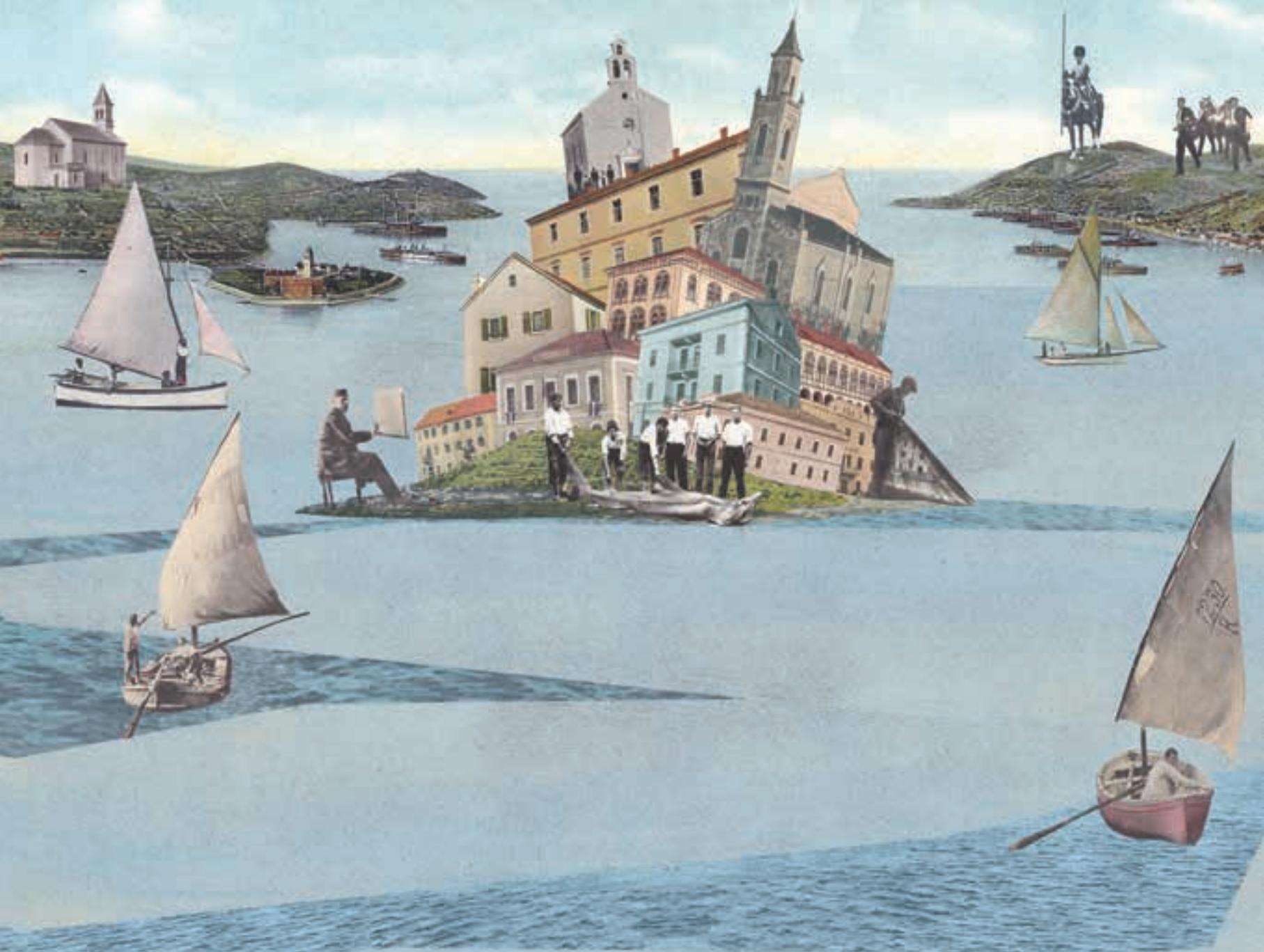


IGOR GOLEŠ



POZDRAV IZ ZABORAVLJENE
DALMACIJE GREETING FROM A
DALMATIA LONG FORGOTTEN

NAKLADNIK PUBLISHER:
FLORIDITA j.d.o.o
Mosećka 56, Split
floridita.st@gmail.com

ZA NAKLADNIKA FOR THE PUBLISHER: Igor Goleš

LEKTORICA PROOFREADER: Nela Klanac
PREVODITELJ TRANSLATOR: Nataša Krstičević
KOLAŽE I NASLOVNICA IZRADIO BOOK COVER AND COLLAGES: Filip Peraić
ILUSTRACIJA STRANICE 14/15 PAGE 14/15 ILLUSTRATOR: Ana Mardešić
DIZAJN DESIGN: Dejan Berlan
RECENZENTI REVIEWERS: Arsen Duplančić & Sandi Bulimbašić
GLAVNI UREDNIK CHIEF EDITOR: Igor Goleš
NAKLADA CIRCULATION: 1000 + 25 de luxe ed.
TISAK PRINT: Znanje d.o.o., Zagreb

ISBN 978-953-48308-0-2
ISBN 978-953-48308-1-9 (de luxe izdanje)

CIP zapis dostupan u računalnom katalogu
Sveučilišne knjižnice u Splitu pod brojem 170606073.

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Tiskano u listopadu 2018. Printed in October 2018.

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SPLIT 2018.

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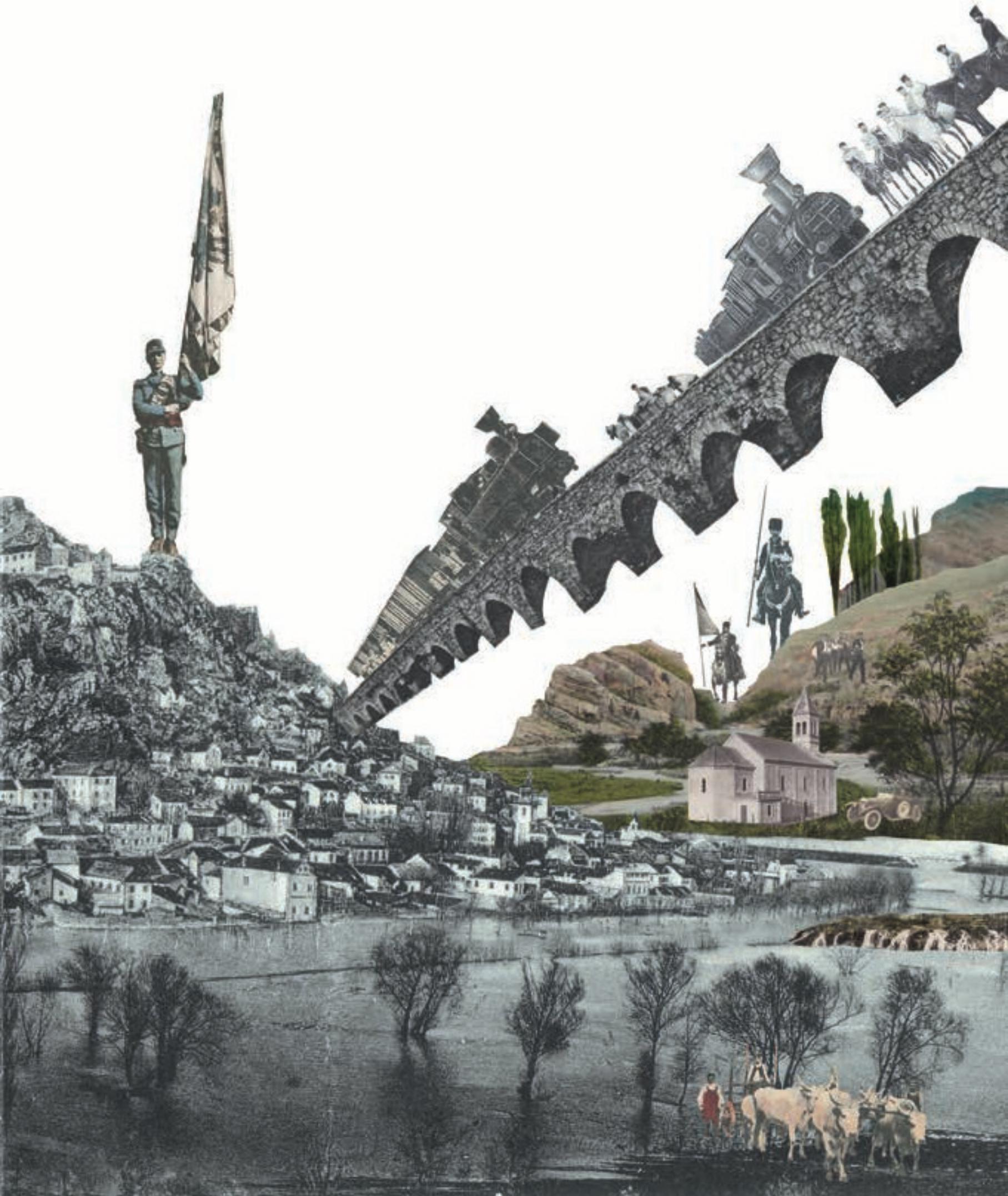


Godina nastanka razglednice ili uporabe...
The year the postcard was made or used...



