

# Journey at the Edge of the Night

*Transcript of the final screenplay*

**Evgen:** Ok, Google, quelle température a Capri? Napoli?

**Google:** La température actuelle a Capri est treize degrés.

**Evgen:** Treize degrés. Thirteen degrees. Ok, Google, quelle distance Capri de Ljubljana?

**Google:** Ljubljana est à 81.7 km en voiture de votre position actuelle.

**Evgen:** Ok, Google, fais le rossignol.

**Google:** Peu, je n'ai pas encore appris à faire ce bruit.

**Evgen:** Ok, Google, fais l'oiseau au rossignol.

**Google:** On espanole ... Voulez-vous que je traduise autre chose?

**Evgen:** Now it's translating instead. It can't voice the nightingale, guess not.

**Evgen:** Ok, Google, fais l'oiseau au rossignol!

**Google:** (speaks Spanish)

**Evgen:** I guess it can't understand me, it's not so perfect, what can you do. But let's say we try ... coo-coo, it might. Ok, Google fais le cou-cou ...

**Google:** Está bien el coco papa.

**Evgen:** *(laughter)* Hmm, she has to think a bit. *(laughter, in the background the voice assistant is trying to provide an answer)* They're switching places now.

**Mojca:** See, she's busy now. Incredible, the way technology has progressed.

**Evgen:** Indeed, that's how it tries to sort it ... It's ok to gather some information I guess ... Ok, Google fais le cou-cou! *(silence)* Why doesn't it want to do it?! Ok, Google fais le cou-cou!

**Google:** Voici un cou-cou! *(Produces a cuckoo sound)*

**Evgen:** Alright, it can do the cuckoo after all.

**Mojca:** Nightingales are too mysterious, even for Google ...

**Evgen:** I don't know what's the problem ...

**Saška:** Try one more time ...

**Evgen:** Ok, Google, fais le rossignol!

**Google:** Je n'est pas encore appris à faire ce bruit.

**Evgen:** Says she hasn't learned this noise yet.

**Saška:** Noise?

**Evgen:** Yes, *bruit*, is what she says.

**2'08"**

**Mojca:** Where's the nightingales of yours? You have any recorded on the computer?

**Evgen:** Yes, yes, I'll give you the USB key just don't lose it. Here's a key, look ... Got a whole bunch of them, I just need to sort them out. On here, there's a number of recordings from several years ago.

**Mojca:** Ok, I see, and what's that written in Braille on the key?

**Evgen:** Yes, indeed ... It's written up there, so, that's an R – recording, and then number 3, it says in Braille.

**Mojca:** Right ...

**Evgen:** There's a whole bunch of nightingales on there, I mean, from years ago. Now I record them electronically, but I used to do it on cassettes and such.

**Mojca:** We'll copy this and return the key ...

**Evgen:** Yes, that's right ... copy it, yes ...

**Mojca:** You have any on your computer, can we use your computer?

**Evgen:** There's some on my disk, yes (in the background the voice assistant keeps talking in oddly Slovenian French: *here made I lists and numbers, presentations ...*) Let me put on the nightingale again ... Well, here let's say there's got to be one ... we'll see if there is ... some of them are empty (*voice assistant keeps on talking*) ... how about this one? ... Ha, there's one here for sure ... well? ... No, I'm just walking around. There's a nightingale!

*(Nightingale song)*

It's not the best recording, I'm afraid ... You can feel that it's night though, yes? You hear it?

