



1. Shadows of war

15 years ago I painted the cycle „West-Eastern Divan, Homage to Johann Wolfgang von Goethe" in Pocitelj, a home of contemplation, peace and art. Only the foundation

walls still exist of it. The numerous pieces of art were stolen, the adjacent mosque was razed to the ground, the collapsing minaret devastated the roof and ceilings. Again and again I drive from Mostar to the closeby Pocitelj, walk through the ruins of the 400 year old building, slowly overgrown by brambles and pomegranate. No human being is there- only silence - a treacherous silence. In 1990 my work, life there and the hospitality towards me took place in an environment of different cultures, imprinted on the country: Pocitelj - located on the emerald green Neretwa - with its numerous domes, the clocktower, whose bell could be heard far until 1917, when the Austrians took it down and it was melted down to be made into cannonballs. Radimlja with its Bogumilstones, memorial stones pale as death which date back far into the 12th century and bear witness to a former culture. Stolac with its numerous mills along the river Bregava, whose cool waters come directly from the nearby high mountains, surrounding the town like sentries. Blagaj at the foot of a mighty wall of rock where the Buna river has its source and springs from an unfathomable depth. On the ridge lie the ruins of the castle of Herceg Stjepan, having given Herzegovina its name. Next to the Buna spring lies the Tekieh - a dervish monastery - deserted by its community of friars, which is rooted in the Maghreb. The monastery seems to cuddle up to the rock like a swallow's nest. Zitomislici, with its orthodox monastery sheltering venerable icons, is concealed under tall cypresses. Capljina, where there used to be a Roman fortress and whose archeological sites certainly hide further treasures. And finally Mostar with its famous bridge, the numerous minarets reaching into the sky like needles. Mostar in whose jumble of architectural styles, ranging from Turkish and Austrian architecture to modern forms, a busy town life buzzes.

It's only 15 years ago that the „West-Eastern Divan" was painted influenced by these different impressions. I meant it to be a hymn to man, to life in general, it was meant to mark a cosmopolitan stage showing that diversity should have resulted in a basis for a future human existence - but the indispensable precondition for all this would have been a useful exchange - a dialogue. This cycle, however, was intended as a hint as well: Then in 1990 almost physically felt that an escalation was at hand and would envelope the country like a shadow, like a ghost. In late autumn of the same year, when I presented the „West-Eastern Divan" for the first time in the Galerija Novi Hram in Sarajevo to

the public, I expressed my misgivings. I then pointed out that the fuse had already been put to the powder keg ,bringing war and hatred for the country. I then advised people to beware but unfortunately people were past that stage and had as often already fallen prey to their own deceptive and self-contained world of thought leading eventually to the maelstrom of destruction and ruin. Then, only a short time before my return to Germany, I wrote down the following lines:

„The tiniest stone hides the answer in it, your question might point at. Every halm, every vermin, a sea wave. The tiniest part of world contains all answers, as it is world itself, as it carries the whole in itself. Hidden remains, where you don't ask a question. Then you carelessly put aside the stone, without regret you crush the flower under your feet, a mosquito plagues - the wave is frightening. Answers are filigreed things and one can only suspect their origin. We only are accustomed to asking questions about things where we suspect possible answers, we know from history, from experience. If we don't understand an answer, the question will be repeated and cried out aloud. At first there is a void, like in a whirlpool which will happen soon. Eventually things return like echos, we falsely regard as answers, although they are nothing but distorted questions, refracted innumerous times, incomprehensible. We find those fragments delighting, consider them genuine answers.

This process is interminably repeated and something threatening towerlike is its result - an enigmatic tower. It doesn't contain a single true answer, but it's powerful, as we believe in it. Whilst true answers are everywhere: in every stone, in every leaf, or in every star shining in the sky..."

