

The background is an abstract painting. The top half is a textured, light blue-grey color with visible brushstrokes. The bottom half is a textured, vibrant red-orange color, also with visible brushstrokes. The two colors meet at a horizontal line. The text is overlaid on this background.

ADNAN DUPANOVIĆ

RUPA
THE HOLE

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RUPA / THE HOLE

Arslanu

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Rupa u prošlosti, sadašnjosti i budućnosti

O izložbi „Rupa“ Adnana Dupanovića, u Gradskoj galeriji Bihać

Rupa – tako su vojni piloti i drugi zaposlenici Jugoslavenske narodne armije (JNA) kolokvijalno nazivali vojni aerodrom čije je zvanično ime bilo *Klek* ili *Objekt 505*, smješten na samoj granici Bosne i Hrvatske, pored ličkog sela Željava, sa hrvatske strane, odnosno blizu grada Bihaća, sa bosanske strane, tako da je bio najpoznatiji pod nazivom *Željava* ili *Bihaćki aerodrom*.

Rupa su ga zvali zato što je veliki dio tog kompleksa (osim kasarne, poletno-sletnih pista i radarsko-meteorološke stanice na planinskom vrhu Gola Plješevica, tj. Golovrhu) bio ukopan u planinu Plješevicu, po čemu je bio specifičan ne samo u jugoslavenskim, nego i u širim razmjerima, a bio je poseban i po nekim drugim kriterijima, recimo, po troškovima izgradnje, jer kako kažu neki znalci, sa tim sredstvima Jugoslavija se mogla premrežiti autoputevima, što nije bio slučaj, ili su se mogle izgraditi još stotine stambenih zgrada, bolnica i škola.

Odluka o gradnji aerodroma na toj lokaciji donesena je sredinom pedesetih godina, u hladnoratovskoj klimi, kada su i vojna invazija Sovjetskog Saveza i nuklearni napadi bili realistični scenariji. U tu svrhu kompletno je iseljeno selo Baljevac, a djelimično i selo Željava. Aerodrom je građen skoro deset godina i otvoren je 1968. godine.

Premda je Bihać i prije toga bio značajna baza JNA, aerodrom ga je učinio još važnijim centrom u perspektivi Armije, tim više što je vazduhoplovstvo bilo elitni rod vojske, a piloti su bili elita među vojnim licima. To je u svakom pogledu utjecalo na grad u kojem su živjeli željavski piloti i druga vojna lica sa svojim porodicama. Prvenstveno u demografskom aspektu, jer su se u Bihać doseljavali ljudi raznih nacionalnosti i raznih socijalnih pozadina iz cijele Jugoslavije, te su se, kako to već biva, miješali sa lokalnim Muslimanima/Bošnjacima, Srbima, Hrvatima i drugima, čineći grad na rijeci Uni vrlo dinamičnim i, danas bi se reklo, multikulturnim gradom, na sličan način kako je to ranije bilo sa dolaskom i četrdesetogodišnjom vladavinom Austro-Ugarske monarhije. Budući da su se, zahvaljujući JNA, doseljavali ljudi ne samo iz mjesta veličine Bihaća ili još manjih, nego i iz jugoslavenskih metropola, zadržavajući veze sa gradovima iz kojih su došli i donoseći sa

sobom njihov duh, jezik, običaje i nazore, stanovnici Bihaća nisu patili od kompleksa provincije, čemu je doprinosila i blizina Zagreba i jadranske obale, kao i dobra saobraćajna povezanost sa drugim jugoslavenskim gradovima i republikama, te sa Evropom. Osim toga, ti „došljaci“, a pogotovo njihova djeca, brzo su postajali Bišćani, jer nikad nije bilo onog zazora prema „dođošima“, „dotepercima“, „fureštima“ kojeg je bilo u nekim drugim sredinama. Za to mnoštvo ljudi koji su se nastanjivali u Bihaću trebalo je osigurati i odgovarajuću životnu infrastrukturu, pa je izgrađeno ne samo moderno stambeno naselje u Harmanima, sa tržišnim centrom i drugim sadržajima, nego i čitav niz drugih zgrada kao što je Osnovna škola „I. zasjedanje AVNOJ-a“, a kuriozitet je to da je JNA, gradeći nebudere poznate kao H-10 i H-11 na zemljištu koje je pripadalo Katoličkoj crkvi, obeštetila Katoličku crkvu tako što je armijska inženjerija izgradila Crkvu svetog Ante Padovanskog, koja je i arhitektonski srodna sa spomenutim neboderima i školom, jer je za fasadu korištena ista crvena cigla. Naposljetku, i privredni razvoj grada je uveliko bio povezan s Armijom, iako je rapidna industrijalizacija, koja je tome doprinosila, bila stvar jugoslavenskog socijalizma i njegove ekonomske politike općenito.

Uglavnom, socijalno-kulturne metamorfoze Bihaća nakon Drugog svjetskog rata velikim dijelom su bile vezane uz JNA, a time i uz vojni aerodrom, ponos Bihaća, Bosne i Jugoslavije. „Bratstvo-jedinstvo“ i „jedinstvo naroda i Armije“ nisu bile samo prazne ideološke floskule. A onda se sve to raspalo početkom devedesetih godina, s agresijom JNA najprije na Sloveniju, zatim na Hrvatsku, a na kraju i na Bosnu i Hercegovinu, uključujući grad Bihać.

O svemu tome na specifičan i originalan način svjedoči nova izložba Adnana Dupanovića pod naslovom „Rupa“.

Autor, rođen 1978. godine, odrastao je u Bihaću, u prethodno opisanoj atmosferi, i bio je taman toliko mlad da vidi samo pozitivne strane predratnog života u Bihaću, da to doživljava kao idilu, pa i da dan-danas idealizira svoje djetinjstvo u tom vremenu i prostoru. Sastavni element toga bilo je i naivno dječije oduševljenje svim onim što je bilo povezano s Armijom, a pritom su opet bili najistaknutiji aerodrom, avioni i piloti. Svakodnevnim preletima aviona MiG-21 nisu bili uznemirujući, nego su izazivali znatiželju, veselje i ponos, jednako kao i neizbježni pogled na misteriozne kugle (zapravo radarske uređaje) na vrhu Plješevice. Djeca koja danas odrastaju u preobilju virtualnih i fizičkih senzacija vjerovatno ne bi bila posebno dirnuta onim što je izazivalo najveće

ushićenje kod Adnana Dupanovića i drugih „Titovih pionira“, a to je bila povremena mogućnost da se posjeti aerodrom Željave, odnosno da se u neki vedri ljetni dan obiđe izložba moćnih mašina u njihovom punom sjaju, pa čak i da se uđe u kabinu aviona, prepunu čudnovatih instrumenata nalik na one iz *Zvezdanih staza*. Mnogi su dječaci nakon takvog iskustva prestali maštati o tome da budu fudbaleri ili muzičke i televizijske zvijezde, a da o drugim zanimanjima i ne govorimo, jer su poželjeli da budu piloti.

