

Krešimir  
**KOPČIĆ**

**Spectator**

Krešimir  
**KOPČIĆ**

**Spectator**

Beati, Sofiji i Karmeli

Bivši novinar, karijerni diplomat, još uvijek u mlađim srednjim godinama, generacija koja pamti kulturni procvat iz osamdesetih, Krešo Kopčić, zapravo, ima idealnu biografsku zaleđinu za snimatelja analognih crno-bijelih fotografija. U raskoraku između dvaju globalnih političkih sustava, dvaju carstava, dvije države i dva različita tehnološka svemira, između električne žarulje iz vremena svoga rođenja, i totalne i totalitarne kompjuterizacije iz odraslih godina, Kopčić se bavi najdekadentnijom od svih umjetnosti.

Snima svijet na način na koji to više nitko ne čini - modernije je, naime, nanovo pougljenim štapom iscrtavati bika i lovca po zidu pećine, nego na živu, fotoosjetljivu vrpcu utiskivati crno-bijele slike svijeta. Najstarije su one umjetnosti koje su nedavno minule, one su stvarno arhaične, drevne, jučerašnje, jer njih, za razliku od barokne glazbe na izvornim instrumentima ili od epskih saga u pravilnim dvanaestercima, akademskih portreta u ulju i nijemih filmova, još nisu stigli muzeizirati, arhivirati, reinterpretirati i kroz reinterpetaciju oživjeti.

Fotografski film i crno-bijele slike nestali su, u kalendarskom smislu, sasvim nedavno. Još u vrijeme kada je Kopčić po novinama pisao za vanjskopolitičke rubrike, većina objavljenih fotografija - ili možda i sve - reproducirana je u crno-bijeloj tehnici. Iako su članci već pisani na kompjuterima - kompjuterizacija novinskih redakcija odvila se do sredine devedesetih - proći će skoro i desetljeće prije nego što digitalni fotoaparati zamijene klasične, a digitalna fotoarhiva počne potiskivati papirnatu.

Tek tada, oko preloma milenija, zbit će se povijesni kraj crno-bijele fotografije. Tada će jedan žanr prelaziti u svoju sljedeću, artificijelnu, elitističku, osamljenu fazu. Slika će od sredstva komunikacije još jednom postajati artefakt. Crno-bijeloj fotografiji događat će se isto ono što se sto i pedeset godina ranije događalo portretnom slikarstvu.

Krešo Kopčić je, naravno, svega toga svjestan. Da nije, nabavio bi digitalni aparat i slikao u boji. Ili bi s digitalnim aparatom snimao obojane slike. Istina, one nikada ne mogu biti stvarno crno-bijele, ali zar ne živimo u dobu surogata? Njegov pristup slici zapravo je vrlo klasičan. Snima geometrijske oblike koji izranjaju iz svakodnevice, puste gradske predjele, sjene, ulične svjetiljke u artificijelnim oblicima i poretku; rjeđe ulične žanr scene, slučajne prolaznike, obično leđima okrenute, a zbog nečega taj Kopčićev svijet djeluje pedeset, šezdeset godina stariji nego što u zbilji jest. To nema veze sa žanrom, tehnikom ili umjetnošću crno-bijele slike, radi se o snimateljevom oku, ono je odnekuda mnogo starije od vremena u kojemu snima.

Krešo Kopčić još je po nečemu starinski, da ne kažemo starodrevan. On dolazi iz svijeta fotoamatera. Nekada, taj svijet bio je raskošan i širok: u svakoj je europskoj varošici postojao dom kulture, a u svakom domu kulture barem po jedan fotoklub. Vodio ga je profesionalni snimatelj, takozvani umjetnički fotograf ili novinski fotoreporter, koji je učenike istovremeno poučavao tehnici snimanja i razvijanja fotografija, kao i kompoziciji slike, stilu, sadržaju, pa i moralitetu fotografske snimke. Iz tog veličanstvenog diletantskog društva rađali su se, svako malo, i veliki fotografi. Danas, na hrvatskoj, ex-jugoslavenskoj, pa i europskoj sceni još uvijek se nađe takvih umjetnika, koji nisu studirali na filmskim akademijama, niti su učili zanat po novinskim redakcijama, nego su izronili iz mračnih komora amaterskih fotoklubova.

