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## ▼ Zamka kalotipijskog diskursa

Boris Cvjetanović (rođen u Zagrebu 1953.) zacijelo je jedna od najosebujnijih pojava u hrvatskoj fotografiji posljednjih desetljeća. Stjecajem okolnosti zasad je poznatiji u javnosti po dijelu svog opusa koji bi se mogao opisati kao miran, spokojan i na kraju krajeva - čemu izbjegavati riječ - lijep. Radi se o ciklusu za koji sâm autor tvrdi da je stvoren u dokolici i koji je još uvijek otvoren. Ciklus se pojavljuje, s obzirom na vrijeme kada je nastao, pod različitim nazivima: *Ljetovanje*, *Prizori bez značaja*, ili pod samozatajnim nazivom: *Fotografirano*.

Tematski krugovi ovoga dijela opusa donekle pripadaju dnevničkom žanru. Autor bilježi prizore sa svojih ljetovanja, snima prijatelje, rodbinu, ženu i kćerku Bugu, najčešće u Nerežišću na Braču, ali i na drugim lokacijama. Međutim, dokolica ovdje ne uključuje avanturu otkrivanja nepoznatog, čudnovatog, uzbudljivog ili namjerno traženoga. Vidimo obiteljsku kuću, mediteranska dvorišta, kuhinju u kojoj predmeti traju na svojim mjestima, sobu u kojoj se ne mijenja raspored, pogled s terase na more, prirodu, nikad prikazanu u djevičanskoj divljini, već pripitomljenu kao u srednjovjekovnim Djevičanim vrtovima.

Nižu se prizori s cvijećem, brižljivo zasađenim u lonce, rubljem koje se suši na vjetru, obiteljski ručkovi gledani s prozora, lišeni bilo kakve "fotografske" slikovitosti, interijeri s brižljivo odabranim predmetima: vaze ili svijeće na uškrobljenim čipkastim stolnjacima, čudnovato prisne, snimljene kao neki neizravni i neretorički hommage anti-dizajnu, nekoj ljepoti koja je ljepota i ukras samo domaćinu.

Činjenica je, međutim, da je Boris Cvjetanović autor koji bi se mogao odrediti i kao klasični fotograf. On je to u dimenziji u kojoj se drži rafinirane crno-bijele tehnike, s već zaboravljenim bogatstvom tonske ljestvice, nasuprot galopirajućem sivilu aktualnih izvedbi. On je to i po svom postavljanju točke gledišta nevidljivog fotografa bez intervencija s kutevima gledanja i bez agresivnog približavanja prizoru. On je to i po samostalnoj izvedbi svojih djela. Tako pitanje ljepote u fotografiji zadobiva vremenski dublju dimenziju. A to je pitanje, zapravo, prilično važno od samih početaka medija.

Čak i zanemarimo li Fox Talbotov patentirani naziv kalotipija, njegovu uvjerenost da je svrha fotografije bilježenje upravo lijepih prizora, čak i zanemarimo li iz-

## ● Trick of the calotypical discourse

Boris Cvjetanović, the author, (born in 1953 in Zagreb) is certainly one of the most distinctive figures in Croatian photography of the last few decades. Much as one would expect, he is better known to the public for a part of his opus that could be described as quiet, peaceful, and finally - not to beat about the bush - just beautiful. It is a cycle the author himself claims to have come into being at leisure and is still waiting to be finished. Considering its time of origin, the cycle appears under various titles such as *Summer Holidays*, *Scenes without Significance* or self-denyingly just *Photographed*.

The topic of this part of the opus may to a certain degree be classified as journalistic. The author takes up summer holiday scenes, he records friends, relatives, his wife and his daughter Buga most often in Nerežišće, on the island of Brač, but also in other places. In this case, however, leisure does not stand for adventurous discovering of the unknown, the strange, the exciting or something intentionally searched for. What we see is a detached family house, Mediterranean courtyards, a kitchen with various things lasting in place, a room with unchanging arrangement, a terrace overlooking the sea, and nature, never presented in virgin-like wilderness, but tamed as in medieval Virgin gardens.

Neverending sights with carefully planted flowerpots, washing fluttering in the wind, from the window observed family lunches lacking any graphicness, interiors with carefully chosen objects like vases or candles, placed on starched lace tablecloths of seemingly strange intimacy, and everything recorded as to be an indirect and non rhetorical homage to the anti-design, or to beauty, being beauty and decoration but to the house-owner.

In fact, Boris Cvjetanović could also be characterized a classical photographer. Dimensionally speaking, he sticks to the black-and-white technique with the already forgotten scale richness differing from the galloping greyness of contemporary photography. Not less classical is his positioning of the invisible photographer's focus without angles of vision intervening or aggressive approach to the scene. The same may be claimed for his works carried out independently. The issue of beauty,

sl.1: B. Cvjetanović, *Prizori bez značaja - Fotografirano / Scenes without Significance - Photographed, Nerežišće, 1991.*





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ravne iskaze mnogih fotografa kako žele zadržati ljepotu, kao primjerice iskaz Ann Margaret Cameron, i pripišemo li to osobnom stavu - naime navodno je i umrla gledajući u zvezdani svod s uzdahom: "O, kako je to lijepo!" ostaje neosporno da je fotografiji imanentna estetizacija, izvjesno uljepšavanje stvarnosti. Uljepšavanje motiva lako bi se moglo ilustrirati, primjerice, lutanjima Antonionijevih likova u kojima podjednaku slikovnu harmoniju i ljepotu zadbivaju renesansne palače i konfuzna ružna predgrađa.

