

napisao  
written by



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## Dapčeva fotografija oslobođenja: Istra kao *fiction-faction* artefakt

## Photography of Liberation by Dabac: Istria as *Fiction-Faction* Artefact

- 1 kružiera - raskrižje
- 2 komun - općina
- 3 'Hoćemo živjeti u Demokratskoj Federativnoj Jugoslaviji!'
- 4 tovar - magarac
- 5 brienta - oveća
- drvena posuda (pri berbi grožđa)
- 6 kogula - slično kaldrmi
- 1 'We want to live in the Democratic Federative Yugoslavia!'

¶ A možda je i mene snimio Tošo Dabac na kružieri<sup>1</sup> Badierne prolića 1946. kada smo čekali naše saveznike, Četvoricu u *jeepu*, cili komun<sup>2</sup> – nikad toliko svita, da njen rečemo da ni ča drugega nego da tote smo svi Hrvati!<sup>3</sup> Listajući fotose Toše Dabca, u me se vraća doba slobode, katarza Istre; urbana idila Zone A, Buje; suburbana politička revolucija Zone B, Bale – 'Vogliamo vivere nella Democratica Federativa Jugoslavia!'<sup>3</sup>. Petrificirana Lapida Histriae; bjelina fasada u kamenu, siva dinamika - tovar<sup>4</sup> z brienton<sup>5</sup> i žiena na njemu i još dvi žene, crnja od fojbe sjena žena i kamena na koguli<sup>6</sup> kamenitoj. ¶ U toj sam arhetipiji i rastao i s njome srastao, i uzrastao u velikom oslobođenju šćavunskome; potopljen je onaj Nazorov

¶ Perhaps Tošo Dabac took a picture of me too on the Baderna crossroads in the spring of 1946, while we were waiting for our allies 'Four in a Jeep', the entire community – never were there so many people; to tell them nothing else, but that we were all Croats! ¶ Leafing through photographs by Tošo Dabac brings me back to the time of freedom, the catharsis of Istria; the urban idyll of Zone A, Buje; the suburban political revolution of Zone B, Bale – 'Vogliamo vivere nella Democratica Federativa Jugoslavia!'<sup>3</sup>. Petrified *Lapida Histriae*; the whiteness of the stone façades, grey dynamics – a donkey with a tub and one woman on the donkey and another two women, the women's shadows blacker than a pit, and a stone on a cobbled road. ¶ I grew up and grew into this archetypality, and grew further in the great liberation of the Slavs; that 'cursed ship' of Nazor's was sunk; the winners, warriors and the exiled returned to see if 'my white home is there / and my mother well again'... ¶ And four of our mothers in black, ancient heroines; proudly despairing, together more powerful than their own tragedies, staring at Dabac's lens with irony: it is far from 'Say cheese' and 'Say banana', and the four mothers look at 'the heart of darkness' of history that revived their humanity and killed their husbands and sons; *Flossenburg bei Dachau* for the father, a bullet in the forehead for the son, who was in the 43rd Istrian Division, at Ilirska Bistrica on the 1st May, in the year of 1945. And above all, these *sopile*<sup>2</sup> howl our persistent *tananinenaajjijj*<sup>3</sup>. ¶ By leafing



Tošo Dabac

fotografije photographs by  
Arhiv Tošo Dabac /  
Tošo Dabac Archive;  
Muzej suvremene umjetnosti,  
Grad Zagreb

