



VLADIMIR P. GOSS

**UMJETNOST
I POLITIČKA
KOREKTNOST**

ART AND POLITICAL CORRECTNESS

Vladimir Peter Goss

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Recenzije / Reviews

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Vesna Mikić

Lektura / Proofreads

Gordana Đuričić

Ana Makovičić

Korektura / Correction

Višnja Bedenko

Dizajn naslovnice / Cover design

Igor Sloković

Tehnička podrška / Technical support

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Uvod

Sa smiješkom na licu Zora je ogolila svoje blještave grudi. Lahor i sunčeve zrake nježno su milovali probuđeno bilje. Svijet je bio opet nov, sjajan i siguran, neodređen i neograničen.

Žrec se popeo na brežuljak povrh sela. Podigao je veliku granu i mašući njome zazvao svoje stado. Glas mu je podrhtavao od uzbuđenja. Konačno je SPOZNAO! Sveta je dužnost sad prenijeti tu spoznaju na sljedbenike, koji su se trljajući oči i čisteći nosove i grla nevoljko penjali strminom. Žrec je protresao onu granu i zaurlao pokazujući lijep piramidalni vrhunac koji je izranjao iz jutarnje maglice (sl. 1): „Vidite li ono brdo? Na njemu žive vaši Bogovi. Nazvat ćemo ga Olimp!“ (Ili Pirin, ili Kailes...). Zadihani, seljani su ponovo protrljali oči. Stvarno, eno brda. No, ono je bilo tamo svakog jutra. Pogledali su bolje, možda je ipak sjajnije nego inače? Nagnuli su k žrecu koji je pokretima ruku smjestio vrhunac u središte slike, izrezane iz okoliša njegovom vizijom i izborom. Danas bi to učinio pritiskom na dugme kamere, ovjekovječio bi vizuru kako bi je mogao trajno podijeliti sa sljedbenicima. Pretpovijesno oko djelovalo je točno kao današnja kamera. Tek što je slika bila privremena, bila je također neomeđena i otvorena promjenama spajajući se tako s vječnošću.



Slika 1. Sveto Brdo (Triglav u Sloveniji)

Žrec je stvorio umjetnost slike.

Imenujući brijeg i plješćući rukama stvorio je odmah i umjetnost zvuka, književnost i glazbu, a ritmičkim skokovima i umjetnost pokreta. Majka priroda pobrinula se za svoje. Vjetar je draškao kožu, donosio miris šumskih jagoda i vrganja, od kojeg su tekle sline. Sve se to događalo u prostoru koji je vezao skupinu i brdo opnom svjetla, zraka, sunčeve topline, šaputanjem vjetra i šuškanjem nožica na suhom lišću. I sama Zora je, potpuno izloživši grudi Danu, smiješeći se uživala u predstavi.

I Bogovima na brdu dopao se performans i ono što je vidjelac stvorio, Umjetnost. Možda je mogao postupiti i drugačije, no u biti postoji samo jedan model: prepoznavanje uzorka osobite duhovnosti koja se nameće primateljevom duhu i koju on zatim prenosi manje osjetljivim članovima publike. Umjetnik je uhvatio i prenio Duh! I bez posebnog pitanja možemo jasno odgovoriti: Umjetnost je utjelovljenje Duha u inertnoj materiji. Pretvara neopipljivo u opipljivo, čini ga dostupnim našim osjetilima: vidu, sluhu, opipu, njuhu, okusu te osjetilu za pokret i prostor. Bez opipljivog oblika nema umjetnosti, ali je nema niti bez stvaralačkog čina oduhovljenja materije.

Kažete da ovo što smo opisali nije umjetnost? U ovoj ćemo raspravi opisati upravo kako je umjetnost, takva kakvom smo je maločas prikazali, postala oruđem politike, znakom društvene odličnosti, predmetom velike tržišne vrijednosti te ćemo pokazati kako su je preoteli oni koji određuju zakone, kodove ponašanja i cijene i kako smo mi postali blaženo nesvjesni takvih procesa. Napisavši ovo, možda mogu odustati od sljedećih stotinjak stranica, no neću! Priča o Umjetnosti i njezinim pustolovinama je odviše usko vezana uz sudbinu ljudskoga roda da bi je se zabašurilo. Mora je se jednom ispričati ovako kako smo to ovdje zamislili.

Živimo u vječnom prostoru. Taj se može mijenjati, no nikada ne nestaje. To je prirodna ekologija, naša prirodna baština. Čim Duh dodirne prirodu, Natura se mijenja u Kulturu, pa zajedno tvore opću ekologiju. Duh će dodirnuti prirodu čim se nositelj Duha pojavi u prirodi. Pritom najčešće, no ne i isključivo, mislimo na ljudska bića. Tek kad se tvar i Duh, Natura i Kultura spoje, naš prostor dobiva smisao. Tvar i Duh se odnose kao oblik i sadržaj jer Duh određuje oblik dajući mu posebni smisao ili emociju.

Stanuje li Duh samo u ljudima, životinjama i biljkama, u živoj prirodi koja posjeduje energiju, sposobnost rasta i promjene, što su sve oznake Duha, ili on pak boravi neovisno, drugdje u vječnom prostoru? Energija i sposobnost promjene nisu ograničene na živu prirodu, dakle Duh stanuje posvuda. Nisu li najmanje čestice materije i čestice Duha?

One jedinice koje posjeduju više te sile lakše će prepoznati Duh i prenijeti ga onima koji zaostaju. Umjetnici su najbolje opremljeni za to, ali i oni su dio Nature kao i mi, naglašavajući činjenicu da je Natura opremljena Duhom. Vječni prostor stječe smisao kad ga se doživljava kao jedinstvo stvari i duha, prirode i kulture.

Kako bi se snašli u vječnom prostoru, ljudi su izmislili vrijeme. I vrijeme je vječno, no naši se životi i djelovanje odvijaju u našem mjerljivom vremenu. Rođenjem ulazimo u nestalni svijet, a smrću se vraćamo u vječnost. Dok smo u konačnom svijetu, održavamo dodir s vječnim kroz stvaralaštvo: ljubav, snove, znanstveni rad i posebice kroz umjetnost koja, kao što je rečeno, omogućuje osjetilni doživljaj neopipljivog. Iako smo konačni, Duh boravi i u nama, a Duh je vječan jer se stalno ponovno rađa u našim kreativnim radnjama te ostaje trajan u našim kreativnim ostvarenjima i kada nas više nema. Duh se akumulira. Umjetnost je djelatnost onih posebno nadarenih za oblikovanje Duha u materiji kako bi ga drugi mogli doživjeti. To su umjetnici-stvaratelji. No, umjetnost nije samo stvaranje, ona je i doživljavanje, pa tako postoje i umjetnici doživljavanja. To smo mi, povjesničari umjetnosti, istraživači umjetnosti, kritičari. Posao nam je interpretirati umjetnost za širu javnost.

Djelatnost našeg žreca u punom je smislu Umjetnost, dakle djelo totalne Umjetnosti u kojem razni vidovi umjetnosti surađuju u prenošenju Duha. Kad pišem Umjetnost s velikim *U*, imam u vidu zajedništvo stvaralačkog i doživljajnog fenomena.

Ponavljam: Umjetnost pretvara neopipljivo u opipljivo. Ta se opipljivost ponajviše izražava kroz sliku, zvuk i pokret. Vizualne ili lijepe umjetnosti su prvenstveno umjetnosti slike (arhitektura, kiparstvo, slikarstvo, organizacija prostora), pa se ipak govori o fugalnom efektu nekog arhitektonskog djela, o pokretu u baroknom slikarstvu, o ritmičkim sljedovima u skulpturi srednjega vijeka, o moćnoj retorici monumentalnih palača. Zvuk i pokret su ovdje, naravno, tek iluzija. No, ta je iluzija itekako stvarna. Pročitajte poglavlje *Slušanje arhitekture* u sjajnoj knjižici Eilera Rasmussena. Da odmah dodam, to slušanje može se shvatiti kao niz kadenci u kamenu, ili pak kao opažanje utjecaja raznih zvučnih efekata na naš doživljaj zgrade ili prostora. No, isto tako govorimo o arhitekturi glazbenoga djela, boji tona, volumenu zvuka. Književnost je prvenstveno umjetnost zvuka, no što je pjesma ili priča bez slika koje stvaraju riječi, bez pokretnosti radnje ili čak i fizičkog kretanja čitatelja kako prolazi kroz tekst. Književni rod drame uključuje stvarne slike, pokret i zvuk. Opera je drama koja se izvodi uz glazbu. Konceptualna je umjetnost spoj vizualnih i literarnih elemenata. U baletu imamo stvarni zvuk (glazba, zvuk koraka...), sliku (vizualni efekti ljudskih tijela i scenografije) i stvarni pokret.

Svi navedeni oblici umjetnosti mogu utjecati na naše osjetilo opipa (tekstura u vizualnim umjetnostima, u glazbi, u književnim tekstovima), mirisa kao iluzije ili kao vrlo stvarnog mirisa kamena ili drva u graditeljstvu, ili boje, ili mirisa izazvanog nekom izvanjskom djelatnošću, ili okusa (*slatki zvuci*), ili riječi poput *smrdljiv, osvježavajući, za povraćanje* u književnome tekstu.

Djelo našeg žreca ne bi bilo potpuno bez njegove publike. Umjetnost je nezamisliva bez stvaratelja, no isto tako bez konzumenata. Što se zaista dogodilo onog sunčanog jutra? Žrec, tj. umjetnik je osjetio prisustvo Duha. Iskoristio je vlastitu duhovnost, dobio je inspiraciju i shvatio važnost trenutka i potrebu da svoje iskustvo podijeli s publikom.

Prvo je primijetio i doživio, zatim oblikovao pa ponudio javnosti koja je morala koristiti vlastite duhovne kapacitete za doživljaj. Slijed je: doživljaj – oblikovanje (stvaranje) – doživljavanje – re-kreiranje. U tom su procesu i žrec i publika prošli kroz stadije doživljavanja (vid, sluh, dodir itd.) i osobnog duhovnog sudjelovanja što je i samo po sebi stvaralački čin. Stvaranje iziskuje talent, ali isto tako i doživljavanje. Svjesni smo koliko se takve interpretacije razlikuju. Zamislite lijepu plavu vazu s čarobnom crvenom ružom na stolu pod pergolom na ugodno toplom, sunčanom, ljetnom danu. Oči nam uživaju u bojama, igri sunca i sjena i diskretnom titranju latica. Slušamo marno zujanje bumbara i cvrkut ptica, osjećamo sunčeve zrake na vlastitoj koži, udišemo miris spržene zemlje i zubatca koji se peče na gradelama. Svim svojim osjetilima sudjelujemo u simfoniji ljepote, sigurnosti i užitka.

Zamislite istu vazu bez ruže ispod tamnog kišnog neba dok vam se studeni vjetar zavlaci pod kožu uz smrad vlage i ustajale vode! Prečesto zaboravljena uloga promatrača navodi me na poseban ekskurs. Nazovimo ga *Živjela Hrvatska ili o umjetnosti gledanja*.

Vješto, kroz beskrajno plavetnilo, Helios tjera svoja podnevna kola (sl. 2). Vodopadi zlatnih iskri poput kiše padaju u jantarne valove, zamatajući je u providnu opnu ranopodnevnog sna dok ležeći u ležaljci na gornjoj palubi plovi uz stijene južne obale Lastova.

Na krmi, na štapu koji je gotovo paralelan sa ženskim tijelom, vije se hrvatska trobojnica, crven-bijeli-plavi, sa šahovnicom. Poigrava kako brod plovi kalmom bonacom s tek majušnim tračkom ljetnog povjetarca.



Slika 2. *Živjela Hrvatska*

Shall I compare thee to a summer day?

Crven, bijeli, plavi.

Plavo se more nalijevo prostire u beskonačnost, nebo je gotovo iste boje i intenziteta, a između njih plavičasti potez ljetne maglice. Plavo na gornjem rubu ograde, na štapu zastave uvlači se na palubu preko plave splavi, iza ležaljke s gospom u pareu istog sveprisutnog plavila, s uzorkom morskih životinja u debelim bijelim potezima.

Bijelo svjetlo na predmetima palube, na zastavi, na prstenu na ženinoj ruci; bijelo-žuti zrak okupan sunčevim zrakama mekano se prelijeva raskošnim ženskim tijelom i gori žeženim zlatom na valovima kose.

Konačno crvenilo zastave, ali i grudnjaka kupaćeg kostima koji se tek nazire ispod plavog zamotuljka i krajnje diskretno proviruje kroz plavilo na bogatim grudima, i kao u snu poigravajući se jedva primjetnim odsjajem gaćica bojeći bijelu linearnost riba u sveopćem plavilu. Crvenilo punih zavojitih usana pola progutanih sjenom, i dalje, u još dubljoj sjeni, odraz suncem opaljenih obraza i vrška nosa.

Da te usporedim... s ljepotom sunca, s mirom i vedrinom ovog vrlo osobitog, dokonog i znakovitog ljetnog dana. Zaustavilo se obrtanje sfera, njihova je glazba utihnula. Apsolutno plavi trenutak vječnosti.

Tako plav i apsolutan da zaboravljamo postaviti neka ključna pitanja.

Znatiželjno se oko popelo na gornju palubu i dolazeći od sunčeve strane narušilo mir i privatnost. Žena je primijetila uljeza. Nije ustuknula. Ustvari, podigla je ruku kako sunce ne bi smetalo njenom veselju jer ga vidi, kako nam svjedoči relaksirano veselje tijela, poze i geste. „Sretna sam što si ovdje. Pozdravljam te dušom i tijelom u ovom crveno-bijelo-plavom danu. Pozdravljam te na ulazu u svijet snova u koji sam utonula.“ (Primijetit ćete da žena nosi naočale, mora da je knjigu odložila na pod palube). I kako se mehaničko i prirodno oko sastaju u sredini slike, gdje se dijagonale sijeku kao i ruke, prepoznajemo konačni detalj, jedva primjetljiv ispod stakla, bistro plavo oko, srce i dušu prikaza.

Pred nama je misterij, bezdani misterij života i bitka. Lijepa se žena ne sunča. Ustvari, od sunca se kloni zamotana u svježje plavetnilo. Kao što njen izraz i položaj kažu, sretno se predaje tom dobrodošlom uljezu kao da kaže: „Poznaješ me, upoznao si me, no kad god smo zajedno, bit će tamo uvijek nešto novo što će te privući k meni, da tražiš i tražiš kako postajemo jedno.“

Kad je čovjek s kamerom stupio na gornju palubu, nesumnjivo je primijetio ljepotu ljetnoga dana i ljepotu svoje ljubljene. Nije to bio neočekivan već visoko emocionalni susret, kako za njega tako i za nju dok je motrila njegovo približavanje. Snimio je tucet ili više slika u nekoliko sekundi, što je danas moguće zahvaljujući digitalnoj kameri, a kasnije, kad ih je ponovno pregledao, odabrao je baš ovu sliku kao najreprezentativniji dokument popodnevnog događaja. Kad je slika jednom snimljena, kad je stvarni svijet postao zabilješka, priča, i on, ali i drugi kasniji motritelji mogli su

poduzeti niz koraka koji idu dalje od onoga što smo ovdje pokušali opisati. Pokušat ćemo rekonstruirati taj proces kako bismo došli do onoga što smo najavili u naslovu.

Taj naslov sadrži parolu, stereotipni izraz dobrih želja i čestitanja. Zastava na krmi bez bilo kakve sumnje identificira *locus* kao Hrvatsku. Tko god je ikada doživio dan poput onog na slici, smjesta će prepoznati sunce, more, zrak plavog Jadrana te elemente vode, vatre i zraka od kojih je slika sazdana. Mnogi su u takvim trenucima uzviknuli: „Kako predivno! Kako sjajno! Hrvatska je prelijepa! Želim se vratiti...!“, što se sve svodi na: „Živjela Hrvatska!“ Već spominjana zastava sadrži sve potrebne elemente: crvenilo sunca, plavilo mora, bjelilo zraka, što opravdava njene boje. Četvrti element, zemlja nije do sada primijećena, no i ona igra važnu ulogu. Na horizontalnoj crti koja razdvaja more i nebo, oštri rt okrunjen zelenilom zabada se u plavo. No njegov različiti oblik i boja ne stvaraju zbrku. Naprotiv, pokušajte zamisliti sliku bez toga. Ovdje se pojavljuje potrebni element raznolikosti podsjećajući nas da bez tvrde stijene i tvrdog tla nema zemlje. Tvrda supstanca stoji iza spektakla vode, vatre i zraka.

Grb suvremene Republike Hrvatske često se kritizira kao pretrpan, zbog pojave manjih grbova uz gornji rub glavnog polja. Ti manji amblemi prikazuju najstariji poznati hrvatski grb s mjesecom i zvijezdom Danicom te grbove hrvatskih povijesnih pokrajina: Dubrovnik – dvije paralelne grede; Dalmacija – tri okrunjene glave divljih mačaka; Istra – koza; Slavonija – kuna koja trči između dvije bijele povlake ispod zvijezde, moguće rijeke Sava i Drava. Čini nam se da je dizajner grba dobro postupio naglašavajući svoju poruku nekim materijalnim pojavama: mjesecom, Danicom, divljom mačkom, kozom, kunom i moguće dvjema velikim rijekama, a to su sve slike koje naglašuju materijalno postojanje zemlje i njeno raznoliko i multikulturalno stanovništvo. Vraćajući se brodu, valja primijetiti da se potez obale odražava na ogradni palube i tako upotpunjuje zajedništvo.

Ženu i zastavu veže položaj unutar slike, ali i boja, jer je jedino crvenilo uz zastavu ono crvenog grudnjaka, usni i zračenje gaćica kroz plavi omotač. Možemo pretpostaviti da zastava i žena šalju slične poruke. Nema sumnje da se radi o čestitkama, himnama ljepoti pojedinačnog bića i ljepoti zemlje, pri čemu ljudsko biće ima prednost. Parolu se, dakle, može modificirati u *Živjela ljubav!* i *Živjela Hrvatska!* čime se znakovito približujemo jednom od slogana hrvatske turističke ponude: *Croatia is for Lovers*.

Ako je tijelo tako očito u središtu slike, trebalo bi nam dati još neke smjernice. Žena ih doslovno krije iza prepleta ruku u zavoju plavog omotača. Time se postiže već spomenuti element misterija. Proširimo tu temu pogledom na zastavu.

Život je, neki će reći, stalna priča traženja i otkrivanja. Isto vrijedi za međuljudske odnose. Oni trajni sadrže element neprestanog otkrivanja koji sam od sebe jača pod paskom ljubavi. Da nema ruku i omotača, imali bi lijepu, jednostavnu sliku privlačne žene koja se sunča. No umjesto toga, baš kao i vlasnik ljubopitljivog oka i kamere, osjećamo potrebu prijeći ogradu, doslovno odmotati tijelo i osloboditi lice vijenca prepletenih ruku i njihovih sjena. To ima i svoje prednosti. Na primjer, ne možemo

niti nagađati koliko je ženi godina, što naglašava istinu da su ljepota i ljubav vječni. Poruka zastave sada postaje jasna: kako stupamo kroz život otkrivajući nove vrijednosti u voljenim osobama, isto tako možemo otkrivati nove ljepote u našem okruženju, našoj zemlji, bilo kojoj zemlji. *Živjela Hrvatska!* tako je očišćena od bilo kakve protokolarne ili nacionalističke primisli te postaje poziv na uživanje i istraživanje.

Vlasnik znatizeljnog oka znao je što će zateći: lijepu ženu i lijepi dan. Došao je spreman, kako tehnički tako i emocionalno, i znao je što hoće: zabilježiti prisustvo posebne osobe u posebnom okruženju. Tako je nastala slika koju je možda podsvjesno nazvao *Ljubav u Hrvatskoj u ljetno popodne*.

Pri tome je učinio što svaki pripadnik ljudskog roda čini od pamtivijeka kada se nađe licem u lice s okolišem: koristio je svoja osjetila. Umjetnost je također materijalni sastojak okoliša i to, da ponovimo, zaista poseban kako hvata neopipljivo i duhovno u opipljivoj, tvrdoj materiji, čime duhovno postaje dostupno osjetilima vida, sluha, opipa, njuha i okusa, a za one posebno nadarene i osjetilu za prostor u kojem se sva ostala osjetila udružuju u sretnome skladu. Naš okoliš, ponavljamo, izvorno priroda, izložen je našim osjetilima i u tom procesu pretvara se u kulturni pejzaž. Danas ustvari nema nedodirnutog prirodnog pejzaža. Čim ljudsko oko dotakne prirodni krajolik, ovaj se pretvara u kulturni. Elementi prirode i kulture čine opću ekologiju, i te sastavnice, *zelena* (priroda) i *ljubičasta* (kultura) su nerazdvojive.

Iz iskustva znamo da neki od nas vide bolje od drugih. No, svi vidimo i pri tome slijedimo izvjesne obrasce. Ako nam je pred očima brdo, smjestit ćemo ga u sredinu vidnog polja i naše će se oko zakvačiti za vrh. Ako postupimo drugačije, za to postoje jaki razlozi. Naši daleki preci nisu bili u stanju zabilježiti ta gledanja, no sam proces se nije uopće promijenio. Jedina je razlika što danas možemo učiniti trajnu bilješku. Fotografija je stara kao ljudski rod i prva kamera bila je ljudsko oko. I danas to ispitujuće oko stoji iza kamere. Ono određuje koja će vizura steći trajnu zabilježbu. Kamera je tek oruđe.

Gledajući našu sliku, lako doživljavamo meki dodir ljetnog povjetarca, slani miris morske vode, glatku površinu ljudske kože. Ako smo posebno nadareni, spojiti ćemo sve te pojedinačne doživljaje unutar doživljaja prostora, okoliša, kulturnog krajolika, cjelina koje su danas kao terapijske ili patološke privukle čak i pažnju biomedicinskih znanosti. Stvaralački talent nije jednomjerno podijeljen. Niti talent doživljavanja. Može se naučiti crtati, svirati violinu ili držati kameru. To su vještine. No, samo mali broj postaje više od toga, umjetnik-stvaratelj. Pravi umjetnici doživljavanja su isto tako rijetki kao umjetnici stvaranja. To su kritičari i istraživači umjetnosti te baš kao žrec ili augur uče druge vidjeti ono što ne mogu sami. U hvalevrijednoj knjizi *The Art Instinct*, Denis Dutton je uvjerljivo pokazao da je instinkt za umjetnost dio evolucijskog paketa. Dutton tvrdi da su naši davni preci razvili načine doživljavanja i njima relevantne sadržaje te ih zatim prenosili s pokoljenja na pokoljenje, tako da ti isti i danas utječu na naš izbor u stvaranju i promatranju. Naš čovjek s kamerom uklapa se u takvu sliku. Prema staroj i oprobanoj

formuli stavio je predmet svoga zanimanja u središte (dijagonale se sijeku točno u oku koje se smjestilo u gornjem lijevom kutu jasnog četverokuta koji čine ruke). Ostatak nam se može učiniti slučajnim, no nije. Bio je svjestan velike površine plavila (oko 80% slike), mekanog svjetla, relaksirane atmosfere. Možda je podsvjesno osjetio važnost položaja zastave u odnosu na ženu, kao i važnost njezine boje čime se stvorilo sekundarno žarište interesa slici relaksirane i sretne ženske ljepote. U času snimanja slike sigurno je bio zaljubljen i u ženu i u njeno okruženje. Naša pažljiva analiza s položaja umjetnosti gledanja to potvrđuje, iako je mnogo toga ovisilo o podsvijesti. Konačno, duhovni prostori s onu stranu razuma ključ su doživljaja koji vodi do umjetničkog izražavanja.

Naše je znatiželjno oko brzo prepoznalo predmet svojih želja. Djelovalo je po svom, ali i po općem postupku izbora i preuređivanja potrebnom za prenošenje poruke. Gledajući svoj predmet, djelovalo je kao umjetnik gledanja. Onoga časa kada se odlučilo odabrati ono što posebice želi vidjeti, postalo je umjetnikom stvaranja te je ustanovilo konačni oblik svoje poruke.

Zabilješka je došla u ruke umjetniku gledanja i ovaj se potrudio pojasniti kako je rezultat kojemu je umjetnik-stvaratelj težio postignut i zašto je bio uspješan. Kao dobar umjetnik doživljavanja uspješno je rekonstruirao proces gledanja i stvaranja. Što se više ovo dvoje približava jedno drugome, veće su šanse da je interpretacija točna.

Kako znamo da su se i koliko ta dva svijeta približila jedan drugome?

Priznajem da je to osjetljivo pitanje jer se bavimo neopipljivim i nemjerljivim vrijednostima, a iz iskustva znam da ne postoje dvije osobe koje bi doživjele i interpretirale umjetnički fenomen na isti način. U tome upravo leži najveća privlačnost i bogatstvo umjetničkog fenomena. No ponajčešće postoji barem izvjestan stupanj slaganja.

Srećom, u našem slučaju postoji test koji će potvrditi da je ono što je naš umjetnik doživljavanja vidio vrlo blisko onome što je umjetnik-stvoritelj zamislio. U vrijednoj knjizi *Tehnika i samostalnost*, Ivan Rogić Nehajev predlaže da bi Hrvatska trebala biti *čista zemlja lijepih ljudi*. Čist znači daleko više od fizičke kategorije, dakle pošten, ekološki svjestan, otvoren, tolerantan itd. *Ljep* ne predstavlja samo fizičku ljepotu već i onu duše, ponašanja, intelekta, osjećaja. Naša slika definitivno korelira s Rogićevim snom.

Je li autor fotografije poznao Rogićevo djelo?

Da. Čak ga je citirao na istom krstarenju govoreći skupini ljudi o viziji kakva bi trebala biti Hrvatska, i kakva je kad se prikazuje u najboljem ruhu kao u fotografiji koju je snimio na gornjoj palubi.

Živjela Hrvatska, živjela umjetnost gledanja!

But thy eternal summer shall not fade...

Primjedba 1.

Je li fotografija kojom smo se pozabavili umjetničko djelo? Formalno, radi se o zgodnoj, lijepo uravnoteženoj slici, no to je samo po sebi ne čini umjetničkim djelom. Ono što je po mom mišljenju čini umjetničkim djelom nije oblik već sadržaj. Fotograf je izabrao vizuru i kasnije jedan od mnogih snimaka iste scene. Umjetnik gledanja definirao je razloge zašto je fotograf odabrao upravo tu sliku: jer je u njoj prepoznao upravo ono što želi saopćiti. Time slika postaje više od informacije ili dokumenta, *ergo*, umjetničko djelo. Ništa novo! Povijest likovnih umjetnosti uči nas da ružni oblici često nose uzvišen sadržaj. Ljubitelju boje Rembrandt će se činiti dosadnim, pa ipak!!! To je sve potpuno u suglasju s mojom tvrdnjom da umjetnost nastaje presijecanjem oblika i sadržaja, no sadržaj se može doživjeti samo ako posjeduje osjetilima dostupni oblik.

Primjedba 2.

Čitatelj je vjerojatno zaključio da su fotograf i pisac ovih redaka ista osoba i spreman ga je optužiti za sveznalaštvo i prevaru.

Ne slažem se.

Znatiželjno je oko dobro znalo što će vidjeti na palubi. To je i snimio. Tjednima kasnije pregledao je snimke i izabrao upravo ovu kao najreprezentativniju za ono što je želio pokazati: lijepu ženu u lijepom okruženju, ustvari bit krstarenja koje su zajedno poduzeli. Još kasnije stavio je sliku na desktop. Gledajući je iz dana u dan, uhvatio je pojedinosti kojih nije bio svjestan. Odlučio je provesti dubinsku analizu kao umjetnik gledanja i to certificirani. Analiza je potvrdila da je uspio prikazati lijepu ženu u lijepom okruženju. Po mom mišljenju, najbolje poznajemo ono što sami radimo i stvaramo i tako je ova analiza daleko točnija od bilo kakvog razglabanja o ostvarenjima drugih.

Bio je umjetnik gledanja kada je odabrao scenu, umjetnik stvaranja kada ga je gledanje dovelo do snimanja, u analizi se vratio na položaj umjetnika gledanja, tj. kritičara i znanstvenika. Ne želim počinuti sedlmajerovsku pogrešku (*Umjetnost i istina*) i tvrditi da postoji samo jedna interpretacija umjetničkog djela, no osobno smatram da je ovo što imamo sasvim uvjerljivo.

Izmislili smo umjetnika, stvorili umjetnost. Pretvorili smo stvaralačku energiju u umjetničko djelo i servirali ga publici. Tko je vlasnik umjetničkog djela?

Prvo i prvo Bogovi jer oni u načelu posjeduju sve. Naš vrač je posebno biće u izravnoj vezi s Bogovima, odnosno sa svijetom prirode i Duha. Njegova je zadaća održavati Bogove u dobrom raspoloženju kako bi pomogli njegovom stadi ako ih napadne kakvo zlo, fizičko ili duhovno, hranili ga i liječili djelom i savjetom, pozdravili ih na ulasku u Drugi Svijet, osigurali dobar ulov, lijepo vrijeme, potomstvo, posvetili i bdjeli nad naseljem. Vrača nitko nije postavio, već se on nametnuo svojim talentom,

uključivo i prepoznavanjem Duha u inertnoj materiji. Nije bio namještenik ili činovnik nekakve vlasti. Nije bio plaćen, jer nitko nije bio, no bio je nagrađen povjerenjem, poštovanjem i zahvalnošću, a vjerojatno i ponekim materijalnim znakom tog općeg divljenja. Skupina sigurno ne bi dozvolila da žrec gladuje ili da ga pojede vuk. Pomogla bi mu pri gradnji nove kolibe ili pri berbi kestena. No to se ne može smatrati *biznisom*. *Medicine man* američkih Indijanaca i danas liječi besplatno. Vrač nije prodavao svoje uratke i zasigurno se nije smatrao vlasnikom. Ni publika nije bila vlasnik. Kada je jednom pogled na vrhunac bio određen, pripadao je svima.

Kakva je onda bila vrijednost umjetnosti? Je li bila isključivo dio odjela za magiju i boljitak? Ima li ikakvih naznaka o prisustvu osjećaja za lijepo? Denis Dutton misli da jest. Po njemu je *instinkt za umjetnost* urođen i dijelom je evolucijskog paketa. Osobno to shvaćam kao potvrdu da svako ljudsko biće ima nešto u sebi što se veseli kada to biće doživi ugodan poticaj koji je više od seksa, hrane i izležavanja na suncu. To nešto, možemo ga zvati i *instinkt za umjetnost*, vrač koristi kada prenosi poruku na potrošače, odnosno na njihov duh. Ljudi nisu izuzetak. Vjerujem da sve, i svatko sposoban za promjenu, posjeduje Duh u nekom obliku, no ljudi ga posjeduju u, recimo, koncentratu. Ne svatko u tako gustom kao vrač, niti pak dovoljnom da barem naslute što im ovaj poručuje.

Dakle, umjetnost nije nečije vlasništvo, nije roba, već dodatak društvenom prestižu. O njoj se sigurno razgovaralo, no nije se išlo na putovanja kako bi se vidjelo niz vizura. Umjetnost nije bila pod nadzorom. Pa ipak...

Jezgra ove priče je način na koji je umjetnost stavljena pod nadzor, način na koji je postala oruđem političkog pritiska, društvenih normi kao i način pravljenja novca. Izvjestan skepticizam je, dakle, opravdan od samog početka. Je li postojala makar sićušna sjena nadzora sve od početka?

Umjetnik, naravno, nadzire svoje djelo u smislu da zna što radi. Razmišlja li o tome da koristi umjetnost kao sredstvo utjecaja na svoje bližnje? Možda, no na početku zacijelo ne za osobni probitak. Vrač je sigurno bio svjestan svoje osobitosti, no to ga nije navelo da koristi rad svog duha kako bi manipulirao drugima. Prenosio je poruke Bogova. No tendencija je vjerojatno postojala. Umjetnost je bila odviše dragocjena da ne bi konačno navela nekoga da je iskoristi za vlastitu dobit.

No da bi se to dogodilo, umjetnost je morala steći osobine predmeta koji se lako mogu posjedovati kao privatna svojina. Trebala je postati predmetom, dakle prijenosna, a po mogućnosti i posvećena pojedincu koji taj predmet želi posjedovati, iako se može raditi o nečem u načelu neopipljivom poput poezije ili uglazbljene pjesme. Umjetnost je također trebala postati trajno zabilježena, makar tek s ljudskim bićima koja pamte riječi, note ili pokrete. Ako se ne varam, prvi pokušaji da se umjetnost trajno zabilježi nastaju u sferi špiljskog slikarstva i pratećih pojava u skulpturi. Njih je vjerojatno slijedila govorena i pjevana riječ i ritmizirani pokret, no koliko mi je poznato ne postoje nikakvi očuvani fragmenti. Svjestan sam mnogih, čak i vrlo nadahnutih razmišljanja glede umjetnosti paleolitika i čini mi se da se može povući nekoliko vjerodostojnih zaključaka:

1. To je prvi vjerodostojni primjer bilježenja umjetničkog djela.
2. Rad je izvela osoba koju možemo smatrati umjetnikom od zanata, oblikovateljem.
3. Prikazivanje i potrošnja imaju javni karakter.
4. Nema naznaka privatnog posjedovanja ili konzumiranja.

1. Organizacija izvorno prirodnog prostora, slikarije i gravure na stijeni (nepokretno) i slobodnostojeća plastika (pokretno) u nizu su slučajeva očuvani do danas. Nisam svjestan nekih pretpaleolitskih uradaka. Dakle, negdje između 40.000 i 10.000 prije Krista Duh se bilježi u krutoj materiji. Nezabilježena umjetnost postojala je sigurno i ranije, a postoji i danas. Preokret je čas kada počinje zabilježba, kada se umjetničko djelo može čuvati, posjedovati i prenositi s čovjeka na čovjeka. Naravno, nije isključeno da cjelokupni kompleksi, špilje ili njihovi dijelovi, nisu bili vlasništvo pojedinaca ili skupina. Ti vlasnici mogli su dozvoliti pristup drugima kako bi zajedno sudjelovali u ritualima. Možda su očekivali neku naknadu ili protuuslugu, a možda i ne. Svetište na glasu, bio taj magijski, vjerski, društveni ili politički, uvijek privlači posjetitelje, odnosno mušterije, stoga se može iskoristiti za komercijalnu dobit.

2. Krug djelatnosti našeg vrača također se mijenja. U načelu on i dalje otkriva, sistematizira i prikazuje posebne duhovne sadržaje, no, na primjer, umjesto pokazivanja žive životinje, on može stvoriti njenu *sliku* i pokazivati je u beskonačnost. U slučaju komada kamena ili kosti koji prikazuje životinju, takav se može nekome dati zauvijek. Kad je žrec odredio vizuru („Vidite onaj vrh...“), on ju je, dakako, poklonio. Svatko je mogao u sebi ponijeti sliku koju je vrač pokazivao. No sada se slika stabilizira. Može je se promatrati koliko god puta hoćete i ona se ne mijenja, ukoliko se ne promijeni slučajno, i namjerno, u kojem će se slučaju o tome obavijestiti promatrače. Vrač je stekao materijalni dokaz talenta i može ga koristiti kako bi poboljšao svoj položaj („Vidi onog tipa! On zna slikati!“). Vrač je zadržao svoj položaj ljekarnika, proroka i duhovnog vođe, no pokazalo se da može izvesti i manualni zadatak. Uloge svećenika i umjetnika počele su se razdvajati. Povećanjem prestiža zacijelo su se povećali i materijalistički apetiti. Ako imate što za prodati, prodajte!

3. Velik dio paleolitske umjetnosti bio je namijenjen zajedničkoj potrošnji. To posebice vrijedi za špiljske prostore i prikaze na njihovim zidovima. Ti se ne ograničavaju na životinjski lik, kao što se nerijetko tvrdi, ima tu i ljudskih likova i dekorativnih elemenata kao što su otisci ili negativni ljudske ruke u nizovima, što je osobito važno jer pokazuje smisao za apstrakciju, tj., stvaranje oblika koji *ne postoje u prirodi* i imaju *simboličko značenje*. Stil figuralnih radova često se određuje kao *realističan* ili *naturalističan* što ne daje dovoljno kredita umjetniku jer prikazi često idu daleko iznad jednostavnog realizma (sličnost s prirodnim) i nose veliku ekspresivnu snagu. Pri tome umjetnik daje posebnu važnost crtežu, obrisu koji daje oblicima posebnu životnu energiju i vitalnost. Likovi su, dakle, i *prirodni* i *stilizirani*

u najboljem smislu stvaranja živoga sna. Oblici plastike su također stilizirani, a obrisi jako ovise o obliku komada kamena ili kosti iz koje su izvedeni. Mješavina organskog i stilizacije ponovno stvara utisak snažne, ali i rafinirane modifikacije realnosti. Često se tvrdi da nizovi životinjskih likova nemaju unutarnju koherenciju, da je svaki lik zamišljen zasebno, što bi potvrđivalo prebojavanje i prekrivanje likova. To je, međutim, samo djelomično točno. Ima prizora u kojima sastavni vizualni elementi stvaraju smislene odnose, tj. tvore kompoziciju. To je znakovita razlika. Izolirana životinja može se shvatiti kao predmet magičnog kulta koji osigurava dobar ulov ili zaštitu od životinje. Na slike se udaralo teškim kamenim kopljima kojima su vidljivi tragovi na zidu. Namjerna kompozicija je narativna. Može imati magijski ili terapijski značaj, no to se iščitava kroz međuigru sastavnih dijelova, priču. Ovo je jako važno za moguću rekonstrukciju zvuka i pokreta koji su pratili motrenje oslika. Pjevanje i plesanje ispred jedne usamljene životinje može se razmatrati unutar djelokruga strogo vjerske poezije: molitve, zahvale, žrtvovanja, pohvala, himni. U slučaju obreda, ispred narativne kompozicije imamo sjeme mita i epske, narativne poezije. Riječi, glazbu i pokret također su zabilježili posebni ljudi koji su ih pamtili i prenosili dalje. Vjerske svečanosti, društveni događaji (inauguracije, krunjenja, trijumfi, izbori, parade...) su današnji ekvivalent obreda špiljskog čovjeka. S današnjim kamerama (fiksni, pokretni), videom, bilježenjem zvuka te se priredbe mogu ovjekovječiti za buduće promatrače. U dramskoj i srodnim umjetnostima skupine profesionalaca izvode posebni događaj prema zabilježenom tekstu, uputama, opisima scene i scenskih pomagala itd. Te su predstave prijenosne, a tekst je jedini čvrsti element dok se ostalo može prilagođavati novim sredinama. Ako je tekst element stabilnosti, tada sva književna ostvarenja spadaju u istu kategoriju, samo što su scena i pokret glumaca u neizvedenoj književnosti zamišljene od strane čitatelja. Na drugom kraju spektra je umjetnost slike, u kojem slučaju gledatelj može gledati sliku, dok u glavi čuje tekst koji se veže na izvjesnu scenu (recimo, *Rođenje Krista* ili nekog drugog heroja).

4. Postoji, međutim, i privatna strana. Možemo zamisliti da posebna osoba može rezervirati za sebe prostor u špilji. Odnosno, pojedinac može posjedovati predmet koji može sam u miru promatrati. Sveprisutne male ili ne tako male *Venere* prate nas od prapovijesti do Renoira i dalje osiguravajući plodnost, nasljednike i vječnost. Osoba može uzeti *force* sa sobom. To vrijedi nagraditi. Kako je stvaranje umjetnosti skupa djelatnost, vrač je zacijelo počeo prepuštati produkciju umjetnosti nekim drugim osobama iz svoga kruga, ali dobar žrec koji posjeduje Duh razumije kako se Duh utjelovljuje u inertnoj tvari. Onaj koji hvata Duh ne može proizvesti vjerodostojnu umjetnost ako i sam ne posjeduje Duh. U svakom vraču ili žrecu, do danas se krije umjetnik, svaki uvjerljivi umjetnik je ujedno i prorok. Kada izađemo iz špilje u sve složeniji svijet, i žrec i umjetnik će spoznati vlastitu posebnu bit i spremiti se unovčiti je.

Unutar zmijolikih zidova Pirga, na tvrdim madracima napunjenim trskom sjede Pirgomećani Diomed i Biomed. Ubijaju vrijeme pijući nerazrijeđeno, oporo vino.

Vode nema. Već pet godina nije pala dobra kiša.

Nešto vode od zimskog snijega ima u cisternama. Diomed i Biomed s konsternacijom motre kako crni oblak lije vodu nebesku na zaselke u Gornjoj Dolini.

„Vrag mu...!“

„Vrag mu...!“

„Gdje je onaj kreten!?“

Potplati škripaju na suhim oblucima, dolje, na puteljku što se uvija put tvrđave.

„Evo ga, vrag mu...“

Kroz mračnu šupljinu tvrđavnih dveri pojavljuje se siva sjena, tanka, izdužena. Trenutak kasnije evo je u dvorištu ispred megarona (tako će taj tip zgrade nazvati za nekoliko stoljeća). Piomed vidovnjak pozdravlja razjarenu braću.

„Vrag mu... što je to!?“, deru se unisono. Mašu kolcima prema svom tankom, gotovo providnom bratu.

„Tamo pada kiša.“

„Da, kretenčino. A zašto ne tu? Kad si se rodio, djed je rekao da ćeš biti najveći žrec u obitelji. Zašto nemamo kišu, dok curi na one seljačke budaletine!?“

Piomed se polagano približava bezobrazno buljeći u oči braći.

„Došao je neki strani Bog, stručnjak za oslobađanje voda. Rekao je da nema kiše dokle god zmaj sjedi na izvoru. Dobio je golemu paljenicu, zaklao zmaja, oslobodio izvor i pustio kišu.“

„Dovuci ga ovamo!“

Piomed promatra braću s prezirom proroka.

„Nije potrebno, budale! Gledajte, potok se puni. Neka svatko ode dolje s loncima i mješinama, neka se otvore sve brane i jezera. Oni idioti u Gornjoj Dolini imat će sjajnu žetvu. Gladni ljudi s Planine će ih poklati i oteti žito. E, ne! Mi ćemo priskočiti i pomoći im i zauzvrat uzeti polovicu. I tako zauvijek. Dižite guzice, popravite zidove, proširite tvrđavu, dovucite velike momke iz onih selendri i uvježbajte ih u ratnim vještinama. Probudite našu mladež. Idite do mora, sagradite luku, pozovite trgovce. Proširite zemlju pod našom zaštitom na drugu stranu Planine i dolje niz Obalu...“

Sada Diomed i Biomed bulje u svoga brata. Tako je već djed pričao, no nitko ga nije slušao. Kada su izašli iz špilja, zadnji od zadnjih, nije bilo puno izbora doli ovaj suhi brežuljak na kojemu su sjedili nekoliko tisuća godina ne radeći ništa. Zemlje je bilo malo, bila je loša, no dostatna. Iskopali su nekakvu cisternu i posložili prsten suhozida.

„Mrdnite guzicama i postanite heroji,“ urliče Piomed, „a ja ću pjesmom ovjekovječiti vaša djela.“

„Da li te je onaj gostujući Bog naučio svemu tome?“

„Naravno. Došao je izdaleka, iz drugačijega svijeta, svijeta rada i poduzetništva (braća slušaju, ne razumiju ništa, no kiša i dalje pada u Gornjoj Dolini...) i bio je zaprepašten primitivnošću našega društva i neozbiljnošću kojom razbacujemo naše resurse.“

„Što je još rekao?“

„Nađite dobrog vrača koji će znati proširiti vašu slavu i čast, koji će znati napraviti zgodne stvarčice kojima možete kupiti naklonost onih koje želite impresionirati...“

Diomed i Biomed su shvatili. Imenovali su Piomeda Velikim Vračem, a on je našao nekoliko staraca i starica koji su se još sjećali nekih događaja u vezi s Pírgometom od Pírga, tako su se naime nazvali po polusrušenoj tvrđavici koju su ubrzo popravili i proširili. Zemljom je upravo prolazio čovjek vješt gradnji, a razumio se i u grnčarstvo pa i onu novu stvar zvanu bakar, a taj je doveo rođaka koji je znao raditi slike od kamena, kosti i drva, ne baš jako dobre, no boljih nije bilo pa su se svi divili i bili jako sretni ako bi im Pírgometi poklonili neku od tih stvarčica. On je pak imao rođaka koji je znao pričati priče na stijenama, jednostavne, no živahne pričice, a zatim se okušao i na zidu Velike dvorane Nove palače slikajući priču o junačkim djelima Pírgometa koju je na temelju iskaza onih staraca sastavio osobno Piomed. U tom epu hrabrosti i trijumfa moglo se vidjeti krađu stoke Planinskih Ljudi, osvajanje zemlje Obalnih Ljudi, uspon na Velevrh, najviše brdo u okolici gdje su Pírgometi primili vijenac trijumfa iz ruku samih Bogova, silazak u Had (točnije, jedan od Hadovih prethodnika) gdje im je Bog-Zmija odao tajnu božanskog podrijetla pírgometskog roda. Piomed je naučio nekolicinu momaka i cura tu velebnu pjesmu i tako ovjekovječio pírgometsku slavu. Ubrzo je počeo vjerovati da je nepogrešiv u pitanju *arta*, kako su se sve te nove svari počele nazivati, slao je svoje ljude kad bi neka od susjednih zajednica trebala umjetničku uslugu i tako širio glas Pírgometa sve dalje i dalje. Kada je nakon mnogo godina onaj Indra, Bog i mudrac s Istoka, ponovo svratio na Zapad, primili su ga u lijepo uređenom i oslikanom dvoru. Pili su somu koju je stranac donio uz ponajbolje domaće vina i Bog je čestitao vladarima Pírga na velikom koraku naprijed u širenju civilizacije.

Vratimo se nekoliko koraka unatrag.

Do vremena špiljskog slikarstva umjetnik se više nije zadovoljavao pokazivanjem i imenovanjem, već je stvarao vlastite slike, poeziju, plesove, pjesme. Sve je to imalo izvjesnu trajnost, a u nekim slučajevima i prenosivost.

Neki će opet reći: „To nije Umjetnost već folklor, primitivizam, egzotika.“ Tvrdim da je vračeva performansa bila itekako umjetnost i da se prakticira još i danas samo mi to ne primjećujemo. Što se dogodilo?

Poput Pirgometeta od Pirga, i druga su sjedišta moći shvatila da umjetnik-vrač uživa nemali ugled. I tako su ga kooptirali u svoje sustave moći. Ta dvoglava zvijer, svećenik i umjetnik, shvatila je da se dio moći može prenijeti i na njih zajedno s nemalom opipljivom dobiti. Nova elita Moći i Duha uzurpirala je umjetnost kao sredstvo za jačanje položaja vladajućih staleža u političkom, komercijalnom, intelektualnom ili bilo kojem drugom smislu. Umjetnost je postala dio odjela za promidžbu i kao dobar činovnik izražavala stajališta onih koji su imali moć i sredstva proglasiti što je politički korektno. Ništa se nije promijenilo od pirgometetskih dana. Umjetnost je stekla veliku materijalnu vrijednost kako su je stvarali skupi specijalisti uz veliku investiciju vremena i novca pa je postala i važan predmet razmjene. Elita odlučuje što je umjetnost, ostalo je folklor, egzotika, rustika, naiva, vaneuropska... i sve to predano je u ruke etnologiji i kulturnoj antropologiji. Oporbeni i neortodoksni pokreti, ako imaju dovoljno moći i sredstava da stvore vlastitu umjetnost, rade isto. Razdoblje Amarne u Egiptu stvorilo je vlastitu ortodoksiju koja je uredno odbačena kada se stara politička ortodoksija vratila na vlast.

Umjetnik stvaralac pridružio se vlasti, a, kako smo doznali prateći transformacije Piomeda Pirgometesa, i umjetnik doživljavanja. Njegova je uloga bila hvaliti radove koji slave naručitelje. Danas te stručnjake za interpretaciju zovemo kritičarima, istraživačima umjetnosti i znalcima. Od ranomodernih zvijezda tog plemena, poput Aretina, nema pokvarenijih ljudi na svijetu. Vezani uz vladajuće elite oni su, naravno, zadovoljavali elitine potrebe. Nije čudo da se i danas ti povjesničari umjetnosti uglavnom novače iz elitnih krugova. To su bogata dječica gladna prestiža, vlasti i novaca, neznalice ili u najboljem slučaju fahidioti koji slijepo i ljubomorno čuvaju kutak svoje navodne ekspertize u kojem su navodno sveznajući. Nije čudo da struka nema nikakvih profesionalnih standarda, odnosno da i njih određuje establišment. Oporbeni glas ne dozvoljava se u znanosti i humanistici pa tako ni u umjetnosti dok se trend, moda ili politika ne promijene. Tada oporbeni glas može postati glas vlasti i ušutkati sve druge oporbene glasove. Ili, ako je nešto zaista opasno *prihvaćenoj istini*, jednostavno se ignorira.

Jasno je da vračeva performansa nije veća umjetnost od, recimo, Picassove. I jedno i drugo ima svoje mjesto u nizu događaja koji vode do hvatanja Duha u krutoj tvari. Ponavljam, nema visoke i niske, dvorske i narodne, urbane i ruralne, europske i vaneuropske umjetnosti. Postoje samo umjetnost i ne-umjetnost, ovisno o tome je li Duh uhvaćen i prenesen ili ne. Umjetnička djela sadrže više od puke informacije. Na svakodnevnom nivou „Moram obići oko ugla.“ se uvelike razlikuje od „Kakva je to neobična zgrada na uglu? Pitam se što me čeka iza ugla.“ jer prvo je jednostavno informacija, a ovo drugo je i intrigantna slika, ali i napeta mala drama ili video. Naš čovjek s kamerom mogao se popeti na gornju palubu zabilježiti položaj broda ili pak, što je bio slučaj, s ugodnim, ali i napetim osjećajem iščekivanja pogledati predmet svojih želja.

Gore navedene distinkcije uvode se od trena kada umjetnost postaje sluškinjom elite. One vrijede i danas što znači da je velik dio umjetničkih manifestacija izvan sfere

današnjeg poimanja umjetnosti. Naše današnje europske studije umjetnosti pate od monocentričnosti, elitizma, nacionalne i vjerske isključivosti. Naravno, današnja umjetnost nije ni bolja ni gora od one prošlih razdoblja. Uvijek je postojao *mainstream* kao i smeće i kič, avangarda i reakcija, figuracija i apstrakcija, naracija i dekoracija. Ono što je danas napredno sutra može biti natražnjačko.

Sve ove etikete služe uklanjanju onoga što vladajuće elite smatraju politički nekorektnim, odnosno, ne služi ciljevima velikih komercijalnih shema vladajućih *art* dilera. Umjetnost koja se smije izučavati i hvaliti u nekom danom periodu nema blage veze sa stvarnom umjetničkom produkcijom svoga vremena. Slika bilo kojeg razdoblja je iskrivljena i nepotpuna i nema izgleda da se tu nešto promijeni na bolje.

Pirgometi su se sigurno začudili što su postali vođe naroda. To je omogućio njihov položaj u pejzažu, tom vječnom okviru našeg postojanja. Već smo primijetili da postoje prirodna i kulturna ekologija, zajedno opća ekologija, i da, ustvari, nema netaknute prirode jer već samo prisustvo čovjeka mijenja Naturu u Kulturu. Kulturni pejzaž, naš prostor i otisci naših ruku i duha, opipljivi i neopipljivi, znakovito se mijenjaju izlaskom iz špilje i uzlaskom na tvrđavu. Pirgometi su podigli zid kako bi povećali svoju sigurnost. S vremenom su shvatili da se nalaze na položaju moći. Utvrda je rasla, nastajale su nove zidine, nova dvorišta, dvorane. Razvilo se podgrađe, trg, luka, industrijska zona. Pirgometi su gradili, a ono što su gradili bio je *grad*, termin koji se primjenjuje i na predurbane utvrde kao i na današnje urbane centre.

Izgradnja *grada* omogućuje nadzor nad okolišem. Njegov položaj jasno pokazuje njegovu fokalnu ulogu koju nasljeđuje i današnji grad koji je kao i nekoć središte nadzora: vlade, sudišta, parlamenata, glavnih stožera, ministarstava, biskupija, akademija, banaka, tvornica. Grad bilježi povijest i protok vremena muzejima, arhivima, knjižnicama. Nadzire ladanje, sela koja su fizički manje trajna, no paradoksalno, i manje osjetljiva na vrijeme, dakle, bliža vječnosti. Sve to kako se grad nameće kvazirajskom pretpovijesnom pejzažu (*Hello, Denis Dutton!*), kako postaje izumitelj i mjesto najstrašnijeg terora, kontrole, zločina čineći povijest neprekinutom kronikom nasilja i okrutnosti čovjeka nad čovjekom sjajno je obrađeno u besmrtnoj knjizi Lewisa Mumforda. I selo, dakako, ima svoje mračne strane: tvrdoglavi konzervativizam, odsustvo inicijative, okrutnost emocija. Ravnoteža između *urbasa* i *rusa* mijenja se od mjesta do mjesta. U mom rodnom kraju grad je uvijek bio strani nametnik. I danas je nesputana, nasilna urbanizacija zločin nad hrvatskim kulturnim pejzažem. Ipak, grad je ostao poželjno i cijenjeno mjesto života onih koji nešto znače, a oni koji nešto znače odlučuju što je umjetnost, a što nije.

Proces započet u špilji dovršen je u utvrdi na brijegu i malo se odonda promijenilo. Stanovnici utvrda i njihovi nasljednici po gradovima zaboravili su da onaj drugi, seoski svijet, uopće postoji. Povijest je kronika nasilja i okrutnosti čovjeka nad čovjekom, ali i odnosa urbanih zona i ladanja. Svako ljudsko biće ima ponešto od građanina i seljaka pa se tako borba između dva pola odvija i u duši svakoga od nas.

Pirgomećanin Piomed nije bio samo prvi kritičar umjetnosti, već i patron, baš kao i njegova braća. Imali su sredstva i moć odlučiti koje će umjetnike uposliti na kojem

projektu. Ta višeglava naručiteljska čudovišta postala su jako popularna u povijesti umjetnosti druge polovice 20. stoljeća kada su povjesničari umjetnosti, u želji da budu znanstvenici, pali pod utjecaj političkih, društvenih, ekonomskih i drugih povjesničara i ispleli beskonačne priče o patronatu. Naravno, dobro je znati što više o pirgometskoj povijesti, no oni nisu u središtu ove rasprave. Središnje pitanje je kako se neki duhovni uzorak prepoznaje i komunicira. Kako je duhovno danas zabranjena riječ, za politički korektne pripadnike materijalističkog, konzumerističkog društva, bilo komunističkog ili slobodnotržišnog, studije patronata u kontekstu postale su odličan izgovor za pokušaje pisanja o umjetnosti. Među tim radovima ima briljantnih, a isto tako krajnje dosadnih.

Naručitelji pečinskog slikarstva bili su zacijelo ljudi vezani uz izvjesni položaj. Naručili bi sliku od vrača-umjetnika, također pripadnika skupine, a za svačiju dobrobit. Oni su bili vlasnici, a djelomično i stvaratelji plešući i pjevajući ispred slikarija. Naručivanje i posjedovanje umjetničkog djela od strane skupine prakticiralo se u javnoj nabavi kroz povijest do današnje nacionalne države koja izabire pojedince koji sude i određuju što treba naručiti. Uloga naroda u tom procesu posve je dekorativna. To nije uvijek bilo tako jer se unutar raznih skupina (političkih, vjerskih, društvenih, cehovskih) članstvo konzultiralo glede toga što će se naručiti. Članstvo je imalo i stvaralačku ulogu. Sjetimo se katedrala i vjerskih drama vezanih uz njih, u kojima katkad sudjeluje cjelokupno stanovništvo grada.

Danas bi Ministarstvo kulture uspostavilo Povjerenstvo koje bi odlučivalo „što i kako“, a to je „što i kako“ Ministarstvo želi. Rasprave oko javne debate su upravo to, cirkus kao dio repertoara ponašanja suvremenih demokracija. Sjetimo se državnih majstora, zaslužnih majstora socijalističkih republika kako u komunizmu tako i u kapitalizmu. Moglo bi se teoretizirati da veća zastupljenost javnosti u procesu izbora jamči i manji utjecaj politike na umjetničko djelo, no isto tako jasno je da jedan moćni pojedinac (faraon, imperator, biskup, predsjednik) može jednostrano odlučiti što je umjetnost, na primjer u slučaju socijalističkog realizma. Sjetimo se samo primjera moćnog političara i prelata, đakovskog biskupa Josipa Jurja Strossmayera i kako je on određivao klimu u sferi umjetnosti, znanosti i humanistike u Hrvatskoj. Strossmayer se, usprkos Krležinim nepobitnim uvidima, još uvijek slavi kao hrvatski patriot, veliki patron lijepih i slobodnih umjetnosti, a ustvari je bio poluga bečkog dvora u njegovom proboju prema europskom jugoistoku. Da, Strossmayer je podupirao siromašnu balkansku braću, no oni su morali slijediti njegova pravila. Na primjer, braća Miladinov, makedonski revolucionari i prosvjetitelji, upozoreni su da moraju pisati ilirski (prethodnik monstruoznog srpsko-hrvatskog) ako žele zadržati biskupovu naklonost. Zajednički jugoslavenski idiom bio je oruđe austrougarskog ekspanzionizma. Strossmayer je nametnuo lokalnoj intelektualnoj eliti kasnog 19. stoljeća modu za uvozne ideje i dobra te imitiranje uvoznog smeća što traje i danas.

Umjetnik ne može bez mecene koji nudi sredstva za život, sigurnost i prestiž. Umjetnik se može pobuniti, krenuti vlastitim putem kao što je učinio Rembrandt kad je naslikao *Noćnu stražu* kao dramatični događaj, a ne dosadni niz portreta

nizozemskih građana 17. stoljeća. Izgubio je svoju nišu i umro siromašan i necijenjen. Povijest ga je nagradila i ponovno otkrila. No o onima koji nisu ponovno otkriveni ne znamo ništa. U novim bogatim društvima u kojima se ukus brzo mijenja kao popratna pojava trošenja i konzumerizma, primjećuje se paradoks da se umjetnici koji se ne pobune tretiraju kao dosadni i nekorisni jer ne potiču konzumerovu glad za novotarijama. Većina umjetnika spremna je ugađati naručiteljima dok god to znači pun želudac i pohvalne kritike. Kada je Michelangelo, navodni buntovnik, nakon sloma posljednje antimedicejske pobune odvučen natrag u Kapelu Medici likovima Fiera i Penserosa, i kad su ga pitali kako je na to pristao, navodno je rekao: „Bio sam prisiljen.“ Nastavio je klesati, i dalje dobro nagrađivan i obožavan od svojih naručitelja, klasnih neprijatelja. Constable je redovito radio dvije verzije svojih slika, jednu ulickanu, akademsku za javno izlaganje, drugu slobodnu u masama boja. Prva je bila korektna u njegovo doba, druga danas. U svom sam životu bio svjedokom nekoliko promjena u ocjeni Rafaela. Socijalistički ga je realizam cijenio, borci za modernizam prezirali kao dosadnog akademičara da bi se s vremenom predomislili i vratili mu status vrhunskog umjetnika. Sjećam se kako se profesor Gamulin praktički ispričavao kada je morao govoriti o Rafaelu u svojim predavanjima o renesansi. No ispričavao se i kada je morao reći nešto o historicizmu i secesiji koje je smatrao sitnim gnjavažama i odradio bi ih u manje od jednosatnog predavanja. *Art Deco* nije ni spominjao! Tadašnja avangarda doživljavala je sve te pokrete kao oporbu modernizmu, dakle, kao zastarjele i neprijatelje napretka.

Ovime smo se dotakli područja *ukusa* što je tek još jedna riječ za nametanje određenog oblika umjetnosti s vrha. Kada je naš protokritičar i naručitelj Piomed gurao svoje umjetnike i nametao ih susjedima, stvarao je svojevrсни ukus. Moda, krik i stil samo su još neke riječi koje u biti znače isto. Ako ikada iskopamo i prepoznamo plodove pirogometskog patronata, nazvat ćemo ih piomedskim razdobljem u umjetnosti Pirgonije. Ta su djela bila u modi, možda čak i najbolja u široj regiji i perpetuirala su se neko vrijeme kao mjesni stil.

Pokušat ćemo pokazati da je usprkos svemu tomu umjetnost znala izbjeći svojim uznicima. Naglašavam, nemam ništa protiv publike, društva i konteksta. I sâm sam podosta pridonio tim temama. No smatram da se moramo kretati od umjetnosti do konteksta, a ne obrnuto. Dakle, trebamo proučavati što je umjetnost učinila za svoje naručitelje, konzumere i kontekst, kako je prenijela poruku, čak zadovoljila naručitelja i ostala umjetnost, a ne slijepa politički korektna propaganda, kako je stvorila svoj vlastiti kontekst, čak kao antikontekst službenom.

Potrebno je kritički se osvrnuti na ulogu takozvanih povjesničara umjetnosti. No prvo i osnovno, što je povijest? Naravno, postoje vrlo korisne studije povijesnih dimenzija umjetničkog fenomena, biografije umjetnika i naručitelja, kronologije djela, no sve je to samo jedan vid proučavanja umjetnosti. Važno je, ponavljam, procijeniti do koje je mjere umjetničko djelo utjelovilo Duh. S tim u vidu legitimno se pitamo koliko je studija o umjetnosti uopće u bilo kakvoj vezi s umjetnošću, a ne tek službeničko ispitivanje povijesnih izvora i ispitivanje društvenih uvjeta. Erwin Panofsky ima pravo

kada tvrdi da je povijest umjetnosti (tj. povijest vizualnih umjetnosti) kao humanistička disciplina neprekinuta crta reinterpretacija kojima je cilj mudrost, za razliku od tvrdih znanosti kojima je cilj praktična primjena. Zatvaramo krug ponavljanjem tvrdnje da je studij umjetnosti, kao i druge humanističke discipline, studij otkrivenja Duha.

Predavao sam Uvod u povijest umjetnosti nekih 35 godina u uvjerenju da taj kolegij treba otvoriti oči i duh mladima za umjetnost i studij umjetnosti. Evo nekih zanimljivosti. Čitajući studentske evaluacije mojeg uvoda, primijetio sam da postoji izvjesna hijerarhija umjetnosti u glavama mojih studenata. Pišu, na primjer: „Naučili smo puno o *slikama*.“ ili „Naučio me je puno o *slikarstvu*.“ ili „Vidjeli smo mnogo lijepih *slika*.“ To me navelo na detaljan pregled kurikuluma, posebice jer sam ja navodno stručnjak za kiparstvo i graditeljstvo. I zaista, nakon grčko-rimske antike koja je zahvaljujući Winckelmannu za nas umjetnost kiparstva i graditeljstva *par excellence* (monumentalno je slikarstvo uostalom i loše očuvano) kurikulum se ponovno, od 14. stoljeća nadalje, bavi uglavnom slikarstvom. Uzalud Brunelleschi, Donatello, Bramante, Michelangelo, Bernini, Guarini, Rodin, Wright, Le Corbusier, Moore... Nakon dugo vremena shvatio sam da je slikarstvo postalo umjetnost jer je velikim dijelom prenosivo, u privatnom vlasništvu i stoga se lakše njime mešetari nego skulpturom, a da ne govorimo o arhitekturi, koja ima daleko naglašeniju javnu ulogu. Pogledajte današnje aukcije. Nitko ne prodaje zgrade, ima nešto sitnije plastike, ostalo su slike! Vratio sam se mislima na kolegije koje sam slušao u Zagrebu i na Cornellu te sam pokušao pobrojati velike umjetnike kojima je bila posvećena posebna pažnja. Pojavila se velika neravnoteža između slikara na jednoj te graditelja i kipara na drugoj strani. Sigurno možete navesti imena desetorice velikih slikara 20. stoljeća u deset sekundi. Pokušajte kipare!

Palo mi je na pamet da ne možemo razumjeti umjetnost nekog vremena, zemlje ili skupine ako ne znamo barem nešto o onome što je izgubljeno, odnosno bez shvaćanja da ono što imamo nije sve. Sjajna knjiga Alexandera Demandta o vandalizmu pokazuje da moramo biti zahvalni Vandalima i vandalima jer su ispadi vandalizma omogućili kontinuiranu umjetničku proizvodnju prorjeđujući umjetničku baštinu. Inače, kada bi se jednom zadovoljila potreba za umjetnošću, ništa novoga ne bi nastalo. Također, nije moguće suditi djela lijepih umjetnosti bez poznavanja umjetnosti kao cjeline. No koji povjesničar umjetnosti zna dovoljno o književnosti, glazbi, plesu... Ponudit ćemo uskoro lijek i za to.

Sjetimo se urlikanja tzv. humanista (istraživača klasične antike i njenih kasnijih odvjetaka) kada se Josef Strzygowski (o njemu više u jednom od sljedećih poglavlja) usudio izjaviti da ima umjetnosti izvan zapadne Europe, kao i neprepoznatih djela izvan njezinog *mainstreama*. Buka se digla jer su se riječi Strzygowskog kosile s tadašnjom (i još danas donekle prisutnom) političkom korektnosti u humanistici pa tako i s pothvatima ustoličenih *art* dilera.

Neki vrlo vrijedni umovi proglasili su *smrt povijesti umjetnosti*, odnosno studija umjetnosti (Hans Belting, 1987.). U tome i jesu i nisu u pravu. U pravu su jer je

povijest umjetnosti kakvu danas imamo neodrživa i beskorisna. U krivu su jer povijest umjetnosti ne može nestati dok ne nestane predmet njenog istraživanja, tj. umjetnost. Ona će nestati kao i sva humanistika kada nestane ljudski rod ili kada se radikalno promijeni. Kad budemo kupovali ljude po mjeri u supermarketu, neće više biti ljudskog roda, humanistike, ni humanističkih studija. Tada će *humanoidi* hodati cestom informativno čitajući reklamne panoe. Može se ustvrditi da povijest umjetnosti pokušava počinuti samoubojstvo pomažući onima koji žele ubiti i povijest umjetnosti, i humanistiku, i sve humanističke djelatnosti uopće.

Živimo u vremenu političara i birokrata koji zajedno sa svojim jurišnicima, medijima služe kao front za grabljenje moći i novaca za one koji imaju najveći kompjutor. Svi oni s pravom doživljavaju humanistiku kao svog glavnog neprijatelja. Ljudski je rod nepredvidiv i mora nestati, biti zamijenjen predvidivim podanicima koje se lako klasificira i nadzire. Da to nije moja paranoja pokazuje e-mail koji sam primio od kolegice Marine Vicelje 18. ožujka 2012.:

„Možda ste čuli da je kulturna baština izostavljena iz prijedloga natječaja Europske Komisije u Osmom Framework Programu (FP 8) za istraživanje i inovaciju (HORIZON 2020). Sredstva ranijih programa za istraživanja na tom području (arheologija, povijest umjetnosti, povijest...) su povučena. Posebno je ugroženo područje zaštite i konzervacije kulturne baštine. (Naravno, jer stoji na putu velikim razvijateljima i nekretninskim pothvatima, op. a.) Europski kolege i ustanove pokrenuli su peticiju da se ta odluka promijeni, te da EU preuzme odgovornost da se financiranje istraživanja kulturne baštine vrati u Framework Program.“

Diljem Europe zatvaraju se odsjeci za povijest umjetnosti ili se smanjuju ili spajaju s drugim disciplinama. Nekima je dozvoljeno predavati samo o nedavnim razdobljima. Preimenuju se u Odsjeke za *beni culturali*, jer se *beni*, dobra, za razliku od umjetničkih djela lako klasificiraju, kvantificiraju i prodaju. Zabrinutost među povjesničarima umjetnosti ima stvarnu podlogu, no za to smo si krivi sami jer smo se odrekli svoje glavne zadaće: analize oblika vizualnog jezika i Duha koji stoji iza njih. Time smo napustili struku, a struka bez praktičara nije struka.

Povijest lijepih umjetnosti je povijest likovne forme. Povjesničar lijepih umjetnosti mora ovladati vizualnim jezikom te njegovim dijalektalnim inačicama u raznim vremenima i prostorima. Ako me to čini formalistom, spremno to priznajem, no istovremeno tvrdim: oblik nije bilo koji oblik već oblik sa sadržajem, ili, kako je nedavno lucidno rekao Arthur Danto, oblik je utjelovljeno značenje (*The Abuse of Beauty*, 2003.). Takvi oblici nose posebne poruke, komuniciraju, a način na koji komuniciraju važan je segment studija lijepih umjetnosti. Ima slučajeva kada sadržaj ili koncept pretvaraju formalno beznačajnu komunikaciju u umjetničko djelo. Sjetimo se gospođe na gornjoj palubi. Odnosno, da se vratimo na početak, svjedoci smo utjelovljenja Duha u krutoj tvari.

Bez fizičkog i materijalnog nema sadržaja, nema komuniciranja, nema prepoznavanja Duha, stoga bez stručnog poznavanja oblika i njihovog jezika, povjesničar lijepih umjetnosti nije povjesničar lijepih umjetnosti.

Kako se naša disciplina našla u škripcu u kojem se danas nalazi?

Vrlo jednostavno! Zato što mi u biti nemamo disciplinu jer bismo mi sami radije bili nešto drugo, bilo što, samo ne povjesničari umjetnosti. Želimo biti znanstvenici, a to ne možemo i ne smijemo biti!

U zadnjih pola stoljeća učinjen je veliki napor da se sruše granice između disciplina. Postali smo interdisciplinarni, krosdisciplinarni, multidisciplinarni, što je sve pohvalno dok god služi onome bitnome: proširenju razumijevanja i interpretiranja umjetničkog djela, čitanja, razumijevanja i interpretiranja umjetničkog jezika. Budući da se kontekst može konstruirati, navodno, služeći se znanstvenim dokazima kao što su pisani izvori, istraživač konteksta može tvrditi da je više znanstvenik nego istraživač oblika. Pisani izvor, C-14 ili dendrološki test može biti dragocjen dodatak studiji umjetničkog djela, ali ne i njegova zamjena. U istraživanju umjetnosti susrećemo previše nepoznanica da bismo ikada mogli tvrditi da imamo apsolutno pravo. Umjetnost proizvode ljudska bića, tumače ljudska bića i doživljavaju ljudska bića. Ljudska su bića različita. Što još reći?!

Izgubili smo povijest umjetnosti postavši preovisnima o informacijama izvan povijesti umjetnosti, zaboravljajući da je naša zadaća čitanje umjetničkog jezika i Duha koji taj utjelovljuje. Povjesničar vizualnih umjetnosti mora prvo stvoriti zaključak kao povjesničar umjetnosti i zatim provjeriti svoje uvide uz pomoć drugih disciplina. Vraćajući se Panofskom, moramo ponuditi naše spomenike kao dokumente drugim disciplinama.

Senzitivitet i razumijevanje umjetničkog jezika postaju sve važniji u novoj Europi bez granica gdje kulturni pejzaži prelaze bez poteškoća ne tako davne nacionalne granice. Povijest umjetnosti kao jedinstvena disciplina koja se bavi utjelovljenjem Duha u inertnoj materiji je kao stvorena da doprinese duhovom preporodu te nove Europe. Da bi to bila, mora biti povijest umjetnosti, a ne nešto drugo.

U kasnim danima svoje karijere bio sam uključen u niz europskih projekata. Ogadili su mi se iz mnogo razloga, no ovdje bih se ogradio na umjetnost, tj., kada bi mi bilo dozvoljeno upotrijebiti tu riječ. Nevjerojatno je kako se nastoji izbjeći riječ *art*. U projektu koji sam djelomično i sam pomogao pokrenuti i koji je bio zasnovan oko 60% na umjetnosti, bezuspješno sam se borio uvesti riječ *art* u dokumente projekta. Inteligentni ljudi, navodni znanstveni istraživači jednostavno ne vjeruju umjetnosti. Je li umjetnost tako opasna za eurokrate da mora doživjeti *deletio memoriae*?

Mora li ju se ugušiti?

Ako mislite da je umjetnost mrtva, varate se. Pogledajte opet Duttonov *The Art Instinct* i podsjetite se koliko je umjetnost vezana uz ljudski rod, njegovu evoluciju i sudbinu. Denis je vrlo blizu mom stavu da je umjetnost materijalizacija Duha. Tumači potrebu za duhovnim doživljavanjem kao instinkt za umjetnost vezan u proces evolucije. Denisova internetska stranica jedna je od najpopularnijih na mreži. Hej, je li umjetnost mrtva?!

Tvrđi se da je današnja umjetnost izgubila vezu s masama. Tako je bilo od onog trena kada je elita preotela umjetnost. Video i konceptualna umjetnost su jednako legitimni vidovi umjetničkog izražavanja kao slikarstvo ili književnost, a kako je *art* danas i roba, postoji pritisak da se izmišlja uvijek nešto novo kako bi se bolje prodavalo ili se pak neki anonimni predmeti proglase umjetničkim.

Umjetnost je besmrtna kao Duh, odnosno nositelj Duha, prvenstveno ljudski rod. Mi, istraživači umjetnosti, odgovorni smo za našu cjelokupnu umjetničku baštinu kojoj dodajemo brigu za umjetnost našega vremena. Naša je dužnost otkriti, proučiti, objaviti, očuvati i prezentirati umjetničku baštinu.

Posljednja rečenica jasno pokazuje svu složenost povijesti vizualnih umjetnosti kao struke. Uključuje istraživačku vještinu, kritički uvid, pedagošku sposobnost, ali i tehnička znanja o čuvanju, restauriranju i prezentiranju umjetničkih djela. Kada bismo se držali onoga što smo naveli u zadnjih nekoliko rečenica, imali bismo uglavnom zdravu i društveno odgovornu struku koja ne bi pokleknula ni pred kakvom vanjskom opasnošću. To nije nemoguće postići. Mi moramo spojiti umjetnost i one koji je zaista žele stručno proučavati; istraživače-humaniste (eng. *Scholar*), ne znanstvenike (eng. *Scientist*), koji iskreno traže istinu ukoliko se ona može utvrditi, a to je istina o duhovnoj važnosti istraživanja umjetnosti kroz koja spoznajemo Duh što čini naše živote bogatijima i smislenijima i koji dobro znaju da spasiti jedan spomenik od propasti znači više od hrpe studija. Reći da smo čuvari sveukupne umjetničke baštine i čuvari Duha je isto. To je ogromna društvena odgovornost koju većina od nas ne prepoznaje i koju nam negiraju naši neprijatelji. Moramo početi podučavati naše mlade kolege što je zaista umjetnost i što to znači, a ne učiti ih voditi sitne ratove kako bi zadovoljili svoju taštinu.

Nadam se da ste stekli dobar uvid u to što je umjetnost, kako nastaje, tko su stvaratelji, potrošači, naručitelji i istraživači. Pokazali smo kako je umjetnost pala u ropstvo u trenutku kada se prepoznala njena politička, društvena i tržišna vrijednost. Od tog trena umjetnost je morala biti politički korektna budući da služi onima koji odlučuju što je politički korektno. To ne vrijedi samo za visoku umjetnost. Najskromniji umjetnički predmet može biti dar koji uvećava status darovatelja ili prikazivača i njegovih ideja. Zamišljena je da utječe na usluge, na prijatelje i neprijatelje i da postiže povoljne rezultate. Dakle, može biti mračna baš kao svaka druga ljudska djelatnost. Kada Monet slika svoje vodene ljljane, on promiče svoju sliku svijeta, a ta je da su svijet i život lijepi i da treba u njima uživati. To je jako moćna poruka izrečena na jako moćan način. Monet nam tako nudi svoju politiku života kako bismo je bolje upoznali i slijedili. Sladahne sličice i stihovi, baš kao i slatki pjev ptica, mogu biti gruba borba za vlastiti prostor ili nametanje vlastite volje. Razmislite o tome kada se grlica ponovno oglasi na vašemu prozoru. Hrvatski romantički pjesnik Petar Preradović napisao je poznate i često navođene stihove:

Ne poznaje pjesma zapovijedi,

Slobodna je, svome glasu slijedi.

Ništa nije dalje od istine.

Reći ćete da sam naslikao jako mračnu sliku. Kako je Danto primijetio, mračne slike prikazuju mračne sadržaje. Tema umjetnosti i političke korektnosti definitivno je mračna. Ona duboko zadire u naše iluzije i obeščaćuje neke od naših najistančanijih osjećaja. Politička korektnost je najružnija, najdvoličnija i najlažnija od svih ljudskih djelatnosti, ono što demokracija pripisuje fašističkom i komunističkom totalitarizmu. Mračna je i ružna jer je, kao i fašizam i komunizam, utemeljena na laži, kao što je to uvjerljivo rastumačio Vaclav Havel. No, dokle god postoji nadzor, a bez njega nema države i prisile, politička korektnost je neizbježna. Ne čudi da su i Jefferson i Marx tražili da država odumre. Politička korektnost je najcrnji zločin protiv slobode mišljenja i slobode stvaranja kojima se diče demokracije. Protiv nje mora ustati svaki humanist, svako ljudsko biće! Umatanje političke korektnosti u ogrtač ljepote ne mijenja stvari.

Slika koju slikam je mračna, no nisam pesimist. Ova knjiga je upozorenje, ali i ohrabrenje. Ponavljam, to je priča kako je umjetnost pala u ropstvo, ali i kako se tomu opirala, čak i uspješno, potihom se rugajući svojim uznicima i gospodarima. I tako kada god idem niz ulicu i vidim lijepu ženu sa zgodnim dlakavim psićem u aleji kestenova, kada je kadriram tako da sunce izvuče iskre u njenoj kosi, kada smjestim psa tako da iskazuje sretan međuodnos životinje i ljudskoga bića, kada uokvirim sliku s jedne strane hrapavim zidovima gradskih pročelja, a s druge svjetlom koje se lomi na vozilima koja prolaze, kada sve to zatvorim podnevnom sjenom pločnika i zamotam u mrmljanje srca velegrada, a odozgo i briljantnom kupolom podnevnoga sunca, uživam u umjetničkom djelu koje sam stvorio. Gospodine Vraču, prijatelju, ne ponosite li se mnome?!

Opaske, nadopune, prilozi ilustracijama

Nastanak umjetnosti, umjetnost stvaranja, kreativni proces, umjetnik

Za nastanak poezije, njenu duhovnu i religioznu bit pa čak i neke prekrasne slike poput one božanske Zore, dugujemo zahvalnost Mislavu Ježiću i njegovoj sjajnoj knjizi *Rgvedski himni – izvori indijske kulture i indoeuropsko značenje*, Zagreb 1987. te izvanrednim primjerima staroindijske vjerske lirike u prijevodu samoga autora. Ježićevo djelo je izvor neiscrpane inspiracije za svakog proučavatelja početaka naše indoeuropske kulture.

Mehanizmi nastanka umjetnosti te pitanja njenog doživljavanja, pojmovi kulturne i opće ekologije i kulturnog pejzaža te uloga vječnoga prostora detaljno su prikazani u mojoj knjizi *Uvod u kulturnu ekologiju*, Zagreb 2014. (elektroničko izdanje kuće Antibarbarus).

Ondje je po prvi put u tisku objavljen moj tekst *Živjela Hrvatska / Long Live Croatia* izmijenjena verzija koja je ovdje tiskana uz dopuštenje izdavačke kuće Antibarbarus. Tekst je u engleskom izvorniku dva puta korišten u predavanjima: u Rijeci 2013. kao završni prilog godišnjeg simpozija ikonoloških studija te u Pučišćima 2013. u okviru ljetne škole University of Oregon. U vezi s istim, zahvaljujem *Bardu* i njegovom izdavaču čiji smo uradak koristili: W. J. Craig, ur., *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*, Oxford 1987. te Ivanu Rogiću Nehajevu i njegovoj knjizi *Tehnika i samostalnost*, Zagreb 2000. koja je izvrsna kulturološka i sociološka studija postkomunističke Hrvatske.

Djelovanje žreca (po)kazivanjem te uopće odnos između kreativnog čina, prostora i mitologije majstorski su prikazani u radu Vitomira Belaja, *Hod kroz godinu*, Zagreb 2007. (2. izdanje), a slična je metodologija magistralno primijenjena na rekonstrukciju starih slavenskih vjerskih pjesama u glavnim radovima Radoslava Katičića, *Božanski boj* (Zagreb 2008.), *Zeleni lug* (Zagreb 2010.) i *Gazdarica na vratima* (Zagreb 2011.). O važnosti oralnog vidi Jan Vansina, *Oral Tradition as History*, Madison 1985.

Ježiću i Katičiću dugujem i referencu o Indri.

Za informaciju i ilustracije o pretpovijesnoj umjetnosti:

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/prehistoric_art (pristupljeno 30.10.2014.)

arthistoryresources.net/arthprehistoric.html (pristupljeno 30.10.2014.)

O gradu u povijesti, od prapovijesti do danas, pravi spomenik ljudskog duha je knjiga Lewisa Mumforda, *The City in History*, New York 1961.

Umjetnost doživljavanja, pristup umjetničkom djelu, kritičari, naručitelji, publika

Arthur Danto, *The Abuse of Beauty*, Chicago 2003., uspješno tumači umjetnost kao *utjelovljeno značenje*. Inače, alfa i omega u proučavanju oblika i sadržaja je rad Lionella Venturija, *Od Giotto do Chagalla*, Zagreb 1957. (hrvatsko izdanje), koji uključuje i lucidnu analizu Johna Constablea).

Oskar Bätschman, *Uvod u povijesnoumjetničku hermeneutiku*, Zagreb 2004. (hrvatsko izdanje) zalaže se za mnogostruko značenje, dakle i interpretaciju, umjetničkih djela u polemici s Hansom Sedlmayrom, *Umjetnost i istina*, Zagreb 2004. (hrvatsko izdanje), gdje se zauzima za samo jednu točnu interpretaciju umjetničkog djela. U načelu se priklanjam Bätschmanovom mišljenju.

Za posebne vidove doživljavanja umjetničkog djela (osobito graditeljstva) klasičan je rad Steena Eilera Rasmussena, *Experiencing Architecture*, Cambridge Mass. 1964.

Knjiga Denisa Duttona, *The Art Instinct*, 2009., inspirativan je pogled na temu umjetnosti kao dijela evolucijskog paketa i temeljnog sastojka ljudskosti. Denisova internetska stranica *Arts and Letters Daily* je među najpopularnijima na mreži: <http://www.aldaily.com/> (pristupljeno 30.10.2014.).

Izvanredan uvid u bit humanistike pa tako i studija likovnih umjetnosti daje Erwin Panofsky u „The History of Art as a Humanistic Discipline”, u: *Meaning in the Visual Arts*, New York 1955., 1-25. Vidi također Vladimir P. Goss, „Monuments of Art as Historical Documents“, u: *Medioevo: arte e storia*, Parma 2008., 458-461; Vladimir P. Goss, „Political Iconography: Poster, Icon, Badge“, *Ikon* 5 (2012): 9-14.

O vandalizmu i njegovim moguće svijetlim stranama, Alexander Demandt, *Vandalizam – nasilje nad kulturom*, Zagreb 2008.

Hans Belting, *The End of the History of Art?*, Chicago 1987. vrijedan je prilog na temu *što sad?* iz pera velikog znanstvenika i znalca. Za sažetak problema vidi Vladimir P. Goss, „A Brief Note of the Present and Future of Art and its History“, u: *Art History – the Future is Now. Studies in Honor of Professor Vladimir Peter Goss*, ur. Maja Cepetić et. al., 412-420. Rijeka 2012. (elektronsko izdanje, <http://www.romanika.net/art-history-the-future-is-now-studies-in-honor-of-professor-vladimir-p-goss/>, pristupljeno 30.10.2014.).

Zahvaljujemo još jednom bardu, Miroslavu Krleži, za uvide o Strossmayeru i suradnicima u *Baladama Petrice Kerempuha (Planetarium)*.

Zanimljive uvide o korištenju studija prostora u biomedicini stekao sam u razgovoru s dr. Krunoslavom Reljanovićem (Zagreb).

I. Putnik Pauzanija

U Klasičnoj gimnaziji čitali smo oko dva tuceta klasičnih autora. Neki, poput Homera, Eshila, Cezara ili Tacita, su bili zanimljivi, napeti, dobro sročeni. Neki, kao Ciceron, Livije, Aristotel ili Horacije, dosadni, zapetljani i moralistički. Kasnije sam pročitao tisuće stranica srednjovjekovne latinštine, a nešto malo i grčkoga. Nikada mi nije palo na pamet pročitati djelo klasičnog autora samo za osobni užitak. U svom svakodnevnom radu nerijetko sam nailazio na spomen Pauzanije, čovjeka koji je putovao Grčkom u kasnijim danima Cara Hadrijana, u 2. stoljeću nove ere. Oni koju su ga citirali, hvalili su ga kao dobar izvor za grčku umjetnost i arheologiju. Ukratko, zaključio sam, golemi gnjavator, kao Vitruvije ili još gore.

Oko 2005. godine napravio sam nešto, ne sjećam se više što, za uvaženu splitsku izdavačku kuću Književni krug, i za nagradu mi je ponuđen izbor njihovih izdanja. Uzeo sam knjige o rimskom i ranokršćanskom razdoblju i kad su mi rekli: „Može još jednu!“, netko je spomenuo nedavni prijevod Pauzanije. „K vragu!“ reko u sebi, „Neka bude!“. Kad mi je produkt uručen, odmah sam zažalio svoju naglost. Pauzanija je bio debeo i jako ozbiljnog izgleda. Nije obećavao ništa dobro.

Kao obično, putovao sam vlakom. Volim vlak, a osobito prugu Oštarije-Split koja sjajno sjedinjuje inženjersku vještinu 20. stoljeća s uvidom u ljudsku i prirodnu povijest velikog dijela Hrvatske kroz koji prolazi. O tome sam čak napisao i znanstveni članak *Pruga Oštarije-Split kao umjetničko djelo* i objavio ga u Gunjačinom *Zborniku*. No, ovoga ću se puta odreći žive drame i raščistiti račune s Pauzanijom.

Otvorio sam knjigu čim smo krenuli iz Splita i nisam je mogao pustiti dok nisam, tjedan dana kasnije, pročitao svih 657 stranica. Pročitavši, kao što to redovno radim, predgovor na kraju, u potpunosti sam se složio s vrijednim prevoditeljem Urošem Pasinijem, da njegova (tj. Pauzanijeva) Grčka nije okovana asfaltnim prometnicama, željezničkim tračnicama, ona nije pokrivena betonskim hotelima niti uznemirena bukom automobila, aviona i željeznica. To je još uvijek pastoralna zemlja čednih cesta i mekanih gorskih putova, čistih voda i obala, zemlja relativno tihih obzidanih gradova i naselja, puna tajanstvenih obreda, čudnih običaja i iznenađujućih proročanstava. U njenim gajevima još se čuju glasovi satira i nimfi te usklici pomamnih bakantica. To su predjeli gdje se iz zelenih površina pomaljaju svetišta, hramovi, kazališta, terme, gimnaziji među kojima se nalaze divna originalna umjetnička djela koja je još njegova generacija mogla promatrati i uživati u njima. Ukratko, Grčka koju nisam poznao, možda bolje reći nisam zaboravio kroz svoju klasičnu naobrazbu, Grčka mračnih užasa Eshilovog Agamemnona, Tantalala i Niobe, Prokne i Filomele, zlatnih maski Mikene, arhajskih Kora i Kurosa, korintskih i crnofigurnih vaza. Upoznao sam i tu Grčku čitajući s 9 ili 10 godina predivne *Najljepše priče klasične starine* Gustava Schwaba koje su baš kao i Pauzanija slavile i

tu drugu, neklasičnu Grčku. Posebno me protresla spoznaja da je Pauzanija, Grk vjerojatno iz Jonije, bio podjednako ponosan na odlomljeni kamen koji je slavio neko opskurno božanstvo, kao na statue Polikleta ili Fidije.

U Klasičnoj gimnaziji upio sam i vrline klasičnoga doba: demokraciju, racionalizam i humanizam. Učio sam o sudaru zapadne demokracije s istočnjačkom satrapijom Perzijanaca. Grčka je oplodila Rim, a kroz Rim i našu Europu. Bila je temelj svega svijetloga i plemenitoga u mom svijetu. Pa ipak Pauzanija piše kako je Temistoklo, paragon atenske demokracije i pobjednik kod Salamine, služio tog istog istočnjačkog despota, Kserksa, kao stručnjak za pomorske operacije nakon što su Temistokla političkim spletkama izgurali iz Atene. Nemoguće!

Kao model studija kulture, Pauzanija je vrlo privlačan. Njegova me knjiga naučila da su svi veliki europski parovi suprotnosti: Mediteran i Sjever, Rimljani i barbari, naturalizam i stilizacija itd., ustvari sve jedna veća suprotnost: grada i sela koja je itekako postojala u srcu onoga što smatramo ključnom podlogom naše humanističke, racionalističke i urbane Europe. Ta dva vida ljudske egzistencije stoje rame uz rame od pamtivijeka. Što je to značilo meni koji sam od rođenja podvojena ličnost, sofisticirani urbanit i seoski deran, nije potrebno naglašavati.

Pauzanija se nije opredjeljivao. Očito je cijenio oba vida grčke sudbine, Atenu i Arkadiju, Apolona i Dioniza. I ide *in medias res*:

„Rt Atike, Sunion, leži na onom dijelu helenskog kopna koji je nasuprot Kikladama i Egejskome moru. Onome koji se brodom zaputio pokraj rta ukazuje se luka i hram Atene Sunionske, gdje su Atenjani nekad imali rudnike srebra i malen pust otok nazvan Patroklov otok. Patroklo je, naime, na njemu sagradio obrambeni zid i postavio obranu od kolaca. Kao zapovjednik bio je na čelu egipatskih brodova koje je Ptolemej (Filadelf), sin Lagova sina Ptolemeja, poslao Atenjanima u pomoć kad je Antigon, sin Demetrijev, upavši s vojskom pustošio zemlju i ujedno s morske strane lađama napadao.“

Jasna, izravna slika koja sjajno hvata bit grčkog pejzaža mora i kamena, stotine otoka, s trnovitom poviješću zida i kolaca, napadačkih vojski i brodovlja, pod budnim okom grčkih bogova koji sjede na markantnim točkama pejzaža. Nema sumnje, Pauzanija je pionir studija kulturnog pejzaža.

Kao što rekoh, Pauzanija nije pristran. Dok opisuje sliku Tezeja, demokracije i naroda u Kraljevskom trijemu u Ateni kao očitu referencu na Periklovo vrijeme nakon Perzijskih ratova i Fidijinu umjetnost, istim nam dahom govori stari trač kako je Zora odvukla Kefala da joj bude ljubavnikom, kako je Tezej ubio drumskog razbojnika Skirona i bacio ga u more, kako je bitka kod Mantineje dovela do tebanske hegemonije, kako su Atenjani zaustavili Gale u Termopilima, fantastična mješavina klasičnih, pretklasičnih i postklasičnih istina i glasina, povijesti i propagande. Na Akropoli, Pauzanija se divi malom hramu Nike Apteros, no, to mu klasično okruženje pruža priliku da ispriča stari mit o smrti Egeja i povijest Tezeja i Arijadne. Dok se divi Partenonu i Fidijinoj skulpturi koja promiče trijumfe civilizacije, u prenesenom smislu

otvorene atenske promidžbe, bitke Bogova i Giganata, Grka i Amazonki, Kentaura i Lapita, Grka i barbara u kojima dobri dečki uvijek odnose pobjedu, spominje i nekog Frixa, sina Atamantova kojeg je ovan odnio u Kolhidu i njegovu žrtvu neimenovanom Bogu.

Kada pobjegne iz velegradske Atene, u gajevima ili klancima Beotije ili Fokide, Pauzanija je na vrhuncu svog umijeća, a ona druga Grčka izranja sa zastrašujućom jasnoćom. U Tespiji, u Beotiji, posjećujemo spomenik Erosu u obliku neobrađene stijene. Za posjeta Delfima, najapolonskijem od svih grčkih svetišta, slušamo o grobu Sibile Herophile nad kojim bdije Hermes u obliku pravokutnog kamena. U Delfima također doznajemo o sukobu Apolona i Pitona, kojeg je Geja postavila čuvarom svetišta. Zmaj je opljačkao svetište i porušio kuće bogatijih građana pa su stanovnici molili Apolona da ih spasi što je ovaj i učinio. Crvenofigurna vaza iz *Magna Graeciae* u Arheološkom muzeju u Zagrebu prikazuje junaka na konju koji gazi probodenog zmaja. Prikaz neobično slični sv. Jurju koji probada zmaja ili opisu božanskog boja Peruna i Velesa ili junačkih djela Perunovog sina Jurja-Jarila iz ranoslavenske mitologije. Pitao sam nekoliko kolega s Klasičnih studija o čemu se radi, no odgovor je bio da konjanik probada zmaja. Mislim da se može raditi o prikazu Apolona kako ubija Pitona, prikaz trijumfa dobra nad zlim zajednički indoeuropskim narodima. Na kraju obilaska Delfa, Pauzanija se upušta u raspravu o špiljama oko grada pa onda o najslavnijim grčkim špiljama uopće, na primjer špilji Steun koja pripada Arkađanima, koja je golema, okrugla i slavi kip Velike Majke. Pauzaniju također privlači špilja Korkia na Parnasu, posvećena nimfi Korkiji i Panu. Nalazi se u kamenoj pustinji tako da je teško „...i za dobrog pješaka od Korkijske pećine stići do vrhunaca Parnasa. Vrhovi su iznad oblaka, a Tijade tu u zanosu trče u čast Dionizu i Apolonu.“ U Ahaji, u gradu Pharu, na središnjem je trgu bio kameni kip bradatog Hermesa na goloj zemlji, a do njega trideset drugih kamenova od kojih svaki nosi ime nekog Boga jer u „...najstarije vrijeme, naime, svi su Heleni umjesto kipova bogova častili neobrađeno kamenje.“

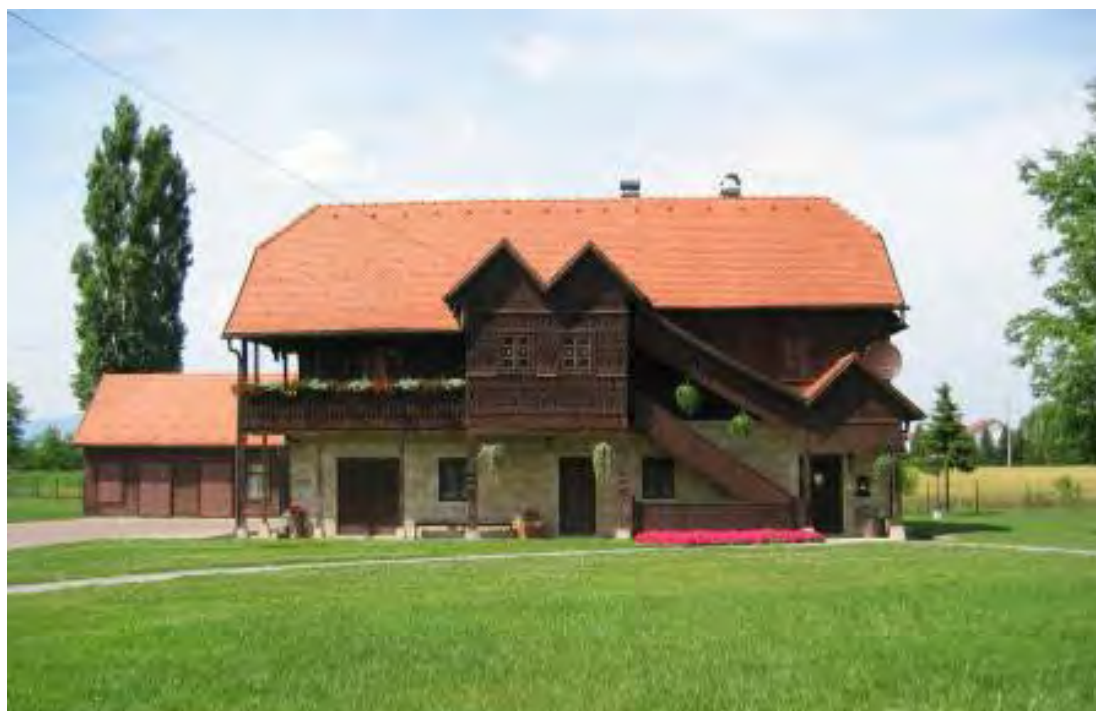
Slične se priče pletu oko drugog velikog klasičnog svetišta, Zeusovog hrama u Olimpiji. Pored predivnih metopa Zeusovog hrama i Herinog hrama koji je slavan po Praksitelovom Hermesu, nedaleko čuvenih riznica, Pauzanija priča o mjesnom elejskom bogu Sozipolisu koji je pretvorio novorođenče u zmiju i tako pomogao Elejanima pobijediti Arkađane. Bog ima svoj hram na Kronosovom brijegu, a Kronos je, naravno, još jedno sumnjivo lice grčkog panteona. Među hvalevrijednim predmetima u riznici Sikiona je drveni kip Apolona s glavom u zlatnom ovitku.

Ova statua vodi nas do još jednog hvalevrijednog vida Pauzanijevih putešestvija, njegovom istinskom zanimanju za stare oblike umjetnosti u nama manje poznatim tehnikama kao što je drvo. Kada kažem manje poznatim, pod tim mislim na naša današnja znanja i stavove. Umjetnost u drvu danas se jedva spominje, iako je čak i u našem mediteransko-europskom segmentu povijesti drvo nadmašivalo sve ostale materijale. Čak i gdje postoji, bilo u tragovima ili dobro dokumentirana, umjetnost u drvu ne privlači istraživače (sl. 3, 4). Smatraju je rustičnom, zastarjelom, barbarskom,

subverzivnom, politički nekorektnom, stoga je pravo osvježenje otkriti koliku pažnju Pauzanija posvećuje drvu, staroj umjetnosti koju je još mogao vidjeti i kojoj se očito divio.



Slika 3. Čigoč, drvene kuće, naslijeđe stoljetne tradicije



Slika 4. Velika Mlaka, župni dvor

U Arkadiji, na brdu Kyleni nalazi se porušeni Hermesov hram i kip boga visok osam stopa, napravljen od smreke, a običaj je bio praviti „drvene kipove od ebanovine, čempresa, cedra, hrastovine, tisa i lotosa.“ Kada se Zeus posvađao s Herom i ona se sakrila na Eubeji, mudar čovjek, Kiteron iz Plateje u Beotiji, savjetovao mu je da napravi drveni kip, pokrije ga tkaninom i najavi da mu je to nevjesta. Hera je smjesta dojurila, strgnula odjeću s kipa i kada je ugledala drvo umjesto nevjeste, pomirila se sa Zeusom; odmah su proslavili svetkovinu Dedala, kako su u starini ljudi nazivali drvene kipove. Umjetnika Dedala, čiji je stari drveni kip Herakla postojao u Tebi, nazvali su po njima. U sljedećoj rečenici Puzanija premošćuje stoljeća i priča o likovima koje je radio Praksitel. U Tebi je stajao i drveni kip Afrodite, toliko star da se vjerovalo da ga je naručila Harmonija. Puzanija je vidio statue nekih od najranijih olimpijskih pobjednika, Praksidamanta od smokve i Reksibija od čempresa. Već smo spomenuli drvenu statuu Apolona u sikionskoj riznici. U Herinom hramu u Olimpiji nalazio se drveni kovčeg, dar Korinćana. Takvi su se drveni kovčezi izrađivali naveliko, a nerijetko nose natpise pisane starim pismima koje više nitko ne zna pročitati.

Kao pravi umjetnik stvaranja i doživljavanja, Puzanija prolazi kroz vrijeme i prostor grčkog kulturnog pejzaža upijajući dramu grčkog povijesnog prostora koju zatim bilježi na živahan i raznolik način kako ju i sam doživljava. Na jednom mjestu Puzanija se možda pokazuje pristranim: kada opisuje i hvali Hadrijanove carske doprinose popravljanju i daljem uljepšavanju tog kulturnog pejzaža, posebice u velikim središtima poput Atene, Olimpije ili Delfa. No, možda ćemo se složiti da veliki putnik i grekofil na carskom prijestolju to zaslužuje.

Puzanija nam je naslikao šarenu Grčku za razliku od bijele na kakvu smo navikli. Iako nisam nikada bio osobiti pristaša ove druge, Puzanija je do te mjere potresao moja ustaljena mišljenja da sam morao potražiti potvrdu. Na policama knjiga iz ostavštine mojih roditelja našao sam knjigu J. B. Buryja, *A History of Greece*, objavljenu 1900. Ovoga sam puta počeo s predgovorom i doznao da je autor tog monumentalnog sveska (885 stranica) znao da je „...rani dio grčke povijesti... neizbježno iskrivljen i stavljen u krivu perspektivu kroz neobične manjkavosti našega znanja... i da je nastala pogrešna impresija da je povijest Helade... samo povijest Sparte i Atene i njihovih najbližih susjeda... Greška se međutim ne može ispraviti njenim prepoznavanjem. Atena i Sparta i njihovi drugari ostaju vlasnicima povijesti. *Les absents ont toujours tort.*”

Srećom, baš kao Puzanija 1800 godina ranije, i Bury čini gigantski napor da se isprave pogrešna viđenja. Njegova je Grčka, dakako, i Periklova Grčka čije napore na frontu demokracije Bury dosljedno prepoznaje i hvali, ali mu isto tako s pravom predbacuje imperijalizam, strančarstvo i demagogiju, ali i ona druga, koje je Puzanija bio itekako svjestan. Veliki grčki duh nije bio bez greške, Grci su se znali vladati kao barbari, pokatkad na veselje promatrača iz dalekih povijesnih niša, tj. nas. Prožvakavši Puzaniju i potvrdivši uvide o šarenoj Grčkoj, postaviti ću ključno pitanje

ovoga poglavlja: što se dogodilo našoj slici Grčke i klasične antike uopće, i zašto? U traženju odgovora nemam ambiciju biti sveobuhvatan ili konačan.

Klasična tradicija je sigurno ključna sastavnica naše europske civilizacije. O njezinoj ulozi počelo se raspravljati ubrzo nakon pada klasičnog reda i poretka. Klasicisti su obavili uzoran posao što i nije bilo teško jer se druga strana, barbari, nisu znali dobro plasirati. Nije ni čudo jer su Grčka i Rim imali puno za ponuditi, osobito onima čija je riječ imala težinu. Svaki apsolutist, prosvijećeni ili ne, veliki ili mali, želio se zaogrnuti ugledom sile i slave rimskih imperatora, kao i demokratskim nagnućima i humanizmom glavnih nositelja grčke misli. Rimu se divilo zbog zakona i reda, organizacijske sposobnosti, prosvijećenoga kolonijalizma, Grčkoj zbog duha slobode i otpora barbarizmu. Puno toga bilo je u očima promatrača. Čak je i Pauzanija opisao svoj svijet još uvijek stabilnim i relativno umjerenog despotizma u dosta tamnim bojama. Svijet je postao tako zao da smrtnici više ne postaju bogovima osim u laskanju moćnima, a zločince nikada ne uhvati kazna na ovom svijetu. Za uvid u Rim prvoga stoljeća, vidi Tacita! Francuski apsolutistički vladari, čak i oni prosvijećeni, kao i njihovi imitatori, zatim svaki europski (pa i vaneuropski) diktator, krili su svoje pravo lice iza fasade klasičnih kolumni. Njihova liberalna konkurencija čini isto. Klasičnom se pompom diče podjednako i komunisti i fašisti.

Barbarska se strana rijetko nametala, tako da je povijest Europe u velikoj mjeri postala povijest klasičnih obnova. I firentinska renesansa, posebice njen kvatroćentistički segment, propovijeda rimske vrline i sjaj klasične umjetnosti i kulture, dok u praksi veselo grabi put monarhističke diktature bez jasne slike o tome što je klasika uopće bila. Što je to posebno *rimsko* u Donatellu, Masacciu, Brunelleschijevoj kupoli Santa Maria del Fiore? I to nasreću jer su veliki majstori radeći za firentinsku elitu 15. stoljeća stvorili vlastitu umjetnost. Izvrstan i kratak opis renesanse i raznih renesansi našao sam u nedavnoj knjizi Radoslava Katičića, *Hrvatski jezik* te ga navodim u cjelini:

„Renesansa kao duhovno strujanje i kao epoha obilježena njime otkrivena je u 19. stoljeću (Michelet i Burckhardt) i shvaćala se kao svjetlo koje je prosinulo u «mrak» srednjeg vijeka i time otvorilo razdoblje novoga i našega. Takvo shvaćanje nije se moglo trajno održati. Treba samo pogledati prethodna poglavlja ove knjige, pa da se vidi kako, što se hrvatskoga jezika tiče, u srednjem vijeku nije bio samo mrak. Jako se promijenila slika duhovnosti srednjeg vijeka i vidjelo se kako je i u njem bilo razdoblja u kojima je cvjetala književnost i duhovnost. Tako se počelo govoriti o srednjovjekovnim renesansama: karolinškoj u 9. stoljeću, otonskoj u 10. i 11., pa o renesansi 12. stoljeća, vezanoj uz križarske ratove, koja se u našim krajevima najviše osjeća u 13. stoljeću, i o «renesansi sveučilišta» u istom tom stoljeću. Tako je sav srednji vijek neopazice provrio renesansama, pa se od toga pomalo stala gubiti ona prava i jedina ili je bar njezina slika pred duhovnim očima postala manje oštra. No takva inflacija renesansa također nije dobra jer se od nje ozbiljno muti slika povijesnog tijeka. Renesansa u drugoj polovici 15. i u prvoj polovici 16. stoljeća ipak je jedinstvena povijesna pojava, i kako god, sigurno nije samo svijetla, a sve prije nje

tamno i mračno, ipak je u većoj mjeri nego oni srednjovjekovni procvati promijenila europsku doživljajnost i otvorila novo razdoblje, koje je, kako se čini, uz sve promjene i prevrate što su poslije toga nastupili, i naše.“

Kvatročento je doživio sudbinu sličnu grčkoj arhaici, kao „primitivni“ uvod u veličinu klasičnog perioda. Burckhardtova naklonost ranomedijskom dobu i njegovoj navodnoj demokratičnosti i njegovo oko za izvornu ljepotu oblika i duha ranog, naivnog, arhajskog segmenta renesanse, uključujući puriste poput Piera della Francesca i Antonella da Messine ili čarobne pripovjedače kao što su Domenico Veneziano, Paolo Ucello, Domenico Ghirlandaio, Gentile Bellini, Vittore Carpaccio, bila je bliska duhu liberalne buržoazije i avangarde druge polovice 19. stoljeća: preraphaelitima, nazarencima, velikim impresionistima i postimpresionistima i njihovim kubističkim, fovističkim i ekspresionističkim nasljednicima. U takvoj duhovnoj klimi otkrivena je i grčka arhaika i druge arhaike ili rani i „primitivni“ izrazi te vaneuropska umjetnost. Liberalna građanska klasa, čiji je glasnogovornik bio Burckhardt, vidjela je u takvoj društvenoj, političkoj i estetskoj klimi ostvarenje vlastitih težnji. To je dalo auru političke korektnosti ranim fazama što, usuđujem se reći, one u potpunosti zaslužuju. Ipak, klasicizam združen s akademizmom nije nestao. Kada Wölfflin piše svoju slavnu knjigu, uspoređuje visokorenesansni klasicizam s barokom dok se „primitivci“ jedva spominju. „Mi možemo analizirati Rafaelovu liniju s gledišta izražaja, i opisati njen veliki, plemeniti korak za razliku od sitne smušenosti kvatročentističkih obrisa.“ Ta rečenica iz uvoda *Temeljnih pojmova povijesti umjetnosti* jasno pokazuje razliku koju Wölfflin vidi između klasične renesansne umjetnosti i „primitivaca“ kvatročenta.

