



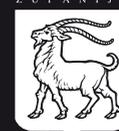
# RENCO KOSINOŽIĆ ISTRIA



REPUBLIC OF SLOVENIA  
GOVERNMENT OFFICE FOR DEVELOPMENT  
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RENCO KOSINOŽIĆ ISTRIA









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## **ISTRIA, A HOMETLAND HORIZON OF THE WORLD**

*A tablet passe-partout with a selection of  
Renčo Kosinožić's photographs*

When one summer evening in 2012 the famous British singer Tom Jones entered the stage of the Roman amphitheatre here in Pula, greeting the audience, he also paid a compliment to the stage on which he said, as clapping echoed, one feels much younger... Indeed, such places in which one can feel younger are plentiful in Istria; however, this is a significant theatre of ancient times and antique elegance, a stone ring from 1<sup>st</sup> century AD.

Pula Arena is the leading stone landmark of Istria, the largest Adriatic peninsula, a space shaped by both diverse structures of landscape panoramas as well as layers of civilisation which, in a relatively small area, spread loquacious meanders of sto-

ries about man and his existence. Its largest part in Croatia, a smaller part in Slovenia and partly also in Italy (altogether 3,556 square metres and about 345,000 inhabitants), Istria is the area between the Gulf of Trieste and Kvarner bay, 'bordered' in the north by elevations which ancient writers considered as the end of the Alps. Under the aegis of Učka, Vojak being the highest peak, 1,400 metres above sea level. But, this is all part of the Mediterranean, since also in the vicinity of the Istrian highland slopes we will encounter the olive, a food provider and a remedy. And first of all, the man in his daily hardships and concerns; if luck will have it, there will also be a big oxen eye, a curious look from a goat and perhaps a patient brother-donkey too.

## HISTRI BY THE AIRPORT

Not a weaker feeling of youth will be felt close to Pula, located near the peninsular tip, Cape Kamenjak, by Premantura. Remaining with the insignia of stone, a more attentive eye will, on the way towards the inland area, around Vodnjan and beyond, notice stone field huts, entirely made of dry-stone walls. They are *kažuni*, farmers' and shepherds' shelters, places for storing farming tools. Although of a more recent construction, *kažuni* are also a stable form of reminder of those ancient settlements on hills that were – *gradine* (ruins of castles) - once inhabited by the ancient population of Istria, Histri, who appear on the horizon of the Roman Empire after the defeat in a battle with the Romans in 177 BC at Nesactium. Remains of such castle ruins (*gradina*), and there were several hundreds of them around here, can still be found today on some hills.

The Histrian king Epulon remains the symbol of perseverance of tribal alliance. Realising that the defeat in the crucial affray with the Romans was inevitable, according to Titus Livius, together with many protecting their capital Nesactium, whose remains can be found near Valtura, in the vicinity of today's Pula Airport, Epulon lunged at his own sword, not wanting to surrender to the Roman conqueror. Apart from Nesactium, with the Roman breakthrough, together with Nesactium, also the nearby settlements of Mutila and Faveria were demolished. After visiting this site, exhibits of the honourable distance are awaiting us in the Archaeological Museum of Istria in Pula, pointing to indications of the then forms of life. Unlike the Latin expressions, the Histrian ones are almost entirely unknown to us. In comparison with the Illyrian remains, and even in confrontation with the Mesapian (Southern Italy) Illyrian expressions, perhaps words such as *sabaia* – beer, *mandia* – item of clothing, cloak or *sybina* – spear, with other names for deities, could revoke some echoes of the Histrian and Illyrian speech, but they have long been covered by the mists of remote centuries, accompanied by the sounds of the airplanes flying over the castle ruins (*gradine*) and *kažuni* alike.

Still, the oldest memory of the Istrians/Histris is found in the work *World Survey* by the Greek author Hecataeus of Miletus

(560 – 480 BC) where, in the transcripts, the Histris are mentioned as '*ethnos en to ionio kolpo*', people in the Ionian (the then name for the Adriatic) Sea.

## DEEPER STILL: A FRAGMENT OF ARGONAUTICS

This is as far as the antiquities older than Arena are concerned, if we do not also dive into the mythic and poetic history, meeting the Argonauts, the mysterious travellers from antique documents, who, led by Jason and Medeia, accompanied by the lyre of Orpheus, together with the mighty Hercules and other heroes ... that also reach these coasts. They carry the seized Golden Fleece, they come from the Black Sea, from the Colchian (Colchis) coast, upstream along the Histar River (the Danube) and continue, using some shortcuts, all the way to the today's Adriatic Sea. The unsuccessful pursuit of the Colchians will end somewhere near the site where the Romans will, much later, construct this amphitheatre of ours... Referring to earlier authors, Antonio Fachinetti, a parish priest from Svetvinčenat, in the 19<sup>th</sup> century audaciously determined the time of arrival of the Argonaut ship on the Istrian coasts: in 1230 Before Christ!

Through tradition and documented inscriptions, Istria, from Dante Alighieri (1265 – 1321) to James Joyce (1882 – 1941) and further, also acknowledges the "argonautics" of a whole set of fateful travellers of more recent centuries, temporary and adopted, just as fate has taken many Istrians all over the world.

But, when it comes to antiquity... we could also sink into the 'dawn of humanity', at the paleontological site Šandalja, where, thanks to professor Mirko Malez's hard endeavours, here in the region of Pula, the remains of an almost four-legged creature from afar, separated from us hundreds of thousands of years, were found... Remains of tools, extinct prehistoric animals (prehistoric horse, prehistoric deer, prehistoric ox) and even a prehistoric human tooth!

Deeper than that we could not descend; only just the prints of the dinosaur's "feet" in stone reminisce the scream of, say, the iguanodon from the Brijuni archipelago, which comes from the

time of 90 or 100 million years ago. But, back then, Istria did not even exist, neither as a term nor a morphological form! The mainland, namely, extended all the way down to the division line between today's Zadar and Ancona.

## MAN AND ELEMENTS

That would, therefore, be a brief evocation, a look into that vortex of documented traces and imagination of past times, also here in Istria, where various masters, and elations and troubles, and the struggle for existence, growth and hardships, progress and uncertainty would continue to alternate. An inscription on stone, on parchment, printed in a book and in the form of a computer recording of letters, sounds and pictures, they are all properties of the evolution of generations, as are the 'murmurs' of oblivion, shaped in all their segments by literature and, in general, art.

From the dawn of a new millennium, 21<sup>st</sup> century, in the globalisation bustle, in the changes in nature and landscape, Istria is still recognised in its constants of willingness for communication in the forms of a socio-cultural mutuality, a Mediterranean meeting place, an interesting European invitation card. And every more sentimental look towards the contour aspect of a triangle with the angular points of Trieste, Rijeka and Pula, is inclined to the shape of a heart. 'When you are travelling around Istria, you curious traveller', writes Josip Bratulić, 'more often bring to consciousness the fact that you are travelling around an ancient country, rich with past. You will see the monuments of that past. They are not just a stone, an inscription or a landscape. They rest in the people because, as much as they influence the land on which and from which they live, as much the land itself influences its dwellers, both the people and all the other creatures, plants and animals.' (*Istria, zavičaj starina i ljepota (Istria, the Homeland of Antiques and Beauty)*, C.A.S.H. Pula, 2000.).

The harmonious diversity of the soil morphology, a kind of *compositum oppositorum*, leads us – like a view from the air – along the southern parts of the east Istrian coast, which tends

to rush, with waves and bays, along that coast which also resembles the neighbouring island world, that of the nearby Cres. These are the spaces marked by the poetry and prose of Mijo Mirković/Mate Balota (1898 – 1963), through which, this Istrian bard, native of Rakalj, gave a universal touch to the man of labour, the working-class man and the fishing man. "This is a poem about childhood in labour,/ youth among oxen and hardship in the mine..." are Balota's verses from the poem *Sipe piva*. With the echo of this ringing chakavian dialect we head towards Rijeka by road. Barban is a welcome rest area, the venue of the attractive Trka na prstenac (The race of the ring), a chivalrous horseback competition in which the aim is to hit the ring ('bull's eye') with a spear, mentioned in some documents in 1696. The race was restored in 1976.

From Skitača, a fantastic viewing point between the Raška Channel and the Kvarner Vela Vrata, a panorama of Liburnian ambience spreads. The sea, resembling the deep-blue tints on a mackerel's body, contrasts the "green belt" from Vladimir Nazor's (1876 – 1949) poem, an incantation of stone, immortelle and crickets, at the viewing point, from which, in the distance, the toothed ridge of the Velebit Mountain can be seen, greeting Kvarnerić and the neighbouring Dalmatia.

## LIKE IN A MAGNIFICENT AZURE BALL

In the early sunsets in the valley, we find the unusual architectural modulation of the small mining town of Raša, a concrete hail of the aesthetic rationality of the Italian Novecento in the work of Gustavo Pulitzer Finali (1887-1967) and associates from the late thirties of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. St. Barbara's church, as an overturned tipper, the bell tower – a miner's lantern, the Town Hall, the square with community buildings, the portico, the fountain... And then, as the first bigger urban exclamation mark on a hill – Labin, antiquity and contemporaneity, the birthplace of the famous theologian, church historian and exegete ('predecessor of structuralism') Matija Vlačić Ilirik (1520 – 1575). Giuseppina Martinuzzi (1844 – 1925), a poet, teacher and publicist, promoter of social justice and equality, was also born here.

In lower Labin, a mining tower - *šoht* – arises – a symbol of the 1999 closure of coal mining, traditions, progress and suffering, known since Venetian times. Memorials of that mining epoch, those on the surface, can also be seen in Vinež, at Štrmac, in Potpićan...

Plomin (the antique Flanona), on the road to Rijeka, rising above a small bay into which, also during the thirties of the previous century, by means of a canal, the water from the then Čepić lake drained. In the small St. George's church, the Plomin Tablet is kept. The stone inscription 'SE E PIS'L S /Written by S' from the 11<sup>th</sup> century, (together with the famous Baška Tablet from Jurandvor on the island of Krk and similar) is a memento and among the oldest memorials in the cradle of Croatian literacy. It is written in the Glagolitic alphabet, whose intertwined letters mark an entire era of Croatian spirituality and culture. Brseč on a cliff and old Mošćenica on a nearby elevation, greet the vessels in Kvarner. The local nocturne vibrates in the lamp-lit fishing boats and illumination of the nearby town of Rijeka. The sea... a placid mirror and agitated home of Neptune, which the writer Eugen Kumičić (1850 – 1904), born in Brseč, depicts with his pen: 'That magic sea smoothness is disturbed occasionally only by a seagull or a dolphin. All the coasts and all that is on them, the small towns, cliffs, small forests, high mountains, churches, as well as the white sails and deep blue skies, everything is reflected inversely, exact, motionless, enchanted in the calm sea, as if closed in an immense, magnificent azure ball...' (*Preko mora / Across the Sea*).

#### BY THE WHITE WALLS AND THE SMALL RED ROOFS

From Mošćenička Draga onwards, there we are, the littoral Arcadia, marked by old and new *villegiature*, villas, summer residences and hotels with Lovran and Opatija as the main destinations. Here, where the oak trees descend towards the sea to greet the agavas, palms, magnolias and camellias and the chestnuts smell in autumn, the pearls of Croatian tourism reveal themselves. Opatija, our "Lady of the Camellias" where the Austro-Hungarian epoch settled the fashionable oasis

of *Küstenland* (i.e. Austrian Littoral) and the littoral and alpine worlds meet, spreads her stage of art nouveau decoration. In the surroundings of nearby places, there is also a nostalgic call of concealed vedutas of white walls, small red roofs, grandpas and Morettos, old bachelors, laundresses, best dancers and boatmen...in the work of the poet, prose writer and playwright Drago Gervais (1904–1957).

#### IN STU CANTON DA PARADÉISU (IN THIS CORNER OF PARADISE)

Continuing this panoramic tour of Istria – departing once again from Pula, the largest Istrian town, economic and educational centre looking towards the west coast of the peninsula, Fažana represents the guideline of a good start. This fishing village, which embodies in a special way the history and actuality of its traditions, is being increasingly shaped by modern tourism, especially in the affirmation of its local fishing singularity. Boats that sail out to the Brijuni islands, an archipelago of fourteen islands and islets, make Fažana the entrance to this national park in paradisiacal surrounding of flora and fauna and the historical and fashionable memorabilia of bygone times.

The nearby Vodnjan is a blend of rural and urban agglomeration, a maze of small squares, streets and alleys. The Vodnjan collection of sacral art and mummified bodies of saints (Vodnjan's corpi sancti) in the parish church of St. Blaise, under the highest bell tower in Istria (65 m), is one of the most well known on the Adriatic coast. The town of Bale, with its renowned castle Soardo-Bembo, the sunlit facades and shady streets represent the real veduta of a typical Istrian town especially in central Istria.

The town of Rovinj, with its major landmark, the parish church of St. Euphemia situated on a hillock with its slopes adorned with a pleiad of chimneys on crowded roofs, where the walls of the houses literally dive into the sea...is in general a paradigmatic metaphor for local coastal horizons and the sum of traces of experience stored in the corner of paradise, or to quote the poet Ligo Zanini (1927–1993) in the Rovinj dialect"...in stu

canton da paradéisu.” Wherever you turn, you will always and again see, here on the palm, a fleet of vessels and boats, the most prominent being the batanas, fishing vessels with the characteristic flat bottom.

## LIMES AND OVER IT

The Lim inlet is also known as the Istrian fjord. It extends from the open sea to the place (12.8 km) where, as legend has it, St. Romuald threw his stick and stopped the water... St. Romuald (973–1027), a monk and a hermit, dwelled on these slopes. His cave is a place of pilgrimage, curiosity and contemplation. On its other side Lim (lat. limes - once the boundary of the ancient Roman Pula ager) is directing us to the fisherman’s nests, Vrsar and Funtana, open nowadays to welcoming numerous tourists. Poreč has a particularly indented area of beaches and hotels. It is a town with distinctive mosaics in the Euphrasian basilica of 6<sup>th</sup> century, built on the site of two earlier basilicas, close to the seat of the Ordinariate of the Diocese of Poreč-Pula. It is worth mentioning that the seat of the Diocese of Poreč dates from the 3<sup>rd</sup> century! The Istrian ecclesiastical history has its own procession of beatified, saints, confessors and martyrs, including St. Germain from ancient Pula - tried in the Pula Amphitheatre and murdered on his way to Nesactium in 290, St. Maur executed in Poreč with his collaborators, somewhat before 305 – and Miroslav Bulešić (1920–1947), the priest murdered in Lanišće in 1947 and beatified in 2013, as well as others. There are some indications that the birthplace of St. Jerome (347–420), one of the greatest erudites of ancient history and translator of the Bible into Latin (Vulgata), could be Zrenj (located in the upper region of Bujština, in northwest Istria).

After the Mirna river estuary, we are greeted by another former diocese seat, Novigrad, a town of fishermen and tourist tradition followed by Umag, with favourable tourist conditions, along with an abundance of sports and recreational facilities.

Somewhat mysterious, like a terrace of central Istria with a view of the sea, the town of Buje preserves under its aegis the breath of antiquity and the call of Bujština vineyards with its Grape Festival (Festa dell’uva) held in September

and the allegorical parade which evokes grape shaped sweat and joy. This shape is also used in pictorial representations to express the Istrian peninsula; with a lighthouse of exceptional antiquity situated on top of it (dated in 1818., 36 meters) - in Savudria, on the cape of the Croatian westernmost point.

The places situated on the other side of the Gulf of Piran/ Savudrija Bay - Portorož, Piran, Izola and Koper in Slovenia - include an *en plein air* correspondence of Northern Adriatic vedutas accompanied by the swirl of the Dragonja river, with the offshore line punctuating incoming and outgoing ships. The hinterland variety touches the parceled Sečovlje salt pans along with occasional sport aircraft in flight. Therefore, here we find Portorož, a seaside resort with a long and glorious tradition; Piran with its tribute to the native and world renowned violinist, virtuoso and composer Giuseppe Tartini (1692–1770), and the Maritime Museum, where many Adriatic documents, maquettes and memorabilia are stored; Izola, a town of fishermen with the tradition of fish processing, the residence of the renowned cartographer Pietro Coppo (15<sup>th</sup> /16<sup>th</sup> century) and the birthplace of the “Istrian Byron,” the poet Pasquale Besenghi degli Ughi (1797–1894). Kopar was regarded as *caput Histriae*, the head of Istria, not only because of its ubication, but also for being the strongest focal point of Istrian culture during the Venetian rule... Today Kopar is the economic centre of the Slovenian littoral; a port, university city and media centre. In no time, we are already near Muggia (Milje), a varied beauty of alleys and small squares (piazzettas), where the view of Trieste shapes the shades of the port city and cultural and economic emporium.

## PATH TO THE CENTRE

Pula, from which we set out for another rapid touch with Istria, frames with its “window” arcades the necks of the shipyard cranes, the long travel of the proverbial industry. The train which arrives in Pula brings along the voices of “continental” Istria. Not as once, considering that today cars are mainly used to get to work, school or university. However, this is the last

railway station. In departure, however, the distances are vast. The first horizon is at hand: central Istria.

The village Svetvinčenat is inevitable with its beautiful square and filigree architectural details where we find the parish church, the stone cistern, the *loggia* and the Grimani Castle. In the bright sun of a summer day, or at night, under the moonlight, nonetheless, this is the experiential summary of the Istrian square. A rapid call of the mentioned square vistas in Raša and the range of past centuries dissolve the diachronic picture of various forms of life similar in concept. One of these versions awaits us in Žminj under the bell tower of the parish church of St. Michael.

The visit to Pazin takes us to the best preserved Istrian fortification, the Pazin Castle where the Ethnographic Museum of Istria, an exceptional opportunity for an insight into the forms of social life in Istria in past times, is located. Jules Verne (1828–1905) dedicated to this fortification a part of his novel “Mathias Sandorf” describing the suspense of conspirators escape performed by sliding down these walls into the abyss of the river Pazinčica.

In ancient times, the call of the cracked stone had turned the course of the water rush into the abyss... The gentle notch of the Lim inlet remained there looking the sea, with, above it, places like Tinjan, the birthplace of Bishop Dobrila (1812–1882), the spiritual pastor and advocate of national rights, cultural and educational builder; Sv. Petar u Šumi with its Pauline monastery and shiny baroque church, Kringa, the birthplace of Božo Milanović (1890–1980), one of the successors of Dobrila’s works in the 20<sup>th</sup> century ... Dvigrad, the mysterious remains of the two once neighboring fortresses is also situated under the aegis of the Lim fjord. Escaping from the onslaught of the Black Death Dvigrad was abandoned by its residents in 1631 who settled in Kanfanar in whose parish church a stone pulpit, one of the most beautiful of Istrian sculptural art, was brought from the Dvigrad’s church of St. Sofia. Above the Lim inlet, near the village Korenići, there is a memorial place where the partisan Joakim Rakovac (1914–1945), one of the leaders of the uprising and the battle against fascism on the Istrian peninsula, was killed. This Dvigrad road – and we just passed by the church of St. Mary of Lakuć with

distinctive pieces of fresco painting of the so called “Šareni majstor (Colorful master)” (15<sup>th</sup> century) – leads us to Sveti Lovreč Pazenatički, another fascination of the old architecture.

#### GLAGOLITIC AND LATIN ALPHABET AND THE ‘AL FRESCO’ STAGING

Let us return for a moment to the “Heart of Istria” where the few unforgettable natural esplanades can not be ignored...

The visit to Gračišće near Pazin (all distances are here really insignificant) gives us the opportunity to enjoy one of the most beautiful views of central Istria. From a small plateau behind the parish church, we can see landscape structures resembling those in the Renaissance masters’ paintings. Hillocks, bays, paths, sporadic small roofs, groves, fields... merge the gentle geomorphic rhapsody on which the meticulous strokes of the divine brush alternate with random and coloured coverings. The seasons change the pattern of this fabric with the view towards Pićan, Labin and Učka or the hidden nest of Gologorica.

The wondrous *Informel*, luxurious in contemplation, can also be experienced in Grimalda, near Draguč, or on a hill Pilošćak near Trviž – from which, on a clear day the eyes of the Adriatic can be seen; one on the east and the other on the west coast! These scenes implant in consciousness the culture of an ancient Glagolitic script, a Latin codex inscription and a wide variety of Istrian frescoes. Wherever the eye reaches, to the vineyards, olive groves, oak, ash, cornelian cherry or juniper forests...the evergreen trees and flysch drifts, everywhere the modulation of shapes and colours. Everything contains human life and the whisper of generations with epitaphs on cemeteries, the everlasting story summed up by Vincent from Kastav in his frescoes (1474) in Beram. With the expression of the *Biblia pauperum*, along a nearby glade the procession of unity and equality is moving in confrontation with the inevitability of relinquishing to the ground the mortal remains overshadowed by the passion and resurrection of Christ. In a similar manner, but always with a new ductus of drawing and the application of coloring,

the biblical history is refracted with everyday life, through painted proverbs and characters: from the gothic exaltedness in the parish church of St. Nicholas in Pazin to the naive displays in talkative stanzas. In Kloštar above Lim, at the foot of Dvigrad, in Svetvinčenat, Žminj, Plomin, Rakotule, Hum, Oprtalj, Hrastovlje...these processions and incantations summarize the environment, and often we'll find spontaneous graffiti in Glagolitic script carved into plaster: chronicles, reproofs and supplications.

The reed-pipe squeek from these processions, is the same one of the weddings and other public festivities, with the echo of "Thin and fat" voices, the narrow intervals of the Istrian scale in which the width of stability dwells like oak, grape vine and olive veins.

FROM PESTILENCE, WAR AND FAMINE  
... LIBERA NOS, DOMINE!

These areas, looking towards the sea and Učka, were for centuries a part of various feudal manorial estates divided into Venetian and old Austrian part. "From pestilence, war and famine," this invocation was often repeated in basilicas and rural churches: "Deliver us, O Lord!" The glagolitic graffiti and the electronic record repeat the shifts of hardship and enthusiasm, tragedies and epopees of these areas, remembrances of the dead and living memories. The fall of Venice in 1797 was followed by the first Austrian domination, the Napoleonic period, and the second, longer Austrian or Austro-Hungarian rule. The arrival of Italy after the First World War, the resistance and fight against fascism, especially in the Second World War, the Yugoslavia period, then the Croatian War of Independence and life in independent Croatia, are just entries from the great chronicle of one clime. These chronicles are in many ways peculiar but significant as *pars pro toto* of the Old Continent's meandering history.

The living forms of Hum, the smallest town in the world, to which a sculpturally shaped, suggestive and emblematic Glagolitic Alley leads, the life of Buzet or Pazin, the hush of old Dvigrad, or the intersections from Vižinada and Sveti

Lovreč Pazenatički, unfold the story of the roots above which the tree top of the will to live and the human reciprocity is actually a copy of the structure of compactness of the peninsular area. The Motovun *cittadella* on the hill is the symbol of a picturesque Istrian town. The character of the hero Veli Jože, whose literary allegory was written by Vladimir Nazor, embeds a constant desire for the preservation of selfhood, man, environment and existence. The gentle coloring calls us to the Motovun forest, famous for its underground tubers of truffles and the serpentine climb from Livade to Oprtalj, with the intoxicating aroma of muscat in Momjan, or the sounds of music from the studios and galleries of Grožnjan "The city of art".

WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF  
THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE

Istrian modern times initiated in the beginning of the 19<sup>th</sup> century with the imperial decree which started the first stable geodetic surveying in the Austrian lands. A more picturesque rhythm of the new times could be invoked with the establishment of the naval base, arsenal and shipyard (1856) in Pula, with the greeting to the launching of the first locally built ship "Kaiser"...Or the first steamed arrival of the train in Istria in 1876. Here's a sketch by Jakov Volčič, pastor of Zarečje (Pazin), from the very same year, in a letter to Kazimir Jelušić:

"On the 18<sup>th</sup> of last month we, villagers of Zarječje, had a festive occasion for the first arrival of the steam locomotive on the Istrian railway. I bought for the guys the national tricolor with which hundred of us went to the railways, given that the railway passes through Zarješćina at half an hour walk distance, and there we waited, drinking good wine and singing folk songs, the arrival of the steam locomotive. When the leader of the steam locomotive noticed the tricolor and the multitude of people, he started to drive slowly, and we roared triply 'Viva' ('Cheers') waving our hats. The gentlemen on the steam locomotive greeted back waving their hats, too, and then, our singers sang the song "Carevka" (The Emperor's Song), one stream followed another and ahead with the glory flag: the gentlemen on the steam locomotive asked after-

wards where these people had come from; in Pazin, on the contrary, at the station, the Pazin's villagers did not organize any ceremony, and it is said that throughout the whole railway the steam locomotive had not been greeted so honorably as it had been in Zarječje..."(Istarska Danica, 1989).

## BORDERS, CONNECTIONS, CONFLICTS

The subsequent advancements will transfer new economic interests through the 20<sup>th</sup> century, changing thereby the requirements and imaginaries of life. The increased exploitation of anthracite, bauxite, fish processing, production of tobacco, cement and glass, water supply and drainage, agriculture, development of rural and medical tourism, etc. are shares of the transformation of life in the once rural municipalities of laborers, fishermen and maritime life... Also, there are the tragedies of the two world wars! Changes of state sovereignty (the fall of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the arrival of Italy) and the Second World War reconstruction period in the new Yugoslavia. The fast growth of the 60s, leads Istria in the modern times horizon of the large-scale use of modern equipment and technology, the migration from rural to urban areas, a certain homologation with forms of fashion and pop culture of the West. Istria then becomes the "Histria turistica" in every sense of the word, a desirable destination of summer vacations of European tourists, especially Germans, Austrians and Italians, and, the meeting point of the Adriatic area with Central Europe. The breakup of Yugoslavia, the Croatian War of Independence and defence, the growing up of Slovenian and Croatian independence is also the period of confrontation with economic crisis, particularly emphasized in the standstill of domestic production, unemployment and assorted transitional difficulties.

Slovenia acceded to the European Union in 2004 and Croatia in 2013 with challenges more or less burdened with difficulties and problems in shaping the economic and social models according to the more developed Central European or Scandinavian paradigms, which in the past decades owned, as they own today, a far more stable development base within different passages of social circumstances.

In fact, the frame of many social movements in the passing of centuries was also determined by the fate of these areas, that is, by the fate of the border and the border area. In the book of interviews (R. Ferrante) with Fulvio Tomizza (1935–1999) entitled "The Fate of the Border" (Destino di frontiera - Marietti, Genoa 1992), Tomizza states: "The border, on the one hand, can represent conditions of enrichment: you can be a participant in two or more types of education, culture, language, experience, and sometimes even religion. Those could be the conditions of privilege, on the common grounds provided by two or three worlds. On the other hand, in reality, this condition is often expressed as a loss of identity. Instead of bringing nations and governments together, so as to be links between different races, these border situations are sometimes causes of conflict, and, on a personal level, the reason for dissatisfaction and constant estrangement. Therefore, there are two sides of the same coin."

## ISTRIAN SYNESTHESIA

But through all that time, the projection of seeing the Istrian peninsula – despite the given conditions with their own logic and unpredictable dialectic – on a public square or in a sheltered nook, seemed to aspire to a vista inherent to the late antiquity when Cassiodorus, secretary of the Ostrogothic king Theodoric, wrote: "Yet, many of these palaces express beauty from afar and are like pearls on the head of a beautiful woman; they are the testimony of how our elder appreciated this province decorated with so many buildings." Cassiodorus, in addition, calls this areas "pleasure to the rich and fortune to the mediocres ...". Today, what else but believe that mutual value (eventually) will bestow to everyone, even the poor, a happy place under the sun, or a sunshade, along with the benefit of a safer existence.

The experience, however, of the landscape of this Adriatic rhapsody, will be directed by the voice of the narrator or guide...a text from a homeland instruction or a sketch from a travel brochure – towards the relief colored soil – the white, gray and red Istria. The travel companion in the vehicle, will also notice these features in some sections along the Istrian motorway.

In his essay “Antique Istrian Watercolor” (*Everyone’s and no one’s, therefore also my country*), the writer Boris Domagoj Biletić, writes among other things: “In any case – white, gray and red: it would still be only a monotonous, permanent set and a prosaic formula, if we used it to actually exclude the curiosity towards incessantly newer and different aspects that Istria offers to us during the four seasons, through the shifts of daily scenes and twilight premonitions, the diversity of its areas and other unusual changes noticeable by the slightest spatial displacement. The palette of the coloring book, especially the vernal and the autumnal one, seems to contain the native scents and sounds. *Istrian synesthesia!*” (“In my thoughts I up-root pines: Istria in thoughts, imagination and memories of contemporary foreign and local writers” – Vuković & Runjić – Zagreb, 2005).

This kaleidoscope of experience is stored in arts in a particular way, including the sequel of pictorial travelogues of aesthetic verification of the soil in the world of photography.

#### RENCO – THE FANTASTIC REFLECTION OF REALITY

Renco Kosinožić (Nova Vas, 1952 - Hintertux / Austria / 2009) is one of those master-photographers who, through their experience of Istria, left a deep imprint in the interrelation of the document and the aesthetically experienced reality.

Indeed, in order to take away the moment from the general nuances of the tangible manifestations, the Cartier-Bresson’s “Decisive Moment”, to reveal in reality, the cover of imagination or to add the passion of reality to the fantasy, perhaps a boat stem is sufficient, or the emerald water reflection and the three rope lines as an indication of a connection with the monitoring points!?

Somewhere however, in an agreement with the fogs, it will be the *sfumato* which gives the sensation of rapid upbeat and freeze to the countenance of an inhabited hill, or a Town. In one of the local alleys – close to the sunny afternoons – everything that is exposed participates in the dialogue and the *chorus* of light, shadow and externality. Every beginning is a

part of a sequel of one planisphere where the lens finds the punctuation of the disappearing clouds.

O holy profanity! – There are sheet-metal car bodies on a parking lot, wood and plastic on berths, the game of paired dots looking for the fugitive but available eye focuses of the photographic staging. Nearby, there is also the dissolved hologram of the ancient Forum, with the humble patrol of tourists and other passers-by under the shield of red roofs... Renco Kosinožić reveals his photographic selection of intentional and accidental coincidences in the Istrian rural and urban landscape into segments and “abstract surfaces” (Jerica Zihel). A local and a world traveller, he expressed his “allied” medial coincidence in an extraordinary way. In the work of a photographer, whose life and vocation shared the dynamics of the moment, Kosinožić presented a totality of coloring recollection and exposed graphysm.

In nature’s shape, in the human scent, Renco’s Istria represents a constant tendency for the gift of light to reveal the identification of the region as a part of the universe. It aligns with that emotion that often, when we watch the plots on the face and the reverse of the epidermis of a merely developed or fallen leaf, or the anthropomorphic patterns on a drystone wall, plaster, lawn or a roofing slate, starts the conversation about man, given facts and mysteries of life.

...

And just like the famous choir, alpine song by Bepi De Marzi sings: “Signore delle cime,” one of our friends was called in 2009 (“un nostro amico hai chiesto alla Montagna ...”) to climb the mountain, to those places where the white veil climbs to infinity...With memories of the master with the special “skill”, self-denial and stimulating virtues, the photographic papers of testimonies about the artist Renco Kosinožić and his homeland, Istria, have been left as a part of an experiential intimacy and the world. Gathering the sense of space, he bestowed upon it his knowledge and a large part of silence. A part of this talented correspondence is stored in this very book.

*Daniel Načinović*







## DISTANT SECOND VIEW

Renco Kosinožić is one of the best and most esteemed (and most beloved) photographers of Istria – the region to which this monograph is dedicated. It is no coincidence that the monograph has two titles, considering that between the *two* there has always been an invisible equals sign; throughout the years up to the present day...Therefore, this book is both about Istria and Renco Kosinožić and about – photography.

In order to perceive and understand one's proper space, its natural and cultural landscape, it must be observed from the perspective of the *other*: somewhat like an actor who, in order to assess his own acting, must learn to see himself as a viewer. Indeed, while I was thinking about the title for this text and reviewing (once again) his photographs,

I finally chose the title *Distant view*. The inspiration wasn't only in the fact that *he* is now far away, or in the reading of *Anthropology confronts the problems of the modern world* (Levi-Strauss, 2013), but also in the documentary film *Kristl* (Croatian Radiotelevision, 2004).

At the beginning of the film Vlado Kristl asks the invisible cameraman: "Are you aware of the responsibility you're carrying, and ... without being aware of it, how can you ever be responsible?" Then the camera captures Kristl in a close-up, who responds: "You're watching from one side, I'm watching from the other, and that's the secret of the camera! Except that afterwards, *I'm* the one who was watched, but in fact, it is *you, and the stuff you had been doing!*" Regardless of the

fact that here, of course, when we mention Kristl, we talk about the second, or movie camera, this very relationship of viewpoints – on a photograph the photographer is looking at his view, and we, in fact, are looking at *this* second view – as well as the responsibilities arising from what remains when the decisive “click” is heard, makes a meaningful introduction to Renco Kosinožić and photography. Thus, we are consciously getting involved in a never-ending debate on the conceptual issues of photography and in the eternal theme about the relationship between man and (anthropology) space.