'brod prokleti', pobjednici, ratnici i izgnanici se vratili vidjeti 'si'l cela mi kuća bela/ si'l mi majko prebolela'... ¶ I četiri naše matere u črnini, antičke heroine; ponosito zdvojne, ujedno su snažnije od vlastite tragedije, ironično zureći u Dapčev objektiv: Daleko je 'Say cheese' i 'Say banana', te četiri majke gledaju u 'srce tame' povijesti koja im je oživjela ljudskost i pobila muževe i sinove; *Flossenburg bei Dachau* za oca, zrno u čelo kod Ilirske Bistrice za sina u 43. istarskoj diviziji na Prvi maja Miljardevetstokvarnaripietega<sup>7</sup> lita. A nada time svime tule roženice<sup>8</sup> naše postojano *tananinenaajjijj*<sup>9</sup>. ¶ Listajući fotose Toše Dapca, listam po vlastitoj utrobi; čitajući njegove lakonske potpise i pojašnjenja snimljenoga, čitam vlastiti život; jer tu istu istarsku povijest stvarao sam, dakako, posve nesvjestan toga poslanja, vlastitim rukama, nedužni i harni njen protagonist – u četvrtoj godini života selili su me od sela do sela da me ne ubiju, ubili su mi djeda Ivu i oca Joakima i zrmama Đordana u petoj godini, u šestoj sam nosio fotografiju Titovu u okviru i demonstrirao za našu stvar, u sedmoj sam krčio ruševine po Puli i sadio mladice borove po *lungo mare*... ¶ Pisao sam već o Dapčevom *Istarskom dnevniku*; to je kolosalan *faction*-zapis, literaran i historičan, premda u suhoparnoj pomoćnoj funkciji pojašnjavanja onoga što je Meštar fotografirao, ali ujedno i sublimni dokumentarni, literarno-historijski artefakt! Vrijedan kao i same fotografije! *Fiction*? O da, Dabac astralizira, artizira život, njegov je usklik 'Ptičica!' svedeni trenutak preobrazio u paradigmu i 'motion' iz njega iskače lakoćom čarolije! ¶ Išćupao sam iz *Dnevnika* (sjajno načinjeno, by Marina Benažić & Jerica Žihrel, MSU Zgb i Lapidarium Ngd) gotovo nehotice ponešto od tih Dapčevih zapisa:

Popravak broda 'Hrvatska'  
Iskravanje Unrine pomoći sa broda 'Neti'  
Čamac za traženje mina, tzv. Dragiranje  
Ronilac Brezelj Jožef, 73 godine, radi već 52 godine, još i sada ostaje po dva sata pod vodom. Rodom je iz Barkovlja kod Trsta.  
Predizborni miting na Rijeci na Narodnom trgu  
Kregar Frančeska, 61 godina, imala je 7 sinova radnika, 1 sin interniran u Italiji, vratio se. Drugi, interniran u Njem. Ne zna za njega. Rodom je iz Kastva, 40 godina živi u Rijeci, ali ne zna talijanski.  
Na putu preko Učke. Mjesto gdje je formirana Gortanova brigada. (sliku o samom formiranju brigade ima riječki prop. odjel. Negativ momentano kod Grgića).  
Selo Vela Učka, 98% spalili Nijemci  
Glagolska ploča iz crkve u Bermu (nom. Beram) iz godine 1431.  
Omladina Sušačke srednjotehničke škole zajedno s riječkim hrvatskim internatom iskrcava sa broda 'Timok' pošiljku kanadskog Crvenog krsta dne 7.III.  
Barba Udovčić Viktor, partizan, bio konjevodac u 13. primorskoj

through Tošo Dabac's photos, I leaf through my own insides; by reading his laconic signatures and explications of what is recorded, I read my own life; because I was making this Istrian history, of course, unaware of this quest, with my own hands, an innocent and diligent protagonist – when I was four, they moved me from one village to another to save me from being killed, my grandfather Ivo and father Joakim and cousin Đordan were killed when I was five, I carried Tito's framed photo and was part of demonstrations for our cause when I was six, and cleared ruins all over Pula and planted pine shoots all over *lungo mare* when I was seven. ¶ I have already written about Dabac's *Istrian Diary*; it is a colossal record of faction, literary and historical, although it has a dull auxiliary function of explaining what the Master photographed. But it is also sublime documentary, a literary and historical artefact! It has the same value as the photographs themselves! Fiction? Oh yes, Dabac *astralizes*, *artizes* life, his exclamation is 'Watch the birdie!' a frozen moment transformed into a paradigm, and motion jumps out of it as easy as magic! ¶ I ripped some of these recordings of Dabac's out of the Diary (magnificently put together by Marina Benažić & Jerica Žihrel, MSU Zagreb and Lapidarium Novigrad) almost inadvertently: Repairs to the ship *Croatia*.

