

## LANDSCAPES OF SLOVENIA

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After a talk I gave on my experiences in Slovenia in 1987, Lojze Rebula asked me: "How would you describe the landscape of Slovenia today?" and, I believe, added: "As a geographer. . .?" The question caught me by surprise. I uttered a few sentences, some general observations, a few tid-bits from episodic experiences; but was not satisfied with my answer. Nor did the enquirer's polite nod satisfy me. And the question kept following me: I was thinking about it when I next visited Slovenia, in the Spring of 1989; and now the answer is slowly gaining shape and the contours of the image are coming into focus.

I believe that Toussaint Hočevar often thought about this kind of issue, though in his positivist approach to research he most likely did not think that such an enquiry belonged in the scholarly arena. Still, he must have been aware of the perceptive writings of his professional friend, the Jesenice-born sociologist Thomas Luckmann and his life-world analyses.<sup>1</sup> Toussaint must have also recalled experiencing the landscape of his native land around Ljubljana, where he was born, and around Vrhnika, where he spent his childhood: the somber remains of the Ljubljanski grad above the metropolis; the old winding road from Vrhnika to Logatec; the hazy hue stretching over the Ljubljansko barje; the Sveta Troica sticking out like a marker through the layer of fog. In the immense flatness of North Dakota—his first American experience—he searched for familiar landscape components. When he walked along a path through the vineyards in the hills above Keuka in the Finger Lakes district of New York, he told me, the landscape reminded him of Slovenia. I do not know how he visualized the flatness of Tallahassee or the bayous of Louisiana; when we last met in New Orleans it was already at the sunset of his life and the fading light in his eyes suggested that they were aimed beyond what was visible.

It could be called *creative tension* (a term borrowed from Kerman 1974), that subdued tension that existed between us, between our thinking and our activities. He visited the land of his youth more often than I did; but we did not talk about it. Every time that we met, however, I felt that he had become more attached to it, and more attached to its roots and to its historical evidence than to the contemporary scene.

This essay is composed to honor him, a colleague and a friend.

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The environment and its landscapes are our own creation in two ways: as a human transformation of physical nature; and as images created by us as observers, narrators, artists, and analysts. Landscape is the creation of those who through sweat and energy molded this artifact<sup>2</sup> into something that met their mental image of appropriateness.

As a traveler through the landscapes of Slovenia I have remained aware of these two parameters: the landscape as a created Slovene artifact, and the landscape that I observed and often described<sup>3</sup>—as a viewer who has seen and experienced many other landscapes and who holds in his structured memory a composite of preferred landscapes, landscapes to be avoided, landscapes to be loved and admired, and landscapes to be ignored.

The rich geographical literature on the subject of landscape perception, behavior and sense of place has expanded in the last two decades (see Lowenthal 1968; Relph 1976, 1981, 1984; Meinig 1979; Buttimer & Seamon 1980; Cosgrove 1984; Saarinen, Seamon & Sell 1984), from the most perceptive studies by Tuan (1974, 1977, 1989) to recent

assessments of specific local landscapes (Olwig 1984, Jakle 1987, Agnew & Duncan 1989).

The landscape is a mental image, an icon, a field of social action, and also an experience (Agnew & Duncan 1989, Cosgrove 1984): all these aspects are tied together into an experiential complexity. This complexity has been examined in theory and as a philosophical construct (Buttimer & Seamon 1980; Ley & Samuels 1978; Relph 1976, 1981, 1984; Seamon 1979, 1984); it has been portrayed by creative writers (cf. Pocock 1981, 1988; Salter & Lloyd 1977) and by visual artists (see Stele 1970 and Čopič 1966); it has triggered the inventive minds of composers (see Globokar 1987) and has engaged planners and organizers—in Slovenia, and elsewhere.