Razglednica potječe iz zbirke...
The postcard is a part of the collection...









REPORTERSKI IZLET VRÈMEPOVOM U NESIALI SVIJET ZAGORE

UGaleriji Klovićevi dvori u Zagrebu, od 4. rujna do 21. listopada 2007., održana je velika izložba pod naslovom *Dalmatinska zagora – nepoznata zemlja*. Visoko pokroviteljstvo Vlade Republike Hrvatske naglasilo je iznimnu nacionalnu, doslovno državnu važnost toga događaja. S razlogom. Tim se činom htjelo ovaj *povišću pritrujeni* (u zemljopisnom, ljudskom i svakom drugom smislu) dio dalmatinskoga triptiha (otočje, priobalje, zaleđe) konačno i argumentirano, slikom i riječju integrirati u korpus samostalne i slobodne današnje Hrvatske, pokazati da je Zagora oduvijek prirodna i neotudiva sastavnica dalmatinske i hrvatske geopolitičke i civilizacijske povijesti, od ilirskih, grčkih i rimskih vremena preko Ottomanskog, Bizantskog i Karolinškog Carstva, Venecije, Habsburga, Napoleona i dvije Jugoslavije, sve do današnje Hrvatske.

Prigodom izložbe tiskan je pozamašan (više kilograma težak!), bogato ilustriran, reprezentativan katalog s tekstovima brojnih vrhunskih stručnjaka svih vrsta, zapravo divot-knjiga, zagorski brevijar. Naravno da je sintagma *nepoznata zemlja* pretjerana, nije posrijedi pionirsko otkriće nekoga novoga kontinenta. Zagora je bila itekako poznata i stoljećima prije otkrića Amerike, a poslije sve više. Zagori je nekako sudbina da je uvek iznova otkrivaju te da o njoj stvaraju lažne i nerijetko smiješne stereotipe, među kojima je na prvome mjestu zapadnoeuropska



A REPORTER'S TIME MACHINE TRAVEL TO THE LOST WORLD OF HINTERLAND



A major exhibition was held at the Klovićevi dvori Gallery in Zagreb, from 4th September till 21st October 2007, entitled *Dalmatian Hinterland – an Unknown Country*. The high patronage of the Government of the Republic of Croatia stressed the exceptional national, literary, cultural importance of that event. And there was a reason. The goal of that act was to take this part of the Dalmatian triptych (islands, littoral zone, hinterland) overstrung by history (in geographical, human and every other way) and integrate it finally and with arguments, through pictures and words, into the corpus of the independent and free Croatia of today, to show that Hinterland has always been a natural and indefeasible component of the Dalmatian and Croatian geopolitical and civilization history, from Illyric and Roman times through the Ottoman, Byzantine and Carolingian Empires, Venice, Habsburgs, Napoleon and two Yugoslavias, all the way to Croatia of today.

A bulky, representative, catalogue (weighing several kilograms!), richly illustrated, was printed upon the exhibition, containing texts of numerous excellent experts of all kinds, and actually it is an admirable book, a Hinterland breviary. Of course the syntagme *unknown land* is exaggerated, this is not a pioneer revelation of a new continent. Hinterland was well known even centuries before America was revealed, and later ever more. The destiny of the Hinter-

romantičarska (uglavnom literarna) mistifikacija o egzotičnoj i divljoj Morlakiji i Morlacima. Predrasude su žilav mentalni korov, neke traju i danas. Živ je i klišej o Zagori kao prostoru gologa krša i suhog kamenjara, premda je Zagora prošarana plodnim i vodnim poljima, nizinama, udolinama, zelenim brežuljcima i bujnim šumama. Tu je i klišej o civilizacijskoj zaostalosti praćenoj neobrazovanosti i nepismenošću, iako Zagora vrvi spomenicima kulture i pismenosti, iako su mnoga djeca Zagore stekla domaću i svjetsku slavu u svim područjima umjetnosti i znanosti.

Joško Belamarić, jedan od autora izložbe i knjige, u tekstu *Dalmacija od mora do iza gora* piše: *Taj mentalitet koji prostor hrvatske obale gleda izolirano, iz perspektive splitske pjace, preživio je do danas. On diktira današnji klišej o podjeli na kulturnu obalu i čobansko-lovačku analfabetsku unutrašnjost. Bit će ga još teže izmijeniti s obzirom na gotovo beznadnu zapuštenost Zaleda (...)* To je pravo pitanje, kako promijeniti i oživjeti Zagoru. I još: treba li taj proces skrštenih ruku prepustiti rastućoj, sveobuhvatnoj i često razarajućoj globalizaciji, ili tome moramo prionuti sami, težeći ravnoteži između prošlosti, sadašnjosti i budućnosti. Dobro će nam doći primjeri (loši i dobri) drugih mediteranskih zemalja i prostora. Jer Dalmatinska zagora (zabrdje, zaobalje, zalede...) zapravo je tek jedan mali odsječak na karti unutrašnjih Sredozemlja kakvih je (po znamenitom novo povjesničaru Fernandu Braudelu) Sredozemlje puno. Zagora je unutrašnja Dalmacija na karti unutrašnjeg Sredozemlja, ni više ni manje. U tome odgovornom i prevažnom poslu oživljavanja (ne otkrivanja!) može nam pomoći i ova dragocjena zbirka starih razglednica, zapravo spomenar / album tiskanih fotografija, zbirka slika / prizora iz jučerašnje Zagore. Ona bi, mirne duše, mogla biti vrijedan dodatak već pohvaljenom divot-izdanju. Na ovim razglednicama s kraja devetnaestoga i s početka dvadesetoga stoljeća, baš kao da smo u nekom foto-vremeplovu, možemo usporediti prošlo s nekim još prošlijim, tadašnje sa sadašnjim, prošlo u sadašnjem i sačuvano u sadašnjem, a sve to s nečim naslućenim budućim. Zagora se mijenja, i to ubrzano. Nažalost, i kaotično. Ne staje i onoga čega ne bi trebalo nestajati, a na-

land was that it had to be revealed over and over again, with false and often funny stereotypes created about it, among which one takes up the first place, and that's the Western European romanticist (mostly literary) mystification of the exotic and wild Morlachs country and the Morlachs. Prejudices are a resilient mental weed, some are alive even today. Like the one on Hinterland as the area of bare karst and dry rocks, even though Hinterland is speckled with green hills and thick woods. There is also the cliché on the civilization retardedness, followed by ignorance and illiteracy, even though Hinterland is swarming with monuments to culture and literacy, even though many children of Hinterland have gained domestic and world glory in all areas of art and science.