<http://www.dinnes.net/projekte/west/west01.htm>

Then insidiously first but steadily nevertheless the machinery of war was set into motion, triggering an insanity nobody thought possible at the end of the millennium. The refusal to believe that a war could break out, added to it. When in 1991 the confederation of Yugoslavia started to dissolve due to the nationalistic demeanour of Belgrad, it was easy to foresee that within a short period Serbia would wage a military stroke. Slovenia and Croatia were the first to be affected. Vukovar was destroyed, Dubrovnik beleaguered. When on April 6, 1992, the European Union acknowledged the Republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Serbian militia units struck, immediately supported by the Serbian army to protect Serbs from open „aggression", so they claimed. The pattern was always the same: artillery bombarded the town till the latter surrendered, then solaced special forces, calling themselves „eagle" or „tiger", entered the town and committed massacres of unconceivable cruelty. Thus the Serbs had conquered 70% of the Bosnian state within a year's time. What else could the Bosnian government have done. In addition, the dormant tensions between the pro forma allies, the Muslims and Bosnian Croats, escalated to open war over Mostar and Travnik, not least due to the vague Vance/Owen plan.

From May 1993 on the Muslims of the self-proclaimed Bosnian-Croatian republic „Herzeg-Bosna" were dispelled. What the Muslims had always been afraid of most, finally came true: Serbian and Croatian militia units acted in unison against them. The Croatian militia units bombarded the besieged Muslim population of East-Mostar, razing 80% of the town to the ground. There

was an enormous number of casualties. On November 9, 1993 the famous bridge of Mostar was taken, accompanied by shots of joy fired by the Croatian soldiers. Thousands of people were driven to the concentration camp Heliodrom or to the so-called private ones in Pocitelj, Caplina, Ljubuski. You should also bear in mind that on the mountains east of the city the artillery units of the Serbian militia were located firing their shells without interruption. The city was showered with hundreds of thousand shells, its citizens dwell in cellars, the supply with daily goods is disastrous. Physicians operate 24 hrs a day, and often are forced to see their patients die, as they lack the proper medical equipment. All night long extremely loud music from powerful loudspeakers booms from the Croatian side in order to wear the citizens down. Hidden in the mountainside snipers lurk, aiming at everything that moves. So-called „weekend warriors" arrive by bus from other European countries, fire shells from their mortars at the city and leave again on Sunday. Mostar is a slaughterhouse. One thing is for sure, the Croats are not interested in mere gaining ground, but in eliminating the population, in extinguishing all traces of a former Muslim existence. The Mostar bridge was considered here a particular symbol of identity. After its destruction on November 9, 1993, the Croats accounted for it as a strategic measure: „The opposite side was supplied with heavy arms via the bridge", so they argued. Indeed there were no heavy arms and all those knowing the small and slippery bridge over the river Neretwa realized what a poor argument was advanced to excuse the destruction of it. The same way the complete city scape was destroyed. In mid-June rumour increased that Milosevic and Tudjman had agreed on a plan to split up Bosnia into separate republics. Serbia and Croatia intended to divide Bosnia among themselves. The EU-mediator Lord Owen called it „Realpolitik", neglecting the fact that the republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina was acknowledged by the European Union on April 6, 1992, and later on became even a member of the OSCE (on May 1, 1992) and the United Nations (on May 22, 1992). Accepting the law of the strongest was supposed to bring peace to the Balkan states. This form of „peace" means murder, murder committed in the concentration camps of Prijedor, Trnopolje, Omarska, Keraterm and Heliodrom. Daily, pictures are shown on TV giving a full account of the heaviest fights ever in this region. People had ringside seats watching the genocide and felt bothered by the permanent war reports, the unimaginable suffering of the victims, the mass graves and the mass rape.

<http://www.dinnes.net/projekte/bosnien/Bosnien01.htm>

Most German intellectuals just felt comfortable in the distance, disappeared and didn't surface before Peter Handke gave his readings in 1996 and confirmed that all we have got to do is to ignore facts long and consequently enough, to see order worldwide restored again. Ignorance as a program. His audience applauded. The same audience that 30 years ago blamed its parents: " You should have known that the Nazi regime planned the genocide of the Jewish". People barricaded themselves behind arguments which go back to Bismarck and mean nothing but indifference: „The Balkan isn't worth the life of one Pomeranian private to me." People also barricaded behind the idea of a religious war and therefore felt that there was nothing they could do about it. Nobody cared that the religious aspect was simply a sideeffect of the conflict, later sanctioned as a „holy war", what originally started as genuine genocide.