Tim strašnije bilo je razočarenje kad su se avioni i piloti JNA i cijela Narodna armija početkom devedesetih godina okrenuli protiv naroda koji ih je do tada idealizirao i glorificirao. Djeca nisu mogla vidjeti, a mnogi odrasli nisu željeli vidjeti da je raspad Jugoslavenske armije i Jugoslavije počeo i prije nego što se u ljeto 1991. godine zapucalo u Sloveniji. Uprkos stvarnosti, iluzija o Armiji i vjerovanje da će baš ona riješiti „čarke“ između zavađenih jugoslavenskih naroda, tj. njihovih novih vođa, u Bosni i Bihaću održavala se nevjerovatno dugo, i to ne samo dok je cijela Hrvatska gorila, zahvaljujući i Željavi, nego i kad se ratna vatra već rasplamsala u Bosni i Hercegovini. Također, danas tragi-komično izgleda ondašnja nada nekih Bišćana da će rat nekim čudom zaobići Bihać, premda su se ratni sukobi i ratni zločini događali u neposrednom komšiluku Bihaća, recimo, u Bosanskoj Krupi. Trenutak definitivnog otrežnjenja za malobrojne je nastupio tek 12. juna 1992., kada su prve granate ispaljene na grad Bihać (naravno, iz naoružanja tada već bivše JNA), a gotovo svima sve je bilo jasno najkasnije mjesec dana ranije, kad je JNA, prilikom povlačenja, sa pedesetak tona eksploziva temeljito uništila aerodromski kompleks, tako da ga više nikad ne bude.

Za Dupanovića je, kako sam kaže, upravo to bio ključni moment koji je označio početak rata i kraj djetinjstva. Bilo je to u rano jutro 16. maja 1992., kad su zvuk eksplozija i zemljotres koji su one izazvale probudili Bihać udaljen petnaestak kilometara od Željave.

Dupanovićev slikarski ciklus „Rupa“ u nevidljivoj sferi (sferi sjećanja) zumira taj moment, a u vidljivoj sferi (sferi slike) fokusira se na prahistoriju i širi kontekst tog otrežnjujućeg trenutka. Dječija fascinacija moćnom tehnikom i vojskom prerasta u refleksiju odraslog čovjeka, koji se u međuvremenu svačega nagledao, te u refleksiju umjetnika koji istovremeno mora biti i dijete i odrasla osoba da bi sagledao, protumačio i prikazao jednu opsesivnu temu.

Dupanović nije prvi umjetnik koji je inspiriran aerodromom Željave. Bosansko-kanadski umjetnik Sadko Hadžihasanović, kojeg Dupanović smatra svojim mentorom i dijeli sa njim mnogo više od zajedničkog grada Bihaća, u svojoj slikarskoj seriji „So beautiful, so frightening“ također se pozabavio time. Ali Dupanovićeva izložba razlikuje se od Hadžihasanovićeve i tehnički i tematski. Dok su Hadžihasanovićeve slike rađene digitalno, pomoću iPada, te su u prikazu aviona i aerodroma prilično precizne i vizualno ispolirane, Dupanović na svoje slike aplicira fragmente fotografija, ali ih obrađuje, kolažira, odnosno kombinira sa radom kistova i guste boje, sa radom ruke i cijelog tijela (jer slike su zahtjevnog formata), tako da odaju fizički napor i stvaraju utisak grubosti, sirovosti, pa i nedovršenosti. A to ima veze i sa tematikom, jer dok Hadžihasanović prezentira hladnu moć tehnike, prepuštajući ono prikazano nepoznatim posmatračima koji mogu ostati i sasvim distancirani od objekta, Dupanović nudi određene činjenice, ali ne na egzaktn način, nego uranjajući ih u vrelu magmu sjećanja i imaginacije, te glasno poziva gledaoce na saradnju u dovršavanju djela i uvlači ih u svoje slike.

Najočiglednije je to u trećoj i završnoj seriji ove izložbe, pod naslovom „Uzgon“, gdje je na slikama u prvom planu kabina, tj. *cockpit* aviona i kontrolna ploča, ali iza toga, tj. ispred onoga ko „sjedi“ u kabini – a to su i autor i recipijent slike – otvara se pogled na izlazak iz planinskog tunela, na piste sa kojih se polijeće ili na teren iznad kojeg se leti. Ti motivi ponegdje bi mogli biti i lijepi pejzaži da nije one pozadine, tj. *cockpita*, i tačke gledišta, tj. imaginarnog pilota koji u ratno vrijeme kreće u smrtonosnu operaciju, a u mirnodopskoj operaciji priprema se za moguća ratna dejstva. Ubavi prizori tada se pokazuju na drugačiji način, a Dupanović to signira dovodeći prizore do ruba apstrakcije, rastvarajući ih onako kako se činjenice rastvaraju u pamćenju i mašti, do neprepoznatljivosti. Ali ono što je u prvom planu slike, prizor kabine, zadržava jasnoću i to je poenta: slikovno pripovijedanje iz prvog lica o svemu drugom i trećem, iz onog lica koje drhti između dimenzija vremena i epoha, ali odolijeva izazovima, odupire se, opstaje i stoji, potiče uzgon i garantira smislenost svega što u vidokrug uopće može ući. Nasuprot toj transparentnosti (ili, bolje rečeno, težnji ka transparentnosti) stoji serija pod naslovom „Utroba“, koja na realistično-nadrealistični ili realistično-podrealistični način prikazuje prepoznatljive ulaze u željavske tunele ukopane u planinu, dizajnirane prema obliku aviona MiG-21. Ono što biva jasno jeste da se radi o ulazima u tunele ili izlazima iz njih, ono što se može

naslutiti jeste njihova primarna svrha (izlaz/ulaz, raskrivanje/skrivanje, nesigurnost/sigurnost), ali sve drugo ostaje u polju nadražujuće tajnovitosti koja nikada neće biti dešifrirana, jer kada je aerodrom funkcionirao, to se nije smjelo činiti, a sada kada se smije, aerodroma i njegovog sadržaja više nema. Željave je leš prošlosti, koji odbija da sasvim propadne i nestane, pa provocira na istraživanje, na ulazak u njegovu trulu utrobu.

Na takve misli navodi nas i prva, uvodna serija Dupanovićeve izložbe, pod naslovom „Najava“. Najava čega? Ne samo najava izložbe, naravno, nego i najava problema i najava umjetnikovog nastojanja da uđe u tajnovitost „kompleksa Željave“, u „Rupu“ – rupu u planini koja je ujedno i rupa u prošlosti, sadašnjosti i budućnosti. Ali motivi ove serije slika nisu podzemni, nego ekstremno nadzemni, jer se radi o spomenutim radarskim uređajima postavljenima na vrh planine Plješevice, iznad aerodroma i cijele bihaćke kotline, koji su se mogli vidjeti izdaleka, čak i iz grada Bihaća, što ih nije činilo manje tajnovitima. Zato su oni svojevrsni simbol ondašnje Željave kao nečeg vidljivo-nevidljivog i poznato-nepoznatog, a danas, tridesetak godina nakon uništenja aerodroma, kada ni tih čudnovatih kugli više nema, to može biti simbol nemogućnosti da se jasno prikaže veza između prošlosti, sadašnjosti i budućnosti.