Joško Belamarić, one of the authors of the exhibition and the book, writes in his text *Dalmatia from the Sea to the Hinterland: This mentality which sees the area of the Croatian coast isolated, from the perspective of the Split market, lives even today. It dictates the contemporary cliché on the division to the civilized coast and the herdsmen-hunting analphabetic inland. It will be ever more hard to change it since the Hinterland is almost hopelessly neglected (...)* This is the right question, how do we change and revitalize the Hinterland. And more: should we leave this process over, watching it with our hands crossed, to the growing, comprehensive and often devastating globalization, or do we have to deal with this on our own, aiming at the balance between the past, present and future. We could use the examples (good and bad) of other Mediterranean countries and areas. Because the Dalmatian Hinterland (land behind the hill, behind the coast, outback...) is in fact just a small segment in the map of the inland Mediterraneans of which (according to the famous new historian Fernand Braudel) there are many in the Mediterranean. The Hinterland is the inland Dalmatia in the map of the inland Mediterranean, neither more nor less. What can help us in this responsible and very important job of reviving (not revealing!) is this precious collection of old postcards, actually a scrapbook / an album of printed photographs, a collection of pictures / scenes from the Hinterland of yesterday. It might as well be a valuable addition to the admirable edition. In these postcards from the end of the 19th and the

staje i koješta što ne bi trebalo nastajati. Tome sam i sâm svjedočio. Nekoliko sam desetljeća, naime, kao novinski reporter krstario po Dalmaciji ispisujući na stotine stranica, a dobar dio otpada baš na njenu unutrašnjost. U pravilu sam taj posao obavljao u suradnji s nekim od kolega fotoreportera, reportažni tekstovi bili su praćeni fotografijama, a nerijetko su oni bili pratinja fotografijama. Poslužit će se ovdje baš potonjim zahvalnim postupkom, ući će u ovu razgledničku zbirku kao u vremeplov i pokušati odatle napisati / poslati nekoliko skica za reportažna izvješća. Na uzbudljivo razgled(ničko) putovanje krećemo iz Knina i okoline.

Fotografijom uhvaćeni prizori najprije nam, u pozadini ili čak u prvom planu, pokazuju ono što Braudel naziva *nepomična povijest*. To su elementi geološko-geografske i klimatske povijesti kao što su planine, visoravni, polja i rijeke, šume i travnjaci. Oni itekako utječu na civilizacijsku povijest, ekonomsku i kulturnu, koja je promjenljiva, uvijek u kretanju. Na slikama vidimo tvrđavu, gradić, Krku, poplavljeno polje. U političkoj povijesti predjela vrijeme je završnih desetljeća austrijske vlasti, zato na nekim razglednicama uz *Pozdrav iz Knina* i *Saluto da Knin* čitamo i *Gruss aus Knin* – ova troježičnost svjedoči o uzburkanoj političkoj povijesti toga rubnoga, graničnoga i pograničnoga prostora. Drugi sloj ovih slika / prizora pažljivu čitaču i promatraču govori o civilizacijskoj povijesti, gdje spadaju religijska, školska, ekonomski, urbanistička itd. povijest. Treći nam daje naznake za razumijevanje privatne povijesti, povijesti pojedinca i skupina u svakodnevnom životu – njihovoj odjeći, držanju, navikama, poslovima i dokolici, običajima i ritualima, arhaičnim i novim oblicima društvenosti.

Motiv crkve sv. Ante kazuje nam da se radi o hrvatskom katoličkom življlu. Okršaji s Turcima pripadaju već prošlosti, ali jedan čovjek na slici kanda ima kuburu za opašnjačom. Uz dječaka u zagorskoj narodnoj nošnji stoji naličan muškarac u mondenom odijelu, Zagora je u burnom civilizacijskom previranju. Što pamte ovi brkati ljudi i žene pod *šudarima*, što će vidjeti i doživjeti onaj dječak koji će se uskoro, sto posto, presvući u gradsku odjeću?! Ovi gorštaci izgledaju navlas isto kao i drugi stanovnici mediteranskih zaobalnih predjela,

beginning of the 20th century we are just as in a time machine – we can compare the past with even older past, then with now, the past in the present and the preserved in today, and all that with something future and undreamt of. Hinterland is changing, and it is changing fast. Unfortunately, in a chaotic way. That what shouldn't be, is disappearing, and what shouldn't incur, is incurring. I have witnessed that myself. For several decades, namely, I cruised around Dalmatia as a news reporter, writing down hundreds of pages, and most of the time it was just its inland. As a rule, I did that job together with some of the colleague photo reporters, the reportage texts were followed by photographs, and often they would be following the photos. I will help myself to this latter procedure, entering this postcard collection and trying to write from there / sending several sketches for the reportages. The exciting postcards travel will start in Knin and its surroundings.

The scenes captured in the photographs show us, in the background or even up front, what Braudel calls the *motionless history*. These are the elements of the geological-geographical and climatic history like the mountains, plateaus, fields and rivers, woods and lawns. They do influence the civilization history, the economic and the cultural one, which is versatile, always moving. In the pictures we see a fortress, a little town, Krka, a flooded field. In the political history of that area that is the time of the final decades of the Austrian reign, so in some postcards, besides *Pozdrav iz Knina* and *Saluto da Knin*, we also read *Gruss aus Knin* – this trilingualism is the witness of a rough political history of that marginal, border and frontier area. The second layer in these pictures / scenes talks to an attentive observer about the civilization history, where also the religious, school, economic, urbanistic and other histories belong. The third one gives us hints for understanding the private history, the history of an individual and of groups in everyday life – their clothes, posture, habits, jobs and leisure, customs and rituals, the archaic and new forms of socializing.

The motif of the St. Anthony's Church tells us that Croatian catholic people live here. Skirmishes with Turks are already part of the history, but one man in the picture seems to have a holster tucked behind his belt. Besides the

zabrđa, brda i visoravni, i na njih stanovniči civiliziranijega obalnoga pojasa, prije svega gradova i gradića, gledaju svisoka, posprdno i prijezirno, jer su lošije odjeveni, siromašniji i slabije obrazovani. Život je u zaledima teži, izvori oskudniji. Zato i djeca na ovim slikama zasigurno sanjaju o bijegu u neki primorski gradić ili u ravničarsku metropolu Zagreb. Dalmacija u to vrijeme ima stanovitu političku samostalnost, završna su desetljeća austrijske vlasti, ali su ovi gorštaci, kako nam kazuju povijesne činjenice, još jučer u velikoj većini glasovali za Narodnu stranku, koja teži integraciji Dalmacije s ostatkom Hrvatske i žestoki su protivnici talijanaša i autonomaša. Ta njihova težnja – koja nas pravim vizualnim valom zapljuškuje s drniške razglednice *Hrvatski sokolaši* – neće biti do kraja ostvarena ni unutar dvije dolazeće Jugoslavije, bit će u potpunosti ostvarena tek za cijelo jedno stoljeće, jučer. Na nekim razglednicama usporedni su natpisi latinicom i cirilicom, tako čak i na onoj s motivom Prvoga muzeja hrvatskih spomenika. Tekst *Unutrašnji izgled. Odelenje II.* isписан je na oba pisma, što svjedoči o dugome suživotu hrvatskoga i srpskoga, katoličkoga i pravoslavnoga življa na ovom prostoru.

Razglednica s (nad)naslovom *Prijateljski sastanak seljaka iz kninske okolice* kazuje nam jasno da smo u agrarnome, zemljoradničkome i stočarskome području. Četiri žene i tri muškarca paradno poziraju za vječnost, možda u prigodi kakve obiteljske svetkovine s patriarchalnim tonovima. Žene su u opancima, imaju bijele šudare i šarene pregače kakvih odavno nema u osobnim garderobama. Sva trojica muškaraca ponosno su, epski i ratnički, brkati, ali je jedan u opancima, a drugi u cipelama. Onaj koji sjedi drži čudnu lulu dugačku čitav metar, relikviju iz tko zna koje prošlosti. Tu je i stakleni *bocun* za vino i svi redom u rukama drže staklene čaše, *bukarama* ni traga, *bukare* su i njima zaostala prošlost, barem u svečanim i otmjenim prilikama. Odjednom se stresemo, zapažamo da nešto nedostaje, nekoga nema. Gdje je četvrti muškarac?! O Bože! Je li poginuo u nekom ratnom okršaju ili se, hvala željeznici, Caru i Carevini, od-

boy in the folk costume of Hinterland there is a primped man in a fashionable suit, which would imply that Hinterland is in the middle of turbulent civilization turmoil. What do these bearded men and women under *šudari* (*foulards*) remember, what would that boy, who would definitely soon change his clothes to urban ones, see and experience!? These highlanders look just like the other inhabitants of the Mediterranean hinterland areas, areas behind hills, the hills and plateaus, and the inhabitants of a more civilized coastal area, most of all cities and towns, look down on them, tauntingly and with contempt, because they are dressed worse, they are poorer and less educated. Lives in the hinterlands is harder, sources more scarce. That is why children in these pictures must be dreaming about running away to a coastal town or the lowland capital, Zagreb. At the same time, Dalmatia has a certain political independence during these final decades of the Austrian reign, but these highlanders have, so to say yesterday voted with a majority for the National party, striving to integrate Dalmatia with the rest of Croatia and opposing severely to the Autonomist Party and *talijanaši* (pro-Italians). This aspiration of theirs – which splashes us with a true visual wave from the Drniš postcard *Croatian Sokol athletes* – would not be completely realized even in two Yugoslavias to come, but entirely realized an entire century from then, yesterday. In some of the postcards the inscriptions are both in Latin and Cyrillic script, even in the one carrying the motif of the First Museum of Croatian Monuments. The text *Interior aspect. Section II.* is written in both scripts, which is the evidence of a long co-existence of Croatian and Serbian, catholic and orthodox inhabitants in these areas.

