

Samir Cerić Kovačević

BIOTEKSTURE

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katu

na

galerija



Posljednji vitez ljepote

Dvije su pokretačke sile u nama: žudnja za životom i strah od smrti. Na razne načine pokušavamo od tih opsesija pobjeći, sakriti se ili im se približiti. Ima i onaj treći put, pokušati pomiriti te dvije sile, nešto iz njih naučiti, barem pokušati razumjeti kako funkcioniraju. Za to nekako nam valja pronaći njihov ključ estetizacije (ili mistifikacije) kroz razne pojave i fenomene koji često vode u mnoge proizvode estetske, političke ili na koncu, globalne (re)evolucije. Okruženje u kojem se krećemo, mi žohari i štakorice u urbanom ropstvu asfalta, gradovi su i betonska naselja po kojima lutamo u nadi da ćemo u nekom srodnom biću nanjušiti sličnu žudnju ili strah koji ih kodira na nama sličan način.

Slijepi na zelenilo, otvrdnuli od asfalta i otupljenih čula od betona, zapljusnuti svim vrstama valova pomalo gasnemo kao ljudi i na koncu bježimo od svega što nije od betona, plastike ili što nije uređeno, čisto i urbanizirano. No, kako to uvijek biva, što je pritisak sa svih strana veći tako će se kad - tad pojaviti i neke anomalije. U početku su to maleni istisnuti balončići s prorocima svih vrsta koji pozivaju na povratak prirodi.

Propovijedaju o pogledu unazad i tek onda unaprijed, na povezanost nas i Nje, Majke Zemlje, na održivost planeta i međusobnu povezanost svih sa svima.

Na koncu tržišna ekonomija i njih brzo proguta i pretvori u trend ostavljajući njihov nauk na policama s proizvodima u supermarketima i u odjecima naše svijesti neke misli o prirodi kao početku i kraju svega.

U tim odjecima Samir Cerić Kovačević pronalazi svoj prostor posebne adoracije prirode u ritualnom obredu koji koristi fotografiju kao rekvizitu i tako posredno učvršćuje vezu njega i Nje, fotografirajući naizgled neugledan motiv.

Fotografije su to lišća i biljaka u krupnim kadrovima koji tu jednostavnu životnu strukturu pokazuju u svoj njezinoj živosti i snazi kojom se sokovi u lišću bore za posljednje minute života u namjeri da nam pokažu svoju želju za njime. Apstraktnost tih formi i površina jednako je zahvalan motiv kao i snaga grafizma i oblika koje smo vidjeli u radovima Borisa Poljičanina u GNK iz 2017. godine. Izložio je tada krupne kadrove kostiju, odavno mrtvih, napuštenih, golih bijelih kostiju. Mrtva materija, snažan znak smrti i konačnosti, bila je osvjetljena poput najskupljih 'pack shotova', snimaka proizvoda za reklamne kampanje.

Poštovanje i pronalaženje ljudskih otisaka i formi kojim su njih dvojica pristupili prirodi i njezinim ostacima, a obojica su također fotografi koji svoju egzistenciju zasnivaju na poslovima komercijalne namjene, opsesivne su kategorije. Poštovanje i pronalaženje ljudskih otisaka i formi kojim su njih dvojica pristupili prirodi i njezinim ostacima, a obojica su također fotografi koji svoju egzistenciju zasnivaju na poslovima komercijalne namjene, opsesivne su kategorije.

Kod Samira vidljiva je nježnost u biranju kuteva rasvjete kojima svoje biljne modele rasvjetljava ili nudi svjetlu kako bi ih prikazao u njihovoj punoj ljepoti. Boje i forme koje odabire u kadrovima svojevrsna su poezija ratnika ljepote koji traži taktiku kojom bi nam prenio svu bol ili snagu biljke i njezina osnovnog zadatka: preživjeti što duže i plodnije.

Motivi listova su ustvari kao i ljudi; kao da je pred nama portret mladića, starije žene ili bolesne osobe koji pred njegovim objektivom pokazuju sami sebe u raznim fazama rasta i sazrijevanja. Vapaj je to efemerne biološke tvorbe koji ustvari govori o nama, o našoj ignoranciji, sljepoči na tako sveprisutnu i blisku strukturu i grafizam što ga priroda stvara. S druge strane, tu je i prisutno neko buđenje, 'aha' trenutak u kojem se naša koža i njezin grafizam gotovo preslikavaju na površinu lista, tren spoznaje u kojem osjetimo tu mističnu vezu nas i Prirode makar kroz ovakav izravan udarac posred čela.

