

Tastes of Danube
Let`s taste it 2016



Bread in the past and present Publication design

Meta Kutin

Ulm, July 2016

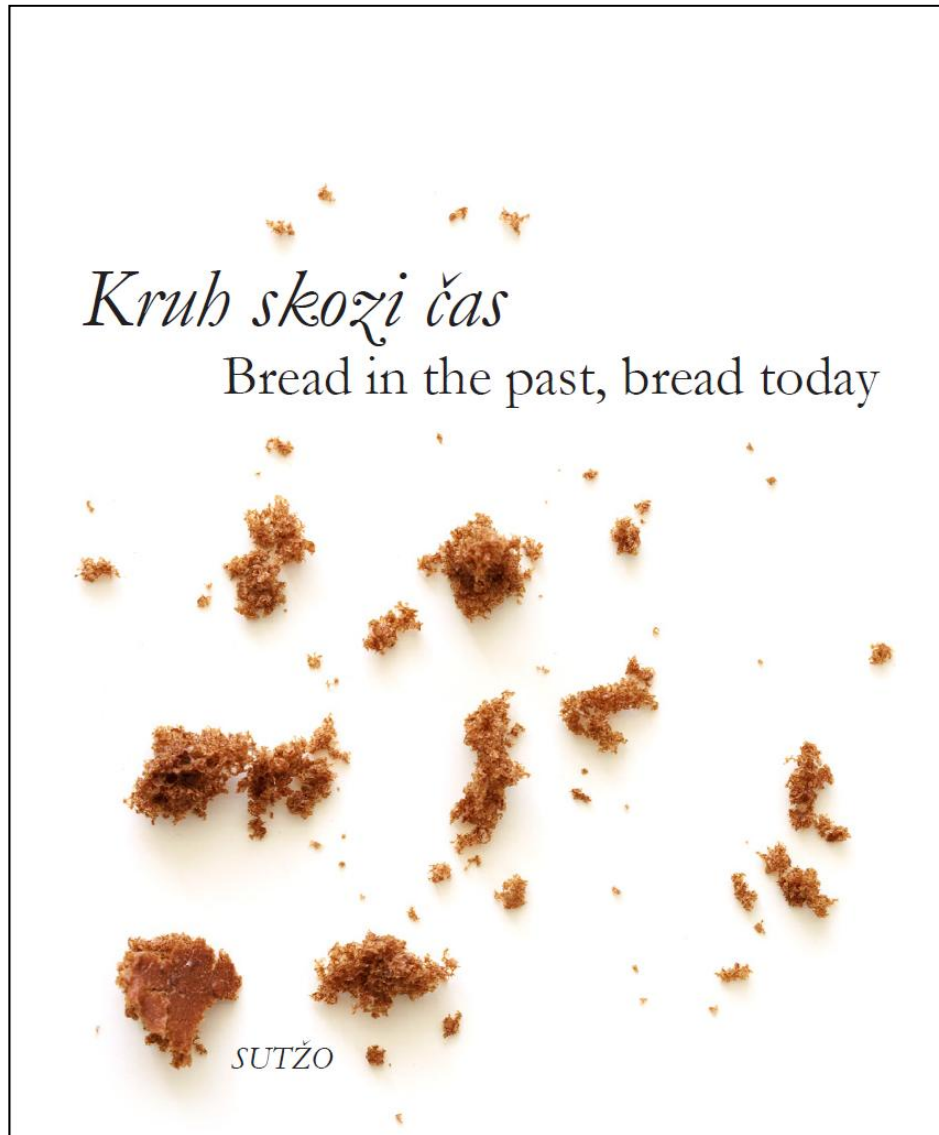
Book about bread.

First ideas



Too literally?

First ideas



Cookbook?

Ljubljana Marshes





Types



Types



Types



Bread is a symbol. As hayrack, road sign,... wheat is.

Naturally ...