Fotoamaterizam ubili su idioti. Ovi i oni. A nakon idiota stigli su i telefonski aparati koji u slobodno vrijeme snimaju i izrađuju slike. Tad, svi su postali fotografi i fotoamateri. Tad, nestalo je fotografije. Dogodilo se fotografiji prokletstvo iz onoga Miljkovićevog stiha. Poeziju će svi pisati. A kada unište poeziju, svi će fotografirati. Što je sljedeće?

Krešo Kopčić možda ne živi mimo svog vremena, ali on sigurno snima i gleda mimo vremena. To je važno, i za njega i za vrijeme. Zahvaljujući njemu, vidimo kako u naše vrijeme izgleda crno-bijeli svijet. On je jedan od onih koji čuvaju i prenose žar jedne umjetnosti za vremena buduća, kada će svijet ponovo utonuti u blaženi mrak tamne komore.

Miljenko Jergović

Ex-journalist, diplomat by profession, still in his early midlife, member of generation that remembers the cultural flourishing of the eighties, Krešo Kopčić, in fact, has an ideal biographical background for a black and white photography artist. Overarching two global political systems, two empires, two states and two different technological universes, between the electric bulb from the time of his birth and total and totalitarian computerisation of his grownup age, Kopčić practices the most decadent of all the arts.

He captures the world the way nobody does anymore – it is far more modern again to draw a bull and a hunter on the cave wall using the charcoal stick than to record a black and white picture of the world onto photosensitive material. The oldest arts are exactly those that died recently, they are authentically archaic, relic, they belong to yesterday, because – unlike the baroque music played on original instruments or epic sagas in duodenum, academic oil portraits or silent films – they have not yet been made museum items, reinterpreted and through reinterpretation revitalised.

The black and white film and prints have disappeared, in historic terms, quite recently. At the time when Kopčić still contributed to foreign policy desks of the newspapers, the majority of published photographs – perhaps all – have been printed in black and white. Although the articles have already been written on computers – that conquered the news desks by mid-nineties – almost another decade would pass before digital cameras take over the classic and digital archives suppress the paper one.

Only then, at the time of the millennium transition, the historic end of the black and white photography will happen. One genre transcends to its next, artificial, elitist, reclusive phase. Once again, the photography will transform from communication tool to artefact. The same thing that happened to the portrait painting 150 years ago will now happen to black and white photography.

Of course, Krešo Kopčić is very well aware of all of this. If he wasn't, he would acquire the digital camera and shoot in colour. Or, rather, he would use the digital camera to make colourless photographs. Strictly speaking, they can never be genuinely black and white, but don't we live in the ersatz age after all?

His approach to the photography is in fact quite classical. He captures geometric forms emerging from everyday life, desolate urban areas, shadows, street lamps in artificial order, more rarely street style scenes, by-passers, often with their backs turned, and for some reason the Kopčić's world seems fifty, sixty years older than it actually is. It doesn't have to do anything with genre, technique or art of the black and white photography, but rather with the eye of the person taking the photograph, for it is somehow much older than the time it captures.

There's more that makes Krešo Kopčić old fashioned, not to say ancient. He originates from the world of photographic amateurs. Once upon a time that world was sumptuous and wide; Every European small town had a community centre, and each of them had at least one photographic club. It was run by a professional photographer, so called art photographer or a reporter, who taught his pupils the photographing technique and darkroom developing as well as the composition, style, subject and even morality of photography. From that magnificent dilettante agglomerate every once in a while the great photographers emerged. Today, on Croatian, ex-Yugoslav

and European scene we encounter such artists who did not graduated from film schools, did not paved their ways through newspapers but rather developed from the photo club darkrooms.