In March 1994, the Muslims and Croats renewed their former alliance yielding to American and German pressure. In truth this treaty has however been ignored and the Croatian side still forces people to leave their territory. For me and some of my friends this situation became unbearable. Nothing was heard of a new peace initiative. Doubtful resolutions, political declarations and statements sounded like scorn in view of the deathcamps and the diggers that dug mass graves somewhere on a clearing. At that time we founded the incorporated society „Bridges - for humanity, culture, tolerance and dialogue". We were on our way to Mostar and arrived there in July 1994, just at the time when Hans Koschnick took up his duties as EU-administrator.

2. Mostar - terminology of destruction

The customs barriers open in Metkovic and we enter Bosnia-Herzegovina. Where to go ? - We are in the middle of nowhere: scorched earth - the smell of singed things - stinging, pungent, will be our steady companion from now on. We had received a lot of information, had seen many pictures and films, had prepared ourselves, had studied different behaviour patterns - we knew what was ahead. Now we had arrived, being there meant : Forget all that hence was meant for your guidance. Don't trust anything, don't trust your eyes, don't trust your thinking. We pass uncounted checkpoints, guarded by heavily armed soldiers, machineguns aiming from an opened car window. We go along a street, passing by houses which used to be houses but now resemble a decayed stump of a tooth. Every rabbit-hutch is riddled with bullets, torn cars, vineyards and orchards burnt to ashes.

We see the destruction, but we don't see people. Deserted, barren, nothing but ruins. A monstrous round-up took place here, with the people, be them old, young, babies, man or wife, playing the role of the rabbits. For the first time I realize what the term „ethnic cleansing" means. This aesthetic coining of a new word seemed to be the attempt to put a different appearance on murder, torture and mass extermination, to play them down. The fear to call a spade a spade, to define a term, simple mirrors the fact that the perpetrator knew about their guilt. And they acted according to a long ago wellprepared plan.

A last checkpoint and we enter Mostar, a city covered with wreckage. My memory tries to scan impressions of the Mostar I used to know. But in vain. Bombed, burnt down, collapsed, riddled with bullets like a sieve. The streets are covered with rubble from blown up house walls, all over the town not a single roof remained undamaged - all over the town? No, we are in a partitioned city. The western part of the city, claimed by the Bosnian Croats alone, certainly shows traces of the war, the traces of bullet holes in the wall, bullets fired by the chetniks, the militia soldiers, who rallied round the banner of Karadzic and who fired at the city from the slopes of the eastern mountains. Those batteries are still there and cannon the town now and again. The eastern part of the city, inhabited by the Muslim population, shows those traces as well but additionally the blow of annihilation is dealt mainly by the Croat side. Unconceivable numbers of projectiles, artillery, mortar shells, the entire insanity of human ingenuity in terms of war materials showered down on this part of the town. Day and night, night and day. A historic city , a European one, a town ensemble of unique beauty is devastated, bombed to the ground. The citizens suffer the same fate, they are killed at random. Rough-and-readily run hospitals are permanently cannoned. The culprits feel bloodlust. They take

shifts firing the mortars and the artillery. Many people can't bear this situation anymore, literally running into the barrage fire. The dead are buried in the city during the night, everywhere - it's got to be done fast. Wardrobes filled with stones line the streets in order to offer shelter against the snipers, loaded trucks and containers filled with concrete are supposed to fulfill the same purpose. The water supply is a disaster. The trees covering the mountainsides around the town are also cut down during the night. There is no electricity and 60000 people need food, need to heat their underground hovels and without end shells and bombs shower down on the city. All dreadful scenarios one could conceive - here they have come true. I feel like a ghost roving through the ruins of a town. Stumps of houses reveal all that once was private matters concealed behind those walls. The sky stares through dead paneless window holes. There is no longer an inside or an outside. The bent fasades of houses molten by the heat, shops with charred goods and the unperturbable silence, covering the city like a shroud. I don't trust my senses anymore, my mind refuses to imagine the things having happened in those houses, during the months of this battue. At the station there are still the trains burnt out, riddled and torn. Buswrecks which exploded while in motion are left behind. Few cars are roadworthy at all. Their window panes are replaced by foils and full of bullet holes. That is the reality of Mostar.

