



onestar press vesna bukovec some stuff



Vesna Bukovec

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**SOME STUFF**



I spent three months in  
 Utrecht, in the Netherlands,  
 in a student exchange  
 programme.

Some things I remember ...

# METRO



I wanted to use the metro for the first time in my life.

I went to a metro employee to buy a ticket. He told me to buy it from the machine. I put three coins, one guilder each, into the slot. I waited. The machine swallowed them and made some noises as if it were printing.

I looked into the lower receptacle, but nothing came out. No ticket and no money. The machine ripped me off.

I had to go to the another machine and buy another ticket.

# BIKE



They stole my bike. I went to the city centre every evening to try to buy a new one from some junkie, but there were no junkies with bicycles.

Once, a person bought a bike right in front of my nose; I was a little too late.

Finally one evening a junkie came by. He was walking by a bicycle. The bike didn't seem to be in very good condition. He wanted 20 guilders for it. I said I wanted to try it first. The junkie told me that I could try it if I paid half in advance. So I paid. I tried the bike and it was no good. The junkie walked away and didn't return my money.

Then two kids drove by on a big black bike. They wanted to sell it to me for 15 guilders. I told them that I would give them the bike I just bought and another 5 guilders. They looked at the bike and laughed. One kid tried it and found out it was no good, the brake just broke. I told them that they could repair it. They didn't want it. So I gave them 10 guilders and left them the broken bike as well.

Finally I had got another bike. It was worse than the bike that was stolen from me in the first place. The brakes were very strange and it was quite an experience to ride it.



# PIG



My friend sewed a big pig from a pink cloth and stuffed it with soft material. It was an artwork. She wanted to show it at the school exhibition. She strapped the pig on her back and drove through

the city.

People were turning their heads to see the pig. Some of them, especially the kids, were laughing. At the exhibition everybody liked the pig. The school even considered buying it.



# FISH

My landlady had an aquarium. She used to have three fish in it. One big and two small ones. Then one day the big fish bite off the small one's tail. The small fish died. After one week the other small fish died too; it was either too sad from the loss of a friend or too afraid of the big fish.



My landlady doesn't like the big fish. She wished it was dead. But she doesn't have the heart to flush it down the toilet. So she is waiting for the fish to die. She hasn't changed the water in the aquarium for one year now. Otherwise she feeds the fish regularly. Once even the landlady's cat fell into the aquarium.

The fish is still alive.

# C A T



Once my landlady's cat caught a pigeon. The cat brought it to its master as a present and as an act of gratitude.

When she saw the pigeon in the cat's mouth, my landlady screamed. The

cat dropped it. The pigeon was still alive, but its leg and its wing were broken.

My landlady called the animal emergency service. After one hour they came to take the pigeon and cure it. She had to pay 25 guilders.

The cat was punished and it was not allowed to be inside the house during the night inside the house through the night.





## FOLDING - SCREEN, 1999

The Folding-Screen represent my private place, a symbolic shelter in a foreign environment, with which I fenced in myself from the surroundings.

This work was made during the student exchange programme in Utrecht.

It is made of a cardboard folding-screen. Behind it are all my things in the studio, including the leftover material which resulted from making the folding-screen. On the inside of the folding-screen are some photos taken in the city and in my apartment and are showing the garbage and all the mess.



In this work I combined two themes that at the moment seemed to me to be most important: the situation in the studio, where it was impossible to work - there were four of us

(exchange students) in a relatively small place, which had no doors, so anybody could look in at any moment. There were no materials and no tools available.



# FOLDING - SCREEN

The other thing was the fascination with garbage. The Netherlands have a habit of leaving garbage on the street, in bags or just like that - for garbage-men and also for the passers-by (you just put out the things that you don't need anymore but are still useful on the street and someone will take it).



# FOLDING - SCREEN





# FOLDING - SCREEN

Besides I happened to  
Besides I happened to  
live with a roommate  
whose place was a total  
mess.

And so my room turned  
out to be a mess too.



# some other stuff ...

Some more of the  
beautiful still lifes  
"arranged" by my room-  
mate I had the chance  
to see.



# like ...

riding ...



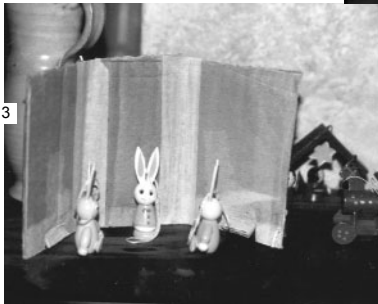
... observing



reading ...



13



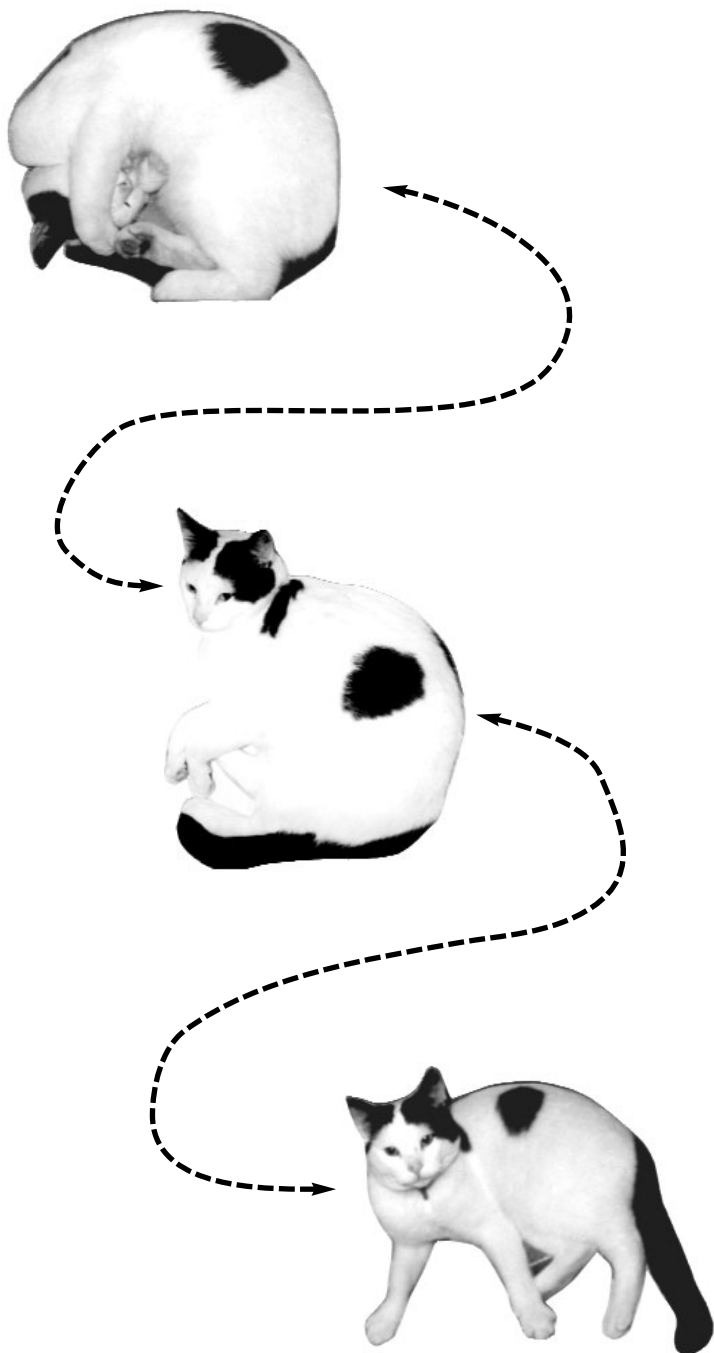
... playing

# and the cats

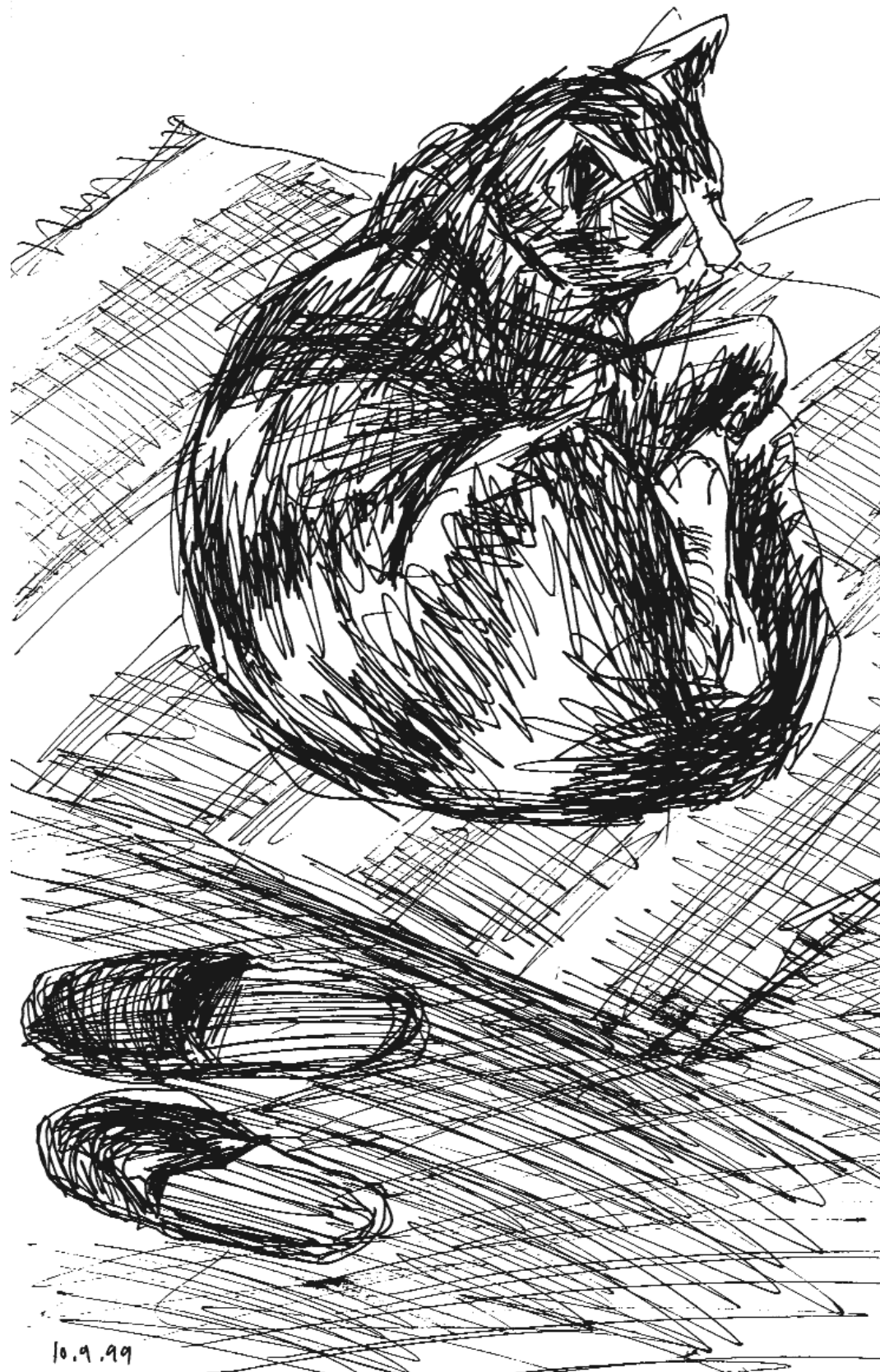
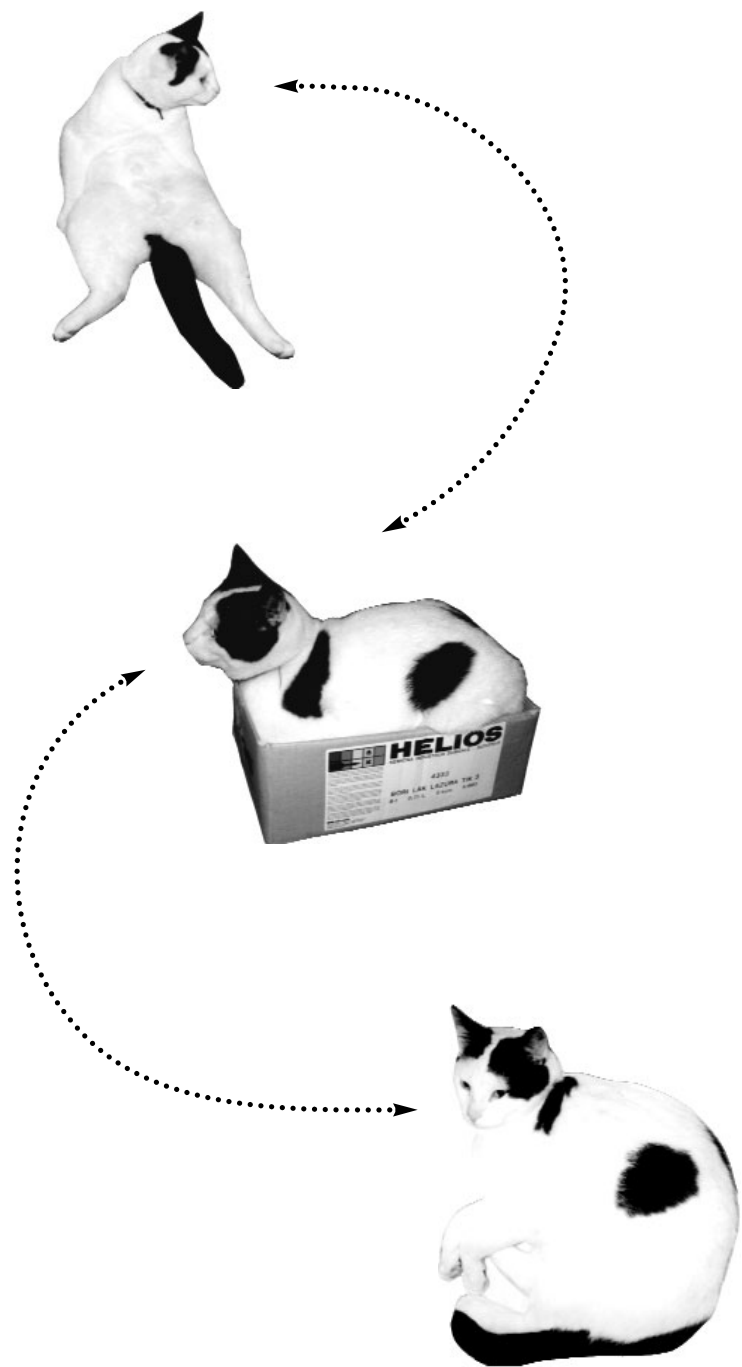
I enjoyed watching and playing with the two cats a lot.

The result is quite a substantial amount of material on cats.





9.99







## SUMMARY, 1999

These are my three portraits in which I am wearing each time a different statement on my T-shirt:

I AM DISAPPOINTED

IT IS NOT WHAT I EXPECTED

I AM AN ARTIST

These statements, together with my facial expressions, are showing my feelings about the student exchange. But the way I mediate these statements brings their seriousness into question.

Wearing T-shirts with statements is part of the popular culture and it partly reflects the owner's life philosophy. But usually these kinds of statements have an ironic and humorous connotations.



The possibility of another visit to Belgrade evoked some memories ...

## KAKO JEDNA SLOVENKA DOŽIVLJAVA SRBIJU

Ovaj tekst je sasvim osobno gledanje i doživljavanje Srbije i stvari, koje su sa njom u vezi. Sa svojim rečenicama ne želim nikoga uvrediti ili pogoditi, ovo je u stvari samo pogled jedne Slovenke.