Počevši s renesansom, javlja se kritičar kao glas potpore političkoj korektnosti koju diktiraju vladajući slojevi. Prvi takav vrijedan spomena, Giorgio Vasari, firentinski maniristički Michelangelov sljedbenik, bio je osrednji slikar, dobar arhitekt i izvrstan pisac. Njegov je cilj bio pokazati veličinu Srednje Italije, to će reći Firenze i Rima, s posebnim naglaskom na Michelangela i Rafaela i njihove manirističke sljedbenike. Razmatrajući tri stadija umjetnosti, 14., 15., i 16. stoljeće, Vasari promatra prvo kao doba nespretnosti, drugo kao vrijeme napretka u kojem su umjetnici naučili prave proporcije kao u radovima antike te, konačno, treće kao procvat, epohu Božanskog Michelangela koji je nedvojbeno veliki uzor u izdanju iz 1550. godine, a kojemu se u onom iz 1568. godine pridružuje Rafael. Oni predstavljaju ideal koji se ne može nadići, dakle jedino što preostaje je slijediti njihovu *manieru*. U tome Vasari zagovara interes firentinske *republike*, kojoj je i sagradio ured: Uffizi, i papinskog Rima. Tako, na duže vrijeme, postavlja temelje za slavljenje klasicizma.

Pun procvat klasicizma i neoklasicizma vezan je uz prosvjetiteljstvo i pojavu Johanna Joachima Winckelmana (1717.-1768.), njemačkog humanista čije su misli o grčkoj umjetnosti u njezinoj bijeloj, nepauzanijskoj formi dominirale zapadom „od St. Petersburga do Philadelphije.“ Winckelmann se rodio u siromašnoj obitelji i polako se uspinjao potporom sitnih prosvijećenih tirana u i oko Dresdenu te se u potpunosti nametnuo kao vodeći humanist papinskog Rima sredinom 18. stoljeća. Kao vodeći

intelektualac, održavao je veze s drugim velikim imenima prosvjetiteljstva, Goetheom i Lessingom.

Winckelmann je pristupio antičkoj umjetnosti, posebno novopopularnoj grčkoj, razmatrajući je unutar povijesnog i kulturnog konteksta što je bila dobrodošla novost u studijama likovnih umjetnosti i snažno je utjecao na recepciju klasične umjetnosti u 18. i 19. stoljeću. Pritom stvara sliku sjajnih političkih, društvenih i intelektualnih uvjeta za koje vjeruje da su poticali stvaralaštvo starih Grka. Winckelmannov utjecaj bio je golem do te mjere da su antičari zasjenili moderniste. No, kao i Goethe i Lessing, nije bio vezan uz neko veliko središte moći (jednom ga je primila Marija Terezija, no to je bilo to). Gotovo je osvježavajuće pomisliti da je veliki promotor antike bio pošteno zagovornik onoga što je doživljavao kao dobro i kreposno. Isto se može ustvrditi za Goethea i Lessinga. Nesumnjivo su davali sjaj svojim razmjerno skromnim sredinama, no nisu izravno ili stalno služili nekom moćnom vladaru.

Prosvjetiteljstvo, odnosno prosvijećeni apsolutizam je po mom viđenju veoma čudno razdoblje, podosta slično našem. Vladari su se proglasili prosvijećenima kako bi spasili vlastite krune. Učinili su to pod pritiskom intelektualaca, liberala koji nisu bili nikakvi revolucionari, a bili su itekako spremni umiliti se moćnima i bogatima. Po tome jako slične na današnju intelektualnu liberalnu ljevicu: propovijedaj, kritiziraj, prijeti i svakako pazi da ne izgubiš ono lukrativno trajno mjesto. Kao i liberali prosvjetiteljstva, oni su dekor, stoga je i njihov utjecaj dubiozan. No CIA u SAD-u i UDBA u Jugoslaviji smatrale su korisnim podupirati avangardnu umjetnost. Intelektualci prosvjetiteljstva bili su obvezni dio scene. Dugoročno, omogućili su svojim patronima da se predstave kao liberalni, kulturni i osjećajni vladari i tako su produljili vijek nekoliko europskih dinastija. Time su svakako doprinijeli i održavanju statusa *quo*. Tek će zažareniji duh romantizma poslati ljude na barikade. Usporedba s komunističkom Jugoslavijom je opet na mjestu. Nakon nekih manjih ispada socijalističkog realizma, režim se nastojao prikazati kao patron moderne umjetnosti i nacionalne kulture. Slikati se na otvorenju avangardne izložbe ili na arheološkom nalazištu bilo je dobro za partijske šefove na svim razinama. Tito se ponosio svojim obožavanjem Moneta.

Vjerujem da u predrevolucionarnom 18. stoljeću imamo dobar primjer kako umjetnici i istraživači umjetnosti surađuju s centrima moći na gotovo human način. Problemi su se krili ispod glazure klasicizma i rokoka. Romantičari su pomeli monarhiju prosvjetiteljstva i ugledali su drugačiju prošlost: mračan i divlji srednji vijek. Ni oni nisu mogli bez prošlosti. Time se nisu udaljili od svojih klasicističkih suparnika. Standardna knjiga o Winckelmannu vrlo inteligentno pokazuje kako je njegovo viđenje *zlatnog doba Grčke* utjecalo na formiranje izrazito romantičarskih pogleda na druge daleke kulture, poput onog Johanna Georga Forstera o Tahićanima u njegovoj knjizi *Voyage around the World* (1777.).

Dodatni vrijedan uvid dobivamo ako razmotrimo razmišljanja još jednog navijača za klasicizam, talijanskog pisca o umjetnosti 17. stoljeća, Gian Pietra Bellorija. Kao veliki Rafaelov poklonik, Bellori prenosi svoje divljenje na one među baroknim

umjetnicima koji su bliski velikom uzoru, na bolonjske akademičare, Carraccija i Renija. Pišući o Belloriju, Lionello Venturi primjećuje da „...s obzirom na konfuziju koja je vladala u glavama protureformatora u pitanju pompe i vjere, ideja ljepote ne doživljava se neovisno od fizičke savršenosti. Stoga je identifikacija moralne ljepote s plebejskom formom bila moguća samo u protestantskim zemljama kao u djelu Rembrandta.“ Pitomi Winckelmannov klasicizam i njegova *ljepota* pripadali su eliti, kao sredstvo za spas nečega što se u konačnici nije moglo spasiti.

Prije Schliemannovih iskopavanja u Troji, Mikeni i Tirintu, odnosno Evansovih na Kreti, Zapad nije ništa znao o predgrčkoj i arhajskoj grčkoj kulturi. Ta otkrića predgrčkog i arhajskog sloga poklapaju se s otkrivanjem kvatročenta i trečenta (posebice Giotta). Veliku su ulogu odigrali Bernard Berenson i netom spomenuti Lionello Venturi, sjajan primjer talijanske škole proučavanja umjetnosti, *Critica dell'arte*; pristup koji nikada ne zaboravlja da je umjetnost posebna duhovna disciplina, da je svaki umjetnički rad individualan, djelo individualnog autora i da je svaki umjetnički oblik oduhovljen sadržajem. Venturijeva prekrasna *Skira*, posvećena slikarstvu kvatročenta, je spomenik svome vremenu kao i venturijskom pristupu. Djelovanje Venturija i Berensona je most između 19. i 20. stoljeća i također se poklapa s rađanjem moderne umjetnosti, impresionizmom, postimpresionizmom, kubistima, fovistima, ekspresionistima, začetnicima, ali i najvećim ostvarenjima moderne umjetnosti. Sve to poklapa se s postupnim shvaćanjem liberalnog građanstva da samo društveno svjestan i ravnopravniji sustav može spriječiti društvene tenzije što je, kao i u slučaju prosvjetiteljstva, bio tek puki san jer je *belle époque* otpuhao Prvi svjetski rat i Oktobarska revolucija.

Mislim da je važno naglasiti ponovno otkrivanje ranih stilova. Dodajem i karavađeski rani barok i ranije faze, predromaniku i romaniku kao stepenicu prije klasične visoke (zrele) gotike, kao i otkriće naivne umjetnosti unutar i izvan zapadne civilizacije. Zanemarena i privlačna umjetnost odigrala je korisnu društvenu i političku ulogu i bila politički korektna na vrlo pozitivan način. Spremno priznajem da sam studirao u atmosferi koja je bila jako obojena Venturijevim idejama i Berensonovim ukusom, usmjerenoj protiv akademizma i socijalističkog realizma i u kojoj se sloboda ranih stilova itekako naglašavala. Ta antiakademska i antisocrealistička politička korektnost igrala je pozitivnu ulogu jer je proširivala i produbljevala polje saznanja, a po mom mišljenju svaki fenomen koji vodi k proširenju i uključivanju je dobrodošao korak prema istinitijoj slici. U tom smislu čitanje Pauzanije Putnika bila je jaka potvrda onoga što sam nastojao raditi i promicati cijeloga života. Pauzanija je pokazao da su vrači i njihov *rus* sasvim dobro proživjeli urbani *hiatus* između prapovijesti i ranog srednjeg vijeka. U sljedećem poglavlju pozabavit ćemo se malo opširnije *vračevom osvetom* nakon kraha antičke urbane civilizacije.

Opaske, nadopune, prilozi ilustracijama

O Pauzaniji te o pauzanijskoj i nepauzanijskoj Grčkoj

Pauzanija, *Vodič po Heladi*, Uroš Pasini, ur. i prev., Split 2008., s odličnim uvodom i indeksom.

Gustav Schwab, *Najljepše priče klasične starine*, 3 sveska, Zagreb 1984. (hrvatsko izdanje; izvorno izdanje 1838.-40.), pruža izvanredan uvid u mitologiju i život starih Grka.

J. B. Bury, *A History of Greece*, New York 1900., je isto tako lucidan iako nestandardan uvid u helensku povijest.

Vrijedan doprinos studiju drvene arhitekture srednje i istočne Europe dao je David Buxton, *Wooden Churches of Eastern Europe*, Cambridge Mass. 1982. (također ilustracije). Ulozi Josefa Strzygowskog posvetit ćemo jedno od sljedećih poglavlja.

Ilustracije starogrčke umjetnosti: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Greek_art (pristupljeno 30.10.2014.)

Za lik svetog Jurja i sličnih svetih jahača vidi radove V. Belaja i R. Katičića navedene uz Uvod, posebice Katičićev *Božanski boj*.

Burckhardtovo kapitalno djelo *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*, izvorno objavljena 1860., ostaje i danas izvanredan uvid u pitanja talijanske renesanse. Vrijedne distinkcije o renesansi i renesansama donosi Radoslav Katičić u *Hrvatski jezik*, Zagreb 2013. Pitanje renesanse, osobito kvatročenta te arhajskih i klasičnih (zrelih) stilova polje je interesa i Lionella Venturija, vidi *Il gusto dei primitivi*, Rim 1926., *History of Art Criticism*, New York 1936., *Italian Painting – The Renaissance*, Ženeva 1951. Za definiciju klasične renesanse i njen odnos prema kvatročentu i baroku ključni radovi ostaju *Temeljni pojmovi povijesti umjetnosti* Heinricha Wölfflina, izvorno objavljeni 1915. Izvrstan izvor je i dalje Giorgio Vasari, *Životi slavnih slikara, kipara i arhitekata*, izvorno objavljen 1550. (drugo izdanje 1568.). Jedno stoljeće kasnije istu ulogu igra Giovanni Pietro Bellori, *Životi modernih slikara, kipara i arhitekata*, izvorno 1672. Za ilustracije: Bernard Berenson, *Italian Pictures of the Renaissance*, 2 sveska, London 1963.

Dobar uvod u pitanje prosvjetiteljstva i Winckelmannovu ulogu je *Winckelmann, Writings on Art*, David Irwin (ur.), London 1972. O klasicizmu i romantizmu: Meyer Howard Abrams, *The Mirror and the Lamp*, Oxford 1971.

Vrlo koristan uvod u hrvatsku i svjetsku naivu daje Vladimir Crnković, *Umjetnost bez granica*, Zagreb 2006. (također izvor ilustracija).

II. Vračeva osveta

Mitološki krajolik poganskih Slavena

Ljetno sunce tone iza plavih bosanskih planina. Zadnje zrake bacaju grimiznu sjenu na gorski lanac na sjeveru koji zapadnim krajem pada u ravnicu uvijajući se poput zmije. Na drugoj se strani spušta kao dug, gladak segment kružnice i zatim se penje do lijepe piramidalne glavice. Daleko niži zaobljeni brežuljak pokriven rijetkom šumom razabire se ispred zelenog planinskog boka (sl. 5).

Žrec Svetoslav pažljivo motri planinski hrbat. Zatim se okreće ka zapadu i slijedi posljednje zrake sunca na ljetni solsticij negdje sredinom 7. stoljeća. Motri i, konačno, s uzdahom olakšanja kaže naglas: „Tako mi Peruna i svih Bogova, imam ga!“

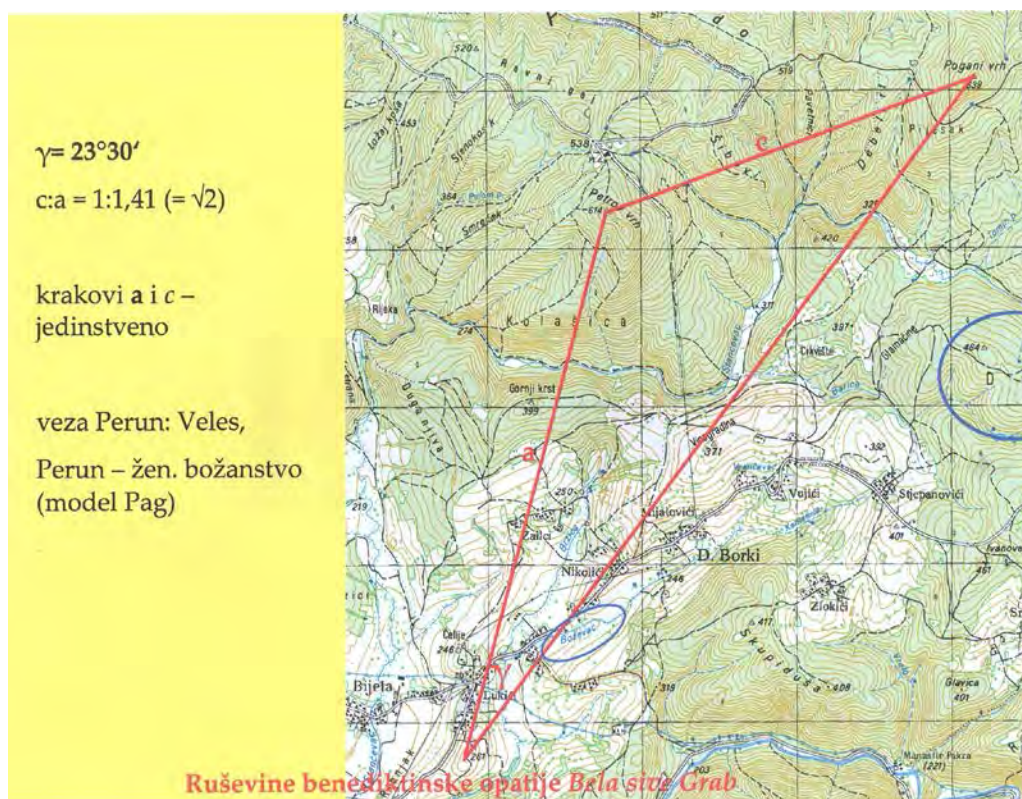
Štapom šara po pjeskovitom tlu, spušta se na koljena i motri crtež. Bio je to trokut, mi danas znamo, u kojem dvije stranice čine odnos $1:\sqrt{2}$ dok mu najmanji kut iznosi oko 23 stupnja. Ne znamo kako je Svetoslav to otkrio, no stari su narodi imali poprilično, iako podosta intuitivno, znanje astronomije (sl. 6).

Što je Svetoslav motrio s udaljenosti od oko 20 km bila je monumentalna pozornica sukoba bogova, ustvari najveća koju sam tijekom svoje karijere prepoznao. Tu, na zapadnom kraju planine koju danas zovemo Papuk, u zapadnoj Slavoniji, sukob Peruna Gromovnika i Velesa Zmije, dok mokra Mokoš motri sa strane, prikazan je takvom silinom i jasnoćom da se mogao razabrati i razumjeti nekih 50 km uokolo. Nadgledao je u potpunosti ravnice i brežuljke zapadne Slavonije, a Svetoslav je bio siguran, nekim je relejnim točkama bio povezan i nizom svetih gora stotinjak kilometara na sjeverozapad.

Sljedećeg je dana Svetoslav u društvu župana Slavimira i čete ratnika odjahao u planinu. Stali su kod onog nižeg zaobljenog brežuljka na kojemu je svetište Mokoši, lijep krug lješnjakovih stabala, i žrec je provjerio svoje kalkulacije. „Sve je O.K.“ Podžupan Gostimir, vladar prekrasne gorske doline Bijele, potvrdio je vraču i svome nadređenome, županu Slavimiru, da postoji i potok Boževac između Mokoši i vrhunaca na kojima sjede muški bogovi. Kasnije je također izvijestio da postoji posebice važna šuma na južnom obronku Perunovog vrha (danas Pogani vrh koji još uvijek podsjeća na svog nekadašnjeg poganskog stanara) po imenu Dubrava gdje se zbiva božanski boj. Odavde Perun vraća svog zemaljskog i podzemnog suparnika Velesa natrag u njegovu podzemnu lokvu (i zaista, ispod Peruna je mjesto zvano Crna Mlaka) gdje po uređenju svijeta i spada. Mokoš sjedi južno od Boževca i netom nad rječicom Bijelom, prede i čeka ishod bitke između supruga i ljubavnika. Južno od Dubrava, Svetoslav doznaje i to, nalazi se Ivanova jama otkud je Juraj-Jarilo, Perunov sin, na dan ljetnog solsticija pobjegao Velesu kojeg je služio kao pastir njegovih vukova, prešao vodu Bijelu, i oženio svoju sestru Maru-Moranu. Podžupan Gostimir



Slika 5. Zapadni Papuk, pogled s juga



Slika 6. Zapadni Papuk, sveti trokut, prema Vitomiru Belaju

se pohvalio da je podigao kamenu tvrđavicu na pola puta između Peruna i Velesovog brda (danas Petrov vrh na kraju zmijolikog hrpta koji izvire iz Velesovog doma, starih rimskih Aqua Balisa) kojim Veles tako očito još i danas plazi uzbrdo do vrha gdje ga je smijenio princ apostola (ta zamjena Veles – Sv. Petar nije izuzetak, no ne znamo zašto se događa). U tvrđavi je podžupan od kamena podigao i sveti krug (!) s nekim nejasnim znakovima koje nitko ne zna pročitati (sl. 7). Svetoslav se divio. Tako i Slavimir koji je imenovao podređenog boljara čuvarem svetih mjesta i oprostio ga zavijeka danka od 12 ovaca i 66 jaja na Dan zelenog Jurja. Svi bi bili još zadivljeniji kada bi čuli da je ono što je vrač Svetoslav vidio, vidljivo i danas, i da ruševine Gostimirove utvrde i sada stoje na mjestu Crkvište između Petrovog i Poganog vrha, vjerojatnom položaju i srednjovjekovne župe Pogano sveti Petar (sl. 6).



Slika 7. Zapadni Papuk, Pogano sveti Petar, sveti krug (?)

Već smo oplakali činjenicu da je eurocentrizam (tj. zapadni eurocentrizam) mnogo svoje baštine otjerao u mutne vode „folka“. Romantičari koji su uživali u „folku“ učinili su stvari još i gorima svojim konfabulacijama o *Blut und Boden* (oni su i dobar primjer oporbe koja postaje elita i onda nameće svoje viđenje političke korektnosti). Na području slavistike 19. stoljeće nas je opteretilo izmišljenom mitologijom do te mjere da je stvarni studij staroslavenske prošlosti i duhovne baštine došao na zao glas i postao uglavnom nemoguć.

U uvodu vrijedne knjige *Slavonic Pagan Sanctuaries*, Leszek Pawel Slupecki određuje teritorij svoje studije kako slijedi: „Relevantan teritorij za ovu studiju su

zemlje zapadnih Slavena, te za potrebe usporedbi one istočnih Slavena, dok se nećemo baviti kulturnim mjestima južnih Slavena.“ Ukratko, nema podataka o svetištima ili o nekoj monumentalnoj umjetnosti južnih Slavena pa tako ni na teritoriju gdje će nastati hrvatski narod. Neki mogući slavenski uljezi poput Troglavca iz Vačana u Dalmaciji nisu nikada dovoljno proučeni niti su sigurno slavenski. Inače dominiraju romantičarske spekulacije ili pak klasicistički stav da je sve u Hrvatskoj odbljesak Mediterana i antičke tradicije. Iskopani su, dakako, tragovi slavenske kulture na području cijele današnje Hrvatske. Bjelobrdska kultura je dobro poznat fenomen među Slavenima južne Panonije. No, da bi umro, čovjek se mora roditi, mora živjeti, jesti, spavati, moliti. Nema kulture bez doma i mjesta vjerskih rituala, niti bez vječnog počivališta koje je često naš jedini izvor o životu ljudi iz prošlosti.

Hrvati su izvorno neslavenski narod s područja sjeverno od Kavkaza. Stoljećima su se kretali u luku ravnicom sjeverno od Azovskog i Crnog mora kako bi konačno stigli u brežuljkast kraj sjeverno od Karpata, pretežno današnju Galiciju. Putem su prihvaćali osobine mjesnih Slavena. U Galiciji su stvorili prepoznatljivu političku jedinicu, Bijelu Hrvatsku, i odande su se neki od njih preselili na jug, u zemlje koje nastanjuju danas: Istru, Dalmaciju, Hrvatsku, Slavoniju i Bosnu ili u smislu antičke geografije, velike poteze rimske Histrije, Dalmacije i Panonije. Do oko 800. godine Hrvati su stvorili političke jedinice u staroj Panoniji Saviji i dijelovima Dalmacije. Tijekom 9. stoljeća, prije mađarskih upada u 10. stoljeću, neprekinuti lanac slavenskih kneževina protezao se od Jadrana do Karpata.

Naša saznanja o seobama Hrvata su ograničena i nepouzdana. Ovdje iznosimo ono što bi se moglo smatrati razumno nekontroverznim pogledom. Sigurno je da su slavenski doseljenici prisutni uz Avare u Dalmaciji i Slavoniji u 7. i 8. stoljeću. Također je sigurno da oko 800. vladari od Jadrana do Karpata nose slavenska imena. Useljenici nisu bili osobito brojni pa se tako procjenjuje da današnje stanovništvo ima oko 25% slavenske, 50% urođeničke predslavenske i 25% ostale krvi. No slavenski je element očito bio čvrst i izdržljiv jer su južni Slaveni jedine etničke skupine koje su došle do europske strane Mediterana i zadržale svoj jezik pa tako ne govore neki odvjetak latinskog ili grčkog. Tvrditi da su Hrvati, a to vrijedi i za sve barbare koji su se smjestili u Rimskom Carstvu, stigli kao totalni kulturni nepismenjaci je glupost. Hrvati i ostali južni Slaveni zadržali su do danas dovoljno kulturne baštine da se može s dosta sigurnosti u glavnim crtama rekonstruirati bitne elemente religijskog vjerovanja i mitologije. No i oni koji su na tom području najviše otkrili, slažu se da se malo što može reći o monumentalnoj umjetnosti Hrvata u novoj domovini prije obraćenja na kršćanstvo koje počinje sporadički u 7. stoljeću i traje do u 9. stoljeće.

Nadam se da smo rastjerali koncept da su vizualne umjetnosti jedine o kojima ovisi izvjesni kulturni pejzaž. Nematerijalni elementi kulturnog pejzaža itekako su važni te kulturni pejzaž uključuje i njih. Golema riznica takvoga blaga su toponimi. Nije nikakva novost da su toponimi vrijedan izvor za povijesne studije. Područja južnih Slavena puna su staroslavenskog nazivlja: imena bogova, rituala, ljudi, starih riječi koje se odavno ne koriste. U zadnja dva desetljeća učinjen je poseban iskorak upravo

na području južnih Slavena. Naime, toponimi se ne razmatraju sami za sebe, već se slažu u sustave. To su omogućila istraživanja ruskih humanista, Ivanova i Toporova, koji su prije četrdesetak godina primijetili strukturalne odnose između elemenata i tako otkrili posebnu važnost nekih točaka u krajoliku. Prepoznati su tako bitni elementi temeljnoga mita koji se usredotočuje na sukob Peruna, gromovnika čije je mjesto gore, na gori, i Velesa, zmije, boga ovozemlja i podzemlja kojeg Perun tjera svojim munjama kad god se Veles drzne uspeti uz planinu. Upućujemo zainteresirane na antropološku literaturu za detalje o mitu koji ima predindoeuropske korijene i koji se bavi ciklusom godine, izmjenom godišnjih doba i ritualima koji su uz to vezani. Ukratko, Perunovog sina Jurja-Jarila usred zime odvođe Velesovi „agenti“ i on provodi mladost kao pastir Velesovih vukova. Juraj bježi, prelazi rijeku, mijenja ime u Ivan i usred ljeta ženi svoju sestru Maru-Moranu. Vara je te zbog toga gubi glavu da bi se ponovno rodio usred zime. I tako iz godine u godinu. Dodatno, gromovnik i zmija se svađaju oko Perunove žene Mokoši koja provodi dio godine, ljeto, kod muža, a dio, zimu, kod ljubavnika. Ispričavam se kolegama antropolozima za ovu krajnju simplifikaciju.

Istaknuti hrvatski lingvist Radoslav Katičić prepoznao je više „pozornica“ na kojima se odigravaju segmenti mita, uključujući toponime kao što su Perun, Perunsko, Vidova gora, Gora, odnosno Veles, Volosko. Između njih je često šuma, Dubrava, Dubac, gdje se sukobljavaju Perun i Veles. Na temelju Katičićevih uvida, slovenski arheolog Andrej Pleterski, hrvatski etnolog i kulturni antropolog Vitomir Belaj i njegov sin, arheolog Juraj Belaj, počeli su tražiti uzorke unutar skupina takvih toponima. Vitomir Belaj zaključuje da to više nisu samo točke u pejzažu jer se mitološki interpretirani pejzaž pretvara u ideogram koji čitaju oni koji su unutar dane kulture za to pripremljeni (na primjer, naš Svetoslav). Budući da je ideogram pismo, strukturirane točke u pejzažu predstavljaju pisani izvor o staroslavenskom poganstvu.

Vratili smo se onom našem prvom žrecu koji je sazvao svoje stado na brežuljak u rano ljetno jutro. Tim povratkom ranoslavenski se vrač osvetio mišljenju da je antika jedino urbana civilizacija i potvrdio neurbani, folklorni kulturni sloj koji nije nestao kada su Grci i Rimljani preuzeli vodstvo u mediteranskom svijetu. Tako je potvrdio mnoge tvrdnje putnika Pauzanije. Svijet predurbane elite u ranom srednjem vijeku i umjetnost vratili su se, romantičarskim riječima, u ruke naroda.

Vitomir Belaj prepoznao je *svete trokute* poput onog što ga je otkrio vrač Svetoslav. Sam taj trokut ponovno je otkrio pisac ovih redaka uz pomoć Radoslava Katičića i Vitomira Belaja.

Karakteristike *svetih trokuta* prema V. Belaju su (sl. 6):

- od tri točke u prostoru koje su u međusobnom vizualnom dodiru, dvije zauzimaju muška božanstva (Perun, Veles, Juraj), a jednu žensko božanstvo (Mokoš)

- jedan od kutova mjeri oko 23 stupnja što predstavlja odklon između zamišljenih orbita sunca na ekvinočij i solsticij, u Hrvatskoj 23 stupnja i 27 minuta
- dvije duže stranice odnose se kao $1:\sqrt{2}$
- najduža stranica obično povezuje muške bogove
- Perunova točka uvijek je na povišenom terenu
- ženska točka, Mokoš, obično je uz vodu
- obično postoji voda između Mokoši i Velesa.

Belaj naglašava golemu praktičnu važnost *mita u pejzažu* jer postoji nešto još važnije, a to je da je inkorporacija mita u novoosvojene zemlje bila neodjeljivi dio osvajanja. Stoga današnji stanovnici Hrvatske, iako su ih ovamo donijeli različiti povijesni vjetrovi, postaju u mitskom i ritualnom smislu njeni legitimni vlasnici. Taj politički utjecaj traje i danas. Dakle, za ranoslavenske, ranohrvatske zajednice Svetoslav i suradnici učinili su nešto politički korektno do krajnosti.

Što to znači za povijest vizualnih umjetnosti?

Hrvati i ostali južni Slaveni donijeli su u rimski i grčki svijet prilično sofisticiranu kulturu. Neke od njenih bitnih mitoloških osobina utisnuli su u zemlju koju su osvajali i tako zadržali neka od svojih najdubljih uvjerenja o sebi i svijetu. Ponovo su stvorili sliku stare domovine. Ukratko, zadržali su tradiciju. Bilo bi ludo tvrditi da je narod koji je to u stanju učiniti smjesta zaboravio svoju umjetničku praksu.

Iščitavanje pretkršćanskih struktura, imajući na umu da neke koincidiraju s ranijim predrimskim ili rimskim teritorijalnim organizacijama, može biti od velike koristi znanstveniku koji traži tragove zagubljenih položaja ili koji pokušava rekonstruirati kulturne pejzaže koji su slijedili nakon kristijanizacije. To lijepo ilustrira jedan od primjera koje navodi Andrej Pleterski (1996.). Unutar *svetog trokuta* koji je on otkrio u Koruškoj, jedan od vrhova pada na crkvu Svetog Spasa u Millstattu, a na tom je mjestu prije stajala *ecclesia demonibus addicta*, staroslavensko pogansko svetište. Mjesta posvećena Mokoši mogu nas dovesti do izgubljenih crkava posvećenih svetoj Mariji, svetoj Mariji Magdaleni, svetoj Margareti, svetoj Heleni ili nekoj drugoj moćnoj svetici. Tradicija svetog mjesta može se održati i ako na njemu nema materijalnih ostataka ranijih zgrada. I danas župnik Ivanca održava svečanu misu na otvorenom na vrhu Ivanščice, Perunove gore, usred ljeta, iako tamo nema nikakvih građevinskih tragova. Kako trokut vjerojatno obuhvaća područje staroslavenske župe (u hrvatskom ista riječ označava temeljnu političku i vjersku jedinicu, jednu na čelu sa županom, drugu sa župnikom) te strukture nam mogu poslužiti za prepoznavanje ranih političkih i vjerskih središta i njihove arhitekture.

Projiciranje svjetonazora na okoliš jasno govori da su Hrvati slijedili svoju tradiciju u prisvajanju nove domovine. Nametnuli su svoje običaje, formule i kolektivno

sjećanje. Odnos Peruna i Velesa, gore i dolje, koji odgovara kavkaskom pejzažu, nije zaboravljen u dugim godinama boravka u ravninama oko Crnoga mora te ponovno cvate u Zakarpaću i u Dinaridima.

Znamo da su Slaveni nosili svoje bogove sa sobom. Arapski pisac Ibn Fadlan vidio je 922. godine skupinu ruskih trgovaca među Bugarima na Volgi koji su se klanjali idolima složenima u krug oko jednog većega kojemu su se obraćali s *Gospodine!*. Kao što piše Belaj, bilo bi lijepo znati jesu li ti Rusi bili Varjazi ili Slaveni, no, to je svejedno.



Slika 8. Split, Poljud, Sveta Trojica i Sveti Mihovil, oko 800. godine

Ono jako važno jest da je višelisno ili kružno svetište bilo prijenosno. Trebalo je samo raspakirati idole, poslagati ih u krug i klanjati im se. To sigurno nije bila jedina formula koja je mogla tako putovati tisućama milja, kao dio aparata za obožavanje najvišeg Boga. Može li se tako pojasniti pojava brojnih višelisnih (trolisnih, četverolisnih, šesterolisnih i osmerolisnih) zgrada u hrvatskoj predromanici do 11. stoljeća (sl. 8)? Nije isključeno. Krstionica u Zadru iz 6. stoljeća takva je zgrada, doduše izvana je poligonalna, a iznutra šesterolist. Zamislimo skupinu Slavena koji primaju krštenje u zadarskoj krstionici i prepoznaju sveti tlocrt iz vlastite tradicije. Uzmimo četverolisni baptisterij u Ninu (možda oko 800.), u jednoj od hrvatskih prijestolnica, sjeverno od Zadra ili tragove četverolista koji se još ne mogu datirati na Budinjaku u Žumberku zapadno od Zagreba, na vrhuncu na kojemu nalazimo poveznice sa sva tri najviša slavenska božanstva (sl. 9).

Kozma Praški priča da su Česi, kada su se useljavali u novu domovinu, donijeli svoje bogove na ramenima i stavili ih u svetište na svetoj gori, Ripu. Germani su slijedili slične običaje. Kada je Thorolf išao na Island, uzeo je sa sobom dasku iz Thorovog svetišta sa slikom Boga. Kada je došao u blizinu Islanda, bacio je Thora u more i sagradio dom na mjestu gdje je daska isplivala (sl. 10). Troglavac iz Vaćana u Dalmaciji naznačuje da ni ondje stari bogovi nisu bili zaboravljeni (sl. 11). Doduše, otišli su u duboku ilegalu, no postoje načini da ih izmamimo na svjetlost dana.



Slika 9. Budinjak (Žumberak), četverolist



Slika 10. Pohansko (Češka Republika), rekonstrukcija svetišta. Dasku poput ovih Thorolf je ponio na Island.



Slika 11. Split, Muzej hrvatskih arheoloških spomenika, Troglavac iz Vačana

Romanička crkva svetog Jurja na Ripu (ovdje sveti Juraj sjeda na Perunov položaj što je čest slučaj) kružna je zgrada, kao i mnoge slične manje zgrade diljem srednje i srednjoistočne Europe. Posjeduje kružni zapadni toranj i polukružnu apsidu. Zapadni je toranj odvažna inovacija karolinškog doba kojoj ćemo kroz daljni tekst posvetiti cijelo poglavlje. Obično se takve malene rotunde vežu na Palatinsku kapelu u Aachenu (oko 800.). No stvari nisu baš tako jednostavne jer se može reći da je i sama Palatinska kapela centralizirana zgrada u germanskoj i slavenskoj tradiciji svetih krugova, a i zapadni toranj može imati korijen u sličnoj barbarskoj tradiciji.

Posjetite li Spiš (njem. *Zips*), regiju u istočnoj Slovačkoj, upoznat ćete jedan od najbolje očuvanih srednjovjekovnih pejzaža na svijetu. Jedna od njegovih glavnih atrakcija je jednobrodna seoska crkva s pravokutnim svetištem i jakim zapadnim tornjem. Kao i u Poljskoj, taj se toranj zove *veža*, što na hrvatskom znači trijem ili ulaz. Vjeruje se da riječ potječe od indoeuropskog korijena **aug* – svjetlo, na predslavenskom *weg-* što sa sufiksom *-ja* daje *wegja*, tj. *veža*. Zna se da su se stari Slaveni uvelike služili zemunicama, pravokutnim udubinama pokrivenim nekom vrstom trokutastog krova. Takve su zgrade opisane u Bijeloj Hrvatskoj s one strane Karpata. Arapski pisac Ahmed Ibn Omar Ibn Rosteh (rano 10. stoljeće) kaže: „U slavenskoj zemlji Gurab (Bijela Hrvatska) zime su vrlo hladne, pa tako ljudi kopaju jame koje prekrivaju zašiljenim krovom na koji stavljaju glinu poput onih kakve vidimo na kršćanskim crkvama.“ Dakle, barem neke zemunice nosile su oveće nadgrađe koje je podsjećalo na zašiljen (zabat ili piramida?) crkveni krov. Češki istraživač Šimun Ondruš predložio je da se radi o tipu zemunice s ulaznim nadgrađem od balvana. Udubina bi bio Velesov svijet mraka i zime, a nadgrađe, *wegja*, Perunov svijet ljeta i svjetla. Bilo bi lijepo kada bismo imali tragove jedne takve zemunice koji bi nam omogućili vjerodostojnu rekonstrukciju, no čak i ono što imamo dozvoljava da se barem postavi pitanje nemamo li u *veži* izvor jednog od najfascinantnijih otkrića europske arhitekture, predromaničkog vestverka? Vidjet ćemo u jednom od sljedećih poglavlja da je vestverk bio vrlo popularan među elitom ranohrvatske države u 9. i 10. stoljeću (sl. 12). Imamo li ovdje uz jasne veze s karolinškim graditeljstvom i daleki odraz ranoslavenske tradicije kao možda i u slučaju višelisnih građevina?

Belajeva metoda poslužila je naglašavanju važnosti toponima u kontekstu pejzaža u kojemu se nalaze. Letimični pogled na mape, čak mjerila 1: 100000, otkriva veliko bogatstvo toponima koji se mogu povezati s mitološkim elementima, na primjer, Dubrava, Dubovac, Dub, Dubovnik, Hrašće, Rašće, Hrastik, Hrastovac, Hrastovica, Staro Rašće, Rastik, Lug, Lužan, Lužanjak, Bukovje (Bukevje, Bukovica), Gaj (Lug), Bor (Borje, Borovac), Lesje (Leskovac, Lešće), Orah (Orehovica, Orašje, Orešje), Gora (Brdo, Staro brdo, Golo brdo, Bijelo brdo, Dobri vrh). Sve se to može povezati uz Peruna, kao i Perunika, Pogani vrh, Pogana gradina, Svetinjski breg. Uz Velesa se vežu toponimi kao Dol, Dolina, Jama, Zmajevac, Veles, Glamočine, Glamača, Zvernjak, Zverinjak, Zvjerkuša, Zveričke, Zmijačina, Zminjak, Zmijno, Vražjak, Vražnjača, Vražje brdo, Vražja jama, Vražje Oko, Vražje vršje, Vražji do, Vražje blato, Vragića brijeg, Zvirišće, Crna Mlaka, Crna Lokva, Crna jama, Poganovo Polje, Ižišće, Plazur, imena koje sadrže riječ Vuk ili slično (Vučjak, Farkaševac, Farkaš

međa, Vuka, Vučica); uz Ivana vezujemo Ivanovo Polje, Ivanovo Selo, Ivanova jama, Ivanjski krst, Ivana greda, Ivan dvori, Ivanja Reka, Ivanovo, Ivanec, Ivanščica (koji put nije lako zaključiti odnosi li se toponim na Jurja/Ivana, na svetog Ivana ili na ivanovce); uz Maru: Marino Selo, Marijanci, Marjančaci, Marin dvor (nije uvijek jasno odnosi li se naziv na Ivanovu sestru ili Gospu); uz Jurja vezujemo toponime poput Đurđ, Đurđička, Đurđic, Juranščina (sveti Juraj dosta redovito preuzima položaje Jurja/Jarila). Na Triglav ukazuju toponimi kao Treglava, Trojeglava, Trojglav, Trorogovac dok se uz oltare i žrtve vezuju toponimi poput Trebljevina, Trebljevine, Konjsko, Konjščina, Kutina. Ovo je, naravno, tek vrlo, vrlo ograničeni uzorak. No već i s njime možemo ustanoviti neka zanimljiva okupljanja.



Slika 12. Cetina, Sveti Spas, starohrvatska crkva s vestverkom, kasno 9. stoljeće

Područje Daruvara u zapadnoj Slavoniji gdje smo započeli našu priču neobično je bogato zanimljivim toponimima. Iznad samoga grada je Stari Slavik (vidi također Slaviškova gušća kod Ferdinandovca, Veliki Slavir, Slavirić, Slavir i Slavirski vrbić kod Bošnjaka). Oko Daruvara postoji i niz svetih izvora: Svetinja, Sveta voda, Vranjevina svetinja, Stara svetinja, Sveti bunar. Ima ih i drugdje, no ne toliko. Moguće je da se radi o Mokošinim svetištima. Najbolji je primjer Svetinja kod Kreštelovca gdje voda izbija u tri mlaza ispod kapele svetih Kuzme i Damjana, razmjerno nove, no na starom svetom mjestu koje se kristijaniziralo vjerojatno tijekom Justinijanove rekonkviste jer su sveti vrači bili posebni patroni cara Justinijana kojeg su izliječili od opasne bolesti. Zajedno s drugim položajima svetog Vrača pa tako i svetog Andrije, Svetinja kod Kreštelovca je dokument ratnih djelovanja za vrijeme carevih gotskih ratova. Sela Treglava i Trojeglava sjeverno i

jugozapadno od Daruvara podsjećaju na troglave slavenske bogove. U Treglavi postoje tragovi stare neistražene utvrde. Na troglavost također podsjeća rijetka trolisna zgrada između Strižičevca i Tornja, mjesta otkud je Svetoslav motrio zapadni Papuk u sutonu. Radi se o visokoj građevini od tri spojene konhe, bez posebnog pravokutnog ulaza koji se redovno javlja na sličnim zgradama u Dalmaciji. Ulaz je ugruran između dvije južne konhe dok se središnja konha s oltarom usmjeruje prema sjeveru. Visoka kvaliteta zrelogotičkog dekora okvira, prozora i unutrašnjih nosača koji su očuvani do pete svoda ukazuje na nekog jakog i kultiviranog naručitelja, zacijelo člana obitelji Pukur koja se posebno uzdigla u 14. stoljeću. Trolist u Tornju neodoljivo podsjeća na troglave slavenske bogove. Kako na okolnim njivama nema arheoloških tragova, moguće je da zgrada izvorno nije bila vezana uz naselje. Moguće da je nastala na položaju staroslavenskog svetišta kao što smo bili slobodni pretpostaviti u priči o Svetoslavu. Sjeverna se konha izravno usmjeruje na kompleks Pogano sveti Petar koji smo već opisali.

Valja napomenuti da je jedan od najslavnijih spomenika srednjovjekovne arhitekture u hrvatskoj Panoniji Sveta Margareta u Bijeloj, jedna od tri točke kompleksa Pogano sveti Petar, i to ona najniža, sigurno posvećena Mokoši.

Zaista je začuđujuće kako kompleks zapadnog Papuka dominira krajolikom zapadne Slavonije. Kako krećemo prema jugu kroz uzanu dolinu Bijele, vidljiv je s grada u Siraču uz koji je nekoć stajala crkva Naše Gospe. Južnije, vidi se s položaja Svetog Križa u Badljevini, s položaja grada Petrovine kod Gornjih Sređana gdje je bio mauzolej Pukura, s položaja grada Pavlovine kod Gornje Obriježi, također projekta Pukurovaca. Pojavljuje se sjeveroistočno od samostana svetog Ladislava u Podborju, Daruvar, još jednog važnog spomenika hrvatske prošlosti. Vidi se s položaja Crkvište istočno od Gornjeg Daruvara; s brijega iznad opiduma Dimičkovina zapadno od Gornjeg Daruvara; sa staroga groblja u Daruvarskom Brestovcu gdje su nekoć stajale crkve svetog Jurja i svete Marije i dobro dokumentirani posjed *Tolyneg*; s Opkopa sjeverno od Daruvara (*St. Maria prope fluvium Saploncha*); iz Končanice (položaj Zidina, možda staro svetište); iz Donje Rašenice (Crkveno polje na starom groblju, također moguće staro svetište).

Korak dalje i vidimo ga iz Pakraca, jedne od ključnih srednjovjekovnih točaka u Hrvatskoj, glavnog stožera hospitalaca; iz Lipika (staro termalno mjesto); iz Tomašice (crkva svetog Tome u utvrdi); iz već spomenutog Tornja. Slika božanskog boja vidi se i sa sjevera. Kako zaokrećemo oko zapadnog kraja Papuka, vidimo ga iz Bastaja, Bastajskih Brođana (ispod Stupčanice, dobro očuvanog romaničkog donžona povisoko na padini Papuka), s grede kod Rekića, položaja opiduma Mihajlovica i nestalih crkava svetog Mihajla i svete Marije *de Saploncha*.

Naravno, Pogano sveti Petar vidi se iz mnogih drugih točaka. Naveli smo nekoliko povijesno značajnijih. Kako se putnik kretao starim cestama zapadne Slavonije, od Zdenaca do Garešnice, od Garešnice do Pakraca, od Pakraca do Daruvara, pratio ga je pogled na pozornicu vječnoga boja. To ne znači da je zapadni kraj Papuka u potpunosti odredio teritorijalnu organizaciju zapadne Slavonije. Ljudske naseobine

nastaju na mjestima koja osiguravaju dobru ravnotežu između sigurnosti i dostupnosti sredstvima za život i komercijalnim pothvatima. Mnoga od navedenih mjesta bila su već stara kada su se Slaveni doselili u zapadnu Slavoniju. No, točno je i da nema važnije naseobine koja nije izravno ili posredno (na primjer, Stari Slavik *via* sv. Ladislav u Daruvaru) povezana s Pogano svetim Petrom. Kreator mitološkog pejzaža (naš Svetoslav), shvatio je potencijal i prikazao svoju dramu pred punom kućom. Položaj Pogano svetog Petra možda je bio ojačan svetištem na mjestu današnjih ruševina gdje je nastalo i središte nove vjere koja je preuzela dramatsku jezgru pejzaža, ali i publiku koja ju je okruživala. Zapadno, slavonski krajolik je zapravo vrlo divlji. Brda nisu visoka. Na primjer, Bilogora se diže do jedva 400 m, zapadni Papuk i Ravna Gora tek nešto više. No padine su strme, doline i kose se brzo smjenjuju pa tako i vizure te već i manji pomak može zamijeniti široki pogled slikom neprobojne šume. U tom uzbudljivom reljefu, pozornost zaslužuje goli brežuljak sjeverno od Podborskih Batinjana, Đurđička Rudina, središte stare župe svetog Jurja na Ilovi. Nije osobito visok, 260 m, no diže se strmo iznad polja uz potok Zvjerkušu (očito Velesov potok). Istočno, na donjem dijelu hrpta je položaj Kućišta, starog naselja, odnosno župe koja se vjerojatno sterala i prema sjeveru sve do Ilove. Zaravan navrh brijega je tako malena da se na nju može jedva smjestiti crkva ili sveti krug.

Iako je sa sjevera i juga gotovo okružena višim hrptima, pogled prema zapadu je fantastičan. Vide se sve važne pejzažne točke sjeverozapadne Hrvatske: Medvednica, Ivanščica, Kalnik, Bilogora prema sjeverozapadu, a prema jugozapadu blaga krivulja Moslavačke gore. Prema istoku vidi se Petrov vrh. U klancu između prostranih padina, Đurđička Rudina je relejna točka između dva velika sustava čitavog međuriječja Save i Drave, sjeverozapadne Hrvatske, brežuljkastog kraja okruženog upravo spomenutim gorskim vrhovima i središnje Slavonije s prstenom Požeških gora. Njena kontaktna točka na sjeverozapadu je područje Đurđica na maloj i izoliranoj visoravni Treme istočno od Križevaca koja je puna ranoslavenskih toponima i mitoloških struktura.

Ime Treme je vrlo zanimljivo jer *trem* označava veliku zgradu od balvana (*Blockbau*), zgradu posebnog oblika, na primjer, s tornjem, slično kao riječi *hram* (*temple*) i *krem* (*kreml*) (reprezentativna zgrada), dakle *hall* ili *Hof*. Već to samo po sebi najavljuje veliku starost. U suvremenom hrvatskom jeziku riječ znači trijem.

Na visoravni ima više Treme: Treme-Dvorište/Dvorišće/Dvori, Treme-Grubiševo, Treme-Budilovci, Treme-Osuđevo. Jugoistočno of Dvorišta/Dvorišća/Dvora (naravno Perunovog gdje će se slaviti svadba Jurja i Mare), nalaze se Pintići i crkva svete Julijane na kraju hrpta u utvrdi. Ispod nje teče Tremski potok. Zapadno od Svete Julijane i s onu stranu još jednog manjeg potoka je Gradišće. Sjeverozapadno od Dvorišća je područje između dvije blage padine s mlakom i potokom Vražje Oko. Ovdje je profesor Katičić susreo ženu koja mu je ispričala kako je stado stoke propalo u zemlju kod Vražjeg Oka, jasna indikacija Velesove umiješanosti. Sjeveroistočno diže se Staro brdo, najviša točka u Tremi (237 m). Na istočnoj padini Starog brda

nalaze se temelji kamenih zgrada, uključujući i male kružne zgrade nejasne namjene (sveti krug?).

Sveti Juraj, na utvrdi u navedenom Đurđicu, kontrolira sve ključne uzvisine sjeverozapadne Hrvatske. Poput Đurđičke Rudine na istoku (kod Daruvara), Đurđić je relejna točka između dva već navedena mega sustava. Tako dva sveta Jurja povezuju cjelokupni prostor sjeverozapadnog i središnjeg dijela panonske Hrvatske. Konačno, crkva svete Julijane, svetica koja je pobijedila vraga, možda je zamijenila Mokoš na utvrdi u Pintićima. Doduše, nije blizu vode jer glavni mjesni vodotok, Tremski potok, teče uz podnožje brežuljka, a između Pintića i Dvorišća postoji tek potočić koji često presušuje. No, uz Svetog Jurja u Đurđicu, Sveta Julijana je jedini očuvani spomenik starijeg razdoblja u Tremi. Crkva ima izduženi pravokutni brod, a njemu je na nepravilan način dodano poligonalno svetište. Na temelju vidljivoga, crkva je ispravno datirana u 16./17. stoljeće kao rijedak primjer ruralne renesanse. Provjera kompasom pokazuje da je svetište pravilno orijentirano prema istoku, dok se brod otklanja za otprilike 20 stupnjeva. Logično bi bilo da svetište tako ispravlja neku staru grešku pa bi prema tome lađa i njeni temelji bili stariji. I zaista, neautorizirani popravci otkrili su niz kamenih fragmenata u zidovima koji su inače od opeke te polukružno završene prozore na južnom zidu i isto takav ulaz na sjevernom. Ovaj posljednji podsjeća na slične otvore na slovenskim crkvama pripisanim karolinškom dobu. Sveta Julijana je neobična, čak jedinstvena posveta u Hrvatskoj. Danas je crkva prekrivena debelim slojem žbuke pa je svako mjerenje uzalud. Proporcije broda su $1:\sqrt{3}$, omjer koji se često javlja u karolinškim zgradama u Sloveniji. Postoje, dakle, indicije da je brod Svete Julijane znatno stariji od svetišta. Možda je crkva naslijedila položaj poganskog svetišta Mokoši u trenu karolinškog osvajanja Panonije krajem 8. stoljeća.

Dok se makro-krajolik ne mijenja, treba imati na umu da na mikro razini toponimi kao i pojave uz koje se vežu mogu nestati ili mijenjati položaje. Čak i vrlo precizne mape nisu dostatne za točne zaključke. Postoje, dakle, opravdani prigovori Belajevoj metodi već i na razini najobičnijih tehnikacija. Ipak, ono što su nam do sada ponudili naši etnolozi i lingvisti, čak u slučaju vrlo rudimentarnih pokušaja da se poveže njihova intuicija sa stvarnim točkama u pejzažu, ukazuje da je među našim precima bilo velikih majstora slike, riječi i pokreta koji su uvjerljivo i s jasnim uvidom i maštom znali obogatiti zatečeni pejzaž duhom i smislom. Tako su stvorili pravi ljudski kulturni pejzaž, umjetničko djelo u kojemu se duhovni i vizualni (materijalni) elementi spajaju u velikoj kozmičkoj simfoniji. Iako su tragovi, djela ljudskih ruku koja su možda nekoć obilježavala izabrane točke u pejzažu, netragom nestala, on i danas posjetitelju govori o onome što se kroz veliku povijesnu dramu događalo u tom prostoru. Pristupimo li starim krajolicima s pažnjom, razumijevanjem i ljubavlju, i sami ćemo čuti priče ispričane prije mnogo stoljeća, a ti stari pjesnici mogu nas dovesti i do materijalnih tragova nestalih svjedoka daleke prošlosti.

Proučavajući pak najranije primjere hrvatske predromaničke umjetnosti u trajnim materijalima, možemo pokušati identificirati oblike koje su Slaveni donijeli sa sobom

i onda pomirili s onim zatečenim oblicima koji su im bili najprihvatljiviji: višelist i vestverk. Mitološka komponenta koju su Katičić i otac i sin Belaj prepoznali u hrvatskom prostoru velika je knjiga ideograma, primordijalnog pisma koje nam govori o temeljnom mitu odgovornom za funkcioniranje Svemira. Svojom je performansom žrec pretvorio krajolik u umjetničko djelo, ne samo sveti tekst već i djelo vizualnih umjetnosti, vrlo složeni *Gesamtkunstwerk*.

Vračeva je osveta rezultirala uradcima jedne politički vrlo korektne umjetnosti koja je opravdavala osvajanje. U tom smislu, pejzažne strukture mogu se shvatiti kao ekvivalent epa o osvajanju zemlje koji Hrvati, čini se, nisu imali. Pri stvaranju te vrlo politički korektne umjetnosti, želje i namjere naručitelja, umjetnika i potrošača sretno su se poklopile. Umjetnost je dobro služila svojim korisnicima uspješno ostvarujući svoj cilj: osiguranje novoosvojene zemlje. Otkrivajući danas rezultate vračeve osvete, prepoznamo i neke temeljne postavke o zemlji i nama samima: lirska, ladanjska, neurbani karakter, što treba imati na umu kada se pripremaju intervencije u povijesne slojeve hrvatskog kulturnog pejzaža.

Opaske, nadopune, prilozi ilustracijama

Za istraživanje mitoloških pejzaža u zemljama južnih Slavena, uz osvrt na rad Ivanova i Toporova, vidi ponovno rad Vitomira Belaja, *Hod kroz godinu*, Zagreb 2007. (2. izdanje) te analizu poetsko-mitološke pozadine u studijama Radoslava Katičića, *Božanski boj* (Zagreb 2008.), *Zeleni lug* (Zagreb 2010.) i *Gazdarica na vratima* (Zagreb 2011.). Treba dodati i slovenskog arheologa Andreja Pleterskog, „Strukture tridelne ideologije pri Slovanov“, *Zgodovinski časopis* 50 (1996): 163-185. Vitomir Belaj donosi i reference o arapskim putopiscima Ibn Fadlanu i Ibn Rustehu. Za slavenska svetišta i sveta mjesta na područjima zapadnih i istočnih Slavena: Leszek Pavel Slupecki, *Slavonic Pagan Sanctuaries*, Warsaw 1994. uključuje reference na paralelne pojave kod Germana, na primjer, priču o Thorolfu.

Pojedinačne studije: Vladimir P. Goss, „Two Saint Georges and the Earliest Slavic Cultural Landscape between the Drava and the Sava Rivers“, *Peristil* 51 (2008): 7-28; Vladimir P. Goss, „Hiding in: Veles the Snake in the Landscape of Medieval Slavonia“, *Ikon* 2 (2008): 263-270; Vladimir P. Goss i Tea Gudek, „Some Very Old Sanctuaries and the Emergence of Zagreb's Cultural Landscape“, *Peristil* 52 (2009): 7-26. Juraj Belaj, *Templari i Ivanovci na zemlji svetoga Martina*. Dugo Selo 2007.; Vitomir Belaj, „Sacred Tripartite Structures in Croatia“, u: *Space and Time in Europe*, M. Mencej (ur.), Ljubljana, 2008., str. 305-320.

O pradomovini i seobi Hrvata: Mladen Ančić, „U osvjet novog doba. Karolinško carstvo i njegov jugoistočni obod“, u: *Hrvati i Karolinzi*, A. Milošević (ur.), sv. 1 (Rasprave i vrela), Split 2000., 70-103. Vladimir P. Goss, „The Three Header from Vaćani“, *Starohrvatska prosvjeta* III/36 (2009): 35-51. Vrlo sustavan pregled je Aleksandar V. Majorov, *Velika Hrvatska*, Zagreb 2012.

O kulturnim pitanjima vezanima uz doseljenje: Ante Škobalj, *Obredne gomile*, Trogir 1999. Vladimir P. Goss, „Landscape as History, Myth, and Art. An Art Historian's View“, *Studia Ethnologica Croatica* 21 (2009): 133-166 (višelisne građevine), Vladimir P. Goss, „The 'Croatian Westwork' Revisited“, *Ars* 43 (2010): 3-23 (vestverk). Za problem starohrvatskog vestverka: Vladimir Gvozdanić, „The South-Eastern Border of Carolingian Architecture“, *Cahiers archeologiques* 27 (1978): 85-100.

O genetičkom podrijetlu Hrvata: Ivan Jurić, *Podrijetlo Hrvata*, Zagreb 2011.

Kratak uvod u slavensku toponomastiku u južnoj Panoniji: Vladimir P. Goss, „Predromanika i romanika“, u: *Slavonija, Baranja i Srijem – vrela europske civilizacije*, sv. 1 (Rasprave), Branka Šulc i Vesna Kusin (ur.), Zagreb 2009., 286-293. O Bjelobrdskoj kulturi: Željko Demo, *Ranosrednjojevkovno groblje bjelobrdске kulture: Vukovar – Bijela Bara (X.-XI. stoljeće)*, 2 sv., Zagreb 2009.

Paolu Verzoneu, velikom talijanskom srednjojevkovnom arheologu zahvaljujemo za parafrazu njegove divne izjave da će nam stari spomenici, pristupimo li im s pažnjom i ljubavlju, rado odati sve tajne.

Za ilustracije i, naravno, najnoviju informaciju, vidi, Vitomir Belaj i Juraj Belaj, *Sveti trokuti. Topografija hrvatske mitologije*, Zagreb 2014.

III. Vestverk – graditeljstvo mijenja lice Europe

Rim, zima 800.

„Gospodaru”, kaže Alcuin.

Karlo se ljuti i to ne krije.

„Gospodaru”, kaže Einhard i kao povjesničar smješta sve u povijesni kontekst. „Vi ste željeli postati rimski imperator.“

„Ne na ovaj način! Da mi trećerazredni klerik strpa krunu na glavu!” Gura od sebe mrski mu dijadem koji u svjetlu svijeća sjaji zlatom i dragim kamenjem. „Trebao sam je staviti Ja. Sad će ti popovi zauvijek brbljati da su mi oni dali Carstvo.“

„Ali, Gospodaru”, javlja se Alcuin, diplomat, „Vi znate da Vas je okrunio sam Gospodin Bog. Taj Papa je tek poluga božanske volje. A Vi ste onaj koji je zaradio tu krunu hrabrim i pobožnim djelima. Pitajte Vaše podanike, bilo kojega, Franka ili Rimljanina.“

„Dobro, dobro“, mršti se kralj Franaka i imperator Svetog Rimskog Carstva. „Dobro... Kvrugu tko to lupa!?”

Na vratima Pavao Đakon, langobardski plemić koji se priklonio Karlu nakon pada Langobardskog kraljevstva u Italiji. Za Karla upravo piše povijest svoga naroda. Iza njegove pogrbnjene monaške pojave četiri tanke sjene s razbarušenim tamnim bradama, s dugim prstima na dugim tankim rukama.

Karlo se strese. Opet istočnjaci, po svoj prilici Grci. Kakvu će buku dići Grci u Konstantinopolu kada doznaju za krunidbu!

„Što-ho?”

„Gospodaru“, pišti Langobard gurajući naprijed čelnu osobu grčkog kontingenta, koja, Karlo primjećuje, drži oveći kodeks. „Gospodaru, može li Vaše pomazano veličanstvo pokloniti svoju pozornost na tren najboljim i najponiznijim među grčkim umjetnicima koji bi Vašoj svjetlosti htjeli uručiti mali znak svoje najsmjernije odanosti?” Uzima kodeks, a četiri Grka se unisono bacaju u proskinezu i ljube Karlovu čizmu.

„Što-ho? Da vidimo!”

Pavao je stavio knjigu na stol pod svjetlo lojanica. Na otvorenoj stranici muškarac, lik snažan poput boksača kako ga prikazuju očuvane rimske statue. Sjedi na nekakvom, bit će rimskom, stolcu ispred treperećeg krajolika i neba. Mi bismo danas rekli: „Tradicija antičkog iluzionizma i impresionizma.“

„A to bi bilo...?”

„Demetrije, Elektrijske, Bazilije, Pamfilije”, pjevuši Pavao Đakon. „Najveći grčki umjetnici u svekolikoj Italiji. Dolaze iz krajeva Lombarda i donose Vam ovu knjigu kao krunidbeni dar langobardskog naroda. Nedavno su oslikali dvor i crkvu jednog od Vaših vjernih lombardskih vazala kraj Milana. Možda ćemo jednoga dana imati čast da i Vaša svjetlost posjeti Castelseprio.“

Karlo je Franak, barbarin, no upio je dovoljno klasike da prepozna što vrijedi, a što ne. *Ovo je sjajno, šteta samo što je grčko.* Karlo cijeni Pavla koji je učinio čuda kako bi primirio Langobarde. Pokorni Langobardi zaslužuju svaku pohvalu.

„Donio si nam vrstan dar, moj vrijedni brate“, kaže. „Imali smo težak dan. Kasno je. Od srca zahvaljujem tebi i vrijednim majstorima. I cijelom lombardskom narodu. Neka umjetnici budu dostojno nagrađeni.“

Dužno pognutih glava, Pavao i njegovi Grci povlače se s terena, a car, sada i kralj, zaista s pozornošću gleda sliku. *Izvanredno! No zašto se ti Grci uvijek ponašaju... uvijeno? Gledaj te likove. Snažni pa ipak nejasni. Svjetlo izvlači volumen, a istovremeno ga razbija. Ti Grci uvijek nešto podmeću, varaju, spletkare.*

Čuje se kucanje.

„Koji si božji?“

Na vratima konačno lice koje Karlo želi vidjeti, njegov zet Angilbert. Gle čuda, i on u rukama drži oveći kodeks! Nije li to malo previše za jednu večer čak i za okrunjenog cara Rimljana? No Angilbert je caru drag, jednostavan je Franak, dobar vojnik, dobar savjetnik, dobar kad se ispija piva.

„Gospodaru!“

„Sinko!“

„Smijem li se na tren poigrati Vašim strpljenjem?“

Već se jesi, misli Karlo i kaže: „Sine, priđi!“

Angilbert smješta knjigu na stol pod svjetlo svijeća.

„Gospodaru, monasi moje zadužbine svetog Riharija u Centuli šalju Vam ovaj skromni svezak presvetih evanđelja kao dar za Vašu veličanstvenu krunidbu.“

Dakle, svi su znali unaprijed i pripremili se, samo ja ne.

Na otvorenoj stranici evanđelist vješto umače pero u tintarnicu, spreman zabilježiti svetu riječ. Ugodno se smjestio na debelom jastuku što se razlio tronom u polukružno završenom okviru koji jasno određuje mjesto i pozu evanđelista. On prekriva površinu kao mreža linija. U uglovima dva debeljuškasta goluba asociiraju Raj.

Kasno je, no Karlo ne krije svoje veselje. Plješće rukama, trese moćnom glavom. Eto nečega što može i ocijeniti i razumjeti. Lik se jasno prepoznaje. Smješten je u čvrsti okvir. Nema titranja i nejasnih poteza. *Ljudski lik plus dekorativni red, Francia et Roma, neka zauvijek stoje ujedinjene! Pitam se kako će izgledati taj dom svetog*

Riharija kad ga Angilbert dovrši. Zamisao da mu predstoji debeli zapadni toranj uopće nije loša. Odo će nešto slično izvesti u Aachenu.

Spušta šapu na Angilbertovo rame.

„Hvala ti, sine. Osvjetlao si dan!“

Aachen, zima 820.

Preko noći pao je snijeg. Sitni kristalići isprekidali su linije, zamutili površine. Sa svog prozora na najvišem katu carske palače, knez (*cyning, kuning, king*) Borna pod ostrim kutom motri usko i dugo predvorje te zapadnu fasadu Palatinske kapele.

Borna je naočit muškarac zrele dobi, visok, plavokos, plavook. Vrijeme nije narušilo snagu i sklad tog moćnog tijela. No Borna zna da neće više dugo. Umoran je. Kakav život!

Kada je Karlo prije četvrtinu stoljeća pozvao Hrvate u rat protiv bezbožnih Avara, Borna je s ocem Višeslavom i ujakom Vojnimirom krenuo na jug. Višeslav je stigao do mora, Vojnimir je uzeo Panoniju. Borna je naslijedio oca, dogovorio se s Francima oko statusa „federacije“, tukao se s prijetvornim Grcima u Dalmaciji i dao svom narodu blagoslov kršćanske vjere. Sada je upleten u borbu na život i smrt s posljednjim stupom avarske obrane, nekim Ljudevitom, neprijateljem Carstva i Europe.

Borna je upravo preživio tešku bitku na rijeci Kupi (Kolpi) i izdaju Guduščana koja ga je gotovo stajala glave. No podigao se i suočio s navalom pobunjenika na svoju zemlju. Mudro se povlačeći i izbjegavajući veće sukobe, iscrpio je neprijatelja. Carsko je vijeće u Aachenu prema Borninom napatku donijelo odluke koje će slomiti pobunjenikov vrat. Nije bilo lako! No zahvaljujući svojoj odličnosti, Borna je danas najcjenjeniji mali vladar na granicama Carstva. Sljedećeg proljeća tri će vojske marširati na Panoniju. Hoće li morati čekati proljeće za povratak u svoju domovinu sunca i plavog neba i mora? Hoće li se ikada vratiti?

Ovo je čudno mjesto. Miriši po moru, no ono je kojih 200 milja zapadno. Ako je suditi po nebu nad Aachenom, more je zacijelo sivo kao i ovdašnji zrak. Nije hladno kao što je bilo zimi u Karpatima, no sveprisutna vlaga zajedno s vjetrom prodire do srži kostiju. S nostalgijom, Borna se sjeća svojih dvorova u Bijaćima, u Ninu, na Kosovu polju, velikih dalmatinskih gradova poput Zadra koji su Hrvati s Francima držali neko vrijeme pod Višeslavom, Borninim ocem. Nema više Karla, nema Višeslava. Ovaj Luj, zvan Pobožni, dobar je vladar, dobar kršćanin, a po potrebi i dobar ratnik. No nije Karlo Veliki.

Ta Palatinska kapela.

Kada je Borna vodio narod na presveto krštenje, morao se uz ostalo pobrinuti za zgrade gdje će se slaviti Gospoda. Onaj dobar čovjek i graditelj, Gumpert od roda

Langobarda, savjetovao je da se zadrži što više stare tradicije i da se koriste rimske ruševine kao građevni materijal.



Slika 13. Gumpertov natpis iz Bijaća, oko 800. godine

U Bijaćima su Gumpert i suradnici sagradili crkvu svete Marte, drage Borninim franačkim nadglednicima, i dvor (sl. 13). Gumpert je predložio da se ispred lađe podigne debeli toranj odakle Borna može u miru promatrati svete obrede. Na mjestu mauzoleja poganskih hrvatskih vladara na Kosovu polju gdje je narod prihvatio sveta otajstva, stare su grobnice zatvorene zidom i prekrivene i tako su poganski vladari dovedeni pod pasku nove vjere. U tom portiku trobrodne bazilike počivat će jednom i Borna čekajući uskrsnuće pred licem Gospoda (sl. 14). Crkva je posvećena Blaženoj Djevici i prvomučeniku Stjepanu kojima je posvećena i kapela u Aachenu! Takve zapadne dodatke koje neki zovu i tornjevima podigli su i mjesni boljari u Koljanima i na hrpi rimskih ruševina ispod silne bribirske utvrde Šubića.



Slika 14. Biskupija, Crkvina, Sveti Marija i Stjepan, ruševine mauzoleja hrvatskih vladara, oko 800. i kasnije

Borna promatra čvrstu masu kapele. Toranj je pravokutan, čvrst, s velikim lukom nad balkonom s carskim tronom. Bio je u kapeli i zna da postoji dvokatni prsten arkada s još jednim tronom na istočnoj strani drugog kata, licem u lice s golemim likom Krista u mozaiku u kupoli. Svetište je pravokutno s dva postrana pravokutna dodatka, riznicom i sakristijom. Borna je zanimljivo da je car Rimljana i kralj Franaka odabrao kružni oblik crkve za svoju prijestolnicu kao što je učinio i Bornin prijatelj, zadarski biskup Donat, odnosno, kao što su Bornini preci znali naveliko raditi u staroj domovini slažući kružna ili višelisna svetišta starih bogova, doduše bez krova. Sjeća se da su u staroj domovini gradili zemunice s drvenim nadgrađem poput tornja i velike dvore od balvana, zvane trem, neke također s tornjastim nadgrađem. Svetište Palatinske kapele u Aachenu, maleno i pravokutno, podsjeća Bornu na drvene stračare kakve njegovi ljudi grade i dan danas, na drvene crkve kakve grade u novoj domovini, a isto tako i na pravokutna svetišta kamenih crkava kao što je ona njegova u Bijaćima. Male franačke crkve grade se na isti način. Kao inteligentni promatrač, Borna zaključuje da ni Franci nisu posve zaboravili svoju tradiciju kada su postali Rimljani. Pamtit će sve to za slučaj da se ikada vrati kući.

Čuje se kucanje.

„Naprijed u ime Gospoda!“

Na ulazu Budimir i Čudimir, Bornini najpouzdaniji pretorijanci.

„Dobro jutro, najdraži vladaru!“

„Dragi prijatelji!“

„Gospodaru, spremaj se! Jedna od Tvojih najvećih želja uskoro će se ispuniti.“

„Gospodin Einhard?“

„Da, Gospodine. Čekat će Te na ulazu u Kapelu za pola ure.“

Einhard će, dakle, Bornu i njegove najbliže ljude povesti na *guided tour* Palatinskom kapelom.

Pola sata kasnije, Borna i njegovi zamotani u krzna susreću Einharda na ulazu kapele. Kao što priliči, Einhard čestita Borna na njegovom jučerašnjem obraćanju Carskom vijeću. Izražava nadu da će se vrijeme poboljšati te da će se hrvatski vladar uskoro moći vratiti u toplije podneblje.

Unutar kapele Einhard vodi goste do južnog tornja sa stepenicama. Na galeriji, smješta se između unutrašnjeg i vanjskog trona i pojašnjava da jedno prijestolje služi za obraćanje narodu u uskom, na rimski način rađenom atriju, a drugi za obraćanje Gospodinu u kupoli. U izbi iznad njih, u vrhu tornja, nalaze se svete moći, zaštita Carstva. Ispod, skriven u temeljima je Karlov grob. Ovaj svijet, Perunov svijet na vrhu suhog, zlatnog stabla, a dolje grob, svijet Velesa. Kružno zdanje, posvećeno Blaženoj Bogorodici, stoji na mjestu termi. Tu je zasigurno Mokoš predući provodila svoje božanske dane. Pričalo se da su Aquae jednom bile poganske, tu su neki Kelti pa zatim Rimljani slavili božanstvo po imenu Grano, a zamijenila ih je Majka Božja.

U kapeli je ogrtač, *capellum* svetog Stjepana, prvomučenika. Borna je zadivljen zgradom, mozaikom, brončanim rešetkama, kapitelima. „Jedini potpuni sveti prostor sjeverno od Alpa“, kaže Einhard, što god mu to značilo i nastavlja: „Da, ovo je najvažnija bogomolja Carstva, no ne zaboravite, prijatelji našeg franačkog naroda, mi i vaši, dični kneže, imamo puno toga zajedničkoga. I neka tako bude dovijeka! Kleknimo do glavnog žrtvenika i podignimo glas Spasitelju i Majci Božjoj da naše prijateljstvo i savez budu na vijeke vjekova.“

Tijekom popodnevnog odmora, knez Borna se prisjeća jutarnjeg ophoda. Kada se vrati sagradit će i on crkvu, manju od Karlove, no lijepu, dobro usklađenu i urešenu. Potražiti će onog Gumpertovog učenika, kako li mu ono bijaše ime. Na polju kosova već stoji bazilika svete Marije i Stjepana gdje će i on sam snivati vječni san, a svoju će zadužbinu podići na onom brežuljku iznad nje i posvetiti je Presvetom Trojstvu.

Muč, pred Božić 888.

Klade pucketaju u ognjištu bacajući duge sjene po kamenom dvoru. Kroz prozor žmirkaju debele zimske zvijezde. Za nekoliko dana bit će Božić.

Knez Branimir i kneginja Maruša držeći se za ruke gledaju u vatru. Oboje su već dobrano u zreloj dobi, no to se i ne vidi. Kneginja još uvijek glasi kao najljepša među prvim damama južne Europe. I knez je naočit muškarac, lijepo građen, tek pomalo ćelav. Oboje su lijepi primjerci krvi koja se ovdje miješa već nekoliko stoljeća. Branimirova majka bila je dalmatinska Romanka, a tako i Marušina baka. Šteta što nemaju nasljednika; njihovi su sinovi umrli u dječjačkoj dobi. Tako će se kruna vratiti Trpimirovoj lozi, tj. Muncimiru, a on je dobar čovjek, pouzdan, radišan, i što je najvažnije za sadašnjeg kneza, vješt diplomat.

Branimir je došao na prijestolje krvavim udarom kojim je srušio Trpimirovog sina Zdeslava. Zdeslav je u svojoj kratkoj vladavini pokušao Hrvatsku vratiti u grčke ruke što nije dobro sjelo hrvatskom narodu. Od tog trena, veliki vojnik Branimir nikada nije morao vaditi mač iz korica. Izigravši Grke i oslabljene Karolinge, briljantnim se potezom obratio novoj sili na europskom političkom nebu: rimskom papi. Ustanovio je savez kojim je Hrvatska postala neovisna država, potom pokrenuo hrvatsku narodnu crkvu, a njen pastir, biskup Teodozije otišao je po palij k papi u Rim, a ne k akvilejskom patrijarhu. Hrvatska je slobodna, a zahvaljujući svojoj snazi i diplomatskoj vještini vladara održava dobre odnose i s Grčkom i s Francima.

Branimir i Maruša su sofisticirani i kulturni ljudi. Kao *homo novus* na prijestolju, Branimir je znao izabrati najbolje umjetnike i graditelje za proslavu svoje moći. Možete se pitati zašto ne slave Božić u kninskoj tvrđavi ili u kraljevskoj vili na Kosovom polju, ili u dvorima Nina ili Klisa. Na Božić, biskup Teodozije slavit će prvu misu u novosagrađenoj crkvi svetog Petra uz vladarev *curtis* u Muću, posvećenu princu apostola kao čin dobre vjere prema rimskom biskupu.

Čuje se kucanje.

„Gospodaru, neki od Vaših najvjernijih slugu žele se pokloniti Vašoj Visosti.“

„Naprijed!“

Na vratima je biskup Teodozije. Iza njega kršni likovi najboljih kneževih umjetnika, graditelja Petra i slikoresca Ivana. Knez ljubi biskupovu ruku, majstori kneževe skute.

„Na noge! Na noge, prijatelji!“

Iza njih i treći čovjek, Klaudije, Petrov prvi pomoćnik, s nečim teškim u rukama. Ivan je bio pravo otkriće. Rodom iz Splita, dalmatinski Roman iz stare obitelji kamenorezaca. Majka mu je naša, Hrvatica, i Ivan je već dugo vremena majstor broj jedan kada netko od stupova društva nešto gradi. Napravio je onu lijepu oltarnu pregradu kada je župan Gastiha gradio Spasitelju crkvu na izvoru Cetine. Opremio je crkvu u Koljanima (sl. 15). Nikada mu nije nedostajalo narudžbi, a već duže vrijeme radi ponajviše za kneza. Za nekoliko dana otkrit će se najnoviji rad: oltarna pregrada Svetog Petra u Muću. Branimir je provirio i zadivio se vještini s kojom je Ivan iskllesao složenu pletenicu, pjesmu pohvalnicu redu i zakonu što su lozinka njegovog vladara, i vještini s kojom je majstor izrezao slova natpisa koji slavi prinčevu darežljivost crkvi svetog Petra, A. D. 888.



Slika 15. Majstor koljanskog pluteja, Plutej iz Koljana, kasno 9. stoljeće

Crkva je nevelik, no elegantan četverolist. Petar se opet iskazao. I on je Dalmatinac, rođen, doduše, u Klisu u obitelji miješane krvi koja je već služila moćnom Trpimiru, najvećem Branimirovom prethodniku za kojeg je u vrletnom Klisu podigla crkvu-

mauzolej s tornjem ispred zapadnog pročelja po modi koju je sa zapada prvi donio veliki pokrštavatelj naroda, knez Borna. U toj crkvi je također krasno izrezbarena oltarna pregrada koja spominje *Rexa* Trpimira i suprugu mu *Reginu* Slavu. Izradio ju je vlastoručno Gaudencije, Ivanov otac.

Crkva svetoga Petra u Muću je nevelika, no savršeno dotjerana. Majstor Petar pami da Hrvati i njihovi vladari vole kružne i višelisne gradnje koje ih podsjećaju na svete krugove njihovih praotaca. Muć je nekoć uz jaki izvor bio svetište vladara podzemlja, moćnoga boga Velesa. Veles je drugi do Peruna kao što je Petar odmah do Krista.

„Preslavni kneže, predična kneginjo, željeli bismo Vam uručiti dar obećanja za veliki praznik koji ćemo uskoro slaviti. Pristupi, Klaudije!“

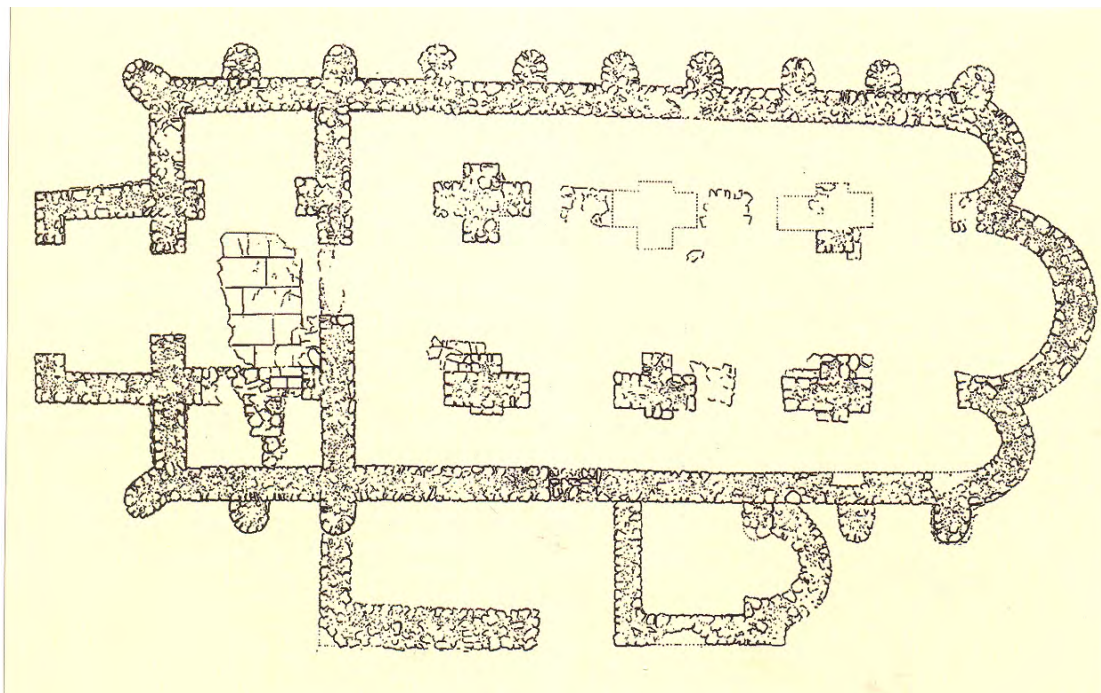
Klaudije se klanja i skida veo s modela crkve (sl. 16, 17). Ne, to nije Sveti Petar u Muću, koji je uostalom već dovršen, već model trobrodne crkve s tri apside i zašiljenim tornjem na zapadnoj strani, sagrađene, ako je po modelu suditi, od sitnih, dobro rezanih komada kamena. Krov je pokriven sivim kamenim pločicama.

Opčarani Branimir i Maruša promatraju model crkve svete Cecilije, mučenice i zaštitnice glazbe, u *villi regalis* na Kosovu polju gdje su gradili već i hrvatski poganski vladari. Preko njihovih grobova, knez Borna je podigao crkvu svetih Marije i Stjepana, mauzolej nekrštenih i krštenih vladara. Branimirovi sinovi već poživaju ondje, a tamo će počivati i njihovi roditelji. Borna je naručio i onu neobičnu crkvu svete Trojice, višekutnu sa zapadnim tornjem. Tako je i Branimir odlučio ondje podići crkvu. Evo je!

Tumači Petar Graditelj. Kao što je knez poželio, crkva je prostrana, trobrodna, troapsidalna. Na zapadu je moćni toranj koji naglašava pripadnost crkve moćnom naručitelju, sve po franačkoj navadi. Sada kada Hrvatska više ne ovisi politički o Francima, njihovi se oblici mogu slobodno koristiti za naglašavanje suverene moći Hrvata. Branimirovi su prethodnici ponešto oklijevali oko korištenja franačkog *turrisa*. Branimir ni u čem ne oklijeva.

„Gledaj, Gospodaru!“ kaže Petar i podiže kameni krov tako da se sada može vidjeti da su lađe pokrivene kamenim svodovima koje nose tri para jakih križnih stupaca, apsolutna novost u cjelokupnoj Europi. Dalje potvrđuje: „Gospodaru, ovo je jedinstvena crkva u kršćanskom svijetu. S božjom pomoći postavili silne kamene svodove nalik onima u palači cara Dioklecijana. S božjom pomoći stoje i stajat će zauvijek. A na zapadnoj strani iza ulaza“, tu uklanja još jedan, manji krov, „evo galerije na prvom katu s prijestoljima za Vaša Veličanstva kako biste u miru pratili Svetu misu. Kada majstor Ivan dovrši kameni ures, a majstor Stjepan Slikopisac iz Zadra slikarije, crkva će biti spremna za korištenje, tj. do Uskrsa.“

Branimir s ponosom promatra divljenje u očima voljene supruge. Ponovno je bio na visini zadatka, a i njegovi majstori! Kakav sretan spoj velikih ideja, prosvijećenog patronata i vještih izvoditelja; i kakva sreća što Dalmatinci nisu posve zaboravili umijeće zidanja i klesanja, već dodaju nove ideje uhodanoj tradiciji. Vladarski je par zadovoljan: „Hvala, prijatelji. Vaš predani rad najljepši je božićni dar.“



Slika 16. Biskupija, Stupovi, Sveta Cecilija, tlocrt, kasno 9. stoljeće



Slika 17. Biskupija, Stupovi, Sveta Cecilija, iz zraka, kasno 9. stoljeće

Između otprilike 750. i 850. godine, u najboljim danima Karolinga, pojavio se u zapadnoj Europi graditeljski oblik tako nov i samosvojan da mu ne možemo konačno odrediti izvor. Funkcija mu je još uvijek upitna. Radikalno je promijenio pejzaž Europe, odnosno bio je znak i potvrda promjena koje su se dogodile dolaskom Karolinga na prijestolje. No dok je moć dinastije došla i prošla, taj novi oblik, vestverk, zapadni *turris* ostao je čimbenik promjene europske umjetnosti i civilizacije.

Kao što smo vidjeli u prvoj sceni našega igrokaza, karolinška umjetnost nije jedinstveni fenomen. Istraživači su uglavnom doživljavali karolinšku umjetnost kao obnovu klasičnih oblika što je istina u slučaju radova poput spomenutih Krunidbenih evanđelja ili pak konjaničke statue Karla iz Metza. Druga spomenuta knjiga, Evanđelja iz Centule, iako ponovno vezana uz imperijalnu radionicu, odiše drugačijim duhom. I ovdje se javlja prepoznatljiva ljudska figura, no unutar čvrstog dekorativnog okvira koji utječe na položaj i pokret. Kao stilska kategorija *karolinški* je jako konfuzan pojam. Svakako postoji obnova, ali se umjetnici pridržavaju i urođene barbarske žive predromaničke tradicije. Ovo moramo uvijek imati na umu kako bismo razlikovali umjetnost koju možemo nazvati karolinškom, pa i obnavljačkom, i predromaničku umjetnost karolinškog vremena. Moramo se zapitati što je zaista karolinško, a što je predromaničko ili, kako je lucidno napisao Paul Zykan, antikarolinško.

Pišući o zidnim slikarijama u Naturnsu i Malsu, objema u Južnom Tirolu u razmaku od tridesetak kilometara i datiranih oko 800., Zykan je s pravom uočio bitne stilističke razlike. Mals (Sveti Benedikt) predstavlja klasični *renovatio*, a Naturns (Sveti Prokul) apstraktni, antiklasični stil koji Zykan veže uz Kelte i irske monahe (*Es ist falsch, hier von karolingischer Kunst zu reden, wir haben es mit einer antikarolingischer Kunst zu tun*). Pokažite mi neku drugu srednjovjekovnu crkvu koja na zapadnom zidu interijera umjesto *Strašnog suda* ima četrnaest simpatičnih rogatih krava koje predvode golemi njemački ovčar i dva ljudska pastira! Zykan je možda malo pretjerao u naglašavanju antiklasičnog u slikarijama Svetog Prokula, ima tu i klasicističkih natruha, ali njegov temeljni zaključak apsolutno stoji.

Mario Brozzi i Amelio Tagliaferri, vodeći istraživači langobardske umjetnosti u Italiji, primijećuju da langobardsko zlatarstvo obilježava stil *pienamente barbarico e di emanazione strettamente 'longobarda'* koji je *immune della contaminazione carolingia*, to jest, u suprotnosti s *Renovatio Carolingiana*.

U arhitekturi karolinškoga dvora i carstva susrećemo tri ključna graditeljska tipa: vestverk, koncept suprotstavljenih apsida sa zapadnim transeptom (*more romano*) i monumentalnu rotundu (s izvorima u Ravenni, odnosno Carigradu). Na prvi pogled jasna klasifikacija, no to nije slučaj. Upitajmo se opet što je stvarno karolinško, a što antikarolinško?

Ako je ključna tema karolinške obnove pogled unatrag, tj. obnavljanje ranijih stilova, ranokršćanskog, ranobizantskog, onda su manje inovativni vidovi karolinškog graditeljstva stvarno karolinški (monumentalna rotunda, bazilika sa zapadnim transeptom: *more romano* ili *more constantinopolitano* ili pak dio proizvodnje u

slikarstvu i kiparstvu u središtu Carstva). Inovativni oblik karolinške arhitekture koji će u potpunosti promijeniti srž zapadne arhitekture tijekom sljedećih pola milenija, vestverk, zapadni toranj, u biti je antikarolinški ili barem nekarolinški! Uwe Lobbeday je lucidno pokazao da vestverk nema presedana u sakralnoj arhitekturi klasičnoga doba, da ne postoje dva istorodna vestverka te da funkcija vestverka varira od jednog ključnog spomenika do drugog.

Uz monumentalni zapadni *turris*, Lobbeday prepoznaje manje radikalni oblik zapadnog aneksa (*westbau*) koji nerijetko služi kao mauzolej i koji je daleko manje istaknut u silueti zgrade. Taj jednostavniji oblik knez Borna imao je u vidu kada se bavio mauzolejom ispred crkve svetih Marije i Stjepana na Crkvini u Biskupiji, nekoć Kosovu polju ili kakav je nekoć sadržavao kraljevski mauzolej ispred crkve svetih Marije i Stjepana na Otoku u Solinu. No kada Branimir gradi Svetu Ceciliju na Stupovima u Biskupiji ili kad župan Gastiha gradi još sasvim dobro očuvanu crkvu Spasiteljevu na izvoru Cetine, pred zapadnom fasadom nalazimo pravi *turris* (pet katova na Cetini!) te do njega dvokatnu ložu. Sve to djeluje kao izraziti modifikator kulturnog pejzaža (sl. 12). Borna je već znao da vladarska crkva treba imati nešto na zapadu, a Branimir je to uvelike razradio u skupini crkava kasnog 9. stoljeća koje se vežu uz njegovu vladavinu ili malo kasnije razdoblje. Bornu je motivirao posjet Palatinskoj kapeli u Aachenu i jasno je razumio da se vestverk veže uz ikonografiju Karla Velikog. Uopće ne dovodim u pitanje Heitzevu briljantnu analizu vestverka Svetog Riharija u Centuli koji 799. naručuje naš prijatelj Angilbert i njegov zaključak da je vestverk u Centuli vezan uz Sveti grob (*more hierosolimitano!*) pa ipak Sveti grob nije bio toranj već rotunda. Kao što Carol Heitz ispravno tvrdi, vestverk je centralizirano zdanje, no koja je razlika između *turrisa* Svetog Riharija i ranokršćanskih i ranobizantinskih rotunda? Je li slučajno da u Centuli, gdje se gradi prvi veliki karolinški vestverk, nastaju i Evanđelja iz Centule koja su očito kontaminirana nekarolinškom tradicijom? Intelektualci su žudjeli za obnovom i posjedovali viziju što bi ta obnova trebala biti, a narod se trudio da te napore usmjeri prema onome što je narod najbolje znao: na vlastitu barbarsku tradiciju, možda već ponešto kontaminiranu od karolinškog ili nekog drugog renovacijskog trenda.

Kada taj kontaminirani trend zadobije monumentalne mjere unutar monumentalnog arhitektonskog okvira, predromanika se pretvara u romaniku.

Približuje li nas promatranje karolinških oblika na istočnom Jadranu boljem razumijevanju problema? Mislim da je tako. Postavlja se ključno pitanje: što je predromaničko, a što karolinško? Je li to isto, radi li se o paralelnim ili srodnim pojavama? To je bila jezgra duge diskusije između mog prijatelja Xaviera Barrala i Alteta i mene nakon mog referata na skupu *Francia Media* u Gentu 2006. godine. Nakon 20 minuta ostao mi je osjećaj nedovršenosti, osjećaj da nešto nedostaje, da je moj stav po nečemu nedosljedan. U međuvremenu, razmišljao sam o konceptu antikarolinškoga i u vezi s tim posvetio više pažnje tornju. To me, vjerujem, dovelo do nadgradnje onoga što sam u Gentu doživio kao nedovršeno.

Treba krenuti od graničnih područja carstva na Mediteranu gdje se održala praksa zidanja u trajnim materijalima. Ta je umjetnost nastojala preživjeti kroz *Conversio et evangelizatio barbarorum*, a upravo se u Hrvatskoj, zbog velikog broja i raznovrsnosti spomenika, može pokazati kako su novi obraćenici prihvaćali stare oblike s novom vjerom.

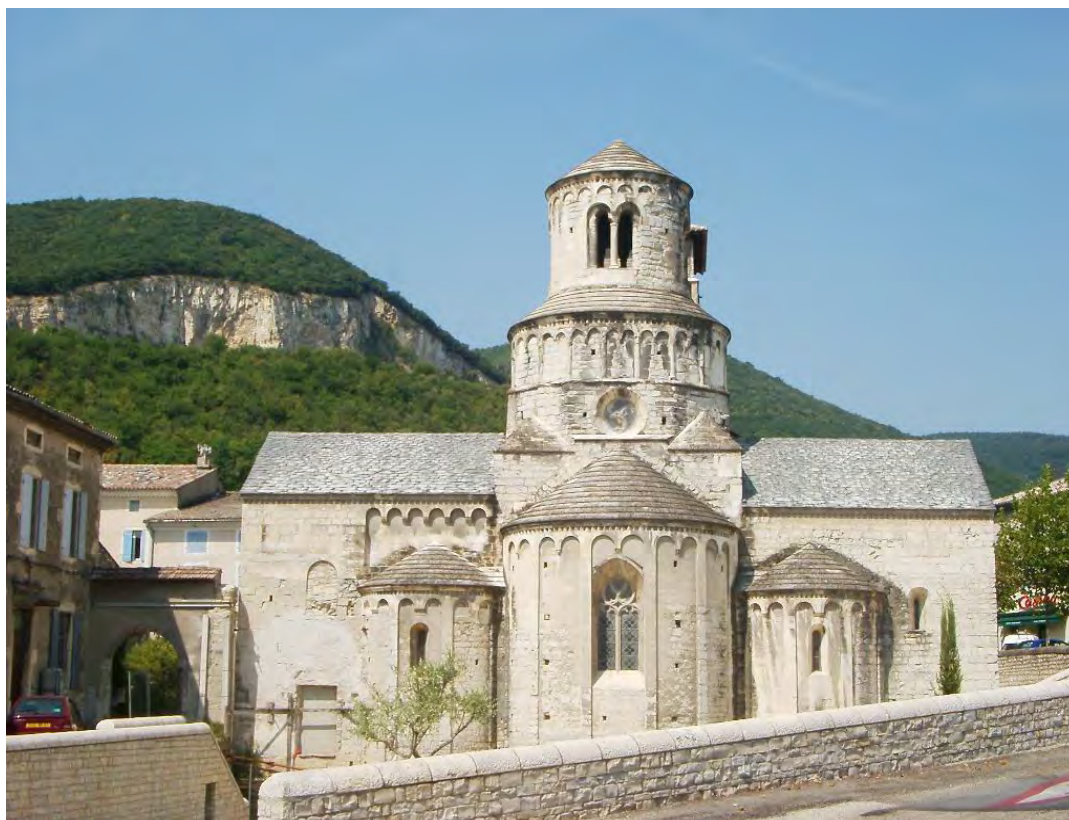
U drugu ruku, umjetnost i graditeljstvo Karolinga su eksplicitno *Renovatio imperii Romani (Christiani)*. Obnavlja se ideja monumentalne rotonde, a također i *more romano* konstantinovskog modela bazilike. Ključna ideja ovog modela, dvostruki kor, imala je malo odjeka izvan središta Carstva gdje se miješa s idejom također bipolarne crkve, sa zapadnim i istočnim tornjem i, konačno, formulira se ideja bazilikalne zgrade s moćnim zapadnim tornjem, moguće i s protutežom na istoku. Vestverk i ostverk bit će ključni za dalji razvoj zapadnoeuropskog graditeljstva. Konačni trijumf građevina poput Svetog Riharija u Centuli leži u monumentalizaciji najvažnijih dijelova zgrade: ulazne fasade što kulminira s gotičkim pročeljem s dva tornja i srcem, svetištem, često višekatnim i s kriptom što kulminira u svetištima visoke gotike s deambulatorijem i radijalnim kapelama koje se dodiruju, a to je u biti polovina rotonde koja sjaji svjetlom pred očima posjetitelja kako prolazi visokom gotičkom lađom. Hrvatske crkve s vestverkom ili zapadnim aneksom dokument su prisustva karolinških oblika, no one ne pripadaju krugu obnove, već smjelom inovativnom smjeru arhitekture karolinškog vremena te pokazuju stupanj inovacije koji je čak veći od onoga u središtu.

U tisuću godina može se prijeći put od stvarnog Jeruzalema Helene i Konstantina, od bazilike s rotandom do Novog Jeruzalema u obliku bazilike s rotandom-*turrisom*. I to kakav put! Taj Novi Jeruzalem nije skroman i ponizan, već se hlabro najavljuje kao Grad, Gospodinova Utvrda. Treba čekati na Martina Luthera da nas podsjeti da je samo Gospodin prava tvrđa, a ne komadi kamena i cigle posloženi rukom grešnih smrtnika. U međuvremenu je toranj raspalio maštu publike i imperijalnih i pograničnih prinčeva. Promijenio je lice Europe od skromne horizontale do odvažne vertikale. Europa je stala na svoje noge! Pod prvim Karolinzima uspjela se obraniti i prijeći u protunapad. Stekla je samopouzdanje. Taj novi kulturni pejzaž računa na slavu klasičnog i ranokršćanskog doba, ali i velikana vlastite barbarske tradicije.

U kulturno najzanimljivijim graničnim područjima, Hrvatskoj i Asturiji, nastaje tvrda, masivna i izražajna arhitektura s ranom težnjom za svodom, što na nekim mjestima u Asturiji dovodi do prvih slutnji romaničke strukturalizacije: povezivanja vanjštine i unutrašnjosti u smislu prostora i površina te vanjskih i unutrašnjih nosača (sl. 12, 16, 17). Presvođivanje velikih prostora, kao što je u Hrvatskoj Sveta Cecilija, ostaje doduše unutar granica predromaničke estetike jer organizacija unutrašnjosti i vanjštine nije zamišljena kao čvrst i jedinstven strukturalni sistem. Ipak, moguće da je Branimirova crkva na Kosovu polju prva velika presvođena crkva Zapada. Ne zaboravimo, i ona ima vestverk.

Krajem 10. stoljeća u tim istim mediteranskim zemljama, od Dalmacije do Katalonije, nastaje novi sloj čvrstih zgrada u trajnom materijalu, dakle, potomstvo Svete Cecilije,

no naprednije po istraživanjima novih mogućnosti presvođivanja i dekora lica zgrade je prva romanika mediteranskog kruga (sl. 18). Pojava naizgled populistička, gruba i rustična, no istovremeno laboratorij gdje su se usavršile građevne tehnike kao i sve raširenije shvaćanje da su unutrašnjost i vanjšina dvije strane istog novčića, kako to pokazuju nesavršeni među spomenicima prve romanike.



Slika 18. Cruas, crkva iz razdoblja prve romanike

Ti su spomenici pomeli svijet tradicionalnih oblika. Odnosno, vratili se na bazilikalnu jednostavnost *more romano*, no unutar tog modela nastala je nova struktura i uz nju vezani dekor. Ne treba joj vestverk, ali treba joj vertikala i tako se trijumfalno pojavljuje lombardski zvonik.

Istovremeno na sjeveru, u srcu Carstva, imperijalni graditelji počinju eksperimentirati s velikim, snažnim, jasno određenim geometrijskim masama i prostorima te primjenjuju analitičko razmišljanje i na tlocrt, zacrtavajući alternacijom jakih i slabih nosača postavke alterirajućeg sistema koji se još u potpunosti ne primjenjuje na fasade. Oba se trenda spajaju pod kapom reforme i Carstva tamo gdje se to može i očekivati, na području iza Alpa, ali i na području otvorenom mediteranskim strujanjima, u okruženju koje određuje veliki reformator carskog podrijetla, sveti Hugo. Tako se zrela romanika rodila u Clunyju III. Promjena lica Europe, koje je doživjelo svoj prvi veliki korak unutar karolinške arhitekture, je uspješno dovršena.

Time arhitektura postaje jedan od najjačih glasova nove, samosvjesne Europe koja uzima sudbinu u svoje ruke. Nova Tvrđava Božja u vidu romaničke crkve njen je vizualni korelativ. Ona ne potiče samo *conversio* i *renovatio*, već donosi nove teme, *peregrinatio* i *transitus*, nove ekspanzije koja može biti duhovna, no istovremeno je i zbiljska.

Arhitektura se mogla reformirati upravo zahvaljujući tradiciji. U slučaju figuralnih umjetnosti, tradicije gotovo nije bilo. Monumentalna figuralna arhitektonska plastika nestala je u ranom kršćanstvu, stoga je upravo skulptura bila najotvorenija za drugu tradiciju, onu novih europskih naroda. Što su stvorili u metalu, bjelokosti, tekstu s oduševljenjem su primijenili na crkveni dekor jednom kad su ih zadnji izdanci antičkih kamenoklesara naučili temelje zanata (sl. 15). Na zidovima karolinških i predromaničkih crkava fizički nema mjesta za monumentalnu skulpturu pa ni u građevinama prve romanike. Tehnike u kojima se umijeće antike bolje očuvalo, na primjer, umjetnost štukatura, bile su rezervirane za interijer i crkveni namještaj. U monumentalnoj skulpturi bilo je manje „Grka“ poput majstora Krunidbenih evanđelja ili oslika Svete Marije *foris portas* u Castelsepriu koje je Pavao Đakon hvalio Karlu Velikome.

I sveprisutna umjetnost pleterne skulpture odigrala je važnu ulogu. Odredila je neke ključne parametre jasnoće kompozicije, ritmičkih uzoraka i suradnje s oblicima graditeljstva. Majstori koji su radili za kneza Branimira sjajan su primjer (sl. 15). Kada je ponovno otkrivena monumentalna figura, pravila koja je uveo pleter primijenjena su na reguliranje položaja skulpture unutar arhitekture koja je svojim novim smislom za volumen i prostor bila spremna udomiti skulpturu. Stoga neki veliki romanički skulpturalni kompleksi izgledaju kao golemi relikvijari.

Slikarstvo kao ključni vid naracije ranog kršćanstva zadržalo je više svog starog sjaja. No i ovdje smo primijetili koliko brzo obnovu smjenjuju pokušaji da se oblici spljošte, da se prostor reducira i da se silueta figure upiše u predodređeni sustav dekorativnog reda. Lik podliježe geometrijskoj logici. Dekomponira se u sve jednostavnije geometrijske oblike koji se, nakon što se takva analiza dovrši, slažu na način vrlo sličan onomu sintetičkog kubizma. Takve su pojave bile vrlo prikladne za prostrane površine romaničkih zidova, posebice u prvoj romanici, kao u San Clemente u Tahullu ili Svetoj Foški u Peroju (sl. 19).

Vestverk nije imao prethodnike, ali nije ni pao s neba. Bio je to politički vrlo korektan oblik stvoren u atmosferi jedne samopouzdanije Europe ranih Karolinga u kojoj su se ponovno afirmirali Carstvo i kršćanstvo. Te su vrijednosti jednako cijenili elita i narod jer je o njima ovisilo preživljavanje pa je tako i *turris* imao za sve isto značenje (sl. 12). Kao politički korektan proizvod opće politike, promicao je ključne aktere sustava, cara i Krista, jamce reda i stabilnosti. Promatrati kako se toranj smjelo diže iz ravnice značilo je upravo to. Karolinška avantura je poslužila svrsi i pri tom pojačala duh koji ju je stvorio. Nakon privremenog povlačenja u 10. stoljeću, umjetnost će odigrati sličnu ulogu u daljnjem osvještavanju Europe tijekom 11. stoljeća i u stvaranju monumentalnog stila te nove samouvjerene Europe u renesansi 12. stoljeća.



Slika 19. Peroj (Istra), Sveta Foška, *Krist u slavi*, oko 1100.

Opaske, nadopune, prilozi ilustracijama

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IV. Srednjovjekovna skulptura kao javni medij

„Crkvena je umjetnost konačno omogućila da i nepismeni razumiju Sveto pismo.“

Xavier Barral i Altet, *Protiv romanike?* (hrvatsko izdanje, 2009.).

Sunce se naginje ka zapadu. Uskoro će donijeti baklje. Za stolom, ispred romaničke bifore, na najgornjem katu Gradske vijećnice u Trogiru, biskup Treguan se naginje nad ploču od bijelog mramora s crtežom u crvenoj kredi. Crtež je istovremeno vrlo precizan i predivno slobodan, ukratko, rad majstora. Pokazuje portal, polukružnu lunetu, dva luka, ukrašene dovratnike sa siluetama dva lika na silnim lavovima.

Biskup Treguan je u kasnim pedesetima, a biskup Trogira je 32 godine, od 1206. Rođen u Firenzi, postao je biskup u dobi od dvadeset i nešto godina. Učen je i sofisticiran čovjek i, naravno, pobožan te vrlo sklon lijepim umjetnostima. Usprkos beskonačnim ratovima sa Splitom, održao je svoju Crkvu u dobrom stanju. No zato je ovdje onaj drugi.

Treguan je tamnopus, čvrst, nevisok, Mediteranac. Onaj drugi je sjevernjak, Hrvat, Slaven, bradat, duge plave kose. Svijetla boja krije sjedine. Možda je koju godinu stariji od biskupa.

„Dopada mi se, majstore Radovane! Dobro ste razumjeli moje želje, slušali ste Duh i vješto ste ga preveli u slike. I nepismeni može razumjeti poruke svetih slika. I natpis mi se sviđa, tek je malo tanak što se tiče kršćanske skromnosti. No, prijatelju, Vi ste najbolji u Vašoj struci, kao što kažete... Skidam Vam kapu...! Vi ste odgovor na moje molitve.“

Umjetnik ne krije zadovoljstvo. Nagledao se svijeta. Radio je u velikim radionicama, s najboljima od najboljih: u Parmi, Veneciji, Chartresu. Sad je konačno... kod kuće?

„Vaša Eminencijo, cilj nam je Vama ugoditi.“

Biskup se naginje nad ploču.

