



**DAVOR  
DMITROVIĆ**

**DOĐE TAKO  
ČOVJEKU**

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**13/06 - 27/06/2019**

**Galerija Šira**

# NEBESKA PISMA

Ponekad, kad svoju udobnu no skučenu postelju zamijenim prostranom ljetnom tratinom, učini mi se da bijeli repovi bezbrojnih aviona na golemom i praznom listu neba ispisuju tajne poruke od nevjerojatnog kozmičkog značaja.

Promatrajući opijeni let tih mehaničkih leptira, na pamet mi pada da njima upravljaju ljudi koje nikad neću upoznati. Ne mogu ni zamisliti na koje se sve načine životi tih predanih letača razlikuju od moga običnog života kojim sam čvrsto vezan za tlo.

Prisiljava li pilota njegova navika leta na to da svijet gleda očima orla i onda kada prizemlji i nastavi svoj ljudski život? Razmišljaju li letači u kozmičkim razmjerima čak i kad s djecom grade patuljaste kućice od kocaka?

Dan za danom piloti posvećuju svoje živote začudnim promjenama perspektive. Zato ono što vide imaju potrebu izraziti svojim neumornim zračnim plesom. Njihovi životi vječno su poniranje i propinjanje iznad nepreglednih poljana i nebrojenih gradova, iznad neona karnevala i vijugavih zmija autoputova, iznad nepoznatih domova i beskrajnih struja vječno protječućih sudbina ljudskih bića koja rijetko kad podižu svoj pogled ka nebesima.

Ljudi su već gotovo i zaboravili na vječno nebesko prisustvo Sunca i Mjeseca iznad njihovih pognutih, naboranih čela... Tek malobrojni samotnici danas podižu pogled kako bi očima progutali tijelo orla, kako bi u sebe upili nešto od one neopisive lakoće koja prožima kosti svakog bića koje znade letjeti.

Komercijalni letovi danas su komocija poput gledanja TV programa ili kupovanja cipela, a nekad su ljudska bića istraživanje neba pripisivala jedino pticama i besmrtnim bozima. Toliko su zavidjeli bozima na daru leta da su ih skinuli s neba i sve ih do jednoga pokopali u crnu zemlju, proglašivši sami sebe gospodarima kopna, mora i svemirskih prostranstava, a ne videći dalje od vrhova svojih gizdavih cipela.

No samotni piloti su još uvijek iznad nas. Oni se, ti najamnici mehaničkoga svijeta, jedini još sjećaju neopisivog strahopoštovanja koje je u nama nekoć izazivala proročka rika pjesnika koji je svojim slijepim očima obujmljivao nedostižna nebesa. Zato nama, malim zemaljskim mravićima, oni svojim letom neumorno rišu svoja nebeska pisma, crtajući u zraku golema slova zaboravljenih proroštava. No mi njihova pisma predajemo vatri zaborava.

Recite mi, što mislite, kako li se osjeća čovjek vinut iznad kontinenta u trenutku u kojem njegovo tijelo može potencijalno odlebdjeti do bilo koje točke ove naše plavičaste pikule koju zovemo domom? Mislite li da je takvome čovjeku doista još stalo do spavanja po hotelima razasutim na sve četiri strane kompasa? Mislite li da se prilagođava podnebljima kroz koja lebdi poput strijele vinute u nebo? Ili je već i sam ljudski jezik zamijenio pjevom češljugara i nema nam što reći jer ga zanima još samo let?

Gdje će takav čovjek, kad mu se umore krila, zaleći i saviti gnijezdo u koje će položiti svoje pospane oči poplavjele od oblaka? Ima li planine dovoljno visoke da se obnevidjeli letač na njoj ne bi osjećao kao ptica sahranjena u maloj krletci ovoga svijeta?

Iz dana u dan na nebu iznad našeg grada niču križevi i šare koje oblikuju meni nepoznato i nepodnošljivo prozračno klinasto pismo. Podsjećaju me na to da ja nisam letač. Podsjećaju me na to da ću umrijeti noseći planetu oko gležnja poput robijaške kugle.

Bijeli tragovi aviona preobražavaju se u izvinute lukove koji povezuju suprotne krajeve meni vidljivoga horizonta. No ja nikad neću kročiti tim nevjerojatnim nebeskim mostovima. Strah me je pada, jednako kao i vječnoga leta. Zato tek ležim na ljetnoj tratinu i promatram let aviona iznad polja.

Jednom kad se spusti večer i kad platno neba potamni, njegovu će plohu početi ispisivati fini perorezi usplamtjelih kometa, glasnika iz još daljih predjela. Pokušat ću razabrati i njihova delikatna pisma.

Neću uspjeti, ali svakako ću pokušati.

26. 4. - 28. 4. 2019.

Boris Kvaternik

## HEAVENLY WRITINGS

**Davor Dmitrović** rođen je 1989. godine u Virovitici. Nakon završetka Grafičke škole u Zagrebu upisuje studij filozofije na Filozofskom fakultetu Sveučilišta u Zagrebu. Nakon tri godine studija, 2014. godine, upisuje Akademiju likovnih umjetnosti Sveučilišta u Zagrebu, Grafički odsjek.

Godine 2017. provodi semestar na Umjetničkoj akademiji Latvije u Rigi.

Nakon završenog preddiplomskog studija grafike, upisuje diplomski studij u klasi izv.prof.art. Josipa Baće. Tijekom studija dva puta prima pohvalu Akademijskog vijeća. Dodijeljena mu je stipendija doktorskog studija na China Art Academy u Hangzhou, s početkom u rujnu 2019. godine.

