

napisao
written by



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Zlatko Ugljen, ili o porijeklu ljepote

JEDNA INTIMISTIČKA VARIJACIJA



Šerefudinova Bijela džamija, Visoko, Bosna i Hercegovina, 1969. – 1979., skica

The Šerefudin White Mosque, Visoko, Bosnia and Herzegovina, 1969 – 1979, sketch

◀ Kakvo iskustvo; kakvo izravno, doživljeno iskustvo Ugljenove graditeljske meštrije imaš, koje bi te osposobilo da se o njoj usudiš govoriti – barem kao uživatelj, ako već ne možeš kao poznavalac? Što su oči vidjele, što druga čula zabilježila, pa ostalo utisnuto u doživljaj koji, živ i obnovljiv, traje ne podliježući trošenju? ▶ Zahvaljujući divljaštvu rata i tranzicije (teško je reći koje je od kojega gore, herostratskije), dva Ugljenova ostvarenja iz te osobne evidencije, dva neponovljiva i neprežaljiva remek-djela, ionako postoje još samo u sjećanju: hotel Ruža u Mostaru i hotel Bregava u Stocu. Čime još raspolažeš: kapela u Franjevačkoj teologiji u Sarajevu,

▶ What experience, what direct, lived experience of Ugljen's building mastery do you have, which would make you able to dare to talk about it – at least as an amateur, if not as a connoisseur? What the eyes saw, what the other senses recorded, so it remained imprinted in an experience that lasts, alive and renewable, not subject to decay? ▶ Thanks to the savagery of war and transition (hard to tell which is worse, more destructive), two of Ugljen's works from such personal records, two unique and unforgettable masterpieces, already exist only in the memory: Hotel Rose in Mostar and Hotel Bregava in Stolac. But you still have: the chapel in the

fotografije photographs by Anida Krečo (AK)
Zlatko Ugljen arhiva/ archive (ZU)
portret portrait Dženat Drešković

Zlatko Ugljen or On the Origin Of Beauty

AN INTIMATE VARIATION

crkva Sv. Petra apostola u Tuzli, Hotel Kalin u Bugojnu, Bijela džamija u Visokome, Narodno pozorište u Zenici, crkva Sv. Marka na Plehanu, Dom Hasana Kjačije u Pruscu... ◀ Sveto i profano. Svetišta i svratišta. U uobičajenoj, stereotipiziranoj predodžbi – pojmovi antipodni, po značenju i zračenju polarno razmaknuti. Što je u Ugljenovoj graditeljskoj poetici ono, što ih u tvojemu iskustvu nekako tijesno povezuje, gotovo stapa u jedinstven doživljaj?

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▶ U Stolac dolazilo se na književne skupove, na debate o kulturnom naslijeđu, teme su bile važne, još važniji razlog dolaska bili su ljudi među kojima je, uz ostale, uvijek bilo pametnih, dragih, jedinstvenih, no nimalo manje važan razlog od svih pobrojanih bila je radost i tiho zadovoljstvo – odsjesti u hotelu Bregava. Već i sami prilazi k njemu bili su dio njegove čarobne cjeline. Bilo da dolaziš cestom s gornje strane, pa u hotelsku recepciju ulaziš 's krova', bilo da mu prilaziš iz grada, starim niskim mostom preko Bregave, a gradnja ti se pruža pred očima cijelom svojom dužinom koja slijedi tok i blagu zakrivljenost rijeke... To, taj mudri i zapravo zenovski neizbježan način na koji je majstor dvostruko položio i razveo kuću: okomito, niz padinu k rijeci, i uzdužno, niz rijeku – snažno se osjećalo kao organičnost; kao u isti mah funkcionalna i estetska suradnja sa zatečenim, uzajamno nadopunjavanje s onim što je zadano. Nadvijena nad zelenu horizontalu rijeke stalno promjenljive snage i huka, postavljena na pozadini sprženoga kamenitog brda, ispresijecana tankim visokim vertikalama čempresa, slika Ugljenove gradnje unosila je u žarki, orgijastički ambijent juga svoje geometrijske plohe blještave vapnene bjeline, opervazene i umirene zlaćano medenim drvetom, a ove su se svijetle plohe ritmički smišljeno smjenjivale s ploham hladovite tame prostora otvorenih prema unutrašnjosti. Gradnja je očuđivala ambijent svojom nenametljivom, pitomom umnošću, ambijent je gradnji davao okvir i kontekst koji nije mogla imati nigdje drugdje. Jedno s drugim, predstavljalo je novu stvarnost, čvrstu i eteričnu u isti mah, onako ozbiljno i obavezujuće stvarnu kakvu katkad imaju naši najsnažniji snovi, poslije kojih osjećamo da smo u svijet vlastite jave pali kao u niži svijet, manje vrijedan, plošan i siromašan, manje stvaran. ▶ Temeljnu svrhu – udoban i miran konak – Ugljenovo svratište na Bregavi ispunjavalo je na tako potpun način kakav nisam upoznao ni na jednome drugom mjestu, ni pod jednim drugim krovom pod koji me je put nanosio. Nije se tu radilo tek o pukim materijalnim pogodnostima, poput, recimo, onih sasvim unikatnih, carski odmarajućih prostranih ležaja što ih je Ugljen specijalno