„Bili ste odsutni od dana prije mog dolaska na kormilo ove Crkve. Došao sam iz Cvjetnoga Grada dok je nadbiskup Bernard iz Perugije vodio splitsku Crkvu. Moj veliki uzor. Sa zahvalnošću sveudilj molim za spokoj njegove duše.“

Nadbiskup Bernard je umro 1218. godine. U životu nije bio spokojan.

„Zaista, nešto nije u redu! Ova je zemlja tako lijepa, obasjana suncem, opasana morem, prekrivena plavetnim nebom. Bogata je vinom, maslinom i smokvom. Valovi vrve ribom svakojakom. Muževi su snažni i odvažni, žene lijepe i podatne. Pa ipak...“
Biskup tek što nije dodirnuo lunetu u središtu crteža.

Radovan gleda ispred sebe. Sve to sluša već godinu dana otkad je prvi put, stigavši iz Venecije, pušten u biskupove dvore.

„Majstore moj, mi smo pod opsadom! Ne čini se tako, no tako jest. Već desetljećima otrov hereze nagriza vjeru naših sugrađana. Manihejci, neki ih zovu patareni ili pak katari, zavode jedne, na krivi put odvođe druge, pljačkaju crkve, otimaju od klera. Nadbiskup blaženi Bernard borio se perom i mačem. Slao je poslanstva u Bosnu gdje je korijen toga zla. Pisao je mudre rasprave. Godine 1214., sjećam se točno, pozvao je najboljeg splitskog rezbara i slikara, Andriju Buvinu, da načini velika vrata od orahovine za katedralu naše nadbiskupije (sl. 20) koja je nekoć i sama bila sotonina sinagoga kao grobnica najgoreg od svih pogana, prokletog Dioklecijana. Buvina je izrezbario život Gospodina našega Isusa Krista od Navještenja kroz mladost i javni život, kroz Muku do Uzašašća. To je učinio slijedeći spise učenog biskupa koji naglašavaju pravu vjeru i bliskost Krista i njegove majke, slave njegovu božansku i ljudsku narav, njegova presveta čuda, Muku na presvetom Križu gdje umre kao čovjek, njegovo tjelesno uskrsnuće... Ljudi su gledali i vjerovali. Slika je lomila koplja krivovjerne riječi... Želim, majstore Radovane, da isto učinite za Trogir...“



Slika 20. Split, Katedrala, drvene vratnice Andrije Buvine, 1214.

Radovan poznaje Buvinine vratnice. Majstor Andrija napravio je dobar posao promičući nauk i vrijednosti Majke Crkve, koliko je to već bilo moguće rezbareći na pomalo zastarjeli, plošni način, služeći se dobrim, no tradicionalnim obrascima ustaljenim kompozicijskim shemama... No sad će Radovan... Nije uzalud bio rame uz rame s Benedettom u Parmi kada je ovaj tražio kipare za veliki portal katedrale, netom prije 1200. godine. Kada je veliki Benedetto doznao da je mladi Radovan iz Dalmacije, pozvao ga je i ispitivao o Dioklecijanovom mauzoleju u Splitu i Radovan

mu ga je nacrtao, a Benedetto je pljesnuo rukama i rekao da će neke od tih ideja primijeniti na svoje planove za krstionicu koja se inače trebala graditi po staromodnom obrascu. Imenovao je Radovana prvim pomoćnikom, a naručio je i nekoliko skulptura za portal katedrale i neke od kapitela. Bio je zadovoljan Radovanovom vještinom, no zamijetio je izvjesnu grčku ukočenost, onu ruku na desnom ramenu Bogorodice i rekao: „Mladi prijatelju, i tebi bi kao što je i meni pomogao put u kraljevsku Francusku. Idi tamo čim budeš mogao. Tamo se gradi sve u šesnaest i trebaju vrsne klesare.“

Biskup se udubio u crtež.

„Ta luneta (sl. 21)... Kako ste lijepo ispričali priču. Otkuda Vam model?“

„Niotkuda, Sveti Oče. Moja vlastita zamisao nakon meditacije o presvetom Rođenju. Jamčim Vam da nigdje nema iste. Naravno, zamisao središnje kompozicijske osi danas je *de rigueur* u kraljevskoj Franačkoj kad god se želi poslati jasna i nedvojbena poruka. Rekao bih, zaista vrsno kompozicijsko načelo.“

I Treguan se nagledao svijeta. U Parmi je vidio gotovo dovršeni baptisterij i katedralu, još bez portala, s hrpama skulpture koja je spremno čekala u krstionici. Nikada nije bio u Franciji, no Radovana je upoznao u Veneciji, uz glavni portal Svetog Marka gdje ga je i nagovorio da sa svojom trgovinom dođe u Trogir. Radovan je bio ponešto sramežljiv, rekao je da portal Svetog Marka nije njegovo najbolje djelo, da se ruke pojedinih majstora nisu baš najsretnije sljubile, da je bilo pritisaka starih grčkih manira, no Treguan je bio siguran da je našao svog majstora i dao Radovanu ponudu koju ovaj nije mogao odbiti.

Treguanu se dopao majstor koji zna pričati na jasan, odlučno zacrtan način, jezikom koji će ljudi Jadrana lako razumjeti. Svjež, moderan, no bez radikalizma i traženja efekata, kao neki francuski đaci. Ovdje, kod kuće Treguan je znao da je Radovan Hrvat iako ovaj nikada nije govorio o svome podrijetlu. Radovan je nadmašio sva očekivanja, a to su tek pripremni crteži!

„Vaša Eminencijo, nacrt portala slijedi Benedettova u Parmi. Moje će *Navještenje* kao i tamo biti uz petu unutarnjega luka. I anđeli su smješteni na sličan način, no za lunetu slijedim drugačije ideje i to ne izravno, recimo, u kompoziciji, već u duhu kojim želim prenijeti naše zamisli. U Chartresu na zapadnom pročelju predivno pregrađene katedrale Naše Gospe postoji sto godina star trostruki portal, zvan Kraljevski, koji se meni čini daleko boljim od novih ogromnih ulaza na poprečnom brodu koji su izrasli tijekom posljednjih tridesetak godina.“

„Vidjeli ste ih? Jeste li i Vi...?“

Radovan oklijeva: „Pravo da Vam kažem, nisam baš oduševljen tim novim šiljatim stilom koji vas sili da krivite vrat gledajući prema gore. Odviše likova, odviše cvijeća, radi se brzo, mehanički...“

Radovanova luneta je savršeno čista i jasna. Presveta Bogorodica leži na krevetu unutar kutije, baš kao u francuskim igrokazima Rođenja, kakvi su igrani i u Trogiru

prije nekoliko godina. Nebesko djetesce počiva na košarici za kruh. Ližu ga vol i magare, dakle *Ego sum panis vivus, qui de coelo descendi*, kao što piše papa Grgur Veliki. Učeni tip, taj Radovan! No i Buvina je već učinio nešto slično. Uvrh luka zvijezda vodi Sveta tri kralja. Podno kreveta, malo udesno, dvije snažne primalje trpaju čvrstog, živahnog dječaćića u kalež (kupelj). Nalijevo se sveti Josip obraća snažnom anđelu s cvijećem u kosi.



Slika 21. Trogir, Katedrala, Radovanov portal, luneta, 1240.

Treguan osjeća silu slike i njene očite, no ne i prenaplašene središnje osi. Sve je jasno: Krist je rođen od žene Marije, Bog je, ali i čovjek, posvećen vodom krštenja koja pere grijehe svijeta, kao što kaže natpis u luneti. U sredini unutarnjega luka bit će *Poklonstvo kraljeva*, gdje su Majka i dijete ponovno u središnjoj osi, a iznad njih *Raspeće* kao *summa summarum*. Sve to ruši heretičke tvrdnje. Bravo! U duhu Treguan čuje propovijed koju će održati pri otkrivanju portala.

Desnom stranom lunete jašu mudraci s Istoka, jašu uz površinu slike slijedeći zvijezdu i ruku anđela koji pokazuje u istom smjeru. Nalijevo se pastiri i njihovo stado raduju dobrim vijestima. Gle ovnovne kako su izmiješali rogove slaveći Spasiteljevo rođenje! Nema gužve, nema nervoze franačkog stila (sl. 21). S nostalgijom se Treguan sjeća toskanskih brežuljaka, ozbiljnih etruščanskih i rimskih figura ili suvremenih toskanskih majstora koji znaju za klasičnu ravnotežu i sklad.

Radovan je postigao što je Treguan želio. Bacio je rukavicu katarima, potvrdio Presvetu vjeru i njene dogme i to s takvom lakoćom i dostojanstvom, s takvom ljepotom! Duh koji je Treguan zazivao sišao je u Radovanove ruke.

Otvaraju se vrata i ulaze zublje, a s njima Stjepko Šubić, trogirski knez. Ljubi biskupu ruku, stavlja svoju na kiparovo rame.

„Vrijedni majstore, Sveti Otac biskup izrazio mi je svoje zadovoljstvo. Dakle, i ja sam zadovoljan. Hajmo na posao da ga dovršimo do 1240. kako mu je predviđeno na gredi. Primit ćete sve po ugovoru, a Vaša čestito zaslužena nagrada bit će isplaćena u roku.“

Preskočimo sedam i pol stoljeća.

U jesen 1969. godine upisao sam se na doktorski program na Cornell University. U lipnju 1972., vjerojatno u nenadmašivo rekordnom vremenu, obranio sam doktorsku disertaciju *Pre-Romanesque and Early Romanesque Architecture in Croatia*. Dok se teza tipkala, bilo je to prije kompjutora i električnih pisaaćih mašina, prvi put u tri godine imao sam vremena učiniti nešto za sebe.

Kako je *učiniti nešto za sebe* značilo učiniti nešto iz povijesti umjetnosti nevezano uz svakodnevne gnjavaže, otišao sam u ured dr. Roberta Calkinsa, svog savjetnika, popričati o mojim sljedećim koracima u svijetu američkog akademskog života. Prije godinu-dvije, listajući u Fine Arts Library monumentalnu monografiju Benedetta Antelamija Geze de Francovicha primijetio sam *Navještenje* iz krstionice u Parmi. Začudio me dlan Bogorodičine ruke nekako nespretno zalijepljen o desno rame. De Francovich je reljef zajedno s Anđelom Navještenja i još jednim anđelom pripisao nekom Antelamijevom učeniku. Ista čudna ruka pojavljuje se na desnom ramenu Radovanove *Anuncijate* u Trogiru!

Začudo, moj skeptični gospodin Calkins vrlo se brzo složio. Kako smo listali kroz Fiskovićevu monografiju Radovana, primijetio je lunetu i uskliknuo kao naelektriziran: „Hej, Adi, ovdje ima nešto!“ i zatim dodao u daleko staloženijem tonu, „Pročitaj Katzenellenbogenovu knjigu o skulptorskim programima katedrale u Chartresu.“

Sudeći po naslovu, radilo se vjerojatno o još jednom dosadnom, germanski pedantnom uratku. No ipak sam otišao u knjižnicu, izvadio knjižicu i čitao! Začudo, nisam je mogao pustiti iz ruku.

U briljantnoj analizi lunete s prikazom *Rođenja* Kraljevskog portala, Katzenellenbogen je objasnio neobičan program sa sedam slobodnih umjetnosti i njihovim glavnim predstavnicima oko prikaza *Sedes Sapientiae* (Madona s Djetetom u krilu) kao golemi plakat u kamenu koji pobija nauk dualističkih heretika. Aksijalna organizacija (Katzenellenbogen nikada ne gubi iz vida formalne vidove djela) s Bogorodicom i Kristom u središnjoj osi na tri nivoa zacijelo je rezultat suradnje umjetnika i učenog naručitelja, nekog od genija iz Chartresa. Oblik i značenje zajedno

čine jednu od najvećih istina kršćanskog nauka vidljivim i javnim. Duh se otkriva u neobično svježim, novim oblicima. Imajući to na umu, tumačenje ostalih skulptura triju ulaza ne predstavlja nikakav problem.

S Katzenellenbogenom i Radovanom pod rukom stigao sam Calkinsu nekoliko dana kasnije. Da, u Trogiru se Krist pojavljuje u ili vrlo blizu centralne osi na četiri nivoa, dva puta u luneti, u *Rođenju* i *Pranju Djeteta* pa u *Poklonstvu* na unutarnjem luku (*Sedes Sapientiae* u profilu, danas pomaknut u stranu nakon proširenja luka) te u vrhu vanjskog luka u *Raspeću* dodanom u gotici. Calkins se uzбудio: „Adi, iz ovoga moraš napraviti *conference paper*.“ I tako sam doznao za Kalamazoo. Izvrsno mjesto za prvi nastup. I ja sam tako postupio.

Ranih sedamdesetih *Conference of Medieval Studies* bila je malo poznata, no solidno je rasla. Calkins mi je dao ime i adresu Johna Sommerfeldta, tadašnjeg ravnatelja Medieval Institute na Western Michigan University u Kalamazoo. On me naučio kako se piše prijava izlaganja, i ode ta poštom u tu meku medijevista neobičnog indijanskog imena. Za desetak dana evo odgovora: prijava prihvaćena!

Oko 1. svibnja 1973. održao sam pred nekih 25 ljubitelja srednjovjekovlja svoje prvo izlaganje *Master Radovan and the Lunette of the Nativity at Trogir*. Nekoliko mjeseci kasnije dobio sam poziv da ga objavim i taj je zaista izašao u glasniku Medieval Institute *Studies in Medieval Culture* 8-9 (1976) kao moj prvi *public medium paper*. Do danas je ostao jednim od mojih najboljih uradaka i kamen temeljac svega što sam na tu temu napisao od 1972. do danas. Za mene, riješio je sve probleme; ostalo je bilo tek proširivanje i produbljivanje.

Još nekoliko sretnih okolnosti veže se uz taj rad. Trebao sam fotografije likova u Parmi pa sam pisao profesoru Quintavalleu. Nekoliko tjedana kasnije dobio sam fotografije uz izrazito prijateljsko pisance, a nekoliko mjeseci kasnije i poziv na skup u Parmi, prvi u nizu velikih Quintavalleovih konvencija *Romanico Mediopadano, strada, città, ecclesia* 1977. godine. U Parmi me ugodno iznenadila spremnost Quintavallea i njegovih trupa da prihvate moje poglede na Parmu i Radovana. Kako se moj rad usredotočio na *public image*, začudio me broj referata sa sličnim idejama, uglavnom u kontekstu antiheretičke propagande iako je Christine Verzar Bornstein govorila i o borbi za investituru. Inače, temu referata proširio sam i na Buvinu (sl. 20) te na fenomenalni prikaz *Navještenja* (sl. 22) na splitskom zvoniku. Vrativši se u Ameriku s puno ugodnih osjećaja, prijavio sam izlaganje za sekciju koju je za skup u organizaciji College Art Association u New Yorku 1978. predložio William Clark, također mladi povjesničar umjetnosti iz New Yorka. Sekcija je bila neobična. Bill je pozvao isključivo mlađe ljude da u kratkim, petominutnim mini-izlaganjima iznesu bit svog istraživanja. Naslov mog priloga bio je *Art as Human Experience: Remarks on the Rise of the Monumental Style in the Middle Ages*, što mi je omogućilo tada, a omogućuje mi i danas, iznijeti bit mog razmišljanja.

Naglašavam kako ne mislim da sam dodao nešto bitno Katzenellenbogenovim idejama. Njemu dugujem ne samo heretike već i križare budući da me se duboko dojmio i njegov članak o luneti Svete Madeleine u Vézeleyu u kontekstu križarskih

ratova koji su tako postali drugi stup u mom razmišljanju o „monumentalnom stilu“. Treći, borba za investituru, već se također najavio. Tako se moj popis pristaša „monumentalnog stila“ širio: Beualieu-sur-Dordogne gdje se napadaju neke specifične postavke petrobruzijanaca u Južnoj Francuskoj, pa u Leonu i St. Gilles-du-Gardu koji se uz pobijanje hereze dodatno bave i promidžbom križara što je i ključ programa u Veroni i Ferrari, radovima Niccolòa. U Veroni vidimo prethodnike velikih križara, paladine Karla Velikog, Rolanda i Olivera, a Wiligelmovi reljefi na fasadi katedrale u Modeni danas podupiru istovremeno borbu protiv hereze i antiimperijalistički tabor u borbi za investituru.



Slika 22. Split, Katedrala, zvonik, *Navještenje*, oko 1240.

Kao što sam već naveo, primijenio sam sve to na Jadran baveći se trogirskim portalom, Buvininim vratnicama (sl. 20) i *Navještenjem* na splitskom zvoniku (sl. 22). No trebalo je pojasniti zašto se baš u to vrijeme pojavljuje velika alijansa inteligentnih i utjecajnih naručitelja, pametnih i vještih umjetnika i publike koju treba informirati, educirati i, naravno, manipulirati kako bi zauzela ispravni stav o ključnim pitanjima vremena.

Vratimo se na Cornell.

Kada sam se upisao u doktorski program, Calkins je tražio da kao sporedni predmet uzmem srednjovjekovnu povijest. Tako sam upisao dva temeljna kolegija, rani i zreli srednji vijek. Kolegije su predavala dva velika znalca, James Powell i Brian Tierney. Ovaj posljednji je u to vrijeme bio posebno zainteresiran za koncept o kojem prije

nisam ništa čuo, renesansu 12. stoljeća, kako je tu pojavu elaborirao u dvadesetim godinama američki povjesničar Charles Homer Haskins. Primjereno i bez lažnog sveznalaštva, Haskins je pokazao da je oko 1100. Europa krenula putem snažnog i održivog rasta praktički u svim vidovima ljudske djelatnosti. Uz velevrijedne faktičke uvide, Haskins je uspio ocrtati sliku vremena antiteza i kontroverzi kao suprotnost pitomom i jednodimnom ranom srednjem vijeku u kojem nema sučeljavanja ideja ili hereze. Rani srednji vijek si to i nije mogao dopustiti jer je Europa imala pune ruke posla boreći se za preživljavanje.

Zreli srednji vijek je drugačija priča. Danas znamo da su 11. i 12. stoljeće bili klimatski među najboljim razdobljima novije povijesti. Broj sunčanih dana se povećao. Postkarolinško vrijeme označava povećanje sadnje grahorica bogatih proteinom, a to znači i produljenje ljudskoga vijeka. Dakle i više ljudi kojima treba osigurati više zemlje bilo unutarnjim osvajanjima, krčenjem šuma i isušivanjem močvara, bilo oslobađanjem dijelova Europe pod okupacijom Grka i muslimana te guranjem granica na istok i sjever pokršćavanjem Slavena, Germana, Balta i njihovih susjeda. Nema sumnje da je tema Božje tvrđave i dalje aktualna, no Haskins je jasno prepoznao i konfrontacijski vid epohe: kršćani – nevjernici, Papa – Car, pravovjerje – krivovjerje, kolonisti – priroda, mi – oni. To je vrijeme Abelarda i Héloise, svetog Hugh-a i Sugera, Guillauma Devetog i svetog Bernarda, vrijeme *Sic et Non*. Pa ipak, kao što je primijetio Haskins i njegovi pristaše i protivnici, suprotnosti se nadopunjuju, od antiteze k sintezi, kako bi kulminirale u onim vrhunskim kao što su tijelo – duša, duh – materija, nebo – zemlja, što će se konačno nadići shvaćanjem da je materijalni svijet također božje djelo pa sam po sebi ne može biti zao, kako je briljantno izrazio najveći disident vremena, sveti Franjo.

Novo *Sic et Non* društvo zahtijevalo je višu razinu javne informacije. Ona se morala izraziti svima lako razumljivim jezikom žive riječi (propovijed, Treguan) i slike (umjetnost, Radovan). Slika ima prednost trajnosti. Kako se slaže površina fasada, stvara se i fizički prostor za prikaz skulpture. Kako bi se poruka jasno i glasno obznanila, *urbi et orbi*, obojeni zidovi više nisu bili dostatni. Oni, kao i ostali unutarnji dekor, mogli su biti dobar dodatak, podsjetnik, ali na fasadi, pod svjetlom dana, slika se obraćala univerzumu. Usredotočena oko ulaza, nezaobilazna i neizbježna, jasno je i glasno razgllašavala poruke naručitelja i njegovog duhovnog i fizičkog okruženja. Naravno, skulptura je mogla progovoriti i u interijeru, poput splitskog *Navještenja* koje je izvorno najvjerojatnije dio oltara ili poput Wiligelmovih ploča u Modeni. Uvijek kodirana uobičajenim jezikom vjere, ipak je ta slika začuđujuće različita od mjesta do mjesta. Možda je brzina kojom se od rane romanike stiglo do rane gotike u malo više od pola stoljeća upravo ishod žurnih potreba naručitelja za novim rješenjima. Naši veliki predstavnici, Buvina i Radovan, javljaju se na samom kraju procesa, kako se renesansa 12. stoljeća sa zakašnjenjem javlja u istočnoj, središnjoj i jugoistočnoj Europi. Radovan, istinski epski bard, predstavlja veličanstveni kraj europske romanike i zaključak monumentalnog, epskog stila.

Kao što su nam Treguan i Radovan sami rekli, slika se trebala koristiti u promidžbene svrhe, poučavanju mase što je politički korektno. Posjedujemo popise bosanskih heretika, suputnika onih u Dalmaciji iz 1375. i 1461. Iako kasni, oni jasno odražavaju vizualne napore Buvine i Radovana. Kako bismo mogli razmotriti slike sa stajališta odbacivanja heretičkih stavova, moramo znati što je službena Crkva vjerovala da su ti stavovi. Bosanski heretici ne razlikuju se od onih u Francuskoj, Italiji ili drugdje.

Uz vjeru u dvije sile, Boga dobra i Boga zla, sljedeće su „pogreške“ posebno privukle pažnju službene crkve i njenih pisaca:

1. Heretici odbacuju inkarnaciju i dvostruku Kristovu narav.
2. Odbacuju Kristovu javnu djelatnost kao iluziju i stoga odbacuju mogućnost spasenja kroz Kristovu muku.
3. Odbacuju krštenje vodom i tvrde da je sveti Ivan Krstitelj najcrnji đavo u paklu.
4. Odbacuju Euharistiju, crkvene zgrade, rituale i liturgijske predmete.
5. Ne vjeruju u Uskrsnuće.
6. Odbacuju Stari zavjet kao djelo Boga tmine.
7. Odbacuju autoritet Rimokatoličke Crkve.

Na temelju navedenog, naručitelji su formulirali svoje narudžbe. Umjetnici su ih bili spremni zadovoljiti. Javnost, i sama upletena u pitanja koja su se zabadala duboko u tkivo svagdanjega života, je bila spremna oduševljeno odgovoriti i to onako kako su naručitelji priželjkivali.

Umjetnost 12. i 13. stoljeća sigurno su programirali teolozi, no prema našem mišljenju ipak pokazuje izuzetnu osjetljivost za živu povijesnu realnost te posjeduje sposobnost reagiranja, komentiranja i promicanja takvih ključnih političkih problema kao što su borba protiv nevjernika, hereze i sekularne investiture. Taj sretan stjecaj okolnosti omogućio je ne samo snažnu propagandu već i veliku umjetnost. Slijedi, uz minimalne preinake, prijepis zaključka mog rada s konferencije *Umjetnost, umjetnici i umjetnička produkcija*, koju je organizirao Xavier Barral i Altet u Rennesu 1983. (objavljen 1990.):

Pripisali smo zrelosrednjovjekovnoj slici moć koja nadilazi jednostavno poučavanje. Utvrdili smo zajedno s autorima izabranih studija da je ta slika imala snagu pokretati, upućivati, voditi u akciju, da može biti oruđe intenzivne sekularne propagande. No ima li takva slika, koju su smislili i dizajnirali učeni teolozi i izveli umjetnici koji koriste poopćene oblike, ikakvu šansu doći do širokih masa? Vjerujem da ima. Srednjovjekovni nepismenjak nije bio niti nezalica niti nezainteresiran za teološko raspravljanje, budući da je potonje, na svakodnevnoj razini, vodilo do pronalaženja osobnoga puta k spasenju. Dobro dizajnirana i izvedena slika imala je magičnu privlačnost koja je svijet sna mogla učiniti opipljivim i vidljivim. To je mogla slika, i samo slika. Bila je sredstvo promidžbe, ali također i utjelovljenje Duha i kao takva

morala je utjecati na duh javnosti. Konačno, nije li sama bila stalno interpretirana, pravo ili krivo, od više ili manje vještih i inteligentnih propovjednika i propovijedi. Taj verbalni aspekt srednjovjekovne propagande bio je u sebi i vjerski i svjetovni. Je li govor pape Urbana II u Clermont-Ferrandu, kojim je pokrenut Prvi križarski rat, poziv na duhovnu misiju ili na teritorijalno osvajanje? Neki od suvremenika su ga shvatili kao obećanje vječne nagrade, ali i zemlje meda i mlijeka. Propovijed je tek neopipljiva riječ koja lebdi čas-dva nad glavama slušača, odzvanja od zidova i nošena propuhom nestaje; umjetnost o kojoj imamo malo zapisanih tragova, pa i u takvim slučajevima, je zacijelo editirana, uljepšana, iskvarena. Pažljivo čitanje slika može obnoviti jeku riječi izrečenih i potrošenih u davnini. Vizualni i verbalni elementi, slika i pokret i živa riječ usko su povezani u srednjovjekovnoj recitiranoj poeziji, lirskoj i epskoj, u drami, u liturgiji. Nije teško zamisliti kako propovijed potiče izvjesnu sliku, odnosno kako slika može generirati verbalno obraćanje. Nismo li u situaciji sličnoj žrecovoj, u kojoj on pokazuje vrhunac da bi ga zatim imenovao i uzbuđenim kretnjama slavio svoje otkriće? Stvaralački proces bio je jako sličan i stoga jednako uspješan. Klerik je rekao umjetniku što želi, a umjetnik, i sam dio strašću nošene publike, utjelovio je Duh u inertnoj materiji individualiziravši ga i uobličivši kroz vlastiti. Jeste li primijetili kako su svi veliki programi između približno 1100. i 1250. osebujni i različiti?

Po mom mišljenju nije slučajno da se promjena u naravi srednjovjekovne slike događa istovremeno s jednim od velikih obrata u povijesti Zapada, oko 1100. U statičnom svijetu ranog srednjeg vijeka figuralna slika je rijetka u monumentalnoj umjetnosti. Ograničena je na sitne umjetnosti kao predmet studija, poduke i užitka za malobrojne, elitu i literate. U monumentalnoj umjetnosti dominira nefiguralni izraz, a ako se figura pojavljuje kao što je slučaj u štuku, zidnom osliku i tapiseriji, ograničava se na unutrašnjost zgrade. Time srednji vijek slijedi praksu ranog kršćanstva korištenjem slike za kršćansku pouku, no pokazujući je samo izabranima. Nelagoda ranih kršćana glede tjelesne umjetnosti kiparstva oduzela im je medij najprikladniji za fasadnu javnu komunikaciju kako ju je prakticirala pretkršćanska zapadna tradicija.

Kako su veliki događaji, krize i promjene u kasnom 11. stoljeću prodrmale ranije, statično, srednjovjekovno društvo i izvukle zapadnjake iz njihovih brloga u otvoreno sučeljavanje sa silama svijeta, kako su se svom silinom otvorili novi emocionalni horizonti, tako se i slika izvlači iz riznica dragocjenih predmeta i utrobe majke crkve te odvažno stupa na pročelja. Usredotočuje se oko ulaza pa ju se ne može ne vidjeti. Prikazuje se u dnevnom osvjetljenju pa je lako čitljiva. Za razliku od slike u interijeru, kompaktna je i neprekinuta. Jedini dio unutrašnjosti koji donekle dosiže snagu kamenog portala je prostor oltara pa se i ovdje pažnja dijeli između zidova (slikarije, tapiserije), prozora (vitraji), arhitektonskih elemenata (narativni kapiteli) i samog prostora (crkveno pokućstvo, liturgijski predmeti).

Kriza i složenije društvo zahtijevaju bolja i sofisticiranija sredstva komuniciranja kako bi se članovi društva bolje snašli u novom, složenijem redu stvari. Javni mediji, slika i govorena riječ stječu novu vrijednost kao sredstva komuniciranja. Primjeri sa

istočne obale Jadrana iz prve polovine 13. stoljeća nisu izuzetak, već potvrda pravila. Kako ta periferna zona hvata tempo Zapada oko 1200. uz nagli gospodarski razvitak i rast gradskih komuna, javlja se različitost mišljenja i hereza.

Smatramo da se monumentalna javna plastika kao utjelovljenje javnog aspekta slike pojavila oko 1100. jer je za to postojala potreba. U trenu kada se Zapad svjesno suočava s političkim i ideološkim neprijateljima, skulptura i slika uopće dio su velike promidžbene kampanje kojoj isto tako pripadaju briljantne verbalne harange Urbana II, Roberta od Abrisela, Bernarda iz Clairvauxa ili pak polemički spisi Petrusa Venerabilisa. Slika je usmjerila pozornost masa na ono što se moralo vidjeti i čuti i pri tome su slika i riječ bile strastvene i slijepe kao bilo koja politička kampanja.

U zajednici s riječima propovjednika, nošena robusnom i izražajnom arhitekturom, slika je sigurno bila Biblija siromaha, no ona je nosila i težinu njihovog političkog manifesta. Ovime ne umanjujemo ulogu teologije u stvaranju srednjovjekovne slike ili njeno u konačnici teološko opravdanje, no treba ponoviti da je bilo kakav pokušaj rigidnog razdvajanja vjerskog i svjetovnog u srednjem vijeku unaprijed osuđen na neuspjeh i da srednjovjekovna teologija može biti politička kao bilo koja ideologija u bilo koje vrijeme.

Uvjeren sam u ispravnost metode koja smješta vjersku umjetnost i teologiju unutar realnosti vremena. Ako odbijemo interpretirati umjetnička djela, a ta su, da se prisjetimo mudrih riječi Ernesta Kitzingera, među najboljim svjedocima neopipljivih vidova povijesti, ostat ćemo na površnoj razini dešifriranja ikonografije i opisivanja oblika. Dubinsko ispitivanje tajni umjetničkoga djela koje unutar okoliša u kojem je nastalo uzima u obzir ciljeve naručitelja i spremnost i iščekivanja javnosti, baca dodatno svjetlo na sam povijesni kontekst, što će reći na ljude jer su ljudi oni koji oblikuju povijest.

Moje izlaganje u Rennesu slijedila je živahna diskusija koja se, kao uvijek u sličnim situacijama, usredotočila na skepsu po pitanju što su suvremenici mogli i htjeli vidjeti. Raspravu je vrlo efektno zaključio istaknuti istraživač Hans Belting: „Pitanje je ustvari vrlo jednostavno pa tako i odgovor. Programi su zamišljeni kao masovna komunikacija, no kreirali su ih stručnjaci, specijalisti.“

Ponovit ću još jednom: umjetnik prenosi Duh, ne priču. Njegov uspjeh se mjeri prema tome koliko je publika u stanju doživjeti manifestaciju Duha. Uspjeh „monumentalnog stila“ u srednjem vijeku možda leži u skladnom preklapanju duhovnosti onih koji naručuju, onih koji izvode i onih koji doživljavaju. To sretno jedinstvo velikih naručitelja, velikih umjetnika i željne publike pokazuje da umjetnost može služiti kao propaganda, da se može vezati uz vladajuću političku korektnost pa ipak ostati emanacija Duha, snova i nada ljudi svoga vremena.

Opaske, nadopune, prilozi ilustracijama

O „monumentalnom stilu“ i skulpturi romanike i rane gotike:

Pitanje „monumentalnog stila“ obrađeno je upravo pod tim naslovom u drugom dijelu moje knjige *Četiri stoljeća europske umjetnosti, 800-1200. Pogled s jugoistoka*, Zagreb 2010. Sažetak s obilnom literaturom u opaskama može se naći u mom prilogu simpoziju u Rennesu: „Art and Politics in High Middle Ages – Heresy, Investiture Struggle, Crusades”, u: *L’art et artistes au Moyen-Age*, Conference Proceedings Rennes 1983., sv. 3, Paris 1990., 525-545. Za uvid u romaničku skulpturu s bogatim ilustrativnim materijalom vidi Arthur K. Porter, *Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Roads*, sv. 10, Boston 1923. Za suvremeni pogled na romaniku: Xavier Barral i Altet, *Protiv Romanike?*, Zagreb 2009. (hrvatski prijevod). O talijanskoj romaničkoj skulpturi s bogatim ilustrativnim materijalom vidi Geza de Francovich, *Benedetto Antelami*, sv. 2, Milano 1952.

Buvina, Radovan i njihov krug:

Cvito Fisković, *Radovan*, Zagreb 1965.

Ljubo Karaman, *Andrija Buvina*, Zagreb 1960.

Josip Belamarić, *Studije iz srednjovjekovne i renesansne umjetnosti na Jadranu*, Split 2001.

Za pitanje romaničke umjetnosti i propagande:

Adolf Katzenellenbogen, *Sculptural Programs of Chartres Cathedral*, New York 1964. i „The Central Tympanum at Vézelay“, *Art Bulletin* 26 (1944): 141-151.

Na općoj razini:

Ernst Kitzinger, „The Gregorian Reform and the Visual Arts: A Problem of Method”, *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society* V/22 (1972): 87-102.

Specifično u Hrvatskoj:

Vladimir Gvozdanović, „The Lunette of the Nativity at Trogir”, *Studies in Medieval Culture* 8-9 (1976): 85-98.

Vladimir Gvozdanović, „Split Cathedral’s Wooden Doors”, *Commentari* 28 (1978): 47-62.

Vladimir P. Goss, „The Altar – Relief of the Annunciation on the Tower of Split Cathedral”, *Hortus artium medievalium* 11 (2005): 251-254.

V. Ruralna romanika i ujedinjena Europa

Zainteresirao sam se za ono što ću kasnije prepoznati kao ruralnu romaniku kasnih šezdesetih kada je moja majka, profesorica Sena Gvozdanić-Sekulić, uvažena povjesničarka arhitekture odlučila ponovno proučiti i napraviti prve moderne arhitektonske snimke spomenika *Srijemske skupine*. Bio je to privlačan, čak pustolovni pothvat jer je istraživanje obuhvaćalo i autonomnu pokrajinu Vojvodinu, a prelaženje republičkih granica u svrhu studiranja spomenika, ako baš nije bilo zabranjeno, nije se preporučivalo. Birokraciju je riješio profesor Andre Mohorovičić, povjesničar umjetnosti na Arhitektonskom fakultetu u Zagrebu, jedan od mojih velikih uzora i majstor zakulisne diplomacije. Uspio je dobiti potpisanu i žigosanu potvrdu iz Beograda da se mojoj majci i njenom timu dozvoljava *u svrhu izučavanja usporednog materijala* studirati spomenike i izvan tadašnje Savezne Republike Hrvatske. S tom potvrdom u džepu utrpali smo se u maminog fiću i zagrabili prema Istoku autoputom tada Bratstva i jedinstva, u selo Morović nekoliko kilometara preko srpske granice.

Crkvu Naše Gospe u Moroviću, kao uostalom sve što se tada znalo o srednjovjekovnoj umjetnosti u kontinentalnoj Hrvatskoj, obradio je neumorni Đuro Szabo početkom 20. stoljeća. Među maminim bliskim prijateljima bila je i dr. Anđela Horvat, Szabina učenica i nasljednica u Konzervatorskom zavodu Hrvatske. Od nje sam do toga vremena mnogo naučio. Upravo sam bio magistrirao i spremao se otići u SAD jer posla nije bilo, a honorarni rad za mamin i neke druge istraživačke timove donosio je jedva džeparac. Kako sam se na svoju ruku već vozio navedenim fićom po Slavoniji, počeo sam otkrivati da unutar te bijele mrlje hrvatske prošlosti postoji sloj srednjovjekovnih spomenika. Vidjeti i izmjeriti *Srijemsku skupinu* u kojoj su bila tri očuvana spomenika romanike, bila je prava poslastica.

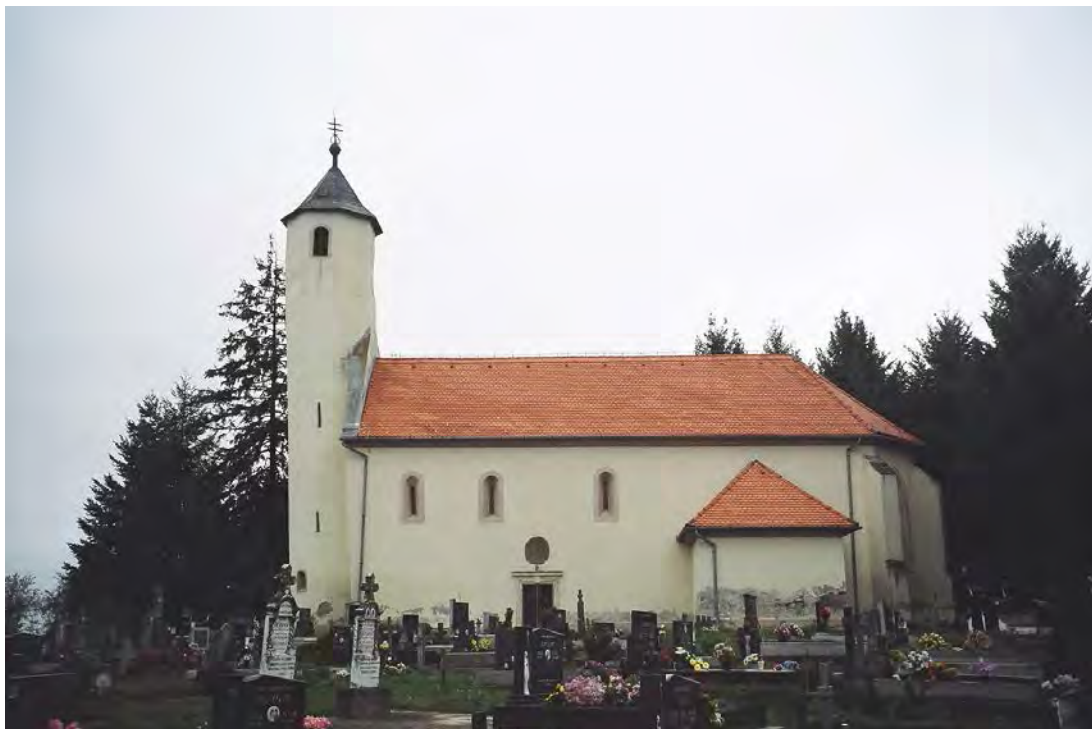
Po Slavoniji smo spavali i hranili se na seljačkim imanjima otkrivajući da je usprkos komunizmu Slavonija dosta bogata i vesela. Obavili smo svoj posao snimanja i proučavanja Naše Gospe u Moroviću, skokom preko granice u susjednoj Republici, te Svete Marije u Bapskoj i Svetog Bartola u Novim Mikanovcima natrag u domovini (sl. 23, 24, 25).

Do tog sam vremena objavio pregršt članaka pa i knjižicu o predromanici i stoga sam odlučio iznijeti svoja razmišljanja o *Srijemskoj skupini* u znanstvenom tisku. Prvo „Crkva Majke Božje u Moroviću”, *Peristil* 12-13 (1969-70): 15-22, zatim „Vrijednost romaničke arhitekture u kontinentalnoj Hrvatskoj i kapela Sv. Marije u Bapskoj”, *Arhitektura* 106 (1970): 64-68. Treći spomenik morao je čekati do 2004. kada sam objavio tekst „Crkva Sv. Bartola u Novim Mikanovcima – romanika između Save i Drave i europska kultura”, *Peristil* 46 (2004): 5-12. Godinu dana kasnije objavio sam reviziju Bapske: „Sv. Marija u Bapskoj – ponovo nakon trideset i pet godina”, *Peristil* 47 (2005): 5-14. U međuvremenu sam pisao o Moroviću ranih osamdesetih

„Moravia’s History Reconsidered, the Tomb of St. Methodius and the Church of Our Lady at Morović”, *East European Quarterly* 16 (1980): 487-498 (nagrada Delta Tau Kappa). Ozbiljnu sumu problematike napisao sam u „A Reemerging World – Prolegomena to an Introduction to Earlier Medieval Art Between the Sava and the Drava Rivers”, *Starohrvatska prosvjeta* III/32 (2006): 91-112, proširivši je u knjizi *Four Centuries of European Art. A View from Southeast*, Zagreb 2010., i konačno u mom registru pod naslovom *Registar položaja i spomenika ranije srednjovjekovne umjetnosti u međuriječju Save i Drave* gdje smo povećali broj položaja ranije srednjovjekovne umjetnosti između Save i Drave sa oko 60 u 2000. na 565(!) u 2012. kad je *Registar* objavljen (Institut za povijest umjetnosti, Zagreb, 2012.). Tema se inače još pojavljuje u velikom broju kataloga izložbi na kojima sam radio te u nizu mojih izlaganja na skupovima koja su pretvorena u članke.



Slika 23. Morović, Naša Gospa, oko 1300.



Slika 24. Novi Mikanovci, Sveti Bartol, oko 1240.



Slika 25. Bapska, Sveta Marija, prva polovica 13. stoljeća

Kada gledam ove naslove, ne mogu se načuditi koliko rani radovi određuju cijeli životni put. Moja knjižica o starohrvatskoj arhitekturi iz 1969. odredila je moj rad na području predromanike; moj članak o Radovanu na temelju izlaganja iz Kalamazooa moj rad na romaničkoj skulpturi. „Vrijednost romaničke arhitekture u kontinentalnoj Hrvatskoj i kapela Sv. Marije u Bapskoj” i „Crkva Majke Božje u Moroviću” odredili su 1969. i 1970. moj budući rad na polju koje me još uvijek intrigira. U Moroviću stoji zaista sjajna seoska crkva s prijelaza iz romanike u gotiku. Postojeća literatura je tvrdila da su bačvom presvođeni kor i apsida romanički, nepresvođeni brod gotički, a divni zvonik, pravokutan pri tlu, a osmerokutan na višim etažama barokni. Minuciozno smo ispitali zidove i nismo našli nikakvih cezura. Sva tri dijela nastala su u isto vrijeme! U Moroviću postoji nespretno nasadena sakristija sjeverno od apside (sa svojom vlastitom apsidom), popločena velikim, zacijelo rimskim opekama. Nitko je nikada nije pojasnio ili istražio, a ja vjerujem da se radi o ostatku predromaničke crkve. Mislim da sam nabavio i neke knjige iz inozemstva, što 1968. nije bilo lako, i pročitao sve što je pisano o Moroviću te tako dobio svoju prvu ozbiljnu lekciju o ruralnoj romanici i pitanju saksonske dijaspore. Zaključio sam, a drugačije se i ne može, da crkva u Moroviću predstavlja spomenik tipa *Zusammengesetzter Raum*, čestog na donjonjemačkom području, a tipičnog za zemlje saksonske dijaspore. Otkrio sam i knjigu srpskog istraživača Vojislava Koraća u kojoj se opisuje crkva istih karakteristika u rudničkom središtu Novo Brdo na Kosovu na položaju Saška crkva(!). Naveo sam oko 240 usporednih primjera za nacrt, tip zvonika, arhitektonske detalje, zacijelo i pretjerao, no naučio sam neke temeljne stvari kako bih mogao zaviriti u zajednički europski ruralni prostor od Flandrije do Karpata.

Tekst o Bapskoj bio je zamišljen kao neka vrsta sažetka o svemu što sam do tada naučio o romanici u kontinentalnoj Hrvatskoj. Tom sažetku prikvačio sam razmatranje male crkvice na visovima Fruške gore stotinjak metara od srpske granice. Čitajući te retke, danas vidim da im se nema puno što dodati. Kada sam se upustio u nadopunjavanje 2004., otkrio sam da nema novih činjenica. Danas ta minijatura sjaji čistom i jednostavnom ljepotom nakon sistematske i uspješne restauracije, no 1968. izgledala je kao da će se svaki tren srušiti. Ipak, nije se moglo previdjeti brižnost izgradnje, finu međuigru crvene opeke i širokih bijelih spojnica, kao i ostatke efektnog vijenca ispod strehe, cik-cak poteza opeka na opekama konzola naglašenog još jednim vijencem sićušnih dijamantnih zrnaca nagnutih blago nadolje. Moj zaključak o estetskim vrijednostima kapele iz 1970. ne treba amandman: „Arhitekt je djelovao s pažnjom i mjerom, vođen filigranskim dimenzijama zgrade. Bio je svjestan univerzalnih pravila romanike, no primijenio ih je slobodno kao što to često biva u našim krajevima. Nije se spustio do rustike već je unutar danih uvjeta stvorio zrelo, iako sitno umjetničko djelo. Šteta što nam nije čuvana zapadna fasada.“ (crkva je produžena u gotici).

U Moroviću i Bapskoj naučio sam važne lekcije:

1. Ono što ne možeš pojasniti u okviru lokalnog, možeš u okviru opće europske ruralne umjetnosti.

2. Ta umjetnost može biti ruralna, ali ne mora biti rustična. Ljudi Bapske, njih nekoliko desetaka, nisu trebali veće kapele, a ono što su dobili je lijepo umjetničko djelo. Da se od graditelja Bapske tražilo da sagradi katedralu i da je za to imao sredstava, zasigurno bi si osvijetlao lice.

Sredinom osamdesetih napisao sam i tekst o trećem spomeniku *Srijemske skupine*, Svetom Bartolu u Novim Mikanovcima (srednjovjekovni Horvati) kojeg resi okrugli toranj, koliko je meni poznato jedini takav u Zemljama Krune Svetog Stjepana. Poslao sam ga u Hrvatsku, ne sjećam se kome, i nikada se nije pojavio. Preuredio sam ga i objavio 2004.

Poput Morovića, Sveti Bartol se može povezati s istim donjonjemačkim krajem, zemljom Sasa i Frizijaca otkuda je okrugli toranj selio na Britansko otočje, u Skandinaviju, Poljsku i, kako naša crkva svjedoči, u Karpatsku kotlinu. Godinu dana kasnije objavio sam novi tekst o Bapskoj predlažući da se njen efektan i ukusan dekor može povezati s onim frizijskih romaničkih crkava, dakle još jedna indikacija prisustva saksonskog elementa koji su jasno prepoznali eminentni povjesničari baveći se prvenstveno urbanim cjelinama. Na primjer Vukovar, koji dobiva status slobodnog kraljevskog grada 1230. od hercega Kolomana, glavni grad istočnohrvatske ravnice, posjeduje crkvu posvećenu donjorajnskom mučeniku, svetom Lambertu, jedinu takvu u Hrvatskoj. Sve tri gore navedene crkve nalaze se unutar 50 km od Vukovara. Selo Sasi stoji na Fruškoj gori preko granice sa Srbijom. Tako sam već oko 1970. postavio temelje za izuzetno uzbudljivo putovanje koje ću poduzeti uskoro nakon 2000.

Svjesni smo uloge kolonizacijskog pokreta unutar fenomena renesanse 12. stoljeća, posebice u širenju granica Europe. Prvi kolonisti su se pojavili u Zemljama Krune Svetog Stjepana već u 11. stoljeću. Migracija Sasa u Sedmogradsku u kasnom 12. i tijekom 13. stoljeća je jedan od najupečatljivijih primjera uopće. Kako su hrvatski povjesničari pokazali mnogo puta, nastanak panonskih gradova usko je vezan uz hospite naših srednjovjekovnih povelja. No baš kao i u Sedmogradskoj, Sasi su ostavili svoj pečat i na ladanju, i to ne samo u rudarskim zonama. Južno od Save kod Zagreba je selo Sasi, baš kao na Fruškoj gori. Na Bilogori je Sasovac. Moja istraživanja očuvanih romaničkih crkava u Slavoniji jasno pokazuju prisutnost saksonskih doseljenika. Jesu li doseljenici doveli svoje majstore ili priučili mjesne saksonskim oblicima? Nije važno. Bitno je da se crkva tipa Morović javlja na položaju Saška crkva u Novom Brdu na Kosovu, u Breklumu u Friziji, u Strebli u Saskoj.

U tom smislu neke razmjerno skromne zgrade, no ne skromnije od ostalih sličnih u Karpatskom bazenu, imaju ulogu važnih povijesnih izvora. Dio su velike, univerzalne europske kulture koja se u 12. stoljeću pružala od Donje Njemačke do Britanskog otočja, Skandinavije, istočne i jugoistočne Europe. Potpuno izvješće o toj velikoj supkulturi ne postoji. Trebat će dosta vremena da se sastavi. Istraživači ruralne romanike prikupili su vrijedne dokumente, ustanovili terminologiju i objavili nezaobilazne topografske osvrtne. No koliko velikih povjesničara umjetnosti čita Ericha Bachmanna ili Elimara Rogea?

Radeći na navedenom *Registru* u prvom desetljeću novog milenija imao sam priliku posjetiti golem broj lokaliteta i spomenika u kontinentalnoj Hrvatskoj, ali i diljem Europe. U Sedmogradskoj sam primijetio strukture saksonskih sela koje uključuju prostrane gmajne, njem. *Gemeinde*, redovito zatvorene na jednoj strani utvrđenom crkvom, crkvom na utvrdi, samo utvrdom, u kojem slučaju se na drugoj strani nalazi crkva. Takva organizirana naselja postoje na europskom sjeverozapadu već u 10. stoljeću, a na njemačkom području još se mogu iščitati čak u većim gradovima. Sjajan je primjer Pankow, sjeverno predgrađe Berlina. Takve gmajne javljaju se i u Slavoniji. Na sjevernim obroncima Bilogore je selo Obrovnica, tipično naselje sa širokom gmajnom, s juga zaštićeno padinom gore, a sa sjevera malom zemljanom utvrdom Hat. Monumentalan su primjer Nijemci na istoku Slavonije. U tom primjeru na utvrdi na istočnom kraju gmajne stoji lijepa gotička crkva svete Katarine na tragovima ranoromaničke. Gmajna je zaista specifična jer uz središnji potez postoje još bočne, manje gmajne. U zemljama intenzivnije imigracije, saksonske crkve i gmajne su posvuda.

Vidio sam podosta saksonskih crkava od Danske i Brabanta do Slavonije, Sedmogradske i Spiša. Jedinstvo tipologije je i više nego očito, a tako i jednostavna ljepota arhitekture i spajanja s okolišem. Što vrijedi za romaničke spomenike useljenika, vrijedi i za gotiku. Umjetnost saksonske dijaspor, Frizijaca, Donjih i Gornjih Sasa, Flamanaca, Tirinžana itd., je beskonačno vrijedan svjedok europskog zajedništva iz podosta daleke prošlosti, prvenstveno ljudi germanskog podrijetla i njihove uloge u širenju granica Europe u Skandinaviju, srednju Europu, istok i jugoistok uz suradnju slavenskih i ugrofinskih elemenata. Nažalost, još ne poznajemo srednjovjekovnog Pauzaniju koji je to sve eventualno zabilježio.

Ako se radi o tako prvorazrednoj pojavi europske važnosti, zašto joj se ne ukazuje dužno poštovanje? Odgovor na to pitanje glavni je cilj ovoga poglavlja.

Kroz europsku povijest odnos grad – selo uvijek je bio i ostao specifičan. Moglo bi se reći, uvijek se hvali ono drugo dok god se tamo ne živi. Izmučeni gradski stanovnik polisa, urbsa, grada, varoši, trgovišta, megalopolisa, urbane zone sanja i bulazni o zdravom duhu i zraku ladanjskog raja, da bi se zaželio urbanog života čim je raspakirao svoje kofere. Seljački klip mašta o prednostima gradskoga života, no ubrzo se zasiti gradskoga smrada i buke i nostalgичno se prisjeća travnatih obronaka i bistrih potoka. Kopajte malo po europskoj literaturi! Puna je takvih primjera, uzvišenih i smiješnih. Antika, kasniji srednji vijek i moderno doba su u znaku urbsa. Mi također nikada ne zaboravljamo sanjariti o netaknutoj prirodi, no nismo spremni odreći se plina, struje i interneta. U tom odnosu ljubavi i mržnje grad može nametati svoje standarde, a selo ne može odgovoriti istom mjerom. Grad ima vojsku, policiju, rekvizicije, sekvestracije, poreze, novačenje, agrarne reforme, kolhoze. Ne mari što sva ta sredstva prisile stoje na leđima seljaka. Selo ne može na to odgovoriti, osim ako ne uskrati proizvodnju hrane, čime siječe granu na kojoj sjedi. Ako i pokuša, čim bi proizveo minimalne količine za vlastite potrebe, stigli bi gradski „agenti“ i zaplijeniti ih. Selo i grad dva su svijeta, dvije ljudske psihe koje će uvijek ostati odvojene. Od

vremena renesanse, grad pa tako i njegova umjetnička proizvodnja, pod nadzorom su elite. To je ona velika, urbana i dvorska umjetnost kojom se dičimo na kolegijima struke u okviru studija povijesti umjetnosti. Kada ga se primijenjuje na ladanju, gradski model ostaje uglavnom nepromijenjen. Tu i tamo ima uspješnih primjera otpora ili suradnje, kao što je sjedinjavanje umjetnosti i pejzaža u baroku kada se svaki nezauzeti brežuljak resi novom, prelijepom kapelom, vezom s Duhom u visinama. Kao što nam svjedoči Pauzanija, *rus* su gurali u stranu sve od vremena pretpovijesne utvrde, no on se nije dao dotući čak ni u vremenima izrazite urbanizacije, poput antike. Za građane stanovnici ladanja su seljačine, budaletine, smrdljivci, primitivci, divljaci, no bez njih se ne može. Netko mora zasijati zelje i tući se na prvim crtama bojišnice. Pravi „urbanit“ mrzi (tj. potajno se plaši) seljaka kojeg doživljava kao nepouzdanog, lažljivog, prijetvornog, zatucanog (posebice vjerski!), odanog iracionalnim djelatnostima i mislima, čaranju, gatanju, vještičarenju, društvenom i političkom konzervativizmu. Seljaci, kulaci nikada ne mogu biti saveznici urbanih proletera. Selo fatalistički ne mari, trpa glavu u sijeno, radi svoje i podmeće nogu gradu kada god može. *Nature Methodized* Alexandera Popea vrijedi dok god je metodizirana *ergo* nadzirana od Dvora i Main Streeta. Igrat ćemo se pastira i pastirica dok god se podrazumijeva da se radi o igri. Pogledajte samo brojne ogranke suvremenog pokreta Zelenih, a kada igra prestane, glave lete.

Koliko znamo o ruralnoj umjetnosti Egipćana, Grka, Rimljana? Kada izronimo iz srednjega vijeka, te sumnjive srednje epohe koja ipak pokriva jedan cijeli milenij(!), ponovno se hvalimo uskrnućem gradova, velikim katedralama, velikim samostanima, hvalimo napredak prema mehanizaciji, merkantilizmu, prosvjetiteljstvu, liberalnoj buržoaziji, razvlaštenjem ladanjskog sloja i njihovih kmetova, plješćemo medičejcima, Colbertu, Marxu, Keynesu, neoliberalizmu i šaljemo *rus* u domenu etnologa i antropologa, onih čudnih tipova koji skupljaju narodne nošnje, plesove, priče, koji se ne peru, brbljaju nestale jezike i propagiraju propale mitologije. Kada god govorim o tom drugom srednjovjekovnom umjetničkom krugu, dočekuje me tišina ili primjedbe: „To je sve lijepo i dobro, ali nije moguće.“ „Zašto?“ „Zašto? Pa tako. Zato! To je područje etnologa, antropologa. To nije naša *kultura*.“ Kada iznesete dokaze: „Činjenice? Pa što će nam činjenice? Naša je Europa između oceana te Rajne, gornjeg Dunava, zapadno od Jadrana, sjeverno od Pirineja. O čemu, zaboga, vi bulaznite?“

Zastrašujuće je da takav stav o tome što je politički korektno još uvijek prevladava u proučavanju europske umjetnosti. To je nastavak one zapadnoeuropske umišljenosti i inercije koja je stvorila Nevilla Chamberlaina i njegovu slavnu izjavu po povratku iz Münchena gdje je Čehe i Slovačke predao Hitleru: „Zašto si razbijati glavu s ljudima o kojim i tako ne znamo ništa?“ Krenuvši u avanturu unije, Europa je suočena s izazovom: inkluzija ili propast! To, čini se, nije još palo na pamet eurokratima i njihovim humanističkim lakajima.

Od Vasarijeva doba dominira izvjestan tip umjetnosti i umjetničke kritike među onima koji znaju, *conscientima*, kao i spoznaja koja se razdoblja i umjetnici u

pristojnom društvu ne spominju. Vasari je naglašavao klasičnu umjetnost visoke renesanse, Firence i Rima, Michelangela i Rafaela i njihovih sljedbenika manirista, među kojima je u slikarstvu Vasari bio jedan od najgorih. Dozvoljavala se i umjetnost imperijalnog Rima. Kada su inovativni manirizam i barok potresli retoriku klasičnog stila, najveću pozornost visoke elite i znalaca privukle su one pojave koje su zadržale izvjestan stupanj klasicizma kao Carracci i bolonjski akademizam, neki vidovi Berninija, francuski klasicizam i sl. Naravno, Medici su si mogli priuštiti Vasarija, ne farmer iz Poggibonsija! Isto vrijedi za Winckelmana koji je dodao još jedan klasicizam, svoju viziju onoga što je smatrao grčkom umjetnošću. Do danas umjetnost koja se hvali ostaje prvenstveno ona nacionalne države, velikog biznisa, velikih preprodavača, velike politike, velikih ideja političke korektnosti. Kako ćemo vidjeti, i radikalni oblici umjetnosti mogu se vješto ukrotiti.

Umjetnost koja je morala čekati bolja vremena nisu samo ruralni fenomeni poput onog opisanog u ovom poglavlju već mnogi rani, arhajski, pretklasični, primitivni stilovi (Grčka, republikanski Rim, rani srednji vijek, kvattrocento). Rani, arhajski ili primitivni izrazi mogu dati svoj pečat cjelokupnim razdobljima ili dijelovima svijeta: srednji vijek, dio baroka, pretkolumbijska Amerika, neke inačice umjetnosti južne, jugoistočne i istočne Azije, iako i ovdje, rekli bi stručnjaci, postoje razdoblja vlastitih klasicizama. U srednjem vijeku to je npr. umjetnost visoke gotike i to prvenstveno umjetnost kraljevske domene, tijekom priprema francuske vladarske kuće za svoj veliki pohod ka apsolutizmu. Kraljeva gotika ubrzo je postala velika moda kod manjih tirana diljem Europe ili pak kolonijalni izraz poput onoga što se nametnulo u Languedocu nakon franačke okupacije (katedrale u Limogesu, Narbonnei, Clermont-Ferrandu, Rodezu). Srednji i sitni europski prosvijećeni monarsi 18. stoljeća na sličan su način prigrlili francuski klasicizam i rokoko. U tom kontekstu donekle začuđuje popularnost pretklasičnog stupnja srednjovjekovne umjetnosti, romanike, u 20. stoljeću, do te mjere da je izazvalo kritiku jednog od najvećih poznavatelja te iste romanike. Xavier Barral i Altet u svom djelu *Protiv romanike?* pripisuju popularnost romanike njenom navodnom purizmu, jednostavnosti i rustičnosti što je sve dobrim dijelom rezultat nestručnih obnova i imaginacije 20. stoljeća nakon što su apstraktna umjetnost i nefiguracija postali popularni.

Druga srednjovjekovna umjetnost koju smo upravo pokušali opisati, ona ladanjska, nikada nije stekla osobito priznanje, a bez nje uvid u važan segment naše europske prošlosti ostaje nepotpun. To je također u vezi s etničkim podrijetlom kako stvaratelja tako i potrošača, Germana i Slavena, seljaka i divljaka, kulturno nižom rasom na velikoj europskoj skali vrijednosti. Baš kao religiozni, i društveni ekskluzivizam, onaj rasni, je također jedan od nepriznatih grijeha europskog humanizma.

Opaske, nadopune, prilozi ilustracijama

Uz moje tekstove navedene u ovom poglavlju temeljni radovi za razumijevanje ruralne romanike su Viktor Roth, *Die deutsche Kunst in Siebenbürgen*, Berlin 1934.; Elimar Rogge, *Einschiffige romanische Kirchen in Friesland und ihre Gestaltung*, Oldenburg 1943.; Erich Bachmann, „Dorfkirchen“, u: *Reallexikon zur Deutschen Kunstgeschichte*, München 1958., 245-274; Hermann i Alida Fabini, *Kirchenburgen in Siebenbürgen*, Leipzig 1985.; Vojislav Korać, *Graditeljska škola podmorja*, Beograd 1965. Lijepih primjera može se naći u Armin Tuulse, *Scandinavia Romanica*, Beč 1968.

Đuro Szabo, *Umjetnost u našim ladanjskim crkvama*, Zagreb 1930. je izvor ideje o *Srijemskoj skupini*.

Rad Xaviera Barral i Alteta, *Protiv romanike? (Contre l'art roman?)* spomenuli smo već i ranije kao i djelatnost Johanna Winckelmanna. Također podsjećamo na razmišljanja o gradu u povijesti Lewisa Mumforda.

VI. Josef Strzygowski i umjetnost kulturnog pejzaža

Na početku ovoga poglavlja osvrnut ću se još jednom na projekt koji sam već spomenuo. Pokrenut je u jesen 2002. s potporom Ministarstva znanosti, obrazovanja i športa Republike Hrvatske pod naslovom *Romanika u međuriječju Save i Drave i europska kultura*, a zaključen je 31.12.2013. Bio sam nositeljem projekta, a suradnici na projektu bili su moji tadašnji asistenti Vjekoslav Jukić, Danko Dujmović i Maja Cepetić, te dr. sc. Goran Jakovljević, muzejski savjetnik, Gradski muzej Bjelovar i dr. sc. Vesna Mikić, redovna profesorica na Arhitektonskom fakultetu u Zagrebu. Cilj projekta bila je studija položaja i spomenika ranije srednjovjekovne umjetnosti na trećini hrvatskog teritorija, južnopanonskoj Mezopotamiji između Save i Drave.

Ponovno ću se pohvaliti da smo broj položaja u desetak godina istraživanja podigli s oko 60 na 565. Kako? Kada smo krenuli na posao, suočili smo se s jednom nikada sustavno obrađenom zemljom. Smatralo se da *tamo nema ničega*. Bilo je, naravno, podosta literature, čak i vrlo dobre, no nastojanja su uglavnom bila slučajna i nekoordinirana. Arheoloških istraživanja bilo je malo. Isto tako i pisanih izvora. Nitko nikada nije sustavno prehodao cijeli taj teritorij tako da je prvi korak bilo upoznavanje zemlje, što god to značilo. Odradili smo oko 200.000 kilometara autom, još nekoliko tisuća pješice, nešto vlakom i autobusom, a otisnuli smo se i u nebo. Najvažnije od svega, stavili smo nogu na svaki položaj gdje su se našli baš i najmanji fizički tragovi spomenika, a potražili i one koji se samo spominju u izvorima ili usmenoj predaji. Naravno, početna točka bili su poznati spomenici, a zatim smo pokušali upoznati krajolik. Od lingvisti smo učili o toponimima, od kulturnih antropologa o tradiciji i mitologiji. Tako je iz mraka i kaosa počeo izranjati izvjesni red u pronalaženju izgubljenih spomenika. Knjigu, popis položaja (*Registar*) predali smo u tisak 2012., a od tada do sada nađeno je još šezdesetak. Projekt je ustvari beskonačan.

Naša su otkrića otvorila teoretska pitanja. Zapravo smo u znanstvenom smislu išli unatrag, ne od teorije u praksu već od prakse k teoriji. I evo što se iznjedrilo.

Mi živimo u vječnom prostoru. On se mijenja, no nikada ne nestaje. Predstavlja prirodnu ekologiju, naše prirodno nasljeđe. Čim Duh dotakne prirodu, Natura se mijenja u Kulturu, prirodni krajolik u kulturni. Jedino kad se materija i Duh, Natura i Kultura spoje, naš prostor dobiva smisao. Materija je Duhu što i oblik sadržaju jer Duh čini materiju specifičnom, daje joj smisao, sadržaj, emocije, ukratko značenje. Kulturna ekologija i njeni slojevi, kulturni pejzaži, stalno se mijenjaju. Bez poznavanja prostora oko nas, fizičkog i duhovnog, ne možemo razumjeti tko smo i što smo, otkuda dolazimo i kamo idemo. Ne možemo se snaći u prostoru i vremenu, ne razumijemo prošlost ni sadašnjost, nemamo viziju budućnosti.

Postoji li netaknuta priroda?

Ne!

Čim se pojavi čovjek, prirodni se pejzaž pretvara u njegovo djelo, u kulturni pejzaž. Čim čovjek samo pogleda neki potez nenarušene prirode, unosi sebe u sliku izborom vizure i priroda više nije netaknuta. Iz polustoljetnog iskustva u povijesti likovnih umjetnosti znam da nema slučajnog gledanja. Kada se nađemo pred planinom, naš pogled ide na vrh i smješta taj vrh u sredinu slike. Ako tome nije tako, postoje jaki razlozi i slika dobiva novi, često neočekivani sadržaj. Ustvari, valja napomenuti da je umjetnost gledanja, odabira vizura u okolišu, jedna od najstarijih umjetnosti. Baš kao i umjetnost slušanja, pipanja, njušenja, kušanja, ukratko osjetilnog doživljavanja koje, u slučaju da se radi o doživljavanju umjetničkog djela, donosi poruku posebnog sadržaja te konačno ono opažanje koje se zasniva na rijetkom talentu osjećanja prostora.

Ipak, oprez! Ako je čovjek dio prirode, onda *ljubičasta ekologija* ne postoji, već samo *zeleno*. Ako nema tog *zelenog* u kojem na neki, pa baš i najminimalniji način, ne sudjeluje čovjek, onda je *sve ljubičasto*. Možemo pretpostaviti da negdje, možda u svemiru, postoje potezi prirode u potpunosti netaknuti *ljubičastom* djelatnošću, te da u našem današnjem svijetu uopće nema više nedirnutog *zelenog*. Što je s djelovanjem naših suputnika na putu kroz vječnost? Kada lisica izdubi rupu, kada vrabac savije gnijezdo, kada dabar sagradi branu, kada hrđa nagrize željezo, kada nastanu kristali inja, kada se osuši blato, nije li to sve diranje u prirodu, djelatnost koja u biti i nije različita od one ljudskoga roda. Za naše potrebe ipak bih zadržao zacrtanu podjelu: čovjek – priroda (odnosno čovjek plus priroda), prirodna ekologija – kulturna ekologija (zajedno jednako opća ekologija).

Što je, dakle, kulturna ekologija?

To je sveukupnost ljudskog djelovanja na okoliš. Ona je sve što smo stvorili kao ljudski rod, kao narodi, zajednice, obitelji, pojedinci. Ona je naša tradicija, naš identitet, velika knjiga u kojoj je u okolišu zabilježena naša povijest, naš put od nastanka prema nečemu što ne možemo dokučiti. Na tom putu rezultati nekih djelovanja se brišu, nestaju, gube na vidljivosti, zamjenjuju ih drugi, jasniji, novi. Kulturna se ekologija mijenja no, u načelu, što je jednom nastalo nikada u potpunosti ne nestaje jer se na njemu gradi to novo. Kulturna se ekologija stalno mijenja i ne može ju se zamrznuti ili obnoviti, konzervirati ili restaurirati. Povijesne znanosti bave se pokušajima uvida u starije faze naše kulturne ekologije.

Ponovimo, a to vrijedi i za kulturnu ekologiju uopće, ne radi se samo o materijalnim, opipljivim, vizualnim ili drugim osjetilima spoznatljivim fenomenima, već i o duhovnim pojavama, o misli, svjetonazoru, ideologiji pa sve do običaja, načina ponašanja, vođenja posla itd. Kako su se čovjekove mogućnosti (pa i želja) da utječe na okoliš mijenjale kroz prošlost, tako su se mijenjali i pojavni, prepoznatljivi slojevi kulturne ekologije. Ti su slojevi kulturni pejzaži. Reći ćete: „Pa što, samo druga riječ za stil.“ No to ne stoji. Stil je „kuharica“, ljudska tvorevina kako bi se razlikovalo razne osobine koje se mogu dosta jasno očitati u proizvodima i ponašanjima skupina ljudi, razdoblja, područja. Izmislili smo ih da si olakšamo klasifikaciju i tu su humanisti učinili veliku pogrešku primjenjujući na svoje materijale neka načela i

metodologije prirodnih znanosti. Stil je zamišljen kao apstrakcija i ostaje apstrakcija. Kulturni pejzaž, odnosno njegovi slojevi, posjeduje komponentu vječnoga vežući se uz vječno, a to je prostor koji uvijek služi kao okvir za stvaranje kulturnog pejzaža. Ljudi su oduvijek bili svjesni postojanja tih slojeva što jasno pokazuju kratke izreke kojima su opisivali njihovu bit, kao *Homo mensura* za klasičnu antiku, *Civitas Dei* za srednji vijek, ili *Everything goes* za ovo naše vrijeme. Tako su nastajali, recimo, kulturni pejzaži prapovijesti, antike, srednjega vijeka, novoga doba. Unutar njih prepoznali smo, opet recimo, paleolitik i neolitik, Grčku i Rim, rano kršćanstvo, predromaniku, romaniku, gotiku, renesansu, barok, razne izme 19. i 20. stoljeća. Ovo vrijedi za tzv. naše zapadno iskustvo, no slični linearni sustavi, ne sinkroni već dijakroni, u odnosu na naš, postoje i drugdje. Idući svojim putem, ljudske skupine prolaze kroz slične faze, no ne istovremeno. Spominjući to zapadno iskustvo implicitno priznajemo da postoje i druga, nezapadna te da se kulturni pejzaži ne vežu samo uz razdoblja već i uz teritorij i ljudske skupine. Stvaraju se slični kulturni pejzaži na raznim mjestima koji se, međutim, mogu znakovito razlikovati u pojavnim pojedinostima što daje posebnu ljepotu i bogatstvo onome što je najveće u ljudskom rodu, stvaralaštvu. Kulturni pejzaži, čak ako ih u našoj sferi pospremimo u ladice kako smo maločas napravili, nisu statični već se stalno mijenjaju, uslojavaju, ne mogu se očuvati, no može ih se pokušati prepoznati, izolirati i rekonstruirati, što je, ponovno, predmet povijesnih znanosti. Današnji kulturni pejzaž koji uključuje sve kulturno-ekološke elemente koje možemo prepoznati, pa i one koje ne možemo (i nismo ih svjesni), velika je knjiga iz koje se iščitava povijest. Njegova materijalna manifestacija, dakle primarno vizualni aspekti, najjasnije bilježi ljudsku povijesnu prisutnost u okolišu, i uz pisane izvore i predmete materijalne kulture predstavljaju najvažniji izvor za razumijevanje prošlosti i sadašnjosti. Treba ih samo znati čitati i, nadajmo se nakon ispravnog čitanja, slušati i poštivati.

Postoji li nacionalni kulturni pejzaž?

Nacija nije danas baš obljubljena riječ ili pojam u humanističkim i društvenim istraživanjima. Može se prihvatiti da nacija, krv, i nije odlučujući faktor, no svjesni smo iz vlastitih iskustava koliko fizički pejzaž utječe na skupine i pojedince. Drugačije se osjećamo na planinskom vrhuncu, drugačije u beskrajnoj ravnici, drugačije na kontinentu, drugačije na obali mora. Stereotipi mogu biti stereotipi, no nemojte mi reći da ne postoje ljudi planine i ravnice, šume i prerije, obale i zaleđa, grada i sela. Poduzetniji traže puteve, vodotoke, trgovišta. Oni koji više cijene sigurnost smještaju se na brijegove, u šume, u močvare. Obično postoji neka ravnoteža između svih tih čimbenika. Pejzaž nije samo povijest već i povijesna sudbina. Ipak, neke su stvari moguće samo u određenom podneblju. *Bamberški jahač* mogao je nastati samo u Njemačkoj 13. stoljeća. Ako me pitate zašto, dovest ćete me u neugodnu situaciju. Ne znam! No u njemu doživljavam nešto što prepoznajem kao njemačko, jednu posebnu duhovnost, pomalo napetu ozbiljnost u pristupu materiji što nam se čini bitnim za ljude koje nazivamo Nijemcima. Početkom 20. stoljeća, kada su i u Francuskoj i u Njemačkoj skupine slikara eksperimentirale sa slobodom boje, fovisti su stvorili gamu vrućih, jarkih, veselih boja, a ekspresionisti su te iste boje

ohladili i ucijepili im ton melankolije. Matisse protiv Karl Schmidt-Rottluffa. Nismo li rekli da nam je okoliš povijesna sudbina?

Njegova se pojavnost stalno mijenja. Čak je i ona stabilnija komponenta, priroda, podložna promjeni. Rijeke mijenjaju korita, klimatske promjene utječu na biljni pokrov; javlja se erozija, potresi, požar. Istraživanje kulturnog krajolika je bitno jer je svako djelovanje čovjeka povezano s njegovom okolinom, ono se događa u krajoliku, u zatečenoj prirodi, štoviše, okolina ponekad i uvjetuje to djelovanje. Kroz vrijeme, odnosno povijest, u krajolik su se taložili određeni sadržaji koje treba znati pročitati da bi se bolje rastumačilo čovjekovo djelovanje. Pri tome treba imati na umu da krajolik ima vlastitu logiku koja može pomoći u razumijevanju povijesti, povijesti umjetnosti, arheologije, etnologije, antropologije. Proučavanje i upoznavanje terena trebalo bi biti sastavni dio interpretiranja povijesti budući da svi sadržaji kulturnog krajolika ovise o povijesnom, socijalnom, gospodarskom, političkom, kulturološkom kontekstu. Razvoj prometnih putova, naselja, kontinuiteti i diskontinuiteti življenja i boravka, sveta mjesta (odnosno mjesta za kult), gospodarski objekti itd., svi nam oni svjedoče o načinu razmišljanja i življenja u određenom trenutku i na određenom mjestu. U principu, što jednom nastane, nikada ne nestane u potpunosti, uvijek ostane nekakav trag. Upravo razumijevanjem krajolika možemo ponovno otkriti te skrivene tragove, odnosno locirati izgubljene spomenike. Uključivši i krajolik kao izvor, možemo dobiti sliku o cjelini i povezati elemente iz pisanih izvora s prostorom.

Pejzaž, odnosno prostor kao vječna, besmrtna sastavnica našeg okruženja je formalna kategorija. Spoznajemo ga osjetilima, kako smo već naveli, baš kao i umjetnička ostvarenja. Umjetnički oblici uključeni su u tu likovnu besmrtnost. Oni su ondje oduvijek i zauvijek. Čovjek ih otkriva i koristi kako bi prenio neki sadržaj, a taj je ona druga komponenta bez koje nema umjetničkog djela, umjetničke komunikacije. Sadržaj je ipak izmišljena, dodatna vrijednost koju stvara smrtno ljudsko biće. U tom smislu prostor se prema obliku odnosi kao vrijeme prema sadržaju jer je i vrijeme izmišljotina smrtnika kako bi se nekako orijentirali u besmrtnom i beskonačnom prostoru. Davanjem sadržaja imanentnoj umjetničkoj formi, čovjek lokalizira i individualizira oblike. Naravno, neke vječne teme, ljubav, smrt, uskrснуće, manje su prolazne od onih manje vječnih. One su veliki sadržaji koji određuju duhovni, ali i formalni jezik epohe. Ljudska bića su uvijek tražila orijentire u prostoru. Oni su davali značenje svakodnevnomu životu. Čovjek ih je nalazio u prirodi, napučivao bogovima, vilama, patuljcima ili ih je sam stvarao i smještao u okoliš. Takvi orijentiri ne moraju biti samo vizualni. To može biti zvuk zvona, poseban šum vjetra, miris bora, miris pečenja, dodir sunčanih zraka, dodir kamena, okus šumskog voća koji donosi povjetarac. Čovjek je putovao, i dan danas putuje, od orijentira do orijentira, oni ograđuju njegov životni prostor, čine ga sigurnim, mjerljivim, iskoristivim. Bez jasne orijentacije u prostoru nema psihičke ravnoteže, nema poduzetničkog duha, nema zdravog života. Hijerarhija znakova u prostoru zahtijeva da se ključni orijentiri jasno vide (čuju, mogu namirisati, opipati), a što je temeljnije od ljudske nastambe?

Zašto govorim o svemu ovome?

Zato što se pred stotinjak godina istraživač po imenu Josef Strzygowski usudio izjaviti da postoji umjetnost izvan zapadne Europe, a, također, i neprepoznata, *non-mainstream* umjetnost unutar nje.

Strzygowski je bio nemiran duh, vječni putnik u stvarnosti i mislima, Pauzanija ranog 20. stoljeća. Da je samo objavio vizualne zabilješke sa svojih putovanja Bliskim istokom, srednjom Azijom, Kavkazom, Balkanom i sjevernom i istočnom Europom, ugrozio bi monocentrično elitističko shvaćanje europske kulture o nadmoći Zapada zasnovanoj na mediteranskoj klasičnoj antici. Urbana i dvorska kultura Zapada gradi se na isto takvom urbanom i dvorskom prethodniku. Strzygowski je razjario klasiciste (Strzygowski ih zove humanistima što zvuči ponešto konfuzno jer danas pojam humanist doživljavamo kao nešto pozitivno i poželjno) koji su zastupali stav da je Rim sve, gurajući im pod nos neprepoznati i potisnuti kulturni pejzaž velikih prostranstava Azije, Altaja i Irana, stepa i nemirnih nomadskih jahača, Azijata, Germana, Slavena, barbara koji izvana gledaju preko *limesa* kako bi provalili, obeščastili, uništili. Što su i učinili tako da je trebalo gotovo tisuću godina da se ponovno uspostavi kulturni i politički red i poredak. Istovremeno je Strzygowski, *horribile dictu*, ustvrdio da ti kulturni pejzaži imaju značenje i za europski *mainstream*!

Strzygowski je imao vrijednog prethodnika, našeg Pauzaniju koji je pred kraj vladavine cara Hadrijana (117.-138.) putovao Grčkom pišući svoj *Periegesis tes Ellados* kojem smo posvetili prvo poglavlje ove knjige. Podsjetimo se, primijetili smo kako razmjerno malo onoga što mi danas doživljavamo kao klasično nalazimo na stranicama Pauzanijinog putopisa, a koliko pak fascinacije za pretpovijesno, mitsko, iracionalno, barbarsko. Kao što smo već rekli, svijetu metropolitanskog rimskog *urbasa* suprotstavljen je svijet vječnoga *rusa*. Gotovo dva milenija kasnije, drugi veliki putnik ponudio je nevoljnoj Europi još jedan svijet o kojem Europa nije htjela ništa znati.

Danas, stotinjak godina nakon tih vatrenih debata, možemo hladnijih glava razmotriti spor. Strzygowski je imao pravo što se tiče intuicije. Nesumnjivo, taj drugi kulturni pejzaž je postojao. No nije uspio poduprijeti svoje uvide čvrstim činjenicama i rigoroznom znanstvenom metodologijom. Tek je bacio pogled na svijet kojim se želio baviti, na komadić golemog tijela materijala koji je bio vrlo malo poznat, a još i danas je pun zagonetki i praznina. Klasicisti su obavili izvrstan posao u svojoj sferi, što i nije bilo tako teško jer su se bavili materijalom koji im je bio prostorno blizak, dostupan, uglavnom realističan, dakle lako čitljiv i razmjerno dobro sačuvan. Naprotiv, Strzygowski i njegovi sljedbenici suočili su se s nejasnim grotlom koje je prijeto progutati ih. I dok klasicisti još uvijek dominiraju europskom scenom, štetu koju im je zadao Strzygowski nije više moguće zatajiti, s obzirom da je niz velikih povjesničara likovnih umjetnosti barem djelomično slijedio njegov poziv: Gabriel Millet i *école Grecque*, Jurgis Baltrušaitis i prepoznavanje *réveils et prodiges* Orijenta u umjetnosti srednjovjekovnog Zapada, otkrića Arthura K. Portera glede sumnjivog stila romanike i keltske Irske, otkriće manirizma, reevaluacija baroka, studije Davida Buxtona o drvenoj arhitekturi istočne i sjeveroistočne Europe. Bi li se išta od toga

stvarno dogodilo da Josef Strzygowski nije napravio prve rupice u klasicističkom oklopu? Strzygowski je bio tvrdoglav, svadljiv, agresivan i vjerovao u vlastito sveznanje i nepogrešivost. Krajem života postao je i članom nacističke stranke, najvjerojatnije iz koristoljublja i karijerizma jer je teško zamisliti čovjeka koji je uložio toliko truda i vremena na studije umjetnosti i kulture izrabljivanih i potisnutih naroda (Armenaca, Kopta, Hrvata, Finaca) kao uvjerenog nacista. Dok ne želimo na bilo koji način prikrivati Strzygowskijeve faktološke pogreške i tešku ruku, vjerujemo da je legitimno upitati se što bi Strzygowski učinio kada bi znao što mi znamo danas. Ponovimo, klasicisti su napravili sjajan posao dok su barbari zaostajali, no ni oni nisu sjedili prekrivenih ruku. Veliki stvaratelji svjesni su dviju zaraćenih strana u interpretaciji naše kulture. Izvanrednu paralelu povukao je Milan Pelc na temelju romana *Čarobni brijeg* Thomasa Manna, identificirajući jednog od protagonista, Settembrinija, kao klasicista, a drugog, Naphthu, kao barbara.

Naravno, nijedna poštena prosudba europske kulture danas ne može izostaviti ni klasiciste ni barbare. Ipak eurocentrizam, posebice veliki naglasak na zemlje zapadno od Rajne, Dunava i zapadne obale Jadrana, još uvijek dominira u studijama umjetnosti i kulture. Kao žitelj jugoistočne Srednje Europe, tijekom karijere bio sam zapanjen glede nedostatka zanimanja za granične zemlje Europe. Pogledajte kartu spomenika predromaničke arhitekture u inače vrijednoj knjizi Charlesa McClendona, *The Origins of Medieval Architecture*. Nema jednog jedinog spomenika istočno od crte Halberstadt – San Vincenzo al Volturno, a ustvari ih ima oko 400 samo u Hrvatskoj kako pokazuje monumentalni pregled predromanike u Dalmaciji Tomislava Marasovića.

Monocentričnost kojom se zapadni dio Europe identificira kao jedini standard i mjesto kulturne odličnosti je prvo u nizu područja u kojima još danas vladaju teške zablude.

Drugo takvo područje već smo više puta spominjali. To je elitizam, a povijest vizualnih umjetnosti je notorno elitistička disciplina koja *ad nauseam* reciklira 100 velikih spomenika na račun svega ostalog. No, određuje li centar uvijek smjer? Vidjeli smo kako ruralna romanika ima svoje načine izražavanja, koji put vezane uz visoku umjetnost, koji put ne. Vidjeli smo kako neki oblici ruralne romaniku sijeku navodne granice bez obzira na visoku umjetnost. Uzmimo još jedan sveeuropski tip ruralne srednjovjekovne crkve s pravokutnom apsidom. Pristaše teorije centra vežu ih uz cistercite. No takve su se zgrade gradile stoljećima prije ustanovljenja reda, u drvu i trajnim materijalima.

Elitizam se usko veže uz nacionalni ekskluzivizam. Nađite mi pregled europske umjetnosti s ozbiljnim pogledom na umjetnost Skandinavije, Slavena, Europljana azijskoga podrijetla. Opće je mišljenje da je europska baština stvorena u Parizu uz neke doprinose Londona, Madrida i Rima. Sjetimo se Chamberlainovog *zašto brinuti*.

Nacionalni ekskluzivizam usko se veže uz vjerski. Navodim riječi katoličkog svećenika mladom Vitomiru Belaju na početku njegove znanstvene karijere koja ga je dovela do izvanrednih otkrića na području ranoslavenske mitologije u hrvatskom pejzažu: „Zaboravi to, i nađi si pametniji posao!“ Druge uhodane vjere i ideologije

nisu ništa bolje. U bivšoj Jugoslaviji komunističke su vlasti rutinski razarale stijene vezane uz staroslavensku tradiciju.

Strzygowski se opirao zapadnom eurocentризму, a bio je i antielitist. Jasno je da je bio i protivnik nacionalnog i vjerskog ekskluzivizma i, kako smo već naveli, promicatelj kulture izrabljivanih naroda. Umjetnost budista, muslimana i pogana također živi na stranicama njegovih knjiga i to kao relevantna za sudbinu europske umjetnosti. Danas bi rekli da Strzygowski nije bio politički korektan.

Ne tvrdim da sam stručnjak za Strzygowskog, no njegov utjecaj na moj rad bio je dalekosežan. Mnogo toga što sam pročitao ostalo je nerazumljivo ili neprihvatljivo. Ipak, malo je humanističkih istraživača koji su učinili toliko mnogo. Po mom mišljenju nije ključno do koje mjere je Strzygowski bio u pravu, već koliko je njegov rad utjecao na neke metodologije koje danas postaju ključne u pokretanju povijesti umjetnosti u novim, usuđujem se reći, potpunijim i inovativnijim smjerovima.

O Strzygowskom sam ponajviše naučio iz knjige koju je napisao 1925., *Starohrvatska umjetnost*, o predromaničkoj umjetnosti u Hrvatskoj i o njezinim pretpostavljenim vezama s umjetnošću Sjevera. Smjesta dodajem da je čitanje Strzygowskijeve knjige moglo dovesti do izbacivanja s Filozofskog fakulteta u Zagrebu ako je niste čitali zajedno s kritičkim osvrtom Ljube Karamana, pripadnika antistrzygowskijevskog tabora u Beču. Karamanova kritika zaista izlaže Strzygowskog sramoti i ruglu. Strzygowski očito nije poznao materijal, njegovi usporedni primjeri su loše izabrani, zaključci nemaju veze s činjenicama. Puno kasnije spoznao sam da je knjiga o predromanici u Hrvatskoj stvarno najgora među njegovim knjigama koje sam pročitao. Temelji se na dva kratka posjeta, a pisana je na brzinu kako bi bila spremna 1925., za 1000. godišnjicu Hrvatskog Kraljevstva. Tijekom posljednjeg desetljeća nekoliko sam puta pisao na temu što Josef Strzygowski nije znao, pokazujući da danas posjedujemo činjenice koje njegove zaključke čine manje suludima, dapače prihvatljivima dobrom i nadahnutom istraživanju.

Pripremajući 2011. izlaganje za znanstveni skup u Strzygowskijevoj rodnoj Biali, dotaknuo sam se i pitanja Palatinske kapele u Aachenu te sam odlučio pročitati i njegovu knjigu na tu temu. Naručio sam knjigu preko Interneta, uredno je stigla i već me izgledom iznenadila. Za Strzygowskog tanka knjižica, jedva stotinjak stranica. Druga polovina je posvećeno iznenađujuće lucidnoj i nadahnutoj analizi dubiozne restauracije kapele, a prva polovina samoj kapeli, točnije, razmatranju umjetničke klime, prošle i suvremene, kojom je Strzygowski izgradio sustavni prijedlog za orijentalnu bit njenih arhitektonskih oblika. Danas bih rekao da je Strzygowski vrlo vješto sagradio *kulturni pejzaž* koji je okruživao nastanak kapele koja je i sama najveći domet tog pejzaža. Možemo se slagati ili ne, no Strzygowski je prije stotinjak godina doveo u pitanje ustaljenu istinu da je model Kapele jedino San Vitale u Ravenni.

Revidirao sam svoje izlaganje koje je prema mom mišljenju bio prvi pokušaj sažimanja svega što znamo o nimalo jednostavnom pitanju predromanike poganskih Slavena u južnoj Panoniji, tj. kontinentalnoj Hrvatskoj. Podijelio sam svoje izlaganje

na *organizaciju prostora* (izvjesne pejzažne strukture na temelju toponima koje se mogu stvarno identificirati u pejzažu), *signifikantne toponime* (uz detaljnu analizu vizualnih elemenata koji se uz njih vežu), *materijalne ostatke* (rijetke i upitne) i *preživljavanja tradicije* (poput već navedene priče o vestverku). Iz tih ulomaka sastavio sam sliku ponešto nalik onoj koju je Strzygowski predlagao za Aachen.

Revidirao sam i svoje, priznajem nedostatan, poznavanje Strzygowskijevog djela i shvatio da Aachen nije iznimka. U svojim većim djelima Strzygowski je koristio sličan pristup. Aachen je minijatura u usporedbi s *Kleinasien* (1903.), *Koptische Kunst* (1904.), *Die Baukunst der Armenier und Europa* (1918.), *Asiens Bildende Kunst* (1930.), a kako složenost raste, tako raste razina nesigurnosti, nagađanja i neodrživog teoretiziranja. Teme su bile prevelike, presložene da bi ih se moglo sistematski obraditi poput Aachena.

Revidirao sam svoje tekstove na temu što Josef Strzygowski nije znao, čime sam potvrdio gore navedeno, tj. da je metoda zdrava i korisna ako ima dovoljno činjenica. Navodim samo naslove ključnih poglavlja u knjizi o starohrvatskoj umjetnosti: *Životna snaga starohrvatske umjetnosti* (temeljni utjecaj tla, mjesta i domaće tradicije), *Utjecaj tuđe volje* (sredozemni vidovi starohrvatske umjetnosti) i *Prometne sile* (putevi kulturne razmjene). To je vrlo razuman okvir koji danas možemo puno bolje ispuniti činjenicama.

Na primjer, Strzygowski je poznao neke od hrvatskih građevina s vestverkom (sl. 12), no nije shvatio njihovu važnost. Bile su mu prevelike i, kako su imale polukružne apside, odviše mediteranske. Danas bi sigurno imao drugačije mišljenje.

Genijalnom intuicijom Strzygowski je shvatio postojanje kulturnih pejzaža izvan kruga interesa zapadnih istraživača. Materijali koje je susreo i zatim ponudio razbjesnelim klasicistima bili su, nažalost, razbacani, nedostatni i nesistematizirani. Strzygowski je pokušao odrediti i prikazati istinski iznenađujuće i Zapadnjacima nerazumljive materijale, kao i one koje sam nazvao predromanikom poganskih Slavena. Samo po sebi to je velik doprinos. Mnogo toga što mi danas znamo sigurno bi mu bilo pomoglo stvoriti koherentniju sliku. Sigurno bi ga veselilo vidjeti materijalizaciju nekih plodova svoje imaginacije koje smo naveli u poglavljima o vračevoj osveti i vestverku. Odnosno, na daleko većoj i univerzalnijoj skali Europe koja nije samo klasicistička, već i orijentalna i barbarska. Odnosno, vraćajući se opet Puzaniji, ili u puno bližem vremenu Lewisu Mumfordu, Europi i *urbsa* i *rusa*, dakle stvarnoj dvojnosti naše povijesne i kulturne baštine. David Buxton, odvažni istraživač istočnoeuropske drvene arhitekture točno je rekao da smo i on i mi svi Strzygowskijevi dužnici. Prostorni oblici i očuvanje tradicije nisu bili prepoznati u njegovo vrijeme. Trebat će desetljeća da se popuni McClendonova lakuna i potvrdi hrabar stav Josefa Strzygowskog protiv monocentričnosti i elitizma u istraživanju europske kulture.

Ne smijemo ignorirati veliki segment europske kulturne baštine, brojna stoljeća od seobe naroda do 14. stoljeća kada zadnji bastion poganstva, Litva, prelazi na kršćanstvo. Otkrivanje poganske i kršćanske kulturne baštine istočne i jugoistočne

Europe golem je korak prema Europi istinske jednakosti naroda i njihovih tradicija, Europe brojnih središta koja svijetle različitim svjetlima, ali pridonose jednom velikom sjaju. Uspješno iščitavanje naše kulturne ekologije uključuje prepoznavanje zaboravljenih i zapostavljenih vidova naše baštine, a to je dragocjeno oruđe za stvaranje funkcionalnog okoliša ujedinjene Europe danas i u budućnosti.

Spominjao sam više puta razilaženje među istraživačima, žučne polemike, promjene u ocjenjivanju. Kako je moguće da uvaženi istraživači često donose potpuno oprečne sudove? Kako ih opravdavaju? Prvo, istraživači humanističkih znanosti su jednako svojevrsni, jednako individualni kao umjetnici. Svakoga od nas privlači drugi vid naše baštine. Netko se bavi antikom, netko barokom. No, svi mi morali bismo imati temeljni talent kako bismo doživjeli duh svakog umjetničkog fenomena.

Sam duh je beskrajn i neodrediv, a isto vrijedi za velike interpretacije. Panofsky je u pravu kada tvrdi da svaka generacija humanista nudi nove interpretacije, kako je svaka posebno privučena različitim podražajima. Pri tome su istraživači umjetnosti čuvari cjelokupne umjetničke baštine kojoj se dodaje briga za umjetnost vlastitoga vremena. Predbacivanja da se humanistika ne razvija, da nema novih otkrića su totalne besmislice! Humanistika se bavi duhom kao biti humaniteta pa se ne može mijenjati dok god se ne promijene ljudska bića. Kada ćemo kupovati „humanoide“ u trgovinama, po mjeri, više neće biti ljudskoga roda pa tako ni humanistike.

Ništa novo od vremena Aristotela? Ili ipak nije baš tako?

Nova otkrića nastaju kada se otkriju nepoznate činjenice, tj. umjetnička djela. Takva otkrića dovode do promjene ustaljenih mišljenja. Strzygowskijeva putovanja značila su upravo to i stoga su bila sumnjiva i subverzivna. Ustaljene teorije stvaraju ozračje sigurnosti u pogledima na svijet i u ideologiji, na tržištu umjetnina i u cijenama, u stalnosti i održivosti regionalnih i urbanističkih planova, zemljišnih i nekretninskih vrijednosti i, kapitalno, uhodanih razmišljanja i karijera što znači i društvenih i materijalnih okolnosti znanstvenika koji su jako tvrdoglavi kada brane ono što su proglasili istinom. Ustvari, oni uvijek imaju pravo. Zagrižljivi su, netolerantni i zaljubljeni u svoje sveznalaštvo. Novo se uvijek dočekuje na nož. Odnosno, što je još gore, ignorira. Kako se nove teorije zasnivaju na činjenicama, ili bi tako barem trebalo biti, nikakve nove teorije nisu ni zamislive dok vlada neki opći konsenzus. Sve što se kosi s ustaljenim redom može se uspješno oboriti jer iza znanstvenog establišmenta stoji vrlo realna politička sila koja određuje što je politički korektno. Naravno, ustoličeni će znanstvenici biti pravovremeno obaviješteni kada i ako se okolnosti promijene. Novi trendovi javljaju se, naravno, i u humanističkim znanostima, a današnji je praviti se da je humanistika *hard science* ili bi to trebala biti. Time se, naravno, ponižava sve što je humanističko, ljudsko, humano ili duhovno u ljudima i njihovim djelatnostima. Lakše je manipulirati glasačima ili potrošačima nego ljudima.

Čak ni interpretacije ili reinterpretacije nisu sasvim bezazlene. Ciljevi istraživanja se mijenjaju, a to bi trebalo značiti proširivanje i produbljivanje naših saznanja. Time smo, ustvari, rekli da shvaćamo da su sve humanističke discipline jedno i da istraživanje u jednoj od njih podrazumijeva suradnju s drugima.

Iako su umjetnici različiti, iako su potrošači umjetničkih djela različiti, iako su djela neiscrpna, vjerujem da postoji izvjesna razina konsenzusa. Usudio bih se predložiti da ona ovisi o duhu, tj., što je više duha prisutno u djelu, što je taj uočljiviji i čitkiji, razina slaganja je veća. Što nas više političari, medijski mudraci, samozvani reformatori, organizirani kriminalci i ostali svećenici političke korektnosti ostave na miru, to je veća mogućnost časnog služenja pojedincima i skupinama kojima bismo trebali služiti, a to su svi oni koji su zadržali potreban nivo humaniteta da bi djelovali kao ljudska bića.

No establišment je podao i prijetvoran. U sljedećem poglavlju razmotrit ćemo slučajeve kada potajno koristi čak i *Anti-Establishment Art* kako bi dosegao svoje ciljeve.

Opaske, nadopune, prilozi ilustracijama

Bibliografija Josefa Strzygowskog je golema. Za naš pothvat najvažniji su sljedeći naslovi: *Orient oder Rom* (1901.), *Kleinasien* (1903.), *Der Dom zu Aachen und seine Entstehung* (1904.), *Die Baukunst der Armenier und Europa* (1918.), *Starohrvatska umjetnost* (1927.), *Die altslawische Kunst* (1929.), *Asiens Bildende Kunst* (1930.).

Za ne tako davnu ocjenu Strzygowskog i njegovog rada, David Buxton, *The Wooden Churches of Eastern Europe*, Cambridge 1982. Ujedno i možda najbolji pregled povijesne drvene arhitekture u srednjoj i istočnoj Europi s odličnim slikovnim materijalom. Milan Pelc je iznio svoje vrijedno mišljenje u Zborniku konferencije u Biali, koji se u trenutku pisanja ovih redaka još nije pojavio.

Moji radovi o Strzygowskom: „Josef Strzygowski and Early Medieval Art in Croatia”, *Acta historiae artium* 47 (2006): 335-343 i „What Josef Strzygowski did not Know“, u: *Immagine e Ideologia – Studi in onore di Arturo Carlo Quintavalle*, Parma 2007., 583-593. O pitanju crkava s pravokutnim svetištem: Vladimir P. Goss i Nina Šepić, „A Note on Some Churches with Rectangular Sanctuary in Medieval Slavonia“, *Peristil* 50 (2007): 21-40.

Karamanova kritika: *Iz kolijevke hrvatske prošlosti – Starohrvatska umjetnost u svojim spomenicima i tezama raznih pisaca*, Zagreb 1930.

Za problematiku kulturne i prirodne ekologije, prostora i duha, nastanka umjetnosti i najranijih naslućenih spomenika ranoslavenske kulture u Hrvatskoj s popratnim ilustracijama, vidi moju knjigu *Uvod u kulturnu ekologiju*, Zagreb 2014. (internetsko izdanje, *Antibarbarus – Tookbook*).

Vrijedi ponovno navesti Arthur Danto, *The Abuse of Beauty*, Chicago 2003., i Jan Vansina, *Oral Tradition as History*, 1985.

VII. UDBA i CIA

„Obuci cipele i kaput, idemo na otvorenje izložbe“, rekla je majka. Bilo je nešto iza 18 sati hladne i suhe večeri u veljači. Otvorenja su bila obično u 18 ili 19 sati. Poslušao sam. Otkad pamtim, mama me vodila na otvorenja izložbi i slična događanja. Do te 18. veljače 1953. postao sam iskusan „otvarač“ izložbi. I u tome sam uživao. Uvijek je bilo lijepih slika, crteža, skulptura, pompozni govora napuhanih kritičara, velikih intelektualaca, koje su pobožno slušali podjednako napuhani umjetnici i veliki intelektualci u publici. Umjetnici bi se naduli od taštine, kritičari bi drobili rečenične sklopove koje je bilo teško razumjeti, dok se publika pravila da razumije i uživa u svemu. Nju su činili lijepo odjevene dame i gospoda, po najboljim standardima ranog trogloditskog komunizma, a ja nikada i nisam imao priliku vidjeti išta bolje. Volio sam istinsku ljepotu, ako je bila, i ispraznu pompu koje je uvijek bilo. Zarana sam prozreo finu prijetvornost trenutka, pa u tome i uživao.

Majka je bila asistentica na Arhitektonskom fakultetu, mlada obećavajuća arhitektica i povjesničarka arhitekture i redovito je dobivala pozive na otvorenja. Tako sam kao klinac upoznao neke od najboljih umjetnika, kritičara i intelektualaca Zagreba. Neki su bili zaista veliki, neki manje veliki. U ranoj sam dobi razvio fin osjećaj za razlikovanje između pravih i krivih vrijednosti što sam uspješno koristio kroz život.

Majka je spadala u unutarnji krug i svi su je poznavali, a oni koji nisu marljivo su na tome radili jer je bila jako lijepa žena u pretežno muškom intelektualnom svijetu. Bio sam dio paketa i moralo mi se pristupati s poštovanjem.

Spustili smo se na Medveščak dugim, tada još drvenim stepenicama, okrenuli ulijevo prema gradu i nastavili put između bezlisnih breza i tamnih sjena golemih kestenova s krpicama magle na golim crnim granama. Bilo je hladno i tiho, kristali mraza pucketali su pod našim nogama kako smo gazili prema jugu. Popeli smo se Degenovom ulicom na Kaptol jedva osvijetljen mješavinom plinskih i električnih lampi. Pred nama u mraku nazirao se toranj franjevac i rogovi katedrale. I tada je majka stavila karte na stol: „Idemo u Klub arhitekata.“ To sam si i mislio. Dakle, nekakav projekt, nacrti, tlocrti, makete. No nisam pogodio. Majka je nastavila: „To ti je posebna izložba apstraktne umjetnosti, to nisi nikad vidio. Budi uljudan i reci da ti se sviđa.“

Apstraktna umjetnost? Bio sam u trećem tromjesečju prvog razreda Klasične gimnazije. Stekao sam dovoljno znanja latinskog da znam što je apstraktno, što konkretno. Umjetnost je vrlo konkretna stvar. Nešto što se vidi, dodiruje, čuje. Vidjet ćemo! Što se tiče mog suda, reći ću da mi se sviđa samo ako mi se zaista sviđa. Ako mi se ne sviđa, imao sam tehniku krivljenja glave i okretanja očima mudro šuteći da ne dovedem majku u neugodnu situaciju.

Prešli smo preko tržnice i spustili se na Trg bana Josipa Jelačića kojeg su komunisti preimenovali u Trg Republike. Klub arhitekata je i danas na drugom katu velike zgrade na uglu Jelačićevog trga i kratke Splavnice koja ga povezuje s Pod zidom.

Trg je bio pun ljudi, pun policije. Neki su stajali uz sam ulaz u Klub zaustavljajući ljude i tražeći dokument za legitimaciju. Mene i majku nisu zaustavili. Popeli smo se do Kluba, velikog stana preuređenog u ured, prostor za druženje i izložbenu dvoranu. Bio je pun, no ne pretrpan. Tako sam bio svjedokom otvaranja izložbe EXAT 51 koja je prema nekima promijenila smjer umjetnosti u Hrvatskoj, bivšoj Jugoslaviji i u komunističkom svijetu uopće.

Imena izlagača bila su Kristl, Rašica, Picelj i Srnec. Znao sam Boška Rašicu, uvaženog arhitekta i dizajnera jer je bio na Arhitektonskom fakultetu gdje bih ga znao sresti u maminom kabinetu kada bi me povela sa sobom jer nije bilo nikoga tko bi pazio na mene. Ondje sam, u dobi od pet-šest godina listao knjige, prvi put Strzygowskijevu *Die Baukunst der Armenier und Europa* (1918.) i neke druge naslove spomenute u ovoj knjizi.

Nije bilo ničeg apstraktnog u izlošcima, slikama i crtežima u čvrstim okvirima, jedino su umjesto ljudi, kuća, krava itd., bile prikazane geometrijske forme ili neodređene mase boja. Odvojio sam se od mame i lutao dvoranom. Neke od stvari, posebice Boška Rašice, koje su zadržale najviše sličnosti s prirodom, bile su sasvim zgodne. Nisam bio ni šokiran ni uvrijeđen. Kvadrati i trokuti mogu biti konkretni poput ljudi i krava. Bio sam poseban posjetitelj, daleko najmlađi pa su me tamo neki intelektualni prijatelji propitkivali o mom mišljenju. Rekao sam da je sasvim zgodno. Fama je krenula izložbom. „On je rekao da je sasvim zgodno!“ Mora da sam posebno naglasio radove Boška Rašice jer je dotrčao do mene i izrazio svoje zadovoljstvo. I mojoj se majci dopalo, ipak ne odviše jer sam joj oteo pozornicu. Kasnije kod kuće upitala me je li mi se zaista svidjelo.

Od vremena kada su mi bile dvije godine, tako kažu, imao sam najdražu knjigu. Bila je to *Die Deutsche Dome* Georga Dehija. Znao sam imena svih građevina napamet, a također sam mehanički zapamtio kako se zvao stil njihove izgradnje. Tako bih rekao kada bi me izložili posjetiteljima: „Maria Laach, romanika“, na ponos majke i divljenje gostiju. Volio sam te zgrade kao što i danas volim lijepe zgrade ili građevne sklopove. Graditeljstvo je umjetnost koja ne koristi riječi. Nisu joj trebali oblaci i planine da me uzbuđi. Bila je apstraktna pa ipak privlačna. Pa što ako egzotinci koriste apstrakciju u slikarstvu!? Ako su posložili oblike na ljupki način, zašto mi se ne bi svidjelo. I tako sam rekao majci da odobravam, a i da mi se neke od tih stvari čak posebno svidaju. Gledala me sumnjičavo. Kao da sam otišao dalje nego je bilo zamišljeno. Koju godinu kasnije nabavio sam prijevod *Apstraktne umjetnosti* Michela Seuphora, a 1958. kad sam pod neočekivanim i sretnim okolnostima bio na EXPO-u u Bruxellesu, vidio sam Kandinskog i Mondriana i zaljubio se u njih. Apstraktno ili konkretno, dobro je dobro.

Izvjersna suzdržanost moje majke bila je povijesno opravdana. Elita se mogla onesvješćivati što se avangarda pojavila u Zagrebu, no bilo je samo pitanje dana kada

će nas sve komunisti zatvoriti. Klub je okružila milicija, svaki drugi posjetitelj na otvorenju bio je valjda udbaš. Takvih je bilo i na Arhitektonskom fakultetu i drugdje među velikim intelektualcima i umjetnicima koji su smatrali da je pametnije špijunirati i otkucavati druge, nego biti špijuniran i otkucan. Zanimljivo je kako su ljudi točno znali tko je udbaš, a tko nije! EXAT 51 bio je naizgled pljuska režimu i njegovom socijalističkom realizmu kao jedinom dozvoljenom vidu umjetničkog izražavanja. U Jugoslaviji soerealizam nije bio najstrože nametan, a nakon Informbiroa i razlaza s SSSR-om 1948., umjetnost je stekla pristojnu dozu slobode. Neki umjetnici (Murtić, Stančić) počeli su graditi vrlo osebujne karijere. Stančić definitivno kroz dekadentni buržoaski intimizam, Murtić eksplozivnim kolorizmom koji ga je brzo doveo u apstraktni ekspresionizam. Murtiću, osvjedotočenom ljevičaru, bilo je dozvoljeno posjetiti SAD! No čista apstrakcija u Jugoslaviji 1953.?! Oprez je majka mudrosti.