Photography, like painting, acts as a trap for the view. It's not because it offers to the view a fixed shape that would stop its circling. It is wrong to perceive photography as something exclusively static, unlike, for example, a movie which is able to preserve the illusion of movement. The photography doesn't exclusively fix shaped things, nor is it exclusively about shaping; and when it conveys it, it's about the *otherness* that refracts it. The photography shows that we can never see twice the *same* embodiment as we equally can't step twice in the same river. Moreover: not even a single time...

Renco Kosinožić opens his eye to the *other*, and that's why it is mentioned in the title, between the *distant view*, respectively. Renco – is always (forever) on both sides! Because, as only the *prehistoric memory* (O'Connor) can receive within all the tremors we are surrounded with, so only through photography, that makes visible the timelessness featured in time itself, we can truly confront the *other*, nature and its phenomena, man and his manifestations, the environment, some of the objects, or something bigger, the biggest - the universe and its stars.

*There is an art and there are fashions of seeing things in order to make them interesting; and to supply this art, these fashions, there is a steady recycling of the artifacts and tastes of the past.*

Susan Sontag wrote in her essay *On Photography* and concluded as follows: *Nobody ever discovered ugliness through photographs. But many, through photographs, have*

*discovered beauty.* Thus, this book, also, reveals the values in the photographs by Renco Kosinožić. They assume the role of the essence of the past and the condensed memory of their author. Quiet in their dialogues, but with a very personal shot and moment selection, they consistently record the (in) visible communication composed of emotion and intimacy between the author and the region where he grew up and lived. Now, when certain number of years have passed and we take them out from the storage darkness, and some of them will be shown for the first time (there's always the first time, right?), we notice that they are equally actual and true and as fresh as at the moment they were preserved for us by the other view. This brings us very close to one of the secrets of photography, because it arises here and now from the awareness of time, which is split and overstretched between the moment (the decisive one) and history. Thus, the photograph by Renco Kosinožić includes time of its history in the fragment of its own moment. When the sweeping wish of such an action reaches its target, it causes a feeling of enthusiasm and admiration as you will, I believe, experience when you start browsing through this photo monograph.

You may recognize some of the scenes and some of them you may recall, because Renco Kosinožić was renowned (and established) during his lifetime for his images from various tourist promotional materials. He was one of the first in Croatia that had mastered the air shooting, mostly of his beloved peninsula, but as much as he liked these atmospheric compositions, he also was able to approach the surfaces of simple things, turning them into aesthetic forms. Today, his legacy includes a large kaleidoscope of themes and motifs and their variations, much more than we can find in this book. However, the monograph *Istra* contains everything that is important about its great photographer.

## DIALOG AMONG RELATIONS

Most of the photographs were (and still are) published, but here they are posted with a structural displacement. Let's follow the rhythm: the first few motifs are a two-page spread

in accordance to the Golden Ratio (as Renco used to do) followed by very carefully selected photographs posted in pairs. Then again two to three of larger size, then several interfaces, then again the larger size...and to the last one: a snapshot of a nearly glamorous game between sky and clouds above the tiny, shimmering silhouette of a man in a boat. Further, they are also connected so as to form a network of permanently stimulated senses, as set up by the power of sincere, unfolding and incomprehensible ordinary that deeply etches in visual memory.

This way, photographs open place to mutual reciprocity, matching and similarities, either in forms, colors, shapes, impressions, or most often, just in directions. Two crossed straight lines define space, but Kosinožić catches a shot by expressing spacelessness forming an *image* (imago) with two crossed directions. It's evident in the pair of images from the series *Dijagonale* (pp. 96-97); on the left side we see four ropes crossed over water and on the right there are telegraph wires above the stripes of plowed red soil. However, the directions have also served to compare the similarity of shapes. Highlights on the example of the air footage of a green football field whose central white circle is congruent with the footage of a circular ceiling of the baptistery of the Euphrasian basilica in Poreč (pp.50-51). My favorite is the pair of images of semicircular stands/*cavea* with the audience in Pula Amphitheatre and the detail below one of sports stands with the audience, shot from a worm's eye view (pp. 138-139).

The rhythm of the book suggests a certain thematic structure of the monograph, whose basis could be defined as *open form and meaning* (M. Susovski, 1978). It's about photographs that depend on external circumstances of the author's environment and on those with structure, which are composed of fragments or segments with multiple and flexible relations, but always from the real-life context. Regardless of the lack of a time framed linear narrative in his images ending up in a certain way by the author's decision, the book presents the opposite situation; the tendency of structuring multiple meanings open for viewers' exploration. Only a connoisseur of Kosinožić's personal peace can

shape so masterfully this book and confront the diagonal (mostly), horizontal (often) and vertical (rarely; in the bell tower, cypress or lighthouse) paths growing in front of us, taking us somewhere seeing that their directions continue outside the shot (frame).

On the occasion of Renco's exhibition *Dijagonale* (2003), I stated that his photographs contain an upset incompleteness, dynamic reactions (despite the illusion of haltedness) that create an interspace whose peripheral point status can easily be determined between *cold* rationality and *warm* emotivity. It is precisely between these two points, *A* and *B* that the relation, which blends tranquility and the beauty of recognizable spaces, occurs.

The only thing that remains isn't just the sigh for that beauty, but also the possible transformation of the thing that we see into something that we can possess. Is it because these *photographs are a species of alchemy, for all that they are prized as a transparent account of reality* (Sontag, 2003, *Regarding the pain of others*). Or?

These words don't derive from modernist processes of concept and form purification, just as Renco's photographs don't belong to the hyper-developed visual culture. He, in fact, belongs to the best tradition of realistic photography and was a great expert of its technical elements, a master of lighting and clear composition. These were the exact assumptions for his research of visual possibilities of photography.

In addition to the unavoidable Henri Cartier-Bresson, the formation of Kosinožić's expression was under equally powerful impact of *Magnum Photo* founders (R. Capa, D. Seymour, G. Rodger, W. Vandivert), great Croatian photographers (T. Dabac, M. Szabo, M. Grčević) as well as the representatives of the so-called Czech photography (J. Sudek, V. Birgus). While Magnum postulated and nurtured a creative approach to the motif, a human presence and compassion of the photographer, the Czech photographs nurtured a soft expression and neoromantic shots. However, their common signifiers are the unique sensibility, ease of storytelling and the ability to respond to the "decisive moment", the one that contains the essence of the recorded event or phenomenon.

Most gladly, therefore, I refer once again to the essay which inspiringly describes the photographer Brassai (Miller, 1996). This great photographer had no need to distort or deform, to lie or to preach:

*He would not alter the living arrangement of the world by one iota; he sees the world precisely as it is and as few men in the world see it because seldom do we encounter a human being endowed with normal vision.*

Such a *normal vision* was inherent to Renco Kosinožić; he doesn't distort the image he wishes to transfer to another medium, his camera sees the scene as it is. He, too, can be called a *living eye*, lurking like an eagle or a shark in search for *photography*. The term "quest" may seem unacceptable, but with photography it really isn't just about ability, but also about knowledge, and great talent. Lurking and searching are two abilities, such as seeing and catching. The abilities of the view for cognition of something so good and beautiful too, I might add, represent an upgrade that provides a strong, focused perception for the *other*.

Renco uses the camera in an extremely simple manner, without surrealist framing and particular effects, obliterating any need for experimentation, respectively. The focus of his lens is centered on the landscape and life – people, events and the environment. One of the lesser-known photographs, a good example of the above mentioned lines, is a shot of the sea with a floating boat followed by a flying seagull (pp. 32-33). Besides the tranquility of the day, it's impossible to deduce the correct time, and we can see once more a profiled sense of detail, minimal composition and tonal gradation. From this photograph another of the features, a very distinctive one, in almost all of his works, can be observed. He captures the events as if nothing is happening! We see a boat that seems to glide on the sea surface, with no engine noise and, presumably, bird's cawing. This clearly shows that the culmination of event for Kosinožić is not necessarily in the physical movement, motion, sound appeal, but in the atmosphere of peace that surrounds his compositions.

Another good example, related to this, is his landscape photography. Regardless of whether the landscape represents the givenness of natural manifestation or a complex of rural and urban themes, details of heritage, religious or industrial elements, or the landscape drowned in the presentation of people, it always represents a screen that Renco Kosinožić easily converts into sublime timelessness of visual form. It is often accompanied by lyrical subtlety, but the entrenched and recognizable sense of form and composition inherent to Kosinožić is prevailing in all of them.

In their essence Kosinožić's photographs transfer the idea of international pictorial (artistic) language as photographic subjectivity, the desire for capturing appearances of the outside world or as a reflection of the need for self-expression. It is this timeless (artistic) language that gives us the right to call him the master of photography. Kosinožić expresses it successfully through his travel photography, from the United States for example, or the usual everyday snapshots of the streets of Poreč.

Some photographs occupy an unavoidable place both in his opus, and in the overall review of Croatian photography. For example, a photograph with details of tiling of the Decumanus street in Poreč (p. 164), which summarizes the aspects of his conception of photography where he abolishes every predetermined condition and expectation and transforms a simple street scene, recorded by lens, both into poetics of monochromy and a game of contrasts. Or, the grape vine motif in the foreground, as on his landscape photography (pp. 146-147), which represents simultaneously an unexpected membrane between the lens and the desired motif in focus and the moment that adds a dramaturgical layer to the scene (the veils of hillocks and mist are literally lined up as a scenery). The main actor of the snapshot, a town on the hill, gets lost in this combination.

An interesting cycle of his legacy refers to the footage of the sea surface and the relations between man and this miracle. Thereby he has joined a pleiad of photographers who speak of poetics and romance of the sea, its beauty and natural dramas. Photographers have always known how to

take from the sea everything it has to offer, both good and evil. Renco took, almost always, only what is good.

The viewfinder of his camera finds human destinies as well. They are both socially universal – deeply rooted in time and individually exclusive – between the happiness and unhappiness of a single life. But primarily and above all, they are simple. The affinity for simple structures is also evident in the photograph titles, reduced only to the information on the locality and the year of the recorded event. For Renco photography is an independent document that speaks using its own means of expression, not verbally, with words. Likewise, most of the photographs have no name, place of origin and they are just sorted by chapters (exhibitions, travel, collections) and by thematic groups within them (the sea, Parenzana, Dubrovnik, water, weather, architecture, boats, Dalmatia, Istria, etc.). However, the photographic opus by Renco Kosinožić, reviewed between 1982 and 2009 is consistently coded by the sensibility of the artist and the morality of a man of high ethical attitudes. It therefore represents the unavoidable determinant of the history of Croatian photography. Because...

#### THE REAL WORLD IN COLOR

... like a self-denying viewer Kosinožić neutralizes any intervention in the reality of a photographic image. The diagonal, or frequently, the geometric composition set with two or more images that correspond on the principle of contrast, contribute strongly to the suggestive power and persuasiveness of Kosinožić's photographs. The same expressive power of the *images* (imago) of his geographically close Istria – he was born in Nova Vas near Poreč – is present in the recordings of the events at fairs, squares, courtyards, but also, what isn't included in the presentation of this book, on the streets of cities like New York, alleys of Marrakech or Istanbul. The future book on Istrian adventurers will surely include Renco's weeks of *Coast to Coast* motorcycle sections, or his and Burić's three month motorcycle ride through the South American continent. If we were to reduce Renco Kosinožić's personality to a sin-

gle trait, it would be his insatiable hunger for travel. He was traveling alone, with his wife and friends with equal passion, but always with his camera, through the snowy massifs or desert plains.

When selecting his photographs for numerous publications, he expressed judgments about them in a surprisingly secure and mature way – he clearly stated how they should be evaluated and confronted. "I know that!" – was Renco's discreet imperative; he simply never entered unnecessary and loud debates and spontaneously, just acted.

Privately, he was an equally interesting phenomenon as a photographer we used to know. So the photographs by Renco Kosinožić you're observing and browsing, besides giving insight into his emotional and intellectual maturation, invite you to always return and learn from them. This (incomplete) photo-monographic emphasis clearly shows the goals and the kind of professional and moral commitment of Renco Kosinožić in approaching his vocation. This is what, if we take into consideration his entire creative endeavor, includes him among the Croatian photographic leading figures of our time. When he left us forever, the media emphasized, in particular, his personality and value as an important and vital photographer in Croatia. Numerous obituaries and texts were dedicated to him in his native Istria, and a magnificent tribute to him, without fake courtesy, was paid by many... really many of them.

What kind of person was actually Renco Kosinožić in private? It is said that some people never grow up, and that some people have been mature and serious since their birth (and polite), few of them even wise. One of the latter was Renco. We become acquainted with him as a sixteen year old boy whose family environment provides enough emotional stimulus, and whose vocational cognition happens when he gets a Kodak Retinette camera. The fascination and consumption of technology releases of that time, and the realization that it is possible to survive by working as a photographer, represented fertile ground for exploration of the possibilities of photography. In other words, Renco Kosinožić was a pioneer of the nowadays renowned, but at the time of his beginnings in the mid-

70s of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, almost unknown profession. Let us not forget that photography in Croatia, i.e. ex-Yugoslavia, apart from a few exceptions, was regarded as a handicraft *métier*. Only by the end of the 80s it affirms itself as an artistic discipline. Kosinožić was one of the few in Istria, and also Yugoslavia, who decided very early to work as a freelance professional photographer, to open his own studio and consequently acquire the freelance status (1985). It was a brave (and a farsighted) accomplishment in a socialist country of the time. The timely understanding of the role and influence of photography, a relatively young artistic medium which, after application in newspaper advertising, fashion and publishing industry, finally found its place on galleries and museum walls, is considered to be the important determinant of Kosinožić's positioning in Croatian photography reviews.

Another important fact, perhaps the most important, is that Kosinožić had used color photography from the beginning. It should be pointed out that the first exhibition of color photography had not been held until the end of the 60s of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. The American William Eggleston, exhibited his color-photographs at New York's MoMA and sparked numerous criticism and conflicting reactions, because, up to that time, the art of photography had belonged to the black and white world. Not only the use of color was unusual, but also the scenes from everyday life and the attention paid to the little trivial things that wouldn't be noticed otherwise; in other words, the opportunity to reproduce reality and expression with color, which had previously been the exclusive domain of Visual arts. Through Eggleston and later the British, color photography became a legitimate artistic medium. Today color has almost absolute dominance, and it is increasingly difficult to create and develop black and white photography!

However, the *color* isn't the only excuse for Kosinožić's photography, as it is not – the formulation that relates to what is common to the artist – *time*. We can also add – space, as such. Although, in a certain sense, space in photography always means *time* that has become *space*. The poet César Vallejo wrote that *he would die of life, not of time*.

Just like Renco did. The impression that Renco Kosinožić emphasized timelessness can be created in relation to the time this beautiful book belongs to. Is it an escape from time? Asks the poet (instead of us) and continues with the response: *Time is just – an excuse*.

In the same manner, the photographs by Renco Kosinožić confirm, as well as music and poetry, that they are eternal. But when does a photograph become eternal? When a photographer parts with every of its images *forever*. And these images keep returning.

*Jerica Zihert*

PS: Regardless of the fact that we already know a lot about Renco Kosinožić, primarily through his photography, basic biographical data should still be remembered. He was born on 2 May, 1952 in Nova Vas near Poreč, at the address where he lived and worked all his life. After graduating from high school in 1972 he continued with computer programming specialization in IBM school Radovljica and went to work for Riviera Poreč. By his own admission, he didn't quite enjoy his work in the tourism-catering industry, but showed great interest in the brand new computer technology. However, over the years he became less interested in computer programming while getting more attracted to photography. His youthful fascination with photographic techniques and mechanics and the expressive possibilities of photography became an important incentive to Kosinožić's life beliefs. Therefore, in 1979 he decided to start dealing professionally with photography. From 1983 he had been a member of ULUPUH (Croatian Association of Artists of Applied Arts), and from 1985 of ZUH (Croatian Community of Artists), and acquired the freelance status. He had participated in many group exhibitions, such as vocational and themed ones and staged 60 solo exhibitions at home and abroad. He had won various photography awards and recognitions.

His photographs have been published in numerous publications. He represented his Istria in thirty solo and a dozen

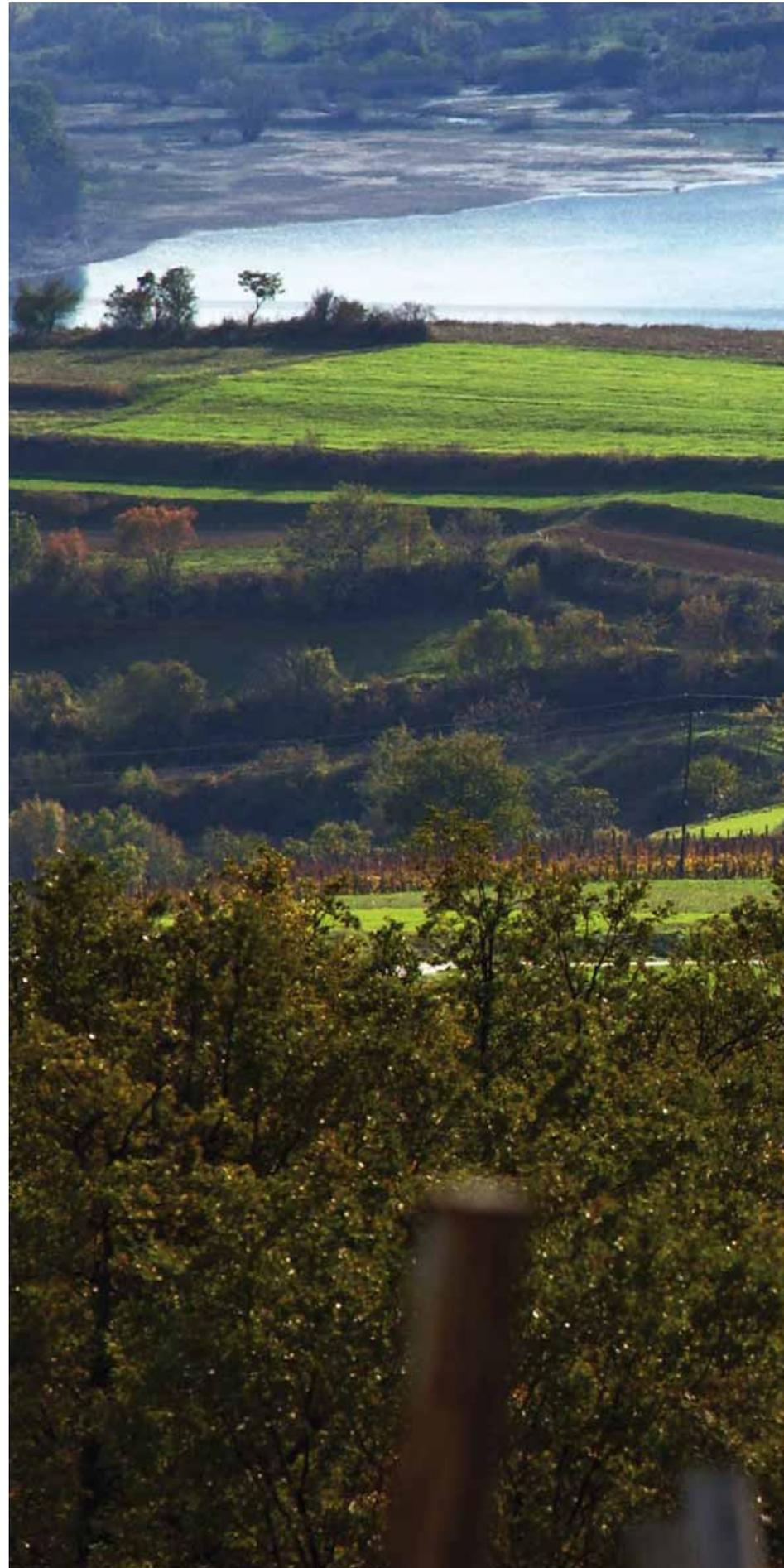
group exhibitions in many European exhibition spaces. He is represented as author in photography monograph about Istrian folk costumes (1997), Poreč (1998), Dubrovnik (2003), in books about Istria (2000, 2001), in the monograph about Edo Murtić (2009) and in the collection of Poetry about Croatian Adriatic (2001). As an avid skier and lover of mountain peaks he had been the official photographer of the Croatian Ski Association since 1998. Due to his long-term cooperation with Croatian Ski Association he had toured all the world competitions, the World Ski Championships and the Winter Olympics, and his authorial photography is represented in five books about skiing. He died on 26 October 2009, due to severe heart attack while shooting the Croatian alpine ski team members on the Hintertux glacier in Austria.



Bolivia, 2007 (Photo by Željko Burić)