Franciscan Seminary in Sarajevo, the Church of St Peter the Apostle in Tuzla, Hotel Kalin in Bugojno, the White Mosque in Visoko, the National Theatre in Zenica, the Church of St Mark on Plehan, the House of Hasan Kjačija in Prusac... ▶ The sacred and the profane. Shrines and inns. In an ordinary, stereotyped view, these notions are antipodes, the opposite poles of meaning and beaming. What is it about Ugljen's architectural poetics that makes them closely connected in your experience, so they almost blend into a unique feeling?

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▶ People came to Stolac for literary gatherings, for debates on cultural heritage. The themes were important, but an even more important reason for coming were the people, some of them smart, kind, unique. But no less important a reason than these was the joy and quiet pleasure of a stay in Hotel Bregava. Even the roads to the hotel were part of its magical whole. Whether you came by road from the upper side to enter the hotel reception 'from the roof', or you reached it from the town, over the old low bridge spanning the Bregava, where the building revealed itself in its entire length, following the course and the mild bend of the river... The wise and Zen-like way the master laid down and spread out the house twice – vertically, down the slope to the river, and lengthways, along the river – was strongly felt as something organic, as a both functional and aesthetic cooperation with the found situation, a mutual complementarity with what was given. Standing over the green horizontal of the river that constantly changes its force and roar, set against the background of a parched rocky hill, slashed with the tall thin verticals of cypresses, the image of Ugljen's structure filled the ardent, orgiastic landscape of the south with its geometric surfaces of gleaming white lime, hemmed and appeased by golden honey-coloured wood; in a deliberate rhythm, these bright surfaces alternated with cool and dark surfaces of spaces looking into the interior. The building distinguished the surroundings with its unassuming, gentle wisdom; the surroundings provided the building with a framework and a context that it could not have anywhere else. Together, they represented a new reality, solid and ethereal at the same time, as seriously and bindingly real as some of our strongest dreams, after which we fall into our waking life as into a world that is lower, less valuable, flat and poor, less real. ▶ Ugljen's inn on Bregava fulfilled its fundamental purpose – comfortable and peaceful lodgings – with a completeness that I have not seen anywhere else, under any other roof that I have come across. These were not merely material comforts – such as, say, those very unique and regally relaxing, spacious beds which Ugljen specially designed for Hotel Bregava – although

Hotel Bregava, Stolac, ►
Bosna i Hercegovina,
1973. – 1975.