Jesu li nazivi Dupanovićevih ciklusa – „Najava“, „Utroba“ i „Uzgon“ – alternativni nazivi za prošlost, sadašnjost i budućnost? Ne, nisu, ali inspirativno je razmišljati u tom smjeru, bez pretjeranih idealizacija prošlosti, zavaravanja oko sadašnjosti i očekivanja od budućnosti. Inspirativno je, također, razmišljati o gradu Bihaću kroz prizmu Željave, gdje aerodromski kompleks i njegov historijsko-socijalni kontekst mogu biti simbol nezadovoljavajuće sadašnjosti koja je zapela između temeljito uništene prošlosti i bolje budućnosti koja nikad nije došla. Doduše, o nedavno je aerodrom postao „turistička atrakcija“, jer ga danas redovno posjećuju amaterski istraživači vojne povijesti i ljubitelji neobičnosti i bizarnosti, a usput i plaćinari koji se spuste u podnožje Plješevice, ali i s obzirom na to Željave može biti simbol: prirodne ljepote i ruševine – to je uglavnom sve za što smatramo da možemo ponuditi svijetu.

Kao i na prethodnim izložbama („Iz taloga 2020/2021.“ iz 2021. godine, te „Ja/mi“ iz 2022. godine) Adnan Dupanović povezuje bolne tačke prošlosti i sadašnjosti, bacajući skeptičan pogled u budućnost, ali činjenica da iz sadašnjosti zaranja u prošlost, kako bi obje te dimenzije istražio i rekao nam, u najmanju ruku, da ne možemo očekivati svijetle perspektive budućnosti, već je veliki poduhvat.

Zato nam je Dupanovićev refleksivni umjetnički rad dragocjen. Osim toga, njegovo aktuelno (auto)refleksivno propitivanje militarizma i ljudske slabosti pred tehničko-vojnomoći dolazi u pravi čas, kad medijski dominantni ratovi, onaj ukrajinsko-ruski i palestinsko-izraelski, kao i stotinjak „nevidljivih“ ratova diljem svijeta, stvaraju klimu svjetskog rata koji nije proglašen, ali traje i eskalira.

Pojam „rūpa“ u sanskrtskom jeziku znači „forma“, „forma materije“ ili „materija“, te je suprotan (i u suprotnosti srodan) pojmu „nāma“ koji podrazumijeva ono duhovno. Poigramo li se malo sa jezicima i značenjima, mogli bismo se zapitati: šta nama znači „Rupa“ sa kojom nas Adnan Dupanović suočava? A odgovor bi mogao glasiti: Dupanović nam prezentira određenu materijalnost prožetu svojim duhom i daje nam do znanja da ono što nazivamo objektivnim ne vrijedi ništa bez onog subjektivnog. Fizički objekti, ali i historijska i socijalna materija, odnosno razne činjenice, informacije i podaci, ne vrijede ništa ako nisu oduhovljeni nečijom refleksijom, bilo teorijskom ili umjetničkom.

Promišljeno i zabilježeno lično iskustvo uvijek nosi sa sobom rizik da bude suviše subjektivno i da nudi slike koje će biti u neskladu sa drugim slikama, pa i sa onim zajedničkim i općim, koje se predstavljaju kao „objektivne“, ali taj rizik treba prihvatiti: takve slike brane nešto što je danas sve rjeđe i tim sve vrednije – one brane važnost i dostojanstvo sjećanja i pamćenja. Alternativa tome je zaborav svačega i svega. I ništavilo u kojem nema ni prošlosti, ni budućnosti, a zapravo ni sadašnjosti.

Hrvoje Jurić

The hole in the past, present and future

About “The Hole”, an exhibition by Adnan Dupanović, in the City Gallery of Bihać

The Hole (Rupa) – that is what the military pilots and other employees of the Yugoslav People’s Army (JNA – Jugoslavenska narodna armija) colloquially called the military airbase whose official name was *Klek* or *Object 505*, located on the very border of Bosnia and Croatia, next to the village of Željava on the Croatian side, and near the town of Bihać on the Bosnian side, so it was best known as *Željava* or *Bihać Airbase*.

It was called *The Hole* because a large part of that complex (except for the barracks, runways and meteorological-radar station on the Gola Plješevica mountain top, also known as Golovrh) was dug into Plješevica Mountain, which made it specific not only in Yugoslavia, but also on larger scales and it was also special according to some other criteria, for example, construction costs because, as some experts say, with these funds, Yugoslavia could have been networked with highways, which was not the case, or hundreds more residential buildings, hospitals and schools could have been built.

The decision to build an airbase at that location was made in the mid-1950s, in the Cold War climate, when both the military invasion of the Soviet Union and nuclear attacks were realistic scenarios. For this purpose, the village of Baljevac was completely displaced and the village of Željava partially. The airbase was built for almost ten years and was launched in 1968.

Although Bihać was an important JNA base even before that, the airbase made the town an even more important center in the perspective of the Army, especially since the aviation was the elite branch of the Army and pilots were the elite among military personnel. In every way, this affected the town where Željava pilots and other military personnel lived with their families. In the demographic aspect primarily, because people of different nationalities and different social backgrounds moved to Bihać from all over Yugoslavia and, as it happens, mixed with local Muslims/Bosniaks, Serbs, Croats and others, making the town on the river Una very dynamic and, today one would say, multicultural city, in a similar way as it was earlier with the

arrival and forty-year rule of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Since (thanks to the JNA) people immigrated not only from Bihać-size places or even smaller, but also from Yugoslav metropolises, maintaining ties with cities they came from and bringing with them their spirit, language, customs and views, the inhabitants of Bihać did not suffer from the inferiority complex in relation to larger cities. The proximity of Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, and the Adriatic coast also contributed to it as well as good traffic connections with other Yugoslav cities and regions, as well as Europe. In addition, these "newcomers", and especially their children, were quickly becoming the citizens of Bihać, because there was never the aversion or hostility towards "newcomers as strangers", which existed in some other cities. Adequate infrastructure had to be provided for this multitude of people who settled in Bihać, so not only a modern residential complex in the Harmani neighbourhood was built, with a shopping centre and other facilities, but also a whole series of other buildings, such as the Elementary School "First Session of the Anti-Fascist Council for the National Liberation of Yugoslavia"; the curiosity is that the JNA when building skyscrapers known as H-10 and H-11 on the land that belonged to the Catholic Church compensated the Catholic Church by having the Army engineering build the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, which is therefore architecturally similar to the skyscrapers and school, because the facade was made of the same red brick. Finally, the economic development of the town of Bihać was largely connected with the Army, although the rapid industrialization, which contributed to it, was a matter of Yugoslav socialism and its economic policy in general.

Anyway, the social and cultural metamorphoses of Bihać after the Second World War were largely related to the JNA, and thus to the military airbase, the pride of Bihać, Bosnia and Yugoslavia. "Brotherhood & Unity" and "unity of the people and the Army" were not just ideological platitudes. And then it all fell apart in the early 1990s, with the aggression of the JNA first against Slovenia, then against Croatia and finally against Bosnia and Herzegovina, including the town of Bihać.