Srbski karakter me je uvijek impresirao. Samosvest, nekakva širina, jaka prezencija, smisao za humor i samoironiju, sve ove osobine su me uvijek obuzele. Bez obzira na historijske okolnosti, je Srbija uvijek ostala na specijalnom mestu u mom srcu. Sada mi se pružila mogućnost za izložbu u Beogradu i sa time i mogućnost ponovne posijete, koje se već puno veselim.

### Kola

Prva stvar, koje se sjećam i da me veže sa Srbiju, svakako je naša Zastava 101. Uvijek smo imali kod kuće stojadinu. Oba puta bjelu, najprvo takvu sa okruglima svjetlima, kasnije noviju, sa četverokutnima. Kad je brat napravio vozački ispit i kad smo kupili nova kola (ladu), on je dobio stojadinu. Straga je naljepio naljepnicu, na kojoj je pisalo: *This was a sports car 20 years ago*. To je u stvari bila skoro istina, pošto su to nekad bila dobra kola. U devedesetšestoj sam i ja napravila vozački ispit, i dobila stojadinu. Uistinu bila su to stara kola, koja nisu više imala dobra pospješenja ali ipak su mi bila veoma draga. Osobito sam se ponosila sa naljepnicu. Prije nekoliko godina, moji su kupili nova kola, ja sam dobila ladu, a stojadina je postala nekako odviše. Nismo mogli da je prodamo, bar ne za toliko što smo htjeli. Tako su kola nekoliko vremena stala izpred kuće, onda se majka odlučila i zvala na radio, da je poklonimo. Iako nije imala registracije, interes je bio velik. Tako je otišla naša stojadina. Sada, kad vidim na cesti bjelu stojadinu, kojih sada kod nas više nema puno, uvijek se pitam, dali naša još vozi. Prije nekoliko sedmica brat mi je rekao, da ju je vidio. Na putu se vozila ispred njega, upoznao ju je, naravno, zbog naljepnice.

### Jezik

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U petom razredu osnovne škole imali smo srpskohrvatski jezik kao obavezan nastavni predmet, učili smo i cirilicu. Nekad je bilo tako, da smo školske knjige za iduću godinu nabavili već krajem stare, tako sam imala knjige za peti razred kod kuće čitavo proljeće. Kad sam jih prelistavala, došla sam i do cirilice, koja me je sasvim obuzela. Bila mi je to baš posobna abeceda i grafija, tako da sam se je sama naučila prije početka šolske godine. Danas sam većinu zaboravila, tako da samo sporo mogu da sricam, ponekad i pomalo pogađam, ako oću da pročitam nešto napisano u cirilici.

Kad smo već kod jezika, stripovi, vicevi i psovke zvuče na srpskohrvatskom besprimjerno bolje i avtentičnije kao na slovenačkom.

### Posjeta

Prvi put sam bila u Srbiji i Beogradu 1989. godine. Tada je brat bio u vojsci u Pančevu. S tatom i mamom otišli smo na zakletvu. To su bila neka posobna vremena, odnosi su počjeli da se zaoštirju. Milošević je dolazio na vlast, priređivali su se mitingi, atmosfera je počela da bude nekoliko neprijateljska. Tata se je bojao, jer smo išli sa kolima, da bih zbog ljubljanske registracije mogli imati problema. A činilo se, da su bili svi ljudi, sa kojima smo došli u kontakt, veoma ljubazni. Nismo imali nikakvih problema i niko se nije prema nama ponašao

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## HOW ONE SLOVENE GIRL EXPERIENCES SERBIA, 2002

This text is a totally personal view and experience of Serbia and some things connected to it. With this text I don't want to offend anybody, actually it is just a view of one Slovene girl.

The Serbian character has always impressed me. Self-esteem, some kind of breadth, a strong presence, sense of humour and self-irony, all these characteristics have always entranced me. Serbia was always in a special place in my heart, regardless of the historical circumstances. I have now a possibility to make an exhibition in Belgrade and with that comes the chance to visit Serbia again and that I am looking forward to.

### THE CAR



First thing that I remember that connects me to Serbia is definitely our Zastava 101.

We used to have this car for as long as I can remember. Each time it was white; first the one with round lights and later a new model with rectangular lights.

When my older brother got a driving licence, he got the car and my father bought us a new one (Lada Samara).

My brother put a sticker on the back of the Zastava which read: This was a sports car 20 years ago. This was almost true, for it use to be a good car once (in a communist state).

In 1996 I got my driving licence too and then I got the Zastava. It was by that time an old car with bad acceleration, but I loved it anyway. I was specially proud of the sticker. A few years ago my parents bought a new car and I got the Lada, so the Zastava became redundant.

We couldn't sell it, at least not for the sum we wanted. So the car was parked in front of our house for a while, and then my mother decided to call a local radio station and tell them that we were giving

it away for free. Despite the fact that the registration had already expired there was a lot of interest. So our Zastava 101 went away.

Now when I see a white Zastava on the road, I ask myself if ours is still driving. A few weeks ago my brother told me that he saw it driving in front of him; of course, he recognized it because of the sticker.

## THE LANGUAGE

In kindergarten I was once asked by a girl "Kako se zoveš?" (it was in Serbian: "What is your name?"). I felt very strange, because it was the first time for me that somebody talked to me in a foreign language. And because it didn't sound so different, just strange enough that I didn't really know what it meant, I was even more confused.

I was later in touch with the Serbo-Croatian language via TV (no offence, for me it is still Serbo-Croatian, because I don't really see a difference between the Serbian and Croatian languages). We could watch Croatian programme, but our antenna was too weak to catch Serbian programmes.

When we bought a VCR in the mid eighties and video rental shops began to open, all the movies had Serbo-Croatian subtitles.

In 5th grade of primary school we had to study the Serbo-Croatian language and learn the Cyrillic alphabet as well.

It used to be that the school books for the next year were bought in the beginning of summer vacations. So I had 5th grade books at home all summer and when I leafed through the books I got totally entranced by the Cyrillic alphabet. It was visually very special and I learned it by myself before school started. Today I have forgotten most of it, so I can read only very slowly and sometimes I have to guess the meaning.

And speaking of language: comics, jokes and curses sound much better and more authentic in Serbo-Croatian than in Slovene.

## THE VISIT

The first time I was in Serbia and Belgrade was in 1989. Then my brother served in the army in Pančevo (a town near Belgrade). We went with mum and dad to see him take the solemn oath.

It was a special time when relations between the republics had already begun to become tense. Milošević had just come to power, there were demonstrations and the atmosphere slowly became unfriendly. We went by car and my father was afraid that we might have problems because we had Ljubljana registration plates.



But everybody that we met was very nice and friendly; we didn't have any problems at all and nobody was hostile to us.



I was twelve at the time and I was for the first time in a really big city, which Belgrade compare to Ljubljana definitely is. I was impressed with the size of the city and with the wide pedestrian avenues and the special atmosphere. We were staying in the center in Hotel Slavija. I don't remember on which floor anymore, but it was high enough that I could see through the window a big rondo, some lower buildings and streets beneath me.

The second time I was in Belgrade was with my father a few months later when we went again to visit my brother. We travelled by train and it was the first time for me to travel so far by the train. It was in a way interesting, but still very long and boring. I was surprised by the shanty town, where the Gypsies lived in the suburbs of Belgrade. It was a totally different picture of the city this time. The main railway station was a few times bigger than Ljubljana station. The air was thick with smoke and it was magical to see all those people waiting and smoking. This time we stayed in a hotel in Pančevo and we took a local bus to get there. When we were there for the first time by car we didn't take any public transportation. I



remember I saw pictures of Slobodan Milošević in many show windows and at the back of the city buses.

## THE FRIENDSHIP

In 1999 I was in Utrecht, Holland, on a student exchange programme. At their art school I met Danijela, a Serbian girl living in Utrecht for about one year. She was a real Serbian, self-confident and with a sense of humour. I admired her hardworking attitude; besides her studying she washed dishes every night in some restaurant.



She told me how people lived in Belgrade in the nineties. She told me how she worked in a shop that was opened during the night and they have to put iron bars to protect the employees from violent customers.

Once she was even threatened by a gun. She told me how her family sometimes didn't have enough to eat or nothing to warm the apartment with. She told me how she developed a system to steal food from one supermarket sometimes and how hard it was to get a passport and visa for Holland.

## THE EXOTIC

Last summer I was invited to a barbeque party by a friend of mine. There I met a couple (a cousin of my friend) who just got married and they went to Belgrade for their wedding trip. They just returned and were totally excited about it.

Most of Slovene people go for their wedding trips to Greece, Spain or Bali or something similar.

## THE MOVIES

Of course I haven't seen all the Serbian movies and because of that I cannot say which one is really the best. But from those I saw, I definitely like these three comedies the most: Maratonci trče počasni krug (The Marathons are Running the Final Lap), Ko to tamo peva (Who is Singing out There) and Balkanski špijun (The Balkan Spy). I can say these are the movies of my youth. My brother and I watched them several times and always laughed our heads off. These are extraordinary comedies with fantastic dialogue, most of which I know by heart and quote them in my everyday life.

Vesna Bukovec, Homec 5.5.2002



## BEOGRAD

Evo mene opet u Beogradu!  
Ovaj put sam trebala vizu, pasov i eure, pošto ne mogu da kupim dinare u Sloveniji. Sa prijateljima Polonu, Metku i Tomažem došli smo sa vozom. Putovali smo devet sati ali brzo je prošlo.

Barakarska naselja, gde žive Čigani, još uvijek postoje.

Železnička stanica ne čini mi se više tako velika, ali grad je još veći. Čula sam, da sad sa svima izbeglicama ukupno ovde živi tri milijuna ljudi, to je za jednu Sloveniju i po.

Kad smo došli, uzeli smo taksi, da nas vozi u SKC i uskoro prva stvar koju sam primjetila, bile su srušene zgrade, koje je Nato bombardirao.

Još jedna stvar, koju sam od početka primjetila, je polucija vazduha. Tekom dana sam se na smrad pomalo naviknula.

Ljudi su još uvijek veoma ljubazni, dobila sam osjećaj, da ponekad i nervozni.

Kad smo prvi put išli na ručak u menzu, bili smo sasvim specijalni gosti. Zbog gužve smo ulazili straga. Jeli smo na šefovom stolu, u njegovoj kancelariji.

Ovaj put spavam u hotelu Splendid, ipak morala sam da opet vidim hotel Slaviju, gde sam bila, kad sam došla prvi put.

Veliki rondo ne čini mi se više tako velik.

Sa prijateljima smo išli malo turistički po Beogradu. Bili smo već na Kalemegdanu i u Zemunu (koji zbog arhitekture veoma slični Sloveniji). Na Dedinje, Skadarliju, Burčak i u Kinestru četvrt ćemo još ići.

Ne mogu, da ne usporedim stvari, koje se sjećam, sa stvarima koje sada vidim. Tadašnji Beograd više ne postoji. Pošto se puno desilo u ovih trinaest godina - promjenio se grad, ali promjenila sam se i ja.

Vesna Butovec, Beograd, 13.3.2002

## BELGRADE

Here I am again in Belgrade!  
This time I needed a visa, a passport and euros, because I cannot buy dinars in Slovenia.

I came with my friends by train. We travelled 9,5 hours, but it went by quickly.

The shanty town where Gypsies live is still there.  
The main railway station doesn't look so big anymore, but the city is still big.



I've heard that now with all the refugees there are around 3,5 million people living in Belgrade. That is more than one and a half times the size of Slovenia.

When we arrived we took a cab to SKC (the student cultural centre) and almost the first thing I saw were the damaged buildings from Nato bombings.



The other thing that I noticed from the beginning was the pollution of the air, after a few days I slowly adapted to the smell.

People are still very friendly, but sometimes I got to feeling a bit nervous.

When we went for the first time to student's canteen we were treated as special guests. Because of the crowd we were taken in from the back door and ate in the boss's office.

This time I am staying in the Hotel Splendid, but I had to go to see the hotel Slavija again where I stayed when I was in Belgrade for the first time.



The big rondo doesn't look so big anymore.

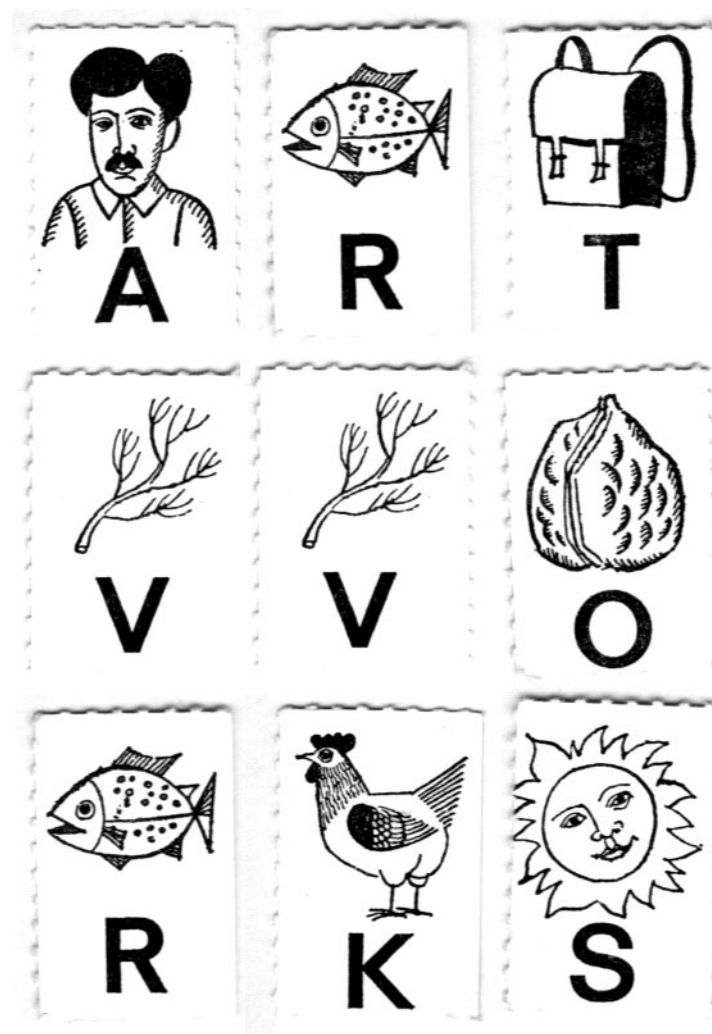
I went sight-seeing with my friends. We were already in Kalemegdan park and the Zemun district (which looks much like Slovenian towns). We're planning also to see Dedinje (Tito's grave), Skadarlija (the famous Belgrade street), Buvljak (flea market) and China-town.

I can't keep myself from comparing the things that I remember with the things that I see now. The Belgrade of my memories doesn't exist anymore. A lot of things happened in these 13 years.

The city has changed, but I've changed as well.

Vesna Bukovec,  
Belgrade, 13.3.2002





Some other artworks I made ...

## ROLE MODEL, 2002

The first photo was taken before the concert of the American death metal group Morbid Angel in Vienna in 1993.



David Vincent (Morbid Angel) and me, 1993

In both photos I stand by my role-model at the time.

The second photo was taken at a European art students' meeting "Gasthof 2002" in Frankfurt, 2002.



Rirkrit Tiravanija and me, 2002

The role-model for me is the person who's work I admire.

## WHY DO I DO THIS?, 2001

This is a video work. The statements of Andy Warhol in the background are mixed with TV images and sounds (from movies, documentaries).

Warhol is answering different questions about his art. His answers are playful and not very serious. Some statements are emphasized with subtitles.



Andy Warhol is to me one of the key artists who are "responsible" for the situation of contemporary art.

His statements are arguments for any kind of activity within art. Activity and production in art are not necessarily clear and transparent; they could be totally confused and meaningless.

To the question "Why do you do this?" you can always answer with Warhol's "I don't know."