To fotografiji imanentno uljepšavanje, naravno, kanonizira i troši ljepotu. Tako bi jedno od pitanja koje bi se u ovom dijelu Cvjetanovićeva opusa moglo postaviti, bilo: Jesu li *Prizori bez značaja* samo i isključivo lijepi? I drugo: Jesu li uistinu bez značaja?

Na toj su točki podjednako jaki izazovi točno određivanje osjećajnosti tog svijeta, kao i određivanja značenja termina značaj.

### Melankolična dokolica

I mada ciklus *Ljetovanja* svjesno ne teži otvarati nikakva pitanja, teorijska mudrovanja, niti plutati proturječjima postmo-

actually of great importance from the very beginnings of media, thus explores the dimension of temporariness.

Even if one ignores Fox Talbot's patented term kalotpy or his conviction that photography actually serves the purpose of recording just beautiful scenes, and even if putting aside statements by numerous photographers pointing to beauty-keeping, like, for example, that by Ann Margaret Cameron - allegedly, she died while gazing at the starry sky and sighing: "How beautiful" - even if making it dependent on a personal standpoint, it remains indisputable that aestheticizing, the brightening up of reality respectively, was inherent in photography. Doing up motives might easily be illustrated by, for example, Antonioni's figures, where both Renaissance palaces and ugly muddled suburbs are provided with pictorial harmony and beauty to the same degree.

It is only natural that constant aestheticizing in photography canonizes and consumes beauty. So one question possible to ask with reference to Cvjetanović' opus would be: Are the *Scenes without Significance* but and exclusively beautiful, and are they indeed lacking any significance?

dernističkih estetika - i ne teži tomu upravo radikalno, svodeći svoju namjeru sve do izbora asketskog naslova: *Fotografirano*, sam naziv *Prizori bez značaja* poziv je na kontekstualiziranje.

Teško je, naime, umaći iskustvenom i intelektualnom dojmu da je ono što fotograf snima ipak značajno, barem za njega, jer on odabire što će snimiti. Ovdje je čak i teže povjerovati u deklarirani ne-značaj, jer kristalne vaze, čipke, tepisi, svijeće neobična izgleda na koje tu i tamo pada zraka sunca, peći, prozori, čudno smještena žica na fasadi, cipele ostavljene ispred haustora, starac koji sjedi u unutarnjem mediteranskom dvorištu gledan odozgo, lusteri, lusteri odzrcaljeni u ogledalu, mutna slika televizije na čistim plohamu ormara, pa čak i zbnjujuća muholovka, zapravo izgledaju vrlo značajno.

Sve u svemu, ciklus je ipak nehotična, mada ne manje odlučna polemika s klasičnom fotografskom idejom o značajnom - značajnom u smislu bressonovskog odlučujućeg trenutka - trenutka dokumentarističke pretenzije da zabilježi bilo slikovito-bijedno, bilo slavno i egzotično, bilo ono nepoznato. Sve se to vrlo često odvija u vrebanom djeliću vremena.

Razlika nije beznačajna: ni u jednom dijelu svog opusa, a osobito ne u ovome, Cvjetanović ne vrebata trenutak. Upravo suprotno - u prizorima dokolice on vjeruje, ili se bar nada, u nepromjenjivo trajanje snimljenoga.

U klatnu između lijepoga i istinitoga kojem fotografi od početaka fotografije doskaču na različite načine, od onoga da je lijepo ujedno i istinito, ili pak da lijepo ne može biti istinito, Cvjetanović stvara lijep ciklus u kojem odbija tekuće obrasce ljepote, odbijajući ujedno i konvencionalno istinito dokumentiranje ičega.

Tako se u ovom djelu stvara osebujan kanon ljepote. Ona nije dvojbena, ali u donjem se sloju glasa kao duboka melankolija poznatoga, neko dječje usamljeno zurenje u mikrokozmos doma i prisnih predmeta.

Nije nezanimljivo smjestiti ovaj opus i u jaku struju eksplicitno turističke fotografije, potvrde svih nepoznatih mjesta na kojima je čovjek bio kad nije radio. Riječ je, dakako, o podžanru, ali ne s manje istaknutim obrascima - rezultat su obično dosada i tjeskoba. Cvjetanovićeva sofisti-

There one feels compelled to exactly determine such a world's sensitivity as well as the connotations of the term significance.

## Melancholy leisure

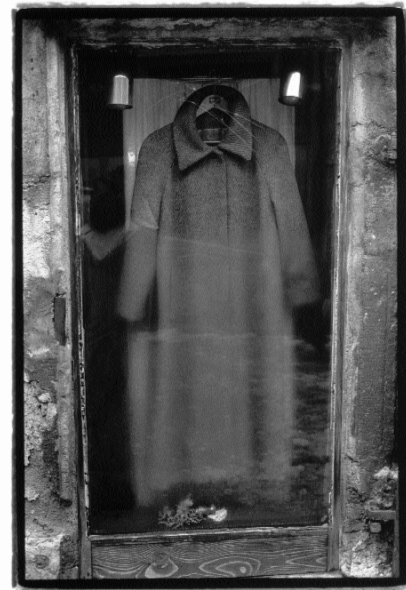
And though the cycle *Summer Holidays* was neither designed to give rise to any questions or theoretic thinking nor to suit the contradictions of postmodernist aestheticists - in that being even radical by choosing the ascetic title *Photographed* - the term *Scenes without Significance* itself is an appeal for contextualization.

