world. But is it really 'my' choice or is this just a mask for a choice dictated by the society? The Tyranny of Choice (2011) by the Slovenian philosopher and sociologist Renata Salecl gives us the answer – primarily the choice is a social matter. Imagine going to your favourite multi-brand shopping mall or on a web page for online shopping, 'standing' in front of different pairs of jeans – which ones to choose? A high-waisted, a mom or a boyfriend jean, a slim-fit or a skinny jeans? Which brand? Do I want the blue, the light wash or the black ones? The so-called system of small differences, or as Gilles Lipovetsky says in *The Empire of Fashion – Dressing Modern Democracy* (1994) micro-differences produces multiple options and choices. The fashion form as an ephemeral structure with a quick product change and an instability for Lipovetsky

represents the core of consumer industries and of an aesthetic capitalism.

In search of a perfect pair of jeans we do not buy recklessly. We learn about quality and compare products with the desire to make an ideal choice. The weight of every choice fills us with anxiety. Is this 'the one' pair of jeans for me? Would I be happier buying exactly this one or will I regret it? Unfortunately, this is a lost battle - as Salecl says, a choice always inherits loss. When we make an overwhelming decision, we expect a sensation of fulfilment but sooner or later it vanishes and shows that the choice will not guarantee instant happiness. What should I do? Should I tidy up my jeans according to Marie Kondo? Would I be happier with buying new jeans? At the same time, they do not have to be new, they just have to be a little different from the previous ones.

The paradox is that by making choices we are racing down a road that prevents a social change. With every choice we make we are more fixed. A circle of new fashion trends, new products, and new micro-differences does not enable us to think about actually choosing a new or an improved way that will maybe bring us an instant happiness. Therefore, what do I really want? I want a time machine to teleport me to 80's in Yugoslavia. Driving myself in Zastava to the Yugoslavia's mythical shopping destination, Piazza Ponterosso in Trieste, to buy a pair of blue jeans - I would like to see, if people were happier then. —

Mia Janežič

Being happy - a cliché to some, ecstasy to others.

I felt great when I chose my topic; happiness in relation to being dependant on others, but I have since done a bit of research and some of the things already written on that topic frankly make me angry because I find them so patronising while others are just too much of a common sense for me to actually discuss them, so I won't really be getting into that.

Then I thought I got the perfect strike of inspiration when my boyfriend cancelled our anniversary plans, but when he gently explained how and why and I, in my stubbornness realised that the next day is actually better for both of us, had to let that one

go as well (the inspiration, not the boyfriend).

So, here it goes.

We would all like to have our happiness just to ourselves so that no one can take it away. We see articles and listen to podcasts that tell us we shouldn't be dependant on other people for our own happiness, but that seems a lot easier said than done.

As species, we are social creatures. "No man is an island." is a quotation from the English poet John Donne of the 16th century, so I'm not claiming this is the fruit of my own mind.

“No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as any manner of thy friends or of thine own were; any man’s death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind.

And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.”

(John Donne, Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions and Seuerall Steps in my Sicknes - Meditation XVII, 1624)

J. Donne put my writer’s-blocked thoughts into words (actually, my best friend did when she sent me this excerpt as a response to me staring at a half-written page for hours). As stated before, we would all like to be the only ones responsible for our own happiness, but as mankind we strive to live and have relations with other people.

The majority of our emotions and thought processes is completely dependant on the relationships in our lives. Whether it be from our relatives, friends or significant others, the impact they have on the way we perceive our everyday is pretty grand. We can’t read an article on “How to stop being so dependant on others” and suddenly become immune to the everyday happenings of the things in our lives. Sure, we can do it, slowly and with a lot of work, but do we actually want to become completely resistant to the people in our lives? Because if so, then what is the point? Why have friends, boyfriends, girlfriends, etc., if we don’t want others’ lives, their happiness and their problems to affect us?

Maybe I’ve got this all wrong, the empathic, overthinking, people-pleasing human that I am, but what gives me a sense of happiness and inner calm like nothing else in the world is spending time with people that are close to me. And with that not everyday is going to be sunshine and rainbows. Our relationships aren’t only here to make us happy. Sure, that’s why we grow attached to some people, but it isn’t actually how life works, unfortunately. That’s when and why we grow dependant on other people. Because they are the ones with us through the hardships and the storms, with them some things become more clear and bearable, and in reality, isn’t that all that we could strive for? To have relationships that will support us when life gives us lemons, and later enjoy the lemonade on a sunny day.

So, in conclusion, of course I agree that you should learn to be alone and do things that are your own priority, but for the people in your life that you love and that love you, there’s always this sense of dependency that you shouldn’t lose. —

ALTERNATIVE

Masha Mazi

CHRONICLES OF
PROZAC
NATION

*I want to tell you a story about how depression works.
How it maims us and prevents us from living fully.
How it took me a decade to finally decide to let happiness in and let go of doom.*

I am sitting at café with this girl from the gym on a gloomy, rainy afternoon. I'm actually quite surprised by myself for inviting somebody else for a coffee when usually it's the other way around. Although we've only briefly talked a couple of times, I keep getting the feeling that I know more about her than just her name and coffee choices. We keep chatting for a while. Just like the rest of the 16-year-olds I know she seems lost and reckless. She's telling me about not having the slightest idea about what her future looks like. One more youngster who labels herself as the wasted youth.