Reakcija vlasti bila je neobično blaga. Nekoliko mlakih antiavangardističkih osvrta u medijima, nekoliko izjava drugorazrednih činovnika državnog aparata. Heroji su dobili bitku i preživjeli. Za koju godinu će postati, kako je Murtić lijepo primijetio već 1951., drugi establišment (sl. 26). I zaista, nastavit će slikati svoje apstraktne panoe, slike, plakate u duboku starost i nakon onog pravog oslobođenja 1991.

Godine 2007. izašla je u Zagrebu knjiga vrsnog i nedovoljno cijenjenog istraživača hrvatske moderne umjetnosti, Ivica Župana, *Pragmatičari, dogmati, sanjari – hrvatska umjetnost i društvo 1950.-ih godina*. Kirurškim skalpelom na četristotinjak stranica, Župan je secirao EXAT 51 i umjetnost i kulturu pedesetih u Hrvatskoj i zaključio, kao i neki drugi skeptici prije njega, da je EXAT 51 bio toleriran ako ne i izravno potican s vrha KPJ (Komunističke partije Jugoslavije).



Slika 26. Blanka Petrincec, *Skulptura*, oko 2000.
Hrvatska geometrijska apstrakcija – naslijeđe EXAT-a 51

Kao što je Strahimir Primorac napisao u izvrsnom uvodu (*Povijest umjetnosti kao povijest manipulacije?*) spomenutoj knjizi I. Župana, nije isključeno da je modernistička pobuna koja se dogodila u Hrvatskoj ranih pedesetih godina prošloga stoljeća bila u smislu oblika, sadržaja, tehnike, metode i stila dobrom mjerom programirana od strane KPJ. Od komunističkog udara 1945. umjetnici i kulturni radnici imali su isti status kao članovi političkih organizacija. Dužnost im je bila promicati viziju besklasnog proleterskog društva na bazi dijalektičkog materijalizma očišćenu od svakog traga buržoaske dekadentnosti kao što su pesimizam, individualizam i sloboda poetskog izražavanja.

Jedini prihvatljivi oblik je realizam kroz koji se od umjetnika traži pomoć u mijenjanju društva. Sustav je pokazao naznake popuštanja nakon 1948. i prekida s Informbiroom, no oni koji su očekivali demokratske promjene ostali su kratkih rukava i bili surovo kažnjeni za svoju naivnost. Ustvari, nakon prekida sa Staljinom, Tito je proglasio jugoslavenski put u besklasno društvo jednim pravim za koji nijedna žrtva nije prevelika. Prijetila je sovjetska invazija, i potpuno izolirana i bez prijatelja, Jugoslavija je bila na rubu gladi. Zapad je tu vidio svoju priliku i do 1950. Tito je uspio uspostaviti izvjesne odnose sa Zapadom, a da nije odustao od svojih proklamiranih ciljeva. Do samoga kraja ostao je despot i dogmatičar, no pragmatičan i naizgled prosvijećen. Zapad je bio spreman zažmiriti, no tražio je neke barem formalne koncesije. Ne zaboravimo da je do 1956., kada je Tito popravio odnose s Rusima, Jugoslavija kroz Balkanski pakt s Grčkom i Turskom bila pod okriljem NATO-a.

U takvoj atmosferi su 1951. Vladimir Kristl, Ivan Picelj, Božidar Rašica i Aleksandar Srnec te arhitekti i dizajneri Bernardo Bernardi, Zdravko Bregovac, Vjenceslav Richter i Vladimir Zarahović osnovali EXAT 51 (Eksperimentalni atelje), organizirali zagrebačku izložbu od 18. veljače do 14. ožujka 1953., i zatim je prebacili u sam Beograd. Kako smo već vidjeli, nisu bili sami u slamanju socrealizma, no jedan od vodećih inovatora, Edo Murtić, odbio je pristupiti EXAT-u rekavši da mu se čini da EXAT ruši jedan totalitarni sustav gradeći drugi, zasnovan na geometrijskoj apstrakciji. To je atmosfera koju je Ilica Župan u svojoj knjizi pažljivo, ali duhovito i nadahnuto secirao, temeljeći se na analizi brojnih citata, suvremenih i kasnijih koje koristi kao kamenčiće za građenje svojih osvrta i pogleda.

Ključni uvid jest: Tito i njegov režim su trebali gospodarsku i vojnu pomoć Zapada pa su tako trebali popraviti svoj imidž, praviti se da su odustali od sovjetskog modela dogmatizma, da će gospodarstvo krenuti putem slobodnoga tržišta, a društvo u smjeru poštivanja ljudskih prava. Područje umjetnosti i kulture je idealno za takvu predstavu liberalizma. To je meka zona bez nekog osobitog utjecaja, a ako liberalizacija postane mučna, lako ju je zaustaviti. Spali se nekoliko nevažnih knjiga i slika, šaka bezveznih umjetnika ode u zatvor i sve je opet po starom. Teže je kotač okrenuti u gospodarskoj i društvenoj sferi. To može zahtijevati tenkove na ulicama i streljačke vodove, što je loš publicitet. U tom smislu Župan prikazuje EXAT 51 kao kvaziopoziciju unutar društvene sredine manipulirane od strane vlasti. Egzatovci su pomogli legitimaciji

Titova represivnog sustava, isto kao što su futuristi pomogli fašistima, ruski modernisti boljševicima, a neki njemački ekspresionisti nacistima. Dali su službenoj kulturnoj politici lažnu sliku otvorenosti i demokracije i tako djelovali kao prikriiveni pomoćnici režima. Jednom prihvaćeni od kulturne i političke elite, sretno su nastavili producirati slobodnu umjetnost u diktatorskom i represivnom sustavu. S. Primorac u uvodu lucidno primijećuje da to nije nikakva novost te da je Župan obavio sjajan posao analizirajući cjelokupnu kulturnu i umjetničku scenu na uzoran interdisciplinarni način i na temelju ogromnog, pažljivo prikupljenog materijala. Jedino što nedostaje su dokumenti KPJ iz beogradskih arhiva nedostupnih javnosti. Murtić je imao pravo kada je odbio pozive EXAT-a. Pojavio se novi totalitarizam politički neutralnih, ispraznih i neopasnih djela geometrijske apstrakcije i postao ubrzo obvezni čimbenik jugoslavenske umjetničke scene.

Župan nije bio prvi koji je potegao to pitanje. Beogradska istraživačica umjetnosti Lidija Merenik tvrdi da poslijeratni jugoslavenski modernizam nikada nije prešao crtu rizika, nikada nije pokrenuo pravu pobunu, protest ili kritiku, već je kao prihvaćeni, čak preferirani umjetnički jezik, izbjegavao konflikt i djelovao samo na estetskom nivou pa i tamo tek kroz beskrajna ponavljanja. Ukazuje da je takav depolitizirani modernizam bio dobrodošao u sredinama koje su nastojale očistiti svoj imidž od dogmatske prošlosti (na primjer, u poratnoj Njemačkoj). Merenik je primijetila još nešto. Ako je UDBA manipulirala jugoslavenskom umjetničkom scenom pedesetih i inače, CIA i Državno tajništvo SAD-a (State Department) činili su isto. Dobro je ukazala da je umjetnost koja se u potpunosti razlikuje od socrealizma bila izvrstan medij da se pokaže otvorenost slobodi i demokraciji, odličan adut u doba Hladnog rata. Na primjer, izložba *The New American Painting* posjetila je osam europskih gradova 1958.-1959., a bila je čedo kreatora američke vanjske politike pa je tako *abstract expressionism* korišten kao simbol slobodnog društva, iako su umjetnici sami bili u opoziciji društvu koje ih je promoviralo.

Slučaj CIA je jednako dobro prikazan i dokumentiran u knjizi *Pollock and After: the Critical Debate*, zbirci eseja odabranih i s predgovorom Francisa Frascine. Knjiga je izašla 1985. u Reaganovo vrijeme koje je bilo izrazito frustrirajuće za intelektualnu ljevicu kojoj pripada Frascina i autori zastupljeni u knjizi, kako je blesava američka radnička klasa ponovno optirala o svjetskoj revoluciji i podupirala čovjeka koji je uspješno razmontirao izvor njihovih nada i snova. Novi ljevičari su ogorčeni do te mjere da nastoje diskreditirati *Old Left* kao oportuniste i lakaje buržoazije, uključivo gigante američke kritičke misli, Clementa Greenberga i Meyera Shapira, iako se njihovi tekstovi ili citati iz njih pojavljuju u knjizi koja je bez obzira na ideologiju izvrstan rad umjetničke kritike i istraživanja vizualnih umjetnosti.

Za nas je najvredniji drugi dio *History: representation and misrepresentation – the case of abstract expressionism: Revisionism in the 1970s and early 1980s*. Od šest eseja u tom segmentu za mene je ključan onaj Eve Cockcroft, *Abstract Expressionism, Weapon of the Cold War*, izvorno objavljen u *Artforumu* 1974. Njena je teza da „Veze između kulturne politike Hladnog rata i uspjeha apstraktnog ekspresionizma nisu

slučajne ili nezapažene.“ Vrhunske institucije, kao MOMA (The Museum of Modern Art in New York), zadužbina Rockefellera, odigrale su važnu ulogu. Već je 1941. John Hay Whitney, predsjedavajući Board of Trustees, izjavio da se njegova ustanova može koristiti kao oružje u borbi da se „...educira, inspirira i ojača srca i volju slobodnih ljudi u obrani njihovih sloboda.“ Whitney je radio za OSS, prethodnicu CIA-e.

Cilj međunarodnog programa Muzeja bio je pokazati superiornost SAD-a nad SSSR-om tijekom Hladnog rata. MOMA stoji iza svih američkih izložaka na Venecijanskom bijenalu od 1954. do 1962., dapače, bila je i vlasnik američkog izložbenog paviljona. Ne radi se samo o vizualnim umjetnostima. CIA je financirala koncert Bostonske filharmonije u Parizu 1952. koji je, prema Thomasu Bardenu, nekadašnjem izvršnom tajniku MOMA-e i nadgledniku kulturnog programa CIA-e od 1951. do 1954., „...donio Americi u Parizu više bodova nego John Foster Dulles ili Dwight D. Eisenhower u stotinu govora.“ Gđa Cockcroft točno ukazuje da je apstraktni ekspresionizam bio idealno oruđe da se pokaže nadmoć slobodnog svijeta nad SSSR-om i socijalističkim realizmom. MOMA je organizirala 1956. izložbu *Modern Art in the United States* koja je uključivala dvanaest vodećih apstraktnih ekspresionista. Izložba je obišla osam europskih gradova, uključujući Beograd. Omanji katalog napisao je uvaženi kritičar Alfred J. Barr Jr., direktor MOMA-e od osnivanja 1929. do 1944., veliki zagovornik apstraktnog ekspresionizma. S druge strane, kada se tijekom Gomulkinе liberalizacije u Poljskoj Tadeusz Kantor odvojio od sorealizma, MOMA je pozvala njega i 14 drugih poljskih umjetnika da izlažu u New Yorku. Gđa Cockcroft zaključuje: „... apstraktni ekspresionisti stvorili su nov i važan pokret. No, također su, ne znajući, postali dio političkog fenomena, pretpostavljenog rascijepa između umjetnosti i politike koji je tako dobro poslužio Americi u Hladnom ratu. Pokušaji da se ustvrdi da su stilovi politički neutralni ako ne postoji izričit politički sadržaj, jednako su bezvezni kao i napadi na svu apstraktnu umjetnost kao subverzivnu. Inteligentni i sofisticirani hladnoratovski ratnici poput Bradena i njegovih drugova u CIA-i znali su da intelektualni oporbenjaci koji vjeruju da djeluju slobodno mogu biti korisno oruđe u međunarodnoj propagandi. Bogati i utjecajni mecene kao Rockefeller i Whitney, koji nadziru muzeje i utječu na vanjsku politiku, također su prepoznali vrijednost umjetnosti u političkoj areni. Umjetnik stvara slobodno, no drugi mogu koristiti djelo u svoje svrhe. Rockefeller, Barr i drugi u Muzeju koji je Rockefellerova majka zasnovala, a obitelj nadzirala, svjesno su koristili apstraktni ekspresionizam, simbol političke slobode za političke ciljeve.“

Jasno, čisto i hvalevrijedno. I ja bih to mogao potpisati. Smetaju me ipak tri riječi pri kraju paragrafa: „Umjetnik stvara slobodno.“ Prvo, ne vjerujem da umjetnik može u potpunosti zaobići pritisak okoline, društva, politike, a još manje kritike vlastitih kolega. Drugo, definirali smo umjetnost kao utjelovljenje Duha. Kojeg i čijeg? Božjeg, svemirskog, svog vremena i prostora, vlastitog, duha naručitelja, drugih ljudskih bića? Za mene je Duh sveprisutna energija koja sadrži ono najvrjednije u univerzumu: potrebu i sposobnost stvaranja, rasta, množenja. I pod pritiskom naručitelja i okoliša, pravi umjetnik bi trebao znati kako ojačati svoje djelo da ono

poprimi univerzalno značenje, kako generirati oblike koji prenose poruku. Ti oblici ne moraju biti lijepi. Sviđa mi se Dantova tvrdnja da u našem svijetu ima mnogo ružne umjetnosti jer živimo u ružnom svijetu.

Osjećam, i namjerno ostajem na razini nejasnih osjećaja, da nije ispravno tvrditi da umjetnik nema nikakvu slobodu kada stvara svoje djelo. U nekim od sljedećih poglavlja pokušat ću prikazati neke umjetnike ili situacije u kojima možemo zapaziti popriličnu slobodu umjetničkog izražavanja. Vjerujem da će se pokazati kako se radi o umjetnicima koji su u suglasju sa zahtjevima vremena ili čak sudjeluju u njihovom formuliranju; ili pak rade samo za sebe, što je, priznajem, vrlo čudan slučaj. Možda, još čudnije, odbijaju stvarati umjetnička djela. Reći da umjetnik stvara slobodno znači, čini mi se, da umjetnik stvara na način koji zadovoljava zahtjeve osobe koja prosuđuje umjetnikovu slobodu. To jest, „Očekujem da djeluješ slobodno jer zadovoljavaš moj osjećaj slobode.“

Tu se vraćamo na jednog od glavnih lica ovoga poglavlja, Ivicu Župana, i njegova razmišljanja o najslobodnijima, o avangardi. Prava je avangarda destruktivna, ne samo u smislu napuštanja tradicionalnih umjetničkih i estetskih manifestacija, već i u smislu mijenjanja kulturnog, društvenog i političkog konteksta. Prava avangarda stoji uz umjetnika i intelektualca i nikada neće slijediti izvanumjetničke interese. Ona redovito postavlja pitanje odnosa umjetnosti i totalitarizma, barem donekle se suprotstavlja buržoaskom društvu, odbija služiti potrebama totalitarnoga društva i protivi se umjetnosti koja manje ili više otvoreno služi društvenim, političkim i ideološkim programima.

U svjetlu ovakvih Županovih razmišljanja vrijedi posvetiti nekoliko riječi njegovom razmišljanju o Gorgoni unutar okvira njegovog članka *Je li 'Gorgona' zapravo bila fantomska grupa?* u časopisu *Republika*, glasilu Društva hrvatskih književnika (svibanj, 2013.). Gorgona je osnovana 1959. i zadržala se na okupu do 1966. Sudionici su bili uvaženi umjetnici kao Josip Vaništa, Julije Knifer, Ivan Kožarić, Đuro Seder itd. Za razliku od EXAT-a 51 koji je (prešutno?) imao ugodan odnos s vlastima i koji je potom nametao svoj ukus geometrijske apstrakcije desetljećima, Gorgona je nešto sasvim drugo. Represivnom društvu odgovorili su nedjelovanjem, čak agresivnim nedjelovanjem. Protivili su se bilo kakvim galerijskim proizvodima i ako su se dogovorili nešto stvoriti, bilo je to u domeni privremenog, efemernog ili minimalističkog (Kožarić je kasnije postao svjetski slavan po svojim privremenim skulpturama od aluminijske folije). Izdavali su antižurnal *Gorgonu* (jedanaest brojeva je izašlo između 1961. i 1966.) zamišljen kao niz nevezanih izvjava članova i nečlanova. Tu se objavljivala i misao mjeseca o kojoj su mogli debatirati članovi i nečlanovi. U Studiju G u Zagrebu gorgonaši su prikazivali svoju umjetnost, a otvorenja su pratili hepeninzi kao izmjenjivanje šešira ili buljenje u nebo. Išlo se na šetnje i izlete gdje se moglo debatirati o bilo čemu ili šutjeti. Župan točno zapaža da su odbijanjem dijaloga gorgonaši delegitimirali sjedišta moći. U tome su bili vrlo uspješni jer vlasti nisu znale ni da Gorgona postoji, a između 1966. i 1977. bila je potpuno zaboravljena.

Tu Župan okreće ploču. Nakon što je ishvalio gorgonaše za ono što nisu učinili, on s pravom ističe da su se vodeći među njima prepali kada su shvatili da Gorgona postaje duh prošlosti te da su, posebice glavni pokretač Josip Vaništa, stali raditi sve u svojoj moći kako bi osigurali Gorgoni mjesto u povijesti hrvatske umjetnosti. Nema sumnje da je Vaništa bio uvaženi profesor crtanja na Arhitektonskom fakultetu, vrsni minimalist i cijenjeni crtač, da je Knifer važno ime hrvatske geometrijske ekspresije, da je Seder također napravio finu slikarsku karijeru, da je Kožarić svjetsko ime u skulpturi. Tako se čovjek počinje pitati. Nisam siguran da ga čitam korektno, no čini mi se da je Župan s pravom stao preispitivati svoj stav prema onome što je izvorno doživljavao kao pravu avangardu. Dakle, tko je do kraja čist?

Tu se Župan približava mom vlastitom, ciničnijem stavu koji ću ipak pokušati nešto ublažiti u nekom od sljedećih poglavlja. Prvo nas čeka posjet još jednoj izložbi.

Opaske, nadopune, prilozi ilustracijama

Relevantna djela navedena su u tekstu. Dodajem još najnoviji rad Lidije Merenik, *Umjetnost i vlast*, Beograd 2010., koji zaokružuje njen rad na tu temu. Što se tiče Gorgone vrijedi navesti i katalog retrospektivne izložbe Josipa Vanište povodom njegovog 90. rođendana (HAZU, Zagreb 2014.) s predgovorom Tonka Maroevića.

Ključni radovi navedeni u tekstu su i dobar izvor ilustracija. Isto vrijedi i za ne tako davni pregled EXAT-a 51 Ješe Denegrija, *Umjetnost konstruktivnog pristupa – Exat 51 i Nove tendencije*, Zagreb 2000. (blizu 500 ilustracija). Vidi i na Internetu „EXAT 51 – slike“.

Za apstraktni ekspresionizam (uključuje *slideshow*):

http://www.metmuseum.org/toah/hd/abex/hd_abex.htm (pristupljeno 5.11.2014.)

Dodatno:

<http://www.theartstory.org/movement-abstract-expressionism.htm> gdje se mogu naći biografije umjetnika i sugestije za dalju informaciju. (pristupljeno 5.11.2014.)

VIII. Seksualno eksplicitna umjetnost

Anne je nazvala oko podne i rekla: „Ove večeri DUMA (Duke University Museum of Art) ima jedan od onih. Hoćeš?“

Jedan od onih bio je domjenak koji je Muzej nudio članovima besplatno, nečlanovima za pet dolara: čaša vina i malo kruha i sira te prikaz nove akvizicije, gostujućeg genija, nove knjige, popularne teme u ugodnom ozračju među uglavnom poznatim ljudima. Za još pet dolara mogao si dobiti i drugu čašu vina.

Volio sam te domjenke i skoro sam rekao *da* i onda shvatio da ne znam o čemu se radi.

„O čemu se radi?“

Primijetio sam malu pauzu prije no što je Anne odgovorila: „Najavljeno je kao ‘Sexually explicit art!’ Pokazat će nam nekoliko radova i upoznat ćemo sakupljača.“

„Može“, rekao sam. „Za to nisam nikad čuo.“

Anne je došla kući s Dukea, večerali smo na brzinu, malo se dotjerali, i vratili se na Duke. Dvanaest milja brze vožnje po autocesti. Čas posla.

Bila je lijepa sunčana večer, mislim u lipnju, kasnih devedesetih. Popeli smo se na prvi kat, rukovali s direktorom i pridružili se grupici od dvadesetak posjetitelja koji su već gledali ekspozite: jedno pola tuceta platna raznih autora, podosta velikih, oko metar na metar i pol, figuralnih i zaista *sexually explicit*. Autori nisu vladali ni temeljnom tehnikom crteža i slikanja. Amatersko smeće. Debele gole babe i muškarci na gumenoj splavi, šireći noge i pokazujući mlohove penise i vagine. Mladić prikazan u poluprofilu odostraga, držeći hlače jednom rukom, ne baš osobiti pimpek drugom ispred gole, šlampasto slikane ženske s nevjerojatno praznim izrazom lica, na nekakvoj nejasnoj terasi. I tako dalje.

Šetali smo, gledali, slušali uzdahe publike koja je rasla, sve uredno uređeni muškarci i žene, intelektualci s Dukea srednjih godina, nema sumnje, zadivljeni.

Direktor je izašao za podij. Nabavili smo svatko svoju čašu vina, natrpali komadiće sira i kruha na plastični tanjur spremni za slušanje.

Direktor nam je zaželio dobrodošlicu i najavio da će se uskoro dogoditi nešto istinski zapanjujuće. *Sexually explicit art* je razmjerno nedavna pojava, no širi se kao prerijski požar, rušeći sve barijere u obliku i sadržaju pridonoseći samospoznavanju kao i razumijevanju naše civilizacije u ovom trenutku povijesti. Iskusni sakupljači su prepoznali povijesnu važnost i potencijal za rast, pa tako i DUMA; prstom je pokazao na neka od platna (istini za volju malo bolja od ostalog smeća) koja je Muzej nabavio u pravi trenutak pokazujući da se nalazi na prvoj liniji fronta povijesti koja nastaje pred našim očima. No čemu trošiti vrijeme? Direktor je raširio ruke i skupina se

razišla po sredini da bi propustila čovjeka u crnom odijelu s leptir-mašnom i... maskom! „Naš uvaženi *mystery guest*“, uzviknuo je direktor dok se maskirani probijao u prvi red. Posvuda *ohovi* i *ahovi*. Dobar dio publike prepoznao je misterioznog sakupljača.

Nakon obveznog pljeska i tapšanja po ramenima, direktor je napustio govornicu. Novi aplauz, posebice onih koji su prepoznali maskiranog i tako željeli dati na znanje da su upućeni *conoscenti*. „Da, dragi prijatelji“, progovorio je misteriozni gost i ispričao nam kako ga je prije nekoliko mjeseci slavni njujorški diler upozorio na novi trend u nastajanju: „... koji će ukloniti nepotrebne frustracije i inhibicije. Vi volite seks, zar ne?“ Smijeh, aplauz. „I ja.“ Još više smijeha i pljeska. I tako je naš novi prijatelj kupio hrpu „...još ponešto suzdržanih, no obećavajućih slika koje danas vrijede lovnu do krova.“ Krenuo je od slike do slike objašnjavajući svoje divljenje i zadovoljstvo vlasništva i konačno se značajno zaustavio pred slikom mladca s neimpresivnom erekcijom ispred gole ženske na terasi.

„A sada, ljudi, upoznat ću vas sa svojim najnovijim trijumfom. Prije nekoliko tjedana nazvao me je već spomenuti diler kasno navečer. Rekao mi je da ima pravu bombu, i bih li ja skoknuo to vidjeti. Opisao je rad, imenovao cijenu i ja sam se zaista uzбудio. Naravno, takvo djelo“, rekao je, „može se prodati za nekoliko minuta ako ne sekundi i on ga može držati za mene uz rečenu cijenu do sutra u 10 sati. Rekao sam *da*, naredio sekretarici da mi kupi kartu za let u New York u 6:15 ujutro koji stiže na LaGuardiju u 8:10. Limuzina me odvela do Manhattana i, vjerovali ili ne, na smrt sam bio uzbuđen već u 9:30 kod svog dilera. Tamo me čekalo ovo remek-djelo. Zapakirao ga je u sanduk i u 2:20 letjeli smo natrag za Chicago“ (Malo dodatnog smijuljenja jer je čovjek time definitivno odao svoj identitet.) „Što rekoš? Pa uostalom vi ste svi vrsni sakupljači i znalci pa ste me do sada valjda prepoznali.“ (Čuli su se uzdasi onih koji su se takvima smatrali.)

Čovjek je nastavio hvaliti mazariju gomilajući banalnosti. „Gledano unatrag reklo bi se da sam preplatio. No uvjeravam vas da se vrijednost udvostručila u samo dva tjedna. Dakle, onima među vama koji zaista brinu o svojim zbirkama od srca preporučam... Pitanja?“

Bilo ih je, uglavnom bezveznih laskanja ulizica i onda se direktor vratio za govornicu: „Naš dragi *mystery guest*“, rekao je s očitom ironijom jer do toga trenutka valjda su svi osim Anne i mene prepoznali tipa. „Dugo sam promatrao djelo koje ste tako vješto opisali. Gledao pa i pitao se: što se ustvari događa?“

„Najdraži prijatelju,“ uskliknuo je maskirani, „dakle i Vi ste primijetili enigmu. Da, što se ustvari događa?“

I narod je navalio: „Upravo ju je poševio.“ „Ne, ona se sprema izdrkati ga!“ „Ne, ne, zar ne vidite, on masturbira!“ Okrenuo sam se k Anne. I ona se veselo i zlorado zabavljala. No direktor, sakupljač i publika zagrizli su vrlo ozbiljno.

„Kakva zagonetka“, sažeo je uzbuđeni direktor.

„Apsolutno točno“, složio se gost. „Biste li Vi, gospodine direktore, bili voljni ponuditi rješenje?“

Napuhan poput balona, direktor se nagnuo nad mikrofon. Uperio je kažiprst prema nekakvim srebrnastim packama oko ženine pice. „Prvo i prvo, vjerujem da je žena starija i iskusnija od mladića, recimo da ima devetnaest ili dvadeset godina dok je njemu recimo sedamnaest i po prvi put pristupa ženi na ovakav način. Kako se približava ženi doživljava erekciju i spontanu ejakulaciju i zalio je njenu vaginu svojom spermom. I sad se pita što dalje. Vidite li ove mrlje?“

Što se mene tiče moglo je biti bilo što, najvjerojatnije još jedan dokaz umjetnikove nesposobnosti. Svjetina je uživala, vrištala od oduševljenja, pljeskala, no bilo je i sukoba mišljenja kako je dolično u svakoj američkoj akademskoj debati. „Ne, ne, ona mu ga je izdrkala. Ispucaj joj se po trbuhu, zar ne vidite?“

Volim kompleksna djela. No jedino što sam osjećao bila je zlobna zloradost. Mogao sam istupiti i reći: „Ma hajte, molim vas, ovaj tip i naš direktor vas zajebavaju. To je sranje. I koga briga tko kome drka?“ Postoje sučeljavanja koja su važna i u koja se valja upustiti. Ovo je spadalo među bezvezarije. Anne i ja smo se pogledali, odložili čaše na stol i onda polagano nestali niz stepenice. Izašli smo iz zgrade pucajući od smijeha. Zaista smo se dobro proveli!

Da se razumijemo, nisam sramežljiv što se tiče erosa i njegovog neizbježnog partnera, seksa. Ustvari, ne razlikujem ih. Oba su vrijedni sastojci istog fenomena koji se zove ljubav, a ljubav je zagrliti i biti zagrljen od osobe koju zaista želite i u kojoj uživete. Ljubav je stvaralački čin, vrhunska rekreacija, izraz poštovanja i međusobnog povjerenja. Kao takva je predivna, a njena stvaralačka snaga ista kao ona umjetnosti ili znanosti. Izravna je linija do božanskoga i vječnosti. U tome ne nalazim ništa ružno ili eksplicitno. Slike koje su nam pokazali u DUMA-i bile su jednostavno dosadne. Dosada ne ide pod ruku s erosom i seksom. Kada pišem fikciju, moja jedina tema je ustvari odnos muškarca i žene, ljubav. Što drugo imamo u životu? Uvaženi hrvatski sociolog, ekolog, filozof i vrhunski pjesnik i kritičar Ivan Rogić Nehajev rekao je jednom da je nekoliko stranica iz mog romana *Nada*, objavljenog 1996., među najboljim erotskim scenama u hrvatskoj književnosti pa i šire. Radi se o epizodi u kojoj žena u ranim tridesetim, izvanredna profesorica engleskog, provodi ludu noć s postdiplomskim, ne baš osobito pametnim, dvadesetdvogodišnjim studentom kako bi se očistila sumnji i ljubomore glede svog ljubavnika, dobrostojećeg hrvatsko-američkog mešetara nekretinama koji je otišao u zemlju svojih predaka boriti se u Vukovaru. Bilo je ludo, nevjerojatno fantastično i neponovljivo. Stekla je hrabrost potrebnu za suočavanje sa svojim čovjekom kada se on vrati, jer zna da povratci mogu biti krvavi. „Sjetite se Agamemnona“ (navodim iz romana). To opravdava njen čin, daje mu čak ton svetog akta i žrtve. Mladić koji lije svoje ljubavne sokove po starijoj zavodnici, sjetimo se Onana, može biti izvanredno moćan sadržaj za umjetničko djelo, no da tako bude, treba postojati i odgovarajući oblik. Taj čak ne mora biti figuralan. Može biti kvadrat koji grli kružnicu, no mora posjedovati značenje.

Kao velikom poštovatelju ljubavi, pornografija mi se izrazito gadi jer pojeftinjuje eros i seks. Osjećam se nelagodno kada moram listati knjige poput, na primjer, erotske umjetnost velikih majstora i sl. No gledati Boucherovu golišavku kako leži na truhu na uzbibanim plahtama i širi i uzdiže zadak i bedra očekujući da se penis pojavi odozgo, izvan okvira slike, prava je himna tom slavodobitnom iščekivanju.



Slika 27. Bela Čikoš Sesija (1864.-1931.), erotske skice.
Kabinet grafike Hrvatske akademije znanosti i umjetnosti, Zagreb

Nedavno, 2012., vidio sam u Umjetničkom paviljonu u Zagrebu izložbu radova Bele Čikoša Sesije, hrvatskog secesijskog slikara (1864.-1931.), nejasnog simbolista postprerafaelitskog tipa. Naučio sam da Čikoš nije jednostrani muljator uzvitlanih velova i para, već zaista marljiv slikarski radnik, tragač za novim putevima, također i zabavan, inventivan i duhovit stvaratelj vizualnih crtica pa tako i erotskih (sl. 27). Na

izložbi je bila skupina sitnih crteža njega i nje, on mladac u dobro ispeglanim dendijevskim hlačama s omašnim spolovilom koje viri iz šlica u onim rijetkim trenucima kada se ne zabavlja u njoj ispod predivne duge i široke suknje koja neprestano leti nebu pod oblake otkrivajući božanstvena bedra i stražnjicu. Vidimo ga kako njuška oko međunožja i guzice, kako je uzima u beskrajno inventivnom nizu poza od kojih neke graniče s akrobacijom, no izvedive su u ranim danima erotskih karijera. Vidimo kad ga ona požudno grabi i trpa u sebe i kad ga puši s izrazom božanskog užitka. Vidimo ih smotane s neizrecivom inventivnošću i veseljem, sprijeda, straga, gore, dolje, viseći u zraku. Najdraža sličica mi je kada se nabija na njega dok mladi gospodin stoji zabacivši gornji dio tijela unatrag držeći je za ramena, dok ona savija svoju lijevu nogu oko njegovog pasa vežući dva tijela, dva erotska instrumenta, u živahni čvor. Možda je sve to jako eksplicitno, no to je i vrhunska poezija.

Isto to je i seksualno vrlo implicitan *Koncert u prirodi* koji je naslikao Giorgione (1477./78.-1510.) prema kraju života (moguće dovršio Ticijan). Za klasičnu renesansu to je vrlo neobična slika. Postoji korektna trokutna kompozicija (dva mladića i mlada žena) malo desno od središta slike pred pozadinom stabala. Pastir i stado ovaca prolaze ispred njih, a nalijevo se otvara pogled u ravnicu venecijanske *terraferme*. Uz lijevi rub slike pojavljuje se druga žena uz krunu bunara. Iza nje je moćno drveće koje kao da raste iz njezine glave. Okrećući se oko pasa lijeva vodu iz krčaga u bunar.

Mladići odjeveni po najnovijoj modi muziciraju. Onaj u crvenom, čije se lice krije u sjeni, svira žičani instrument. Drugi, u smeđem i osvijetljena lica, vjerojatno je pjevač. Gola žena se okreće muškarcima tako da vidimo samo njezina leđa, no to su najljepša leđa i stražnjica europske umjetnosti. Predivno zaobljena, vrhunski poželjna i bez tračka vulgarnosti, obećavaju beskonačno erotsko blaženstvo. Možemo samo zamisliti bogatu kaskadu oblika sakrivene prednje strane i vedru ljepotu savršeno ovalnog lica koje najavljuje savršeni oval vješto isprepletene smeđe kose. Zamislite kako bi bilo obgrliti je i ostati tako zauvijek. Njen doprinos koncertu je flauta.

Žena koja lije vodu u bunar njena je sestra po tjelesnom savršenstvu. Vidimo fino rezani profil, ramena u profilu, i zatim se tijelo okreće u sredini pokazujući trbuščić, međunožje i bedra, dok se noge kriju unutar vodopada draperije. Sličan komad tkanine provlači se između nogu druge žene koju ionako ne možemo vidjeti sprijeda. Naravno, pokriva se pred očima mladića, dok stajaću ženu oni mogu vidjeti samo sleđa. Zaboravimo našu ulogu gledatelja. Mi u tom svijetu umjetnosti i erosa nismo važni. Prepuštam čitatelju otkrivanje i razmišljanje o drugim mogućim paradoksima ovog beskrajno složenog djela.

Službeno, *Koncert* je sigurno alegorija. Postoje mnogi prijedlozi i sugestije. Ne vjerujem da je sadržaj djela iscrpljen ili da će ikada biti, no to nas se ovdje ne tiče. Zanima nas zašto je ovo jedno od najerotskijih djela povijesti umjetnosti. Ovdje ne mislim samo na vrhunsku ljepotu žene koja sjedi, njenu poželjnost i prekrasni prikaz njezinih oblika, misterij koji nastaje kada okreće leđa gledatelju otvarajući se mogućem partneru, već prvenstveno na čaroliju ozračja srebrnih bljeskova do

općeprisutnog zlatnog omotača. Umjetnost i ljubav su se ujedinile otkrivajući suštinu svojeg životvornog stvaralaštva. Kada glazba zamre, kad pastir i ovce prođu, kada se polumrak spusti na primorsku ravnicu, tijela će se spojiti u ostvarenju davne želje. To obećanje vječnog blaženstva čini i nas, vanjske promatrače, sudionicima u očekivanim užicima. Označava li žena koja vraća vodu u vrelo poništenje vremena ili njegovu nevažnost u svijetu umjetnosti i ljubavi?

Giorgione je nesumnjivo slijedio misao vodilju vremena, briljantnog trenutka venecijanske visoke renesanse koja se odigravala u začaranim gajevim i otmjenim nastambama uz kanal Brentu i drugdje okolo venecijanske lagune. U tom smislu nije bio slobodan već dijete svoga vremena, sluga suvremene mode i ideologije. No ta moda je bila upravo ono što je umjetnik sam prihvaćao kao aktivni sudionik-stvaratelj unutar neizbježnog konteksta; zaodjenuo je duh konvencijama razumljivim i prihvatljivim publici. Da li da kažemo da je istovremeno bio politički korektan i slobodan?!

Možda *da* za Giorgionea, no odlučno *ne* za njegovog naizgled nasljednika, isto romantika dva stoljeća kasnije, Antoinea Watteaua, također slikara *Koncerta u prirodi* i *Zabave u prirodi* (1684.-1721.). Podjednako kratkovječan kao Giorgione, Watteaua nije odnijela teška i kratka bolest, već je pobolijevao cijeloga života što je zajedno s niskim društvenim statusom uvjetovalo njegov položaj promatrača u aristokratskom krugu čiji je bio pjesnik i kroničar. Ispunjavajući zadaću zapisničara erotskih avantura aristokracije u toploj, mekanoj atmosferi nebeskog odsjaja i začaranih sumaglica, Watteau je zasigurno politički korektan. No kada ga pažljivije čitamo, izranja drugačiji Watteau. Ne obećaje vечно blaženstvo erotskog sjedinjenja u zlatnim gušticama Mediterana, već upozorava na prolaznost sreće i uživanja u mnogo umjerenijoj klimi parkova *Domain Royale*. Taj se Watteau vješto krije tako da je javnost, pa i ona stručna, uvelike ostala nesvjesna tamnih strana Watteauovog eroticizma. Njegovo najpopularnije djelo još uvijek se navodi kao *Polazak za Kytheru*, dok se ustvari radi o *Odlasku s Kythere*. Sjajno je to pokazao čovjek čudesno elizabetinskog imena, Morse Peckham, u istinski pionirskoj knjizi *Man's Rage for Chaos*. Peckham je filozof sa začuđujućim vizualnim kapacitetom. Glavna teza knjige je da umjetnost nije potraga za redom i kontinuitetom, već za diskontinuitetom i kaosom. Ključni primjer je upravo Watteauov *Odlazak s Kythere*.

Peckham je točno prepoznao mračni guštik u desnoj trećini slike kao njen formalni i sadržajni centar. Ondje, sjajeći se među granama, antička je statua Venere lijepo oštećena kako joj već pristoji te još fragmentiranija statua Prijapa čiji golemi penis izbija iz šikare. To je svijet ljubavi, napušten od svega osim svojih vjernih simbola. Kad jednom to prepoznamo, ostalo je lako. Ljubavni par na rubu šumarka još je čvrsto zagrljen, u sljedećem muškarac stoji spreman otići dok ga žena koja kleči pokušava povući natrag u zagrljaj. U trećem paru muškarac je u potpunosti stupio u svijet stvarnosti, dok se žena, koju ovaj gura u istom smjeru, nostalgичno okreće prema lugu ljubavi. Ostalo, skupina putnika koji razgovaraju čekajući ukrcavanje, lepršavi *putti*, uzani tjesnac koji vodi u plavi beskraj, goli bijeli klifovi, naznačuje povratak iz toplog

svijeta Venerine čarobne ženstvenosti u svakodnevni svijet muškoga. Po Peckhamovom mišljenju, niz parova (počevši od mitološkoga u žbunju) predstavlja lanac diskontinuiteta koji naznačava prekid prirodnog reda začinjanja i prokreacije i povratak u ljudski kaos. Žena, čudesni izvor života, želi ostati vječno u mekanoj tami, muškarac, praktično biće stvarnosti, brže se prilagođuje svjetovnoj sudbini. Kao pjesnik galantnih ljubavnika koji skakuću među statuama, fontanama, likovima iz *commedie del'arte*, egzotičnim životinjama i klaunovima, Watteau je ispunio svoju zadaću. Treba uložiti nešto truda, kao što je to učinio Morse Peckham, da se ispita njegova iskrenost. Jedna od Watteauovih redovnih slika: par, on i ona, nježno zagrljeni, leđima okrenuti (opet!) gledatelju, odlaze u pozadinu slike u tamnu masu žbunja i drveća ispred bliješćećeg zlatno-narančastog sutona. Sami su ili barem jasno odvojeni od prizora veselja i zabave. Vjerojatno predstavljaju za Watteaua objektivni korelativ želje da napusti taj opsceni svijet zabave i s odabranicom svog srca nestane zauvijek u tamnim i toplim guštarama ljubavi. Krik pojedinca, kritičkog pojedinca koji odbacuje svijet koji ga je ustvari stvorio. Watteau je opet, na površini, politički korektan, ne toliko slobodan kao Giorgione koji slika ono što sam propovijeda, no svakako dovoljno slobodan poslati poruku da postoji svijet s više suštine i značenja iza zastora naoko sretne svagdašnjice.

Svaki organizam, od ljudskog bića do najsitnijih buba i biljki, može naći trenutak besmrtnosti i potpunog zadovoljenja u činu ljubavi. Ne mora se biti *sexually explicit* da bi se proslavio trijumf Venere. Poput Čikoša, može se izraziti sretan, prštavi duh radosnog ljubljenja. Kao Giorgione, može se sanjati san vječnih vrijednosti sretnog spajanja. Ili kao Watteau, može se okrenuti lice u stranu i u samoći tražiti ispunjenje odvajanjem pojedinca od podivljale gomile. Sve je to iskreno i sjajno. Umjetnost i ljubav su nerazdvojne, istinski stvaralačke, pozitivne, životvorne djelatnosti. Stoga ljubav može biti opipljivo prisutna u umjetnosti bez eksplicitnih naznaka Erosa. O tome ćemo pokušati više napisati u posljednjem poglavlju. Sada ćemo krenuti u šumu uz onoga koji putuje sam u pratnji svoje duše.

Opaske, nadopune, prilozi ilustracijama

Većina veselih crteža Bele Čikoša nalazi se u Kabinetu grafike HAZU. Zahvaljujem mr. sc. Slavici Marković što mi je omogućila da ih u miru pregledam.

Za Bouchera, *Žena koja leži* www.francoisboucher.org (pristupljeno 5.11.2014.).

Za Giorgioneov *Koncert* vidi na Internertu „Giorgione *Koncert* – slike“. Također <http://www.artcyclopedia.com/artists/giorgione.html> (pristupljeno 5.11.2014.)

Za Watteaua i *Odlazak s Kythere* vidi na Internetu „Watteau *Kythera* – slike“.

Također http://www.artcyclopedia.com/artists/watteau_jean-antoine.html (pristupljeno 5.11.2014.)

Peckhamova knjiga je tiskana u New Yorku 1969. Na nju mi je iste godine, tj. moje prve godine doktorskog studija na Cornellu pažnju skrenula profesorica Edith Dotson, za što joj ostajem beskrajno zahvalan.

IX. Albrecht u šumi

Sveti Juraj je simbol pobjedničkog ratnika u borbi za pravednu stvar.

Bio je ranokršćanski mučenik, ubijen i pokopan u Lyddi/Lodu u Izraelu, a najpoznatiji je, kako nas uči *Legenda Aurea*, po ubijanju zmaja iz Selene, grada u Libiji gdje je zmaj proždirao ljudske žrtve kako i kad mu se prohtjelo. Žrtve su izabirane kockom i tako se jednoga dana dogodilo da je bila izabrana kraljeva kći. Dok su je vodili zčaju obučenu u ruho nevjeste naišao je Juraj, savladao zvijer, vezao je i odvuкао u grad gdje ju je zaklao pozivajući gledatelje da se pokrste.

Legenda je nastala u 12. stoljeću i sjajno se uklapa u atmosferu križarskih ratova i zanimanja za *materiu orientalis*, uključujući borbu za oslobođenje *ecclesiae orientalis*, Svete zemlje, Kristova groba itd. Ukratko, to je slika trijumfa dobra nad zlim, prave Crkve nad poganstvom. Time se sveti Juraj, vitez na konju približava slikama Konstantina, osloboditelja Crkve i kohorte svetaca-vojnika (sveti Dimitrije, sveti Teodor). Pitoreskni, kavalirski i dvorski elementi (pejzaž, gradske vizure, atmosfera turnira) privlačni su umjetniku kasnog srednjeg vijeka i renesanse, kao i fini implicirani erotizam priče. Sjetimo se Rafaela, Cosima Ture, Sodome, Rogiera van der Weydena: plemeniti vitez koji probada neprijatelja, prestrašena princeza, bogati pejzaž, grad s mnogo tornjeva itd.

Albrecht Altdorfer (1480.-1538.) pripada otprilike pokoljenju Rafaela i Sodome. No Altdorfer slika podosta drugačiju sliku na temu svetog Jurja: *Sveti Juraj u šumi* (Alte Pinakothek, München). Tamna sjeverna šuma pokriva oko 75% slike. Drveće, osobito nalijevo, prepliće se stvarajući bogatu, mračnu, prijeteću teksturu. Postoji jednako bogata igra svjetla i sjene, tamne zone, čineći nešto poput silazne dijagonale ili slova Y. Sustav plitkih paralelnih krivina koji naglašava prijelaz sa svjetla u tminu pojačava osjećaj zatvorenosti. To je beskonačni svijet prirode iz kojega nema izlaza. No ipak, u donjem desnom kutu nalazima dva gotovo individualizirana stabla, a između njih procjep, put svjetla i prostora koji se otvara preko još jednog mračnog hrpta prema dalekom zalazu sunca. Žučkasto se zelenilo svijetli odražavajući barem donekle žutilo neba i narančastu boju polja iza ruba šume. U sredini slike, gotovo stojeći na donjem rubu, oklopljeni vitez na bijelom konju naginje se naprijed i kao s nekom rezignacijom bocka kopljem velikog, lijenog guštera-zmaja, jednako nepomičnog i pomirenog s ishodom. Zapleteni u neizbježan čin sudbine koji ih je doveo na isto mjesto, ne brinu za onaj mali, osvjetljeni put izlaska na desnoj strani. Kako se zajedno s likovima gubimo u neprobojnom zelenilu, tonemo u atmosferu teške, iako ne odviše neugodne rezignacije i gubitka usmjerenja. Kao da je u redu izgubiti se u tim gustim šumama sa svecem i čudovištem.

Sveti Juraj dolazi slijeva što je u našoj civilizaciji uobičajeni smjer pobjednika i pozitivaca. Možda će Juraj nakon što ubije zmaja ipak naići na onaj puteljak između uspravnih stabala u vanjski svijet, možda čak do dalekih brežuljaka i rasvijetljenoga

neba. No takav je ishod upitan. Možda će njih dvojica, pa tako i mi sami, ostati zauvijek zaključani u tom suzdržanom nasilju prikrivenom drvećem.

Bio sam duboko potresen kada sam ranih šezdesetih prvi put vidio reprodukciju Altdorferovog svetog Jurja sa zmajem na predavanju profesora Grge Gamulina (u sklopu kolegija o renesansnoj umjetnosti), popraćeno njegovim riječima koje jasno pamtim: „Čitavo njemačko 16. stoljeće, sa svojim ratovima i potresima, sumnjama i melankolijama, humanistima i vješticama, sadržano je u ovoj maloj slici.“ Danas bih dodao da slika sadrži i čitav svijet koji je izgubio usmjerenje te se mudar čovjek Altdorfer pita hoće li nas ubijanje zmaja izvesti iz šume ili ćemo zauvijek ostati u stanju veličanstvene nepokretnosti, duhovne entropije. U postfrojdovskom, postjungijanskom svijetu pitanje se može individualizirati: može li itko nakon ubijanja vlastitoga zmaja izaći iz šume? Zadržim kad god pogledam sličicu. Poziv entropije je tako jak da nije lako izvući se iz samonametnute šume. Altdorfer nije jedini koji slika Jurja bez princeze. To rade i ruski ikonopisci koji ga prikazuju u usamljenoj borbi sa zmajem u kojoj dobro uz pomoć blještavog crvenila i zlata jasno trijumfira nad zlom.

Juraj je naslikan 1510. kad i Giorgione slika svoj *Koncert*, tri godine nakon *Oluje*. Kakva razlika! U *Koncertu* se otvaraju dugi pogledi koji, iako ne dominantni, bez napora povezuju planove slike. Likovi su veliki, pokrivaju znatnu površinu slike, koegzistiraju s prirodom na prijateljski način. Možda smo izgubljeni u prirodi, no to je užitak, a ne izvor tjeskobe. Stado koje prolazi naglašava jedinstvo svih svjetova i slojeva. U *Oluji* ljudski se lik čini možda sekundarnim, no ipak se ne gubi u prirodi koja je pomalo mračna, no lijepa kao okvir ljudskog postojanja. Kompozicijski, likovi čine bazu uspravnih elemenata koji drže prostor slike, stabala koja odražavaju njihovo suštinski ljudsko korijenje: голу nametljivost muškarca i toplu labirintsku prijemljivost žene.

Albrecht Altdorfer rodio se u ili blizu Regensburga oko 1480. gdje je i umro. Slikar, grafičar, arhitekt zabilježen je u gradu od 1505. nadalje. U prvom dokumentu Altdorfer je nazvan *slikar iz Amberga*, maloga grada sjeverno od Regensburga. Kupio je kuću 1513., još jednu 1518. te treću 1532. Posjedovao je i nekoliko vinograda. Od 1517. u gradskim je vijećima i zastupa grad u važnim poslovima. Na ključnim položajima u unutarnjem i vanjskom vijeću je 1525. i 1526., a 1528. izabran je za gradonačelnika. Odbio je drugi mandat kako bi za vojvodu Wilhelma IV. od Bavorske mogao naslikati sliku *Aleksandrova bitka kod Issa* (Alte Pinakothek, München) 1529. godine. Radio je i za cara Maksimilijana i družio se s vodećim humanistima. Altdorfer je očito bio i poslovni čovjek, upravitelj, pripadnik vladajuće klase.

Regensburg je nekoć bio ključni imperijalni grad u zapadnom dijelu Njemačke. Dugovao je svoj glas i prosperitet tome što je nastao na mjestu gdje Dunav prestaje biti plovni sa svim komercijalnim prednostima u transportu, prekrcavanju, skladištenju i razmjeni dobara. U 16. stoljeću Regensburg je već uvelike prešao zenit i nastavio opadati sve do danas, što se isplatilo tijekom Drugog svjetskog rata jer nijedna bomba nije pala na to nezanimljivo provincijalno gnijezdo. Stoga se

Regensburg može pohvaliti s oko 2000 srednjovjekovnih zgrada i slobodan je od većine zala modernog vremena.

Dolina Dunava u 16. je stoljeću bila pod debelim pokrivačem šuma, ali mračna šumetina koja je nekoć pokrivala srce kontinenta od Cevennesa do Karpata, to prastaro obilježje njemačke nacije, bila je stvar prošlosti. Suvremene ilustracije pokazuju uredno okršene zone oko gradova. Šuma postaje sve više predmet umjetničkog interesa i tako se i dalje domesticira. No kad ste jednom u šumi, malo znači pokriva li ona 10 ili 1000 kvadratnih kilometara. Poput svetog Jurja ili bilo koje normalne ljudske osobe, izgubljeni ste među sjenama i krošnjama. Naravno, postoje pervertiti koji se osjećaju sretno i sigurno ispod pognutih, lišajem obraslih grana. Slavonski dio Hrvatske bio je u 19. stoljeću 80% pod šumom, danas je to 18% pa ipak izgleda kao da je šuma posvuda. Za Nijemce šuma je nacionalno blago, ključni element nacionalne psihe i imidža, mjesto razbojnika i divljih zvjeri, ali i moralnih junaka i branitelja domovine. To je ukratko emocionalna podloga za razumijevanje Altdorfera i njemačkog slikarstva 16. stoljeća uopće, kako to sjajno iznosi Christopher S. Wood u svojoj nadahnutoj monografiji. Kako se šuma tanjila i povlačila, Altdorfer i suradnici krenuli su među drveće.

Za službenu povijest umjetnosti Altdorfer je vodeći slikar Dunavske škole koji se odlikuje slikanjem prirode unutar koje prikazuje biblijske i povijesne sadržaje. Čak i popularne mrežne stranice primjećuju da je Altdorfer uspio prenijeti snagu misteriozne i moćne vegetabilne prirode. Terminologijom suvremene ekologije, jesu li Altdorfer i njegovi suputnici rani znak ekološke svijesti?

Moram se ponovno pozvati na osobno sjećanje. Bile su mi četiri godine kada sam prvi put krenuo u šume oko Zagreba, nedavno očišćene od mina iz Drugog svjetskog rata. Od tada nije bilo tjedna da se nisam bar jednom našao u posjetu Silvanu. Nerijetko razmišljam što mi je najdraže. More, brda, ravnica? I konačan je odgovor: šuma. Ona pruža dva fantastična doživljajna trenutka: ulazak i izlazak. Ulaskom u šumu iz svijeta svjetla, jasnih linija, dobro definiranih površina, isto tako dobro definiranih boja, jasnih zvukova pa čak i jasnih mirisa, ulazimo u svijet nejasne tame nadopunjen iznenadnim sudarima svjetla i sjene, nejasnih, tekućih boja, nemjerljivog kontinuiranog prostora, praznina, a ne površina, jakih kontrasta tišine i eksplozija zvuka, mirisa koji dolaze i odlaze, i prepliću se. Povjesničar umjetnosti može sve to svesti na Wölfflinove parove suprotnosti. Naravno, izlazak iz šume na sunce i svjetlost ovoga svijeta podjednako je potresan. Moglo bi se raspravljati o danu i noći, smrti i uskrsnuću, no po mom mišljenju to bi bilo krivo jer oba doživljaja imaju jaku životvornu snagu. Dva svijeta koegzistiraju kao dijelovi iste svakodnevne stvarnosti, dvije njezine manifestacije. Nije čak ispravno doživljavati ih kao *Natura versus Cultura* jer prirode ima i izvan šume, kao i kulture u njoj. Kako bismo razumjeli Altdorfera i njegovo mjesto u shemi umjetnosti i društvenih stvarnosti njegovoga vremena (dakle njegovu korektnost) moramo zaroniti u tu kulturu šume kojoj su Altdorfer i njegovi kolege artikulirani i rječiti glasnogovornici. Kako je kultura

priroda plus ljudi, ključno je pitanje, po mom mišljenju, što priroda radi Altdorferovim ljudskim bićima kada jednom zakorače u šumu.

Drvosječa sjedi pod gigantskim četinarom (*Pejzaž s drvosječom*, 1522., Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin). U pozadini još nekoliko stabala, nekoliko kuća, plava nazubljena kosa, sve ispod prostranog, providnog nebeskog svoda koji se mijenja od bijelog do gotovo crnog plavila. Zgodna, nevina sličica dok ne shvatite da drvosječa, koji bi mjerio nekih 170-178 cm, sjedi do drveta koje se, ako je slikano u istom mjerilu, diže najmanje stotinu metara u visinu i da je ono što vidimo tek najdonja četvrtina njegove visine. Naprotiv, ostala stabla, kuće, čak i planina u skladu su s ljudskim mjerilom. Tko je taj zeleni gigant? Reinkarnacija golemog Donarovog hrasta (njem. *Donareiche*) kojeg je srušio sveti Bonifacije kad je u Geismaru prevodio pogane Hessence na kršćanstvo, reinkarnacija stabla kojeg spominje svečev biograf, Willibald, kao *Robor Iovis* povezujući germanskog i slavenskog boga munje, Thora i Peruna, s rimskim Jupiterom? Drvo života, Svjetsko stablo (*axis mundi*), odnosno Suvobor ili Zlatibor ranoslavenske mitologije? Ili je jednostavno sila prirode koja pritišće i lomi smrtnike i njihove isprazne ambicije? Što mogu drvosječa i njegova sjekira tom zelenom čudovištu? Što mogu sveti Juraj i njegovo koplje ostvariti pod kupolom beskonačnih krošanja?

U mračnoj noći pod vodopadom svjetlucavih zvijezda Pirama je stigla, kazuje nam naslov slike (*Piramova smrt*, 1510., Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin), njegova tragična sudbina. No gdje je Piram? Nije ga lako pronaći u kršu polomljenih grana među razbacanim kamenjem. Minimalni dodir svjetla na njegovom tijelu svjedoči o beživotnom stanju. Njegovi udovi su jedva prepoznatljivi u hrpi predmeta rasutih po šumskom tlu. U toj općoj pomrčini jedino viseće grane i zastor paprati primaju nešto lunarnog svjetla. Piram se vratio prirodi mrtav kao odsječena grana.

Gdje li su arkadijske vizije renesanse? Pripitomljene prirode Giorgionea ili Lotta, Palladija ili dubrovačkih vila? Italija nikada nije naslikala pejzaž. Maksimum što priroda dosiže je biti okvir ljudskim tijelima, ma koliko sićušna ona bila. U rukama umjetnika južne renesanse priroda je humanizirana, prijateljska, pitoma; mjesto za šetnju, glazbu, poeziju i ljubav. U takvoj prirodi ništa ne prijete sudionicima *Koncerta* ili *Oluje*.

Napori drvosječe su uzaludni, oni svetog Jurja u najbolju ruku upitni. Piramova je sudba zapečaćena. No ipak Altdorferova priroda nije neprijatelj! Ustvari, poziva nas da uđemo, moglo bi se reći, doslovno. Okrenuti leđa gledatelju jako je dobar način da se ukaže na prostor u dubini slike, tj. da je slika isječak iz prostornog kontinuuma. Sjetimo se Giorgionea i Watteaua. U Altdorferovim velikim službenim slikama kao što su *Raspeće s djevicom i sv. Ivanom* (o. 1515., Gemäldegalerie Alte Meister Kassel) ili *Krist se oprašta od majke* (o. 1520., The National Gallery, London), susrećemo snažnog plavokosog muškarca koji nam okreće leđa gledajući u daljinu. Isto čini ženski lik u *Obitelji satira* (1507., Gemäldegalerie, Berlin). U *Odmoru na bijegu u Egiptu* (1510., Gemäldegalerie, Berlin), sv. Josip stupa u slikarski prostor dok njegov snažni lik doslovno siječe okvir slike. U bakropisu *Ulazna dvorana*

regensburške sinagoge (1519., Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin) lik je uhvaćen kako stupa u vrata na lijevom zidu jasno ukazujući da postoji prostor iza zida i okvira slike. Ne treba nam figura da bismo se osjećali pozvanima u Altdorferov prostor. Lik smo, naime, *mi*.

Stojimo ispod donjeg ruba, naša budućnost jasno uokvirena dvama golemim uspravnim stablima uz vertikalne rubove, naše kretanje jasno određeno zavojitim putem koji je postavljen tako da možemo pogoditi što bi trebalo naći u dijelovima slike koji se ne vide jasno s početnog položaja. Naš monumentalni ulazni portal tim putem spaja se s točkom našeg izlaska, vodenom površinom zacijelo Dunava ispod plavog gorskog bila i žuto-ružičastog neba. Važan signal usmjerenja je dvorac (odatle i naziv *Dunavski pejzaž s dvorcem*, 1522.-1523., Alte Pinakothek, München), odmorište na našem putu iz šume, moguće i trajniji cilj našeg hodočašća. Mi smo preuzeli ulogu Altdorferovog plavokosog muškarca i Watteauovog para koji odlazi u zalazak sunca. Za koji tren ući ćemo u sliku i okrenuti naša leđa gledatelju. Možemo samo nagađati kako se drvosječa našao pod golemim stablom ili kako je Juraj naišao na zmaja, no mi smo namjerno uvučeni u pejzaž koji, naravno, i nije pejzaž već figuralna kompozicija, samo što likovi još nisu stigli. Onaj sveti Josip koji grabi preko ruba u *Odmoru na bijegu u Egipat* lijepo pokazuje kako lik, *mi*, ulazi u sliku.

Altdorfer obilježava naš put divljinom. U *Planinskom pejzažu s vrbama* (o. 1511., pero na papiru, Akademie der bildenden Künste, Beč) nalazimo se usred šume ispred dramatične vrbe bez jasne točke izlaska. U crtežu perom Altdorferovog kolege Wolfa Hubera, na istu temu (*Pejzaž s vrbama*, o. 1515., Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin) dozvoljen nam je pogled između snažnih, uspravnih vrba, no strategija izlaska opet nije jasna. U obojenom crtežu *Pejzaž s crkvom* (1522., zagubljen od 1945.) u šumi smo otprilike duboko kao naš drvosječa, a crkva na brežuljku netom preko ruba šume naš je orijentir za izlazak u svijet. Taj izlazak je očito jedan od Altdorferovih najdražih motiva, od promatranja daleke mete koja označava izlaz (*Pejzaž s dvostrukom jelom*, o. 1521.-1522., bakropis, Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin), kroz razne stupnjeve približavanja izlasku (*Pejzaž s jelom i vrbama*, *Pejzaž s dvije jele*, *Pejzaž s velikim zamkom*, bakropisi, o. 1521.-1522., Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin), do rješenja gdje se nalazimo već na samom rubu (*Obalni pejzaž*, 1521.-1522., pero na papiru, Albertina, Beč) ili smo već vani (*Pogled na Schloss Wörth*, obojeni crtež, zagubljen od 1945.). Šuma u koju smo ušli u *Dunavskom pejzažu* je iza nas, vratili smo se u normalni svijet. Za nekoliko sekundi, ako pričekate, vidjet ćete nas dakako sleđa kako ulazimo u dolinu kojom ćemo se popeti do dvorca. *Divlji čovjek*, pero na crveno grundiranom papiru (1508., British Museum, London), moguće pokazuje trenutak kada lik, sada naravno okrenut prema nama, prelazi preko ruba šume kao neke vrste korelativa, odnosno opozita svetom Josipu koji ulazi u *Bijeg u Egipat*.

Umjetnik nas je poveo u šumu, kroz šumu i na kraju iz šume. Mogli smo se zaplesti kao sveti Juraj ili možda i drvosječa, mogli su nas opljačkati (Altdorfer je prikazao napad razbojnika u šumi, *Razbojstvo u šumi*, 1508., Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin) ili

nastradati kao Piram. Srećom nismo. Kao divlji čovjek, izašli smo bolji i jači nego prije.

Šuma može biti opasna (Koji dio univerzuma nije?), ali oni koji njome putuju mogu steći, možda i ponovno, moralnu i fizičku snagu. To može potvrditi poznato Altdorferovo platno *Dva sveta Ivana* u povijesnom muzeju u Regensburgu (o. 1515.). Dva sveca sjede na šumskom tlu ispred strmih stijena i fantastične, vizionarske pozadine gdje se Djevica i Dijete pojavljuju između meteora i bljeskova svjetla. Snaga, moralna i fizička, potrebna je da se izdrži taj pritisak i dva vizionara je naravno imaju. Sveti Ivan Krstitelj, posljednji prorok Starog Zavjeta, na desnoj strani naslanja se na moćno deblo bezlisnog bjelogoričnog stabla. Mladi sveti Ivan Evanđelist, na lijevoj strani, prima svjetlo vizije koja se koncentrira na njegovoj knjizi i egzaltiranom licu proroka koji se obraća nadnaravnom, a podupire ga ogromni četinar uz голу stijenu. Stariji sveti Ivan je smiren, čovjek koji je odradio svoj zadatak. Mlađi čovjek je uznemiren, aktivist čija je vjera isto tako beskonačna kao i njegova zadaća. Novi svijet raste kroz njega. Šuma je mjesto izazova i iskušenja, no ona i ojačava izdržljivost, vjeru i mudrost onih koji njome putuju. Neki poput Pirama su izgubljeni. Neki poput drvosječe suočavaju se nemogućom zadaćom. Neki poput svetog Jurja možda nikada neće naći put iako su ubili zmaja.

Humanizam južnih klima kao da nema nikakvog značenja za Altdorfera. Kao velika većina njegovih njemačkih kolega, donekle s izuzetkom Dürera, on nema potrebe za talijanskim receptima. Kada ih ipak koristi, rezultati su podosta komični. Poput nekog svemirskog broda, neobična je pagoda sletjela u altdorferijansku šumu, ispred altdorferijanskog dvorca i plavih vrhunaca, ispod mraznog altdorferijanskog neba. Obilježavaju je neki službeni znakovi renesanse: polukružni lukovi, toranj s kupolom, jake horizontale, slikovitost fasada. Amadeo ili neki venecijanski ili lombardski graditelj mogao je smisliti nešto takvo. Sitni likovi skakuću kroz travu, po terasama i balkonima te smiješne nakarade. Slika prikazuje *Suzanu u kupelji* (1526., Alte Pinakothek, München). Pitamo se: je li Altdorfer to naslikao kako bi pokazao da zna što je umjetnost njegovoga vremena ili da se naruga talijanskoj modi?

Okrenuvši leđa čudima Italije, više nego bilo koji drugi njemački umjetnik njegovoga vremena, Altdorfer sasvim sigurno izražava sumnju u svijet Medicija i rimskih Papa. Luther se pojavio dvije godine nakon *Dva sveta Ivana*. Lutherova je revolucija stvorila novu Europu, možda ne bolju, no stubokom različitu. Rascjep iz 1517. tek se danas pokušava zacijeliti institucijama Europske unije. Propitivanje postupaka europskoga Juga dešavalo se i prije Luthera. Altdorfer, čiji put vodi kroz njemačku šumu, prastaro stanište, najbolji je primjer. Luther je riješio enigmnu svetog Jurja. Možda ne na najugodniji ili najelegantniji način, no razbio je entropiju zmaja u šumi. Otvorio je put do onog procjepa u šumi, do onog snopa sunčanih zraka koje nisu bile onako žarke kako se isprva činilo, no koje su ipak omogućile Europi izaći na čistinu bez potpunog samouništenja. Altdorfer je to jasno vidio i prije Luthera i njegov se izraz ne mijenja nakon 1517. godine.

Sjever, pa tako i Altdorfer, vise između dva tabora političke korektnosti: renesanse, humanizma i papinskog Juga, i vlastite tvrde, mistične, metafizičke (srednjovjekovne) domovine. Kao umjetnik, uspio je prevladati oboje oduprijevši se pritiscima Juga, a da nije postao otvorenim glasnogovornikom nove političke korektnosti ranog šesnaestostoljetnog Sjevera. Mogao je to jer je kao i Giorgione radio na stvaranju te nove korektnosti i baš kao i Giorgione bio je u dosluhu s mnogim njenim zahtjevima. Bio je, dakle, sluga ropstvu koje je sam pomogao stvoriti, no kao njegov stvoritelj i čuvar zadržao je slobodu koju veliki umjetnici moraju zadržati kako bi ostali veliki.

Nerijetko sam u napasti nazvati Altdorfera antihumanistom, no ipak oklijevam. Humanitet koji je okruživao Altdorfera drugačiji je od onog Giorgioneovog. Pojedinaac kojim se bavio Altdorfer bio je podložan drugačijem okolišu, onom beskonačnom *Deus sive Natura*, kojem se morao pokloniti kako bi se održao. Svoj manifest glede *condition humaine* Altdorfer je, izašavši iz šume, obznanio 1529. godine. *Aleksandrova bitka* (1529., ulje na platnu, Alte Pinakothek, München) opisana je na Internetu kao „...kozmički pejzaž s minijaturnim figurama, moguće Altdorferov najpoznatiji rad. Tisuće sitnih likova vrve divljim, stjenovitim pejzažem gledani odozgo u vatrenom zalasku sunca. Dio je to velikog niza slavni bitaka klasične antike sa zapanjujućim svjetlosnim efektima, hrpama likova i briljantnim bojama, jedan od najsajnijih primjera bogate slikarove mašte.“ Uistinu dobar opis slike koju je Altdorfer naslikao za Wilhelma IV., bavarskog vojvodu.

Altdorfer nije slikao krajolik, već kozmičku viziju, manifest. U načelu, gomila likova označuje sliku kao figuraciju, no ustvari nemamo uopće pojedinačne likove, već masu pokrenutih oblika različenih preko dvije donje petine slike. Christopher Wood je u svojoj sjajnoj knjizi dobro primijetio da je slika golema pozadina. Prednji plan, s ove strane vidljivog poteza gole zemlje, možemo tek naslutiti, no nakon *Dunavskog pejzaža* to nije nesavladiva zadaća. Taj nevidljivi prednji plan uključuje i *nas*, gledatelje, gledane sleđa kako gledaju prizor. Nismo pozvani ući već svjedočiti ishodu. Taj će se pak riješiti u dvije donje, podosta tamne petine, na razini uskovitlane ljudske mase u strašnom sudaru isprepletene kao velike zmije. Žuto, narančasto i crveno sjajnog zalaza odražava se na kopljima i šljemovima, i na kolima kojima Darije u panici bježi pred razbjesnelim Aleksandrom. Ako sliku doživljavamo kao sukob Grka i Perzijanaca, tj., kršćana i Osmanlija koji su 1529. zaustavljeni pod Bečom, sukob između dana i noći, svjetla i sjene i, naravno, dobra i zla, začuđuje da Darijeva kola privlače najjače svjetlo zalazećeg sunca. Također, pobjedonosne snage zapadne civilizacije odražavaju na svojim oklopima i kacigama tamnu plavu boju neba dok jarko narančasto svjetlo pada na barbare u bijegu. Taj bijeg je orijentiran kako i treba, zdesna nalijevo, u mrak, što znači da se i snage dobra kreću u istom smjeru tjerajući zlo sa svjetla koje možda ima i paradoksalnu ulogu osvjetljavanja Darija kao mete osvetničkih zapadnjaka. Možda se namjerno stvara kontrast s obzirom da Darije juri u mračnu sjenu stjenovitog vrhunca, mogućeg *axis mundi*, iako je taj izmaknut ulijevo određujući svojim vrhom dvije lijeve petine slike. Ima li što prijeteće i u zalasku sunca odvojenom od bitke sivim stijenama i velikim obzidanim

gradom (Beč?) na obali velike vodene površine s tornjevima, kulama i kupolama uz koji primjećujemo dva svijetla kruga, dva suprotstavljena tabora spremna za bitku?

Usprkos kovitlanju i zbrci, primjećuje se centripetalna tendencija koja se intenzivira oko Darija i izlaznog puta. No u gornje dvije petine slike hladno altdorferijansko nebo leži teško nad isto tako ledenom i naizgled mirnom vodom koju kao pozadina podržava dugačka krivulja bezbrojnih planinskih vrhunaca. Tamo gore vlada vrtlog anticiklone gurajući oblake prema rubu, gomilajući ih oko sunca i mjeseca koji se štite unutar vlastitih čahura, mjesec unutar bjeličastih krugova, sunce eksplozijom žutog, narančastog i crvenog zraka. Vrtlog okružuje i panel s natpisom, malo desno od osi te malo nagnutog u odnosu na kut plana slike. Tako se natpis usklađuje s Aleksandrovom vojskom u potjeri, a također i s jasno vidljivim potezom planina u pozadini vode. Panel i njegov položaj određuju naš položaj na obronku iznad poteza gole zemlje u prvom planu: stojimo malo ulijevo i podosta iznad bijeloga konja nedaleko desnoga ruba slike. To nam pomaže prepoznati pravu os slike, dijagonalu koja veže vrh kamenitog brda i brdoliku formaciju tamnih oblaka iznad sunca na zapadu, dok pomoćna linija veže poluosvijetljeni dvorac na gori, stjenoviti otok i sunce. Horizontale u donjem dijelu slike nisu uopće horizontale jer se uzdižu nadesno i, u načelu, susrele bi glavnu os pod pravim kutom. Mjesec u bjeličastom prstenu u gornjem lijevom kutu veže se na stjenoviti vrhunac i zatim na bijelog konjanika ispod našeg položaja participirajućih gledatelja. Sada je jasno da je vrhunac pravo središte slike ako je se gleda s točke ponešto udaljene i ispod lijevoga ruba gdje bi se produljenje glavne osi sjeklo i s linijom Darijevog uzmarka. Jasno je sada da druga glavna os nije ona s mjesecom, već služi određivanju našeg vlastitog položaja na obronku izvan slike i našu točku gledanja. Guranje i kretanje vojske ispod naših nogu upućuje pogled na krajnji lijevi dio slike, u područje izvan slike u koje juri Darije, u točku izlaska koja ne obećaje mnogo. Progutat će ga mrak. No kako sunce zalazi, a mjesec je već na nebu, zaključujemo da će nas uskoro sve obaviti mrak. *Sic transit?* Može li se to pojačati jasnim krugom anticiklone koja se donjim rubom naslanja na nisku, rastegnutu krivulju planinskoga lanca (segment zamišljene kružnice) i koja se napinje podsjećajući na izgled horizonta, tj., svinute površine Zemlje? Moguće. Ipak, taj potencijalno rastući krug razmjernje vedrine i mira može se doživjeti i kao prozor u vječnost koja okružuje nas sićušne mrave dok pužemo tvrdom kamenom površinom koja će nas na kraju progutati i odvesti u krajeve vječnoga blaženstva. Ne bih baš previše vjerovao takvom obećanju.

Sigurno nisam iscrpio sadržaj ovog beskrajno složenog djela koje me fascinira desetljećima. Shvatite ovo kao probni sažetak. Ispred *Aleksandrove bitke* doživljavao sam tjeskobu, ali i mir. Kozmička drama na nebu, Natura u svom najegzaltiranijem obliku, nadglasuje sukob uzibanog mnoštva. Kroz onaj kružni plavi vrtlog uvijek hvatam barem tračak beskonačnosti i vječnosti kao što ih mogu doživjeti motreći neke među najboljim slikama Giorgia de Chirica. No kako starim, *Bitka* i cijeli Altdorferov opus gube prijeteće aspekte, a onaj plavi vrtlog zrači sve pozitivnije i pozitivnije. Pitam se je li i to jedna među Altdorferovim porukama suvremenicima stiješnjenima između križa i polumjeseca te također između dviju suprotstavljenih verzija križa. To

znači da je Altdorfer živio u podijeljenom svijetu, no za njega nema podijeljenih vjernosti. I prije nego što je nastao rascijep između Juga i Sjevera, opredijelio se za svoj svijet iskonske sjeverne šume koji je nastanio neodlučnim Jurjem, ali i snažnim i budućnosti okrenutim Ivanima. Time se nije omilio modi svoga vremena, no dobro je prevideo njenu propast. Kada se dogodila 1517. godine, Altdorfer je bio spreman. Nije se trebao prilagođavati. Stigla je vizija svijeta u kojemu se ljudsko biće klanja i pokorava najvišoj sili. Altdorfer ju je s radošću pozdravio *Aleksandrovom bitkom*. Usporedite je s Michelangelovom *Bitkom kod Cascine* ili Leonardovom *Bitkom kod Anghiarija*. Oba Talijana sažimaju bitku u malen broj ključnih aktera, monumentalnih likova koji pokrivaju cijeli prostor slike.

Time je Altdorfer nesumnjivo prigrlio nova načela političke korektnosti koja je sam prevideo, primjer kako veliki umjetnik podliježe klimi koju je sam pomogao stvoriti. Usklađivanje s vremenom bilo je upravo to što ga je učinilo slobodnim.

Opaske, nadopune, prilozi ilustracijama

Albrecht Altdorfer and the Origins of Landscape, Christophera S. Wooda, Chicago 1993. (drugo nadopunjeno izdanje 2014.) izvanredan je prilog altdorferijanskoj problematici. Svi slikovni prilozi navedeni u ovom tekstu mogu se naći u toj bogato ilustriranoj monografiji.

Vidi također:

http://www.artcyclopedia.com/artists/altdorfer_albrecht.html (pristupljeno 5.11.2014.)

Inače, slike svih radova navedenih u tekstu mogu se naći na Internetu (Altdorfer, ime djela, po potrebi zbirka i/ili lokacija). Navodimo one najvažnije u obliku za pretraživanje: *Woodcutter-picture* (ili *Woodcutter-slika*), *Death Of Pyramus-picture*, *Rest On The Flight Into Egypt-picture*, *Danube Landscape-picture*, *Landscape With Church-picture*, *Landscape With Double Fir-picture*, *Landscape With A Large Castle Berlin-picture*, *Coastal Landscape Albertina-picture*, *Wild Man-picture*, *Two st. Johns regensburg-picture*, *Susanna In The Bath-picture* itd.

Za *Aleksandrovu bitku* <http://www.ibiblio.org/wm/paint/auth/altdorfer/battle-issus/> (pristupljeno 5.11.2014.).

X. Giotto

Stigli smo u Padovu sredinom popodneva. Trebali smo stići ranije, no zapeli smo pet sati na jugoslavensko-talijanskoj granici iznad Trsta gdje su nas komunistički carinici pretresali pet sati tražeći krijumčarene devize. Za inat nisu našli ništa.

Bilo je to moje prvo putovanje na truli Zapad, rano ljeto 1956., duboko u doba trogloditskog komunizma. Sindikat intelektualnih radnika Arhitektonskog fakulteta dobio je nekako dozvolu za nekoliko dana u Italiji pod izgovorom posjeta Venecijanskom bijenalu. Krenuli smo iz Zagreba rano ujutro i proveli veći dio dana povlačeći se gotovo potpuno ispražnjenom Istrom cestama na čijim je kolnicima rasla trava i grmlje.

Kroz taj svijet duhova vodio nas je Andre Mohorovičić, uvaženi profesor povijesti umjetnosti na Arhitektonskom fakultetu, čovjek koji je učinio čuda da Istra ne nestane s lica civiliziranoga svijeta nakon dogovora i podjele 1952. Tko god danas posjećuje tu izuzetno prosperitetnu hrvatsku pokrajinu, treba ga spomenuti u svojim molitvama! Mohorovičić je usput spasio golemo umjetničko blago. Neke od tih fragmenta vidjeli smo tog čudesnog dana. Vijugali smo kroz vrlo jedinstven i neobičan svijet prošlosti kojemu nikada nisam slutio postojanje. Profesor Mohorovičić nas je vodio kroz uske uličice polusrušenih i napuštenih gradića na vršcima brežuljaka (Plomin, Gračišće, Lindar, Pazin, Draguč...). Tu i tamo bi nam neki starac ili starica otključali crkvu i u svjetlu voštanica, od vratiju sve do oltara, vidjeli bismo prikaze Isusa i Marije, Navještenja, Raspeća itd.

Od najranijih sam dana slikao i crtao, prvo s bojanim olovkama pa onda i s vodenim bojicama kada su se pojavile na tržištu. Kasnije, u gimnaziji, u svijet slikanja uveo me Josip Roca, dobar slikar i genijalni pedagog (još uvijek među živima u trenutku pisanja ovih redaka 2014.). Neki od mojih radova, akvarela i tempera, rekao mi je Roca, otišli su na izložbe dječje umjetnosti u Tokio, Helsinki i Pariz i nikada se nisu vratili. U to sam vrijeme slikao karnevalske maske, klaunove, kule Gornjega grada sa zlatnim pijetlovima, stabla s velikim crvenim i žutim jabukama, breskvama i kruškama. Nije čudo što me Istra opčarala. No to je bilo tek prvo otkriće tog čudesnog putovanja.

U Padovi smo stali na Piazza del Santo gdje smo gledali *Gattamelatu* i kasnije u bazilici na istom trgu Donatellov oltar. Nakon toga smo otišli do Piazza Eremitani gdje smo u Kapeli Ovetari gledali freske Andrea Mantegne koje su tek koje desetljeće ranije osloboditeljski zrakoplovi bombardiranjem gotovo pretvorili u prah i pepeo.

U blizini je bila još jedna kapela, Scrovegni ili Dell' Arena. Rekli su da je unutra Giotto. Ime mi je bilo dobro poznato. Nekoliko godina prije roditelji su mi čitali knjigu Lionella Venturija *Come si guarda un quadro (Od Giotta do Chagalla, u hrvatskom prijevodu)*.

Ušli smo u gotovo praznu lađu i moj niz anagogičkih otkrića se nastavio. Od poda do svoda pjevale su boje, čak su i glasno kričale skakućući jedna preko druge kao jaja u uskršnjoj košarici. Kako rekoh, slikao sam u to vrijeme. Giotto je također slikao samo što je njegov papir bila stijena kapele i njeni svodovi. Slikao je i za to je bio čašćen, voljen i dobro plaćen. Nisam se dao van, iako se uskoro moralo krenuti prema Ferrari na spavanje.

Bilo je to desetljećima prije masovnog turizma i internetskih rezervacija karata za kapelu pa sam tako mogao dobro iskoristiti onih pola sata što smo ondje proveli. Pogledao sam zidove, prepoznao Joakima među pastirima, prvi i ključni primjer analize u Venturijevoj knjizi. Uočio sam prikaz Joakima kojeg guraju izvan neke ograde; očito izvor njegove tuge pri susretu s pastirima. Bio je tu i prikaz Joakima ispred kolibe koju sam znao iz susreta s pastirima, isti stjenoviti krajolik, tek bez drveća. Pomislio sam kako to ukazuje da Joakim sanja. Mnogo godina kasnije pokazalo se da sam imao pravo.

Još se jedan prikaz vezivao na već spomenute: Joakim radi nešto ispred kutije na zrcalnoj slici pećine koju smo već dva puta vidjeli. Puno kasnije ću saznati da se radilo o Joakimovoj žrtvi. Iz mog ranijeg iskustva s Giottom preko Venturija, prepoznao sam susret Joakima i Ane. Shvatio sam: prije mnogo stoljeća Giotto je znao za strip. Priča je bila jasna, upečatljiva i povezana lako prepoznatljivim slikama i kombinacijama.

Gledao sam i gledao. Od scena koje sam ranije vidio prepoznao sam *Ulazak Djevice u Hram, Oplakivanje, Judin poljubac*. Juda je izgledao kao majmun, no dok sam motrio zidove upalo mi je u oči da je Juda bio jedini ružni lik u cijeloj kapeli. Čak ni starci, pa ni oni koji su gurali Joakima iz one ograde, nisu bili ružni. Akcija je bila dobro odmjerena. Giotto je znao kako se prikazuju emocije. Pogledajte samo ovčice i pseto koji se vesele Joakimu, Joakima i Anu koji se grle na gradskim vratima ili pak onog Krista koji uljudno, bez zloće ili odbacivanja, kazuje ženi koja kleči da mu se ne približava. Giotto je bio *prijatelj*; duhovni, formalni. Ne kažem to da bih uzdizao svoju sumnjivu umjetničku produkciju, već kako bih istaknuo da duboko volim tog čovjeka i da sam siguran da bi i on mene volio na isti sretan, veseo i djetinji način – da me je poznavao. Od toga dana u Padovi Giotto mi je bio dragi rođak, ujak ili stariji bratić. Još i sada osjećam njegovu nježnu ruku kako mi gladi kosu.

Osjetio sam da Giotto nije trebao savjetnike, petljave naručitelje, uzore. U dobroti svog srca mogao je kao sretno i slobodno ljudsko biće slikati svoju braću i sestre rječito i jasno, prenoseći nam njihove snove, misli i vizije kroz suzdržane, ali jezgrovite geste, poze i pokrete u tom prekrasnom začaranom svijetu minijaturnih stijena i stabalaca, intimnih kutijastih nastambi u kojima se miješala unutrašnjost i vanjština, kulisa u priči o međuljudskim odnosima koju je tako majstorski pričao. Cijeli život slušam kako je Giotto uveo realizam, stvorio realističnu ljudsku figuru unutar realnog prostora što nikada nisam razumio. Giotto nije reporter, on je čarobnjak, čudotvorac. Osobno sam zaključio da je Giotto spojio više umjetničkih tendencija prisutnih u njegovom vremenu, robusne i ponešto idealizirane statue

francuske gotike, scenografske kratice srednjovjekovnog teatra i psihologiju (i/ili filozofiju) dobrote i ljubavi pri čemu je imao, danas znam, velikog učitelja i uzor: svetog Franju Asiškog, Malog Francuza. Ne znajući, onoga sam popodneva u Padovi u duhu postao franjevac.

U Giottovoj kutiji kakvu smo maloprije opisali sniva omašni gospodin sa smiješnom kapom. Nedostaje prednji zid prostorije (kutije), a zastor je povučen ustranu, pa tako vidimo dvojicu slugu uz nožnu stranu kreveta i savinuto tijelo Pape. Sada znam da je onaj šešir tijara i da Sveti Otac blago sniva, nesumnjivo u Rimu, jer je Papina *camera* izba kakvu bi sastavili mjesni dekorateri, Cosmati. A što se tiče sna, već u Padovi naučio sam prepoznavati Giottove sne, a naslikao ih je podosta. Nije razvio neku posebnu formulu, no u snovima je uvijek prisutno nešto neobično, nadnaravno, a ipak vezano uz prirodno i kao da nas ta nadnaravnost jasno vodi u onostrani svijet. Papa vidi čudnu perverziju realnosti. Kao u potresu rimska se bazilika s ravnim nadvratnikom i kozmatskim dekorom, sa zvonikom *à la* Santa Francesca Romana, naginje prijeteći padom. No gle, mladi čovjek u skromnoj odori i s užetom oko pojasa podmeće rame pod gredu trijema sprječavajući kolaps koji bi smlavio i Papino stanište. Nismo više u Padovi, već u Assisiju koji sam po prvi put posjetio šest godina kasnije.

Bilo je to ljetno nakon moje druge godine studija. Majka i ja pribavili smo nekoliko crnoburzijanskih dolara i krenuli u Toskanu. Ostali smo nekoliko dana u Firenci i Sieni, s prekidom puta u San Gimignano i zatim, presjedajući s jednog lokalnog vlaka na drugi, vedrog ljetnog popodneva osvanuli na željezničkoj postaji u Assisiju. Imali smo oko dva sata do sljedećeg vlaka. Srećom, na stanici smo našli autobus koji nas je za desetak minuta doveo u crkvu svetoga Franje, gornju i donju, u svijet tako bogat oblicima i bojama da je trebalo dana da se sve to probavi. Možda zato ne pamtim osobito dobro prvi od mnogih posjeta Assisiju. Moram naglasiti da doživljaj nikada nije bio tako jasan kao u Padovi.

U finoj prozirnosti popodneva nije bilo teško prepoznati priču. Ovdje u Assisiju je, za razliku od Padove gdje je četrnaestogodišnjak s malo religijske poduke mogao prepoznati izvjestan broj scena, priča bila jedinstvena i iziskivala didaskalije. Srećom, došao sam pripremljen.

Znao sam da je Giovanni di Pietro di Bernardone rođen 1180./81. i da je umro 1226.; da je 1204. imao viziju koja ga je navela da 1205. napusti svjetovni život i posveti se Dami sirotinji; da su ga zvali Francesco, Mali Francuz jer je gutao francuske romane i trubadursku poeziju; da ga je veliki papa Inocent III prepoznao, nakon nešto kolebanja, kao bogomdanu polugu u borbi Crkve s vanjskim i unutarnjim neprijateljem i dao mu dozvolu za propovijedanje. Znao sam da je to bio početak franjevačkog reda kojeg je potvrdio drugi veliki papa, Honorije II, 1223.; da je Franjo primio stigmatu 1224. i da ga je 1228. još jedan važan papa, Grgur IX, kanonizirao i postavio kamen temeljac crkvi svetog Franje u Assisiju. S vremenom ću doznati više, no već je i ovo dostatno za temeljno praćenje priče.

Kako smo se kretali kroz dobro osvijetljeni interijer, prepoznao sam neke od scena: *Čudo izvora*, *Propovijed pticama*, *Franjo daje ogrtač prosjaku*, *Stigmatizacija*. Uz pomoć tih čvrstih točaka i knjige-vodiča uspio sam pročitati uglavnom cjelokupnu priču. Ističem ono što me najviše dirnulo: *Poklonstvo slaboumnoga*, *San Innocenta III*, *Potvrda reda*, *Vizija plamene kočije*, *Istjerivanje demona iz Arezza*, *Sv. Franjo pred Sultanom*, *Ekstaza sv. Franje*, *Kolijevka u Grecciju*, *Sv. Franjo pred Honorijem III*, *Smrt i Uzašašće*. Bože, kakva priča! U kasnijim posjetima izoštrio sam svoj doživljaj formalno i sadržajno, pa u smislu povijesnih uvjeta te društvenih i ideoloških okvira, pitanja autorstva i atribucija itd.

Manje od godinu dana nakon prvog posjeta slušao sam predavanje svog velikog mentora, profesora Preloga o Giottu u kolegiju o gotici. Točno se sjećam njegovih riječi: „U Assisiju Giotto je osvojio istinu, u Areni ljepotu.“ Njegove su riječi pojasnile što sam intuitivno naslutio u gornjoj crkvi, da je priča o svetom Franji bila *nova* priča s malo modela i presedana i da je Giotto morao duboko uroniti u čudesni svijet svetog Franje i franjevačkog reda da bi vjerodostojno komunicirao s publikom. U toj je publici bilo ljudi čiji su očevi poznavali svetog Franju, a i za unuke i praunuke veliki mistik iz Assisija bio je još uvelike stvaran i živ. Giotto je morao stvarati vlastite ikonografske obrasce i njegova je novelistička svježina bila uvjetovana upravo novošću priče koju se po prvi put razvijalo na velik novelistički način. Ranih šezdesetih, kad je službena povijest umjetnosti u Giottu vidjela prethodnika renesanse ili čak zadnji odvjetak romaničke masivnosti, Prelog je hrabro ustvrdio da je Giotto gotičar na visoko humaniziran, ali i mističan način. Danas bih rekao, čovjek koji je išao rukom pod ruku sa svecima. Potaknut Prelogovim predavanjima i pod njegovim mentorstvom odlučio sam napisati referat na temu je li Giotto gotičar. Svidio se nekima na Odsjeku, a neke je razbjesnio. To je ujedno sve što sam ikada napisao o Giottu. No, stalno sam popunjavao svoj mentalni *dossier* kako sam o njemu predavao, posebice u kolegiju Uvod u povijest umjetnosti koji sam redovno održavao na University of Michigan, University of North Carolina i Sveučilištu u Rijeci.

U Assisiju Giotto je pokazao vrhunski pripovjedački talent, rijedak uvid u ljudsku dušu i veliku vještinu režisera i scenografa. U tom prirodnom naglasku na sadržaj, čak na priču, odmah dodajem, i s oblikom koji je na istoj visini, Giotto je izuzetno multidisciplinaran i krosdisciplinaran, prethodnik suvremenih konceptualista. S pravom ga se može nazvati stvarateljem realistične ljudske figure u realističnom prostoru, no to nije ishod znanstvenog istraživanja već potreba naracije. Kao u antičkom, srednjovjekovnom i mnogim drugim teatrima, lik je najvažniji. Stvarajući takav teatar, Giotto je svoj vlastiti libretist, režiser, kostimograf, scenograf, šaptač. U odnosu na publiku, bio je vlastiti PR (*public relations*) agent prodavajući ideje iza kojih je stajao, i kao svoj vlastiti kritički stručnjak tumačio je kako ih treba prihvaćati i probaviti. Kako je bio i umjetnik doživljavanja, znao je kako potrošači trebaju doživjeti njegove kreacije. Bio je uspješni umjetnik koji je i stvaratelj i promicatelj: puno priče, puno edukacije, ali ne i propagande. Javnost od vrha do dna slagala se s Giottom i obožavala ga. Nije čudo, jer je publika upila duh franciskanizma.

Na Cornellu 1970. slušao sam predavanja velikog povjesničara Briana Tierneya i njegova tumačenja fenomena renesanse 12. stoljeća. Tada sam počeo revidirati što sam racionalno ili emocionalno znao o Giotto. Slika visokog srednjeg vijeka kako ju je naslikao Charles H. Haskins bila je otkriće u više nego jednom smislu. S vremenom sam shvatio da je sveti Franjo bio vrhunac i utjelovljenje onoga što je Haskins otkrio u romaničkoj i ranogotičkoj umjetnosti, u Trubadurima, u Abelardu i Heloisi, u porastu neslaganja i kontroverzi, u shvaćanju ovoga svijeta, stvorenog od Boga, kao mjesta ljepote i ljubavi, kuće radosti. Jer kako bi svemoćni i apsolutno dobri Bog mogao stvoriti rugobu i zlo? Ovo što smo rekli bit je svetog Franje i franjevac, *Pjesme brata Sunca*, službe Dami sirotinji: ljubav prema svakom ljudskom biću, kao i ostalim sudionicima Stvaranja, bratu Suncu, sestri Mjesecu, bratu liscu, bit propovijedanja pticama, izbijanja vode iz suhe stijene, davanja ogrtača prosjaku, prepoznavanja od onih siromašnih duhom. Franjo je propovijedao ljubav i ljepotu. Giotto je to učinio opipljivim oslanjajući se na ono najviše u redu stvaranja, ljudsko biće. U tome nije bio samo politički korektan, već i ključni čimbenik stvaranja političke korektnosti svoga vremena.

Giottovo vrhunsko poznavanje i razumijevanje ljudskih bića zaslužuje tehničko ispitivanje. U sceni *Odricanje od zemaljskih dobara* ispred dvije kuće-kulise, zgodne, ugodno nespretni i u nesrazmjeru s likovima, dvije su skupine ljudi. Veću i stisnutu vodi razbjesnjeni čovjek u žutom, s pregršt odjeće preko ruke, kojeg pokušavaju zadržati njegovi prijatelji. Predvodnik druge skupine skinuo je odjeću i bacio je čovjeku u žutom urlajući da on nije njegov otac jer mu je pravi otac na nebu. Nije čudo da se Pietro Bernardone, asiški plemić i Franjin otac, razbjesnio. Za razliku od ljutitog oca, sin pokorno i dobrodušno podiže oči k nebu, prema Božjoj ruci koja se pojavljuje iz plavetnila. Iza njega je biskup koji je dotrčao i zavio Franju u plašt. Dva klerika, svjedoka, stoje postrance. I lice prelata se okreće ustranu, prema onoj dvojici kao da kaže: „Bože, zar smo trebali ovog luđaka?“ Jasni vertikalni rascjep razdvaja skupine, a u nj se jedino zabada srdita, horizontalna gesta ljutitog oca, i sinovljeva ruka uperena u Boga na visini. Kako je slijedimo, stižemo do one Božje desnice koja blagoslivlja svog izabranika i poništava ljutitu gestu Pietra Bernardonea. Sveti Franjo odrekao se oca i svijeta. Vertikalna plava pukotina razdvaja ih zauvijek. Poučno je pogledati izraz nekih protagonista. Skepticizam i zabrinutost sa biskupova lica ne odražavaju se samo na pratećim klericima već i na licima ljudi u Bernardoneovoj skupini, posebice onih uz lijevi rub slike. Čak i dvoje djece kao da kažu: „Koji li je to luđak?“

Bipolarna scena poput opisane podosta je tipična za Giottov rad u Assisiju. Podjela na dvije suprotstavljene skupine je očita i jako naglašena. Moguća poveznica, Bernardone, ne stupa dovoljno duboko ni energično u plavi potez podjele. Njegova učinkovitost kao mogući čin vizualne komunikacije poništava se uzdignutom rukom svetog Franje koji nema nikakvih nakana upustiti se u dijalog bilo s čim sekularnim. Podjela na dva svijeta je potpuna i jasna. Tako i pouka: svijet svetosti je daleko iznad sekularnog svijeta.

Čovjek ograničenoga uma prostro je svoj plašt do nogu mladoga plemića. Dva druga plemića nalijevo i dva klerika nadesno pojavljuju se kao svjedoci. Kako Franjo staje na plašt i luda podiže oči shvaćamo da središnja praznina nije barijera već poveznica. To nam jasno ukazuje na pozadinu, dvije zgrade poput tornja spojene formalno idealnom poveznicom, zabatom Minervinog hrama u Assisiju. Duhovna veza između Franje i lude jasno je uspostavljena. Plemići nalijevo razgovaraju ne pokazujući ikakav interes, dva klerika nadesno nose tipični skeptični izraz kakav smo već vidjeli. To je ona sumnja koju je Crkva gajila prema pojavi franjevacu smatrajući ih na početku gotovo hereticima.

U svom snu Inocent III prepoznao je Franju i prigrlio njega i njegov red. U prikazu priznanja reda ponovo imamo dvije grupe: Papu na visokom tronu okruženog klerom i Franjine sljedbenike koji kleče iza njega primajući sakrament potvrde. I ovdje se pojavljuje onaj razmak u sredini, no premošćuju ga geste Pape i Franje i izraz na licima sudionika: pobožna ekspresija Franje i Papin dobrohotan i razumijevajući pogled, pobožnost u očima Franjine braće, izraz ozbiljnog poštovanja na licima Papine svite. Arhitektura zaokružuje sretnu uniju, prostorija je simetrična i prikazana u dobroj perspektivi s nizom polukružnih lukova u gornjem registru na dvostrukim konzolama, odlično izabrano sredstvo za izražavanje zajedništva dviju skupina. Središnji luk ne uokviruje ni Franju ni Papu, već formira visoki most koji ih povezuje. To je onaj prostor između svetoga i profanoga u kojemu oni postaju isto. Papa sjedi visoko, nadesno, što je čest Giottov način prikazivanja smjera fizičke ili duhovne akcije. Ako postoji vizija, smješta se na taj položaj, po dobrom zapadnjačkom običaju da dobri dolaze slijeva što u našem slučaju naglašava pokret i pogled prema gore (*San o palači, Čudo raspela, Vizija ognjenih kola, Istjerivanje demona iz Arezza, Ekstaza sv. Franje, Stigmatizacija*). *Istjerivanje demona* posebice je znakovito kako se i duhovna i fizička dijagonala, odozdo lijevo – gore desno, lijepo poklapaju. Osjećamo kako snaga Franjine molitve omogućuje bratu Silvestru istjerati demone dok doslovno vidimo snagu koja teče uzdignutom rukom tjerajući demone u gornji desni ugao slike. Jasan vertikalni rascjep između crkve nalijevo i grada nadesno poništava se povezujućom silom koja teče slijedeći gestu Silvestrove ruke i dotaknuvši zidove tornjeva tjera demone. Kako se lijepo ova scena razlikuje od *Odricanja* iako im je po konstrukciji tako slična.

Jednako je upečatljiva i kompozicija *Kolijevke u Grecciju* gdje nalazimo Franju i kolijevku u sredini oltarskog prostora (gledamo prikaz pod laganim kutom kako stojimo malo nadesno od fizičkog središta). Tri skupine izmiješanih fratara, klerika i laika približavaju se Franji slijeva, zdesna i iz pozadine kroz vrata u oltarnoj pregradi. To je izuzetno vješta kompozicija u duhu psihologije prikaza. Na pregradi stoji raspelo koje vidimo odostraga jasno naznačujući da je s one strane izdašan prostor pun onih koji stojeći u lađi vide *recto* raspeća. Arhitektura pregrade, moćna horizontala jak je čimbenik integracije, a elementi koji označuju središnju os, vrata (prazno) i raspeće (puno) djeluju kao poveznice, a ne razdjelnice.

Varijaciju na temu centralno komponiranog interijera (npr. *Potvrda reda*) predstavlja prikaz svetog Franje koji propovijeda ispred Honorija II. Trostruka gotička arkada povezuje likove, Papa je u sredini i gleda Franju i sljedbenike ispod lijeve arkade. Zapanjenost Pape i njegove svite te mirno, a ipak egzaltirano Franjino lice povezuju likove u kompoziciju koja je istovremeno centralna i aksijalna i ojačava Franjin položaj i njegovu duhovnu vezu s Papom. Crkva je ponovno jedno, no svetost svetog Franje je iznad nje.

U *Prikazanju u Arlesu* centralna kompozicija se promatra s lijeva, a uključuje zid s gotičkim otvorom između dviju bifora i prostor uz lijevi zid, u načelu pravokutni odsječak prostora određen likom svetog Antuna iz Padove koji usred propovijedi odjednom doživljava viziju Franjine prisutnosti čije se ruke šire kao asocijacija na raspelo unutar ulaznog luka. Samo još jedan od braće primjećuje viziju, ostali slušaju svetog Antuna. Sveti Franjo se malčice okreće nalijevo dajući na znanje da se obraća čitavoj skupini, a ne samo svetom Antunu. Složeno, ali jasno čitljivo uređenje prikaza kazuje nam da gledamo viziju, a ne realnost.

San sv. Grgura sadrži urednu i simetrično oslikanu prostoriju zidova pokrivenih dekoriranim zastorima. Tek kad bolje promotrimo primjećujemo još jedan prostor koji se nameće naizgled vrlo jednostavnim i jasnim konceptom. To je prostor ispod baldahina s Papinim ležajem i snažnim, uspravnim likom svetog Franje koji drži Papinu ruku. Dvorjanin je usnuo netom uz ležaj, a drugi, budan, gleda u lijevi dio slike gdje nalazimo još dvije usnule (oštećene) figure. Vješta manipulacija kompozicije daje joj nadrealnu dimenziju sna.

Ovakvim prikazima koji se mogu usporediti s onima antičkog teatra koji uključuju dva glumca i kor (ili dva kora), mogu se dodati još dva tipa prikaza. U jednom dominira masa i to je bez sumnje masovka, a u drugom prikazu dominira jedan ili manji broj likova.

Taj usamljeni lik koji dominira prikazom poput pjevača arije, najčešće je sveti Franjo. Njegova premoć, fizička i duhovna, dalje se naglašava jednostavnošću stjenovitog pejzaža ili dijelovima kulise i suzdržanošću pratećih likova koji uglavnom šute. Najbolje su one s vrlo malo likova: *Propovijed pticama* (solo s jednim tihim svjedokom), *Davanje plašta siromahu* (duet kojim vlada sveti Franjo) i *Čudo izvora* (arija-recitativ kojoj svjedoči mali kor od tri i još jedan tihi svjedok). Ili pak imamo svetog Franju koji se obraća nadnaravnom u *Viziji sv. Franje, Ekstazi*, a možda najbolje u *Stigmatizaciji*.

Na drugom kraju spektra imamo masovke, najmanje izvorne i individualizirane u smislu akcije i ljudske psihologije jer se temelje na presedanima sličnih kompozicijskih shema (npr. *Uzašašće, Pokop*), a sadrže odviše likova da bi se razrađivala individualna psihologija. Ipak neke su vrlo lijepo posložene, na primjer *Uzašašće*, model za slične velike prikaze do *Assunte* pa i dalje, ili *Potvrda stigmata*, slično komponirana, no s puno lokalnog kolorita.

To nije sve što je Giotto izveo u Assisiju. Treba se podsjetiti da je za neke sporno čak i njegovo autorstvo *Legende o sv. Franji*. Ne ulazim u te rasprave. Moj se izbor zasniva na mojim ranim iskustvima i prihvaćanju onoga što sam doživio kao najdotiesknije u Kapeli Scrovegni koja je definitivno njegova ili onoga što mu se pripisuje s visokom dozom konsenzusa (*Legenda sv. Franje*).

I prije Assisija imao sam priliku vidjeti Kapele Bardi i Peruzzi u Santa Croce u Firenzi, koje su u trenu mog prvog posjeta tijekom maturalca 1959. bile *in restauro* pa ih baš i nisam najbolje doživio. No, i za nekoliko kasnijih posjeta nisu ostavile osobit dojam. Radi se o velikom majstoru koji se vješto igra s materijalom, ali bez potrage za istinom (Assisi) ili ljepotom (Padova). Postoji lijep prikaz uzašašća svetog Ivana u kapeli Peruzzi (o. 1320.) ili fini solo *Stigmatizacije* u stjenovitom pejzažu i *Odricanja* s novim, odvažnim arhitektonskim konceptom u Kapeli Bardi (o. 1330.). Likovi su uglavnom mali, arhitektura tanahna poput igračkaka, dok je kompozicija labava i pretrpana; kao da Giotto i formalno prihvaća gotičke standarde u oblicima i naraciji.

Pišući ove stranice, više puta sam se zapitao može li umjetnik biti slobodan od pritiska moćnih ili barem vladajuće mode. Ostavio sam Giotta za kraj jer nam on možda može pomoći oko nekih barem privremenih odgovora. Je li Giotto izbjegao političku korektnost? Odgovor je, po mome mišljenju, kvalificirano *da*. I to zato jer je Giotto zajedno sa svetim Franjom, ranim franjevcima, papom Inocentom III i velikim brojem i moćnih i običnih suvremenika bio kreator klime u kojoj su nastali franjevci. U firentinskim kapelama Giotto je podlegao modi koju je sam stvorio i stvorio temelje modi dotizma (tal. *Giottismo*), koja je tek kod nekih umjetnika kao što su Maso di Banco ili Tommaso da Modena, dosegla razinu majstora. Ili pak u onima koji su uspješno nakalemili dotizam na tradicije dvorske gotike iz *Oltralpa*: Simone Martini i braća Lorenzetti. Giotto je bio potpuno izvoran, samostojeći genije koji je do danas uspješno izbjegavao klasifikaciju, sam sebi pravilo. Ne znači da je izbjegao realitet svog vremena. Naprotiv, on ga je stvorio i njime dominirao.

Ima li još takvih umjetnika?

Da, pa i takvih za koje nikada nismo čuli, onih koji stvaraju, koliko je to moguće samo za sebe i tako izbjegavaju zamku političke korektnosti. Koji put izronit će kao novootkriveni geniji. Pjesnici na engleskom jeziku Emily Dickinson i Gerald Manley Hopkins mogu poslužiti kao primjer. Neki, kao Giotto, mogu i sami određivati što je politički korektno. S nekima smo se već susreli, s Giorgioneom, Altdorferom. Bez ikakve namjere da sastavim neku podužu listu, rekao bih nekoliko riječi o svojim simpatijama u tom smislu. To su: Piero della Francesca, Cezanne, Monet, Kandinsky, Rouault i Yves Klein, sve slikari, no usput će se ubaciti i umjetnici s drugih područja vizualnosti.