Namely, it is difficult to escape from the experiential and intellectual impression that what the photographer records has some significance all the same, at least for the photographer, as motives remain to be his choice. And in this case, it is even far more difficult to believe in declared insignificance, as crystal vases, lace, carpets, partly sunbeamed and strangely looking candles, stoves, windows, a funnily placed wire at the faade, shoes left at the front door, an old man sitting in an inner Mediterranean courtyard, viewed from above, chandeliers, mirrored chandeliers, indistinct TV-pictures on clean wardrobe surfaces, and even a confusing flypaper actually seem to burst of meaning.

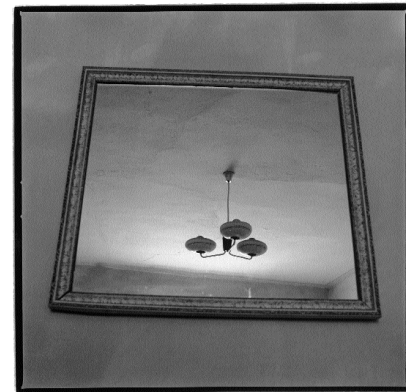
In all, the cycle presents a spontaneous albeit no less determined polemics with the classical photographic notion on the significant - in the sense of Bresson's decisive moment - the moment of documentary pre-tension to record the pictorial-execrable, the glorious and exotic, or the unknown. Usually, that happens in the fraction of a prowled moment.

The difference is anything but significant, as Cvjetanović is not in any part of his opus, and especially not in this one, on the prowl for a moment. As concerns leisure scenes, the opposite is the case, he believes in lasting photography, or at least hopes for it.

Right in the midst of the beautiful and the authentic, which photographers have variously dealt with from the beginnings of photography, as it were that beauty was likewise authentic, or that the beautiful was lacking authenticity, Cvjetanović creates a wonderful cycle by rejecting current forms of beauty as well as conventional and authentic documentation.



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sl.3: B. Cvjetanović, *Prizori bez značaja-Fotografirano* / *Scenes without Significance-Photographed*, Nerežišće, 1991.

sl.4: B. Cvjetanović, *Prizori bez značaja-Fotografirano* / *Scenes without Significance-Photographed*, Zagreb, 1997.



cirana inačica fotografije dokolice, nasuprot tomu, nejasno je savršena i nejasno melankolična.

## Egzilanti u tjeskobu

Nepripremljenom gledatelju koji je samo čitao ili čuo o drugim dijelovima Cvjetanovićeve opusa oni svakako mogu biti u prvi mah, pa i u drugi, mučno iznenađenje. Naime kao kontrapunkt mirnoj melankoliji ljetovanja, dragocjenim predmetima, prisnim kućama, prijateljima i obitelji, otvara se mračan donji sloj cijeloga niza ciklusa: *Mesnička 6*, *Ljudi iz šahтова*, prizori iz bolnica, ludnica i zatvora, prizori deložacija, *Mama u zatvoru* i napokon *Radnici* - u gami od beznadnih labinskih štrajkaša preko radnika *Munje* do onih u *Diozu*.

U *Mesničkoj 6* Cvjetanović prati Drageca, osobu s gradskoga društvenog dna, na neki način bezazleno čudovište nalik onima Diane Arbus; prati ga do obiteljskoga ambijenta. Tu se otvara deprimirajući niz fotografija obitelji koja zamire u podrumu, u prljavoj posteljini; tu su slijepi, dementni, s onu stranu beznađa koje uvjerljivo dijeli čak i pas.

U *Ljudima iz šahтова* Cvjetanović prati beskućnike, ulazi u njihove podzemne prostore, ovjekovječuje ambijente s naplavinama ubogih parodija kućnih predmeta, pa čak i ukrasa.

Vjerojatno najpotresniji dio mračnoga dijela Cvjetanovićeve opusa su *Bolnice*: beznadna, bolešću zauvijek osuđena djeca i umirući starci, nemoćni, sablasno sami patnici u žrvnju institucionalizirane medicine.

Uznemirujuće slike ludnica: psihopata, alkoholičara i narkomana sa suludim i zloslutnim svjetovima koji se otkrivaju po tetovažama koje bolesnici rado pokazuju, kao i divljačke tragove pokušaja samoubojstava, bilježe zastrašujuću osjećajnu udaljenost snimanih ljudi.

A u isti krug tih sudbinskih egzilanata, u tu jezu ili tjeskobu, smješta se i ciklus *Radnici*.

Beznadni labinski štrajkaši, naravno, nisu socijalno-revolucionarni zapis, mada bi se takvim mogao pričiniti. Autor prati radnike do njihovih domova: njihova drama nije samo socijalna drama. Možda je suštinska njihova posvemašnja obeskorijenjenost. Tu opet počinju igrati ambijenti, predmeti i odjeća. Sumorni interijeri s lažnim

Thus, this work originates a special beauty canon. Beauty shall not be called into question here, however, it contains the profound melancholy of something already known, some child's peering lonely at the microcosm of its home and dear things.

It might be interesting to identify the opus with the dominating trend of explicit touristic photography, to make it an acknowledgement of all unknown places where one used to be while not at work. Certainly a subgenre, but with no less prominent patterns - usually the result of boredom and depression. Quite the reverse is Cvjetanović's sophisticated variant on photography at leisure, being perfect and melancholic in an indistinct way.