Unloading UNRRA aid from the ship *Neti*.  
Boat for mine-sweeping, known as dragging.  
Diver Jožef Brezelj, 73 years old, has worked for 52 years now and even today stays underwater for two hours. By birth from Barkovlje near Trieste.  
Election campaign meeting on the National Square in Rijeka.  
Frančeska Kregar, 61 years old, had seven sons who were workers. One son was interned in Italy, he came back. The second was interned in Germany. No-one knows anything about him. By birth from Kastav, she has lived in Rijeka for 40 years, but does not speak Italian.  
On the road over Učka. The place where the Gortan Brigade was formed. (A photo of the very forming of the brigade is in Rijeka's Propaganda Department. The negative is currently with Grgić.)  
The village of Vela Učka, 98% burned down by the Germans.  
Glagolitic tablet from the church in Beram from 1431.  
The youth of Sušak Technical Secondary School, together with the Croatian Boarding School in Rijeka unload a shipment from the Canadian Red Cross from the ship *Timok* on 7 March.  
'Old man' Viktor Udovčić, a partisan, was a groom in 13th Coastal Division, machine-gun battalion. The old man's pals raise the anti-torpedo net. The old man browses through shellfish taken off the anti-torpedo net (for the shellfish he has handed over, the old man has received 10,000 liras so far, which he has given to the Navy's invalid fund. And he showed receipts).  
Hegenberger and Giustinović, innovators and elite workers.

- 7 1945.
- 8 roženice - vrst svirale
- 9 *tananinenaj* - prijevna doskočica (mala Mare-ninenananajjijj)
- 2 Woodwind instruments of Croatia, similar to the oboe
- 3 *tananinenaj* – frequent refrain melody (*little Mare-ninenananajjijj*)

diviziji, mitraljeski bataljun. Barbini momci dižu mrežu protiv torpeda. Barba pregledava školjke, koje su skinute sa mreže protiv torpeda (za predane školjke dobio barba do sada L.10.000, koje je dao za invalidski fond ratne mornarice. Pokazao i potvrde).

Hegenberger i Giustinović, novatori i udarnici. Prije je brdgr. proizvodilo kisik jedva za sebe, a sada zaslugom gornje dvojice, produkcija se pojednostavnila i podigla za 50%, tako da brdgr. opskrbljuje kisikom sve tvornice u okolici i čak u Hrv. Primorju.

Reportaža o bataljunu Pina Budičina (sve sami Talijani) Komandant major Tomini Bruno, rodod iz Jesenica, bivši oficir talij. vojske, od 1943. operativni oficir u 3. brigadi 43. divizije.

Guido Milivoj, 11 god. bježao pred Nijemcima, ranili ga, amputirana mu je radi toga noga. Dobio crvenu maramu kao znak da je udarnik u 3. razredu osnovne škole u Labinu. Najbistriji dječak u razredu.

Knjiga iz 1729. Matica rođenih sa čistim hrv. imenima, pisanima na talijanskom jeziku.

Kozlović Marija, nikada nije fotografirana

Mjesto gdje je stajala ploča s glagolskim natpisom iz 1557. 'Va vrimo župana Kirina Sirotića ki je starešina crkveni in i tašče sused'.

Kotar Motovun dao je 985 boraca protiv fašizma

Mjesto na kojem su Talijani u Vižinadi 1921. isklesali glagolsku ploču

Freske nasuprot južnih vrata u Bermu. God. 1474. slikao Vinčenacije iz Kastva. Od 1749. nitko se više nije brinuo za crkvu, pa su zato freske sačuvane.

Kresini selo 7.X 1943. spalili su ga fašisti i nacisti. Djecu bacali živu u vatru. Od 85 stanovnika spaljeno i poubijano 58.