Photographic amateurism was killed by idiots, of both kinds. And after idiots the phones devices emerged, capable of recording and developing the photographs during free time. Since then everyone became a photographer and photographic amateur. At that moment photography has vanished. The photography has suffered the anathema from the verse by Miljković. The poetry will be written by anyone. And when they destroy the poetry. who will make photographs? What's next?

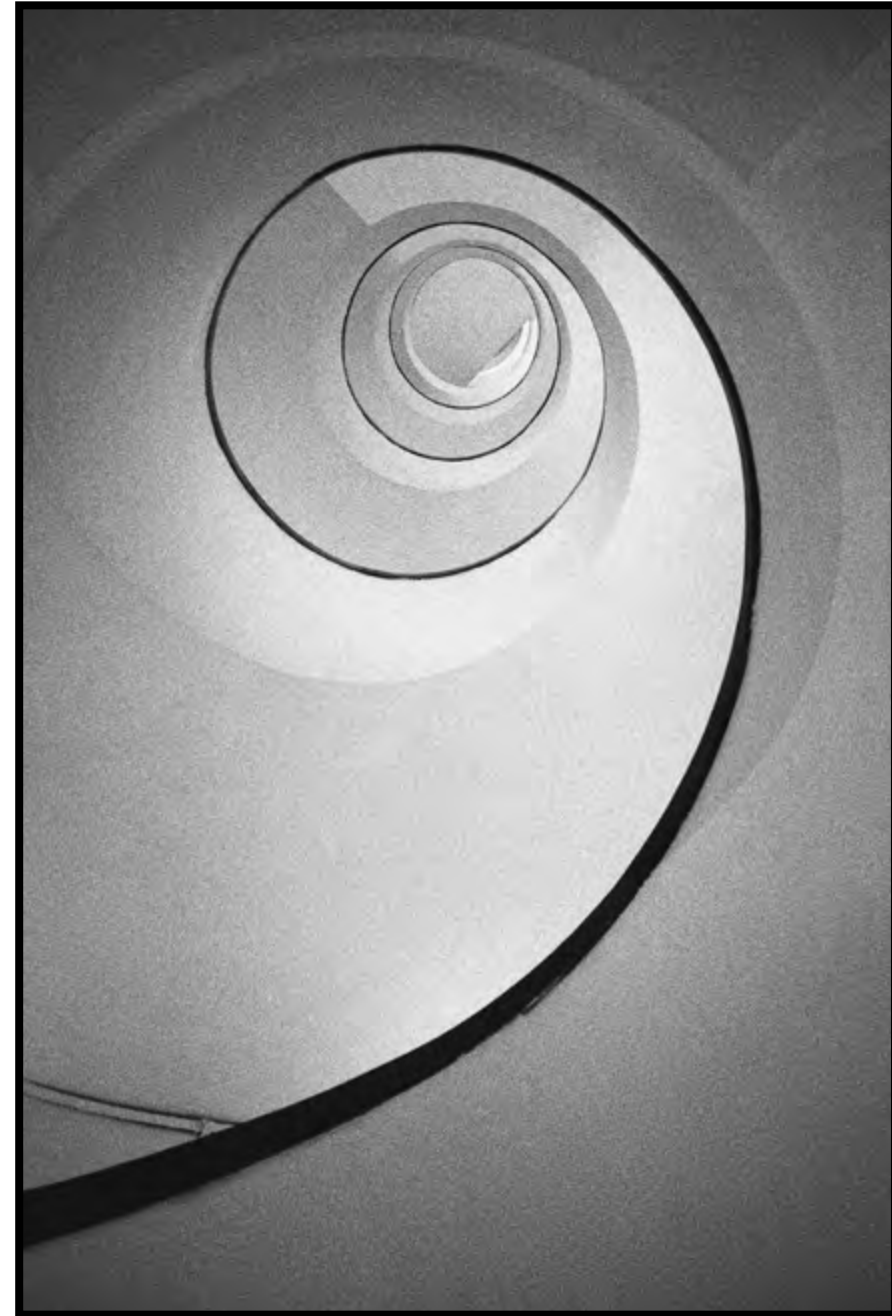
Krešo Kopčić does not live outside his time but certainly looks and captures behind it. That is important, for both him and time. Thanks to him we can see how the black and white world looks right now. He belongs to those who preserve and transpose the ardour of an art to the future, when the world will plunge again into the non-profane obscurity of the darkroom.