## Exiles into Depression

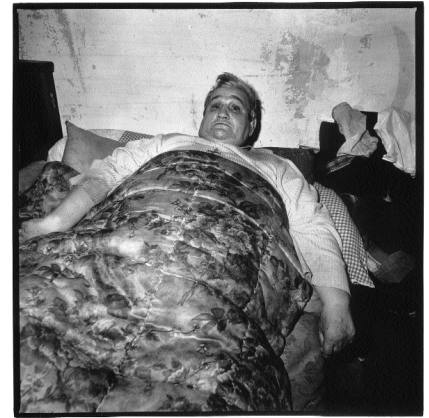
The unprepared beholder, who merely read or heard about other parts of the Cvjetanović opus, will certainly, for a moment or two, be appalled by these works of his. Namely, as a counterpoint to the quiet melancholy of summer holidays, dear things, close houses, friends and relatives, a series of the cycle's dark lower level opens up: *6 Mesnička Street*, *People from Manholes*, *Scenes from Hospitals*, *Lunatic Asylums and Prisons*, *Eviction Scenes*, *Mother in Jail and*, finally, *Workers* - extending in the gamma from hopeless Labin strikers and the workers of the company *Munja* to those of *Dioz*.

In the *6 Mesnička Street*, Cvjetanović accompanies a man called Dragec, one of the city's social scum, somehow a harmless monster resembling those by Diana Arbus; he accompanies him to the family's ambience. From there follows a series of depressing photos of a family withering away in a basement, in dirty bed linen; there are the blind, the demented, those living beyond hopelessness shared convincingly even by their dog.

In *People from Manholes* Cvjetanović accompanies derelicts, he enters their basement rooms, he immortalizes ambiances looking like indigent parodies of drifted household goods, even decorations.

*Hospitals* are probably the most shocking part of Cvjetanović dark opus. Hopeless children, condemned for life by illness, dying old people, helpless and suffering in eery loneliness as victims of institutionalized medicine.

Rousing pictures of mental hospitals - psychopaths, alcohol and drug addicts with



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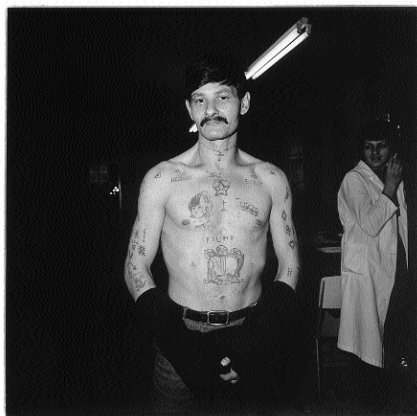
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sl.5 / 6: B. Cvjetanović, *Mesnička 6* / *6 Mesnička Street*, 1983.

sl.7: B. Cvjetanović, *Radnica u Dioz-u* / *Working Women at Dioz*, Zagreb, 1989.



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sl.8: B. Cvjetanović, *Bolnica / Hospital, dvorac u Bistri za smještaj teško hendikepirane djece, 1988.*

sl.9: B. Cvjetanović, *Bolnica / Hospital, Popovača, 1986.*

sl.10: B. Cvjetanović, *Bolnica / Hospital, Vinogradska bolnica, Zagreb, 1987.*

tkanicama i nazidnicama, visoko postavljeni besmisleni i raspadnuti atributi ukrašavanja doma dotjerani do grotesknoga: naplavljene jelenski rogovi ukrašavaju prostor ravnopravno kao i slika predsjednika. Drama je počela mnogo prije zatvaranja rudnika.

I premda se može pretpostaviti da su rudari bar došavši na posao manje više bili psihofizički zdravi, njihova izdvojenost nalik je pretpostavljenoj fizičkoj i mentalnoj različitosti radnika *Dioza*. Tako tjeskoba i usamljenost radnice *Dioza* za šivaćim strojem nalikuje donekle onima koje vidimo u prizorima iz bolnica.

Dakako, bilo bi razloga za razmišljanje o individualnim razlozima ovog mračnog kontrapunkta u Cvjetanovićevu djelu, ali sam je fenomen u povijesti fotografije prilično poznat i čest.

Mimo toga, vjerojatno je ilustrativno naglasiti da autor nije tragao za mračnim temama - one su ga nekako nalazile: Dragec je sâm zatražio da ga snimaju, bolnice su dijelom bile narudžba, labinski rudari profesionalni zadatak. Ali to već otvara neka druga pitanja o kojima će kasnije biti riječi.

A ako je o kontrapunktskom principu opusa riječ, nabranje klasika fotografije koji su snimali i "lijepe fotografije" i one kojima je tema mentalno, seksualno i socijalno podzemlje, bio bi podulji.

Poznati opus fotografkinje Diane Arbus, inače autorice koja je snimala modne fotografije, uključuje i ono što je ona sama, začuđujuće bešćutno, imenovala kao snimanje nakaza i čudovišta, bilo da se radi o divovima, patuljcima, mongoloidima, gutaćima noževa ili hermafroditima, objašnjavajući svoje motive kao strašno uzbuđenje, obožavanje nakaza, nešto što čovjeku oduzima dah, opisujući sebe kao nekoga tko se približuje puzeći potrbuške i tvrdeći da je sigurna da postoje granice, i da sam Bog zna kad će trupe početi napredovati i postati opasne.

Slikovita sirotinja, snimljena voajerski u metrou kamerom skrivenom ispod kaputa ili snimljena tako da pozira ceremonijalno gledajući u kameru, ili pak snimljena u okviru društveno pretencioznijih projekata kao što je to, primjerice, Hineova dokumentacija dječjega rada ili pak rani američki

insane and ominous worlds discoverable in tatoos so eagerly shown by these patients, traces of frantically attempted suicides - are the witnesses of the terrifying emotional remoteness of the recorded people.

The cycle *Workers* can also be placed into this sphere of fated exiles, into this very horror and depression.