## ANKETA

Homec, 10.4.2002

Moje ime je Vesna Bukovec, sem študentka kiparstva na ALU in pripravljam diplomsko delo z naslovom *O sodobni vizualni umetnosti*. V diplomski nalogi raziskujem trenutno situacijo v umetnosti. Del naloge sestavlja tudi poglavje o publiki in njenem odnosu do sodobne umetnosti. Prosim vas za sodelovanje v spodnji anketi - vaši odgovori mi bodo v veliko pomoč. Hvala!

1. Starost: \_\_\_\_\_ let

2. Spol:    Ž    M

3. Izobrazba:

a) status:

- končana srednja šola
- končana višja, visoka, fakulteta
- študent/ka

b) smer:

- ALU
- likovna pedagogika, umetnostna zgodovina, arhitektura
- drugo

4. Ali spremljate dogajanje v sodobni umetnosti?

- redno
- občasno
- redko
- nikoli

5. Kolikokrat na leto si ogledate razstavo sodobne umetnosti?

- več kot enkrat na mesec
- nekajkrat na leto
- nikoli

6. Če bi imeli na izbiro, kaj bi raje obiskali?

- kino
- koncert
- gledališče
- galerijo

7. Naštejte tri najljubše umetnike: \_\_\_\_\_

8. Kaj menite o sodobni vizualni umetnosti?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

9. Ali menite, da je umetnost potrebna? Zakaj?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## IS ART NECESSARY? WHY?, 2002

The work was made for the exhibition Start. It consists of 11 A4 prints (reproduction of a known contemporary artwork; below left is written the author and title, and below that is the answer to the question in the title and in brackets is noted the gender and age of the person who answered).

I was interested in communication problems between the world of contemporary art and the wider public. Contemporary art often blames the public for its conservatism, but maybe it is contemporary art with its different strategies that is inaccessible and incomprehensible.

The question in the title was one from among the questions that I asked my friends and acquaintances. I asked people how much they follow contemporary art and what they think of it. The answers that I used are from the people who don't really follow contemporary art, but have some general opinion about art and what it should be about.

I used works of well known contemporary artists as an illustration of the statements (people who wrote these statements didn't actually see these works - their statements are not directly about the work).

Humorous undertones are more comprehensible to the people who are interested in contemporary art and are familiar with the contexts of the works.



Maurizio Cattelan, *Bidibidobidiboo*, 1996. Animal stuffed, miniature kitchen.

**It is for those, who have  
nothing else to do.**

[M, 29]



Zoe Leonard, *Untitled*, 1992. Installation view, Documenta IX, Kassel, Germany.



**Art is necessary.**

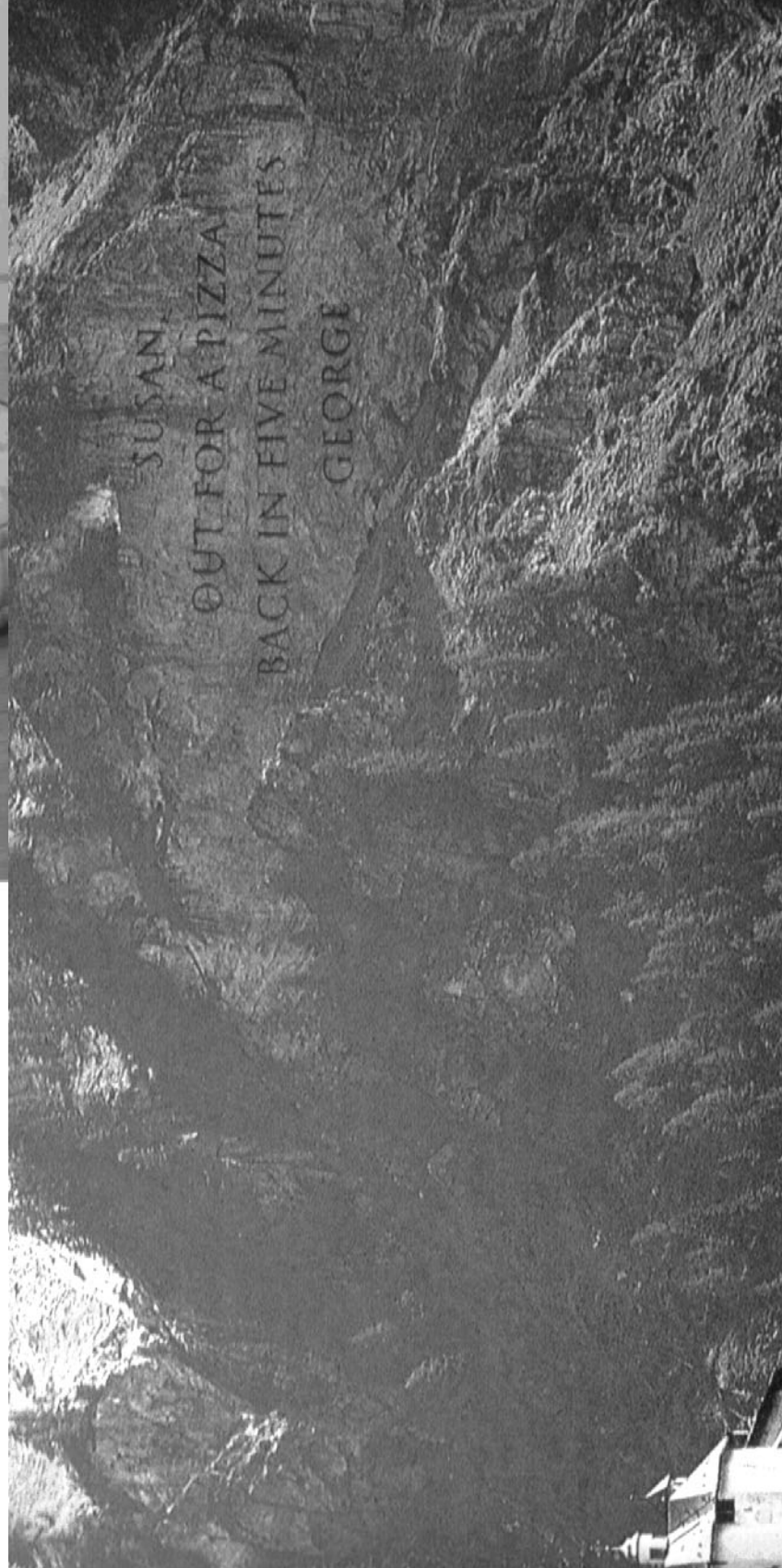
[F, 25]



Sarah Lucas, *Au Naturel*, 1994. Mattress, melons, oranges, cucumber, water bucket.

**It is necessary, but there are some limits. If a normal person can't see the point of an artwork without metaphorical explanations, then for me it is not art.**

[M, 29]



Wim Delvoye, *Susan, out for a pizza, ...*, 1996. Laser ink jet painting on canvas, 500x740 cm.

**Yes. For soul and for the meaning of life.**

[F, 32]



Paul McCharty, *Painter*, 1995. Video, mixed media. Still from performance.

**Yes. For erudition,  
instructiveness and good  
feeling.**

[F, 51]



Cillian Wearing, *Sixty minutes, Silence*, 1996. Video, 1h, 38x33 cm.

**Yes, it is necessary. It enriches  
the culture of a nation.**

[F, 33]





Tony Oursler, **Submerged**, 1996. Projector, VCR, videotape, tripod, wood, plexiglass, ceramic, water, 135x28x28 cm.

**Yes. Art shapes an individual.**

[M, 18]



Robert Gober, **Untitled**, 1989/90. Beewax, cotton, wood, leather, human hair, 32x13x51 cm.

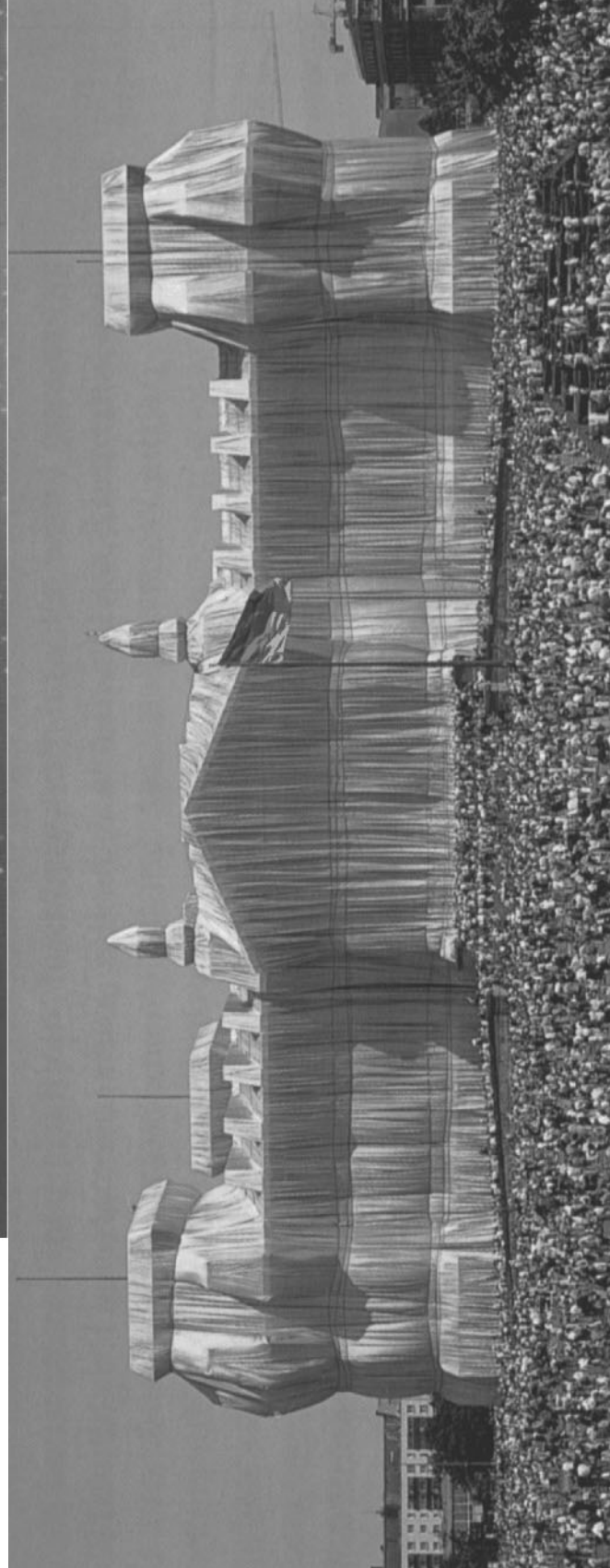
**No. Necessary to whom? To the world, to me?**  
[M, 26]



Andres Serrano, *Piss Christ*, 1987. Cibachrome, 152x102 cm.

**Yes, for it has to be something beautiful and carefully planned in this world.**

[M, 27]



Christo and Jeanne - Claude, *Wrapped Reichstag*, 1971-95. Berlin, Germany.

**Yes, but artists must find their own way to make money. They should make artwork that sells and they shouldn't just live from the government's help.**

[F, 36]



## CONTEMPORARY ART FOR LAYMEN, 2002

How does one explain contemporary art to laymen? I organized a "lecture". I tried to explain to my parents the key moments in the history of art that in my opinion are the most significant for development of art of today. We also talked about the art market, institutions, evaluating problems ..

Then we reviewed an anthology of the contemporary art (Art at the Turn of the Millennium, Taschen 1999) and talked about the presented works.

**"LECTURE"** 7'36"

Vesna Bukovec  
© 2002

**The situation of art changed after  
Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Beuys,  
Andy Warhol and some other artists  
gave their contribution,**



Rachel Whiteread, **House** 1993, 1993. Installation view, Corner of Grove Road and Roman Road, London, England.

**Yes. It also influences  
the building industry.**

[M, 49]

**But there are still boundaries. They are in galleries and museums.**



**Anything could be art. But if it is happening here at this table, it is not. Only when it is exhibited in a gallery does it become art.**



**What is exhibited in a gallery is also published in magazines, catalogues and books.**



**Despite dealing with everyday themes and trying to get closer to the people, contemporary art has a problem.**



**People still think, in a romantic way, that an artist should create out of his character and suffering, that he creates artworks that are**



**not necessary understandable. He is supposed to be able to produce something that non-artists cannot.**



Often people react: »Something like that I can make too.« *And that can't be art.* Yes, but this is not the point here!



Evaluating art has also changed. In the past, craftsmanship (mastery) was the most important quality of the artwork.



Today everything is open and »anything goes« so there are no universal criteria to judge what is art and what is not art.



The main criterion now is that something is interesting (well, one still judges the exhibition in a »like it/don't like it« way).



But today the quality of being interesting is much more important than the quality of craftsmanship.



*There were different experiments. I read about a man that has dipped the donkey's tail into colour and held the canvas so*



*the donkey did the painting and it was art.  
Somebody else painted on naked women  
and wrapped them into sheets ...*



*So that means that art can happen also  
when there are student demonstrations  
and they throw eggs into buildings ...*



*Of course it can be art, but somebody has  
to put it in a context, like making an  
exhibition or something similar.*



*I see art as some kind of game. One deals  
with the theme that seems interesting ...  
inside art you are allowed to do anything.*



*... to be amateurish, technical or that  
the work is produced by someone else.  
You can do anything.*



*What is interesting in art is that it isn't  
necessary to succeed, something just  
»comes out«.*



Yes this is important, too. An architect who designs a building that falls apart has certain responsibility. In art there is no



such responsibility, if the work doesn't succeed, well, it just doesn't ... *No matter what it costs ... No matter what it costs.*



*Who decides that something is a work of art?*



The curator! That is a person in a gallery or museum or a freelancer. He organizes the exhibition.



He is the one who evaluates. He or she is the confirmation point through which an artwork has to go.



*But that can be very personal? Of course! It was a scandal once: they used to believe that the curator (or art historian) is a*



**scholar and intellectual who has an objective view; in the 60's Swiss curator Harald Szeemann organized one of the**



**Documenta shows (a big exhibition in Germany, organized every 5 years similar to the Venice Biennial). He as a**



**head curator, took only the criterion of personal choice – what he liked, he chose for the show. It was a big scandal at the time.**



**At the time everybody believed in objective judgement, which is impossible because of the tendency to make subjective decisions.**



**He was the first one to realise and expose that.**



**One Russian art historian and curator [Viktor Misiano] made a theory of the institutionalisation of friendship.**





**In Russia, and also here, the art market isn't developed like it is in the west where big money and corporations support art.**



**In Russia, and also here, the art market isn't developed like it is in the west where big money and corporations support art.**



**Everything is commercialised and art is big business. But here or in Russia there is no such thing so everything goes through friendship.**



**You know somebody, who knows someone else, who calls some third person and they make an exhibition.**



**Here art still has the status of a hobby. In the west it is a career.**



**There have never been so many people dealing with art as now.**



»... I will only buy well known artists?«  
Yes. Artworks are often treated as investments.



The buyer of Van Gogh's painting that is worth several million dollars is probably not an artlover at all.



He treats this purchase as an investment which could double in value in 30 years time.



Many times they lock such artwork in a safe and nobody can see it.



Prestige. Corporations buy works of famous artists and they have to be very glamorous and expensive.



By owning such artwork they build their public image.



**Marketing strategy.** Pure marketing strategy. Artworks have for some time now achieved the status of commodities.



In the 60's, artists began to deal with this part of art and they were opposed to such commercialisation.



In conceptual art for instance there was no object at all. There was only an idea or an action, after which only a photo or maybe



a sentence remained. They wanted to suppress the material side of art.



You probably read in the newspaper that the artist Piero Manzoni packed his excrements in a tin can in the 60's.