4'44"

**Evgen:** It made just a little sound, the nightingale ... Well, this here is my nightingale (*bird singing, backpack rustling, cars in the distance*) ... It sings in the place where there's a dry stream – we call it Suha Grapa (*church bell starts ringing*) ... that's where the slight, slight echo comes from ... (*clock rings 10 o' clock, nightingale singing, car sounds*)

The first time I recorded it, it was on a Grundig cassette recorder ... no, wait, an Uher. Back then it was the Uher, it was tape. I carried that recorder down there, to this field ... Over to the meadow across the road. I climbed the little hill, set the recorder and started rolling. It was a pretty good recording, but it was awkward since I had to carry everything in my bag, the Uher was quite heavy. That was the first time. And then, I went home, I played it and I found it absolutely wonderful, the fact I could bring the nightingale with me. And so I started recording methodically, it must have been 40 years ago if not more. I then recorded on cassettes, on a Grundig, and then on a Japanese one, a Sony that I still have, that cassette recorder ... I got it from Mrs Globokar, the wife of the famous musician Vinko Globokar. From the UK, it was cheaper there. And I recorded on that for many years, all the way up until digital technology came around.

7'35"

**Evgen:** This dog, for example, barks down there, almost in lower Lokavec, and the atmosphere is maybe a bit higher up, perhaps on the hillside of Čaven. If I can call it that, since Mt Čaven is pretty high, 1300 meters.

Now you can hear a motorcycle driving from the upper part of Lokavec, probably into the valley ... (*motorcycle sound*) Well, a moped, I think it was, judging by the engine sound. The valley reveals itself through technology, too, motorization. Well, now this car is a lot closer, it's probably ... yes, down there, below our house, it's going over the stream now, well now it's already down here ... (*loud car sound, it drives over a canal cover*) The sound of that impact is how I know where it's been – that it's riding past the place of the nightingale, the thumping noise ... (*sound of another car*) This one is coming from the lower part of Lokavec, since it hasn't driven over that rattletrap, let's call it ... So I know it's coming from the south and not the north. That's the kind of orientation markers us blind folks use (in the background Evgen's telephone announces the time: *il est vingt deux heure*), as we have to react to sound in space, orient ourselves in space through sound.

(*Sound of nightingales, crickets, the sound of the night ...*)

9'48"

**Evgen:** Yes, when I've been recording the nightingale for a number of years here, and in other places ... I encountered, or actually my friend brought my attention to the book *Villa San Michele* by Axel Munthe. And that text enraptured me (*nightingale singing*).

I began to hear the nightingale in a brand new way, though I had known from before already that in some places ... *(loud car engine sound)* Though I already knew that in some places they would blind the birds, nightingales or other species, so they would think it's always night. And so they would keep singing *(nightingale song and car sounds)*.

**11'05"**

*(Sound of footsteps)*

**Saša:** Is there really no chance you might still go with us, to Capri Island?

**Evgen:** No, it's too risky ... But I will follow you on WhatsApp *(in the background, the train is heard arriving to the station)*.

**Mojca:** Yes, we're connected on WhatsApp now ... we'll be calling you.

**Evgen:** Yes, of course, please do ...

**11'35"**

*(Train station. Sounds of trains, station signals, a male voice is announcing the arrivals in Italian ...)*

**Mojca:** See, there's been a change, it's coming to platform five instead of ...

**Evgen:** Hello?

**Mojca:** Hello?

**Evgen:** Hello?

**Mojca:** Hello, Dr Bavčar!

**Evgen:** Ah, greetings, greetings, greetings!

**Mojca:** We're just calling you to say hi from Venice, we're waiting for the train to Naples right now. *(Background sounds of the station, trains)*

*(Embarking the train, speaking on the telephone)*

**Evgen:** I would appreciate it if you call me from Capri, so next to your voice I can hear some sounds from the island, any sound. Or if you tell me ... For example, call me from a very specific place and tell me exactly where this place is, I'd really enjoy that. Like Boris Pahor enjoyed it when I called him from the camp he had survived. I called him right from that spot, that place where the shack had stood, it's not there anymore but it was the shack where he'd been imprisoned. Interesting spatial congruences, like that. And that congruence,

though you're in quite a different place ... the simultaneity of the moment, you know. I want to share this moment with you, at a distance, it's a wonderful thing, right. If you happen to visit the grave of Enrico Caruso in Naples, that would be fantastic. And then, it would make sense for me to play Enrico Caruso on my computer, his *O sole mio*.