Meinig (1979: 18) states as an axiom that “Nearly all items in human landscapes reflect culture in some ways. There are almost no exceptions.” This and other axioms from his ‘reading the landscape’ are applicable to the landscapes of Slovenia, although they have been derived from observations of American scenes (see Jakle 1987, Lowenthal 1968). The correlation between the two worlds is again in the eyes of the observer, as much as it is evident in external reality.

The typology of landscape images mentioned above may be further refined as follows:

- a) landscape as it is (objectively described, with attributes about which there is general consensus);
- b) landscape as perceived by the individual observer;
- c) landscape as a memory image;
- d) landscape as recorded by creative artists, analysts, etc.; and
- e) landscape as perceived through reproduced images, writings, etc..

This typology could be even more elaborate. For the present occasion these five subtypes are merged and separated, compared and contrasted without any attempt at a comprehensive treatment. Moreover, all of them undergo change through time, each at a different rate; none remains static and permanent. The least changed is the recorded description; but here, although the words remain unchanged, their interpretation by readers and the mental images that they generate vary greatly from reader to reader and from time to time (see Salter & Lloyd 1977, Mallory & Simpson-Housley 1987.)

The casual observer tends to merge these images into one and is continuously bewildered at finding inconsistencies, incongruities and clashes between memories and images generated by the reading of other people’s descriptions, in addition to unexpected changes that have been made in the landscape but have escaped individual recordings.

The landscapes of Slovenia are composites of minute details: the micro-image of a pedestrian world; no evidence of huge vistas—seldom does the view carry more than 20 miles even on a clear day, a day without the haze and the omnipresent polluted air. The oppressively stagnant air in Ljubljana and Celje, of Maribor and even Kranj, does not properly convey the vigor of the human movements that occur within (or in spite of) this ambiance. The detail in the remembered image was not quite the same—better or worse—but who can be the judge? Two books of old postcards, of Ljubljana and of Slovenia as a whole, are a reminder of what was expected by the viewer to be portrayed at that time; and the postcards of today are a document of today’s preferences. The Exposition of Historical Ljubljana in May 1988 included a fascinating collection of paintings and graphics by various artists who had recorded the city as they saw it, from the smooth lines of Božidar Jakac and the rounded shapes of Tone Kralj, through the marvelous impressions by Rihard Jakopič and Jama, to the somber colors of Pavlovec and Vidmar, to mention just a few.

As a youngster I watched Ivan Vavpotič painting the landscape, and I was shocked to notice that he saw different colors and different proportions from those I saw, and that his paintings did not match my perception. I watched him creating in front of me a landscape image that was his own.

Edgar Degas wrote:

“It is all very well to copy what you see, but it is better to draw what you see in your mind. . . then your memory and your imagination are freed from the tyranny imposed by nature.”<sup>4</sup>

In his introductory comments on Slovenia in 1933, A. Davies stated that:

“At first sight therefore, Slovenia offers an interesting study of the relative significance of environment versus ethnic traditions, a Balkan people who have lived in an Alpine environment for twelve hundred years. In this light it would appear that environment has dominated the issue, the Slovene life is undoubtedly Alpine.”<sup>5</sup>

There is nothing in the Slovene landscape microcosms that could even vaguely approach the enormous wheatfields of Eastern Washington State or the checkerboard patterns of Alberta. The flight over Chicago illuminated by night or over the intertwined system of lights in Buenos Aires has no parallel in Slovenia. The airplane approach to the Brniki airport<sup>6</sup> is so short: just a hop from the border and in a few minutes the large world of my memory has passed: I recognize Moravče and, a few seconds later, Vodice—and then we are on the ground. The approach to Chicago-O’Hare airport, in contrast, begins at the crossing of the Mississippi and goes on and on across the enormous urban space of the Chicago metropolis. The scales are not comparable. Even Slovenia as seen from an automobile (apart from the tedious drive across Dolenjska toward Zagreb, which takes more than three hours instead of the one hour it should take) forces one to admit that the large panoramic vistas are escaping, that they cannot be grasped in their true meaning: it is more like a glance at the numerous paintings on the crowded walls of the Palazzo Pitti than a contemplative admiration of the Venus de Milo in the Louvre or of the colors in Chagall’s window in the Chicago Art Institute.