All this is evidenced in a specific and original way by Adnan Dupanović's new exhibition entitled "The Hole". The author, born in 1978, grew up in Bihać, in the previously described atmosphere and was young enough to see only positive sides of the pre-war life in Bihać, to perceive it as an idyll, and to idealize, even to this day, his childhood in that time and space.

An integral element of that was the naive children's enthusiasm for everything that was connected with the Army, with the airbase, airplanes and pilots being in focus again. The daily overflights of MiG-21 fighters were not disturbing, but caused curiosity, joy and pride, as well as the unavoidable sight of mysterious spherical objects (actually radar devices) on the top of Plješevica Mountain. Children who grow up today in an overabundance of virtual and physical sensations would probably not be particularly moved by what caused the greatest delight in Adnan Dupanović and other "Tito's pioneers" (according to Josip Broz Tito, a decades-long leader of Yugoslavia): occasional opportunity to visit the Željava airbase, that is, to tour, on a clear summer day, the exhibition of powerful machines in their full glory and even enter the cockpits of the planes, full of strange instruments similar to those from *Star Trek*. After such an experience, many boys stopped dreaming about being football players or music and TV stars, not to mention other professions, because they started wanting to become the pilots.

The disappointment was all the more dreadful when the planes and pilots of the JNA and the entire People's Army turned against the people who, until then, idealized and glorified them. Children could not see, and many adults did not want to see, that the disintegration of the Yugoslav Army and Yugoslavia began even before the first shots were fired in Slovenia in the summer of 1991. Despite the reality, the illusion about the Army and the belief that it would solve the "skirmishes" between the Yugoslav ethnic communities i.e. their new leaders, was maintained in Bosnia and Bihać for an incredibly long time and not only while the whole of the neighbouring Croatia was burning, thanks also to Željava airbase, but also when the fire of war had already flared up in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Also, the hope of some Bihać inhabitants that the war would miraculously bypass Bihać, although the war conflicts and war crimes took place in the immediate neighbourhood of Bihać, for example in Bosanska Krupa, looks tragicomic today. The moment of definitive sobriety for a few came only on 12 June 1992 when the first grenades were fired at the town of Bihać (of course, from the weapons of the JNA), and everything was clear to almost everyone a month earlier at the latest, when the JNA, during its withdrawal, thoroughly destroyed the airbase complex with about fifty tons of explosives, so that it will never exist again.

For Dupanović, as he says, this was precisely the key moment that marked the beginning of the war and the end of his childhood. It was in the early morning of 16 May 1992 when

the sound of explosions and the earthquake they caused woke up Bihać, fifteen kilometers from the Željava airbase.

Dupanović's exhibition "The Hole" in the invisible sphere (the sphere of memory) zooms in on that moment and in the visible sphere (the sphere of image), it focuses on prehistory and the broader context of that sobering moment. A child's fascination with powerful technology and the army grows into the reflection of an adult, who meanwhile has seen a lot and into the reflection of an artist who must be both a child and an adult at the same time in order to perceive, interpret and present an obsessive subject.

Dupanović is not the first artist inspired by the Željava airbase. The Bosnian-Canadian artist Sadko Hadžihasanović, whom Dupanović considers his mentor and shares with him much more than the common town of Bihać, also addressed it in his painting series "So beautiful, so frightening". Nevertheless, Dupanović's exhibition differs from Hadžihasanović's both technically and thematically. While Hadžihasanović's paintings were made digitally, using iPad, and are quite precise and visually polished in the depiction of airplanes and airbase, Dupanović applies fragments of photographs to his paintings, but processes them, collages them, that is, combines them with the work of brush and thick paints, with the work of hands and whole body (because the paintings are in a demanding format), so that they give off physical effort and create the impression of roughness, rawness and even incompleteness. And this has something to do with the subject matter, because while Hadžihasanović presents the cold power of technology, leaving what is shown to unknown observers who can remain completely distant from the object, Dupanović offers some facts, but not in an exact way, instead, by immersing them in the hot magma of memory and imagination and he loudly invites audiences to cooperate in completing the work and draws them into his paintings.

This is most evident in the third and final painting series of this exhibition named "Lift" (Uzgon) where, in the paintings, the cockpit of the plane and the control panel are in the foreground, but behind it i.e. in front of the person "sitting" in the cockpit – and it is both the author and the recipient of the painting – the view opens to the exit from the mountain tunnel, to the runways from which one takes off or to the terrain above which one flies. These motifs could be beautiful landscapes if it were not for the background i.e. the cockpit, and the point of view i.e. the imaginary pilot who embarks on a deadly operation in

wartime, or prepares for possible war operations in peacetime operations. Beautiful scenes are then appearing in a different way and Dupanović signifies this by bringing the scenes to the edge of abstraction, dissolving them the way facts dissolve in memory and imagination, until they are unrecognizable. But what is in the foreground of the painting, the scene of the cockpit, keeps clarity, and that is the point: pictorial narration in the first person about everything second and third, from that person that trembles between the dimensions of time and epochs, but also resists challenges, survives and stands, stimulates lift and guarantees the meaningfulness of everything that can come into view.

In contrast to this transparency (or, rather, the aspiration of transparency), stands the painting series named "Womb" (Utroba), which in a realistic-surrealistic or realistic-subrealistic way shows the recognizable entrances to the Željava airbase tunnels dug into the Mountain, designed according to the shape of the MiG-21 airplane. What becomes clear is that they are entrances to tunnels or exits from them; what can be guessed is their primary purpose (exit/entrance, disclosure/concealment, insecurity/security), but everything else remains in the field of irritating secrecy that never can be deciphered because when the airbase was functioning, this should not have been done and now, when it is permitted, the airbase and its contents are no longer there. Željava airbase is the corpse of the past, which refuses to completely decay and disappear, so it provokes an investigation, an entry into its rotten womb.

The first, introductory painting series of Dupanović's exhibition named "Announcement" (Najava), leads us to such thoughts, as well. Announcement of what? Not only the announcement of the exhibition, of course, but also the announcement of the problem and the announcement of the artist's effort to enter the secrecy of the "Željava complex", into the "Hole" – a hole in the mountain that is also a hole in the past, present and future. But the motifs of this painting series are not underground, but extremely above ground, because it is about the aforementioned radar devices placed on top of Plješevica Mountain, above the airbase and the entire Bihać basin, which could be seen from afar, even from the town of Bihać, which did not make them any less secretive. That is why they are a kind of symbol of Željava airbase at that time as something visible-invisible and known-unknown and today, thirty years after the destruction of the airbase, when even those strange spherical objects are no longer there, it can be a symbol of the impossibility to clear-

ly show the connection between the past, present and future. Are the titles of Dupanović's painting series – "Announcement", "Womb" and "Lift" – alternative names for the past, present and future? No, they are not, but it is inspiring to think in that direction, without excessive idealizations of the past, delusions about the present and expectations from the future. It is also inspiring to think about the town of Bihać through the prism of Željava airbase, where the airbase complex and its historical-social context can be a symbol of an unsatisfactory present that is stuck between a thoroughly destroyed past and a better future that never came. Admittedly, the remains of the Željava airbase have recently become a "tourist attraction" as they are nowadays regularly visited by amateur researchers of military history and fans of the unusual and bizarre and, by the way, by mountaineers who descend to the foot of Plješevica Mountain, but even in this regard, Željava can be a symbol: nature and ruins – that is pretty much all we, the Bosnians, think we can offer the world.

