

**POROČILO O OKROGLIH MIZAH -
IZPELJANIH V OKVIRU MEDNARODNEGA PROJEKTA *MIGRATION AND
INTERCULTURAL RELATIONS: CHALLENGE FOR EUROPEAN SCHOOLS TODAY***

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OKROGLA MIZA VSI DRUGAČNI, VSI ENAKOPRAVNI?

Osnovna šola Oskarja Kovačiča, Ljubljana, 2. 6. 2003.

Okrogla miza o (ne)strpnosti, grenko-sladkem svetu etnične drugačnosti, našem odnosu do sočloveka in še o marsičem, kar nas lahko bogati ali povzroča veletoke solz, je v knjižnici *Osnovne šole Oskarja Kovačiča* prijetno zdramila ponedeljkovo popoldne, ki bi se sicer v zgodovini izgubilo, kot še en dolgočasen in zatežen preostanek dneva na začetku delovnega tedna. Okroglo miza, ki sta jo pripravila *Osnovna šola Oskarja Kovačiča* (tu je treba omeniti predvsem hvale vreden vložek učiteljice zgodovine in etike ter družbe Barbare Klembas) in *Inštitut za slovensko izseljenstvo ZRC SAZU* v okviru mednarodnega projekta *Migration and Intercultural Relations: Challenge for European Schools Today*, ni bila povsem navadna okrogla miza, kot smo jih vajene buče, katerih se nas drži ime »raziskovalci«. Zakaj? To okroglo mizo so vodili (izbrani) učenci *Osnovne šole Oskarja Kovačiča*. In kdo so bili ti »izbranci»? Nadvse pisana družčina, ki jo ljubitelji reda ali tako imenovani »predalčkarji«, lahko pospravimo v štiri predale. Samra Osmanvič, Linda Rexhepi, Goran Doknić in Golfam Hadji-Abbasi so bili rojeni v tujini in so v Slovenijo prišli kot otroci ali so bili rojeni v Sloveniji, toda njihovi starši so prišli od drugod. Katarina Klim, Sebastian Stefanović in Merlisa Osmičević prihajajo iz etnično mešanih družin. Nika Merljak je zaradi poklicne obveznosti staršev nekaj let preživela v tujini. Anja Novljan, Luka Splašak, Gregor Goršič, Matej Fekonja in Mojca Fortin pa so otroci manj mobilnih staršev. No, nikakor ne smemo pozabiti na učenko Katarino Vogeljnik, ki je debato tako mojstrsko vodila, da sem na trenutke pomislil, da ima za sabo vsaj nekaj sto takih okroglih miz. Tudi »starejši« poslušalci, ki prav tako niso bili dve uri (kolikor je trajala cela debata) povsem tiho, so bili pisana družčina. Pametovali in modrovali so univerzitetni profesorji ter raziskovalci, ki jim je tema blizu kot kavboju pištola, o svojih izkušnjah in težavah so govorile učiteljice ter učitelji z domače in drugih šol, sem ter tja je kaj dodala tudi ravnateljica, kimali in razglabljali sta gospe iz *Zavoda za šolstvo*, vse skupaj pa je pridno beležil novinar *Dela*.

In kaj so nam vse izdale navihanke in navihanci? Če smo (za spremembo) kar se da jedrnati: opisovali so izkušnje s svojo drugačnostjo ali drugačnostjo sovrstnikov v šoli in nasploh v slovenskem okolju. Pa poglejmo! Samra, ki je v Slovenijo iz Bosne in Hercegovine prišla stara tri leta, pravi, da so se ji sprva otroci v vrtcu smejali, ker je zamenjevala besede. Toda, kot hitro doda, ni bilo samo smejanje: »Otroci so pač kot otroci. Če vidjo kakšnega, da je bil smešno oblečen, da se ni pač obnašal kot ostali so rekli:

