

## **Ziedai tarp Ziedu (Blossoms among Blossoms)**

Rimantas Dichavicius

Text by Bruce Chatwin

1989, Vilnius Mintis, HC, 198 pgs.

I scarcely know where to begin with this book. It is the most precious book of photographic plates in my entire collection. I revere it above all others. Is it because it cost so much? Certainly not, for I got *Ziedai tarp Ziedu* from the *Bud Plant Comic Art* catalogue for \$12.95—in hardcover yet! I revere its content to the extent that, were someone to compare my humble photographic talent to Rimantas Dichavicius's, I would then be able to die happily the next moment.

Rimantas, who is Lithuanian, has the keen eye of a consummate photographer and the soul of a poet. I have yet to see another photographer, doing the type of photography he does, who can come close. Another characteristic of his work is its consistency. Not only are there a few plates in his book that shine, the entire collection positively *glows* with inspiration. Whether Rimantas turns his lens on a leaf, a spider web, a piece of driftwood, or an attractive, nude, young woman in nature, the result is a photo so achingly beautiful it can bring you to tears. Heck, he can take a picture of *water* and make it look beautiful—and he does just that in several plates!

Rimantas's models, all young women, look so much a part of the scene they are posing in, they appear to have grown there on the spot. And when they are in a scene with foliage, they seem to belong there as much as the plant they're next to. It helps that these women are from a part of the world as yet unspoiled by the crass by-products of Western culture. Their faces, hair and bodies are completely natural, uncluttered by jewelry, makeup and tattoos. Believe me, it makes a world of difference in the particular ambience of each shot. It makes me wonder what Rimantas could do with young male models, or with men and women together.

Rimantas's photographs are in black and white, in sepia tone, in soft focus, and (it seems to me) pushed to achieve a graininess that works well with the subject matter. It seems the man is as much a genius manipulating film in the darkroom as with a camera.

When you reach the end of this book, it makes you unhappy the journey is over so quickly. After I received my first copy, and fell in love with the book, I quickly bought three more. Two copies went out to special friends—one an artist, the other my photography buddy. The other two are kept safely in my possession. If I ever must run from a house on fire, this book, along with my Bible, will be what I grab.