As in the previous exhibitions ("From the Sludge 2020/2021" from 2021, and "I/We" from 2022), Adnan Dupanović connects the painful points of the past and the present, casting a skeptical look into the future, but the fact that he is diving from the present into the past in order to explore both of these dimensions and to tell us, at the very least, that we cannot expect bright prospects for the future, is already a great achievement. That is why Dupanović's reflective artistic work is precious to us. In addition, his current (self-)reflexive questioning of militarism and human weakness in the face of technological-military power comes at the right time, when the media-dominant wars, the Ukrainian-Russian and Palestinian-Israeli, as well as a hundred of "invisible" wars around the world, are creating a climate of a world war that has not been declared, but continues and escalates.

The term "rūpa" (aurally and visually related to the term "rupa", the hole, in the Bosnian language) in the Sanskrit language means "form", "form of matter" or "matter", and is opposite (and related in its opposition) to the term "nāma" which implies the spiritual. If we play a little with languages and meanings, we could ask ourselves: what does "The Hole", that Adnan Dupanović is confronting us with, mean to us in a spiritual way? And the answer could be: Dupanović presents us a certain materiality imbued with his spirit and lets us know that what we call objective is worth nothing without the subjective. Physical objects, but also historical and social matters, that is, various

facts, information and data, are worth nothing if they are not spiritualized by one's reflection, whether theoretical or artistic. Reflected and recorded personal experience always comes with the risk of being too subjective and of offering paintings that will be inconsistent with other paintings, even with common and general ones, which are presented as "objective", but this risk should be accepted: such paintings defend something that is increasingly rare today and all the more valuable – they defend the importance and dignity of remembrance and memory. The alternative to it is forgetting everything and all, as well as nothingness in which there is no past, no future, and in fact no present.

Hrvoje Jurić

NAJAVA,
kombinovano na papiru,
53 x 74 cm, 2023.

ANNOUNCEMENT,
mixed technique on paper,
53 x 74 cm, 2023



UTROBA,
akril na kaširanom platnu,
40 x 60 cm, 2023.

WOMB,
acrylic on laminated
canvas, 40 x 60 cm, 2023



NAJAVA,
kombinovano na papiru,
53 x 74 cm, 2023.

ANNOUNCEMENT,
mixed technique on paper,
53 x 74 cm, 2023



NAJAVA - DOKUMENT,
kobinovano na lesomalu, diptih
2 (18 x 29 cm), 2023.

ANNOUNCEMENT - DOCUMENT,
mixed technique on MDF, diptych
2 (18 x 29 cm), 2023



Poetika ranjene planine – rupa i njeni hirovi

O ciklusu radova Adnana Dupanovića „Rupa“

*„... govorio sam o mucu trenutka u prelazu, o
strašnoj tišini koja nastaje između onoga što se
završilo i onoga što nije počelo, o svačijoj želji da
sačuva svijetle trenutke stvarajući od njih mit ...“
Meša Selimović, „Tišine“*

Kad bi sve što u čovjeka uđe, moglo i izaći, čovjek bi živio vječno. A mitovi ne bi postojali.

Sve što oči pregledaju u svom trajanju; što uši pospreme u skladišta zvukova sortiranih po frekvencijama, ili naprosto na samo dvije hrpe – ugodne i neugodne; što nepce i jezik sažvaču, a nos upije – i najomamljivije i najogavnije mirise, nikad se u čovjeku ne bi zadržalo da ne postoji ta nepregledna ropotarnica sjećanja, potpuno odvojena i od uma i od razuma ali zato čvrsto ankerisana u luci naplavljenih emocija. Čovjek je sjećanje. Mnogo prije i više nego ono što čini. Sjećanja nas određuju. Naše sklonosti, opijenosti, strasti, želje i strahove. Iz sjećanja se porađaju mitovi.

Ne tako davno, ni pola stoljeća unatrag, žitelji Bihaća i okoline su se bili stopili sa svakodnevnom grmljavinom mlaznih motora avijacije Jugoslovenske narodne armije. Toliko stopili i navikli, da su im eksplozije uzrokovane probijanjem zvučnog zida lakše padale od udara prozorskog krila pri naletu jakog vjetrova. A kad nisu letjeli, avioni su spavali u utrobi planine Plješevice, kojoj ovoj dio Bosne i Hercegovine ima najviše zahvaliti što nema mediteransku klimu. Duboko u njenoj utrobi je iskopana velika rupa koja je bila podzemna avionska spavaonica. O rupi u srcu planine, beskrajno dubokoj, neuništivoj i strahopoštovanoj, već tad je bio stvoren mit. A mitovi su, znamo, i neuništivi. Ili nisu?

Jedan dječak nije nikad vidio ovu plješevičku rupu iznutra. Samo je jednom bio ispred otvora zvjezdastog oblika, koji su doslovno oslikavali siluetu repa modela aviona koji su nastanjivali utrobu, na onom dijelu poletno-sletnih staza, do kojeg je maksimalno moglo doprijeti stopalo nekoga ko i sam nije bio dio „rupe“, dio utrobe. Dječak će morati otkriti boje i četku, da jednom, dosta kasnije, kao zreo čovjek, oslika rupu i donese nam utrobu iz mita

o neuništivoj planini koja je čuvala tajne hiljada vatrenih moćnih zmajeva. I da je htio drugačije, ne bi mogao. Rukama istih onih koji su je kopali, rupa je i srušena. Pregalničke ruke su postale ruke krvoloka koje su dovoljno moćne da raznesu i mitove. A sa njima i sjećanja od kojih su mitovi i nastali. Jedna planina i jedan dječak su ostali da koegzistiraju.

Adnan Dupanović nikad nije želio postati pilot. A bio je. Letio je svojim šarenim, često do neprepoznatljivosti uzburkanim snovima unutar vlastitog sebe. Toliko dugo i daleko da je mogao spoznati, kako horizont vlastitog sebe, tako i horizont prošlosti, sjećanja i strahova.

Utroba je ta koja pamti. Nakupine utrobe su ono što svijet čini da postoji. U protivnom, čovjek bi bio samo širom otvorena balkonska vrata za propuh – taj mitski fenomen sveprisutnog strujanja zraka, kome se ne zna ni uzrok ni porijeklo, kojeg nikad niko vidio i izmjerio, ali eto, ipak postoji. Sa svojim nepobrojanim žrtvama preuzevši čak primat i nad uobičajenim, redovnim i čestim ratovima. Naprosto, još jedan mit.