Piero della Francesca obično se prikazuje kao jedan od velikih trijumfa renesanse. Pa ipak, Piero nikako ne paše među narativne naturaliste kvatročenta. Pojedinaac i njegov okoliš nisu od osobitog značenja za Piera. Njegova je umjetnost priručnik deskriptivne geometrije, skup teorema kako korektno prikazati trodimenzionalna tijela na dvodimenzionalnoj plohi. Slučaj hoće da ta tijela nalikuju na ljudske likove, stabla,

zgrade, prepoznatljive vizualne korelative svetim zakonima geometrije koji vladaju svemogući i bezglasni u volumenima i linijama. Jedan od mojih velikih učitelja, profesor Gamulin, nazvao je Piera i njemu slične *umjetnicima čistog postojanja*, navodeći kao drugi sjajan primjer francuskog baroknog majstora, Georges de la Toura. Kao slikar idealiziranih formi, melodijskih linija, mekih nestvarnih boja, čak i zlatnog fonda, Piero ne bi trebao imati obožavatelja u središtu buržoaskog naturalizma. Kao i neki drugi neobičniji majstori kvatročenta, Piero je sjao u teoretski manje naprednim sredinama, gdje je idealizam Piera i njegovih suputnika nastojao donijeti neki dublji smisao živahnim *tableauxima* brbljavih pripadnika *mainstreama* što će poslužiti kao temelj idealizmu visoke renesanse. Piero je imao sreće. Firentinska kulturna ortodoksija sigurno je vidjela u Pieru umjetnika koji je sudjelovao u ostvarivanju barem dijela njihovih znanstvenih potreba glede umjetnosti. Istovremeno, njegovi manje prosvijećeni patroni u Urbinu bez sumnje su cijenili njegov prividni tradicionalizam: valovitu liniju, zlatni fond, i šarmantnu dotesknju arhitekturu u pozadini. Ipak, Piero stoji sam i ponosan. Jesu li pametniji među naručiteljima prepoznali njegovu usamljenu veličinu? Jesu li mu se poklonili? Piero donekle slični Watteau, naizgled je *in*, a ipak na suveren način *out*.

Ovdje valja spomenuti dva umjetnika iz Pierova kruga u Urbinu. Francesco Laurana postigao je u najboljim od svojih radova, ženskim bistama i nekim od Madona (Noto) ili grobnicama (Cecilia Aprilis), čistoću oblika ravnu Pierovoj. Je li to tračak gotike ili najava sinteze činkvečenta? Ne radi se o Pierovoj znanstvenoj deskriptivnoj geometriji, nego o purizmu koji ide duboko ispod kože do čistog postojanja gdje materija i Duh postaju jedno.

U arhitekturi sličan položaj zauzima drugi Laurana, Luciano. Njegovo *čisto postojanje* ogleda se u dvorištu kneževske palače u Urbinu; pravi Pierov portik u tri dimenzije koji nesumnjivo pokazuje Bramanteov put i put visoke renesanse. U mnogo dijelova Montefeltrove palače se pitamo slijedi li Luciano namjerno Pierove prostorne sanjarije ili se ovdje opet naslućuje dah šarma i otmjenosti gotike. Vjerojatno nesvjesno, Montefeltri su prikupili skupinu umjetnika koji se nisu držali firentinske kvatročentističke ortodoksije, već su uveli vlastitu ortodoksiju koja će igrati ključnu ulogu u ostvarivanju najveće ortodoksije vremena, rimske klasične renesanse. I Bramante i Rafael su izdanci montefeltrovske tradicije.

Paul Cezanne je još jedan umjetnik *čistog postojanja*. Kažu da je vjerovao da se sve u prirodi može svesti na primarni oblik: kocku, kuglu, stožac itd. Zamijetio je, također, da se stvari mogu promatrati iz više kutova što unosi faktor relativnosti u Pierovu svetu geometriju. U tome je Cezanne, kažu, prethodnik kubizma i geometrijske apstrakcije, terminator tradicionalnog slikarskog prostora i glasnik filma, videa i ostalih vizualnih disciplina koje uključuju stvarni pokret i promjenu točke gledišta.

Ta naglašavana Cezanneova povijesna važnost dovodi do toga da zaboravljamo da je on i vrhunski umjetnik. Mnogo godina prije nego sam čuo teorije o Cezanneu, duboko sam ljubio njegove sunčane, sredozemne boje, toplo plavo nebo i more, narančastu zemlju Provanse, crvenilo njenih krovova, sive kamene zidove, tamno zelenilo

čempresa, žutilo seoskih puteljaka, ljubičastu boju sjena. U toj toploj mediteranskoj shemi boja, mase se rastapaju i postaju plohe. I to bez ikakve teorije, već zaslugom ljepote okoliša, oka koje to zapaža i ruke koja bilježi. Cezanne je prije svega sjajan slikar sredozemnog svijeta koji je slikao ono što je vidio.

Sjećam se kada sam kao dodiplomac putovao iz Zagreba u Selce novom cestom, strmom padinom iz Gornjeg Jelenja na Križišće, kojom se put skraćivao za koja dva sata. K moru se spuštalo kroz krajolik terasa s voćnjacima i vinogradima, iskrižanim suhozidom okruženim mutno zelenim maslinama, sve nad golemom, ravnom površinom mora.

Vjerovao sam da je putovanje riješilo Cezanneovu zagonetku, no to je samo dio priče.

Ranog ljetnog jutra, nekih petnaest godina kasnije vozio sam iz Montpelliera za Nicu. Bio je to moj prvi posjet Azurnoj obali. Jutro je bilo bistro i sunčano, no ponjave jutarnje magle visjele su na padinama i izdancima. Znao sam da ću proći kraj mjesta s kojega se vidi Mt. Saint-Victoire i molio Boga da se magla digne. I baš kad sam stigao do točke gdje strelica najavljuje brdo, na mojoj lijevoj strani oblaci su se rastvorili i pojavilo se brdo, točno onakvo kakvim ga je slikao Cezanne, crta po crtu, mrlja po mrlju. Znam da je Cezanne primjenjivao teoriju na portrete, mrtve prirode, žanr scene, kupače. No nikakva teorija se ne miješa u slikanje Mt. Saint-Victoire. Trebalo ga je samo vidjeti i naslikati!

Cezanne je velik ne zato što je proizvodio nove teorije koje su otvorile putove. Bio je velik jer je prepoznao sustav oblika u svom okolišu i iskoristio ga kao temelj svojoj predivnoj umjetnosti. Njegovi sljedbenici izmislili su sezanizam, novu vjeru koja je postala zakon. Poput Giotta, Cezanne je stvorio snažan individualni način izražavanja koji ga je držao izvan vladajuće akademske korektnosti. Kao različiti Gaddiji i Daddiji koji su šepali za Giottom, Cezannovi epigoni pretvorili su veliku umjetnost u jednu od obaveznih manira u modernoj umjetnosti.

Claude Monet bio je prvoborac impresionizma koji se svidio autoritetu znanosti jer je predlagao novi način gledanja i prikazivanja svijeta navodno na znanstvenim temeljima. Kad su herojski dani impresionizma postali prošlost, Monet se povukao u svoje stražnje dvorište gdje je slikao jezerca pokrivena vodenim ljljanima. Monet je ustvari slikao boje, svjetlo, teksture, tek neizravno vezane uz predmet, ako se para, sjene i odrazi mogu smatrati predmetima. Stvorio je ogromnu umjetnost za koju su trebala desetljeća da je se stvarno otkrije i koja se nikada nije integrirala u kanon povijesti umjetnosti 20. stoljeća. Sretni pustinjač u stoljeću strahota, Monet drsko destilira ljepotu najistančanijih manifestacija majke prirode. Umjetnost koja je društveno irelevantna, senzualno vezana sama za sebe kao djelo ljepote, kao melem za osjetila, hrana za sladokusce čiji su se apetiti mogli zadovoljiti samo ljepotom.

Monet je impresionizam prvo učinio politički korektnim buržoaskim pokretom, vidio ga je kako raste i vene, i onda u prekrasnoj samoći ovjekovječio najljepše u baštini impresionizma: osjećaj ljepote i vedrine. To je kodificirao kao osobnu poruku koju treba ponuditi svijetu. Je li to novi franjevački red? Moguće, no sada je to pokret bez

sljedbenika jer njegov vođa stoji sam i nedodirljiv u svijetu ljepote koju usprkos svemu prepoznaje kao stvarni svijet, vlastiti svijet, koji možda treba preporučiti drugima, ali nikada nametati. Monet je zastupnik mekane političke korektnosti onoga tko zna da je u pravu i nije ga briga slaže li se gomila s njime ili ne.

Netom prije Prvog svjetskog rata, Wassily Kandinsky je stvorio zapanjujući svijet boja nevezan za vizualnu realnost, čak senzualniji od Monetovog. To je bio svijet Kandinskyjeve mladosti, sjećanja na slavensko bogatstvo boja koje navaljuju na statičku viziju slikovnog prostora i oblika. Ta divna epizoda u skladu s novim tendencijama u umjetnosti fovista i ekspresionista kasnije je napuštena i zamijenjena još uvijek čarobnom, ali ipak manje nadahnutom verzijom kolorističke apstrakcije pod nadzorom geometrije. Kako su geometrija i konstrukcija za poslijeratno razdoblje značile napredak i društvenu svijest, nije čudo da je Kandinsky postao jedan od stupova Bauhauusa.

Georges Rouault je još jedan veliki samotnjak umjetnosti 20. stoljeća. Isprva blizak fovistima koji su si tijekom prvog desetljeća osigurali mjesto politički korektnog modernog pokreta, Rouault je u smislu sadržaja blizak drugoj društveno priznatoj skupini, njemačkim ekspresionistima. Sloboda izbora boje, njeni žarki sudari i treperavi efekti su poput fovističkih (Rouault je radio i vitraj i bio fasciniran umjetnošću velikih katedrala), dok bi nas pretežno tamni tonovi i društvena svijest trebali podsjetiti na ekspresioniste. Ustvari, to nije tako. Rouault je tvrdoglavo svoj, moralist, u najboljem smislu riječi, među francuskim hedonistima, Kršćanin među ljevičarskim ekspresionistima, sljedbenik Krista kojeg često vidimo u odsjaju zalazećeg sunca nad blatnjavim puteljcima predgrađa s nekoliko sljedbenika, ispred nejasno naznačenih brežuljaka, među sablasnim, mračnim, prijetećim zgradurinama. Suosjećamo i patimo s tim predgrađima, kojiput slikanim bez ljudskog sadržaja, kao što patimo s Kristom ili jašemo s Karlom Velikim ili Našom Ivanom (fr. *Notre Jeanne*). No usprkos empatiji sa siromašnima, izmučenima, osuđenima, usprkos strahu, kalu, mraku, pohlepi, podlosti te ostalim strahotama rata i mira, Rouault ne propovijeda. Njegov humanizam podsjeća na Giotto i svetog Franju, no za slanje humanističke poruke ne ovisi toliko o liku kao Giotto. Tome je podređeno cjelokupno djelo, mračni procjepi, istrošena tijela i predmeti, nepodnošljivi bljeskovi svjetla koje prijete uništenjem, no koje može biti i naznaka nade i spasenja. U svijetu mahnitog plesa samozvanih proroka i dobročinitelja, Rouault je rijedak glas istinskog humanizma u stoljeću mraka. Je li Rouault politički korektan ili nije!?

Isto se pitanje može postaviti za zadnjeg na našem popisu, Yvesa Kleina. Fascinirao me oko 1960., netom prije svoje, nažalost, prerane smrti 1962. (bile su mu tek 34 godine). Nisam puno razmišljao zašto me na platnima i u hepeninzima toliko privlači njegova famozna plava boja IKB, International Klein Blue (sl. 28). Koristim ovu priliku pojasniti si što mi Klein znači.

Klein je izrazito kontroverzna pojava, možda ne toliko u samoj umjetnosti gdje se jasno profilira kao avangardist u smislu i klasičnih sredstava (platno) i novih stremljenja (hepening, performans); dakle, Klein bi trebao biti politički korektan jer

prekida s prošlošću, traži nove mogućnosti izraza, odbacuje hipokriziju buržoaskog mentaliteta itd. No kako istinski inovativan umjetnik može biti konzervativac? Kako se može oblačiti kao dendi u frakove s leptir kravatama? Kako može pričati o duhovnosti i slobodi? Slijediti mistične sekte i svece? Jako sumnjivo!!! Kako mu se može dozvoliti da bude moderan umjetnik?



Slika 28. IKB, 2014.

Pitanja se pojavljuju i u smislu njegovih oblika. Na temelju njegovih divnih plavih platna, plavoga koje je i svijetlo i tamno, i sjajno i mat, ali uvijek vedro, Klein bi se mogao smatrati minimalistom. No njegov je minimalizam izuzetno koncentriran, i njegov naizgled ograničeni izbor sredstava ekspresije posjeduje začudno bogatstvo okusa i osjećanja. Njegova je umjetnost senzualna u najboljem smislu riječi. Kako je predivna, kako senzualna ta plava boja na golim tijelima lijepih žena koje Klein koristi kao žive kistove koji se po njegovim uputama koturaju golemim komadima papira tijekom zadivljujućih performansa! Kako sjajno IKB djeluje na dobro krojenim haljinama lijepih i senzualnih žena koje su otkrile svileni erotizam te boje! Poruka da avangardna umjetnost može biti vezana uz užitak posebice je opasna u svijetu koji se po pravilu mora smatrati ružnim te po definiciji mora proizvoditi ružnu umjetnost, kako je to vrlo domišljato zaključio Arthur Danto. Ukratko, Klein *stvara*. U svijetu koji žeda za destrukcijom, to nije politički korektno.

Kleina se ipak moralo prihvatiti, ali i pozvati na red. Optuživan je za samopromidžbu, komercijalizaciju avangarde i druge nejasne prekršaje protiv kôda političke korektnosti moderne umjetnosti. Možda bit fenomena Klein i nije primijećena, tj., da

Klein zastupa manjinu (možda ne i tako malenu?) koja vidi svijet kao nešto malo više od igraonice ljevičarske destruktivnosti. Pristupa li Klein kritički takvome svijetu? Mislim da da, no kritika se ne sastoji u rušenju tuđega, već u pozitivnom naglašavanju vlastite vizije. Kakva neobična sličnost između Kleina i Moneta!

Zgodna zagonetka kao uvod u zaključak.

Opaske, nadopune, prilozi ilustracijama

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Zaključak

Politička korektnost – moda – hir.

„Ja duboko prezirem profesiju kojom se bavim. Novinarstvo, to je sloj robova. (...) Ku..im se da ljudi ne bi videli moj strah.“ (Aleksandar Tijanić, portal *Index*, pristupljeno 30.10.2013.).

U ovom zaključku ponovit će se podosta od onoga što je već rečeno u *Uvodu* gdje sam, metodološki neispravno, ponudio neke tvrdnje prije nego sam imao priliku prikazati materijale na kojima se temelje. Sada ćemo pokušati dati još jedan kritički pogled na ta razmišljanja. U uvodnom poglavlju i tijekom studije tvrdili smo da je umjetnost gotovo neizbježno pod paskom političke korektnosti. Ustvrdili smo da je umjetnost odviše skupa, odviše vrijedna i odviše opasna kao sredstvo komunikacije da bi je se ostavilo bez nadzora moćnih koji odlučuju i što je politički korektno, to jest, što promiče njihove ciljeve. Pri donošenju odluka što će i kako umjetnik učiniti, središta moći se oslanjaju na specijaliste, stručnjake za umjetnost, istraživače umjetnosti, umjetničke kritičare koji će utvrditi što je dobra umjetnost, a što nije i zašto. Gore navedene riječi Aleksandra Tijanića, istaknutog srpskog medijskog čovjeka, ne trebaju komentar. Ipak, osobito prema kraju, ponešto smo ublažili takav stav pozabavivši se s nekoliko umjetnika za koje nam se učinilo da djeluju pod razmjerno manjim pritiskom političke korektnosti.

Pojasnit ćemo to pretresanjem nekih posebnih vidova nadzora i manipulacije umjetnosti kao što su moda i hir. Time smo se već pozabavili u *Uvodu*, no vjerujem da neke stvari treba ponoviti u svjetlu onoga što smo iznijeli u međuvremenu.

Specijalisti stvaraju mode, široko utemeljene sustave koji kodificiraju što je korektno, a što ne. Ono što je u modi dobro se prodaje i kao predmet i kao ideologija. Potrošač stječe dojam sudjelovanja u nečemu što je važno, univerzalno, i od svih je hvaljeno. Posebni bljeskovi koji radikaliziraju modu su hirovi, *dernier cri*. To su obično kratkotrajna ojačanja nekih vidova trajnije mode. Mode i hirovi uvjeravaju potrošače da namjerno prihvaćaju ono što im se nudi (svatko tako radi pa tako i ja), no ne pod pritiskom središta moći. Mode i hirovi su samo nešto neizravniji i suptilniji načini postizanja političke korektnosti.

Utvrdili smo mnogo puta da je umjetnik prenositelj Duha, a umjetnost utjelovljenje Duha u inertnoj materiji. Ne bi li stoga umjetnik, oplemenjen Duhom, trebao biti iznad svega toga i slijediti vlastite porive diktirane jedino Duhom kojeg bi trebao prepoznati i pretočiti u umjetnost? Naravno, i to je ono veliko u umjetnosti, umjetnik uvijek prenosi Duh inače ne bi bio umjetnik. Duh potiče inspiraciju, pokreće ono

nešto u umjetniku, daje mu mogućnost stvaranja. On je svugdje, bez njega nema stvaranja. No što će dalje biti, kako će se taj Duh odraziti u djelu, pod pritiskom je izvanjskih čimbenika, onoga što se traži u tom trenu i na tom mjestu. No kakva bila da bila, Duh pojačava poruku. Da tome nije tako zadovoljili bismo se (tj. mi, publika i oni koji manipuliraju nama) reporterima i reportažama. Utjelovljenje Duha daje poruci njen kredibilitet, moć uvjeravanja i pružanja zadovoljstva. Daje joj, da upotrijebim onu strašno zlouporabljenu riječ, ljepotu.

Mislim da se možemo složiti da je svako umjetničko djelo utjelovljenje Duha, da svako umjetničko djelo izražava Duh. Umjetnik mora biti s Duhom, sudjelovati u Duhu da bilo što napravi. Pitanje je, koliko Duha i kako to izmjeriti!? Više Duha, više slobode? Iz toga slijedi da politička korektnost ne mora nužno utjecati na kvalitetu umjetničkog oblika i sadržaja. Sasvim sigurno, u našim smo se životima divili djelima koja su nastala pod pritiskom političke korektnosti pa ipak su to velika djela kojima smo se, eto, divili. To pitanje zahtijeva posebnu obradu pa ćemo se, s time u vezi, pozabaviti s nekoliko primjera koje dosada nismo obrađivali.

Dakle: kada je dobro biti politički korektan?

*Ja sam Darayavau(š), vladar silni, vladar nad vladarima,
vladar u Perziji i vladar u (osvojenim) zemljama,
sin Vištaspe, unuk Aršame, Haxamanišiya (Ahaimenović)...*

Na putu iz Babilona u Ekbatan, iz Bagdada u Teheran, oko 100 km od Hamadana stoji stjenovita izraslina Behistuna (Bistun, Baghestan, Kuća bogova). Oko 100 m iznad puta, u stijenu je uklesan poduži natpis (414 redaka) na staroperzijskom, elamitskom i akademskom oko reljefa koji prikazuje veliki lik kralja Darija (522.-486. prije Krista) kako sjedi na prijestolju te u pratnji strijelca i mačonoše prima povorku od devet sužanjanja zavezanih ruku i s užetom oko vrata (dodatno, Darije gazi desetoga), dok božanski Ahuramazda upravo polaže kraljevski dijamant na njegovu glavu. Golemi natpis opisuje Darijeve pobjede između 522. i 519. u kojima je savladao, zarobio i smaknuo deset pobunjenih vladara u 19 bitaka i tako uspostavio vrhovnu vlast. Na primjer:

*Kaže Darayavau(š) vladar: Potom Nadintabaira
s malo konjanika krenu onamo u Babilon.
Potom ja krenuh u Babilon. Voljom Ahuramazde i Babilon
ugrabih i toga Nadintabairu ugrabih. Potom toga
Nadintabairu ja pogubih u Babilonu.*

Ta moćna epska formula s nevelikim varijacijama ponavlja se cijelim natpisom (Ježić, *Darijev veliki natpis u Bagastani*, 2012.). Jednostavni imaginarij teksta, njegov teški ritam i ponavljanja postižu silan epski efekt konačnosti i univerzalnosti Darijevih pobjeda. No tko je od prolaznika mogao pročitati riječi? Magisterijalna najava vrhovne vlasti, *urbi et orbi* manje je politička izjava upućena *urbi*, nego oda kojom se Darije sam smješta među besmrtnike *orbis* od kojih prima potporu i potvrdu.

Reljef (25 × 15 m) se vidi nešto bolje, no detalj je jedva čitljiv. Sadrži sve što treba da se proglasi pobjeda silnika koji je na istoj nozi s besmrtnicima: pobijeđeni buntovnici potvrđuju Darijevu apsolutnu zemaljsku vlast, ključni dužnosnici (tobolčar i mačonoša) naglašavaju stabilnost Darijeve vlasti, krunu nudi nebesko biće promičući kralja u nebeskog stanovnika. Dobri dečki dolaze slijeva, zločinci uredno zdesna. Kralj, božanski Kralj Kraljeva, je nerazmjerno veći od vlastitih dužnosnika i pobijeđenih neprijatelja. Sjajan propagandni uradak, upečatljivo umjetničko ostvarenje. Sjajan model za takve slične prikaze starog Bliskog istoka čiji se vladari vole prikazivati najmoćnijima od smrtnika i na razini besmrtnika. Ta će se formula dalje koristiti od rimskih careva do suvremenih diktatora.

Beshitunski Darije nesumnjivo posjeduje ogromnu, zastrašujuću snagu. Autor stihova kao i autor vizualnih oblika morali su primiti veliku dozu Duha da izraze naručeno, visočanstvo i odličnost perzijskog vladara. Apsolutno su politički korektni legitimiranjem dinastije na ovom i na onom svijetu. Shema: naručitelj angažira umjetnika, umjetnik „prežvakava“ narudžbu, opsjednut je Duhom, stvara, rad je gotov, otkriva se, naručitelj je zadovoljan, gledatelji zapanjeni. Duh se smjestio u njima zaslugom umjetnika i njegovog rada. Slično tome, u dosta kasnijem primjeru, Atalidska dinastija Pergama poznatim oltarom i frizom (1. pol. 2. stoljeća prije Krista), danas u Berlinu, poistovjećuje svoja slavna djela s onima nebeskih besmrtnika te dodatno dokazuje božansko podrijetlo manjim, unutarnjim frizom s poviješću mitskog pretka, Telefa (sl. 29, 30). Ili uzmimo friz Partenona gdje građani demokratske sredine posežu za besmrtnošću štjući svoju božansku zaštitnicu.

Nameće se sljedeće pravilo: gdje postoji jaka, centralizirana država, bez obzira na ustrojstvo, jak je i naglasak na političkoj korektnosti. No činjenica da su ta djela politički korektna ne umanjuje njihovu umjetničku vrijednost. Tu nalazimo političku korektnost gdje je i očekujemo i nema prigovora ako se sve ne pretvori u čistu propagandu.

Postoji li mogućnost sukoba političkih korektnosti sjedišta sekularne i religiozne moći unutar istog društva?

Ne vjerujem u suprotstavljena sjedišta sekularne i religiozne moći. Faraon je vrhunski vladar i bog, isto tako i drugi stari bliskoistočni vladari, rimski i bizantski carevi, muslimanski kalifi. Stoje na vrhu oba reda moći. Diktatori modernoga doba tvrde da su nepogrešivi i sveznajući. Marksizam, konzumerizam, slobodno tržište su religije, a tradicionalne religije sve više slične komercijalnim korporacijama. Što je dobro za faraona, dobro je za velikog svećenika, što je dobro za bazileja, dobro je za patrijarha.



Slika 29. Berlin, Pergamonmuseum, Zeusov oltar, 1. pol. 2. st. prije Krista



Slika 30. Berlin, Pergamonmuseum, Zeusov oltar, 1. pol. 2. st. prije Krista

Naslutili ste da sam se u struci najviše bavio umjetnošću srednjega vijeka, posebice onog ranijeg, od uspostavljanja barbarskih država do rane gotike i reurbanizacije Zapada. No mene zanima i podosta drugoga, naročito umjetnost vremena u kojem živim. Čak sam spreman ustvrditi da bez zanimanja za umjetnost vlastitoga vremena nema ni pravog razumijevanja prošlosti. No službeno sam medievist, i to se jasno vidi. Ovo govorim da bih upozorio čitatelja da, prvo, imam pravo da se za srednji vijek proglasim kakvim-takvim stručnjakom i da imam razumijevanje i simpatije za to razdoblje. Ako se čudite kako mogu uživati u zatucanom razdoblju, podsjećam vas da je 16. stoljeće uvelo masovna spaljivanja vještica, a dvadeseto atomsku bombu, komunizam i fašizam. Osobite simpatije imam za razdoblje visokog srednjeg vijeka, otprilike između 1000. i 1250. o čemu smo naveliko pričali u poglavlju o nastanku monumentalnog stila u srednjem vijeku.

Dvoglava Europa tog vremena ima papu i cara koji su se uhvatili u koštac oko investiture. Umjetnost se, naravno, angažirala, to jest, angažirale su je obje strane. Imaginarij je koji put iznenađujuće istovjetan. Nije ni čudo: Je li Rim izvor papinstva ili carstva? Ikonografija cara kao Kristovog vikara može začudno sličiti ikonografiji samoga Krista. Ima slučajeva kada nismo sigurni o kojoj se radi. No ono što povezuje oba zaraćena tabora i cjelokupnu zapadnu civilizaciju je njezin „istinski“ religiozni karakter koji doživljava svijet kao kratku dionicu na putu do vječnoga spasenja, a to je krajnji cilj ljudskog postojanja. Zašto sam istinski stavio pod navodnike? Ne zato jer sumnjam u istinitost ideologije, već zato jer ne vidim mogućnost odvajanja ideologije od prakse. Stoga ta ideologija – politika stiže svuda, u sve kutove zapadnoeuropskog svijeta i u sve pore njegove duše. Sjetimo se čudesa navodno skromne ruralne romanike o kojoj smo opširno pričali. Sva umjetnička produkcija navedenoga razdoblja je politički korektna – kršćanska, ali i prihvatljiva velikoj većini pučanstva. Ako je spasenje cilj svakog ljudskog stvora-duše, kako se može sumnjati u ono što promiče put do spasenja? U tome leži velika duhovna snaga romanike i rane gotike, njen kapacitet da poduči i vodi, njezina dostupnost svim slojevima društva. Politički korektna umjetnost toga razdoblja ujedno je i najprihvatljivija vizija onoga što treba biti dobar život, *Civitas Dei*.

Nudimo još jedno pravilo: što je šira društvena baza, što je jači ideološki konsenzus, što je politička korektnost bliža vladajućoj ideologiji, to će biti manje vidljiva i bit će prihvatljivija širokim slojevima. Iako je ovo pravilo naoko u sukobu s prijašnjim, o centraliziranim situacijama, ostaje tvrdnja da politička korektnost ne mora utjecati na vrijednost umjetnosti. Ona će se snaći bez obzira na stupanj centralizacije ili decentralizacije. To vodi do još jednog pravila: umjetnik može sasvim lijepo djelovati i pod pritiskom političke korektnosti, što smo uostalom utvrdili više puta tijekom ove rasprave. Kada se proizvođač ne može ili ne zna oduprijeti pritisku, pogledajmo samo bezbrojne spomenike revolucijama i kontrarevolucijama, onda se ne radi više o umjetnosti već o ispraznoj propagandi. Socrealizam je dobar primjer, no i neki tzv. avangardni pokreti koji su služili političkoj propagandi, kao što je slučaj terora

geometrijske apstrakcije, kako je to dobro prozreo Edo Murtić i odbio pristupiti EXAT-u 51.

Vjerojatno nema društva bez barem tračka opozicije vladajućem pravovjerju. Dakle, može se očekivati i sukob političkih korektnosti kako se njihovi predlagači bore za prevlast. Razmotrimo na čas slučaj sukobljenih političkih korektnosti.

Kako se krećemo kroz povijest, ljudsko društvo, kažu, postaje raznolikije, složenije, otvorenije (što god to znači). U današnjoj zapadnoj demokraciji imamo dva temeljna modela političke korektnosti, lijevi i desni koji se uglavnom pravilno smjenjuju od izbora do izbora. Distinkcija je u biti akademska jer se radi o dvije strane istog novčića, kako i lijevo i desno predstavljaju istu birokratiziranu i korumpiranu demokratsku državu koja služi korporacijskim šefovima i podgrijava želju potrošača za onim što im ne treba. Vladajuća poruka jest da su duhovne i neopipljive vrijednosti prepreka sreći koja se definira kao gomila robe koju gutaju potrošači. Proizvođači proizvode, konzumeri konzumiraju, država oporezuje i ovjekovječuje vlast onih koju su je i formirali. Kako se svijet globalizira, mogućnost spajanja svih političkih korektnosti u jednu postaje sve izglednija.

U 19. stoljeću Hrvatska je bila još gotovo sasvim poljoprivredna zemlja. Krajem stoljeća industrijalizacija uzima maha zaslugom stranih poduzetnika i sredstava jer domaća srednja klasa praktički ne postoji. Strani ulagači su pretežno građani nekada iste države, Austro-Ugarske Monarhije: Austrijanci, Česi, Slovaci, Mađari, Židovi, kao i doseljenici s Balkana: Vlasi, Cincari, Grci, Srbi, Albanci. Svi, pa i hrvatska buržoazija u nastanku, posjeduju zajednički interes za komercijalni uspjeh, no inače su podosta heterogena skupina. Ekonomska konjunktura vodi u graditeljski *boom*, izgradnju gradskih palača za razmjerno mali broj onih stvarno bogatih te bezbrojnih obiteljskih domova i vila na isto tako bezbrojnim gorskim izdancima što se s Medvednice spuštaju na područje šumskog grada Zagreba. Broj takvih zgrada između 1880. i 1930. je neizmjeran, kvaliteta arhitekture iznenađujuće visoka, a stil pojedinačnih zgrada varira od romantizma, historicizma i secesije do moderne, *Art Decoa*, ekspresionizma i Bauhauusa, sa zaista zapanjujućim mjesnim invencijama i mutacijama. Mjerilom su odmjerene kako glede okoliša, tako i međusobno (sl. 31, 32). Bilo bi jako zanimljivo provjeriti postoji li ikakva korelacija između stila ili mješavine stilova pojedinačnog objekta i etničke pozadine naručitelja, iako osobno sumnjam da takvo što postoji. Razvidno je, međutim, da bez obzira na stil ili mješavinu svaki naručitelj nastoji osigurati najkvalitetnijeg arhitekta. Poželjno je impresionirati, pokazati se pred pripadnicima staleža, no kako to postići ostaje pitanje dogovora između naručitelja i umjetnika. Ukratko, jedna zajednička težnja: biti uspješan u poslu i znati što je u modi, a mnogostruki su putovi postizanja. Povjesničara umjetnosti ovdje iščekuje bogata žetva.

Stil?



Slika 31. Zagreb, Jandrićeva ulica 17, primjer hrvatske moderne



Slika 32. Zagreb, Ulica Ivana Gorana Kovačića 2, primjer hrvatske moderne

U posljednjih nekoliko rečenica spominjali smo *stil*. Nije osobito različit od mode i neke od gore navedenih pojava; na primjer, secesija ili ekspresionizam mogu se sagledati kao moda unutar zajedničkog stila, modernizma. Riječ *stil* obično se primjenjuje na velike, razmjerno homogene pojave, periode i skupine koje dijele neke jasno prepoznatljive osobine (grčka klasika, gotika, barok...). Ipak, što je u modi također je u stilu.

U Budimpešti sam 2005., na Collegium Budapest, slušao s velikim zanimanjem nadahnuto predavanje profesora Adama Labude iz Berlina na temu kako su pojedine skupine poljskog plemstva uređivale krajobraznu arhitekturu na svojim posjedima nakon podjele Poljske. Svaka od skupina, rusofili, austrofilo i nacionalisti, služila se jasno zacrtanim modelom koji se nije morao oslanjati na bilo što rusko, austrijsko ili narodno. Tri politička usmjerenja, tri sustava vizualnih oblika. Naglašavam, sustava, ne stila, jer sva tri nose biljeg tada mondene mješavine baroka, rokokoja i klasicizma.

A. C. Quintavalle je proučavao sustave umjetničkih oblika sukobljenih strana u borbi za investituru u dolini rijeke Po. Papini saveznici koriste nove oblike koji s reformom dolaze iz Francuske, imperijalisti arhaičnu lombardsku umjetnost. Francuska gotika je zaštitni znak francuske kraljevske obitelji i njenih imperijalističkih pretenzija. Centralna i južna Europa brane svoj politički i kulturni identitet čuvajući romaniku. Još jedno pravilo: čim se pojavi više od jedne skupine dovoljno snažne da mogu doći do riječi, pojaviti će se suprotstavljene političke korektnosti sa svojim repertoarima oblika.

Umjetnost bez političke korektnosti?

Kad smo govorili o Altdorferu, Giorgioneu i posebno Giottu pokazali smo kako se veliki talent može oprijeti političkoj korektnosti tako da umjetnici sami postanu kreatori njezinog jezika. Naručitelj, umjetnik i publika dijele ideju što je trenutačna politička korektnost. Neki poput Watteaua ili Kleina naizgled odražavaju trenutačnu političku korektnost, no ustvari rovu protiv nje. Očigledan je slučaj Constablea spomenut u uvodu: on slika dvije verzije svojih slika, jednu uglađenu i dotjeranu za službena izlaganja, drugu daleko slobodniju, mase boja koje najavljuju modernističko usmjerenje.

Constable pokazuje kako umjetnik izbjegava političku korektnost stvarajući za sebe. Pravilo: što si više izvan ustaljenih staza, slobodniji si od političke korektnosti. Naravno, sasvim smo slobodni ako stvaramo samo za sebe i ne ostavljamo trag svoga stvaranja. Vraćajući se staroj priči: ako idete ulicom promatrajući gradski pejzaž i koristeći oko kao kameru, a u glavi vrtite priču koja prati vaše promatranje te se upitate što je iza ugla, potpuno ste slobodni izmisliti što god vas je volja (sl. 33). Naravno, na vas će utjecati vaše vrijeme i prostor, Rimljanin neće zamisliti automobil, no u načelu možete izmisliti što god hoćete. Još jedno pravilo: što je vaš proizvod manje opipljiv i manje okrenut tržištu, utjecaj političke korektnosti je također manji.

Kao poklon, izrezbarena drvena čaša će vam vjerojatno iznuditi manje naklonosti nego poklanjanje Tizianove slike.

Gotovo stoljeće nakon događaja, Giotto je potvrdio novi, snažni franjevački pogled na svijet. Glavni majstor Kraljevskog portala u Chartresu djeluje u trenutku povijesnog događaja, a možda ga i predviđa. Njegov doprinos portalu, posebice luneta i statue-kolumne središnjeg ulaza predstavljaju u jednu ruku kodifikaciju romaničkog stila i smisla za red i sustavnost kojom se lik rigorozno povezuje s arhitekturom/kadrom. No ta strogost ne vlada izrazom likova koji zrače mir i prijaznost u suprotnosti s romaničkim zastrašivanjem i groteskom. Krist ne prijeti i ne proklinje, naprotiv, blagoslivlja i poziva. Iako oblik kao da postiže vrhunac strogosti, osjećamo i govor novog humanizma u kojem je Škola u Chartresu igrala vrlo važnu ulogu. Glavni majstor, njegovi suradnici, njegovi sljedbenici diljem kraljevske domene označavaju nastanak ranogotičkog humanizma koji će za koje desetljeće u Italiji iznjedrili svetog Franju kao svoj najdragocjeniji cvijet. Oko sredine 12. stoljeća, majstori najmodernijih dijelova Kraljevskog portala u Chartresu potvrđuju duh vremena, odnosno pomažu ga stvoriti.

Jedna od najočitijih osobina političke korektnosti modernih vremena je relativizam, sve može proći! Picasso je prošao kroz postimpresionizam, plavu i ružičastu fazu u duhu secesije, razne vidove kubizma, neoklasicizam i beskonačne mješavine svega navedenoga. Zaista sve može proći vješto i efektno, u najboljem duhu prevladavajuće korektnosti relativizma.



Slika 33. Zagreb, Primorska ulica. Što je iza ugla?

Što sad?

Duh je neutralan, umjetnost nije.

Vratimo se na početak.

Žrec je stvorio umjetnost. Prepoznao je uzorak posebne duhovne vrijednosti i predstavio ga manje osjetljivoj publici. Učinio je Duh dostupnim našim osjetilima dajući mu oblik kroz čvrstu materiju. Nema umjetnosti bez stvaralačkog čina koji udahnuje Duh u materiju.

Znamo: čim Duh dotakne prirodu, Natura se mijenja u Kulturu. Zajedno čine opću ekologiju. Tek kad se spoje materija i Duh, Natura i Kultura, naš prostor dobiva značenje. Materija se odnosi prema Duhu kao oblik prema sadržaju jer Duh čini materiju specifičnom, nadahnutu smislom, sadržajem, osjećajima, nadahnutu značenjem.

Stanuje li Duh samo u svojim nositeljima žive prirode ili postoji neovisno u beskrajnom prostoru? Energija i sposobnost promjena nije ograničena na živu prirodu, stoga se može ustvrditi da je Duh posvuda. Nisu li slične čestice Nature ustvari čestice Duha? One jedinke u prirodi koje posjeduju više *force*, u boljem su položaju prepoznati Duh i prikazati ga onima koji do njega sami ne mogu.

U ovaj nestalni svijet ulazimo rođenjem, a u vječnost se vraćamo umiranjem. Dok smo u konačnosti ovoga svijeta, ostajemo u dodiru s čimbenicima vječnosti kroz stvaralaštvo: snove, znanost, ljubav i umjetnost koja, rekosmo, čini neopipljivo dostupnim našim osjetilima. Ona je djelo posebno nadarenih i osjetljivih bića koja oblikuju Duh tako da ga se može doživjeti. Iako se Duh nalazi i u nama, konačnima, on je vječan baš kao i materija (prostor). Stalno se obnavlja i ostaje živ u djelima naše kreativnosti i kad nas više nema. Akumulira se.

Netaknut od stvaratelja, Duh ostaje neutralan. Ne zagovara, ne sučeljava se, omogućuje proces vječnog stvaranja kroz svoje agente, uključujući nas, i tako svijet ide svojim putem. Nitko ne može kupiti, prodati ili razmijeniti Duh. No čim se nađe u čvrstom obliku, čim navuče ogrtač materije, otvara se oblikovanju i manipulaciji. Postaje dio stvari, a stvari se prodaju, kupuju, razmjenjuju, služe u bezbroj svrha. Premda je Duh neutralan, njegovo utjelovljenje, umjetnost, nije. Može ju se koristiti za propovijedanje, nagovaranje, stjecanje naklonosti, prijetnje, zločine, umiljavanja. Ponavljam po ne znam koji put: umjetnost je skupa, dragocjena i moćna djelatnost koju se ne može pustiti bez nadzora. Oni na vlasti odlučuju što je dobro za njih, tj. politički korektno i tako kontroliraju stilove, ukus, modu, hireve. To baš i nije dobro, a budući da nije dobro, o tome se puno ne priča među onima koji nam tumače što je umjetnost. Još je gore što se o tome ne govori. Moramo se pomiriti s činjenicom da jednom kad umjetnost pobjegne od Bogova i postane ljudska djelatnost, ona postaje jednako slaba i pogrešiva i sklona napastima kao i ljudska bića.

No ima i dobrih vijesti. Iako pogrešiva, umjetnost je uz ljubav najbolje što imamo. Od hodanja ulicom dok u glavi vrtimo film i priču našeg prolaženja, do dvoraca i katedrala, romana i simfonija, umjetnost stoji uz nas i priča nam o Duhu koji ju je stvorio, o Duhu koji smo u biti i *Mi*. Kao što vodeći ljubav nastavljamo stvaranje i postajemo privremeno bogoliki i vječni, tako nas umjetnost održava u dodiru s vječnim, bogolikim duhom stvaranja.

Umjetnost se može pokloniti mnogo čemu, čak i zahtjevima politički i drugačije moćnih i korektnih, no ona uvijek donosi Duh i vodi nas u vječnost poput onih Watteauovih parova koji držeći se za ruke nestaju u zalasku sunca.

Suočeni s manifestacijom Duha, promatrajući Giorgionea, slušajući Brucknera, gledajući *Hamleta* ili *Les enfants du Paradis*, čitajući *Agamemnona* ili *Vanity Fair* ili slažući naš okoliš u smislenu strukturu kako nam diktiraju naša osjetila, prevodeći zavijanje vuka u planini u dramatsku pjesmu, osjećamo kako nam Duh grebe po živcima. Odgovaramo onom finom napetošću, onom sitnom boli ispod abdomena kao kad držimo ruku žene ili muškarca kojeg želimo kao korak prema besmrtnosti u međusobnom posjedovanju. Probudio se naš instinkt za stvaranjem i mi, makar na trenutak, tonemo u noć beskonačnog stvaranja čiji snovi ostaju kad i ako se vratimo.

Nikakva politička korektnost nema pristup u te oaze apsolutne radosti. Umjetnost je jedan od najljepših putova u beskonačni raj. Ona je posvuda oko nas pričajući nam priče o bogolikoj strani naše naravi. Treba joj se otvoriti i slušati.

Opaske, nadopune, prilozi ilustracijama

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Introduction

Like a radiant wife approaching her husband the Dawn, smiling, bared her breasts. The soft bushes absorbed the golden rays of the Sun, hushing up the whisper of the morning breeze. The world was bright, safe, and sound, undefined and endless.

The seer climbed the hill above the huts, still deep in the morning sleep. He raised a big stick, waved it and yelled summoning his flock. His heart and mind welled with light, sound, and pulsating motion. He had seen IT, and it was now his holy task to pass it on.

Rubbing their eyes, clearing their noses and throats, the villagers, unwillingly, crept up to where the augur stood. He was obviously in a state of high excitement. He shook the branch he held and screamed turning toward the neat pyramidal peak shimmering in the morning mist (fig. 1). “See that Mountain!? This is where your Gods live. We will call it Olympus (or Pirin, or Kailes...)” The villagers, panting from the rushed climb, rubbed their eyes. Yes, there was that peak. They observed it every day. Now as they raised their glance, it indeed looked more radiant than ever. They crowded toward the seer, following his hand as by pointing he had created an image centered on the peak, a cut out from the surrounding world sanctified by the medicine man’s vision and choice. Today he would have taken a snapshot and made a record of the view, then shared it with his followers. The Pre-Historic eye acted exactly as a contemporary camera. Only, the image was temporary, but also unlimited and changing, merging into eternity.

The arts of image were created.

Then, by naming the peak and by clasping his hands the Artist created the arts of sound – literature and music, by hopping rhythmically, the arts motion – dance. Mother Nature added Her own: the wind rubbed the naked skin, brought in the smell of wild strawberries, which made the mouth water. All that created an experience of space linking the standing point of the group and the peak in an enveloping foil of light, air, the warmth of the sun, the sound of the wind, the shuffling of the feet... Dawn, having bared her bosom, herself smilingly enjoyed the act.

So also did the other Gods, up on the peak, gratified by the seer’s performance.

The seer had created the Art. The way he did it may not have been the only way possible. I am sure there are numerous and various models, but in essence they all boil down to the same – recognizing a pattern of special spiritual quality impressing itself upon the receiver’s own spirit, and then presenting it to the less sensitive public. The artist’s act captured and conveyed Spirit.

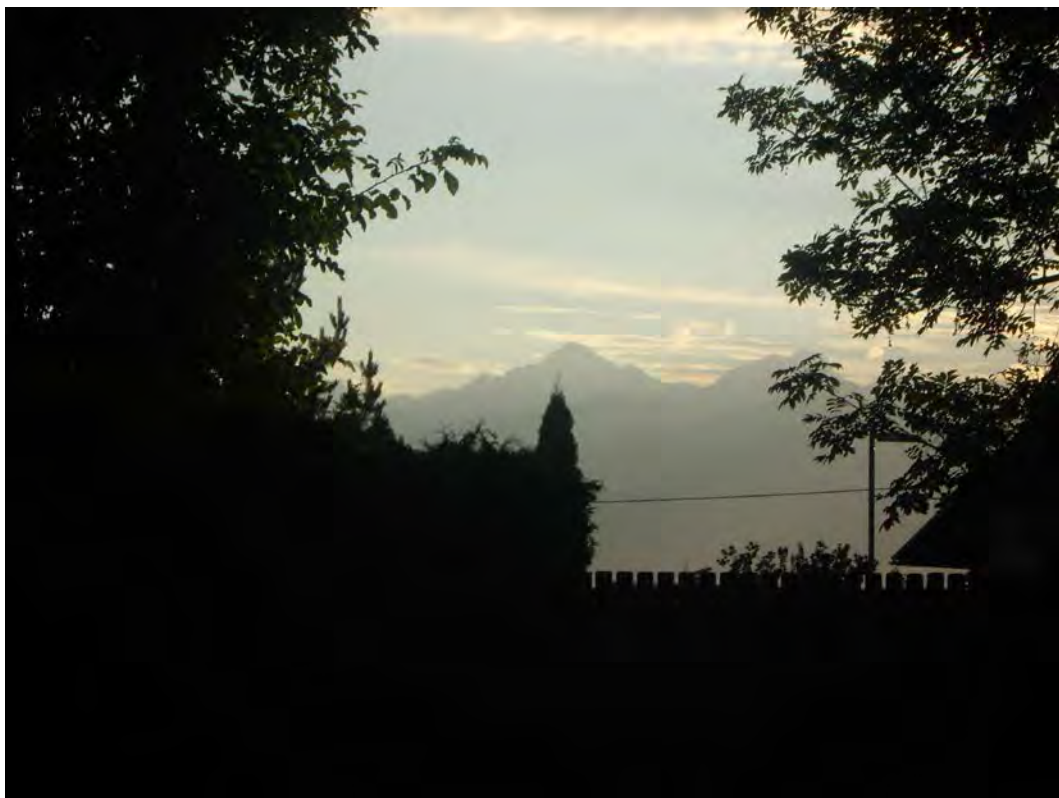


Figure 1. Holy Mountain (Triglav in Slovenia)

And so without posing the question, here is the answer to what Art is: Incorporation of Spirit in inert matter. It makes the intangible tangible, available for scrutiny by our senses – of sight, hearing, touch, smell, taste, and the sense of motion and space. There is no art without form, i.e., the solid matter. There is no art without the act of creativity endowing the Matter with the Spirit.

One may frown and declare that what we just described is not art. The story we are about to tell in this essay is exactly how the Art from being what we described above, became a tool of politics, a mark of social distinction, a marketable object of high commercial value. How it was kidnapped by those who set the laws, behavior codes, and prices; and how “we” have grown blessedly ignorant of that process. Having said that I might just as well stand up from the computer and not bother you with some hundred pages or so that should follow. Yet, I will bother you. The story of Art and her adventures is too closely related to the destiny of the human race to be simply withheld. It must once be told in the way we propose to do it here.

The lines above are meant to set a physical framework for this story.

We live in the eternal space. It can change but it never disappears. It represents natural ecology, the eternal natural heritage. As soon as the Spirit touches Nature, Nature changes into Culture. Nature and Culture together form Total Ecology.

The Spirit touches Nature as soon as the carrier of the Spirit appears within Nature, primarily, but not solely, in the form of the Human Being. Only when the Matter and Spirit, Nature and Culture, are joined, our space makes sense. Matter is to Spirit what Form is to Content, as Spirit makes the Matter specific, endowed with sense, content, emotion – endowed with meaning.

Does the Spirit reside only in its carriers, i.e. the humans, the animals, and the plants – the animate nature – all endowed with energy, the capacity to grow, and to change – which in itself is a manifestation of the Spirit, or does it exist independently elsewhere in the eternal space? As the energy and the capacity to change, the Force, are not limited to the animate nature, I should say that the Spirit resides everywhere. Aren't the smaller particles of matter in fact particles of spirit? Those entities in nature better endowed with the "Force" are also better positioned to recognize the Spirit and make it available to those less so endowed. The bodies most endowed with the Spirit, the artists, are, like the rest of us also part of Nature, just underlining the fact that Nature is endowed with Spirit. Just as in the above mentioned case of the two ecologies, the "eternal space" makes sense when seen as a whole – matter and spirit, nature and culture.

In order to orient ourselves in the eternal space, the human beings have invented a co-eternal category of time. Our lives and our lives activities happen in our measurable time. We enter this world of impermanence through birth, and leave it returning to eternity by dying. While in the finite world we keep in touch with the eternal through acts of creativity – science, love, dreams, and in particular art, as the art, as we have said, makes the intangible available to our senses. Although the Spirit resides in us and we are finite, it is as eternal as the Matter as it is constantly regenerated, and it stays alive in the products of our creativity even when we are gone. It accumulates. Art is an activity of an especially gifted, sensitive, being which shapes the Spirit so that it can be experienced. This being is the artist of creating. But art is not only creating, it is also experiencing, so there are also artists of experiencing, this is us, art historians, art students, critics. They interpret the art for the general public.

If Art holds such a pivotal position in conveying spirit, there is no reason not to call our seer's performance a work of art. In fact, may I correct myself, of Art. What I mean by this amendment is that what was created was a work of Total Art, of many ways to convey the Spirit, themselves usually called the arts. There is One Art bringing together into one unique experience all the areas open to our senses. Thus when I write "Art" I mean exactly that total creative phenomenon, along with the experiencing thereof.

Let me repeat: Art makes the intangible tangible, available for scrutiny by our senses. The three aspects that seem to take precedence above the rest are the image, the sound, and the motion. The so-called fine or visual arts – architecture, sculpture, painting, shaping of space – are primarily arts of images. Yet we talk of a fugal effect of a work of architecture, of the motion in the Baroque painting, of rhythmical

patterns in medieval sculpture, of the mighty rhetoric of a line of palatial structures. Of course, the elements of sound and motion are here an illusion. Yet this illusion is very much *real*. Just read the chapter entitled *Hearing Architecture* in Elier Rasmussen's wonderful little book. And may I immediately add that the "hearing" may be understood as experiencing architecture as music, as a series of cadenzas in stone, or, more "realistically" experiencing how various sounds affect our experiencing of a building or an environment. Equally, we speak of "the architecture" of a piece of music, of the color of a tone, of solid volumes of sound. Literature is primarily an art of sound (words), but what is a poem or a story without imagery created by words, without the motion of the action as well as the motion of the reader as he moves through the text. Drama as a literary art involves real imagery and motion as well as real sound; so does Opera, a drama set to music. Conceptual art is a blend of the visual and the literary. In Dance we have the real sound (music, sound of steps...), image (visual effect produced by human beings and scenery), and the real motion. Any of the arts above can act on our sense of touch (e.g., texture in fine arts, in music, in literary texts), of smell as an illusion or as very real smell of stone or wood in architecture, of paint, to say nothing of smells generated by some extraneous sources within the experience of a work of the arts. Or taste (*sweet music*) or such words as *pungent*, *nauseating*, *refreshing*, applied to effects produced by literary texts.

The act of our medicine man would not have been complete without his flock. Art is impossible without the creator, but it is also hardly imaginable without the consumer, the public. What in fact happened that sunny summer morning, under the smiling eyes of the beautiful Dawn, was the following. The seer, the artist, recognized a certain presence, a revelation, of Spirit. It was significant enough to make him feel a need to use his own spirituality, creativity – one might say that he was inspired – to grasp the significance of the phenomenon and to tell his followers about it.

He first perceived and experienced, then he shaped the material – created – and then he offered it for the public's scrutiny; who had to use their own spiritual power to experience it. The sequence was: experience – creation – experience – (re)-creation. In that process both the augur and the flock went through the phase of experiencing (seeing, hearing, touching, etc.), and that of personal spiritual involvement – the act of creativity. It takes talent to create, but it also requires talent to experience. We are well-aware how those interpretations differ. Imagine experiencing a beautiful blue vase holding a sprightly light red rose, standing on a table underneath a pergola of vine leaves on a pleasantly warm, sunny, summer day. Our eyes relish the colors and the play of sun and shadow, enjoy the subtle motion of the petals, we listen to the humming of the birds and bees, feel the sun and the light breeze on our skin, inhale the smell of baked summer soil, and of a fish being grilled around the corner. With all our senses we feel the surrounding space as a symphony of beauty, security, pleasure, desire.

Imagine that same vase empty under a dark, rainy sky, with the cold wind getting under our skin, with the stench of wetness and dirty water, all within a space that works hard on freezing, suffocating, and chasing us away. This sequence and in particular so often forgotten role of the viewer is, in my opinion so important that it merits a special excursion. I call it *Long Live Croatia, or on the Art of Seeing*.

Deftly through the endless blue does Helios stir his midday chariot. Waterfalls of golden sparks rain into the ember waves, enveloping also her in that translucent veil of the early afternoon dream, as she reclines in a lounge chair on the upper deck of a ship skirting the rocky cliffs of the southern coast of the island of Lastovo (fig. 2).



Figure 2. *Long Live Croatia*

On the stern, on a flag post almost parallel to the woman's body, flutters the Croatian *tricolor* – red, white, and blue with the red and white chessboard, the Croatian coat-of-arms. The fluttering is due to the moving of the ship, as there is, judging from the ever so gentle swell of the surface, no wind, maybe just a touch of the lightest breeze.

Shall I compare thee to a summer day?

Red, white, blue.

Blue. Of the sea stretching to infinity, of the sky of almost the same tone and intensity with a gentle hazy stretch of bluish gray; with the summer mist in between. The blue reflected on the upper edge of the railing, on the flag post; and invading the deck through the blue of the raft behind the lounge chair and its occupant, herself in a wrap

of the same omnipresent blue bearing a pattern of sea creatures executed in thick white lines.

White – or light – of the objects on the deck, of the flag, of the ring on the woman’s finger; the light yellowish air bathed by the Sun rays, smooth on the skin of a supple female body, and burning in the vivid gold of her gently fluttering hair.

And red. Yes, the red, not only as a striking color accent on the flag, but the red of the bathing suit barely showing from beneath the wrap, ever so discretely radiating through the blue cover and, visible just as a hint of a dream, tinting ever so slightly the overlaying white linearity of the fishes swimming in the universal blue. The red of the full curving lips half swallowed by a shade, and still deeper in the shade, the red reflection of the sun burnt cheeks and the tip of the nose.

I shall compare thee... to the beauty, peace and serenity of a very special, very relaxed, very meaningful summer day. The spheres have ceased to turn, their music has stopped; a very blue moment of the absolute.

So blue and so serene, that we almost fail to ask some crucial questions.

The inquisitive eye has climbed the deck and approaching from the Sun invaded the peace and the privacy. The woman in the lounge chair has noticed the intruder. Yet she did not recoil. In fact, she lifted her sunny arms to prevent the sun rays from interfering with the pleasure of seeing him, as the relaxed happiness of her body, her pose and her gestures gracefully declare. “I am happy that you are here. I greet you body and soul in the red, white, and blue. I welcome you as you enter my dream world into which I have retreated”. And as that natural and mechanical eye are now drawn to the very center of the picture, where diagonals cross each other as the arms do, we discover the ultimate detail, barely noticeable under the glass, a bright blue eye, the very heart and soul of the sight.

We are faced with a mystery, a profound mystery of life and being. The beautiful woman is not sun-bathing. She has actually protected herself from the Sun by wrapping herself into the cool blue. As her pose and expression clearly yet discretely indicate she is happily giving herself to that welcome intruder.

When the man with the camera showed up on the upper deck, he was certainly struck by the beauty of the summer day, charged ever more by the beauty of his beloved. It was an expected, but certainly a highly emotional view for him, as well as for her witnessing his approach. He took a dozen, or more shots, in a few seconds, something we can easily do today with a digital camera, and later on, one assumes, when reviewing his “catch,” selected this particular shot as the most representative of what he experienced at that warm, blue, and sunny moment. Once the picture was taken, once the real world became a record, a tale, he, and possibly quite a few other subsequent viewers of the picture, may have taken a number of steps beyond of what

we have been trying to describe. We shall pursue that process in some detail in order to arrive at what we have announced by the suggested title of this story.

The title contains a slogan, one of the most stereotype expressions of congratulations and well-wishing, and in this case absolutely appropriate. The flag at the stern unmistakably identifies the *locus* as Croatia. Anybody who has experienced a day like the one in the picture would immediately recognize the sun, the sea, and the air of the Blue Adriatic, and the elements of water, air, and fire the picture is built of. Many have exclaimed in such circumstances: “How wonderful,” “How beautiful,” “Croatia is wonderful,” “What a great place to be,” ... which all mean essentially “Long Live Croatia!” The flag indeed contains the above mentioned elements, the red of the fire/the Sun, the blue of the water/the sea, and the white of the air, thus justifying its colors. The fourth element, the earth, the hard soil has not been paid attention to so far, but its function is not negligible. At the horizontal line dividing the sky from the sea, a sharp rocky spit crowned by the green *makia* protrudes into the blue. Yet its contrasting shape and color do not create disturbance. To the contrary, try to imagine the scene without it! It brings the needed variety reminding us that without the solid rock, without the hard land there can be no country. There is substance, hard and real behind that spectacle of water, fire, and air.

The flag of the modern Republic of Croatia has been oftentimes criticized as too crowded, referring primarily to the crest of the coat-of-arms, bearing smaller emblems – from the left to right– the earliest known coat-of arms of Croatia featuring the Moon cycle and the Morning Star, and then the coats-of-arms of the historical Croatian provinces, Dubrovnik – two parallel beams, Dalmatia – three crowned wildcat heads, Istria – a goat, and Slavonia, a marten running between two white bars (possibly a reference to the Sava and the Drava rivers) underneath a star. Our analysis however indicates that the designers of the emblem have, rightly, felt a need to substantiate its message by producing some material features: the Moon, the Morning Star, the wildcat, the marten, the goat, and, possibly, the two big rivers, reinforcing the material existence of the land and of its multicultural and varied population.

In addition to its position in the picture, the flag and the woman are linked, as we have already seen, also by color – red. Thus one may conclude that the flag and the reclining figure relate similar or parallel messages, both of them congratulatory – a hymn to the beauty of an individual, and to the beauty of a country; in which, the individual in the center, takes precedence. The slogan could therefore be modified to read “Long live love” and “Long Live Croatia,” coming very close to one of the slogans promoting Croatian tourism: “Croatia is for lovers.”

If the reclining figure is so obviously central, it should provide more clues. And, indeed, as indicated above, she literally hides them behind the interlaced arms and the blue undulations of the wrap. We have commented on the most welcome element of mystery which has been introduced, and now let us elaborate a bit more, and ponder its relevance for the message of the flag.

The life is, one might say, a permanent story of search and discovery. So are human relationships. Those which endure contain that intriguing element of ongoing and everlasting discovery; a self-reinforcing quest presided over by love. But for the arms and the wrap, we could have had a nice documentary picture of a lovely sunbathing woman. Instead, just like the owner of the inquisitive eye and the camera, we experience a desire to see beyond those barriers, to, literally, unwrap the body, and liberate the face from the wreath of the arms and the projecting shadows. This, however, has its advantages. For example, we cannot even guess at the age of the woman, reinforcing the truth that love and beauty are eternal. The significance for the flag message now becomes quite evident: as we go through life happily discovering new qualities in the loved ones, so we can also keep discovering the beauties of our surroundings, of our country, any country. “Long Live Croatia” is thus cleansed of any nationalist or protocolary connotations, and becomes a call to enjoy and explore.

We have already stated that the owner of the inquisitive eye knew what he would see. He came well prepared, both technically and emotionally. He knew quite clearly what he wanted – to record the presence of a special person in a special setting. The scene which he may have subconsciously labeled *Love in Croatia on a Summer Day* was born.

In doing what he did he repeated what every member of the human race, including our medicine man, has done since times immemorial when facing the environment – he used his senses. As we have seen, Art is also a material ingredient of an environment; in fact a very special one as it captures the spiritual and intangible in the tangible, inert matter. Also, to reiterate, our environment, originally a natural landscape, when exposed to our senses becomes a cultural landscape. Today, in fact, there is no pure natural landscape. As soon as a man sets his eye on a scene from nature, the scene becomes culture. The elements of nature and culture form the total ecology, and its “green” (natural) and “purple” (cultural) components are inseparable.

From experience we know that some of us see better than the others. But we all see, and we all follow certain patterns. If there is a hill in front of our eyes, we tend to place it in the center of our field of vision, and concentrate our gaze at its peak (“See that peak!? This is where your Gods live. We will call it Olympus...!”). If we choose to do otherwise, there must be a special reason for it. The inquisitive eye of today stands behind the camera and points it at its target. The eye dictates which vista is going to be granted permanent recording. The camera is just a tool.

Our augur would go a step further by testing what the “minor senses” provide when he embarks upon placing the individual “pictures” into a spatial context. He would sniff the air, taste the water, touch the soil and through such ecological tests establish whether a certain spot is good for living. He would perform an *auguratio*, the first step toward permanently fixing his experiences in space and time in a form of a human settlement. Then, if he had approved of the site, he would come to naming and placing his chosen spot within the context; by determining exactly its position and

size (*limitatio*) and by orienting it vis-à-vis some previously determined key spots in the landscape (*orientatio*). Finally, in the act of *inauguratio*, the augur and his flock would celebrate their settling at a safe and sound spot using all the arts available. In the world of Classical Antiquity the process culminated in the Roman grid-iron pattern and the high density of urban population, i.e., the Roman regularly planned city. In the barbarian world of the Illyrians, Celts, Germans, Slavs, etc., it led to establishing territorial units of scattered homesteads and hamlets held together by some organizing, geometric schemes, such as sacred triangles believed to be discovered in Slavic territorial organization in the area of the Southern Slavs.

Creative talent is not given to every human being. The talent of experiencing is not, either. One can learn how to draw, play violin, or, in our case, hold a camera. These are skills. But only a chosen few can go beyond the skills alone and become creative artists. The skills of experiencing could be learned, too, as titles such as *Learning to Look, Comme si guarda un quadro, Experiencing Architecture, Saper vedere architettura...* amply demonstrate. Yet, the true artists of experiencing are as rare as creative artists. They become critics or scholars in art, and just like our augur or seer act to make the public experience what they would not have been able to do by themselves. They are, shall we say, professionals.

In a remarkable book, *The Art Instinct*, published in 2009, Denis Dutton has built a credible case for the art instinct as a part of the evolution package. Dutton claims that our distant ancestors have developed modes of experiencing, and the related contents, and then kept handing them down from generation to generation, so that they impact, even today, the choice of creating and experiencing. Our man with the camera seems to have done the same. According to a time honored formula he has duly placed the object of his major interest, the woman, particularly her face, into the center of the picture (the diagonals intersect exactly at the eye, in the upper left corner of a neat quadrangle formed by the intersecting arms). The rest may appear random, yet it need not be so. He was obviously aware of the huge blue areas (some 80% of the scene), of the smooth light, of the relaxed atmosphere. He may have subconsciously realized the significant position of the flag versus the female body, as well as the importance of its color, forming the secondary focus of interest related to the image of a relaxed and happy female beauty. He was at the moment of picture taking surely in love both with the woman and with her surroundings. If this had been his intent, and we definitely argue so, he was very successful. A thorough analysis from the point of view of the art of seeing we have conducted while scrutinizing the photograph confirms such an assumption, while admitting that some of the elements the scrutinizing eye has discovered may have been introduced subconsciously. After all, the areas beyond reason are the key to the experience which leads to an artistic expression.

I hope to have demonstrated that the case of a lovely woman on the upper deck contains all of the elements that we had encountered when discussing our augur's activities. The man with the camera knew what he wanted. That's why he had a

camera with him after all. As he climbed the upper deck ladder, he was preparing himself for the scene. As he landed on the deck, and having seen his dazzling target bedazzled by his approach, he selected the view and took the shots. Experience, creation. Now he had a palpable proof of his activity in hand and he could offer it to potential viewers' experience. And they took in what he had to offer acting as artists of seeing – creativity. Such sequences occur in billions of forms around us, have been occurring since tens of thousands years ago, throughout today. Very few of them are in fact recorded, to become “monuments”. It may be a pity, and again not. As fleeting and unsubstantial as they are they have touched someone, they belong to the worlds of someone's creativity and someone's creative experience. They have touched a few hearts making them, hopefully, happier in the process.

To restate, as I want to make us a step further: the inquisitive eye has quickly identified the desired subject. It acted according to its own – but as we have seen also common – sense of selection and re-arrangement in order to achieve the best communication of his message. While viewing his motif he acted as an artist of seeing. Once he settled on what he wanted to see in particular he turned into an artist of creating, and established the definite form of his piece of communication.

Now an artist of seeing came across his record, and got busy explaining how the result the artist of creating presented to us was achieved, and why it was successful. He was a well-trained artist of seeing and he quite successfully reconstructed the process of seeing and creating by the artist of creating. The closer the two views coincide, the more chance that the interpretation by the artist of seeing was correct. This well-informed artist of seeing is today known as critic or scholar. I remind you, he is a professional in the same way as a contemporary professional creative artist, or for that matter, our augur. In fact, he is a counterpart to the latter, sometimes a partner, often an adversary, so the clashes between the two are not infrequent. The emergence of his class will be discussed below, but in a nutshell the critic was present at the first revelation of Art. One can easily imagine the members of the public murmuring as they descended the hill sharing their impressions. With an equal ease one can imagine that there was within the group one or more individuals who were more impressed than the others. Who may have shared their enthusiasm (“How wonderful! He has really convinced me.”), criticism (“To tell the truth, that peak does not look so impressive.”) or ask questions (“Fine. But why the heck he thinks the Gods are up there, and not on the one to the right!?”).

Coming back to our picture, it is legitimate to enquire, how do we know how close to one another the two views may have come? I admit that this is not an easy answer to give, as we are dealing with intangibles and immeasurables and we know from experience that there are not two persons that would interpret an artistic phenomenon in exactly the same way. Herein exactly lays one of the greatest attractions and riches of an art phenomenon. But there is often at least a degree of agreement.

Luckily we can apply to our picture of a lovely woman reclining in a deck chair a test that quite surprisingly confirms that what the artist of seeing saw, was close to what the artist of creating had conceived. Ivan Rogić Nehajev (*Samostalnost i tehnika*) has proposed that Croatia should be a “clean country of beautiful people.” Here “clean” does not stand for just a physical category but signifies also “honest,” “ecologically conscious,” “open,” “tolerant,” etc. “Beautiful” does not mean just physical beauty but also the beauty of the soul, behavior, intellect, emotions. Our picture definitely qualifies as a visual correlative of Mr. Rogić’s dream.

Did the author of the photograph new the text by Ivan Rogić?

Yes, he did. He even quoted it on the same cruise when talking to some of his fellow travelers, trying to express his vision of what Croatia should be, and what she is when at her best, as in the photo he took on that sunny midday on the upper deck.

Long Live Croatia! Long Live the Art of Seeing!

But thy eternal summer shall not fade...

Objection One

For the purposes of traditional and also current art studies and their idiosyncrasies a question at least should be raised, even though it may not be possible to fully answer it. Is the picture we have analyzed a work of art and if so, why. It fulfills my basic requirement to be classified as a work of art as it conveys more than mere information. Formally, it is a nice, balanced photo, but this would not suffice to make it a work of art. What makes it a work of art is, in my opinion, not its formal quality, but the content it embodies. The starting point of that process appears to be the moment when the photographer exercised his power to select one among many pictures he took of the same scene. This selection was then analyzed by “an artist of seeing” (experiencing), who basically defined why the photographer had selected that particular shot. It was thus the content that we, as public (the “artist of seeing” also belongs to the public in his relation to the photo taker) identified in the scene what has made it a particular piece of communication (not mere information, or mere document), i.e., a work of art. In fact, nothing new. From the history of visual art we know very well that what one may see as “ugly forms” convey impressive and emotionally loaded meanings. For a lover of color, Rembrandt may appear dull – and yet!!! This is fully in harmony with my contention that “art” is generated by interplay of form and content, although it is possible to experience art only through its form, as there is no content without its material, in our case visual, embodiment.

Objection Two

As some readers may have realized, the taker of the photo and the writer of these lines are the same person. This opens the writer to accusations of fake omniscience and fraud. Yet, I do not think it is so.

The photo taker (the inquisitive eye) knew indeed fairly well what he would see at the upper deck. Once, by seeing (experiencing) he satisfied himself that he has found what he wanted, he took a number of shots. Weeks later, he reviewed them. He selected the one we have analyzed as the most representative of what he wanted to achieve: a successful rendering of the lovely woman in a lovely setting, possibly the quintessence of the cruise they were taking. Still weeks later he decided to use this picture as his desk top background.

Looking at it for a few more weeks several times a day, he started to notice detail he had consciously never seen before. He decided to analyze it in depth, as an artist of seeing (experiencing), and a certified one to be sure. His analysis confirmed what he had intuitively grasped – that he had fulfilled his goal of rendering a lovely woman in a lovely setting. As we best know our own world of acting and thinking, I contend that we have here a *more objective* analysis than one we would have had if he had analyzed a work by somebody else.

The photo taker and the viewer went from being an artist of seeing when selecting his motif, to being an artist of creating when what he had seen, inspired him to take the photo, and when he later selected this particular shot; in his analysis he reverted to being an artist of seeing, i.e., a critic/scholar. I will not commit a Sedlmayr error by claiming that the interpretation offered is the only possible one, but I am myself satisfied that it is quite convincing.

So far we have identified the Art, the Artist, the creative process whereby the Spirit is condensed into a Work of Art, the Public, and the (re)creative process whereby the Public consumes the Art. The next question that occurs to me is: who owns the Art: The Gods, the seer, the public, the society?

Gods certainly do as in principle they owe everything. Augur is a special member of the group, its direct line to the world of the Gods, to the realm of Nature and Spirit. His task is to keep Gods in good mood so that they may take care of his fellows if attacked by evil, spiritual or physical; to nurture them and cure them by action and advice, to greet them into this and to guide them on their way to the other world, to insure safety, good hunting, propitious weather, progeny; to certify, as we have already seen, the suitability of a settlement. He was not appointed at random, but he recommended himself by inborn talent, including the one of reading the presence of Spirit in inert matter, i.e., Art. He was not a clerk or official or a government

employee. He was certainly not paid, as nobody was, but he was rewarded by trust, respect, and gratitude, which might have also involved some material reward. A group certainly would not let the augur starve, or be eaten by a wolf. He may have received help if he needed to build himself a new hut, or harvest a chestnut tree. But I would not see this as running a business. Even today the American Indian medicine man cures for free. The seer did not sell his Art creations, and I doubt that he considered himself their owner. Nor did the Public own the Work of Art. Once the vista of the peak was identified it belonged to everyone.

So what value the Art did have?

Was it just a section within the Department of Magic and Well Being?

Is there any trace of what the future would drum up as “the sense of beauty?” Denis Dutton thought there was. That the “Art Instinct” is inborn and a part of the Evolution, which I would take as recognizing that every human being has “something” which rejoices in what it considers pleasant to one’s senses, going beyond food, sex and lying in the sun. This “something,” call it the “Art Instinct” if you wish, is what the Seer aimed to appeal to in order to pass on his message. Human beings are endowed with spirit. In this they are not unique, as, in my opinion, everything capable of changing or causing changes is so endowed. But the humans have that Spirit in, say, a more concentrated form. Not everyone as much as the Seer, but most of them enough to be able to follow the Seer’s message.

Thus Art was not owned, it was not an enhancement to social standing, and it was not marketable. It was certainly mentioned and talked over but one did not take tours to see various vistas selected by their seers. The Art was not controlled.

And yet...

The core of this story is how Art became controlled, how it came to be used as a political tool, as a social enhancement, and as a means of making money. Thus, one is allowed certain skepticism. Was there, after all, a small, ever so tiny shade of control even at the beginning?

The artist, of course, always controls his work in that he knows what he wants to do. Does he contemplate using it as a tool to influence other people? Yes, but at the beginning one would say he did not do it for personal gain. Saying that Art was controlled by the Gods is basically the same. The augur receives the message and acts. His task is to convey the Gods’ message, the Spirit, to the Public. The seer must have been aware of his special nature. But I do not think that this moved him to manipulate the Art so that he might personally profit by it – at first. By saying “at first” I confess that there was, in my opinion, a tendency to move in the direction of controlling Art. It was too valuable, the augur’s talent was too precious not to eventually think of personal gain – in standing or goods, or both.

But for this to happen, the society had to develop to the point in which we, basically, have those who control and the controlled. The former would realize the profit they could have by owning the Artist and his Work, and would act accordingly. But I am rushing ahead, so let us take it easy.

For Art to be owned and controlled it had to develop characteristics of goods suitable to be owned as private property. It had to become personalized and portable – an object, although this may have also been something intangible like a poem or a song. To become all this, the Art had to become also durable, recorded in some permanent way, be it even a human being who remembers the words, the notes, and the motions. In as far as I can think back the first evidence of recording is the Paleolithic cave painting and accompanying phenomena in sculpture. There is also evidence of the art of the sound and motion although I do not know of any fragments that might be traceable. I am aware of numerous, some very inspiring, ideas concerning the nature of Paleolithic art. Regardless, there are some things that appear clear:

1. This is the first credible case of recording a work of art.
2. The work was created by a person we could consider an artist-professional, a shaper.
3. The performance and consumption have public character.
4. Yet, there are also aspects of private possession and consumption.

1. The organization of space, the paintings and engravings on the walls (immovable), and sculpture in round (movable) have in a number of instances survived until today. I am not aware of any earlier like material. Thus, in general, between ca. 40,000 and 10,000 BC the revelations of Spirit were recorded in durable form. The unrecorded art preceded that development by a much longer period, and, as we have already demonstrated, it never disappeared and even today it is being created around us every moment. With the moment the art was recorded, there occurred a separation of that unrecorded and recorded art. As the recorded art had a material permanence, it could be kept, passed on, and owned.

It is not unlikely that entire complexes, caves or parts thereof, were owned by a group of people. This coherent group of joint owners might have allowed extraneous individuals to participate in the activities in those spaces. They may have, or may have not, expected gifts for such favors. A famous sanctuary, magical, religious, or social or political, always attracts strangers, i.e., customers. It could be used for commercial gain.

2. Here we meet our old friend, the augur, but his capabilities have changed. In principle, he continues his old job of discovering, systematizing and presenting special spiritual contents, but, for example, instead of showing an animal, he can make its *image* and show it over and over again. In case of a piece of stone or bone showing an animal, the piece can even travel, or be given to someone for a time or permanently. When the seer chose a vista and indicated it to his flock (“See this peak...”) he of course gave it away. Each participant took with himself his own image of what the augur had pointed out. Now the image had stabilized. It can be seen over and over again, and it did not change between the viewings (unless it was damaged on purpose or by accident, or changed by design; in which cases the subsequent viewers would have been probably told of the change). Having a material evidence of his talent, the seer could use it to enhance his standing, which, anyway, would have happened by itself (“See that guy. He can paint...”). The augur may have retained his role of a medicine man, future gazer, spiritual guide etc., but he could perform also a very remarkable manual task. Possibly, the roles of the priest and the artist started to separate. With increase in stature, the expectations of reward must have increased too. If you have something to sell, then you also *own* it!

3. Clearly at least some, possibly large segment of the Paleolithic art was meant for collective consumption. This is especially true of cave spaces and the art on their walls. This art does not consist solely of animal images, as it is often assumed, but there are also human figures, and decoration, for example lines of imprints and negatives of human hands. This is important, as it reveals that the artist had developed the sense of abstraction, i.e., of creating forms which “do not exist in nature,” and have “symbolic meaning.” The style of figured art is often defined as “realistic,” or “naturalistic,” but such a designation does not do credit to the artist and his work. Namely, the representations go beyond a simple realism (likeness to nature), and carry a powerful expressive value. In that the artist paid a special attention to the line, particularly the outline, which provides the figure with vibrant energy and vitality. The figures are thus both “real” and “stylized” in the best sense of a living dream. The figures in sculpture are also obviously stylized, and in case of carving in bone or engravings in rock their outlines are often decided by the form of the piece they are cut out from. Again, this mix of the organic and invented carries both a powerful and refined sense of stylized, creatively modified reality. It is also often claimed that sequences of animal images have no internal coherence, that each animal was conceived as by itself, the evidence being over painting and overlapping of subjects. This is only partially true. There are sequences, in which the constituent visual elements could be related, i.e., they represent compositions. The difference is significant. A single animal may be seen as an object of magical cult – of praying for good hunting, for protection from the animal, etc. There is evidence that the images were hit by heavy stone topped lances in the process of the rituals they were involved in. A deliberate composition is narrative. It may have some magic or therapeutic function, but this is revealed through interplay of elements – the story. This is very important for possible reconstructions of the arts of sound and motion accompanying

the viewing of the images. The singing or dancing in the presence of singly conceived animals would have been within the sphere of strictly religious poetry – prayers, thanksgivings, offerings, praises – hymns. In the other case we may have the seed of the myth and even of the epic, narrative poetry. Those verbal, musical and motoric creations were also “recorded,” by a special person(s) who kept passing them on. Religious feasts, social events (birthdays), political events (inaugurations, coronations, triumphs, elections, parades...) are offspring of the caveman’s gatherings throughout today. With today’s tools such as cameras (still, movie), videos, sound recording, etc., they can also be recorded for future experiencing. An in-between stage is drama and related arts, wherein a set of professionals re-enacts a certain event according to recorded words, instructions, stage and stage prop descriptions, etc. As they are also “portable” the only solid element is the text, while the rest would adjust itself to a new setting. If the text is the element of stability, than any literary work belongs essentially to the same category, only the stage and the motion of the actors in non-performed literature are imagined by the reader. On the other side of the spectrum is the art of images, wherein the viewer can view an image, say the *Birth of Christ* (or of any other hero) while hearing in his head the text which he knows goes along with the story (and also understanding that he sees only a still, or an episode).

4. Yet, there is also a private side. One could even imagine that a special person could reserve a hall in a cave for his own, personal experiencing. If not, an individual could have a portable object to contemplate or use in private, or in a small group, e.g., a family. Sculpture of animals, made from horn and similar materials, smartly following the outlines of the piece, could be taken along, viewed at one’s leisure or as prescribed, appealed to, ordered to act. The ubiquitous fat little (or not so little) “Venuses” follow us from Prehistory to Renoir and beyond insuring fertility, progeny and eternity. A person can take the Force and carry it along. This certainly called for a reward of the maker. As making “art” is a time consuming process, the augur probably started delegating it to his inner circle. The priest and the artist indeed go their own ways. Yet, a good priest endowed with Spirit understands and encourages the use of the Spirit captured in the inert matter. And the catcher himself cannot perform or produce creditable “art” unless he is endowed with Spirit himself. Within every “augur” or “prophet” until today there is an artist, within every convincing “artist,” a seer. As we leave the cave, and walk into a world becoming more and more complex every day, the “seer,” i.e., both the “priest” and the “artist” will come to understand their own special character, and become ready to cash it in.

Within serpentine walls, A-jax and B-jax, reclining on hard mattresses filled with reed, pass the time in the company of red wine, the undiluted, the hard hitter.

There is no water. There has not been a good rain for years.

Some water has been gathered in the cisterns from the little snow that had fallen in winter. A-jax and B-jax drink and watch, astonished and awed, the spectacle of a dark cloud shivering with golden lightnings pouring the heavenly water over the villages in the upper end of the valley.

“Hell!”

“Hell!”

“Where is that idiot!?”

Sandals shuffling on the dry pebble, far below, on the path to the fort.

“Hell! Here he is! By God...”

Through the dark hole marking the passage through the main gate in the thick fortress wall, there appears in the outer courtyard a grayish shadow, thin, long, and haggard. A minute or two later from the rectangle of the gate leading into the inner court, in front of the megaron (this is what it would be called a few thousand years later), C-jax, the seer, salutes his irate brothers.

“Hell! Damn...! What’s going on!?” they scream in unison boiling with rage. They shake big sticks at their thin, almost translucent brother.

“It’s raining over there!”

“Yes you idiot! And why not here!? When you were born they said you would be the greatest sorcerer ever. Now why we have NO rain and those idiotic peasants up there have plenty!?”

C-jax approaches slowly, looking brazenly into his brothers’ eyes.

“A foreign God came by. They prayed to him and he liberated the waters.”

He laughs, somewhat idiotically.

“Well, go get him!”

C-jax looks scornfully at the big hulks of his brothers.

“You don’t need him, you fools. Look, the creek is filling. Send down everybody with the biggest pots and hides, open up the dykes, and fill up the ponds. It will serve for a while. Those idiots,” he turns into the direction of the upper valley, “will have a great harvest. The people from across the mountain will come to steal it. We will move in, protect the villagers, and take half for ourselves. And so forever on. And,” he raises his voice, “move your butts and repair the walls, and then extend the fort, and invite some of the big guys from villages, and train them in warlike arts: and shake up our

own guys. Go down to the sea, build the port, and bring in the merchants and their wares. Extend the territory we protect across the mountain and along the coast...”

Now A-jax and B-jax gaze idiotically at their brother. Grandpa used to talk a little bit like that, but nobody ever cared much. Once they had left the cave, the last among the cave dwellers, they had little choice but the hill. For a few thousand years they sat there doing nothing. The land was scarce and bad, but sufficient. They dug up a big cistern, built a circle of dry wall.

“Stop sitting on your asses, go, become heroes, and I will sing the praise of your high birth and prowess.” said A-jax.

“Did the visiting God tell you that?”

“He came from somewhere far in the East, just to see the world. And was astonished at the low level of our society, and disgusted with the way we waste our resources. So he killed the dragon that held the waters as a favor.”

“Did he say anything else?”

“Yes. Find yourself a good augur who knows how to spread your fame and glory, and make beautiful things you can boast about and give away, if so pleased, to those you want to impress...”

A-jax and B-jax saw the light. They confirmed C-jax as the head seer and he found a few old men and women who remembered a little about the family of Pyrgometes of Pyrgos; so they named themselves and the half ruined fort, which was soon rebuilt and expanded and embellished by a skillful man who somehow just came by, and who knew some of the guys who were good at making very nice pots, even dabble in that new thing called copper, and also found a man who could carve the rock, and bone, and wood, and make likenesses, well, not very good, somewhat generalized yet still impressive as nobody else had any, so everybody marveled and congratulated the Pyrgometes; and that guy had a cousin who had seen some world and knew how to draw stories on the walls of rock overhangs, rather simple but vivid drawings and he moved inside and painted on the walls of the Great Hall a story of the deeds of the Pyrgometes of Pyrgos which C-jax himself had turned into a long epic of bravery and triumph: the theft of the herds of the over-mountain people, the conquest of the sea dwellers, the climb to the Akromakros, the highest peak to receive a wreath of victory from the hands of the Gods, the descent into the Hades (or, rather, one of its forerunners) to learn about the divine origin of the Pyrgos line. C-jax fed the lines to a few other guys and girls so that the glory of Pyrgos should rest immortal. With time he developed a sort of illusion that he is impeccable when it comes to judging the art, so that new thing would get to be known in a while, and he started to impose his taste on the surrounding communities sending his people whenever there was a need for a work of art, spreading and strengthening the fame of Pyrgos ever further. When many

years later that Indra, the Eastern God made another trip to the West, they met in the nicely decorated and painted hall, drank soma brought by the foreigner and the choice domestic wine, and Indra congratulated the Lords of Pyrgos on that great step toward civilization that had been accomplished.

Let us retrace our steps a little.

By the time of the cave painting the artist did not limit himself to pointing and naming, but he created his own images. By the same time he must have composed also his own poems, dances, and songs. All of that had a certain permanence and in some cases portability.

Again, many would exclaim: "This is not art!" Indeed phenomena we have described before telling the story of the Pyrgometes of Pyrgos are relegated to the world of the folklore, the primitives, and the exotica. Art should have been something else. I would however claim that the performance by the medicine man was as much art as a work by Praxiteles, Titian, or Frank Lloyd Wright, and as we have seen it is still very much alive, albeit barely recognized, today. What has happened?

Watching the medicine man, somebody soon realized that being with the Spirit (Force) entails certain prestige. So those who yearned for prestige and had the means (power) to seek it subverted the Art and the medicine man. Those Pyrgometes of Pyrgos who kidnapped the Priest and the Artist wrapped their power into the shiny aureole of the Spirit, thus themselves claiming the seat of the Divine. The two seers, the priest and the artist, realized that some of the prestige would rub off also at them, bringing along a very tangible material rewards. The new elite of Power and Spirit usurped the Art to use it as means of enhancing the position of the ruling class, be it in terms of political, be it in terms of commercial, intellectual, or any other power which could be wielded within a society. Art became a part of the propaganda department and, as a good civil servant, expressed the views of those who had the power and resources to declare what is politically correct. In that nothing has changed from the Pyrgometes' time. The art became precious, as it was made by costly specialists, involved great expense of time, and great monetary investment, and so also it became an important area of trade. The elite decided what the Art was, the rest became folk, exotic, rural, naïve, non-western... you name it, and it was relegated to ethnology and cultural anthropology. Opposition and dissenting movements, if strong enough to afford Art, acted in the same way. The Amarna period in Egypt had its own art orthodoxy which was duly swept aside when the old political orthodoxy returned to power.

If the artist of creating joined the elite, the artist of experiencing, as we learned from C-jax's transformations, did not lag much behind. His role was to praise the works of art praising those who had commissioned them. Today we call those interpretation specialists critics, or art students and scholars. Since the early modern scions of the trade, such as Aretino, they have been among the most corrupt people in the world. As

they were tied with the established elites it was necessary that they conform to the ways and means of those elites; it is no wonder that this group (“the art historians”) is still largely enlisted from the ranks of the elites – rich, spoiled kids, hungering for power, prestige, and money, ignorant or at best *fachidiot* blindly and jealously claiming the tiny turf in which they consider themselves universally omniscient. No wonder again that the “profession” has no professional standards, or, that those are defined as what a certain establishment at some point deems professional. Dissenting voice in scholarship, and so also of art, is not allowed – until and unless the trend, the fashion, the policy changes. Then the dissenting voice may become the establishment and silence all other dissenting voices. Or if somebody or something is too dangerous to the accepted truth, he/she/it is simply ignored.

Let me make it abundantly clear that I do not claim that a hopping seer is a greater artist than Picasso. They both have their place in the chain of events and objects capturing the Spirit in the inert matter, which is the task of the artists of experience to judge and define. There is no high and low, courtly and folk, urban and rural, Western and non-Western art. Just art and non-art based on whether the Spirit is captured and conveyed or not. A human being walking down the street capturing vistas is creating Art if these vistas do something more than conveying mere information (“I must turn right at the corner,” as opposed to “What a strange looking building at the corner! I wonder what might come from behind it,” the latter being both an intriguing image and a little tense drama). Or, our man with the camera could have climbed the upper deck to inform himself about the weather or the position of the ship, or, as was the case, with that wonderful, both sweet and tense expectation of seeing the object of his desire.

All those above mentioned and similar distinctions were imposed since the day some of the seers were invited to become servants to the elite. They hold still today, meaning that the majority of art manifestations are excluded from Art. Our present day West European art studies suffer from monocentrism, elitism, and national and religious exclusivism. Having said that let me assert that the art of today in its core is neither any different nor better or worse than the art of any other period. There is “mainstream,” “thrash,” “kitsch,” “the vanguard,” “the reactionary,” there is figured and abstract, narrative and decorative, bearing in mind that none of the designations means much and that what is “progressive” today may be “retrograde” tomorrow. Of course these designations serve the purpose of eliminating what the ruling elite sees as politically incorrect, i.e., not serving their purposes and/or grand commercial schemes of establishment’s art dealers. Thus the art allowed to be studied and praised in any period has nothing to do with the actual art output of the time. Simply, the picture of any art period is skewed and incomplete, and the things could hardly get any better. This is also true of the present day art predicament.

It must have been a ground shaking discovery for the Pyrgometes to realize that they were the leaders of the people. What made them so was the place they held in the

landscape, that eternal wrap of our existence. We have already noted that there is natural and cultural ecology and that they together make total ecology; that there is, in fact, no untouched nature as the sole presence of a man turns a natural landscape into cultural. The cultural landscape, which involves our space and the imprint of our hands as well as our spirit, the tangibles and intangibles, has greatly changed as we moved from the cave to the hill-fort. The Pyrgometes had built a wall around the hilltop to feel more secure. With time they learned to use this favorable position within their space as a means to power. The fort kept growing; it developed new circles of walls, new courtyards and halls. It developed suburbia, a market, a port, an industrial zone. The Pyrgometes had built. In English, unfortunately there is no same root noun (*the built*) that would denote the result of building. In some languages that did not inherit the word along with the thing from the Romans (*civitas – city, cité, ciudad, città*) there is. In Slavic languages, beyond the Roman limes, the *Boljari* would have built (to build – *graditi*) a *grad* (literally *the built*). This term applies equally to early pre-urban forts, as well as to later and contemporary urban centers.

The building of *the built* provided security and control of the environment. Its position by itself emphasizes the focal role of the fortress-city, and its successor, the city. As then, so also today it is the city which acts as a center of control – it holds governments, courts, parliaments, headquarters, ministries, bishoprics, academies of arts and sciences, banks, factories, etc. It is and it does record the passing of the time – history (museums, archives, libraries). As such it is eminently secular, materialist and time-conscious. It exerts control over the countryside, the villages, which are physically less permanent but, paradoxically also less time-conscious and thus eternal! It is a well-known feature, wonderfully dealt with by Mumford in his definitive work, that a city is an imposition onto that prehistoric, paradise landscape (Hello, Dennis Dutton!), that it is the inventor and locus of the most horrible terror, control, and crimes making the history nothing but a chronicle of cruelty and violence of one human being over another. Yet the village also has its dark sides: stubborn conservatism, lack of initiative, wildness of emotions. The balance between the city and the village differs from one place of the world to another. In the author's native area, the city has always been a foreign imposition. Even today, the uncontrolled, forceful urbanization is a crime over Croatia's cultural landscape. Yet the city has thrived, greatly coveted and appreciated as a choice place of living for those who really matter. And these that really matter, as it was the case of the city-fort dweller C-jax, decide what art is, and what is not.

The process begun in the cave has come to conclusion with the hill-fort and little has changed ever since. Only, those living in the forts and their successors in the cities all over the world have forgotten, have repressed the existence of that other vast, non-urban world. The history may be but a chronicle of violence and cruelty, but it is also a history of the relationship between the urban zones and the countryside. And as every human being, a city-dweller or a villager, has a bit of the other, there is also a permanent struggle, or balance, between the two in most human beings.

C-jax was not only an early art critic: he was also something else – a patron. So also were his brothers. They had the funds and the power to decide what to do and who to hire to do it. This many-headed monster was paid an awful lot of attention to, especially in the second half of the 20th century when the “art historians” in an urge to sound more “scientific” fell under a domination of political and social, etc., historians, and invented the stories of patronage. Needless to say, it is very good to know as much as possible of the C-jaxes of history, but they are not central to any discussion concerning the Art. The central issue is how a certain spiritual pattern was recognized and communicated. As “spiritual” has become a no-no word for the politically correct members of a materialist, consumer society, be it “communist” or “free-market,” the studies of patronage and context became an excellent escape area for people trying to talk and write about art. It created brilliant insights and, as always, some of the most boring stuff ever written.

The patrons of the cave paintings were most likely groups linked to a certain site. They commissioned the works from the seer-artist, a co-member of the group for the benefit of the group. They owned the art; they also partially created it by chanting and dancing in front of the images. This pattern of a work of art being commissioned and owned by a group has been practiced throughout history up until today’s national state and representative governments; which select individuals to judge what should be commissioned. Of course, the role of the “people” in this process today is merely decorative. Throughout history it need not have been so, as various groups, political, religious, social, trade etc., may have consulted their membership rather closely when commissioning a work of art, in which they not infrequently had also some creative role. Think for example of the cathedrals and plays associated with them, sometimes involving entire urban communities.

Today a Ministry of Culture would set up a committee which would decide what is in order, and what is in order is what the ministry wants. Charades concerning “public debate” are just that, another set of charades in the repertoire of “democracy.” Remember the “state masters”, or “deserving masters of Socialist Republic” both in “communism” and “capitalism.” One may be tempted to theorize that the broader representation of the members of a group, the lesser is the impact of policies on the work of art, yet, a single powerful individual, a pharaoh, an emperor, a bishop, a president, could unilaterally decide what art is, as, for example demonstrated by various promoters of “Socialist realism.” In Croatia, think only of what a rich and powerful politician and churchman, Bishop Juraj Josip Strossmayer did in forming the art climate as well as that in the area of the humanities and sciences in the time of the Croatian National Revival in the 19th century. Strossmayer, mostly acclaimed as a Croatian patriot and a great patron of fine and liberal arts, was, as de-masked by Miroslav Krleža, a figure of the Habsburg court promoting its thrust toward the Southeast of Europe. Yes, he would provide patronage for every worthy intellectual or artist among the poor Balkan brothers, but they had to follow his rules. So the Macedonian reformers and revolutionaries, the Miladinov brothers were asked to

write in “Illyrian” (the forerunner of the monstrous “Serbo-Croatian”) as opposed to their native Macedonian, if they wanted to enjoy the generosity of the Bishop of Đakovo, who wanted to create a uniform “Yugoslav” idiom to make Austria’s eastern policies easier. How powerful Strossmayer’s grip on the arts and sciences of Croatia in the 19th century was, is revealed by the fact that he is officially still in high esteem by Croatian history. The fact is that he imposed on the local intellectual elites a taste for imported goods and ideas including one of the greatest national ills – monkeying the foreign thrash.

Hardly any artist could do without patronage providing him with the means of sustenance, recognition, and security. An artist can choose to rebel, to go his own way, as Rembrandt did when he painted his *Night Watch* as an exciting event rather than a line of rather dull likenesses of Dutch 17th century burghers. He lost a niche which he had controlled and died poor and unrecognized. He was rewarded by history by being “rediscovered.” Of those who are not, we will never know anything. In the more recent affluent societies which are based on the quick change of taste as a corollary to spending and consumption we may even notice the paradox – the artists who do not “rebel” are pushed aside as useless and boring, as they do not keep feeding the consumers’ rage for novelty. Most artists are ready to please any patronage as long as it guarantees full belly and good press. When after the last unsuccessful anti-Medici rebellion in Florence Michelangelo, alleged rebel, was dragged back to the Medici Chapel and the likenesses of the Fiero and the Penseroso, and when he was later asked why he did it he said: “I was forced to do so!”, and continued being well endowed, adored and pampered by his patrons. Constable often did two versions of his paintings, one perfectly polished, academic, for public display, another done with free stroke and masses of color. The former was politically correct at his time, the other today. I myself witnessed two changes in the judging of Raphael – from a high recognition even by Socialist Realism to rejection as a dull academician, back to an artist of considerable acclaim. Professor Gamulin in a way apologized when he did Raphael in his Renaissance art course in the sixties. So he did also when he had to speak of Historicism and Secession rushing through those “minor reactionary nuisances” in less than a class period. Art Deco was not even mentioned. All those movements were seen as opposed to the “Modern,” and thus enemy to progress.

With this we have entered a very tricky area called “taste,” which is just another word for imposing a certain type of art from the above. When the proto critic and patron C-jax promoted his artists and imposed them on his neighbors, he also created a taste. Fashion, fad and style are other words that belong to the same category. Should we ever recognize those works we might call them the Pyrgometesian period in the art of Pyrgonia. It was fashionable; it may have become a fad in a wider area, and even perpetuated itself for a while as a local style.

Here one may be tempted to embark upon a lengthy dissertation on the history of patronage and history of taste, but we shall resist. As already stated, the topics have been dealt with copiously, and they are only marginally relevant for our story, i.e., once the art was put to abuse by the ruling elites, the patronage and taste were the necessary consequences. We will, however, try to demonstrate how the Art, in spite of control of patronage and taste managed to rub the noses of her jailers. To make things abundantly clear, I have nothing against the public, society and context. I have myself contributed to the like topics. But the point is that one has to go not from the context to art, but from art to the context. That is, to study what art did to its context and also to both patrons and consumers. How it managed to pass its message, even satisfy the patron, and still stay art rather than turning into blatant PR. Or how it constructed its own context, or, rather, anti-context.

Among the people the role of which should be critically reviewed are also “Art Historians” or “Historians of Art.” But first what is “History?” There are, naturally, activities which explore historical dimensions of art phenomenon, biographies of artists and patrons, chronologies of the works, etc., but this is just one aspect of a true study of Art. The key aspect is, as already said, judging how successful a certain art phenomenon is, or was, in conveying the Spirit. Historical studies are useful secondary materials. Bearing this in mind one could legitimately ask, how many “art history studies” have anything to do with Art, being greatly clerical examinations of historical records and enquiries into social conditions. Erwin Panofsky was right in stating that Art History (i.e., visual arts history) as a humanist discipline is a continuous line of endless reinterpretations the eventual goal being wisdom, which is applicable to all humanist disciplines, as opposed to hard sciences seeking practical application. We can close the entire circle by reiterating that Studies of Art as well as other humanist disciplines study the revelations of Spirit.

Having thought the Introduction to Art History for some 35 years, believing that this is the course to awake young eyes and minds to Art and Art Studies, I have noticed some interesting things, which, with time, made me become radically opposed to the concept of “Art History.” First of all, one should say “Fine (or Visual) Arts History,” as we have seen that the word and concept of Art should be reserved for the Total Art in which the visual arts are just one aspect – the arts of the image. Reviewing my class evaluations I discovered that there was a certain hierarchy in my students’ minds formed before their enrollment at the University. For example, they would say: “I learned a lot about *paintings*;” “He taught me a lot about *paintings*;” “We saw many nice *paintings*.” I noticed this somewhere around my 5th year as a university teacher. This made me review carefully my curriculum, especially as I am, allegedly, primarily architecture and sculpture specialist. Indeed, after Greco-Roman antiquity which is for us *pace* Winckelmann a period of sculpture and architecture (also because most of the monumental painting has perished), and again the art of the High Middle Ages, from ca. 1300 on, what one taught was indeed mostly a history of painting. In spite of Brunelleschi, Donatello, Bramante, Michelangelo, Bernini,

Guarini, Rodin, Wright, Le Corbusier, Moore... After a few years it started to dawn upon me, to become perfectly clear only recently, that indeed painting took over as “the art” as it is often portable, easy to privately own, and thus more marketable than sculpture, let alone architecture, with their more emphasized “public” role. Look at contemporary art auctions: nobody auctions off buildings, there is some sculpture, small scale, and the rest are paintings! I went back in my mind to my university courses, both in Zagreb and at Cornell, and counted the great artists I was asked to study. And what an unbalance between the painters on one side, and sculptors and architects on the other! You can probably count ten great modern painters in ten seconds. Try sculptors!

It also dawned upon me that in order to truly understand the fine arts of a certain period, time or group we should know more about what has been lost, or at least be aware that what we have is far from all. In fact, as the wonderful book on Vandalism by Alexander Demandt claims, we need thank the Vandals for making a continuing art production possible by thinning the art heritage; otherwise, once the need for art had been satisfied, no new art would have been created. Also we cannot truly judge the sphere of fine arts without knowing a lot about the rest of Art. But which “art historian,” or for that matter historian of literature, music, dance..., knows anything about “the other fields?” Do not despair, we will offer a way out as we go along.

Remember the howling of the “Humanists” when Josef Strzygowski dared to declare that there is art outside Western Europe, as well as unrecognized non-mainstream art within it. Why? Because those designations serve the purpose of eliminating what the ruling elite sees as politically incorrect, i.e., not serving their purposes and/or grand commercial schemes of the establishment’s art dealers.

Some very good minds have declared the death and doom of art history, i.e. studies of art (Hans Belting, 1987). In that they are both right and wrong. They are right, as the “art history” as it is practiced today is untenable (and useless). They are also wrong, as “art history” cannot disappear unless it loses the field of its enquiry, i.e., the Art. For art studies or for any branch of the humanities to disappear, the human race itself must disappear or change beyond recognition. When we will be buying “humans” at supermarkets according select specification (“one unit with four hands and no brain..., on sale three for the price of two”) there will be no more human race, human activity, and humanist studies. In the meantime, “art history” cannot die unless the art itself dies. This may happen the day a human being going down the street would read only billboards for pure information. However, it could be successfully argued that the “art history” is trying to commit a suicide, playing into the hands of those who are trying to kill both: art history, humanistic disciplines, and any other humanist activity whatsoever.

Let us take a look at some evidence.

We live in a period dominated by politicians and bureaucrats who together with their hit men, the media, serve as a front for power and money grab by those with the biggest computer. They are absolutely right to see humanities as their main enemy. Human race is unpredictable and must disappear, i.e., be replaced by more predictable, classifiable and controllable subjects. That this is not just my paranoia is testified by the following e-mail I received from my colleague, Marina Vicelja, on March 18, 2012.

“You may have heard that the cultural heritage has been omitted from the proposal for the European Commission competition for the Eight Framework Program (FP 8) for research and innovation (HORIZON 2020). The funds from earlier programs earmarked for the research in this area (archeology, art history, history...) have been withdrawn. The area of preservation and conservation of cultural heritage is particularly in danger. (My comment: Of course, as it stands in the way of big development and real-estate projects). The European colleagues and organizations have launched a petition to change this decision, and in support of the EU assuming the responsibility and reintroducing the financing of the research in the cultural heritage into the Framework Program.”

Throughout Europe “art history” departments are being closed, truncated, merged, and renamed. They are allowed to teach only recent periods. They have become departments of *beni culturali*, as *beni* – “the goods” – as opposed to works of art are easy to classify, quantify, and to market. So in my opinion, that malaise among the “art historians” has real roots. The historians of visual arts have abrogated their primary task – the analysis of visual forms language and the spirit standing behind them – and thus, in fact, walked out on their discipline. A discipline without practitioners is no discipline at all.

The history of fine arts is a history of visual forms. The main task of a historian of fine arts is to master the visual language, and its inflections and dialects at various times and places. Should this make me a “formalist“ I am ready to admit it. But immediately I would protest: the art form is not just any visual form, but a form with content, or, as it was lucidly put not long ago, embodied meaning. Such forms bear a special message, they communicate, and the way they communicate makes a significant part of an art historian's study of the visual forms language. In fact, there are instances when only the content or the concept turns an otherwise formally insignificant piece of communication into a work of art. Remember the Lady on the Deck. Back to the beginning: we witness and explain the incorporation of Spirit in inert matter.

Without art as a physical, material phenomenon there is no content, no communication, no grasping of the Spirit. Thus without an expert familiarity with the forms and their language, the historian of fine arts is not a historian of fine arts. We must all master the language of the materials studied by our discipline, before we can handle anything else.

How did our discipline get into the mess it is in?

The answer is very simple: Because we do not have a discipline, at least not a serious professional one. Because, we, ourselves, would rather be anything else but students of art. We want to be “scientists;” something we aren’t and cannot be.

Last five decades or so we have sought to break borderlines between disciplines becoming interdisciplinary, cross-disciplinary, and multi-disciplinary, all of which is absolutely laudable, as long as it means expanding the understanding of what is crucial in any art study – reading, understanding and interpreting the artistic language. Since contexts could be construed by using, allegedly, “scientific evidence” such as written sources, the practitioner of an art context study could claim a higher scientific status than a student of art form. A written source, or a C-14, or dendrology test, could be a valuable supplement to a study of art, not its replacement. In dealing with art we encounter too many unknowns to be ever able to claim absolute exactitude. In fact, such a feat would rob the work of art of its endless richness, and its ability to speak to each new generation of public. Art is made by a human being, interpreted by a human being, experienced by a human being. Human beings are different. We need say no more!

So we have lost art history by becoming too dependent on information outside art history, forgetting that our contribution is the reading of artistic forms and the Spirit they convey, which is no less important than correct reading of historical documents, or correct reading and interpretation of texts of literary arts. The visual art historians must reach their conclusions as art historians first, and then check their results with the help of other disciplines. And, to quote Erwin Panofsky’s words that one man’s monument could be another man’s document, we should offer our “monuments,” as “documents” to other disciplines.

Sensitivity to and understanding of visual form is becoming even more important in a New Europe without Borders, as we realize, for example, that the “Carpathian basin” involves today sections of seven European Union states, and that cultural landscape cross over what we have until recently accepted as “national” borders. Art history, as a unique discipline studying the incorporation of the Spirit in inert matter, is well-positioned to contribute to a spiritual renaissance of the New Europe. To do so it should strive to be Art History, and not something else. We have seen above the reactions of the EU bureaucrats.

In the later days of my career I have been involved in various ways and degrees with several “European projects.” I have been disgusted with them for several reasons, and here I will limit myself to the sphere of art. Or, rather, I would do so, if there had been any art there. It is unbelievable how participants in the projects try to avoid even mentioning the word “art.” In a project that I was actually partly responsible for launching, a highly graded enterprise, based for evidence about 60% plus on art materials, I have fought unsuccessfully to have the word “art” introduced into project

documents. Intelligent people, alleged scholars, simply do not trust art. Is art so dangerous to the Eurocrats and their servants that it has to suffer *deletio memoriae*?

Does it have to be killed?

If you think that Art is dead, you are wrong. It is, again, enough to read *The Art Instinct* by Denis Dutton (2009) to be reminded how deeply the art is linked to the human race, its evolution, and its predicament. What Denis has done comes, in my opinion, close to what I am arguing when explaining how art is related to the materialization of the Spirit. This need for the spiritual experience Denis sees as related to an instinct to art itself related to evolution. And Denis' Internet site has been one of the most popular sites on the Internet! So, again, is the Art dead?

Many would argue that the art of today is out of touch with the "people." But it has been so ever since the art world had been kidnapped by the elite. Video and conceptual art are as legitimate as fine arts or literature, and vice versa. Of course as art has also become commodity, there is an urge to keep the market flooded by "novelties" in order to sell. Or that some previously anonymous objects are declared art in order to sell.

Art is as immortal as the Spirit, i.e., as the bearers of the Spirit, primarily the human race. We, the students of art are responsible for the well-being of the entire art heritage to which we add the care of the art of our own time. Our task is to discover, study, publish, preserve, and present the art heritage.

The last sentence brings to the fore the complexity of art studies as profession. It involves scholarly acumen, critical insight, teaching ability, but also technical knowledge about preservation, restoration, and presentation of works of art. If we persisted in following faithfully what was said in the last few sentences we would have basically healthy and socially responsible discipline/profession, something we could stand by, something no outside force could endanger. And to achieve this is not too difficult in principle. We must bring together the art, and those who really want to study it – professionally. Who are ready to admit that they are not scientists but scholars? Who are truly concerned about the truth inasmuch as it can be established in their discipline, i.e., the truth about art studies spiritual significance as it brings us in touch with the Spirit making our lives richer and more meaningful? And who understand very well that saving one monument from destruction is worth a pile of studies!? In fact, saying that we are the keepers of the world art heritage and of the Spirit is the same. This is an enormous social responsibility which we do not properly understand, and our enemies deny us. What we need to do is to start teaching our young colleagues what art and studying art really is, and what it entails, rather than training them to conduct petty warfare in order to satisfy their vanity.