Hotel Bregava, Stolac, ►
Bosnia and Herzegovina,
1973 – 1975

(ZU)



dizajnirao za *Bregavu*, iako su te realije vjerojatno bile u temelju cijele zamisli o ovoj gradnji. (U obiteljskom pamćenju ostao je, tako, jedan sasvim sitan, a dirljiv i nezaboravljiv detalj. Djeca su bila malena, s onom snagom doživljaja na koju Henry Michaux vjerojatno misli kada kaže: ‘Kada više nismo djeca, onda smo već mrtvi’, sve ih se na tom putovanju u Stolac doimalo i sve su upamtili, pa je tako u njihovoj maloj intimnoj mitologiji hotel zauvijek ostao pod imenom ‘hotel magarac’. Odredila ga je Ugljenova dizajnerska dosjetka da ključeve od soba objesi na fino urađene pločice od punoga drveta u stiliziranoj formi magareta – zoo-simbola

these realities were probably the basis of the whole idea of this structure. (In fact, our family memories include a tiny but poignant and unforgettable detail. My children were small and had those powerful impressions which Henry Michaux probably implies when he says: ‘When we are no longer children, we are already dead.’ They were impressed by everything and they remembered everything from our trip to Stolac; in their small and intimate mythology, the hotel has forever been dubbed The Donkey Hotel. The reason was Ugljen’s design for the room keys, which hang on a finely-crafted solid wood plate in a stylized form of a donkey, the zoological symbol of the region.) Therefore, contact with material objects determined their first impression, tactile and visual, but the secret of Hotel Bregava was its unique atmosphere, saturating that wonderful house. Its source was the evident emotion that the creator felt as he designed all those windows, verandas, bay windows, corridors with unexpected vistas, small inner courtyards, terraces above the river... In the guest’s mind, it all resulted in a feeling of complete acceptance, a kind of intimacy that is very close to the feeling of one’s own home. ¶ All this interior, spiritual potential of a house designed in this way, of such a revived and humanized space, was expressed (or should I say *realized*) in its perfect wholeness

podneblja.) Jest, dakle, dodir s realijama određivao prvi, taktilni i vizualni dojam, ali je tajna *Bregave* bila u jedinstvenoj atmosferi kojom je bila prožeta sva ta čudesna kuća, a stvarala ju je, sasvim evidentna, emocija kojom je graditelj osmišljavao sve te prozore, verande, doksate, hodnike s neočekivanim vizurama, unutarnja mala dvorišta, terase nad rijekom... U psihologiji gosta rađalo je sve to osjećajem potpune prihvaćenosti, onom vrstom intimne srođenosti koja je vrlo bliska osjećaju rođenoga doma. ¶ Sav unutarnji, duhovni potencijalitet tako oblikovane kuće, tako o-življenoga i o-ljuđenoga prostora, u svojoj savršenoj punini iskazivao se, gotovo da kažem: *ostvarivao* se, u nepredvidljivim a neponovljivim trenucima ljudskih susreta, susreta i razgovora kojima su ton i sadržaj određivali neki posve rijetki, izuzetni ljudi. U mojemu pamćenju trajno živi takva jedna noć u hotelu *Bregava* – a ne mogu ni zamisliti da bi bila moguća igdje drugdje – u kojoj smo nekolicina sretnika dočekali kristalno stolačko praskozorje uz pripovijedanje Zuke Džumhura. ¶ Mnogo godina kasnije, pošto je Džumhur bio već odavno *preselio*, a ni *Bregave* više nije bilo, čitao sam u novinama uspomene njegove vjerne Vezire, koja je tiho i neprimjetno, a nepopustljivo bdjela nad svakom Zukiinom čašicom rakije više, kada je već bio zdravstveno iznemogao, ali ga nije bio napustio onaj čudesni eros razgovaranja, ljudovanja. Pripovijeda, dakle, Džumhurova udovica kako je od svih Zukinih poznatih lica – slikara, crtača, pisca, hodoljupca, nenadmašnoga kozera, televizijskoga putopisca – valjda samo ona poznavala onoga Džumhura koji je iz njihovoga carigradskog stana odlazio do Čiček pasaža, odakle bi u gotovo mističkoj ozarenosti, pušeci nargilu i pijuckajući rakiju, gledao stambolske zalaske sunca. ¶ Kad mi se te dvije slike u pamćenju nekako vežu u jednu, pretapaju jedna u drugu, to je, svakako, zbog Džumhura, toga sasvim neobičnog mudraca i čarobnjaka od stotinu darova, ali pouzdano znam da je to i zbog Ugljenove *Bregave*. ¶ Ovako u priči *Trup* ljepotu pripovijedanja staroga fra Petra opisuje Ivo Andrić: ‘Nikad se ne bi moglo potpuno kazati u čemu je upravo bila lepota njegovog pričanja. U svemu što je govorio bilo je nečeg nasmejanog i mudrog u isto vreme. Ali, pored toga, oko svake njegove reči lebdeo je još naročit prizvuk, kao neki zvučni oreol, kakvog u govoru drugih ljudi nema i koji je ostajao u vazduhu i titrao i onda kad je izgovorena reč ugasla. Zbog toga je svaka njegova reč kazivala više nego što ona u običnom govoru znači. To je izgubljeno zauvek.’ ¶ Zapanjujuće je kako se ovaj opis, *mutatis mutandis*, može bez ostatka primijeniti i na Ugljenov hotel *Bregava* u Stocu i cijelu auru kojom je ta kuća zračila,