Though they may seem so, the hopeless strikers from Labin present no sociorevolutionary record at all. The author accompanies the workers to their homes. Theirs is not only a social drama. It is complete rootlessness that seems to be more essential. It is once again ambiances, objects and clothes that become important. Dull interiors with faked sashes and wallpaper, highly set senseless and dilapidated home decorations, done up to the grotesque: antlers, as if drifted along, decorate the room just like the president's picture. The drama's beginnings may be traced back to long before the mine was shut.

And even if the miners were coming to work in a more or less well psychophysical condition, their isolation and the assumed different physical and mental condition of the *Dioz* workers may be compared. So the depression and loneliness of a *Dioz* female worker behind her sewing machine somewhat resembles the hospital scenes.

There would be reason enough to think about the individual grounds of this dark counterpoint in the Cvjetanović opus, but the phenomenon itself is rather common in the history of photography.

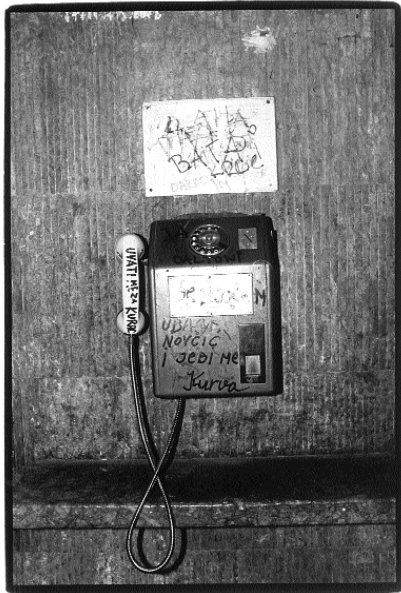
It might probably be illustrative to put out that the author was not in search for dark themes - they simply hit upon him: Dragec himself wanted to be photographed, the hospital scenes were partly ordered, and the Labin miners were professional work. Nonetheless, this raises other issues still left to be discussed.

Speaking about the counterpoint-principle of this opus, it would surely take some time to list all the classics in photography who were taking "beautiful pictures" as well as pictures with motives from the mental, sexual and social underground.

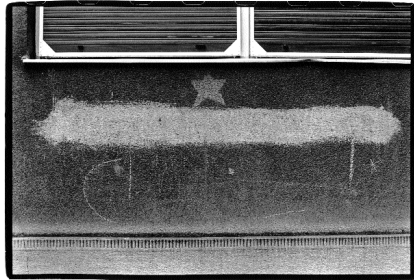
The well-known opus by the photographer Diana Arbus, actually a fashion photographer, includes what she herself with surprising indifference called the recording of freaks and monsters, be that giants, dwarfs, mongoloids, knife-swallowers or hermaphrodites. By explaining her motives







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projekt FSA koji je trebao dokumentirati "grupe s niskim primanjima" samo su neki naglasci koji ilustriraju fotografiji imanentni poriv safarija u egzotične tematske krugove krajnje sirotinje ili krajnjega bogatstva.

Drugim riječima, egzotizam koji uključuje stav da snimatelj snima nešto drugo od onoga što je on sâm sa svojim iskustvenim krugom, pojavljuje se u fotografiji sasvim rano i traje prilično uporno, i to u rasponu od romantičarskog alibija u pohodu na druge zemlje i civilizacije, sve do, ipak cinično-pokroviteljskog, ali točnog, ranog Riisovog naslova *How The Others Half Lives*. Pri tome se pod tim drugima podrazumijeva njujorška sirotinja.

U tom žanru nisu rijetke ni etičke pretenzije, namjera da se slikom upozori na postojanje nesretnih i obespravljenih. Vjera u korisnost i iskrenost tih motiva svakako je stvar individualne procjene i općenitoga stava koji uključuje i vrednovanje te nepripadajuće, posjetiteljske uloge fotografije. Primjerice, u projektu FSA ipak se, na kraju krajeva, stidljivo predložilo da se prikažu i vedrije domaćice kako, na primjer, beru cvijeće, a Diana Arbus uz priznati manjak suosjećanja kojega ne traži ni od gledatelja, pokazuje zapravo strah i neprijateljstvo prema svojim modelima.

Zapravo, i ovaj fotografski safari, kao i bilo koji drugi izuzevši ratnu fotografiju, pretpostavlja da taj drugi svijet neće nasrnuti, mada je sasvim dvojbeno je li to fotograf učinio. Time se otvara jedno etičko pitanje. A po unutarnjoj logici pohoda u strana područja nije, naravno, nikakva rijetkost da isti fotograf ima u opusu slikovitu sirotinju i razne nevolje, ali i glamurozni kontrapunkt istomu, bilo da odabire bogatstvo, modu ili ma koji drugi hladni esteticizam. A to pak ponovno otvara i druga etička pitanja.

Navedene tipične strukovne situacije zapravo opet kontekstualiziraju Cvjetanovićev opus. Značajna je razlika u tome da Cvjetanović nije hladni posjetitelj u bolnicama, ludnicama, zatvorima, u deložacijama i bijedi. On nije ni opčinjen time na način Diane Arbus. On nema pretenzije etičke poruke kao Hine.

Cvjetanović se postavlja kao osoba prema drugoj osobi koja je u nevolji, tjeskobi ili strahu. Ta druga osoba nije ni tipičan primjerak, ni klasni predstavnik, ni čudo-

by extreme excitement, admiration of freaks, something that leaves you breathless, she described herself as somebody approaching creepingly on her belly, conscious of bounds, the passing of which only the Almighty knows when it gets dangerous.