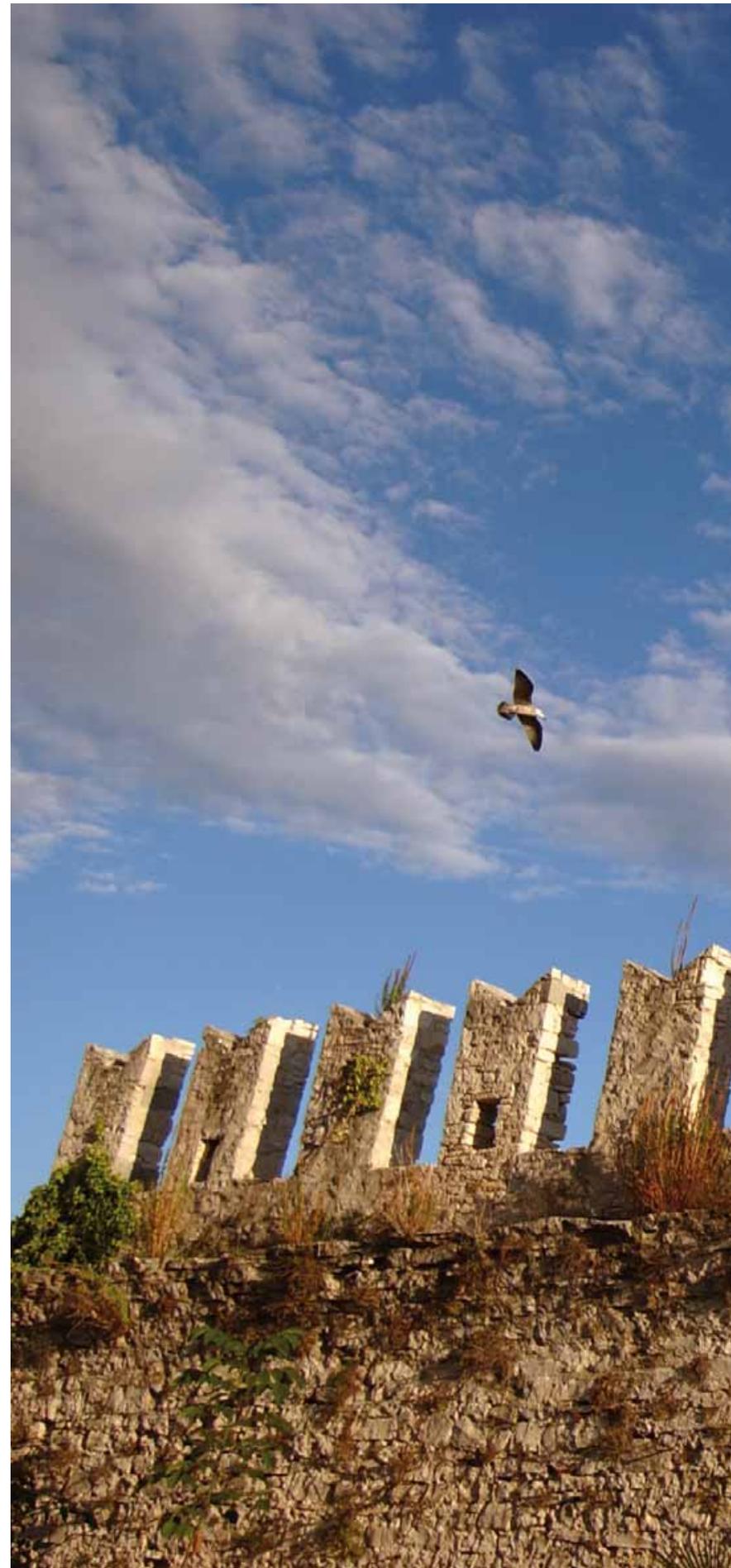










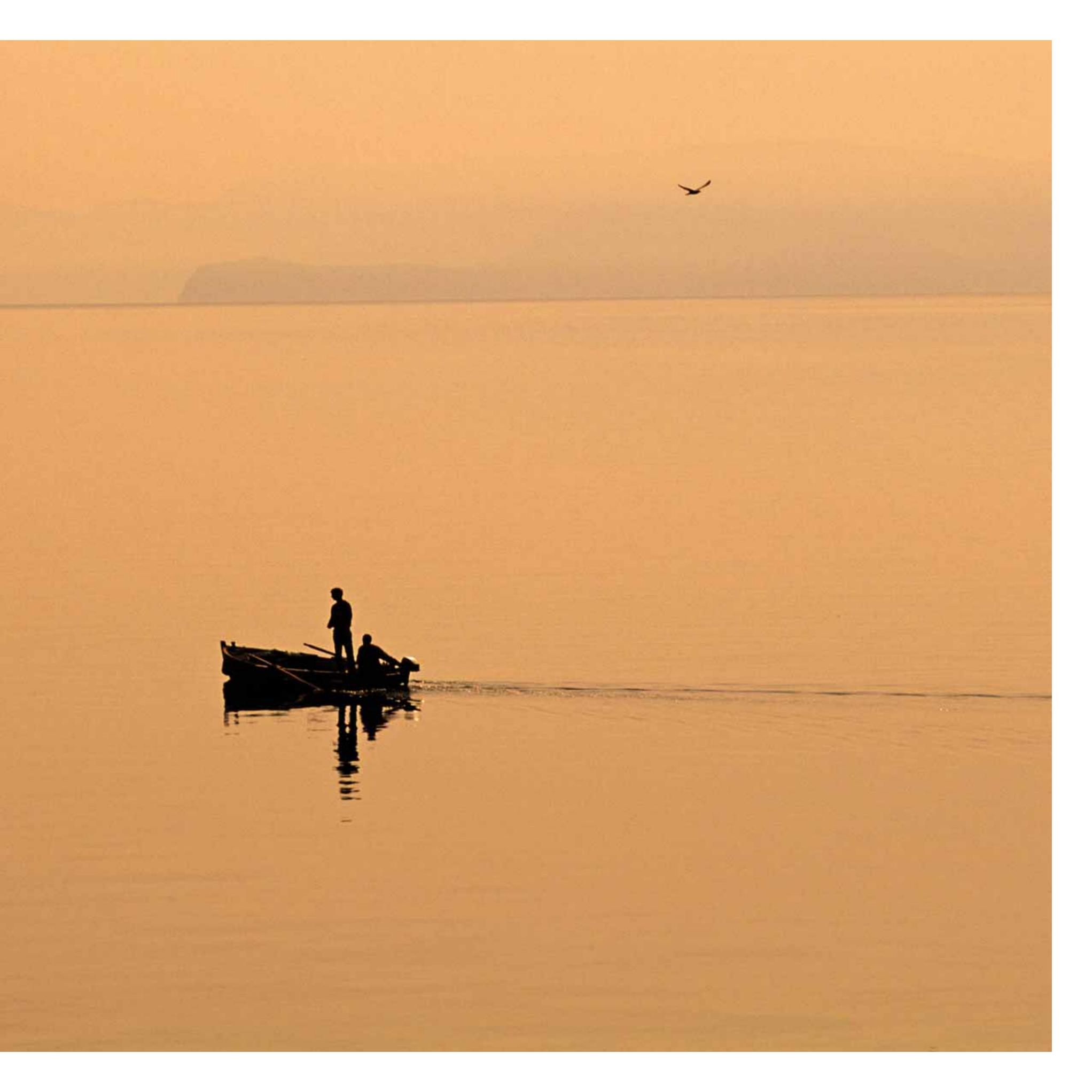




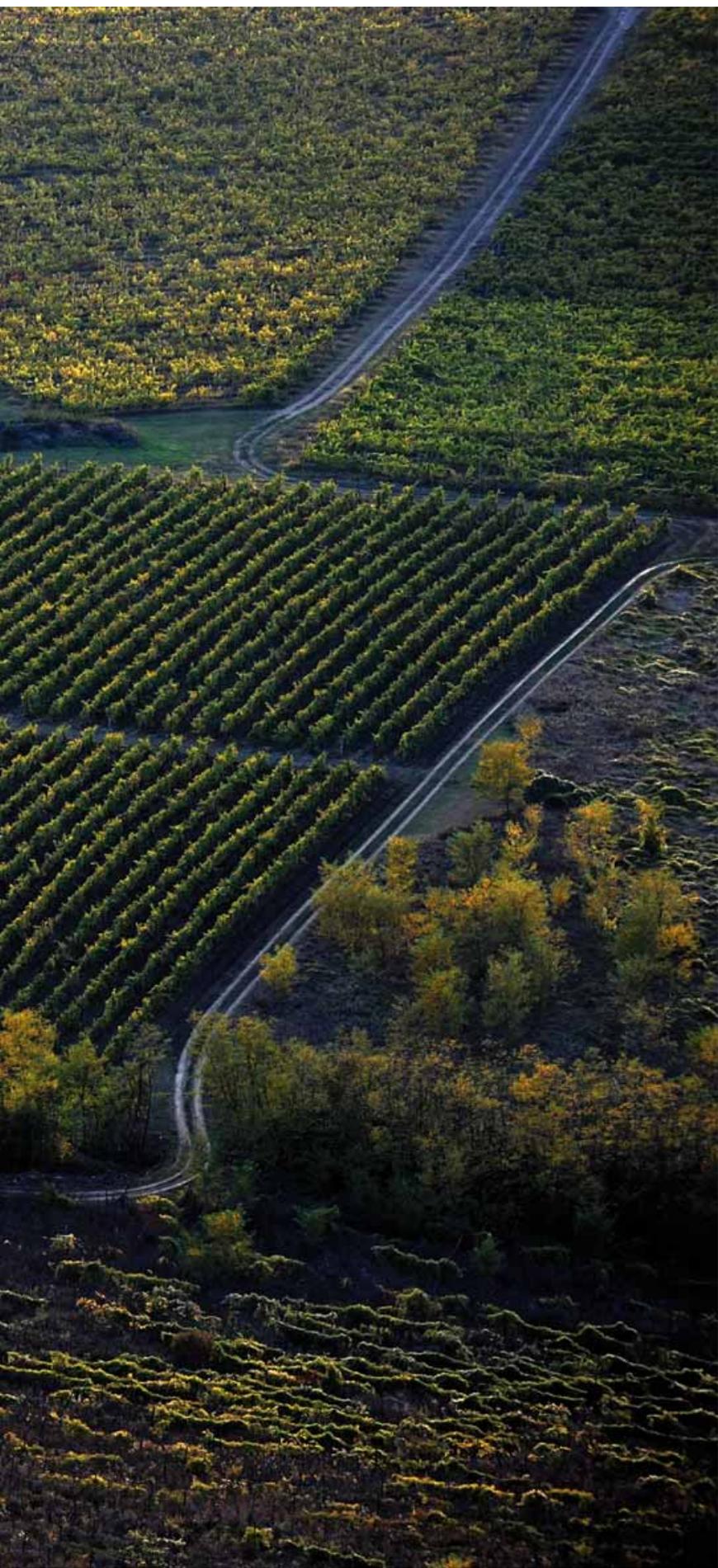










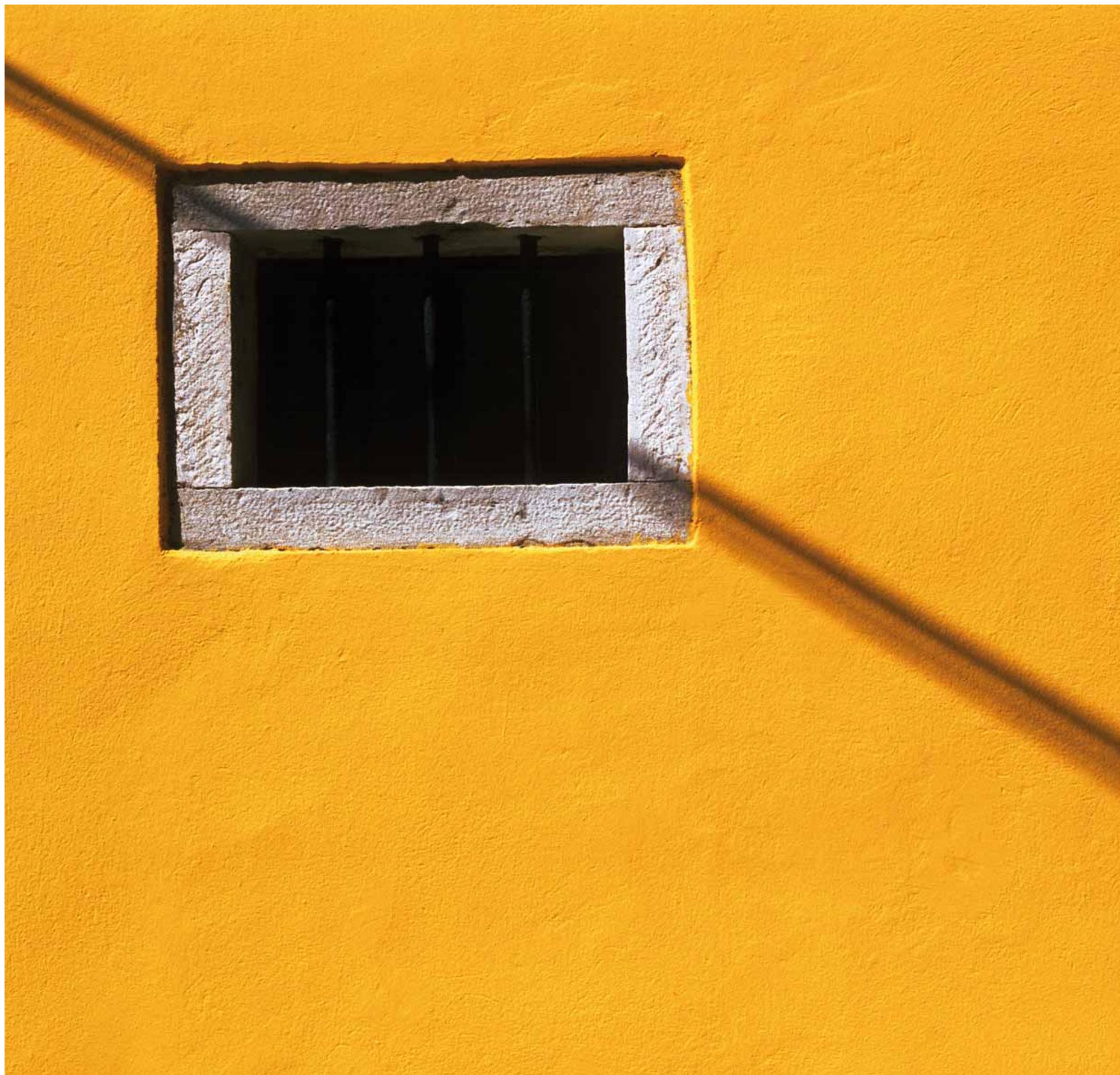












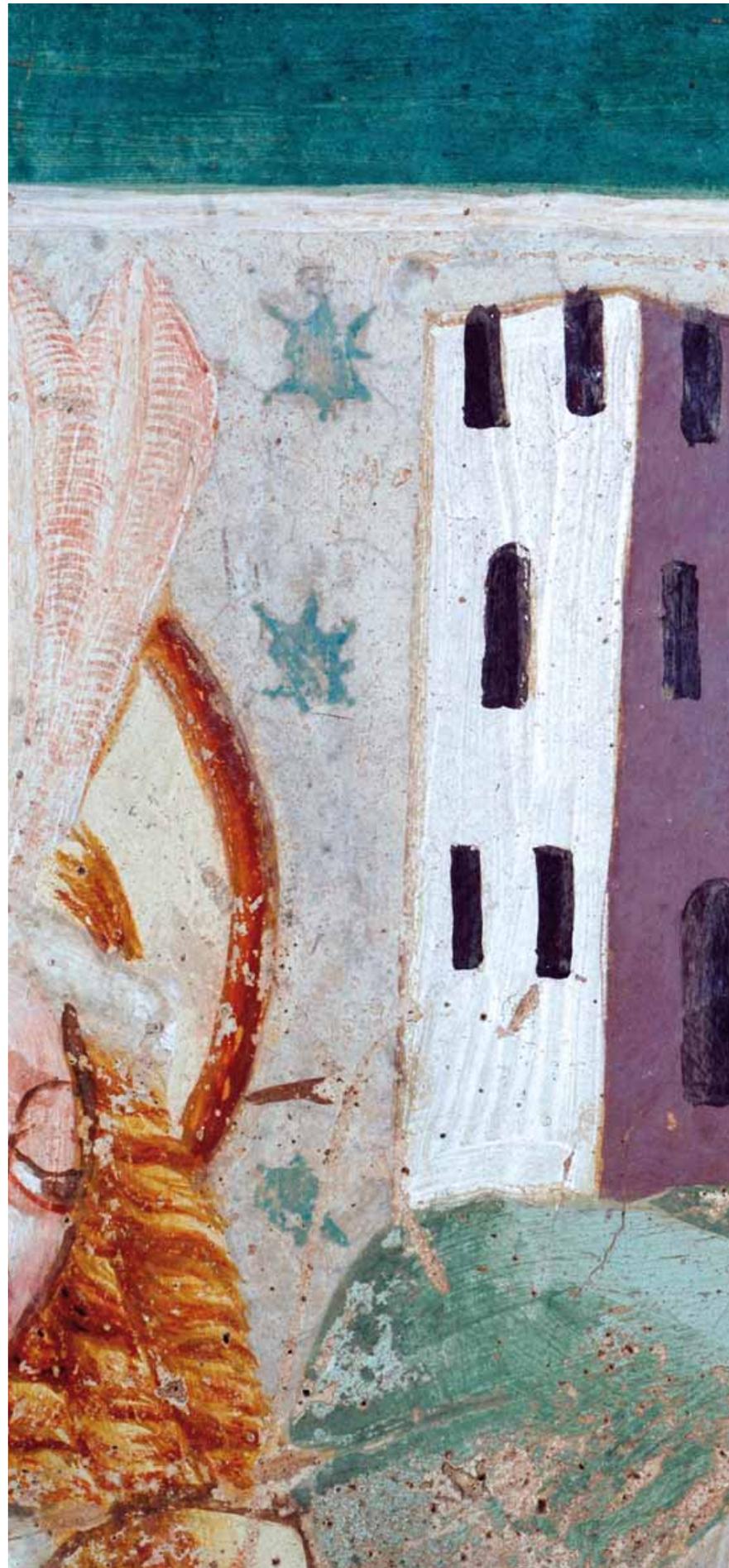




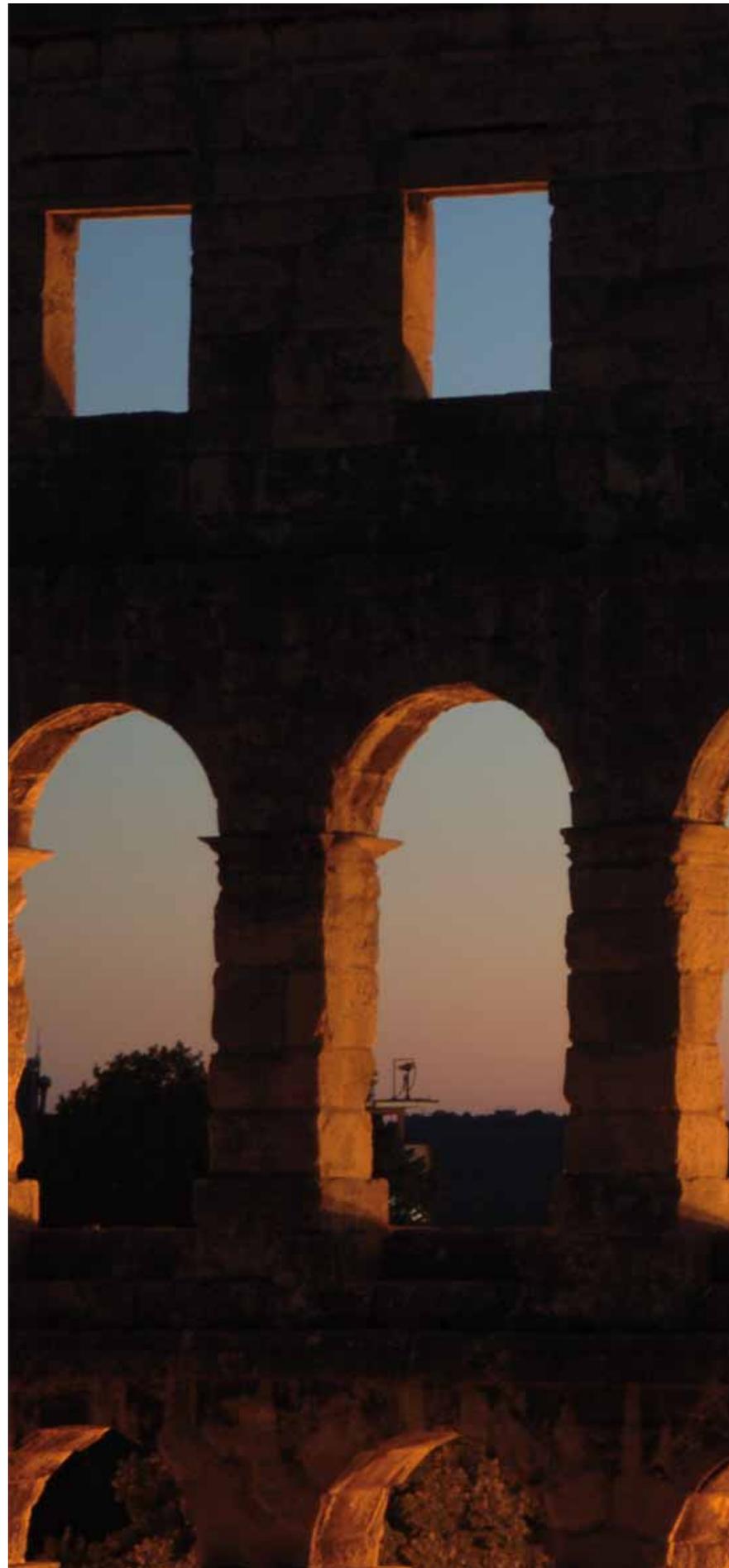


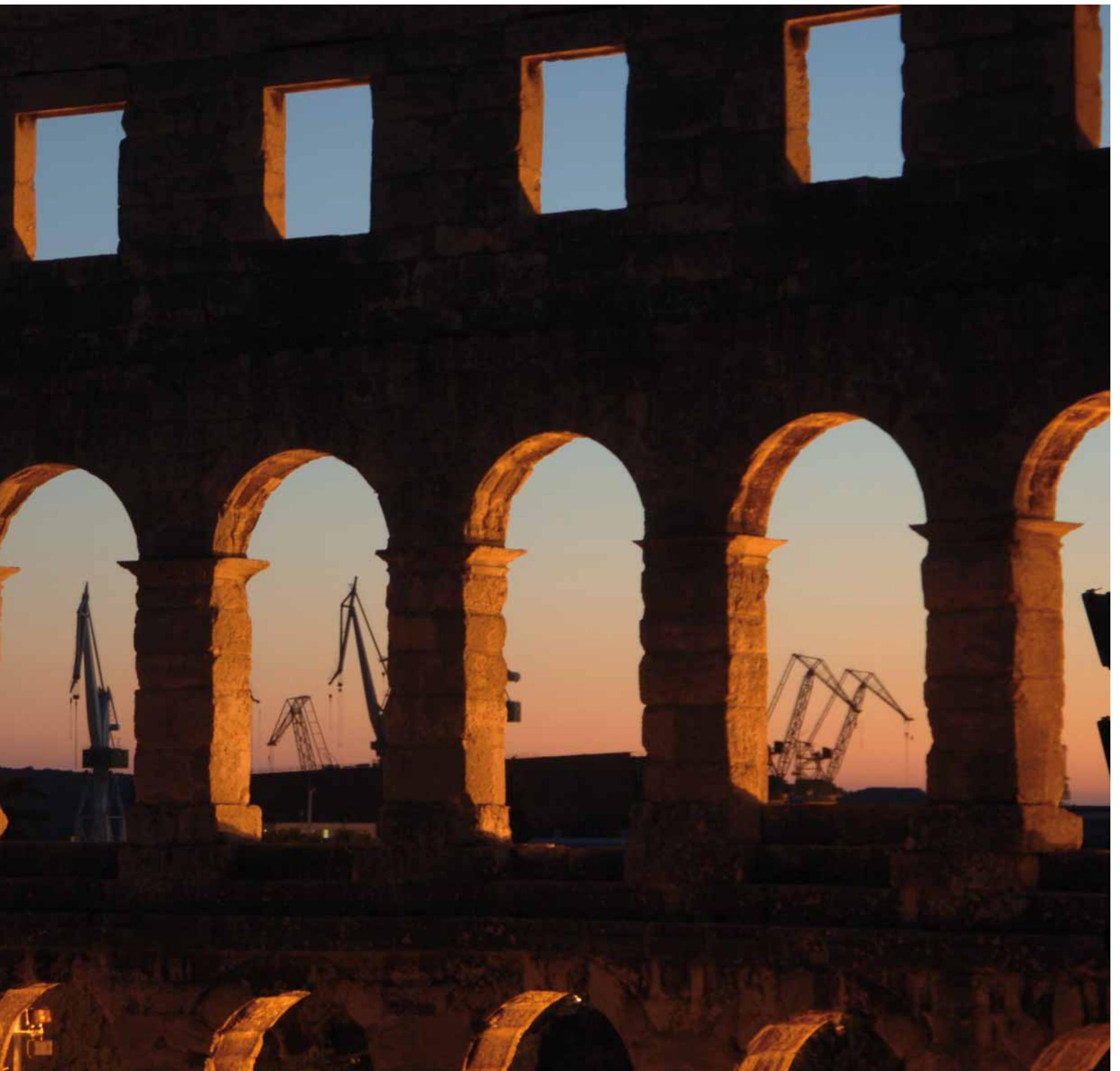




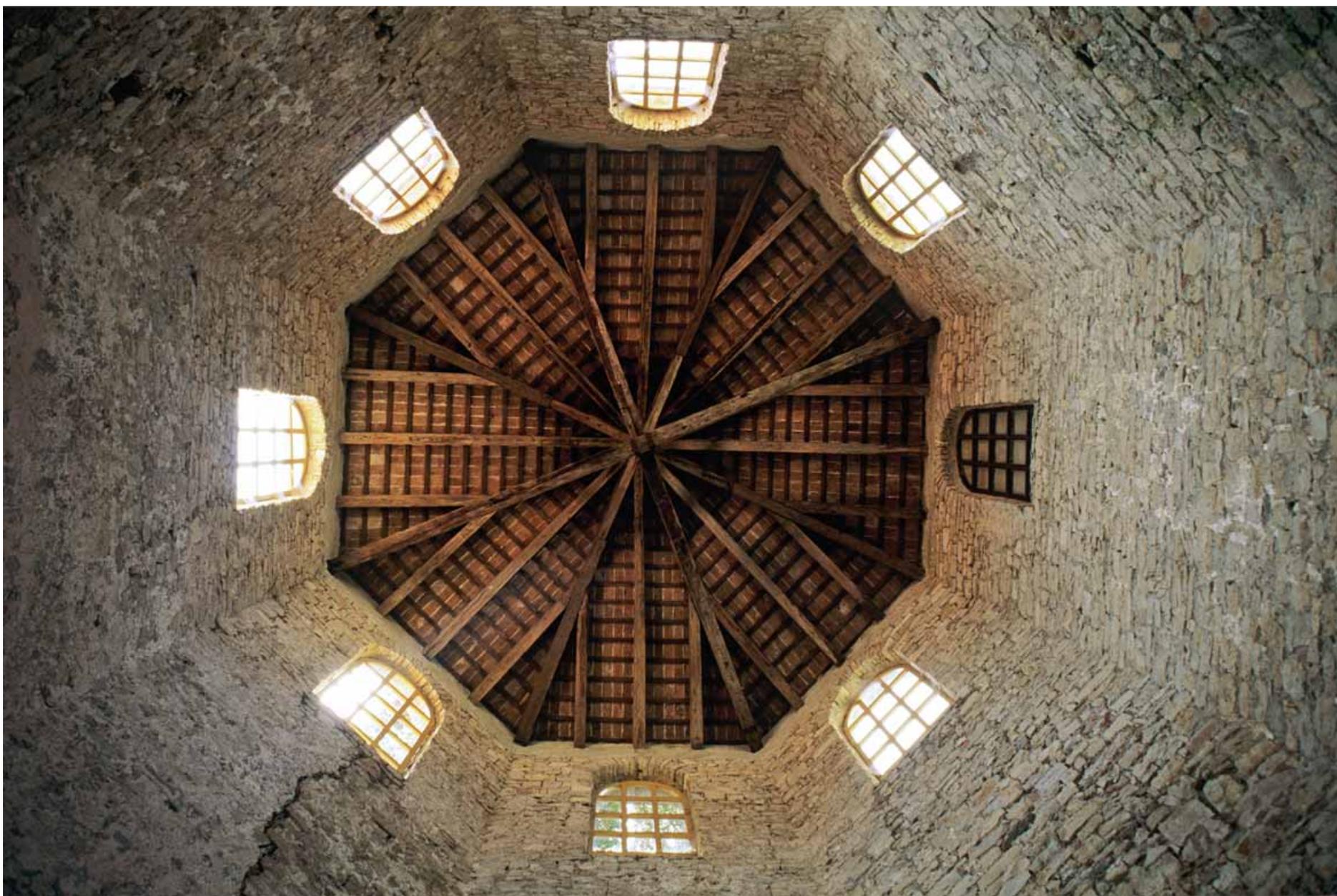


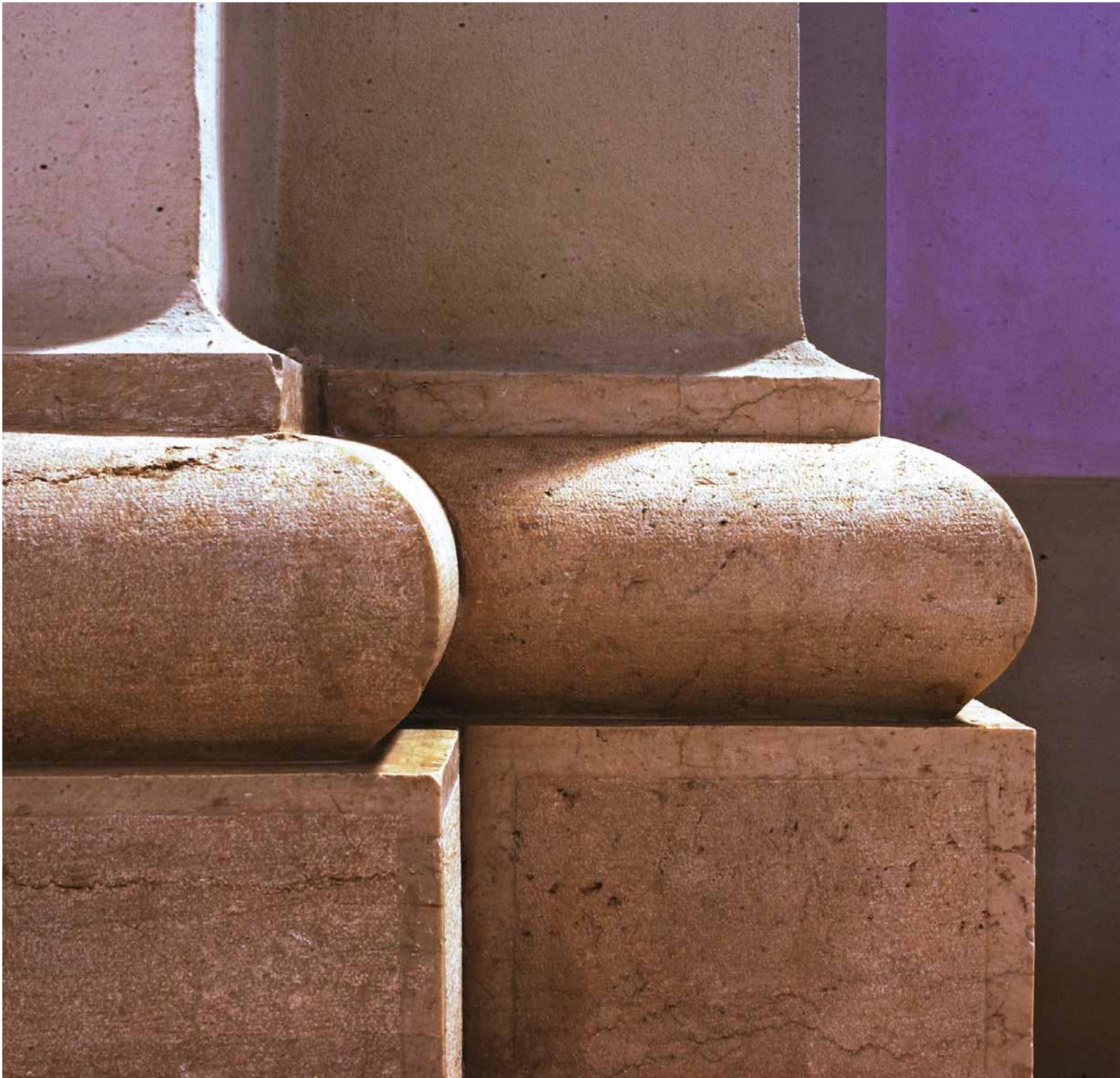








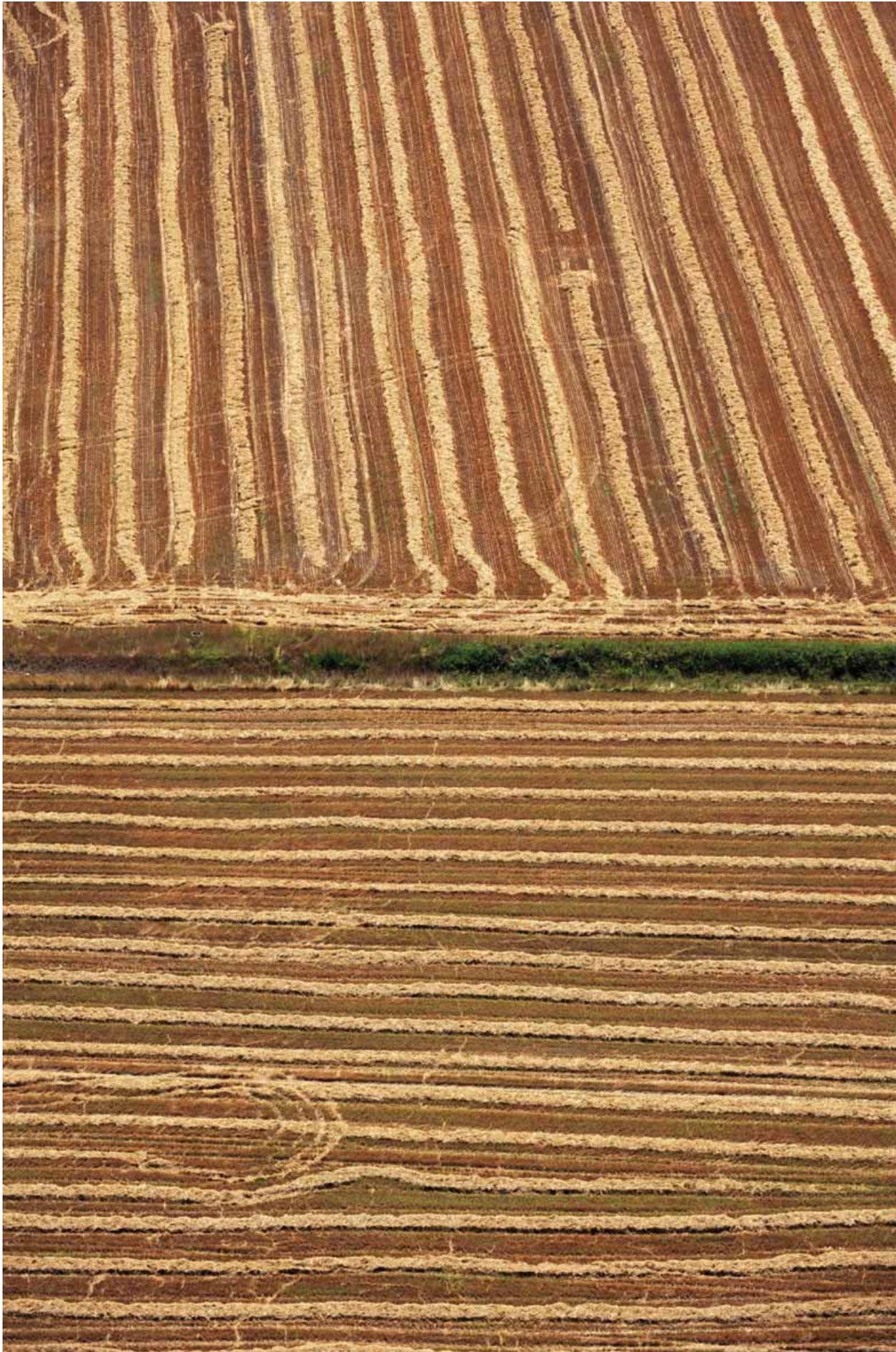