http://www.dinnes.net/projekte/sarajawo_kreuzweg/Kreuzweg.htm

Then I stand in front of the rains which used to be the famous bridge over the river Neretwa. Completed by the engineer Hayruddin in 1566, it was reant to be the image of the bridge Sirat in the Muslims' paradise. At both sides of the river bank the pillar towers still reach into the sky. Where once a daring arch of carefully hewn stoneblocks of 30 metres width stretched across the river Neretwa, nowadays a simple suspension bridge connects the opposite banks. The timehonoured bridge of Mostar, the „Stari Most" plummeted into the river Neretwa, has lain destroyed at the bottom of the river since November 9, 1993, when the Bosnian Croats destroyed it in a frenzy of insanity. The old Mostar bridge: I was at the age of 15 when I first slipped across the bridge, yes slipped as the cobblestones of the bridge were like glass. From the highest point of the bridge arch bold youngsters jumped into the Neretwa - 20 metres into the deep. I came back to Mostar with my family in 1979. Our daughter Julia, about 3 years old, clumsily crossed the bridge holding my hand, enveloped by the ensemble and charm of a city, whose origin is reflected in the architecture of the Orient as well as the Occident. In the gardens rose laurel and pomegranate trees thrived and always the view down to the Neretwa, cut deep into the rock, unfathomably deep, flowing swiftly and firmly. In a poorly nailed together coffeehouse, the „Cafe Bosna", we meet some residents. The men look gaunt, slim and undernourished, but they are nevertheless cordial. Meanwhile we also met Fuad Catovic who speaks broken German. We are the only stray foreigners around. Deliberately we went to this place, as we intend to look for assistants. We want to assist with the reconstruction of the country, we are here to make a common effort, to assist, not to patronize or bully them into something. In view of all the wreckage we are surrounded by, this might seem hopeless, but that is exactly our purpose, that is what we are going to do.

We attend the inauguration festivities in honour of Hans Koschnik officially taking up his duties as EU-administrator of Mostar. A solemn ceremony

among ruins. Alija Izetbegovic is present, Harris Silajdzic, even Franjo Tudjman ultimately to blame for the destruction of Mostar. Among many others the German secretary of foreign affairs, Klaus Kinkel, attends the inauguration as well. All statesmen put their signatures to it, and we are in the middle of it all. Outside the public waits: mothers crying out for their lost sons, men, bearing the marks of the war, invalids, a maltreated population. Only two days before, the Serbs had fired at a containercamp of the Cap Anamur organization. By force of arms the Serbs and Croats hinder the inhabitants of East-Mostar from leaving their district. Muslims living in the western part of the city are still driven out of their living areas, are still cruelly treated, are sent to the eastern part of the city and are forced to leave their belongings behind - they are humiliated, beaten and exposed to permanent terror. There is a veil of fear over the town. The dread of the next day as well as the question how to go on are agonizing. In the afternoon we are to interview a young mother and her two daughters, just turned eleven and seven, who have lived under dreadful conditions in the concentration camps in, Caplina and Pocitelj, devoid of any medical care. Then we drive to Bijelo Polje, a suburb totally levelled. On our way we pass by a rubbish dump, used as a mass grave. One hundred Croats and Muslims picked at random by members of the Serbian militia were brutally murdered and buried there. At night Karadzic's soldiers came, burst the doors open and drove the people to their grave like animals for slaughter. A provisional hospital has been fitted out in the only house with a cellar in Bijelo Polje. Eight children were born here by candle-light, many wounded had to die due to the insufficient and primitive equipment available. The medical instruments are totally out-dated, even prehistoric. We meet Salem Bubalo, an excellent technician, who makes things work even in a desperate situation, who builds - no, who creates - a turbine to supply the town with electricity, although only the simplest means are at his disposal. We deliver the medicaments brought along from Germany to this place: a utility van totally stuffed with insulin, beta-blockers, cardiac-circulatory remedies, gastric-intestinal medicines and a variety of remedies preventing diseases. Then we sit together underneath olive trees, discuss how we could best keep in touch, the date of our next arrival and what goods we should bring along, addresses are exchanged, plans are talked over. Suddenly there is an accordion. We sing, laugh, the jarflies screech in the summerheat. The fact that there is an unclear suspense and that there's no telling what the future has in store makes parting difficult. We have accomplished our mission. We set up a staff of assistants in East-Mostar and there is no lack of projects. Rainer Burckhardt and I are definite about the future: We will return to Mostar again and again.