Izlagao je na petnaest grupnih izložbi u Hrvatskoj i inozemstvu od kojih su značajnije: *Graphics open 2 (Budimpešta)*, *2nd International Triennial of Drawing (Katowice)*, *4. međunarodni trijenale autoportreta (Samobor, Galerija Prica)*, *Venientes (Zagreb, Galerija Šira)*, *Nesvrstani (Zagreb, Lauba)*, *1st International Symposium of Lithography (Lublin)*, *Plati i nosi (Zagreb, Dom HDLU, dobitnik nagrade za najbolji rad)*, *Nesvrstani 2 (Zagreb, Lauba)*.

Ovo mu je prva samostalna izložba.

Sometimes, when I replace my cushy, yet narrow bed with a vast summer sward, it appears to me that the white *tails* of countless aeroplanes on an enormous and empty page of the sky are writing secret messages of incredible cosmic importance.

As I behold the intoxicating flight of those mechanical butterflies, I realize they are navigated by people I will never meet. I cannot even imagine all the ways the lives of those dedicated flyers differ from my own ordinary life, which binds me firmly to the ground.

Does the pilot's flying habit compel him to observe the world with eagle's eyes, even when he lands and resumes his human life? Do flyers think in cosmic proportions even when they build dwarfish play-cube houses with their children?

Day after day pilots devote their lives to wondrous changes in perspective. It is why they feel the need to express what they see with their tireless air dance. Their lives are eternal plunges and prances above vast fields and countless cities, above neon carnivals and serpentine highways, above anonymous homes and infinite currents of everlasting, flowing fates of human beings that rarely look up towards the skies.

People have all but forgotten about the eternal celestial presence of the Sun and the Moon above their bent, wrinkled foreheads... Only a few loners look up nowadays to gazingly swallow the body of an eagle; to soak in a piece of that indescribable weightlessness deeply bound in the bones of every being with knowledge of flight.

Commercial flights are nowadays commodities such as watching a TV programme, or buying shoes. People once attributed the exploration of the sky to birds and immortal gods only. They envied gods on their gift of flight so much, they tore them down from heavens and buried each and every one of them in the dark ground. They proclaimed themselves as masters of the land, the sea, and the expanses of the universe, but did not see further from the tips of their gaudy shoes.

Lonesome pilots are still above us, however. These labourers of the mechanical world are the only ones that still remember the feeling of an

unspeakable awe that was once caused by the prophetic roar of a poet enveloping the unreachable skies with his blind eyes. This is why the pilots tirelessly sketch their heavenly writings with their flight. They do this for us, little earthly ants. They draw vast letters of forgotten prophecies in the air, but we hand them over to the flame of oblivion.

Tell me, how does a man soaring above the continent feel in the moment his body could potentially float off, to any given point on our bluish marble we call home? What do you think? Do you think such a man actually still cares for sleeping in hotels scattered on all four sides of a compass? Do you think he adapts to the climates he floats through like an arrow soaring into the sky? Or did he replace the human language itself with the song of a Goldfinch, without having anything left to say to us as he is only still interested in flight?

Where will such a man, once his wings grow tired, lie down and nest, rest his sleepy eyes, now blue from the clouds? Is there a mountain high enough for the blinded flyer not to feel like a bird entombed in the small cage of this world?

Day after day, in the sky above our city, crosses and mottles that form an unknown, and unbearably translucent cuneiform to me, sprout. They remind me that I'm not a flyer. They remind me that I will die carrying the planet around my ankle like a ball and chain.

White aeroplane traces transform into curved arches that connect opposite ends of the horizon that I can see. But I will never set foot on these unbelievable heavenly bridges. I'm afraid of the fall, as much as I am afraid of the eternal flight. Thus I only lie on the summer's sward and watch the aeroplane's flight above the field.

Once the evening comes and the canvas of the sky darkens, its surface will be written with fine penknives of burning comets, messengers from even farther realms. I will try to make sense of their delicate writings as well.

I will fail, but I will certainly try.

26. 4. - 28. 4. 2019.  
Boris Kvaternik

**Davor Dmitrović** was born in Virovitica, in 1989. After graduating from the Graphics School in Zagreb, he enrolls in the study of philosophy at the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Zagreb. After three years of study, in 2014, he enrolls at the Graphic Arts Department of the Academy of Fine Arts, University of Zagreb. In 2017 he spent a semester at the Latvijas Makslas akadēmija (Art Academy of Latvia) in Riga.

After completing the undergraduate university program of Graphic Arts, he enrolls in the graduate studies under the mentorship of associate professor Josip Baće. During his studies he received twice an honorable mention from the Academic Council.

He received a scholarship for PhD studies at the China Academy of Art in Hangzhou, beginning in September 2019.

He exhibited on fifteen group exhibitions in Croatia and abroad, some of which are: *Graphics open 2 (Budapest)*, *2nd International Triennial of Drawing (Katowice)*, *4th International Triennial of Self-portrait (Samobor, Gallery Prica)*, *Venientes (Zagreb, Šira Gallery)*, *Nesvrstani (Zagreb, Lauba)*, *1st International Symposium of Lithography (Lublin)*, *Cash&Carry (Zagreb, Croatian Association of Artists, winner of the award for the best work)*, *Nesvrstani 2 (Zagreb, Lauba)*.

This is his first solo exhibition.

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ŠIRA

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pon - pet: 16 - 20 h  
sub: 11 - 16 h



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