Miljenko Jergović

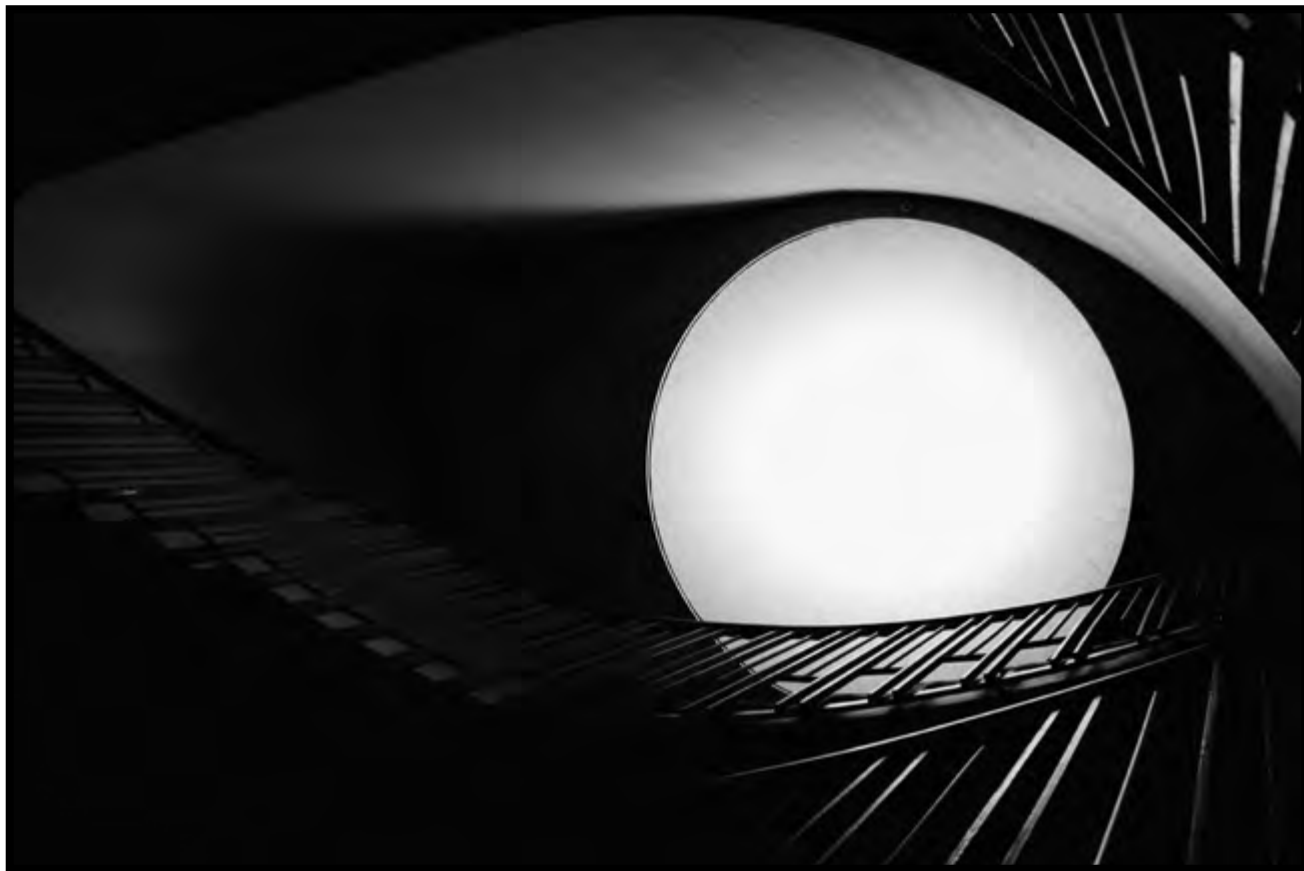




Helsinki, 2010.