*(The whistle of the dispatcher, the train starts moving, voice of the announcer in Italian, some nightingales in the background ...)*

**13'23"**

**Evgen:** It's a matter of imagination. And imagination is the noblest gift possessed by man. Imagination is what lets even prisoners travel the world, though they are wearing a *camisole de force*, meaning a straight jacket. It was described masterfully by Jack London in his *Star Rover*. Myself, I'm a star rover, too, I can never reach them up there, but I can rove around them like London's protagonist. And Capri is another opportunity of this distance adventuring, and I'm very grateful to have this possibility, although I might not be able to do it in person. But I can still rove around through others, with the complicity of others, to journey, sense and feel this paradise island.

**14'37"**

*(Ferry for Capri Island, the sound of the ride, a souvenir salesman is yelling in the background)*

Souvenir Capri!

Cinque euro le cap ...

**14'55"**

**Evgen:** *Villa San Michele* by Axel Munthe ... He describes how in this place, on Capri Island, the little birds had a sort of rest stop, tired on their way back from Africa, to the north... And they would catch them there, set baits ... And then, they would make them blind ... It was a butcher from Naples who did it ... Right away, it reminded me of symbolic castration, blinding I mean ... It's what happens to the blind, not only a symbolic castration but a social castration, or a historical castration if you will ... And I was really drawn to that story, I started to contemplate and think how for these little birds this marvellous place, this fairytale place was actually a hell, while for others it was heaven ...

*(In the background the Capri ferry souvenir salesman is yelling again)*

Souvenir?

Una?

I was drawn by that fundamental contradiction in that text, especially the chapter – bird sanctuary ...

*(Birds singing)*

**16'19"**

*(Arrival to the Barbarossa Hill)*

**Luka:** And this hill, Munthe bought from this butcher who ...?

**Kristina Kappelin:** Yes, exactly ... Who he took care of, he cured, he was very ill. He had tried to buy this mountain for a long time, and then the butcher fell ill and – well that is how Munthe writes it – and he almost blackmailed him then, in a way, to sell the mountain to him. What I didn't say before ...

*(Dr Bavčar starts speaking over it)*

**Evgen:** I imagine this hill in a very organic, vertical manner, since in my fancy Capri Island is so charming precisely for its verticality, steep slopes rising upwards in a tiny space. And this rising, this reaching for the heights and then gazing downwards, down into the valley, so to say, is like our life. These are the verticals, the verticals of death, the verticals of yearning, of home, and also the verticals of the fall – the verticals leading to hell, to annihilation. All this is present on Capri, that's how I imagine it. And that view of the infinite sea, and the distant islands, so as to say. Of that which lies far away, beyond reach.

**18'11"**

*(Conversation on the mountain)*

**Mojca:** Yes, beautiful, beautiful ... In Slovenia, I think, they will be maybe in a month and a half. And here, already are blossoming, it's beautiful.

**Kristina Kappelin:** This is the gardener, an amazing man.

**Evgen:** If it's paradise for the people, why would it not be a paradise for the little birds. Munthe was indeed lucky that Don Antonio needed his help, more than once, when he was in trouble, that butcher who was the castrator of birds. At first he refused, saying – I will come only if the butcher sells me the estate, the one they had been negotiating on several times, with the man constantly raising the agreed-upon price. He would always raise the price, so as to keep it out of Munthe's reach, and so he decided to only go and assist him if the butcher swore, on the image of Christ, to finally sell him the estate. He went over and saved his life, and everyone thought it was a miracle, that he was able to save him. And the butcher did sell him the estate where this center, the ornithology station was built, and also the villa San Michele where the kittens had little bells and the puppies were tied on a leash, so that they wouldn't endanger the birds coming to rest ... on their long journey across the Mediterranean.

**20'14"**

*(Conversation upon arrival to the ornithological station, in the background ...)*

... you just ...

... rise it up, yeah ...

... yes, thanks ... special guests ...

... bongiorno ...

... journalista Slovenia

... bongiorno ...