U utrobi se svijest porađa i zbog nje svijet i postoji. U utrobi se čovjek upali, tinja, buktu i na kraju dogori, ugasne, utihne i nestane. Da bi se negdje drugo ponovo porodilo drugi i novi svijet. Samo su umjetnici ti koji znaju tajnu prenošenja taložnih pamćenja utroba, svojih i tuđih, u taj novi život i novi svijet. Onaj koji postoji samo u nečem što se može definirati kao tačka singularnosti – kad smisao ponavljanja završi u beskonačnosti. U samom ishodištu besmisla. U onoj sili, koja stvaratelja, ili je to dočim i sam Stvoritelj, tjera i vodi da traži smisao i da ga donese u onom umjetničkom izričaju koji ga je dopao.

Tako su se sadašnji Dupanović i Plješevica sreli još jednom. U prožimanju svojih vlastitih rupa – jedne otkopane u planini i druge otete od djetinjstva, došao je mir koji je ispunio rascjepine koje su se porađale iz svojih rupa. Sve one pukotine, od najmanjih, nježnih poput paukovih niti do najvećih, poput zasjeka krila mlaznog aviona, spojile su se u potrazi za svjetlom. Prostorom odsustva muke u kojem vrijeme gubi referentnost odnosa spram unatrag i unaprijed. I Dupanović nam to dokazuje u svojim radovima u kojima ma trijumfalno, ali opet nenametljivo, caruje mir. Na momente čak i iritirajuće, dočim iscjeliteljsko, odsustvo je patnje i sjećanja na ružno i strašno. Odsustvo sjećanja na čarobno i zasljepljujuće. Njegov pilot – da li je to i on sam!? – strpljivo rula u mjestu, čvrsto oslonjen stajnim trapom na zemlju.

Njegova vizura nije ništa drugo do pogled iz tačke singularnosti – onaj pogled kojim se odjednom obuhvata sveprostor i svevrijeme. Iza vizira ovog pilota ne gledaju oči nego utroba čovjeka koji je prošao put od sebe do sebe, od prošlosti do budućnosti, od naprijed do nazad i od dolje do gore. Onaj pogled kojim se jedino vidi ako se ne koriste otvorene oči. Pogled utrobe koji je jedini sveznajući i svedohvatni.

Nikako u mraku, nikako u crnoj – jer crna svakako nije boja, nego naprosto izostanak svjetlosti. Zato ne može da postoji crna rupa nigdje izvan same sebe, jer ona podrazumijeva samo dva moguća fenomena: horizont događaja (iz kojeg se ne vidi ni jedan drugi događaj) i tačku singularnosti (gdje više ne vrijede zakoni fizike, a naročito ne drugi zakon termodinamike i gdje kretanje energije iz oblika u oblik prestaje da postoji. Kao što ni utroba ne može da postoji nigdje osim u čovjeku. Čovjeku kao rupi nezagrnutoj.

U pustinji Atakama u Čileu, najsušem mjestu na svijetu, počinjeni su neki od najstrašnijih i najsvirepijih zločina što ih je čovječanstvo zabilježilo. Za mnoge zatočenike logora jedini ishod je bio prekid biološkog postojanja ali ne i postojanja u cjelini. Dva su oblika u kojima još uvijek žive – u sjećanjima bližnjih koji i danas traže njihove koštane ostatke u bespućima pustinje i u kalciju pronađenih koščica.

U istoj pustinji nalazi se i jedan od najvećih svemirskih opservatorija sa teleskopima dovoljno snažnim da zabilježe porađanje mladih zvijezda. Koje, po svom sastavu, opet, tvori kalcij.

Zato je Atakama mjesto gdje se tačka singularnosti i utroba svemira mogu vidjeti sa zemlje. Jednako gledajući prema gore i dolje. U nebo i u pijesak. U zvijezdu i u kost. Gdje mrtvi ne postaju mit i gdje zvijezde nisu samo padalice.

Zato i Dupanović, u svojim radovima iz ciklusa „Rupa“, dok stoji, on leti, kad gleda preko piste u nebo, on gleda u rupu, utrobu planine. Kad gleda u slikarsko platno vidi ono što je naizvrat – u vlastitoj utrobi. Koja u ovom ciklusu miruje i oplemenjuje.

Ramiz Huremagić

Poetics of the Wounded Mountain – the hole and its vagaries

About the series of works by Adnan Dupanović “The Hole”

“... I spoke about the agony of a moment in transition, about the terrible silence that arises between what has ended and what has not begun, about everyone’s desire to preserve bright moments by creating a myth from them ...”
Meša Selimović, “Silence”

If everything that comes inside a man could also come out, a man would live forever. And myths would not exist.

All that eyes look at while existing; what ears store in warehouses of sounds sorted by frequency, or simply in just two piles – pleasant and unpleasant; what a palate and tongue chew and nose absorbs – both the most enticing and the most repulsive smells, would never stay in a man if there was not that endless roaring river of memories, completely separated from both mind and reason, but therefore firmly anchored in the harbour of flooded emotions. Man is a memory. Far before and more than what he does. Memories define us. Our tendencies, addictions, passions, desires and fears. Myths are born from memory.

Not so long ago, not even half a century ago, the inhabitants of Bihać and its surroundings had blended with the daily thunder of jet engines of the Yugoslav People’s Army aircrafts. They were so fused and used to it that explosions caused by breaking the sound barrier fell more easily than the hit of a window sash during a strong gust of wind. And when they were not flying, the planes slept in the womb of Plješevica Mountain, which this part of Bosnia and Herzegovina has to thank the most for not having the Mediterranean climate. A large hole was dug deep in its womb and was an underground airplane dormitory. A myth had already been created about the hole in the heart of the mountain, infinitely deep, indestructible and awe-inspiring. And myths, as we know, are also indestructible. Or are they not?

There is a boy who has never seen the inside of this Plješevica hole. Only once was he in front of the star-shaped entrance, which literally depicted the silhouette of the tail of the airplanes that inhabited the womb; on the part of the runways where a foot of someone who was not part of the

"hole", part of the inside, could reach as far as possible. The boy will have to discover the colours and the brush, so that one day, much later, as a mature man, he will paint the hole and bring us the womb from the myth about the indestructible mountain that kept the secrets of thousands of fiery, powerful dragons. Even if he had wanted, he could not have it differently. The hole was demolished by hands of the same people who dug it. Persistent hands became bloodthirsty hands powerful enough to even blow up myths. Along with them, the memories from which the myths were born. One mountain and one boy remained to coexist.

Adnan Dupanović never wanted to become a pilot. And he has been. He has flown his colourful, often unrecognizable, turbulent dreams within himself. So long and far that he could recognize both the horizon of his own self and the horizon of the past, memories and fears.

It is the womb that remembers. The piles of womb are what makes the world exist. Otherwise, a man would just be a wide-open balcony door for a draft - that mythical phenomenon of omnipresent air flow, the cause and origin of which is unknown, which no one has ever seen or measured, but there it is. With its innumerable victims, it even took precedence over ordinary, regular and frequent wars. Simply, another myth.