Kruh skozi čas

Bread in the past, bread today

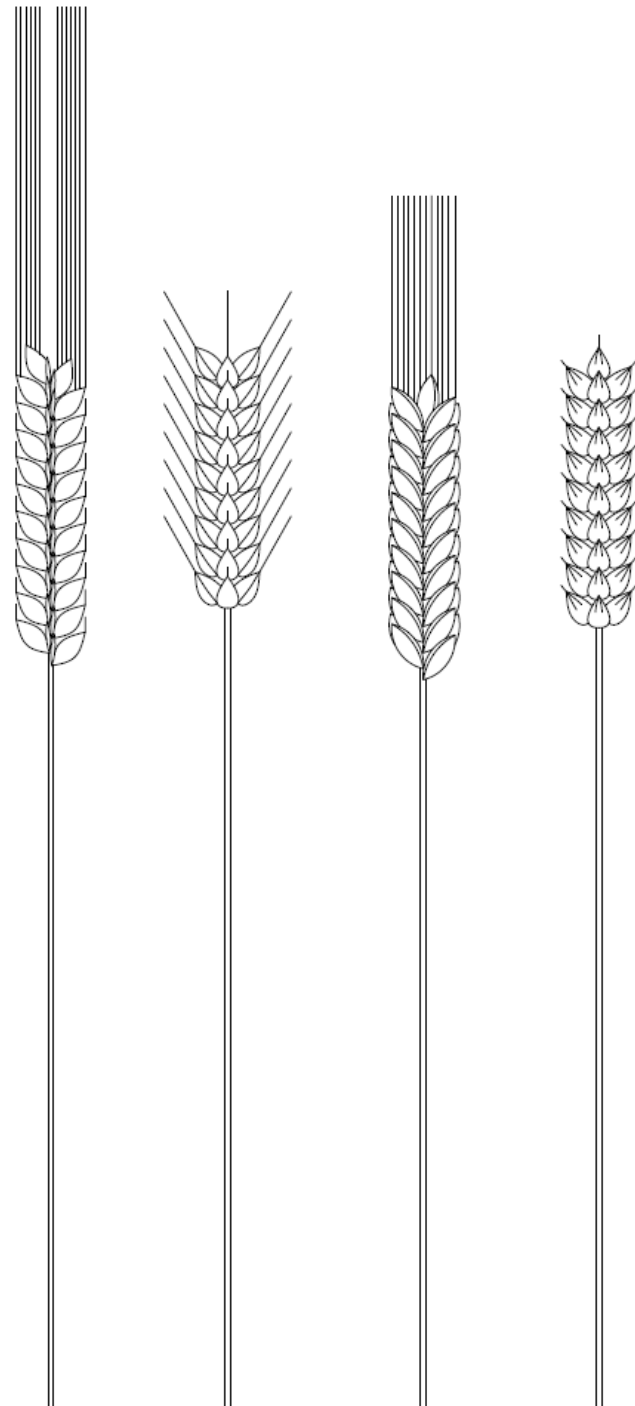


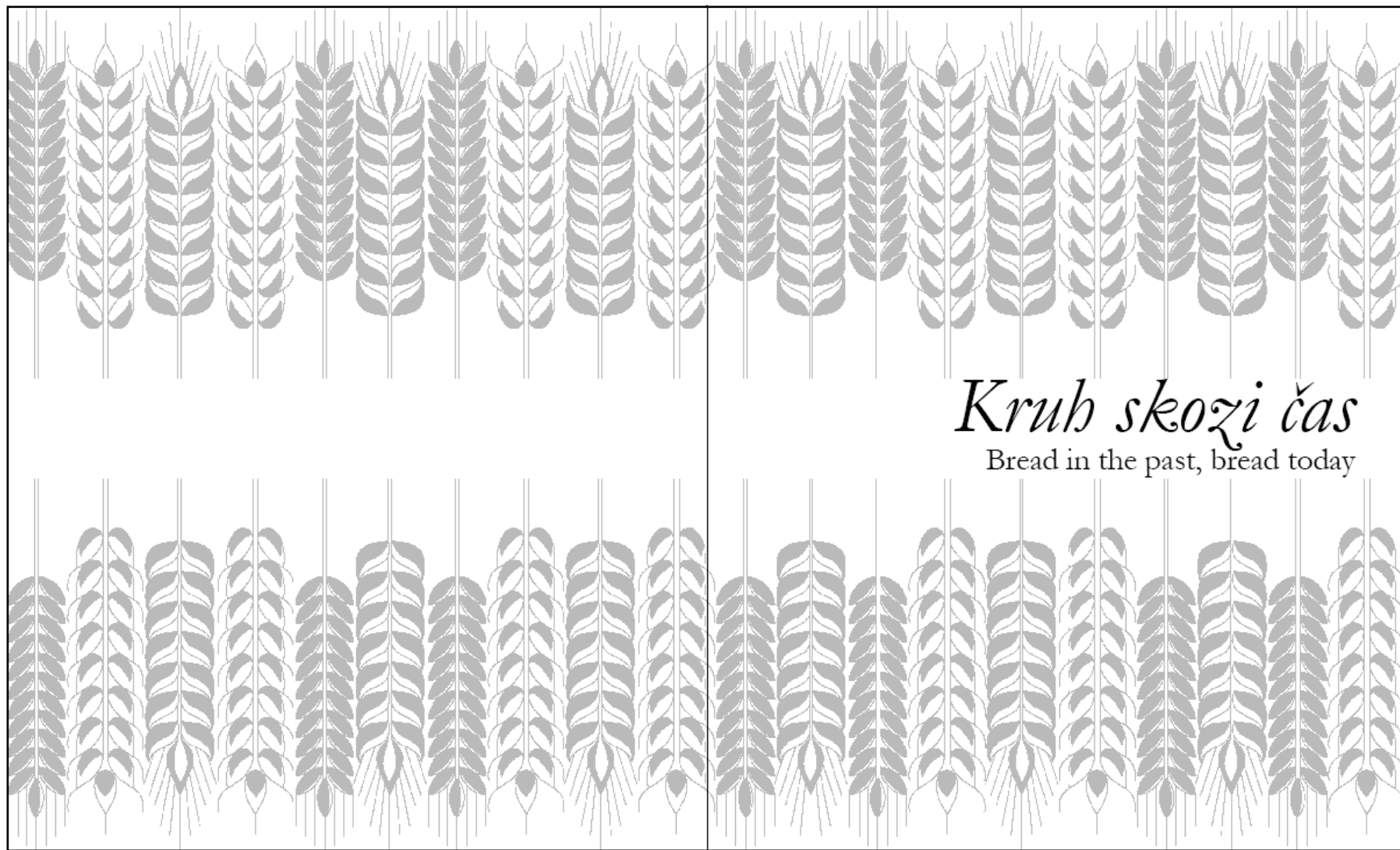
SUTŽO

Different
characters...
...set of stories



Symbolic drawing
Not photo





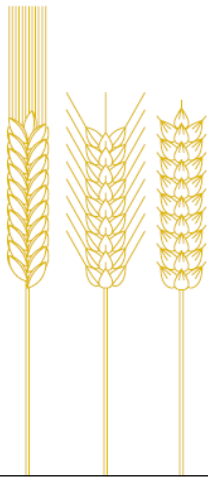
No life?

Colour



Alenka Steindl ur. | edit.

Kruh skozi čas
Bread in the past and present



Too architectural?

The image features a minimalist, golden-yellow line art illustration of wheat. On the left, a single stalk with several long, narrow leaves is shown. In the center, a large, symmetrical grain head is depicted, composed of multiple teardrop-shaped segments arranged vertically. To the right, another smaller grain head is visible, surrounded by several long, thin stalks. The entire illustration is rendered in a consistent golden-yellow color against a plain white background.

Alenka Steindl ur. | edit.

Kruh skozi čas
Bread in the past and present

Too rough?



Back to Ljubljana Marshes



Alenka Steindl ur. | edit.

Kruh skozi čas **Bread in the past and present**



Growth, dance, wind, life, optimism





Alenka Steindl:

Nekoč smo jedli samo enotni kruh, zdaj pa je na voljo več deset vrst kruha in peciva.

We used to eat standard bread, now there are dozens of varieties of bread and baked goods.

Foto: photo: Tatjana Rodošek

Alenka Steindl

Če kruhek pade ti na tla, poberi in poljubi ga!