in the unforeseeable and unique moments of human contact, of meetings and conversations where the tone and content were determined by very rare and special people. One such night in Hotel Bregava – which I cannot imagine anywhere else – is forever etched in my memory: we happy few remained to see the crystal break of the Stolac dawn, listening to the stories of Zuko Džumhur. ¶ Many years later, when Džumhur was long gone, and Hotel Bregava was gone too, I read an article about the memories of his faithful Vezira, who kept a quiet, hidden and unrelenting vigil over every glass of brandy that Zuko drank when his health was failing, but he never lost that miraculous eros of words and warmth. And Džumhur’s widow said that, among all the different faces of Zuko we knew – the painter, the draftsman, the writer, the stroller, the superb talker, the TV traveller – she was the only one who knew the Džumhur who would leave their Istanbul apartment to go to Čiček Passage, where he would smoke a hookah and sip brandy in almost mystical rapture, watching the sun set over Istanbul. ¶ If those two images somehow combine in my memory, merging with each other, it is certainly because of Džumhur, that particular sage and wizard with a hundred talents, but I am positive that it is also because of Ugljen’s Hotel Bregava. ¶ In a short story called *Trup* (Torso), Ivo Andrić describes how beautifully old Brother Peter told his tales: ‘You could never fully explain the beauty of his tales. Everything that he said had a laughter and a wisdom to it. But there was more: every word had a particular tone, like a halo of sound, something never heard in the voice of other people, and it kept vibrating in the air even after the sound of the word faded away. For this reason, each word he uttered said more than its meaning in ordinary speech. This is lost forever.’ ¶ It is incredible how this description, *mutatis mutandis*, applies perfectly to Ugljen’s Hotel Bregava in Stolac, to the whole aura of that house, to Zuko Džumhur, to the night I remember. It is all *lost forever*.¹

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¶ I am trying to reach the source of the feeling which always appears, already stable and recognizable, in contact with Ugljen’s creations. It is the strong feeling that I was ready for Ugljen even before I saw anything he made; that Ugljen’s art hit a nerve, something inside me that intimately ‘rhymed’ with it... ¶ That ‘rhyme dictionary’ – as I have known forever – includes some kind of an archetypal model: the experience of the old Bosnian house with a four-faced wooden roof, a white

¹ Maybe even – God forbid! – the river of Bregava itself! As I am finishing this text on Zlatko Ugljen (in mid-September 2011), I am reading that the Bregava has run dry in Stolac, and that this catastrophe, caused by power plants upstream in eastern Herzegovina, is maybe here to stay.



▲ Zlatko Ugljen i Nina Ugljen-Ademović, katolička crkva Sv. Marka, Plehan, Bosna i Hercegovina, 1993. – 2010.

▲ Zlatko Ugljen and Nina Ugljen - Ademović, St Mark's Catholic Church, Plehan, Bosnia and Herzegovina, 1993–2010

(ZU)



i na Zuku Džumhura, i na noć iz mojega pamćenja. Sve to je izgubljeno zauvijek.¹

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 ¶ Pokušavam proniknuti u porijeklo osjećaja koji se – već stabiliziran i prepoznatljiv – uvijek javlja u dodiru s nekim od Ugljenovih ambijenata. Riječ je o snažnome osjećaju da sam na Ugljena bio pripremljen i prije nego što sam išta njegovo vidio; da u mojemu iskustvu ima neki *damar* koji je Ugljenova

