

marina
viculin

potjera the pursuit

UVOD U DOŽIVLJAJNI PRINCIP
SJEĆANJE NA BRANKA FUČIĆA

AN INTRODUCTION INTO THE
EXPERIENCE PRINCIPLE
REMEMBERING BRANKO FUČIĆ

▼ Lignje prevrnute na vreloj ploči, sumrak, široki Kvarnerski zaljev. Neizbježni tanker u maglici morskog isparenja. Oko stola nas troje, svatko s po svojih četrdeset i on, sedamdesetogodišnji barba s kapom. Početak jeseni, prave vrućine su prestale, ali je toplo. Mi smo potpuno iscrpljeni! On je živnuo od prve bevande i nekoliko zaloga-gaja. Kreće priča. Već smo je par puta čuli. Šutimo o tom. Šutimo i o iscrpljenosti, jer je on danas prošao sve isto što i mi, još govorio u kameru i evo ga sada priča. Priča o Mariji šporkoj.

To je priča o kuharici u nekoj običnoj siromaškoj betuli, poput ove na čijoj terasi sada sjedimo smješteni visoko iznad lovranske rive. Samo to je bilo pedesetih, kada su stvari bile drastičnije nego danas. Siromaštvo je bilo siromašnije, kažu. A Fučić kaže da su mu to bili najslasniji obroci u životu. Iza kuhinjske pregrade virile su samo Marijine oči dok mu je frigala najsvježije tek iz mora izvađene srdele ili gavune. On je sjedio za malim stolom nedaleko zahoda, gledao ju je kako kuha dok su mu se u nosnim kanalima miješali mirisi ukusne hrane, urina i Marijinog neoprano ženskog znoja.

Iako prepričana s puno obožavanja i oživljavajuće iskrenosti, ta priča smještena u pola obroka meni je bila baš neugodna. Izazivala je u mom gladnom želucu sasvim tjelesnu reakciju bolnog grčenja. Nisam razumjela što će mu to, kako i zašto se ta priča uklapa u naš obrok i naše društvo. Dje-lovala je gotovo pomalo nastrano, a moje poštovanje i ljubav prema starom profesoru nisu dopuštali tu mogućnost.

Sada mi se čini da sam shvatila. On nas je stalno upućivao na doživljajni način saznavanja. Inertni smo i treba nam udarac - šok za buđenje osjetila, za obraćanje pažnje. Vidimo ono što smo naučili vidjeti i skloni smo to braniti tabuima pristojnosti.

Uz jelo se ne govori o smrdljivom znoju i mirisu neoprano zahoda. Ne govori se o mrtvacima, o raspadanju tijela, ne postavlja se pitanje o tom gdje su uživali u tjelesnoj ljubavi *naši stari* kad su im kuće bile nastambe s jednom prostorijom. Ne pita se časne sestre kakav im je zahod kad troše tako puno tableta protiv zatvora. Baš sve to Fučić uvijek radi. I o tome govori.

Dok ja sumnjam, ne razumijem, neugodno mi je i gadljivo, on - uvaženi akademik Branko Fučić - upire prstom u one najosjetljivije točke brižno zaštićene tabuima pokazujući da je baš tu ključ za shvaćanje povijesti, civilizacije i umjetnosti. Tisuću

● Shrimps were turning on a hot plate, in twilight; the large bay of Kvarner. The inevitable tanker in the hazy mist rising from the sea. Around the table, the three of us, all around forty, except for him, our seventy years old *barba* with a cap. The autumn had set in, dead heats were over, but it was still warm. We were completely exhausted! But he had become lively with the first *bevanda* and a few haps of food. The story was on. We had heard it several times already. We were keeping quiet about that. We were also keeping quiet about our exhaustion, since he had been through the same things that day like us and had also talked into the camera. And there he was, still talking. Telling us about dirty Mary.

It was a story about a cook in a simple poor-man's *betula*, like the one on the terrace of which we were sitting that evening, high above the sea promenade of Lovran. Only, it was back in the 50s, when things were more drastic than today. Poverty was poorer, they say. And Fučić said that those were the tastiest meals of his lifetime. Behind the kitchen pane, only Mary's eyes could be seen while she fried for him fresh anchovies and sandsmelts, just drawn from the sea. He used to sit at a small table next to the toilet and watch her cook, while the smell of tasty food, urine, and Mary's stale female sweat were mingling in his nostrils.

Although told with much adoration and enlivening frankness, this story, told in the midst of our meal, did not really agree with me. It was causing a purely physical reaction of painful cramps in my hungry stomach. I could not understand why he was telling us the story, how and why it was supposed to fit our meal and our company. It sounded almost perverse and my respect and love towards the old professor just could not admit that fact.

Now I believe that I have understood. He was constantly directing us towards drawing knowledge from experience. We tend to be inert and we need a kick - a shock that will stir our senses and awaken our attention. We see what we have learned to see and we are inclined to defend it with taboos and good manners.

When you eat, you are not supposed to speak of stinking sweat and the smell of filthy toilets. You are not supposed to speak of dead bodies, of how they are falling apart, or ask about places where *our old folks* used to enjoy physical love in those times, when their houses consisted of a sin-

zastupnici

- ▼
1 Proprioceptivna senzibilnost omogućava nam svijest o položajima i pokretima svakog dijela tijela u svakom pojedinom trenutku.

puta na tisuću načina pokazuje da poimanje stvari nije samo intelektualno i da nećemo ništa znati dok sasvim osobno na vlastitoj koži to i ne okušamo, ne vidimo, ne omirišemo. Živimo više tijelom nego umom, a to tjelesno/doživljajno/osjetilno u potpunosti shvatimo tek u nekim krajnje kriznim trenucima. U trenucima velikog napora, životne opasnosti ili bolesti.

FOTOGRAFIJA

Strastveno me privlači razotkrivanje; ostalo mi je dosadno. Možda mi je besramnost fotografske slike zato tako privlačna. Privlače li me one slike koje su iskreno besramne, "bezobzirno nježne"? Kada ta agresivnost proizvodi pornografiju, a kada kvalitetu? Je li iskrenost koeficijent razlikovanja?

Do nje se svakako teško stiže. A kako je procjenjujemo? Ja nemam drugog instrumenta osim sebe, svojega tijela u kojem su smješteni i osjeti i misli.