Pripoveduje **Alenka Steindl**, 71 let, upokojena diplomirana ekonomistka, Ljubljana

Ko sem bila še prav majhna, mi je mama vedno kaj pripovedovala, pravljice, zgodbe in pesmice. Z njimi me je učila in vzgajala. Nekoč je govorila o kruhu in povedala tole reklo:

»Če kruhek pade ti na tla, poberi in poljubi ga.« Čeprav nisem prav dobro razumela, zakaj je kruh tako poseben, da ga je treba tako ljubiti in spoštovati, saj ga pri nas nikoli ni manjkalo, mi je bila poved neznansko všeč. Prosila sem jo za kos kruha, potem sem z njim korakala po kuhinji in ponavljala: »Če kruhek pade ti na tla,« pof, in sem ga spustila iz roke, »poberi,« in sem ga pobrala, »in poljubi ga,« in sem ga poljubila. Ponavljala sem, dokler mama ni rekla, da sem si menda zdaj že zapomnila. Res sem si zapomnila, še zdaj, po skoraj sedemdesetih letih se tega živo spominjam.

Moja mama pa je dobro vedela, zakaj je kruh tako dragocen. Njeno otroštvo se je začelo leta 1910, ko je Ivan Cankar, slovenski dramatik in pisatelj, napisal črtico Sveto obhajilo. V njej opisuje peterico otrok, sebe in svoje štiri sestre in brate, kako zvečer čakajo na mater, ki se je odpravila po vasi prosit kruha za večerjo otrokom. Kako se jim čakanje vleče, kako so vedno bolj nestrpni in lačni in kako že začno obsojati mater, da se je nekje zaklepetala in pozabila nanje. Ona pa je le morala obresti vso vas, da je nekje izprosila hlebec kruha.

V prvih desetletjih dvajsetega stoletja je bilo mnogo več družin, ki niso imele vsak dan kruha kot takšnih, ki jim ga nikoli ni manjkalo. Vrsta kruha je bila tudi simbol socialnega statusa družine. Beli kruh – simbol bogatih, črni kruh – simbol revnih, ni kruha za večerjo – simbol skrajne revščine. Hrepenenje pestre po belem kruhu, ki ga je dobivala le njena varovanka, hči bogatih kmetov, o čemer pripoveduje v svoji povesti slovenski pisatelj France Bevčar, je bilo hrepenenje vseh revnih otrok tistih časov.

Moja mama je rasla v družini, kjer je vladala revščina in bolezen. Nekoč je pripovedovala, da je za kos kruha vso ljudsko šolo delklici s sosednje bogate kmetije pisala domače naloge, ji risala, pletla in vezla. In še to je dodala, da je tista delklica dobila nagrado za najboljši uspeh, ki bi jo morala dobiti moja mama, a so jo raje



Alenka Steindl:

Nekoč smo jedli samo enotni kruh, zdaj pa je na voljo več deset vrst kruha in peciva.

We used to eat standard bread, now there are dozens of varieties of bread and baked goods.

Foto photo Tadjana Rodošek

Alenka Steindl

Če kruhek pade ti na tla, poberi in poljubi ga!

Pripoveduje **Alenka Steindl** | 71 let | upokojena diplomirana ekonomistka | Ljubljana

Ko sem bila še prav majhna, mi je mama vedno kaj pripovedovala, pravljice, zgodbe in pesmice. Z njimi me je učila in vzgajala. Nekoč je govorila o kruhu in povedala tole reklo:

»Če kruhek pade ti na tla, poberi in poljubi ga.« Čeprav nisem prav dobro razumela, zakaj je kruh tako poseben, da ga je treba tako ljubiti in spoštovati, saj ga pri nas nikoli ni manjkalo, mi je bila poved neznansko všeč. Prosila sem jo za kos kruha, potem sem z njim korakala po kuhinji in ponavljala: »Če kruhek pade ti na tla,« pof, in sem ga spustila iz roke, »poberi,« in sem ga pobrala, »in poljubi ga,« in sem ga poljubila. Ponavljala sem, dokler mama ni rekla, da sem si menda zdaj že zapomnila. Res sem si zapomnila, še zdaj, po skoraj sedemdesetih letih se tega živo spominjam.

Moja mama pa je dobro vedela, zakaj je kruh tako dragocen. Njeno otroštvo se je začelo leta 1910, ko je Ivan Cankar, slovenski dramatik in pisatelj, napisal črtico Sveto obhajilo. V njej opisuje peterico otrok, sebe in svoje štiri sestre in brate, kako zvečer čakajo na mater, ki se je odpravila po vasi prosit kruha za večerjo otrokom. Kako se jim čakanje vleče, kako so vedno bolj nestrpni in lačni in kako že začno obsojati mater, da se je nekje zaklepetala in pozabila nanje. Ona pa je le morala obresti vso vas, da je nekje izprosila hlebec kruha.