**20'45"**

**Evgen:** I remember most vividly that scene, where Munthe goes to the Church with the children, to pick up the birds. To the site of the sacral, the sacred. They are dying there, unaware of the phenomenon of glass, meaning windows, believing they might fly out into freedom there – but they only fly to their death. Crashing against the glass and falling, exhausted (*in the background, Evgen's sound clock: il est veingt trois heure*) to the holy grounds, the church grounds so to say ... They drop dead on that consecrated church floor for having believed too fervently in freedom. That false freedom offered by men, desiring to fly, soar high. Towards God let's say.

*(Nightingale singing)*

**Kristina Kappelin:** You know, as you can imagine, the view from here, when it's clear it's amazing! Yeah ... It's dramatic!

**Evgen:** From the perspective of psychoanalysis, blinding is actually a symbolic castration. Just as fate castrated us in real terms, so blinding means a symbolic castration. Meaning, these little birds were disabled from seeing, prevented from controlling their sight organ. They no longer could perceive the infinitude of the sky, no longer were able to yearn for that transcendent freedom provided by flight. Flight is a symbol of freedom, a symbol of the limitless openness of the world. And when they blinded them, they took that away.

*(Car sound in the background, for a few seconds overwhelming)*

By taking their sight, they took their freedom to soar. The freedom of the infinite, the freedom of boundless yearning for the deep blue of the sky, for infinite space.

*(Nightingale sings for a long while)*

**23'53"**

**Saška:** And what is in the castle?

**Kristina Kappelin:** It's an ornithological station. It's – I mean it's very simple inside, just, you know, bunk beds ...

**Evgen:** And then I started thinking, thinking profoundly, about the difference in the blinding of the little birds on the San Michele hill of Capri Island, and the existence of blind people ... Disabled in their freedom of movement, flying, but not in their freedom of singing and that is the paradox ... The birds can still sing. And to sing, precisely, they were made blind. And somehow, perhaps a bit poetically, maybe even too poetically, I made parallels to the existence of the blind. Us that in a way sing, too, we speak, in short we are doomed to non-freedom, to existing with special needs. In this state we are like the little birds that were made blind ... Yes, that were blinded. That were then put in crates and sold to France, for the famous restaurants.

*(Shift to ornithological station)*

**Kristina Kappelin:** Grazie. Ciao Francesco, comme stai?

**Everyone greeting, introducing themselves:** Bongiorno ... This is Francesco ... Saša ... Mojca ... Coffee? Oh yes, please! ... Luka, nice to meet you ... Nice to meet you!

**Kristina Kappelin:** Oh, it's nice to get inside ... E bello entrare ...

**Luka:** And this is the old castle where is an ornithologists' station ...

*(Ringing sounds ...)*

**Francesco** in Italian: Soffriranno, insomma. Allora tu poi pensi, perché un uccello, o comunque in generale, che fanno tanti chilometri, anche se diciamo per un motivo che è un motivo loro, perché noi dobbiamo andare a distruggere una cosa, o comunque diciamo, creargli problemi. Forse sì, è una cosa che non concepisco adesso. Allora, come ha detto Dario, c'era bisogno di mangiare, quindi era una cosa che si deve.

**26'42"**

*(Calling Evgen)*

**Evgen:** Hello?

**Mojca:** Hello, Dr Bavčar. Is this a bad time? Mojca here.

**Evgen:** No, not at all, good day to you, how are you?

**Mojca:** Good day, we're doing great. I'm sending you a sunny and right now also very windy greeting ...



**Evgen:** Ah, windy ...

**Mojca:** ... here from the garden of the San Michele, a marvellous garden with lots of flowers. We're just returning from a visit to the mountain, to the old Barbarossa Castle, we were with the ornithologists.

**Evgen:** Ah, the ornithologists. The Swedish state is in charge of that, right?

**Mojca:** Yes, it's a Swedish foundation. The ornithologist told us about how they catch birds in nets here, but just to study them, and not like it was – you know, you remember – in Munthe's story.