Razotkrivanje suprotno konačnoj jednostavnosti produkta zahtijeva priličan napor. Ne želim da taj napor bude vidljiv u tekstu. Tekst mora imati unutrašnji ritam i oblik onoga o čemu pišem. Ubačeni dijalozi služe neposrednom oslikavanju vizualno/tjelesne spoznaje koju bilježim.

- Marina, što su dijalozi? Ono kada se obraćaš meni, čitatelju?

- To je šamar za buđenje pažnje, to je probijanje rampe. To je penjanje iz gledališta na pozornicu. Sve je u funkciji oslikavanja prostora između. Između Dore Maar i Picassa, između kustosa i umjetnika, između fotografa i modela, između mene i tebe, između odabranih i odbačenih fotografija.

Htjela bih u okviru prostora i vremena koje pruža ovaj tekst zapisati ono što inače izbacujem. Odstranjujem postupak da bih na izložbi dobila jasnu simulaciju. Ekstrahiranje se dogodilo, ali više nije vidljivo, osim u produktu. Izložba je simulacija, zato je struktura jasna. U stvarnosti su stvari puno zapetljanije.

Odstranjujem objašnjenja kako bi napisani tekst bio sasvim gladak i protočan. Onakav kakva je bila slika, kakvo je bilo doživljajno saznanje koje izložba/tekst opisuje. Odstranjujem objašnjenja nastanka simboličnog da bih tkanjem teksta prekrila samu supstanciju, kao i simbolički sadržaj fotografije, svoje viđenje i proprioceptivno¹ saznavanje. Tražim način da zabilježim taj sadržaj što se potire s racionalnom strukturom jezika. Metoda je uspostavljena, ali o njoj se

gle room. You should not ask nuns what their toilet looked like if they took so many pills against constipation. But it is precisely what Fučić was always doing. Moreover, he talked about it.

While I was thus filled with doubts, lack of understanding, embarrassment, and disgust, he - the distinguished academic Branko Fučić - was pointing his finger to our most vulnerable spots, carefully shielded with taboos, showing us that it was the place where we would find the key for understanding history, civilization, and art. A thousand times, in a thousand ways, he was showing us that understanding things was not something purely intellectual and that we would know nothing until we experienced it personally, on our own skins, until we tasted it, saw it, and smelled it. We live with our bodies rather than our minds and these facts of body/experience/senses we grasp in their entirety only in moments of extreme crisis. In moments of great effort, life danger, or sickness.

PHOTOGRAPHY

I am passionately attracted to disclosures, all the rest of it I find boring. Perhaps that is why I like the shamelessness of photography so much. Am I attracted to those pictures which are truly shameless, "ruthlessly tender"? And when does that aggressiveness generate pornography, when quality? Is honesty the coefficient of difference?

Honesty is certainly hard to reach. And how do we measure it? I have no other instrument but myself, my body with its senses and thoughts.

Contrary to the ultimate simplicity of its product, disclosure requires great effort. I do not want that effort to be visible in the text. The text must have a rhythm within and the shape of what I am writing about. Interpolated dialogues serve to illustrate directly the visual/physical knowledge that I am recording.

- Marina, what are these dialogues? Is it when you are talking to me, the reader?

- It is a slap on your face to awaken your attention, to break the fence. It is climbing from the auditorium onto the stage. It all serves to illustrate the space in between. Between Dora Maar and Picasso, between the curator and the artist, between the photographer and the model, between you and me, between the photographs selected and those thrown away.

ne govori, osim slučajno. A i odabir metode je sadržaj.

Ovoga bih puta htjela zapisati samo taj odbaćeni dio, dio koji možda može objasniti razloge moga odabira. Izložba jest odabir. Ona jest izlaganje radova, ali je puno više izlaganje odabira. Izlaganje umjetnikova i mog svjetonazora. Sve su to, naravno, općepoznata mjesta, no na njih se moram svako toliko vratiti da bih se sjetila otkuda sam krenula. Zašto? I kamo uopće želim stići?

Htjela bih se na ovom mjestu u danom vremenu čitateljeve pažnje približiti još korak bliže "mekom srcu svoga kustoskog odabira". Ideja da se vratim na analizu onoga što radim i zašto to radim kada je postavljen urednički zadatak bio fotografija čini mi se jedini suvisao način da pokažem (otkrijem) što bi fotografija mogla biti, što je ono što se u fotografiji može pojaviti tolikom silinom da ostajem bez daha i nema tog napora koji ne bih uložila da se dogodi susret, da se opredmeti izložba, da shvatim, da dohvatim taj *Dodir pogledima*.

Od 2001. godine radim samo fotografske izložbe. A uopće nije fotografija ono što me zanima! Što onda ganjam?

POTJERA
POSAVEC, VESOVIĆ, RASOL

Simboli i "angažirane" reference kao vanjski znakovi, sami po sebi, neće mi rad izvući iz apstraktnosti. Koje odnose iz/prema stvarnosti materijalizirati? To mi se čini jedno od najkreativnijih pitanja i istovremeno iznimno subjektivno. (Goran Petercol, MSU, 2002.)

Kakva je to potjera koja satisfakciju može naći u fotografiji? Ta se potjera s nadenim fotografskim tragovima ne bliži cilju, već se samo sve više ubrzava, širi, otima kontroli.

Počet ću s Posavčevim polaroidima zato što su potpuno netipični i zato što su me potpuno izbacili iz takta. Nisam zapravo znala što se događa, nisam to mogla dokučiti zato što sam ih odčitavala na isti način kao i njegove klasične fotografije. Počet ću s njima zato što te tek problemi natjeraju da u potpunosti osvijestiš postupak, shvatiš koji je tvoj uobičajeni način gledanja, uspostavljajući značenja.

Fotografija Ivana Posavca beskompromisna je i zanosna u svojoj neposrednosti. Ona bilježi onaj trenutak kada sugovorniku

I wish to write down, within the framework of space and time given by this text, all that I am usually throwing away. I am removing the procedure in order to obtain a clear simulation at the exhibition. The extraction has taken place, but it is no longer visible, except in the final product. The exhibition is a simulation; that is why its structure is so clear. In reality, things are far more complicated.

I am removing the explanations in order to make the written text perfectly smooth and flowing. To make it just like the picture, the knowledge from experience that was described by the exhibition/text. I am removing the explanations of the way in which symbolism was generated in order to cover the very substance, as well as the symbolic content of the photograph, my vision, and my proprioceptive knowledge, with the fabric of the text. I am searching for the way to record that content, which counterbalances the rational structure of language. The method is established, but it is not mentioned, except incidentally. And the choice of method is itself the content.