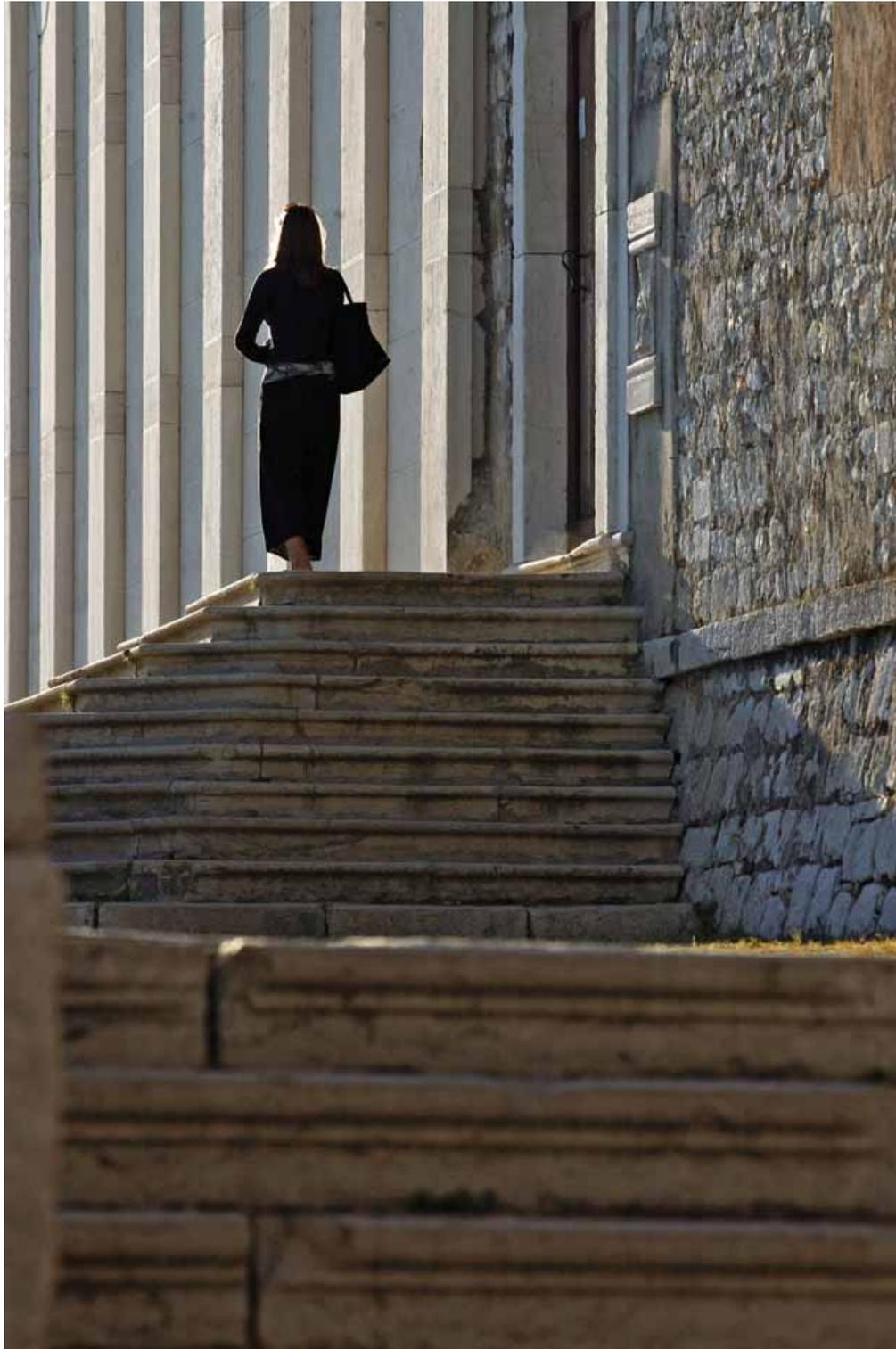




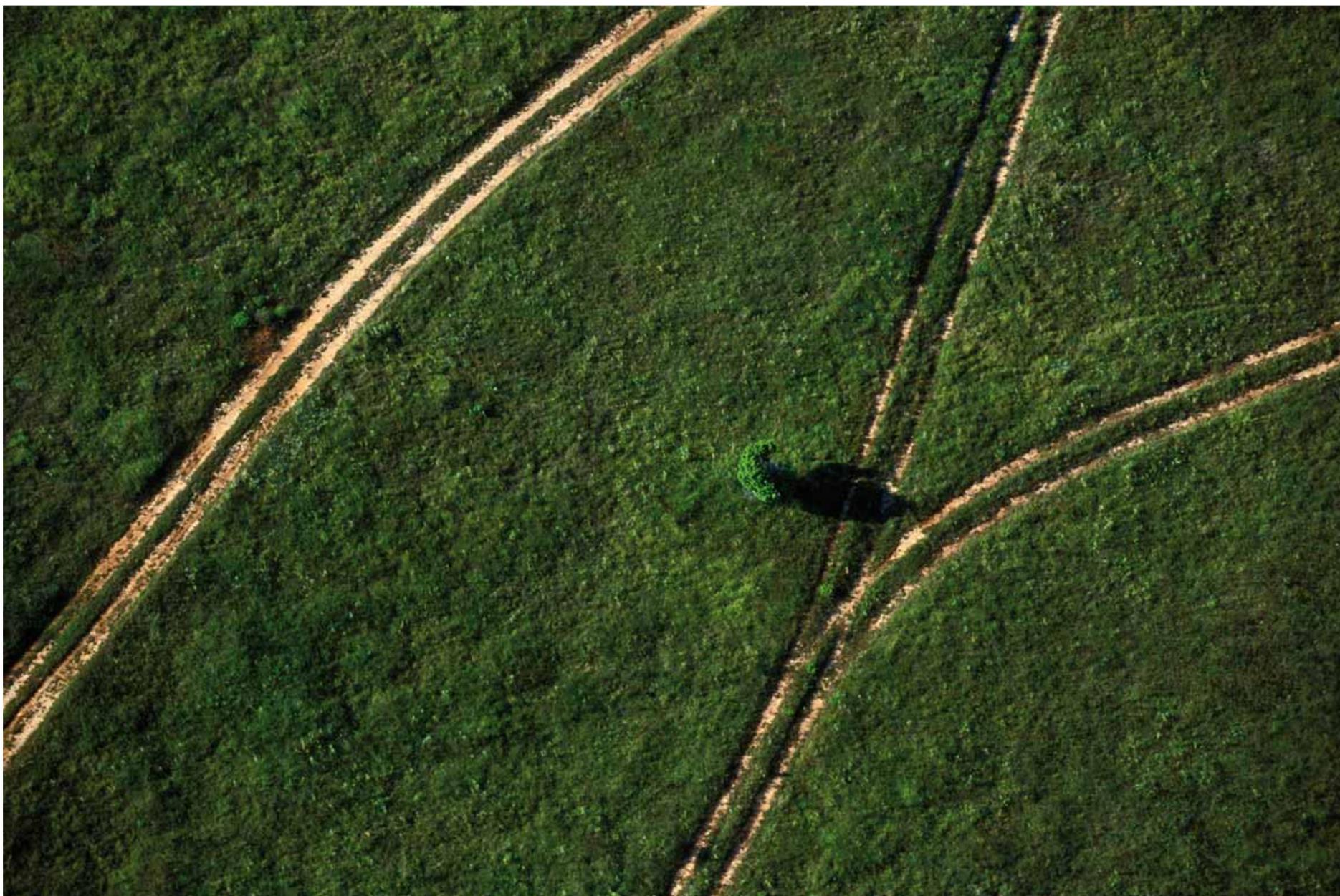




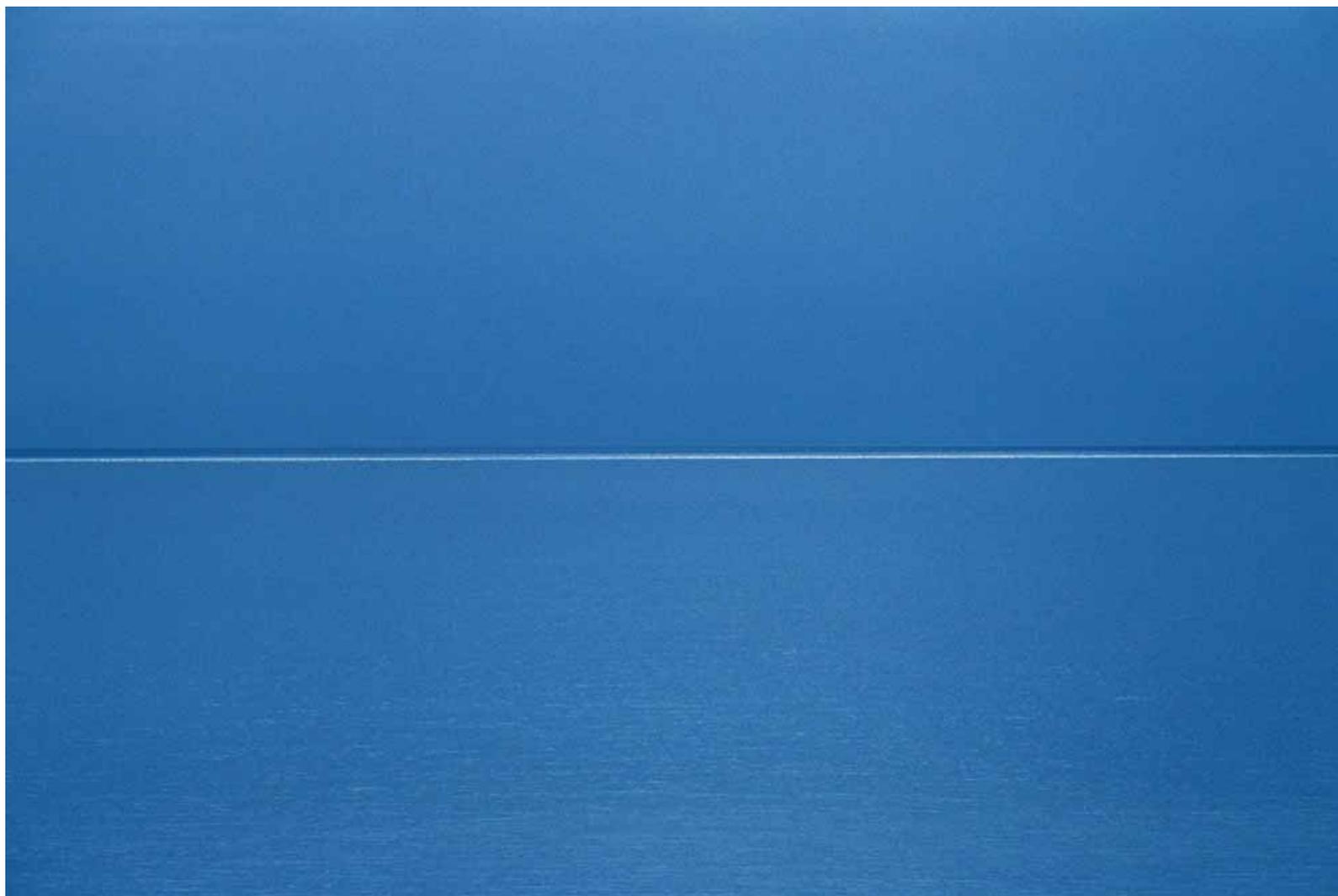




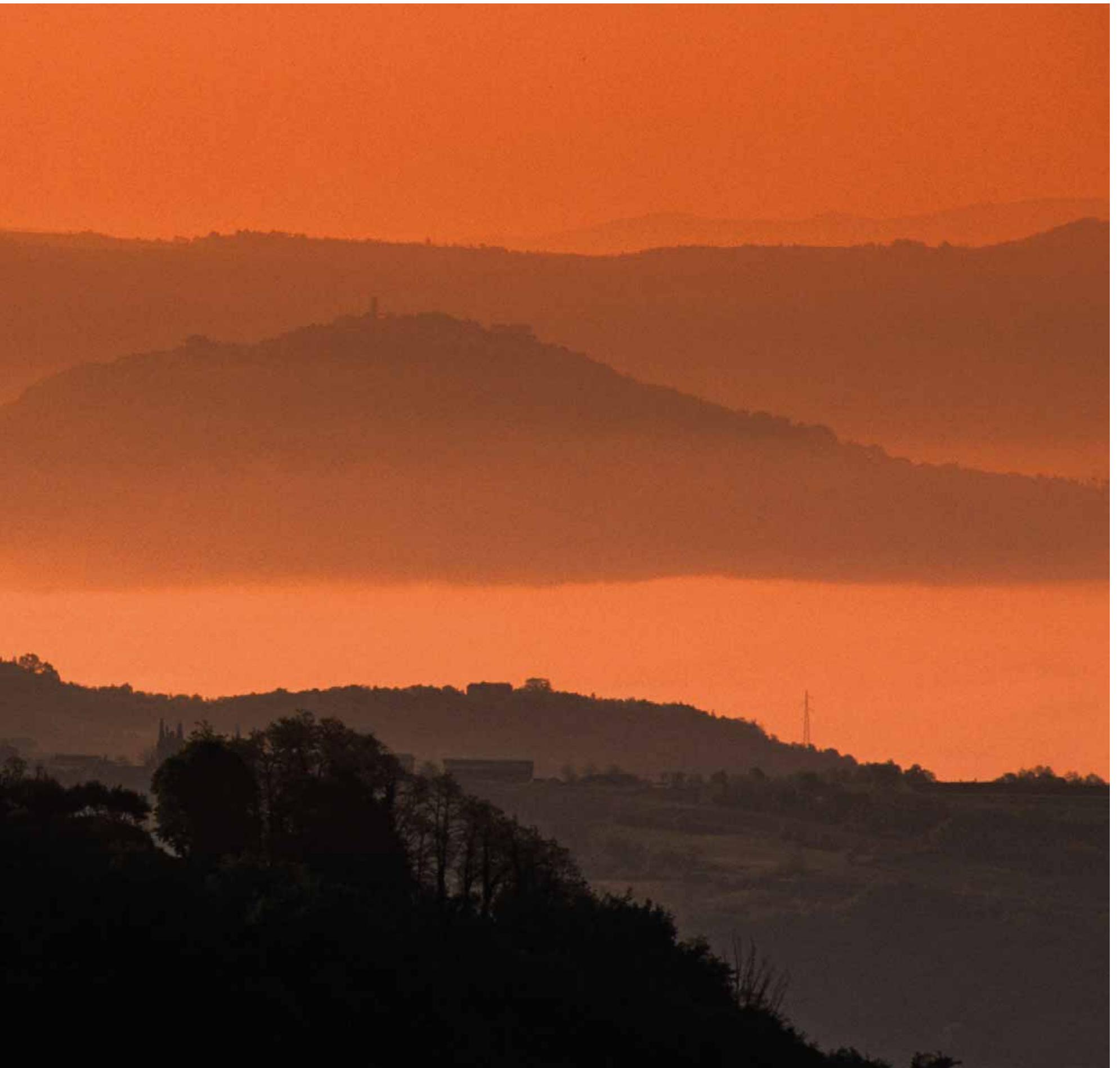














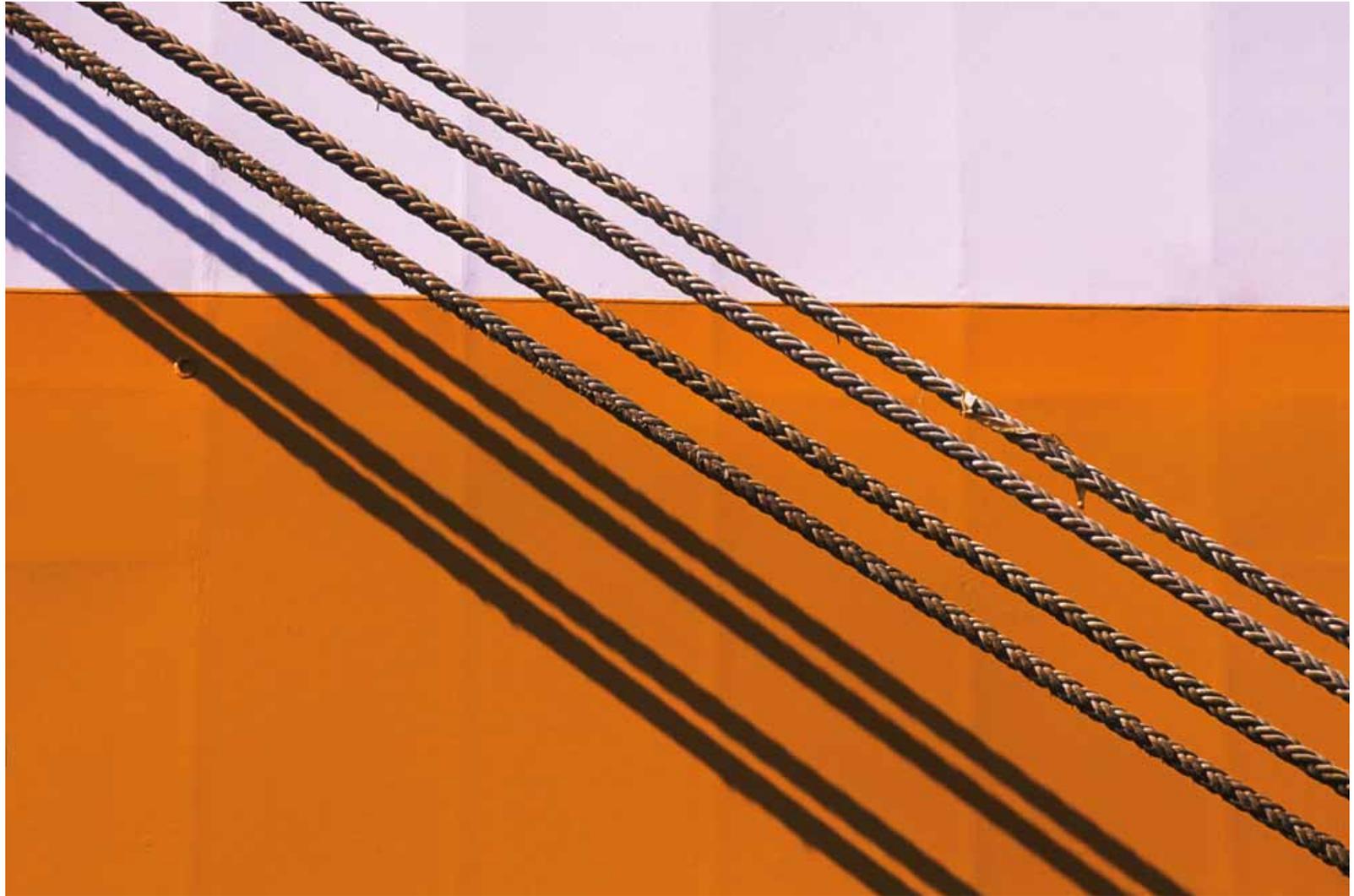




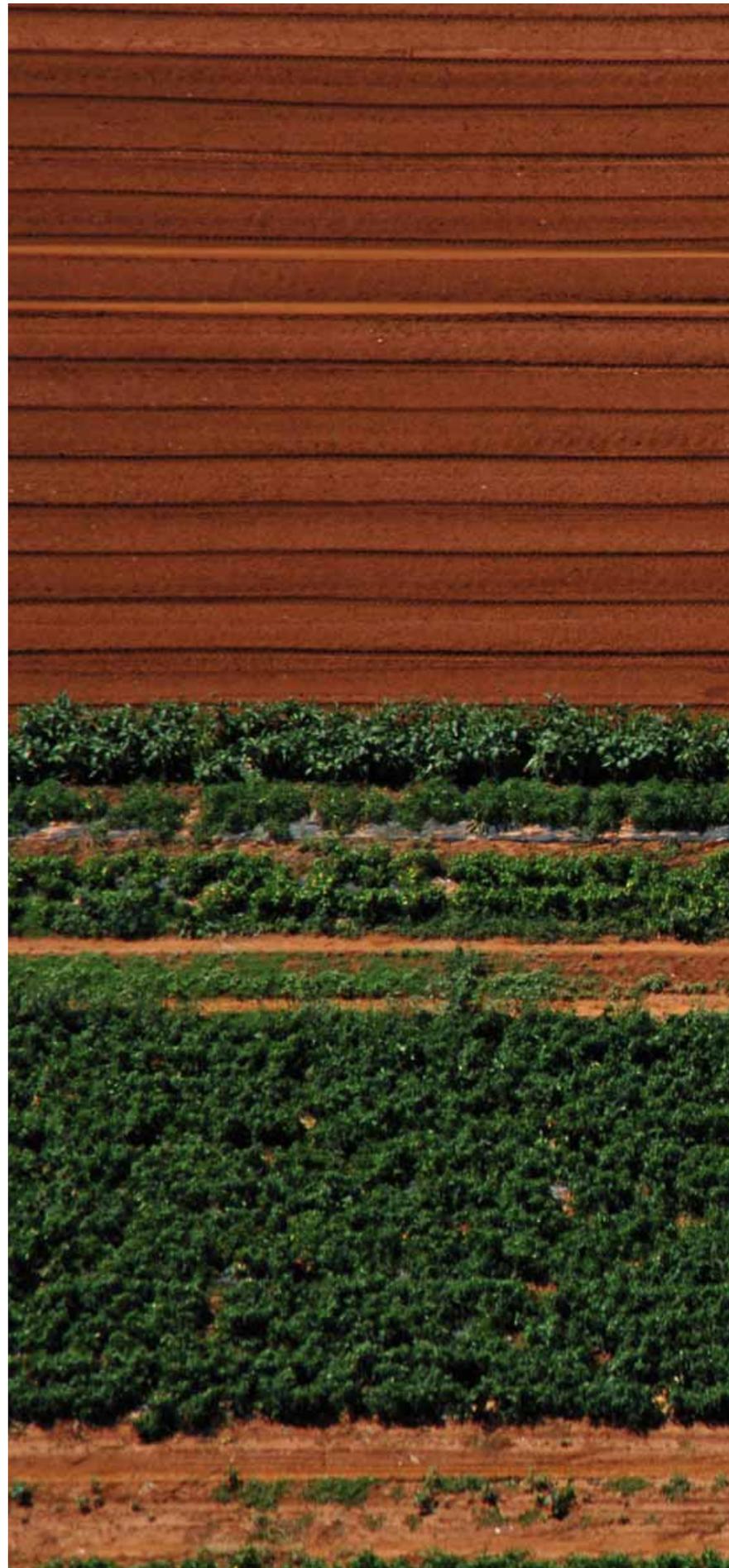


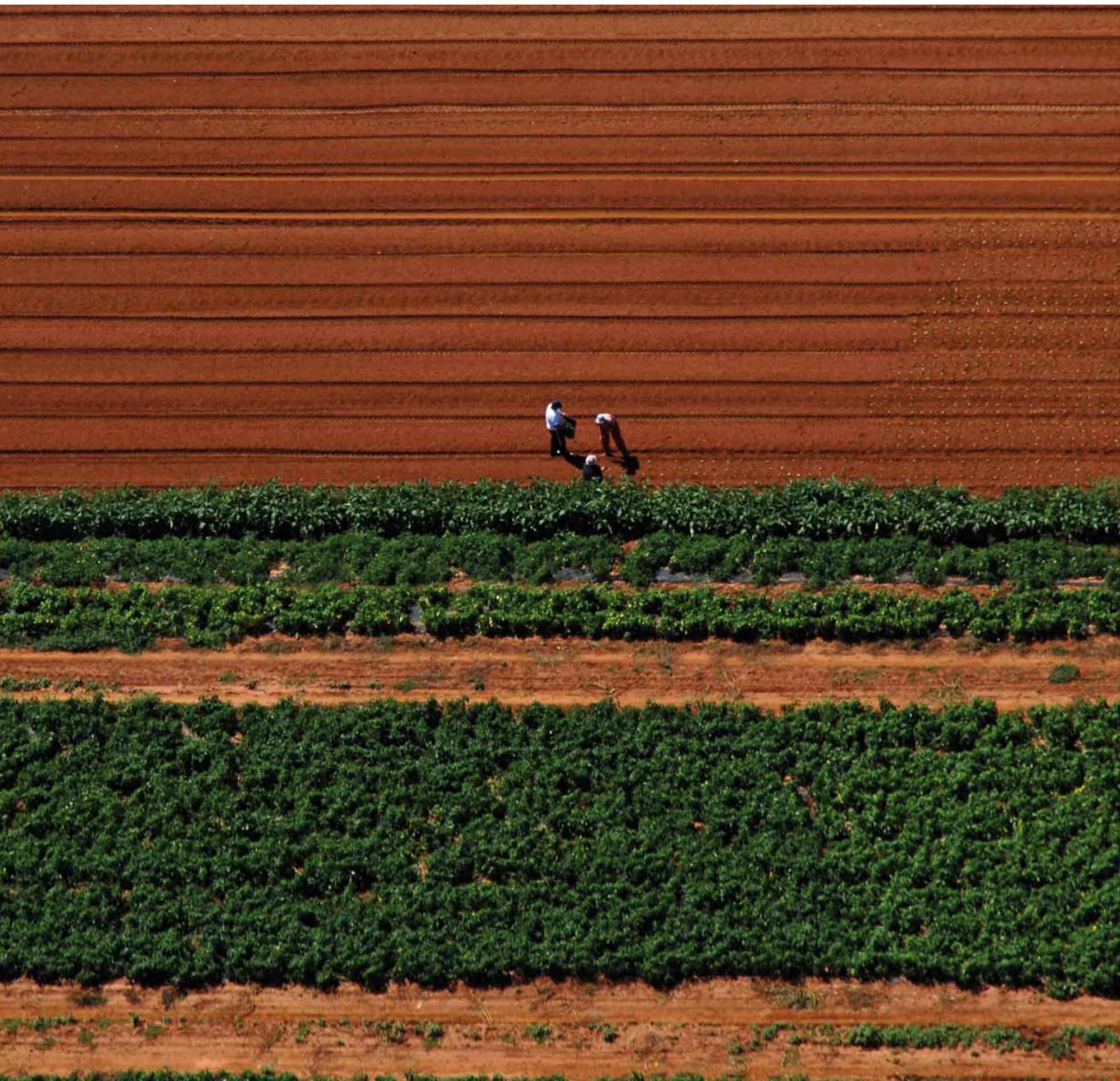






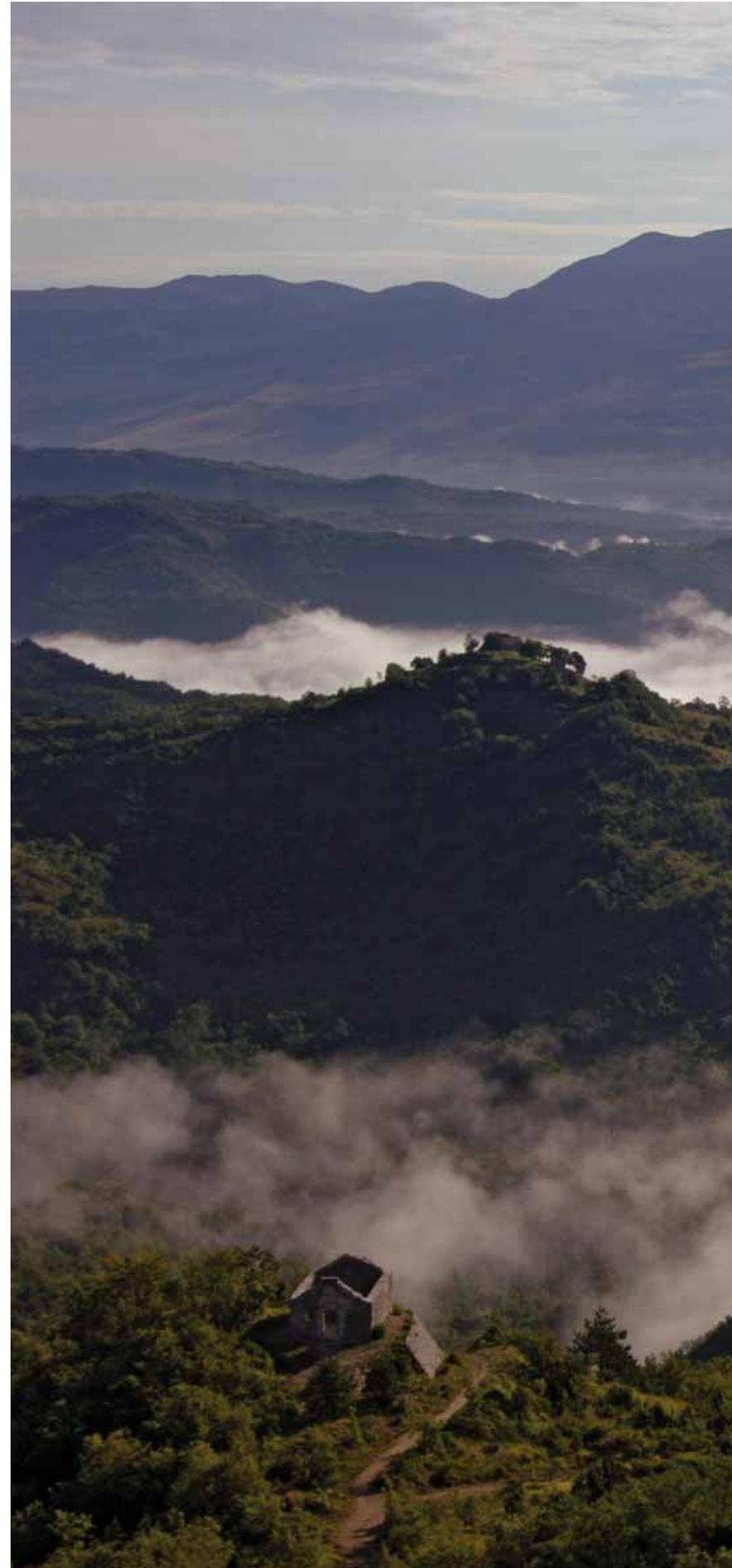






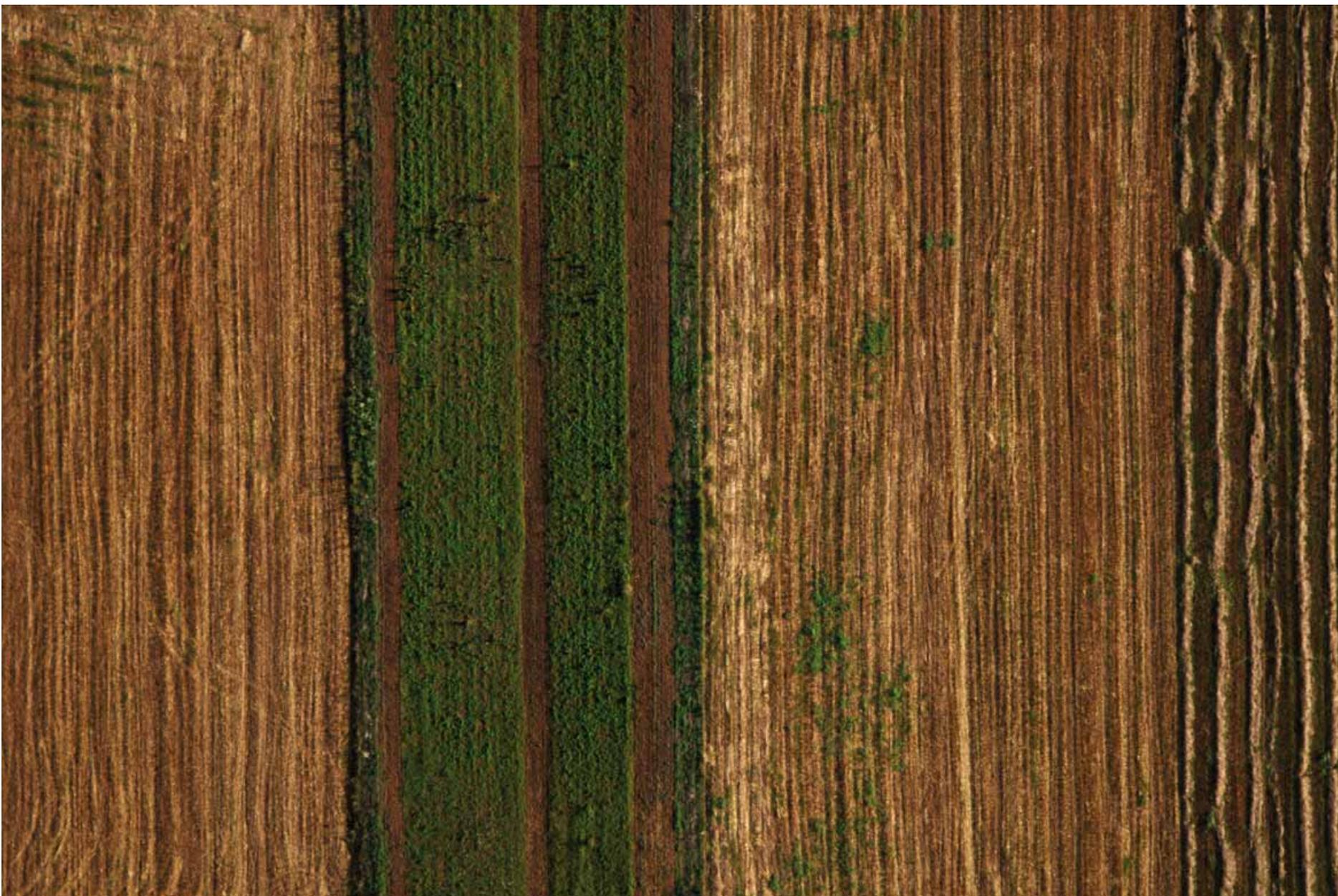


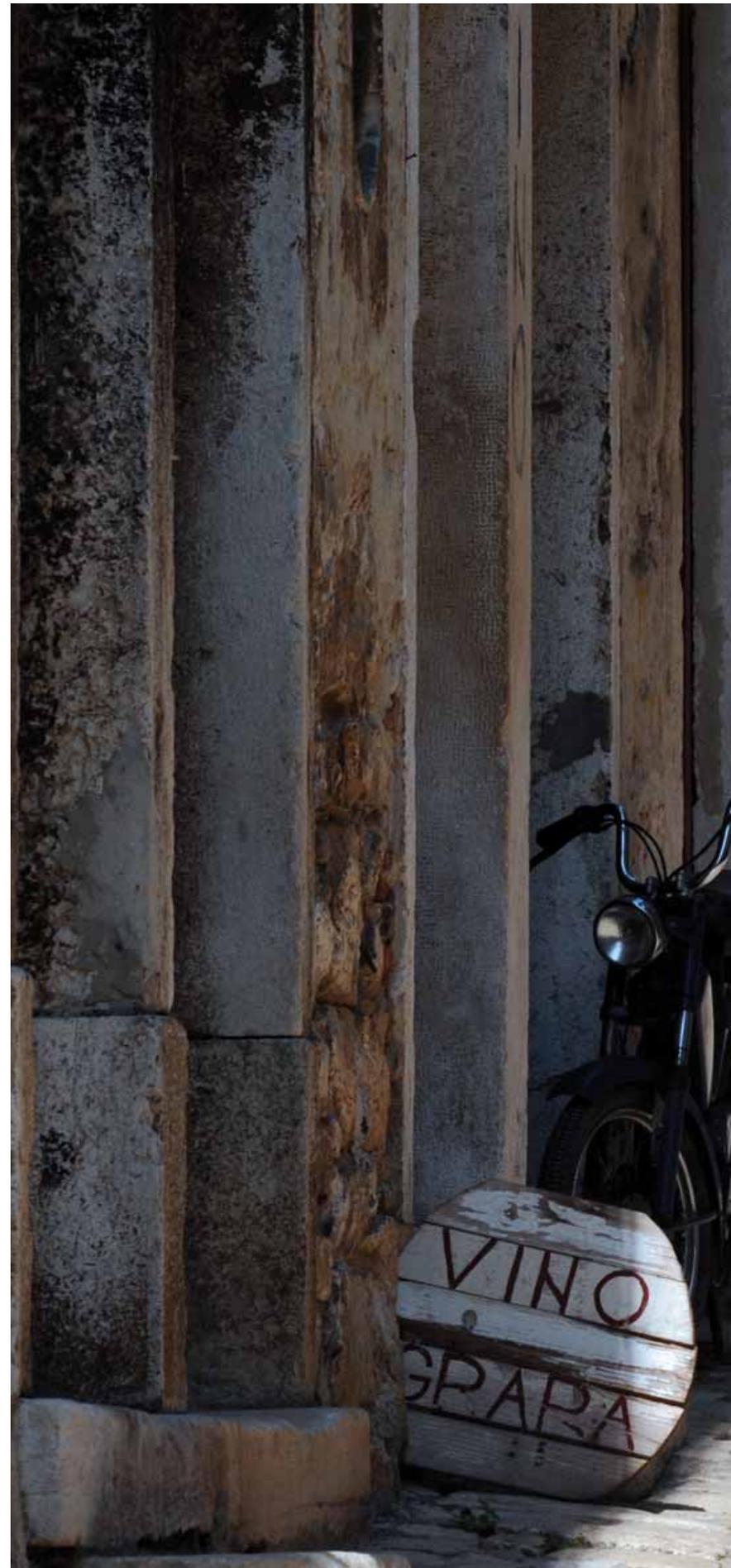








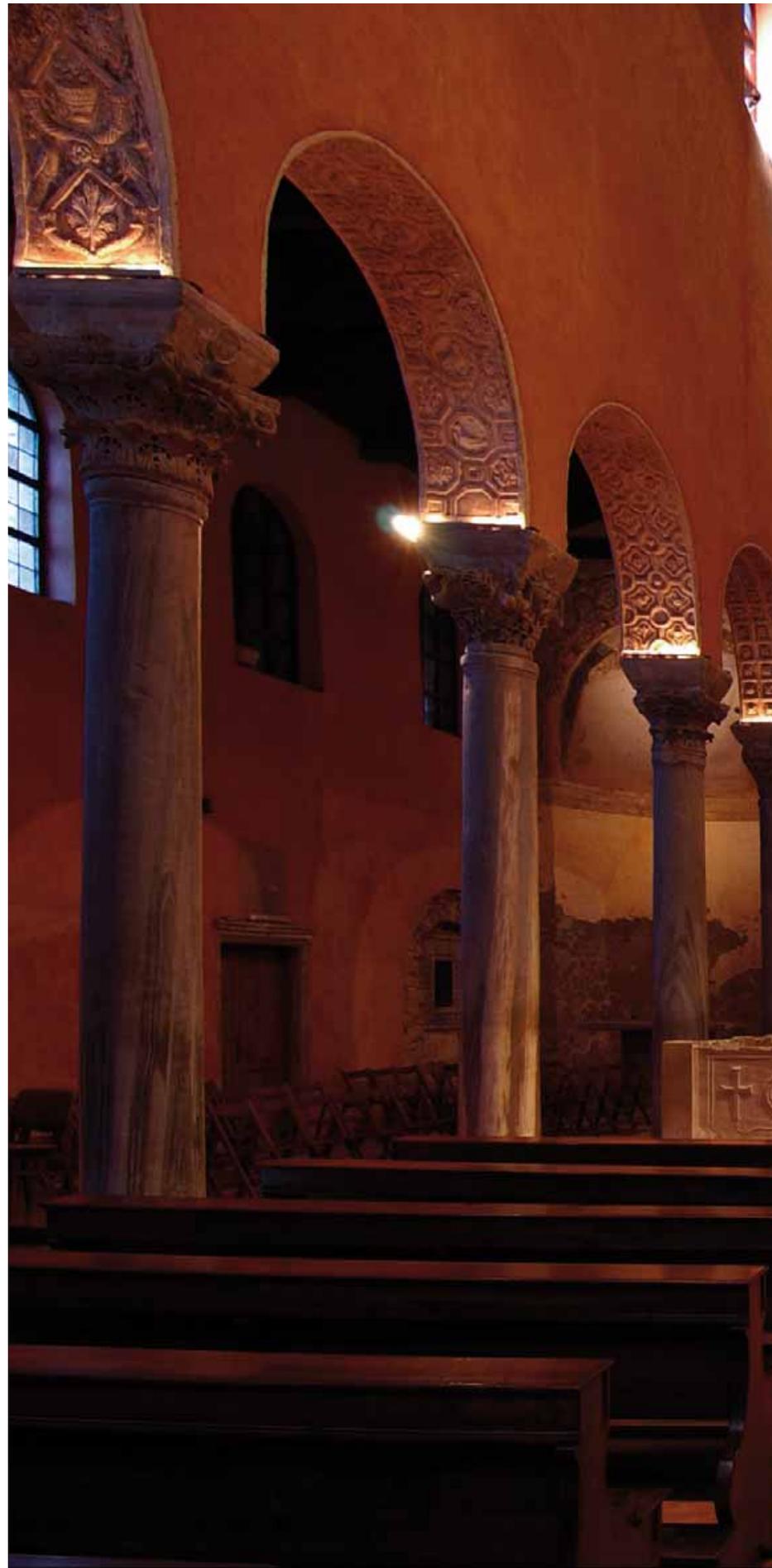




