V prvih desetletjih dvajsetega stoletja je bilo mnogo več družin, ki niso imele vsak dan kruha kot takšnih, ki jim ga nikoli ni manjkalo. Vrsta kruha je bila tudi simbol socialnega statusa družine. Beli kruh – simbol bogatih, črni kruh – simbol revnih, ni kruha za večerjo – simbol skrajne revščine. Hrepenenje pestrne po belem kruhu, ki ga je dobivala le njena varovanka, hči bogatih kmetov, o čemer pripoveduje v svoji povesti slovenski pisatelj France Bevk, je bilo hrepenenje vseh revnih otrok tistih časov.

Moja mama je rasla v družini, kjer je vladala revščina in bolezni. Nekoč je pripovedovala, da je za kos kruha vso ljudsko šolo deklici s sosednje bogate kmetije pisala domače naloge, ji risala, pletla in vezla. In še to je dodala, da je tista deklica dobila nagrado za najboljši uspeh, ki bi jo morala dobiti moja mama, a so jo raje

Alenka Steindl

If you drop a piece of bread, pick it up and give it a kiss!

Narrated by **Alenka Steindl** / I, retired economist, Ljubljana

My mother used to tell me stories and recite poems as this was how she was teaching and educating me while I was a little girl. One day, while she was telling me yet another story, she suddenly stopped and said: "If you drop a piece of bread, pick it up and give it a kiss." Though I did not understand why bread was so important that we had to respect it, I rather liked the saying. Of course, I did not understand its meaning-my family had never been deprived of bread- but I rather liked the saying. I asked my mother to give me a piece of bread. Scarcely did she give it to me, when I started marching around in circles all over the kitchen, repeating over and over again: "If you drop a piece of bread... and then I dropped it... pick it up and give it a kiss". I went on and on mechanically repeating the same sentence, till my mother stopped me, reminding me that I had already learned the sentence by heart. No doubt, I learned and memorised it. I'll be soon seventy, but I still keep this saying vividly in my head.

No doubt, my mother knew why bread was so precious. She was a little girl. In 1910 when Ivan Cankar, a Slovenian writer, wrote his short story "The Holy Communion". This was a story about five children, himself and four siblings, waiting for their mother to come home in the evening. But she had to knock on every single door in the village begging for bread. Hungry and finding the wait too long, the children could not take it anymore, so they started accusing their mother of having a chat somewhere, forgetting about them. But she had to go throughout the village, till finally, begging for it, she could get a loaf of bread. It the first decades of the 20th century, families deprived of bread probably outnumbered those who could eat it each single day. The type of bread families consumed symbolised their social status. White bread was associated with those who were well off, dark bread with those who were poor, no bread for dinner was the destiny shared by those who were extremely poor. France Bevk, another Slovenian writer, wrote a story about a baby sitter desperately longing for a piece of white bread which only the girl she was taking care of could get, since her peasant parents were rich. White bread, this is what all poor

children longed for.

My mother was raised in a family affected by both poverty and sickness. She told me, that throughout her primary schooling she was giving private lessons to a girl from the adjoining farm. She wrote assignments, she drew, she did some knitting and embroidery for the rich girl. And she also said that the little girl was awarded for her excellent marks. Well, my mother should have been awarded, but the school authorities rather awarded the rich girl. Again and again my mother was bitterly disappointed throughout her childhood. Therefore she appreciated all the more that her children did not have to suffer humiliation of the poor.

Having been in need in her youth, she learned how to use bread and food with parsimony and respect, a skill and attitude she taught us, her children. Never did we throw away even the smallest piece of bread and she knew countless ways how to use stale bread. Our meals were modest, but we were never hungry.