The scale, the microcosm. Even the aligned wires of the hop fields in the Savinjska dolina (the modern replacement of the former wooden poles), even the wide corn fields of Mengeš and the extensive vineyards on Goriška Brda, even in these places is the scale minute by American standards; the proportions and the details are attractive and absorbing, while the macrocosmic image of more general strokes is still difficult to grasp.

It is now getting late in the evolution of landscape: the peasant and rural images are fading, the urbanized landscape of Slovenia has penetrated remote corners of the country and beyond. The inevitable dominance of the city is evident in the ever-present commuting: from Logatec to Ljubljana, from Radovljica to Kranj, from Slovenske gorice to Maribor, from Kočevje to Ljubljana, from Vipava and Kanal to Nova Gorica; and, with the new road on the slopes of Sabotin, even from Goriška Brda to Nova Gorica. The daily urban system is spreading its tentacles deep into the once pristine rural landscape of my memories—and the changes are unstoppable. People on the move—regularly, daily, in good weather and in bad. Urbanization has spread outward. If there is a time to cultivate the fields, fine; if not, then the bushes, grass and trees take over. The once open vistas are obstructed by new growth, even in the mountains, where the summer pastures (*planine*) have been virtually abandoned and the smooth slopes of the past are now either scarred by deep erosion or

covered with re-grown vegetation of little value. Urbanization has produced modernization on the farm and the disappearance of many activities which were at one time considered essentially Slovene.

The hike from Ljubljana to Šmarna Gora was one that we liked to make very frequently, wondering if we were going to encounter absent-minded Ivan Pregelj, the writer and teacher now resting in the Dravlje cemetery; from our own observations, he must have taken that road almost every day. Today that walk is an obstacle course: the hiker shares the road with cars and motorcycles, with barriers and with 'NO TRESPASSING' signs. When you reach the Tacen brige over the Sava, you had better stop: Is that the famous kayaking course below the dam? Where did most of the water go? Brown liquid flows over the dam, moistening the greenish growth that covers the rocks, twisting and twirling the plastic containers and broken sticks, moving sluggishly eastward toward the hills over Zalog, which is barely visible in the Ljubljana haze.

Pregelj wrote: "Od Kranja do Brezij tri ure hoda, dve uri in pol, kdo hoditi zna." Now it is fifteen minutes by car, unless one should miss the turning. Okroglo is barely visible—where we were careful to be quiet in order not to bother Monsignor Tomo Zupan, who was always old, always small, never to be disturbed. The shortcut bypassing Naklo, the new cutting in the forest where we found the first cranberries in midsummer, before we again reached the main road and the bridge—that still exists, the still unattractive bridge—over the Bistrica. The view toward Stol and back to Kranj, with Šmarjetna gora nearby and the steep Št. Jošt above it: this was the experienced landscape of Gorenjska, not to mention the idyllic Vrba with Prešeren's home, with the church surrounded by poplars; quite different from the parallel *kozolci* at Žabnica on the way from Škofja Loka to Kranj.

Only here and there does today's landscape retain reminders of past landscapes. The Gorenjska autoroute zooms southeastward, bypasses Kranj, touches Brniki, swings around Šmarna gora—and before you know it, you hit Ljubljana. If you are careful not to lose your way in the one-way street system in the old city you can be halfway to Vrhnika before you stop. The micro-landscape of Slovenia does not permit distractions; it is not like crossing Nebraska, where you set your car on the road in the morning and you are still on the road in Nebraska in the evening dusk (if you obey the posted speed limits); it is an experienced landscape of different proportions.