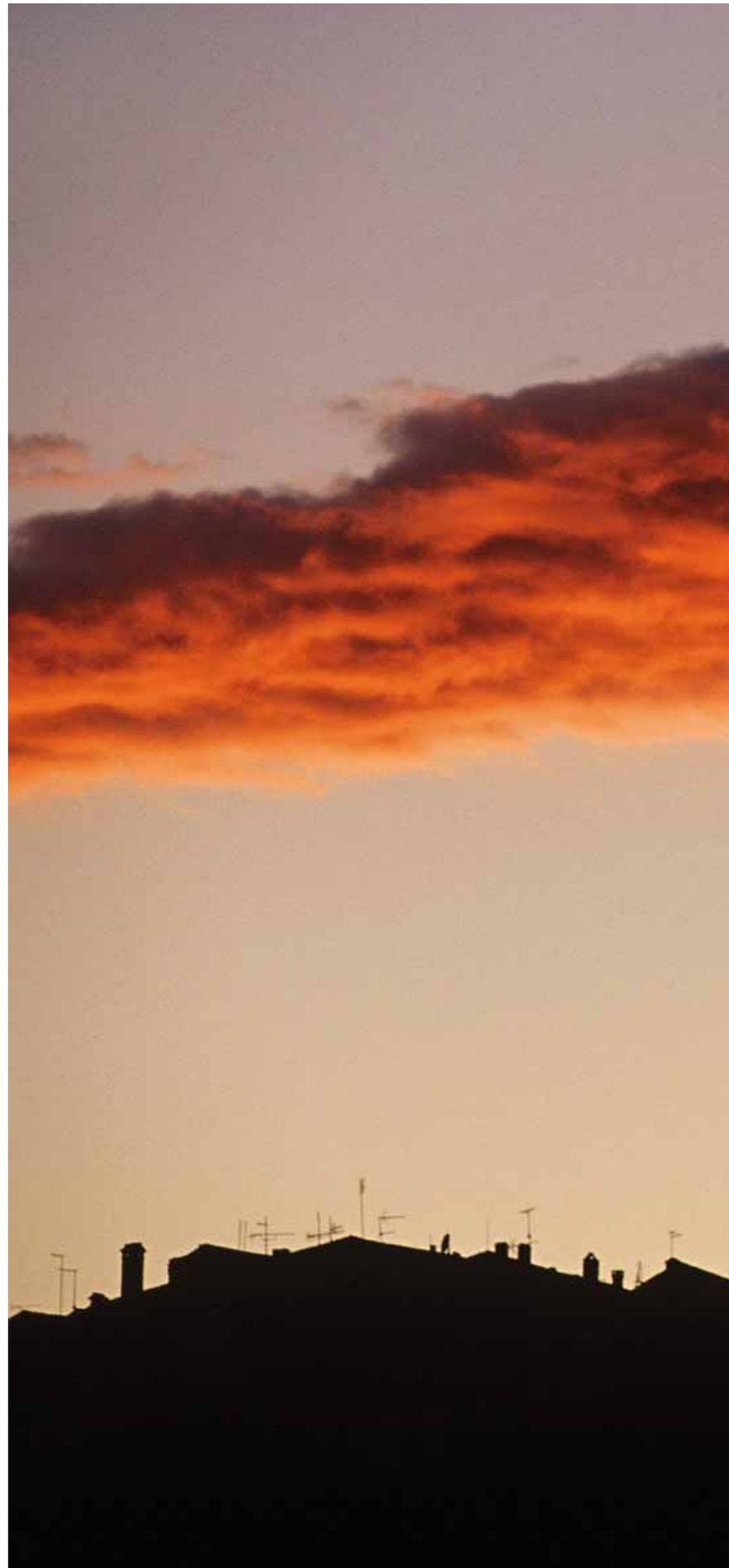






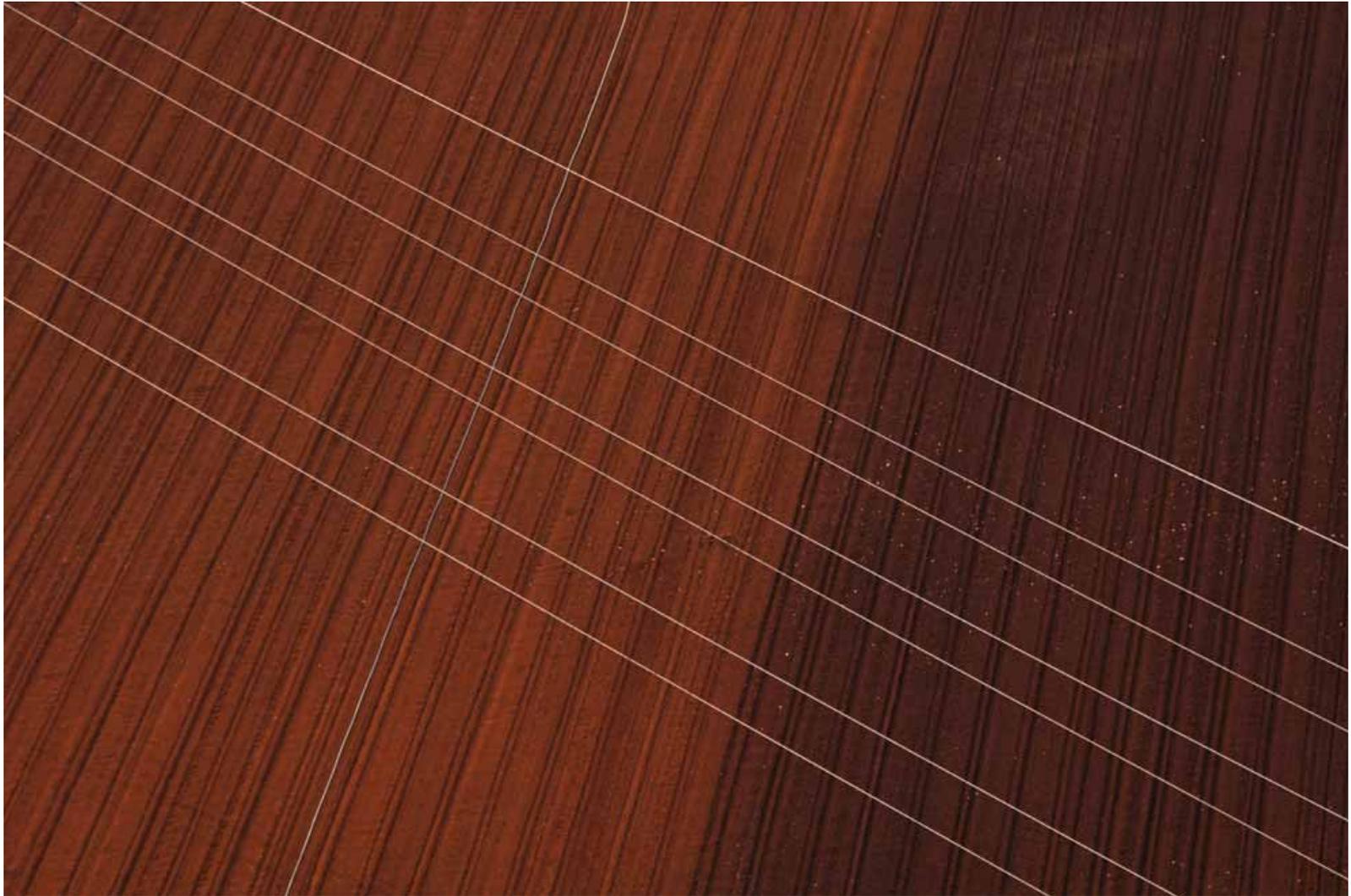








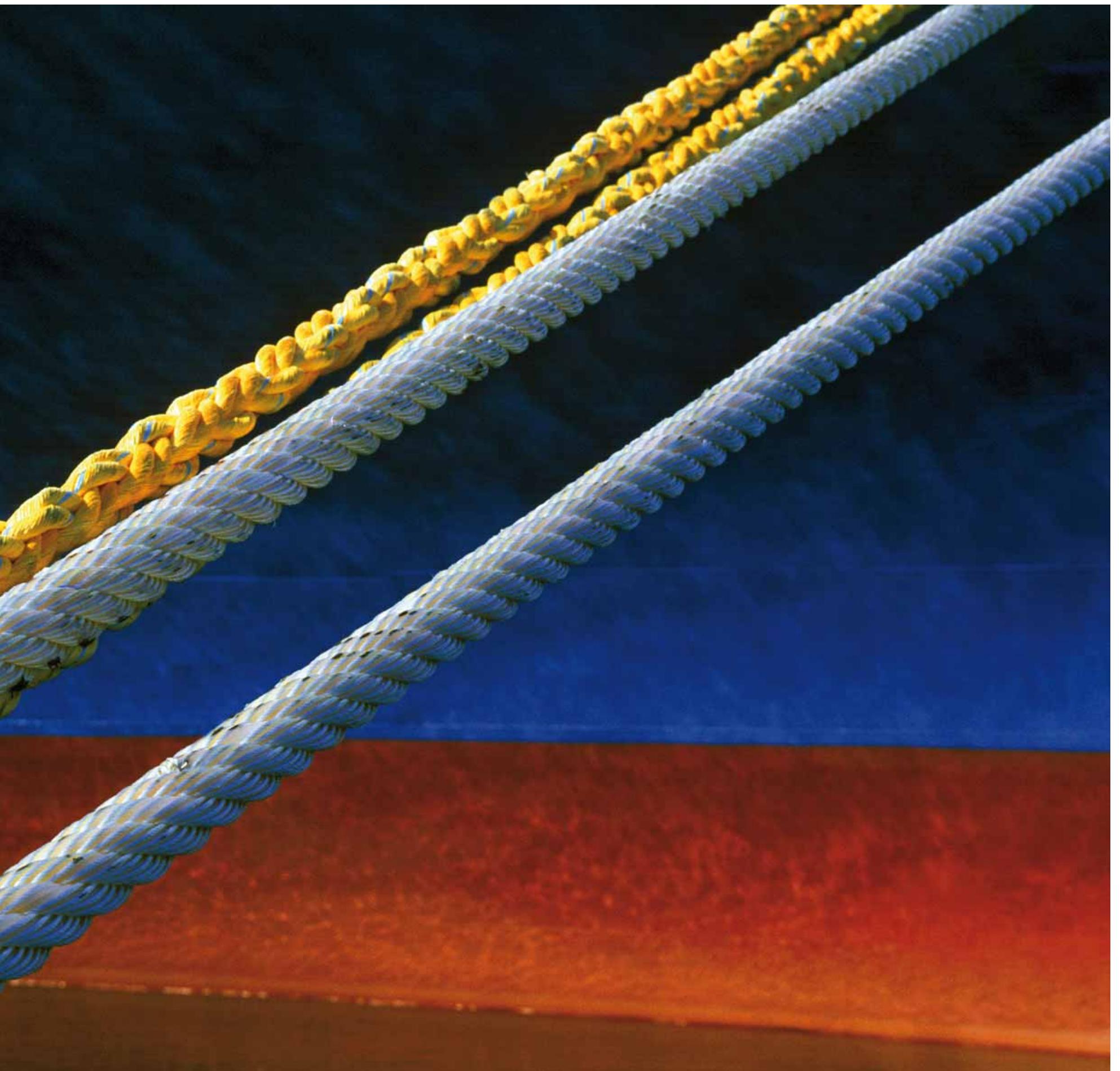




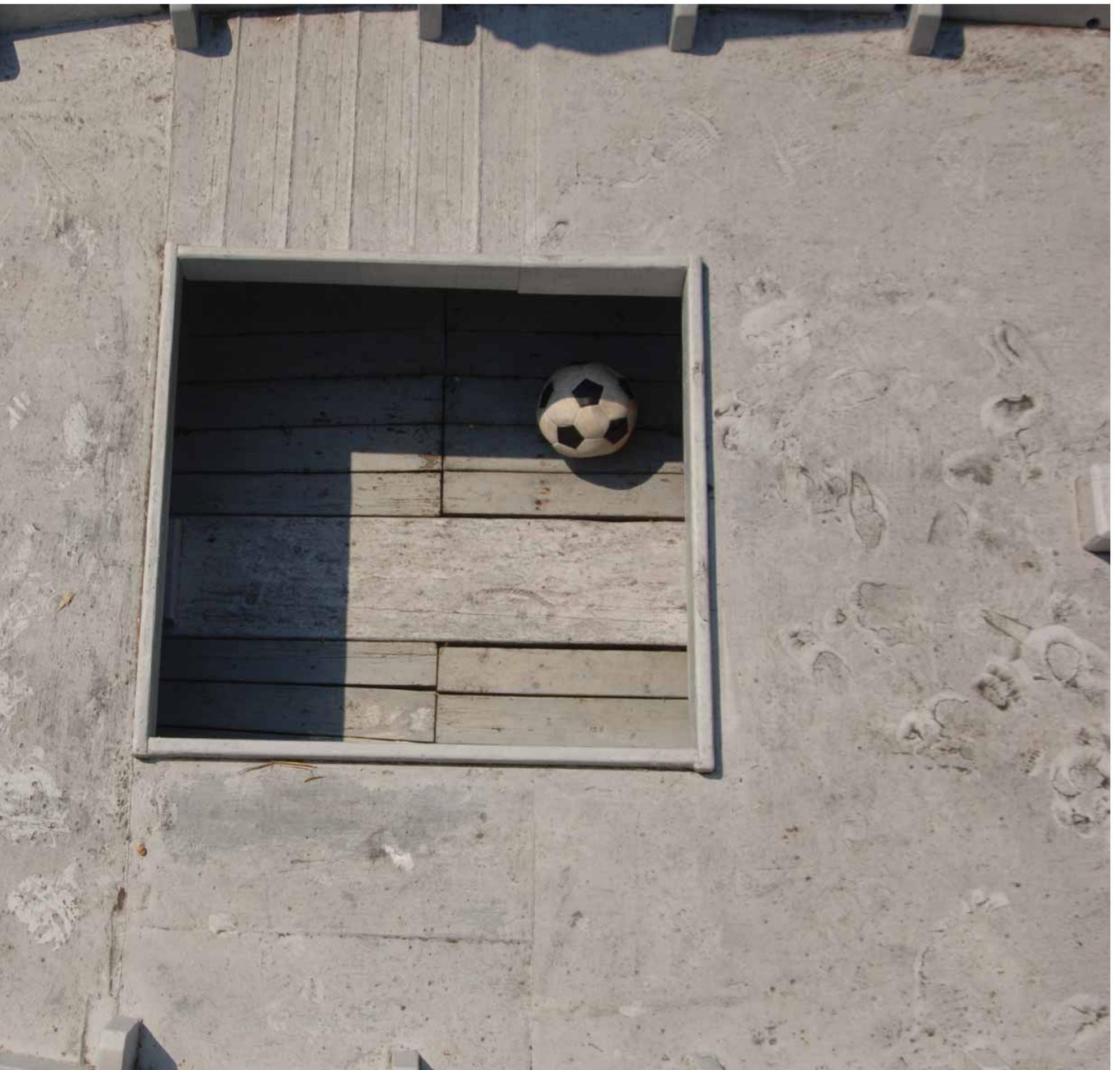


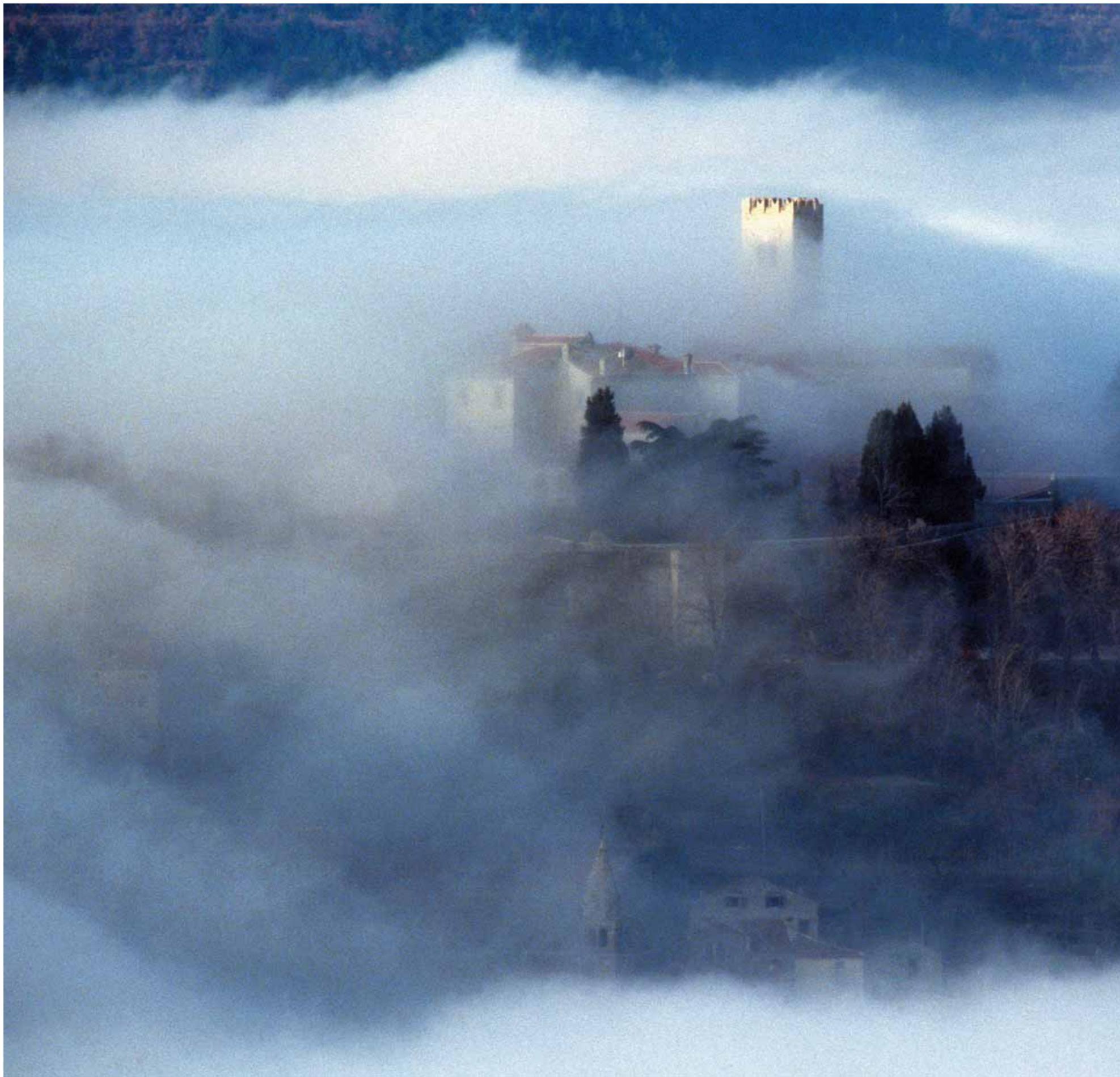




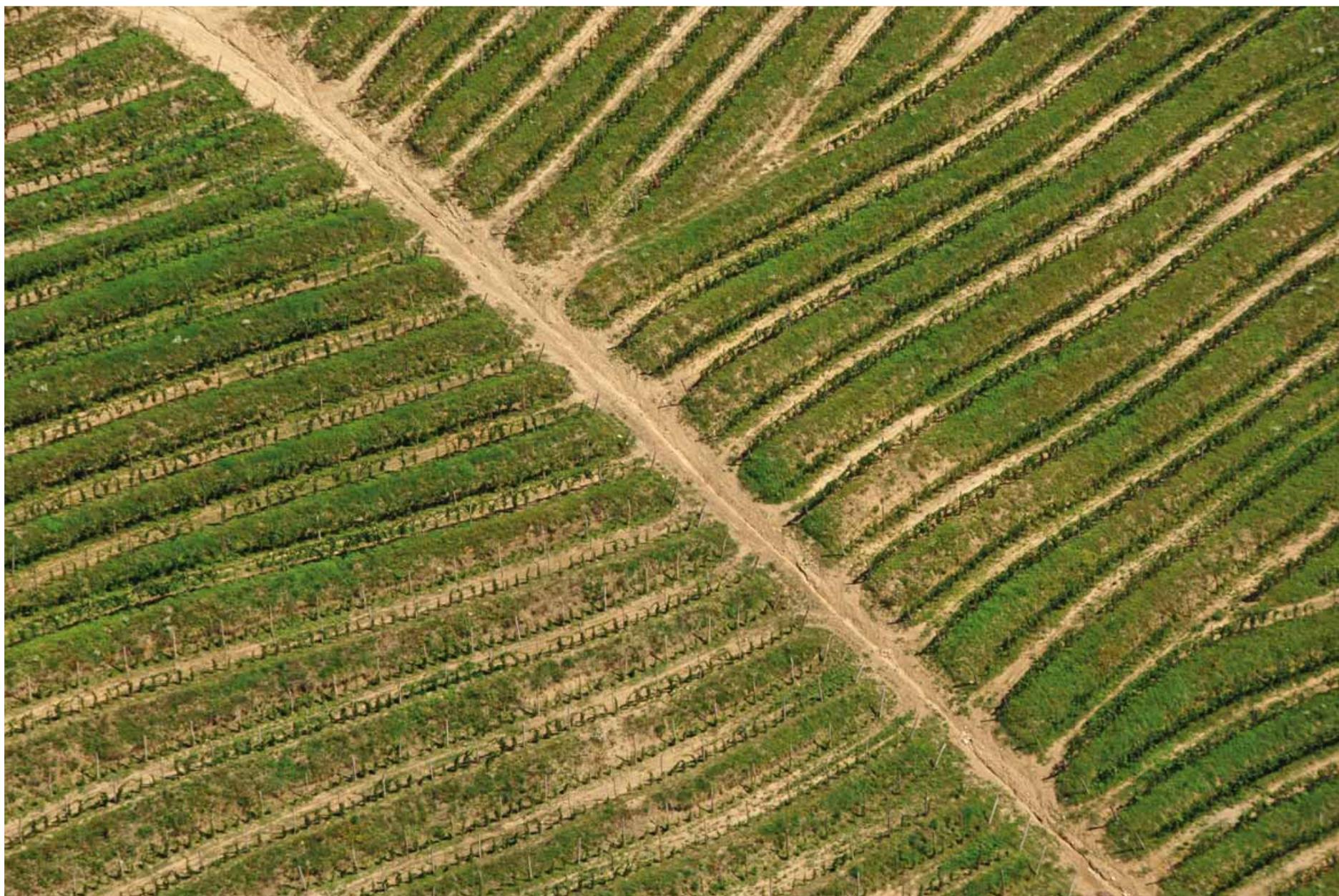














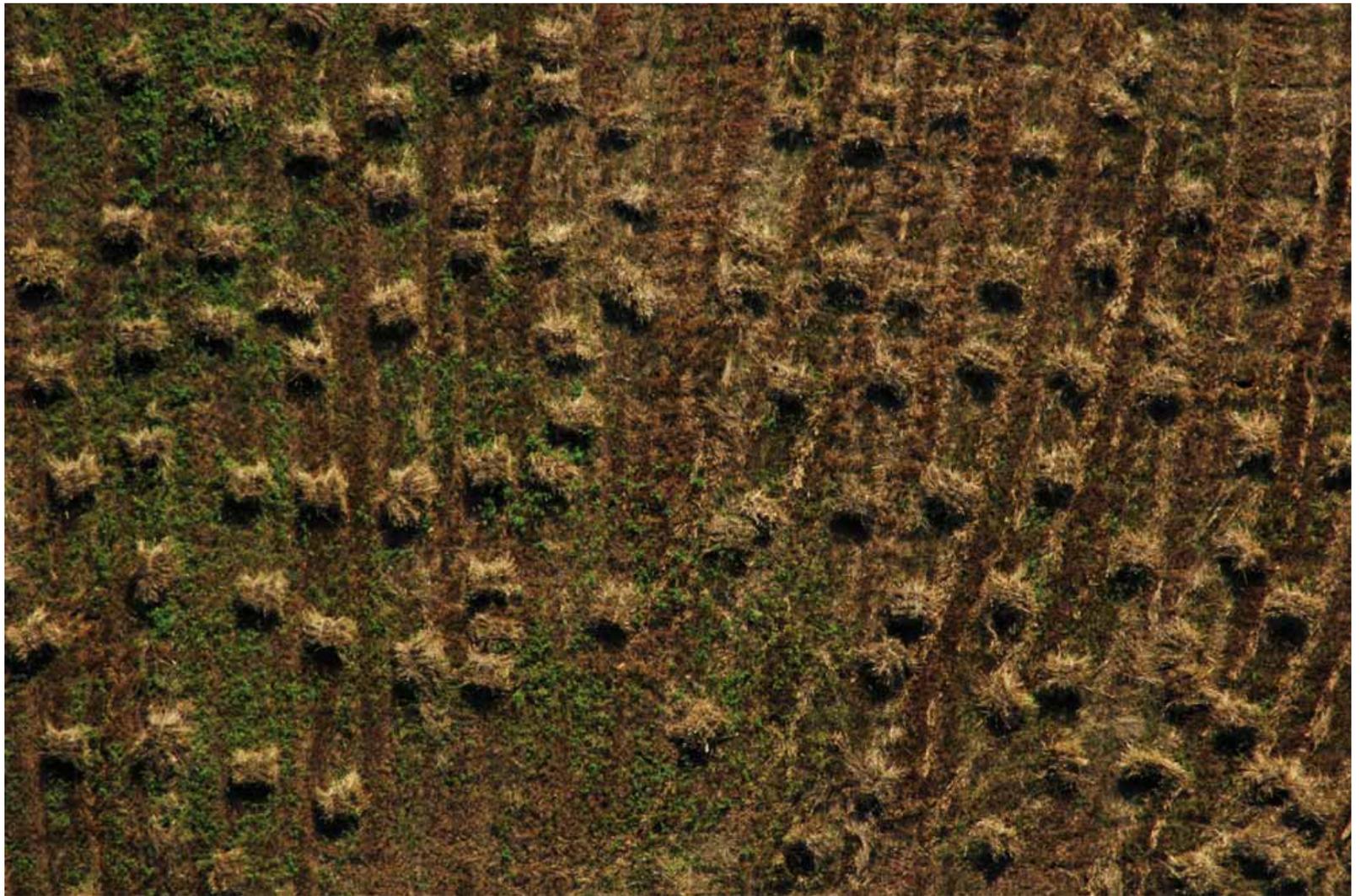


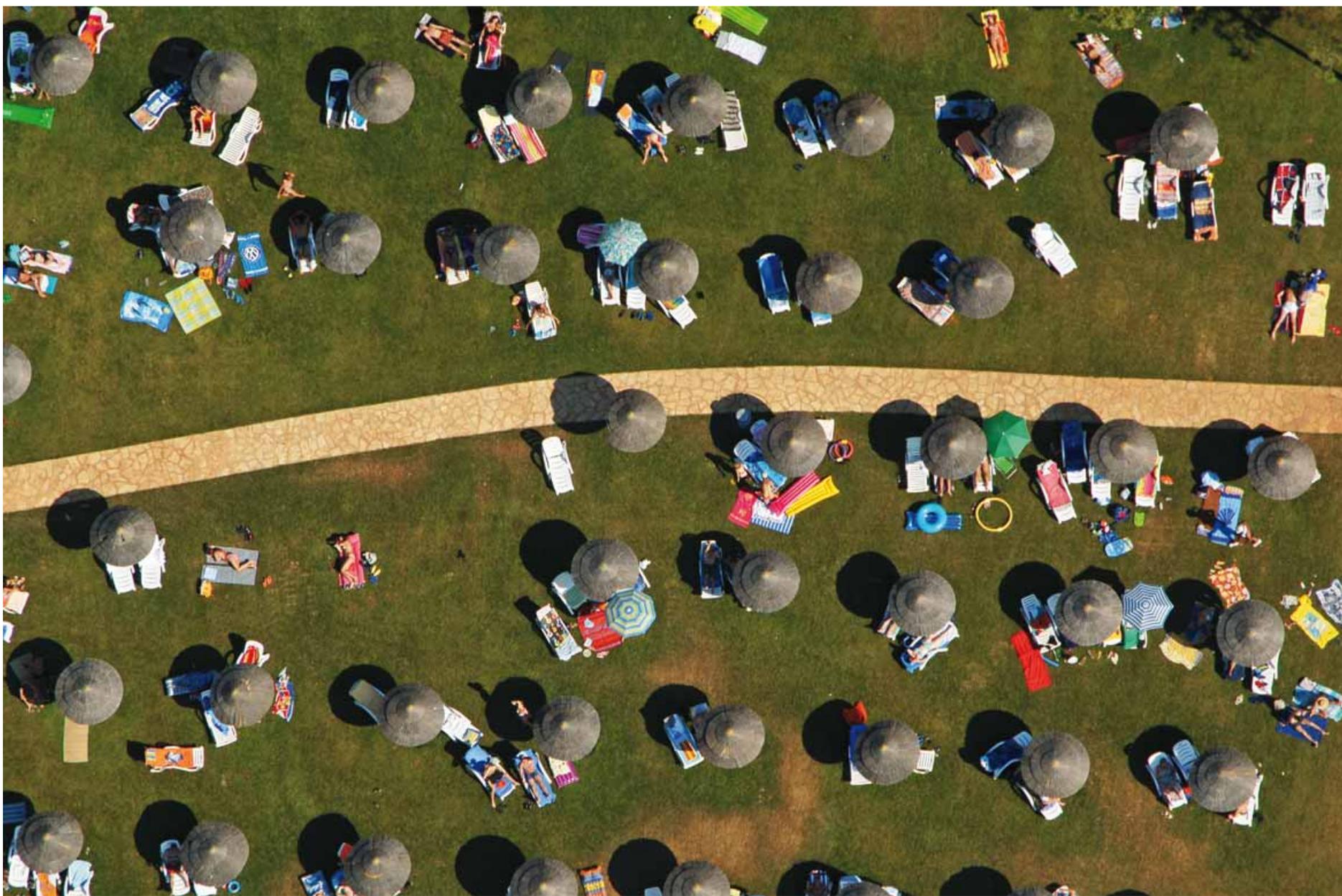


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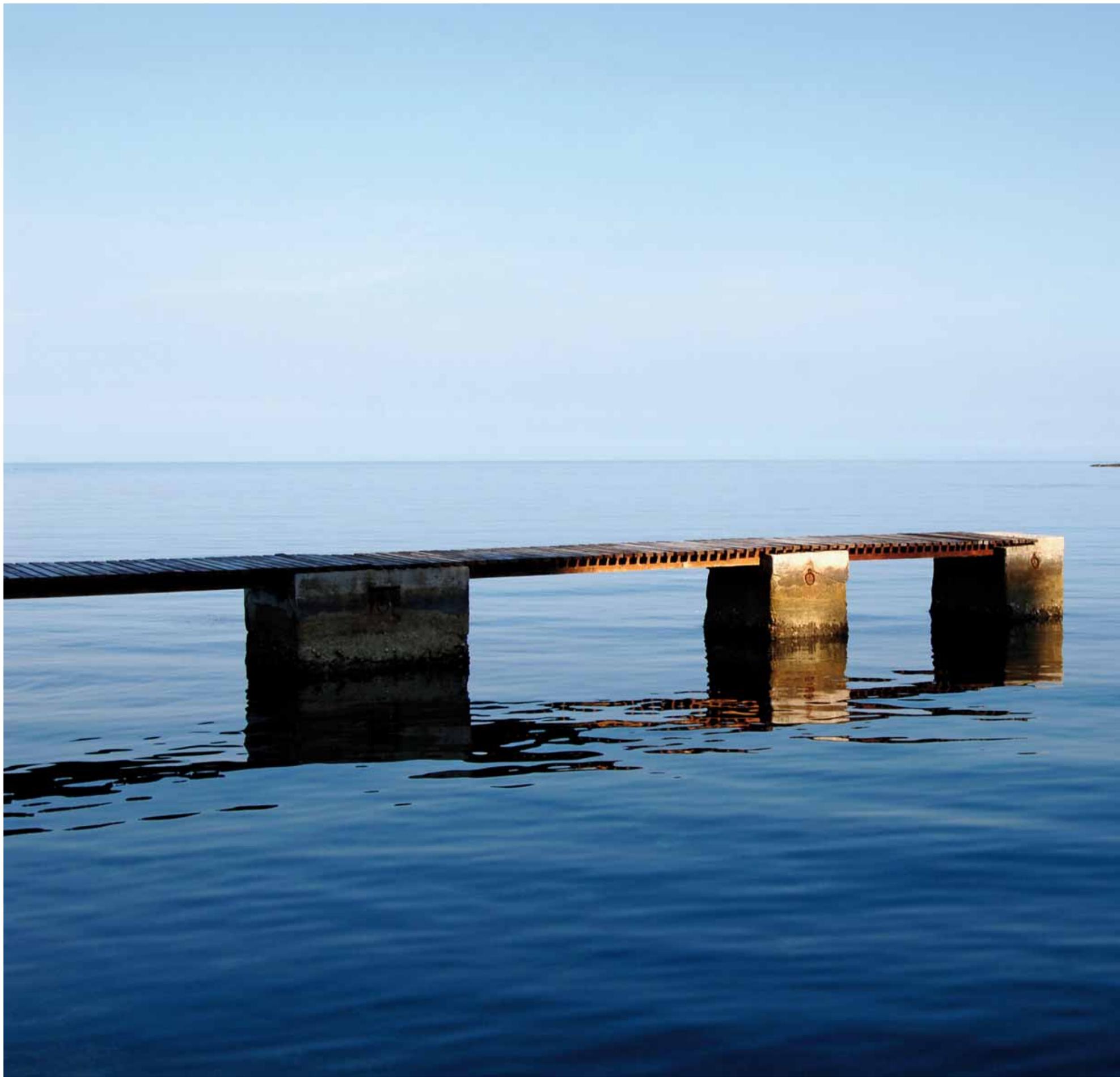




