

Belief in the imperishable discipline of word order is belief in the imperishability of the existing social order. Next to this, Literature then mainly projects or produces a certain defined community, the substance and boundary of which are marked out, even by liberal poets such as Aleš Debeljak, as being national. The ambition is still that of (the poet) Prešeren, but the cause and consequence, i.e. the basis and ideological superstructure of society, have been exchanged; just as in Zupan's declaration: 'Since times long past it has been generally recognised that we, Slovenes, are a nation of poets, that our foundation is lyric.' In the defence of poetry in the face of hostile social forces, however, such proclamations have, alas, no greater value than the fact that they reveal themselves to us as being neo-romantic mechanisms of class self-legitimation, apologies for elitism, the ultimate horizon of which is terrifyingly self-destructive. The epistemological privilege which Literature demands for itself becomes, indeed, quite swiftly transformed into a political one (e.g. the 'true-national interest'), the consequence of which is also cruder instrumentalisation, and hence the end of creativity itself. Indeed, it is only a short step that separates us from Shelley's maxim that 'poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world', to Stalin's wisdom that 'writers are the engineers of human souls'.

Nikolai Jeffs, *Crisis and the Democratisation of Literature (Križa in demokratizacija Literature)*

It is worthwhile reflecting on the difference between form and content, and hence on the influence of the spoken language on the written culture. The spoken language is at a low level, yet not on account of the vocabulary, the regional characteristics or dialectal marking, but rather because of the empty content. Slovenian society, especially the provincial environment, constricts the intellectuals and makes fun of them, particularly when they wish to express themselves in a refined, creative, thoughtful language. Immediately, they will be rebuked for 'philosophising' or 'being heavy'. We, Slovenes, perhaps too readily let ourselves drop down to the lower level, instead of raising ourselves or others. The greatest pity is that language is beginning to come under the pressure of commercialisation, or better to say all-pervading stultification. The media space is saturated, and there are a great many local television and radio stations whose influence has become fateful. The most primitive thoughts are gaining great weight, and that is a cause for concern.

Klemen Pisk, *Literacy as an Idea of Enlightenment (Pismenost kot ideja razsvetljenstva)*

There are no neuroses without complexes. A neurosis is a discrepancy between intellectual and emotional maturity. This is most evident in educated people who are university graduates, holders of master's or doctor's degrees. Such people, who are intellectually the highest, may also be complete emotional barbarians. As we have already mentioned, our entire civilisation unfortunately reposes on forcing of the intellect, while emotiveness is left to itself. The individual subconscious is not a problem of the intellect, but of the state of feelings. The problems of the intellect are stupidity, imbecility. It is interesting that in cases of homogenic infantilism it is the relatives who come to seek help from the psychiatrist, in puerility it is the wife who comes, and in neurosis it is the patient himself, for he is suffering too much. Psychotherapy is nothing new, they had it in antiquity, and in the Middle Ages ... Freud and Jung succeeded in systematising it, they introduced order into the science.

Dr. Jože Magdič, talking to Meta Kušar (Dr. Jože Magdič v pogovoru z Meto Kušar)

In Slovenia, we have quite a few painters who are at the same time both penetrating thinkers and also skilled analysts or historians of the art of painting. Let me not be reproached for mentioning only two: Sergej Kapus (who is by education an art historian), and Emerik Bernard (who is an academy painter). Yet already in the case of Emerik we are dealing with a true painter, whose reflections and essays on art are not perceived by the profession as being the writing of a serious commentator and authority on art - with the exception of Andrej Medved, who likewise is not rated as an orthodox expert. Similar to him are other painters who, in the above sense, are good as creators of paintings, about the truth of which, however, only the art historians are expected to speak with vocational and professional expertise. Something comparable also holds true for Sergej as a painter, of whom the profession is surely afraid on account of his penetrating intellect, but whom they respect only with a certain reserve as a painter as well. The tradition of the western world subornly delineates between painters and connoisseurs of painting.

Iztok Osojnik, *A Hymn to Irrationality (Hvalnica nerazumnosti)*

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