He made an edition of 90 pieces; he put a label on it and sold it for the price of 30g of gold. »What an artist produces is like gold.«



*Did people know what was inside?  
Of course, it was written on the label. In  
1991 they sold one of the cans at auction*



*For \$67.000. He treated everybody as  
fools! That was a critic! Many times art  
deals with criticism. With criticism of*



*the society and the artworld. Direct  
criticism. But didn't the people get it?  
Of coursethey did. It was a scandal.*



*A lot of people believed that this couldn't  
be art, but some of them accepted it.*



*Interesting.  
I will never understand art. Not this kind of art.*



Both of my parents have their own fields of interest. Mother is interested in biological dynamic agriculture; my father is interested in construction and production of various practical objects related to our house. I have presented their products in 6 prints for each one.

I brought them different books on contemporary art related to their fields of interest and asked them to review them. Then I asked them to pick out some works they liked and to explain why (also 6 prints from each one).

I also asked them to write two texts each. In the first one they explained why they are interested in their fields. In the second they wrote about their feelings about our cooperation (whether they think it was successful, if they think that now they better understand contemporary art ...).

We have made the work together. Closer communication between artist and his/her public: for me collective activity is more important than individual activity.



my mother



In the fall of 2001 I joined the local association for bio-dynamic farming and gardening "Ajda" (buckwheat).

There is a lot of information around about the use of pesticides and the "poisoning" of cereals, fruits and vegetables. A lot of people are becoming sick because of that. I felt that if I follow the rules for gardening from "Ajda", I can contribute a bit to a better quality life on Earth and tell my findings to my children and grandchildren.

The "Ajda" association has the basic task of re-establishing the balance and improving the composition of the soil with natural preparations and nourishing plants with herbal teas. In all cases it is necessary to consider the moon seed-calendar. Only by considering that calendar are good results (healthy crops) possible.

"Demeter" is the highest award a farmer or a gardener can get for farming or gardening by the "Ajda" association rules. I used to by some cereals and vegetables from "Demeter" farmers (in our association already three farmers have won the award). The taste is so good, it is beyond comparison with any conventionally grown vegetables.

My love of soil and gardening originates from my childhood. My parents used to have a big field and a big garden around the house as well. I had to work in the field and in the garden during all of my school vacations. My father was very strict and he preferred finished work outside the house more than the work inside.

Our field was about 2 km away from our house. In my walk to the field I used to go through the long promenade planted with big old mysterious trees. At the end of the promenade was a small forest; behind it extended our field and you could see the Alps in the distance.

I went there during vacations to dig up the potatoes and to cut the hay. Sometimes I was sad, because the neighbour kids could go to the swimming pool, while I had to work in the field.

Now that I have my own family and my own garden for many years do I remember the beautiful experiences I had with the haymaking and harvesting. I look forward to my imminent pension when I will have more time for gardening.

Martina

V jeseni leta 2001 se je v Ljubljani formiralo društvo "AJDA" ki se ukvarja z biodinamičnim kmetovanjem, vrtarjenjem in gospodarjenjem. Moja odločitev za članstvo je bila lahka, saj je moj program prisan moji duši.

Vse prevekrat se sliši, čita in govori, kako so naša pridelava zelečarja, žita in sadje zastrupljena s pesticidi in posledično je vse več bolnih ljudi. Zaučila sem, da z načinom dela, ki ga uči "AJDA" lahko prispevam kameučk in mozaiku boljše kvalitete živiljenja na zemlji in s tem naša spoznanja in znanja prenesem na otroke in vnuke.

Društvo "AJDA" ima osnovno nalogo vzpostaviti ravnovesje in izboljšati sestavo tal z naravnimi pripravki in škropljenjem s čaji iz naravnih zelišč. Pri meni opravili pa se je treba ravnati po luninemu setvenem koledarju, ker so dokazano le tako redni dobri rezultati (zdravi plodovi), največje priznanje "DEMETER" pridobi kmetovalec, ki obdeluje zemljo in celotno gospodarstvo po pravilih "AJDE". Del zelečarje in nit sem kupovala pri neki kmetici (v društvu so se tri kmetije pridobile to znanjko). Okus je zelo boln in mi primerjave z zelečarjo pridelano na konvencionalni način.

Moja ljubezen do zemlje in vrtarjenja sega že v otroška leta, saj sta imela starša ob obrobju domača zelena rajsko in okrog hiše dosti vrt. Vse šolske počitnice sem hodila na njivo ali delala na vrtu, ker je bil oče zelo strog in je bolj cenil opravljeno delo zunaj hiše kot v njej.

Njivo smo imeli na 2 km od doma v lepi naravi. Pot me je vodila skozi dolg drevored, ki mi je redno kuval domišljivo naradi zelišč, starila dreves in na koncu se je razširil v kmečnem gozdiček. Na koncu drevoreda se je razprostiralo polje s najlepšimi kamniškimi planinami v ozadju. Tja sem med počitnicami hodila okopavati in rusiti seno. Travnih sem bila tudi zalostna, saj so se sosedomi otroci lahko hodili kopat na bazon, jaz pa le pediklaj. Kljub temu se sedaj, ko imam že vrsto let svoj drevored in svoj vrt spominjam, lepih doživljanj pri spravilu sena in pri žetvi. Veselim se že skorajšnje upokožitve, da bom imela več časa za vrtarjenje. Martina





Michael Wesely, **Tulpen** 1997/98: 26.12.1997-3.1.1998, 1998. Aluminium Ifochrome, 160x123,5 cm.

**Such an artwork I would  
have on my wall.**

**Martina**



Fischli / Weiss, **Garten**, Skulptur. Projekte in Münster 1997.

**It reminds me on my garden, where plants  
of different types beautifully supplements.**

**Martina**



Jeff Koons, **Puppy**, 1992. Live flowering plants, wood, steel, 12,4x8,3x9,1 m.

**A lot of florist's and creative work. It would be nice to see it in person.**

**Martina**

**Interesting plant. Beautiful colours. Like a mangold with coloured stalks.**

**Martina**

Stefan Banz, **ohne Titel**, 1996. Fatfotografie.



Josef Trattner, Kunst-Landschaft - Ehrwald/Tirol, 1998. Land-art-Projekt, Schaumstoffsofa, 160x80x80 cm.

**I would turn the sofa around,  
so I could enjoy this  
magnificent view.**

**Martina**



Agnes Denes, Wheatfield - A Confrontation, 1982. 2 acres of wheat planted and harvested, Battery Park Landfill, New York.

**Difference between nature and concrete.  
I choose nature at once!**

**Martina**

Moj pogled na sodobno umetnost  
po temeljiti razlagi. . . .

postaja nekoliko jamejši in boljši. Do sedaj  
sem imela kar precej odklonilen odnos, ker sem bila  
prepričana, da je sodobna vizualna umetnost odraz  
družbe, ki je že nekaj let v krizi. Res pa je, da sem  
preko TV videla nemalokrat posnetke razstav, ki so me  
zelo razočarali (npr.: instalacije s človeškimi trupli,  
prebadanje z iglami okolišine živega človeka in podobno)  
in sem zato vse kar se bliži na sodobno umetnost  
zmetala v isti koš.

Po pregledu knjig, kjer so posnetki razstav vizualne  
umetnosti in o razlagi le-tih sem precej spremenila  
mnenje. Nekateri stvaritve, ki sem jih tudi označila  
so mi zelo dopadljive in se dobro vklapljajo v naravo,  
ki je zame še vedno največja umetnina.

Od predstavljenih umetnikov mi je še posebno všeč  
JOSEPH BEUYS, ker imajo njegove predstavitve tudi  
sporočilo: varovati zemljo pred onesnažitvijo.

Notkovan pa me ne prepriča novo tretiranje umetnosti,  
da je kakšno vsak predmet postavljen v galerijo avto-  
matično že umetnina.

Martina Bukovec

My view of contemporary art after extensive explanation ...

is becoming a bit clearer and better. Until now I had quite a  
negative opinion, because I thought that contemporary art is a  
mirror of contemporary society which has been in crisis for a few  
years now. It is true that I saw on TV reports about some  
exhibitions that totally disappointed me (like installations of  
human corpses, piercing parts of human body with needles and  
similar things) and I thought that all contemporary art is alike.

After looking at some art books and hearing some explanations, I  
changed my opinion. Some art pieces I like very much; they  
incorporate very well into nature which is for me still the biggest  
work of art. I particularly liked the artist Joseph Beuys, because  
his message is to save the earth from pollution. But I do not believe  
in the new way of thinking that anything that is put inside the art  
gallery is automatically a work of art.

Martina Bukovec





my father



Do poklica sem strojnik s 36 letno pralno. Odraščal sem po koncu druge svetovne vojne, ko so bila živila na karte. V porojni izgradnji je primanjlovalo vsega, od gradbenega materiala do orodja. Zaradi tega se je bilo potrebno znajti na vse mogoče načine pri izgradnji ali popravitih na strojih ali objektih.

V privatnem življenju se držim dveh angleških pregovorov: „Nisem tako bogat, da bi kupoval poreni!“ – „Najboljše je kosnaj dosti dobro.“ Zaradi tega in zaradi majhne kupne moči ne kupim veliko stvari. Čimveč uporabnih predmetov skušam izdelati sam v obnovi delavnici.

Iz mladosti mi je ostala navada, da zelo malo stvari zavzem. Pri vsakem predmetu, ki ga člani naše družine zavzame najstem še kak uporabni del n. pr. električni priključni kabel z stidem, masni kosi pločevine od ohišja, vijaki, matice itd. in ga shranim. Čeprav sem stalno kritiziran od ostalih članov družine, da nič ne zavzem se je moj odnos do materialov in surovin pokazal kot zelo koristen, saj pri popravitih v hiši in na vrtu pelikokrat uporabim „ostanke“, manjše dele materiala ali posamezne elemente že uporabljenih

aparator in naprav. Zaradi tega so vsaki tudi nove stvari sestavljene iz starih elementov.

Prednost tega je osebekor nizka cena in osebno zadovoljstvo, ko nekaj napravim sam. Pri tem pa seveda gledam najprej na funkcionalnost predmeta, precej manj pa na obliko in estetsko plat. Kadar je predmet, ki ga izdelam namenjen skupni uporabi, takrat upostevam tudi pripombe in sugestije ostalih članov družine, če pa je predmet samo orodje ali pripomoček, ki ga rabim sam za delo, takrat ga gledam izključno samo na uporabnost in cenenost in ne upostevam kritike domačih „nestrokovnjakov“.

Patronistična miselnost: čimveč kupiti, da bo soraj potrebno čimveč narediti se pri meni ni prijela, ker s tem zelo škodimo naravi in okolju v katerem živimo, <sup>prispevamo</sup> ~~koristimo~~ pa samo k stalnemu naraščanju kapitala, ki je v lasti vse manjšega števila vse večjih multinacionalk. Te te pa pogosto samo eno vodilo: v čim krajšem času do kat največjega oblika, za vsako ceno ne glede na posledice na ljude in na okolju.

Zaradi stanja v katerem se nahaja naša družba in zaradi sodobnih trendov novega „turbokapitalizma“ sem v očeh družinskih članov seveda

staremoden in okorel. Toda kljub temu, ali prav zaradi tega sem trdno prepričan, da računam pravilno in do okolja ker se da prijazno, zato bom pri tem seveda še rskoval dodler to le mogel.

Mayan

Flomec, 1. maja 2002

I am a mechanical engineer with 36 years of experience. I grew up after WWII, when there were ration cards. In post-war building there was a lack of everything, from building material to tools. Because of that you have to be quite inventive when building or repairing machines or renovating buildings.

In my private life I stick to two English proverbs: "I am not so rich to buy cheap" and "The best is hardly good enough." Because of that and because of having limited buying power I don't buy much. I try to make as many useful objects as possible by myself in my home workshop. I have had the habit of not throwing things away since my youth. I can always find some useful parts in any object that members of our family throw away. Like electric cable with plugs, pieces of aluminium from casings, screws and similar stuff. I keep all that in my workshop.

Even though I am constantly criticized by family because I am not throwing anything away my relation to materials had proved to be a very practical thing. When I am repairing things around the



*house I often use some "remains" - small parts of used devices and materials, sometimes I construct a new thing completely of used elements. The benefit of that is small price and personal satisfaction when I make something by myself.*

*For me form follows function and frankly I don't give much to the aesthetic part of the things I make. When I make something for the whole family then I am open to aesthetic propositions, but if I make a tool or something I need to work with then I consider the practical part exclusively and I don't care if my "unprofessional" family don't like the look of it.*

*I don't believe in the consumer ideology of big spending to stimulate big production. This logic helps to destroy nature and our surroundings and it contributes to constantly growing capital which is owned by few bigger and bigger corporations. And they have only one goal: quick profits for any price, regardless of the consequences to the human race and nature.*

*Because of the situation of our society and contemporary trends of turbo-capitalism, my family thinks of me as very old-fashioned and stiff. But despite that or just because of that, I firmly believe that I work the right way and as nature-friendly as possible and I will continue to do so as long as I can.*

*Marjan*

*Homec, may 2002*



Tom Friedman, *Untitled*, 1989. Toilet paper, string.

**Wittily chosen material.  
Contrast in space.**

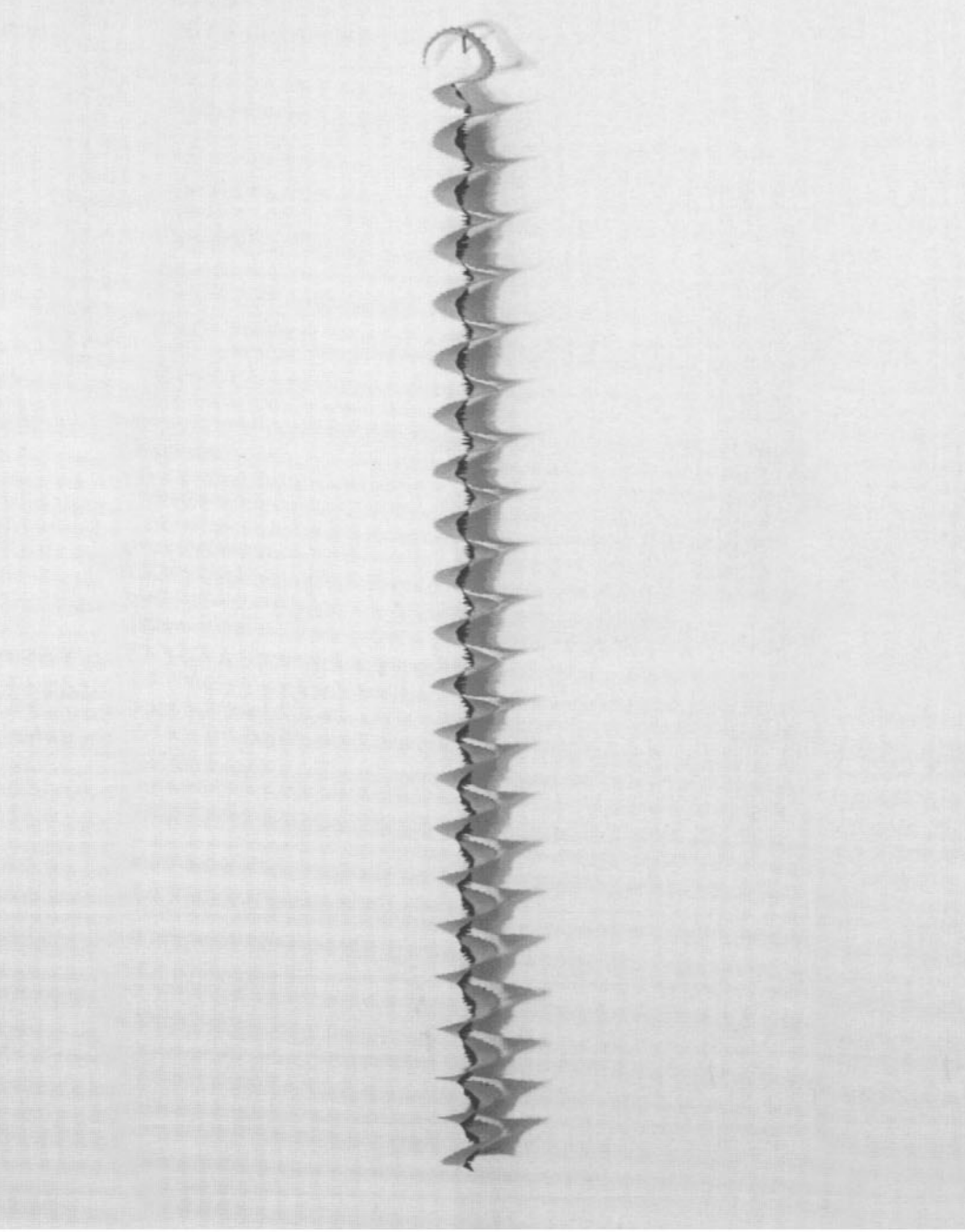


Tom Friedman, *Untitled*, 1996. C - print, 7,5x11 cm.