Benussi Mateo, stupio u J.A. 3.XII 1943. Talijan iz Rovinja rođ. 1906., diverzant. Na Badnjak digao u zrak prvi vlak u Siane (blizu Pule), kasnije fašistički dom u Rovinju, 3 mosta, 20 vlakova, elektr.centralu u Sv. Vinčentu itd.'

**FICTION-FACTION FOTOGRAFIJE:** U novome svome egzodusu (najprije Rahovci - Pula 1947., pa Pula - Zagreb 1953.), još rani gimnazijalac, čitajući Wildera i Dos Passosa, Bulgakova i Babe-lja, znam da ću biti pisac, moja agramerizacija buja, moram u Masarykovo na drugi pločnik da ne velim Tinu alo, i ja sam pjesnik! No, zagrebačku inicijaciju napose si pribavljam čitajući Fra-Ma-Fua (Franjo Martin Fuis). ¶ I: Gledajući (žive i na snimkama) Dapčeve pilare kad nam pile drva, kumice kad nam daju sir-i-vrhnje za muku (brašno) istrijansku, zgubidane, partizane, radnike, fremtere i švercere i šupsere i štemere i šlosere – isto ćutim kao da gledam smrznutog Eisensteina. ¶ I ako zažmirim, vidim onog riječkog palombara (ronioca) kako preda mnom izranja iz mora, čujem grgoljanje morskih kapi,

Before, the shipyard produced hardly enough oxygen to cover its own needs and now, thanks to the above two, production has been simplified and increased by 50%, so the shipyard provides oxygen to all the factories in the neighbourhood, and even in all of the Croatian coastal region.

Article on Pino Budičin Battalion (all of them Italians).

Commander-Major Tomini Bruno, by birth from Jesenice, former officer of the Italian Army, operative officer in 3rd Brigade, 43rd Division since 1943.

Guido Milivoj, 11 years old, was hiding from the Germans, was wounded, and his leg was amputated as a result. He was given a red neck scarf as a sign that he was an elite pupil in the 3rd class of elementary school in Labin. The smartest boy in his class.

Book from 1729, register of births with pure Croatian names, written in Italian.

Marija Kozlović, was never photographed before.

The place where a tablet with Glagolitic inscription from 1557 was set. 'In the time of parish priest Kirin Sirotić, who is the head of church and a neighbour.'

Motovun County gave 985 fighters against fascism.

The place where the Italians carved a Glagolitic tablet in Vižinada in 1921.

Frescos, facing the southern doors in Beram. Painted by Vincent from Kastav in 1474. Since 1749, nobody has been taking care of the church, and therefore the frescos were preserved.

The village of Kresini, burned down by fascists and Nazis on 7 October 1943. Children were thrown in to the fire alive. Of 85 villagers, 58 was burned to death or killed.

Mateo Benussi, joined the Yugoslav Army on 3 December 1943. An Italian from Rovinj, born in 1906, a saboteur. On Christmas Eve, he blew up the first train to Siane (near Pula); later on, the House of Fascists in Rovinj, 3 bridges, 20 trains, a power plant in Svetvinčenat, etc.

**FICTION-FACTION PHOTOGRAPHS:** In my new exodus (first Rahovci – Pula in 1947, then Pula – Zagreb in 1953), still at the beginning of my secondary school, I read Wilder and Dos Passos, Bulgakov and Babelj and I know I will be a writer, my adapting to the Zagreb way of things is flourishing, I have to cross to the other side of the road in Masarykova to avoid saying 'Hello' to Tin, and I am a poet! But, I especially earn my Zagreb initiation by reading Fra-Ma-Fu. ¶ And: watching (in person and in the photos) Dabac's sawyers sawing wood for us, country women who trade cheese-and-cream for Istrian flour with us, idlers, partisans, workers, wandering day labourers and smugglers and fakers and ruffians and welders – I feel exactly as if I am watching frozen Einsenstein. ¶ And if I close my eyes, I see that diver from Rijeka, emerging from the sea in front of me, I can hear the gargling of sea drops, hissing of air from the black rubber tube and I see myself in this Einsenstein-Dabac, I become my