Njegove fotografije stoga postaju rekviziti u našem mogućem osobnom povratku prirodi kroz identifikaciju i personifikaciju iste, jer nama otvrdnulima i fasciniranim novim tehnologijama i napravama treba, kao djeci, objašnjavati što to ustvari priroda jeste. Samir postaje tako majstor obreda urbanih Eleuzinskih misterija koje su u antičkoj Grčkoj slavile prirodu i našu vezu s njom, a da do danas ne znamo koja je bila inicijacijska tajna u Eleuzini. Radovi koji su pred nama nisu narativni, nisu to storytelling fotografije, više su to apstraktni udari ljepote, mogući putokazi našem zaumnom, intuitivnom povratku prirodi na koji je teško ostati imun.

Recimo da je 'tajna Eleuzine' otkrivena, nije to ni riječ ni magični napitak, nego je slika, jednostavna poredba nas i Prirode koja pokazuje koliko smo slični i pretopljeni jedno u drugo.

Poput kakvoga Don Kihota, viteza uzaludnosti koji kopljem ljepote nabada našu zaboravljenu i zatajenu vezu s prirodom, Samir ipak uspijeva 'izbaviti nas od zla i ne uvesti u napast', pokazujući nas same, naše dlanove i njihovu bliskost sa žilama lišća. Tako edukacijski postavljeni motivi izravan su podsjetnik na našu vezu, bolje rečeno podrijetlo i nedjeljivost od Prirode koja se tako lako zaboravi.

No, što je priroda bez neprijatelja, kukaca, i gamadi razne koji je rastaču iznutra i tjeraju ponovo na obnovu? Što su raspadanje i smrt nakon tolikog željenog i slavljenog života, borbe za opstanak koji na koncu opet završava smrću?

Treba li taj princip ponovnog rođenja, strasti za životom i smrću shvatiti i čovjek? Je li to možda bila tajna inicijacijske poruke Eleuzinskih misterija, i što ako tako i je, ako je i smrt, makar i nasilna, sastavni dio života?

Je li onda i rat samo jedna od taktika strategije življenja tj. Prirode, jer prvo su vitezovi bili ubojice, a tek onda sveci i poete, ili je pak naša izgubljena veza s Prirodom uzrok i rata samoga?

Emil Matešić

Beauty's Last Knight

We carry two driving forces within: the lust for life and the fear of death. We attempt to escape these obsessions in various ways, hide from them or get closer to them. There is also a third option, to try to reconcile these two forces, learn something from them, or at least try to understand how they work. To achieve this, we need to find their key for aestheticization (or mystification) through various phenomena which often leads us to various products of an aesthetic, political, or ultimately, a global (re)evolution. Our environment consists of towns and concrete settlements in which we cockroaches and she-rats, enslaved by the urban asphalt, roam in the hope of scenting a kindred yearning or fear in a kindred human being; who is similarly coded.

Blind to verdure, hardened by the asphalt, our senses numbed by concrete, we are splashed with all kinds of waves, slowly losing our humanity, and ultimately running away from everything that is not made of concrete, plastics or is not neat, clean, and urbanised. But, as it always happens, the higher the pressure from all sides, at a certain point certain anomalies start to appear. In the beginning they are small blown-out balloons with all kinds of prophets calling to a return to nature.

They preach about looking first back and only then front, about the connection we share with Her, our Mother Earth, the planet's sustainability, and the ubiquitous interconnectedness.

Ultimately the market economy swallows them up rather quickly, making them trendy and disposing their preaching onto supermarket produce shells while fragments of our consciousness echo certain thoughts on nature as the beginning and the end of all existence.

In these echoes Samir Cerić Kovačević finds his space for a unique adoration of nature. In a ritual ceremony he uses photography as a prop and intermediately strengthens the bond between him and Her, while photographing a seemingly plain motif.

These are close-up photographs of leaves and plants which expose the elementary structure of life in all its liveliness and strength – the foliage's juices fight for their last minutes trying to demonstrate their desire for life. The abstractness of these forms and surfaces is as worthy a motif as the powerful graphisms and shapes we encountered in the works by Boris Poljičanin, exhibited in the Upper Floor Gallery in 2017. On the occasion, Poljičanin exhibited close-ups of bones, long since dead, abandoned, bare white bones. Dead matter, the powerful sign of death and finality, was illuminated like the most expensive 'pack shots', the footage of products for advertising campaigns.

The veneration and retrieval of human prints and forms with which these two photographers approach nature and its remains - they both also base their livelihood on commercial jobs - falls into an obsessive category.

There is a gentleness present in the way Samir chooses and positions the lighting for his plant models and exposes them in their uttermost beauty. The colours and forms he selects in his frames reveal a peculiar poetry.