Postcard with a (sub)heading *A friendly encounter of villagers from Knin outskirts* shows us clearly that we are in an agrarian, agricultural and livestock area. Four women and three men pose in a parade manner for eternity, maybe even the occasion is some family feast with patriarchal connotation. Women are wearing *opanci* (plain leather shoes), they have white *šudare* (foulards) and multicolored aprons which have long disappeared from the personal clothing. All of the three men are proudly, epically and warlike, bearded, but one is wearing *opanci*, while the other is wearing shoes. The one sitting down has a strange pipe an entire meter

vezao vlakom trbuhom za kruhom, u bolji život u nekom primorskom gradiću, Splitu, Šibeniku ili Zadru?! Nikada nećemo sazнати, kao što ništa ne znamo ni o životnom putu i smrti preostalih likova s razglednice. Ali zato sa sigurnošću možemo pretpostaviti da put u bolji život njihovu djecu – uslikanu, eno, gdje uredno, umiveno i zbunjeno stoje ispred školske zgrade – vodi ravno u razglednički prizor na kojem piše *Knin: Državni kolodvor*.

long, a relic from who knows what past time. There is also the glass *bocun* (flask) for wine and everybody is holding glasses in their hands, with no trace of *bukare* (large wooden mugs for red wine) whatsoever, *bukare* are long gone past even for them, at least in festive and classy occasions. All of a sudden we shake, and notice something missing, someone missing. Where is the fourth man? Oh, my God! Did he get killed in some battle or did he, thanks to the railway, the Emperor and the Empire, depart in a train to seek his fortune, to a better life in some little coastal town, Split, Šibenik or Zadar?! We will never find out, just like we know nothing on the life road and the death of the remaining characters from the postcard. But it is with certainty that we can suppose that the road to a better life leads their children – whose picture is, there you see, taken while they neatly, confused and with their faces washed standing in front of their school building – directly to the scene from the postcard with the inscription *Knin: National Railway Station*.



830. Knin. Prijateljski susret seljaka iz Kninske okolice.
Knin. A friendly encounter of villagers from Knin outskirts.

■1910 ■Damir Drvodelić

Civilizacijska povijest i život Zagore oduvijek su ovisili (a tako je i danas) o prometnicama, komunikaciji. Premda zabačena za brda i teško prohodna, uvijek je njena sudsreda bila komunikacija, nažalost i ratna, između mora i unutrašnjosti, sjevera i juga. Ta trajna razmjena na život i smrt prava je (pri)povijest ovoga prostora. Prometnice su njene arterije i vene, još od rimske longitudinale od Knina zabrdem prema Mostaru preko napoleonskih i austrijskih cestovnih i željezničkih longitudinala i transverzala sve do suvremene autoceste kojom danas, često bezglavo i ne poštujući znakove (vozeći čak i u obrnutom, pogibeljnom smjeru) juri u Europsku uniju i globalizam.

Iz perspektive toga danas, razglednički priзор s kninskoga Državnoga kolodvora od prije kojih stotinjak godina djeluje gotovo idilično i spomenarski nostalgično, kao sjetan zapis iz vremena kada su i Zagoru napokon zapljenjivalovi posvemašnje industrijske revolucije, sa znatnim zakašnjenjem, kao što su i druge civilizacijske novotarije u ovaj prostor stizale sa zakašnjenjima koja će kako vrijeme odmiče bivati sve manja, odnosno Zagora će sve brže i neurotičnije juriti prema niveliciji s ostatom Europe, bivajući i dalje tužno devastiranom i izloženom novim devastacijama. Na razglednici, dakle, iz stoljetne udaljenosti vidimo najprije lokomotivu i vagone, očito teretne, na tračnicama pred tipskom austrijskom kolodvorskog zgradom. Tu je i radnik s kolicima. Zasigurno domaće čeljade, kao i sva druga pomoćna pružna radna snaga, austrijski činovnici sjede u zgradama, u upravi. Muškarac i žene sa zavežljajima. Jedan putnik sjedi na klupi. Očito su poranili. Putovanje vla-kom još je za mnoge velika životna pustolovina. Hoće li u Split ili u Zagreb, privremeno ili trajno?! Isto pitanje možemo postaviti i nad prizorima sa željezničkih stanica u Perkoviću i Drnišu. Odrasli i djeca u Perkoviću vjerojatno već dugo čekaju na postaji, tom prostornom, prometnom i životnom raskrižju. Željezničkom, ali i osobnom: visok gorštak na slici ima narodsku kapu, lulicu, *krožet* i *koporan*, a u ruci drži novine i očito ih čita, nisu za pozu i naopako, pismen je. Konobarica s bijelom pregačom izlazi iz *Restoracije*. Poslužuje li djeci malinovac, odraslima špricer?! Jedan čovjek uz ogradu pozira s leptir mašnom. Ograda je još drvena, a oko postaje

The history of the civilization and the life of the Hinterland have always been depending (and it is like that also today) on the routes, communication. Although secluded behind a hill and hardly passable, its destiny has always been communication, unfortunately even the war one, between sea and inland, North and South. This constant exchange between life and death is the true (hi)story of this area. The routes are its arteries and veins, ever since the Roman wide road from Knin, through the outback towards Mostar, through the Napoleon and the Austrian road and down the railway routes all the way to the modern highway on which today, often brainlessly and not respecting the signs (driving even in the opposite, dangerous direction) it rushes to the European union and globalism.

From today's perspective, the postcard scene from the Knin National Railway Station some one hundred years ago seems almost idyllic and scrapbook nostalgic, as a wistful note from the time when Hinterland too was finally splashed by the waves of the overall industrial revolution, with a significant delay, just like the other civilization novelties came to this area with delay, which would in time become ever smaller, that is, the Hinterland would rush faster and more neurotically to level with the rest of the Europe, still being sadly devastated and exposed to new devastations. In the postcard, therefore, a centenary away, we first see a locomotive and the wagons, obviously of a goods train, on the tracks in front of a typically Austrian railway station building. There is also the worker with a cart. He must be a native boy, just like all the other assistant workers, while the Austrian officials are sitting inside the building, in the management. There are a man and women with bundles. One passenger is sitting on the bench. They, obviously, came early. Travelling by train is for many still a great life adventure. Are they headed to Split or to Zagreb, temporarily or permanently?! We could ask the same question also over the scenes from the railway stations in Perković and Drniš. Grownups and children in Perković have probably been waiting for quite some time, at the station, this spatial and life crossroad. The railway one, but also a personal one: a tall highlander in the picture has a folk cap, a little pipe, *krožet* (waistcoat) and a *koporan* (coat), and in his hands he is holding newspaper and obviously

širi se kraška pustopoljina. Prizor kratka vijeka, već sutra će uokolo postaje izrasti iz zemlje cijelo jedno novo naselje. Eno ga danas ondje, još izrasta i širi se. Sva važnija naselja, gradovi i varoši, urbana sela i ruralni gradići u Zagori (kao i drugdje u predjelima zabrdskoga Mediterana) nastaju na rubovima visoravn i polja, uz rijeke i prometnice. Željeznica je tehnički i prometni izum novijega datuma, pa Perkovića oko postaje na razglednici još nema, ali južno uz cestu itekako ima, i to od poodavno, i Drniša i Vrlike i Sinja.

reading them, they are not just for posing, upside down, he is literate. A waitress with a white apron is coming out of the *Restauration*. Is she serving the kids with *malinovac* (syrup made of raspberries with water) and grownups with spritzer?! One man by the fence is posing with a bow tie. The fence is still wooden, and around the station there is the karst wasteland. That is a scene which wouldn't last long, because no more than days will pass and there will arise a whole new settlement. There it is today, still growing and spreading. All the important settlements, towns and cities, urban villages and rural little towns in the Hinterland (as well as in other places of the Mediterranean behind the hills) are arising on the edges of plateaus and fields, besides rivers and roads. The railroad is a recent technical and transportation invention, so there is no Perković around the station in the postcard, but there definitely is in the south by the road, and it had been there for quite some time, just like Drniš and Vrlika and Sinj.