This time, I wish to write down only that piece which is thrown away and which might perhaps explain the reasons for my choice. The exhibition is a choice. It means exhibiting one's work, but even more exhibiting one's choice. Exhibiting the worldview of the artist and myself. Certainly, these are all commonplaces, but I must come back to them now and then in order to remember where I started. Why? And where is it that I want to get to in the first place?

I wish to make another step, here and within the given time of my reader's attention, towards the "soft core of my curator's choice". The idea to come back to the analysis of what I am doing and why I am doing it, since the task given to me by the editor was to write about photography, seems to me the only reasonable way to show (disclose) what photography could be, what is it that can appear in photography with such power that it will leave me short of breath, and that I will shun no effort to make this encounter happen, to realize the exhibition, to understand, to reach that *Touch with a Look*.

Since 2001, I have done only exhibitions of photography. And photography is not what interests me! What am I pursuing then?



² HANS ROBERT JAUSS, *Estetika recepcije*, u: *Suvremene književne teorije*, (ur.) Miroslav Beker, Zagreb, 1986.

pogledate u oči da vidite tko je. I on vam to dopusti. Goli smo oboje - i ja koja gledam i on koji me gleda. Ponekad je taj trenutak poklonjen, a ponekad je ukraden. Da bi uspostavio ravnotežu s tom nepristojnom agresivnošću kojom će neosvijesteni model navesti na samootkrivanje, Posavec u posao ulazi razotkriven.

Njegova oštra bespoštedna strast prema onome što radi gotovo je surova; izgleda mi kao da je oštricu britve okrenuo prema sebi. Posavec sasvim svjesno zaobilazi očekivane receptivne kodove i izbjegava doslovnost. Pregibanjima, preklapanjima i slijepim pjegama uspostavlja mrežu doživljaja i značenja. Ta mreža nosi bitan sadržaj. Ona proizvodi užitak. Uvodi nas unutra, u doživljaj, zato što je mreža izgrađena podjednako na njegovom životu, na njegovim ljudima, na njegovim najdubljim emocijama, kao i na manje ili više nasilnom razotkrivanju modela.

Načinom pisanja ja slijedim taj pristup koji, iako je vrlo osoban, zapravo ne ulazi u sferu privatnog. To zbunjuje. Ljudi se uvijek pitaju koliko je privatni odnos fotografa i modela. Moji su tekstovi često shvaćeni na nivou privatnosti, što je pogrešno. Radi se o tome da je to posao koji se ne radi samo *ratiom*, već i tijelom, svim osjetilima, pa i emocijama. Kada tijelo s kojim se krećemo, jedemo, ljubimo, pokaže svoju moć spoznavanja i pamćenja, to zbunjuje. Kada fotografija tu spoznaju bilježi, to je briljantno.

I tu sada ja susrećem Posavčeve polaroidne, male snimke na materijalu kojem je istekao rok trajanja, koji zbog starosti žuti, ima iskrzane rubove i pokazuje sve "nepodnošljive" znakove obožavanja "slikovitog predmeta" - artefakta. I prilazim im na isti način kao njegovim turopoljskim seljacima, kao portretima, kao pionirima i štafeti, kao svim njegovim opažanjima koja izazivaju smijeh i osmijeh. I ne ide. To nema smisla, to je drugovrsno.

Polaroidi se otimaju. Gledani na taj način, oni su šuplji i besmisleni. A mene ne zanimaju djela kao predmeti (artefakti). Zanima me uobličavanje, događanje, transponiranje i djelo kao trag, bilješka toga vrlo osobnog procesa. Ako je to Posavec, onda je to meni zanimljivo! Tako sam bila prisiljena shvatiti što me ograničava. Osvijestiti svoj "horizont očekivanja"² da bih ga mogla promijeniti.

Moje gledanje/doživljavanje bilo je, očigledno, usmjereno na objekt reprezentacije, na ono što je bilo uhvaćeno u kadar,

THE PURSUIT
POSAVEC, VESOVIĆ, RASOL

Symbols and "engaged" references as outward signs will not get my work out of abstraction by themselves. Which relations from/towards the reality should be materialized? In my opinion, this is one of the most creative questions and at the same one an exceptionally subjective one. (Goran Petercol, MSU, 2002.)

What sort of pursuit can find satisfaction in photography? That pursuit does not get closer to its end with photographic traces it discovers; rather, it speeds up, becomes larger, and gets out of control.

I will begin with the polaroids of Posavec, since they are completely untypical and they made me lose my mind. In fact, I did not know what was going on; I could not grasp it, since I read them in the same way as his classical photographs. I will begin with them because it is always the problems that will make you figure out your procedure completely and comprehend which is your common way of looking at things and establishing meaning.

The photography of Ivan Posavec is uncompromising and infatuating in its directness. It records that moment when you look in the eyes of your interlocutor in order to see who he actually is. And he lets you do it. We are both naked, me looking and him looking at me. Sometimes, this moment is like a gift, and sometimes it is stolen. In order to establish balance with this rude aggressiveness that will lead the unaware model to discover him or herself, Posavec approaches his work uncovered.

His sharp and relentless passion towards what he is doing is almost cruel, it seems to me as if he had turned the razor blade against himself. Fully aware, he passes by the expected receptive codes and avoids taking things literally. He uses folding, overlapping, and blind spots in order to establish a network of sensations and meanings. That network is carrying the essential content. It is generating pleasure. It is taking us inside, into the sensation, for this network is constructed equally on the basis of his life, his people, his deepest emotions, and the more or less forceful disclosure of his model.

In my writing, I tend to follow that approach, for although it is very personal, it actually never touches the sphere of priva-

2. I. Posavec, *Dubrovnik*, 1999
3. I. Posavec, *Rim / Rome*, 2000



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3 MARINA VICULIN, Ivan Posavec. Pametna slika/ The Astute Image, u: *Ivan Posavec fotografije 71-02*, (katalog izložbe u Galeriji Klovićevi dvori), Zagreb, 2002., 12.

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1 HANS ROBERT JAUSS, "Aesthetics of Reception," in: *Suvremene književne teorije* [Contemporary theories of literature], ed. by Miroslav Beker, Zagreb, 1986.

2 MARINA VICULIN, Ivan Posavec. Pametna slika [The Astute Image], in: *Ivan Posavec fotografije 71-02* (exhibition catalogue), Zagreb, 2002, 12.