**Evgen:** Munthe, yes ... they study them ... Are there many birds there?

**Mojca:** Yes, they say ... Right now is the season, of course, when they're returning from Africa, they catch about 5-6000 thousand, they measure them, weigh them and tag them ...

**Evgen:** .. I see ...

**Mojca:** ... it's quite incredible, actually ...

**Evgen:** Wonderful, wonderful ...

**Mojca:** A young ornithologist who's an assistant here told us something very nice, helping Francesco, he said that in the past the people would hunt, blind, eat these birds because they were so poor and it was the only thing they could do. But now, he thinks it's impossible that people who are well off, who live in prestige, could ever do this to the birds again. They're so – when you hold them in your hand – so incredibly fragile, just a couple grams ... A living creature that actually travels thousands and thousands of kilometres, it's incredible what these petite creatures can accomplish.

**Evgen:** Yes, that's absolutely true. Actually, they're also – there's probably less and less of them, I can see this, in Lokavec for example the numbers of nightingales are dwindling, falling year after year ... it's curious, this ...

**Mojca:** Great to hear you, Dr Bavčar ...

**Evgen:** I'd like to know ...

**Mojca:** Yes, tell me ...

**Evgen:** I'd like to know where those little birds are headed, how far into the heart of Europe. That's what I'm interested in, if they're still going, like Munthe says, into the far North ... playing that role of a celestial choir there ... In the far North ... So, how far do they actually go, if the people can kindly tell you, calculate ...

*(Rustling in the background, sounds of clothing and rain ...)*

**Mojca:** We will, we'll look into it ...

**Evgen:** Nice, great ...

**Mojca:** Can you hear it, Dr Bavčar, now it's starting ...

**Evgen:** ... and from which part of Africa they depart. That's what I want to know.

**Mojca:** I see. Can you hear it, the rain just started here on Capri. I don't know if you can hear the raindrops ...

**Evgen:** I hear it, I hear it. Nice, nice.

**Mojca:** Yes, we're actually hurrying over here ... *aaaahh* ... It's pouring now, we need to get under some roof ...

*(The sound of rain)*

**Evgen:** Yes, yes ... I hear it, I hear it ... I can hear the ambience ... beautiful ... A rainy sound postcard.

**Mojca:** Yes, there was a shower just now. But that's unusual they're actually saying, who knows where the birds are hiding right now, right?

**Evgen:** Well yes, I mean ... The sky has the right to cry sometimes, too.

**30'41"**

*(Laughter, seagulls, birds, people talking ... Crossfade into night, an owl hooting ...)*

**32'11"**

**Mojca:** Can you hear me?

**Evgen:** Yes, I hear you. I listened to the recording, wonderful. I wrote that the screeching owl is lordling over the night (*laughter*).

**Mojca:** What has most impressed your memory?

**Evgen:** Listen, it's amazing when the owl – one feels the owl like a loner in some landscape, like, a wonderful landscape where sounds reveal the topology of the space, right. Then the dusk is so beautiful, when there is the crescendo in the voices, everything waking up. Just as the light rises, so do the sounds. It's the same phenomenon in Lokavec, even similar sound effects by the birds, I can identify some. And it's a very pretty topology of this place, hearing

the yells of the people in the distance, right. I can hear that it's lower down, somewhere below or horizontal in a way, I can feel it.

**Mojca:** Yes, you're right.

**Evgen:** The night is fantastic. The night is really this wonderful arrangement, and this soundscape, let's say, this unquantifiable background of the night reminded me of a sentence by my friend Milan Kundera, who says: "If you want to see the infinite, close your eyes." And so I really did close my eyes, twofold, when listening to that night, that owl in the night, and I could see the infinite then.

**33'57"**

*(Screeching owl, crickets, crossfade into the singing of the nightingale)*

**34'24"**

**Evgen:** No sound is identical to the last – there's always something new when it sings ...

*(Nightingale singing)*

**Evgen:** The way it's singing now, I feel like it's asking us gently to listen ... This here particular singing now ... *(nightingale singing)* This, for example *(nightingale singing)* ...