Another month, same burnt coffee, same bitten nails grabbing her cup. I feel closer to her somehow, unlike our previous meeting. The notion of future does not seem to scare her anymore and sometimes I manage to get her to fantasize about the upcoming years. Ladder climbing, quest for cheap plane tickets and all that jazz. Seeing her hopeful about her possibilities makes me feel better about myself. Funny, how our mood depends on the life decisions of others. Until, the very next second, she bursts my bubble by throwing this unexpectedly blunt remark out there. »I want to jump off the Golden Gate Bridge on my 25th birthday. That would be a great way to go.« Just like that. Puff.

Another year, same lousy spot, same facial features with a tad more freckles. On top of obvious depression, she now has developed severe anxiety, has had her heart broken multiple times and just got fired for the first time. Oh boy, she seems just as lost as Alice in Wonderland. Good thing she has her passport, otherwise she'd lose sense of where she belongs. All that rushing, pumping for success and attention and competing for best social spots only made her crumble furthermore. She still speaks of Golden Gate Bridge with sparks in her eyes. Surprisingly,

no matter how toxic her presence feels, I keep feeling the need to simply be there for her.

Another few years pass. Same psychological malady floats around her in place of an aura. Life has been getting the best of her. I subtly ask her about her medications and her therapy sessions. Her response, or lack of thereof, baffles me. All I get is an empty gaze and the atmosphere immediately fills with a suffocating apathetic mood. After so many years of quietly observing her, I finally get it! She, in fact, does not want to be saved. At all. She'll keep wishing on leaving this place, yet somehow persist on living. In the most grotesque way, I get it. At last, I understand Byron and Werther.

It's been five years. I haven't set foot in a gym for five years. And there I see a familiar face. Same freckles, same body language, probably same taste for coffee. Yet, something's different. The girl tells me of her travels, her boyfriend, and her brand-new business. Quite a turn from the negative Nancy I used to know. I'm impressed. She actually reminds me of ... Oh ... Wait.

The realization hit me like a hurricane. Instantly, the constant lingering feeling of familiarity seems demystified. And this is what I am seeing: I'm standing in front of a mirror image of myself, only she seems more surprised than I am. Memories of our encounters flash in front of our eyes - moving pictures of us, ablaze and fervent. All this time she was stumbling in the dark, unable to see clearly, utterly blind to the world surrounding her. No wonder she wasn't able to recognize me - her very own fulfilled self. My existence suddenly makes sense. My core purpose all along was to wait for her to let go of her demons. Until she did so, I, her parallel reality where she is happy and content, was not even an option. —



New Edge magazine is an independent online publication that highlights the new edges and risks.

newedgemagazine.com

We launched our website in April 2018 and since then we've collaborated with many interesting and creative people.

The following are some of our favorite web editorials, both submitted and produced by the New Edge fashion team.

READ

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY | FASHION | MUSIC | TV | ARTS & CULTURE | BOOKS



FITNESS GOAT

These five athletes represent a new wave of fitness influencers who are redefining the industry.



24/5

This 24-hour app is the first of its kind, offering a constant stream of content for your phone.



BINGEAT CELEBRATION

From streaming to social media, binge-watching is a cultural phenomenon.



NUA FINE ART GRADUATES

These graduates from the Nua Fine Art program are showcasing their unique talents.



THIS IS BEACHY GUY

Meet the guy who's taking the beach lifestyle to a whole new level.



HOMO PLATONIC

From the book to the film, this story explores the complexities of friendship.



MOONCHILD ILLUSTRATIONS

These whimsical illustrations are a feast for the eyes.



NEW MOON CAJAS RITUAL

The new collection of ritual candles is a beautiful way to connect with nature.



RITUAL CONSIDERIES

From candles to crystals, these rituals are designed to help you find your path.



IMPRINTED +

The new book explores the power of memory and how it shapes our lives.



AWAY! SAIV YOHVINE INTERVIEW

We sat down with the artist to discuss her latest work and her creative process.



ADDO MOCCDA

The new collection of jewelry is a perfect blend of modern and traditional.



PURE BEAUTY

The new line of skincare products is designed to help you achieve your best skin.



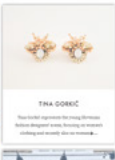
WARM, DREAMY AND POWERFUL

The new collection of clothing is a perfect blend of style and comfort.



POST-LIFE IN APRIL 2019

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



THA GORIC

The new collection of jewelry is a perfect blend of modern and traditional.



BRANTYREFEN

The new collection of clothing is a perfect blend of style and comfort.