Standard bread

Having grown up after the Second World War, I remember the times when food production was hardly getting restored and food was of bad quality. I also remember that by the age of five I had been often sent to buy bread which was on sale in the village grocery store. There was a lot of it on the shelves and it was cheap, but there was only one type of bread, no more, called "standard bread" made of wheat flour with gross grains. Today we know that this bread was healthy, but in those days we did not like it. It would not smell good, it would not taste good and it crumbled, nor was it always fresh. Stale bread was not returned to the bakery plant and the next morning it was sold to customers. It was to us, children, that shop assistants particularly liked smuggling one or two days old bread which made our mothers angry. Such bread was offered to us at school as a snack and this practice went on till the end of the 50's. It used to be spread with marmalade of indefinable colour and taste, or with butter spread. Rarely was there pate spread. And from time to time we were also offered a piece of orange cheese provided by UNRA aid.

There was enough standard bread, but what we children were longing for, was white bread and sometimes on very special occasions and special days, my

Alenka Steindl

If you drop a piece of bread, pick it up and give it a kiss!

Narrated by **Alenka Steindl** | 71 | retired economist | Ljubljana

My mother used to tell me stories and recite poems as this was how she was teaching and educating me while I was a little girl. One day, while she was telling me yet another story, she suddenly stopped and said: "If you drop a piece of bread, pick it up and give it a kiss." Though I did not understand why bread was so important that we had to respect it, I rather liked the saying. Of course, I did not understand its meaning-my family had never been deprived of bread- but I rather liked the saying. I asked my mother to give me a piece of bread. Scarcely did she give it to me, when I started marching around in circles all over the kitchen, repeating over and over again: "If you drop a piece of bread... and then I dropped it... pick it up and give it a kiss". I went on and on mechanically repeating the same sentence, till my mother stopped me, reminding me that I had already learned the sentence by heart. No doubt, I learned and memorised it. I'll be soon seventy, but I still keep this saying vividly in my head.

No doubt, my mother knew why bread was so precious. She was a little girl in 1910 when Ivan Cankar, a Slovenian writer, wrote his short story "The Holy Communion". This was a story about five children, himself and four siblings, waiting for their mother to come home in the evening. But she had to knock on every single door in the village begging for bread. Hungry and finding the wait too long, the children could not take it anymore, so they started accusing their mother of having a chat somewhere, forgetting about them. But she had to go throughout the village, till finally, begging for it, she could get a loaf of bread. In the first decades of the 20th century, families deprived of bread probably outnumbered those who could eat it each single day. The type of bread families consumed symbolised their social status. White bread was associated with those who were well off, dark bread with those who were poor, no bread for dinner was the destiny shared by those who were extremely poor. France Bevk, another Slovenian writer, wrote a story about a baby sitter desperately longing for a piece of white bread which only the girl she was taking care of could get, since her peasant parents were rich. White bread, this is what all poor children longed for.

My mother was raised in a family affected by both poverty and sickness. She told me, that throughout her primary schooling she was giving private lessons to a girl from the adjoining farm. She wrote assignments, she drew, she did some knitting and embroidery for the rich girl. And she also said that the little girl was awarded for her excellent marks. Well, my mother should have been awarded, but the school authorities rather awarded the rich girl. Again and again my mother was bitterly disappointed throughout her childhood. Therefore she appreciated all the more that her children did not have to suffer humiliation of the poor.

Having been in need in her youth, she learned how to use bread and food with parsimony and respect, a skill and attitude she taught us, her children. Never did we throw away even the smallest piece of bread and she knew countless ways how to use stale bread. Our meals were modest, but we were never hungry.

Standard bread

Having grown up after the Second World War, I remember the times when food production was hardly getting restored and food was of bad quality. I also remember that by the age of five I had been often sent to buy bread which was on sale in the village grocery store. There was a lot of it on the shelves and it was cheap, but there was only one type of bread, no more, called "standard bread" made of wheat flour with gross grains. Today we know that this bread was healthy, but in those days we did not like it. It would not smell good, it would not taste good and it crumbled, nor was it always fresh. Stale bread was not returned to the bakery plant and the next morning it was sold to customers. It was to us, children, that shop assistants particularly liked smuggling one or two days old bread which made our mothers angry. Such bread was offered to us at school as a snack and this practice went on till the end of the 50's. It used to be spread with marmalade of indefinable colour and taste, or with butter spread. Rarely was there pate spread. And from time to time we were also offered a piece of orange cheese provided by UNRA aid.

There was enough standard bread, but what we children were longing for, was white bread and sometimes on very special occasions and special days, my mother baked white bread. White flour was purchased on the black market,



Thank you