što jest u trenutku okidanja i što jest sada na fotografiji koju promatram. I to je funkcioniralo za fotografiju radnika sa žlicom u ustima *Zagreb, 1982*: "Ideja stavljanja hrane u sebe intimnija je i tjelesnija od seksualnosti. Navikli smo to činiti pred drugima.... Taj pokret je smiješan, besmislen, nelogičan i lascivan. Ako me pratite, on može biti viđen kao takav. Stavljate u usta nešto tekuće, mlako, meko, sklizavo... To radi čovjek na slici. Ne skriva da mu je važno to gurnuti u usta. Posavec ga gleda iz ove druge točke. Kamera mu daje moć izlaska iz sebe. To nije ironija, to je kristalni smijeh. ..." ³

Ali kada sam s tom optikom i tim instrumentarijem naletjela na Posavčeve fotografije pušleka visibaba na iskrzanom papiru žučkastog polaroida, to nikako nije išlo. Po liniji objekta reprezentacije njegovi polaroidi su apsolutno nerazumljivi. Bez duha i britkosti oni su slatki i mekušni. Ali su istovremeno toliko osobni i autobiografski da sam osjećala nelagodu voajera. Zašto?

Cvijeće na stolu, nož i uzica, devetnaestostoljetna skulptura u parku, grane, fasada kuće, ulica, dječak otopljen u snažnom svjetlu preekspoziranog kadra, tulipani u vazi, šafrani u nekoliko različitih ekspozicija. Zaista na nivou stvari zabilježene na slici ništa pretjerano osobno. A ipak crvenim? Ne smijem blenuti u njih kao što slobodno buljim u sve ostale njegove često provokativne fotografije.

• *Ali ja oduvijek snimam cvijeće.*

Znam ja da on oduvijek snima cvijeće i ne pokušavam ga zatvoriti u opori tvrdi ironični stil klasične c/b fotografije Ivana Posavca, ali ne radi se o tome. Radi se o još nečemu bitno drugačijem. Posavčevi polaroidi funkcioniraju kao ikone. Ono o čemu govore uopće nije u kadru. Oni su znakovi koji ukazuju na ono čega nema. Otkrivaju mi jednu sasvim novu mogućnost bilježenja.

Moja je pažnja bila zarobljena okvirom kadra i primala je podražaj bez smisla. Fotografirano, zabilježeno, izmicalo je moje pogledu. Izmicalo mi je zbog moga vlastitog horizonta očekivanja. Fotograf je svoj pogled preusmjerio od „njih“ prema sebi. Preusmjerio ga je od ispričanih priča prema vlastitoj priči. I uspio je kao briljantan fotograf to snimiti. Samo objekt snimke uopće nije bio u kadru. Tako mi je Posavec otkrio način na koji fotografija bilježi prisutnost.

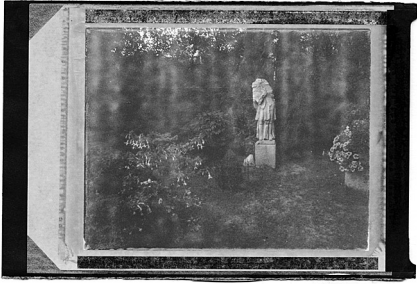
Ali ono što me strasno privuklo njegovoj fotografiji bilo je nešto drugo. Nešto čega ima jako puno i u fotografiji Mije Vesovića. Vodila sam duge i iscrpljujuće

cy. It confuses people. They always wonder how private the relationship between the photographer and his model is. My texts are often understood as invading that privacy, which is wrong. The fact is that you do this kind of work not only with your reason, but also with your body, with all your senses and even emotions. When the body, with which we move, eat, and love, shows its power of knowing and remembering, it is confusing. When this knowledge is recorded in photography, it is brilliant.

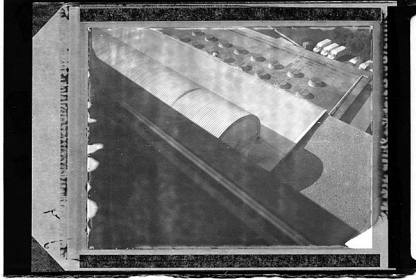
At this point, I encounter the polaroids of Posavec, small shots made on material beyond the expiration date, yellow with age, of worn-out edges, showing all sorts of "unbearable" signs of adoring a "pictorial object" - an artefact. And I approach them in the same way in which I approached his peasants of Turopolje, his portraits, his pioneers and the "Relay of Youth", and all his observations which provoke laughter and smiles. But it does not work. It makes no sense, it is something else.

Polaroids are evasive. Seen in this way, they are hollow and senseless. And I am not interested in them as objects (artefacts). I am interested in their shaping, happening, and transposing, in them as traces or notes of that very personal process. If that is Posavec, then I find it interesting! Thus, I was forced to understand what was restraining me. I was forced to recognize my "horizon of expectation" ¹ in order to be able to change it.

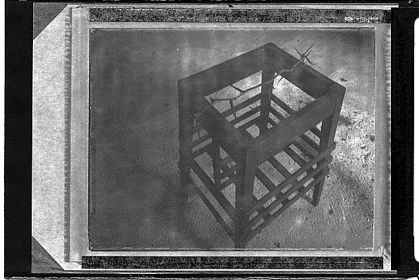
My observing/experiencing was obviously directed towards the object of representation, towards that which was caught in the frame, which was there at the moment of shooting and is there now on the photograph that I am looking at. It functioned in that way with the photograph showing a worker with a spoon in his mouth, entitled *Zagreb, 1982*: "The idea of stuffing food into oneself is more intimate and more physical than sexuality. We are used to doing it in front of other people.... That movement is ridiculous, senseless, illogical, and lascivious. If you are following me: it can be seen as such. You are putting into your mouth something liquid, lukewarm, soft, and slippery... That is what the man on the picture is doing. He is not trying to hide that he finds it important to stuff that into his mouth. Posavec is looking at him from this other viewpoint. The camera is lending him the power to come out of himself. It is not irony, it is crystal laughter..." ²



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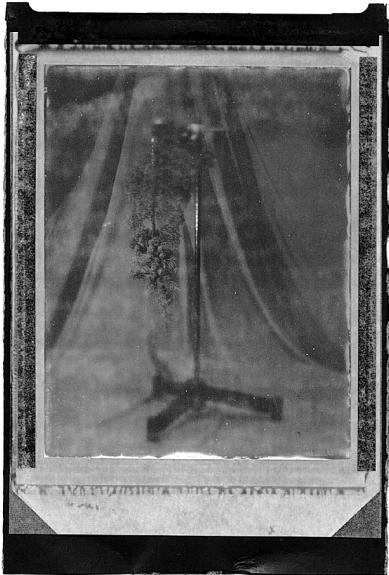