A POSTCARD FROM SANHEMO BEACH

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



CARTI BLANCHE

The new collection of clothing is a perfect blend of style and comfort.



MARTINA ANSOLO

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



UNDER THE BANANA TREE

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF PRINCESS LILA...

and why we need a queen in our lives. Being a princess is not just about the crown.



JUST A CORPSE

The new collection of clothing is a perfect blend of style and comfort.



VISUALS FOR A LIFETIME VOL 2

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



AWAY! MARIO JAMES BAND INTERVIEW

We sat down with the artist to discuss her latest work and her creative process.



SPICE FESTIVAL - FESTIVAL OF RADICAL BODIES

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



SAUNO/DEF

The new collection of clothing is a perfect blend of style and comfort.



"I'M GOING HOME NOW, BECAUSE I DEEPLY NEED TO REST"

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



NEW EDGE

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



GUINA GIRL

The new collection of clothing is a perfect blend of style and comfort.



SUMMER BREEZE

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



ON VISIBILITY AND DANCING SPACE

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



ARTISURUS

The new collection of clothing is a perfect blend of style and comfort.



NEW EDGE X TOZZ - LAUNCH PARTY

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



VERACE TRIBUTE BY KRISTIAN BIAN

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



A BATTLE WON BY BUBBLE GUM!

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



FEM

The new collection of clothing is a perfect blend of style and comfort.



BEAN

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



THE PAINTJOB IS DEAD - LONG LIVE PAINTJOB!

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



[ONLINE] NEW EDGE X

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



IT'S NEITHER GOOD NOR BAD

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



VERACE TRIBUTE BY KRISTIAN BIAN

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



JUST LET ME MAKE A BELIEF

The new collection of art is a beautiful reflection of life and love.



FROM WEB



SUMMER BREEZE

Photography: Manca Kocjančič

Styling: Anže Ermenc

Hair: Simon Volčič (Salon/off)

MUA: Alja Jerman

Models: Petra Leskovar Grum (Haze Management) and Ajla Sijamhodžić

Fashion: Monika Colja, Jan Brovč, Tjaša Zalar, Eva Bizjak





FROM WEB

POST LJFW APRIL 2019

Our conversation in their stunning apartment in Ljubljana's historic Nebotičnik building inspired the fashion editorial featuring Mateja Gaber herself along with her three daughters Hana, Valeska and Elena. Shot and reimagined by Marijo Županov, directed and styled by Anže Ermenc with make-up by Nina Arko.

Clothes by Damir Raković Ponorelii, Jona Bednjanec, Sanija Reja Aske, Dejan Petrović, NTF (Eva Bizjak and Anže Mrak).



Instead of the usual, short review of Fashion Week(s) in Slovenia, I've opted for something slightly different. Over a cup of coffee, I sat down with Mateja and discussed the recent Ljubljana Fashion Week (which took place in April 2019) and our favorite fashion shows. I've always admired dr. Mateja Gaber – her presence, style and her way of life. She truly is one of those modern ladies that don't just dress to be recognized and praised for it; she's nothing like the millions of self-called influencers. Lecturer of German language by day, she breathes art, history and fashion and has always stood out to me as a member of the small group of people who truly and wholeheartedly support Slovenian fashion and design.



FROM WEB



CAFÉ AU LAIT

Photography: Manca Kocjančič

MUA & Hair: NinaBeautyna

Styling: Maja Podojsteršek

Model: Ana Pika Erčulj

Fashion: photographer's own and featured designer Polona Roblek



FROM WEB



CRYSTAL CLEAR AND DEEPLY WILD

Photography: Lara Žitko

Fashion: Crystal Wear & Janja Videc

Accessories: Flying Feather

Model & Writing: Leya Blackbird

Ceramic: Fina Glina



FROM WEB





TIME TO TAKEOFF

Photographer: Anastasija Kajba

Stylist: Anastasija Kajba

MUA: Maša Pavlič

Model: Ajda Vrabič



<http://newedgemagazine.com/index.php/time-to-takeoff/>



BLOSSOM

Photographer: Kristijan Švab

MUA: Lea Bole

Hair: Noka Žujo

Model: Nika Gomezel (Immortal Model Management)

Assistant: Nika Sovinc





FROM WEB



WARM, DREAMY AND POWERFUL

Photography: Tjaša Barbo

Fashion: Petja Zorec

Styling: Špela Fabjan

Jewelry: Tara

MUA: Bojana Borštnar

Model: Tiana Memon (Immortal Model Management)



“What fascinates me about photography is using it as a medium to tell a story. I am inspired by people every day, the stories on their faces and I like to use fashion as a way to interact and connect with the women I photograph. The photographs are a ‘side product’ of playing dress-up in a way. This editorial really came naturally, not only because I am amazed by all the women involved in this project, but also because Petja’s ‘bLOSS19om’ collection fit perfectly in my vision for this editorial and with the help of a great team of girls it all came together perfectly. It is warm, dreamy and powerful at the same time.”