šištanje zraka iz crne gumene cijevi i vidim sebe sama u tom Eisensteinu-Dapcu, postajem svoja vlastita fotografija. ¶ Da, stvarao sam historiju (koju je snimao i stvarao Tošo Dobac), i to s fotografijom u ruci; izrezanom iz *Glasa Istre*, format SECTIO AUREA, zlatorez, fiksiranom na kvadrat kartona, postavljenom u rascijep uvrh tankog štapa od trstike. Fotografija je bila snimak onog znamenitog sepija-crteža Josipa Broza Tita, djelo našeg Istranina, Hrvata Božidara Jakca, kulturom Slovenca. Nevažna razlika, tada, jer obalni Hrvati i Slovenci točno znamo ki smo, ča smo i kamo gremo, rišpetamo<sup>10</sup> jeni druge, govorimo svaki po svoju, precizno znamo ča je čegovo<sup>11</sup> okolo Soče i Dragonje, ma imamo skupnu organizaciju pod Austrijom i Italijom 'Edinost' (Jedinstvo) i zajedničku formulu opstanka 'Uzajamnost' (Vzajemnost). ¶ Tu su uzajamnost životom platili mnogi; moram običi ono mjesto iznad Piranskog zaliva, moram doznati da li tamo još leže četiri anonimna partizana s fotografije Toše Dapca od 18. ožujka 1946. Jesu li bili Hrvati, Slovenci, Talijani, Srbi?: obilazim grobove predaka u Baderni, opažam upozorenja da je isteklo vrijeme za neke grobove, rodbina (ako je ima) mora reći što će s grobom. Jedna majušna betonska piramida sa zvijezdom i zapis na njoj: Cvetko Srbjin. Sjećam se da su naši Cvetka pokopali u našem selu, tajno, po noći, u vrtu tete Rože 'Matelićove', pa smo ga u slobodi svi zajedno prenijeli na groblje u Baderni. Još jedna mini piramida, Ana Tivan, nitko se ne sjeća te partizanke, mogla bi biti iz Furlanije? Poduzimam što treba da Cvetko Srbjin i Ana Talijanka ostanu počivati na hrvatskoj zemlji; za koju su poginuli, poginuli su za nas... ¶ 'Mi smo Hrvati!', nosimo lakonske i lapidarne transparente; kao da je već to dovoljno da odagna svaku dilemu Naših Saveznika. Uzbuđeni čekamo Naše Saveznike. I naoštreni; jer tko to tamo uopće može pomisliti da ospori našu volju: Na Mussolinijevom akvaduktu preko Mirne, tamo ispod Motovuna gdje Nazorov Veli Jože ruši mrski tuđinski zvonik, i danas se koč prostodušno agresivni naš grafit: ' Mi smo se borili, i zato hoćemo živjeti u DFR Jugoslaviji!' ¶ Kao što još 'bizarnije' izazivaju Saveznike istovrsni grafiti talijanskih antifašista diljem Istre: 'W Tito!', 'Vogliamo Iugoslavia!'<sup>12</sup> ¶ Tošo Dabac bio je u toj artistskoj brigadi koju su mudro probrali i poslali u Istru; trebalo je pokazati svima 'ki smo, ča smo, kamo gremo'<sup>13</sup>, jer mogli smo, opet – kao i 1918. – i 1945. ostati bez Istre, ostati šćavi. Dapčeve fotografije Istre stoga su i danas živi memento jednog doba, doba stvaranja historije. Ujedno, one su jasni temelj hrvatskoga moderniteta, visokoga urbanog uzleta u *science&fiction*, mondijalistički signum kvalitete, raskošni europski timbar bez kojega ne možemo biti Europa.