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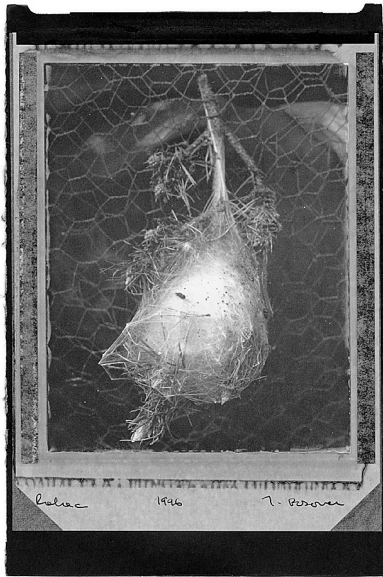
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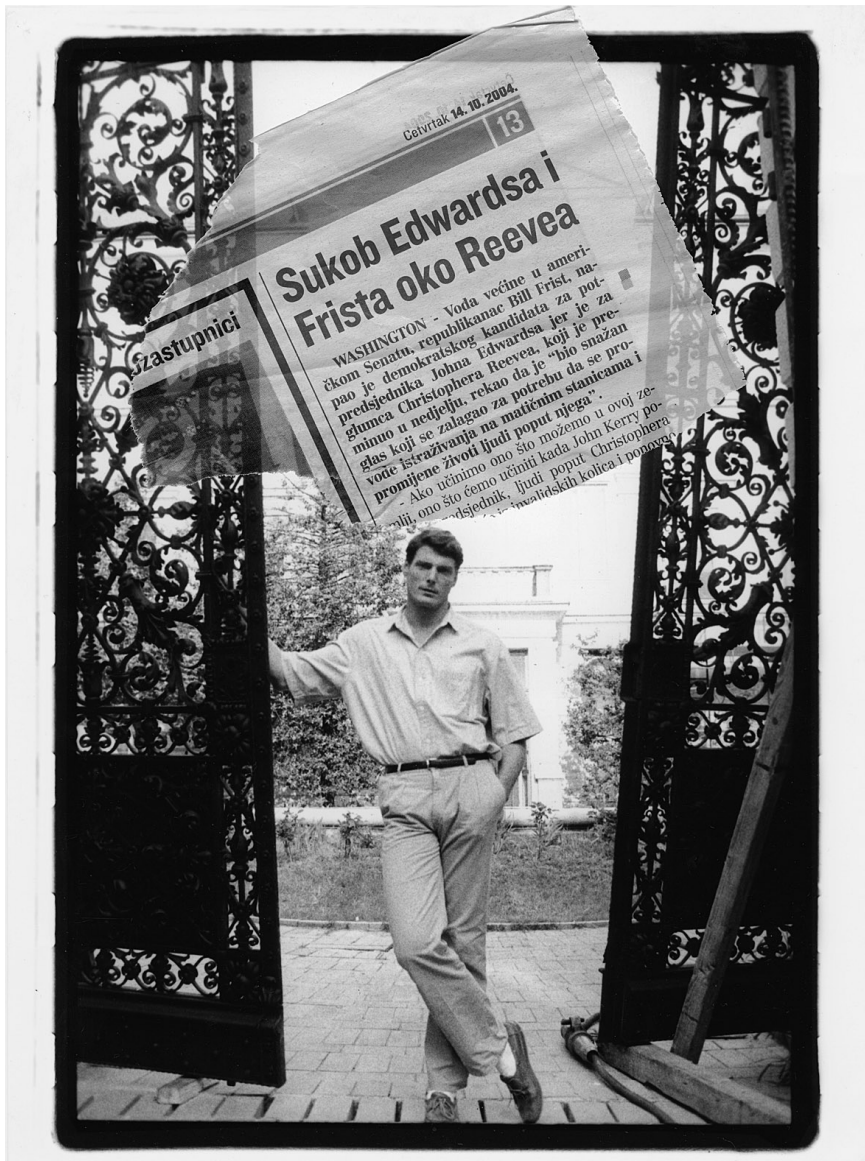


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Still, when I tried to apply that sort of perspective and that sort of equipment on Posavec's photographs showing bunches of snowdrops on the worn-out paper of his yellowish polaroids, it just did not work out. In terms of objects of representation, his polaroids are absolutely incomprehensible. With no spirit and no sharpness, they are sweet and meek. But at the same time, they are so personal and autobiographical that I feel embarrassed like a voyeur. Why?

Flowers on the table, a knife and a rope, a nine-hundred-years old sculpture in the park, branches, the façade of a house, a boy melted in the strong light of an over-exposed frame, tulips in a vase, saffron flowers in different exposures. In fact, as things recorded in photographs those are nothing special. Why am I still blushing then? I do not dare to stare at them like I am openly staring at all his other, often provoking photographs.

•But I have always taken photos of flowers.

I know perfectly well that he has always taken photos of flowers and I am not trying to enclose him in the tough and rigid ironical style of the classical BW-photography made by Ivan Posavec, but that is not the point. It is about something else. The polaroids of Posavec function like icons. What they are speaking about is not at all in the frame. They are signs, which point at something that is not there. They reveal to me a completely new possibility of recording things.

My attention was locked within the frame and was taking in impulse without any sense. What was photographed, recorded, evaded my gaze. It was because of my own horizon of expectation. The photographer had redirected his gaze from "them" towards himself. He had redirected his gaze from the stories told by others towards his own story. And he managed to record it, as a brilliant photographer should. Only the object of the shot was not at all in the frame. Thus, Posavec revealed to me the way in which a camera can record absence.