831. Perković. Putnici čekaju dolazak vlaka.
Perković. Passengers waiting for the train.

✉ 1909 ✉ Igor Goleš

No prije čemo nakratko skoknuti prema moru, u smjeru Šibenika. Prizori Krke i njenih slapova – dakle nepokretne, prirodne povijesti – tako su idilični, lijepi i primamljivi da u nama razbuđuju turistički eros, smjesta bismo nekoj agenciji uplatili da nas povede na izlet u tu sliku, kad bi to bilo moguće. Danas te slike nema, tu je ljeti prava izletnička vreva, turistički sajam. Kako bilo, te i druge razglednice s motivima prirodnih ljepota otkrivaju nam da su naši djedovi i bake itekako *imali nosa*, da su odlično naslutili nadolazeće doba putujućega čovječanstva, kulturniza i turističke privrede, koja će i u ovom prostoru pokušati nadomjestiti onu rudarsku, vidljivu u razgledničkim prizorima Siverića.

Panorama Vrlike. Klisura, tvrdava, polje pod vodom. Nitko od ovih šetača ispred Općinskog doma, godina je 1908., i ne sluti da će uskoro brana Peruča disciplinirati mitsku Cetinu i dovesti im umjetno jezero podno gradića, kao što ni članovi nekoga orkestra paradno uslikani ispred *Kafane Kalavra* ne slute da će ih Ero proslaviti diljem svijeta. Tu je i nezaobilazna česma sa skupinom žena, slika iz davnina, danas tek obnovljena atrakcija.

Važnom povijesnom cestom od Vrlike se podnožjem Kamešnice niz Cetinu i uz rukavce Hrvatačkoga i Sinjskoga polja ulazi u Sinj. Drugom se, usporednom austrijskom cestom prema jugu, Sinju i splitskom zaledu, silazi od Drniša preko Muća. Muć je značajno raskrižje od pradavnih vremena, u jednom je razdoblju svoje duge povijesti ovaj predio imao i status republike. I u vrijeme razglednice iz 1914. na kojoj vidimo kameno zdanje s natpisom *Gostiona Delić*, Muć je očito važno mjesto, raskrižje i trgovište. Ispred zgrade koja predstavlja sjajan uzorak nekadašnje elitne svratišno-hotelske arhitekture (s dimnjakom nalik na umanjeni zvonik!), pred vratima u prizemlju, po stubištu i na nezaobilaznoj *balaturi* ukrašenoj cvjetnim *pitarima* natiskala se svečano odjevena čeljad, muškarci i žene, među njima bijeli se i jedan mornar kao odsjaj nedalekog mora i dalekih plovidbi. Ne znamo jesu li protagonisti samo na proputovanju ili su došli na neki od ovdašnjih nadaleko čuvenih *derneka*. Kako bilo, možemo ih zamisliti gdje nakon slikanja jedu i piju u prostranoj i sjenovitoj prizemnoj prostoriji u kojoj su vjerojatno masivni hrastovi stolovi, iste takve klupe i *katrige* uz pokojni tronozac, gdje se na zidu koče krilatice: *Čast svakome,*

However, we will first hop shortly to the sea, towards Šibenik. The scenes of Krka and its waterfalls – therefore of the immovable, natural history – are so idyllic, beautiful and alluring that they wake in us a tourist eros, so we become eager to pay money to some agency right away to take us for a trip into this picture, if that were possible. Today that picture is gone, in the summer there is a hectic tourist crowd here, a tourist fair. Be as it may, these and other postcard with motifs of natural beauties reveal to us that our grandparents definitely had a nose for the oncoming era of travelling humanity, culturalism and tourist economy, which would try to substitute that mining one, which can be seen in the postcard scenes of Siverić.

The panorama of Vrlika. A cliff, a field under water. None of these walkers in front of the Municipal House, the year is 1908, does not even surmise that the Peruča dam would soon discipline the mythical Cetina and bring them an artificial lake below the little town, just like none of the members of some orchestra photographed as at a parade in front of the *Kalavra Cafe* cannot foresee that Ero would fame them all around the world. There is also the unavoidable fountain with a group of women, a photograph taken in the ancient times, today just a restored attraction.

Taking an important historical road from Vrlika, through the foothill of Kamešnica, along Cetina and beside the sleeves of Hrvatačko and Sinjsko polje one enters Sinj. Taking another, parallel, Austrian road towards south, Sinj and Split outback, one goes down from Drniš through Muć. Muć has been an important crossroad since time immemorial, and at a certain time in its long history this area even had the status of a republic. At the time of this postcard dating from 1914, on which we see a stone edifice with an inscription *Gostiona Delić*, Muć was obviously an important place, a crossroad and a market. In front of the building which represents a great specimen of what used to be an elite inn-hotel architecture (with a chimney in the shape of a minimized church-tower!), in front of the door on the ground floor, on the staircase and on the unavoidable *balatura* (stone construction along an outside a wall with a purpose of climbing the rooms on other floors) adorned by flowery pots,

veresije nikome; Ne pljuj na pod i nešto o kazni za razbijanje čaša o zid. Poslužuje se kiseli kupus s raznovrsnim suhim mesom, pretežno svinjskim, razna mesa na lešo, čobanski gulaš, gusto jušno varivo s lazanjama i grahom, jota i kobasicice, a s ognjišta smještenog negdje otraga pristižu janjci i odojci s ražnja, a pršuti i sirevi (kravlji, ovčji i kozji) ovdje su zakon. Najviše se piće crno, odnosno opjevano rujno vino iz ovoga kraja. Popodne će u nekoj obližnjoj vrtači ili na nekoj okolnoj ledini neka družina baciti na balote, koje ovdje leti u nebo i daleko, ne valjaju se nego šaldaju iz visine, junački, neka će druga baciti briškulu ili trešetu. Naći će se i podnapita vesela družba koja će tresnuti gromoglasnu šijavicu (*Aj ča! Moj si!*) u dvorištu, unutra je zabranjena, a zaorit će se i zvonka rera: *Ja baraba savr sela Muća, krepa jarac izgorila kuća!* Bit će da gore na katu ima i koja soba za spavanje gdje bi neki namjernik, umoran od vina i pjesme ili isprebijan u pijanoj tučnjavi, mogao i prespavati da bi tek sutra nastavio put, niz Sutinu i preko Radošića za Sinj i Split.



there are festively dressed children, men and women, as well as something white – a sailor as a glimpse of the sea close by and of distant sailings at the same time. We don't know whether the protagonists are just travelling through or did some of them come for one of the hither long famous *derneks* (very happy celebrations). Be as it may, we can imagine them, having posed for the picture, eating and drinking in a spacious and shady ground room with, probably, massive oak tables, benches and *katrige* (chairs), with several tripod chairs, where there are proud slogans on the wall *Honor to everyone, credit to no one; Do not spit on the floor* and something on the punishment for breaking glasses against the wall. Sour cabbage is served with different kinds of smoked meat, mostly pork, different sorts of cooked meat, herdsman's goulash, thick soupy pottage with lasagna and beans, jota (pottage made of beans, sour cabbage and potato) and sausages, and from the fireplace somewhere in the back lambs and piglets from broach keep coming, and prosciutto and cheese (cow's, sheep's and goat's) are the law here. Black wine, that is the sung about *rujno* (red) wine from this area. In the afternoon in some karst sinkhole or some lawn nearby, some group would start a game of *balote* (bowling), which here fly to heaven and far away, which are here not rolled, but *thrown in the air*, heroically, while some other group would throw *briškula* or *trešeta*. There will be also some merry gang which will start a stentorian *šijavica* (*Aj ča! Moj si! – Get out! You're mine!*) at the back yard, because it is forbidden in closed spaces, and a reverberant *rera* (a special way of singing) will resound: *Ja baraba savr sela Muća, krepa jarac izgorila kuća!* (*I'm a savage from the end of the village of Muć, a goat died a house burned!*). There must be some room to sleep in upstairs, where some passenger, tired from wine and songs or beaten up in a drunken fight, might even sleep over and continue their journey the next day, along Sutina and across Radošić towards Sinj and Split.