http://www.dinnes.net/projekte/sarajewo_frieden/Friedensarajewo.htm

3. Between Worlds

The first thing I have to get straight in my mind is the effect of the experiences made, which, back in Germany, whiz down on me like hammerblows. The discrepancy is a shock in a twofold way. On the one hand, I can't comprehend that there are houses with roofs, that windows are real glass-windows, that walls don't show bullet holes and that there is no use in watching out for

mines. On the other hand, here in Germany I recognize a certain stagnation, an inertia, which doesn't permit solidarity. It's not the distress of the single person we see, but we tend to generalize.

I think it's time to pass something of what we were given after the second World War on to those people in Bosnia. The Marshall- plan made Germany the republic it still is. I very well remember my childhood days: the first chocolate bar I got came from one of those American CARE-parcels. Different other recollections of my childhood certainly carry great weight as well. In Regensburg, my hometown , all bridges were blown up by the Nazis in 1945 because of the advancing American troops. SS-troops and the so-called "Volkssturm" did the job. The Stone Bridge with its 16 arches, which was built in the 12th century and connects with its length of 310 meters the opposite banks of the Danube, was then damaged, too. Several bays were blown up and for almost 20 years a provisional solution replaced the road to the historic town center. It became a customary view, and to me it was "normal". To live with destruction became the daily experience.

I also think of a common Europe and its future. Mere lip service won't help and in many places the consequences resulting from the second World War show plainly. There is no denying that it was started by the Germans. There are for sure a good deal of reasons to consider the situation in Bosnia-Herzegovina swiftly.

The first relief transport is arranged. Storage needs to be found, benefit performances need to be coordinated, not to mention the numerous talks, telephone calls and letters. Again and again we have to give lectures on the state of Mostar, TV-interviews and articles take a good deal of time, work and improvisation. I always bear in mind the picture of suffering people plunged into misery and poverty without guilt. That's necessary as sometimes one is tempted to chuck the whole business.

In my artistic work in those days I dedicate a cycle of 24 pictures to Mostar, entitled "Bridges of Mostar", painted in the summer of 1994. 24 pictures, a day divided into hours, an appeal to behave like a human being in a time of peace. In October we are back to Mostar. Darkness should cast a veil over the destroyed town, but all that is bathed in a silvery light by the full moon resembles an unreal scenery - deserted - due to the curfew ordered by the EU.

Fuad drags us into his rough-and-readily repaired house. The next morning we have an appointment with Hans Koschnik in the Hotel ERO. We therefore have to go to the western part of Mostar and pass a checkpoint, controlled by the HVO, the military forces of the self-proclaimed republic of 'Herzeg-Bosna', which are controlled by the UNPROFOR-soldiers. A sort of Check-Point-Charlie, which residents of East-Mostar can't pass. In the lobby of the hotel we meet dozens of busy-looking people in different uniforms. It looks like a masquerade to me and I think: "They have dropped Hans Koschnik."

On September 10, Croatian extremists made an attempt on Hans Koschnik's life and shot an antitank rocket at the living quarters of the EU-administrator. The Croatian police only halfheartedly and under pressure tried to ascertain who did it. Needless to say that those pulling the strings were left unmolested. The police forces, promised by the EU, still haven't arrived. The half-heartedness of Europe towards fighting and the violation of human rights is just as evident in this case as in the case of the UN-administration in Sarajevo or of the security zones of Srebrenica, Zepa and Gorazde, controlled by the UNPROFOR troops. We negotiate with the man who is going to take over parts

of the cargo after its arrival and to deliver it to Bijelo Polje at night, using secret paths where no lights are possible -this all is necessary because of the Karadzic militia units. Anesthesia equipment, electrocardiographs, special bedsteads, instruments for dental surgery and of course medicaments are meant for the provisional hospital there. Optical instruments, spectacles, bicycles and countless other goods to help the people remain in Mostar, among them 2 sacks of coffee. We have a conversation with Alija Izetbegovic, the president of Bosnia-Herzegovina. With regard to the situation in Mostar he is of the opinion that there won't be conflicts in this demilitarized zone anymore. "In the end, we all want peace."