¹ Možda čak – nedajbože! – i sama rijeka Bregava! Dok završavam ovaj zapis o Zlatku Ugljenu (polovica rujna 2011. godine), čitam kako je Bregava u Stocu posve presušila, i kako ta katastrofa, prouzročena izgradnjom hidroenergetskih projekata u višim predjelima istočne Hercegovine, prijeto da postane stalno stanje stvari.

square covered by a black triangle. Cubist graphics, clean and reduced to elementary relations: two geometric shapes and the contrast of black and white. His small, pauper-sized creations, most of which I saw as a child, contained a psychological, almost animistic element. Looking from the front: the bright square below the dark triangle/pyramid has two symmetric openings (windows), and a third, larger, in between them, but lower, near the bottom (the door). As a whole, this scene had the suggestive power of a stunning anthropomorphism: this house is the head of someone watching you while you watch him... Moreover, seasonal variations: this 'head' is decorated

umjetnost u stanju tako taknuti i razbuditi, nešto što se s njome intimno 'rimuje'... ¶ U taj 'rimarij' – znam to odavno – kao neka vrsta arhetskoga modela svakako spada doživljaj stare bosanske kuće s drvenim krovom na četiri vode: bijela pačetvorina i nad njom crni trokut. Kubistički grafizam, čist i sveden na elementarne odnose: dva geometrijska lika i kontrast bijelo-crno. U svojim izvedbama malih, sirotinjskih dimenzija, a takvih sam se djetetom nagledao najviše, sadržavale su i psihološki, skoro animistički moment. Gledano s pročelja: ispod mrkoga trokuta-piramide na svijetlome četverokutu stoje dva simetrično postavljena otvora (prozori), i centralno među njima, ali niže, pri dnu, treći, veći (vrata). U cjelini, taj prizor djelovao je sugestijom nekakvoga neodoljivog antropomorfizma: ta je kuća glava nekoga tko te gleda, dok ti gledaš njega... K tomu još, sezonske mijene: u proljeće ta je 'glava' u mladome zelenilu i beharu, ljeti među gustim, zagasito zelenim krošnjama, u zreli jesen pod crvenim jabukama, teškim kruškama, modrim šljivama, zimi zametena snijegom, gotovo nevidljiva, tek žmirajući i zijevajući svojim trima otvorima...



▲ Zlatko Ugljen i Nina Ugljen-Ademović, Spomen-dom Hasan Kafića Prušćaka, Prusac, Bosna i Hercegovina, 1998. – 2002.

▲ Zlatko Ugljen and Nina Ugljen - Ademović, Hasan Kafića Prušćak Memorial, Prusac, Bosnia and Herzegovina, 1998 – 2002

(ZU)

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 ¶ Od tri sloja različite materijalnosti činjena je takva kuća: čvrsti temeljni sloj od kamena ili sedre, na njemu lakši korpus zidova od čatme, odozgor lagani krov od drvenih greda i šindre. Mistificiram li ako pomišljam kako ta trostupanjska gradacija u čvrstoći – od čvrste vezanosti za tlo, preko drvene strukture čatme malo ojačane zemljom i žbukom, do lagane, gotovo lebdeće konstrukcije kojom se kuća veže za nebo – nije tek stvar puke ekonomsko-socijalne uvjetovanosti, nego da u njezinome konceptualnom porijeklu ima nečega drevno kozmogonijskoga? ¶ Unutarnji prostor: jedan dio pod

by young leaves and blossoms in spring; by dense and dark green tree crowns in summer; by red apples, heavy pears, blue plums in rich autumn; and covered by snow in winter, almost invisible, its three openings blinking and yawning... ¶ Such a house has three layers with different material qualities: a solid foundation of stone or tuff, supporting a lighter body of wattle walls, which is covered by a light roof of wooden beams and shingle. Do I mystify things if I think that such a three-level gradation of solidity – a firm position on the ground, then a wattle structure daubed with earth and plaster, and finally a light, almost floating structure that binds the house with the sky – is not just a matter of economic/social conditions, but that its conceptual origin has something of an ancient cosmogony? ¶ The interior: part stands under an open roof with a wooden skeleton that shows its insides to you now; another part has been partitioned into two rooms, creating the impression that all these elements are mobile, to be reordered at will. If the house has an upper floor, the rooms upstairs are reached by light wooden stairs, with treads and handrails