**While degenerating, humankind leaves  
huge traces in the nature.**  
Marjan

Olafur Eliasson, *Rain pavilion*, 1998. Steel, sprinkler, water.

**Human rapes nature with certain construction,  
but nature covers it.**  
Marjan



Tom Friedman, **Untitled**, 1992. Pencil shaving, 56x4x4 cm

**Aesthetic value of waste.  
Intersecting trace of  
“turning” the pencil.**

**Marjan**



Mona Hatoum, **+ and -**, 1994. Sand, wood, stainless steel, motor, 32xø400 cm

**Copy of a purifying plant.**

**Marjan**



Andreas Stornitski, Untitled, 1994, Tandem, various materials, 125x200x90 cm.

## Absurdity of today's consumer society and human exaggerating.

Marjan

V enem tednu smo se pri nas o umetnosti pogovarjali še kot prej v štiriin letih študija. Po razlagi zgodovine, razvoja in sodobnih tokov v umetnosti, gledam to zvest kulturo z drugačnimi očmi; ne reči toliko odklonilno. Spoznal sem, da je poleg vsebine in funkcionalnosti pomembna tudi forma, zato bom odlej pri svojem delu bolj pazil tudi na obliko in estetsko plat predmetov, ki jih bom izdelal.

Za poglobljeno spremljanje in dožemanje umetnosti pa še vedno smatram, da ti to vzame veliko preseči časa in truda, da bi jo razumel in užival v njej.

Marjan

*In one week's time we spoke about art more than we did before in four years of my daughter's study.*

*After the explanations of the history, progress and the situation of contemporary art, I see this part of culture in a different way. I am not so negative anymore. I've learned that beside the content and function, the form is also important. From now on I will consider form and the aesthetic value of the objects that I will make in the future.*

*I think that for deeper comprehension of contemporary art, it would take too much time and effort for me to really understand it and enjoy it.*

Marjan

# GUESSTURE

Guessture is a card game in which players encounter the hilarious and confusing language of international non-verbal communication. The 52 Guessture gestures and their meanings were collected during G.A.R.B.a 2002, in Montescaglioso, Italy, from participants from all over Europe.

Guessture is a group work made by "Dictionary" project participants: Vesna Bukovec, Sarah Carrington, Nina Höchtl, Mattias Löfqvist, Cesare Pietroiusti, Dorota Podlaska.

## GUESSTURE RULES

Guessture is a game for four - six players.

To play, deal out the entire pack to the players. Players should first sort their cards into the ten categories, concealing their hand from other players. The categories are: "Don't Care", "Don't Tell", "Drunk", "Gay", "Liar", "Naughty", "Smart", "Sex", "Stupid" and "Yummy".

There are five guessture cards in each of these categories and two wild cards that are not in any of the ten categories.

The aim of the game is to identify and collect as many categories as possible. The player with the most completed categories is the winner.

To gain the desired cards to complete a category, players must request a card from an opponent and act out a gesture from their cards in exchange. Players can decide who to direct their turn to.

For instance, Player 1 will decide to direct their turn to Player 2.

They might ask, 'I would like a gesture for "Don't Care"'. Player 1 will then demonstrate a gesture from a card they have in their hand to Player 2 without revealing the meaning or category.

Player 2 will accept the card or decline on suspicion that Player 1 is bluffing.

Players can bluff once they have established which categories their opponents are seeking and can target opponents who may have cards that they want. Players develop tactics to confuse opponents by the manner in which they convey the gesture.

For instance, Player 1 might deduce that Player 3 is seeking "Drunk". They could demonstrate "The Sideways Punch" (a gesture meaning "Sex") claiming that it is a gesture meaning "Drunk".

Player 3 will either believe Player 1's bluff and accept the card, offering a card from "Don't Care" in exchange. Or, Player 3 will suspect that "The Sideways Punch" does not mean "Drunk" and will decline the card, passing their turn. In this case, Player 1 must keep "The Sideways Punch" until another attempt becomes available.

Exceptions to these instances are if a player comes across one of the two wild cards in their hand. The wild cards do not fit into any of the ten categories and their meanings are not offered on the card, only in the dictionary.

To play a wild card, a player should invent a meaning for the gesture (from one of the ten categories that they know an opponent is seeking) and try to get rid of the card. The players, if fooled will realise that they have accepted a wild card and will have to invent a new meaning to try to pass it off on another player.

As soon as a player has a complete category, they should put the cards to one side (face down). The player who manages to put all of their cards into categories wins.

The dictionary of gestures is offered for reference only and should not be used during the game. It should instead serve for reading and enjoyment after playing.

This is only one suggestion among many possible variations of Guessture.

It is a game open to adaptation so experiment with other versions and go gesticulate!

## GUESSTURE DICTIONARY

This dictionary claims in no way to be conclusive but is instead a sample from G.A.R.B.a of the way in which hand movements and facial expressions can both help and hinder communication.

Key to country origins:

A	Austria
F	France
FIN	Finland
H	Hungary
Int.	International
IT	Italy
LV	Latvia
NL	Netherlands
PL	Poland
PT	Portugal
SLO	Slovenia
UK	United Kingdom



**The Back Hand (UK) / Naughty**

A geographically specific gesture, the Back Hand is particularly popular among British parents and indicates displeasure in another persons' action. It suggests possible physical reaction and is often accompanied with the expression "You'll get the back of my hand".

To do it, raise your arm swiftly with your palm facing your body close to your opposite shoulder. Tense your arm to suggest movement and accompany with a scowl, tipping your head away from your raised hand.



**The Back Hand Slap (UK) / Naughty**

Like the Back Hand, this British gesture indicates the threat of punishment. It is a commonly used gesture and emerged at the beginning of the 20th century, or earlier. The movement alludes to the use of the cane, commonly rapped across pupils' knuckles as punishment in British schools.

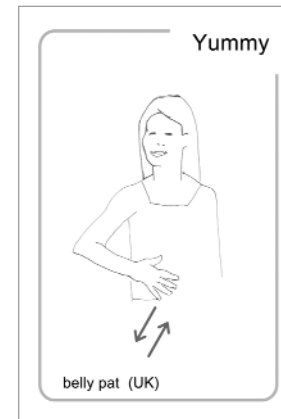
To mimic this action, simply hold out the back of your left hand and slap it with your right.



**The Beard (UK) / Liar**

The Beard is specific to Britain and conveys suspicion and doubt, indicating disbelief. Its origins can be linked to the popular football commentator, Jimmy Hill who was renowned for his lengthy chin.

To do it, jut your jaw forward then simply close your fingers around your chin, drawing them downwards as though stroking or itching. This movement can be accompanied with the term "Chinny chin chin".



**The Belly Pat (UK) / Yummy**

In this friendly British gesture, a hand pats the belly to indicate enjoyment of food and happy digestion. The Belly Pat was reputedly initiated at Henry VIII's court where it was common for feasting to go on for several days. The gesture would indicate to others that a guest had reached their limit.

To do it, simply lean slightly back and pat your stomach area repeatedly with your right hand.



**The Belly Strum (LV) / Liar**

In this unusual Latvian gesture, the hand moves as if playing a chord on a guitar. Simply turn your hand towards your stomach, with your fingers facing inwards and move your hand downwards as through strumming. Although playful, this gesture should convey menace, indicating disbelief. To strengthen the gesture, move your head to the side and ensure the movement is sly and slightly aggressive.



**The Cheek Drill (IT) / Yummy**

This comic Italian non-verbal device indicates the enjoyment of food. As the name describes, bring your right finger to the side of your face, press into the cheek and repeatedly turn as though drilling. This movement conveys to others that you would like to show them the pleasing contents of your mouth.





### The Chin Flick (IT) / Don't Care

This dynamic gesture originates in Italy and indicates a lack of interest. To begin, the chin should be slightly raised with the corners of the mouth turned slightly down as though disgusted. Then bring the back of your hand underneath your jaw and run your fingers up to your chin, releasing the hand outward as though flicking dirt from underneath your neck.



### The Dunk (SLO) / Don't Care

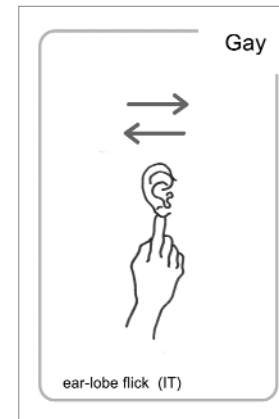
Like the Hand Twist, the Dunk indicates dismissal and lack of interest. To do it, the head should be tipped very slightly back and the arm raised. The hand should move sharply downwards, bending at the wrist, as though bouncing a basketball.



### The Dusty Hands (PT) / Don't Care

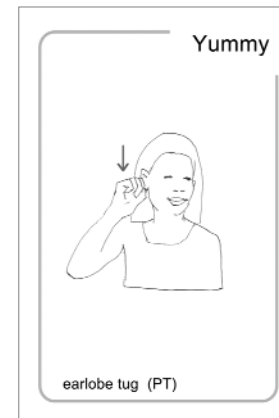
The Dusty Hand is specific to Portugal and indicates a lack of interest, expressing dismissal. It conveys the removal of dirt from the hands as though ridding an annoyance.

To do it lean your head slightly backwards then slap the backs of your hands against each other repeatedly. Hands should be loose and movement nonchalant.



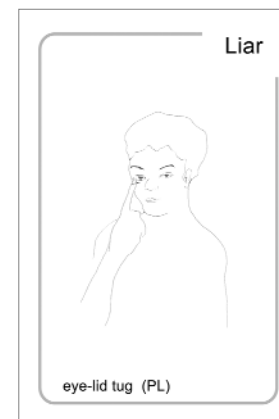
### The Earlobe Flick (IT) / Gay

This, like the Dutch Sideways Wave, uses the area surrounding the ear to indicate the enjoyment of food. This Portuguese version is enacted by pulling the earlobe in a downward motion repeatedly whilst smiling. Interestingly, the Earlobe Tug is close in manner to the Italian Earlobe Flick which indicates homosexuality.



### The Earlobe Tug (PT) / Yummy

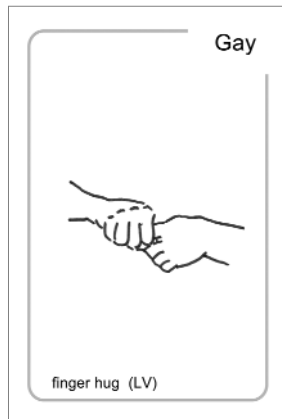
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### The Eyelid Tug (international) / Liar

This gesture is recognised widely throughout mainland Europe, common in France, Holland, Austria, Poland and Italy. However it is meaningless in Britain and Slovenia. It's meaning varies but is commonly used to express suspicion, doubt and the acknowledgement of a lie. Interestingly, it communicates intelligence in Portugal.

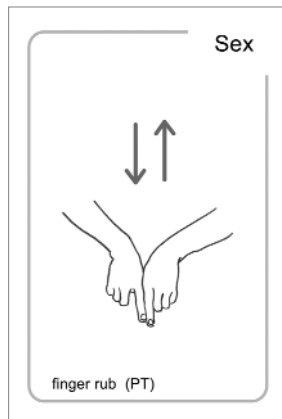
To do it simply raise your index finger to the area just below your eye, tipping your head slightly forward. Then put pressure on your lower eyelid, bringing it down in a repeated motion, as though revealing how much you are able to see. motion, as though revealing how much you are able to see.



**The Finger Hug (LV) / Gay**

This shocking gesture from Latvia is similar to the Hot Dog. What distinguishes The Finger Hug is that the gesture is stationary.

To do it, bring your fist to close around your extended index finger and clench firmly.



**The Finger Rub (PT) / Sex**

In the Finger Rub, two fingers indicate the relations between two people and, like the Italian Horns, is used to make some one aware of an affair.

To enact the gesture, the two index fingers of each hand should be extended. Bring both hands together and repeatedly and sensually rub them against one another. The fingers represent the body and offer a metaphor of a special complicity between partners, enhanced with a sly smile on the face.



**The Finger Press (int.) / Don't Tell**

This gesture is universally known to express silence. It also implies the need to keep a secret. More severe than its "Sshhh" counterpart, the Finger Press should be a firm and almost static gesture in which the index finger presses the lips with definition. The head can be tipped slightly forward with eyes widened to impress the urgency for privacy.



**The Finger Stroke (PL) / Naughty**

In Poland, this gesture suggests embarrassment and the threat of punishment.

To enact it, extend your left index finger and run your right index finger down its length, as though stroking. Scowl and frown to indicate displeasure.



**The Forehead Beak (IT) / Stupid**

Originating in Italy, this gesture indicates stupidity. Probably first used in the South, it mimics the action of a bell and is based on the tragic Montescaglioso legend of the deaf and dumb bell-ringing boy.

To do it, bring your hand to a point, with your thumb resting beneath your fingers. Bring your hand slightly above your forehead, with your fingers pointing down. Then simply swing your hand to and fro, hitting your forehead with the thumb-side of your hand.



**The Forehead Knock (SLO) / Stupid**

Similar to the Forehead Beak, the Forehead Knock brings the hand to repeatedly hit the forehead area to indicate stupidity. Although originating in Slovenia, it is widely recognised.

To do it, bring your clenched fist to the top of your head and knock as though asking "Is there anybody home?" ("do you have any brain cells in there?")



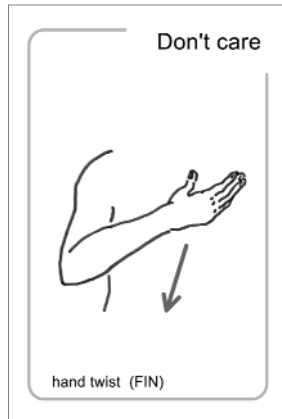
**The Forehead Slap (UK) / Stupid**

A classic British gesture, The Forehead Slap indicates stupidity. The forehead is colloquially known as "The Spam". To enact the gesture, bring your hand to your forehead and slap the area with your palm. The gesture is commonly accompanied with a dull sound emitted with the tongue pressing down into the lower lip.



**The Head Line (LV) / Smart**

Originating in Latvia but widely recognised, this powerful gesture indicates intelligence and potential. To enact it, tip your head slightly forward, as though nodding. Clench your fingers together to rest close to your temple or just above your eyebrow. Then, in one movement, extend your arm forwards whilst also straightening your head, opening your fingers as though releasing a thought.



**The Hand Twist (FIN) / Don't Care**

This gesture indicates a lack of interest and dismissal. Similar to the British Back Hand, the Finnish Hand Twist begins with the arm raised at the shoulder, palm facing the body. Rather than moving the entire arm, this gesture works with the hand alone. The palm should turn away from the body as though pushing the air away. The movement should be swift and appear disinterested.