However, what was passionately drawing me to his photography was something else. Something that is also very much present in the photography of Mio Vesović. I had some long and exhausting debates about the MO point of contact,³ about why and how, in my opinion, the consistent and recognisable photographic opuses of Vesović and Posavec are nevertheless somehow related and why I think it would be good to

razgovore o dodirnoj točki MO,⁴ o tome zašto i kako su po mome mišljenju konsistentni i prepoznatljivi fotografski opusi Vesovića i Posavca ipak povezani i zašto mislim da bi ih obojicu bilo dobro izložiti na jednoj zajedničkoj izložbi. Naime, oni su se desetljećima igrali s idejom izmišljenog MO studija. Čak su se godinama tako potpisivali, ali su zapravo radili i izlagali samostalno. I to je činjenica, i ne bih ih ja izlagala zajedno kako bih pokazala neku srodnost ili zajedništvo tog tipa koji se razvija zajedničkim radom, sličnim svjetonazorima i tako dalje, već zato što mi se čini da, kada ih stavimo jednog pokraj drugoga, možemo jasnije pokazati tu dimenziju koja ih po mojem mišljenju čini velikim fotografima. A koje su karakteristike te dimenzije još pomalo otkrivam na vlastitoj koži. Jer, čini se da drugačije jednostavno ne ide.

Tako sam napravila dvije samostalne izložbe, i Posavcu i Vesoviću, i zapisala ono što mi se događalo. Bilo je to jako lijepo, iako vrlo snažno iskustvo iskrenosti i međusobnog razotkrivanja. Kao što razotkrivaju druge, oni se znaju i sami prepustiti: „Vesović ne može podnijeti jasne i precizne dogovore, što je za posao fotografa prilično neugodna osobina. Očekivano ga uznemiruje do granice izdržljivog i on većinom čini sve da razori izvjesnost situacije ... Ta mu osobina nije laka, ali kod Vesovića ona je kontekst za briljantnu fotografiju. Zašto?”

• *Slike tebe uzmu...*

“On ne smije vladati situacijom. Najbolje su mu fotografije koje su njega odabrale. Odlučile su mu se predati. Poželjele su da im on bude fotograf ...”⁵ Dakle, on se poput plesača prepušta ritmu situacije i kao najveći majstor uspije natjerati model da zavirira s njim. Rezultati su nevjerojatni. Razlivenost, omekšalost, protočnost oblika na njegovim fotografijama uzbudljiva je poput nabreklog pupa. Kod Posavca postoji onaj neki neobičan zahvat koji izaziva smijeh, ironijski ubod, očuđenje. Kod Vesovića nema ničeg takvog. Njegove su fotografije poput vode koju ne možeš držati u šaci. Vesovićeve ne možeš smjestiti u opis zato što ti kvaliteta iscuri kroz prste. Na koji se način događa takvo bilježenje i imaju li moja razmišljanja o fotografiji kao mediju koji bilježi doživljajna iskustva s početka priče ikakvog smisla?

Potjera za pokušajem razumijevanja o čemu se tu uopće radi dovela me do razmišljanja o djelovanju iz vegetativnog sustava tijela. Pitala sam se s kim uopće o tome mogu razgovarati jer su ta iskustva teško

exhibit them together, in one exhibition. It is because both of them were playing for years with the idea of an imaginary MO studio. They were even signing their work that way for years, although they were working and exhibiting separately. That is a fact. Still, I would not wish to present them together in order to show their familiarity or intimacy of the sort that develops when you work together or have similar worldviews, but because I believe that in this way it is easier to demonstrate the dimension that makes them great photographers according to my judgment. What are the characteristics of that dimension, I am still gradually experiencing on my own skin. Because it seems that it just does not work any other way.

So I put up two separate exhibitions, one for Posavec and another for Vesović, and I noted down what was happening to me. It was a beautiful, but also very powerful experience of frankness and mutual disclosure. In the same way as they are disclosing others, they are able to let themselves go: “Vesović cannot stand clear and precise planning, which is a rather unpleasant trait in a photographer. All rigidity upsets him to the limits of tolerance and he will mostly do all that he can to destroy the certainty of a situation... that trait of his is not easy to bear, but with Vesović, it is a framework for brilliant photography. Why?”

• *Pictures carry you away...*

“He is not supposed to control the situation. His best photographs are those which have chosen him. Which decided to abandon themselves to him, wished that he should be their photographer...”⁴ Like a dancer, he abandons himself to the rhythm of the situation and manages, like the greatest masters, to make the model vibrate along with him. The results are incredible. The diffuseness, softness, and fluidity of shapes on his photographs are exciting like a swollen bud. With Posavec, there is that special sort of gesture that will make you laugh or feel a sting of irony, the amazement. With Vesović, there is nothing of the sort. His photographs are like water, you cannot hold it in your hand. You cannot describe Vesović’s photographs because their quality will run between your fingers. In what way is such recording taking place and do my reflections from the beginning of our story, those on photography as a medium recording experience, make any sense?

My pursuit of understanding what it is all about made me reflect about acting from

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⁴ *Meko okidanje*, izmišljeni zajednički fotografski studio (op. ur.).

⁵ MARINA VICULIN, Mio Vesović fotografije 76-03 (katalog izložbe u Galeriji Klovičevi dvori), Zagreb, 2003., 9.

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³ *Meko okidanje* [Soft clicking], an imaginary common photographic studio (editor’s comment).

⁴ MARINA VICULIN, Mio Vesović fotografije 76-03 (exhibition catalogue), Zagreb, 2003, 9.

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- ⁶ RUDOLF ARNHEIM, *Umetnost i vizuelno opažanje. Psihologija stvaralačkog gledanja*, Beograd, 1971., 360.
- ⁷ RUDOLF ARNHEIM, *Umetnost i vizuelno opažanje. Psihologija stvaralačkog gledanja*, Beograd, 1971., 360-361.
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- ⁵ RUDOLF ARNHEIM, *Art and Visual Perception.: A Psychology of the Creative Eye*, Berkeley, 1974.
- ⁶ ARNHEIM (n. 5).

prenosiva u riječi: "Isadora Dancan (Duncan) rasuđivala je kao igračica kada je tvrdila da je solarni pleksus obitavalište duše zato što je trup vizuelno i motorno središte kretanja u igri. Ali njena izjava skriva činjenicu da, kada kretanje proističe iz trupa, ljudska aktivnost se predstavlja kao da je usmjeravaju vegetativne funkcije, naročito seks a ne više ljudske sposobnosti duha. Drugim rečima, igra sa središtem u trupu prikazuje čoveka u prvom redu kao dete prirode, a ne kao nosioca duha. U teškoće mnogih mladih igrača spada i svestan ili nesvestan otpor prelasku sa bezbedne kontrole razuma na 'neskromno' priznanje instinkta, što ima svoju paralelu u nekim stremljenjima moderne psihologije."⁶