**35'22"**

**Evgen:** I always start the dialogue with some kind of hope that the nightingale is about to tell me something new. And it does always tell me something new, unexpected. With its singing it reminds me that I have collected a great deal of experience in the preceding year of existence, and that this moment, this dialogue, these profound contemplations of nature ... That they will be set in a different way altogether now, that I will be asking questions in a way entirely different from the year before. And as I talk silently with it, as we exchange experience ... without properly grasping what kind exactly, I like to imagine that I'm part of nature, like the nightingale is part of nature. And I hope that nature gives me the strength to listen to it many more times, and especially that I'll be listening, and conversing, the next year as well. It's a humble wish. Of course, I also have my mind on the people of Lokavec who are no longer with us. Who were taken to the land of silence in the year that was. I think about that, too ... In a way I'm philosophically preparing for that absolute loneliness, the loneliness of the absolute night. Not in a sad way, though, in a poetic way, with the nightingale. I sing, somehow. And so because of the singing, because of the very act of singing, I somehow forget that it's even about to happen. Although it will ...

**38'34"**

*(Singing and a call)*

**Evgen:** Hello?

**Mojca:** Hello, Dr Bavčar.

**Evgen:** Ah, good day. Did you get my email?

**Mojca:** Yes, I got all your emails. Thank you for responding so quickly.

**Evgen:** Beautiful description you made, great, great.

**Mojca:** Can you guess where we are now? It's another special place.

**Evgen:** Really? The Saint Gregorio Armeno?

**Mojca:** No, I'm standing before the tomb of Enrico Caruso.

**Evgen:** Ahhhh! Marvellous, marvellous, wonderful! And how does it look? I haven't been there yet, not down there, great, great, how does it look?

**Mojca:** Alright, we shall be taking you then. Right now as we're calling you, the sun has pierced the clouds ...

**Evgen:** ... there you go!

**Mojca:** ... it's actually a huge cemetery, there's lots of crypts ...

**Evgen:** ... yes ...

**Mojca:** But this one is especially splendid, it's white, white stone.

**Evgen:** ... yes ...

**Mojca:** Tall ... and depicted on it, I think, is Jesus. And there's gold, golden letters spelling out Enrico Caruso ... it's just like a – like a proper shrine here, for him, for this songbird. And then inside it's all white, and there's two photographs of Enrico, one where he's sitting at a piano if I'm not mistaken, and another where he's gazing at – it's a portrait of sorts, and it says there Enrico Caruso, then 1873, and the death date 1921...

**Evgen:** ..21, on August second, yes, I know.

**Mojca:** A car is about to pass, hold on for a second ...

**Evgen:** I hear it, I hear it, I hear it ... Ah, wonderful, wonderful, that's fantastic. Because Enrico, for me – I mean, the vocal embodiment of Naples! And that tremendously famous *O sole mio*, he sings it, created in 1898 in Odessa, right ... And he also sings that marvellous song *Catari (Core 'ngrato)*, the merciless heart.

**Mojca:** Which one of his is your favourite?

**Evgen:** Well, there's three, actually. Three. That is, *O sole mio*, the *Catari (Core 'ngrato)*, and the *Lontana De Santa Lucia* ... Not that most famous *Santa Lucia* but the other, *Lontana De Santa Lucia*, sang also by Giuseppe Di Stefano ... It's hard, though, you know, it's very hard to decide between these things ... Songs of the sun they are, and I use them, if I ever feel under the weather, depressed, I play me some songs from Naples and it all gets better right away, right away. And then the most fabulous – *O sole mio* ... the sun incarnate, *O sole mio*, juxtaposing his beloved to the sun, so modestly, he sings to a girl, right, he presents her as the sun. I understand it as an extended kiss, a kiss sent through the sun, and it's 8 minutes and 20 seconds for light to get there, and then back, let's say, that's a long long kiss, 17 minutes and 40 seconds. Right. Through the sun. *O sole mio*, yes, that's about it.