I hope we have now a good grip of what Art is and how it came into being, as well as of its makers, consumers, patrons and students. I hope we have demonstrated that art

was born free and that it has fallen into bondage the moment it became interesting to the elite as a means of political, social and commercial control. As of that moment it had to be politically correct as it served those who decide what political correctness is. One might say that this applies to the “high” art only. Regardless of the fact that there is really no high and low, western and exotic, urban or rural art – just art or no-art – even the most humble art object is made to show off, and through display or gift giving enhance the standing of the giver or displayer, or of his ideas. It is meant to curry favors, subvert the recipients, friend and foe alike, and achieve results. Art is thus, potentially, as dangerous and murky as any other human activity. When Monet paints his pictures of the water lilies he certainly promotes his concept that the life and the world are beautiful and worth enjoying. Which is certainly a very powerful statement expressed in a truly powerful (albeit not explicit) way. It is something that Monet stands for, something he offers us as his “politics of life,” something he wants us to know and follow. Thus the sweet pictures and verse, just as the sweet singing of the birds, could be in fact a crude act of fighting for one’s living space or of imposing one’s will over another’s. Think about it next time turtle-doves coo at your window sill.

The Croatian Romanticist poet, Petar Preradović, has written the well-known and often quoted lines on the freedom of Art:

Ne poznaje pjesma zapovijedi, / To obey is not the poem’s choice,

Slobodna je, svome glasu slijedi. / It is free, and follows its own voice.

Hardly anything could be further away from the truth.

You may say I have painted a dark picture. Dark pictures, as noticed by Danto, are painted when they depict dark subjects. And the subject of art and political correctness is a dark one. It cuts deep into our illusions. It desecrates some of our most tender feelings. Political correctness is the ugliest, most hypocritical and false of all human activities. It is what in a “democracy” is attributed to “fascist” and “communist” dictatorships. It is dark and ugly since, as fascism and communism, it is based on a lie – as so well argued by Vaclav Havel. But as long as there is *control*, and control is inescapable as long as there is the state as a tool of enforcement, PC is inescapable, too. No wonder both Jefferson and Marx wanted the state to die out. Political correctness is the ugliest crime against the freedom of thinking and freedom of creating democracies are so quick to boast of. It is something every humanist, nay, every human being should stand up against. Wrapping the PC under the coat of “beauty” does not change it a bit.

The picture I have painted is dark, but I am not a pessimist. This book should be a warning, but also an encouragement. To repeat: it is a story of how Art fell into bondage, but as we are going to also show in the chapters that follow, of how she managed to stay relatively free clandestinely laughing at her incarcerators and their bosses. So whenever I walk down the street, and see a pretty woman with a nice fluffy dog in an alley of chestnuts in bloom, when I place her so that the sun brings out the sparks in her hair, when I place the dog to show the happy mutual relationship, when I frame this picture on one side by the coarse city dwellings facades, on the other by the light reverberating on the passing traffic, when I enclose it by distinct midday shadows of the sidewalk, and from above by the brilliant dome of the midday Sun, when I wrap it in the murmur of the big city's heart, I rejoice at the Art I have created. Sir Augur, my friend, arn't you proud of me!?

References, Addenda, Additional Illustrations

The Birth of Art, the Art of Creating, Creative Process, the Artist

For the birth of poetry, its spiritual and religious essence, and for some very beautiful images as the one of the divine Dawn we are indebted to Mislav Ježić and his fascinating book *Rgvedski himni – izvori indijske kulture i indoeuropsko značenje*, Zagreb 1987, and the chosen examples of the old Hindu religious poetry in a Croatian translation by Professor Ježić himself. The work remains a source of constant inspiration for anyone studying the beginnings of our Indo-European culture.

The origin of Art, its experiencing, the questions of natural, cultural and total ecology and of the cultural landscape are all discussed in detail in my book *Uvod u kulturnu ekologiju* (Introduction to Cultural Ecology), Zagreb 2014 (electronic editions, Antibarbarus). It also contains the first version of “Živjela Hrvatska / Long Live Croatia”, another version of which is printed here with the permission of Antibarbarus. The English version was used twice as lecture, in Rijeka as the concluding remarks to the Congress of Iconological Studies, and Pučišća in 2013 within the Summer School of the University of Oregon. In connection with that text, we render gratitude to the *Bard* and its publisher: W. J. Craig (ed.), *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*, Oxford 1987, and to Ivan Rogić Nehajev and his book *Tehnika i samostalnost*, Zagreb 2000, an outstanding cultural and sociological study of the post-communist Croatia.

The role of the seer in the creation of art and the issues of creativity, space and mythology have been masterfully dealt with by Vitomir Belaj in his book *Hod kroz godinu*, Zagreb 2007 (2nd edition), and a similar approach has been applied to the reconstruction of old Slavic sacred texts by Radoslav Katičić in his epoch making trilogy *Božanski boj* (2008), *Zeleni lug* (2010) and *Gazdarica na vratima* (2011). On the importance of the oral tradition see Ian Vansina, *Oral Tradition as History*, Madison 1985.

To Professors Ježić and Katičić I also owe the reference to Indra.

For information and illustration concerning Prehistoric art:

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/prehistoric_art (10-30-2014)

arthistoryresources.net/arthprehistoric.html (10-30-2014)

The wonderful book Lewis Mumford, *The City in History*, New York 1961, discussing the city from Prehistory until today, is a true monument to human spirit and scholarship.

Art of Experiencing, Approach to the Work of Art, Critics, Patrons, Public

Artur Danto, *The Abuse of Beauty*, Chicago 2003, has successfully defined art as “embodied meaning.” Otherwise, the key author dealing with art as form with content is Lionello Venturi; see for example, *Painting and painters: how to look at a picture, from Giotto to Chagall*, New York 1945, including also a lucid analysis of Constable.

Oskar Bätschman, *Uvod u povjesnoumjetničku hermeneutiku*, Zagreb 2004. (translation from German) argues for a multiple meaning, and also multiple interpretation of a work of art, as opposed to Hans Sedlmayr, *Umjetnost i istina*, Zagreb 2004 (translation from German), who recognizes only one (“correct”) interpretation. In principle I favor .Bätschman’s opinion.

For special kinds of experiencing (in particular in architecture) see Steen Eiler Rasmussen, *Experiencing Architecture*, Cambridge Mass. 1964.

Denis Dutton, *The Art Instinct*, New York 2009, is an inspired view of art as a part of the evolution package as a key aspects of humanity. Denis’ site, “Arts and Letters Daily” is among the most popular on the Web: <http://www.aldaily.com/> (10-30-2014).

A profound insight into the essence of the Humanities, and so also Fine Arts is offered by Erwin Panofsky in “The History of Art as a Humanistic Discipline”, in: Erwin Panofsky, *Meaning in the Visual Arts*, New York 1955, 1-25. See also, Vladimir P. Goss, “Monuments of Art as Historical Documents,” in: *Medioevo: arte e storia*, Parma 2008, 458-461; Vladimir P. Goss, “Political Iconography: Poster, Icon, Badge,” *Ikon 5* (2012): 9-14.

On vandalism and its possibly positive aspects, Alexander Demandt, *Vandalizam – nasilje nad kulturom*, Zagreb 2008 (translation from German).

Hans Belting, *The End of the History of Art?*, Chicago 1987, is a worthy contribution to the topic of “what now?”. For a summary of the issue see Vladimir P. Goss, “A Brief Note of the Present and Future of Art and its History,” in: *Art History – the Future is Now. Studies in Honor of Professor Vladimir Peter Goss*, Maja Cepetić et al., 412-420. Rijeka, 2012 (electronic edition, <http://www.romanika.net/art-history-the-future-is-now-studies-in-honor-of-professor-vladimir-p-goss/>, 10-30-2014).

We thank another bard, Miroslav Krleža, for his insights into the career of Bishop Strossmayer and co. in *Balade Petrice Kerempuha* (The Ballads of Petrica Kerempuh), the poem in question is „Planetarium.“

I acquired very interesting ideas about the use of space in biomedicine talking to Dr. Krunoslav Reljanović of Zagreb.

I. Pausanias the Traveler

In Classical Gymnasium we read about two dozen classical authors. Some, like Homer, Aeschylus, Caesar, or Tacitus were interesting, exciting, well written; some, like Cicero, Livy, Aristotle, or Horace were dull, moralist, involute. Afterwards I read thousands of pages of Medieval Latin documents and chronicles, and even some Greek. It never occurred to me that I might pick up a Classic I had not read and peruse it just for my personal benefit. Anyway, those would have been guys not read in classroom, and thus naturally second rate scribblers. In my everyday work I came several times across one of them, Pausanias, some guy that traveled around Greece during the later days of Emperor Hadrian in the 2nd century AD, and who was off and on praised by those who quoted him as providing good information on the Greek art and archeology. Briefly, I expected a monumental bore (like Vitruvius, or worse).

Then around 2005 I did some favor to the respectable Split publishing house Književni krug (a manuscript review?), and was offered a choice of several books in lieu of payment. I chose several fine books on Roman and Early Christian periods, and when I came down to the last choice, somebody mentioned a recent translation of Pausanias. What the heck, I said, I would take it. When the goods were delivered I immediately regretted my rashness. It was a hefty, serious looking volume, confirming my original suspicion.

As usual I took a train to Zagreb. I love the railroad, especially up to Oštarije where it joins the Zagreb-Rijeka line. It wonderfully combines the 20th century engineering with an insight into the human and natural history of a large and vital segment of Croatia. I even wrote a scholarly article *Pruga Oštarije – Split kao umjetničko djelo* (The Railroad Oštarije – Split as a Work of Art). I decided that this time I will not watch the living drama of the *transitus* but get done with Pausanias.

I will leaf through the book, get a feel, and then it goes on some shelf. As we left Split I opened the book and could not put it down until I was done, a week later, with all 657 pages of it. Having, as I often do, read the introduction at the end, I could not but fully agree with the brave Croatian translator, Uroš Pasini, that Pausanias' Greece was "not bound by asphalt roads and iron rails, not covered by concrete hotel buildings, not disturbed by the noise made by cars, trains, and planes. It was still a pastoral land of little roads and of soft mountain trails, of clean water courses and sea bays, of relatively quiet walled-in towns and villages, full of mysterious cults, strange customs, and surprising prophecies. Its groves reverberated with the voices of dissolute satyrs and nymphs, the exuberant cries of Bacchantes. Out of the lush greenery of the land there appeared sanctuaries, temples, theaters, baths, gymnasia, full of the great art Pausanias' generation was still able to enjoy..." Briefly, a Greece I

did not know; or, rather, did not expect, although I had caught glimpse of that “other Greece” throughout my classical education and later career, in the dark horrors of Aeschylus’ Agamemnon, in Tantalus and Niobe, Procne and Philomela, the golden masks of Mycenae, the Dipylon vases, the Korae and Kouroi of archaic times and the Corinthian and dark figure vases that accompanied them. That Greece I had taken in when at the age of 9 or 10 I read Gustav Schwab’s *The Most Beautiful Stories of the Classical Past*, which, just like Pausanias provided insights also into that other, non-Classical Greece. What struck me as extremely significant was that Pausanias, a Greek (possibly from Ionia) was equally proud of some uncut rock worshipped as a revelation of some obscure deity as of the statues by Polykleitos or Phidias.

In the Classical Gymnasium, along with learning Latin and Greek, and reading the Classics, I was exposed to learning about the virtues of the Classical times; of its dedication to democracy, rationalism, and humanism, of its confrontation with the world of the barbarians and Eastern despots, in particular Persian. The Greek culture fertilized the Roman civilization, and the latter spread the spirit of Greece and Rome throughout our, i.e., European world. It was the basis of everything bright and noble that world, my world, could boast of. And yet Pausanias spoke about how one of the paragons of that Ancient virtue, Themistocles, the conqueror at Salamis, served the *Persian* Eastern despotic king Artaxerxes as an expert in naval operations after he had been ousted through political gimmickry from Athens! How could that ever be!

As a model of cultural studies Pausanias held an unexpected appeal. His book made me realize that the famous dichotomy of European history between the Mediterranean and the North, the Romans and the Barbarians, naturalism and stylization, was in fact a dichotomy of the urban and rural, *urbs et rus*, and that it was very much present even in what we had come to recognize as the epitome of the urban aspect of the Western Civilization. Those two modes of existence simply stood side by side since times immemorial. What it meant for me, a person who has throughout his life experienced himself both as an urban sophisticate and a villain bumpkin, I need not elaborate any further.

Pausanias did not take sides. He obviously appreciated both aspects of his Greek world, Athens and Arcadia, Apollo and Dionysus. How Pausanias goes *in medias res* the first few sentences of his book clearly demonstrate: “The promontory of Attica is in that portion of the Hellenic coastland across from the Cyclades and the Aegean Sea. As you sail by you see the port, and the temple of Athena of Sunion at the tip of the promontory. As you go on you see Laurion where the Athenians used to have silver mines, and a small, uninhabited island called Patrocles’ Island, as Patrocles built there a defense wall and a wooden fence. He commanded the Egyptian ships sent by Ptolemy, son of Lagos who was the son of Ptolemy, to help the Athenians when Antigonos, son of Demetrius, devastated the land while at the same time attacking it from the sea.”

What a fine, brief and direct picture, yet poignant as it sketches out the basics of the Greek landscape, the rocky coast, the myriad islands, the all-embracing sea, along with its rocky history of invading and defending armies and fleets, looked over by the wise eyes of Grecian Gods sitting on and sanctifying the prominent points of the landscape. Anybody interested in the space and human intervention into our surroundings would easily see Pausanias as one of the pioneers and great students of that humanized environment, the cultural landscape.

As I have said, Pausanias seems to make no preferences. Along with describing a painting showing Theseus, Democracy and the People in the Royal Porch in Athens, an obvious reference to Post-Persian Wars times, and the art of a sculptor of the same vein, Phidias, he, in the same breath, tells us about the ancient gossip how the Goddess Dawn abducted Kephalos to make him her lover, how Theseus killed the highwayman Skiron and threw him into the sea, how the battle of Mantinea led to Theban hegemony, or how the Athenians stopped the Gauls at Thermopylai – a wonderful mix of archaic, classical and post-classical facts, gossip, and propaganda. On the Acropolis, Pausanias has an eye for the monumental Propylaea and the wonderful little temple of Nike Apteros, but uses that classical setting to tell the story of the death of Aegisthus and, of course, the history of Theseus and Ariadne. While admiring the Parthenon and paying due attention to its sculpture and the art of Phidias – a great act of Greek, i.e., Athenian PR confronting Gods and Giants, Centaurs and Lapiths, Greeks and Amazons, and Greeks and Barbarians – in which the good guys always win, he does not miss mentioning a certain Frix, son of Athamas from Colchis (whereto he was carried by a ram), and his sacrifice to some unknown god.

When freed from the imposing setting of a megalopolitan Athens, in the groves of Arcadia or ravines of Beotia or Phocis, Pausanias is at his best, and that other Greece emerges with an appalling vividness. In Thespieae in Beotia we visit a monument of Eros in the form of an uncut stone. While in Phocis and visiting Delphi, the most Apollinian of all Greek sanctuaries we learn about the tomb of Herophila the Sybil overlooked by a Hermes shown as a rectangular rock. Also in Delphi we hear about the clash between Apollo and a dragon Python whom Gaea set up as the keeper of the sanctuary. The dragon robbed the treasury and destroyed the homes of the rich burghers. So the people of Delphi begged Apollo to rescue them what he duly did. In the Archeological Museum in Zagreb there is a red figure vase from *Magna Graecia* showing a knight on horseback piercing a dragon trampled upon by the horse. An image bears a striking resemblance to the images of St. George, while recalling also Perun's clash with Veles, or the exploits of Perun's son, Juraj-Jarylo. I asked several learned colleagues from Classical Studies to explain that scene to me, but all I got was that it shows a warrior on horseback killing a snake. I suspect that here we have an image of Apollo killing Python, an image of a triumph of good over evil common throughout the Indo-European world. At the end of the tour of Delphi Pausanias embarks on a dissertation of caves in the vicinity of the city but also on the most famous caves throughout the lands of the Greek, for example the cave called Steun

belonging to the Arcadians, magnificent and rounded and dedicated to the Great Mother and containing her statue. Another cave that captured Pausanias imagination was Korkia on the Parnassus, dedicated to the nymphs of Korkia and to Pan. It is set in the rocky wilderness and it is “even for a good hiker difficult to reach the top of the Parnassus from the cave, as the heights are above the clouds, and the intoxicated Tiades run around to honor Apollo and Dionysus.” In Achaia, in the city of Phara, there was at the central square a statue of Hermes shown as a rectangular rock standing on the bare ground, surrounded by some 30 other rocks, each named after a particular God, as “in old days the Hellenes used to worship uncut rocks rather than statues.”

Similar stories are wound around another great Classical sanctuary, of Zeus in Olympia. In the close vicinity to the wonderful metopes of the temple of Zeus, or of the Temple of Hera sanctified by Praxiteles’ Hermes, next to a description of the famous treasuries, Pausanias tells us a story of how the local God of the Eleians, Sozipolis, turned a new born into a snake which helped the Eleians to a significant victory over the Arcadians. The God had his shrine on the Hill of Kronos, another suspicious character within the Greek Pantheon. Among the worthwhile pieces in the treasury of Sikyonians is an Apollo, made of wood and with a head dressed in gold.

This statue takes us to another worthy aspect of Pausanias’ peregrinations, his genuine interest for old art in unusual techniques such as wood (figs. 3, 4). By saying unusual I am of course voicing today’s point of view, of a history of visual arts which has totally neglected art in wood, i.e., the majority of art production in our segment of history. Even where it exists, in bare traces, or is securely documented, the students of art do not care for it: it is of course rustic, obsolete, barbarian, subversive, anti-progress. Politically incorrect! So it is very refreshing to go through Pausanias and discover, on almost every page, references to that ancient art he still could see and which he definitely admired. Here are just a few examples.

In Arcadia, on the Cyllene Mountain there is a ruined temple of Hermes, and an eight foot statue of the God made from spruce, “as it was a custom in the past to make statues from wood – ebony, cypress, cedar, oak, yew, or lotus.” When Zeus quarreled with Hera and she hid at Eubeia, he was advised by a wise man Kithairon of Platea, in Beotia, to make a wooden statue and cover it with cloth, and to make known that he is leading his bride. Hera promptly reacted, says Pausanias, rushed in, tore the cloth off and seeing a statue instead of a bride, made it up to Zeus. Immediately they celebrated the feast of Daedala, as the people of yore called the wooden statues. Daedalus was named after them. In Thebes there used to be an old wooden statue of Hercules made by Daedalus. In the next sentence Pausanias bridges centuries and speaks of the carvings in the tympana made by Praxiteles! Thebes also used to have three wooden statues of Aphrodite, so old that it was believed they had been commissioned by Harmonia. Statues of some among the earliest Olympian winners, Praxidamas and Rexibios were made of wood, the former of fig, latter of cypress. Pausanias still saw



Figure 3. Čigoč (Sava Valley), wooden homes, heirs to a very long tradition



Figure 4. Velika Mlaka (Zagreb), wooden parish home

them. Apollo's wooden statue in the treasury of the Sikyonians was already mentioned. In the temple of Hera in Olympia there was a wooden casket given by the Corinthians. We learn that those old wooden caskets were quite frequent. Often they bore inscriptions in unusual or ancient lettering which no one can read.

As a true artist of both creating and experiencing Pausanias goes in time and space through the Greek cultural landscape taking in the drama of the Greek space and then putting it down in writing in as vivid and variegated way as he had experienced it. There is one point in which he could be possibly judged partisan – and that is when describing and discussing Hadrian's – "his Emperor's" – contributions to mending that cultural landscape and embellishing it further, particularly in the great centers such as Athens, Olympia or Delphi. Yet, one might agree that the great traveler and Graecophile on the throne deserved it.

Pausanias painted for us what we may metaphorically call a "painted Greece," as opposed to a "white Greece" which is the Greece we usually hear about. Although I have never been a fan of the latter, Pausanias, while certainly pleasing me, also disturbed some of my deeply ingrained impressions. In order to check Pausanias' validity I had to have a confirmation so I looked around for an author to help me. On a shelf in my parents' apartment I found J. B. Bury's *A History of Greece*, published in 1900. This time I started with the preface and I found that the author of the 885 page volume was aware that "The early portion of Greek history... is inevitably distorted and placed in a false perspective through the strange limitations of our knowledge... and the false impression is produced that the history of Hellas... consisted merely of the histories of Sparta and Athens and their immediate neighbors... The wrong, unfortunately, cannot be righted by recognition of it. Athens and Sparta and their fellows abide in possession. *Les absents ont toujours tort.*"

Luckily, just like Pausanias 1800 years earlier, Bury makes a magnificent effort to right the wrong. His Greece is of course also the Hellas of Pericles, whose efforts on the front of democracy he duly recognizes, but whom he also criticizes for imperialism, politicking and demagoguery; but also that other Greece Pausanias was so much aware of. The great Greek spirit was not infallible; the Greeks could behave like barbarians as well – sometimes to advantage and delight of viewers from a very distant niche of history, i.e., ourselves.

Having digested Pausanias and having reinforced the multicolored view of Greece with the help of Bury, I would like to pose the key question of this chapter: What and why happened to our image of Greece and Classical Antiquity in general? In trying to sketch an answer I have no ambitions to be comprehensive or definitive.

Classical tradition is certainly a key component of our European civilization. Its significance was started to be debated almost immediately upon the collapse of the classical order. The "Classicists," its advocates have done a very good job, which was not too difficult as the other side, the "Barbarians," did not sell so well. No wonder,

“Greece and Rome” had a lot to recommend itself, especially among those who mattered. Every absolutist, enlightened or not, big or petty, liked to see himself as a successor to the power and glory of Roman emperors, as well as of democracy and humanism of the Greek philosophic leaders. Rome was admired for its law and order, its organizational abilities, its enlightened colonialism, Greece for its spirit of freedom and resistance to the barbarian. That most of it was in the eye of the beholder goes without saying. Even Pausanias has described his world, of still stable and relatively open despotism of Hadrian, in rather murky tones: “Today the evil has grown to such an extent that no mortal any more becomes a God, except in the sycophancy directed at the mighty, and the wrath of Gods catches up with the wrongdoers only after they had gone from this world.” For an insight into Roman 1st century AD politics just take a look at Tacitus! French absolutist monarchs, even the enlightened ones, as well as their imitators, and since then every dictator left or right in Europe, or even abroad, would hide his true face behind a façade of classical columns. Even their liberal competition did the same, in France or America, invoking the patriotism, and love of freedom and democracy of the Roman Republic. No wonder that the classical pomp suited the communist and the fascist dictators alike. The political correctness of the “barbarian” side asserted itself only rarely, so much so that much of the study of European culture became a search for revivals of Classical models, Renaissances or Resuscitations. Even such movements as the Renaissance in Florence, more precisely its early, quattrocento segment, preached Roman virtue and the clarity and grandeur of the Classical art, while happily rushing toward monarchical dictatorship, and without any precise knowledge of what classical art indeed was. There is nothing particularly “Roman” about Donatello, Masaccio, or Brunelleschi’s dome of Santa Maria della Fiore. One rushes to add, fortunately, as the artists of the Florentine elite of the 15th century created truly great art of their own. A brief, excellent, description of the Renaissances and the Renaissance appeared in a book published quite recently, by Radoslav Katičić, *Hrvatski jezik* (The Croatian Language), Zagreb 2013, and I will quote it in full:

“The Renaissance as a spiritual phenomenon and an epoch marked by it was discovered in the 19th century (Michelet, Burckhardt), and it was experienced as a light which dispelled the “darkness” of the Middle Ages, bringing in a period which is both new and still ours. Such a position has proven to be untenable in a long run. One should only take a look at the earlier chapters of this book to realize how the Croatian language, in our case, in the Middle Ages did not vegetate in darkness alone. We have developed a very different picture of the Middle Ages as a period of flourishing spirituality and arts. Thus the medieval “resuscitations” were discovered, the Carolingian in the 9th century, Ottonian in the 10th and the 11th, “The Resuscitation of the 12th Century” linked to the expansion of Europe in the times of the Crusades, “The University Resuscitation” of the 13th century. They in the end obscured the picture of the Middle Ages, or at least made it more difficult to grasp. Such an inflation of Resuscitations is not good either as it obscures the flow of history. Still, the Renaissance of the late 15th and the early 16th centuries remains a unique historical

phenomenon. It is not merely light, as opposed to everything else that is dark and murky; yet it indeed changed the European sensibility opening up new ways more than anything that had happened throughout the Middle Ages. This new period is, in spite of all ups and downs that followed, also our own.”

The Quattrocento experienced a fate similar to that of the Greek Archaic period. It was a “primitive” introduction to the glories of Classicism that followed. Burckhardt’s sympathy for the early Medici period, allegedly democratic, and his eye for the pristine beauty of form and spirit of the early, archaic, call it “naïve” segment of the Renaissance, involving such purist, “cubist” artists as Piero della Francesca or Antonello da Messina, or the enchanting story tellers as Domenico Veneziano, Paolo Ucello, Domenico Ghirlandaio, Gentile Bellini, Vittore Carpaccio, was close to the spirit of the avant-garde of the later 19th century, of the Pre-Raphaelites, the Nazarenes, and finally the great impressionists and post-impressionists, and their cubist, fauvist and expressionist heirs. This is the same spiritual climate that rediscovered the Greek Archaic, as well as any other Archaic, early, or “primitive” art, and much of the non-European art production. The liberal bourgeoisie Burckhardt spoke for saw in that social, political and aesthetic climate an anticipation of their own strivings and achievements. This gave the aura of political correctness to the “early phases,” something they, one is tempted to say, truly deserved. Yet, Classicism, now also absorbed by academism held on. When Wölfflin wrote his famous book he compared the Classical art of the Renaissance with the Baroque, the “primitives” being barely mentioned. “We can analyze Raphael’s line from the point of view of expression, describe its great noble gait in contrast to pettier fussiness of Quattrocento outlines,” a sentence from the introduction to the *Principles of Art History* states clearly the distinction Wölfflin makes between the “Classics” and the “Primitives.”

As of the Renaissance it is the critic who is definitely called in to support the political correctness of what the ruling elite needs. The first writer on visual arts of note, Giorgio Vasari, a Florentine mannerist follower of Michelangelo, was a mediocre painter, a decent architect, and an excellent writer. His *Lives of the Artists* aim at showing the greatness of the art of Central Italy, which means Florence and Rome with a special emphasis on Raphael and Michelangelo and their mannerist followers. In discussing the three ages of art, the 14th, 15th and 16th century, Vasari sees the first as clumsy, the second as an age of improvement as the people gained knowledge of the proportions used by the Ancients, and the third as that of fruition, of the Divine Michelangelo, an indisputable paragon of the 1550 edition, joined by Raphael in 1568. They set an ideal beyond which it was impossible to go, so all it took was to follow their *maniera*. In all of that Vasari is a spokesman for the interests of the Medici Florentine “Republic,” (he designed the Uffizi, its offices in Florence), and of the Papal Rome, and he sets the tone for the praise of the Classical for a long time to come.

The full blossoming of the Classical and Neo-Classical idea is formulated in the period of Enlightenment by Johann Joachim Winckelmann (1717-1768), a German scholar whose ideas including a revival of the Greek art in its non-Pausanias “pristine whiteness,” dominated the West “from St. Petersburg to Philadelphia.” Curiously enough, Winckelmann was born poor, moved at first slowly upwards under protection of petty “enlightened” tyrants in and around Dresden to fully blossom out as the leading art scholar of the papal Rome around the middle of the 18th century. As a leading intellectual he was in touch with other great German figures of the enlightenment era, such as Goethe and Lessing.

Winckelmann approached the art of the ancient, especially the newly popular art of Greece within its historical and cultural context, a valuable novelty in the study of visual arts, and he greatly influenced the reception of the Classical art in the late 18th and early 19th century. He presents a glowing picture of the political, social, and intellectual conditions which he believed tended to foster creative activity in ancient Greece. Winckelmann’s influence was enormous to the extent that the Ancient obscured the moderns. Yet, like Goethe and Lessing, Winckelmann was not linked to any great center of power (he was received by Empress Maria Theresa, but no regular ties were established). It is almost refreshing to think of a great promoter of the Ancient as an honest being promoting what he genuinely considered good and virtuous. The same might be argued about Goethe and Lessing. They certainly added to the shine of their relatively modest circles, but did not directly or permanently serve any powerful monarch.

The Enlightenment, or the Enlightened Absolutism, is in my view a rather funny period, in some ways comparable to our own. The Monarchs became “enlightened” in order to save their crowns. They did it under the pressure of intellectuals, “liberals,” who were no revolutionaries, and were only too happy to curry favor of the mighty and the rich. In this they are very similar to our own liberal intellectual left: preach, criticize, threaten, but make sure you do not lose that lucrative tenured position. Like the Enlightenment liberals, they are décor. This being so, their impact is also dubious. But the CIA as we are going to see later saw propitious to support radical art in the US, and the UDBA did the same for the avant-garde in Tito’s Yugoslavia. The Enlightenment intellectuals were a *de rigueur* part of the scene. In a long run they enabled their patrons to represent themselves as liberal, cultured, and concerned rulers. And they probably prolonged the rule and life of not one European dynasty. In that and the climate they created, they certainly influenced the political scene advocating balance and status *quo*. A much more emotional spirit of romanticism was needed to send the masses to the barricades. A comparison with the communist Yugoslavia is again in order. But for a few halfhearted outbreaks of socialist realism, the regime liked to pretend to be truly concerned with modern art and with national culture. Being photographed at an opening of an exhibition of an avant-garde artist, or at an archeological dig was good for a party boss at any level. Tito prided himself on his taste for Monet.

I believe that in the pre-revolutionary 18th century we have a good example of art and art students collaborating with the centers of powers in one might say almost human way. The problems were shoved under a rug of things of beauty long gone. The Romanticists, who swept away the enlightened monarchy, looked at another kind of the past – the dark and savage Middle Ages. But they *did* look at a past. In that they were very close to their classicist competition. A standard book on Winckelmann intelligently shows how his view of “golden age Greece” could form an equally romantic view of other distant cultures such as Johann Georg Foster’s of the Tahitians in his *Voyage around the World* (1777).

Maybe one more ray of light could be thrown on the issue by considering a standpoint of another fan of classicism, the Italian 17th century writer about art, Gian Pietro Bellori. An admirer of Raphael he transferred his admiration to those among the Baroque artists who remained the most restrained and closest to the source – the Bologna academicians, the Carracci and Reni. In Lionello Venturi’s interpretation of Bellori’s work he noticed that “...given the confusion worked by the Counter Reformation between pomp and religion, the idea of beauty was not seen independently of physical perfection. Therefore, the identification of moral beauty with plebeian form was only possible in Protestant lands through the work of Rembrandt.” The meek Classicism of Winckelmann and its “beauty” belonged to the elite. It was meant to be a tool of salvation for something which, ultimately, proved beyond rescue.

The West knew nothing about the Pre or Archaic Greece before the 19th century, and Schliemann’s excavations in Troy, Mycenae and Tiryns. Or even before Sir Arthur Evans’ investigations at Crete. Thus the rediscovery of the pre and early Greek world coincides with the rediscovery of the Quattrocento and its Trecento predecessors (Giotto in particular). A major contribution in that sense was made by Bernard Berenson and the already mentioned Lionello Venturi, a shining example of the Italian school of art studies, the *Critica dell’arte*, an approach that never forgets that art is a special spiritual discipline which needs to be (also) given a thorough critical review bearing in mind that every work of art is an individual creation of an individual author, and that in doing so one must bear in mind the matters tied with the form as well as the content. Venturi’s wonderful 1951 volume on the Quattrocento painters is a monument both to the period and the Venturian mode of approach. Both Lionello Venturi and Berenson bridge the 19th and the 20th century and their activity coincides with the discovery of the Archaic Greece and the fundamental premises of the Modern art – another “Early” phenomenon – the impressionist and post-impressionist, the cubists, fauvists, expressionists, the “fathers” (but also the finest products) of the Modern art. And all this coincides with the gradual realization of the liberal bourgeoisie’s dream of a more socially conscious and egalitarian society as a mode of preventing social tensions – which, just as in the 18th century case, was an idle dream, as the *belle époque* was swept away by the World War and the October Revolution.

Still, I would emphasize the rediscovery of the “Early Styles” to which one should add the Caravaggiesque early Baroque, and the early phases – the Pre-Romanesque and Romanesque – before the “Classical” Gothic – in medieval art; as well as the recognition of other “primitives” inside and out of the Western civilization. A neglected, but highly attractive art served thus a useful political and social function – it was politically correct in a very positive way. I will readily admit that I was raised as a student of art in an environment heavily influenced by Venturi and his way of thinking, by Berenson and his esthetic predilections, and an atmosphere of anti-academism and anti-social realism, in which the “freedom,” both formal and spiritual of the early styles was clearly emphasized. This political correctness, in the case of my personal experience opposed to not particularly rabid socialist realism/academism, played certainly a positive role by expanding and deepening the field of vision and study. And every phenomenon which brings about inclusiveness and widening of horizons is a welcome step toward a more complete and truer picture. In those terms reading Pausanias the Traveler was a powerful reinforcement of what I had preached and attempted to do throughout my life and career.

References, Addenda, Additional Illustrations

On Pausanias and his vision of Greece

Pauzanija, *Vodič po Heladi*. Uroš Pasini (ed. and transl.), Split 2008, with an excellent Introduction and Index.

Gustav Schwab, *Najljepše priče klasične starine*, 3 vols., Zagreb 1984 (translation from German, originally published 1838-1840) is a great insight into the mythology and life of the Ancient Greeks.

J. B. Bury, *A History of Greece*, New York 1900, is a lucid, albeit non-standard survey of Greek history.

A worthy contribution to wooden architecture has been provided by David Buxton, *Wooden Churches of Eastern Europe*, Cambridge Mass. 1982 (also illustrations). One of the chapters that follow will be devoted to Josef Strzygowski.

For the image of St. George and other holy riders please see the works by V. Belaj and R. Katičić listed after the Introduction, in particular Katičić's *Božanski boj*.

Burckhardt's capital oeuvre (Jakob Burckhardt, *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*, originally 1860) has remained a great insight into the Italian Renaissance. A valuable distinction concerning the Renaissance and renaissances has been provided Radolsav Katičić in *Hrvatski jezik*, Zagreb 2013. The issue of the Renaissance, in particular the Quattrocento, and of archaic and classical (mature) styles has been thoroughly discussed also by Lionello Venturi, in, e.g., *Il gusto dei primitivi*, Rome 1926, *History of Art Criticism*, New York 1936, *Italian Painting – The Renaissance*, Geneva 1951. For a lasting definition of the Classical Renaissance and its relation both to the Quattrocento and the Baroque Heinrich Wölfflin's, *Temeljni pojmovi povjesti umjetnosti*, originally 1915, is still crucial. An excellent source is still Giorgio Vasari, *Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors and Architects*, originally published in 1550 (second edition 1568). A century later the same role was played by Giovanni Pietro Bellori, *Životi modernih slikara, kipara i arhitekata*, originally 1672. For illustrations: Bernard Berenson, *Italian Pictures of the Renaissance*, 2 vols., London 1963.

On the Enlightenment and the role of Winckelmann: *Winckelmann, Writings on Art*, David Irwin (ed.), London 1972. On Classicism and Romanticism: Meyer Howard Abrams, *The Mirror and the Lamp*, Oxford 1971.

A very useful introduction to Croatian naïve art and beyond is Vladimir Crnković, *Umjetnost bez granica*, Zagreb 2006 (also illustrations).

II. The Seer's Revenge

The Mythical Landscape of Pagan Slavs

The summer sun was setting behind the blue shadows of Bosnian mountains, shedding a crimson light on the mountain ridge to the north falling westwards in an undulating snakelike line toward the plain. On the eastern side, the line descended as a long and smooth section of a circle and then climbed in the same way toward a lovely pyramidal peak. Offset against the lush greenery of the mountain slopes turned evening gold stood a much lower round headed peak covered by thin forest (fig. 5).

Svetoslav the Seer carefully scanned the ridge. Then he turned westward and observed the very last rays of the sunset on the summer solstice day sometimes toward the middle of the 7th century. He sighed with satisfaction and relief, and said aloud: “By Perun and all the Gods, I’ve got it!”

With a stick he drew something in the sandy soil, then knelt down and studied his drawing. It was a triangle in which, today we know, two of the sides formed the ratio of $1:\sqrt{2}$ whereas the smallest of the angles was around 23 degrees (fig. 6). How Svetoslav knew that is anybody’s guess, but, then, we are aware that the ancient people had a great, albeit somewhat intuitive knowledge of astronomy.

What Svetoslav watched from some 20 kilometers away, was the most monumental representation of the Clash of Gods he had ever identified in his career. Here, in what is today the western end of the Papuk mountain in Western Slavonia the contest between Perun the Thunderer, and Veles the Snake, while the Goddess Mokoš watched from the sideline, was displayed with such force and clarity that it could be seen and understood some 50 kilometers around the Papuk’s western tip. It ruled the entire Western Slavonia, and, Svetoslav suspected, by some relay point it was linked with the bunch of holy mountains some 100 kilometers to the northwest.

Next day, Svetoslav in the company of Župan (Count) Slavimir and a bunch of his warriors rode up to the mountains. At that lower rounded hill, featuring a sanctuary to Goddess Mokoš, a neat circle marked by hazelnut trees, he checked and recalculated his data. Yes! It worked out. And Župan Gostimir, the ruler of the beautiful mountain valley of Bijela, reaffirmed in front of his superior, Župan Slavimir, that there was even, as required, a creek between the seat of Mokoš and the peaks occupied by the male Gods; and that it was called Boževac, the Creek of Gods. Later, he was also told that the especially notable forest at the southwestern foot of the Perun’s Peak (today Pogani vrh, the Pagan Peak, still recalling its long gone owner) was called Dubrava,



Figure 5. Western Papuk from the south

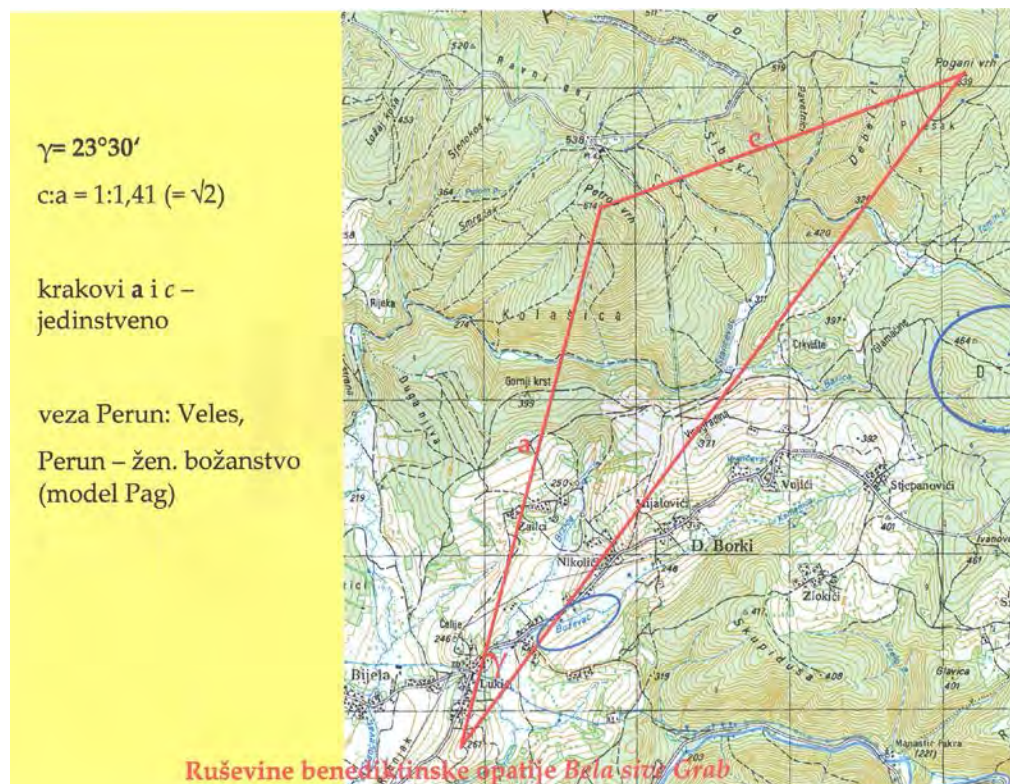


Figure 6. Western Papuk, sacred triangle, after Vitomir Belaj

the Forest of Old Oaks, place where the clash between Perun and Veles normally occurs, and wherefrom the celestial Perun sends his earthly and nether worldly opponent Veles back to his watery den (indeed to the southeast of Perun's seat there is a place called Crna Mlaka, the Black Puddle) where he properly belongs. Mokoš, sitting next to the Boževac and right above the Bijela spins and watches the clash between her husband and her lover. To the south of the Dubrava, Svetoslav was also told, is Ivanova jama, Ivan's Hole, where Juraj-Jarylo, Perun's sun in midsummer escapes from Veles (gee, it must have happened the day before!) and returns to Perun's world to marry his sister, Mara-Morana. Župan Gostimir also boasted of having built a fort of stone smack in between Veles' Peak (today Petrov vrh, St. Peter Peak, at the end of the snakelike ridge issuing forth from Veles' home in what used to be the Roman spa, *Aquae Balissae*; for some reason the Prince of the Apostles sometimes sits on old Veles' spots) and Perun's Peak, with a holy circle built of stone (!) bearing a piece of the rock marked by some sacred signs nobody quite understood (fig. 7). Svetoslav was impressed. So also was Slavimir who decided to name Gostimir the Keeper of the Holy Place, and excused him from the tribute of twelve sheep and 66 eggs a year the latter was due the former every Green Juraj's day. They would have been even more impressed had they known that what Svetoslav the Seer had identified could be clearly seen and read even today. And the ruins at the place called today Crkvište are probably those of the fort Gostimir had constructed, and the site of the medieval parish of Pogano St. Peter (figs. 6, 7).



Figure 7. Western Papuk, Pogano St. Peter, sacred circle (?)

We have already lamented that the European centered study of arts has relegated much of its own artistic tradition to the murky sphere of the “folk.” Those, like Romanticists, who gorged on the “folk,” made in many cases things even worse (let us not forget, they are a fine example of dissent turning elite and imposing eventually its own view of what PC is) by their confabulations in the search of the “Blut und Boden.” In the area of Slavic studies, the 19th century burdened us with an invented mythology which, in the end, made a true study of early Slavic spiritual past disreputable and impossible.

In the Introduction to his well-researched and informed book, *Slavonic Pagan Sanctuaries*, Leszek Pawel Slupecki defines the territory of his study as follows: “The territory relevant to the present discussion will be the land of Western Slavs, and for comparative purposes of Eastern Slavs, while the cult places of Southern Slavs will not be elaborated on.” In simple words, there is no data on the sanctuaries, and on what one might call “monumental art” among the Southern Slavs, and so also among those who settled on what was to become the historic lands of the Croatian nation. Some of the “Slavic intruders” such as the three-face head form Vaćani near Ždrapanj have been noticed by scholarship, but not yet thoroughly studied. For the rest, we had been left with either romanticist speculation, or the “humanist” view that everything the Croats created in the course of their history had its roots in the Mediterranean environment within which they had settled.

Archeologists have, of course, excavated traces of Slavic cultural material all over the present-day Croatia for over a century. The Bijelo Brdo culture is a well-established, centuries long phenomenon dominant among the Slavic settlers in Southern Pannonia. However, in order to die, a person has to be born, has to live, eat, sleep, pray. There is no culture without a home and a religious cult place, in addition to the eternal home, the tomb, which is in fact often our almost sole source of information on the *life* of a group of the people from the past.

The Croats were originally a non-Slavic nation located on the northern side of the Caucasus. For centuries they had been moving through the flatlands off the northern shores of the Black and Azov seas, to reach the hilly areas to the north of the Carpathians, roughly the territory of today’s Galicia. In that process they assumed characteristics of the neighboring Slavs. There they formed a recognizable political unit known as the White Croatia and from there they, or some of them, migrated south to the lands they mostly inhabit today (Istria, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and Bosnia) or, in terms of ancient geography, large sections of the Roman Histria, Dalmatia, and Pannonia. By ca. 800, the Croats had formed political units, principalities in the ancient Pannonia Savia and parts of Dalmatia. During the 9th century, before the Magyar intrusion in the 10th, a string of Slavic principalities extended from the Adriatic to the Carpathians.

Our information on the Croatian migration to the Balkans is scarce and unreliable. Here we quote what one might consider a reasonably non-controversial view. It is

certain that in the 7th and the 8th century there were Slavic immigrants in Dalmatia and Pannonia along with the Avars who ruled the Pannonian plain and its rims from the end of the 6th till the end of the 8th century. It is also certain that as of ca. 800, ruling princes from the Adriatic to the Carpathians bear Slavic names. The immigrants were not particularly numerous, the percentage of Slavic blood in an average Croat of today is estimated at ca. 25% (this would be true of other Southern Slavic people too), 50% would be the native, pre-Slavic element, and the rest the variable “else.” But the Slavic element was obviously sturdy and tenacious, as the Southern Slavs are the only people who settled within the ancient Roman Empire on the European side of the Mediterranean who did not assume the language, Latin or Greek, of their predecessors. Maintaining that the Croats (and this holds true of any “barbarian” nation that settled within the Empire) came as total savages without any cultural tradition of their own is simply a nonsense. The Croats, as well as other Southern Slavs have retained until today enough cultural material to make it possible to reconstruct in main lines and with a considerable level of certainty the essentials of their religious beliefs and mythology. But even those who are to be credited with major breakthroughs, point out that little can be done in reconstructing art and architecture of the Croats in the new country before their conversion to Christianity, which must have individually started already in the 7th century to be completed, at least in the coastal areas, in the course of the 9th century.

I hope to have dispelled the concept that the visual arts are the only ones defining the artistic output of a group or a territory. A cultural landscape, of course, involves also immaterial manifestations. The immaterial can be related and associated with the visually observable forms. One huge treasury of such material is place names.

That they constitute important evidence in historical studies is nothing new. The areas inhabited by Southern Slavs are full of places bearing old Slavic references – names of gods, of rituals, of families, of old obsolete words long gone from the language, etc. What, however, was done over last two decade, and here the Southern Slavic area is in the forefront of research, is to stop seeing place names in isolation, but to relate them within a system. This in itself was made possible by the research of the Russian scholars, Ivanov and Toporov, who, some forty years ago, recognized structural relationships between the elements, and thus enabled researchers to establish the importance of certain points in the landscape. It became possible to recognize the essential elements of the fundamental myth centering on the clash between Perun, the thunder-god, whose place is “up there”, on a mountain, and Veles, the snake, the god of the “down there,” and the underworld, who is chased back by Perun’s lightnings into the depths of the water whenever he dares attempt to climb the mountain. The interested reader is referred to anthropological literature for details of the myth which is common to many groups of both Indo-European and Non-Indo-European nations, has even pre-Indo-European roots, and is related to the cycle of the year, the change of seasons, and rituals contained therein. In a nutshell, Perun’s son, Juraj/Jarylo is abducted by Veles’ agents in the dead of winter, and spends his youth as a shepherd

of Veles' wolves. He escapes, crosses the river, changes his name to Ivan, and at mid-summer marries his sister, Mara-Morana. He is unfaithful to her, and is killed to be born again in the midst of winter. And so on, year in, year out. An additional bone of contention between the Thunderer and the Snake is Perun's wife, Mokoš, who spends half of a year with her husband, and another half with her lover, the god of the underworld. I apologize to my anthropologist colleagues for this drastic oversimplification.

The outstanding Croatian linguist, Radoslav Katičić, has identified several "stages" where the segments of the myth are played out, including place names such as Perun, Perunsko (Perun's place), Vidova gora (St. Vid's Mountain), Gora (Mountain), as opposed to Veles, Volosko (Veles's place), Dol (Hollow). Between them there is often an oak forest, Dubrava, Dubac, where the conflict between Perun and Veles takes place. Building upon Katičić's insights, the Slovene archeologist, Andrej Pleterski, Croatian ethnologist and cultural anthropologist, Vitomir Belaj, and his son, archeologist Juraj Belaj started searching for patterns within such clusters of place names. The conclusion, by V. Belaj, is as follows: "These are not just points in the landscape any more... Mythically interpreted landscape transforms itself into an ideogram, read by those who within the culture were trained to do so (i.e., our Svetoslav and his competing seers). As ideogram is in fact script, the structured points in the landscape represent a written source about the early Slavic paganism."

We are back to that first seer who called his flock to the hill on that summer morning thousands of years earlier. In that Svetoslav took revenge on the view of Antiquity as an urban civilization alone, and reinforced the view that the extra-urban, "folk" cultural layer did not die out as the Greeks and the Romans assumed the cultural leadership in the European Mediterranean world. Thus he reaffirmed much of what our Pausanias the Traveler has told us. The pre-urban-elite world reasserted itself with the early Middle Ages, and the art was returned, to say it rather romantically, "to the people."

Returning to V. Belaj, the pattern that has emerged is that of a sacred triangle (fig. 6) the characteristics of which are:

- Of the three points usually in a visual contact with one another, two are occupied by male deities (Perun, Veles; Juraj), and the third by Mokoš.
- One of the angles measures ca. 23 degrees (representing the deflection between the imagined orbits of the Sun at the equinox and the solstice, in Croatia 23 degrees 27 minutes).
- The two longer sides form a ratio of $1:\sqrt{2}$.
- The longest side usually links the two key opponents.
- Perun's point is always on an elevated ground.

- The female point is usually next to water.
- There is usually water between Mokoš and Veles.

In conclusion, Belaj underlines the tremendous, practical, impact of the myth in the landscape: “There is something even more important. The incorporation of the myth into the newly occupied territories was, obviously, an essential part of making the new land one’s own... This is what us, who live here nowadays, albeit we have been blown together by many a wind of history, makes in a mythical and ritual way its legitimate owners.” This political impact has lasted until today. For the early Slavic, early Croatian community, what Svetoslav and co. did was politically correct to the fault.

What does this do to the visual art history?

First of all, the Croats, and the other Southern Slavs, brought along to the Roman and Greek world within which they had settled a fairly sophisticated culture. They imprinted some of its essential mythical features on the new land in the process of taking it; they projected on it and thus perpetuated some of their deepest experiences about the self and the world. They re-made the picture of their old country. They, simply, stuck to their tradition. It would be foolish to assert that a nation capable of doing that, immediately forgot everything about their artistic practices.

Knowing how to read the pre-Christian structure (bearing in mind that some of it may coincide with the previous, Roman, and pre-Roman territorial organization) may be of tremendous help to a scholar looking for traces of lost buildings, and trying to reconstruct cultural landscapes that followed upon Christianization. That this is really so illuminates one of Pleterski’s examples, when within a “sacred triangle” in Carinthia he identified as one of the points the church of the Savior at Millstatt, recorded as standing over an *ecclesia demonibus addicta*, a pagan Slavic sanctuary. Any later, even recent building standing at a suspected “mythic point” would probably hide traces of earlier, Christian or even pre-Christian buildings. Places dedicated to Mokoš may lead us to many a lost church of the Virgin Mary, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Margaret, St. Helena, or some other powerful female saint. Tradition of recognizing sanctity of a place has continued in Christianity even if the sacred point contained no specifically built sanctuary, but acted just as a “sacred spot” in the landscape. Still today the parish priest of Ivanec holds a solemn open-air mass at the peak of the Ivanščica mountain, an important Perun’s place, at midsummer, although there is no church or any traces of one there. As the triangle may encompass the territory of one early Slavic “župa,” county (the same word in Croatian is used to designate the smallest unit of both political and church organization, the parish; one ruled by a “župan”, the other by a “župnik”), we may have here a useful tool in

identifying the early political and religious centers with the accompanying architecture.

The projecting of one's world view on one's environment eloquently testifies that the Croats were ready to use their own ways in making the new world their own. They implanted their tradition, formulas of their collective memory on their environment. The dichotomy Perun – Veles, up and down, peak and hollow, which was fully supported by the para-Caucasian landscape of their ancestry, was not forgotten in the centuries of living in the Euxinian flatlands, and flourished up once again as they moved to the trans-Carpathian, and ultimately to the Alpine and Dinarid setting.

Today we know that the Slavs on their travels and migrations literally carried their gods along. For a discussion of memory and the ways of keeping it alive, the most important argument is a passage from the Arab writer Ibn Fadlan, who saw in 922 a group of Russian merchants among the Finns (or Bulgars?) on the Volga worshipping a number of small idols placed in a circle, in the middle of which stood a bigger one, addressed as “My Lord.” V. Belaj succinctly points out that it is a shame we do not know whether those “Russians” were Slavs or Varangians, but it really does not make too much difference.



Figure 8. Split, Poljud, Holy Trinity and St. Michael, ca. 800

What is tremendously interesting is that the polyconchal/rounded sanctuary was portable. One had to just unpack the “idols,” draw a circle, place them in the right position, and adore them! This is certainly not the only formula which may have, in such a way, traveled for thousands of miles. It is linked to the highest *sanctum*, the chief executive God of the Slavic and related pantheons. As such it undoubtedly migrated with the people. Could this type of tradition help explain the appearance of numerous polyconchal structures among Croatian Pre-Romanesque small scale

churches between the 9th and the 11th century (three, four, six and eight lobed structures) (fig. 8). We believe that there is a strong possibility that it could. The early Christian, 6th century baptistery in Zadar is such a building (only, its outside is polygonal, i.e., the conchs do not show in the outside). Now, imagine an immigrant Slav accepting Christianity in the baptistery and recognizing the old sacred plan of his own tradition; or doing the same in the tetraconchal baptistery of Nin (possibly around 800), one of the early Croatian capitals, just north of Zadar? Or take the tetraconch, at this time still undatable, at Budinjak in the Žumberak to the west of Zagreb (fig. 9), standing on a hill bearing reference to all three among the major Slavic Gods.



Figure 9. Budinjak (Western Croatia), Tetraconch

Cosma tells us that the Bohemians brought their gods along when they settled in the new country, and placed them at the sanctuary at the holy mountain of Rip. The Germanic people had the same custom. When Thorolf sailed out to Iceland he took along a plank from the sanctuary fence bearing the head of Thor, and when he neared Iceland he threw the Thor into the waves and built his home at the place where Thor had landed (fig. 10). The three-headed deity from Vaćani in Dalmatia (fig. 11) is a clear indication that the old gods and their forms were not forgotten. However, to say the least, they have been in deep hiding. We will suggest several ways of coaxing them out of their centennial lairs.



Figure 10. Pohansko (Czech Republic), reconstruction of a sanctuary. One such plank Thorolf took to Iceland.



Figure 11. Split, Museum of Croatian Archeological Monuments, Three-Header from Vačani

The Romanesque church of St. George at Rip (St. George sat here over a Perun spot) is a rotunda – the likes of which exist in huge numbers all over Central and East Central Europe –with a rounded western tower, and a semicircular apse. The western tower is a bold innovation of the Carolingian architecture and we shall devote a special chapter to its impact on European physical and cultural landscape. Usually, those rotundas are linked to one famous example, Charlemagne’s Palatine Chapel in Aachen. But the matter, as we will soon see, is not so simple. The Chapel itself is a centralized structure in harmony with pagan Slavic and Germanic holy places. The western tower may also have its root in Slavic tradition.

If you visit the Spiš (German *Zips*) region in eastern Slovakia you will discover as one of the greatest assets of an anyhow delightful landscape a medieval village church, aisleless and with a rectangular sanctuary, and a sturdy tower at the entrance. Just like in Polish, the tower is called *veža*, somewhat confusing for a speaker of Croatian who associates the same word with a “porch,” or “entrance hall.” The word appears to derive from the Indo-European root **aug* indicating “light,” in pre-Slavic *weg-* which with a suffix *-ja* gives *wegja*, i.e. *veža*. We know that the early Slavs made a big use of *zemunicas*, half-buried dwellings – a rectangular area dug into the ground, covered by some kind of a gable roof. We have a description of such a building from the White Croatia beyond the Carpathians by the Arab traveler Ahmed Ibn Omar Ibn Rosteh (early 10th century): “In the Slavic land of Gurab (that is the White Croatia) the winters are very cold, so they dig holes which they cover with pointed roofs such as one can see in Christian churches upon which they put clay...” Thus the *zemunicas* (at least some) bore a certain not negligible superstructure which recalled “pointed” church roofs (gable or pyramid?). The Czech scholar, Šimun Ondruš, has suggested that one type of Slavic home was a half-buried building with an added entrance structure constructed from logs. The hole is the Veles’s world of “down there,” darkness and winter, the superstructure is the *wegja*, Perun’s world of “up there,” summer and light. It would be nice to have an exact reconstruction of an early Slavic *veža*, but even this may suffice to raise a very intriguing question: do we have in the *wegja* the source of one of the most fascinating and revolutionary inventions of Pre-Romanesque architecture, the westwork? As we shall note in one of the following chapters, the use of the westwork was quite popular with the elites of the early Croatian principality/kingdom in the 9th and the 10th century (fig. 12). Do we have here in addition to obvious and easily traceable links with the Carolingians also a trace of an old Slavic tradition, such as one may suspect in the case of Croatian polyconchal buildings?

The Belaj method has served to sensitize us to the importance of place names in the context of the physical features of the landscape the spots of which they describe. A brief look at maps of the area between the Sava and the Drava, even as large as 1:100,000 reveals a wealth of place names that can be easily associated with the mythical elements Belaj has brought to our attention a large number of places called Dubrava – Oak Forest (Dubovac, Dub, Dubovnik, Hrašće, Rašće, Hrastik, Hrastovac,

Hrastovica, Staro Rašće, Rastik, Lug, Lužan, Lužanjak), Bukovje – Beech Forest (Bukevje, Bukovica), Gaj – Grove (Lug), Bor – Pine (Borje, Borovac), Lesje – Hazelnut (Leskovac, Lešće), Orah – Walnut (Orehovica, Orašje, Orešje), Gora – Hill, Mountain (Brdo, and so also Staro brdo, Golo brdo, Bijelo brdo, Dobri vrh), all associated with Perun (so also Perunika, Pogani vrh, Pogana gradina, Svetinjski breg). Veles is associated with Dol –Valley (Dolina, Jama) and some other names representing him: Zmajevac, Veles, Glamočine, Glamača, Zvernjak, Zverinjak, Zvjerkuša, Zveričke, Zmijačina, Zminjak, Zmijno, Vražjak, Vražnjača, Vražje brdo, Vražja jama, Vražje Oko, Vražje vršje, Vražji do, Vražje blato, Vragića brijeg, Zvirišće, Crna mlaka, Crna lokva, Crna jama, Poganovo polje, Ižišće, Plazur, endless names beginning with Vuk (Vučjak, Farkaševac, Farkaš međa, Vuka, Vučica); Ivan with Ivanovo Polje, Ivanovo Selo, Ivanova jama, Ivanjski krst, Ivana greda, Ivan dvori, Ivanja Reka, Ivanovo, Ivanec, Ivanščica (it is of course difficult to decide whether the name Ivan refers to the pagan Juraj/Ivan, to St. John, or to the Order of St. John who held vast estates in Croatia); Mara with Marino selo, Marijanci, Marjančaci, Marin dvor (as above, it is not always clear whether we are dealing with Ivan's sister, or Our Lady); Juraj with Đurđ, Đurđička, Đurđic, Juranščina (St. George seems to have consistently taken over places associated with Juraj/Jarilo); Triglav with Treglava, Trojeglava, Trorogovac; altars and sacrifices with Trebljevina, Trebljevine, Konjsko, Konjščina, Kutina. It may take quite a while to collect those names, and then much more to relate them into meaningful patterns. What we are presenting here is just a very limited sample. Yet, even within its limits, one cannot miss certain incredibly interesting clusters.



Figure 12. Cetina, Savior's Church, early Croatian church with a westwork, late 9th century

The Daruvar area in Western Slavonia, where we started our story, is extremely rich in indicative place names. The heights above Daruvar are called Stari Slavik (Old Slav Place; see also Slaviškova gušća near Ferdinandovac, and Veliki Slavir, Slavirić, Slavir, and Slavirski vrbić near Bošnjaci). We have identified half a dozen sacred water springs not far from the city (Svetinja, Sveta voda, Vranjevina svetinja, Stara svetinja, Sveti bunar; they also appear elsewhere but with less density; most likely they are sites of Mokoš's sanctuaries), the best example being the Svetinja near Kreštelovac where the water gushes out from underneath a chapel of SS. Cosma and Damian, a rather recent building but certainly at a spot which had been sanctified a long time even before it was taken over by the Christian Holy Healers, Cosmas and Damian. As these were patron saints of Emperor Justinian having cured him of a dangerous disease, they may indicate, together with a number of other Slavonian sanctuaries of the Saints (as well as those of St. Andrew or St. Dimitri), a link with the re-conquest activities in Pannonia during the Gothic wars. The villages of Treglava and Trojeglava stand to the north and the south of Daruvar respectively. Traces of an old mud and wood fort were recently found near the former. The reference to the three-headed pagan Slavic god may also bring to one's mind an extremely interesting and relatively well-preserved building, a unique trichonchal chapel standing in the middle of a deserted cemetery on a high plateau between the villages of Toranj and Stričevac, the place where Svetoslav stood watching the ridge in the sunset. It is a tall building consisting of three broad, contiguous conchs, without a square entrance bay which regularly makes its appearance in trichonchal buildings elsewhere, and so also at the Croatian Coastland. The entrance is placed at the south between what one may call the side conchs, whereas the central conch, the altar area, is directed toward the north. Its high quality mature Gothic detail of door and window frames, tracery, and interior support elements (preserved up to the springing of the vaults) points to some powerful and cultured patron, probably a member of the Pukur family, who rose to the peak of their career in the 14th century. Here is an architectural form which irresistibly recalls the three-face sculptures of Pagan Slavic gods. The adjacent fields have provided no surface archeological material, which may mean that the building was not associated with a settlement. Did it arise on the site of an early Slavic sanctuary, as we were free to assume telling the Svetoslav story? The northern conch of the Toranj directs our eyes toward that crucial spot of the Western Slavonian landscape, the westernmost tip of the Papuk mountain where, in a wide saddle between two peaks, Petrov Vrh (614 m) and Pogani Vrh (639 m), there is the site of Pogano St. Peter (Crkvište), already described by Svetoslav and his informers.

From our retrospect, though, we should mention that one of the most important, biggest, and most beautiful Benedictine monasteries in Croatia, St. Margaret in Bijela, a powerful female Saint, in whom one may see a successor to Mokoš, stood on that smaller peak at one of the points of Svetoslav's sacred mega-triangle.

It is truly remarkable how the complex of Pogano St. Peter is visible from almost every important old site in Western Slavonia. As we step out toward the south,

through the widening funnel following the Bijela, it is clearly visible from St. Margaret in Bijela, from the castle of Sirač, next to which a church of Our Lady used to stand. Further south there is Badlješina with remains of the church of the Holy Cross, then the site of the Petrovina Castle at Gornji Sređani with the mausoleum of the already mentioned Pukur family, and the hill of the Pavlovina Castle at Gornja Obrijež, another Pukur enterprise. It looms from the northeast above another important site of Croatian past, the hill of the monastery of St. Ladislav in Podborje (near Daruvar); from the site of Crkvište on a beam east of Gornji Daruvar; from a hill overlooking the site of the *oppidum* Dimičkovina on the same beam but west of Gornji Daruvar; from the old cemetery near Daruvarski Brestovac marking the area of the lost churches of St. George and St. Mary at the old and well documented fief of *Tolyneg*; from Opkopi north of Daruvar (*St. Maria prope fluvium Saploncha*); from Končanica (Zidina, possibly an old sanctuary); from Donja Rašenica (old cemetery Crkveno polje, possibly an old sanctuary).

As we step farther away we see the stage of the grand confrontation from Pakrac (one of the key medieval sites in Croatia, the headquarters of the Hospitallers), Lipik (an old thermal site), from Tomašica (old church of St. Thomas on a hillfort) and from the already mentioned Toranj.

The image of the celestial battlefield can be, of course, also seen from the north, As we turn around the western end of the Papuk, we see it from Bastaji, Bastajski Brođani (below Stupčanica, a surprisingly well-preserved Romanesque keep, half way up the Papuk side), from the beam of Rekići, the site of the old *oppidum* of Mihajlovica, and the churches of St. Michael and St. Maria *de Saploncha*.

Of course, Pogano St. Peter is visible from many other places in Western Slavonia. We have listed just a few. As a traveler moved along the important old roads, from Zdenci to Garešnica, from Garešnica to Pakrac, from Pakrac to Daruvar, etc., he was accompanied by the vista of the stage of the eternal contest. This is not to claim that the western end of the Papuk determined the picture of territorial organization of Western Slavonia. Human settlements when coming into being are first of all directed by a good balance between security and access to means of subsistence and to commercial enterprise. Many of the places listed, as well as the entire landscape were old when the Slavs moved into the area. What, however, is also true, is that there is practically no key location which is not in eye-to-eye contact with Pogano St. Peter, or can connect through a close intermediary (e.g., Stari Slavik in Daruvar via St. Ladislav, Podborje). The mastermind artist of the mythical landscape (“Svetoslav”) has realized the potential, and staged his drama in front of a full house. It may have been locally reinforced by a sanctuary at the place where Pogano St. Peter now stands, to become an outpost of the new faith as it took over both the dramatic core of the landscape, as well as the audiences and auditoriums surrounding it. Western Slavonian landscape is in fact very rugged. The hills are not very high, the Bilogora heights do not exceed 400 m, the western Papuk and Ravna gora just a bit more. But

the slopes are steep, valleys and ridges alternate at a high speed and a few hundred meters to the left or right may mean a view of a wide area or just a sight of woody slopes.

In this exciting relief a special attention deserves a steep naked hill to the north of Podborski Batinjani, Đurđička Rudina, the center of the old parish of St. Juraj (George) on the Ilova. It is not especially tall (260 m) but it rises steeply above the fields along the Zvjerkušica (Beasty) creek – a clear reference to Veles. To the east, on the lower portions of the ridge are Kućišta, a reference to an old village, i.e., the residential section of the parish which probably stretched also north along the Zvjerkušica up to its meeting spot with the Ilova.

The plateau at the top of the hill is small, it could just accommodate a church, or a pagan sanctuary, and although there are higher ridges both to the north and south it commands an unbelievable view toward the west featuring all the key landscape landmarks of Northwestern Croatia, the Medvednica, the Ivanščica, the Kalnik, the chain of Bilogora hills running toward the northwest, and, to the southwest the gentle curve of the Moslavačka gora. Toward the east, towers the Petrov vrh. In its ravine between the ridges on both sides, Đurđička appears as a relay point between two systems of commanding landscape elements of the entire area between the two rivers – Northwestern Croatia, the gentle, hilly area surrounded by the just mentioned mountain sentinels, and Central Slavonia with its ring of the Požega mountains. Its contact spot in the northwest is most likely the area of Đurđić in the small and isolated high plateau of Trema to the east of Križevci, a place full of early Slavic mythological names and concepts.

The name Trema is extremely interesting as *trem* signifies a big log-built building (a *Blokbau*), but it also may mean a building of certain distinction, or a tower. It is a kin to such words as *hram* (temple), and *kreml* (representative building), or hall and *Hof*. In itself, this is an indication of august old age. The word has been retained in modern Croatian as *trijem* (porch).

There is more than one Trema within the plateau area: Trema Dvorište/Dvorišće Dvori, Trema-Grubiševo, Trema-Budilovci, and Trema-Osuđevo. To the southeast of Dvorište/Dvorišće/Dvori (the Courtyard and the Court – Perun's of course, where the wedding of Juraj and Mara would have been celebrated) there are Pintići and the church of St. Julijana at the end of a ridge on a hillfort. Below, runs the Tremski potok. To the West of St. Julijana and across another little creek, there is the hill of Gradišće (Hillfort). To the northwest of Dvorišće is an area of two ridges with a puddle and creek in between known as Vražje Oko (Devil's Eye). Here Professor Katičić met a woman who told him a story how a herd of cattle sank into the ground at Vražje Oko, a clear reference to God Veles' lore. To the northeast stands the the Staro brdo (Old Mountain, 237 m, the highest spot in Trema). At the eastern end of the Staro brdo there are traces of an old settlement, foundations of stone buildings including a circular one of undetermined function.

St. Juraj in Đurđic commands a view of all relevant high spots in northwestern Croatia. Exactly as Đurđička at the eastern end, Đurđic is a relay point between the important systems of landmarks. Thus the two St. Georges seem to link the entire area of northwestern and central part of Continental Croatia. Finally, the church of St. Juliana, a saint known for her victory over the devil, may have replaced Mokoš at the hillfort at Pintići. Granted, it is not too close to water as the major local water course, the Tremski potok, runs in the valley at the east foot of the hill, and there is just a rivulet which often dries up between the ridges of Pintići and Dvorište. But besides St. Juraj at Đurđic, St. Julijana is the only preserved monument of older architecture in Trema. The church is an elongated rectangle with a polygonal sanctuary awkwardly added to it and, on the basis of what is visible, correctly dated to 16th (maybe even 17th) century as a rare example of a building in rural Renaissance style. When checked with a compass, it turned out that the sanctuary was in fact correctly oriented toward the east, while the nave was off the east-west axis by ca. 20 degrees. As it seems logical that the sanctuary thus corrected an old mistake, one might speculate that the nave or its foundations were older. And indeed an unauthorized repair has revealed a number of stone fragments within the walls which seem to be mostly brick, as well as round headed windows on the southern wall (today marked by lines in the thick gray coat of plaster), and a round headed entrance on the northern flank. That opening strikingly recalls similar entranceways in Slovene rural churches believed to be Carolingian. St. Juliana is an unusual, even unique, dedication for Croatia. Currently the church is covered by a thick layer of plaster so even measuring details of the opening, in particular of that interesting newly found northern entrance is a futile endeavor. Here and there, pieces of stone peek through the plaster, but nothing could be concluded before an expert restoration. The proportions of the nave in the existing plan are very close to 1: $\sqrt{3}$, which is again a frequent ratio in Slovene rural churches believed to be Pre-Romanesque. If one is allowed to speculate on the basis of what we have, one might suggest that there are indications that the nave of St. Juliana is considerably older than the sanctuary, that, maybe, it succeeded some pre-Christian building as a devil defeating female Saint succeeded Mokoš at the moment of Carolingian occupation of Pannonia at the end of the 8th century.

Whereas the macro-landscape does not change one must be aware of the fact that on the micro level many place names, as well as the features they describe, may disappear or change their position. Even very large scale maps could be notoriously imprecise in that respect. Thus there are objective factors impeding the Belaj type analysis and measuring. Yet, what our ethnologists and linguists have offered us so far, when matched with even very rudimentary attempts to link their intuitions with the real, material spots in the landscape, seems to indicate that among our ancestors there were great artists of both word and eye who could convincingly and with great insight and imagination endow the landscape they encountered with spirituality and sense, making it truly a human and cultural landscape, a work of art in which the spiritual and visual meet in a grand, cosmic symphony. Making that landscape real by identifying its key spots, even though the works of human hands they used to carry

may be gone forever, makes it very real even for the contemporary “visitor,” more so as the landscape is the basis of many phenomena that happened as the great drama of history moved on. I am convinced that if we approach that old landscape with patience, understanding and love, we may ourselves hear the stories told centuries ago, and the old bards could lead us to the material witnesses of those times which are today still largely in hiding.

Or, by studying the earliest Croatian art in the new country, i.e., their earliest Christian art in durable material, one may try to identify the forms the Slavs had brought along, and then reconciled to the forms encountered in the new homeland – the polyconchs and the westwork. Through his performance, the myth-teller has converted the landscape into a work of art, not just a sacred text, but also a work of visual art: or in fact, a very complex *Gesamtkunstwerk*.

In that we can experience the Seer’s revenge even today. What he had created was a very politically correct art accomplishing and justifying the conquest and settlement. In a way, this is an equivalent of a *landname* epic the Croats do not seem to have had. In that politically very correct art the wishes and intention of the patrons, artists and the public harmoniously coincided. It served its constituency very well as it successfully accomplished its goal of securing the newly conquered land. Today, as we keep uncovering the results of the Seers’ revenge we come to understand some basic concepts about the land herself, i.e., its lyrical, countryside, non-urban character, something we need to very well bear in mind when planning future intervention into historical layers of Croatian cultural landscape.

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To Paolo Verzone, the great Italian medieval archeologist we owe the paraphrase of his statement that the old monuments when treated with love and care would readily yield all their secrets.

For illustrations and the newest information see Vitomir Belaj and Juraj Belaj, *Sveti trokuti. Topografija hrvatske mitologije*. Zagreb 2014.

III. The Westwork – Architecture changing the landscape of Europe

Rome, winter 800

“Sire,” says Alcuin.

Charlemagne is mad and has no intention to hide it.

“Sire,” says Einhard and as a historian places it into a historic perspective. “You *wanted* to be the Roman Emperor.”

“Yes, but not like this. Having that third-rate priest place the crown on my head!” He pushes away the offending object shining with gold and precious stones in the light of the candles on the table in front him. “I wanted to place it myself. Now those clerics would forever claim that *they* had given me the Empire.”

“But Sire,” says Alcuin always a diplomat, “you know that the Lord himself has crowned you. That Pope was just an instrument of Our Lord’s will. And, anyway, it was you who had earned that crown by your bravery and piety. Ask any of your subjects, Frank and Roman alike.”

“Well,” the King of Franks and the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire smirks. “Well... Hell, what’s that knocking?!”

The door opens and here is Paul the Deacon, a Lombard dignitary who switched to Charlemagne after the fall of the Lombard Kingdom of Italy. He is writing a history of his people on Charlemagne’s orders. Behind his bent, monkish figure, there are four shadows, thin, emaciated, and dark, with disheveled black beards, with long thin fingers on long thin hands.

Charles shivers. Some Orientals, most likely Greeks! He thinks of the hell the Greeks would be raising in Constantinople when they learn about this coronation. Good Lord!

“What-oh!?”

“Sire,” squeaks in the Lombard pushing the leader of the dark crew ahead. Now Charles notices that the guy is holding a large codex. “Sire, may your God Anointed Majesty lend his eye and ear for a few seconds to his most humble servant and a handful of the best and most humble Greek artists who want to offer to your Sublime Serenity a little token of their most humble admiration. He takes the codex from the Greek’s hand and the four in unison throw themselves to the ground kissing Charles’ boot.

“O.K., enough, let’s see...”

Paul has placed the book on the table, under the light of the candles. Charlemagne leans in. On the page Paul has displayed, a figure, strong, powerful, like a pugilist one can see among broken Roman sculpture, in a chair obviously of Roman making, sitting in front of a fuzzy landscape and the sky, quivering with light, which, eventually, cuts into the solid outline of the figures. Today, we would say, survival of ancient illusionism and impressionism.

“And who may they be?”

“Demetrios, Electrios, Basilios, Pamphilios,” chants Paul the Deacon, “the greatest Greek artists in the whole of Italy, and beyond. They come from the land of the Lombards, and bring this remarkable book to you, Our Supreme Ruler, as the Coronation Gift from the Lombard people. They had just painted a set of wonderful wall-paintings of the Life of Our Lord at the fort of one of your faithful Lombard lieutenants near Milan. Maybe one day we may have the honor of showing them to you.”

Charles is a Frank, a barbarian, but he has also acquired more than one layer of classical veneer. He can tell the value of the gift. Marvelous, pity it is Greek. He likes Paul who has done oodles to keep the Lombards quiet. Obedient Lombards deserve thanks and praise.

“You have brought us great pleasure, my learned brother,” he addresses Paul. “But we have had a hard day, and it is late. I profusely thank you and the artists, and the entire Lombard nation. Make sure that the artists are duly recompensed.”

Paul and his Greeks, their heads bowed, dutifully withdraw. The Emperor and King now take a really good look. Indeed quite nice. But why the hell those Greeks cannot say anything straight. Look at those figures, solid yet fuzzy, the light bringing out the volumes and at the same time destroying them. They always plot, fake, prevaricate.

Knock, knock.

“Good Lord!”

At the entrance finally a face Charles really wants to see, Angilbert, his son-in-law. And, lo and behold, he also carries a hefty volume in his hands! Charles likes Angilbert, a straightforward sturdy Frank, a good soldier, a wise advisor, a dedicated drinking pal.

“Sire!”

“My Son!”

“May I encroach onto your patience?”

You already have, but what the heck, thinks Charles.

“Approach my son!”

Angilbert places the book on the table, underneath the candlelight.

“Sire, the monks of my foundation of Sanctus Richarius at Centula send you this humble volume of the Holy Gospels as a gift for your glorious Coronation.

Thus everybody had known about it, except me!

The book is open, there is an Evangelist skillfully dipping his pen into an inkstand, ready to take down the Holy Word. He sits smugly on a fat cushion spread over a throne framing the body of the Evangelist who is himself pasted over the throne by a web of firm lines. The figure sits under an arch, and in the corners above two somewhat fat and hen-like peacocks remind us of Paradise.

It is late but Charlemagne cannot hide his approval. He claps his hands, shakes his mighty beard. This is something he can understand and appreciate. It shows a figure, clearly delineated and recognizable, within a firm and decisive frame. No vague scintillations, no hazy outlines. Figure and ornamental order, Rome and Francia, this is what I am, concludes Charles, this is what I like to see. Francia and Rome! Let them stand united next to each other forever! I wonder what that Sanctus Richarius monastery would be like once finished. That idea of a fat western tower is not bad at all. Eudes is planning the same for the western front of my Chapel at Aachen.

He puts his mighty paws on Angilbert’s shoulders.

“Thank you my, son. You have made my day.”

Aachen, winter 820

The snow has fallen overnight. Its tiny wet crystals have obscured the lines, messed up the surfaces. From his window on the top floor of the imperial palace, under a rather sharp angle, Duke Borna observes over the long and narrow courtyard the western façade of the Palatine Chapel.

Borna is a handsome man of mature age, tall, blond, blue-eyed. Time does not seem to have done too much harm to his strong yet harmonious frame. Yet, Borna knows that he want last much longer. He feels wasted. And no wonder, it has been *some* life!

When Charlemagne invited the Croats to join in the war against the infidel Avars, Borna as a youth, quarter of a century ago, marched with his father Višeslav and his uncle Vojnimir to take the Croats into Dalmatia and Pannonia. Succeeding his father Borna successfully agreed with the Franks on a status of *foederati*, harassing the

treacherous Greeks of Dalmatia and providing his people with the blessings of Christianity. And now, he was involved in a struggle of life and death with that upstart and the last Avar mainstay, Ljudevit of Pannonia, enemy of Europe and everything that is European!

Borna had just weathered a heavy encounter on the Kupa where the treachery of the Guduscani almost cost him his head. He rallied only to face a devastation of his land by the rebel. And yet, by using a wise strategy of avoiding major clashes he managed to weaken the rebel, exhaust him, and now the Imperial Diet has made provisions following Borna's suggestions and advice on how to break the traitor's back. This is all so tiring, but thanks to this trip and his prowess, he is nowadays the most respected ruler at the outskirts of the Empire. Three armies will walk into Pannonia come spring. Would he have to wait until then to return? Would he ever return to his land of sun and blue skies? For this place here is definitely strange. You can smell the sea, but they say it is some 200 miles away. If it is to judge by the skies of Aachen, the sea must be as grey as the skies. It is not as cold as winters beyond the Carpathians, but it is humid, and humidity and wind pierce you to the bones. With nostalgia, Borna thinks of his land, his courts and estates at Bijaći, Nin, Field of Blackbirds, and elsewhere, of the great Dalmatian cities, like Zadar which Charlemagne held for a while thanks exactly to Borna and his father. Charlemagne and Višeslav are no more. This Louis, called Pious, is a good ruler, obviously devoted Christian, but also a sharp warrior when needed. Yet he is no Charlemagne.

That Palatine Chapel.

When he led his people into the Holy Baptism Borna was faced among other things with providing, quickly, places of worship. That wise man, who was also a good builder, Gumpertus the Lombard suggested to retain as many sites of old religion as possible, and also to build where Roman ruins would provide building material.



Figure 13. Gumpertus Inscription from Bijaći, ca. 800

At Bijaći, Gumpertus (fig. 13) and his crew built upon a Roman manor the church of St. Martha, dear to Borna's Frankish overlords, and Gumpertus also suggested that there be a tower in front of the church, where Borna can sit and watch the Holy Mass in splendid isolation. At the burial place of the old Slavic princes at the Field of Blackbirds, where the core of the nation greeted the new God, the old burial area was enclosed and covered by a stone roof and thus the old pagan rulers were brought to Christianity. In that porch to which an aisled basilica was attached in the process, dedicated to the Virgin and the holy protomartyr Stephen – just like the Aachen Chapel itself – Borna himself will one day wait for the Resurrection in front of the Lord (fig. 14). Such western annexes, some might call them towers, were also built by local rulers at Koljani, and on a pile of Roman ruins at the foot of the mighty citadel, the seat of the powerful Šubić tribe.



Figure 14. Biskupija, Crkvina, SS. Mary and Stephen, ruins of the Mausoleum of Croatian Rulers, ca. 800 and later

Borna keeps scanning the compact mass of the Chapel. The tower is rectangular and firm, with that large arch framing the balcony with the imperial throne. Borna had been inside and knows that there is a double story ring, holding another throne on the upper story in the west, face to face with a fantastic figure of Christ the Lord in the dome; that there is a square altar area and two square side additions in front of it, treasury and sacristy. It struck him as interesting that the Emperor of the Romans and the King of the Franks would choose a rounded structure as his key temple, as Borna's friend Bishop Donat did in Zadar; or as his forefathers used to do in the old

country when setting up centrally planned sanctuaries of old Gods, albeit without roof. Also, he remembers that in the old country the forefathers used to build half-buried dwellings which had a wooden superstructure, a kind of a tower. And big log halls, called *Trem*, some with tower like excretions, too. The Chapel's sanctuary, small and square, reminds Borna of log cabins his people have built and keep building today, of wooden Christian churches they build in the new country, and stone churches with rectangular apses on the image of the wooden ones. His church at Bijaći is a good example. Small Frankish churches do the same. Borna, an intelligent observer, concludes that the Franks themselves did not entirely forget their own tradition when they became "Romans." He will bear all this in mind when, if, he ever returns home.

Knock, knock...

"Come in the name of the Lord!"

At the entrance Budimir and Čudimir, Borna's most trusted leaders of his praetorian guard, as the Franks have titled them.

"Good morning, our good Lord!"

"My friends!"

"My Good Lord, get ready! One of your most cherished wishes is about to come true."

"Is it possible? Lord Einhard?"

"Yes, My Lord. He will wait for you at the Chapel's entrance in half an hour."

So Einhard is about to give Borna and his choice men a guided tour of the Palatine Chapel of Aachen.

Wrapped in warm furs, and still shaking from the cold and wetness, Borna and his retainers are met by Einhard at the entrance to Charlemagne's chapel. Einhard congratulates Borna, as proper, on his stand at the yesterday's last session of the Diet, expresses his hopes that the weather would improve and Duke and his retinue could leave for warmer climes.

They step inside and Einhard leads the way to the southern staircase tower. In silence, they follow. At the gallery, Einhard takes position between the inner and the outer throne and takes off. He explains how the two thrones are needed so that the Emperor could communicate with his people in the long and narrow, Roman-like atrium outside, and with the Lord of Lords in the dome inside. Above, in a treasury hidden at the top of the tower are the holy relics, protection of the Empire. Below, well hidden within the foundations, is Charlemagne's tomb. This world, the netherworld, the top

of the tree, the dry, golden tree, the holy place, by God, thinks Borna, up there is the seat of Perun the Thunderer, below the tomb, the down under, the world of Veles. And the rounded chapel beyond, the home of the Holy Virgin where once at the waters of the Aquae Mokoš passed her divine days at the loom? He remembers how he was told that the Aquae were used by the pagans, both the Celts who worshipped Grano, and then the Romans; how the Mother of God replaced them all, how the place was cleansed, and then received the cloak, the *capellum* of St. Stephen. He is impressed, by the building and the mosaic, by the bronzes, the carved capitals, but also by Einhard's speech which somehow touches the same chord Borna that keeps echoing in Duke's heart. "The only complete sacred space the north of the Alps." says Einhard, whatever that may mean, and goes on: "Yes, this is the main religious building of the Empire, but do not forget, my valiant friends, also of our Frankish people. And our people and yours, Duke Borna, have much in common. And so it should be forever. I propose that we kneel down at the main altar and address a prayer to Our Lord and His Holy Mother that our friendship and alliance should never cease."

Later, while taking his afternoon break Borna reflects on the morning tour. When, God, when he gets back home he will build himself a church. With a tower and a many cornered rounded aisle, smaller than Charlemagne's but nice, well-proportioned and decorated. He will ask one of Gumpertus' pupils to do it on the ducal property in the Field of Blackbirds, on that high hill overlooking the church of St. Mary and St. Stephen, where Borna himself would be laid at rest...

Muč, before Christmas 888

The logs are gently cracking in the hearth, casting along with the torches lively shadows over the thick walls of the villa. Through the window one can see fat winter stars twinkling on the broad southern sky. It is a few days to Christmas.

Duke (cro. *knez*, i.e. Old English *cynning* – king, thus a title involving regal dignity) Branimir and Duchess (cro. *kneginja*) Maruša, holding hands, gaze into the fire. They are both approaching a very mature age but this does not really show. The Duchess is still famed all over southeastern Europe as the most beautiful ruler's consort. The Prince is also a handsome man, nicely built and strong, and barely balding. Both are very successful specimens of mixture of the blood that has occurred in the country in less than a century. Branimir's mother was a Dalmatian Roman; so also was Maruša's grandmother. Pity they have no one to succeed them. Their two sons had died in a tender age. So the crown will revert to Trpimir's line. But that fellow Muncimir is a good man, dependable, hard working and, for the current duke this is paramount, a good diplomat.

Branimir came to throne through a bloody coup, overthrowing Zdeslav, Trpimir's son who switched the country during the brief period of his rule to the Greeks, a very unpopular move. Since then, the great soldier Branimir never had to lift his sword again. Balancing the Greeks against the weakening Carolingians, he made a brilliant move; he turned to the Pope, and made a sort of alliance which guaranteed Croatia status of an independent country. When he appointed Theodosius Head of the Croatian national church the bishop went to Rome, not to the Frankish Patriarch of Aquileia, to get the pallium. Croatia was free! Thanks to its strength and the strength and diplomatic skills of her ruler she maintained good relationship with both the Franks and Byzantium.

Branimir and Maruša were sophisticated people, as sophisticated as you expect a ruler to be toward the end of the 9th century. As a scion of the collateral branch, a *homo novus* on the throne, Branimir carefully chose the best builders and artists to show his reign in a most favorable light. Now, you may wonder why the Duke would not celebrate Christmas at his fortress in Knin, or in the villa on the Field of Blackbirds, or in Nin, or in Klis, or in any other of his key estates. On Christmas Day, in Muć, Bishop Theodosius would celebrate the first mass in the brand new church of St. Peter, a stone's throw from where the princely couple watches the dancing of the flames.

Knock, knock...

"My Sovereign Lord and Master, there are some of your most faithful subjects to pay respects to your Highness."

"You are more than welcome, my Holy Father. Please come in."

At the entrance Bishop Theodosius and looming behind his energetic frame several shadows in the light of the torches and fire.

They are indeed welcome. Masters Ivan and Peter, Duke's genius stone carver, and his main architect rush in. Duke kisses the Bishop's hand, while the rest kneel down and embrace Duke's knees.

"Up, up my dear friends!"

There is a third man, in half shadow. He is holding a panel supporting something obviously quite heavy and covered by a piece of purple cloth, Claudius, Peter's key assistant. He cannot kneel so he dutifully bows to Prince and Princess.

Ivan was a true strike of luck. Born in Split, of a Dalmatian Roman from an outstanding stone cutter family, and of a Croatian mother, he has been for a decade the master of choice when it came to decorating buildings by Croatian high gentry. He did that wonderful choir-screen when Župan Gastica of Cetina refurbished the church at Koljani (fig. 15). Since then he was known as Ivan of Koljani and he never lacked

job. He has already done a number of fine works for the Duke: the last, yet uncovered, the choir-screen of the church of St. Peter's. Duke has taken a peek and could not stop admiring the skill and refinement Ivan had used carving the bands of complex interlace patterns, a poem to beauty, law and order – the words that mean so much to his lord: or the precision and elegance of the letters naming Branimir as the patron of that act of princely generosity in Muć, at St. Peter's, A.D. 888.

The church itself was a rather small but elegant tetraconch. Here, Branimir believed, Peter, the Architect, really outdid himself. Peter was a Dalmatian, born in Klis into a family of by now mixed blood that had already served Prince Trpimir, the greatest of Branimir's predecessors by building him a church in the fortress of Klis, with a mighty tower in front, a fashion brought from the West by the first Croatian Christian ruler, Prince Bornja, another great predecessor of the current prince. That church also had a beautifully carved choir-screen, naming Rex Trepimerus and Regina Slava, carved by no one else but Gaudentius, Ivan's father.



Figure 15. Master of the Koljani Panel, the Panel from Koljani, late 9th century

The church of Muć, dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles was a modest but perfectly finished affair. And Master Peter rightly applied the form of a quatrefoil knowing that his Prince had never forgotten his Slavic roots. Centrally planned buildings had been used by Pagan Slavs, and the site in Muć, next to a strong well, had been once a sanctuary of the powerful lord of the netherworld, Veles the Snake. Veles was second to Perun, as St. Peter is second to Christ. So it was only natural that the Prince of the Apostles should erase the traces of the pagan god, recalling, at the same time, the worthy albeit pagan past of the Croatian nation and its ruling families.

“Our Most Glorious Prince, Our most serene Lady Maruša, we would like to present you with a gift of promise for the Holy Day we are about to celebrate. Claudius, step forward.”

Claudius lays the heavy burden of the table, and unveils a stone model of a church, an aisled building with three apses and a tall, slightly tapering western tower (figs. 16, 17). It is carefully built from tiny, well-cut pieces of the rock, the roof covered by tiny grey stone slabs.

Enchanted, Branimir and Maruša watch the model of what would be the church of St. Cecilia, the Holy Martyr of Christ and protector of the divine art of Music, in the rulers' villa at the Filed of Blackbirds. Pagan leaders of the people had built there. Over their graves the western annex of the church of St. Mary and Stephen was built to serve as a mausoleum of Croatian Christian princes, Borna being the first among them. Branimir's sons already rest here, and their mother and father will join them one day in their eternal sleep. Borna himself commissioned that unusual church of the Holy Trinity, a polygonal building with a western tower. So Branimir decided to build a church for his own need there, too. And here it is!

Peter the Builder explains: as the Prince desired, it is a spacious building, three parallel aisles, three projecting apses, in the west, as Branimir also asked for, a prominent tower, to show clearly that the church belongs to a prominent person, Leader of the People. Branimir knows well that he is following a Frankish custom. Now that the Frankish sway over Croatia is gone, he may freely use this form to show that his is an independent power. His predecessors were a bit shy about that western *turris*, not Branimir though. He has nothing to be shy about.

“Look my Lord,” and Peter lifts the stone roof, and now one can see that the aisles are covered by stone vaults, an absolute novelty in the large buildings in the country. “Look, My Lord, this church is unique, not only in your principality, but, methinks, anywhere in Christian world. With God's help we have placed stone vaults, like those in the Palace of Emperor Diocletian, over the aisles of your church. With God's help they stayed in place and will do so forever. And in the west, beyond the entrance,” here Peter removes yet another, shorter roof, “there is a gallery, with the thrones for your Highnesses to watch the Holy Mass. When Master Ivan finishes the stone ornament, and Master Stephen the brush-handler from Zadar the paintings, the church will be ready for Your Highness's use; by Easter, that is.”

Branimir looks at his beloved wife, proudly taking in the admiration in her eyes. He has again been up to the task. And his artists! What a happy conjunction of great ideas, enlightened patronage, and capable executors. How lucky that the Dalmatians had not completely forgotten the ancient art of carving and building, adding to it the new ideas of the time and different traditions. The princely couple is pleased: “My friends, we thank you. Your devoted work has been the best Christmas gift we could have ever received.”

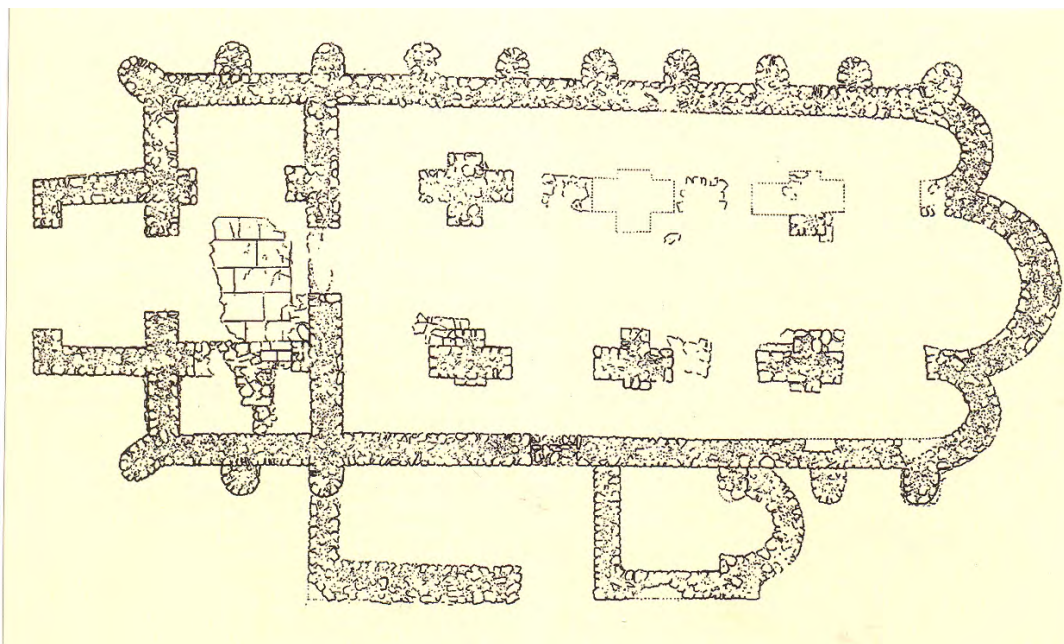


Figure 16. Biskupija, Stupovi, St. Cecilia, ground plan, late 9th century



Figure 17. Biskupija, Stupovi, St. Cecilia, from the air, late 9th century

Between ca. 750 and 850, in the heyday of the Carolingians, there appeared in Western Europe an architectural form so novel and unprecedented that we still cannot definitely determine its models, and its function is still debated. It, however, radically changed the landscape of Europe; or, to put it differently, it was a sign and confirmation of a change that was occurring in Europe as the Carolingian dynasty came to power. But whereas the Carolingians came and were gone, the new form, the westwork, the western *turris*, stayed as a factor of transformation of European art and civilization.

As we have seen in our first historical picture above, Carolingian art was not a unified phenomenon. Scholars have mostly defined the Carolingian art as a revival of classical forms, which is true of such works as the Coronation Gospels mentioned above, or the small equestrian statue of Charlemagne from Metz. However, the other book mentioned above, the Centula Gospels, also tied to imperial workshops, shows a different spirit. A recognizable human figure reappears but it is displayed within a firm decorative frame which heavily influences its pose and form. Thus “Carolingian” as a stylistic category is highly confusing. It is revivalist, but it is also traditionalist in terms of keeping the native barbarian, call it “Pre-Romanesque,” tradition alive. We have to be aware of this distinction and be able to distinguish between the art we may call “Carolingian” (even “Renaissance”) art and the Pre-Romanesque art of the Carolingian times, which does not share those revivalist tendencies. We need to ask ourselves, what is really “Carolingian”, and what “Pre-Romanesque” or, as it was lucidly identified decades ago in 1937, by Paul Zykan as “anti-Carolingian.”

Writing about frescoes at Mals and Naturns, both in South Tyrol, and both datable around 800, Zykan was rightly struck by their stylistic difference, the former representing the “classicist” *renovatio* trend, the latter an abstract, anti-classical style which Zykan related to the art of the Celts and the Irish monks (*Es ist falsch, hier von karolingischer Kunst zu reden, wir haben es mit einer antikarolingischer Kunst zu tun*). Tell me another instance of a medieval church having, as Naturns, on its western interior wall, instead of the *Last Judgment*, fourteen most congenial horny cows, led by a huge German shepherd, and two human shepherds!

Similarly, Mario Brozzi and Amelio Tagliaferri, leading scholars of Langobard art in Italy notice in the Langobard metalwork the persistence of a style *pienamente barbarico e di emanazione strettamente 'longobarda'* which is still *immune della contaminazione carolingia*, i.e., opposed to the *Renovatio Carolingiana*.

In the architecture of the Carolingian time and empire we also encounter essentially three major forms; the westwork, the concept of opposed apses with a western transept (*more romano*), and a monumental rotunda (with models in Ravenna, i.e., eventually Constantinople). On surface this may appear to be a neat classification, but it is not. Again, let us ask ourselves with Paul Zykan, what is really “Carolingian,” and what is “Pre-Romanesque” or “anti-Carolingian.”

If the key theme of the “Carolingian Revival” is harking back, i.e., “reviving” earlier styles – Early Christian, Early Byzantine – then the less innovative forms of Carolingian architecture are truly Carolingian (the monumental rotunda, the basilica with a western transept, or, *more romano* and *more constantinopolitano*, or some of the output of imperial workshops in painting and sculpture of the heart of the Empire). The innovative aspect of the Carolingian architecture, the one which would have a profound impact on the architecture of the next half a millennium, the westwork, the western massif, is in fact “anti-Carolingian,” or at least, “un-Carolingian!” It could hardly be linked to any like form in classical sacred architecture. As Uwe Lobbedey has lucidly demonstrated, the westwork does not seem to have precedents, there are no two major westworks alike, and their function seems to differ from one major building to another. In fact, along with the monumental western façade *turris*, Lobbedey correctly identifies another, much less radical form of a western annex (the *westbau*), often used as a mausoleum, and much less prominent in the silhouette of the building. Or, in plain language, which does not show as much as the westwork proper. This more rudimentary form is exactly what Duke Borna had in mind when reminiscing about the mausoleum in front of the church of SS. Mary and Stephen at the location nowadays known as Crkvina in Biskupija, once the Field of Blackbirds. Or, what we have, in Croatia, in the royal mausoleum at the Island in Solin, where the complex western annex did not stand out from the silhouette of the building at all. However, when Branimir builds the church of St. Cecilia in the Field of Blackbirds, or when Count Gastica of the Cetina County builds a somewhat reduced version of it at Cetina – the still standing church of the Holy Savior – we have a real *turris* (five story!) plus a two story western annex which acts as an obvious modifier to the cultural landscape of the site (fig. 12). Borna was already aware of the fact that the west of the church should be reserved for a person of distinction. Branimir took it over and developed it further in a group of Croatian late 9th century buildings which are today linked to his rule or possibly a little bit later. In making his conclusion, as we have seen, Borna was motivated by his visit to the Palatine Chapel at Aachen. He clearly understood that the forms of the westwork were ruled by the iconography of Charlemagne. I do not question Carol Heitz’s wonderful analysis of the westwork at our friend Angilbert’s foundation at Centula (799) and his conclusions that the westwork is linked to the Holy Sepulcher (call it *more hierosolimitano*), yet the Holy Sepulcher was not a tower but a rotunda. The westwork, as Heitz correctly remarks, is a centralized structure, but what a difference between the *turres* of St. Riquier at Centula and the Early Christian and Early Byzantine rotundas. Thus the most innovative, the most revolutionary aspect of the architecture of the Carolingian period had nothing to do with the idea of *Renovatio*! Again, one is immediately reminded that similar dichotomy rules the painting and sculpture of the Carolingian period – there are obvious *Renovatio* pieces (to repeat, the Coronation Gospels, the Charlemagne from Metz), but even within the art of the Palatine School, the renovational models almost immediately gave way to a more structured, more planar, and more decorative solutions. Is it an accident that to the place with the probably first monumental Carolingian westwork church, St. Riquier at Centula, are also linked the

Centula Gospels? Should we, therefore, now turn our contention about what is Carolingian and what is not upside down? I would dare postulate that the “intellectuals” may have had their visions of what the *renovatio* of classical forms should be but as soon as they turned into reality, the “people” did their best to redirect them toward what the “people” knew best: their own artistic “barbarian” tradition, although already “contaminated” by Carolingian or some other “renovational” trend. Once that “contaminated” art assumes a monumental scale within a monumental architectural framework, the Romanesque will emerge from the Pre-Romanesque.

Does viewing the Carolingian art from its southeastern border in the Eastern Adriatic help us understand it any better? I believe so. First, there is the key question – what is “Pre-Romanesque,” and what is “Carolingian?” Are they the same? Are they parallel phenomena? Related phenomena? This was exactly the key issue of the debate between my respected friend, Xavier Barral i Altet, and myself after my paper at the *Francia Media* gathering in Ghent 2006. Our dialogue lasted about 20 minutes, and I was left with a feeling that it was unfinished. Ever since, I have been thinking about it, fully conscious that I have been missing something, that something in my system of thinking was, to say the least, inconsistent. Having in the meantime considered the concept of “anti-Carolingian,” and having, thanks to the same paid more attention to the issue of the tower, I may now be closer to rectifying what I have been intuitively suspecting to be unfinished in the scheme of things I had been proposing for quite a while.

We should go to the rim lands, primarily in the Mediterranean zone which had retained the tradition of building in durable materials. It was an art world which sought to survive through the *Conversio et evangelizatio barbarorum*; exactly in Croatia, with a very high number and a great variety of buildings of traditional types, one can sense how the new converts were fed old forms along with the new faith and how they enthusiastically accepted them.

On the other hand, the art and architecture of the Carolingians, is explicitly an art of the *Renovatio imperii Romani (Christiani)*. Carolingian architecture revives the idea of the monumental rotunda – a form with somewhat limited future, by building *more romano* it seeks to go back to the Constantinian models of basilican arrangement – but its key idea, the double choirs, would have little reception outside the core of the Imperial lands where it merges with another vision of bi-polar building, the church with a western and eastern tower, and – thirdly, it creates a new basilican form with a powerful western massif, in some cases balanced by a similar grouping at the eastern end of the building. This westwork and eastwork would prove crucial for the future of European architecture. The ultimate triumph of such buildings as St. Riquier at Centula lies in the monumentalization of the two key portions of the building: its entrance facade, literally, its face culminating in the Gothic two story facades, and its heart, the sanctuary where an often multistory eastwerk with a crypt would also culminate in the High Gothic sanctuary which, with its semicircular ambulatory and

contiguous radiating chapels constitutes in fact a semi-rotunda, shimmering with light in front of a pilgrim's eyes as he travels through the lofty, longitudinal nave. The Croatian buildings with the westwork or with the western annex are certainly a document of the presence of Carolingian art forms, but those in fact are not from the *renovatio* circle; they belong to the innovative, bold new trend within the architecture of the Carolingian times, and, in as far as one could conclude from the material at hand, they demonstrate an equal if not even higher degree of boldness in the borderlands than in the center itself.

In one thousand years we have made the trip from the real Jerusalem of Helena and Constantine, a basilica plus rotunda, to a New Jerusalem in the form of a basilica and rotunda/*turris*, and what a trip it was! But this New Jerusalem was not one of the humble, though. It boldly announces itself as a City, a Fortress of the Lord. It will take time and Martin Luther to remind Europe that only the Lord is a fortified city, not pieces of rock or brick piled up by the hands of the sinning mortals. In the meantime, however, the tower, the western massif evidently fired up the imagination of both the Imperial and the borderland princes. It changed the landscape of Europe from a humble horizontal to a bold vertical. Europe had rallied. Under the first Carolingians it managed to defend itself, and even go on an offensive. It gained confidence. Its cultural landscape involved standing on par with the Classical and Christian notables of the past, without forgetting the greats of its native barbarian tradition. In architecturally most interesting frontier areas, Asturias and Croatia (figs. 12, 16, 17), the result was an architecture, hard, massive and powerful; an architecture of early will-to-vault, which in itself led in Asturias to the first inklings of the Romanesque structuralization – relating the interior and the exterior of the building in terms of spaces and surfaces, and interior and exterior supports; and in Croatia to vaulting rather large buildings such as St. Cecilia while staying within the Pre-Romanesque esthetics, as the interior and exterior organization of the building are not conceived as a strict, unified structural system. Branimir's church in the Field of Blackbirds stands as possibly the first large vaulted aisled church of the medieval West. And, not to forget, it also had a westwork.

And then, toward the end of the tenth century, in those same Mediterranean lands, from Dalmatia to Catalonia, there emerged a new art of sturdy buildings in durable materials, in those terms St. Cecilia's progeny (fig. 18), but also experimenting both with vaulting and decorating of external faces of the walls – the First Romanesque of the Mediterranean circle, a development apparently populist, harsh, and rustic, but at the same time a laboratory of improved building techniques and growing realization that the interior and exterior are two sides of the same coin, as it was clearly stated by a select few among the most accomplished First Romanesque buildings.

The First Romanesque swiped away the entire world of traditional forms. It, in fact, returns to the simplicity of the basilican scheme, *more romano*, but within that scheme it creates a new structure as well as a new, structure-linked decor. It does not

need westworks, but it needs a vertical – and so the “Lombard” campanile makes its triumphal appearance.



