

We drink a cup of tea and the journey begins. We take a look at the altar across the meadow from the barn. The backpack with the paper tied to it weights too much. But the commitment is there, the task is there. And we will not draw back. It is three o'clock in the afternoon, and the colors are vibrating in impure tint. The air is moving. Our eyes see how it flows. And it seems like we are walking forever until we reach the house next to the forest. The dog's barks are unbearable, and the heavy backpack is pulling towards the ground, in the snow. There is a fallen tree over the river. Too many questions are not needed here about what the eyes see. They can become too many. The next stop is a sad brother that is cut. Beavers have made a dam and we linger here, drawing circles around snowflakes and so on. It is getting cold, and we continue our journey. A decision has to be made between a dark, tempting forest where a road leads in or a river. We encourage each other to stick to the plan. We have to overcome ourselves and our fear. We cross the river. The river is frozen up. And so we begin our trip along it. Wild bushes, wondrous, bright lichens on twigs, snow crust. We wade and break our way through bushes and trees, meadow grass that has been bent by the wind and frozen. Sometimes a twig full of thorns strikes our faces, our legs. One is leading, the other one following. Seeing that one is continuing even when exhausted, the other follows even if stumbling. Two black silhouettes appear far away. Is it a dog? A cow? It seems to be moving but we cannot believe and trust our eyes. A bit frightening. We pass homes. From time to time it is a bit uncomfortable to walk almost in other people's yards. When we have walked for a while we find ourselves standing on crossroads made by rivers. And we have reached the two silhouettes that we feared. It is a gate or remains of a bridge. We go a bit closer. We sit down. The colors of an early spring, wind. It is cold. There is a large river. We had no clue about it. Although it is very tempting to continue our journey along it, we return to our small river. It is getting dark. We approach a huge, dark house covered in glass across the river. It is so dark outside that the house disappears with the forest in the background, but its many windows reflect the city lights somewhere very far away. A dog restlessly barks next to it, but we sneak fearfully pass it. We are forced to go a bit away from our river so we do not make the dog too mad. Soon we are back by the river but it splits in two, making a small pond at the crossroads. It resembles uterus. Hunger and tiredness make us sit down once again, even if we are sure that it is going to be cold. We eat cookies, and now we have to choose to which side we will walk from the place where the river splits to two opposite directions. To one side it stretches into a meadow, away from the forest, but to the other side it goes to the forest. We want to go to the forest, but suddenly next to a house the river ends. It is dark, cold and we are exhausted. But we cannot just give up. The paper is expecting us. So we return to the river's split and walk into the meadow, even though it is clear – we will not be home any time soon. The further we walk, the more hopeless we feel. We reach two big trees next to the large river. There is a flashing light somewhere behind us, and we are scared again. When it feels like the walk through the meadow is going to be endless, the river turns to the forest. This is the huge river, and here it becomes even wider. It is frozen up and calm. When we have walked for a while, we take a rest once again. The paper is so heavy that it seems like the destination must be close, where the paper wants to lay down. It becomes unbearably hard to walk further but we must continue. We eat some cookies and go. Very soon we notice an immense silhouette against trees. It is a barn. Somewhere near there is a road because we see car lights that light up the forest. There are footsteps in the

snow. Apparently we are in someone's backyard, through which we reach the road. We comprehend that we have no more energy to walk further nor to carry the paper back home, but we come up with an idea to leave the paper in the forest. Later we will return to pick it up by car. When we have walked a bit more, we reach the Bumbiņkalns - a small hill - that we choose to be our destination. On top of the hill we finish our cookies and gain some energy along with the hope to get home, to the warmth. We leave the paper on the foothill and walk back home. On the way we get a bit lost, meet gasping dogs and become warm again. At home we prepare ourselves to go back in the forest to get the paper, but this time by car. The journey is finished, but it does not end here. It only begins here. This story.