Fotografija je na granici tih dviju stvari. Videno racionalno mora potonuti do "vegetativne" tjelesne akcije kadriranja i okidanja. Zanimljivo je da to razumiju glumci. Ali i neki fotografi, jer mi je kao odgovor na moja razmišljanja Posavec ispričao kako toga kod Vesovića ima izuzetno puno. I bilo je očigledno da iz osobnog iskustva zna sasvim precizno o čemu mu govorim. Nisam bila potpuno svjesna da je glumcu glavna alatka njegovo tijelo, što je zapravo sasvim očigledno, a kamoli da ključni sadržaj, onaj dio koji u fotografiji volim, proizlazi baš iz tog divnog migoljenja pred modelom, s kamerom u rukama. Posavec sa svakog snimanja odlazi potpuno mokar od znoja, Vesović priča neke nevjerovatne priče koje uvijek svakome skinu onaj grč neprirodnog držanja pred objektivom. Vesovićevo je fotografiranje brzo i gotovo neprimjetno. Ono se, naizgled, odvija bez priprema i bez ozbiljnosti koja će se pokazati na rezultatu, na fotografiji.

"Kao i u svakom drugom umetničkom djelu, celokupna radnja mora da bude podređena dominantnoj temi kretanja. U svakodnevnom životu, telo postiže motornu koordinaciju bez puno poteškoća kad se jednom svladaju početni koraci obuke... Kada se osećamo sputani, neusiljeno podređivanje dominantnoj temi kretanja poremeti iznenadna svesna kontrola iz drugostepenih centara radnje..."⁷

Ne tvrdim da sve fotografije nastaju iz te tjelesne točke, iz "solarnog pleksusa", ali mislim da to upućuje na mjesto, na dimenziju koja kod mene proizvodi zanos. Prije koju godinu u Globusu je objavljena fotografija sa svečanosti Motovunskog filmskog festivala. Među uzvanicima središnje mjesto zauzima Vujić, tadašnji ministar kulture.

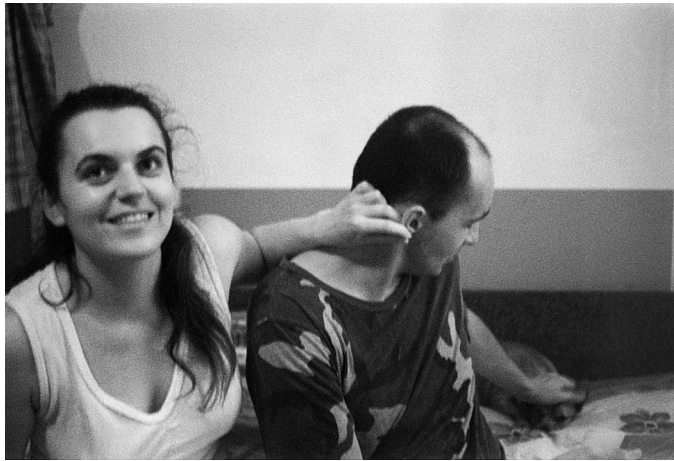
the vegetative system of our bodies. I was wondering with whom to talk about that, since it is difficult to transfer such experiences into words: "Isidora Duncan was thinking like a dancer when she said that the solar plexus is where our soul resides, because the torso is the visual and motoric centre of movement in dance. But her statement conceals the fact that, when the movement is coming from the body, human activity is presenting itself as if guided by vegetative functions, particularly sex, rather than human faculties of mind. In other words, dance which is centred in the body shows man primarily as a child of nature, not as the carrier of mind. Many young dancers have difficulties with their conscious or unconscious passage from the safe control of reason to the 'immodest' acknowledgment of instinct..."⁵

Photography is on the borderline of these two things. The perceived and the rational must sink to the "vegetative", physical activity of framing and clicking. It is interesting that actors understand this very well. But also some photographers, since Posavec told me in response to my reflections that Vesović had lots of that. And it was obvious that he knows perfectly precisely what I am talking about, from his own experience. I had not been fully aware that the main tool of an actor is his own body, which is actually perfectly obvious, and still less that the crucial content, which is what I love in photography, originates precisely in that beautiful wriggling before the model, with a camera in your hands. Posavec leaves all shooting sessions dripping with sweat, while Vesović tends to tell incredible stories, which help everybody to get rid of that cramp which makes them act unnaturally in front of the camera. Vesović's photographing is fast and almost imperceptible. It is seemingly taking place without preparations and without seriousness that would be visible in the result - the photograph.

"As in all other work of art, all action must be subdued to the dominant theme of movement. In everyday life, the body achieves motoric coordination without much difficulty after one has mastered the first steps of training... When we feel constrained, the uninhibited subjugation to the dominant theme of movement is disturbed by sudden conscious control, originating in the second-level centres of activity..."⁶ I do not claim that all photographs come from that point of



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Dakle, konkretno da ne može biti konkretnije, i kao zadatak, i kao objavljena fotografija "s lica mjesta". A nema veze! Uspio je skroz iskliznuti. Ulovio ga je. Pedesetinka ove fotografije nije od onoga svijeta, ne postoji ni u životu politike ni kulture. Snimio je to iz vizure ljubavi i pijanstva. I to je duhovito, to je smiješno i razgaljuje dušu.

U ovom svom istraživanju o tome što bi uopće mogla biti fotografija, trećeg ću igrača iskoristiti Jasenka Rasola, mlađeg i drugačijeg, a opet po mojim doživljajima srodnog fotografa. Spoznaja da se fotografija ponekad rađa iz pokreta, a da je uvijek spremište doživljajno-tjelesnih saznanja i sjećanja, došla je nakon prihvaćanja da nemam nijedne druge alatke osim sebe i svog tijela, da nema ničega drugoga čime bih izmjerila snagu i kvalitetu. Razotkrivenost, istinitost i iskrenost? Nemam ničeg osim tijela u kojem su i osjeti, i osjećaji i misli. Čudan pomak se zbiva kada se fotografija, kao i ples, doživljava isključivo okom, dakle drugim medijem od onoga u kojem je u biti nastala. Fotografiji, naravno, uočavaju svoj objekt okom, i plesači ponekad prate svoj rad u ogledalima, ali se onaj bitni sadržaj zapravo odvija u mediju kinestetičkih osjećaja. Dok mi konačni rezultat percipiramo kao vizualno djelo.