Consciousness is born in the womb and the world exists because of it. In the womb, a man ignites, smoulders, flares up and finally burns out, goes out, becomes silent and disappears. So that somewhere else another and new world would be born again. Only artists know the secret of transferring sedimentary memories of the wombs, their own and others', into that new life and new world. One that exists only in what can be defined as a point of singularity - when the sense of repetition ends at infinity. At the very origin of nonsense. In that force, which pushes and guides a creator, or rather the Creator himself, to search for meaning and to bring it in an artistic expression that pleased him.

That is how the nowadays Dupanović and Plješevica have met once again. In permeating his own holes - one dug in the mountain and the other stolen from his childhood, peace came to fill the rips born from his holes. All those cracks, from the smallest, as delicate as a spider's thread to the largest, like a notch in the wing of a jet plane, came together in search of light. A space of the absence of suffering in which time loses the reference of relation to backward and forward. And Dupanović proves it to us in his works, in which peace reigns triumphantly, yet unobtrusively. The absence of suffering and

memories of the ugly and terrible is at times even irritating, even healing. The absence of memories of the magical and dazzling. His pilot - is that himself!? - is patiently rolling in place, firmly resting on the ground by the landing gear. His view is nothing more than a view from the point of singularity - the view that encompasses all space and all time at once. Behind the visor of this pilot are not the eyes, but the womb of a man who has travelled from himself to himself, from past to future, from front to back and from bottom to top. The look with which one can only see if open eyes are not used. The womb view that is the only omniscient and all-encompassing.

Not in the dark, not in the black - because black is certainly not a colour, but simply the absence of light. That is why a black hole cannot exist anywhere outside itself, because it implies only two possible phenomena: the event horizon (from which no other event can be seen) and the point of singularity (where the laws of physics no longer apply, and especially not the second law of thermodynamics and where the movement of energy from a form to a form ceases to exist. Just as the womb cannot exist anywhere except in a man. In a man as an uncovered hole.

In the Atacama Desert in Chile, the driest place in the world, some of the most horrific and brutal crimes recorded by mankind were committed. For many camp detainees, the only outcome was the cessation of biological existence, but not of existence as a whole. There are two forms in which they still live - in the memories of relatives who are still looking for their skeletal remains in the desert and in the calcium of the bones found.

In the same desert is also one of the largest space observatories with telescopes powerful enough to record the birth of young stars. Which, given their composition, are also formed of calcium.

That is why the Atacama is a place where the point of singularity and the womb of the universe can be seen from the ground. Both looking up and down the same. Into the sky and into the sand. In the star and in the bone. Where the dead do not become a myth and where the stars are not just shooting stars. That is why Dupanović, in his works from the cycle "The Hole", while standing, is flying, when he looks across the runway at the sky, he looks into the hole, the womb of the mountain. When he looks at the painter's canvas, he sees what is in return - in his own womb. Which, in this cycle, rests and ennobles.

Ramiz Huremagić

UZGON - JUTRO,
akril na platnu,
100 x 130 cm, 2024.

LIFT - MORNING,
acrylic on canvas,
100 x 130 cm, 2024



UZGON - ODRAZ,
akril i ulje na kaširanom platnu,
40 x 60 cm, 2024.

LIFT - REFLECTION,
acrylic and oil on laminated
canvas, 40 x 60 cm, 2024



UTROBA - BETON,
akril na kaširanom platnu,
40 x 56,5 cm, 2024.

WOMB - CONCRETE,
acrylic on laminated canvas,
40 x 56,5 cm, 2024



UZGON - KALUP II,
kombinovano na papiru,
60 x 80 cm, 2024.

LIFT - TEMPLATE II,
mixed technique on paper,
60 x 80 cm, 2024



UTROBA,
ulje na kaširanom platnu,
39 x 60 cm, 2024.

WOMB,
oil on laminated canvas,
39 x 60 cm, 2024



MiG - 21

Adnan Dupanović i ja rodili smo se i odrastali u istom bosanskom gradu, Bihaću. Kad sam ja upisao Akademiju likovnih umjetnosti u Sarajevu, 1978. godine, Adnan se tek rodio.

Iako nismo iste generacije, mnogo nas toga povezuje, imamo mnogo toga zajedničkog. Obojica smo odrastali u gradu čiji je simbol bio vojni avion MiG-21. Vojni aerodrom Jugoslovenske narodne armije nalazio se sakriven u utrobi planine Plješevica. Gotovo svakog dana viđali smo te MiG-ove kako moćno lete iznad nas. Ponekad ih i nismo vidjeli, ali bi specifični superpersonični zvuk odavao da su tu, iznad nas i oko nas. Mnogo dječaka iz našeg grada maštalo je o tome da postanu piloti.

Drugi simbol našeg odrastanja je planina Plješevica. Ona se lijeno prostire, kao neka velika životinja, na zapadnoj strani grada i predstavlja prirodnu granicu između Bosne i Hrvatske, između Istoka i Zapada. Svi smo uvijek željeli da se popnemo na nju i da se izgubimo u njenoj debeloj šumi. Vrhovi Plješevice stvarali su liniju koja je imala hipnotičko dejstvo na nas, kao što je Cézannea opčinila Montagne Sainte-Victoire u Francuskoj. Plješevica je, iz perspektive grada, bila i blizu i daleko, a mi smo znali da u svojoj utrobi krije moćne MiG-ove. Ova iskustva iz djetinjstva nas nisu napuštala ni kad smo odrasli.

Adnan je na sarajevskoj Akademiji likovnih umjetnosti diplomirao 2001. godine, a ja sam ga upoznao kasnije, u Gradskoj galeriji u Bihaću, gdje je organizirao izložbe. Godinama nisam znao ništa o njegovom umjetničkom radu, a on se polako razvijao u impozantnog umjetnika kakav je danas. Trebao je da se desi izbjeglički val u Bihaću da bi on svoje iskustvo slikara i grafičara pretočio u impresivne slike velikog formata, koje su predstavljene na izložbi „Iz taloga (2021.)“. Osim toga, pogrebni nišani, koji su bili inspiracija i njegovom profesoru Dževadu Hozi, kod Adnana su se stopili sa figurama svih ljudi koji su morali napustiti zemlju u kojoj su rođeni. Izbjeglice su postale sjenke nišana.

Sa novom izložbom Adnan traži motiv u djetinjstvu, koji spaja sa savremenim dešavanjima. Nalazi ga u podzemnom aerodromu Željava, koji skriva jedan napušteni, porušeni grad. Svi ti nedostupni kanali i prolazi postali su metafora za podzemni svijet mrtvih – Had.

Nove slike imaju prizore aviona koji izlazi iz planine i unutrašnji pogled iz aviona. Polje slike je geometrijski podijeljeno na apstraktne površine u kojima dominira crvena boja. Slika tako postaje teatar kao u slikama Francisa Bacona koji je uvijek tragao za jasnom slikom koja će da podstakne nervni sistem. Tako i ovi novi motivi kod Dupanovića postaju *trigger* za mnoge ljude. Postoji određeni dualizam u njegovim slikama, gdje avion kao moćna mašina ujedno predstavlja i sijača smrti.