The Prekmurje region—on the edge. When in 1987 I visited this region it was for the first time, and thus had no memory images with which to compare my observations. The striking minutiae of a microcosm, the network of roads, pathways, crossings and small centers, a general impression of landscape that is no longer dynamic: but it is not obvious why it appears dormant. Is it because of emigration? Lack of investment? The parched system of small fields and houses, the gravel routes between principal highways reminds the observer of a fossilized landscape of times past. The land is pushed up against the Hungarian border; this is neither totally closed, nor open like boundaries elsewhere, and has a major impact. The region was for many decades not prosperous. The seasonal labor, the temporary emigration to Belgium and to France, to Bethlehem (Pennsylvania) and to Toronto, was and is as much a part of the human landscape as the livestock *zadruga* and the pheasant farms (the Italian hunters bring in hard currency). There was a hope at one time that the oil and natural gas that extend a short way into Slovenia from Hungary would change everything; hopes were high for a while; and the disappointment was deeply felt when the richness of the early traces was not substantiated by later yields. The refinery was sold to China, and with it the last hope of the local people vanished. Such amazing faith that one factory—or one tourist facility—will revive a whole area often meets very quickly

with the reality of disappointment. The landscape that the people created centuries ago, decades ago, has been bypassed by new technologies, by the lack of demand, and in spite of the people's expectations. If, however, the Hungarian border at Hodoš is opened, if a super-highway to Budapest (a highway that is on nobody's drawing-board) brings tens of thousands of travelers across this region, then—perhaps—one major stop near the border could inject new life into one specific area.

The Karst. The low Karst of the Trieste hinterland, stretching across the Italian-Slovene border, and part of the Slovene landscape *par excellence*. The hardship of fragmented fields and rocky walls, the heavy reddish soil and the luxurious greenery of the maturing grapevines, the striking campanile of the local churches and the rich walls of the stone houses, the *kraška hiša*. Hidden clusters of houses in a shallow valley in the rugged landscape, or perched on top of a hill as at Štanjel or Vrabče; the human landscape shows the roughness of the land. Shake hands with any of the inhabitants and their rough palm will remind you of the scarred surface of the eroded land. People here, more than elsewhere, are part of the land. Without them the land would vanish; their livelihood would be carried away through the dissected surface, which does not hold water. Storms would wash away the white outcrops: half an hour after a storm no evidence remains of any rain, other than the freshness of the air and the revived greenery of the thorny bushes. Nobody has captured the Karst human landscape better than Lojze Spalal in his impressive canvases; and Štanjel is a most appropriate place for their display.<sup>7</sup>

How is it that the landscape is vanishing? What triggers this transformation?

The main concern of landscape deterioration is focused on air quality. Geographers (see Plut 1987, Špes 1987, Kunaver 1987) study levels of pollution, make measurements, and argue; and the production of reports seems to be more important than the solution of the problem. The people will pass on, while the landscape remains—at least, this is the belief of many; but the landscape will be greatly different. The cleaning of the air could start immediately, and yesterday's damages would soon disappear; if people retain traces in their bodies, they do not complain too loudly. . .

But what of the water? The landscape of Slovenia has been losing its water courses. There is still some liquid in the river channels—but what of the water? “Krasna si bistra hči planin?” Where? At the source? How long is the extent of the “bistra Soča”—five miles? Perhaps—but then what? The sizable reservoir on the lower course of the Soča near Solkan holds back the water. The pastel color of the surface, a color presumably contributed by the salonite factory at Anhovo, will not attract even painters of the day of doom. It does not smell badly, at least. Scientists argue about the level of deterioration reached at each segment of the river; their discussions continue—and the river stays polluted; cleaning is somebody else's responsibility, even of the PCB residuals in the Kolpa River (Plut 1987). The Reka enters the Škočjanska Jama as a foamy brown liquid, and fills the cave with an obnoxious smell. The Kamniška Bistrica at Homec and at Savinja are no longer the clear and refreshing courses of my youth. The various streams called *Bistrica* are a reminder of the past, for their present condition does not justify their names.