No matter whether pictorial poverty is recorded voyeuristically on the underground with a coat-hidden camera, or taken by ceremonially looking into the camera, or, recorded in the framework of socially pretentious projects like Hine's documentation of child labour and the early American project FSA supposed to document "low-income-groups", they present only a few elements illustrating the impetus inherent in photography, and that is the one towards exotic thematic fields like extreme poverty or wealth.

In other words, exotism including the standpoint that the photographer records something different from himself and his own experience appeared very early and became deeply rooted in photography for a considerable period of time stretching from the Romantic alibi of exploring countries and civilizations to the cynical though exact early sponsoring Riis' title of *How the Other Half Lives*, with the other half being the New York City's poor.

This genre is neither lacking on ethical pretensions, the intention to point out to the existence of the unhappy and the deprived, permeate this genre. To believe in the benefit and sincerity of such motives is a matter of individual judgement and general opinion including an evaluation of the photography's visiting role. In the FSA-project, for instance, it was finally cautiously suggested to present a bit more happier housewives picking flowers for example. Diana Arbus, admitting lack of sympathy, which she never even asked from her audience, actually proves herself to be antagonistic and afraid of her models.

This photographic safari, as any other, except for war photography, presupposes the other world not to become pushy or forceful, however, the same remains doubtful as far as the photographer's behaviour is concerned, thus raising an ethical question. With reference to the inner logic of exploring strange fields, it is nothing unusual that a photographer's opus comprises pictures of the poor and of distress just as of a glamorous counterpoint to the same, no matter whether he decides on wealth, fashion or any other kind of cold aestheticism. Again this gives rise to various ethical issues.

sl.11: B. Cvjetanović, *Erotski grafiti / Erotic Graffiti*, 1989.

sl.12: B. Cvjetanović, *Mrlje / Stains*, 1987.

više, nego naprosto tjeskobni egzilant - osoba koja niti ima svoju kuću, niti svoje predmete, niti sebe samu. Stav autora prije je strah negoli pouka, radoznalost ili propovjednički žar.

Otuda dolazi i do značajne razlike u linijama kontrapunkta: tjeskobi, bijedi i nevolji Cvjetanović ne suprotstavlja glamur - a to je u fotografiji čest slučaj. Njegov je kontrapunkt zebnji nedizajnirana prisnost i privatnost. Upravo to mi se čini zanimljivim fenomenom u fotografiji.

## Fotografija iz zasjede

Kao što je već bilo riječi, mračni dio Cvjetanovićeva opusa nije ulovljen iz zasjede, nije rezultat ni potrage ni lova. Autorovo gledanje je sasvim različito od onog bressonovskog koji sebe uspoređuje sa zen-lovcem i govori o tome kako se zapet kao puška sprema baciti na plijen. Različito je, primjerice, i od Arakijevog, koji se mahnito baca na snimanje Tokija tvrdeći kako mu se grad podavao, različit od Avedonovog stava koji uživa kad mu modeli dolaze ovisni kao liječniku ili proroku, različit od blow-upovskog svijeta u kojem fotograf uživa u nasilju snimanja modela koji mu se otima ili ponižavanju modela koji je unaprijed pristao.

Zapravo, nasilnost fotografije trajni je istočni grijeh struke kojem je, primjerice, terminološki pokušavao doskočiti još Adams predlažući termin *make* umjesto *take*. U kadru te terminologije Cvjetanović je autor kojem je polazište fotografiju napraviti, a ne oteti, što u svakom slučaju uključuje i neko ipak fotografiji kontraindicirano poštovanje snimanoga.

## Mrlje i grafiti

Tako u taj svijet u kojem snimatelj nije nadčovjek, lovac ili Conan Barbarin camere obscure sasvim prirodno pripadaju *Erotski grafiti* i *Mrlje na gradskim zidovima*. Djevičanskih i divljih krajolika, osim jednoga izuzetka, kod Cvjetanovića i nema. I inače je njegov kadar grad, gradić i kuća.

U ovom slučaju fasade grada postaju površine za tajno izražavanje nepoznatog umjetnika. Diverzija individue pojavljuje se kao grafit na zidu. Grafiti su obično upućeni protiv nadmoćnih političkih ideja. A nad-

The mentioned typically professional situations do repeatedly contextualize Cvjetanović's opus. The important thing about it is that Cvjetanović is not only a cool visitor to hospitals, lunatic asylums and prisons, or an indifferent spectator of evictions and poverty. But neither is he obsessed by it as Diane Arbus is, nor does he make any pretensions to ethical messages like Hine.

Cvjetanović just declares his position as a man in relation to a distressed, depressed or afraid fellow man. That other person neither represents a special type of man or social class, nor a monster - but just an anguished exile, an individual deprived of home, personal belongings and his own self. The author's position is rather one of fear than of teaching, curiosity or sermonizing.

This also leads to significant distinctive aspects within the counterpoint. Depression, poverty and misery are not opposed with glamour by Cvjetanović, which is a common practice in photography. His counterpoint to the anxiety is undesigned intimacy and privacy. Exactly this I find an interesting phenomenon in photography.

## Photography from Ambush

As pointed out before, the dark part of the Cvjetanović opus is not a result of an ambush, a search or a hunt. The author's standpoint is quite different from the Bresson's attitude who compares himself with a Zen-hunter lying in wait for his prey. It is different from the Araki's, who taking pictures of Tokyo like a madman claims the city to have yielded to him, different from the Avedon's, who enjoys when his models come to him addicted as if he were a doctor or a prophet. His view is also different from the Blow-up World, which the photographer indulges in due to the violence of recording his wanting-to-break-away model or either due to humiliating him / her, who previously agreed.