'Lejga, Bosanci!' In to je mene zelo užalil.« Pozneje, ko se je dobro naučila slovensko, je bilo smejanja in »zezanja« na njen račun bistveno manj. Kot rada poudarja, se je danes povsem vživela v slovensko okolje in kljub temu, da se zelo rada vrača v Bosno in Hercegovino, tam ne bi živela. Toda v svoji pripovedi ne poje slavospeva slovenski strpnosti in tolerantosti. Recimo, ko sliši zmerljivko »čefur«, čeprav žrtev, na katerega je zmerljivka letela, lahko sploh nima »južnjaške provenience«, jo zaboli. Zgodba Karoline, katere oče je Poljak, skorajda ni imela grenkih vložkov. Podobno tudi zgodba Nike, ki je zaradi poklicne obveznosti očeta preživela štiri leta v Švici. Toda nekateri navihanci vedno najdejo navdih v različnosti za »zezanje« in zmerjanje, pravi Nika, za nagajive sovrstnike tudi »Rikola«: *»Ko se skregam kdaj s kakšnimi sošolci, mi pravijo: 'Pejd nazaj u Švico, od koder si prišla, jaz pa sploh nisem iz Švice, sem iz Slovenije. Pol pa ne vem, kva nej nim nazaj odgovorim.'«*

Otroci so se strinjali, da Slovenci nimajo enakega odnosa do vseh tujcev. Tisti iz bolj siromašnih držav in iz bolj »drugačnih« okolij so ponavadi veliko nižje na »slovenski vrednostni lestvici« kot denimo Poljaki ali Evropejci z zahoda in severa celine. Verjetno je tudi to vzrok, so se spraševali nekateri otroci, da se predvsem fantje iz nekdaj bratskih republik bivše »Juge«, ki so se zapletle v vojno, v Sloveniji pogosteje družijo med sabo kot s Slovenci. Po besedah Gorana se ločijo od slovenskih sovrstnikov tudi po oblačenju: *»Slovenci majo bolj repeski, skejterski imič. Mi smo pa drugač, furamo drug imič.«*

Toda kot ugotavlja večina kratkohlačnikov in kratkohlačnic se stvari le obračajo na bolje. Z Goranovimi besedami so se strinjali vsi ostali, ki odhajajo na obiske in počitnice k sorodnikom v novo nastale države v našem južnem sosledstvu: *»Mi prej, peti in šesti razred, sploh nismo upal govort, kam smo šli tko na počitnce. Potem pa enkrat, smo začel govort, kako so tam pocen stvari. In zdej nas takoj sprašujejo, ko gremo dol: 'kaj si kupu, kok si dau?'«*

No, slišali smo še marsikaj. Iranka Golfam, ki že več let živi v Sloveniji, nam je zaupala svoj odnos do iranskih filmov: *»Hočejo ponižat to deželu, sploh ni taka, kot jo predstavljajo.«* Spoznali smo ozadje, esenco nastajanja grafitov z etničnimi, nacionalnimi in/ali verskimi vsebinami, ki neumorno krasijo šolske stene, čeprav jih hišnik poskuša sproti brisati: *»Na primer Slovenci, oni nas, kr smo bolj tko južnjaki, oni nam začnejo pisat 'Čefurji raus' pa to. Mi začnemo neki pisat, da damo njim kontra.«* Zanimivo je bilo slišati tudi nekatere mojstrovine otroške domišljije oziroma prave teorije zarote, proizvedene v otroških glavah: V času največje Bin Lادنove popularnosti je po šoli krožila novica, da je Iranka Golfam v sorodstvu s bradačem. In ne samo v sorodu...? Težko je razumeti, kako je mesto lahko prostorsko segregirano, če živiš v »neproblematični« mestni četrti: *»To Ižanko tko razumejo, kot da bi bli dve državi. Na primer, če rečem Ižanka: 'Ajej, kje pa ti živiš?'«* Verjetno je še težje razumeti, kako se ne moreš svobodno odločati glede nekaterih stvari, če imaš »skulirane« starše: *»Starši bi imel zelo proti, če bi se poročila z nemuslimanom.«* Slišali smo, da na šolskih plesih vrtijo tudi »južno musko«. Goran je povedal, da ima za nekatere pravoslavne praznike šole prost dan itd.