Helsinki, 2009.



Helsinki, 2008.



Helsinki, 2014.



Espoo, 2014.



Helsinki, 2014.



Helsinki, 2010.



Helsinki, 2008.



Zagreb, 2011.



Helsinki, 2010.



Pariz, 2010.



Pariz, 2010.



Helsinki, 2012.



Helsinki, 2012.



Bratislava, 2004.



Zagreb, 2011.



Zagreb, 2011.



Helsinki, 2012.



Helsinki, 2013.



Helsinki, 2010.



Helsinki, 2008.



Helsinki, 2013.



Helsinki, 2013.



Helsinki, 2010.



Pariz, 2010.



Helsinki, 2008.



Pariz, 2010.



Brno, 2005.



Helsinki, 2010.



Zagreb, 2011.



Helsinki, 2013.



Helsinki, 2013.



Helsinki, 2008.



Berlin, 2013.



Helsinki, 2009.



Helsinki, 2012.



Helsinki, 2014.



Helsinki, 2014.



Helsinki, 2013.



Helsinki, 2014.

KREŠIMIR KOPČIĆ  
**SPECTATOR**

**NAKLADNIK/PUBLISHER**

**Kadar 36**

www.kadar36.hr

**ZA NAKLADNIKA/OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVE**

Max Juhasz

**UREDNIŠTVO/ EDITING**

ART3K

**UVODNI TEKST/ INTRODUCTION BY**

Miljenko Jergović

**PRIJEVOD NA ENGLISKI/ ENGLISH TRANSLATION**

Krešimir Kopčić

**GRAFIČKO OBLIKOVANJE/ LAYOUT**

Draženka Kosmat Nemeč

**TISAK/ PRINTED BY**

Printera grupa d.o.o

**GODINA IZDANJA/ YEAR OF PUBLICATION**

2014.

**Knjiga je objavljena zahvaljujući pomoći/  
The book is published with kind help of:**

Maja Kopričanec  
Helena Deane  
Daniela i Goran Jovičinac  
Maria Autio

CIP zapis dostupan u računalnome katalogu  
Nacionalne i sveučilišne knjižnice u Zagrebu pod brojem XXXXXXX  
**ISBN 978-953-57655-4-7**

Copyright © Kadar 36  
Copyright © Krešimir Kopčić  
kopkre@gmail.com  
kresimirkopcic.zenfolio.com



Krešimir Kopčić, hrvatski diplomat i fotograf, rođen 1971. Njegov glavni interes i način izražavanja je crno-bijela fotografija. Pod utjecajem i inspiracijom majstora poput Henrija Cartier-Bressona, Willyja Ronisa ili Josefa Koudelke, on bilježi svakodnevni život ljudi na gradskim ulicama. Nagrađen je FIAP-ovom zlatnom medaljom na 8. Međunarodnoj izložbi fotografske umjetnosti 2008. u Malmöu. Oženjen Karmelom, otac Beate i Sofije.

Krešimir Kopčić, Croatian diplomat and photographer, born 1971. His main interest and way of expression is the black and white photography. Influenced and inspired by masters such as Henri Cartier-Bresson, Willy Ronis or Josef Koudelka, he makes the records of everyday lives of people on city streets. Awarded with FIAP gold medal at 8th Malmö International Exhibition of Photographic Art 2008. Married to Karmela, father to Beata and Sofija.

- početi s izlivanjem razvijaača 10 sekundi prije isteka

- HPS@1600

- LC2g 1+g

PRA 7,5 min @ 20C

-

- vratiti poklopac

- uliti odstranjivač fiksira – agitirati 1-2 minute

- pranje – ispiranje u dozi, 5 minuta (puniti do vrha vodom, izljevati, cca 10 puta)

- Photo flo – cca 1 minuta

nuirano 30 sekundi

rije kraja vremena

iko dugo koliko zahtijeva

Patterson 290 ml

fixir = 58 ml  
prekidac = 14,5

total (1+2) = 11,1  
1+

580 ml

1+19 = 29