832. Muć. Gostionica Delić.

Muć. Delić Inn.

■1916 ■Ante Meštrović

Cetinska je krajina sa svojim plodnim poljem najvažniji predio zamorske Dalmacije, a grad Sinj njena je metropola. Na dvoprizornoj razglednici naslovljenoj *Narodna nošnja Sinjske krajine i Sinjski Alkari* kao da vidimo izvorne Morlake, onako kako su ih vidjeli i crtali autori zapadnoeukropskih mistifikacija u 19. stoljeću. Visoke, brkate, egzotične brđanske figure. Da, vražji Morlaci! Naziv Morlak ne znači ništa u etničkom, entitetnom i kulturnom smislu, označuje jedino stanovnika zabrdskih i brdskih prostora u dalmatinskom zamorju / zagorju, pri čemu taj Morlak može biti i Bugarin i Albanac, i Turčin i Bošnjak, i Srbin i Hrvat, pa čak i talijanski naseljenik Sinja, i pravoslavac i katolik i musliman. Povijesne činjenice govore, međutim, da je baš dugački pojas unutrašnje Dalmacije tj. Zagore, kolijevka dugoga trajanja hrvatskoga entetskog osjećaja, pa i državnosti. O tome svjedoči golema baština, mnoštvo spomenika, zapisa i dokumenata. Ponešto se od toga dade očitati i iz starih razglednica. Alkari na fotografiji vidno poziraju, dali su se slavodobitno i časno uslikati na samom rubu polja, evo su spremni za okršaj, snimka je širokokutna, sinemaskopska, djeluje kao kadar iz scenografski bogatoga povijesnoga filma. U pozadini se vidi legendarna tvrđava, mjesto slavne obrane i pobjede, a prema njoj se iz grada uzdiže zvonik crkve Gospe Sinjske. Po općem i uvriježenom vjerovanju ovdašnjega puka vitezovi (kojima se počast odaje Alkom) i Gospa Sinjska (kojoj se počast odaje velikom procesijom) podjednako su zaslužni za obranu od turške osvajačke najezde. Zato Gospa od početka sudjeluje i u samoj Alci, s prekidom za vrijeme druge, Titove Juge.

Nažalost, već sljedeća razglednica odaje nam da ratovi i tuđinsko gospodstvo nisu iz ovoga zagorskoga Misira nestali ni na razmeđu devetnaestoga i dvadesetoga. Jedna od razglednica – stilizirana u vojničkom duhu, s ornamentima i

The Cetina Region with its fertile field is the most important part of the inland Dalmatia, and the city of Sinj is its metropolis. In the postcard with two scenes entitled *Folk costume of the Sinj Krajina* and *The Sinj Alkars* we feel as if we see the original Morlachs, the way they were seen and drawn by the authors of the Western European mystifications in the 19th century. The tall, bearded, exotic highlander figures. Yes, damn Morlachs! The name Morlach does not mean anything in the ethnical, entitative and cultural sense, it only marks an inhabitant of the hills area and the area behind it in the Dalmatian Hinterland / area behind the sea, where a Morlach can be also a Bulgarian or an Albanian, both Turk and Bosniak, a Serb and a Croat, even an Italian settler of Sinj, an Orthodox and a Catholic and a Muslim. The historical facts tell us, on the other hand, that it was exactly the long area of the inner Dalmatia, that is Hinterland, that was the cradle of the long duration of the Croatian entitative feeling, and even the sovereignty. The witness of this is an enormous heritage, lots of monuments, notings and documents, some of these things can also be read off the old postcards. It can be seen that the Alkars in the photograph are posing, they had their picture taken victoriously and honorably on the very edge of the field, ready for the battle; the recording is wide angled, cinematic, looking like a scene from a historical movie with a rich scenography. In the background there is the legendary fortress, the place of the glorious defense and victory, and from the city the church tower of the Lady of Sinj Church is rising towards the fortress. According to the general and ingrained belief of the people here, the knights (to whom the Alka pays homage) and the Lady of Sinj (to whom the honors are paid by a great procession) are equally deserving for the defense from the Turkish conquering invasion. That is why the Lady has been taking part in the Alka from the beginning, except for the period of the other, Tito's Yugoslavia.

Unfortunately, the next postcard reveals that the wars and the foreign rule have not gone

prizorom bitke – slavi stanoviti *K.u K. Inf. Regiment Graf von Lacy*, a iznad kratke tekstuálne povijesti ove slavne pukovnije koči se natpis *FUR GOT'T KAISER UND VATERLAND'*. Bit će da je opet predratno, a možda već i ratno vrijeme.

from this Zagorje Misir not even at the cross-roads of the 19th and 20th centuries. One of the postcards – stylized in the army fashion, with ornaments and battle scenes – celebrates a certain *K.u K. Inf. Regiment Graf von Lacy*, and above the short textual history of this famous regiment there is the inscription *FUR GOT'T KAISER UND VATERLAND'*. That might be the time before war or maybe even the war time.



**833. Sinj. Ratna razglednica s posvetom sinjskom garnizonu.
Sinj. War postcard with the inscription to the Sinj garrison.**

■1916 ■Frane Mikelić

Na jednoj od dvije fotografije s motivom velbne procesije na blagdan Velike Gospe usred svjetine okupljene na glavnom trgu vidimo skupinu muškaraca u odorama. Pitamo se hoće li sutra na neku bojišnicu, u neko galicijsko blato, krležijanski kazano. Utjehu tražimo u drugoj razglednici s bilješkom: *Sinj, Trg sa procesijom Čudotvorne Gospe Sinjske*. Skupio se svijet, i muško i žensko, i djeca i odrasli, ima kišobrana i kabanica, te godine je na Veliku Gospu očito kišilo. U sredini prizora niz trg silazi povorka s Gospinom slikom. Još će Gospa imati posla, valja joj spašavati i štititi najprije u dva svje-

In one of two photographs with the motif of a grand procession for the feast of the Assumption of Mary, in the middle of the crowd gathered in the main square we see a group of men in uniforms. We are wondering whether they are leaving for some battlefield, to some Galician mud, to put it like Krleža would. We seek for the comfort in the second postcard, with the note *Sinj, Square with the procession for the Miraculous Lady of Sinj*. People gathered, both male and female, children and grownups, there are umbrellas and raincoats, it obviously rained that year on the Assumption of Mary feast. In

tska te, napisljetu, u Domovinskom ratu. Obje fotografije začudno su dokumentarističke, reportažne i događajne, novinske. Na razglednici datiranoj 28. 12. 1902. piše: *Pozdrav hrvatski iz Sinja i Brdo Viteza Nikolice Žanka*, citiraju se stihovi: *Blago svakom koj s bo mrtve štuje, taj s prošlosti budućnost si snuje*, što miriše na Kačića ili Grabovca. Razglednica datirana 1. 10. 1901., opet je pomozno prerežirana, prikazuje alkarre i momke na dnu Alkarskoga trkališta. Alka je neuništivi simbol dugoga trajanja, ritualno je ostala ista, ali se ulaskom u televizijsku eru i u svojoj istosti bitno promijenila, na jedan je način bila ista prije te ere, a na drugi u njoj. Danas je, zahvaljujući televiziji, globalizmu i turizmu, postala svjetska atrakcija i zaštićeni spomenik nematerijalne kulture. Danas ne moramo u Sinj na Alku, imamo je doma, a u vrijeme ovih razglednica iz Splita se na Alku moralo uskotračnom prugom u sporom vlaku, legendarnoj *Reri*.