Actually, the violence of photography is a lasting Eastern sin characteristic of this profession, which, already Adams, terminologically speaking, tried to neutralize by proposing to replace the term *take* with *make*. Referring to this terminology, Cvjetanović is an author who made it his starting point to make and not to take pictures, presupposing, in any case, respect towards the photographed, how sharply ever that might contrast with photography.



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sl.13: B. Cvjetanović, *Mrlje / Stains*, 1987.

sl.14: B. Cvjetanović, *Erotski grafiti / Erotic Graffiti*, 1984.



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moćne institucije ulično ratuju sa skrivenim umjetnicima. Međutim, prebojeni grafit postaje još zanimljiviji, bilo da se usmenom predajom zna što piše pod mrljom, bilo da se napisano pojavljuje ispod mrlje, bilo da mrlja služi kao kadar za novi iskaz. Rat nije bez čaplinovskog humora.

*Erotski grafiti*, pak, dovode nepoznatog umjetnika u izravnu vezu s paleolitskim i neolitskim kolegama ili antičkim kultovima. Nasuprot seksualnim tabuima i invaziji dizajn-seksualnosti kroz pornografiju, nepoznati autor telefonsku govornicu intervencijama pretvara u kurvu, stup bez ikakve svijesti o arhetipskim simbolikama pojašnjava kao moćni falusni simbol, a urezima plitkoga reljefa dočarava sugestivne erotičke vizije. Humor, koji je nedvojbjen, vjerojatno proizlazi iz neke, u prvi mah nejasne, točnosti vizija kojom se autori nepoznatih imena odupiru konvenciji surogatnoga seksa.

Sličan će se humor vidjeti i u ciklusu koji nema nikakvih humorističkih tendencija, u seriji *Izloga* ukrašenih svečanom slikom pokojnoga vođe koji nekim obrtom odašilje poruku o vječnosti izloga s hranom i odjećom i o prolaznosti ljudske moći.

Koherentnost Cvjetanovićeve svijeta, dakle, nije upitna. Ma koliko fotografiji bila imanentna moć ili želja za moći - u ovom opusu toga nema.

## Zrcalnosti i dvostrukosti

Međutim, u ovakvoj interpretaciji Cvjetanovićeve opusa mogla bi se potkrasti sugestija o nedvojbjenosti, o toploj čovječnosti i bezazlenosti djela, značajki koje se ovom opusu nikako ne bi mogle pripisati. Fotografije nisu načinjene u nekom neupitnom svijetu niti iz nekog neupitnog svjetonazora.

Klizišta u značenju i dvostrukosti nisu, doduše, prvenstvena značajka svake fotografije ponaosob, ali u djelu ne manjkaju. Nije potrebno čak ni odveć pozorno gledati opus da bi se zapazilo klizište u žanrovima.

Fotografije ljetne dokolice, žanr koliko masovan toliko i normiran, ovdje klizi u privatni i vrlo melankolični zapis, ne o

## Stains and Graffiti

Thus it is only natural that *Erotic Graffiti* and *Stains* on city walls belong to the world in which the photographer is neither a superman, hunter nor Conan the Barbarian of a Camera Obscura. Apart from one exception, there are no virginlike or wild landscapes with Cvjetanović. His take is usually cities, towns and houses.

In this case, the city's fades turn into surfaces secretly serving the unknown artist as mode of expression. Individual sabotage appears on walls in the form of graffiti. Usually, graffiti are aimed against predominant political notions, so superior institutions wage street wars on hidden artists. Graffiti painted over appeals even stronger, be that due to rumours on what is written under the stain, or due to messages shining through the paint, or the stain serving as means for a new message. Be that as it may, the war goes not without a certain Chaplin humour.

As for *erotic graffiti*, it directly connects the unknown artist with his paleolithic and neolithic colleagues or with ancient cults. Fighting against sexual taboos and the invasion of design-sexuality through pornography, the unknown author turns a booth into a prostitute by disclosing a pillar, unconscious of any archetypical symbols, into a powerful phallus symbol, while producing suggestive erotic visions with a shallow relief carving. Probably the humour, which is unquestionable, results from some, though at first rather unclear, visional exactness by which authors of unknown identity are trying to oppose the convention of surrogate sex.

A similar humour may be observed in a cycle short of any humouristic tendencies, actually in the series *Display Windows* decorated with a solemn picture of the deceased leader gesturing on the everlasting display window presenting food and clothes and the transitoriness of human power.

As a matter of fact, Cvjetanović's world is anything but dubious. As much as photography may be permeated by power or the wish for power, in this opus there is nothing of it.

## Reflection and Duality

Such interpretation of the Cvjetanović's opus, however, might suggest indisputability, philanthropy and innocence, none of which this opus might be characterized by. The pictures are neither taken in an indubitable world nor did they result from a world view beyond any doubt.

nepoznatome, nego o najpoznatijem. Socijalne fotografije radnika ne govore o tipu ili o klasi, nego o obeskorijenjenosti pojedinca. Ciklusi iz bolnica nisu etički apel niti vježbanje u osjećajnoj tvrdoći, nego susret s vrlo privatnom jezom. Prizori iz ludnice nisu turizam ni egzotika, nego zapis o sudbin-

It is not that alterations in meaning and duality mainly characterize every individual picture, but the work is not short of these. One doesn't need to observe this opus too closely to be able to notice genre alterations.

The summer holiday pictures, as much mass as normed genre, shift into privacy and



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skoj usamljenosti drugoga, pa i autora. Graffiti i izlozi nisu slikoviti dokumenti vremena na ulici, nego neravnomjerni boj privatnoga pojedinca i moći institucije.