No, kakšnih veleumnih zaključkov učenci niti poslušalci niso postavili. Niti jih verjetno ni potrebno. Kot je proti koncu debate pomodrovala ena od »starejših poslušalk«, se največ *»...doseže takrat ko toleranco izza hrbita not potegneš... Ko toleranco presežeš skozi*

različnost. Da ne govoriš več o tem, da moraš bit strpen. Ker če si strpen, trpiš. Da moraš dojet, da smo pač različni. Ne bit strpen, nimaš kej trpet, kr smo različni.« No, kljub temu, da so razpravljalci, učenci in starejši poslušalci, bili ti dve uri strpni, se mi ni nikakor zdelo, da trpijo. Po (relativnem in absolutnem) številu presmejanih minut je ta okrogla miza v konkurenci tovrstnih dogodkov, kjer se je pojavila tudi moja prisotnost, zmagovalka brez konkurence. In če drži reklo, da je smeh pol zdravja, potem smo na to po pravilu duhamorno in nezdravo ponedeljkovo popoldne naredili tudi nekaj za zdravje. 1A!

OKROGLA MIZA O BEGUNCIH IN BEGUNSTVU

Osnovna šola Danile Kumar, Ljubljana, 20. 7. 2003

Dogodku, ki je iz predpočitniškega spanca zbudil *Osnovno šolo Danile Kumar*, bi zelo težko nadeli ime »okrogla miza«. Toda tako je bilo zapisano na vabilu in tako naj ostane tudi v naslovu tega poročilca. Mira Zupan Shaar, učiteljica zgodovine in geografije, je na svetovni dan beguncev prijetni skupinici učencev višjih razredov osnovne šole pripravila predavanje o ljudeh, ki so morali zapustiti svoje domove. Toda to ni bila suhoparna šolska ura, kot so jih morale nepretrgoma skoraj deset mesecev poslušati vsega naveličane mladostniške buče! Učencem je sprva zavrtela »videospot« na slovenskih žgancih zraslih reperjev Murata & Joseja *Od ljudi za ljudi*. Po »repanju« med učenci nedvomno priljubljenega dvojca so sledila vprašanja in odgovori: »O čem govori pesem?« »O nestrpnosti.« »Do koga smo ponavadi nestrpni?« »Do ... tujcev, priseljencev!« In tako smo počasi prišli do beguncev ter begunstva. Bolj kot suhoparnemu naštevanju vsemogočih števil, krajev, držav, letnic vojn in še marsičesa »hitropozabljivega« se je učiteljica posvetila težavam, vsemu hudemu in bolečemu, kar ponavadi spremlja ljudi, ki so morali zbežati. Ob tem je zavrtela kratek dokumentarni film o palestinskih beguncih, o njihovih vsemogočih težavah, s katerimi se srečujejo v begunskih taboriščih in v življenju nasploh. Sledil je pogovor, kjer so bili učenci s strani starejši buč izzvani, da opišejo svoje izkušnje z (ne)strpnostjo, da zaupajo svoj odnos do priseljencev, ljudi, ki so se znašli v takšni ali drugačni stiski...

Po kratkem odmoru je krmilo prevzela Urša Marn, šolska socialna pedagoginja. Ta je učence posedla v skupine po štiri ali pet, jim na mize zmetala seznam trinajstih oseb (srbski vojak, Afričanka z otrokom, okajen švedski obritoglavcav itd.) in jim dala nalogo, da naj se družno dogovorijo, s kom bi se ter s kom se ne bi peljali na desetdnevni vožnji z vlakom. Učenci so seveda morali pokomentirati svoje odločitve in tako hote ali nehote priznati svoje predsodke. Sledila je še krajša diskusija, ki se je končala z oblikovanjem plakata, na katerega so učenci zapisali nekaj predlogov, kako bi lahko oziroma kako bodo pomagali beguncem in ljudem v podobnih stiskah. Obljubili so, da bodo v naslednjem šolskem letu na šolo povabili sovrstnike iz begunskega centra in da bodo tudi sami odšli k njim na obisk. No, nadaljevanje te zgodbe pa moramo tokrat prepustiti razposajeni prihodnosti. Le upamo lahko, da to poročilo ne bo za vekomaj zaznamovano z končnim ločilom...