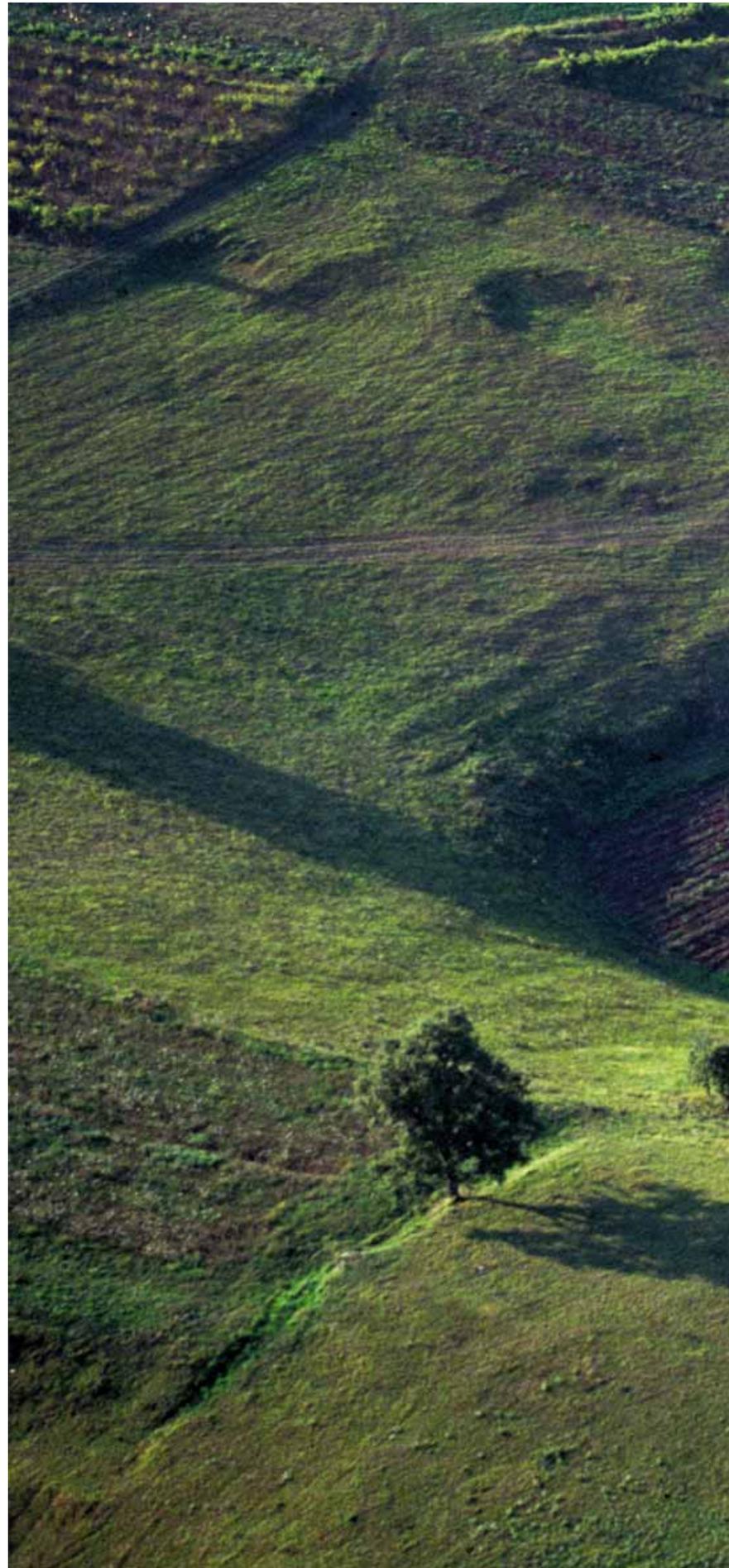




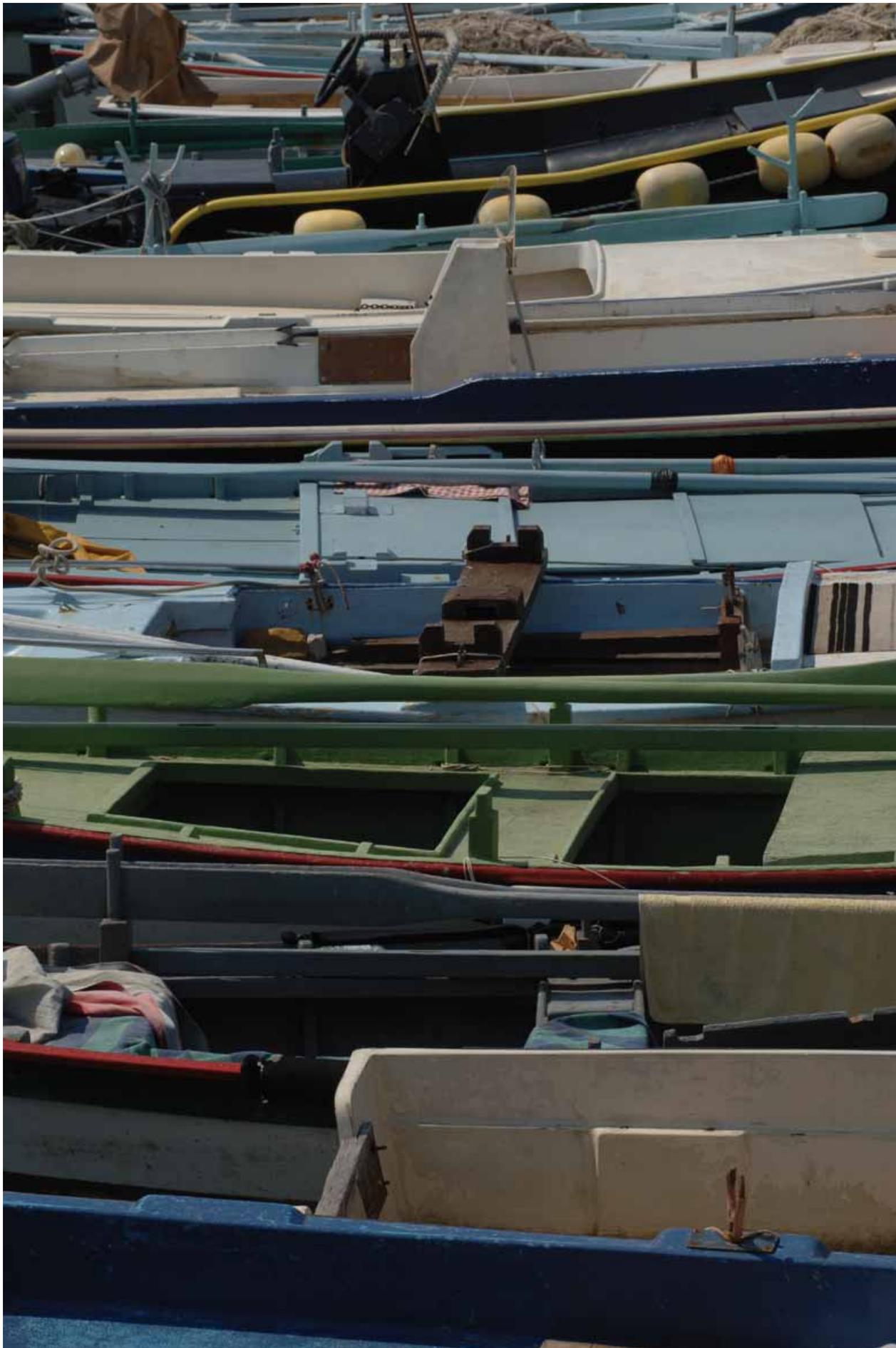




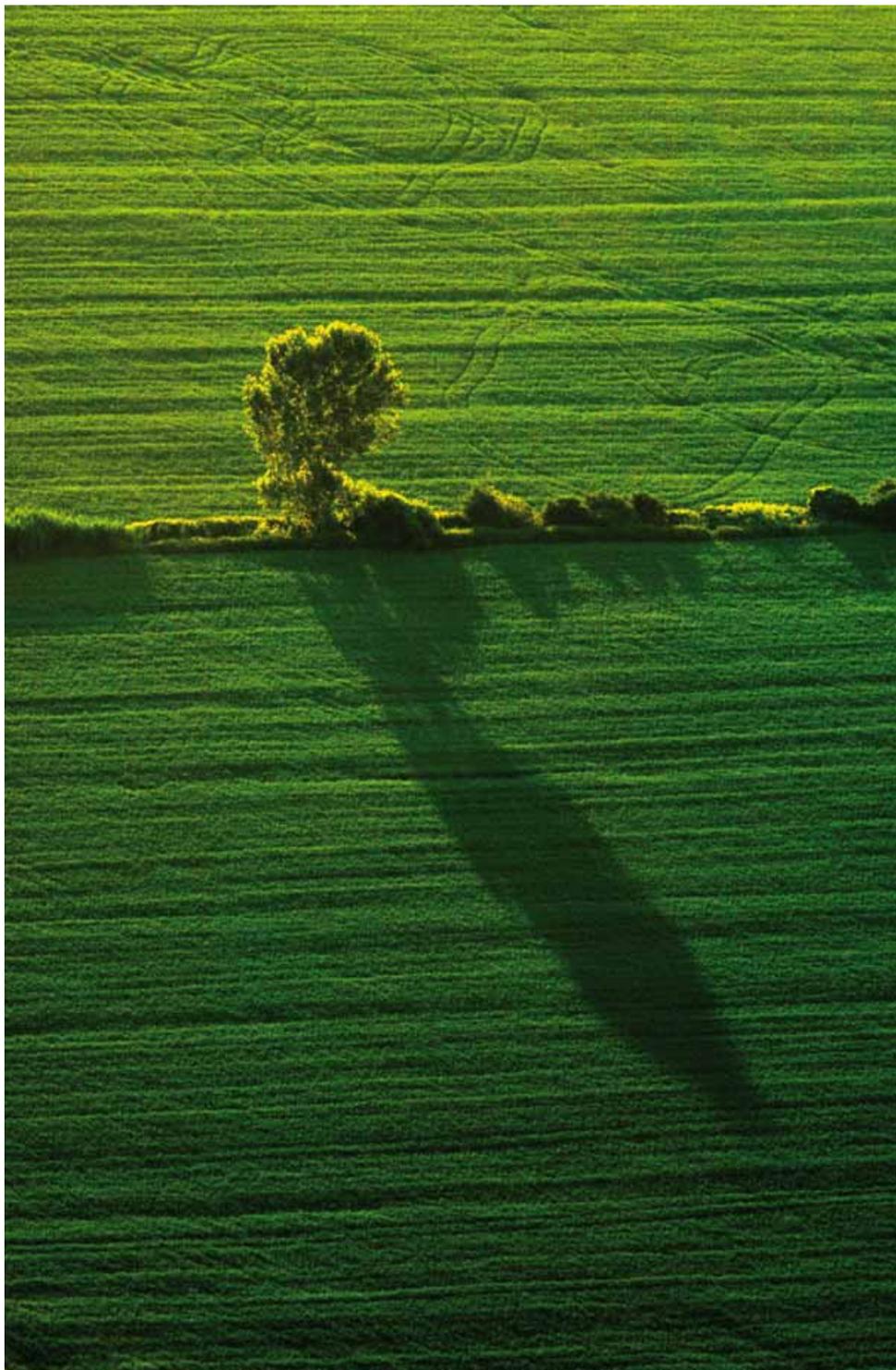




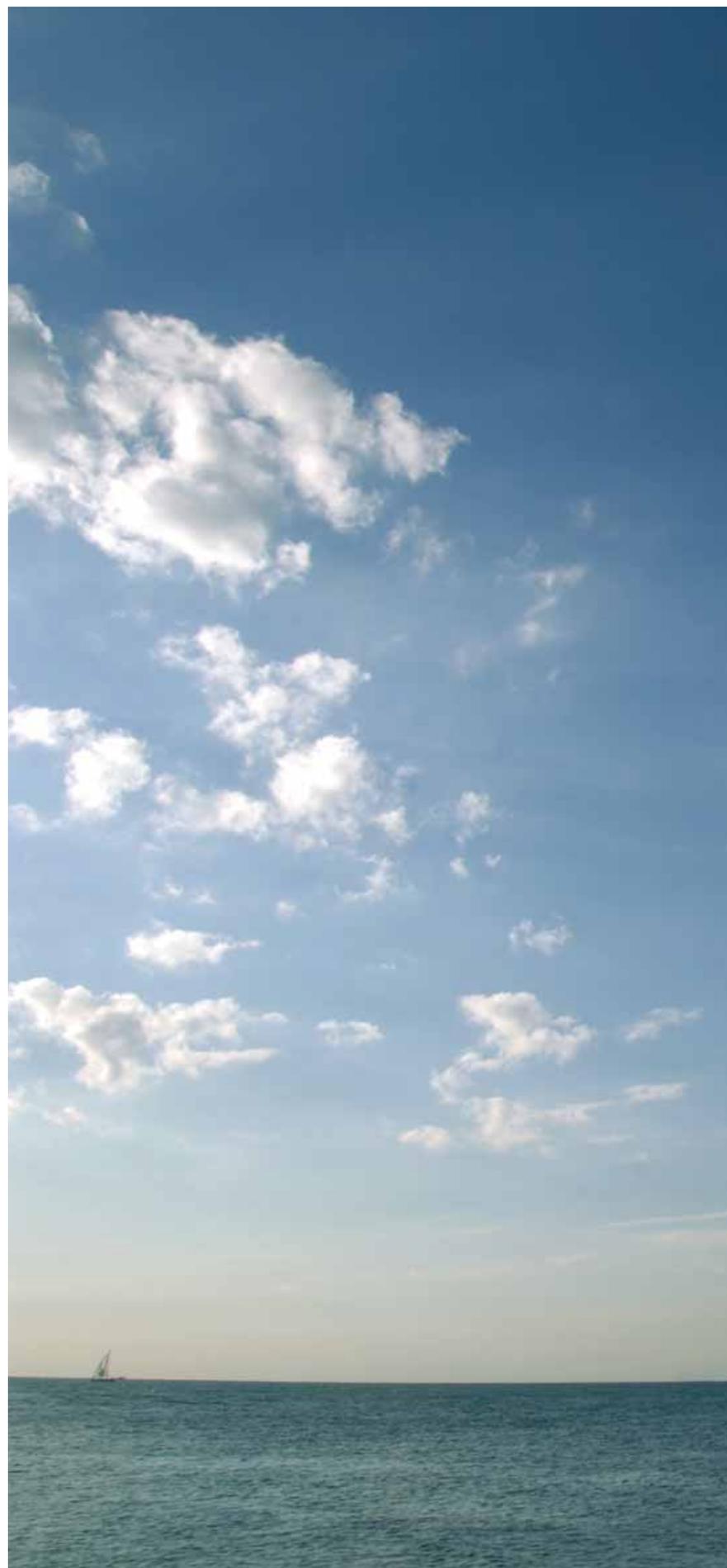


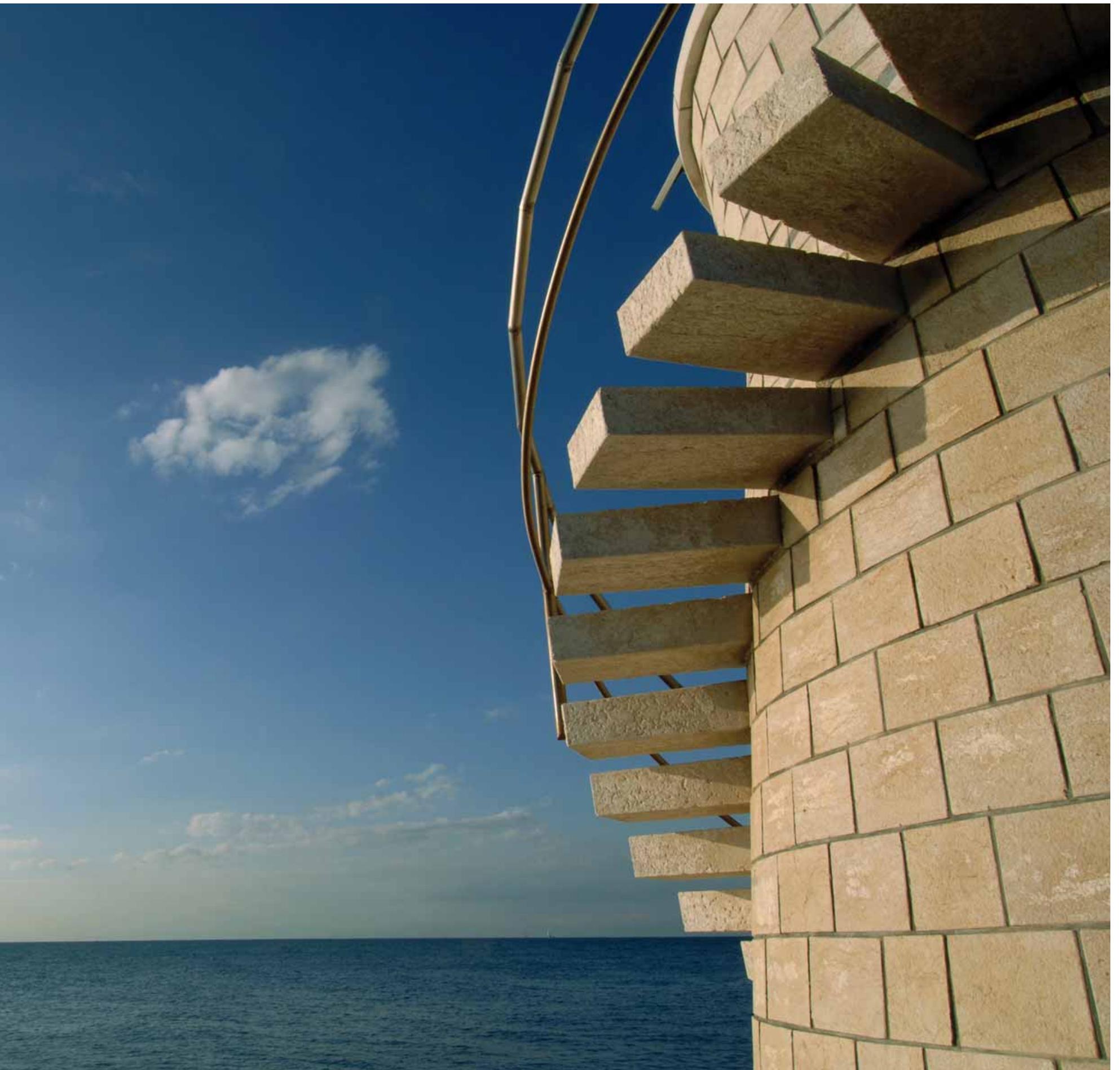


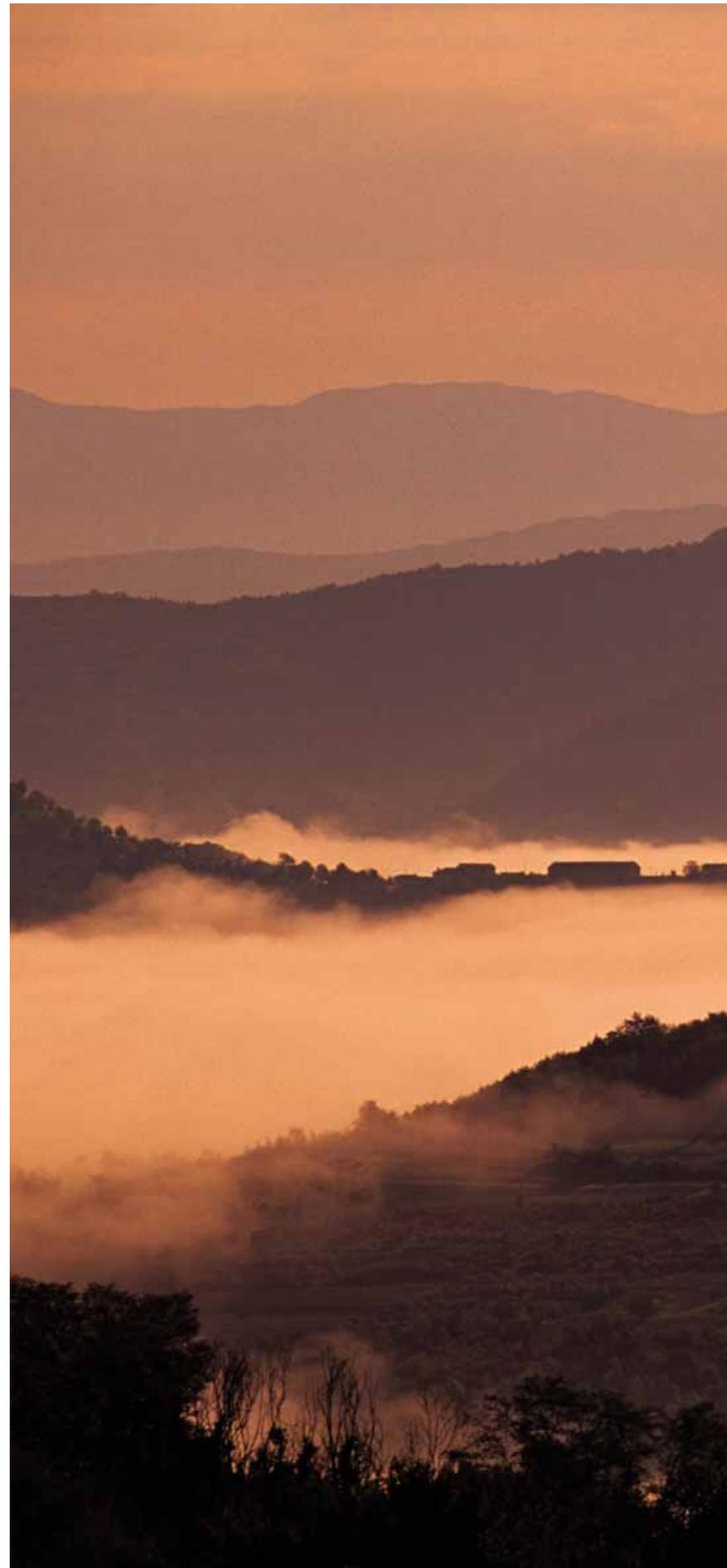




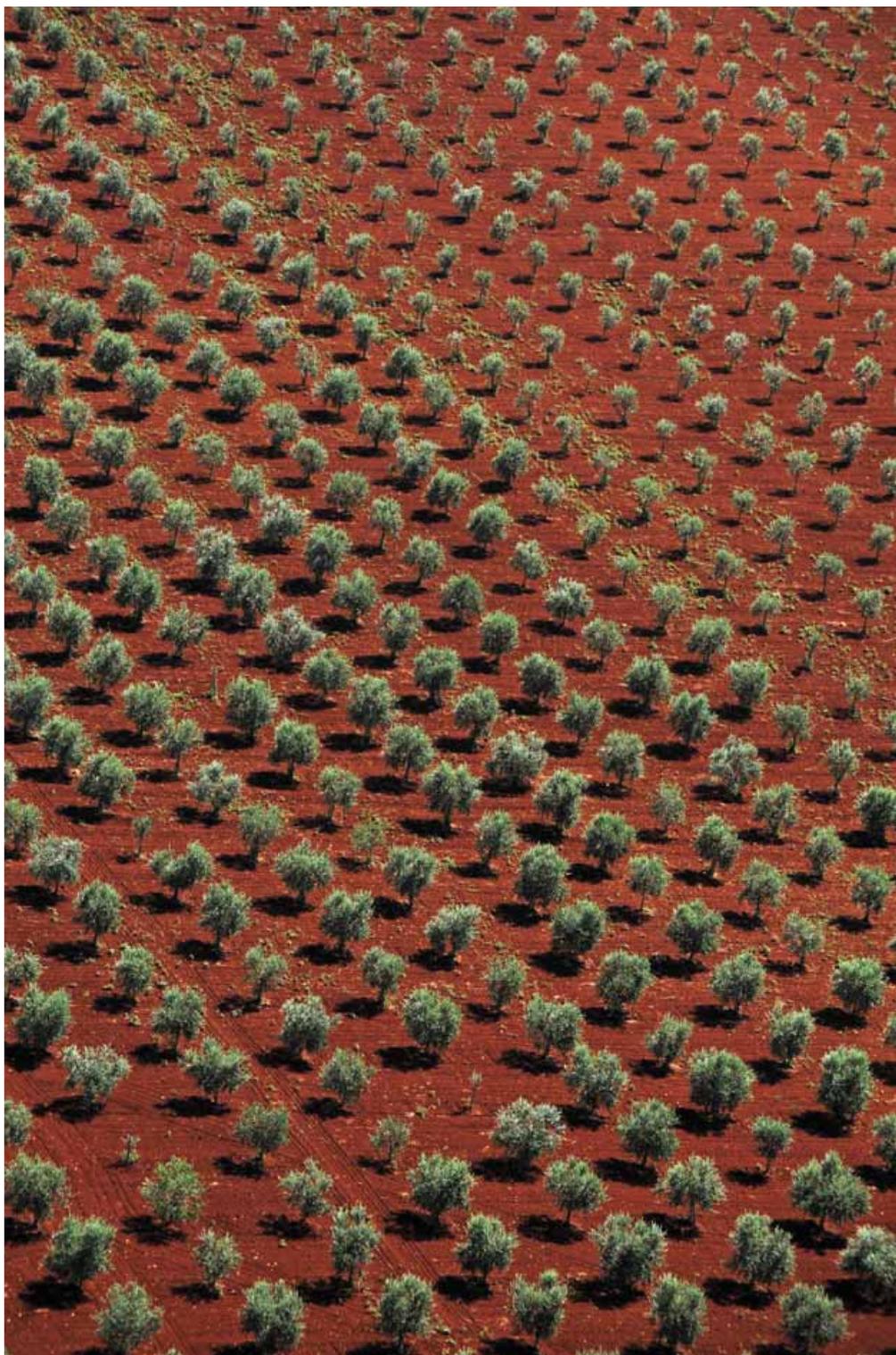


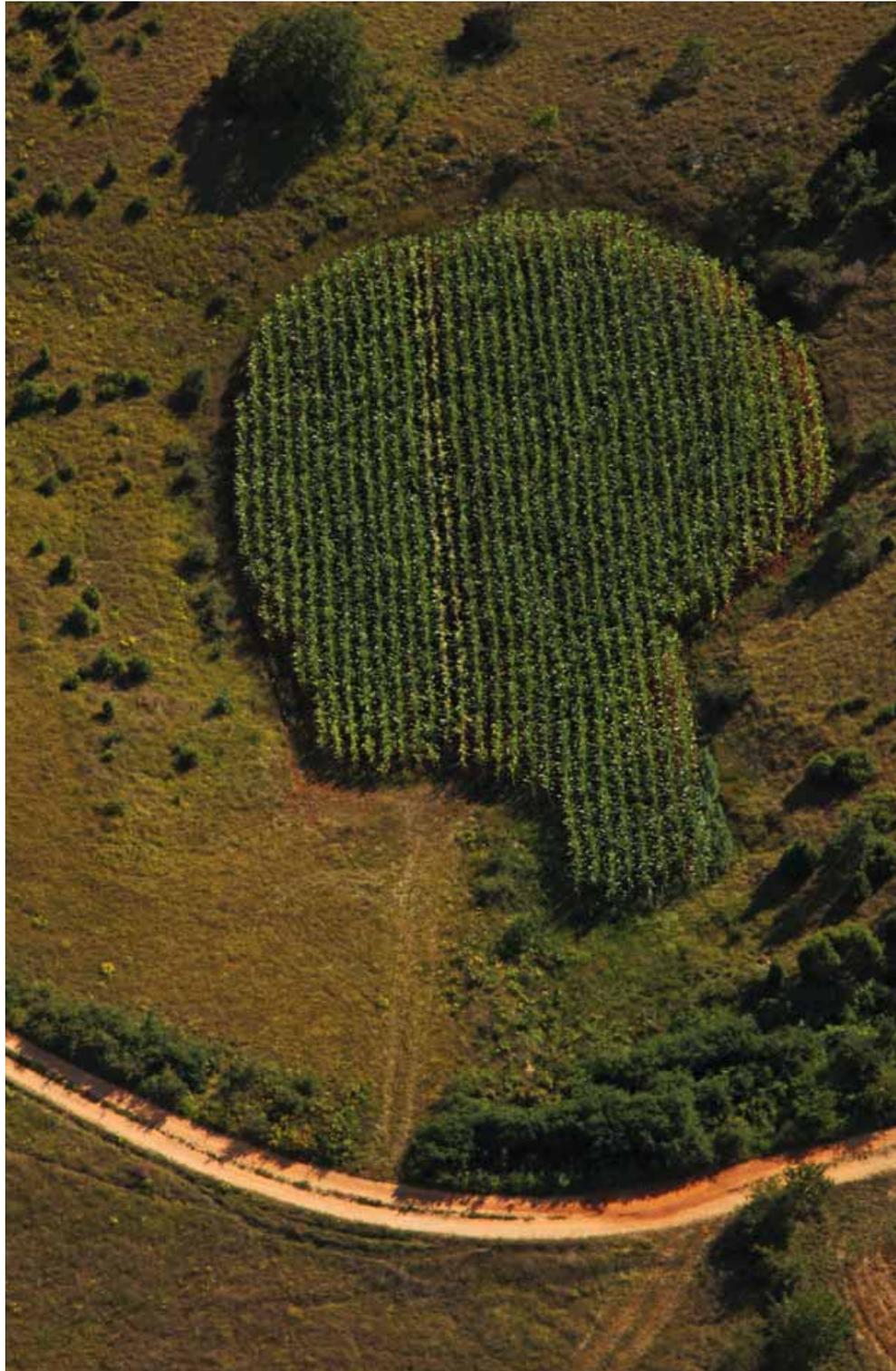


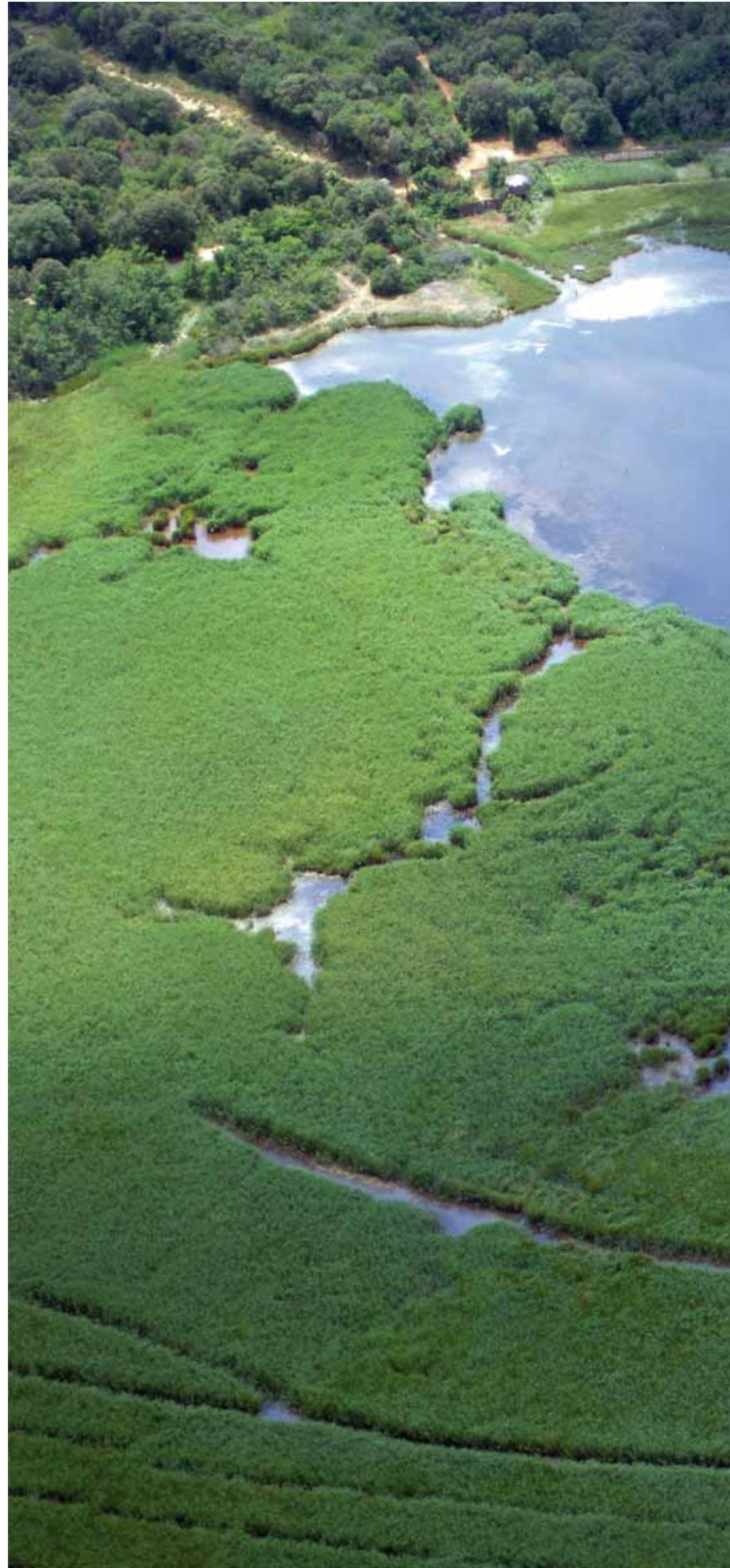




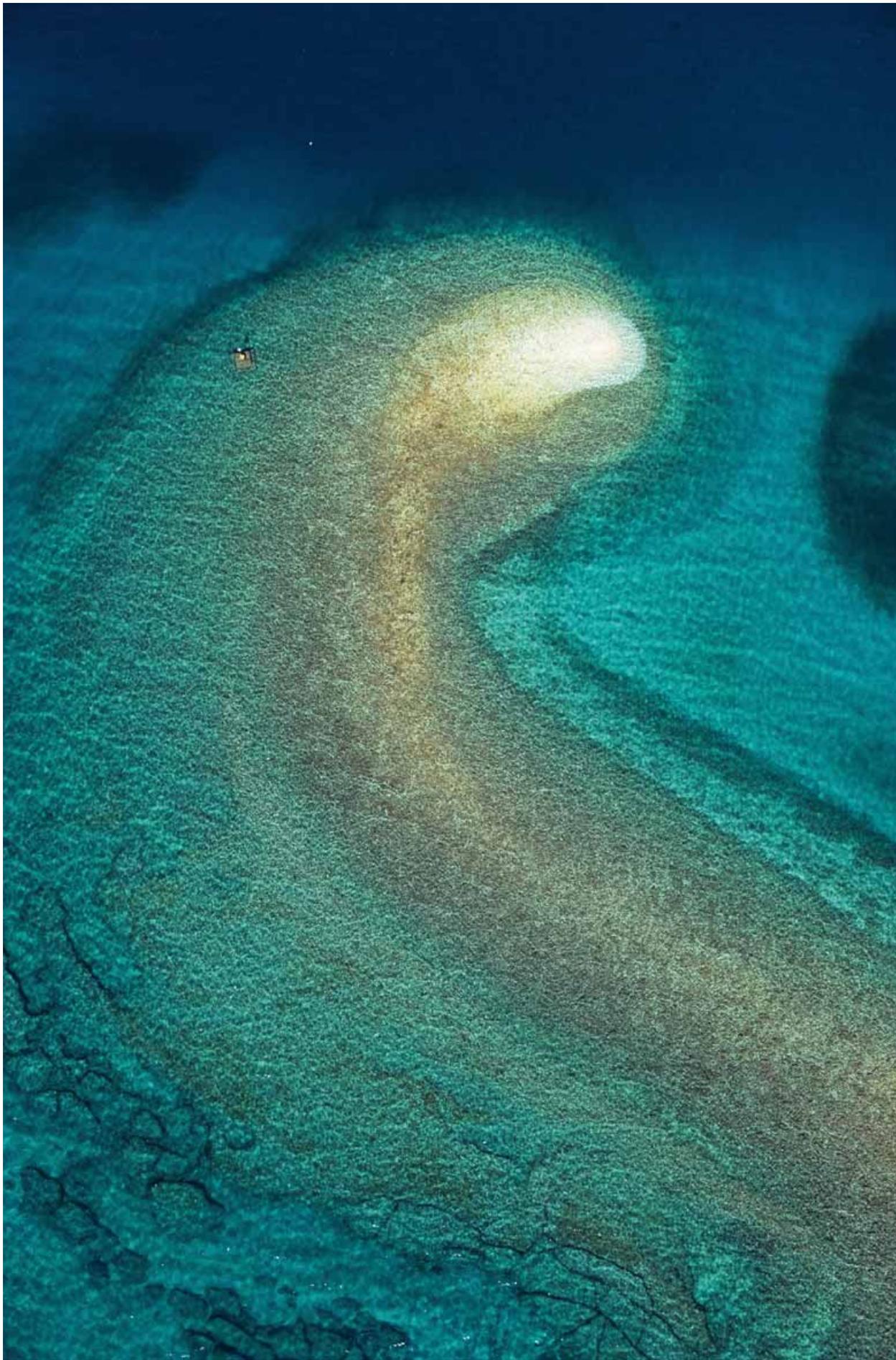


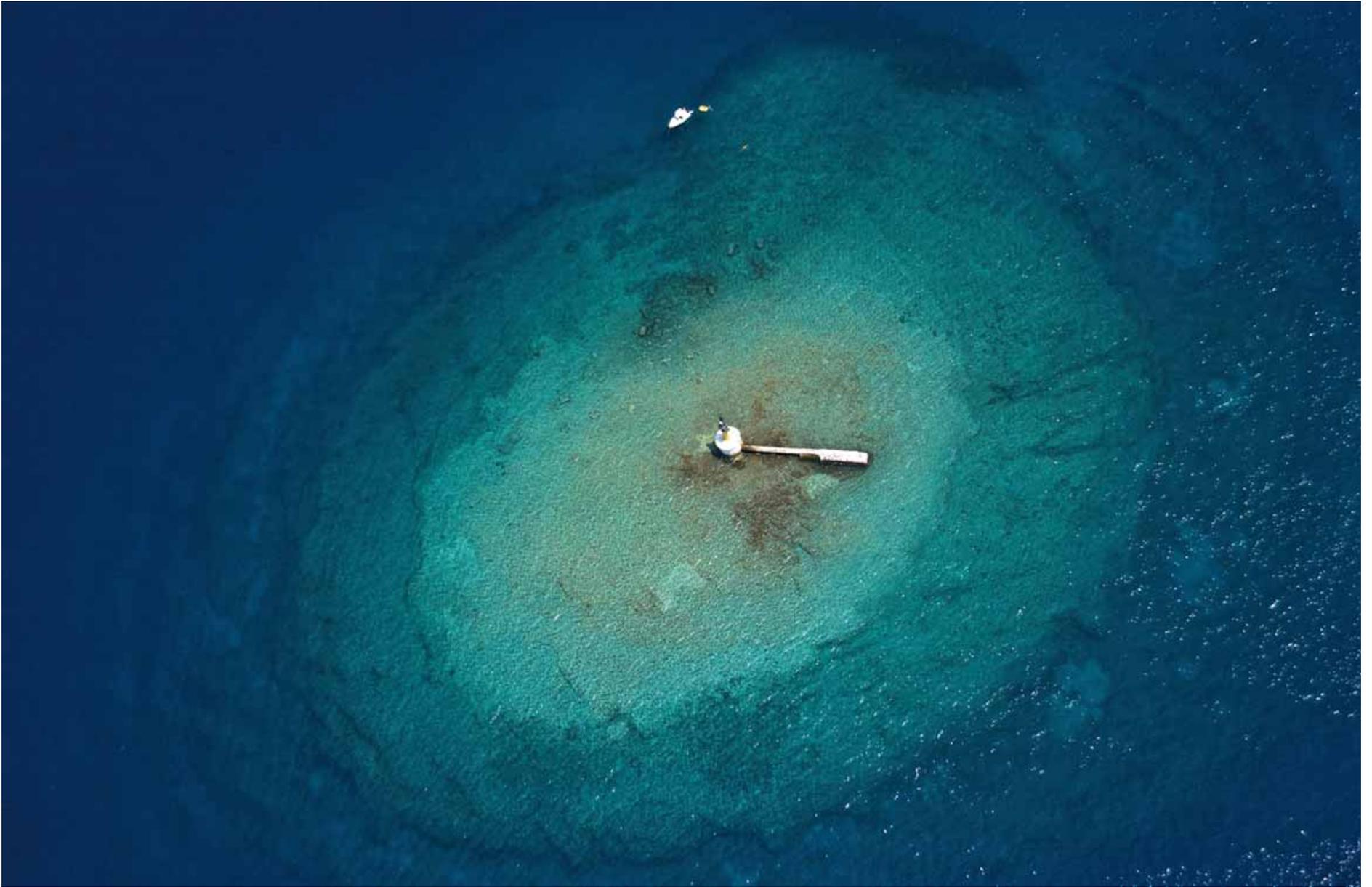






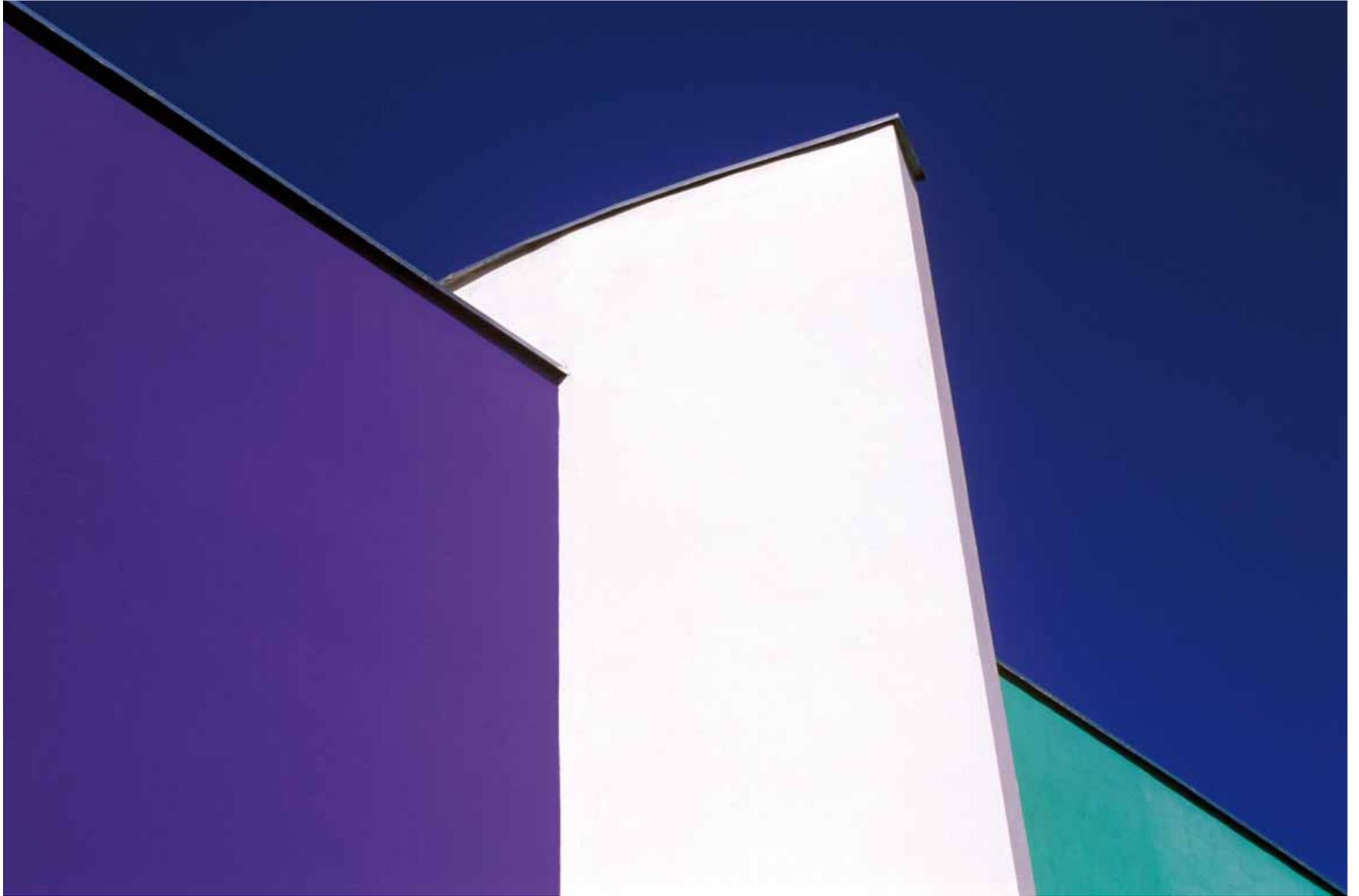




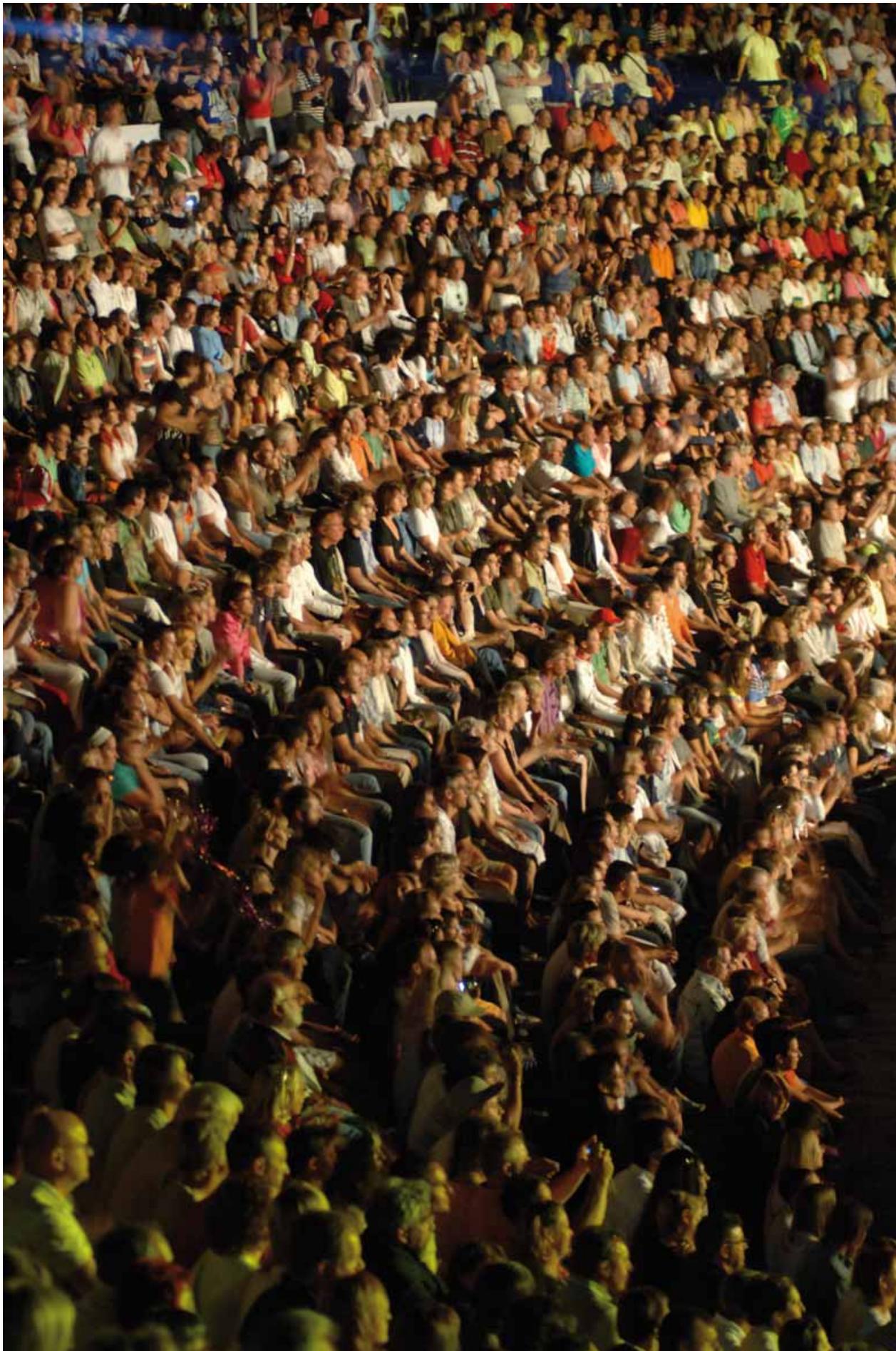
