Godine 1906. poslana je iz Sinja negdje u bijeli svijet razglednica s motivom željezničkoga kolodvora. Odavde su kretali teretni i putnički vagoni prema Splitu. Prvi su vozili prema splitskom kolodvoru i luci ugljen iz okolnih rudokopa ili drvo, a drugi šaroliki ovdašnji puk. I osobno pamtim legendarni ovaj vlakić, uvijek prekrcan ljudima, živinom, suhim mesom i povrćem, uvijek prebučan. Drndava željeznička, ali i ljudska kompozicija u svoj svojoj raznolikosti i živopisnosti. Pjevalo se, pilo i jelo, svadalo i psovalo. Putovalo se u bolnicu, u školu, na tržnicu, preko mora u ljetnu beračku pečalbu po otocima, pa i duže i dalje, preko Mediterana i Atlantika sve do Amerike. *Rera* je, jednostavno, preporodila ovaj kraj, bila mu je pupčana veza sa svijetom. Izgradnjom i asfaltiranjem nove ceste prema Splitu i primorju *Rera* je počela odumirati. Odavno je više nema, na žalost, a osim na ovakvim starim razglednicama kao da nigdje nema ni tragova o njoj. Zaslужila je barem jednu muzejsku, počasnu memorijalnu sobu u ovoj kamenoj staničnoj zgradi.

the middle of the scene there is the procession coming down to the square with the picture of Lady. The Lady is about to get busy back then, she will have to save and protect first in the two world wars and, in the end, the Croatian War of Independence. Both photographs are surprisingly documentalist, reportage and describing an event, journalistic. In the postcard dated on 28th December 1902 the inscription says *Croatian salute from Sinj and Hill of the Knight Nikolica Žanko*, and the lines are quoted *Blago svakom koj s bo mrtve štuje, taj s prošlosti budućnost si snuje*, which reminds of Kačić or Grabovac. The postcard dated on 1st October 1901 is again pompously overly directed, showing Alkars and boys in the bottom of the Alkar track. Alka is the indestructible symbol of something long lasting, and it has ritually remained the same, but with the television era it changed significantly in that sameness, in one way it had been the same before that era, and in another during that era. Today, thanks to television, globalism and tourism, it has become a world attraction and a protected monument of material culture. Today we don't have to go to Sinj to see Alka, we can have it at home, and at the time of these postcards, one had to use the narrow trail railway and a slow train, the legendary *Rera*, to get to Alka.

In the year 1906 a postcard with a motif of the railway station was sent from Sinj to somewhere in the world. Here is where the goods and passenger trains were setting off from towards Split. The first ones were carrying coal from the nearby mines or woods, while the latter ones were transferring gaudy local people towards the Split railway station and harbor. I personally remember this legendary little train, always loaded with people, fowls, smoked meat and vegetables, always too noisy. A staggering railway, but also a human composition with their diversities and vividness. One sang, drank and ate, fought and cursed. People travelled to the hospital, to school, to the market, across the sea for seasonal jobs like picking, and even longer and further, across the Mediterranean all the way to America. *Rera*, simply, regenerated this area, being its umbilical cord with the world, having built and asphalted the new road to Split and Littoral, *Rera* started dying out. It is now

Napuštajući u ovoj svojoj reportažnoj skitnji razgledničkim vremeplovom Cetinu i svoj cetinski zavičaj, Reporter priznaje da su ga se i lijepotom i sjetom najviše dojmile prekrasne stare fotografije Vukovića mosta u Koljanima

long gone, unfortunately, and except on the old postcards like this as if one cannot find a single trace of it. It deserved at least a single museum, honorably memorial room in this stone station building.



834. Sinj. Željeznička stanica.

Sinj. Railway station.

■ 1906 ■ Igor Goleš

kod Vrlike (kojega odavno više nema) i Hanskoga mosta (koji postoji i danas) te, nadasve, antologijska slika davno iščeznulih Garjačkih mlinica. Bilo mu je kao da se vraća u izgubljeno djetinjstvo i zavičaj, premda je rođen pola stoljeća kasnije, pamti mnoge mostove i mlinice. Nostalgijskom tugom i radošću puni mu dušu i veličanstven prizor poštanskih kočija u Katunima. Ova divot-razglednica ovjekovječila je *Dnevni dolazak. i polazak Koloslanica Kod Poštanskog i Brzojavnog Ureda u Katunima*. Vidi se pet-šest poredanih kočija s konjskom zapregom, za ono vrijeme vrlo civiliziran, tehnički napredan i uglađen prizor, još malo pa Divlji za-

Leaving in this reportage stroll Cetina and his Cetina native land, the Reporter admits that what impressed him most with both beauty and gloominess were beautiful old photographs of the Vuković bridge in Koljane near Vrlika (which is long gone) and the Han bridge (existing today), and, above all, the anthological picture of the long gone mill in Garjak. He felt as if returning to the lost childhood and homeland, although he was born half a century later, he remembers many bridges and mills. The magnificent scene of the postal coaches in Katuni also fills his soul with nostalgic sadness and joy. This admirable postcard has sent to eternity the *Daily Arrival and Departure of Koloslanice (special kind of coaches) at the Postal and Telegraph Office in Katuni*. There are some five, six coaches with horse tandem, very civilized for that era, tech-

pad. I u njegovo bi selo u njegovom djetinjstvu stizala kočija s fratom, *likarom*, *škopigudom*, visokim kakvim državnim službenikom i drugim uglednicima. Istina bog, nasušnu poštu, poštar je donosio vozeći se najprije biciklom, poslije *motorinom*, Zagora je hvatala korak s tehničkim svjetskim napretkom.

nically progressive and sleek scene, one step away from the Wild West. When he was a child his village would also welcome a coach with a friar, a doctor, a veterinarian, some high government official and other distinguished persons. To be honest, the urgent mail was brought by the mailman driving first a bicycle, then later a small motorbike, the Hinterland was catching up with the world's technical progress.



**835. Katuni. Dnevni dolazak i polazak kočija pred Poštanskim uredom Katuni.
Katuni. Daily arrivals and departures of carriages in front of the Postal office Katuni.**

■1910 ■Igor Goleš

Što smo bliže moru i Splitu, to je više lijepih crkava i škola. Ispred pućke škole u Dugopolju pravi je dječji mravinjak, pućke škole u Poljicima ne bi se studio ni Split, a župne crkve u Kučićima, Srinjinama i Studencima mogu svršaka i s božanskim prijezirom pljucnuti na današnje sakralne neogradnje od modernih materijala.

Zadvarje je odvajkada glavno trgovišno naselje u Zamosorju, središte svih ljudskih i robnih razmjena. Iz primorja stižu ulje, vino, riba i sol, s kontinenta suho i svježe meso, živa živina raznih vrsta, ogrjev i rukotvorine. Zadvarje je onodobni šoping-centar. Zato ne čudi što odmah upada u oči razglednički prizor ondašnjega glavnoga parkirališta pod drvetom nasred

As closer we are to the sea and Split, the more beautiful churches and schools are. In front of the folk school in Dugopolje there is a true anthill of children, not even Split would be ashamed of the folk school in Poljica, and the parish churches in Kučići, Srinjine and Studenci can look down and with a divine contempt spit on today's ever more often sacral new buildings made of modern materials.

Zadvarje has always been a major market place in Zamosorje, the centre of all human and material exchanges. Oil, wine, fish and salt are coming from the littoral, dry and fresh meat, livestock of all sorts, firewood and handicrafts from the continent. Zadvarje is the mall

trga. Ne radi se o parkiranim automobilima, naravno, što ih vidimo danas u splitskim suburbanim prodajnim centrima. Ovdje su uredno parkirani mnogobrojni *tovari*. Vjerojatno je parking besplatan, kao i danas na šoping-parkinzima između Splita i Solina te po Kaštelima. I brz pogled na panoramu Krivodola dostaje da se prepozna zavičaj *Prosjaka i sinova*. Isto tako i pogled na glavnu ulicu u Lovreću, sa zaprežnim kolima i neizostavnom krčmom.

I evo nas u Imotskom. Tvrđava. Simbol obrane i povijesnih nevolja. Prizorom glavne ulice netko nekome, 15. prosinca 1905., čestita božićne blagdane. Ulica puna ko šipak, lijevo i desno uz ulične urbane zidove nagurana čeljad kao da čeka da se što dogodi. Glavna ulica u Imotskom djeluje sasvim gradski, čak velegradski, na zabačeni ruralni okoliš upućuje tek pretežno narodna, seoska odjeća. Ali gle, ima na slici i mondeneih gospodskih šešira, dvojica muškaraca sasvim lijevo izgledaju poput nekih europskih bonvivana, u novim su odijelima, brčići fino ulickani. Možda su se za blagdane vratili iz galantarske ili neke druge pečalbe, ne još s *merđama*, ali neki od njih neke Matanove dvore već i tada zasigurno grade. Imotski *Pazar* uslikan je 22. travnja 1903. To je to. Tu Imote od malih nogu, eno ih i na slici, uče vještini trgovanja i razmjena. U ovom oskudnom kraju ljudi su već ovladali i marketinski vještinama, visoko na kamenom pročelju koči se reklama *Juraj Jovanović mješovita trgovina*. Zamislimo da je noć i da je reklama svjetleća, i eto nas - u danas. Tvrđa, crkva, škola i trgovina – to je otvoreni razglednički poker imotske duše i života. Tome valja dodati i vječno iseljavanje trbuhom za kruhom, po kojemu su stanovnici ovoga kraja na glasu kao pečalbari / gastarabajteri i svjetski putnici.

of that era. That is why one is not surprised by the postcard scene of the main parking lot back then under a tree in the middle of the square. They are not cars that are parked, of course, like we see them today at the Split suburban malls. Here there are numerous donkeys, neatly parked. The parking space is probably free, just like today in the mall parking lots between Split and Solin and all over Kaštela. Even a quick glance of the Krivodol panorama is enough to recognize the native area of *Prosjaci i sinovi* (*Beggars and Sons*). The same can be said about the view of the main street in Lovreć, with horse tandems and an indispensable inn.