polished and shiny with use. When they are outside, the stairs are covered and extended into a veranda over the entire length of the house. Such verandas, with sweeping vistas, could be seen in our old houses in Varoš near Jajce, high above the river Vrbas, right where the swift river flows from the dark canyon below the city, widening as it enters the fertile valley with gardens and orchards... ¶ Ugljen's construction style, however, recalls many other images and ideas in my mind. Some of them come from our familiar traditional world; others seem to have materialized and floated from poetic dreams like the cosmic poetic images of Nikola Šop; others surprise



▲ crtež stare bosanske kuće, Ivan Lovrenović

▲ drawing of the old Bosnian house by Ivan Lovrenović



me as totally unexpected: for example, I thought about Ugljen's use of light even in the afternoon in Toronto while I was having lunch under Calatrava's transparent vaults in the Allen Lambert Galleria, a profane glass-and-steel version of a Gothic cathedral. The incredible and utterly dreamlike white rotunda of the Church of St Mark on Plehan Hill stirs a strong memory of the impression of the Church of the Holy Cross



in Nin from the long-gone summer of 1970, which was later enriched and the interior designed after the unique study of Mladen Pejaković, *Number from the Light*. Now, all of them – Ugljen's new St Mark on Plehan, the ancient church in Nin, the astounding research method of Pejaković – live together. The memorial house of Hasan Kjačija in Prusac, stretched along the horizontal axis below the old town and the fortress of Akhisara (Turkish: the White City), seems to be built of nothing but whiteness and light. I can only guess how Master Ugljen was inspired by this wonderful place; I saw Prusac for the first time more than forty years ago, and these were some of my impressions: 'Without grandeur, outside the beaten paths, without modern amenities (Prusac did not even have electricity at the time), but with elegance and spirituality everywhere. In people, in their gestures and acts, even in

Nikole Šopa, neke me iznenade potpunom neočekivanošću: tako sam, na primjer, na Ugljenovo korištenje svjetla pomišljao čak i onoga poslijepodneva u Torontu, sjedeći za ručkom pod Calatravinim prozirnim svodovima u The Allen Lambert Galleria, kao u kakvoj profanoj stakleno-čeličnoj verziji gotičke katedrale. Nevjerojatna, potpuno onirična bijela rotunda crkve Sv. Marka u plehanske brijegu pobudi snažno sjećanje na doživljaj crkve Sv. Križa u Ninu iz davnoga ljeta godine devetstosedamdesete, koji je kasnije obogaćen i iznutra osmišljen jedinstvenom studijom Mladena Pejakovića *Broj iz svjetlosti*, pa sada sve to: i novi Ugljenov Sv. Marko na Plehanu, i prastara crkva iz Nina, i Pejakovićev zapanjujući otkrivalački postupak – živi zajedničkim životom. Spomenom Hasana Kjačije u Pruscu, čvrsto razveden po horizontali podno staroga grada i tvrđave Akhisara (turski: Bijeli grad, Biograd), kao da nije ni sagrađen ničim drugim do bjelinom i svjetlom. Mogu samo slutiti čime je sve majstora Ugljena punilo ovo čudesno mjesto; o svojem doživljaju Prusca za prvoga dolaska, prije više od četrdeset godina, zabilježio sam i ovo: 'Bez veličine, izvan putova, lišen modernih blagodati (ni struju tada u Pruscu nisu imali) – u svemu je zračio otmjenošću i duhovnošću. U ljudima, u njihovim kretnjama i postupcima, čak u njihovim fizionomijama, nadasve u njihovom govoru i jeziku, staroj ikavici, potpuno sigurnoj u se, savršeno čiste dikcije. Također, u svojem urbanom pejzažu: od ruina stare tvrđave i sahat-kule na vrhu mjesta, preko velikoga starog mezarja nasred naselja, do Hasan Kjačijine džamije-medrese i ogromnoga bijelog bora nad njome u dnu mjesta, na proplanku Srtu.' U međuvremenu, stara tvrđava još više se je stopila s travom, bijeloga bora davno je nestalo, propala je i izvorna Hasan Kjačijina džamija. Ugljenova bijela gradnja pod Akhisarom nije nadomjestak ni za što; nadat se je da može biti sjeme nečega novog... Tko god jednom uđe u kapelu Franjevačke teologije u sarajevskim Nedžarićima – a u nju ulaze jednako vjernici-katolici kao i vjernici drugih 'zakona' ali i nevjernici svih vrsta – ostane trajno obilježen duhom neopisive jednostavnosti i nekakve univerzalne, vedre spiritualnosti koju je Ugljen tu postigao bjelinom, intimnošću relativno niskoga prostora, posebno dizajniranim bijelim namještajem, te moćnim kontrastom što ga čini veliki, mrki drveni reljef Šime Vulasa na zidu iza oltara. U isti krug svjetlosne magije spada unutrašnjost crkve Sv. Petra apostola u Tuzli, s ingenioznom Ugljenovom likovnom intervencijom – koncentričnom postavkom nekoliko suvremenih slikarskih remek-djela, među kojima je središnja slika strašna, genijalna *Pietà* Ljube Ivančića. Bijela džamija u Visokome, građena još sedamdesetih godina prošloga stoljeća, na dotada neviđen