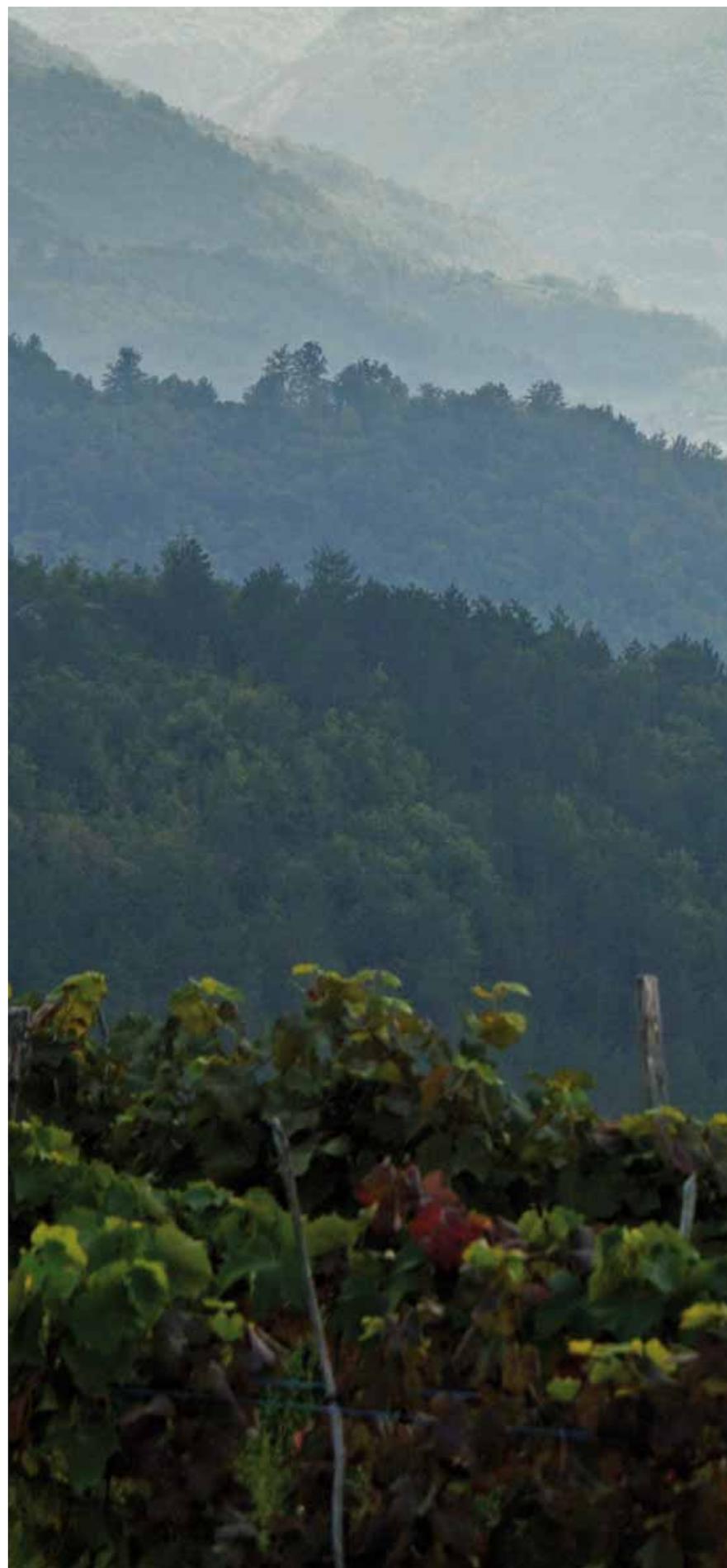




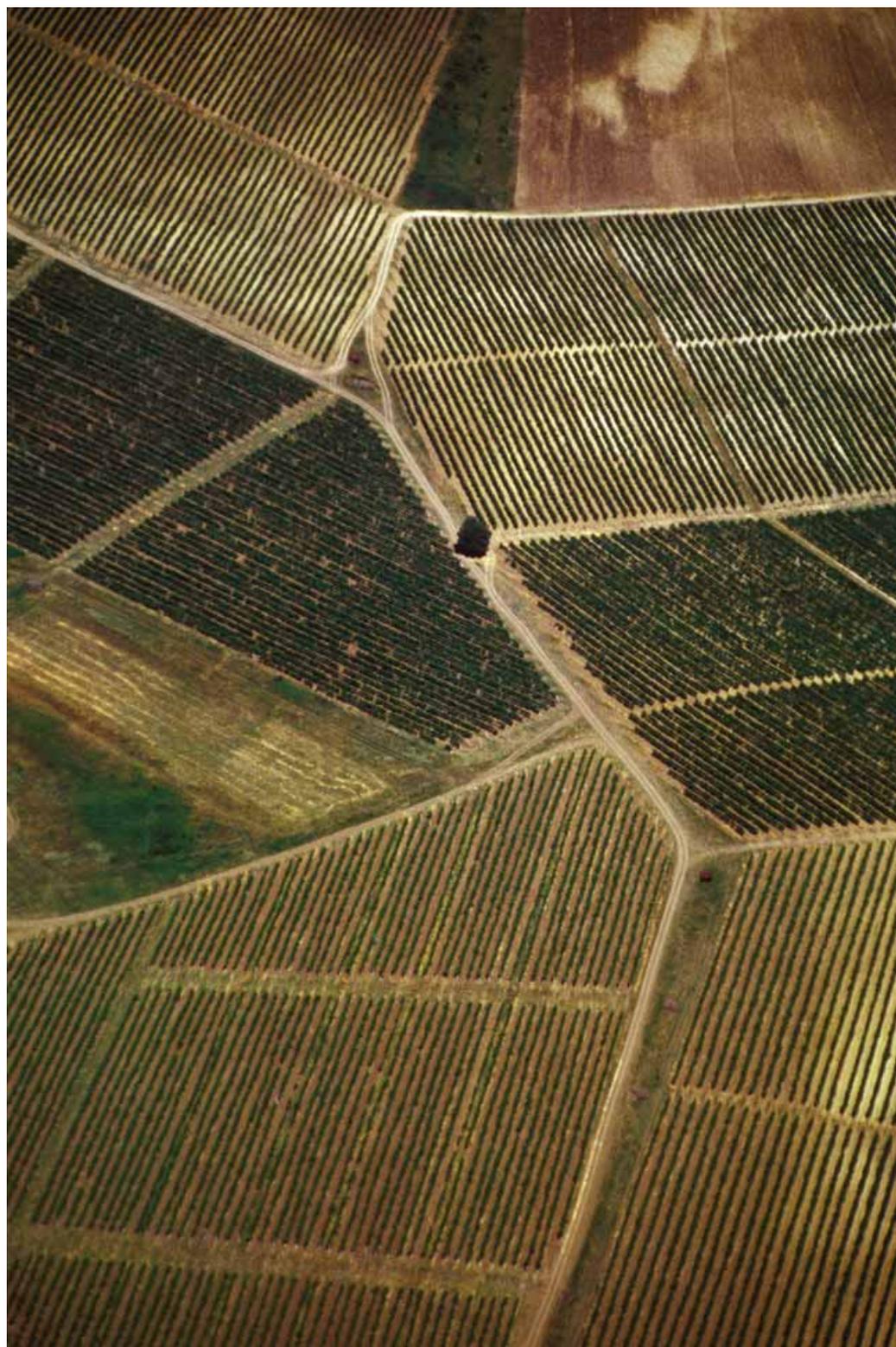










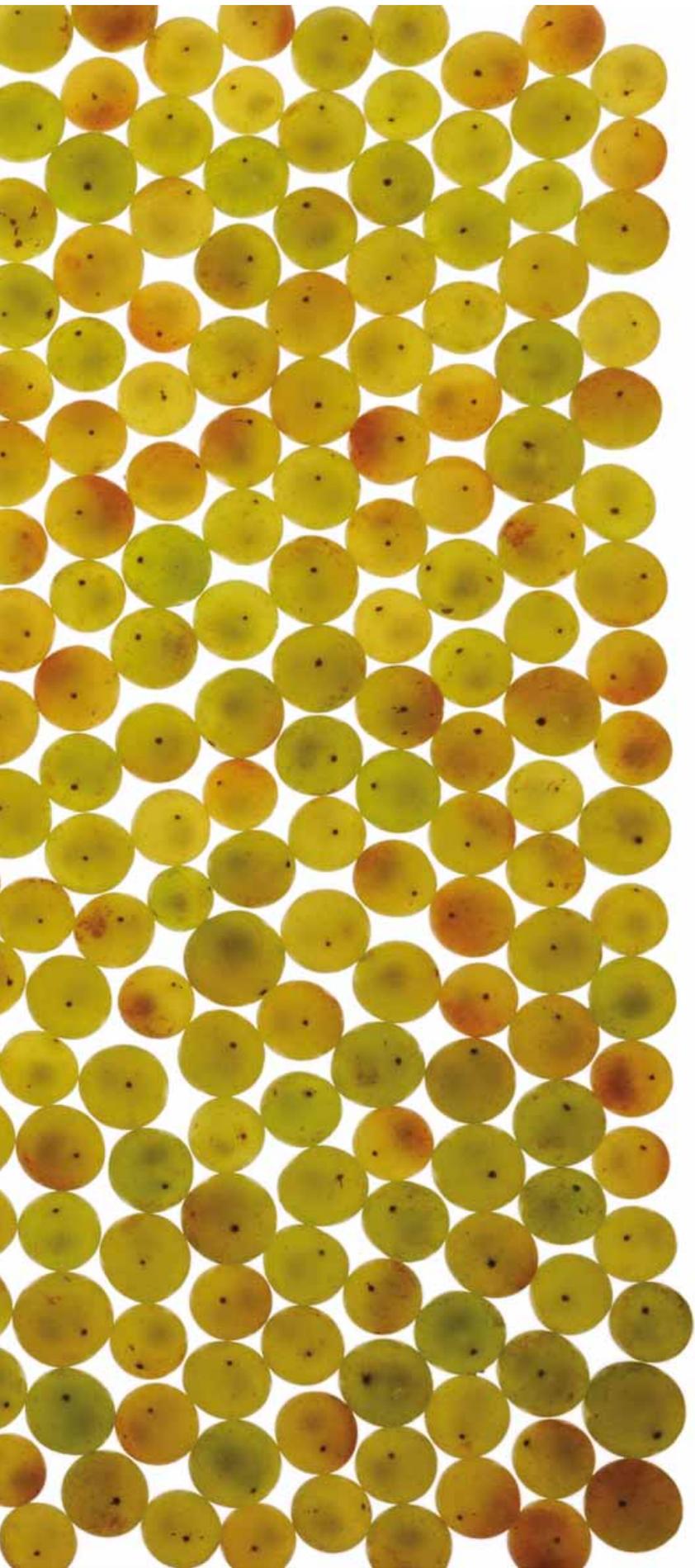


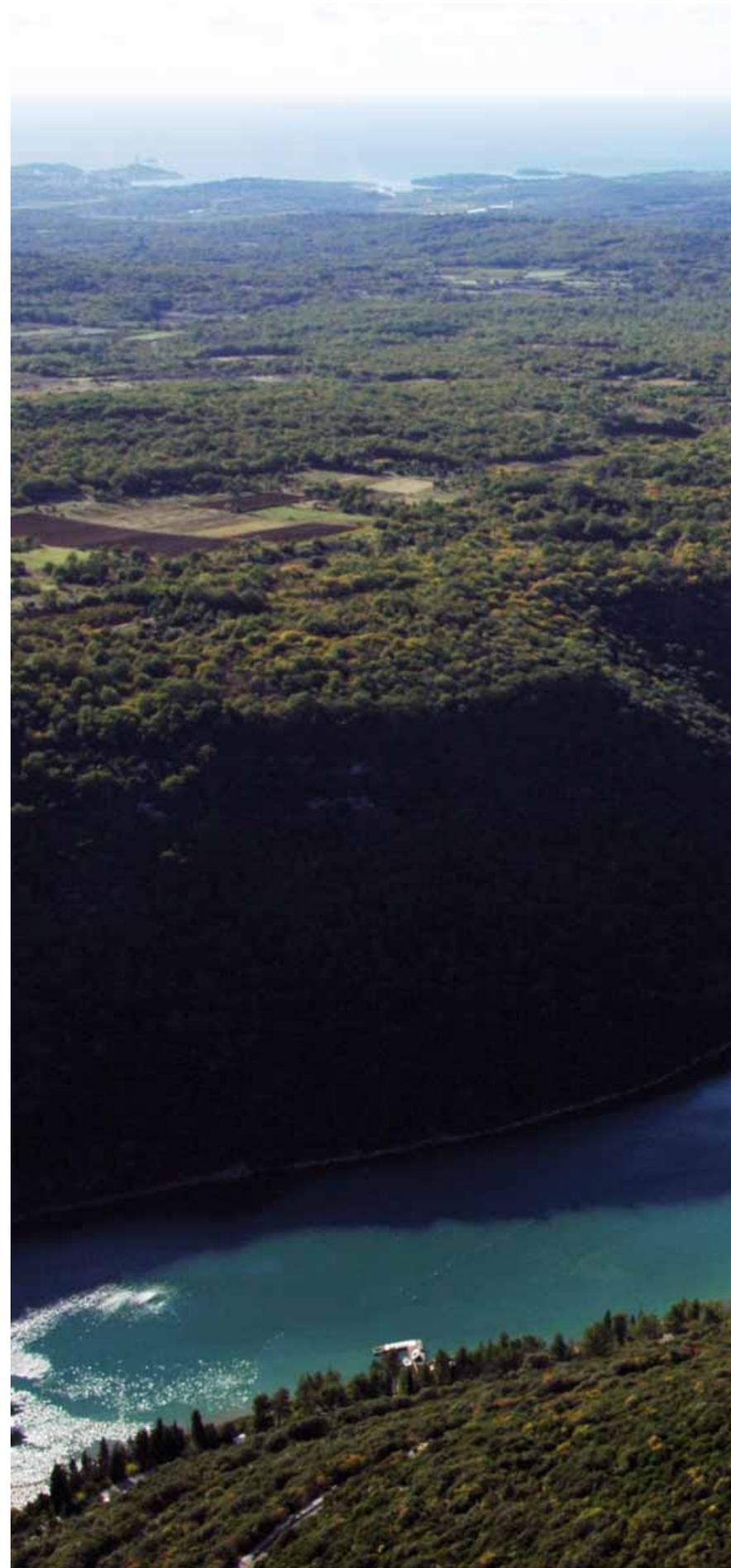








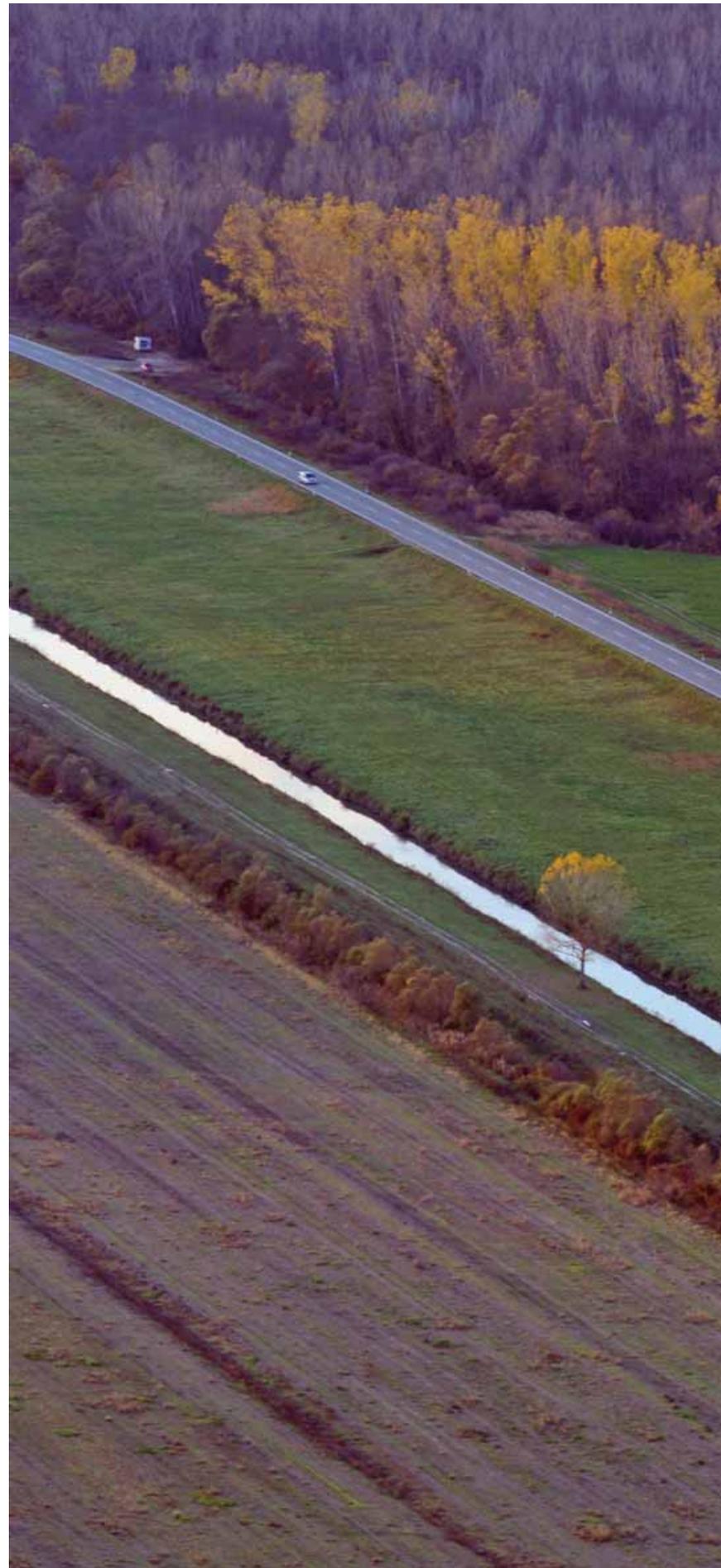






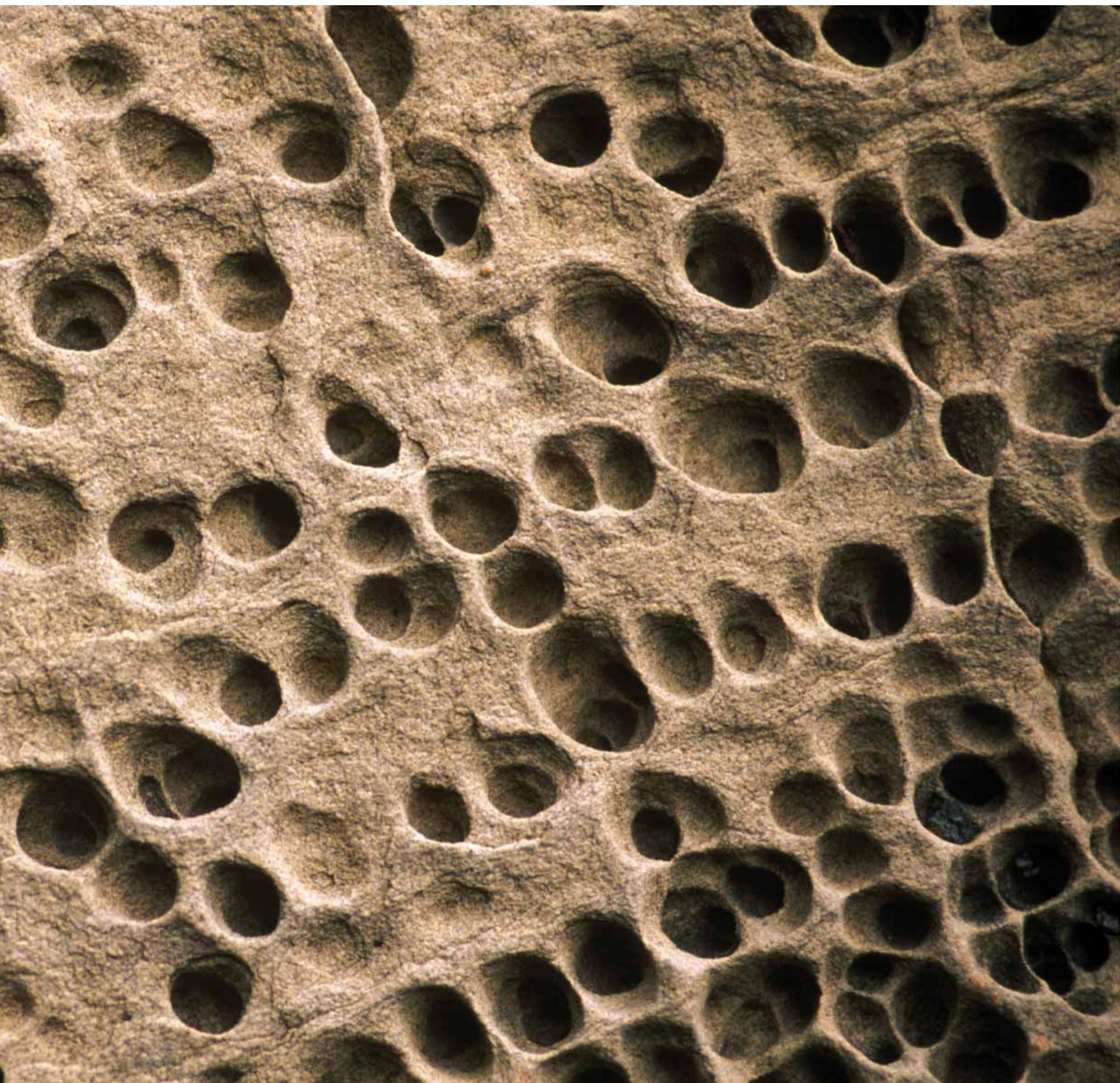








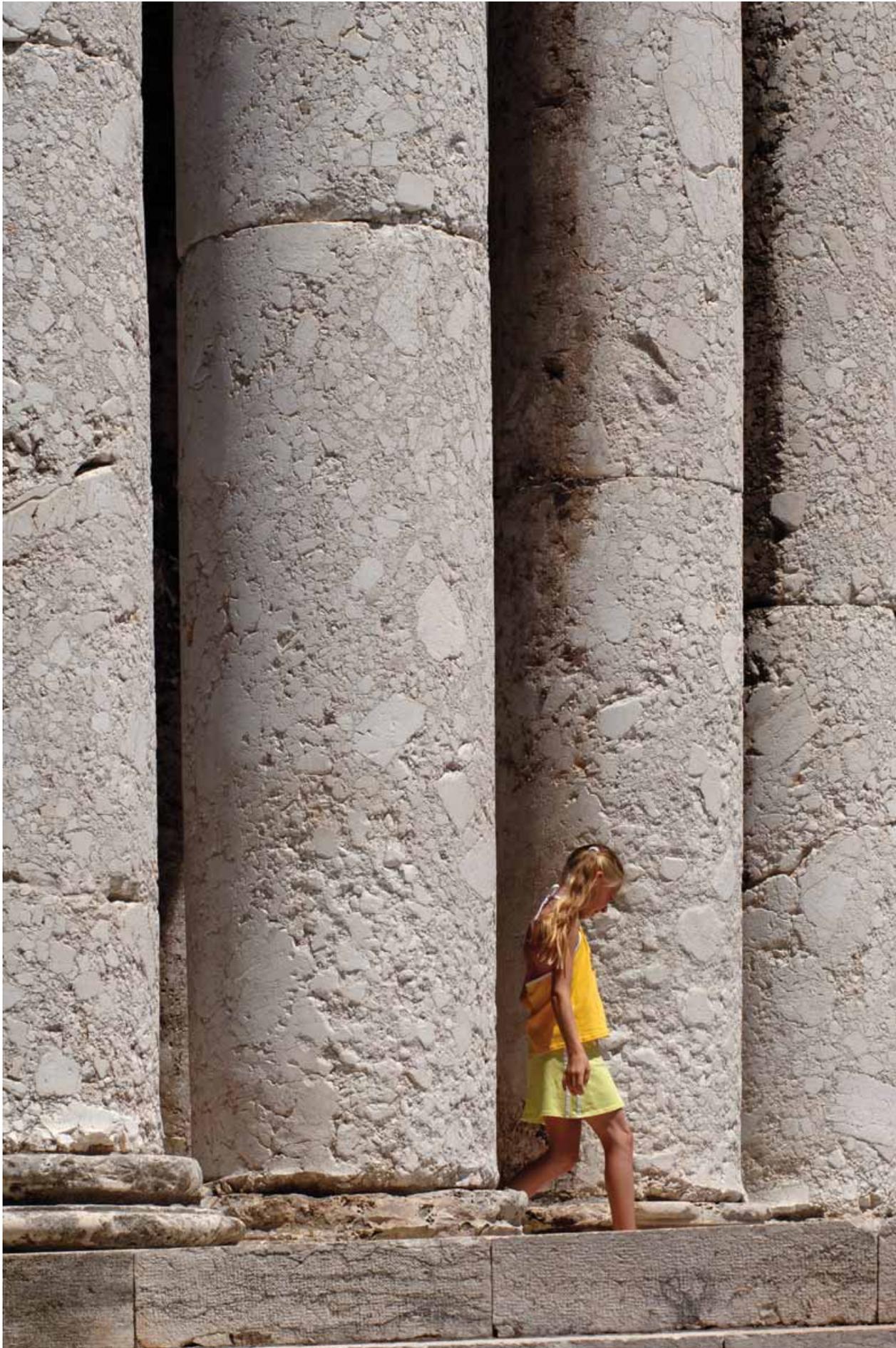


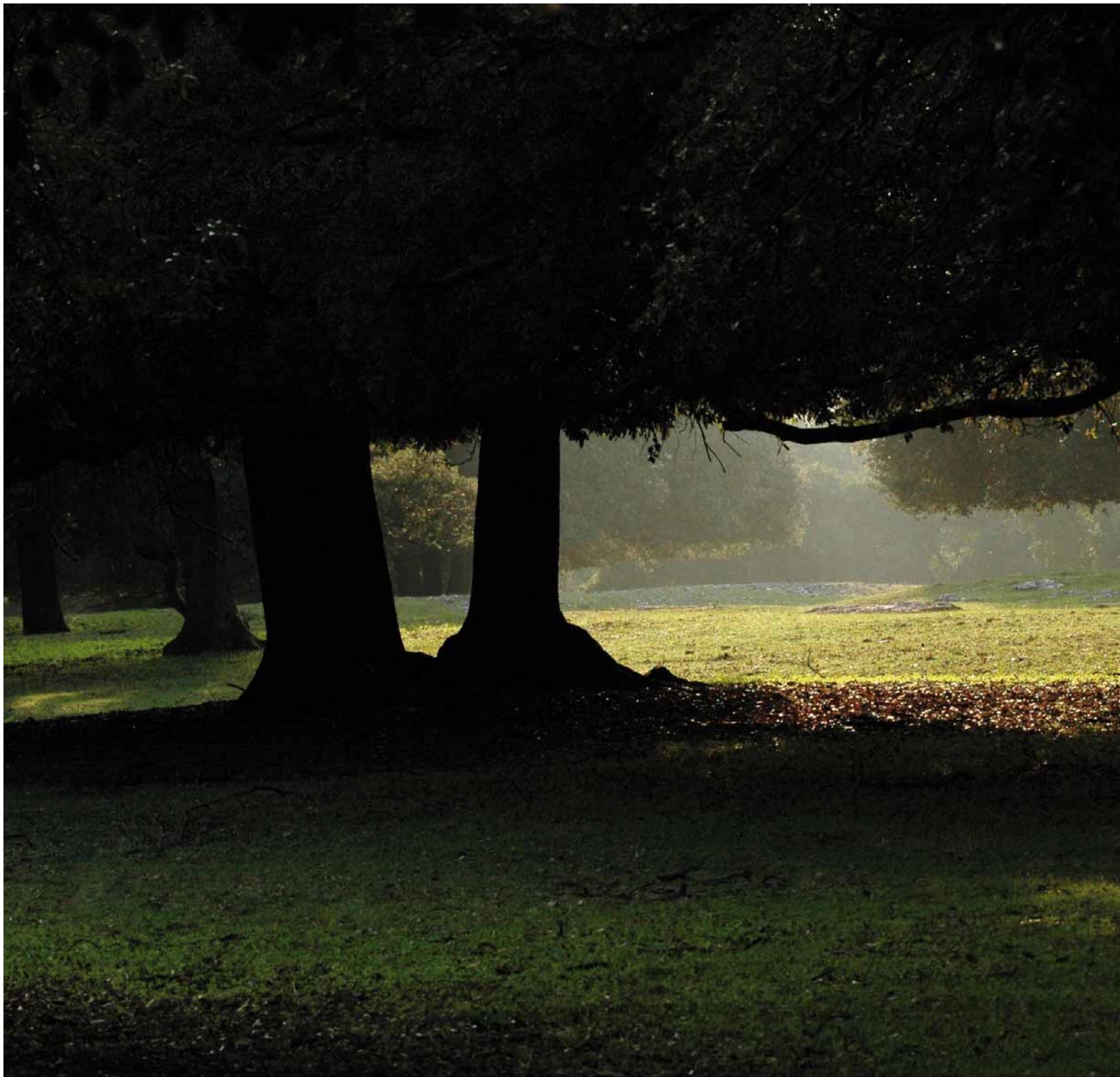
























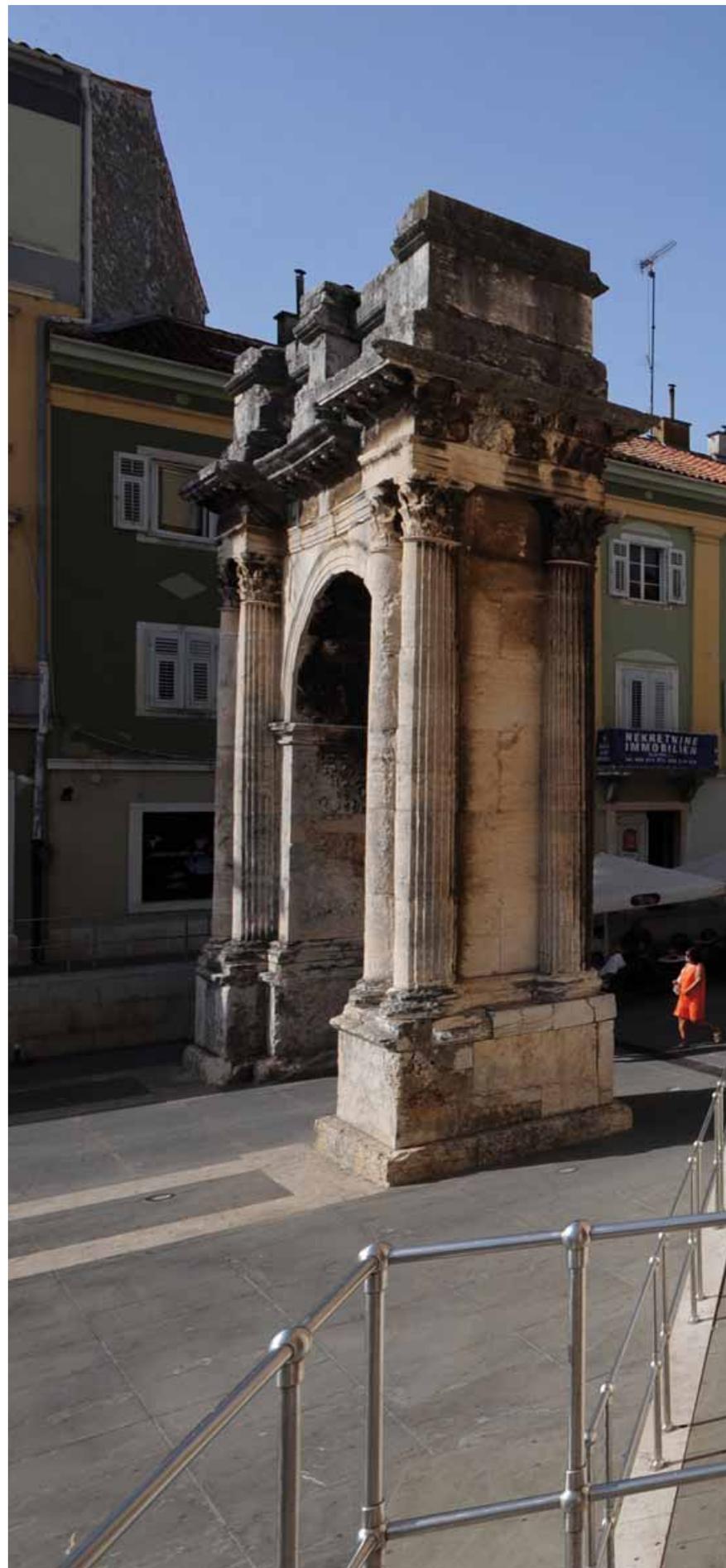


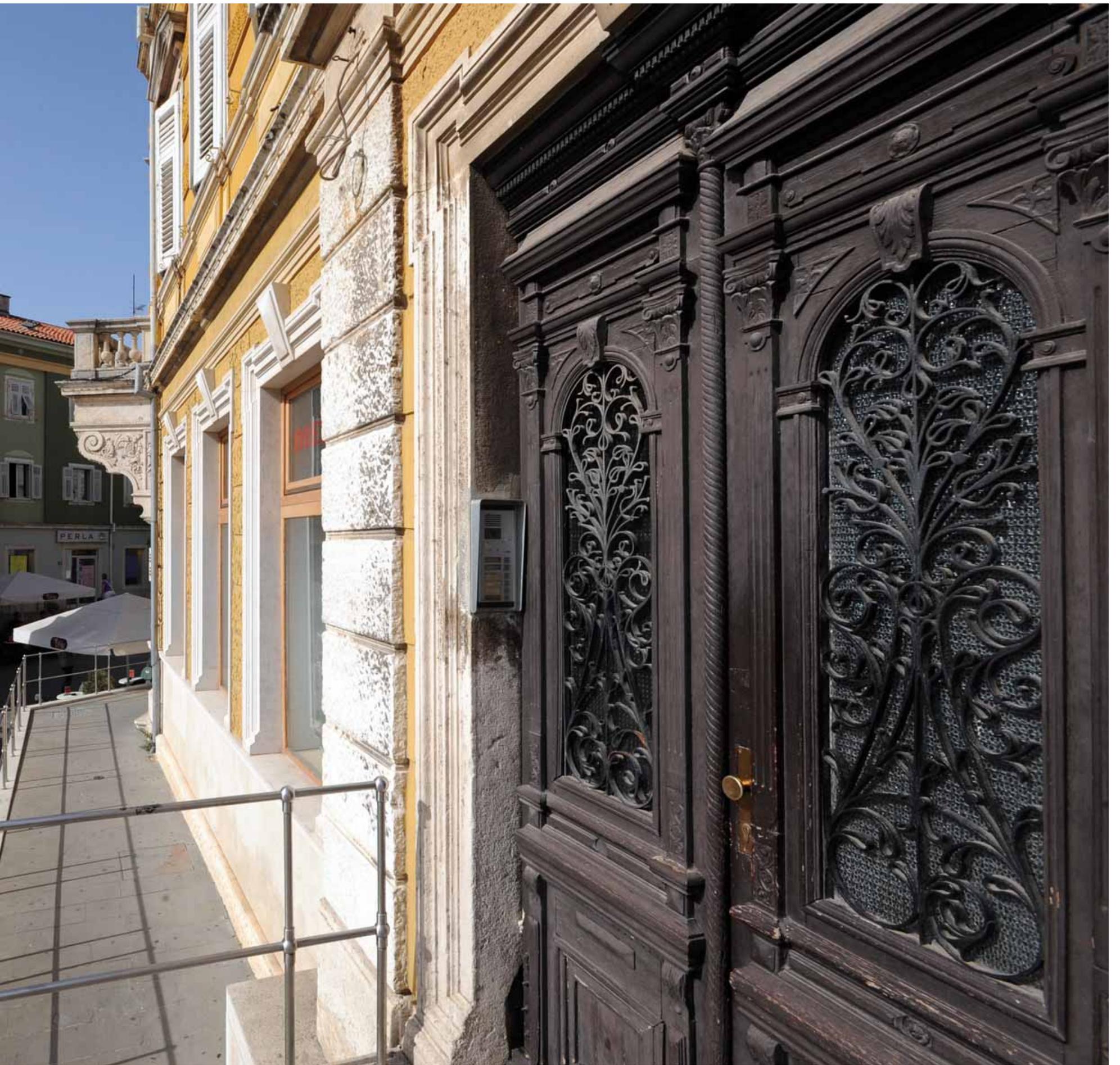


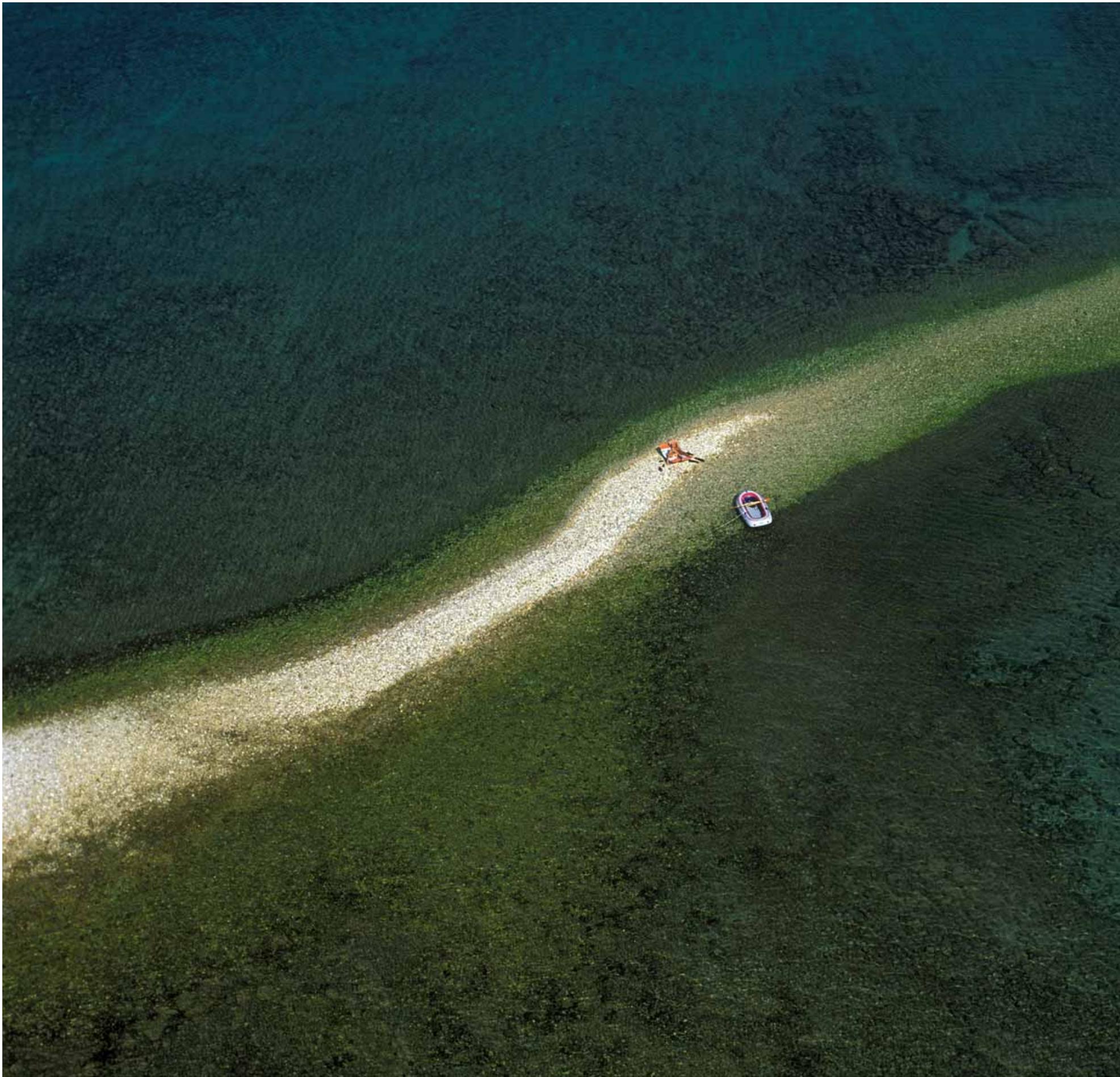


A close-up photograph of a red boat hull. The hull is painted a vibrant red and features two horizontal