Written by Agate Hroloviča

Raitis Hrolovičs

(b. 1988, Latvia)

Website: raitis.bera.me

EDUCATION:

2011/2012 - Massana school of arts. Mural painting department.

2008 - Art Academy of Latvia, Department of Painting; BA

WORK EXPERIENCE:

2012 - RADOŠO DARBU GALERIJA - materials for creative work : craftsman and consultant. rdg.lv

2012 - Jaņa Rozentāla Rīga art school: drawing teacher. jrmm.lv

SOLO EXHIBITIONS:

2015

Mākslai Vajag Telpu gallery „Vasaras māja” – „dzīvības koks”

2013

Latvian Centre for Contemporary Art office gallery - "no polish"

2011

Galerija L - „* ”

Jelgavas house of Culture - „* ”

GROUP EXHIBITION:

2015

Latvia, Valmiera, Art days exhibition „AINUAINA”.

Latvia, KGB Corner House exhibition „DISIDENTS”.

Latvia, LMS CREATIVE SEAT "KOMBINĀTS MĀKSLA", Gaujas street 5, Riga; exhibition „Season opening plain air”.

Estonia, Tartu, gallery NOORUS exhibition „What Happens There in Riga?”

2014

Latvian Academy of Arts exhibition "Heritage of the Latvian Cultural Canon".

Gallery of artist's union of Latvia exhibition "ART DAYS 2014. DIALOGUE".

LMS CREATIVE SEAT "KOMBINĀTS MĀKSLA", Gaujas street 1, Riga; exhibition "Art days 2014. DIALOGUE".

Latvian Railway Museum, exhibition "Searching for horizon".

Latvia, Riga, Gaujas street 1, exhibition "Barricades".

Latvia, Mālpils exhibition „Dialogue with a tree”.

Latvia, Ventspils graphics exhibition "Ventspils Dokumenta 2014".

„Zemlika” Latvia, Durbe, music, art and local harvest festival.

"Young Painter Prize 2014" Vilnius / Lithuania.

Latvian Academy of Arts and SEB competition exhibition "SEB scholarship in painting in 2014".

Latvia, Riga, „D-FAB” exhibition "Balta lapa”.

LMS gallery exhibition "AUTUMN 2014. The black dogs".

2013

LMS gallery exhibition "AUTUMN. 2012./2013. THE COLLECTION".

Passive decadence & Jurmala City Museum exhibition of drawings "Priežsulas spēks".

Kaņepes Culture Centre exhibition "Place and Transfer".

Riga Tobacco Factory exhibition "MONOHROMS".

Latvian Academy of Arts and SEB competition exhibition "SEB scholarship in painting in 2013".

Art Days 2013 Vidzeme market meat pavilion "artist monologue".

Ogre Art School gallery exhibition "CITA VIDE – Mehāniskā pļava".

VEF Creative Laboratory exhibition - "Mākslas slēpņošana".

Cesis Art Room "Mala" exhibition "MONOHROMS II".

LMS gallery exhibition "AUTUMN 2013. FUTURE BEGINS TODAY".

2012

"POP-PER" Latvian illustrations magazine Nr.01

"Young Painter Prize" Vilnius / Lithuania

2011

Pub "Ezītis miglā" LMA student exhibition "Kā pa miglu”.

Vidzeme market meat pavilion, 90 Brīvības Street exhibition "TROJAS ZIRGS".

2010

Riga Art Room exhibition „Day of Art 2010”.

Gallery L opening exhibition „PROLOGS”.

Art Academy of Latvia and SEB bank competition exhibition „SEB painting scholarship 2010”.

Gallery L exhibition „Ai – Nava”.

Annual exhibition „Autumn.Recycle.Process”.

Baltic young artists exhibition in Tallinn, Estonia "ZugZwang".

2009

„Kulturbloks” VEF, Riga, Latvia".

Art Academy of Latvia and SEB bank competition exhibition „SEB painting scholarship 2009".

Art Academy of Latvia carneval exhibition „Melnbaltā planeta".