Drugim riječima, Cvjetanović snima ljetne fotografije koje to po tradicijskim pravilima nisu, socijalne fotografije koje to također ni po čemu nisu, pa one u najširem smislu fotografski-turističke fotografije - bolnice, ludnice, zatvore - koje to opet ni po čemu nisu. I nije naodmet ponoviti da tom antiturizmu u svjetovima drugih ne suprotstavlja uobičajenu egzotiku fotografskog glamura, nego upravo svoj privatni svijet - obitelj, kuću, poznate predmete, djeliće prirode s jasnim tragom čovjeka.

Jedini ciklus dječičanske prirode bez intervencije čovjeka, nazvan *Ocean*, snimljen je na južnom rtu Australije, trebao bi, a čini se da po autorovu mišljenju to i pokazuje, dočarati poeziju divlje i netaknute prirode. Međutim ciklus, ma što autor o

extreme melancholy not representing the unknown, but the most familiar. The socially biased photographs of the workers do not refer to the type or class, but to the rootlessness of an individual. So the hospital cycles are neither an ethical appeal nor an exercise in emotional strength, but rather an encounter with private misery. The scenes from the lunatic asylum do not denote tourism or exoticness, but are records of fateful loneliness of fellow men, even of the author himself. Graffiti and display windows are no pictorial documents of the time we live in, but a representation of an unequal fight between a private individual and the institutional power.

In other words, Cvjetanović makes summer pictures, which, according to the traditional rules, are no summer pictures at all, he makes social pictures not being that at all, and, in the broadest sense, photographically-touristic takes in hospitals, lunatic asylums and prisons, being anything, but not what they seem to be. And again it has to be

sl.15: B. Cvjetanović, *Ljetovanje / Summer Holidays, Nerežišće, Buga i ja, 1990.*

sl.16: B. Cvjetanović, *Ljetovanje / Summer Holidays, Nerežišće, Markita i Buga, 1990.*

njemu mislio, zrači izvornom tjeskobom. Cvjetanović je ipak fotograf čovjeka i predmeta u ambijentu.

Zacijelo bi, mada nadilazi granice ovoga teksta, bila zanimljiva analiza mnogih Cvjetanovićevih fotografija koje prikazuju ljude i stvari koje nisu na svom mjestu, nego negdje gdje uopće ne pripadaju. Počevši od ljudi koji ne pripadaju u bolnice, zatvore, ludnice i unajmljene sobice, sve do minijatura s premještenim predmetima: fotelja na ulicama, cipela pred haustorima, telefonskih slušalica koje su zapele visoko na žici, napuštenih karoserija, tepiha prebačenih preko automobila.

U širem kadru Cvjetanovićeve reinterpretacije žanrova ove fotografije ponavljaju kronični obrazac "da nešto nije u redu", "da nešto nije na mjestu". Otuda stižu i nejasna, nelagodna stanja u gami od uznemirenosti do zebnje.

Tako u mirnom opusu naoko vrlo klasičnog, čak i klasicističkog autora, kao donji ton teče zbudjujući nemir i tjeskoba, koji uostalom vrlo logično povezuju dva toliko različita Cvjetanovićeva svijeta.

I na kraju krajeva, onako kako opus Borisa Cvjetanovića pažljivijim gledanjem otkriva da mnogo toga izgleda da jest, a zapravo nije to, tako i sâm autor na prvi pogled izgleda da jest ono što on nikako nije. Boris Cvjetanović, dakle, nije ni miran, ni klasičan, ni konzervativan fotograf, mada je zabuna na prvi pogled moguća.

Samozatajni senzibilitet i harmonični prizori Borisa Cvjetanovića ipak su izraz sasvim neklasičnog i neklasicističkog svijeta. Riječ je, dakle, o osebnom i čvrstom amalgamu melankolije, sumnje i zebnje fotografskih modernih vremena. ▼

put out that he does not confront this anti-tourism in other worlds with the usual exoticness of photographic glamour, but rather with his private world - his family, home, familiar things, partly nature touched by man.

The only cycle of untouched virginlike nature, titled *Ocean*, was recorded at the Cape of South Australia and is supposed to conjure up the poetic atmosphere of wild and untouched nature, which, in the authors's opinion, was successfully done. Nevertheless, the cycle, whatever the author's opinion, communicates true anxiety. Actually, Cvjetanović is quite a photographer of man and objects in ambiances.

Though it would go beyond the scope of this text, it would be interesting to carry out an analysis of many of Cvjetanović's photographs showing people and things in places where they do not belong at all. This could extend from people who do not belong in hospitals, lunatic asylums, prisons and rented rooms to miniatures with moved things like armchairs on streets, shoes at front doors, telephone receivers stuck up high on wires, desolated bodyworks, carpets thrown over cars.

In the broader take of the Cvjetanović's genre reinterpretation, these pictures are a repetition of the chronical pattern that "something is not in order", "something is not in place". This is where the unclear, uncomfortable states of mind in the gamma, ranging from concern to anxiety, come from.

So is the quiet opus of a rather classical, even classicistic author, underlined by a confusing restlessness and anxiety, which, by the way, function as a rather logical link between these two extremely different Cvjetanović's worlds.

And finally, just as this opus on closer examination starts revealing many a thing to be different than it is taken for, so the author turns out to be wholly different from what he appears to be at first sight. Boris Cvjetanović is neither a quiet, classical nor conservative photographer, albeit, at first glance, he might be considered so.

Boris Cvjetanović' self-denying sensibility and harmonious scenes are the expression of a completely non-classical and non-classicistic world. A peculiar and strong amalgam of melancholy, doubtfulness and anxiety of modern photography. ●

prijevod / translation: Kornelija Džepina

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