



I'm sitting in the Jazz Cafe at the Liberators Square in Humenné. Radio Express is on. I've been waiting for the Criminal Registry check for the past half an hour. I want to apply for a grant at the Ministry of Culture. They have to check me. I feel like an unwanted invader. What am I still doing here?

How is it possible that I have survived to this day? There is definitely a catch in it. Am I growling to someone or is somebody pushing me?

There are four counters at the post office. Only one of them has a long queue. The other three women are sitting behind the glass pretending to be busy. I am watching them studying the charts and turning the pages of the folders. The counter where you buy 3 euro stamps also accepts parcels, sells lottery tickets and also Easter cards. Grannies are choosing the cards and people are getting impatient.

Why on earth can't they sell those bloody stamps at a counter in the office where one applies for the Criminal Registry check? Why do I have to pace this queue at the post office?

Two gypsy women in front of me are deeply contemplating, how much in crowns is 50 euros? One of them raises her finger triumphantly: "Mate, that's gonna be fif-teen hundred, innit!"

I laughed in my mind as I thought of Roman how he always frowns when I ask him somewhere abroad: "And how much is it in crowns?" "For God's sakes, Kuko, the crown doesn't exist any more. I don't know how much it is in crowns!"... he's a very good mathematician. He's never been fooled. I mean in calculations.

I stuck down the stamp at the next counter whilst being shouted at by the secretary. I thought she was shouting because I was taking too long. She was shrieking that I shouldn't be sticking it there. Dry side up I slapped the stamp down with the palm of my hand. "No!"

"They stole your little shrubs" says mum instead of greeting me. I've been trying to grow a hedge outside fastfood Luco. Two in the last flower pot died because the neighbour had been regularly pouring dirty soapy water in it. We just can't grow new ones. Someone always steals the plants even though they are tied to the fence with a metal rod.

At Vihorlat library the discussions with the members of Green Stone have been cancelled. According to the new manager, discussions about consumerism, protection of the forests, economic crisis, animal abuse and democracy are not for the category of people they are aiming for. The Nights with Andersen for children are to finish too. Nineteen employees of the library are supposed to focus on pensioners instead. The staff are signing in in the attendance book. 7 o'clock is the red line. Who comes late will receive a warning and, occasionally one may get dismissed. Depends on how often he or she opens his mouth. They don't need people that inconvenience them. Why spoil the last few years

leading up to pension? Somehow they have to last those 8-9 years...

"Once back in communist days I drew all the lines in the attendance book red, just for fun. The director laughed at it. Today I wouldn't dare draw those red lines."

When a discussion is being organised at the library, (approximately 5 times a year) refreshments are strictly prohibited. No tea, nor coffee. Not even if people bring their own because the kettle would use electricity and the cups would have to be washed. No exceptions. Don't send anyone to my office, no discussion.

Zekon, Chemlon, Chemes, the hospital, Mekom made around 700 people redundant in a space of half a year. Most of them were managers in high positions. That's quite a lot for a town with 35 thousand inhabitants, baring in mind that half of them went abroad anyway.

"Friday he met up with a business partner in Paris and on Monday a redundancy notice was awaiting him on his desk. An engineer highly specialised in chemical fibres. He had orders booked for half a year in advance. 58 years old. He's finished."

Masseur at the swimming pool says to me: "You know what? Nowadays afraid are even those who have never been afraid."

"Hey, you know what?" my mate stated, "I have a feeling that people are terribly afraid in this town of Humenné. I feel it's even worse than it was in communism. The other day I was talking to a man on the street. First he looked around and then whispered something quite normal."

"My colleagues don't greet me on the street because they are afraid that the boss might see them. They would become disfavoured. I am the only one who stood up to him and am now being punished for it." Says another woman.

Anonymous informing is at large. People mostly phone in.

"Morale and law in complete breakdown. Harass them. Morass."

"Many team leaders behave importantly in a carefree manner!"

"They found out how much it means for a creative citizen to create and they're abusing it, despite the threat of stagnation." Alta Vášová: Islands Immemorial

"Dark ahead of me, dark behind me." Alta Vášová: Islands Immemorial

Almost all cultural institutions (organisations) are being renovated. They are renewing toilets and halls. The government pays five times the real price. The rest is shared amongst the involved.

On a collective or in a community centre? Doesn't matter at all. As long as he retires as a manager.

From side to side.

"What one took, what came to whom."

All job posts in the civil service and local council in Humenne are political nominations, doesn't matter about the candidate's education.

I am unable to swing fast enough.

TODAY WE HAVE FUN FOR EVERYONE

UNOFFICIAL

MAKE IT TALK

REMAPPING

I should write about my experience when photographing donkeys on the island of Lamu in Kenya. You have to wait and be on the alert. It will come. You will definitely catch them red-handed. One time they will bite of a straw roof, another they will wee by the entrance of a luxury hotel and mostly, they shit on everything. I tried different photographic styles, but the official paparazzi style suites them best. No poetry. Briefly and to the point. No extras.

I illustrated three African poems. The first one is about a storm, the second one about America and the third about shops. I'm tackling the lack of poetry in my performance as an artist. Things I wanted to say in past were not poetical.

A Swedish pair has listened to one version of my thoughts process. They are on a romantic journey around the world. We had our last breakfast together in Shela. They asked: "And how is it in Slovakia?" They almost missed the boat to town.

Which Slovak curator could help me in real professional terms? With which one of them was I able to discuss anything else than gallery's opening hours, arranging for equipment and transport of the art work?

How can an artist be helped by a curator who devotes 80% of his time to organising matters, who has to keep an eye on, for example, the videos in galleries are on?

"Installations are off, to save money." When a viewer goes to a gallery they have to wait in front of every art work to be turned on by a lady. Then the lady waits until you finish watching and this way you spend twice as much time than you originally planned. Occasionally the videos or the equipment don't work because the lady doesn't know how to operate them... I always leave with a feeling that the installation was about that lady and I won't be returning soon. It doesn't make sense to keep solving the same theme at various exhibitions.

INANIMATE OBJECTS AS MEANS OF EXPRESSING HUMAN EMOTIONS

NO WORDS NEEDED. NOT WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING

The waiting. I had a Latte, no flavour added.

We are doing badly, I say to myself and look out of the window. A gorgeous spring day outside. People in the town centre radiate calm. Their faces are green, exactly the same colour as my tourist shorts. I start contemplating if this is not an egoistic note. I saw a lady who was a cook at my primary school. She walks with a stick and has no teeth. I can see it even through her closed mouth. People are in no hurry. Just casually crossing in different directions.

"God went out of proportion when he made you" I remember Zuzana's sentence. "You grew up to the full door's height."

I don't compare.

She has no criminal record according to the Criminal Registry.