Twenty years ago I noticed how dark the Sava was at Zidani Most, and searched upstream for the culprit, the coal-burning power plant at Trbovlje; more recently, Litija became the main source of pollution; subsequently, the plant at Medvode. Now you have to go upstream to Kranjska Gora to find the Sava clean. In early spring heavy rains and the snow run-off dilute the flow; but in mid-summer what is left has little resemblance to the river as it used to be. What a disaster—and one that did not occur overnight; but by the time scientists became aware of it, it had assumed catastrophic proportions. The

scientists argue about the level of pollution and are happy when they determine the level and agree on a definition; but the dark liquid continues to flow, and not much is done to clean it; and a solution would require enormous investments.—But the landscape is changed: the rivers are no longer there for swimming or fishing, nor to admire or enjoy. The fence along the Sava keeps people away: “NO SWIMMING” signs are in fact unnecessary.

The landscapes of past memories cannot be reconciled with the observed images of the present reality. A friend took me to Kamniška Bistrica, to the Vauclisian source; not only is it not as spectacular as the original under the Vauclisian plateau in Provence, but the original is almost as clean as it was in Petrarch’s days, while at Kamniška Bistrica there are car tires, rusting kitchen stoves, old running shoes and aluminum wrappers sitting quietly in the water.

The apparently uncontrolled building of weekend cottages and temporary homes has penetrated into remote areas of the country. The idea of being alone, on one’s own, away from the city, from one’s job, from other people, may work for the individual; but why should the individual’s refuge, the individual’s view remain only his? Does not every neighbor aspire to the same? How many feet of coastline belong to Slovenia? If a small fraction of the population wish each to own a foot or two of coast, the vast majority will be excluded from the Adriatic. As for a cabin in the mountains: one may convert an old hayshed which once was used for temporary storage (how many are there all told—one thousand? ten thousand?): to make it permanent, one can reinforce the walls, build a fireplace, dig one hole for water and another for refuse. But the sensitive high mountain environment is vulnerable: it does not yield, it does not absorb, it does not tolerate. Patches of destroyed slopes are visible from far off. As for social responsibility: a landscape of immense beauty has been replaced with humps of refuse, where careful people bury their plastic bags and containers, and, where less careful people do not do this, the evidence is in the bushes, on the trees, hanging on wire fences, and covering rocks in mountain creeks.

The urban landscape in the countryside is evident in the flower beds that have replaced the old potato patches, in the smooth green fields where once barley and oats prevailed. But the horses and their sacks of oats are gone; the tractors and cultivators run on gasoline. Fruit trees in private orchards are often laden with fruit that nobody picks. The *zadruga* have extensive orchards around Moravče, in the Vipavska dolina, and in the rolling hills of Slovenske Gorice; but in these places the landscape has lost the color of human detail. This detail is however to be seen around the *vikendice* in the Krka valley (former modest *zidanice*—toolsheds, winter storage buildings—which are now permanent homes): here the vineyards are cultivated for pleasure, not as units of economic production; they are too small to permit profitable operation, and would require too much labor to produce a good crop for wine; but the landscape is ornamented by these minute patches. They are not quite comparable to the reconstituted vineyards in Provence or the Rhine Valley; they are not as elaborate as the sunburnt slopes of Ischia or as extensive as in the Napa Valley in California; but they inform the memories, the observations, the expectations. The Slovene landscape is a world of its own.

Triglav is much smaller than I remembered it; it is smaller than it appears on posters, which are evidently based on zoom-lens photography. Thus does it seem to one who comes from the Puget Sound region, where Mt. Rainier (almost the height of Mont Blanc) dominates the landscape, rising directly from the Pacific coastal plain; for such a person, Triglav is not comparable. The ice-capped peaks of the Cascade Mountains—which are too numerous for their names to be recorded and for the most part higher than the Julian

Alps—spoiled my expectations from Slovenia's highest mountain. When viewed from the southern end of Lake Bohinj (nowadays it can rarely be seen from Ljubljana because of the stagnant smog) it shows its typical silhouette, but the height is just not there.