**Mojca:** What's the lyrics again? You know the Italian lyrics, of course?

**Evgen:** *Starts singing:* Che bella cosa ... *(sings a few lines, a car drives by in the distance)* ... And so on, and so on. I played this on the accordion, and on the violin, too.

**Mojca:** Dr Bavčar, I'm thinking, since this is your first time here ... What if I take several steps closer, to this grave, so we can stand here in silence for a while, together. Here, with you being with us.

**Evgen:** Yes, yes, please, wonderful.

**Mojca:** We just need to wait for the car to drive by ... And then, a deep silence, here, with only the birds singing. *(Car noise, honking)* I'm as close as I can get. There's some plastic flowers stuck in the grate here, and I'm right next to the sarcophagus where he's resting. *(Car driving)*

**44'05"**

*(Sounds of the cemetery, birds in the background)*

**Evgen:** It's the most beautiful sound postcard I've experienced in a long time. Wonderful. I can even hear the turtledove.

**Mojca:** Dr Bavčar, now we're going to have to ... They kindly asked us to leave, since they're closing the gate. But we've made it here, to this last spot before we depart.

**Evgen:** Marvellous. This is the most wonderful thing you've done in Naples. Fantastic! Thank you so very much!

**Mojca:** Yes, it was a pleasure.

**Evgen:** I'll put on some Caruso right away ... Safe travels, call me again!

**Mojca:** Yes, thank you very much, we will! Have a nice day!

**Evgen:** Cheers!

*(Birds singing)*

**45'20"**

**Evgen:** Yes, well, it sings what the nature has written. It sings. Sings like the rhapsody. He's an amateur, but that's why his song is so enchanting.

*(Birds singing)*

**Evgen:** Like Lorca would say: *estrella sonora*. Meaning, singing star. I think that's the best name for the nightingale. A sonorous star. Lorca calls the cricket that, but for me, the singing star is the nightingale. I came to know the beauty of this duality with the nightingale, as I can say in any case – the two of us. I and it. Us. Us – fatefully us. The kind of companionship you can't just sever ... When I say "us", this means I also become responsible for some other, tiny existence, warming its progeny concealed in the bush ... that reminds me also of the sun that shone the day before. The sun that had once shone for me, too. And the nightingale in its singing transmits that light to me, or the energy of the sun I had known as a child.

*(Singing, crossfade into morning)*

**48'00"**

**Saška:** It sings the whole night ...

**Evgen:** The whole night ... In the morning, its song gets lost in the song of the other birds. If I'm still recording then, I usually pack up and go home. When I hear the cuckoo, from the side of Gorenje, and the other birds ... The nightingale's song slowly fades out.

*(Singing, the sound of the cuckoo ...)*

**48'46"**

**Evgen:** Yes, I hear it! Coo-coo ... There ... I'm thinking if the cuckoo is about to sing some more or fall silent ... It's probably done.

**Mojca:** It has said its part ...

**Evgen:** Yes ... It has welcomed the morning, and that's enough for the bird ... An interesting species, this one, too.

*(Birds singing, the sound of an airplane in the background)*

**Mojca:** What a curious journey this night was. Right?

**Evgen:** Yes, a journey at the edge of the night.

*(Birds singing)*

**50'19"**

**Voice assistant:** Reads the name of the file: Slavec\_Lokavec\_24.5. 2023

*(Birds singing)*

***Journey at the Edge of the Night (colophon)***

*Concept: Mojca Delač, Luka Hvalc*

*Screenplay: Mojca Delač, Saška Rakef and Luka Hvalc in cooperation with Dr Evgen Bavčar*

*Director: Saška Rakef*

*Dramaturgy: Saška Rakef, Mojca Delač, Luka Hvalc*

*Sound design: Urban Gruden*

*Production: Radio Slovenia, joint undertaking of the First Program, the Ars, and Val 202 within the framework of the project B-AIR*