their figures, and especially in their speech and language, the old *ikavian*, absolutely self-assured, with absolutely clear diction. Also, in its urban landscape: from the ruins of the old fortress and the tower above the village and the large old Muslim graveyard in the middle of the village, to the mosque and madrasah of Hasan Kjačija and the huge white pine above it at the end of the village, on the clearing of Srt.' In the meantime, the old fortress has sunk into the grass even more, the white pine is long gone, and even the original mosque of Hasan Kjačija is no more. Ugljen's white structure below Akhisar does not replace anything; we can only hope that it can be the seed of something new... Whoever enters the chapel of the Franciscan Theological School in Nedžarići in Sarajevo – which is equally frequented by Catholic believers and the faithful of other religions, but also by all kinds of non-believers – remains permanently marked by the spirit of an indescribable simplicity and a universal serene spirituality which Ugljen achieved with whiteness, the intimacy of the relatively low space, specially designed white furniture, and the powerful contrast with the large, dark wooden relief of Šime Vulas on the wall behind the altar. The same circle of the magic of light includes the interior of the Church of St Peter the Apostle in Tuzla, with Ugljen's ingenious visual intervention – the concentric set-up of several contemporary masterpieces of painting, where the central role is held by the terrible and brilliant *Pietà* by Ljubo Ivančić. In ways that were unprecedented and unimaginable in the 1970s, the White Mosque in Visoko harmoniously combined the tame traditional spirituality with the artist's extremely individual and uncompromising step forward in the treatment of forms and the shaping of interiors with light. This building has developed in a way that is particular only to the most authentic artistic creations in public spaces. It has been standing in the heart of old Visoko for decades, surrounded on all sides by the vast, dense mass of low houses under traditional pyramidal red roofs. In the vicinity, there are a dozen classical mosques and minarets of stone or smaller municipal ones of wood. In the everyday life of such a location, with homogeneous buildings, colours and traditions, Ugljen's White Mosque is perceived as a strongly original creation, a form and a symbol that fell from another world with a special message and a goal, but also as a completely integrated element, embedded in this environment as its new centre and focus.

A constant of the entire opus of Ugljen, his artistic seal and signature, as I see it after all, is primarily his unique way of shaping space with light, with the relations between light and

otvorenim krovom, čiji drveni skelet sada vidiš iznutra cio, drugi dio prostora pregrađen u dvije prostorije, te se stječe dojam da su svi ti elementi pomični, da se mogu preslagivati po volji. Ako je kuća katnica, do gornjih prostorija vode lagani drveni *basamaci*, čije su podnice i rukohvati uglačani i blistavi od upotrebe. U varijanti kada su vanjski, basamaci su natkriveni i produžuju se u verandu cijelom dužinom kuće. Takve su verande, s pogledom nadaleko, imale stare naše kuće u jajačkome Varošu, visoko iznad Vrbasa, upravo ondje gdje brza rijeka izlazi iz suroga kanjona ispod grada, pa se širi u pitomu dolinu s baščama i voćnjacima... No, Ugljenov se graditeljski rukopis u mome doživljaju doziva i s mnogim drugim slikama i predodžbama. Neke od njih su iz nama bliskoga tradicijskog svijeta, neke kao da su, materijalizirane, dolebdjele iz poetskih snoviđenja poput svemirskih motiva