Na kraju kataloga Dupanovićeve izložbe *Iz taloga* nalazi se reprodukcija slike, ulja na platnu, „Autoportret“. Cijela figura, u crnoj odjeći, briljantno je naslikana kako odlazi u nedefinirani prostor. Na slici je jedino lice autora okrenuto prema nama i poziva nas da krenemo zajedno u nepoznato. To čini i izložba novih radova Adnana Dupanovića pod nazivom „Rupa“.

Sadko Hadžihasanović

MiG - 21

Adnan Dupanović and I were born and raised in the same Bosnian town, Bihać. When I enrolled at the Sarajevo Academy of Fine Arts in 1978, Adnan was just born.

Although we are not of the same generation, there are many things that connect us, we have a lot in common. We both grew up in a town whose symbol was the MiG-21 jet fighter. The military airbase of the Yugoslav People's Army was hidden in the womb of Plješevica Mountain. Almost every day, we saw those MiGs flying powerfully above us. Sometimes, we did not even see them, but a specific supersonic sound would indicate that they were there, above us and around us. Many boys from our town dreamed of becoming pilots.

Another symbol of our upbringing is Plješevica Mountain. It stretches lazily, like some big animal, on the western side of the town and represents the natural border between Bosnia and Croatia, between East and West. We all always wanted to climb it and get lost in its thick forest. The peaks of Plješevica created a line that had a hypnotic effect on us, just as Cézanne was bewitched by the Montagne Sainte-Victoire in France. Plješevica, from the perspective of the town, was both near and far and we knew it was hiding powerful MiGs in its womb. These childhood experiences did not leave us even when we grew up.

Adnan graduated from the Sarajevo Academy of Fine Arts in 2001 and I met him later, at the City Gallery in Bihać, where he organized exhibitions. Whilst I did not know anything about his artwork for years, he has slowly developed into an imposing artist he is today. It took the refugee wave in Bihać for him to transform his experience as a painter and graphic artist into impressive large-format paintings, which were presented at the "From the Sludge 2020/2021" Exhibition (2021) (*Iz taloga*). Moreover, tombstones, which were also an inspiration to his professor Dževad Hozo, merged with Adnan's figures of all the people who had to leave a country where they were born. The refugees became the shadows of the tombstones.

With the new exhibition, Adnan is looking for a motif in his childhood, which he combines with contemporary events. He finds it in the underground airport of Željavo, which hides an abandoned, ruined city. All those inaccessible channels and passages became a metaphor for the underground world of the dead – Hades.

The new paintings have scenes of a plane coming out of the Mountain and an inside view from the plane. The canvas is geometrically divided into abstract surfaces dominated by the colour red. The painting thus becomes a theatre like in the paintings of Francis Bacon, who was always searching for a clear painting that would stimulate the nervous system. This is how these new motives of Dupanović become a trigger for many people. There is a certain dualism in his paintings where the plane, as a powerful machine, also represents the sower of death.

At the end of the catalogue of Dupanović's "From the Sludge 2020/2021" Exhibition, there is a reproduction of the painting, oil on canvas, "Self-Portrait". The whole figure, dressed in black, is brilliantly painted as he goes into an undefined space. In the painting, the only face of the author is turned towards us and invites us to go together into the unknown. It is the same in the exhibition of new works by Adnan Dupanović called "The Hole" (*Rupa*).

Sadko Hadžihasanović

UZGON II,
akril na platnu,
100 x 130 cm, 2024.

LIFT II,
acrylic on canvas,
100 x 130 cm, 2024



UZGON I,
akril na platnu,
100 x 130 cm, 2024.

LIFT I,
acrylic on canvas,
100 x 130 cm, 2024



UTROBA,
ulje na kaširanom platnu,
39,5 x 59,5 cm, 2024.

WOMB,
oil on laminated canvas,
39,5 x 59,5 cm, 2024



UZGON - KALUP I,
kombinovano na papiru,
50 x 60 cm, 2024.

LIFT - TEMPLATE I,
mixed technique on paper,
50 x 60 cm, 2024



UZGON - KALUP III,
kombinovano na papiru,
60 x 80 cm, 2024.

LIFT - TEMPLATE III,
mixed technique on paper,
60 x 80 cm, 2024





UZGON - OSTACI SNA,
akril na platnu,
90 x 75,5 cm, 2024.

LIFT - REMAINS OF A DREAM
acrylic on canvas,
90 x 75,5 cm, 2024



UZGON - STUDIJA,
akril na platnu,
45,5 x 70 cm, 2024.

LIFT - STUDY,
acrylic on canvas,
45,5 x 70 cm, 2024



UZGON - PISTA,
ulje na papiru, triptih
3 (28 x 38 cm), 2024.

LIFT - RUNWAY,
oil on paper, triptych
3 (28 x 38 cm), 2024

Adnan Dupanović

Slikar i grafičar rođen 1978. godine u Bihaću, Bosna i Hercegovina. Akademiju likovnih umjetnosti u Sarajevu završio 2001. godine. Od 2001. do 2006. godine radio kao profesor u Umjetničkoj školi u Bihaću, a od 2006. godine zaposlen je u Gradskoj galeriji Bihać. U periodu od 2013. do 2017. godine bio je angažovan kao asistent na Pedagoškom fakultetu Univerziteta u Bihaću. Od 2006. godine učestvuje u organizaciji humanitarne likovne kolonije „Admir Lješćanin – Duga“. Izlagao je na više kolektivnih i samostalnih izložbi u Bosni i Hercegovini i inostranstvu. Živi i radi u Bihaću.

Samostalne izložbe:

2023. „Živo bilo čovjeka“, Gradska galerija Jajce, BiH
2022. „JA/MI“, Muzej Unsko-sanskog kantona, Bihać, BiH
„Iz taloga“, Atelieri Žitnjak, Zagreb, Hrvatska
„Iz taloga“, Gradska loža Zadar, Hrvatska
„Živo bilo čovjeka“ Umjetnička galerija Bosne i Hercegovine, Sarajevo, BiH
2021. „Iz taloga 2020/2021“ Gradska galerija Bihać, BiH

Painter and printmaker born in 1978 in Bihać, Bosnia and Herzegovina. He graduated from the Sarajevo Academy of Fine Arts in 2001. From 2001 to 2006, he worked as a professor at the Bihać High School of Art and since 2006 he has been employed at the Bihać City Gallery. In the period from 2013 to 2017, he was hired as a teaching assistant at the Faculty of Pedagogy of the University of Bihać. Since 2006, he has been participating in the organization of the humanitarian art colony “Admir Lješćanin– Duga”. He exhibited at several group and solo exhibitions in Bosnia and Herzegovina and abroad. He lives and works in Bihać.

Solo exhibitions:

- 2023 "Living Pulse of a Man", Jajce City Gallery, Bosnia and Herzegovina
2022 "I/We", Museum of the Una-Sana Canton, Bihać, Bosnia and Herzegovina
"From the Sludge", Ateliers Žitnjak, Zagreb, Croatia
"From the Sludge", City Lodge, Zadar, Croatia
"Living Pulse of a Man", Bosnia and Herzegovina Art Gallery, Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina
2021 "From the Sludge 2020/2021", Bihać City Gallery, Bosnia and Herzegovina





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