Figure 18. Cruas, a “First Romanesque” church

Meanwhile in the north, within the core Imperial lands, the imperial architects have started to boldly experiment with combinations of large, powerful, clearly defined geometric units of mass and space, and applied this type of analytical thinking also to the ground plans, sketching out, by a system of alternating supports, the first lines of the bay system; not yet fully applied to the elevation of the buildings or reflected on the facades. As the two trends merged under the aegis of both the Reform and the Imperium, at the spot where such a merger was most likely to happen, that area beyond the Alps but also open to the Mediterranean, in an environment defined by a great reformer of imperial lineage – St. Hugh – the birth of the Mature Romanesque was celebrated by the Cluny III. The landscape of Europe, which underwent the first major change within the structure of the Carolingian church building, was completed.

In doing so architecture became one of the stronger voices of a new, confident Europe determined to take command of its destiny. The new Fortress of God in the form of a Romanesque church is its visual correlative. It does not plead for a *conversio*, it does not promote a *renovatio* – although it might pay a lip service to both; it announces new themes of *peregrinatio*, of *transitus*, of a new expansion which may be spiritual but is also very much physical and material occurring in the real, palpable space and

time. Architecture was able to “reform” itself exactly thanks to tradition. In case of figured arts, especially of sculpture, there was little tradition to speak of. Monumental, figured, architectural sculpture practically disappeared with Early Christianity. Thus, in my opinion, sculpture is indeed the area which was most open to the other tradition, of the new nations. What they had done in wood, metal, bone, or textiles, they enthusiastically applied to their church decor once the last practitioners, *decoreurs*, of the ancient stonecutting tradition taught them the basics of the trade. There was physically no room for monumental sculpture on the walls of either Carolingian, Pre-Romanesque or First Romanesque buildings, as our friend, the Master of the Koljani Choir-Screen (fig. 15), fully demonstrated in his supreme interior decoration work. Areas where more of the ancient tradition seems to have survived, such as the art of stucco, were reserved for interiors and church furniture. In monumental sculpture there were apparently fewer “Greeks” which could touch off such developments as the Coronation Gospels or the Castelseprio wall-paintings Paul the Deacon bragged to Charlemagne about.

However, the omnipresent art of interlace sculpture played a very important role. It set up some key decorative parameters of clarity of composition, of rhythmical patterns, of cooperation with architectural forms. Again, our Master from Koljani working for Duke Branimir is a shining example (fig. 15). Once the figure was reinvented the rules applied to interlace reliefs regulated the position of sculpture within an architecture which with its new sense of space and volume was ready to accommodate it. No wonder some great Romanesque sculpture complexes look like giant fibulae or reliquaries!

Painting as the key figured and narrative art of Early Christianity certainly had retained more of the ancient splendor. But even there we noticed how quickly revivalist attempts dissolve into flattening of forms, reduction of space and inscribing of silhouetted figures within a predetermined system of decorative order. The figure itself becomes subject to geometric logic. It is decomposed into ever simpler geometric forms, which, this analysis having been accomplished, are put together much in the same way synthetic cubism would do it almost one thousand years later. Such a development was extremely suitable for large expanses of unbroken Romanesque walls, in particular of the First Romanesque Art, as San Clemente at Tahull or St. Foška at Peroj in Istria amply testify (fig. 19).

The westwork did not have precedents, but it did not fall down from the sky either. It was a politically correct form invented in an atmosphere of a more confident Europe of the early Carolingians reasserting its key traditional values – of the Empire and Christianity. Those values were shared by the elite and the people alike; they in fact represented survival, so the *turris* would have had the same meaning for all. A politically correct product of common policy, it primarily advertised the key figures of the system – the Emperor and Christ, guarantors of order and stability. Seeing a *turris* standing boldly in the landscape insured exactly that, reinforcing the spirit that

had created it (fig. 12). After a temporary setback in the tenth century, the art would play a similar role in the new reassertion of Europe in the course of the 11th, and the formation of a monumental style of that new, fully confident Europe of the “Renaissance of the 12th century.”



Figure 19. Peroj (Istria), St. Foška, *Christ in Glory*, ca. 1100

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IV. Medieval Sculpture as a Public Medium

“The Church Art has finally made it possible even for the illiterate to understand the Holy Scriptures.”

Xavier Barral i Altet, *Protiv romanike?* (Zagreb, 2009).

The Sun is leaning west. Soon they will bring in the torches. At the table, behind a Romanesque bifora on the top story of the City Hall, Bishop Treguanus bends over a slab of white marble bearing a drawing in some kind of reddish chalk. The drawing is both extremely precise and wonderfully free, briefly a work of a master. It shows a portal, a round headed lunette, two vousoir arches, decorated jambs with silhouettes of two figures standing on mighty lions.

Bishop Treguanus, in his late fifties, has been the Bishop of Trogir for 32 years, since 1206. Born in Florence he was appointed to his seat while still in his twenties. Born in Florence he is a learned and sophisticated man, and, of course, very pious; and very dedicated to the Arts. In spite of the endless wars with Split, he has kept his Church in good order. But this is why the other man is here.

As opposed to the medium height, dark and solid Treguanus, a Mediterranean, the other man is taller, rather lean, and blond. A Northerner, a Croatian Slav, with a long blond hair and beard, the light color hiding the copious grey, maybe a year or two the Bishop's senior.

“Master Radovan, I do approve! Yes, you have fully understood my wishes. You had listened to the Spirit, and translated it very successfully and cleverly into images. Even an illiterate could understand the message of the holy pictures. I approve even of the inscription, although it is a bit short on Christian humility; but then, my friend, you *are* the best as you claim to be... I take off my hat to you, Master Radovan.” And he smiles: “You are the answer to my prayers.”

The artist is pleased and he does not care if it shows. He has been around the world. He was a member of great workshops, worked with distinguished practitioners of the trade, Parma, Chartres, Venice. Now he is finally... home?

“Your Eminence, we just try to please. Thank you.”

The Bishop leans closer to the slab.

“You have been absent from this land from the times before my arrival from the City of Flowers; when Archbishop Bernard from Perugia of the blessed memory led the See of Split, my great sponsor and teacher. I will always gratefully pray for the peace of his soul.”

Archbishop Bernard died in 1218. He had little peace in his life.

“It is so strange, so wrong. This country is beautiful, look at the sun, the sea, and the blue skies. It is rich in wine, oil, grain. The seas are brimming with fish of the best kind. Men are handsome and brave, women beautiful and tender. Yet...”, and the Bishop almost touches the lunette in the center of the drawing.

Radovan looks quietly in front of himself. He has heard that complaint, in fact from the first day a year ago when he was ushered, in Venice, into Treguanus’ presence.



Figure 20. Split, Cathedral, Wooden Doors by Andrija Buvina, 1214

“You see, my dear Master, we are besieged. You would not say so, but we are. For decades the venom of heresy, the Manicheans, some would call them Patarens, or Cathars, has been gnawing at the core of the faith of the good people of this country, subverting some, misleading others, robbing churches, lowering their income by misguiding the faithful. Archbishop Bernard of Split of the blessed memory fought them word and sword. He sponsored missions to Bosnia which had become the hotbed of the lie. Wrote learned treatises. And, as one of the finest moves, in 1214 he ordered a renowned Spalatine painter and carver, Andrea Buvina (fig. 20), to make huge walnut wood doors for the Cathedral of Split, herself once a Synagogue of Satan having been the mausoleum of one of the worst pagan emperors, the evil Diocletian. And on those panels, Buvina has depicted the life of Christ, from the Annunciation, through His Birth, His Youth, the Public Life, the Passion, and the Resurrection. And

he did it so following the learned Bishop's orders emphasizing the teaching of the True Faith, the closeness of Christ and His Mother, His both divine and human natures, his Holy Miracles, His True Passion on the Cross and His death as a Man, His Resurrection in body... And people watched, understood, and believed. I want you, Master, to do it in Trogir..."

Radovan has seen Buvina's Doors. Indeed, Treguanus was right, Master Andrea did a good PR job for the Mother Church inasmuch as it was possible by using such a limited medium as woodcarving, entailing flat relief, traditional formal and iconographic models, and a pre-set compositional patterns. Now, he, Radovan, would... He did not rub elbows with the great Benedetto in Parma for nothing. Yes, Parma, in the days of Radovan's early youth when Benedetto was sketching the portal for the Cathedral and collecting sculptures for it while also building the Baptistry. Long time ago, shortly before 1200. And when Benedetto learned that Radovan was from Dalmatia, he asked him about that Mausoleum of Diocletian, and Radovan drew it, and Benedetto decided that some of its features may be a good enhancement to his own rather traditionalist design. He commissioned Radovan to do a number of figures for the portal, and a few capitals for the cathedral. He was satisfied but considered them somewhat stiff, in the Greek manner. That hand on the right shoulder of the Virgin in the Annunciation. He said: "Like me, my young friend, you would profit by seeing the Royal France. Go there as soon as you can. They need good hands by thousands!"

The Bishop now leans even closer over the sketch.

"That lunette... What a nice way to tell the story. Where did you get the model?"

"I didn't, Your Eminence. It is unique (fig. 21). It is my own idea after meditating on His Holy Birth. There is none like that, I vouch. Although, the principle of the central compositional axis is nowadays used in the Royal France whenever one needs to pass an important message loud and clear. A good compositional principle, I dare say."

Treguanus had seen the world, too. In Parma he saw the baptistry, almost complete, and the Cathedral, still without the portal, the sculpture for it piled up and waiting inside the baptistry. He had not been to France, but Venice was where he met Radovan and persuaded him to come to Trogir after seeing the work of his and his workshop at the central entrance way of St. Mark's. Radovan was somewhat shy, said that the Venetian work is not his best, that he had a few new hands that did not blend in well, but Treguanus was convinced that he had found his master. An artist who could tell the story, clearly, in nicely delineated forms, in a vocabulary people in the Adriatic understood. Fresh but not radically new for novelty's sake as some of those French trained artists were. But here, at home – Treguanus knew that Radovan was a Croat, presumably from Dalmatia, but Radovan never discussed his lineage – Radovan went far beyond Venice, at least in these preparatory drawings.

“You see, Your Eminence, the design of the portal follows Benedetto’s design for the portal at Parma. My *Annunciation*, like there, should be at the foot of the inner arch, the angels, too. But for the lunette I had different models. Not in composition, no, Sir, but in the way how to convey the idea. In Chartres, where there is an old, today wonderfully rebuilt Cathedral of the Holy Virgin, a few truly great artist did the triple portal, called Royal, at the western end. This was done a hundred years ago, and yet to me it appears more impressive that the huge triple portals added to the transepts over last 30 years...”

“You have seen them? Did you also...?”

Radovan hesitates: “Well, I do not quite care for this new art of pointed arches and skinny structures making your neck stiff from watching upwards. Too many figures, too many flowers, one works too fast, mechanically... I do not care very much for it.”



Figure 21. Trogir, Cathedral, Radovan’s Portal, lunette, 1240

The lunette is fantastically simple and clear. The Holy Virgin reclines on a bed within a box, just like in the French play of the Nativity they showed in Trogir a few years ago. The Holy Child rest in a bread basket sitting on top of the box, licked by the Ox and the Donkey, *Ego sum panis vivus, qui de coelo descendi*, as the Holy Pope Gregory the Great wrote. A learned chap, that Radovan, although Master Buvina had done the same. At the top of the arch, a star is leading the Three Wise Kings to the Holy Manger. Underneath the bed a bit to the right two powerful midwives push an

athletic little boy into the chalice representing the bath. To the left, Joseph communicates to a powerful angel with flowers in his hair.

Treguanus feels the power of the image, of its strong yet not mechanically devised central axis. It says clearly: Christ is born of a woman Mary. He is both God and Man. He sanctified the water of Baptism, washed off the sins of the World, as it says on the inscriptions Radovan placed within the lunette. In the middle, on the first voussour arch Radovan has placed an *Adoration of the Magi*, another Mother and Son centered scene, and at the top of the outer one, a *Crucifixion*, summing up the entire story. All this rebuts heretical teachings. Bravo! In a flash, the Bishop imagines the sermon he would give at the unveiling of the portal.

Then, on the right side of the lunette the Wise Man ride in, along the surface of the field, pointing to the star and invited by the gesture of an angel also pointing to the star. On the left, shepherds and their flock rejoice in good news. Look at the rams lustily crossing their horns in celebration of the Birth of Our Lord. The figures and their actions are clear. Yet there is no crowding, no nervous activity of the French style (fig. 21). Treguanus with nostalgia thinks of his Tuscan hills, of the stern and strong Etruscan and Roman figures, of his contemporary Tuscan artists striving to learn from the old Classical harmony and balance. Radovan has achieved what he wanted. He threw a glove to the Cathars, he reinforced the belief in the Holy Faith and its key dogmas, and yet he did it with such dignity, such ease, such – here the proto-Renaissance Treguanus cannot but use the word – such beauty. Yes, the Spirit Treguanus hoped to invoke has descended upon Radovan's hand!

The doors open and the torches come in, and along with them Count Stjepko Šubić, the Rector of the City. He kisses the prelate's hand, puts his own on Radovan's shoulder.

“My good man, our Holy Father the Bishop told me that he is satisfied. So am I! Let us get down to work, to have it ready by 1240 as we will state on the lintel. You and your team will receive everything we have agreed to in our contract, and your well-deserved salary would be paid in full and in a timely manner.”

Let us skip several centuries.

In the fall of 1969 I enrolled in the doctoral program at Cornell. On June 1972, in what is probably still the record time, I defended my doctoral thesis, *Pre-Romanesque and Early Romanesque Architecture in Croatia*. While the thesis was being typed (it was the pre-computer age of electric typewriters) to be submitted for scrutiny to the Thesis Secretary, for the first time in three years I had leisure to look around and maybe do something for myself.

As “doing something for myself” had already come to mean “doing something in Art History which is not a required everyday chore,” I went to Dr. Robert Calkins, my advisor, to quiz him a little about my next steps in the world of the American Academe. I had noticed a year or two ago while leafing at the Fine Arts Library through Geza de Francovich’s monumental monograph of Benedetto Antelami an *Annunciation* from the baptistery of Parma, in which the Virgin’s hand grows in a strikingly awkward manner from her right shoulder. De Francovich identified the reliefs as works of an individual sculptor adding to them another relief, of an angel. The same funny hand appeared in the Virgin in the Annunciation at Radovan’s Portal at Trogir.

I wondered what my critical Mr. Calkins would say, but he rather quickly agreed. Of course, as we turned the pages of Fisković’s monograph on Radovan, Calkins noticed the lunette. He was electrified: “Hey, you may have something here...,” and then he added in a much cooler tone, “Read Katzenellenbogen’s book on the sculptural programs of Chartres Cathedral.”

Calkins’ proposal held little interest. Judging by the name of the author it would be another boring, sickly pedantic Germanic nuisance. Yet, I obediently went to the Library, and checked the book out. I opened it, started to read, and could not put it down!

In his brilliant analysis of the Lunette of the Nativity, as it is well-known, Katzenellenbogen explained the unusual program with the seven Liberal Arts and their practitioners surrounding the image of the Virgin and the Child (*Sedes Sapientiae*), as a grand poster in stone refuting the tenets of dualist heretics. The axial organization (Katzenellenbogen never lost sight of the key role of the formal aspects of the work) with Christ and His Mother appearing three times, on three levels, in the central axis, was worked out probably in cooperation between the artist and the learned patron, some among the great minds of the School of Chartres. The form and meaning together made the greatest truths of Christian faith visually manifest and *public*. The Spirit was publicly revealed in strikingly fresh, new forms. Starting there, the reading of the rest of the sculpture of the three portals in the same vein was relatively easy.

With both Katzenellenbogen and Radovan under my arm I ran back to Calkins a few days later. Yes, in Trogir Christ was represented four times in, or very close to, the central axis, twice in the lunette: in the *Nativity* with his Mother, and in the *Washing of the Child*, then in an *Adoration of the Magi* (in his Mother’s lap, a profile *Sedes Sapientiae*) on the inner archivolt, moved off center when the arch was enlarged. Moreover, there is a *Crucifixion* at the apex of the outer arch added by already Gothic master decades later. Calkins was noticeably excited. “Adi,” he said, “now you should put it into a conference paper.” And so he told me about Kalamazoo. “An excellent spot to give your first paper,” he said. “I did mine there, too.”

In the early seventies the *Conference of Medieval Studies* at Kalamazoo was a rather poorly known but quietly growing thing. Calkins gave me the name and the address of John Sommerfeldt, then Director of the Medieval Institute at the Western Michigan University at Kalamazoo, taught me how to write a paper proposal, and off it went to that strange medievalist haven with an American Indian name. Few weeks later a letter came from Kalamazoo. My paper was accepted.

Around May 1, 1973, I delivered to a group of some 25 people my first conference paper ever *Master Radovan and the Lunette of Nativity at Trogir*, and a few months later I received an invitation to submit the paper for publication. I duly did so, and my first “public medium” paper appeared in the *Studies in Medieval Culture* 8-9 (1976). I still see it as one of my best papers, and the cornerstone of everything else I have done on the topic between 1972 and today. For me, it solved the problem. Everything else was just widening and deepening the idea.

There are a few more things that this first paper brought about. As I needed photos of the Parma sculptures for publication of the article, I wrote to Professor Quintavalle. A few weeks later I received them with a very kind note. And in a due course I also received an invitation to speak at Quintavalle’s first great *Convegno* in Parma, *Romanico Mediopadano, strada, città, ecclesia* in 1977. In Parma, I was stunned that Quintavalle and his associates welcomed my ideas about Radovan’s activity in Parma (by then I had ascribed the above mentioned three pieces directly to Radovan). There was also an unexpected number of papers dealing with the issue of the “public” impact of the Romanesque facade sculpture, mostly within the context of anti-heretical propaganda, and also one, by Professor Christine Verzar Bornstein, dedicated to the Investiture Contest. Speaking on the topic of the Romanesque Sculpture in Croatia, I applied, in a preliminary way, my ideas to Buvina’s Doors of Split Cathedral (fig. 20), as well as to the great *Annunciation* panel (fig. 22), today built into the tower of the same Cathedral. Briefly, having returned with a lot of good feeling, I proposed a paper for a session that Professor William Clark, also a young scholar, from New York, organized for the College Art Association in 1978. The session was unusual. Bill invited a number of younger scholars to present, in five minute mini-papers, the gist of their scholarly work. The title of my contribution was almost as long as the paper itself: *Art as Human Experience: Remarks on the Rise of Monumental Style in the Middle Ages*, which now, as well as then, should provide an opportunity to present the gist of my thinking.

I want to make it abundantly clear that I do not pretend to have discovered anything new. I own the concept to Adolf Katzenellenbogen; not just for the heresy issue, but also for the Crusades as my thinking was again deeply influenced by the great scholar’s discussion of the tympanum of St. Madeleine at Vézeley in the context of pro-Crusading propaganda. I just applied the method to some rather poorly known artists and works in Southeastern Europe, and it seems to have worked. The Crusades loomed as another great topic of that “monumental style;” and the third, the

Investiture Contest, we just mentioned above. As I kept studying the matter, I kept discovering, in addition to the materials discussed by Katzenellenbogen, contributions on a series of important “monumental style” achievements. On heresy at Beaulieu-sur-Dordogne, attacking specifically tenets of the Petrobrusian heretics of Southern France; again on heresy at Leon, and St. Gilles-du-Gard – both also promoting the idea of the Crusade. The Crusade is also the key point at Verona and Ferrara, both works by Niccolò; arch-Crusaders, Charlemagne’s paladins Roland and Oliver are shown at Verona, while Wiligelmo’s reliefs nowadays on the façade of the Cathedral of Modena, celebrate at the same time the struggle against heresy and the activity of the anti-imperialist camp in the Investiture struggle.



Figure 22. Split, Cathedral Tower, *Annunciation*, ca. 1240

In the Adriatic I applied what I have learned studying the Trogir portal to Buvina’s Doors (fig. 20) and the *Annunciation* panel (fig. 22) on the tower of Split. All those great works of sculpture were conceived in support of some great controversy. Now I had to explain to myself why at that moment there seems to have been a grand alliance between intelligent and involved patrons, intelligent and creative artists, and a public which had to be informed, educated, and, yes, manipulated in order to find the right stance on the key issues of the time.

At Cornell I was asked by Calkins as my advisor to take a minor in Medieval History and I took two basic courses, to Early and to Later Middle Ages. The courses were taught by two great scholars, James Powell and Brian Tierney, who was at that time,

and probably in general, interested in a concept I had never heard about, “The Renaissance of the 12th Century,” developed in the nineteen twenties by the American historian, Charles H. Haskins. In a nice interdisciplinary way and without claiming omniscience, Haskins has demonstrated that around the year 1100 Europe embarked upon a period of vigorous and sustained growth in practically every aspect of human life and endeavor. In addition to valuable factual insights, Haskins sensed and successfully painted something else – an image of an antithetical time, of clashes and controversies, as opposed to internally rather placidly uniform society of the Early Middle Ages, in which there was no dissent, no heresy to speak of. The Early Middle Ages could not afford the luxury. They had their hands full trying to survive by taming, evangelizing, and converting the barbarians, and later on, new waves of invaders.

The High Middle Ages were a different story. We know today that the 11th and the 12th centuries were in terms of climate one of the best periods of European history with an increased number of sunny days; we know that the post-Carolingian time saw an increased planting of beans and related legumes accounting also for protein and longer life expectancy. Longer life meant more people, more people a need for more land, which in itself meant that Europe went on a conquest, both internally by clearing woods and drying up marshes, and externally – by liberating parts of the West occupied by the Muslims or the Greeks, and by pushing the borders further east and north along with an intensified conversion of the Slavs, Norsemen, Balts, and their neighbors. No doubt that the early medieval theme of the Fortress of God, the City of God continued along with the just mentioned evangelization, but Haskins has also demonstrated the confrontational nature of the time: Christian versus Infidel, Pope versus Emperor, Orthodoxy against Heterodoxy, Colonists against Nature, Us against Them. The time of Abelard and Héloïse, St. Hugh and Suger, Guillaume Neuf and St. Bernard, a time of *Sic et Non*. And yet, as it should be with the opposites, they complement each other, from antithesis to synthesis; as also noted by Haskins as well as by both his followers and detractors, to culminate in a dilemma over the greatest pair of opposites: body and soul, spirit and matter, Heaven and Earth, building gradually an awareness that the material world has also been created by God and thus could not be all that evil, as brilliantly grasped by the greatest dissenter of the period, St. Francis.

The new society of *Sic et Non* required an increased level of public information. This information had to be couched in a language understood by those addressed. It was the language of the spoken word (sermon, Treguanus), and of the graven image (Radovan, Buvina). The latter had an advantage of permanency. As the relief of its facades grew, the building physically gained room to accommodate the story. This building had already linked together the two worlds, of the interior and exterior, soul and body, both in terms of architectural practice and architectural vision. To announce a message loud and clear, *urbi et orbi*, the painted walls of the interior would not have sufficed any more. They, as well as any other interior decor, could be a useful

complement, a memento to the congregation of the faithful, but on the facades, under the light of the day, the image spoke to the Universe. Concentrated around the entranceways, impossible to miss or disregard, it proclaimed, loud and clear, messages important to the patron and his spiritual and physical entourage. In some cases, it spoke in the same tone from some select points in the interior – the altar frontal (the *Annunciation* of Split, in its original position) or choir screen (Wiligelmo at Modena). Always couched in the established language of the faith, these images are among themselves still strikingly different. It is not unlikely that the passage from Early Romanesque to Early Gothic happened in little more than half a century as the patrons wanted, or were forced by developments, to keep asking for new and specific solutions. Our Adriatic participants, Buvina and Radovan, appeared at a tail end of the period, as the Renaissance of the 12th century made its belated appearance in Eastern Central and Southeastern Europe. Radovan, an epic bard represents the glorious end of the Romanesque art in Europe, and the conclusion to the monumental, epic style.

As Treguanus and Radovan have told us themselves, the image was to be used for PR purposes to teach the masses what is politically correct. We have lists of errors of Bosnian heretics, applicable to their co-travelers in Dalmatia from 1375 and 1461, which albeit late are fully reflected in Buvina's and Radovan's visual efforts. Approached with this in mind the programs acquire a new meaning, that of a public reaffirmation of official beliefs and a public rebuttal of heretical teachings. In order to discuss the scenes from this point of view we have to familiarize ourselves with what the official church believed to have been the tenets of the heretics in the neighboring Bosnia, tenets not so much different from those maintained by the heretics in France, Italy and elsewhere. In addition to the basic belief in two powers, the God of Good and the God of Evil, the following "errors" or groups of "errors" have been especially emphasized by the official church writers:

1. The heretics reject the Incarnation and the dual nature of Christ.
2. They reject Christ's earthly activity as a mere illusion, and, consequently, deny the possibility of Salvation through the Passion of Christ.
3. They reject the material Baptism by water and call St. John the Baptist the darkest devil in hell.
4. They reject the Eucharist, church building, church rituals and liturgical objects.
5. They do not believe in the Resurrection.
6. They reject the Old Testament as a creation of the God of Darkness.
7. They reject the authority of the Church of Rome.

Knowing this the patrons would instruct the artists of their needs. The artists, as Radovan told Treguanus, were ready to please. The public, itself passionately involved in the issues which deeply cut into their everyday life and well-being, was ready to fervently respond, hopefully in the way the patrons themselves wanted.

The art of the 12th and the 13th century was undoubtedly heavily influenced and programmed by theologians, but it also shows, in our opinion, a remarkable sensitivity for the living historical actuality, and a capacity to react to, comment on, and promote such major political issues as the fight against the Infidel and the struggle against heresy. This felicitous conjunction of circumstances provided not only powerful propaganda but also great art. What follows is an update of the summary to my paper at a Conference on the Art, Artists and Art Production organized by Xavier Barral i Altet at Rennes in 1983 (published in 1990), i.e., we have attributed to the high medieval image the power going beyond that of mere instruction. We have claimed together with the authors of the selected studies that this image had the power to move, to direct, to lead into action. That it could be a tool and a weapon of an intense “secular” propaganda. But does this image conceived and designed by a learned theologian and executed by an artist using generalized, abbreviated forms, stands any chance of reaching but a chosen few? I believe it did. The illiterate of the Middle Ages was neither an ignoramus nor was he lacking interest in theological controversy, which, on the everyday, personal level, involved finding one's own path to a good end. The well-designed and executed image held a magnetic attraction that could make its dream world visible and palpable. This could be done by image and image alone. It was PR but also the incorporation of Spirit, and so it could not but touch the spirit of the public. And, finally the image was not alone, but constantly used, interpreted and misinterpreted by more or less intelligent preachers and sermons, this verbal aspect of the medieval propaganda, in itself also both “religious” and “secular”. Is Pope Urban's speech at Clermont-Ferrand launching the First Crusade after all a call for a spiritual mission or a terrestrial conquest? It was heard and reported by the contemporaries as both a promise of eternal reward, and of the land of milk and honey. Sermons which are but a fleeting word, tossed out short-lived over the heads of the public, echoed by the walls and carried away by drafts often leaving no record, an art of which only a select few were written down and preserved and most likely in this process edited, embellished, corrupted. Indeed a careful reading of images may recreate the echoes of words uttered and spent long ago. Visual and verbal elements, the image (or gesture) and the spoken word are closely related in medieval performed poetry (both lyric and epic), in drama, in liturgy. Is it hard to see how a sermon could give rise to a particular image and how, in its turn, an image, once completed, could inspire a verbal address? Or, aren't we back to the seer in front of the peak (“See that mountain...”) then naming the peak and dancing to excite the crowd about his discovery. For the process (“See that picture...”) was remarkably similar, and for that reason successful. The priest told the artist what he wanted, the artist, himself a member of the passionate public embodied the inert matter with the Spirit, individualized and articulated through his own. Did

you notice how all the great programs of ca. 1100 – 1250 are different!? The artist then executed his design giving the chance to the seer to stand in front of the image and divulge to his public the spirit it contained.

It is not incidental, in our opinion that the major change in the public nature of the medieval image coincides with one of the greatest turning points in the history of the West, around the year 1100. In the static early medieval world figured imagery is rare in monumental art. It is restricted to the world of minor arts as an object of study, edification, and enjoyment of the chosen few, the *Litterati*, the elite. Monumental art is dominated by non-figured sculpture and if the figure appears as it does in stucco, wall painting or tapestry, it is restricted to the interior of the building. In this the early Middle Ages fall in line with the early Christian practice of using the image for Christian message but displaying it only to the elect and the initiated. The apprehension of the early Christians against the corporeal art of sculpture deprived them of the medium best suited for exterior, public communication so intensely practiced by western pre-Christian traditions.

As the great events, crises and changes of the late eleventh century shook the static early medieval society, as they lured the Westerners out of their dens and into an open confrontation with the world and its powers at home and abroad, as the new intellectual and emotional horizons were forcefully opened, so was the image shaken out of its protective cocoon of precious object treasures and the dim womb of the mother church, and stepped boldly out, onto the facade. It concentrated around the entrances so it could not be missed. It was displayed under natural light so it was easily readable. It packed within a relatively small area very compact meaning. As opposed to this the images in the interior suffer from inadequate light or size. They present their messages in a less compact or less continuous way. The only area which can focus attention to the degree comparable to the force of a sculpted portal is the altar space, and even here the attention is split between the walls (paintings, hangings), windows (stained glass), architectural elements (narrative capitals) and the space itself (church furniture, liturgical objects).

The crisis and the more diversified society which resulted from it needed better and more sophisticated means of communication to help the members of the society orient themselves within the new order of things, and adjust to the new complexities of life. The public media, image and spoken word acquire a new, increased value as means of communication. The East Adriatic examples dating from the first half of the thirteenth century are not an exception but a confirmation to the rule. This peripheral area catches up with the rest of the West around 1200 as it experiences an economic boom and the growth of city communes with concomitant rise of dissent and heresy.

In our opinion it is fair to say that the monumental public sculpture as the epitome of the public aspect of the image came into being around 1100 because it was needed. At the point in history when the West consciously confronted its political and ideological adversaries, the sculpture, and the image in general formed a part of a large publicity

campaign to which equally belong brilliant verbal harangues of Urban II, Robert of Abrissel, or Bernard of Clairvaux, or the polemical treatises of Peter the Venerable. The image focused the attention of the masses on what they were meant to see and hear and in this aspect the image was as blind and as passionate as any political campaign.

Combined with the word of the preacher, supported by robust and expressive architecture, the image was certainly the Bible of the Poor but beyond that it was also meant to carry the weight of a Political Manifesto. While this is in no way an attempt to question or downscale the impact of theology and theological thinking in the process of creation of the medieval image, or its ultimate religious and theological justification, it must be repeated that any attempt to rigidly separate the sacred and the secular in the Middle Ages misses the point, and that medieval theology could be as political as any ideology at any time.

I strongly believe in the basic validity of a method seeking to place “religious art” and “theology” within the realities of their time. If we refuse to interpret the works of art, which are, to recall the wise words of Ernest Kitzinger among the best witnesses and records of the intangibles of history, we are bound to remain on the superficial academic level of deciphering iconography and describing forms.

An in-depth attempt to penetrate the secrets posed by a work of art, taking into consideration the environment that inspired it, the goals of the designer, and the preparedness and expectations of the public will, in turn, shed more light upon and contribute to the better understanding of the historic context itself. In other words, of people themselves, since it is, after all, the people who create history.

A lively discussion followed my presentation in Rennes, centering, as always, on skepticism about what the people of the time could or did see. The discussion was neatly summarized by the great scholar, Professor Hans Belting, in his concluding remark of the debate. I quote: “This question seems very simple in fact. The programs are meant for mass communication but they are invented by specialists, professionals.”

Or, to repeat, from the patron (or the seer and his political counterpart) to the artist, to the Spirit, to the Work, back to the seer addressing the public, the public taking action – stepping themselves into the arena of the great struggle of Good and Evil, God and Devil, Us and Them. I reiterate, the artist conveys the Spirit, not the story. His success is reflected in how much the public is able to experience the Spirit. The success of the “monumental style” in the Middle Ages may lie in a rarely consistent overlap of the spiritualities of those who order, those who make, and those who experience. Let this happy union of great patrons, great artists and an eager public provide an example that art may serve as propaganda, be partisan and politically correct, and yet remain the emanation of the Spirit, of the dreams, expectations and hopes of the people of its time.

References, Addenda, Additional Illustrations

On the “Monumental Style” and the Romanesque and Early Gothic Sculpture:

The issue of the “Monumental Style” has been dealt with under exactly that title in the second part of my book *Four Centuries of European Art 800-1200. A View from Southeast*, Zagreb 2010. A summary of the topic with comprehensive bibliography can be found in the footnotes of my contribution to the Symposium at Rennes: „Art and Politics in High Middle Ages – Heresy, Investiture Struggle, Crusades,” in: *L’art et artistes au Moyen-Age*, Conference Proceedings Rennes 1983., vol. 3, Paris 1990, 525-545. For a classic insight into Romanesque sculpture with rich illustrations see Arthur K. Porter, *Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Roads*, vol. 10, Boston 1923. For a contemporary view of the Romanesque: Xavier Barral i Altet, *Protiv Romanike?*, Zagreb 2009. On Italian Romanesque sculpture with rich illustrations see Geza de Francovich, *Benedetto Antelami*, Milano 1952.

Buvina, Radovan and their circle:

Cvito Fisković, *Radovan*, Zagreb 1965;

Ljubo Karaman, *Andrija Buvina*, Zagreb 1960;

Josip Belamarić, *Studije iz srednjovjekovne i renesansne umjetnosti na Jadranu*, Split 2001.

For the use of Romanesque art in propaganda:

Adolf Katzenellenbogen, *Sculptural Programs of Chartres Cathedral*, New York 1964. and „The Central Tympanum at Vézelay,” *Art Bulletin* 26 (1944): 141-151.

On a more general level:

Ernst Kitzinger, “The Gregorian Reform and the Visual Arts: A problem of Method,” *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society* V/22 (1972): 87-102.

Specifically in Croatia:

Vladimir Gvozdanović, „The Lunette of the Nativity at Trogir,” *Studies in Medieval Culture* 8-9 (1976): 85-98.

Vladimir Gvozdanović, „Split Cathedral’s Wooden Doors,” *Commentari* 28 (1978): 47-62.

Vladimir P. Goss, „The Altar – Relief of the Annunciation on the Tower of Split Cathedral,” *Hortus artium medievalium* 11 (2005): 251-254.

V. Rural Romanesque and the United Europe

I got interested in what I was to learn was “Rural Romanesque” in the late sixties, when my mother, Professor Sena Gvozdanović-Sekulić, distinguished architecture historian, decided to restudy and make first modern measured drawings of the “Sirmium Group.” It was an appealing, even adventurous project, as it involved research in the Autonomous Province of Vojvodina, a part of Serbia, and any crossing of the Yugoslav Republics borders to study historical monuments was if not exactly forbidden then at least not recommended. The problem was solved by Professor Andre Mohorovičić, art historian at the School of Architecture, one of my great mentors, and a genius for offstage diplomacy. Somehow, he managed to provide us with a written certificate, signed and stamped by somebody in Belgrade stating that my Mother’s team would be allowed to study, “for comparison sake some monuments in Republics other than Croatia.” Provided with that safe conduct we hopped into my Mother’s “Fićo” (Yugoslav Fiat 750) and off we went on the Highway of Unity and Brotherhood to the village of Morović, just across the Serbian border.

Our Lady in Morović was studied, as most of what at that point was known of the medieval art in Continental Croatia, by Đuro Szabo, an early 20th century explorer and enthusiast. Among my Mother’s friends was Dr. Anđela Horvat, a successor to Szabo at the Croatian Preservation of Monuments Office, and from her I had already learned quite a lot about the current state of investigations into the medieval art of Continental Croatia. I just took my M.A. and I was getting ready to leave for the U.S., because I had no job except moonlighting with investigation teams like my Mother’s. In that time I had already started my own initial investigations of the Slavonian part of the Croatian hinterland. On my own and to my great surprise I started discovering that the medieval layer of monuments was much thicker than anybody had thought and thus seeing the “Sirmium group” which contained three *preserved* Romanesque buildings was an attractive proposal.

So we went and stayed about a week, sleeping and eating at local farms, discovering that Slavonia was in spite of communism quite rich, certainly richer and happier than the Croatian capital of Zagreb. We studied and measured the three key monuments of the “Sirmium group”: Our Lady at Morović, St. Bartholomew at Novi Mikanovci, and St. Mary at Bapska (figs. 23, 24, 25).

I had already published a good number of articles as well as a little book, so I of course decided to voice my views on the “Sirmium group” in a series of articles in Croatian scholarly press. The first one was “Crkva Majke Božje u Moroviću” (The Church of Our Lady in Morović), *Peristil* 12-13 (1969-70): 15-22, to be followed by

“Vrijednost romaničke arhitekture u kontinentalnoj Hrvatskoj i kapela Sv. Marije u Bapskoj” (The Value of the Romanesque Architecture in Continental Croatia and the Chapel of St. Mary at Bapska), *Arhitektura* 106 (1970): 64-68. The third monument had to wait until 2004 when I published “Crkva Sv. Bartola u Novim Mikanovcima – romanika između Save i Drave i europska kultura” (The Church of St. Bartol in Novi Mikanovci – Romanesque between the Sava and the Drava Rivers and European Culture), *Peristil* 46 (2004): 5-12. A year later I wrote an update on Bapska – “Sv. Marija u Bapskoj – ponovo nakon trideset i pet godina” (St. Mary of Bapska Revisited after Thirty-Five Years), *Peristil* 47 (2005): 5-14. In the meantime I wrote on Morović in the early eighties “Moravia’s History Reconsidered, the Tomb of St. Methodius and the Church of Our Lady at Morović,” *East European Quarterly* 16 (1980): 487-498 (for which I received a Delta Tau Kappa Award). A summary of the problem, now seen on a European level came in an article “A Reemerging World – Prolegomena to an Introduction to Earlier Medieval Art Between the Sava and the Drava Rivers,” *Starohrvatska prosvjeta* III/32 (2006): 91-112, with updates in my book *Four Centuries of European Art 800-1200. A View from Southeast*, Zagreb 2010), and, finally in my Register entitled *Registar položaja i spomenika ranije srednjovjekovne umjetnosti u međuriječju Save i Drave* (A Register of Sites and Monuments of Earlier Medieval Art between the Sava and the Drava Rivers) wherein we have increased the number of sites from ca. 60 in 2000 to 565 in 2012 when the *Registar* was published.



Figure 23. Morović, Our Lady, ca. 1300

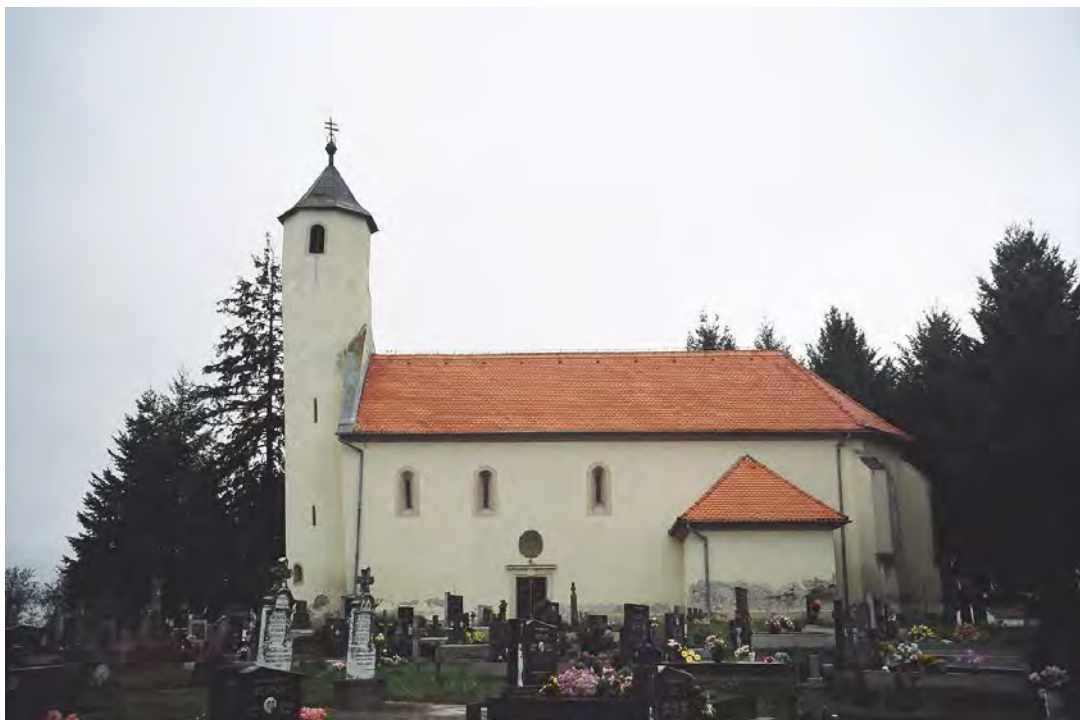


Figure 24. Novi Mikanovci, St. Bartol, ca. 1240



Figure 25. Bapska, St. Mary, first half of the 13th century

When I look today at those early papers it strikes me as strange to what extent one's early output can define one's entire scholarly work. My little book on Early Croatian architecture from 1969 defined my entire work in that area; so did, as already shown, the paper on Master Radovan in Kalamazoo in 1972. "Vrijednost romaničke arhitekture u kontinentalnoj Hrvatskoj i kapela sv. Marije u Bapskoj" (The Value of the Romanesque Architecture in Continental Croatia and the Chapel of St. Mary in Bapska), and "Crkva Majke Božje u Moroviću" (The Church of Our Lady in Morović) also defined much of my future work. At Morović, a truly grand village church, skillfully built from brick with fine carved stone details, was a tremendous surprise. It had been said in existing literature that the apse and the barrel-vaulted choir were Romanesque, the nave covered by flat ceiling Gothic, and the wonderful tower, square at the bottom and octagonal in upper spheres, Baroque. We examined the church as carefully as possible, and found no interruptions in masonry – all three parts came into being simultaneously or in close succession. There was also an awkwardly appended sacristy, paved with large, possibly Roman brick, with a wide semicircular apse; to the best of my knowledge it was never explored or explained, and I still see it as, possibly, a part of a Pre-Romanesque church. I read everything there was on Morović, managed to get some books even from abroad, and got my first lesson in the international rural Romanesque, and the question of the Saxon migrations to the Carpathian basin. Briefly, I concluded, and I stand by this conclusion, that the church at Morović was a typical lower German *Zusammengesetzter Raum* building, a typical village church of the Saxon diaspora. By a sheer luck, I discovered in a book by a Serbian scholar, Vojislav Korać, that exactly the same type of church, today in ruins, stood at the place called "Saška crkva" (the Saxon Church) in Novo Brdo, a mining town in Kosovo. I listed around 240 comparative units for the plan, the type of tower, and architectural details, a bit of an overkill (some of the examples do not seem relevant today), but I have learned what I needed to start peeking into that vast common European rural art space from Flanders to the Carpathians.

The text on Bapska was conceived of as a sort of a summary of what I knew about the Romanesque in Continental Croatia around 1970. To that summary I appended a discussion of the little chapel in Bapska on a raised plateau of the Fruška gora Mountain. Reading it today, there is really little to add. Today, the little building shines with simple and clean beauty after a thorough and successful restoration. In the late sixties it looked as if it would collapse any time, and yet an intelligent visitor would not miss the care with which the building was erected, the fine interplay of red brick and wide white joints, as well as traces of an extremely effective string course under the eaves – of bricks forming a zig-zag standing on bricks-brackets and underlined with yet another string-course of baked diamond beads, their central projection pointing slightly downwards. My conclusion on the esthetic values of the tiny building in 1970, need no amendments: "The architect acted with care and measure, led by the filigree dimensions of the building. He was aware of the universal

rules of the Romanesque, but he also knew how to adapt them with freedom, which is often a case in our area. He did not descend into rusticity, but within given conditions he created a finished and mature albeit tiny art work. What a pity that the facade has not been preserved” (the church was extended in the Gothic).

At Morović and Bapska I learned some important lessons:

1. Those elements that we cannot explain locally can be easily explained within a wider context of all-European rural art.
2. That art may be rural but not rustic. The people of Bapska, a few dozen of them, did not need a bigger cemetery chapel. They did not have funds to build a bigger chapel. And yet, what they got, was a fine and finished work of architecture. Had the architect of Bapska been asked to build a cathedral, and had funds to match, he would have certainly performed well.

Some fifteen years later, in mid-eighties, I wrote a text on the third building of that “Sirmium Group,” St. Bartol at Novi Mikanovci (medieval Horvati), distinguished by a rounded tower, to the best of my knowledge the only one within the Lands of the Crown of St. Stephen. I sent it off to Croatia, I do not any more remember to whom, and it was never published. I rewrote it to conform to my not by much increased experience and published it in 2004.

Like Morović, St. Bartol can be linked to the same source, the architecture of lower German, Frisian and Saxon area from where the rounded tower migrated to Scandinavia, Poland, the British Isles, and, as our church testifies, to the Carpathian basin. A year later I published a reassessment of Bapska, suggesting that its specific and tasteful decor has also lower Rhenish (Frisian) roots, and therefore may be seen as another indication of the presence of the “Saxons” in the rural section of Croatian Pannonia, in harmony with the findings of eminent political historians dealing, however, primarily with urban settlements. One such, Vukovar, granted the status of King’s Free Borough by Herceg Koloman in 1230, the key city of Eastern Croatian plain, had a church dedicated to St. Lambert, a typical lower Rhine martyr saint, the only church dedicated to the Saint in Croatia. All our churches are within 50 kilometers from Vukovar. And the village called Sasi (Saxons) is on the Fruška gora Mountain, across the border in Serbia. Thus already in the late sixties I prepared for myself a platform to take off from on an exciting trip into the unknown initiated soon after 2000.

We are all aware of the role of the colonization movement within the “Renaissance of the 12th Century” in European culture, especially in spreading the borders of Europe. The first colonists from the West appeared in the Arpadian realm as early as the 11th century. The “Saxon” migration to Transylvania (German *Siebenbürgen*) in the late 12th and in the course of the 13th century is the most telling example of this movement. As Croatian historians have pointed out over and over again, the development of medieval cities in Croatia is closely tied to the *hospites* of our

medieval charters. But just as in Transylvania, the Saxons impacted also the countryside, and not only in the mining areas. Sasi is a name of a village across the river from Zagreb, as well as on the Fruška gora. My research into the forms of existing Romanesque churches in Eastern Slavonia briefly outlined above has, I hope, built a plausible case for the presence of the migrants from the West, more precisely from the lower Rhenish area, in Eastern Slavonian villages. Did the colonists bring the masons from back home, or just remembered forms and passed them on to local masons? The question is hard to decide, but it is also irrelevant. What is relevant is that essentially the same type of buildings stands in Morović, and at the site called “Saška crkva” (the Saxon Church) in Novo Brdo in Kosovo, in Breklum in Frisia, in Strebla in Saxony!

In those terms some indeed relatively humble village churches, but not especially humbler than those elsewhere in the Pannonian (Carpathian) basin, assume the role of very important historical witnesses. They are a part of a great, universal, all-European rural subculture which in the twelfth century spread from the Lower German area to Scandinavia, British Isles, Eastern and Southeastern Europe. Needless to say, a comprehensive report on that subculture has been barely begun, and it may take a long time to write it in full. But some of the scholars dealing with the phenomenon of rural Romanesque have been aware of its existence for many decades, and have furnished us with very valuable typological studies and terminology. But who among the “great art historians” reads Erich Bachmann or Elimar Rogge!?

Working on the above mentioned *Register* in the first decade of the new millennium I have had a chance to see an enormous number of sites and settlements. One interesting thing I have already learned in Transylvania was that the structure of a Saxon village included a wide *gmajna* (German *Gemeinde*): commons, regularly closed off on one side by a fortified church, a church on a fort or just a fort, in which case the church may stand on the opposite side. Such highly organized villages could be traced back again in the area along the Northern Sea to the 10th century. Thus they also belong to the world of the Saxon diaspora. And they appear in Slavonia too! The village of Grabrovnica lies at the foot of the Bilogora Mountain in the Drava River plain. It is a typical wide commons village, protected on the south by the foothills and from the north by a small hillfort called Hat. Another more monumental example is the village of Nijemci in Eastern Slavonia. There is a beautiful Gothic church (built over an early Romanesque one) on a hillfort enclosing a huge double commons. Nijemci means “The Germans.” In the areas of more intense “Saxon” immigration such features as churches of the “Saxon” type and the “Saxon” commons are commonplace.

I have seen quite a number of “Saxon” churches from Denmark and Brabant to Slavonia and Transylvania. The unity of typology is striking. So also is the simple beauty of the architecture and the taste with which they relate to the landscape and the surrounding architecture even in today’s, grossly transformed conditions. What is true

of Romanesque monuments is true of Gothic too. The “Saxon” art is also an extremely valuable witness of European unity from a rather distant past, primarily of the bravery and tenacity of the Northern European, Germanic, stock which undertook that huge opening up of Europe’s borderlands – Scandinavia, Eastern, Central and Southeastern Europe. A medieval Pausanias traveling through those lands would certainly not have missed it.

So if this is an artistically and historically phenomenon of an all-European importance, why is it not studied and highlighted as it fully deserves? Answering this question is the main task of this chapter.

The relationship city – village throughout European history is a very specific one. It boils down to praising the other as long as you are not there. So the busy and worn out city dweller, of a polis, *urbs*, borough, town, city, megapolis, urban zone rushes to the fresh air and pristine spirit of his country haven, to start yearning for the cosmopolitan *negotium* before he has unpacked his bags. A villain yearning for the amenities and culture of the city gets tired of the noise and smog the moment he has landed a good city job and starts dreaming of grassy slopes and clear creeks. European literature is brimful of such stories and characters, both noble and funny. We have periods in European history dominated by the *urbs*, such as the Antiquity, the late Middle Ages, and Modern with a somewhat of relief during the Baroque. We live in the urban world of today, but we never stop sighing for the untouched nature, of course, never meaning to give up gas, electricity and the internet. The love and hate relationship never ceased in which the city could enforce its hatred whereas the village could not reciprocate; clearly, the city had the military, the police and such measure as requisition, sequestration, taxes, draft, agrarian reform, community farms. The village could strike back only by not producing food, but then it would have cut off the branch it has been sitting on. As soon as the village plants ever so little for its own purposes the agents of the city would arrive and steal it. However, my feeling is that the city and the village are two worlds apart and this will always be so, as there are obviously dedicated urbanites as well as farmers. This may change only when we start producing people on order. As since the times of the Renaissance the art has become a department of urban elites and their agents, the interest for the “folk” has waned. There is only the great art of the court and the urban environment. Even when created in the countryside it is an imposition of the cosmopolitan, urban culture. There are, of course some competing phenomena of the highest quality such as a new union of landscape and art in Baroque when every unoccupied hill would receive its new wonderful chapel, a link to the Spirit of the Above. As Pausanias told us the *rus* (pushed aside ever since the times of the Neolithic stronghold) has continued to exist even throughout those periods we see as strictly urban. The villagers were *pagani*, *villani*, *servi*, bumpkins, dumb heads, etc., but they were needed even by the modern state as the cannon fodder and producers of food. The true urbanite hates (i.e., secretly fears) the villains which are seen as unreliable, false, devious, prejudiced (i.e., religious), given to irrationality, necromancy, sorcery, strange cults, socially

conservative and reactionary. The village kulaks could never be allies of the progressive city proletariat. And the village at its best fatalistically buries its head in the hay, does its own thing and lets the city go its own way. Thus Alexander Pope's "Nature Methodized" is perfectly O.K. as long as it is methodized, i.e. controlled, a toy of the Court and the Main Street. We may play shepherds and shepherdesses as long as we know it is just a play. Much of the modern "green" movement is exactly the same.

Thus we know little about the rural art of the Egyptians, Greek and Romans. And when we embark on a period called the "Middle Ages," meaning an intervening, insignificant period between two epoch of Light (which, by the way, covers about two thirds of Europe's history, meaning the Europe we know it today, as it emerged from the Great Migrations as a mix of Romans and Barbarians, North and Mediterranean, *urbs* and *rus*), we are again told about the rebirth of the city, of the great cathedrals, of the great monasteries (well, they are often in the country, but still an offshoot of the urban civilization), we praise the progress toward mercantilism, bourgeois enlightenment, dispossession of landed aristocracy along with its landed serfs, applaud the Medici, Colbert, Marx, Keynes, neo-liberal Democracy, and relegate the *rus* and its artistic production to ethnologists and anthropologists, those strange characters that collect folk costumes, folk dances, and folk lore, who do not quite wash, babble about forgotten languages and forgotten mythologies, and, in general, as scholars, should be treated with utmost suspicion. Below, we shall discuss a specific case from the beginning of the 20th century. Here I would like to note that whenever I spoke about that All-European other medieval art I was confronted by silence, or by some remarks like: "This is nice but it cannot be.", "Why?", "Well, it just cannot.", "Well, maybe this is not our task? Why don't you talk to ethnologists? This is not our culture...?" And when you point to the evidence which is overwhelming they shrug their shoulders and say: "Evidence (facts) be damned! Our Europe is that between the Ocean and the western bank of the Rhine and the Danube, to the west of the Adriatic and to the north of the Pyrenees. We stand for the great, urban, cosmopolitan European culture. There is nothing else."

It is stunning that such an attitude of what is politically correct to study in European art still prevails. It is an offshoot of the Western mind's inertia and complacency which created Neville Chamberlain and his famous statement upon the return from Munich having turned the Czechs and Slovaks over to Hitler: "Why bother about some people we know nothing about!" As it has embarked upon a dangerous project of union, Europe is facing the challenge of becoming all inclusive or to perish. This does not seem to have dawned yet upon the Eurocrats and their agents among the ranks of humanists.

Ever since Vasari a certain type of art, and art criticism, claimed preference of those who know: the *conoscianti*. As opposed to that, there were periods and artists who were pushed aside. Vasari highlighted the Classical Art of the High Renaissance, of

Florence and Rome, of Michelangelo and Raphael, and then of their followers, the mannerists, among whom he was one of the worst offenders in the sphere of painting. Equally eligible was the art of the Imperial Rome. When the true Mannerism and Baroque succeeded the heavy rhetoric of the classical style, those aspects of the new anticlassical styles that attracted the most praise were those which retained some degree of Classicism, the Carracci school of painting, some phases of Bernini, French classicism, etc., the art of court. Of course, the Medici could afford Vasari, not a farmer from Poggibonsi! Winckelman had added another Classicism, his own reconstruction of what he believed to be the Classic Greece. Up to our own times the art that is praised is that of the Nation State, Big Business, Big Dealers, Big Politics, Big PC Ideas. We shall see later how a truly radical strain of art could be domesticated by establishments.

The art which had to wait to get better press was that of the Early, pre-Classical periods, of archaic Greece and Republican Rome or “primitive” (Early Renaissance). “Primitive” as a category somewhat acceptable to the modern sensibility has in some cases, as in Croatia or Brazil, created complexes which come close to “The Seer’s Revenge.” The early, archaic, primitive idioms certainly have their public, as the success of the just mentioned phenomena testifies. Come to think of it, there are entire periods or parts of the world which could be so classified: Medieval, some Baroque, pre-Columbian America, exotic Art, some kinds of Oriental art, although the expert would probably point out that they have their own points of “classicism.” In the Middle Ages it is the “Classicism” of the High Gothic primarily of the French Royal Domain at the point when the French Monarchy initiated its glorious march to absolutism. It quickly became the art of choice with lesser monarchs in other parts of Europe and as a colonial art it was imposed on the Languedoc after the Frankish conquest (cathedrals at Narbonne, Limoges, Clermont-Ferrand, Rodez). Its popularity with enlightened tyrants of the more recent times is also undeniable. It is more of a surprise that the archaic stage of medieval art, the Romanesque, developed considerable popularity with the modern public, to the extent that this was criticized under the title of *Protiv romanike?* (*Contre l’art Roman?*), by one of the foremost experts on the Romanesque, Xavier Barral i Altet; who has attributed much of the popularity of the Romanesque to the imagination of the 20th century public after abstract art became fashionable.

The other medieval art, that of the vast expanses of the countryside, never gained any special recognition, but without it our picture of a significant segment of our past would forever remain incomplete. That it has a lot to do with the unpopular ethnic elements, Germanic and Slavic, as its creators and consumers, goes without saying. Just like religious and social exclusivism, racism is one of the unacknowledged sins of European humanism.

References, Addenda, Additional Illustrations

Along my texts quoted above one is referred to Viktor Roth, *Die deutsche Kunst in Siebenbürgen*, Berlin 1934; Elimar Rogge, *Einschiffige romanische Kirchen in Friesland und ihre Gestaltung*, Oldenburg 1943; Erich Bachmann, "Dorfkirchen," in: *Reallexikon zur Deutschen Kunstgeschichte*, München 1958, pp. 245-274; Hermann and Alida Fabini, *Kirchenburgen in Siebenbürgen*, Leipzig 1985; Vojislav Korać, *Graditeljska škola podmorja*, Beograd 1965. One can find some nice examples also in Armin Tuulse, *Scandinavia Romanica*, Vienna 1968.

Đuro Szabo, *Umjetnost u našim ladanjskim crkvama*, Zagreb 1930 is basic for the definition of the "Sirmium Group."

We have already mentioned Xavier Barral i Altet, *Protiv romanike? (Contre l'art roman?)*, as well as the work of Johann Winckelmann. We should also recall Lewis Mumford's thinking about the city in history.

VI. Josef Strzygowski and the Art of Cultural Landscape

Here, we might return to some of the material we considered in the introduction.

In the fall of 2002 we have launched, with the support of the Ministry of Science of the Republic of Croatia the project entitled *The Romanesque Art between the Sava and the Drava Rivers and European Culture*. By “We,” I mean in addition to myself my then assistants, Vjekoslav Jukić, Danko Dujmović and Maja Cepetić, and two of my colleagues, Dr. Goran Jakovljević, the Senior Museum Advisor at the City Museum of Bjelovar, and Dr. Vesna Mikić, Professor at the School of Architecture in Zagreb. The goal of the project was to study earlier medieval monuments on about one third of Croatia’s territory, the Southern Pannonian Mesopotamia between the two big rivers, the Sava and the Drava.

When we set out there were about 60 sites of earlier medieval art on record. When we concluded the project 10 years later, there were 565! How did we do it? When we started out we faced a land which has never been systematically studied. In fact, the common wisdom was that “there was nothing out there.” Of course there was some literature, even very good, but it was uncoordinated and spotty. Archeological studies were very limited in scope and number; so also the written sources. Nobody had actually walked the territory to see if there was something there. The first task was to get to know the land, whatever that might have meant. There was no choice. We did about 200,000 km by car, a few more thousands by bus and train, and we even took to the skies. Most importantly, we put our foot at every site of which the location or any physical remains could be established, and we also noted those mentioned in written sources or in oral tradition. We of course started with that handful of monuments on record and looked around, developing the feel for the landscape. We checked place names with our linguist friends and lore with cultural anthropologists. And little by little a pattern started to emerge – of how and where in the landscape it is more likely to find lost monuments! And with the help of our worthy colleagues from other relevant disciplines of the Humanities, our list grew and grew. Since we have concluded the project and published the list some additional 60 sites have been discovered. The project is truly without end.

As we made our discoveries in the field we also started theorizing. In scholarly terms we went backwards. Not from theory to practice, but from practice to theory. And here is in a nutshell what we concluded.

We live in the eternal space. It can change but it never disappears. It represents natural ecology, our eternal natural heritage. As soon as Spirit touches Nature, Nature changes into Culture, natural landscape into cultural. Only when the Matter and Spirit, Nature and Culture, are joined, our space makes sense. Matter is to Spirit what Form

is to Content, as Spirit makes the Matter specific, endowed with sense, content, emotion – endowed with meaning. The cultural ecology and its layers, the cultural landscapes, keep changing. Without knowing the space, both physical and spiritual, that surrounds us we cannot realize who and what we are, and where we are heading; we cannot orient ourselves in space and time, we cannot understand our past and present predicament; we lack a vision of the future.

Is there “untouched” nature?

No!

As soon as man appears the natural landscape changes into a cultural one. As soon as a man sets his eye on a stretch of “untouched” nature he has brought himself into the picture by the choice of view and the nature is not untouched any longer. We often talk about “ecology” but what we have in mind is natural ecology. We tend to disregard the cultural ecology, but the total ecology is possible only as a sum of natural and cultural ecologies.

Yet, if we postulate that humans are part of nature, then there is no cultural ecology, but everything is green. If there is no untouched green, then everything is, in fact, “purple,” my code name for “cultural.” When a fox digs a hole, when a sparrow makes a nest, when a beaver builds a dam, when the rust corrodes the metal, when the ice crystallizes on tree branches, when the mud dries up – isn’t that also an intervention into nature? We should, I believe, retain our distinction between the natural and the cultural ecology, but we should also remember what we have just said above.

So, what is cultural ecology?

It is the total of human intervention into environment. Everything we have created as human race, as nations, communities, families, individuals. It is our tradition, our identity, a big book in which our history has been recorded. It is a story of our travel from “the beginning” toward something we are unable to grasp. On that trail the results of some of our actions are deleted, and replaced by new. Cultural ecology keeps changing, but, in principle, what was once created, never totally disappears, as it serves as a base for creating something new. It keeps changing and cannot be frozen or recreated, conserved or restored.

Let us reiterate: cultural ecology and cultural landscapes are not just physical, material, palpable, but also spiritual phenomena. As the human desire to impact the environment changed through time, so also the palpable and recognizable layers of cultural ecology kept changing. The Cultural Landscape, i.e., its layers possess a component of the eternal being linked to what *is* eternal – the space – serving as a foil, a framework, for a cultural landscape. The humans have always been aware of those layers as manifest in such sayings as *Homo mensura* defining the age of the Classical

Antiquity, *Civitas Dei* doing the same for the Middle Ages, or *Everything goes* for our own time. As they march through time, human groups pass through similar phases but not at the same time. Recognizing, defining and reconstructing cultural landscapes of the past is the task of historical disciplines. Along with written sources and material culture, cultural landscapes are the most important source for understanding the past and the present. One should learn how to read them, and, after the correct reading, how to listen to them and respect them.

Is there such a thing as a “national” cultural landscape?”

We know from personal experience how much a physical landscape could impact individuals and groups. We feel differently at a mountain peak, differently in a plain, in hinterland or at the coast of a sea. Stereotypes can be stereotypes but there are people of the mountain and of the plain, of forest and prairie, village and city. The more enterprising would seek roads, watercourses, settlements. The more cautious would settle on the hills, in the forests, in the marshes. Usually there is certain equilibrium among those factors. Landscape is not only history, it is also historical predicament. Still, some phenomena seem to be possible only in certain environments. *The Bamberg Rider* could come into being in the 13th century Germany only. If you ask me why, I will reply: I do not know! Yet, I see in it something which I experience as German, certain spiritual quality which I associate with the things German; certain air of tense seriousness I experience as essential for the people we call German. At the beginning of the 20th century, there were, both in Germany and France, groups of painters promoting a free use of color. The French *Fauves* created a gamut of warm, glaring, happy colors. The German Expressionists cooled those colors down by injecting a tone of melancholy; Matisse versus Schmidt-Rottluff. Haven't we just said that landscape is historical predicament?

Even that more stable component of a cultural landscape, the nature, keeps changing. Rivers change their beds, climatic change influences the flora. There is erosion, earthquakes, fire. It would be counterproductive to try to keep a cultural landscape unchanged. Exploring the cultural landscape is important as every human action is tied to the environment: the roads, human abodes, continuities and discontinuities of life and settlement, sacred places, utilitarian objects... They are all witnesses and evidence of the way of living and thinking at a certain place in a certain time. Understanding the landscape we could rediscover the hidden traces, localize lost monuments – as we in fact did. By including the study of the landscape as a source, we may acquire an image about the whole and link the information of the written sources with the space.

You have probably realized by now that the space as an immortal component of our environment is a formal category. We get to know it through senses, just like the works of art, the forms of which are contained within that visual immortality. They have been there since the times immemorial and will be there forever. We discover them in order to communicate certain content, that other key component without

which there is no art message. The content is an added value invented by mortal human beings. In these terms, the space is related to form, as the time to content, the time being also an invention of the mortals in order to help them orient themselves in the immortal and infinite space. Endowing art forms with content, a human being localizes and individualizes the forms. Of course, some “eternal themes,” love, death, resurrection, are less temporary than the ordinary ones. They are the grand contents that define the spiritual, but also formal language of the epoch. Human beings have always sought points to orient themselves in the space. Those points endowed everyday life with meaning. Man found them in nature, populated with Gods, fairies, dwarfs. Or, he may have built them himself. Those orienting points need not be just visual. They may be the sound of a bell, the wind among the tree branches, the smell of pine, the taste of a roast, the touch of sunrays. We have traveled and we continue to do so from one such beacon to another, they define our living space, they make it safe, measurable, and usable. Without a clear orientation in the space there is no psychic balance, entrepreneurial spirit, healthy life. The hierarchy of signs in the space requires that the key beacons be clearly seen, heard, touched, smelled, tasted... And what is more essential than a human dwelling?

Why I felt that I needed to bother you with all this?

Because, about 100 years ago an art scholar called Josef Strzygowski dared to declare that there is also art outside Western Europe, as well as unrecognized non-mainstream art within it. Strzygowski was a restless soul, an eternal traveler in fact and spirit, sort of a Pausanias of the 20th century. Had he only published the visual records of his adventures in the Near East, Central Asia, the Caucasus, the Balkans, in Northern and Eastern Europe he would have come dangerously close to breaking the monocentrism of the prevailing view of European culture, based on an elitist view of the superiority of the West, itself based on the culture of the Mediterranean classical Antiquity; an urban and courtly culture building upon an urban and courtly predecessor. What Strzygowski confronted with the enraged and offended “Classicists,” the proponents of the “Rome is everything” view of European cultural history was, one might say today, another, unrecognized and repressed *cultural landscape*: of the vast expanses of Asia, of the Altay and Iran, of the steppes and their restless nomadic riders, of the Central Asians, Germans, and the Slavs, those *barbarians* watching from outside the *limes* of the classical world to, finally, break into it, desecrate it, and destroy; so thoroughly it took a millennium to truly restore both political and cultural order. And at the same time Strzygowski, *horribile dictu*, attempted to demonstrate the relevance of that cultural landscape for the European mainstream!

In that, as we have already stated, Strzygowski had a worthy predecessor: Pausanias. To repeat, sometime toward the end of Emperor Hadrian’s rule (117-138) he visited Greece and wrote his famous Guide to Hellas, *Periegesis tes Hellados*, to which we have devoted a chapter above. To repeat again, most of us, used to a vision of the bright and serene Classical Greece, cannot but be struck by how little “classical” there

is in that Pausanian *Hellas*; and, on the contrary, how much fascination with the prehistoric, mythical, irrational, barbarian, and reverence of shadowy, mysterious, underground deities and rituals. To, again, quote Uroš Pasini, the worthy Croatian translator, Pausanias' Greece is "still a pastoral land of modest roads and soft mountain trails, of clear waters and coastline, a land of well-walled in towns, full of mysterious rituals, strange customs, and surprising prophesies." To the world of the metropolitan Roman *urbs*, Pausanias revealed the world of the eternal *rus*. Almost two millennia later, another great traveler revealed to his own contemporaries a world few of them would have ever dreamed of.

Today, some hundred years after the eruption of those fiery debates, one can approach the issue in a much cooler mode. Strzygowski was right in terms of his intuition. That "other" cultural landscape was there. But he massively failed to back up these insights with facts which would lead to a firm, scholarly method. He had taken just a glimpse at the world he wanted to study, a tiny bit of an enormous body of material which had been poorly known, and still today leaves us with many a puzzle and lacuna. Whereas the "Classicists" had done a great job in studying their spheres, which was much easier as they dealt with the art close in space, relatively easily available, mostly "realistic," thus easy to read, reasonably well preserved and apparently easy to classify, Strzygowski and his followers faced a misty abyss threatening to swallow them, a labyrinth easy to get lost in. And whereas the "Classicists" still hold the sway of European cultural history, the "damage" could never be fully repaired, as outstanding scholars trained in respected strongholds of the "Classicism" started dealing with "marginal" phenomena: Gabriel Millet's *école Grecque*, Jurgis Baltrušaitis and his recognition of the oriental *réveils et prodiges* in the art of the Western Middle Ages, Arthur K. Porter's revelations concerning the "suspect" style of the Romanesque, and of the *prodiges* of the Celtic Ireland, the discovery of Mannerism, the reevaluation of Baroque, David Buxton's studies of the wooden architecture of the European East and Northeast... Would any of these have been possible without Josef Strzygowski's making the first chinks in the "Classicist" armor? In that, Strzygowski was truculent, quarrelsome, and combative, pretending to omniscience and infallibility. Toward the end of his life he made the *faux pas* of a lifetime, by joining the Nazi party, most likely for the reasons of political and academic expedience, as it is very difficult to see as a convinced Nazi someone who has spent so much time and effort studying the art and culture of exploited and repressed nations such as Armenians, Copts, Croats or Finns. While not trying in any way to exonerate Strzygowski's errors of fact and overly heavy approach, I believe it is legitimate to inquire what he would do knowing what we know today. And to reiterate, the "Classicists" have kept doing a good job working on the material of their choice. The "Barbarians" have lagged behind, but they have not sat still either. Yet, there is still a job to be done. Great artists have themselves been aware of the two camps. A wonderful parallel has been drawn by Milan Pelc, based upon the great writer, Thomas Mann and his *Magic Mountain*, where the author rightly singles out

one of the protagonists, Settembrini, as the embodiment of a “Classicist,” and another one, Naphta, as a “barbarian.”

Needless to say, no honest judgment of European culture today could leave out either Classicists or Barbarians. Yet Euro-centrism, in particular the heavy emphasis on the lands west of the Rhine, the Danube and the Adriatic still prevails in studies of art and culture. As a native of Southeastern Central Europe I have been appalled throughout my career by the lack of interest in the rim lands of Europe by the mainstream humanities research in the West. Take, for example, the map of monuments of Pre-Romanesque architecture from an otherwise fine book by Charles McClendon, *The Origins of Medieval Architecture*, 2005. There are no monuments to the East of the line Halberstadt – San Vincenzo al Volturno; whereas in truth there are some 400 such monuments in Croatia only! Also, remember what we said above in the chapters on the rural Romanesque or Pausanias.

We just pinpointed our first area of bias, monocentrism, identifying the western part of Europe as the sole standard and locus of cultural excellence.

The second bias, elitism, is closely linked to the first, as visual arts history is a notoriously elitist discipline, centering on “high culture” – courtly, urban, intellectual, rehashing *ad nauseam* “the 100 great monuments” at the expense of everything else. Is it always “the center” that acts as the pace setter? As I have demonstrated above, the “rural Romanesque” had its own means and ways of expression, sometimes related to the “high,” and sometimes not. It is fascinating to see how some standard types of the rural Romanesque architecture, e.g., the *Zusammengestzter Raum*, the rounded tower, and the “Frisian” décor, appear systematically from Scandinavia to Kosovo and from Frisia to Transylvania. It is equally sobering to note that another rural type, that of an aisleless church with a rectangular sanctuary, need not have appeared solely as a result of the spread of the Cistercian order – a frequently voiced opinion – as precedents had existed, both in wood and permanent materials, for centuries before the founding of the Order.

Elitism is intimately tied with national exclusivism. Find me a survey of European art which includes serious views on the art of the Scandinavians, the Slavs, or the European nations of Asian origin, e.g., the Hungarians. Our common view of the European heritage is that it was generated in Paris with some contributions by London, Madrid, and Rome. Remember Neville Chamberlain who in 1938, when asked about selling the Czechs to Hitler, responded: “Why bother about people about whom we know nothing.”

National exclusivism goes hand in hand with the religious one. I quote words of a Croatian Catholic priest to a pioneer of the study of the pagan Slavic heritage in Croatia, then young Vitomir Belaj: “Forget this, and find yourself a more useful occupation!” Other “established” religions and ideologies have done no better.

Dynamiting rocks associated with the pagan past had been practiced in the former Yugoslavia also under communism!

While confronting the bias of Western Euro-centrism Strzygowski was certainly an anti-elitist. Consequently he was also opposed to national or religious exclusivism; in fact he promoted the art of some repressed people such as the Armenians, Croats or Finns, or of the remaining enclaves of Asia's Christians. The art of the Pagans, Moslems and Buddhists also appears within the covers of his books – as relevant for the European cultural predicament. Using contemporary terminology, Strzygowski's work was not politically correct.

Strzygowski's influence on my own work has been far-reaching. I can not claim to be a Strzygowski expert. Much of what he said has remained for me difficult to understand or accept. Yet, there is in my opinion hardly a humanist scholar who has done so much. What I really have in mind is not whether or to what extent Strzygowski was "right," but his anticipation of some methodologies which today are becoming key to moving Art studies in new and innovative directions.

Most of what I knew about Strzygowski and his method came to me from the book he wrote in 1925, entitled *Starohrvatska umjetnost (Early Croatian Art)*, in which he dealt with the Pre-Romanesque art in Croatia and its putative links with the "Art of the North." I must hasten to add that reading Strzygowski at the School of Art and Sciences at Zagreb University could get you promptly expelled, unless you read the *Early Croatian Art* along with the critical review by Ljubo Karaman, a Croatian offspring of the anti-Strzygowski camp at Vienna. Karaman's review indeed puts Strzygowski to shame and ridicule. Karaman could easily show that Strzygowski did not know the material, that his comparative materials were poorly chosen, his wild conclusion made without much backing by facts. Indeed, as I realized much, much later, the book on the Pre-Romanesque in Croatia, is the poorest of all that I read. It was a result of two brief visits, and of rushed writing to meet the 1925 deadline, the 1000 year anniversary of the Croatian Kingdom. Over last decade I wrote several times on the theme of "what Josef Strzygowski did not know," demonstrating that today we have information which makes some of Strzygowski's conclusion much less wild, indeed compatible with good insightful scholarship.

In 2011 while preparing a conference paper, which among other things touched upon the Palatine Chapel of Aachen, I decided to read, for completion sake, also Strzygowski's contribution. I ordered the book through Internet, it duly arrived and I was stunned by its size. For Strzygowski it was a skinny volume, a mere 100 pages. Half of it was dedicated to a surprisingly insightful, brilliant critique of a dubious restoration of the Chapel, and the first half to the Chapel itself; or, rather, to an analysis of the artistic climate, past and contemporary, which Strzygowski deemed relevant for the creation of the Chapel, building a systematic case of oriental essence of its architectural form. I would say today: Strzygowski very skillfully built a *cultural landscape* which surrounded the creation of the Chapel, of which it was itself

a major achievement. We need not agree, or completely agree with his conclusions, but a century ago Strzygowski had challenged the established truth that the model of the Chapel was (only) San Vitale.

I reviewed my article. It has been, in my opinion, the first systematic attempt to sum up all that I knew about the tricky issue of the “Pre-Romanesque art of the Pagan Slavs” in Southern Pannonia, today Continental Croatia. I divided my argument on *Patterns of Space* (certain spatial structures based on place names which could be materially identified within a landscape), *Significant place names* (selecting two such places and analyzing their visual elements linked to old place names in detail), *Material remains* (as extremely rare and uncertain as they may be), and *Survivals* (including the story of the westwork told above). From available fragments I have built a case very much along the lines Strzygowski proposed in the case of Aachen.

I reviewed my, I again admit, incomplete knowledge of Strzygowski’s oeuvre and it dawned on me that Aachen was not at all an isolated case. In his larger, major studies he in essence did the same. However, Aachen was a miniature in comparison with the scope of the *Kleinasien* (1903), *Koptische Kunst* (1904), *Die Baukunst der Armenier und Europa* (1918), *Asiens Bildende Kunst* (1930), and as width and complexity of the study increased so also did the level of uncertainty, guesswork and untenable theorizing. Briefly, the topics were too large, too little known, to provide for a systematic study Strzygowski did in the case of Aachen.

I reviewed my recent Strzygowski articles on “what J. S. did not know” which confirmed the above, i.e., that his method is sound and useful if there is enough fact to base it on. Just to quote the titles of the key subdivisions in his book on Early Croatian Art: *The Vital Power of Croatian Art* (the basic impact of the land, the locale, and the native tradition), *The Impact of Foreign Will* (the Mediterranean aspects of Early Croatian Art), and *Traffic in Ideas* (roads of cultural exchange). It is a laudable framework which we today can fill up and back up with facts.

For example, Strzygowski knew the Croatian buildings with westworks (fig. 12), but he failed to realize their importance. They were too big, too longitudinal, and provided with rounded apses, briefly too Mediterranean. Today, I am sure he would have thought differently.

With an intuition of a genius Josef Strzygowski grasped the existence of cultural landscapes beyond reach of the western scholarship. The materials he encountered and transmitted to the exasperated western “Classicists” were unfortunately scattered, insufficient and un-systemized. Strzygowski attempted to define and present truly surprising, and to the most of the western scholarship incomprehensible materials, including the segment I have termed the Pre-Romanesque art of the Pagan Slavs. This is an enormous contribution in itself. Many things we know today would have certainly helped him build more coherent pictures. I am sure he would have been delighted to see some material embodiments of his imagination, in our case of the

Pre-Romanesque art of the pagan Slavs, as we briefly listed them above (see also chapters *The Seer's Revenge* and *The Westwork*); and on the more general and monumental scale, of a Europe not only of the Classical Antiquity, but also of the Orient and the Barbarians, a picture which still requires a concerted effort to be truly filled; or, coming back to Pausanias, and, closer to our own time to Lewis Mumford, to be expanded as a picture of competing cultural landscapes of the *urb* and *rus*, the *real* dichotomy of our human heritage and predicament. Josef Strzygowski did not know quite a few things we know today, yet he boldly stood up for the repressed aspects of our cultural patrimony. David Buxton, the brave investigator of the wooden architecture of Eastern Europe, said, very appropriately, that he himself, and all of us, are deeply indebted to Josef Strzygowski. The spatial forms, the material traces, and the survivals, unavailable or unrecognized at the time Strzygowski created his theories, would suffice for decades of scholarly studies filling up the McClendon lacuna in the area of the Pre-Romanesque art as a worthy move in the right direction reconfirming Josef Strzygowski's courageous stance against mono-centrism and elitism in the European humanist research.

We cannot ignore a large section of our European heritage spanning many centuries, from the Great Migrations to the 14th century, when the last outpost of Paganism, Lithuania, accepted Christianity. The recovery of Pagan and Christian cultural heritage of the Eastern, Eastern Central, and Southeastern Europe would constitute a major step toward reinventing a Europe of true equality of its peoples and their cultural contributions, a multi-focal Europe of diverse lights, yet all contributing to the same shining glow. The correct reading of our cultural ecology and this involves also recovering forgotten and neglected aspects of our heritage could be a precious tool in creating a better functioning environment for the United Europe, both present and future.

In the above lines I have mentioned several times disagreements among scholars, fiery debates, changes in evaluation. How is it possible that respected scholars often come up with totally different conclusions? How do they defend them? First of all, the scholars and critics of art are as idiosyncratic and as individual as the artists. To begin with, each of us is attracted by a different kind of art; in simple terms, one studies Antique, another Baroque, but all of us should have the same basic talent of experiencing the spirit embodied in the phenomenon called art.

The spirit itself is limitless and undefined, so the same goes for interpretations. Panofsky has correctly pointed out that in the humanities each generation presents a new re-interpretation, as it is attracted to different stimuli. In that the art students are the keepers of the total art heritage to which they add care for the art of their own time. The objection often raised that the Humanities do not "develop," or that they do not make "new discoveries" is poorly founded. The Humanities deal with the spirit as the essence of Humanity and they can not change unless the humans do. When we

start buying “humans” in a store, made to order, there will be no more human race and no more Humanities.

Nothing new since Aristotle? Or, maybe still not quite?

The “new” appears when we discover previously unknown facts, i.e., works of art. In some case, such discoveries may force some changes in accepted theories. Strzygowski’s travels threatened exactly that, and thus they were automatically met with suspicion. Accepted theories guarantee security of a prevalent worldview or ideology, of art market and its prices, of various deals such as regional planning, urban design, land use, land value, real estate, and most of all of established schools of thought and careers, and social and monetary standing of the scholar. Humanists (and scientist are not immune either) are tremendously stubborn when defending what they proclaim to be “right.” In fact, they are never “wrong.” They are contentious, intolerant and conceited in their “omniscience,” and new facts are almost always met with animosity or, even worse, simply ignored. As theories are, or should be, based on facts, no new theories are even conceivable under the circumstances. Of course, anything going against the grain could be easily combated as the established scholarship is backed up by establishments with the power to decide what is at a certain point right, i.e., what is politically correct. Of course, the established scholars will be advised when the policies change, and will act accordingly. New fads in Humanities appear quite often, today’s fad is pretending that the Humanities are (or should act as) hard sciences, a natural attempt to downplay anything humanist, human, humane or spiritual in the human beings and their activities. It is easier handling voters and consumers than people.

Interpreting itself is not as innocuous as it may appear. Targets in scholarly research do shift and change, which always means, eventually, broadening the scope of our efforts – toward a more complete view. In that we are finally realizing that the Humanities are One and that every aspect of the Humanities, so also the Art, requires a joint effort of scholars from more than one discipline.

Though inasmuch artists are different, inasmuch viewers are different, inasmuch works are inexhaustible, a certain amount of agreement is possible. I would venture to say, the more spirit there is in a work, the more powerful and readable it is, the degree of the agreement might be higher. The more politicians, media pundits, self-appointed reformers, organized criminals and other priests of PC leave us alone, the more the results we achieve would be of use to the individuals and the groups we are meant to serve.

However, watch out! In the following chapter I will talk about a few cases in which the Establishment goes as far as using the “Anti-Establishment Art” in order or achieve its goals.

References, Addenda, Additional Illustrations

Josef Strzygowski's bibliography is huge. Crucial for our purposes are: *Orient oder Rom* (1901), *Kleinasien* (1903), *Der Dom zu Aachen und seine Entstellung* (1904), *Die Baukunst der Armenier und Europa* (1918), *Starohrvatska umjetnost* (1927), *Die altslawische Kunst* (1929), *Asiens Bildende Kunst* (1930).

For a fairly recent evaluation of Strzygowski's work, David Buxton, *The Wooden Churches of Eastern Europe*, Cambridge 1982. At the same time this is possibly the best survey of the architecture in wood in Central and Eastern Europe with excellent illustrations. Milan Pelc has stated his fascinating opinion in the Proceedings of the Biala Conference in 2011, which at the time of this writing had not yet appeared.

My works on Strzygowski: "Josef Strzygowski and Early Medieval Art in Croatia," *Acta historiae artium* 47 (2006): 335-343 and "What Josef Strzygowski did not Know," in: *Immagine e Ideologia – Studi in onore di Arturo Carlo Quintavalle*, Parma 2007, pp. 583-593. On churches with rectangular sanctuaries: Vladimir P. Goss and Nina Šepić, "A Note on Some Churches with Rectangular Sanctuary in Medieval Slavonia," *Peristil* 50 (2007): 21-40.

Karaman's critique: *Iz kolijevke hrvatske prošlosti – Starohrvatska umjetnost u svojim spomenicima i tezama raznih pisaca*, Zagreb 1930.

For the problems of cultural and natural ecology, space and spirit, the origin of the art, and the earliest possible monuments of the Early Slavic culture in Croatia with appropriate illustrations see my book *Uvod u kulturnu ekologiju*, Zagreb 2014 (electronic editions, Antibarbarus).

One may quote again also Arthur Danto, *The Abuse of Beauty*, Chicago 2003, and Jan Vansina, *Oral Tradition as History*, 1985.

VII. UDBA and CIA

“Put on your shoes and coat. We are going to an exhibition opening,” my mother said. It was past six on a February evening, cold, dry, no snow. Exhibition openings were usually at six or seven. I duly obliged. Ever since I remember mother took me to exhibition openings and other events of the kind. By that 18th of February 1953 I was an experienced member of the exhibition opening public. In fact I loved it. There were always some nice pictures, drawings or sculptures, pompous speeches by puffed up art critics, great intellectuals, piously listened to by equally vane artists and other great intellectuals. Authors flushed with vanity, critics mouthing sentences it was hard to unravel, the public pretending that it understood and appreciated it all. Nicely dressed men and women, according to lean standards of the early troglodyte communism, but I had never seen any batter. I loved both the true beauty, if there had been any, and the empty pomp and circumstance, which was always there. I have seen through the fine hypocrisy of it all, and loved it, too.

Mother was an Assistant at the School of Architecture, a budding young creative architect and historian, and she received invitations in an absolutely regular way. I got to know by name as a kid many of Zagreb’s and Croatia’s finest artists, critics and intellectuals. Some of them were truly great, some less so. At an early age I developed a keen sense of discrimination – genuine from fake – which I have kept using much to my own benefit and satisfaction throughout my life.

Mother obviously belonged to the inner circle so everybody knew her, and those who did not tried hard to do so as she was a strikingly beautiful women in a predominantly man’s world of high intellectual life. I was a part of the package and had to be treated with deference.

We descended the long flight of steps, still wooden at the time, to the Medveščak, turned left toward the city, and continued on foot among the leafless birch trees and the dark shadows of the giant chestnut trees, wisps of fog hanging around their bare black branches. It was cold and still, the crystals of frost cracking under our soles as we proceeded on our southward journey. We climbed the Degenova up to the Kaptol, equally poorly lit by a mix of electricity and gas, the tower of the Franciscans and the twin façade of the Cathedral looming in the darkness. And there mother finally put her cards on the table: “We are going to the Architects Club.” I had already figured that out; this probably meant seeing some architectural project or entries to the newest competition. But it wasn’t so. Mother went on: “This is a special exhibition of art you have never seen – Abstract art. Please be polite and say you like it.”

Abstract art!? I was in the third quarter of the first grade of the Classical Gymnasium. I had had enough Latin to know what is abstract and what concrete. Art is a very

concrete thing. Something you see, you touch, you hear. Well, we'll see! As far as saying I liked it, no sweat. I would say I like something only if I genuinely liked it; and if I did not I had a technique of canting my head, rolling my eyes wisely saying nothing not to embarrass my mother.

We crossed the market and descended toward the *Trg* (the Main Square, i.e., the Ban Jelačić Square renamed by the communist the Republic Square). The Architects Club is still today on the second story of a hefty building at the corner of the Square and the short Splanvica street linking the Pod Zidom (Under the Wall) street with the Square.

The Trg was quite full, and the police was quite obvious. Some of them stood next to the entrance, they stopped some of the entering people, asked for I. Ds, asked questions. They let my mother and me pass unhindered. So we climbed to the premises of the Club, a large apartment turned partly into office and meetings space, partly exhibition area. It was full but not crowded. So I witnessed the opening of the EXAT 51 exhibition, believed by many to have changed the course of art in Croatia, in the former Yugoslavia, and in the communist lager in general.

The names of the exhibiting artists were Kristl, Rašica, Picelj, and Srnec. I knew Boško Rašica as he was also from the School of Architecture, an architect and designer of note, whom I met on some occasion when my mother took me to her office not having anybody to look after me. There, at the age of six or so, I leafed for the first time through Strzygowski's *Die Baukunst der Armenier und Europa* and quite a few other titles mentioned in this book.

There was nothing abstract about the art. Paintings and drawings in solid frames, only, instead of showing people, houses, cows, etc., they showed geometric forms or undefined masses of color. I dissociated myself from my mother and ambled around. Some of the things, in particular Rašica's, which had retained some semblance to nature, were neat. I was neither shocked nor offended. Squares and triangles are as real as people or cows. I was of course somewhat of a sensation, surely the youngest visitor, and many of my critic and intellectual "friends" inquired after my opinion. I said it was neat. A rumor started to spread that "he said it was neat." I must have emphasized Boško Rašica's works and he stepped up to me and expressed his delight. My mother was delighted too; only, I seemed to steal away her show. Later on, at home she asked me if I really liked the stuff.

By the time I was two, so I have been told, my favorite picture book was Georg Dehio's *Die Deutsche Dome*. I knew the names of all the buildings by heart and I also mechanically absorbed the knowledge of their style. So I would say, when exhibited to guests: "Maria Laach, Romanesque", to my mother's pride and the guests' amusement. I loved those buildings, as I love all good buildings and combinations thereof today. It is art which does not use images of clouds or mountain peaks to amuse me. It uses the *abstract* form, and it is nevertheless lovable. So the EXAT guys used the abstract forms in painting. If they put them together well, the outcome was

lovable. So I told mother I *really* approved of, and even liked some of the stuff. She seemed suspicious. Maybe I went further then she herself intended to go. Few years later I acquired the translation of Michel Seuphor's *Abstract Art*, and in 1958, when I visited by a strange and lucky set of circumstances the EXPO in Bruxelles I saw Kandinsky and Mondrian and I loved them. Abstract or not, what's good is good.

The certain reticence on my mother's part was, however, quite prudent. Inasmuch as the elite was supposed to swoon when seeing the avant-garde making its stand in Zagreb, it was just a question of when the communist government would slam down on it. The exhibition opening was richly peppered by police and UDBA (secret police) agents, a bunch of them from among the faculty of the Schools of Art and Architecture, great intellectuals and artists who thought that it is better to spy and inform rather than being spied on and denounced. It is amazing how people knew exactly who was UDBA and who was not. EXAT 51 exhibition was an open challenge to Socialist Realism, officially the only accepted way of doing art in a communist land. In Yugoslavia, Socialist Realism was not all that much enforced, and after the parting ways with the Informbiro and the USSR in 1948, the art scene gained even more freedom. Some artists, like Stančić and Murtić, started creating very individual careers; Stančić in a poetic, definitely decadent bourgeois intimism and Murtić in an explosive coloristic style which soon led him to abstract expressionism. Murtić, a convinced leftist, even was allowed to visit the U.S! But pure abstraction in 1953 in the communist Yugoslavia!? One had to beware!



Figure 26. Blanka Petrinec, *Sculpture*, ca. 2000.
Croatian Geometric Abstraction – tradition of the EXAT 51

Yet the reaction of the Government was surprisingly mild: a few lukewarm anti-modernist media reviews and a few statements by second-rate apparatchiks. The heroes won the battle and yet survived. In a few years they would in fact practically become another establishment (fig. 26), as Murtić, who always went his own way, noticed already in 1951 when the EXAT 51 was formed. They indeed went happily on creating their abstract canvasses, posters, designs, buildings into a ripe old age, continuing their activity, admired and cherished even after the true Liberation in 1991. In 2007 there appeared in Zagreb a book by a very fine and not adequately appreciated Croatian art student and critic, Ivica Župan, entitled *Pragmatičari, dogmati, sanjari – hrvatska umjetnost i društvo 1950.-ih godina* (Pragmatics, Dogmatics, Dreamers – Croatian Art and Society of the Fifties). With a surgeon's scalpel, on 483 pages, Župan has dissected the EXAT 51 phenomenon and the art and culture in Croatia in the fifties to the bare bones and come up with a conclusion which some skeptics had been proposing ever since that February 1953, i.e., that EXAT 51 was tolerated if not even encouraged by the very top of Yugoslav communist party.

As Strahimir Primorac stated in his excellent foreword (*Povijest umjetnosti kao povijest manipulacije?*, History of Art as a History of Manipulation?) to Župan's book, it is not unlikely that the "modernist uprising" which happened in Croatia in the early fifties – in terms of form, content, technique, method and style – was to a considerable extent programmed by the KPJ (Communist Party of Yugoslavia). Since the communist take-over in 1945, the artists and cultural workers had about the same status and tasks as the members of political organizations. They were there to promote the vision of a proletarian classless society, a vision based on dialectical materialism and purged of any decadent bourgeois stuff such a pessimism, individualism and freedom of poetic expression. The only acceptable form was realism through which the artist was asked to help change the society. As already said some loosening up happened after 1948 and the split with the USSR, yet those who expected a reintroduction of democracy were disappointed and severely punished if they had voiced their hopes too loudly. In fact, having split with Stalin, Tito declared the Yugoslav way to socialism to be the only true way for which no sacrifice was too big. Threatened by the Soviet invasion, totally isolated and friendless Yugoslavia was at the brink of starvation. The West saw its chance. By 1950 Tito cleverly built some relations with the West without in fact giving up any of his proclaimed goals. Until the very end he remained a despot and dogmatist, but a pragmatic and seemingly enlightened one. The West was ready to swallow it all, yet it required at least some formal concession. Let us not forget that throughout the fifties, until 1956 when Tito got reconciled with the Russians, through the Balkans Treaty with the NATO members Turkey and Greece, Yugoslavia was indirectly a member of the NATO!

In this atmosphere, in 1951, the four above mentioned artists: Vladimir Kristl, Ivan Picelj, Božidar Rašica and Aleksandar Srnec, together with architects and designers Bernardo Bernardi, Zdravko Bregovac, Vjenceslav Richter and Vladimir Zarahović founded the EXAT (Experimental Atelier) in 1951; they organized the Zagreb exhibit

from February 18 through March 14, 1951, and then, adding offense to injury, moved it immediately on to Belgrade itself. As we have already noted, they were not alone in breaking away from Socialist Realism, but one of the most important rebels, Edo Murtić, when asked to join the EXAT declined the honor saying that the EXAT may be fighting one totalitarianism while at the same time creating another, their own, based on geometric abstraction. And this atmosphere in Croatian art in culture is what Ivica Župan dissected in his book in a manner of the most careful scholarship, but also with wit and insight, basing his analysis on numerous quotations, both contemporary and later, which he used as building blocks of his commentary and argument.

And the argument is: as Tito and his regime needed economic help and military support of the West, they had to brush up their image – to show that the country has given up the Soviet style dogmatism, that the economy may move in the direction of the free market, that an incipient democracy would grow to respect the rights of individuals. Of course, the area of art and culture is an ideal field for such a show of liberalism. It is a “soft area,” it does not mean a thing, and if the “liberalizations” becomes a nuisance, it is easy to turn back. You just burn a few paintings and books, and lock up a few politically inconsequential artists or intellectuals; turning backwards in social and economic sphere requires tanks and firing squads – bad publicity. In that sense Župan explains the EXAT 51 as a quasi-opposition group within a social milieu manipulated by the official politics. They helped legitimize Tito’s repressive system in the same way as the Italian futurists embraced Fascism, the Russian modernist Bolshevism, and some German expressionists Nazism. They were a screen for the official cultural policy endowing it with a false image of “openness” and “democracy;” in fact they acted as Government supporters in disguise. Once accepted by the cultural and political elite, they happily went on creating “free art” in a dictatorial and repressive regime. Primorac in his foreword lucidly points out that this was nothing new, but he goes on admitting that Župan has collected an enormous material, thoroughly analyzed the entire art and culture scene in a model interdisciplinary way, the only missing link being an official document or two from the Belgrade KPJ (Communist Party of Yugoslavia) archives still closed to public. This is the meaning of that “?” in the title of Primorac’s forward. Murtić was right when he turned the Exatists down. They were about to replace one totalitarianism with another – of politically neutral, bland and innocuous geometric abstraction soon to become the “in” thing on the Yugoslav art scene.

Župan was not the first to raise the issue. The Belgrade art student, Lidija Merenik writing in 2001 claims that “the post-war Yugoslav modernism practically never crossed the line of risk, never truly rebelled, protested or criticized, never radicalized its artistic language.” As an accepted, even preferred art option it avoids conflict, adapts itself to the system and acts only “on the level of the esthetic,” and even there through endless repetition. Ms. Merenik points out, quite rightly, that such depoliticized modernism was welcome in a number of milieus which worked on denouncing their dogmatic past (e.g. the post-war West Germany).

Ms. Merenik noticed also something else. If the UDBA manipulated the Yugoslav art scene during the fifties (and in general), the CIA and the State Department did the same. Rightly she points out that an art totally different from Socialist Realism was an excellent medium to show one's openness and faith in freedom and democracy, a real trump card in the period of the Cold War. She noted that exhibition *The New American Painting* was shown in eight European cities in 1958-59, that it was a brainchild of the makers of the US foreign and security policies, and that abstract expressionism was used as a "symbol of a free society" in spite of the fact that the creators themselves were in opposition to the society that promoted them.

The case of the CIA is equally well presented as that of the Yugoslav secret police by a fine book entitled *Pollock and After: the Critical Debate*, a collection of essays selected and prefaced by Francis Frascina. The book appeared in 1985, which might be significant. The Reagan era must have been extremely frustrating to staunch intellectual leftists such as the editor and the authors of the volume, as the stupid American working classes (again!) had opted against the World Revolution and for the man who would for all practical purposes dismantle the source of their dreams. The rancor goes as far as trying to discredit the Old Left – as obviously a bunch of opportunist and bourgeois lackeys (including two among my favorite art critics and theorists, Clement Greenberg and Meyer Shapiro, although their texts are featured in the collection), but as a work of art criticism it is absolutely convincing although one may not agree with the type of political correctness the editor and the authors maintain.

For our purposes the most important is the part two, *History: representation and misrepresentation – the case of abstract expressionism: Revisionism in the 1970s and early 1980s*. Among six articles featured there, the crucial one is by Eva Cockcroft: *Abstract Expressionism, Weapon of the Cold War,*" originally published in the *Artforum* in 1974. Her thesis is that the "links between cultural cold war policies and the success of Abstract Expressionism are by no means coincidental, or unnoticeable." In fact there are outstanding institutions, such as the MOMA (The Museum of Modern Art in New York), a Rockefeller family foundation, that played a significant role. Already in 1941, John Hay Whitney, the Chairman of the Museum's Board of Trustees stated that his institution could be used as a weapon of national defense to "educate, inspire, and strengthen the hearts and wills of free men in defense of their own freedom." Whitney had worked for the OSS, predecessor of the CIA.

The purpose of MOMA's international program was to demonstrate America's cultural superiority over USSR during the Cold War. For example the MOMA was responsible for all US exhibits at the Venice Biennale from 1954 to 1962. The US pavilion at the Biennale, was itself *owned* by the MOMA! Visual arts were not alone. The CIA funded the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in Paris in 1952, which, according to Thomas Braden, a former MOMA executive secretary and the supervisor of CIA's cultural activities from 1951 to 1954, "won more acclaims for the US in

Paris than John Foster Dulles or Dwight D. Eisenhower could have bought with a hundred speeches.” In the sphere of the visual arts, Ms. Cockcroft rightly points out that Abstract Expressionism was an ideal vehicle to demonstrate the superiority of the free world over the Soviet lager and Socialist Realism. In 1956 the MOMA organized the exhibition “Modern Art in the U.S.” which included twelve leading Abstract Expressionists. The show toured eight European city, including Belgrade. It was followed by the already mentioned *The New American Painting* in 1958 which toured eight European countries accompanied by a hefty catalogue by the prestigious critic Alfred J. Barr, Jr., a former Director of the MOMA from the day of its foundation in 1929 through 1944, and a great fan of Abstract Expressionism. On the other hand, when in the years of “liberalism”, under Gomulka in Poland, Tadeusz Kantor seceded from Socialist Realism, the MOMA invited, in 1961, him and 14 other Polish abstract artists, to exhibit in New York. Ms. Cockcroft concludes: “... the Abstract Expressionists succeeded in creating an important new art movement. They also contributed, whether they knew it or not, to a purely political phenomenon – the supposed divorce between art and politics which so perfectly served America’s needs in the cold war. Attempts to claim that styles of art are politically neutral when there is no overt political subject matter are as simplistic as... attacks on all abstract art as ‘subversive.’ Intelligent and sophisticated cold warrior like Braden and his fellows at the CIA recognized that dissenting intellectuals who believe themselves to be acting freely could be useful tools in the international propaganda war. Rich and powerful patrons of art, men like Rockefeller and Whitney, who control museums and help overseas foreign policy, also recognize the value of culture in the political arena. The artist creates freely. But the work is used and promoted by the others for their own purposes. Rockefeller through Barr and others at the museum his mother founded and the family controlled, consciously used Abstract Expressionism, ‘the symbol of political freedom,’ for political ends.”

All nice and clear and I should wholeheartedly subscribe to it. Yet I hesitate. I have a problem with four words toward the end of the paragraph above: “The artist creates freely.” First of all I indeed doubt that an artist could escape pressure by his entourage, society, politics, let alone by the critics and his own peers; briefly, his place and time. Second, we have defined art as incorporation of Spirit in inert matter, and we should candidly inquire here, what and whose spirit: of God, of the Universe, of time and place, of artist himself, of patrons, of his fellow creatures? I experience the Spirit as an omnipresent energy embodying what is the most valuable in the Universe – the urge and the power to create, to grow, to multiply. Even when under the pressure by patrons and the environment the true artist would know how to enhance his work and make it universally valid. He would know how to generate forms which would convey the message. Those forms need not be “beautiful.” I do appreciate Danto’s contention that there is much ugly art in our times as we live in an ugly world. I would like to reserve further discussion of this issue for the concluding remarks.

Yet I feel (I use this vague word on purpose) that it may be inappropriate to deny artists any freedom in the act of producing art. In a few chapters that follow I will in fact try to single out some individual artists or situations in which we may detect considerable freedom on the part of the artist. An artist may be in tune with the requirements of his time, even have a hand in forming and postulating those requirements, he may be an artist who creates exclusively for himself, admittedly an odd case, or he may refuse to create art. Saying that an artist creates freely seems to mean an artist creating in the manner that satisfies the requirements of the person judging the artist's freedom. In a way, "I expect you to be free because you do this or that according to my sense of what freedom is."

Coming back to Ivica Župan one may quote his position on those who may be considered the freest among the artists, the avant-garde. The true avant-garde is destructive, not only in terms of abolishing the traditional art and esthetic manifestations, but also in terms of changing cultural, social and political context. The true avant-garde is determined to defend the artists and intellectuals and fight any linkage with politics or ideology. Work of art may never serve non-artistic interests. Quoting Župan, "Avant-garde has regularly posed the question of the relationship between art and totalitarianism, it acted at least to some extent in opposition to the bourgeois society, and against serving any totalitarian society's needs, as well as against any art which more or less openly served social, political, and ideological programs."

In the light of these words I would like to take a look at a recent article by Ivica Župan, *Je li 'Gorgona' zapravo bila fantomska grupa?* (Was the "Gorgona" in fact a phantom group?), published in the *Republika*, the journal of the Croatian Writers Association, in May 2013. The Gorgona was founded in 1959 and it stayed together through 1966. It involved important artists such as Josip Vaništa, Julije Knifer, Ivan Kožarić, Đuro Seder, etc. As opposed to the EXAT 51 which had a tacitly smug relationship to the regime and the society, and went happily producing its abstract geometry be it as a group or, later, as individuals imposing their vision upon a large segment of Croatia's art scene, the Gorgona was quite a different matter. As their response to what they believed to be a repressive society they decided to act by non-acting, may one even say, aggressively so. They were openly opposed to any gallery type art work and if they agreed to produce anything it was in the sphere of temporary, ephemeral and minimalist (e.g., Kožarić later on became world famous for his aluminum foil temporary sculptures). They issued the anti-journal the *Gorgona* (eleven issues appeared between 1961 and 1966) conceived as a series of unrelated statements by members and non-members alike. It published the "thought of the month," which could be debated by whoever wanted to do so. They even condescended to show their "art" in the Studio G in Zagreb, where the openings were accompanied by happenings, such as swapping the hats, or sitting and gazing into the sky. Much of the activity was spent on walks and excursions, where the participants could debate whatever they wanted, or not. "By refusing to go into confrontation with

the seat of power, they proclaimed its de-legitimization,” Župan concludes. In this the Gorgonists were quite successful. The officialdom even did not know that the Gorgona existed, and between 1966 and 1977 it was totally forgotten.

And here Župan executes a remarkable tour-de-force. Having praised the Gorgonists for what they have not done, in the last two pages he points out that as the Gorgona was becoming a ghost from the past, its leading members, in particular the *spiritus movens*, Josip Vaništa, started doing everything they could to secure for the Gorgona, as Župan rightly concluded, the best position possible in the history of Croatian art. If one adds that Vaništa himself was a distinguished teacher of drawing at the School of Architecture, and a fine frequently exhibited minimalist and accomplished draughtsman, that Knifer is a big name in Croatian geometric abstraction, that Seder made also a fine career as a painter, and that Kožarić is truly a world name in sculpture, one starts to wonder. So did the Editorial Board of the *Republika* as it appended a note at the end of the text saying that they are happy to publish a contribution by their frequent contributor, but fail to agree with the end of the essay. For myself, I read it as Župan’s apology for his overly elevated rating of what he conceives of as the avant-garde. I am not absolutely sure I read him correctly, but I see it as a sort of disappointment – after all, nobody seems to be “clean.”

This is closer to my own more cynical stand, which I will offer to temper in some of the chapters that follow. Before I do so, a brief visit to another exhibition is in order.

References, Addenda, Additional Illustrations

Relevant works have been listed in the text. Here we add the newest work by Lidija Merenik, *Umjetnost i vlast*, Beograd 2010, rounding up her research on that theme. Concerning “Gorgona” one may also list the Catalogue of the Josip Vaništa retrospective in honor of his 90th birthday, Zagreb, HAZU 2014 with an introduction by Tonko Maroević. Those key works are also a good source of references and illustrations. The same is true of the relatively recent survey of EXAT 51 by Ješa Denegri, *Umjetnost konstruktivnog pristupa – Exat 51 i Nove tendencije*, Zagreb 2001 (close to 500 illustrations). See also on the Internet “EXAT 51 – pictures.”

For Abstract Expressionism (including slideshow):

http://www.metmuseum.org/toah/hd/abex/hd_abex.htm (11-5-2014).

See also <http://www.theartstory.org/movement-abstract-expressionism.htm> (11-5-2014) with biographies of the artists and suggestions for further information.

VIII. Sexually Explicit Art

Anne called around noon and said: “This evening the DUMA (Duke University Museum of Art) is doing one of their things. Would you like to go?”

The “thing” was a reception the Museum would stage off and on; free to their members, for non-members five bucks, which would get you a glass of wine and some bread and cheese, plus a presentation of a new acquisition, a visiting scholar, a new book, a topic of current interest, in a relaxed and pleasant atmosphere, mingling with people one mostly knew. For another five you could even get another glass of wine.

We loved the receptions so I was about to say *Yes*, then I realized I did not ask what it was.

“What is it?”

I detected a brief pause and then Anne said: “It is announced as ‘Sexually explicit art!’ We would view some pieces and meet a collector.”