Možda je to i razlog često pogrešnog očitavanja fotografije. Jer ona se odčitava na isti način kao slika što je, s obzirom na njezin karakter dvodimenzionalnog zapisa svjetlom, jedan od mogućih načina čitanja, ali ne i onaj koji mene zanima. Mene zanima fotografija kao trag najsretnijeg trenutka vrhunskog sklada naših racionalnih i kinestetičkih funkcija, sklada oka i ruke. Ili možda još dalje, kada ruka i tijelo potpuno prekriju racionalno oko.

Na posljednjoj je izložbi Rasol pokazao seriju fotografija snimljenih malim kamerama tijekom neobaveznih lutanja stranim gradovima. Nazvali smo ih "ništa ni o čemu". Mnoge su od njih snimljene bez gledanja u tražilo. Gotovo u potpunosti oslobođene svake namjere, ove fotografije postaju idealan zaslon za bilježenje fotografova posla o kojem govorim. Jer, kada se ne gleda kroz tražilo, a fotografija je savršena i snažna u punom kadru, onda zaista ne možemo govoriti o potpuno vizualnom iskustvu.

Neki sasvim obični, fragmentarno uhvaćeni elementi, dobivaju značenja univerzalnih simbola. Neki besmisleni ili beznačajni prizori počinju svijetliti. Svijet dobiva snagu zaljubljenih vremena. Te se nevidljivi

the body, from the "solar plexus", but I think that it points to the place and the dimension which brings up fervour in me. Some years ago, Globus published a photograph from the celebration of the Motovun Film Festival. Among the guests, the central figure was Vujić, the former minister of culture. So you could call it specific, it could not be more specific than that, both as a task and as a published photograph "taken on the spot". But still, he managed to slip out of it. He managed to catch him. One fiftieth of that photograph is not from this world, it does not exist in the world of politics or culture. He shot it from the vantage point of love and drunkenness. And that is witty, that is funny and makes your soul sing.

As the third player in this research of mine, this reflection of what photography might be, I will use Jasenko Rasol, who is younger and different, but still I experience him as somehow similar to the two photographers. The insight about the photograph being sometimes born out of movements, but always a storage room for knowledge and memories made by physical experience, came along after I accepted the fact that I have no other tool but myself and my body, that there is nothing by which to measure power and quality. Disclosure, truthfulness, and frankness? I have nothing but the body, which contains all my senses, emotions, and thoughts. A weird shift is taking place when photography, just like dancing, is experienced exclusively with the eye, that is, with another medium than that which has in fact produced it. The photographers certainly perceive their object with their eyes and the dancers sometimes trace their movements in mirrors, but the essential content is actually taking place in the medium of cinesthetic emotions. Though we perceive the final result as visual.

Perhaps that is the reason for the often erroneous interpretation of photographs. They are read in the same way as paintings. Regarding their character of two-dimensional recordings by means of light, this is a possible interpretation, but not the one that interests me. I am interested in photography as a trace of the happiest moment of harmony between our rational and cinesthetic functions, of harmony between the eye and the hand. Or perhaps even further than that: the moment when the hand and the body completely cover the rational eye.

14. J. Rasol, iz ciklusa *Grands Jardins* / from cycle *Grands Jardins*, 1997 -

ve razlike u fotografiji pokazuju vrlo jasno i vrlo snažno. Snimajući ništa ni o čemu Jasenko Rasol može uhvatiti taj pomak. Tek na posve ispražnjenoj podlozi postaje vidljiv on, njegov stisak na okidaču, položaj njegova tijela dok snima. Postaje vidljivo da je ono što je prikovalo naš pogleda za neki sasvim beznačajan ulični prizor bilo smješteno s druge strane objektiva. Gledam fotografiju kao bilješku vizualno-kinestetičkog saznanja uhvaćenog u formatu kadra. Gledam je kao usklađivanje ritmova onoga ispred i onoga iza objektiva, gledam je kao mogućnost bilježenja na ispražnjenom ekranu "ničega ni o čem". I to mi se čini važnim, zato što je rijetko mjesto gdje se to tjelesno, dinamičko, kinestetičko saznanje može zabilježiti. ▼

At his latest exhibition, Rasol presented a series of photographs shot with small cameras during his casual wanderings through foreign cities. We called them "nothing about nothing". Many of them were shot without even looking through the viewfinder. Since they are almost entirely liberated from all intention, these photographs have become an ideal screen for recording the photographer's work, which I have been speaking about. For when you restrain from looking through the viewfinder and the photograph turns out perfect and powerful, then we really cannot speak of a purely visual experience.

Some perfectly common, fragmentarily caught elements acquire the meaning of universal symbols. Certain senseless or meaningless scenes begin to shine forth. The world obtains the power of the times of love. These invisible differences come out very clearly and very powerfully in photography. By recording nothing about nothing, Jasenko Rasol is able to catch that shift. It is only when the background is emptied of all things that he becomes visible, his finger clicking and the posture of his body while he is shooting the photograph. It becomes evident that what fixed our gaze on a seemingly completely meaningless street scene was situated on the other side of the lens. I am looking at the photograph as a recording of visual and cinesthetic knowledge, caught in the frame format. I am looking at it as an act of harmonizing the rhythms of what is in before and what is behind the lens, as a possibility of recording "nothing about nothing" on an emptied screen. And that seems important to me, since it is one of the rare places in which this physical, dynamic, and cinesthetic knowledge can be recorded. ●

prijevod / translation: Marina Miladinov

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15. J. Rasol, iz ciklusa *Gradilište* / from cycle *Building-site*, 2001-

16. J. Rasol, iz ciklusa *Planinarska fotografija* / from cycle *Mountaineering photography*, 2000 -

→ Marina Viculin - povjesničarka umjetnosti, od 1989. kustosica u Galeriji Klovićevi dvori u Zagrebu. Završila poslijediplomski studij na temu citata u francuskom slikarstvu osamdesetih godina na *Paris IV Sorbonne*. Priredila nekoliko retrospektivnih izložbi (Marija Braut, Ivan Posavec, Mio Vesović, Dora Maar), autorica kustoskog projekta *snapshot* (Kučera, Merc, Šolić, Rasol).

Marina Viculin - art historian, since 1989 curator at the Klovićevi dvori Gallery in Zagreb. Defended her M.A. thesis on quotations in French painting of the 1980s at *Paris IV Sorbonne*. Organized several retrospective exhibitions (Marija Braut, Ivan Posavec, Mio Vesović, Dora Maar). Author of a curator's project entitled *snapshot* (Kučera, Merc, Šolić, Rasol).