REPORT ON ROUND-TABLES – CARRIED OUT IN THE FRAME OF THE INTERNATIONAL PROJECT *MIGRATION AND INTERCULTURAL RELATIONS: CHALLENGE FOR EUROPEAN SCHOOLS TODAY*

**ROUND-TABLE *VSI DRUGAČNI, VSI ENKOPRAVNI?*
(*EVERYBODY DIFFERENT, EVERYBODY EQUAL?*)**

Elementary school Oskar Kovačič, Ljubljana, June 2, 2003

The round-table on (in) tolerance, bittersweet world of ethnic differences, our relations to people and on many things that can either enrich us or cause streams of tears, has in the library of *The Elementary School of Oskar Kovačič* agreeably awakened a Monday afternoon that would otherwise be lost in history as another tedious and tiresome remain of a day at the beginning of a working week. The round-table, which *The Elementary School of Oskar Kovačič* (to be mentioned here is the meritorious contribution of Barbara Klembas, the history, ethics and society teacher) and the *Inštitut za slovensko izseljenstvo ZRC SAZU* have organised within the frame of the international project *Migration and Intercultural Relations: Challenge for European Schools Today*, was not quite as ordinary a round-table as us bonces held under the name “researchers” are accustomed to. Why? (Selected) pupils of *The Elementary School Oskar Kovačič* presided over this round-table. In addition, who were the “chosen”? A motley company that the fanciers of order or the so-called “drawerers”, can place in four drawers. Samra Osmanvič, Linda Rexhepi, Goran Doknić in Golfam Hadji-Abbasi were born abroad and came to Slovenia as children or were born in Slovenia and their parents came from elsewhere. Katarina Klim, Sebastian Stefanovič and Merlisa Osmičević come from ethnically mixed families. Nika Merljak spent a few years abroad because of her parents’ occupational obligations. Anja Novljan, Luka Slapšak, Gregor Goršič, Matej Fekonja and Mojca Fortin are children of less mobile parents. On no account should we forget the pupil Katarina Vogeljnjk who led the debate so masterly that I thought at moments that she had done at least a few hundred of such round-tables. The “older” listeners who as well were not completely silent for two hours (as the debate lasted) were a motley company as well. Reasoning and philosophising were university professors and researchers to whom the theme was as familiar as a pistol to a cowboy, speaking of their experiences were teachers from the host and other schools, here and there the headmistress would add a word, nodding and pondering were the two ladies from the *Zavod za šolstvo*, and the reporter of the *Delo* was diligently noting everything down.

Moreover, what have the little villains revealed to us? If we are (for a change) as concise as possible: they were describing their experiences with their own unlikeness or differences of their coevals at school and in general in Slovene environment. Let us see! Samra who came to Slovenia from Bosnia and Herzegovina at the age of three, says that children in the nursery school at first laughed at her because she was switching

words. However, as she quickly added, it was not just laughing. *"Children are children. If they saw someone funny dressed or not behaving as the others, they would say, "Look at him, Bosnian!" That insulted me deeply."* Later, when she learned Slovene well, there was essentially less laughter and teasing on her account. As she likes to point out she is now entirely accustomed to Slovene environment and despite the fact that she loves to visit Bosnia and Herzegovina she would not live there. In her narration, she does not sing praises to Slovene tolerance. For example, when she hears the insulting expression »čefur« (for Bosnian) despite the victim to whom the insult is intended might not be of "southern provenience" it hurts her. The story of Karolina whose father is Polish, almost did not have bitter inserts. Similarly as the story of Nika, who spent four years in Switzerland because of her father's job engagement. However, some villains always find inspiration for teasing and insulting in the differences says Nika, for her bantering coevals "Rikola": *"When I quarrel with my classmates they say to me: "Go back to Switzerland where you came from" but I am not at all from Switzerland, I am from Slovenia. Then I don't know what to tell them back."*

The children agreed that Slovenes do not have identical relation towards all foreigners. Those from poorer countries and from environments that are more "different" are usually much lower on the "Slovene evaluation scale" than for example the Polish or Europeans from the west and north of the continent. Presumably, this is the reason, the children were asking themselves, why particularly boys from the former fraternal republics of the ex "Juga" (Yugoslavia) that were involved in the war, associate more frequently between themselves than with Slovenes. According to Goran's words, they distinct from their Slovene coevals by way of clothing as well: *"Slovenes have a more rapper, skate image. We're different; we're doing a different image."*