white stripes. In the center, the text 'PU-665' is printed in a large, white, sans-serif font. A thick, blue and white braided rope runs vertically down the right side of the frame. A dark, thin rope or cable crosses the frame diagonally from the top left towards the bottom center. The background is a solid red color, and the overall scene is brightly lit.







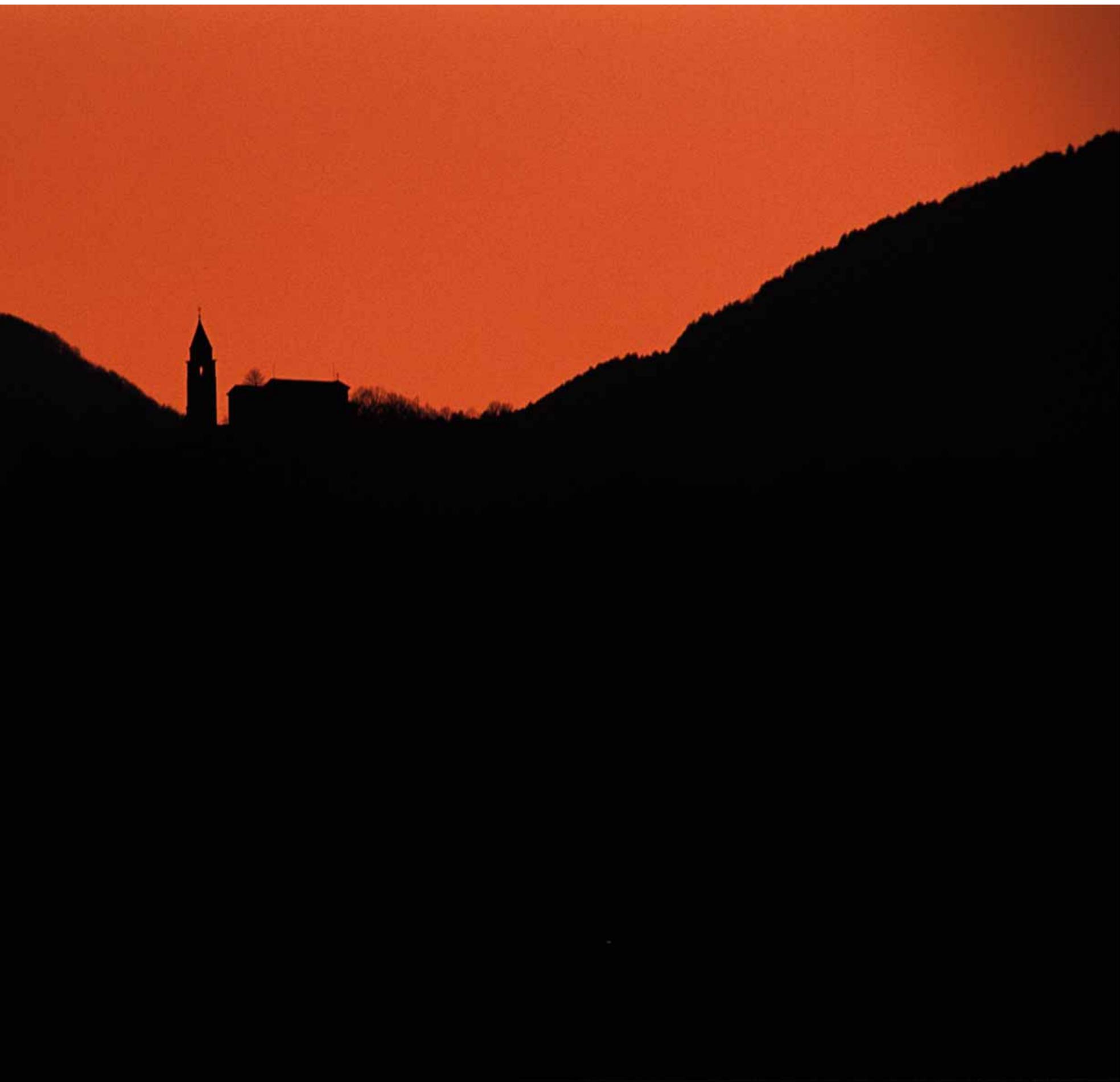










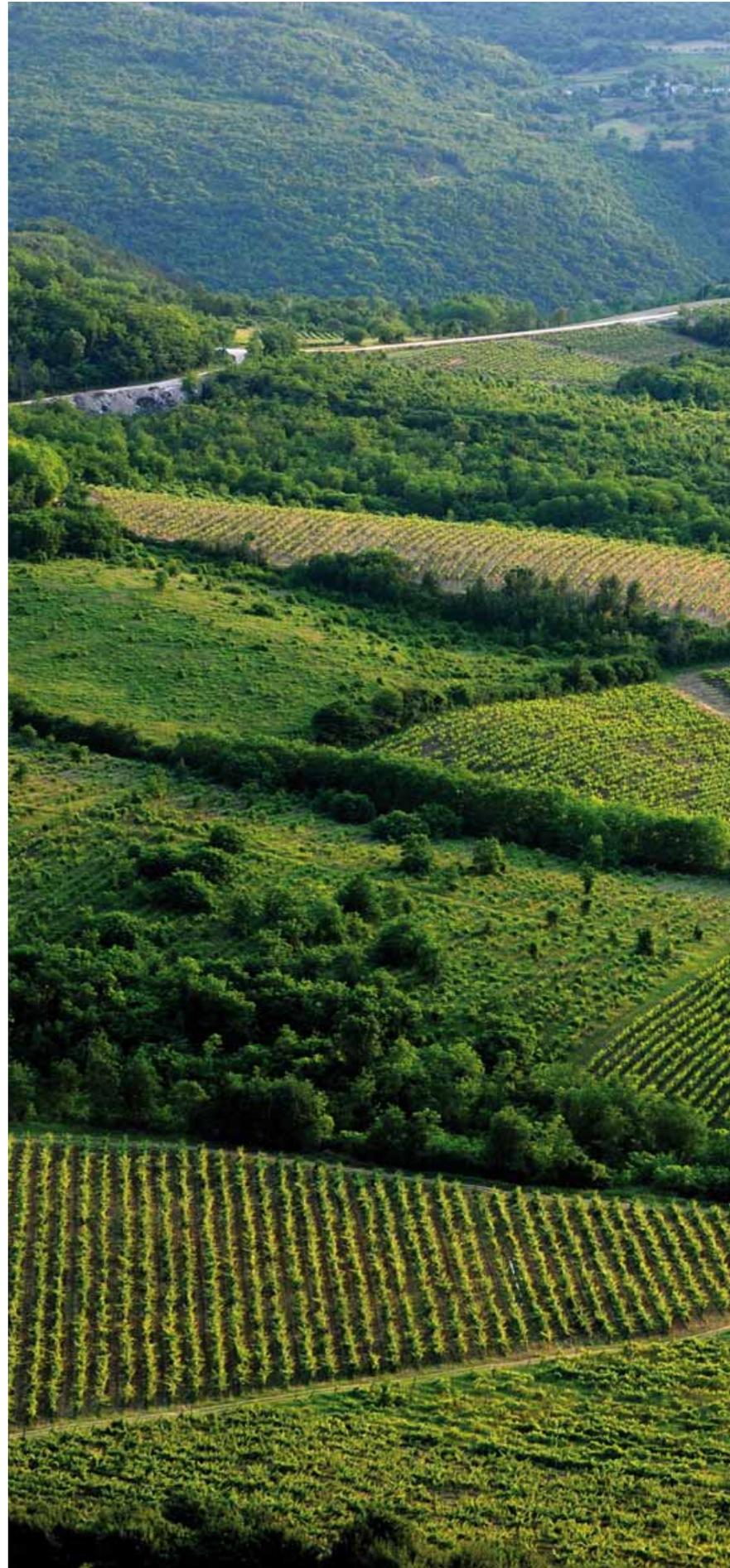






















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Vladimir TORBICA

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