The alpine slopes are greener than they used to be, for the reduction in pasture use allowed the high mountain vegetation to go rampant. The upper tree line is more gradual than in the past, and the cattle no longer keep the young underbrush at ground level. Moreover, electric and gas stoves have reduced the need for kindling; and rarely now do you see the traditional *butare* that at one time ornamented the sides of peasant houses.

There are still *kozolci*. Their tile-covered narrow roofs shine in their reddish splendor, even if their main posts are now more often concrete than wooden. Single and double ones (*toplari*) can be seen, with hay, barley, clover and beans, even (unexpectedly) corn; and not only in the open fields, but also between houses at the edges of cities and even in the cities themselves. A couple have survived next to the new post office in Dravljje, cut off from the fields, almost ashamed: the complex of high-rise apartments nearby is a step toward contemporaneity. These images are only experienced now, they are not part of my memories, they are not described by writers or poets: they appear only in illustrated brochures extolling the virtues of city living.

The geographical landscape of Slovenia in the 1980s appears to the visitor like a postcard. For many, Slovenia is only an episode, a short stop *en route* to the welcoming Adriatic coast, to the medieval Dalmatian cities, to the monuments of a heroic and tragic past; or, *en route* to the inviting freshness of the Alps in their winter splendor or their refreshing summer beauty. Slovenia: a landscape of exquisite contrast, a congruity of shapes and colors, an image of its viewed surroundings. Slovenia: a landscape whose outline was sketched many centuries and generations ago; some of its frames documented in Valvasor, some by the painters of romantic landscapes, some by presenters of baroque allegorical forms; the clouds, the silhouettes of the mountains, the bright fresh colors of the water, the touch of haze over the flat plains; the birch trees at the side of the field, the poplars edging the narrow river, the shape of the village church overlooking the small cluster of houses, the cultivated fields, the hedges. And then the cities: Ljubljana with its castle and its congested old town and churches squeezed between the Ljubljana and the steep slope of the old castle hill; and the repetition of this pattern in Škofja Loka and Celje, Šostanj and Ptuj, Gorica and Trst. Elsewhere, the castle and the churches are on the same level: Vipava and Kranj, Maribor and Celovec, Velikovec and Kočevje (where the castle has disappeared, a victim of the war).

The beauty of the landscape, its colorful image, its absence of straight lines, its little evidence of destruction: a landscape of imagination; not quite real, for it does not exist outside of our imagination; difficult to verify and hard to share. Geographers in many lands, such as Tuan and Meinig, search for the essence of such landscapes; they argue the validity of their mental images; they hurry to accuse everyone else of falsehood and misrepresentation.

This verification often appears to be essential. What is it that triggered a dream landscape like this? What is verifiable? What is a dream, a mental image, a frivolous composition? What is it that evokes common reactions, not just unique observations and existential living experiences? Is it the place, the composite, the human experience? Is it human belief?

There are no easy answers—neither in geography, nor in other fields of social endeavor where the recorded perceptions of individuals are aggregated into larger and more generalized images of human experience. We may call it experiential geography, the feel for the place and for the region; the perceived and the perceptible, the emotional and the

experienced; essentially human.

But observation and experience is not quite what the images of my memory led me to expect.

The landscape that is distinctly Slovene; the landscape that is not a repetition of observed features elsewhere in the world; the landscape that does not remind me of the Sangre de Cristo mountains in Colorado, or of the hills of Kentucky, or of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The landscape that cannot be placed alongside the mighty Mississippi harnessed beyond the levees in New Orleans or carressing the eroded bluffs of St. Louis; the landscape that is comparable neither to the small towns of Iowa or Nebraska nor to the enormous labyrinths of Philadelphia or Los Angeles; the landscape that has not seen the tornadoes of the Midwest or the blizzards of Wyoming, the scorching sun of the Mojave or the frightening waves of the Pacific. No. The landscape of Slovenia is not quite like that. Melik (1956) wrote that the landscape near Cleveland reminded him of the hills of Dolenjska. Rupel (1986) saw it quite differently. So did Škerlj, and Pečjak, and many others.