However, as the majority of youngsters concluded, things are turning for the better after all. All who visit or spend holidays with their relatives in the newly formed states in our south neighbourhood agreed with Goran's words: *"We, when we were in the fifth and sixth classes didn't dare mentioning where we'd go for our holidays. Then once we started to tell how things there are cheap. Now they're always asking us when we go down there: "what did you buy, how much did you pay?"*

Well, we heard a lot more. The Iranian Golfam who lives in Slovenia for several years entrusted us with her relation to Iranian films: *"They want to degrade this country; it is not at all as they present it."* We have learned about the background, the essence of graffiti with ethnic, national and/or religious contents, which persistently decorate the school walls although the caretaker tries to clean them off as they appear: *"Like Slovenes, they write for us who are more southerners "Čefurji raus" (Bosnians out) and so on. We start writing something to give them counter."* It was interesting to hear some masterpieces of the children's imagination or real conspiracy theories, produced in the heads of children. At the time of Bin Lادن's greatest popularity, there was news circulating at school that the Iranian Golfam was related to the bearded man. Moreover, not only related ...? It is difficult to understand how the town can be spatially segregated when one lives in a "non-problematic" district: *"They understand this Ižanka (girl from Ig) as*

if there were two states. Like, if I say Ižanka: "Gee, where do you live!" It is probably even more difficult to understand how one cannot freely decide upon some matters if one has "cooled" parents: "My parents would be very much against me marrying a non-Muslim." We heard they roll "southern music" at school dances. Goran told he has days off for some Orthodox holidays etc.

Well, neither the pupils nor the public have set any kind of brilliant conclusions. Probably there is no need to. As one of the "older listeners" speculated towards the end of the debate, the most "... is achieved when you pull tolerance in from behind the back ... When you surpass tolerance through diversity. To speak no more that you must be tolerant. Because when you are tolerant, you suffer. That you have to realize we are different. Don't be tolerant, there's nothing to suffer for because we are different." Anyway, despite the fact that the debaters, pupils and older listeners were for those two hours tolerant it at all did not seem to me they were suffering. Considering (relative and absolute) number of laughed minutes, this round-table is in the competition of events, where my presence too appeared, a winner without competition. In addition, if the saying that laughter is half of health holds, then we did something for health on that as a rule tedious and unsound Monday afternoon. First class!

ROUND-TABLE ON REFUGEES

The Elementary School of Danila Kumar, Ljubljana, July 7th 2003

The event, which awakened *The Elementary School of Danila Kumar* from its pre-holiday sleep, could hardly be defined as "round-table". But that is what was written on the invitation and so it will stand in the title of the present report. Mrs. Mira Zupan Shaar, teacher of history and geography has prepared on the world day of refugees for a pleasant group of pupils of the higher classes of elementary school a lecture about people who had to leave their homes. It was not another uninteresting school hour, which with everything fed up young bonces have listened to for nearly ten months! At the beginning, she rolled a "video spot" by Murat & Jose, rappers who grew up on Slovene corn mush, *Od ljudi za ljudi* (From people to people). After the rapping of among pupils undoubtedly popular pair, questions and answers followed: "What is the song about?" "About intolerance." "To whom are we usually intolerant?" "To ... foreigners, immigrants!" Thus we gradually came to refugees. More than to dry enumerating of all kinds of numbers, places, states, years of wars and a lot of other "quickforgettable" matter the teacher focused on difficulties, on everything sorrowful and painful that usually accompanies people who must run away from home. She presented a short documentary film on Palestinian refugees and their variegated difficulties they meet with in refugee camps and in life in general. A conversation followed in which the pupils were challenged by the elder bonces to describe their experiences with (in)tolerance, and to reveal their attitudes to immigrants, to people who have found themselves in distress ...

Urša Marn, the school social pedagogue, took over the steering wheel after a short pause. She seated pupils into groups of four or five, threw on their desks a list of thirteen persons (Serbian soldier, African woman with a child, drunk Swedish skinhead etc.), and asked them to agree within groups with whom they would or would not travel a ten days journey by train. The pupils of course had to comment their decisions and thus intentionally or unintentionally conceded their prejudices. A short discussion followed that concluded with making of a poster on which the pupils wrote some suggestions on how they could or they will help refugees and people in similar distresses. They promised to invite to school in the next school year coevals from the refugee centre and that they will visit them. We can only hope this report will not forever be marked with a terminal punctuation mark ...