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# Student art event “All the (Non)senses”

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## Looking back at all (non)senses, in other words, what is being written and created at the faculty

It looked like it was going to rain, but it was the same hot day as last year. The only pleasant place in Kampus Hybernská is room E0, the basement where we get away from the heat, noise, responsibilities, and the outside world with our faculty art event for a moment.

The title “All the (Non)senses” refers to last year's FHSFest, the theme of which was just one parenthesis shorter, and also refers to how our creations are created. We create with all our senses, that is clear: we write about what we see, what we experience first-hand, or what we hear our friends talk about, we draw things that we have touched or things that have touched us, we talk about the smell of blackcurrants, a morning forest, coal power plants. In a nutshell, we experience and then cut, draw, or compose. It is not only about the senses, often nonsense is created from our dreams, bizarre ideas, and emotions that we do not understand or do not want to understand. When the work is in progress, it might seem like nonsense yet in final form it reaps success. Art reflects sensory perception as well as senseless exploration and a sense of uncertainty, such as the uncertainty of creating a painting that we might have been drawing for five years.

*Photo: Barbora Lišková, Andrii Zaritskyi*

The year is long, and if there is no place to show one's art more often, one accumulates it; that is why we added the subtitle “drawer” creation. Despite being exiled to a desk drawer, the author's readings were full of texts that already wanted to get out and had so much to say. We read poems from scraps found in the pocket of a favourite shirt and from an old magazine from high school. We experimented with background music for the first time, creating such a strong performance that it resonated many days after the event. We could also hear wistful verse prose, verses about poor students and the unprofitability of humanity studies, poems about transition, an apathetic generation, complicated relationships, and breakups between friends. After all, the best poems are bittersweet.

The organisation of the descendant of last year's FHSFest was accompanied by so many complications and hiccups that we might as well write stand-up about it. Still, everything important worked out in the end: a great exhibition was created, strong authors' texts were heard and people came. And perhaps the end of the year needs nothing more.

And while the summer is in full swing, we are already slowly discussing the autumn festival at the faculty. We are apprehensive about it, but we are very much looking forward to it.

*Barbora Lišková, translation: Melanie S. Terry*