The landscape of Slovenia is only in part Slovene. The presence of Slovene people make it Slovene; this presence has reinforced some elements of the landscape and made them more Slovene-specific, and has erased many old traces and aligned it with similar landscapes elsewhere. The landscape has however not yet attained the hygienic cleanliness of West Germany, the obsessive regularity of Austria. It has not yet embraced the major Italian scene; it does not remind one of the drabness of Hungarian villages.

The described image of the Slovene landscape has entered the literature, although it has yet to be analyzed in the light of contemporary humanistic geography (as in Pocock 1981).

The landscape of Slovenia is—when experienced—a refreshing event, to be placed and admired first and regretted later. What would it be without people? Merely a land, carved and transformed, with trees that have taken root over the centuries without anyone really knowing how native they are to the area. The crops that now cover small farm plots in Prekmurje and the vast tracts between Kamnik and Domžale—who has measured and researched them? Is the landscape as Slovene as the traditional *lipa* by the old inn, or the ruins of the old castle in Smlednik, or the renovated structure in Predjama? It may give the impression that it has always been there. Like the pilgrimage to Brezje, not yet 200 years old (and soon to be overshadowed by Medjugorje), human life is a brief episode; our experiences are short fragments of a long journey (Osterrieth 1985).

The historical perspective twists the imagination. What was old and appears permanent may be very short-lived and disappear very soon. What appears ordinary and is described as ordinary becomes exceptional when changed over time or moved to another location.

The landscapes of Slovenia are complex images, experiences, and memories, merged into the creative canvas of our imagination. Only a small fraction can be recreated with words; most of them remain beyond our direct everyday experience.

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## NOTES

1. See Luckmann & Berger 1966.
2. I owe it to Kahn 1987 for reminding me of these and other human artifacts in her thoughtful book.
3. For one example see Velikonja 1989.



4. Statement from unidentified source, displayed at Degas exhibiton, New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York NY, October 1988.
5. Quoted from Stamp 1933: 4.
6. Or, *Brnik*, as it is often called; cf. the *Atlas Slovenije* (Ljubljana: Mladinska knjiga in Geodetski zavod SR Slovenije, 1985) 106. Toussaint was once involved in lively discussions about the proper nomenclature.
7. The creation of permanent gallery of Spacal's works is under way in the reconstructed Štanjel.

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## POVZETEK

### SLOVENSKE POKRAJINE

*Kot katerikoli košček objektivnega sveta, je mogoče pokrajino presojati na osnovi petih vidnih kotov: (a) tako, kot je; (b) tako, kot jo zaznavamo; (c) tako, kot živi v našem spominu; (d) tako, kot jo je upodobil umetnik; in (e) tako, kot jo spoznavamo po slikah in opisih. Teh pet vidnih kotov se med seboj prekriva in prepleta in ustvarja sestavljeno podobo pokrajine, podobo, ki jo večkrat obvladujejo najrazličnejši kontrastni odenki. V članku so podane izbrane podobe slovenskih pokrajin z opisi Gorenjske, Krasa, Prekmurja in Ljubljane, naslonjene na osebna doživetja avtorjevih potovanj v letih 1987-1989 in na vtise iz spominov, umetniških podob, primerjav s krajinami Amerike in sveta. Sodobni geografski opisi vključujejo v obravnavanje pokrajine tudi doživljanje opazovalca, kjer je odmik od "objektivne realnosti" dokajšen, a vendarle pomemben za razumevanje človekovega okolja.*