He is beauty's warrior searching for a tactic to transpose the plant's pain or strength and its main mission: to survive for as long and fecund as possible. The leaf motifs are essentially like humans. As if before us there is a portrait of a young man, an elderly woman, or a sick person, who expose themselves in front of his camera lens during various phases of growth and maturing. This cry of the ephemeral biological formation essentially speaks about us, our ignorance, our blindness to the omnipresent and imminent structure and graphism of nature's creation. On the other side, a certain awakening is present, the 'aha' moment in which our skin and her graphism are almost copied to the leaf's surface, a moment of cognition, in which we sense the mystical connection between ourselves and Nature, even though it is kicking us directly on the forehead.

Therefore, his photographs, through its identification and personification, become props in our potential intimate return to nature. We are so hardened and fascinated by new technologies and its contraptions, that nature's essence needs to be explained to us, like we were children. Samir becomes the master of rituals, an urban version of the Eleusinian Mysteries, where nature and our bond to it were celebrated in ancient Greece. And to this very day we do not know what the initiation secret was in Eleusinia. The photographic works we observe are not narrative, they do not employ storytelling. They are abstract strokes of beauty, potential pathways for our irrational, intuitive return to nature, which is hard to stay immune to.

If the 'secret of Eleusinia' has been revealed, it is neither a word nor a magical potion, but an image, a simple comparison of ourselves and Nature, demonstrating our likeness and mutual assimilation. In the manner of Don Quixote, a futile knight who uses beauty's spear to jab on our forgotten and concealed bond with nature, despite the odds, Samir succeeds to 'deliver us from evil and lead us not into temptation' by exposing us, our palms, and their resemblance to the veins of leaves. Educational motifs, based on this premise, serve as a direct reminder of our bond, or better said our origin and indivisibility from Nature, which is so easily forgotten.

But what is nature without enemies, insects and all sorts of vermin dissolving it from the inside and forcing it to renew itself? What are decomposition and death after an ever so wanted and celebrated life, a struggle for survival which nevertheless ultimately ends with death? Should man also comprehend this concept of rebirth, passion for life and death? Is it perhaps the secret initiation message of the Eleusinian Mysteries, and if it really is, what if death, despite its violence, is an integral part of life?

Is war then also a mere strategical tactic in service of life, that is Nature. For knights were at first murders, and only later became saints and poets. Or is our forlorn bond with Nature the cause of war itself?

Text by: Emil Matešić
Translated by: Dina Pokrajac

Samir Cerić Kovačević rođen je 1982. godine u Brtonigli (Istra).

Fotografijom se počeo baviti odrastajući uz oca koji ga je uputio u osnove rada s kamerom, a daljnja znanja dobiva kroz aktivnost i rad u foto klubu 'Mrak' iz Buja.

Obrazovanje u mediju nastavlja u Zagrebu, te nakon završenog školovanja radi kao samostalni fotograf.

Tretira fotografiju kao medij kojim komunicira s društvom na raznim nivoima, od onoga egzistencijalnog, kroz primijenjene i namjenske radove, do konceptualnih radova koji propituju odnos čovjeka i prirode.

Dolazeći iz manje sredine primjetan je razvijen osjećaj za položaj i ulogu čovjeka u okruženju u kojem se tradicija i društveni rituali susreću s prirodom te tako ostvaruje zanimljive radove u namjenskim projektima. U dokumentarnim radovima koji nastaju na rock koncertima jedan je od onih autora koji traži manje korištena očista prikazujući tako jednu novu dimenziju samoga događaja.

U GNK izlaže radove koji sažimaju njegovo zanimanje za prirodu i povezanost iste s čovjekom nudeći naputak kojim i fotografija može imati filozofsku i spoznajnu dimenziju. Trenutno živi i radi u Zagrebu.

www.samirck.com

Samir Cerić Kovačević was born in 1982 in Brtonigla (Istria).

He started doing photography by growing up with his father who taught him the basics of using a camera and later improved his skills in the photo-club 'Mrak' in Buje.

He continued his education in the medium in Zagreb, and after finishing his studies he started working as a freelance photographer.

He treats photography as a medium for communication with society on various levels - from the existential one, present in his applied and commissioned works; to his conceptual works which examine the relationship between man and nature.

Coming from a small town, he exhibits a strong sense of man's position and role in his environment, where tradition and social rituals meet nature, and creates interesting photographs for commissioned projects. In his documentary photographs from rock concerts, he reveals himself as an author who searches for a less obvious perspective, exposing a completely new dimension of the given event.

In the Upper Floor Gallery, he exhibits photographic works which embody his interest in nature and man's connection with nature, giving us directions towards the latent philosophical and cognitive dimension of photography.

He currently works and lives in Zagreb.

Posljednji vitez ljepote
Beauty's Last Knight

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