**The Horns (IT) / Sex**

One of the worst things to befall an Italian man in life is having others aware of a wife's betrayal. It is common for those aware of the indiscretion to show the unwitting victim a mark of dishonour. The Horns represent such a mark. The gesture is enacted using one hand. Forefinger and little finger should be visibly open, with the three other fingers clenched into a fist. The hand will be aggressively directed towards the dishonoured to make him aware of what everyone around him can see. More recently, the Horns has been adapted to indicate extreme enjoyment shown by music fans of rock music.



**The Handbag (UK)**

A comic gesture, The Handbag emerged in Britain at some point during the nineties. It can be traced to the stereotyped image of the British Grandmother, who, like her icon the Queen Elizabeth, is rarely seen without her trusty handbag. Indicating an over reaction on the part of another or a bitchy comment. This gesture should be conveyed with drama and sarcasm, without offence but rather in a teasing fashion. To do it, clasp the tips of your fingers together elegantly then draw them up under your chin turning your head to the side. Emitting "Oo-oh" is also a wonderful amplification of the meaning of this movement.



**The Hot Dog (Int.) / Sex**

A widely used gesture, the Hot Dog is probably an ancient non-verbal communication perhaps drawing its origin from ancestral myths of fertility. To do it, create a circular form with the thumb and index finger of your left hand. Or, more common, create a channel with all the fingers of the left hand. Next, bring the extended index finger of your right hand to go in and out of the shape formed in the left.



**The Ketchup (A) / Sex**

This strong gesture is rumoured to have appeared in Austria after the end of the Empire or, more probably, in the late 1960's with the sexual revolution. To enact the gesture, close your left hand into a fist. Next, bring the flat palm of your right hand down to hit the top of the fist, as though hitting the top of a ketchup bottle. The Ketchup indicates that someone else, somewhere else, is doing it, has done it and will probably do it again.



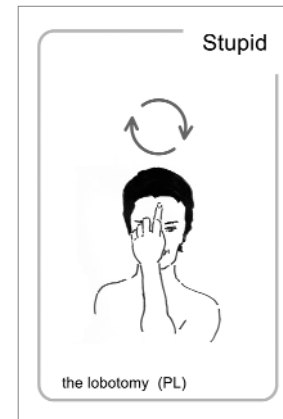
**The Lip Flower (F) / Yummy**

The Lip Flower originated in French kitchens, as an indication by the chef to the kitchen staff that the food was ready to be served. It quickly spread to dining areas and became a sign from the patron to the chef for intense enjoyment of food. It is now recognised internationally. The gesture begins with clenched fingertips pressed against the lips followed by an outward movement as the hand releases. Imagine a flower blooming or a kiss offered to the air.



**The Lip Squeeze (LV) / Don't Tell**

The Lip Squeeze originated in Latvia. This seemingly aggressive gesture actually indicates a secret, best kept. To enact it, close your finger tips around your mouth and apply pressure to the lips. A frown can



**The Lobotomy (PL) / Stupid**

This comical gesture originates in Poland, indicating stupidity and should be conveyed with calm good humour. To do it, tip your head slightly forward and bring your index finger to your forehead. Bringing your finger to the top of your forehead, draw out a circle as though marking out a hole.



**The Nail Buff (A, FIN, IT, UK) / Smart**

This charming gesture indicates pride at personal accomplishment and indicates intelligence. To enact it, loosely clench your fist just in front of your mouth. Open your mouth and appear to blow onto the tips of your fingers. Then rub your nails on your chest, as though making them shine.



**The Neck Chop (PL) / Drunk**

Similar to the Neck Flick from Latvia, the Neck Chop uses the neck area to indicate drinking. It is also used to refer to someone who is full up with alcohol. To do it, tip your head slightly back and to the left. Bring your right hand to your neck hitting the little-finger side of your hand to your neck repeatedly, as though chopping.



### The Neck Flick (LV) / Drunk

In this unusual gesture, specific to Latvia, a flick to the neck is used to indicate drinking or drunkenness.

To enact it, tip your head slightly back and to the left. Bring your right hand to your neck and flick repeatedly.



### The Neck Slice (FIN) / Don't Tell

This dramatic gesture originated in Finland but is widely known and somewhat self explanatory. The movement indicates a secret.

Bring your hand to the edge of your neck and wipe the edge of your index finger across your throat. The head should turn in the opposite direction to the hand movement.



### The Nose Flick (UK)

The Nose Flick is a non-verbal representation of the ever-present class war in Britain. Likely to have originated in the Victorian period, the Nose Flick is a gesture enacted by the middle, or more commonly lower classes, to indicate recognition of the arrogance of the upper classes. To do it, raise your chin imperiously and draw your mouth slightly downwards. Then take your extended index finger and run it upwards along your nose, releasing it upward with a flicking motion. It is associated with the term "Toffee Nosed" or "Snooty" and is directed at a class locally referred to as "Toffs".



### The Nose Tap (UK) / Don't Tell

This gesture is from Britain and can indicate suspicion but is most commonly used to express a secret. It is thought to have been inspired by an advertising campaign used during the Second World War that encouraged Brits to remain cautious of spies.

The index finger is extended and raised alongside the nose. Tip your head slightly to one side and tap the nose slowly and repeatedly, raising your eyebrow. The Nose Tap can be accompanied with the expression "Mum's the word".



### The Nose Squeeze and Turn (F) / Drunk

This boisterous gesture conveys the Gallic love of all things alcoholic. It alludes to the effects of years of drinking to the pallor of one's skin.

Make a fist with your right hand as though squeezing your nose then turn, as though twisting a bottle open. This motion of the hand, if repeated over a long period, would result in a reddening of the nose, as would a prolonged period of drinking.



### The Over-Shoulder Chuck (A) / Liar

This Austrian gesture indicates disbelief and is conveyed with soft sarcasm and whimsy.

To do it, extend your arm forwards, slightly bent at the elbow. Then tip your head slightly away from your arm and push your arm back towards your shoulder, as though flinging an object behind you.



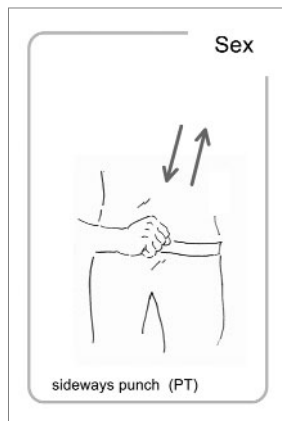
**The Palm Slice (PT) / Naughty**

This Portuguese gesture indicates displeasure at another person's action and is often accompanied with the phrase "Vais apanhar!" (I'm going to hit you). To do it, bend your arm with your palm facing upwards, leaning your open hand to the side. Wave your hand forward and back as though slicing the air. Eyebrows should be raised and a tut can also be emitted.



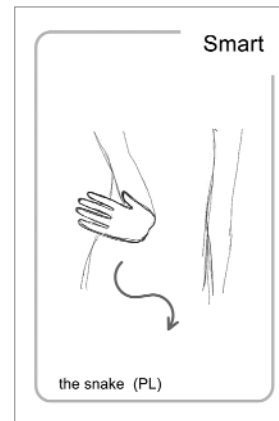
**The Skirt (PL) / Don't Care**

This gesture is sure to cause offence in Poland where it indicates lack of interest and disregard. To enact it bring your right hand down close to your thigh. Bring your open palm round to hit your naval area. The motion should be swift with the right leg slightly forward and a pelvic thrust to suggest urination, accompanied with the phrase "Olewam to" (I piss on it).



**The Sideways Punch (PT) / Sex**

A powerful and rye gesture, probably originating in Portugal during the "connotation revolution" of 1974, the Sideways Punch represents liberation from an ancient and oppressive control over bodies and behaviour. In its place of origin, the sexual meaning of this gesture is immediately evident, as is the indication that when directed to someone specifically, it implies that they do not have the pleasure of an active role in the intimate engagement. To enact it, bring the right hand, closed into a fist with the thumb expressively put into the cavity created by the other fingers. The fist should then be pumped forward and back, in a sideways motion from the navel area.



**The Snake (PL) / Smart**

This elegance of this gesture belies its sinister meaning. The Snake indicates suspicion in the tricks and sneaky behaviour of another. There has been some debate over the true meaning of the Snake in its country of origin as it has also been associated with drunkenness. However, it is more commonly used to indicate a lie. To enact it, first tip your head slightly forwards, raising your eyebrows. Then point your opened hand directly in front of you, fingers facing forwards. Then move your arm slowly away from the body. The hand should wave in a fluid motion from from left to right, mimicking the motion of a snake. The head should be raised on the completion of the hand movement.



**The Sideways Wave (NL) / Yummy**

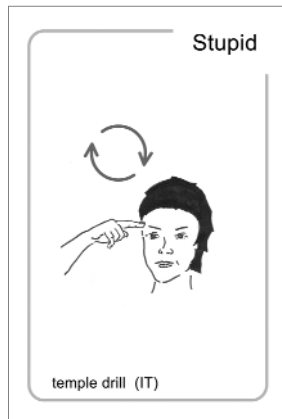
In this charming Dutch gesture, the side of the head is used to refer to a gastronomic delight. To enact it, raise your right hand to the side of your head, palm facing towards your ear. Move your hand forwards and back as though waving at your ear, or perhaps cooling down your jaw. A smile to indicate pleasure is also useful.



**The Swan (PL) / Gay**

Although originating in Poland, this gesture is recognised widely as indicating effeminate qualities and homosexuality. To do it, raise your arm to shoulder height. Extend your palm outward and back towards your shoulder. Next, elegantly bring your finger tips down towards the front of your body, evoking the movement of a swan.





**The Temple Drill (IT) / Stupid**

Although originating in Italy, this gesture is universally recognised as indicating stupidity or insanity. Like the Italian Cheek Drill, the index finger mimics the action of a drill and rotates, pointing into the head. In the Temple Drill the action takes place at the temple with the head tipping slightly to the right.



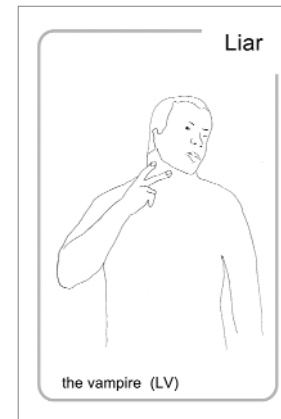
**The Topsy-Turvy Hand (PT) / Gay**

This characteristically flamboyant gesture originates in Portugal and indicates the suspicion of homosexuality. To enact it, bring your hand in front of your body, palm facing upwards. Then simply wave the hand left to right, twisting the palm up and down. Movement should be fluid and elegant as though turning the air.



**The Two Finger Wave (NL) / Drunk**

This comical gesture from Holland alludes to double-vision, indicating drunkenness. To enact it, extend your index and middle fingers, closing the remaining three fingers. Turn your hand outwards, palm facing your face. Then wave your hand left and right before your eyes. A crazed or dizzy expression on the face is also a useful addition.



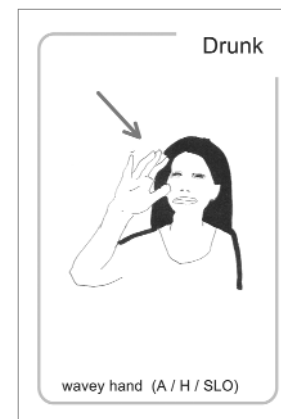
**The Vampire (LV) / Liar**

The Vampire originates in Latvia and has been used since the 6th century. It is thought to have originally been used to indicate suspicion that a vampire is nearby but is now commonly used to express doubt or disbelief. To do it, bring your extended index and middle fingers to your neck. Cock your head away towards the left. Then put pressure on your neck, to mimic the marks made by a vampire's bite.



**The Waving Finger (Int.) / Naughty**

Universally recognised, this gesture indicates displeasure at another person's action. To enact it, raise your index finger as though pointing and raise your hand. Dip and raise your finger as though waving. The action is repeated until the meaning is communicated. The Waving Finger should be conveyed with intimidation, adding a frown or scowl if desired.



**The Wavy Hand (H) / Drunk**

This Hungarian gesture is a variation of the popular bottle tip indicating drinking or drunkenness. To do it, raise your opened hand to the side of your face, near to your mouth. Tip your head slightly to the side and twist your hand forward and back, as though waving. Dip your hand towards your mouth repeatedly indicating excessive consumption of alcohol.



**The Wet Eyebrow (UK) / Smart**

This charming gesture is widely recognised in Britain, the US and elsewhere to indicate cleverness. Like a Nail Buff, it can convey pride in personal achievement but is also enacted to commend another person's intelligence.

To do it, raise your index finger to your mouth, touching it to your tongue. Then simply run your finger along the length of your eyebrow, accompanying the movement with a smirk and slight nod of head.



**The Wrist Slap (NL) / Gay**

In Holland, a coy slap to the underside of your wrist indicates homosexuality.

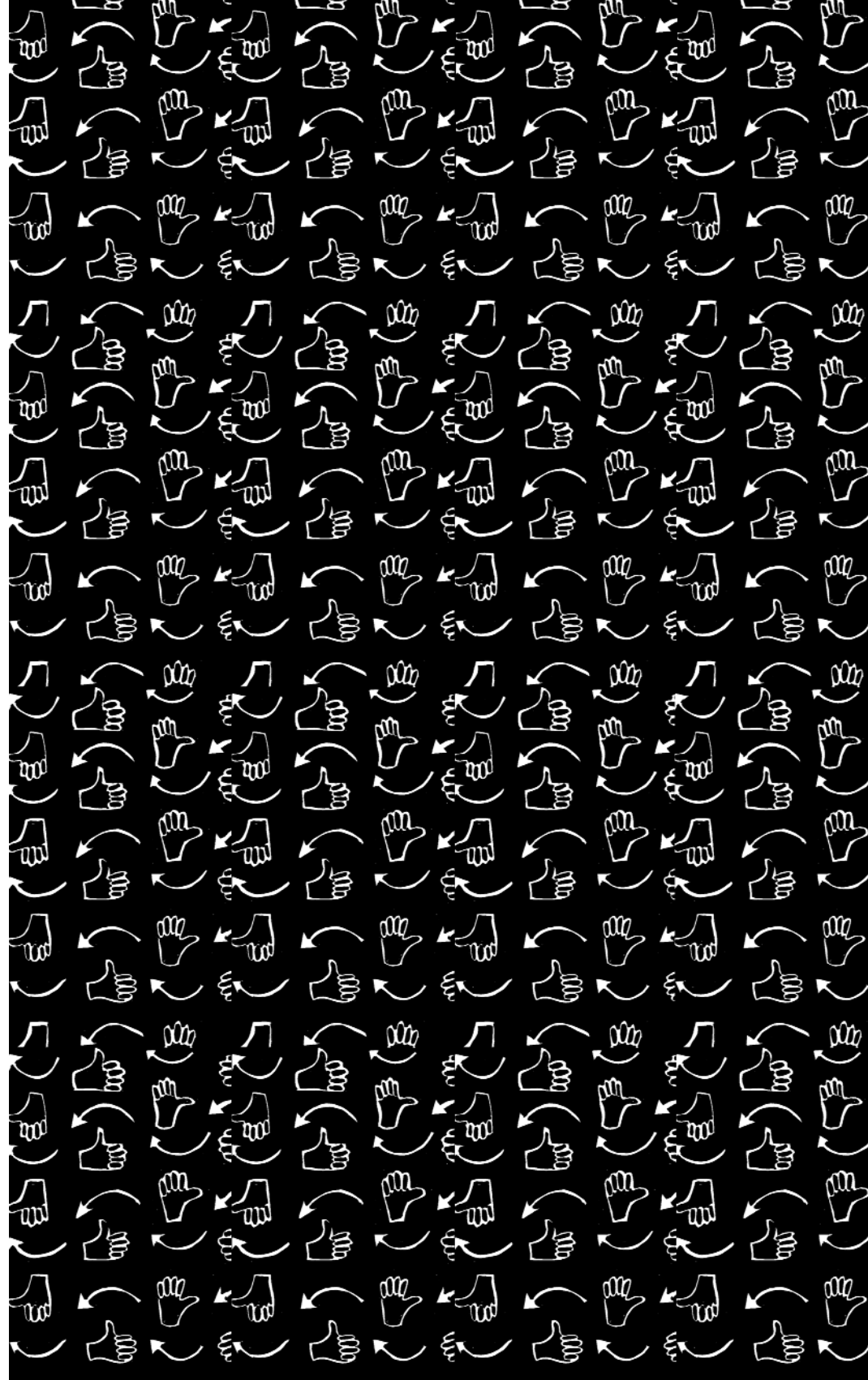
To do it open your palm and hang your hand downwards. Then slap the wrist area with your other hand.