own photograph. ¶ Yes, I created history (the same one Tošo Dabac recorded and created), and this with a photograph in my hand; cut out from *Glasa Istre*, *sectio aurea* (golden section) format, fixed on a cardboard square, installed in a slit on the top of a slim cane. The photograph was a record of that famous sepia drawing of Josip Broz Tito, the work of our Istrian, Croat Božidar Jakac, a Slovene by culture. An irrelevant difference, at that time, because coastal Croats and Slovenes know exactly who is who and where they are heading, they respect each other, each talking in his own way, precisely knowing what belongs to whom around the Soča and Dragonja, and have an organization together under the Austrians and Italians, 'Unity', and a shared formula for survival, 'Mutuality'. ¶ This mutuality was paid for by many with their lives; I have to visit that place above the Piran Bay, I have to find out if there are still the four anonymous partisans buried there, from the photograph by Tošo Dabac taken on 18 March 1946. Were they Croats, Slovenes, Italians, Serbs? I pay visits to the graves of ancestors in Baderna, I notice warnings that the date has expired for some graves; relatives (if there are any) have to say what they will do with the graves. One little concrete pyramid with a star and inscription: Cvetko the Serb. I remember that our people buried Cvetko in our village, secretly, during the night, in the garden of Aunt Roža 'Matelićeva', and then when freedom came, all of us took him to the graveyard in Baderna. Another little pyramid, Ana Tivan, nobody can remember this female partisan, could she have been from Friuli? I do what is necessary so that Cvetko the Serb and Ana the Italian remain at peace in the Croatian soil, for which they died; they died for us. ¶ 'We are Croats!' we carry laconic and lapidary banners; as if this is all that is needed to send away any dilemma of Our Allies. We wait for Our Allies with excitement, and on edge; because, could there be anybody who can even think about challenging our will: on Mussolini's aqueduct across the Mirna, there below Motovun where Nazor's giant Veli Jože demolishes the hated alien bell tower, even today simple-mindedly aggressive graffiti of ours stands: 'We fought, and this is why we want to live in Democratic Federative Republic of Yugoslavia!' ¶ The same as Italian antifascist graffiti of the same kind even 'more bizarrely' provoke the Allies all around Istria: 'W Tito!' 'Vogliamo Iugoslavia!'<sup>14</sup> ¶ Tošo Dabac was in this artistic brigade, which we wisely chose and sent to Istria; everybody should have been shown 'who we are, what we are, where we are going', because again – like in 1918 – we could have remained without Istria in 1945 as well, remained poor Slavs. Dabac's photographs of Istria are therefore today a living memento of an era, a time of creating history. At the same time, they are a clear foundation of Croatian modernity, a high urban takeoff into science & fiction, a global sign of quality, a magnificent European timbre without which we cannot be Europe.

<sup>10</sup> rišpetati - poštivati  
<sup>11</sup> čegovo (čigovo) - čije  
<sup>12</sup> 'Živio Tito!',  
'Hoćemo Jugoslaviju!'  
<sup>13</sup> 'Tko smo, što smo,  
kamo idemo'

<sup>14</sup> 'Long live Tito!'; 'We want Yugoslavia!'



Ulica u Bujama, ▶  
8.IV.1946.

Street in Buje, ▶  
8.IV.1946



Boljsko selo, ▶  
kotar Labin, 1.IV.1946.

Bolje village, ▶  
kotar Labin, 1.IV.1946



◀ Selo Bale, natpis na  
kući 21.III.1946.

◀ Bale village, inscription  
on the house,  
21.III.1946



▲  
Buje,  
oko 1950.

▶  
Čakulanje na ulici u  
Balama, 4.IV.1946.

▲  
Buje,  
around 1950

▶  
Chatting on the street  
in Bale, 4.IV.1946



TOŠO DABAC, fotografija

TOŠO DABAC, photography



Pogled na Labin ujutro ▶  
1.IV.1946.

View over Labin in the  
morning 1.IV.1946

◀ Plomin 27.III.1946.

◀ Plomin 27.III.1946



◀ Plomin 27.III.1946.

◀ Plomin 27.III.1946





◀ Pogled na istok s Motovuna, 19.III.1946.

◀ View to the east from Motovun, 19.III.1946

▲ Partizanski grobovi na Učki, 1946.

▲ Partisan graves on Učka mountain, 1946