“Yes,” I said, “I will go. I have never heard of it.”

“Neither have I, of course.”

So Anne came home from her Duke office, we had a quick dinner, dressed up a little, and off back to Duke, twelve miles or so of quick ride on a freeway. No sweat.

It was a nice sunny evening. I think in June; if I remember correctly, in the late nineties, relatively cool for the time of year. We climbed up to the second story, shook hands with Director, and joined some 20 people who had already been there viewing the exhibit.

It consisted of about a half dozen canvasses by various hands, rather large, up to ca. one meter by one meter and a half, all figured, and, indeed sexually explicit. The works were bad. The “artists” could not even claim decent technique of canvass painting. There were, to put it very simply, poorly done amateurish trash; fat naked woman and men sitting on a raft, spreading their legs and showing their vaginas, or their flabby penises hanging overboard. There was also a large painting of a youth, in half profile from the back, half dressed, holding his pants with one hand, and his not too impressive a penis with the other, in front of a half-naked sloppily painted women with an incredible empty expression on her face, both standing on some kind of undefined terrace. And so on.

We mingled, we viewed, we listened to “oh-s” and “ah-s” of the growing public, nicely dressed serious looking men and women, mostly Duke intellectuals of middle and mature age. The public apparently approved.

Then Director came forward and took the rostrum. By that time we had claimed our glass of wine and piled some little cheese and bread cubes on our plates, so we could nibble and sip while we listen.

Director greeted us and said that we have been viewing, and we will soon be hearing, something truly amazing. The “sexually explicit art” is a relatively new phenomenon in breaking down any barriers still left in art form and content, a valuable contribution to our self-knowledge, as well as an appreciation of our civilization and the moment in history. Smart collectors have realized its historic importance and growth potential. So did the DUMA, and he pointed up some canvasses (to be honest, those were a little better than the rest of the trash) that the Museum had acquired showing itself as being in the forefront of the art history in the making. But why waste time!

“In a few moments you will meet a well-known collector who will himself tell you about his interest in sexually explicit art, about how to approach and analyze it, and about how it is here to stay. In fact, here he is...!” said Director and spread his arms. The group automatically split making a free passage linking the stage to the top of the stairs being climbed at that very moment by a man in a dark suit and a necktie – wearing a mask! “Here is our distinguished mystery guest,” exclaimed Director, while the man proceeded through that corridor we had made for him, shook hands with Director, waved in a friendly manner at the public, which greeted him with some applause, more “oh-s” and “ah-s”, and low voice comments of appreciation. Evidently a good number of those present knew the man, and recognized him in spite of the simple black mask partially hiding his facial features.

After some more shoulder slapping and compliments, Director stepped aside leaving the floor to our guest. More applause, especially by those who had recognized the man and now wanted to indicate their special position as the initiated ones. “Yes, dear friends...” and so the mystery guest who half of the public knew told us how a few months ago, a rightly famous New York art dealer and equally rightly famous art critic alerted him to a new trend in the making. “It was meant, and I believe it did, to eliminate unnecessary frustrations and inhibitions. You like sex, don’t you...” Laughter, a few claps of hands. “...well, I, for that matter, do.” More clapping, more merriment. “So we have to see it for what it is.” Our masked collector went on telling us how he saw the opportunity, bought a few “still somewhat restrained and immature pieces, but now worth an arm and a leg,” and how he applied all his collector’s fervor to finding and acquiring new and ever more explicit pieces. He did briefly comment on the pieces on exhibit and finally came to that young man with unimpressive erection.

He stopped, looked at it with love and admiration, and went on: “Folk, now I will introduce you to my latest coup; I do not mind being excited, and you should be so too. A few weeks ago the New York dealer I mentioned called me rather late in the evening. He said he had a real winner, would I care to take a look. He described the piece, named the price, and got me really excited. Then he said that, of course, such a piece could sell in minutes if not seconds, and he could hold it for me for the price indicated till say, ten o’clock tomorrow morning. I said, Yes, called my secretary who in a few minutes confirmed me on the 6.15 flight, arriving LaGuardia 8.10, booked a limousine to Manhattan, and, believe me, trembling with excitement I was at my dealer’s place by 9.30. And there was this masterpiece waiting for me. He had it packed and crated, and by 2.20 PM we were on the flight back to Chicago...” (Some giggling, as the man for all practical purposes revealed his identity.) “What did I say? Ah, well, many of you know who I am, anyway... I do see many substantial collectors in this room...” (Sighs of pleasure among those indicated as such.)

The man went praising the work piling platitudes. “Now as I think back it may seem I paid a lot, but I assure you, it has at least doubled in price in those few weeks. So I recommend to you who care about your collections, do not wait too long... Any questions?”

Yes there were few, inconsequential, essentially sycophant statements of praise, and then Director reclaimed the floor. “Our dear mystery guest,” he said with an obvious irony as by then everybody (Anne and I excluded) must have realized who the “distinguished” man was. “I have been looking at the piece you just so cleverly described. I have been looking and asking myself questions, the key one being: What is actually going on?”

“My dear friend, it means you noticed the enigma,” the mystery guest exclaimed with enthusiasm. “Yes, what *is* going on,” he said throwing the bone to the dogs. And they grabbed it. “He just screwed her...!” “No, he is about to stick it in...” Oh, no! Don’t you see? He is masturbating.” “No, no, she is about to masturbate him...” A wonderful show of stupidity by a group who should have known better! I looked at Anne and realized she enjoyed it as maliciously as I did.

But Director and Collector seemed to have been waiting just for that. “You see, you see, there is a riddle,” said Director.

“I agree,” said the guest. “Professor, would you care to offer a solution?”

Very proudly, Director stepped up to the painting. He pointed his index finger at some shiny, almost silvery spots around the woman’s vagina. “First of all, I believe that the woman is older than the man, say, around nineteen or twenty; and more experienced. He is maybe seventeen, maybe for the first time approaching a woman in that way. As he approached he had an erection and spontaneous ejaculation, and sprinkled the girl’s genitals with his sperm. See those spots?”

As far as I could see it could be anything, most likely another proof of the “artist’s” lack of skill. But it pleased the crowd. There were screams of approval, applause, but there was also dissent, as it should be in a true American academic debate. “No, no, she jerked him off and he exploded right over her belly, don’t you see... Now he is wondering what to do...”

I like complexity in art, and I should have been pleased. But all I felt was that same malicious amusement. I could have stepped out and said: “C’mon folks, that guy and our dear Director are pulling your legs. This is pure shit, as far as ‘art’ goes. It is no art, just inept scribbling on canvass. And who the hell gives a damn who masturbated whom.” But I am not that kind of a guy. There are confrontations worthy of involvement, and then there are ones which are not. This was the latter – irrelevant. Anne and I looked at each other and slowly, inconspicuously deposited our wine glasses on the table and walked down and out. As we left the building we burst out laughing. We had really had a good time!

Please do not get me wrong. I am no prude when it comes to Eros and its inevitable companion, sex. In fact, I do not make quite a distinction between the two. They are valid parts of the same deal – love. And love is when you embrace and are embraced by a person you really want and enjoy. Love as an act of creation, recreation, appreciation, and mutual trust; it is wonderful and its creative power is equal to that of art and science. It is a direct line to the Divine and immortality. And there is never anything dirty or explicit there. The problem with the paintings we were shown was that they were plainly boring. And boredom is a poor friend to Eros and sex. When I write fiction my ultimate and only topic is the erotic relationship of a man and a woman. After all, this is what the life is all about. The distinguished Croatian sociologist, ecologist, philosopher, and superb writer and art critic, Ivan Rogić Nehajev, said once that a few pages in my novel *Nada*, published in 1996, are among the best erotic scenes in the entire Croatian literature, and possibly beyond. Accidentally, it is an episode in which a woman in her early thirties, an Associate Professor of English spends a wild night with a not too intelligent graduate student of hers, of say 22, to cleanse herself of doubts and jealousies concerning her lover, a well-to-do Croatian American real estate developer who had gone to the land of his forefathers to fight in Vukovar. It was wild, it was indescribably fantastic, and she will never do it again. She had gained the strength she needed to face her man when he comes back, as she knows that returns could be bloody. “Remember Agamemnon!” (I quote from the novel). This is what legitimizes her act, even gives it an overtone of a sacred rite and sacrifice. A young man spilling his love juices over an elder temptress (remember Onan) could be a fantastically powerful content of a work of art (provided that the explanation given above by Director was right, what I doubt), but in order to be so, it need a *form* to match. It need not even be figures. It could be a circle embracing a square, but it has to embody the meaning!

As a great fan of Love my feeling toward pornography is one of total disgust, as pornography is cheapening of Eros and sex. I always feel embarrassed when leafing through books entitled “Erotic Art by Great Masters” and the like. But watching Boucher’s nude lying on her belly on ruffled sheets, spreading and raising her rear end and buttocks waiting for a penis to descend upon her from somewhere outside the frame is a true hymn to that glorious expectation.



Figure 27. Bela Csikos Sessia (1864-1931), erotic sketches.
Print Room of the Croatian Academy of Arts and Science, Zagreb

Quite recently, in 2012, I saw in the Art Pavilion in Zagreb an exhibition of works by Bela Csikos Sessia, a Croatian Secessionist painter (1864-1931), a vague symbolist of a post pre-Raphaelite type. First of all, it taught me that Bela Csikos was anything but a simple painter of undulating veils and vapors, but a truly hard worker trying to open new vistas in art, and it also revealed to me his playful, witty, erotic side. There was a series of small drawings of him and her (fig. 27), he a youth in well ironed dandy pants a substantial prick showing through the fly, that is, on those rare occasions when not busy entering her wearing a wonderful wide long skirt which almost constantly flies up disclosing delicious buttocks and ass. We see the Great Him as it probes

around her crutch or rear end, takes her in a variety of poses some of which border on acrobatics, but are surely doable in one's early erotic career. We see Him when she lustily grabs Him to stick Him into Her, or when she sucks Him with an expression of divine delight. Otherwise we see them intertwined, as I already said, with an unbelievable inventiveness and joy, front, rear, up, down, suspended in the air. The one I love best is when she impales Her onto Him standing, throwing the upper part of her body backwards, he holding her by her shoulders, she bending her left leg around his hips tying the two bodies, the two erotic instruments into a vibrant knot. It is very "explicit," and yet, it is superb poetry.

So, also, the erotically very *implicit* is *Concert Champêtre* painted by Giorgione (1477/78-1510) toward the end of his life (possibly finished by Titian, and by some even attributed to him). For the period of the Classical Renaissance it is a very unusual picture. There is correct triangular grouping (two youths and a young woman) slightly to the right of the center backed up by a bunch of trees. A shepherd and a flock of sheep pass in front of them, while to the left there opens up a vista into the plane of the Venetian *Terraferma*. Then, along the left edge of the painting, there appears another woman, standing next to the crown of the well. She is backed up by a powerful tree as if growing out of her head. Turning at her waist she is pouring water from a pitcher into the well.

The young men, fashionably dressed, make music. The one in red whose face is hidden in a shadow plays a stringed instrument. The other, in brown, whose face is lit, may be the singer. The naked woman turns her front toward the men, so we see only her back, but this is the most beautiful back and rear end of the European art. She is wonderfully rounded, supremely voluptuous without any trace of vulgarity, with a promise of endless erotic bliss. One can only imagine the rich cascade of forms of her hidden front and the serene beauty of her perfectly oval face anticipated by the perfect oval of the back of her head covered by red-brown hair. One can imagine embracing her, and staying so for the rest of eternity. She contributes to the concert by playing the flute.

The woman pouring water into the well is her sister in bodily perfection. We see a finely cut profile, shoulders in profile too, and then the body turns at the mid-section displaying the belly, the pubic section and the thighs while the legs are hidden within a cascading piece of drapery. A similar piece of cloth is drawn between the other woman's legs covering her pubic parts which we cannot see anyway. Of course, the sitting woman covers herself in front of the two men, whereas they can see the standing woman only from the back. Forget our role as spectators; we do not count in that world dedicated to art and Eros. I leave to the reader to discover and ponder many other paradoxes of this extremely rich and complex piece of art.

The *Concert* is certainly an allegory, and as such it has been analyzed many times and many suggestions have been made. I do not think that its content is close to being exhausted but this does not concern us here, either. What I would like to explain is

why this is, in my opinion, one of the most wonderfully erotic works of the history of art. Here I am not referring again to the superb physical beauty and desirability of the sitting woman, an equally beautiful execution of her forms, the mystery she offers by turning her back to the viewer (but not to the potential partner!), but first of all to the enchanted atmosphere in a gamut from fresh silver flashes to an all-embracing warm gold. Art and Love have gotten together revealing the very essence of their life giving creativity. When the music stops, when the shepherd and his sheep are gone, when the twilight descends even more upon the seaside plain, the human bodies will be joined in fulfillment of the eternal desire. This promise of the eternal bliss is what in my opinion makes all of us, external viewers as we are co-participants in expected delights. Does the woman pouring the water in the well signify canceling the course of time, or maybe its irrelevance in the world of eternal Art and Love?

Giorgione certainly acted within the guidelines imposed by his time, of the brilliant moment of the Venetian High Renaissance as it was played out in the enchanted groves and elegant abodes along the Brenta channel and elsewhere around the Venetian lagoon. In those terms he was not free, but a servant to the ideology and fashion of his time. But this fashion was exactly what the artist himself stood for as an active participant, a creator, within this unavoidable setting. He conveyed the spirit clothed in the conventions acceptable to his public. May we say that he was both politically correct and free!?

This is not the case of Giorgione's heir apparent of a quarter of a millennium later, another painter of *Concerts Champêtres* and *Fêtes Galantes*, another romanticist, Antoine Watteau (1684-1721). Equally short-lived as Giorgione, Watteau was not carried away by a sudden disease but was sickly all his life which, together with his low social status, made him an outsider in the aristocratic circle the poet of which he became. In fulfilling his task as the recorder of amorous exploits of the aristocracy wrapped in a warm, fluffy atmosphere of celestial lights and enchanted vapors, Watteau would have been politically correct. Yet, when read carefully, a different face emerges. Watteau does not promise an eternal bliss of erotic union in golden thickets of the Mediterranean, but warns us of the passing nature of happiness and joy in much more temperate parks of the *Domain Royale*. It is well hidden, though, so his public and the majority of critics until today have been quite unaware of the dark aspects of Watteau's eroticism. Even his most popular painting is still listed as *The Embarkation for Cythera*, whereas it in fact shows an *Embarkation FROM Cythera!* This was conclusively demonstrated by a man with a striking pseudo-Elizabethan name, Morse Peckham, in his strange and path finding book *Man's Rage for Chaos*. Peckham is a philosopher with supreme visual capacities. The main thesis of the book is that art is not a search for order and continuity, but, rather, for discontinuity and chaos. His key example is Watteau's *Embarkation from Cythera*.

Peckham has rightly identified the dark thicket in the right hand third of the painting as the formal and ideal center of the work. There, looming among the bushes we see

an Antique statue of Venus, nicely truncated as such a piece should be, and even a more damaged statue of Priapus, his hefty penis sticking out through the branches. This is the world of Love – deserted except for its perennial symbols. Having realized that, the rest comes easy. The couple next to the grove is still involved in embracing, in the next the man, standing, is bound on leaving while the woman, kneeling, tries to pull him down, in the third couple the man is fully in the world of “reality,” while the woman, clearly being pushed forward, turns nostalgically toward the dark world of Love. The rest, the group of conversing travelers waiting for embarkation, the fancy boats, the hovering *putti*, the narrow sound leading into the blue yonder, the rather cool blue sky and the sheer white cliffs, all indicate a return from warm, soft darkness of Venus, from enchanting femininity, to the everyday world of men. In Peckham’s opinion, the series of couples (beginning with the mythological figures in the bushes) represents a chain of discontinuities which itself indicates a disruption of the natural order of creation and procreation and a return to the everyday human chaos. It is the woman, that marvelous source of life, which longs to stay immersed in that soft darkness, whereas the man, the practical being of the reality is quicker to readjust to one’s mundane predicament. As a spokesperson of the gallant lovers cavorting among statues, fountains, the *Commedia del’arte* characters, exotic animals and clowns, Watteau dutifully fulfilled his role. It takes a little effort, as invested by Morse Peckham, to probe his sincerity. One of Watteau’s set devices is a couple, he and she, tenderly embraced, turning their back (again!) at the viewer and walking away into dark mass of bushes in front of the brilliant golden-orange sunset. They appear alone or clearly separate within the complex scenes of merrymaking. Very likely, they are the objective correlative of Watteau’s desire to leave this merry and obscene world and with the choice of his heart get forever lost in the dark and warm thickets of love; a cry of an individual, critical individual, rejecting the world which in fact had produced him. Watteau is certainly, albeit superficially, politically correct, and not as free as Giorgione, who indeed paints what he and his time preach, but definitely free enough to send his message – that there is a more substantial and meaningful world behind the semblance of the happy reality.

Every living organism, from humans to the tiniest organism or plants could find a moment of immortality and total fulfillment only in the act of making love. There is no need for being “sexually explicit” to convey that triumph of Venus. Like Csikos one can convey the happy, bubbly spirit of joyous love making – poetic even though “explicit.” Like Giorgione, one can dream of eternal values of the happy encounter or, like Watteau, turn one’s head aside and as a loner look for fulfillment through an individual’s separation from the madding crowd. All of them are genuine and great. Art and Love are truly inseparable, truly creative, positive, life giving activities. Therefore, Love can be so palpably present in Art even without any mark of Eros – as we shall try to show in a chapter that follows. But first, we shall try to see what happens to one who goes into the woods in the company of one’s soul alone.

References, Addenda, Additional Illustrations

The Majority of joyous drawings by Bela Csikos are kept in the Print Room of the Croatian Academy of Arts and Sciences, Zagreb. I am grateful to Ms. Slavica Marković, Director, for enabling me to view them at my leisure.

For Boucher see www.francoisboucher.org, *Reclining Girl*. (11-5-2014)

For Giorgione's *Concert* see on the Internet "Giorgione *Concert* – pictures." Also <http://www.artcyclopedia.com/artists/giorgione.html> (11-5-2014).

For Watteau and *The Embarkation for (from) Cythera* see on the Internet "Watteau Cythera – pictures." Also http://www.artcyclopedia.com/artists/watteau_jean-antoine.html (11-5-2014).

Peckham's book was published in New York in 1969. I was alerted to it by Professor Edith Dotson the same year, which was the first year of my doctoral studies at Cornell. To Professor Dotson I have remained eternally grateful.

IX. Albrecht in the Woods

St. George is an image of a triumphant warrior fighting for a good cause.

He was an early Christian Near Eastern martyr Saint (martyred and buried at Lydda/Lod in Israel) and his most famous accomplishment, according to the *Legenda Aurea*, was the slaying of the dragon of Selena, a city in Libya, where the monster was fed human victims, when he so desired. The dragon feed were selected by lot, and so it happened that once the choice fell on king's daughter. As she was taken to the dragon, dressed as a bride, St. George chanced by, conquered the beast, tied it and took it to the city where he killed it bidding the people to become Christian what they duly did.

The legend seems to have been created only by the 12th century, and it fits wonderfully with the atmosphere of the Crusades, and the growing interest in the *Materia Orientalis*, including a struggle for the liberation of the *Ecclesia Orientalis*, of the Holy Land, of Christ's Sepulcher, etc. In general, it is an image of triumph of good over evil, of the liberation of the True Church from the venom of Paganism. In that St. George, the mounted knight, comes close to the image of Constantine the Liberator of the Church, and a cohort of other military saints (St. Demetrius, St. Theodore, etc.). The picturesque, chivalric, and courtly elements (landscape, cityscape, tournament atmosphere) would appeal to the artists of the late medieval and Renaissance periods, and so also would, not in the least, a fine implied eroticism of the story. Just take a look at the renderings by Raphael, Cosimo Tura, Sodoma, Rogier van der Weyden: a noble knight in the act of transfixing the enemy, the scared princess, the rich landscape, the multi-towered city, etc.

Albrecht Altdorfer (1480-1538) belongs roughly to the generation of Raphael and Sodoma. Yet, while the two, as well as scores of other Renaissance painters show St. George as a courtly knight acting within a rich *mise-en-scène*, Altdorfer paints a rather different image – *St. George in the Forest* (1510, Alte Pinakothek, München). Dark, northern forest covers impenetrably more than 75% of the picture surface. The trees, especially on the left intertwine forming a rich, dark, menacing texture. There is an equally rich interplay of light and shadow, the dark areas forming something like a descending diagonal (or a “Y” shape). A system of shallow parallel curves, underlined by changing from light to dark reinforces the enveloping effect. Materially, it is an endless world of nature from which there is no exit. And then, yet, in the lower right-hand corner, there are two almost upright, individualized trees, and between them gaps, avenues of light and space opening up over another dark crevice, onto a distant sunset landscape. The yellowish green lightens up reflecting at least some of the light yellow of the sky, and the orange of the fields beyond the edge of the wood. And then,

in the middle of the painting almost standing on its lower edge is an armored knight, on a white horse, leaning forward, lowering his lance, and with an apparent lack of energy, with a sort of resignation, poking the spear into a big, lumpy, lazy lizard of a dragon, equally immobile and resigned to his fate. As they appear involved in the inescapable act of destiny which had brought them together, they do not seem to bother with that small, lighted avenue of escape offered them to their right. As together with the two lone actors we ourselves keep getting lost in the masses of the impenetrable greenery, we also keep sinking into an atmosphere of heavy, albeit not too unpleasant resignation and loss of direction. It is almost O.K. being lost in those dense woods with the Saint and the monster.

One might realize that St. George comes from the left which in our Western civilization is the regular direction of movement of positive characters; that, having slain the dragon, George may yet chance upon the trail leading between the upright trees to an outside world, maybe even as far as the distant peaks and the light of the sky. Such an outcome remains doubtful, though. Maybe the two, and so also ourselves, will forever remain locked in that restrained act of violence hidden by the screen of tress.

I was tremendously shaken when I first saw a reproduction of Altdorfer's St. George in a lecture by Professor Grgo Gamulin in his Renaissance course in the early nineteen-sixties. And by his words, which I vividly remember: "The entire 16th century Germany, with its wars and upheavals, with its doubts and melancholies, humanists and sorcerers is contained in this little painting." Today, I would add: and of a world which has lost its sense of direction and in which a sensitive and wise man Albrecht Altdorfer questions whether slaying the evil would ever get us out of the woods. Or shall we remain in a state of magnificent immobility, of spiritual entropy? In a post-Freudian, post-Jungian world, we may individualize the question by saying: could one ever, even after allegedly slaying one's own dragon, get out of the woods? And Altdorfer did it all within the context of an allegedly dynamic, festive, triumphal scene! I still shudder as I look at the image. The call of entropy is so strong, that it takes a real effort to get out of a self-imposed forest. Altdorfer is, of course, not alone in painting a St. George without the Princess. The Russian icon painters, who were quite fond of the motif, paint him in a lonely struggle with the beast, in which the Good, supported by brilliant reds and gold, clearly triumphs over the Evil.

The painting *St. George in the Forest* was done in 1510, the date of Giorgione's *Concert* and three years after the *Tempest*. But what the difference! In the *Concert* the stage is soft, friendly, warm nature. The long vistas open up and albeit not dominant, they leisurely link up to the foreground. The figures are large, cover substantial areas of the painting, coexisting with nature in a friendly manner. We may be lost in nature, but it is a pleasure, not a source of anxiety. The passing flock reinforces the continuity and unity of all those worlds. In the *Tempest* the figure may appear secondary, yet it holds its own, and the nature, although apparently more menacing, is still a beautiful

foil for human interaction. Compositionally speaking, the two figures are the base of the upright elements that define the picture space, the trees which echo the essence of their human roots, the upright, stark assertiveness of the man, and the soft maze-like receptiveness of the woman.

Albrecht Altdorfer was born in or around Regensburg ca. 1480, where he also died, in 1538. He was recorded as a citizen from 1505 onwards: as painter, engraver, architect and graphic artist. In the first document about him Altdorfer was called a "painter from Amberg", a small town north of Regensburg. He bought a house in 1513, another in 1518 and a third in 1532; he also owned several vineyards. From 1517 he held seats on the councils of Regensburg and represented the city on important official business. In 1525 and 1526 he held key positions on the city internal and external councils, and was elected mayor in 1528. He declined the second term in order to finish a painting for Duke Wilhelm IV of Bavaria, *The Battle of Alexander at Issus* (Alte Pinakothek, Munich), dated 1529. Altdorfer also worked for Emperor Maximilian, and congregated with the leading humanists of his time. Besides being an artist, Altdorfer was obviously a man of affairs, an administrator, and a member of the ruling class.

Altdorfer's native place was once a key imperial city of the western part of Germany. It owed its renown and riches to the fact that it sprang at the spot where the Danube ceases to be navigable, with all the commercial benefits this entails in the areas of transportation, reloading, storage, and exchange of wares. By the 16th century Regensburg was past its prime and its decline continued. To pay off in the 20th when during the Second World War no bomb was wasted on that unimportant target. So Regensburg still boasts some 2,000 buildings of medieval origin, and is free from most of the major ills of modernity.

The Danube Valley of the 16th century was still rather heavily wooded, as "the old black monster, the Hercynian forest" (Wood, p. 128) once covered the heart of the continent, "from the Cevennes to the Carpathians," but that old badge of the German nation and spirit, feared and admired by authors who described it from Strabo on, was by 1530 mostly a thing of the past, and contemporary illustrations show neatly trimmed areas around the major towns. At the same time "pen, brush, and chisel were steadily domesticating the forest," (*Ibid.*, p. 131). However, once you are in the forest, it makes little difference whether it covers 10 or 1,000 acres. Like St. George, or any normal human being, you are lost. Of course there are perverted few who feel safe and protected under the drooping, lichen covered branches of giant trees. Slavonian part of Croatia was still in the 19th century 80% wood; today it is 18%. Enter into a Slavonian forest and it really does not matter. The forest is everywhere! For the Germans, of course, the forest is a matter of national treasure, the major formative element of national psyche and image, a place of bandits and wild beasts, a place of moral heroes and freedom fighters. This is roughly the material and emotional underpinning which the forest phenomenon provides for experiencing of Altdorfer

and the 15th/16th century German painting in general, as wonderfully and at length discussed by an inspired chronicler of Albrecht Altdorfer, the already quoted Christopher S. Wood. However, as the wood receded and retreated, Albrecht and his co-travelers went into the wood.

For official art history Altdorfer was the leading artist of the so-called Danube School of German painting excelling in representation of nature within which he staged his biblical and historical subjects. As even popular web sites have noticed, Altdorfer displays “the strength of mysterious and overwhelming vegetal nature.” One is tempted to think in terms of modern ecology: was Altdorfer and the German art of the Renaissance in general a mark of an early ecological consciousness?

I will again have to call upon personal recollection. It was when I was four that I was for the first time taken into a wood, as some tracts of forest around Zagreb had been cleaned of bombs and land mines, leftovers of the Second World War. Since then, there has been hardly a week that I was not in some sort of sylvan setting. I often meditate the question: what do I like best? The Sea, the Mountains, the Plain? And the final answer is: the Forest! In that there are two fantastic, indescribable moments: the entry into the woods, and the exit. Entering we move from the world of light, of clear, often straight lines, well-defined surfaces, well-defined colors often clearly separate, well-defined sounds, and an even smell of “this world”, into a world of fuzzy darkness complemented by strong and sudden contrasts of light and shade, of muted, fluid colors, of continuous, immeasurable space, of voids rather than surfaces, of strong contrasts of silence and explosions of sound, of smells that come and go, linger, intertwine. An art historian may actually see all this as equivalent to Wölfflin’s pairs of opposites. Of course getting out of the woods into the sunshine and light of “the world” is equally remarkable. One may be tempted to talk about night and day, death and resurrection, but it would be, I believe, wrong. Both experiences have their strong life-giving aspect. The two worlds coexist, as parts of one and the same world of everyday reality – its two different manifestations. Even seeing them as Nature versus Culture is not correct, as there is nature outside the wood, as well as culture inside. So in order to explain Altdorfer and his place within the scheme of art and social realities of his time (i.e., his “correctness”), we should try to immerse ourselves into this “culture of the forest,” of which Altdorfer and his colleagues were articulate and eloquent spokespersons. As culture in fact means “nature plus humans,” the key issue is, I believe, what the nature does to Altdorfer’s human beings, which is basically the same as saying what Altdorfer does to them once they all go together into the woods.

A woodcutter sits underneath a giant evergreen (*Landscape with the Woodcutter*, 1522, Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin). Behind him a few more trees, a couple of homes, and a few blue dented peaks, all underneath a large, translucent sky varied from almost white to an almost black blue. Is it a nice innocuous colored drawing? Yes, until you look at the woodcutter and realize that the woodcutter, were he to stand up

and assuming that he is about 170 to 180 cm tall, sits next to a tree which, if painted on the same scale as the human figure, would be at least 100 meters tall, and that what we see is about the lowermost quarter of its height! Strangely, the rest, the smaller trees on the left, the houses on the right, even the mountain chain in the background, are on the “normal” human scale. Who is that enormous green giant? Is it a reincarnation of that huge *Donareiche* fell by St. Boniface while in Geismar converting the heathen Chatti of Hessen; and recalled by his biographer, Willibald as *Robor Iovis* thus linking up the German/Slavic thunder Gods (Thor/Perun) with the Jupiter of the Romans? The Tree of Life, the Tree of the World, *axis mundi*, that Suvobor (Dry Tree) or Zlatibor (Golden Tree) of the Early Slavic Mythology, the seat of Perun and his court? Or, simply, an overwhelming force of nature dwarfing and crushing the humans and their vane ambitions? What the woodcutter and his ax could do to the green giant!? What St. George and his weapons could achieve under the dome of the endless tree branches?

In a dark blue night under a shower of scintillating lights Pyramus has met, we are told by the title, his tragic end (*Dead Pyramus*, 1510, Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin). But where is Pyramus? It takes some time to identify his broken frame among the scattered rocks and fallen branches of a dark void. The minimal touches of light on his body clearly indicate his inanimate state, his trunk and his limbs are barely visible among the rest of the debris on the forest floor. In that overall doom it is only the drooping branches and a screen of fern that receive and project the reflection of lunar light. Pyramus had returned to nature, deader than wood!

How far is that from the Arcadian vision of the Renaissance? Of the domesticated nature of Giorgione or Lotto, of Palladio or the Dubrovnik mansions! Italy never painted a landscape. The most nature could aspire to, was to be a foil for human bodies, as small as they may be. The nature in the hands of Southern Renaissance is a nature humanized, friendly and tame; a place to wander around, to make music, poetry and love. Nothing in that nature threatens the idyll of the denizens of the *Concert* or the *Tempest*.

The efforts of the woodcutter are all in vain, those of St. George at best dubious. Pyramus has already sealed his fate. Yet the nature Altdorfer painted is not necessarily an enemy! In fact, he invites us to enter it; one is tempted to say, literally. Turning one’s back to the viewer is a powerful means of saying that there is space at the back of the painting, that the painting is just a cut out from an endless spatial continuum. We have seen its use by Giorgione and Watteau. In Altdorfer’s large, “official” paintings such as the *Crucifixion with the Virgin and St. John* (ca. 1515, Gemäldegalerie Alte Meister Kassel) or *Christ Taking Leave of his Mother* (ca. 1520, The National Gallery, London) there is that powerful blond man in red turning his back to us and looking into the distance. So is the female figure in the *Landscape with Satyr Family* (1507, Gemäldegalerie, Berlin). In the *Rest on the Flight into Egypt* (1510, Gemäldegalerie, Berlin) St. Joseph steps into the painting his powerful back

cutting the frame; he is literally walking into the pictorial space. In an etching *The Entrance Hall of the Regensburg Synagogue* (1519, Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin) a figure is caught stepping into the door in the left wall clearly indicating that there is space behind that wall and the frame of the picture. However, we do not need a figure to feel invited to enter Altdorfer's space. The figure is *us*.

We stand behind the lower edge of the painting, our future neatly framed by two great upright trees at the vertical edges, our movement dictated by the undulating road placed in such a way that we can mostly guess what should be in the parts of the painting not clearly seen from our initial viewing point. That monumental portal of our entry connects by that descending road toward what is its opposite, the exit point signaled by a body of water (the Danube?) under a blue mountain ridge and the yellowish-pinkish skies. An important directional signal is the castle (hence the name *Landscape with a Castle*, or *The Danube Landscape near Regensburg*, 1522-1523, Alte Pinakothek, Munich), a resting stop on our way out of the woods, possibly also a more permanent goal of our travel. Here we have assumed the role of that Man in Red in Altdorfer, or Watteau's couple walking into the sunset. In a moment we will be brought into the painting, and present our backs to the "viewer." We can only speculate on how the woodcutter has found himself under the giant tree, or how St. George happened upon the dragon in the eternal forest, but we have been deliberately lured into the picture, which is not a landscape, but a figured composition, only the figures have not yet arrived! That St. Joseph cutting the frame in the *Rest on the Flight into Egypt* neatly shows how the figure, *us*, enters the pictorial space.

Altdorfer may mark our progress through wilderness. In the *Mountainous scenery with weathered willows* (ca. 1511, pen on paper, Akademie der bildenden Künste, Vienna) we are in the midst of the forest, stuck in front of a dramatic willow tree with no clear points of exit. In a pen drawing by Altdorfer's closest follower, Wolf Huber, showing the same theme (*Willow Landscape*, ca. 1515, Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin) we are allowed a view between imposing upright willows, but again the exit strategy is far from clear. In the Altdorfer's colored drawing of a *Landscape with a Church* (1522, missing since 1945) we are in the woods roughly as deep as our Woodcutter, and the church on a hill just outside the forest is our beacon to "the world." This exiting is a frequent Altdorfer motif, from seeing a distant target leading us toward the exit (*Landscape with Double Fir*, ca. 1521-22, etching, Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin), through various stages of getting closer to the edge (*Landscape with Fir and Willows*, *Landscape with Two Firs*, *Landscape with the Large Castle*, all etchings, ca. 1521-22, Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin) to solutions where we are on the very edge (*Coastal Landscape*, 1521-22, pen on paper, Albertina, Vienna) or even a few steps beyond it (*View of Schloss Wörth*, colored drawing, missing since 1945). The forest we entered at the *Danube Landscape* has been traversed, and we are back in the "normal" world. In a few seconds, if you choose to wait, you will see us, from the back, of course, entering the valley from which we would climb to the castle. *Wild Man*, a pen drawing on a red grounded paper (1508, British Museum, London), may in fact be

showing the moment when the figure, now facing us, crosses the edge of the forest, a sort of a correlative-opposite to the St. Joseph entering the painting in the *Flight into Egypt*.

The artist has taken us into the woods, through the woods, and in the end out of the woods. We may have gotten stuck as St. George, or, possibly, also the Woodcutter, may have been robbed (Altdorfer did a pen drawing of a *Forest Robbery*, 1508, Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin), or perished like Pyramus. We did not. Like the Wild Man we walked out the woods safe and sound. A reward in the shape of human company, a city, a church or a castle awaits us at the end of our journey. We have exited stronger and better than before.

The forest may have its sinister aspects (which section of the Universe does not?) but those who travel through it may gain, or regain, moral and physical strength. That this may indeed be so demonstrates Altdorfer's famous oil painting of the *Two St. Johns* in the Historical Museum of Regensburg (ca. 1515). The two saints sit on the forest floor in front of steep crags and a fantastic, visionary background where the Virgin with a Child appears among meteors and light flashes. Strength, moral and physical is indeed needed to withstand that pressure; and the two seers undoubtedly have it. St. John the Baptist on the right leans against a powerful trunk of a leafless deciduous tree, the last prophet of the Old Law. The young St. John the Evangelist, on the left, receiving the vision's light concentrated on his book and on his exalted face, a seer communicating with the Supernatural, is backed by a tremendous evergreen standing next to the barren rock. The elder St. John is relaxed with an expression of one who has accomplished his task. The young man is deeply agitated, an activist whose faith in the cause is endless as is also his task. A new world is growing through him. The forest is the place of challenge and trial. The endurance, faith and wisdom of those who had traveled through it have been reinforced. Like Pyramus, some are lost. Like Woodcutter some are faced with an impossible task. Like St. George, some may never find the way albeit they may have slain the dragon.

Humanism offered by the southern skies seems to have had little meaning for Altdorfer. Like most of his German colleagues with somewhat of an exception of Dürer he had little use of Italian recipes. When he uses them, the result is an incredible incompatibility. Like a space ship a weird pagoda has landed in an Altdorferian German forest, in front of an Altdorferian castle and Altdorferian blue peaks, underneath a chilly Altdorferian sky. It does have some official marks of the Renaissance: the rounded arches, a tower with a dome, strong horizontals, and coloristic treatment of facades. Amadeo or some other Lombard or Venetian builder might have conceived of something alike. Tiny figures hop through the meadow and the terrace and the balconies of that monstrously funny apparition. It is called *Susanna and the Elders* (1526, Alte Pinakothek, Munich). One is really in doubt: did Altdorfer do it to show that he "knows what the true art of the time" is, or is he poking fun at the Italianate craze?

Turning his back to the wonders of Italy, more so than any of his German art contemporaries, Altdorfer certainly expressed doubts that his world had about the world of the Medici and of the Popes of Rome. After all, Luther occurred just two years after the *Two St. Johns*. Luther's revolution created a New Europe, not necessarily better, but certainly different. The clash generated in 1517 is only today being healed through the institution of the European Union. Questioning the southern ways had been going on before Luther, and Altdorfer for whom the German return to the true faith leads through the German wood, the primordial home, is a prime example. Luther solved the enigma of St. George. Maybe not in the most gentle and elegant way, but the entropy of the forest and the dragon was broken. The way was open to that gap among the trees, to that clutch of sunrays, which may not have been as bright as they might have seemed, yet at least they allowed Europe to get out into a clearance without a total self-destruction. For me it is really hard to discern any big change in Altdorfer's spirit before and after 1517.

Altdorfer, as well as most of the North, hovered suspended between two camps of political correctness: of the Renaissance, Humanist, Papal South, and of its own hard, mystical, metaphysical, "medieval" homeland. As an artist, however, he was able to transcend both – withstanding the pressures of the Mediterranean without becoming an open spokesperson of the new political correctness of the early 16th century North. He could do it as he was one among those who worked on creating this new correctness and just like Giorgione was in tune with many of its requirements. He was thus a servant to bondage he himself had helped create, but as its creator and curator, he also retained freedom which a great artist needs in order to be and remain great.

I am often urged to call Altdorfer an anti-humanist, yet I hesitate. The humanity that surrounded Altdorfer was different from that around Giorgione. The individual Altdorfer dealt with counted for less, or, at least, he was subject to its surroundings, that great *Deus sive Natura*, to which it had to bow and yield to in order to exist. In 1529 Altdorfer left the woods and painted his manifesto concerning the *condition humaine*.

The Battle of Alexander (1529, oil on panel, Alte Pinakothek, Munich) has been described by an internet site as "a cosmic landscape with miniature-like figures, probably Altdorfer's most famous work. Thousands of tiny figures in a wild, craggy landscape are seen from high in the air against a fiery sunset. Part of a large series of famous battle-pieces from Classical antiquity, with its dazzling light effects, teeming figures, and brilliant colors, it is one of the finest examples of Altdorfer's rich imaginative powers." This is a truly successful brief description of the famous painting done for Duke William IV of Bavaria.

Indeed, Altdorfer has painted not a landscape but a *cosmic vision*, a *manifesto*. In principle, the multitude of teeming figures would make it a figured composition, but there are in fact no figures, just a mass of agitated forms, pouring through the two lowermost fifths of the painting. Wood has brilliantly noticed that the picture is in fact

a huge background. The foreground, this side of the visible slice of barren land, we can just imagine, but after the experience of such works as the *Danube Landscape* this is not an insurmountable task. This invisible foreground includes *us*, seen from the back viewing the scene. Here we are not invited to enter, but to stay and witness the outcome. On one level, this outcome is to be decided in the rather dark lower two fifths of the painting, the level of teeming humanity in an act of violent clash intertwined like giant snakes. The yellow, orange and red of the brilliant sunset are reflected by the spears and helmets, and on that chariot where Darius in panic looks backwards pursued by the furious Alexander. If one is to see the painting as a clash of the Greek and the Persian, i.e., of the Christian and the Ottoman given that in 1529 the latter were stopped by the Christian forces at Vienna, between day and night, light and dark and, of course, good and evil, it may be strange that this chariot has received most of the light of the setting sun! Also, that the victorious forces of Western civilization reflect on their helmets and figures the dark blue of the sky, whereas the orange light has fallen over the part of the field occupied by the fleeing barbarians. Does the “good” light play here a paradoxical role of *highlighting* Darius and his force as a target; or deliberately creating a *contrast* given the fact that Darius rushes toward the dark shadows cast by the rocky peak, that possible *axis mundi*, albeit pushed to the left, marking off with its top the two left fifths of the painting? Is there something sinister about that sunset, separated from the battle by that gray crag and the big, walled city (a reference to Vienna?) at a coast of a large body of water, with scores of towers, spires and domes; next to which we notice two rings of light, two opposed camps ready for battle?!

In spite of all the tumult and confusion of the battle scene, it seems that there is centripetal tendency pressing toward Darius and his exit path. But is it so in the upper two fifths of the painting, where an agitated, cold Altdorferian sky weighs heavily upon equally cold and apparently placid water surfaces backed up by a long curve of innumerable blue mountain peaks. Up there is a welter of anti-cyclonic kind, pushing the dark clouds outwards and piling them against the Sun and the Moon (which defend themselves within their own cocoons: of cold whitish circles – the Moon, and of an explosion of rays and circles of yellow, orange and red – the Sun). It surrounds the panel with the inscription, pushed slightly to the right of the paintings axis, tilted also somewhat at an angle to the picture plane, being thus parallel to the major thrust of Alexander’s force in pursuit, and also with the clearly visible stretch of the mountains backing up the water surface on the right. This panel and its position clearly define our stand on the slope above that barren strip of land in the foreground; we stand a bit to the left and well above of the clearly visible white horse itself not far from the right edge of the painting. This also allows us to discern the true axis of the painting, a diagonal linking the peak of the rocky mountain and the peak like formations of the dark clouds above the setting sun, with an auxiliary line connecting the half lit castle on the mountain, the craggy island and the sun. The horizontals in lower portion of the painting are not horizontals at all as they ascend toward the left, and, in principle would have met the main axis under a 90 degree angle. The moon within a white ring

in the left upper corner connects to the craggy peak and then to that white horseman underneath our position as participating viewers. Now it becomes clear that the peak is indeed the focus of the painting if viewed from a point at some distance from and outside the left edge, where extension of the main axis would intersect with the line of Darius' flight. So it is now clear that the other main axis is not the one with the moon, which serves mainly to define our own position on that slope outside the picture and our point of view. The crowding and motion of the host at our feet directs our eyes toward the extreme left side of the painting, indeed the area outside the picture frame into which Darius is rushing in his anxious retreat, the point of exit that does not promise much. As Darius flees on, he will be swallowed by darkness. However, as the sun is just about to set and the moon is up we must realize that very soon the entire scene would be enveloped by darkness. *Sic transit?* May such a supposition be reinforced by the clear circle of anticyclone pushing with its lower edge against the low, extended curve of the mountain ridge (a segment of an implied circle) which bulges up in a strange way recalling a view of the horizon, i.e., the curving of the surface of the Earth!? Possibly yes. Yet, that potentially increasing circle of relative serenity and calm may also be experienced as a window into infinity which surrounds us, the negligible ants crawling on the hard and stony ground, and is bound to envelop and swallow us. Taking us to the zone of eternal peace and bliss? It is a doubtful promise at best.

This certainly does not exhaust the content of this extraordinary work which has fascinated me for more than half a century. Please take it as a summary of key issues as I myself see them. In front of the *Battle of Alexander* I have always experienced anxiety but also certain calm. The cosmic drama on the sky has taken precedence over the tumult of the teeming mortals – *Natura* in its most exalted revelation. Through that circular blue welter I could always catch a glimpse of at least a shadow of Infinity/Eternity, just as, in a way, I could do so by viewing the best among De Chirico's metaphysical fantasies. However, as I am getting older, *The Battle*, as well as the entire Altdorfer's opus, has lost for me its menacing aspects, and that dubious promise of the blue welter has been growing on me in quite a positive sense. I wonder if Altdorfer did not try to communicate also this to his contemporaries, squeezed between the Cross and the Crescent, and at the same time between two kinds of opposing crosses as well. This is to say that Altdorfer lived in a divided world. But for him there were no split allegiances. Even before the irreparable rift between the South and the North, he attached himself to his own world of the primeval northern forest, which he populated both with his hesitant St. George, and the more assertive and future oriented two Saint Johns. In that he was certainly going against the general fashion of the time, but he also anticipated its failure. When 1517 came Altdorfer was ready. He needed no adjustments. A vision of the world in which the human being bows and submits to a Supreme Power has arrived. And Altdorfer gladly greeted it with the *Battle of Alexander*. Compare it with Michelangelo's *Battle of Cascina* or Leonardo's *Battle of Anghiari*. Both Italians sum up the scene into a small group of key actors, monumental figures covering the entire picture space!

In that Altdorfer undoubtedly embraced new standards of political correctness which he himself anticipated, another example of a great artist who submitted to a climate he himself helped create. To repeat, being in tune with his time was exactly what enabled Altdorfer to remain “free.”

References, Addenda, Additional Illustrations

Albrecht Altdorfer and the Origins of Landscape, Christopher S. Wood, Chicago 1993 (second revised edition 2014) is an excellent summary of Altdorferian problematic. All illustrations quoted in our text could be viewed in that richly illustrated monograph.

See also http://www.artcyclopedia.com/artists/altdorfer_albrecht.html (11-5-2014).

Otherwise all the illustrations can be also viewed on the Internet (Altdorfer, name of the work, collection and location if needed). Here are the key ones: *Woodcutter*-picture, *Death of Pyramus*-picture, *The Rest on the Flight into Egypt*-picture, *Danube Landscape*-picture, *Landscape with Church*-picture, *Landscape with Double Fir*-picture, *Landscape with a Large Castle Berlin*-picture, *Coastal Landscape Albertina*-picture, *Wild Man*-picture, *Two St. Johns Regensburg*-picture, *Susanna in the Bath*-picture, etc.

For *The Battle of Alexander* see <http://www.ibiblio.org/wm/paint/auth/altdorfer/battle-issus/> (11-5-2014).

X. Giotto

We arrived at Padua by midafternoon. We should have arrived earlier but we got stuck at the Yugoslav-Italian border above Trieste for five hours while the Yugoslav communist border guards literally took our bus apart looking for smuggled foreign currency. They found none.

It was my first trip to the rotten Capitalist West, date: early summer 1956, deep in the period of troglodytic communism. The syndicate of intellectual workers of the School of Architecture somehow got permission for a few days trip to Italy under pretext of visiting the Venetian Biennale. We left Zagreb early in the morning the day before and spent most of the day traveling through an almost totally deserted land of Istria, on the roads the surfaces of which had grown grass and shrubs.

Our guide through that ghost land was Professor Andre Mohorovičić, a distinguished art historian teaching at the School of Architecture, man who did an awful lot to save Istria from disappearing from the face of civilized earth after the partition and agreement of 1952. Whoever nowadays visits that surprisingly prosperous Croatian province should mention him in their prayers. By doing what he did, Mohorovičić also saved an enormous art treasure, some fragments of which we were able to view on that fascinating day. We wiggled our way through a world of the past so unique and unusual that I could have never guessed at its existence. Professor Mohorovičić led us through narrow winding lanes of hill-top nests (Plomin, Gračišće, Lindar, Pazin, Draguč...), half ruined and deserted. Somewhere we would find an old man or woman who had the key and then we would pack into tiny churches and in the light of candles catch glimpse of Jesus and Mary, of Annunciations and Crucifixions, all the way from entrance to altar.

Since my earliest days I drew and painted, with colored pencils and watercolors once they became available. Later on, in the Gymnasium, I was officially drafted into painting by Josip Roca, a worthy painter and a superb art pedagogue (still alive at the time of this writing in 2014). Some of my watercolors and temperas from those days went, according to Roca, to children art exhibitions in Tokyo, Paris and Helsinki and never came back. At that time I painted clowns, carnival masks, the Upper Town towers with golden cockerels, trees with big red and yellow peaches, apples and pears. No wonder I was fascinated by Istria. But this was just the first revelation of that miraculous trip.

In Padua we stopped at the Piazza del Santo where we duly admired Donatello's altarpiece and the *Gattamelata*. Then we went to the Piazza Eremitani, in the Ovetari

Chapel, where we “viewed” frescoes by Andrea Mantegna, bombed away a little more than a decade ago by liberating allied aircraft.

Across from the Eremitani there was another chapel, missed by the bomb. They said it was Scrovegni Chapel, or Arena Chapel, and that Giotto was inside. The name was well-known. Few years ago my parents read me the book by Lionello Venturi, *Come si guarda un quadro*, translated into Croatian as *Od Giotto do Chagalla* (From Giotto to Chagall).

We entered into the mostly empty nave and the chain of my anagogical revelations continued. From floor to the vault the colors sang, even lustily shrieked, hopping one over another like eggs in an Easter basket. I just told you what I had been painting those days. Giotto did essentially the same on the huge sheet of paper of the chapel walls and vaults, and for that he was appreciated, loved, and certainly well-paid. I would not leave so they had to drag me out; we still had to reach Ferrara to spend the night.

It was decades before mass tourism and internet reservation of tickets so I could use the half hour we spent inside at leisure. I looked at the walls and recognized Joachim among the Shepherds, the first example and the key stone of Venturi’s analysis. Close by was a scene showing Joachim pushed out from a walled enclosure; clearly the source of Joachim’s sadness among the shepherds. There was also a representation of Joachim asleep in front of the shed that shows in his meeting with the shepherds, the same rocky landscape, just the trees were missing. I took this change to indicate that Joachim had a dream. Much later on I was to learn I had been right.

Another scene linked up to those two: Joachim did something in front of a box sitting on the mirror image of the rock we had already seen twice; much later I was to learn it was Joachim’s sacrificial offering. From my previous experiences with Giotto in Venturi’s book and elsewhere, I recognized also the meeting of Joachim and Anna. It was obvious: by many centuries Giotto anticipated the comic strip. His story was clear, succinct and told by mutually linked and easily recognizable forms and patterns.

I looked on. There was also, talking of the scenes I had seen before in some book, the *Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple*, *Lamentation*, *Judas’ Kiss* with an ugly monkey like Judas. It occurred to me as I scanned the walls, that Judas was in fact the only really ugly face in the chapel. Even the old people, even those indulging in dubious actions such as pushing Joachim out of that walled precinct, were not ugly. The action, too, was well-measured, relaxed, dignified. Giotto knew how to depict emotions. Look at those sheep and the dog joyfully greeting their master! Look at Joachim and Anna embracing each other or, that Christ telling that kneeling woman not to approach him, gently, without any malice or rejection! Giotto was a *friend*; spiritual one, formal one. I am saying this not to extol my dubious amateur art output, but to indicate how I deeply loved the man, and I was sure that he would have loved me in his happy, joyous and childlike way – if he had known me. Since that day in

Padua, Giotto has been a kind of somewhat older, caring relative, an uncle or elder cousin to me. I could feel his gentle hand stroking my hair.

I sensed that Giotto needed no advisors, no interfering patrons, and no models. In the goodness of his heart he could, as a free and happy human being, depict his brothers and sisters eloquently and clearly, conferring their thoughts, dreams and visions onto us, viewers, through their restrained but telling gestures, poses, and movements. They did this in a wonderful and enchanted world of those miniature rocks and trees, of intimate boxlike buildings acting as both interiors and exteriors; briefly, stage props in a story of human interaction which he so masterfully told. I have listened all lifelong about how Giotto introduced realism, how he created realistic human figure acting within a real space; something I could never understand. Giotto was not a reporter. He was an enchanter, a sorcerer. After many a decade I have concluded that Giotto ingeniously put together certain artistic qualities present in his time – the robust and slightly idealized French Gothic statue, the abbreviated, symbolic scenery of medieval theater, and a psychology (and/or philosophy) of goodness and beauty in which, I know now, he had a great teacher and model: “the little Frenchman,” St. Francis of Assisi. Without being aware of any of that, on that afternoon in Padua I became a Franciscan in spirit.

In a Giotto’s box, such as I had gotten to know at Scrovegni, a hefty bulk of a gentleman with a funny hat lies asleep. As the front wall of the chamber is missing, and the curtain is moved aside, we see two attendants at the bed’s foot, and gently curving body of the Pope. Now I know that the hat is the tiara, so the sleeping gentleman is the Holy Father gently taking in a dream. And it is Rome, no doubt. The papal chamber is a kind of a ciborium such as the Cosmati did all over Rome of the Middle Ages. Already in Padua I had learned to recognize Giotto painting a dream, and he painted a good number of dreams and visions. He did not develop any fixed formulas but there is always something unusual, supernatural and yet associated with the natural, that clearly takes us to the world of beyond. What the sleeping Pope sees is a strange perversion of reality. As in an earthquake, a church, a Roman basilica with a trabeated porch covered by the Cosmati décor, and provided with a Romanesque campanile *à la* St. Francesca Romana, is tilting threatening to collapse. And, lo and behold, a young man in a simple brown robe with a rope around the waist stuck his shoulder under the beam of the porch preventing the crash which would have brought down the papal resting place as well. Six years after Padua I visited that savior of the Church and the World at his home in Assisi.

I believe it was the summer after my sophomore year. Mother and I acquired some black market dollars, bought train tickets, and embarked upon a trip to Tuscany. We stayed a few days in Florence and Siena, with a stopover in San Gimignano, and then, changing several times from one local train to another, found ourselves at the station in Assisi on a hot, bright summer early afternoon. We had about two hours at our disposal until the next train. Luckily there was a bus to town and in some ten minutes

we were in the Upper Church of St. Francis, in a world (counting here the lower church too) so packed with shapes and colors that it would have taken days to truly digest it all. This is possibly why I do not remember too well the first of my many visits to Assisi; and to admit, the experience has never been as clear as in Padua.

In the fine yellowish translucency of the afternoon it was not too difficult to pick up the story. And here, as opposed to Padua where even a 14 year old with no religious upbringing could recognize a number of scenes, in Assisi the story was unique and didascalica seriously needed. I had already had some.

I knew that Giovanni di Pietro Bernardone was born in 1189/81 and died in 1226. I knew that he had a vision in 1204 making him leave the secular life in 1205 devoting himself to “Lady Poverty;” that he was called Francesco, “Little Frenchman,” as he duly devoured French novels and Troubadour poetry; that in 1209 the great pope, Innocent III recognized, after some hesitation, Francesco’s potential in the struggle of an embattled Church against the enemies without and within, and gave him permission to preach. I knew that this was the beginning of the Franciscan Order, to be reconfirmed by another outstanding pontiff, Honorius II in 1223; that Francis received the stigmata in 1224, and that in 1228 another important pope, Gregory IX canonized him, while also laying the foundation stone of the church of St. Francis in Assisi. Over decades my knowledge and understanding would increase, but the above was already enough to follow the main outline of the story.

As we moved through the bright interior I recognized some of the scenes: *Miracle of the Spring*, *Sermon to the Birds*, *Giving of the Mantle to a Poor Man*, *Stigmatization* – all belonging to a group which I nowadays identify as “large figures in nature” scenes. With the help of those firm points, and the guide book, I managed to read most of the rest of the story. To single out those I experienced as most memorable: *Homage of a Simple Man*, *Renunciation of the Wordly Goods*, *Dream of Innocent III*, *Confirmation of the Rule*, *Vision of the Flaming Chariot*, *Exorcism of the Demons at Arezzo*, *St. Francis before the Sultan*, *Ecstasy of St. Francis*, *Institution of the Crib at Greccio*, *St. Francis Preaching before Honorius III*, *Death and Ascension*. And what a story it is! In my future visits I refined my experience both in terms of form and content, of historical conditions and social and ideological ramifications, of scholarly insights concerning authorship and attributions, etc.

Less than a year since my first visit I listened to my first great mentor’s, Professor Prelog’s, lectures on Giotto in his course on the Gothic. And I have forever remembered his words when comparing Assisi to Arena: “In Assisi, Giotto conquered Truth, in Arena Beauty.” He spoke, clarifying what I intuitively grasped in Assisi, that the story on the walls of the Upper Church was a *new* story, with just a few models and precedents, and that the painter had to be fully immersed into the marvelous world of St. Francis and Franciscanism in order to credibly communicate it to the public. The public of the time of Giotto’s painting in Assisi contained quite a few people whose parents saw and knew St. Francis, and that even to their children and

grandchildren the happy mystic of Assisi was still very much real and alive. Giotto, briefly, had to create his own iconographic schemes and his novelistic freshness and vividness of the narrative were due exactly to the novelty of the topic for the first time developed in a major novelistic way. At the time, the early sixties, while Giotto was still seen by the official scholarship as a forerunner of the Renaissance, or even as a last offshoot of the Romanesque solidity, Prelog boldly asserted that Giotto was “Gothic” in his highly humanized, yet charmingly mystical, view of the world and human predicament. Today I would say, of a man walking hand in hand with the Saints. Encouraged by Prelog’s lectures and under his guidance, I wrote my senior paper on the topic “Is Giotto a Gothic Artist?” It pleased some in the Department, but it infuriated the others. This remains the only thing I ever wrote on Giotto. But I kept developing my mental dossier on him as I lectured on him, not in my major courses – they dealt with earlier phases of medieval art – but in the Introduction to Art History which I taught for many decades at the University of Michigan, University of North Carolina, and the University of Rijeka. As my mental dossier grew I indeed expanded the key idea I took in from Prelog’s lectures – Truth, Beauty.

In Assisi Giotto indeed displayed his supreme talent of narrator, his powerful insight as student of human soul, his magisterial skill as a director and scenographer. In this, I believe, natural emphasis on the content, even the history and, I hasten to add, with forms to match, Giotto is surprisingly multi and cross-disciplinary; a forerunner of the Conceptual art of today. He may have been, rightly, credited with the creation of the “realistic human figure in real space,” but he did not do it as an act of scientific search and investigation but because he needed it for his story. As in the Greek, Medieval and many other theaters, it is the figure that counts. In creating this theater, Giotto was his own librettist, director, costume and stage designer, prompter. Vis-à-vis the public he was his own PR agent selling the ideas he stood for, his own critical expert expounding his wares and explaining the ways they should be taken in and digested. Being also an artist of experience he knew how his creations should be experienced by the consumers – a successful artist who is both creator and promoter. There is a lot of story, a lot of guidance, but it was *not* propaganda. The public, from the bottom to the top agreed with Giotto, and loved him. No wonder, as the public was in spirit all Franciscan.

It took listening to Professor Brian Tierney, a great medieval historian, at Cornell in 1970, and to his interpretation of the “Renaissance of the 12th century” to start revising what I had known, be it rationally or intuitively, about Giotto. The picture of the High Middle Ages as painted by Charles H. Haskins has been a revelation for my work in many respects. With time I realized that St. Francis was the peak and epitome of what Haskins has revealed in the Romanesque and (Early) Gothic art, in the poetry of the Troubadours, in Abélard and Héloïse, in the rise of dissent and controversy, in a view that this world, created by God, is also a place of Beauty, a house of Joy. For how could an omnipotent, and absolutely good God create evil!? And what is this statement but the quintessence of St. Francis and Franciscanism, of the *Canticle of the*

Sun, of the service to the Lady Poverty – of love toward each and every human being, as well as other participants of Creation – of Brother Sun, Sister Moon, Brother Fox, of preaching to the birds, of striking water from the rock, of giving one’s mantle to the poor and being recognized as a special person by them. Francis preached love and beauty, Giotto made it palpable relying in this process on that highest object of divine creativity, the human being. In that he was not only politically correct, he was a major factor of creating this political correctness.

Giotto’s superb knowledge and understanding of human beings deserves some technical examination. In the scene of the *Renunciation of the Wordly Goods*, in front of two playhouse buildings, cute, pleasantly awkward and not to scale, there are two confronted groups of people. Larger and more tightly packed is led by an irate (he has to be restrained by his mates), powerful man in yellow, with a bunch of clothes hanging over his left arm. These had been worn by the front character of the group on the right, smaller and less packed but holding its own vis-à-vis the group on the left. The front man of that group on the right had taken off his clothes, and tossed them at the man in yellow, we would be told, screaming that he was not his father as he had only One Father, in heaven. No wonder that Pietro Bernardone, the knight of Assisi and Francesco’s father is mad! As opposed to the angry father, the son meekly and kindly turns his eyes heavenwards, toward the Hand of the Lord showing from the blue; behind him is a bishop, who had run in and wrapped the naked Francis in a cloak. Two other clerics, observers, stand by. The prelate’s face turned also somewhat toward the two says very clearly: Lord, did we need all that!?! A clear vertical chasm separates the groups, invaded just by the angry, horizontal gesture of the father, and the uplifted arm of the son pointing to the Father in Heaven. As we follow it upwards we will see that already mentioned hand of the Lord, a *Dextra Dei*, blessing His chosen one and canceling any effect the aggressive action of Pietro Bernardone might have had. St. Francis had renounced his father and the world. The vertical blue chasm separates them forever. It may be educational to take a closer look at the expressions of some other characters in both groups. The skepticism and concern expressed by the Bishop of Arezzo is not reflected only by the two cleric followers of his, but also among the laymen behind Bernardone, especially those at the very left end of the picture. Even the two children talking to each other seem to be saying: “What kind of a nut is that?”

A bipolar scene such as the one just described, in a number of variations, is quite typical of Giotto’s paintings in Assisi. In the one we just spoke of the separation of the two confronted groups is obvious, in fact, strongly emphasized. The possible link, Bernardone stepping into the void achieves no results as he does not reach far or energetically enough into that separating blue strip. Its effectiveness as a piece of visual communication is positively cancelled by the uplifted arm of St. Francis which does not have any ambition to enter into a dialogue with anything secular. Like his face and eyes it communicates only with the *Dextra Dei* refusing any secular

involvement. The separation of the two worlds is total and clear, and the moral is too: the world of the Sacred is way superior to the world of the Profane.

A simple man has spread his cloak at the feet of a young nobleman. Two noblemen on the left and two churchmen on the right witness the scene. As Francis steps onto the cloak and the simpleton raises his face toward him we realize that the central void is not a barrier but a link. This is clearly stated by the background scenery, two tower like buildings connected by the ideal connecting form – a triangle of the pediment of the Temple of Minerva in Assisi. Spiritual unity between the simple man and Francis is clearly established. Whereas the noblemen on the left converse showing no special interest, the two churchmen on the right feature a typical “skeptical” countenance, a reference to the skepticism the Church originally displayed to the Franciscan phenomenon, treating it almost as just another heresy.

However, Innocent III in his dream saw the light and recognized St. Francis and his order. Here again (the *Dream of Innocent III*) we have two groups, the Pope on a high throne surrounded by clerics, and a group of Francis’ followers kneeling behind Francis receiving the act of confirmation in the middle. Here again we have that central gap. But it is clearly bridged by the gestures of Francis and the Pope and the expressions on the faces of the actors: the devout expression of Francis, the caring and understanding look in the Pope’s eyes, the expression of devotion of Francis’ brethren, an expression of serious respect which has replaced any expression of doubt which, just possibly, has still lingered there a minute ago. But what makes the happy union complete, is the architecture of the chamber, symmetrical and done in good perspective, showing in the upper register a series of round headed arches sitting on double brackets, a perfect device to tie together the two groups and their interaction. Note that the central round headed arch does not frame in either Francis or the Pope but forms a high bridge bringing them together. This is that space between the Sacred and the Profane in which they integrate to become one. The Pope sits elevated on the upper right, and this is a very frequent device that Giotto uses to indicate the direction of either physical or spiritual action. If there is a vision, it is usually there, in harmony with the Western habit of showing the good guys moving in from the left, emphasized in our case also by the upward movement of action or glance (*Dream of the Palace, Miracle of the Crucifix, Vision of the Flaming Chariot, Exorcism of the Demons at Arezzo, Ecstasy of St. Francis, Stigmatization*). The *Exorcism of the Demons* is particularly notable as the spiritual and physical action diagonals (lower left to upper right) neatly coincide: one can feel how the power of Francis’ prayer makes it possible for Brother Sylvester to expel the demons as we literally feel that power flowing through his uplifted arm and hand sending the demons away through the upper right corner of the scene. The sharp vertical gap between the Church on the left and the City (secular) on the right is annulled by that binding power which flows on following Brother Sylvester’s gesture and, rubbing against the towers of Arezzo, sends the evil spirits away. How wonderfully opposite this scene is to the *Renunciation*, albeit their construction is essentially the same.

Equally marvelous is the composition of the *Crib at Greccio*, with St. Francis and the crib with the child in the middle of the altar area (given the fact that we view the scene under a slight angle standing to the right of its physical center), three groups of somewhat intermixed friars, churchmen and laymen converging on St. Francis from the left, from the right (underneath the ciborium) and from the back through the gate in the choir screen. It is a remarkable expansion of cleverly constructed space so much in tune with the psychology of the representation; and further stretched to the invisible depth of the background by that crucifix on the screen the back of which we see, clearly stating that there is an ample room – the nave of the church full of those who see the recto of the crucifix viewing it from the nave area. The architecture of the screen, a strong horizontal is also a powerful integrating device, and the elements marking the central axis, the gate (void) and the crucifix (solid) act as binding rather than separating visual signals.

A variation on the centrally arranged interior (e.g., *Confirmation of the Rule*) we have in Francis preaching in front of Honorius III. A triple Gothic arcade binds the actors together; the Pope is centrally located viewing Francis and his followers underneath the left arcade under an angle, within a shallow segment of a circle devised by his followers, reaching as far as the edge of Francis' arcade. The rapt expression on the face of the Pope and his suite confirming Francis' divine inspiration reflected by the calm yet exalted expression on his face links the actors together; yet the sophisticated composition which is both central and axial, and, again, not quite so, highlights the position of St. Francis and his spiritual link to the Pope. The Church we see is one, yet the sanctity of St. Francis is undoubtedly superior.

In the *Apparition at Arles* we have the entire central scene which we view from the left featuring a wall with a Gothic entrance flanked by two mullioned windows; and an area along the left wall, an in principle rectilinear pocket of space formed by and containing the body of St. Anthony of Padua preaching to the order and suddenly noticing a vision of St. Francis, inside that entrance arch, his arms outstretched as an association to a cross. Only one more friar sees the apparition, the rest listen to St. Anthony. St. Francis is ever so slightly turned left so it seems that his intention was to communicate with the entire group and not exclusively with St. Anthony. The complex yet eminently readable set up tells us that what we and St. Anthony are viewing is a vision, not reality.

A neat symmetrically painted room with walls covered by patterned curtains is the *Dream of St. Gregory*. Only on a second viewing do we realize that another space has imposed itself within an apparently very simple and clear space concept. It is the area underneath the baldachin containing the Pope's bed and a strong upright figure of St. Francis, holding the Pope's hand. An attendant is asleep next to the bed, another, awoken looks into the left area of the picture where in a large pocket of space we find just two more sleeping (damaged?) figures. Again, the clever manipulation of the composition gives it the eerie quality of a dream.

To those scenes which could be compared to Antique theatre involving two actors and a chorus (or two choruses) one should add two other types of presentation. In one the mass dominates and they are clearly mass scenes, in the other the scene is dominated by a single or just a few actors.

This single man dominating the scene like an aria singer is usually St. Francis. His dominance, both physical and spiritual, is further emphasized by the simplicity of the rocky landscape or the stage props, and by reticence of the accompanying figures, some of them silent. The best are those with the fewest figures: *Sermon to the Birds*, a solo with just one silent witness, *Giving the Mantle to a Poor Man*, a duet dominated by the Saint, and the *Miracle of the Spring*, an aria-recitative witnessed by a small chorus of three and an individual silent actor. Or we have St. Francis addressing the Supernatural – the *Vision of St. Francis*, the *Ecstasy*, and, possibly the best of all, the *Stigmatization*.

At the other end of the spectrum we have the mass scenes, least original and individualized in terms of action and human psychology as they represent views which had precedents in thematically similar scenes (e.g., *Ascension*, *Funeral*, etc.) and too many actors to address individual psychologies. Yet some of them are wonderfully composed, e.g., the *Ascension* as a model for all great similar scenes to the *Assunta* and beyond, or a *Verification of the Stigmata* somewhat similarly layered but with a lot of local color.

This is not all that Giotto did, or what was, has been, or is attributed to him. I must recall that the authorship of his *Legend of St. Francis* has been questioned. I refuse to enter into those debates. The choice I have made has been based on what I had learned at an early stage of my life long studies, and what I have accepted as being the most quintessentially Giottesque among the works definitely his (Scrovegni), or attributed with a high degree of consensus (the *Legend of St. Francis*).

I must admit that even before Assisi I had a chance to see the Bardi and Peruzzi Chapels at Santa Croce, which were, at the time of my visit in the course of the Graduation Trip in 1959, *in restauro* and not easy to view. But even on later viewing I was left rather unimpressed. Here is a great master, no doubt, skillfully playing with his materials without the conviction of a search of Truth (Assisi) or Beauty (Padua). There is a neat *Ascension of St. John* in the Peruzzi Chapel (ca. 1320), or a fine solo of the *Stigmatization of St. Francis* in a rocky landscape, or a *Renunciation* with a new bold architectural concept in the Bardi (ca. 1330), but overall the figure is small, architecture thin and playhouse, composition loose and overcrowded; as if Giotto is now even formally moving toward what we standardly see as the “Gothic” both in form and narrative.

Several times while writing these lines I raised the question could an artist ever be free from a direct pressure of the powerful, or, at least, more indirectly, of the prevalent fashion. I mostly expressed my doubts that it might be so. I left Giotto for

the end, not particularly knowing why, to realize as I was going through my reminiscences and insights that I may have left him for the end as an example challenging the main thrust of this essay. Did Giotto indeed avoid being politically correct? It seems to me that the answer should be at least a qualified “Yes.” And this may be so because Giotto was along with St. Francis, the early Franciscans, Pope Innocent III, and a great number of their both powerful and ordinary contemporaries, one of the creators of a certain kind of world experience prevalent before the Franciscanism and the climate it had created became a routine. In the Florentine chapels Giotto already capitulated to the fashion he himself created, and lay foundation for the new “fashion”, the *Giottismo*, a fad which only rarely did reach the standards set by its Master – in artists such as Maso di Banco or Tommaso da Modena. Or in those who like Simone Martini or the Lorenzettis grafted Giottism to new trends of the *Oltralpe*. Giotto was a totally original, self-sufficient genius – this is also why he has so skillfully avoided any classification – simply a rule unto himself. It does not mean that he could be seen outside the realities of his time: indeed, he helped create them and dominated them.

Are there any other artists of that kind?

I should say so, many of which we have never heard of. The latter are those who create, in as much as it is possible, for themselves thus avoiding the political correctness trap. Some such artists might emerge at some point as newly discovered geniuses. English language poets Emily Dickinson and Gerald Manley Hopkins may be the case in question. Others, like Giotto, may define what is correct themselves; some of them we have already mentioned – Giorgione, Altdorfer. Without any hope of being comprehensive I would like to list some which in my opinion may qualify. By the way, this has absolutely nothing to do with the quality of an artist: he may be under heavy control (Michelangelo, Raphael) and yet an artist of superb quality.

My favorites in this group are: Piero della Francesca, Cezanne, Monet, Kandinsky, Rouault, and Yves Klein. They are obviously my favorites, and my choice is highly subjective. They are all painters, but as we go along I should try to insert a few words on other fields of visual arts.

Piero della Francesca is normally seen as one of the triumphs of the Renaissance in the arts. Yet, I have my doubts. Piero is obviously an aberration among the narrative naturalists of the Quattrocento. Neither the human individual nor its natural surroundings are of any great interest to Piero. His art is a handbook of descriptive geometry, planar and spatial, a set of theorems governing correct representation of three-dimensional bodies on a two-dimensional plane. It is an accident that those bodies may bear likeness to human bodies, trees, buildings – recognizable visual correlatives to the sacred laws of geometry ruling supreme and silent in volumes and lines. One of my great teachers, Professor Gamulin, called Piero and his likes “artists of pure existence,” quoting as another supreme example the French Baroque master Georges de la Tour. With his idealized forms, musical lines, soft eerie colors, even

gold background, with restrained gestures, Piero would not be too popular in the centers of the bourgeois naturalism. Yet, as some other unusual artists of the 15th century he was more than welcome in less progressive foci of art and culture, where the idealism of Piero's and his co-travelers, aimed at bringing sense to the vivid tableaux of the main-stream's garrulous practitioners, served as the basis of the idealized art of the High Renaissance. The Florentine cultural orthodoxy certainly saw in Piero an artist who participated in the realization of its scientific dreams. Thus in their eyes he could be seen as fulfilling at least some of their requirements; whereas his true patrons in Urbino, who must have appreciated his apparent traditionalism such as the undulating line, the golden fond, and the charming Giottesque architectural clusters in the background, could claim the same. Yet Piero stands alone and aloof. Did the intelligent among his patrons understand his lonely greatness? And bowed to it? In a way, Piero recalls Watteau by being *in* while at the same time being gloriously *out*!

In Piero's entourage in Urbino there are two artists who may be considered here. Francesco Laurana achieved in his best works, the famous female busts, some of the Madonnas (Noto) and tomb sculpture (Cecilia Aprilis) a purity of form very much alike that of Piero's. Here again, we may raise the issue: is that a residue of the Gothic or anticipation of the Cinquecento synthesis? It is certainly not Piero's scientific descriptive geometry, rather, a geometric purism in the service of going deep beyond the skin to the essence of being, of "pure existence" where the matter and spirit join in an inseparable harmony.

A similar position, in architecture, is taken by the other Laurana, Luciano, whose "pure existence" courtyard at the Urbino Palace, a 3D Piero della Francesca porch, undoubtedly points toward Bramante and the High Renaissance. In many aspects of the Montefeltro palace we are again in a query: does Luciano deliberately adhere to Piero's perfectionist fantasies, or is it again a tradition of the Late Gothic charm and elegance. Probably without being quite aware of that, the Montefeltros have created a pool of artists who were rather reticent concerning the Florentine Quattrocento orthodoxy, and initiated an orthodoxy of their own which would play a role in the formulation of the major art orthodoxy of the time – the Roman Classical Renaissance. After all, both Bramante and Raphael are offshoots of the same Urbino circle. In that they certainly acted with a considerable degree of freedom from the standard required model.

Paul Cezanne should be another artist of "pure existence." He, we are told, believed that everything in nature could be reduced to a primary form of a cube, sphere, cone, etc. He also realized that things could be viewed from different angles introducing a point of relativity into Piero's vision of sacred descriptive geometry. In all that, we are told, Cezanne is a fountainhead and forerunner of Cubism and geometric abstraction, the terminator of the traditional pictorial space, and the herald of film, video, and any

other kind of visual art involving the real movement and switching of the points of view.

Cezanne's historical importance makes one (almost) forget the simple fact that Cezanne is a very great artist. Many years before I learned any theory about Cezanne I had been deeply in love with his sunny, Mediterranean colors (and their corollary, light), the warm blue sky and sea, the orange soil of Provence, the red of the roofs, the dark green of the cypresses, the grey of the stone walls, the yellow of the country lanes, and the violet of the shadows. In that warm Mediterranean color scheme the bulk dissolves and the surface turns flat. And it has nothing to do with any theory, but with the beauty of man's environment, a receptive eye to read it, and a hand ready to record it! Cezanne is first of all a wonderful painter of the Mediterranean world who painted what he saw.

As an undergraduate I remember a trip from Zagreb to Selce at the Northern Littoral by a new road cut into the steep mountain flank from Gornje Jelenje to Križišće, shortening the bus trip by almost two hours; and taking you through a landscape of terraces with orchards and vineyards, crisscrossed by dry walls, surrounded by gray and hazy green olive trees, rising from the grand flat surface of the sea.

I thought that the trip had solved for me the mystery of Cezanne, but this was just a part of the story.

On an early summer morning some fifteen years later I was driving from Montpellier to Nice, my first drive along the Côte d'Azur. The day was bright and sunny but a layer of early morning fog hang over the coastal cliffs and promontories. I knew that I would drive by the place where one can see Mt. Saint-Victoire, and prayed that the fog may lift. And indeed as I reached the spot where road signs announced the view of the Mountain on my left, the clouds split and there it was, exactly as I knew it from Cezanne's paintings, line by line, patch by patch. Yes, I knew that Cezanne applied his "theories" to still-life, to portraiture, to genre scenes, to bathers. But no theory was needed to paint Mt. Saint-Victoire. All it took was to see it and paint as it was seen!

Cezanne is great not because he manufactured new theories which "opened ways" (!?) to this or that. He was great because he saw a system existing in his environment and used it as a basis of wonderful art. It was the followers who turned his *art* into Cezannism, a new creed that was to become *de rigueur*. Like Giotto, Cezanne creates a powerful individual mode of expression which kept him outside the prevalent Academic correctness. Like various Gaddis and Daddis his epigones turned a great art into one of the obligatory manners of the "modern art."

Claude Monet did in my opinion exactly the opposite. In the forefront of Impressionism which appealed to the authority of science in proposing a new way of seeing and representing the world, Monet, once the heroic days of the Impressionist revolution were over, retired to his back yard and painted ponds covered with water

lilies; or, in fact, he painted colors, light, textures, freed or just loosely associated with objects – if vapors, shadows, and reflections can be called objects at all. In that he created an enormous “art” which it took decades to discover, and decode, but never indeed integrate into the canon of the history of the 20th century art. In a century of horrors a happy recluse, Monet, brazenly distills the beauty of the most rarefied manifestations of Mother Nature, an art that is socially irrelevant, sensually concerned with itself as a piece of beauty, a balm for our senses, food for those gluttons whose appetites could be satisfied by beauty and beauty alone.

Monet made Impressionism a politically correct bourgeois movement, saw it wax and wane, and then perpetuated in his beautiful loneliness the most valuable (and for the real followers secondary) aspect of Impressionism, its sense of beauty and serenity. He codified it as a personal message to be imposed on the world – that life and our surroundings are beautiful. Is that by any chance some new Franciscanism? Possibly, yes, but now it is a movement without followers; as its founder enjoys standing alone and aloof in the world of beauty which he recognizes “in spite of everything” as the *real* world, *his* world, possibly to be recommended to others, but never imposed. Monet’s is a gentle political correctness of one who knows that he is right and does not care if the crowds agrees with him or not.

Just before the First World War, Wassily Kandinsky created a fascinating world of color unrelated to the “visual reality” even more so than the sensuous art of Monet’s. As opposed to Monet this world of free color, dynamic line and unstoppable space transformation was a world of Kandinsky’s youth, of his reminiscences of Slavic color exuberance invading a static vision of pictorial form and space. This wonderful episode, in harmony with the new tendencies in the art of the Fauves and the Expressionists, was later replaced by still charming but less inspired version of color abstraction controlled by geometric ordering. As geometry and construction tended to signify progress and social consciousness in the post-war times, it is no surprise that Kandinsky was to become one of the pillars of the Bauhaus.

Georges Rouault is yet another great loner of the 20th century art. Somewhat connected to the Fauves who in the course of the first decade of the 20th century secured their place among politically correct modernist movements, he is in terms of the content much closer to another group which was socially recognized at the same time – the Expressionists, primarily German. The freedom of choice of color, its radiant clashes and scintillating effects are Fauvist (yet we are told that Rouault did stained glass and reminisced about the art of the great cathedrals!), whereas the overall darker tonalities and social consciousness should recall German Expressionists, and yet strangely fail to do so. Rouault is stubbornly himself; a moralist in the best sense of the word among the French hedonists, a Christian among the expressionist leftists, a follower of Christ so often shown against the sun setting over muddy suburban lanes, with a follower or two, in front of undefined background hills, among spooky, dark, threatening houses and tenements. We suffer with those

suburbs, sometimes even painted alone, without human content, the same way as we suffer with Christ, or ride with Charlemagne and *Notre Jeanne*. Yet this empathy with the poor, the emaciated, the condemned, that horror of the squalor, darkness, greed, and perfidy, the horrors of war and the horrors of life in an inhuman, industrial world, is no preaching. Rouault's humanism may recall Giotto and St. Francis, Rouault's staging might do the same, yet it is not the figure, or the figure alone that serves as the carrier of that humanist message: it is the total of the oeuvre, the dark caverns, the corroded effect of bodies and things, and the almost unbearable radiations and flashes of light, a light that threatens and kills, a light which is a beacon of hope and salvation. Seen in the tumultuous dance of endless fake do-gooders and prophets, Rouault's is one of the few voices of genuine humanism in the century of doom. Is Rouault in fact politically correct, or not?!

The same question may be raised in case of the last artist on our list: Yves Klein. I got fascinated by Klein around 1960, a few years before his sadly premature death in 1962 (he was 34). I never thought very much about why I was so drawn to Klein's blue, the famous IKB (International Klein Blue 2014, fig. 28) which dominated his canvasses and happenings. I tabled Klein as one of my favorites, without much thinking about why. I use this opportunity to try to clarify to myself what Klein has meant to me. Here are a few conclusions.

Klein is an extremely controversial figure, not even so much in the sphere of the arts, where he could be seen as a member of "avant-garde" in terms both of classical types of art (e.g., canvasses) and such "new" inventions as happening or performance, to select the areas of Klein's activity that have always especially appealed to me. On surface, Klein should be politically correct, as "breaking up with the past," "seeking new ways of expression," "rejecting the hypocrisy of bourgeois mentality," and so on. But how can somebody be a truly innovative artist and at the same time a conservative? How can he go around dressed as a dandy, in tuxedos, with bow ties, as opposed to the avant-garde costume of rags and dirt? How can such a man speak of "spirituality and liberty"? And what is that spirituality? Wasn't Klein a follower of mystic sects and saints? Absolutely suspect! How can he be allowed to be a modern artist?

Another complex of questions relates to Klein's form. Judging from his wonderful blue canvasses, of a blue which is both light and dark, shiny and flat – and always serene, Klein might be seen as minimalist. But his minimalism is extremely concentrated, and his apparently limited choice of means of expression has a strangely rich taste and feeling. It is sensual, in the best sense of the word. How wonderful, how fantastically sensual, this blue appears on the naked bodies of the beautiful women Klein uses as his living brushes rolling, according to the artist's instructions, over huge sheets of paper in his fascinating performances! And how beautiful the IKB appears in well-cut dresses of creative and sensual women, who have discovered its silky eroticism! This inspiring message that avant-garde art may be a piece and a

process of enjoyment, is particularly dangerous to the view that the world is supposedly ugly, and thus, by definition should generate ugly art, as very judiciously pointed out by Arthur Danto. In brief, Klein *creates*. In a world which rages for destruction, this is not a politically correct stance. And yet, Klein had to be accommodated, but also called to task. So one has accused him of self-promotion, of commercialization of the avant-garde, of other fuzzy infractions of the code of the modern art political correctness, whereas the true core of the Klein phenomenon goes (deliberately?) unnoticed – that Klein stands for a minority (small?, not so small?; or maybe a silent majority) of people who see this world as more than a playing field for leftist destructiveness. Is Klein critical of his world? I think so! But this criticism is not couched in terms of knocking down somebody else's but of promoting Klein's own vision. What a strange affinity to Monet!

It's a worthy puzzle leading to the conclusion.



Figure 28. IKB, 2014

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Conclusion

Political Correctness – Fashion – Fad

“I deeply detest the profession I belong to. Journalists are a bunch of slaves. I huff and puff lest people should see my fear” (Aleksandar Tijanić, Internet, *Index*, October 29, 2013).

In the course of this study we have maintained that art could hardly ever avoid being politically correct. As we progressed we have tried to take a critical look at such a stance, and I still believe that art unaffected by political correctness is exceptional phenomenon. Art is too costly, too valuable and too dangerous as a piece of communication not to be tightly controlled by those who wield power, those who would decide what is politically correct (i.e., promoting goals of those in power). In deciding what and how an artist would formulate his communication the center of power would rely on specialists, “art students,” “art critics,” who would explain what art is good art and why. They would, of course, do it following the needs of those in power. The above quote by Aleksandar Tijanić, outstanding Serbian media man, tells it all.

The art specialists create fashions, widely agreed upon systems of what is correct and what is not. What is fashionable sells well both as object and ideology. It gives the consumer an illusion of participating in something important, universal, praised by everyone. Special flashes radicalizing main characteristics of a fashion are fads, usually brief reinforcement of some important aspect of more durable fashions. Fashions and fads convince the public that they voluntarily accept what is being served (everybody else does it, so I do too), and not under pressure of the centers of power. Thus fashions and fads are merely somewhat more indirect and subtle ways of securing political correctness. They belong to it.

So what about the artist as communicator of the Spirit, and art as the material embodiment of the Spirit? Should not an artist be aloof and follow his own ways, as dictated by the Spirit that he is supposed to recognize and embody in his art? The great thing is that the artist always communicates the Spirit otherwise he would not be an artist. The Spirit captured and embodied reinforces the art’s message. If it were not so, we (i.e., the public and those who manipulate us) would satisfy ourselves with mere reporters. The embodiment of the Spirit gives the message its credibility, its power to convince and to please. Yes, it gives it, to use a most abused word, “Beauty.”

Being politically correct need not be necessarily bad. It need not interfere with the quality of artistic form and content. We have tried to identify some such cases as we progressed. The issue obviously requires special attention.

When it is good to be politically correct?

*I am Darayavaush, the most powerful
king over kings, the sovereign in Persia
and in the conquered lands, son of Vishtaspa,
grandson of Arshama, Akhamenian...*

On the road from Babylon to Ecbatana, from Baghdad to Teheran, about 100 km from Hamadan stands a rocky outcrop of Behistun (Bistun, Old Persian: *Bagastana* – “The House of Gods”) bearing about 100 meters above the road an extensive inscription in Ancient Persian (414 lines), Elamite and Akkadian, encircling a large relief showing King Darius (522-486 B.C.). He is sitting on the throne and receiving in the company of an archer and spear bearer nine prisoners with their hands tied and a rope around their necks (one more is trampled under Darius’ feet), overseen by the celestial Ahuramazda about to set a diadem on the King’s head. This huge trilingual inscription describes the victories of Darius in 522 through 519 in which he conquered, captured and killed ten rebel rulers in 19 battles, and established his supreme power. As for example:

*Says Darayavaush, the King: “Then a certain Nadintabaira
with some horsemen rode to Babylon.
Then I moved against Babylon. By the will of Ahuramazda I
conquered Babylon and captured Nadintabaira. Then I
had that Nadintabaira executed in Babylon.”*

This poignant epic formula with some variations is repeated throughout the inscription (see Ježić, *Darijev veliki natpis u Bagastani*, 2012). The text’s stark imagery, heavy rhythm and powerful repetitiveness have a tremendous epic effect of finality and universality of Darius’ victories. Yet, no one passing by the rock of

Behistun could see it well enough to read it. This magisterial pronunciation of supreme power, *urbi et orbi* was less of a political statement directed to the *urbs*, rather, it was a paean locating Darius himself among the immortal of the *orbis* from which the supreme Persian king receives support and acclamation.

The relief (25 by 15 m) is better visible, although the detail could scarcely be read from the ground. It contains everything needed to proclaim the victory of a powerful being on par with and claiming the seat of the Gods: the conquered enemies confirming Darius' absolute terrestrial power, the key retainers – the arms bearers – invoking the stability of the rule, the crown offered by a Celestial being making the King himself a member of the Pantheon. The good characters duly proceed from the left, the evil doers from the right. The King is larger in scale than his retainers, and the conquered foes. He is deified by receiving the crown from Deity – thus being proclaimed a Divine King of kings. A great piece of propaganda and a great, epic work of art! Also, a perfect example of a model based on which the Ancient Near Eastern rulers acclaimed themselves the most powerful of the humans and on equal footing with the Gods, a formula later used on and on to glorify tyrants from Roman Emperors to contemporary dictators.

One cannot deny the Darius of Behistun a tremendous, even terrifying effect. The author of the verse as well as the author of the visual forms must have received a huge amount of “the Spirit” to convey, as required, the majesty and grandeur of the Persian king. They are absolutely politically correct in legitimizing the dynasty by showing through armed victories its power in this and, by its heavenly recognition, its participation in the world of the above. In another famous example, the Frieze of Pergamon (1st half of the 2nd century, B.C.), the Attalid dynasty and its deeds are directly likened to the feats of the Immortal Gods (figs. 29, 30), additional immortality claimed through the divine origin of the mythical founder, Telephos. Or take the Parthenon frieze, where citizens of a “democratic” city reach for immortality by honoring their Divine Protectress.

A rule may be proposed: wherever there is a strong, powerfully centralized state regardless of its constitution, there is also powerful emphasis on political correctness. But the fact that all those works are politically correct does not lower their artistic value. This is political correctness where we expect it, and it is fine as long as it does not turn into mere propaganda.

How about a potential clash between the versions of political correctness of the seats of secular and religious powers within the same society?

To make things absolutely clear I do not believe that there is such a thing as opposed religious and secular seats of power. The Pharaoh is both a supreme ruler and the God. So also are the other Ancient Near Eastern rulers, Roman and Byzantine emperors, Muslim Caliphs. They stand at the peak of both orders. Modern age dictators have been claiming godlike infallibility and omniscience. So do most of the



Figure 29. Berlin, Pergamon Museum, Altar of Zeus, first half of the 2nd century A. D.



Figure 30. Berlin, Pergamon Museum, Altar of Zeus, first half of the 2nd century A. D.

modern age politicians in general. Marxism, consumerism, free-marketeering, are religions, whereas traditional religions more and more resemble commercial corporations. What is good for the Pharaoh is good for the High Priest, what is good for the Basileos is good for the Patriarch.

As an exception one might consider the period of the high Middle Ages, from ca. 1000 through 1250, which we touched upon in our chapter on the Rise of the Monumental Style in the Middle Ages. In this period the Western Christian Europe has two competing heads, the Pope and the Emperor, locked in the Investiture Contest. Art, as we have shown, was called to produce imagery that would promote either side. Sometimes, the imagery used by the sides is strikingly similar. Is Rome, after all the fountainhead of the Empire, or of the Papacy? The iconography of the Emperor as Vicar of Christ is strikingly alike the iconography of Christ Himself. Sometimes one cannot tell them apart.

What however is common to both camps, i.e., the entire Western Christendom of the High Middle Ages, is its “true” religious character, in which this world is seen as a brief stretch on the way to Eternal Life – Salvation – the final goal of any human existence. Why do I write “true” with the inverted commas? Because, of course, there is no such thing as “true religious character,” and religion is in fact the politics of the time. But by being so this politics/religion reaches everywhere, it seeps down to the lowest levels of mass consumption – take just the wonders of the apparently modest rural Romanesque which we have also explored in our discussion. Here the entire artistic production is politically correct – Christian – and yet it is also something fully acceptable and accepted by a vast majority of the population. If Salvation is the aim of every human being, why would they look askance at the forms promoting the road to Salvation? Hence the powerful spiritual force of the Romanesque and Early Gothic art, its ability to instruct and guide, its openness to all levels and classes of population. The politically correct art of the time is at the same time the most acceptable vision of what good life should be.

Another rule to propose: the wider the basis of the society, the more complete the ideological consensus, the closer political correctness comes to the ruling ideology – it is less visible and more acceptable on a wide populist level. The fact that this rule contradicts the one formulated above does not diminish the validity of the statement that political correctness need not impact the quality of the art. The art does just fine regardless of whether we are dealing with a highly centralized or rather decentralized social scene. Which may lead us to formulate a third rule: the artist could do well even under the pressure of political correctness. Of course, the makers of various monuments to equally various revolutionary or counterrevolutionary movements could not withstand the pressure. They were no artists but mere propagandists. Social Realism is a good example in question, but even allegedly avant-garde movements could become servants to political correctness, as was the case of the terror of

geometric abstraction, so well observed by the great Croatian abstract expressionist, Edo Murtić, when he refused to join the EXAT 51.

Competing PCs and Multiple PCs

As we move through history, the human society, we are told, becomes more varied, more complex, more open, so one should seriously consider the possibility of competing and/or multiple PCs. In its current form the “Western democracy” should serve as an example of basically two models of the PC, the “left” and the “right” rather regularly replacing each other from elections to elections. This distinction is dubious, and what we have are two sides of the same coin, as both the “left” and the “right” stand for the same bureaucratic and corrupt “democratic” state serving the corporate rulers by permanently whetting the consumers’ appetite for things they do not need. The prevalent message of such system is that spiritual and intangible values do not count in fact they are an obstacle to “happiness,” defined as pile upon pile of merchandise swallowed by the hungry consumers. The producers produce, the consumers consume, the state taxes and perpetuates its power serving those who put it into the seat of power in the first place. As the world becomes more and more globalized, a chance of a single form of political correctness becomes ever more likely.

Croatia was in the 19th century still an almost totally agricultural country. By the end of the century industrialization took command, mostly thanks to foreign entrepreneurs and money, as local bourgeoisie was practically non-existent. The foreigners were mostly the businessmen from the common state, the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy (Austrians, Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians, Jews), as well as the immigrants from the Balkans (Wallachians, Cincars, Greeks, Serbs, Albanians). They all, as well as the emerging Croatian bourgeoisie, shared the common interest of commercial success as they competed at the market, but otherwise they acted as a rather homogenous group. The economic upswing resulted in a building boom, in city palaces for the particularly rich few, and in innumerable family homes and villas on the endless ridges descending from the Zagreb Mountain into the “forest city” of Zagreb. The quantity of such buildings between ca. 1880 and 1930 is incredible, and the quality surprisingly high regardless of the style of an individual building ranging from Romanticism, Historicism, and Secession, to Expressionism, the Modernism in the manner of Loos or the Bauhaus, or truly ingenious local inventions and mutations (figs. 31, 32). It would be particularly interesting to explore if there is any correlation between the choice or mélange of style and the ethnic background of the patrons, although I doubt there is. But there is certainly a common desire to secure the best architect regardless of the style or the mix of styles. It is obviously desirable to impress, to show off in front of the peers and the wider community, but the means of achieving the results was a matter of an agreement of the patron and the artist. One common tendency to political correctness, being successful in business and up on

what was fashionable, multiple ways of achieving it. What a wonderfully rich variety still awaiting its historian.



Figure 31. Zagreb, Jandrićeva Street 17, an example of the Croatian “Moderna”



Figure 32. Zagreb, Ivana Gorana Kovačića Street 2, an example of the Croatian “Moderna”

We just spoke of *style, styles*. Style is not very different from fashion, and some of the complexes mentioned, e.g., Secession or Expressionism may be seen as fashions within a general style of Modernism. We usually reserve the term style for larger, reasonably homogenous, periods and groups of products showing certain rather clearly identifiable characteristics (Greek, Gothic, Baroque...). Yet, what is fashionable is also *in style*.

In 2005 I listened at the Collegium Budapest to an inspiring and very long lecture by Professor Labuda on how different groups of Polish gentry in the post-division Poland went at creating landscape architecture of their estates. Each of the groups – Russophiles, Austrophiles, and Nationalists – used their own firmly established models, not necessarily based on anything particularly Russian, Austrian or Polish, yet clearly identifiable as a badge of the group. Here we have three competing political orientations and three systems of visual forms to match. Indeed, I emphasize, systems of forms, not *styles*, as they all carried a predominant mark of then fashionable late Baroque-Rococo-Classicism style.

A. C. Quintavalle has identified competing systems of art forms used by the opponents in the Investiture Contest in the Po valley. The supporters of the Pope used the novel forms which spread with the Reform from France, those of the Emperor the archaic “Lombard art.” The French Gothic is a badge of the French royal family and also of its imperialist pretensions. Central and Southern Europe defended itself by continuing to use the Romanesque. One may propose yet another rule: as soon as there is more than one group powerful enough to have a say, parallel and/or competing PCs with their own repertoire of forms are likely to appear.

PC free Art?

When discussing Altdorfer, Giorgione, and in particular Giotto we demonstrated how a powerful artist could free himself from the pressure of PC, by setting up systems of forms that fully express the PC, i.e., creating the language of PC themselves; the artist, the patrons, and the public share the idea of what the current PC is. Some like Watteau or Klein pretend to adhere to the official PC, whereas they indeed subvert it. A remarkable case of such behavior is Constable, who used to paint two versions of his pictures, one slick and finished to be shown officially to please the official taste (yet another word belonging to the cluster “style – fashion – fad”) of the Royal Academy, the other much freer constructed from masses of color, anticipating new “modernist” developments.

Constable shows how an artist could avoid pressures by creating “for himself.” A rule may be set: the further “out” you are, the freer you are from PC. Of course, one is at one’s freest, if one creates just for oneself and leaves no record of one’s activities. To come back to our old story, if you walk down a street scanning the cityscape using

your eye as a camera and “write a story” to go along wondering about what is around the corner you are totally free to create whatever you want (fig. 33). Naturally, you may be conditioned by your surroundings – a Roman would not envisage seeing a car, but in principle you may choose any “outcome” you want. And you need not share it with anyone. One more rule: the less palpable and less marketable the “product” is, the less it may be subject to PC. A carved “folk art” cup would curry less favor than a Titian!



Figure 33. Zagreb, Primorska Street. *What's around the corner?*

Acting almost a century after the fact Giotto reconfirms a new powerful Franciscan view of the world. The Headmaster of the Royal Portal of the Cathedral of Chartres acts at the moment of the events, maybe he even anticipates them. His contribution to the portal, in particular the lunette and the statue columns of the middle entryway represents, as said oftentimes, is codification of the Romanesque search of order and system whereby the sculpture is rigorously linked to architecture; but at the same time that rigor does not rule the expression of the figures radiating calm and gentleness as opposed to the Romanesque terror and grotesque. The Christ does not threaten and condemn; he blesses and invites. Whereas formally the style appears to reach an extremely rigid phase, it speaks of the new Humanism in which the School of Chartres played a very important role. The Headmaster, his close associates, his followers elsewhere in and around the Royal Domain, mark the emergence of the Early Gothic humanism which would in a few decades engender St. Francis as its

most precious flower. At Chartres around the middle of the 12th century the art of the most modern sections of the Royal Portal reinforces the spirit of the time, or even helps create it.

One of the main, if not the key, features of the PC of our time is relativism – everything goes! Picasso went through Postimpressionism, Secession-like Blue and Pink phases, various aspects of Cubism, Neo-Classicism, and endless *mélanges* of all of the above. Indeed everything goes – with skill and effect – fully in agreement with the prevalent PC of the time.

What to do?

Spirit is neutral, Art is not!

We need to go back to the beginning.

The seer had created Art. He recognized a pattern of special spiritual quality and then he presented it to the less sensitive public. By incorporating Spirit into inert matter Art was born. It made the Spirit available for scrutiny by our senses. There is no art without form, i.e., the solid matter. There is no art without the act of creativity endowing the Matter with the Spirit.

As soon as the Spirit touches Nature, Nature changes into Culture. Nature and Culture together form Total Ecology. The Spirit touches Nature as soon as the carrier of the Spirit appears within Nature, primarily, but not solely, in the form of the Human Being. Only when the Matter and Spirit, Nature and Culture, are joined, our space makes sense. Matter is to Spirit what Form is to Content, as Spirit makes the Matter specific, endowed with sense, content, emotion – endowed with meaning.

Does the Spirit reside only in its carriers, i.e. the humans, the animals, and the plants – the animate nature – all endowed with energy, the capacity to grow, and change – which in itself is a manifestation of the Spirit, or does it exist independently elsewhere in the eternal space? As the energy and the capacity to change are not limited to the animate nature, I should say that the Spirit resides everywhere. Aren't the smaller particles of matter in fact particles of spirit? Those entities in nature better endowed with the "Force" are also better positioned to recognize the Spirit and make it available to those less so endowed.

We enter this world of impermanence through birth, and leave it returning to eternity by dying. While in the finite world we keep in touch with the eternal through acts of creativity – science, love, dreams, and art, as art, as we have said, makes the intangible available to our senses. Although the Spirit resides in us and we are finite, it is as eternal as the Matter, as it is constantly regenerated, and it stays alive in the products of our creativity even when we are gone. It accumulates. Art is an activity of

an especially gifted, sensitive, being which shapes the Spirit so that it can be experienced.

While untouched by a shaper the Spirit is neutral. It does not promote, it does not confront, it just generates and in that process of endless creation acting through its agents, including us, it makes the world go round. Nobody can buy, sell or trade Spirit. But as soon as it is embodied in a solid form, when it wraps itself within a mantle of matter it become open to handling and manipulation. It becomes a part of a thing and things can be bought, sold, traded, and used for all kind of purposes. Thus whereas the Spirit *is* neutral its embodiment, Art, is not. It can be used to preach, persuade, curry favors, threaten, harm, please. As an expensive, precious and powerful activity it must be controlled by those who hold power. They decide what is good for them, i.e., “politically correct,” they supervise the creation of styles, taste, fashions, and fads. This is not good. And as it is not good, it has been mostly repressed and hidden by those who tell us what Art is; which is getting from bad to worse. So we must learn and accept that Art once it escaped from Gods and became a human activity, also became as fallible as the human beings themselves.

Yet there is good news. As fallible as it may be Art is next to Love the best thing we have. From going down the street and scanning the world with our eye, and writing a story in our head, to Castles and Cathedrals, Novels and Symphonies, art is always with us telling us about the Spirit which has engendered it, the Spirit which is also Ourselves. Just as in Love we act to keep the creation going becoming temporarily Godlike and eternal, so does Art keep us in touch with this eternal, Godlike, spirit of creativity.

Art can bow to some, even many requirements of those politically and otherwise powerful and “correct,” yet it also conveys spirit, leads us into the eternity – as those couples by Watteau holding hands while walking away into sunset.

When faced by a manifestation of Spirit, be it by watching a Giorgione, listening to Bruckner, watching *Hamlet* or *Les enfants du Paradis*, reading *the Agamenon* or the *Vanity Fair* – or by structuring a view of our surroundings into a sensible pattern as chosen by our senses, by translating far away howling of a mountain wolf into a dramatic poem, we feel the Spirit rubbing our nerves. We respond with that fine slight tension of excitement, that sweet little pain below the abdomen – the same experience we have when holding a hand of a woman or a man we desire, a stepping stone to immortality in the act of mutual possession. Our sense for creation has been touched and we, be it for just a few seconds, tune out and sink into the night of the infinite creation the dreams of which remain even when and if we ever return.

No political correctness has any access to that dark oasis of absolute happiness. And as one of the venues to reach it Art is simply great. It is everywhere around us telling us the most marvelous stories about ourselves and about the Godlike part of our nature. We just have to open up and listen.

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Svima se najtoplije zahvaljujem. / I acknowledge their help with gratitude.

O autoru / About the Author

Vladimir Peter Goss (Vladimir Gvozdanović) rođen je u Zagrebu 1942. godine. U inozemstvu je proveo 30 godina, 1969.-1999., pretežno u SAD-u. Maturirao je na zagrebačkoj Klasičnoj gimnaziji, diplomirao je engleski i povijest umjetnosti te magistrirao povijest umjetnosti na Sveučilištu u Zagrebu, nakon čega je 1972. doktorirao povijest umjetnosti na Cornell University u Ithaci (država New York) koje je dijelom prestižnog *Ivy League* sustava. Predavao je na University of Michigan, University of North Carolina i na University of Tel Aviv. Autor je ili suautor 14 knjiga i znanstvenih kataloga te 86 studija s područja umjetnosti srednjega vijeka, s naglaskom na razdoblja predromanike i romanike (studije objavljene u SAD-u, Francuskoj, Nizozemskoj, Italiji, Mađarskoj, Slovačkoj, Luksemburgu, Hrvatskoj). Kao predsjedatelj sekcija i/ili izlagač nastupio je na 66 međunarodnih skupova u SAD-u, Belgiji, Francuskoj, Luksemburgu, Italiji, Slovačkoj, Mađarskoj, Hrvatskoj i Izraelu. Bio je član Organizacijskog odbora velikog europskog izložbeno-znanstvenog projekta *Sigismundus rex et imperator* (Luxembourg-Budimpešta, 2006.), koordinator za Hrvatsku u okviru projekta Europske komisije *Cradles of European Culture* (2008.-2012.). Dobitnik je 31 projektne potpore uključujući NEH, IREX, ACLS, APS, Gulbenkian. Od 2003. do 2013. g. bio je nositelj projekta *Romanika u međuriječju Save i Drave i europska kultura* (MZOŠ). Trenutačno je *professor emeritus* na Odsjeku za povijest umjetnosti Sveučilišta u Rijeci i nastavnik na doktorskom programu studija povijesti umjetnosti na Sveučilištu u Zagrebu.

Vladimir Peter Goss (Vladimir Gvozdanović) was born in Zagreb in 1942. He spent 30 years abroad (1969-1999), mostly in the U.S. He is a graduate of the Classical Gymnasium in Zagreb. He took a B.A. in English and a B.A. and M. A. in Art History at the University of Zagreb and his Ph.D. in Art History at Cornell University (Ithaca, N.Y.). He taught Art History at the University of Michigan, the University of North Carolina, and the University of Tel Aviv. He is the author or co-author of 14 scholarly books and 86 scholarly articles, mostly on medieval art with an emphasis on the Pre-Romanesque and Romanesque. His works have been published in the Croatia, France, Hungary, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Poland, and the U.S. As chair and/or speaker he has appeared at 66 international scholarly conferences in the Belgium, Croatia, France, Hungary, Israel, Italy, Luxembourg, Slovakia, and the U.S. He was a member of the Organizational Board of the major European scholarly exhibition *Sigismundus rex et imperator* (Luxembourg-Budapest, 2006), the Croatian coordinator of the European Commission project the *Cradles of European Culture* (2008-2012); he has received 31 scholarly grants including NEH, IREX, ACLS, APS, Gulbenkian, etc.; he was a Director of the project *Romanika u međuriječju Save i Drave i europska kultura* (The Romanesque between the Sava and the Drava Rivers and the European Culture), Ministry of Science of the Republic of Croatia, 2003-2013. Currently he is a Professor Emeritus at the University of Rijeka (Art History Department) and a member of Graduate Faculty at the University of Zagreb.