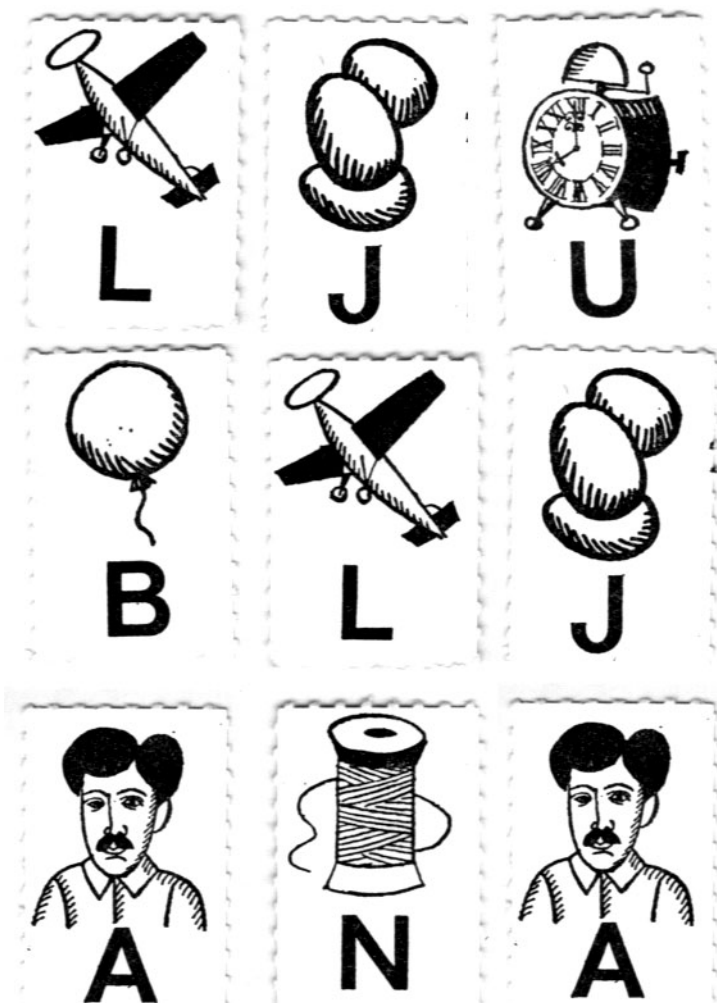


**The Zipper (Int.) / Don't Tell**

Like the Finger Press, the Zipper is universally recognised as indicating a secret.

To enact it, close your fingers, pressing the index finger and thumb together. Bring the point of thumb and index finger to the left corner of your mouth turning your head slightly and draw the point along your lips, as though sealing your mouth closed.





**CALL FOR CONTRIBUTION**

Dear friends,  
I kindly invite you to participate in my Slovene-Croatian project "Neighbours".

I would like to collect as many short stories and anecdotes that happened to Slovenes while visiting Croatia and Croatsians visiting Slovenia, as possible.

Did something strange, exceptional, funny, good or bad ever happen to you while you were in Croatia?

Please, send your story to my e-mail: vesna\_bukovec@hotmail.com, and please write down your occupation also.

Thank you and take care,  
Vesna Bukovec

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Thank you and take care,  
Vesna Bukovec

V srednji šoli, ko sem bila stara približno 17 let, smo se s kolegi odpravili na festival gledališča v Zagrebu. To je bil moj prvi obisk Zagreba. Med ogledi predstav smo imeli nekaj prostega časa in izkoristila sem ga za potep po mestu. Ker je bila sobota popoldne, so bile bolj zakotne uličice povsem prazne in nikjer nisi srečal žive duše. Z nekega dvorišča sem zaslišala glasbo in ko sem prišla bliže sem ugotovila da je to nekakšna steklarska delavnica, vse naokoli je ležalo polno stekla, v zgornjem nadstropju pa je pri odprtih oknih vadil mešani pevski zbor. Peli so Carmino Burano. Usleda sem se na stopnice in uživala v čarobnosti trenutka.

UMETNICA

V srednji šoli je moja sošolka in najboljša prijateljica, ki živi v Reki, imela za domačega ljubljénčka majhnega mehiškega pitona. Takrat sva bili obe heavy metaliki in se nama je kača zdela blazno kul. Poleti smo šle skupaj z njeno mamo na morje v kamp Baška, na Krku. Prijateljčina mama je spala v prikolic, midve pa sva si postavili šotor. Seveda sva imeli s seboj kačo. Kača se je zelo rada navila okoli roke in si jo lahko nosil naokoli. Tako je enkrat prijateljica s kačo na roki (pod dolgimi rokavi) odšla v kopalnico kampa. Ko si je umivala roke, je kača pogledala izza rokava. Zagledala jo je neka ženska, ki je stala ob sosednjem umivalniku in postala povsem panična. Pritožila se je na recepciji in kljub trudu prijateljčine mame so nas vrgli iz kampa.

UMETNICA

I was around 17, still in high school, when I went with my friends to see a famous theatre festival in Zagreb. It was my first visit to Zagreb. Between the shows we had some spare time and I used it for a walk around the city. It was Saturday afternoon and the smaller streets were quite empty; you couldn't see a living soul. I heard music coming out of one backyard. When I came closer I found out it was the backyard of a glazier's workshop. It was full of glass lying all around. On the upper floor a mixed chorus was rehearsing behind the open windows. They sang Carmina Burana. I just sat on the stairs and enjoyed the magnificent moment.

ARTIST

In highschool my best friend who lives in Rijeka had a very special pet. A small mexican python. We both used to be heavy metal fans and having a snake was very cool. In the summer we went to the seaside - Baška camp in Krk together with her mom. My friend's mom slept in a trailer and we slept in a tent and the snake went with us of course. It loved to swing around your hand and you could carry it around like that. Once my friend went with the snake around her hand (hiding under her long sleeves) in the camp's public bathroom. She was washing her hands while the snake's head looked up from the sleeve. A woman who was standing near her saw the snake and panicked. She complained at the camp's reception and they threw us out, regardless my friend's mother's effort to persuade them not to.

ARTIST

V začetku šesdesetih let smo šle s prijateljicami na počitnice v predmestje Zadra. Ko smo šle prvi večer ven na ples, je k meni prišel lokalni fant in mi povedal, da me je videl že ko sem stopila z avtobusa in se v trenutku zaljubil vame. Bila naj bi njegova usoda. Bil je zelo vsiljiv, ves večer je hotel plesati z mano in mi pihal na dušo. Doma sem že imela fanta, zato me je njegovo vztrajno osvajanje zelo motilo. Čez dan sem se mu izogibala, ob večerih pa sem raje ostala doma, medtem ko so se šle moje prijateljice zabavat.

UPOKOJENKA

V času, ko je bila Hrvaška v vojni smo se s prijatelji na kolesih odpravili na morje. Bili smo srednješolci in smo imeli bolj malo denarja, zato smo hoteli prespati kar na prostem. Pospali smo na klopih teniškega štadiona v Umagu. Ravno smo dobro zaspali, ko nas je nekaj zbudilo. Odprli sem oči in se zazri neposredno v cev kalašnikova. Policija nas je prišla pregnet z javnega mesta. Ostanek noči smo prespali v bližnjem gozdičku.

ŠTUDENT UMETNOSTNE ZGODOVINE

Poleti smo z jadrnico jadrati po Jadranu. Ustavili smo se tudi na dalmatinskem otočku Mljet. Večer smo preživeli skupaj z lokalnimi veseljaki. Po nekaj kozarcih vina so nam predlagali, da zapojemo, najprej oni slovenske, nato pa še mi dalmatinske. Končalo se je tako, da so nam Dalmatinci ves večer peli slovenske pesmi, mi pa njim nismo znali zapeti nobene dalmatinske.

SAMOSTOJNA PODJETNICA

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At the beginning of the 60's I went with my friends to the seaside in the suburbs of Zadar. The first evening we went out for a dance. A young man came to me and told me that he had seen me already when I stepped out of the bus and that he fell in love with me that very moment. I was supposed to be his destiny. He was very intrusive; he wanted to dance with me all night and talked nice to me. I had a boyfriend at home so I was quite annoyed by this guy. Over the next days I tried to stay out of his sight and during the evenings when my friends went out to have fun, I stayed at home instead.

PENSIONER

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When Croatia was at war I went by bicycle with my friends to the seaside. We were in highschool and didn't have much money so we wanted to spend the nights out in the open. Once we slept on the benches of a tennis stadium in Umag. We had just fallen asleep when something woke us up. I opened my eyes and I looked directly into the barrel of a Kalashnikov. The police came to throw us out of the public space. We spent the rest of the night in a nearby grove.

ART HISTORY STUDENT

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In the summer we sailed on the Adriatic sea. Once we stopped on a Dalmatian island Mljet. We spent the evening together with local fellows. After a few bottles of beer they proposed us to sing. First they wanted to sing Slovene songs, then we would sing Dalmatian songs. It ended up they were singing Slovene songs all evening and we didn't know any Dalmatian songs.

BUSINESS WOMAN

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Poleti leta 1977 sem sodeloval na enduro motoristični dirki na Hrvaškem. Pred startom je pred nas stopil vaški župnik, nam zaželel vso srečo in nas blagoslovil. Kljub blagoslovu na tekmi nisem zmagal.

**PRAVNIK**

Slovenski in hrvaški kontrolorji letenja že več let igramo prijateljske tekme v malem nogometu. Pred leti smo vedno zmagovali Slovenci. Enkrat smo tako igrali v Zagrebu in ko smo se vrnili v garderobo nas je pričakal plakat »Zašto ste došli? Ovo nije smučanje!«. To je bilo še pred uspehi Janice Kostelič. Zadnja leta v prijateljskih tekmah zmagujejo Hrvati.

**KONTROLOR LETENJA**

In the summer of 1977 I participated in an Enduro motorcycle race in Croatia. Before we started the local priest wished us all luck and blessed us. Despite his blessing I didn't win the race.

**LAWYER**

Slovene and Croatian flight controlers have been playing friendly indoor football matches for several years. In the beginning Slovenians were winning all the matches. Once we played in Zagreb, and when we returned to the locker room we found a poster on which was written: "Why did you come? This is not skiing!" This was before Janica Kostelic began her winning career. In the last years the Croatian team has been winning our friendly matches.

**FLIGHT CONTROLER**

Osamdesetih smo u Ljubljani često odlazili na koncerte. Jednom smo prilikom čekajući da počne koncert otišli na večeru u neki restoran. Bila je gužva i sjedili smo za istim stolom sa članovima Mense, udruženjem ljudi navodno vrlo visokog kvocijenta inteligencije, koji su u Ljubljani imali neki veliki sastanak. Bili su vrlo ljubazni i razgovorljivi, ali i nekako izgubljeni, nervozni i kao malo tužni. Jedva smo čekali da večera završi i da odemo na koncert, osobito zato što se jedan od njih, onaj koji je u Mensu dospio jer je strašno brzo sastavljao Rubikovu kocku, o čemu se i hvalio, uporno uvaljivao našoj prijateljici, kojoj je bilo vrlo neugodno.

EKONOMISTICA

Često u Ljubljani putujemo brzim, ranojutrim vlakom Mimara. Jednom, za moj rođendan putovali smo na poslovni sastanak. Uz prvu kavu u Ljubljani, neugodno otkriče: u vlakom sam ostavila novačnik i putovnicu. Izbezumljena krećem u potragu za malom crnom torbicom koja je krenula vlakom prema Münchenu. Djelatnici ljubljanskih željeznica su profesionalni i susretljivi. Torbica me čeka u Uredu za izgubljene stvari policijsku postaju Jesenice. U vrijeme ručka željeznička stanica u Jesenicama je prazna, policajac na minijaturnom TV gleda popularnu seriju, kraj pulta za povrat zalijepljeno je nekoliko dječjih crteža. Dok se moji kolege muče poslovima, čekam prvi vlak za Ljubljani i pijem kavu na Trgu maršala Tita. Proljeće je.

INFORMATIČARKA

In the eighties we often went to Ljubljana to concerts. Once we still had some time before the beginning so we went to a restaurant to have dinner. It was crowded and we sat at the same table with members of Mensa. This is an association of members with high IQ and they had a meeting in Ljubljana. They were very kind and chatty but they seemed somehow lost, nervous and a little sad. We could hardly wait for the dinner to end so we could finally go to the concert. Especially because of one of them who had become a member of Mensa because he could solve the Rubik's cube extremely fast. He was constantly trying to impress our friend and she felt quite uncomfortable.

ECONOMIST

We often travel to Ljubljana with an early morning train Mimara. Once, on my birthday we traveled to Ljubljana for a business meeting. After we arrived we went to drink our first coffee and I realised I had left my wallet and my ticket on the train. In panic I went to search my little black purse which I left on the train headed for München. Ljubljana's railway workers were professional and kind. My purse was waiting for me in the office for lost things in the Jesenice police station. At lunch time the station in Jesenice was empty. A cop was watching a popular soap opera on a small TV. On the wall were children's drawings. While my friends were in the middle of their business meeting I waited for the first train back to Ljubljana and drank coffee in Marshal Tito square. It was spring.

INFORMATION ENGINEER

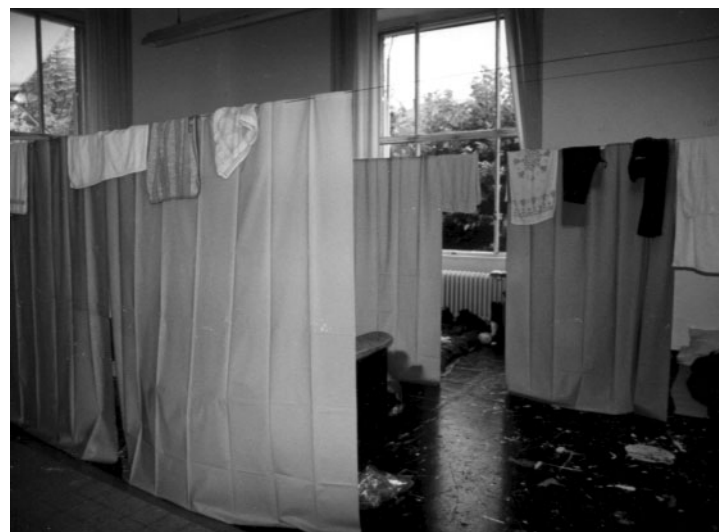


Associative looking at photographs ...



When you travel ...

... you sleep in place like this





You become a tourist ...

... and go sightseeing.



A peek into the basement ...