Katolička crkva Sv. Petra i Pavla sa samostanom, Tuzla, Bosna i Hercegovina, 1977. –

Sts Peter and Paul Catholic Church with Monastery, Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina, 1977-

(ZU)

i nezamisliv način skladno spaja pitomu tradicijsku spiritualnost i potpuno autorski individualiziran, beskompromisan iskorak u tretmanu oblikā i u modeliranju unutarnjega prostora svjetlom. S tom gradnjom događa se ono što je svojstveno samo najautentičnijim umjetničkim ostvarenjima u javnome prostoru. U srcu starog Visokoga ona stoji već desetljećima, svuda uokolo okružena nepreglednom masom zbijenih niskih kuća pod tradicionalnim crvenim krovovima na četiri vode. Na većem ili manjem razmaku od nje je i desetina klasičnih džamija i munara, što zidanih, što malih drvenih, džematskih. U svakodnevnicu takvoga ambijenta, graditeljski, koloristički i običajno homogenoga, Ugljenova Bijela džamija doživljuje se kao izrazit znak otklona, kao forma i simbol koji je s posebnom porukom i ciljem ovamo pao iz nekoga svog svijeta, ali u isti mah i kao već potpuno integriran element ovoga ambijenta, dapače, upisan u nj kao njegovo novo središte i žarište.

Ono što kroz cijeli Ugljenov opus prolazi kao poetička konstanta, kao autorski pečat i potpis, tako mi se nakon svega čini, najprije je njegov jedinstveni način oblikovanja prostora svjetlom, odnosom svjetla i njegove odsutnosti, u bogatoj gradaciji od sjene do mrkline, te njegovo operiranje bjelinom kao samosvojnim elementom, katkada na samomu rizičnom rubu potpune apstrakcije, nestajanja – i promatrača i onoga što je promatrano. Također: način na koji Ugljen u sklad i u suradnju uvodi hladne i tople, čvrste i podatne materijale; način na koji se u tomu (kao i u mnogim drugim svojim postupcima) naslanja na tradicijske modele i obrasce, nikada ne bivajući oponašateljem i tradicionalistom nego uvijek stvarajući stilsku i graditeljsku novost. Upravo to je ono zbog čega se događa da u Ugljenovim rješenjima tradiciju ne vidimo, kao nešto preslikano, trivijalno prepoznatljivo, nego tek osjećamo – kao duh i atmosferu neponovljive intimnosti. Napokon, sve opisano rezultira posvemašnjom izuzetnošću i estetičnošću, i to kao imperativom koji dolazi iznutra, iz srca zamisli, a finalno se ostvaruje kao moćna aura cijele građevine i njezina mjesta u prostoru, te načina na koji ona obogaćuje i preobražava značenje toga prostora.

its absence, in a wide range from shadow to darkness, and his mastery of whiteness as an independent element, sometimes at the risky edge of total abstraction, disappearance of both the viewer and the viewed. Also: the way in which Ugljen creates a harmony and unity from materials that are cold and warm, rigid and pliable; the way in which he makes this method (as well as many others) rely on traditional models and patterns, never as an imitator or a traditionalist, but always as an innovator of style and construction. For this reason, the works of Ugljen do not make us see tradition as something copied and trivially recognizable, but feel it as a spirit and atmosphere of unique intimacy. Finally, everything described above results in a remarkable originality and aestheticism, as an imperative coming from the inside, from the heart of the idea, finally realized as the powerful aura of the entire building, its position in a space, its way of enriching and transforming the meaning of that space.

Šerefudinova Bijela
džamija, Visoko, Bosna i
Hercegovina, 1969. – 1979.

The Šerefudin White
Mosque, Visoko, Bosnia and
Herzegovina, 1969 – 1979

(AK)