And here we are in Imotski. A symbol of defense and historical distress. With a sight showing the main street someone wishes merry Christmas holidays to someone, on December 15th 1905. The street is as crowded as a beehive, left and right by the urban street walls there are boxed up children as if waiting for something to happen. The main street in Imotski seems entirely urban, even metropolitan, and the only hints of the remote rural surroundings are mostly folk, rural clothes. But look, in the photo there are also lordly hats, the two men entirely on the left look just like some European playboys, wearing new suits, with their mustaches nicely plumed. They might be back for the holidays from some gallant or some other temporary job, not yet with Benzes, but some of them have already back then started building some Matan's palace. The *Pazar* (market) of Imotski is photographed on 22nd April 1903. That's it. This is where Imots have been learning since their earliest days, there they are also in the photograph, the skill of trading and exchanging. In this scarce area people have already mastered the trading skills, high on the stone facade there is the sign board *Juraj Jovanović mješovita trgovina* (*Juraj Jovanović grocery store*). Let's imagine that it is nighttime and that the sign board is a neon one, and there we are – in present day. The fortress, the church, the school and the store – this is an open postcard poker of the Imotski soul and life. One must add also the eternal moving out in search of money that the inhabitants of this area are famous for as hirelings / foreign workers abroad and world travelers.



836. Imotski. Glavna ulica.

Imotski. Main street.

■ 1905 □ Robert Kavazović

Nastavljamo rimskom i Marmontovom tra-
som prema Vrgorcu. U čudu bećimo oči nad
prizorom rudokopa asfalta, na planinskoj
kamenom hrptu vide se radilišne nastambe.
Muči nas znatiželja kamo je ovim makadamom
išao asfalt iz ovoga kamenjara jer do samoga će
Vrgorca, Bogu *fala*, stići tek kojih osamdesetak
godina poslije. Zapanjujuća je i razglednica koja
prikazuje *Polaganje kostiju u novu grobnicu nove
Župne crkve u Vrgorcu historičkog junaka Rade
Miletića dne 13 rujna 1913., oslobođitelja Vrgorca
i krajine od Turaka 13 lipnja 1694.* Rov, kovčeg,
voštanice, smrknuta lica. Prizor makabričan i
anakroničan, čak i za početak dvadesetoga sto-
ljeća. Dokaz da je povijest u ovim zabrdskim
graničnim krajevima žilava poput korova, kako
netko napisao. Prizori samoga Vrgorca, toga gra-
dića / zamka mnogo su oku i duši ugodniji, go-
tovo bajkoviti u bljesku neba, kama i Tinova
šestopera.

Išli bismo i dalje na jug, ali nam se vremeplov
pokvario. Nema više razglednica. Valjda zato što
se južnije od ovoga dijela Zabiokovlja, ozrače
mora nizinom Neretve od Ploča do Metkovića
duboko ulijeva u kontinent, a iza brda je Herce-
govina. Tako je i s dubrovačkim pojasmom. Ipak

We continue then down the Roman and
Marmont's towards Vrgorac. We are astonished
and truly surprised when seeing the mine of
asphalt, on the rocky crest you can see the site
accommodation buildings. We are tortured by
curiosity thinking where did the asphalt end
up after heading down this macadam from this
karst terrain, because it would not reach Vr-
gorac, thank God, until some eighty years later.
Quite astonishing is also the postcard showing
*Laying bones into a new tomb of the new Parish
Church in Vrgorac of the historical hero Rade Mi-
letić on the date of 13th September 1913., the lib-
erator of Vrgorac and krajina from Turks on 13th
June 1694.* The pit, the coffin, the vax candles,
the frowned faces. A macabre and anachronic
scene, even for the beginning of the 20th century.
The proof that the history in these border
areas behind hills, is as tenacious as weed, as
someone wrote. The scenes of Vrgorac, that lit-
tle town / castle are much more pleasant to the
eye and the soul, almost mythical in the flash of
the sky, stone and Tin's *šestoper* (a mace with six
peaks).

We would head down further to the south,
but our time machine broke down. There are

šteta, reporter se ne može osloboditi dojma nedovršenosti. Ali skitnju mora zaključiti.

Ova zbirka starih razglednica Dalmatinske zagore malen je, ali dragocjen baštinski, memorijalni muzej. Izlošci u njemu u isto su vrijeme povijesni dokumenti i artefakti, građa za turističke vodiče i nagovor na putovanje, novo, osobno otkrivanje dalmatinskoga zabrda onakvoga kakvo je nekad bilo. Za mnoge posjeduju iznimnu sentimentalnu vrijednost, a svima otkrivaju što je od nekad postojećega ostalo, a što nestalo, te tako upozoravaju što bi od danas postojećega moglo sutra nestati, a ne bi smjelo. Neki od divnih krajolika s ovih razglednica, na primjer, već su odavno nagrđeni i devastirani. A one sačuvane već sutra bi mogli nagraditi noviteti globalističkoga napretka kao što su popularne industrijske zone, odlagališta smeća i vjetroelektrane. Lako je zamisliti kako bi nakadno izgledale planine, brda i brežuljci uendogled načičkani vjetrenjačama, ali i polja, udoline i visoravni pod njima. Ni Don Quijote ne bi više pomogao. Čuvajmo nadu, i pamet u glavu. Ufajmo se u čudo. U čudo da će ljudske rijeke – što su kroz dugu povijest Zagore, baš kao i one prirodne, uvijek otjecale prema priobalju i preko mora – promijeniti smjer. Već se vide neke naznake da galopirajuće devastiranje obalnoga pojasa kaotičnim turizmom i nekontroliranom preizgrađenošću Zagoru čini sve zanimljivijom i zamarnijom. Čudotvorna Gospa Sinjska i čudo globalističkoga napretka htjeli su da se, evo, i izlazak ove knjige u svijet poklopi s nedavnim ulaskom Zagore u Europsku uniju. Sretno im!

Bože V. Žigo

no more postcards. The reason must be the fact that more southward from this part of Zabiokovlje, the sea climate pours deeply into continent through the lowlands of Neretva from Ploče till Metković, and behind the hill there is Herzegovina. It is so also with the Dubrovnik belt. Still, it is a pity that the reporter cannot let go of the sensation of incompleteness. But the stroll must be finalized.

This collection of old postcards of Dalmatian Hinterland is a small, but precious heritage, a memorial museum. The exhibits in it are at the same time historical documents and artifacts, tourist guides' material and an impulse to travel, a new, personal revealing of the Dalmatian hills the way they used to be. For many they have a truly sentimental value, and to everyone they reveal what is left from the way it used to be, and what is gone, warning thus of what might be gone tomorrow, and shouldn't. Some of the gorgeous sceneries from these postcards, for example, have long been eyesore and devastated. And those which are kept might already tomorrow be marred by the global progress novelties like the popular industrial zones, landfills and windmills. It is easy to imagine how eysoring the mountains, hills and hammocks would appear tricked out with windmills as far as eye could see, but also the fields, valleys and plateaus below. Not even Don Quixote himself could help any more. Let us keep our hope and be smart. Let us believe in a miracle. The miracle that human rivers – which through the long history of Hinterland, just like the natural ones, used to flow away towards the littoral area and across the see – would change their direction. There already are some hints that the galloping devastation of the coastal area with a chaotic tourism and uncontrolled construction makes the Hinterland more interesting and attracting. The miraculous Lady of Sinj and the miracle of the global progress wanted it to happen so that this book coming out to the light of the world happens at the same time like the recent acceptance of the Hinterland to the European Union. May they both have good luck!