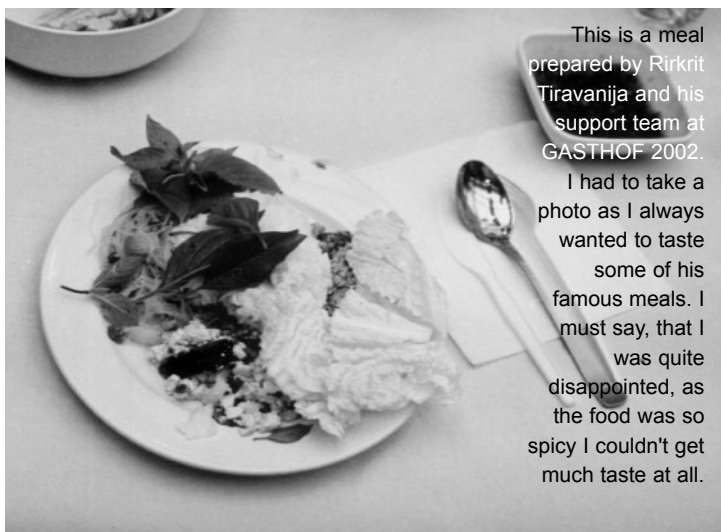
... where an ordinary restaurant guest is not allowed to go.





Preparing breakfast for hundreds of hungry artists...

... and gaining strength for new enterprises.



This is a meal prepared by Rirkrit Tiravanija and his support team at GASTHOF 2002.

I had to take a photo as I always wanted to taste some of his famous meals. I must say, that I was quite disappointed, as the food was so spicy I couldn't get much taste at all.



After you are full, you take a walk through the city ...

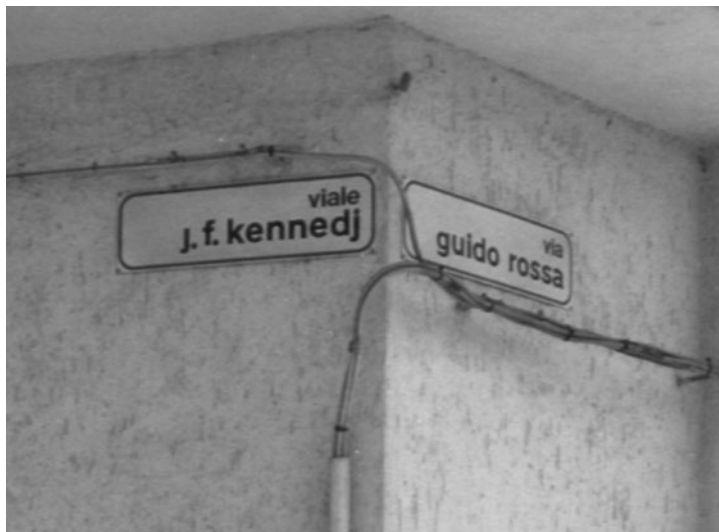
... looking for possible exhibition places,





Trying to remember where you are, ...

... or trying to find out where you are going.



You learn how to present your work, ...

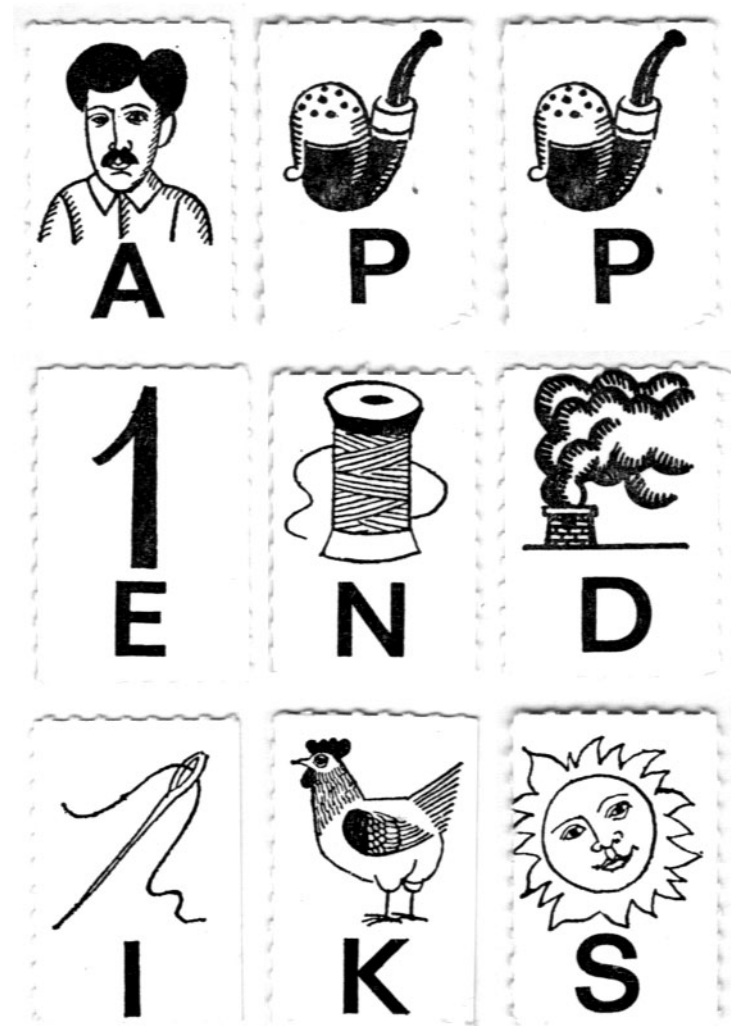
... raise money for your projects







... and advertise them.



A very special one ...

*A case without precedent in the history of Czech prisons.*

## The prisoner was hiding a transmitter in his bottom

*Not long after the wife of Josef Kapitančik drove in the vicinity of the prison it rang in his buttocks.*

**Brno - Renata (30) and Josef Josef Kapitančik (48) are a married couple from Brno. They are not bound together just with a marriage contract, but also with common business interests as they talked every evening for almost an hour about different things that connect them; things that were not meant to be heard by others.**

### From our reporter

But they were heard, by the policemen. And they were fascinated more by the way they communicated than by the content of their talks. Josef has been a prisoner in Brno for a while. He was imprisoned because of a car theft and drug selling. He talked with his wife via miniature transmitter which he hid inside a condom in his rectum.

Renata drove at about 10pm every evening to the gas station near the prison and used her transmitter (with a 300 m range) to call her husband. When she called him it rang in Josef's bottom and he pulled the transmitter out and the conversation could begin. After the police discovered them they waited a few days and listened to their conversations. They found out how they planned to hide the leads to their crimes.

Most of the policemen and prison guards along with the oldest and the most experienced ones, agreed that this was a case without precedent. It is still not clear how Josef Kapitančik managed to smuggle the transmitter into his

cell and if he had assistance from one of the prison employees.

The police took almost half a year to find out what was happening. It appeared that a lot of criminals from Brno and the surroundings, who knew about this exceptional method of communication, helped a lot as they made jokes about the Kapitančik couple in the pubs and other places. "They were betrayed by their talkativeness and by the talkativeness of the other underground members" said one of the police chiefs and he added that for Josef the daily talk with his wife was "a matter of moral support and spiritual comfort so he didn't feel so cut off the rest of the world".

The Czech media reported that the couple will get an extra six months in prison because of "violation of the official organs decree". They are already under indictment for producing and distributing the drug pervitine. Renata Kapitančikova refuses to give a statement. The criminalists are positive she will also be behind the bars very soon.

**Zlatko Starčević**

*Primer brez precedensa v zgodovini čeških zaporov*

## Zapornik je v zadnjici skrival oddajnik

*Nedolgo zatem, ko se je žena Josefa Kapitančika pripeljala v bližino zapora, je temu v zadnji plati pozvonilo*

**Brno -** Tridesetletna Renata in 48-letni Josef Kapitančik sta zakonca iz Brna. Verjetno ju ne združuje le podpis zakonske pogodbe, marveč tudi ljubezen, vsekakor pa tudi skupni poslovni interesi, saj sta vsak večer – kot dva golobčka – vsaj eno uro nežno »grulila« o različnih stvareh, ki ju povezujejo, stvareh, ki niso bile namenjene drugim ušesom.

### Od našega sodelavca

Pa so jih kljub temu slišala, in sicer ušesa policistov. Ti so bili bolj kot nad vsebino pogovorov osupli nad dejstvom, da so takšni pogovori sploh možni, pa tudi nad načinom, kako so potekali. Josef je namreč že nekaj časa v zaporu v Brnu. Zaporno kazen prestaja zaradi kraje avtomobilov in preprodajanja mamil. S svojo ženo se je pogovarjal prek miniaturnega radijskega oddajnika, ki ga je čez dan skrival v kondomu v debelem črevesu.

Renata se je vsak večer okoli 22. ure z avtomobilom pripeljala na bencinsko črpalko blizu poslopja zapora in prek svojega oddajnika (z dosegom 300 metrov) poklicala moža. Josefu je v zadnjici zapiskalo, potegnil je oddajnik na plano in pogovor se je lahko začel. Ko so

ju odkrili, so policisti nekaj dni, ne da bi posredovali, poslušali, kaj se pogovarjata, pri tem pa med drugim izvedeli, kako nameravata zakonca zbrisati sledi svojih kaznivih dejanj.

Večina policistov in zaporniških paznikov, vključno s tistimi najstarejšimi in najbolj izkušenimi, se strinja, da gre za primer, ki nima precedensa v njihovi dosednji praksi. Za zdaj še vedno ni jasno, kako je Josefu Kapitančiku uspelo oddajnik prithotapiti v zaporniško celico, in ali mu je pri tem pomagal kateri od uslužbencev zapora.

Policija je potrebovala skoraj pol leta, da je ugotovila, kaj se dogaja. Kot kaže, je policiste k odkritju pripeljalo dejstvo, da so za izvirno metodo stikov med zakoncema Kapitančik oziroma za to, da se vsak dan skoraj dve uri pogo-

varjata, vedeli številni kriminalci iz Brna in okolice, ki so na ta račun zbijali šale po gostilnah in drugih krajih. »Izdala sta ju njuna pretirana zgovornost pa tudi zgovornost ostalih članov podzemlja,« je dejal eden od policijskih funkcionarjev in dodal, da je bil vsakdanji pogovor z ženo za Josefa tudi »moralna podpora in duhovna uteha, saj se tako ni počutil odrezanega od sveta«.

Češki mediji poročajo, da zakoncema – ob že vloženi obtožnici, ki oba bremeni pridelovanja in razpečevanja mamila pervitina – zaradi tega odkritja grozi še dodatnih šest mesecev zapora zaradi »kršenja odloka uradnih organov«. Renata Kapitančikova za zdaj ne bo dala nobene izjave, kriminalisti pa so prepričani, da se bo že v kratkem tudi ona znašla za rešetkami.

**Zlatko Starčević**

*A family tragedy on Stražnji Vrh*

## Husband strangeld with a clothes line

*After she murdered her 72-year old husband a  
66-year old wife wanted to commit suicide  
but she changed her mind - They took her to a hospital.*

**Črnomelj - On Stražnji Vrh above Črnomelj a family tragedy happend on friday afternoon. We have already recently reported that on saturday that 72-year old S.G. was strangeld by his 66-year old wife.**

The wife who is suspected strangling her husband had been treated for a mental disease before. Lately there were a lot of fights between the married couple. She blamed her husband for not acting like a married man should while she was under medical treatment. On friday afternoon S.G. was sleepeng while his wife prepared everything to commit suicide in the bathroom. Then she changed her mind and decided that she would first get rid of her husband and then kill herself too. She took a plastic clothes line to the room where her husband was sleeping on his back. The man was in quite good shaped as he weighed around 100 kilograms. While he was still asleep she put his head in the noose. He started waking up and as

he believed she was just joking he said to her "stretch it tight" and she did exactly that. In 15 seconds it was all over. Despite the fact that the husband tried to loosen the rope when he realised she is not joking, there was no help for him. After the act the wife went to bathroom to commit suicide but she lacked the courage to do it. The police held her and took her to the secure department of Ljubljana's mental hospital. This tragic act resounded in Bela krajina because the deceased used to run a restaurant on Talčji Vrh and was well known to local population.

**Milovan Dimitrič**

## kronika

*Družinska tragedija na Stražnjem Vrh*

### Z vrvico za perilo zadavila moža

*Po umoru 72-letnega moža je 66-letnica najprej hotela narediti samomor, a si je premislila - Odpeljali so jo v bolnišnico*

**Črnomelj** - Na Stražnjem vrhu nad Črnomljem se je v petek popoldne zgodila družinska tragedija. O tem, da je 72-letnega S. G. zadavila njegova 66-letna žena, smo v soboto na kratko že poročali. Na kraj kaznivega dejanja so odšli komisija novomeške policijske uprave, dežurna preiskovalna sodnica okrožnega sodišča Novo mesto in dežurni okrožni državni tožilec.

Žena, ki je osumljena, da je zadavila moža, se je že zdravila zaradi psihičnih oziroma duševnih težav. V zadnjem času je bilo med zakoncema več preprirov. Žena je možu očitala, da naj se v času bolnišničnega zdravljenja ne bi vedel skladno z njenimi predstavami o poročenem moškem.

V petek popoldne je S. G. spal, žena pa je v kopalnici pripravila vse, da se bo obesila. Vrvico za obešanje perila je napeljala in pričvrstila na prho ter se odločila narediti konec. Med pripravami si je premislila in sklenila, da bo najprej

spravila s sveta moža in se potem ubila še sama. Zato je s plastično vrvico za obešanje perila odšla v sobo, kjer je na hrbtu spal mož. Možakarju, bil je zelo postaven, saj je tehtal okoli sto kilogramov, je vrvico v spanju nataknila in ovila okoli vratu. Začel se je prebujati in menil, da se žena le šali, zato ji je rekel, »pa dobro zategni«, ona pa je to tudi res naredila. V 15 sekundah je bilo vsega konec. Čeprav se je mož, ko je videl, da gre zares, trudil vrvico raztegniti, zanj ni bilo več rešitve.

Po dejanju se je ženska odpravila v kopalnico, da bi naredila samomor, vendar ji je za to zmanjkalo poguma in namenjenega ni izpeljala. Glede na znane podatke o zdravju osumljenke so jo organi pregona pridržali, a ne priprli, saj so jo odpeljali v zaprti oddelek ljubljanske psihiatrične bolnišnice.

Tragično dogajanje je v Beli krajini odmevalo, saj je bil pokojni, ki je imel pred časom gostilno na Talčjem Vrh, številnim znan.

**Milovan Dimitrič**



Vladimir 31

Vladimira 19

izmenjavu  
energij

031 209 241

**From my book *INSTRUCTIVE TELEPHONE SEX*  
AND COLLECTION OF HARD POEMS**

Janez: then caress your breasts !/  
 Young girl1.: Aha!/  
 Janez: Wet your middle finger and slide it over your tit to the nipple and than caress it!/  
 Young girl1.: Aha!/  
 Janez: IIIs it becomming any harder?/  
 Young girl1.: Aha!/  
 Janez: Okay, now caress your belly, poke your finger into your belly button a little and take off your pants!/...Did you?/  
 Young girl1.: Aha!/  
 Janez: Okay, now caress your pussy with your hand!/  
 Young girl1.: Ahhh...  
 Janez: Yes, moan, it helps with relaxing and orgasm !/  
 Young girl1.: Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh ...  
 Janez: Caress your pubes and the clitoris in between!/  
 Young girl1.: Ahhh...

Then there was some noise and a voice asked "Samantha, where are you?/"

Young girl1 wanted to say something but she couldn't because she was so exited. The phone line was interrupted. What happened next you can imagine.

**You are kindly invited  
to an exchange of energies  
031 209 241**

Vesna Bukovec

## SOME STUFF

This book was made for the occasion of 25th International Biennial of Graphic Arts in Ljubljana. I was invited by the curator Christophe Cherix to make an artist book for Onestar Press.  
I used this book as a platform on which I present my work to the wider public.

Thanks to MGLC Ljubljana for providing a lector for the book.

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