In the meanwhile Mafia-gangs fight against each other in West-Mostar. That's exactly the place where one could find all those not interested in peace. This handful of extremists has gained too much in the war, occupy high positions in the police force and the army and some are threatened by a warrant of arrest from The Hague, where they would be tried as war criminals.

5 o'clock in the morning: Narcis, 18 years, meets up with his 5 uniformed companions to march off. Esma, his mother wraps up some food, crying silently. The company's aim is Mount Velez, they are on their way to the front: "To the Chetniks", Narcis points out laconically. For ten days a life in the trenches, at a height of 1000 metres, opposite to heavily armed Karadzic units, seizing any chance they can get to fire their shells. Then our truck is allowed to pass the border town of Metkovic and drive into Mostar. It's the first truck with goods for East-Mostar, and for the first time we have arrived at our destination.

4. Perspectives of action

The supply route Regensburg - Mostar becomes routine. Countless relief goods are transported on that route into the destroyed city, gradually changing its face. There are roofs again, the UNHCR-canvases are replaced by glass-panes, the debris among the ruins is disposed of. The latter become "cleaned ruins", a term which is not without its absurd aspect. The EU-administration, above all Hans Koschnick, have done much, here, there and everywhere. We deliver laboratory equipment, equipment for further dental practises, supply the goods for the Velmoz hospital, bring a container-kindergarten for 120 children including a kitchen, shower and all the furniture and equipment needed. Besides, a big emergency generator set as well as the gear for football clubs get to Mostar thus. In August 1995, after Bihac's liberation from the encirclement, we evacuated the seven-year old Sejla, who for the last 3 years had been separated from her parents living in Germany. Around Bihac the fighting still rages. While sitting at the banks of the Una, a shell explodes nearby. We bring the child out of Bosnia-Herzegovina and to Germany on a venturesome way.

The same year my new book "Sarajevo - a Bosnian diary" is published. Under the patronage of Hans Koschnick the book is presented to the public in Regensburg. Then in the spring of 1996 the incomprehensible happens: A new attempt to murder Hans Koschnick, right in front of the Hotel ERO, before the very eyes of the Croatian policemen, it creates a new atmosphere of insecurity. The EU can't back Koschnick and the latter resigns prematurely. Once again one of those fateful decisions of European policy. In spite of all resistance we start our measures to set up businesses. We outfit a sewing business, suggest

joint ventures. A publishing and printing company in Mostar develops a partnership, allowing the transfer of technology with a reproduction company near Regensburg. We start anew a former fish farm. We deliver 230 bedsteads to the neurochiurgical hospital in Tuzla and we "build bridges" for a school in Lukavac, located near Tuzla. Meanwhile a school in the Upperpalatinate has adopted it as its twin school. In May 19971 receive a call to the Dzemal Bijedic University in Mostar for the department of "intercultural cooperation", at the same time I receive a call to the Academy of Fine Arts in Sarajevo for the chair of "free painting (Freie Malerei)". The Dzemal Bijedic University celebrates its 20th anniversary this year and there is a lot of work awaiting me, as the war left its marks here as well. 2500 students try to catch up with modern times and future - a future which only can be a European one. The staff members are well aware of their task, their work plan is accordingly and yet without foreign help we can hardly accomplish anything at the moment. All the people of Mostar trust in Europe's support, as there is only one future and it's called solidarity. In accordance with the Dayton-II-Accords about the civilian reconstruction of the Republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina we not only look for an economic basis, but also for a basis of common values. that the sun doesn't revolve about the planet earth; furthermore, only some time ago people believed our planet to be a disc. In addition to that thinking itself shapes a picture of the mind. These pictures of the mind are indispensable for man. This inner view creates an angle that adds a possible order of things to a possible picture of world. As a painter , I move within this web of factors. Comparable to the field of mathematics only the searching mind will achieve results we can use to comprehend. We don't comprehend from the reproduction of things - we thereby only illustrate ourselves. The categorizations of the process when finally a picture takes shape points to those interfaces of the human mind where "ideas" emerge between the endogenous and exogenous interplay. " My paintings respond to life." That means to accept that one is prepared to act in a way that transcends the mere piece of art and that includes one's own existence that of a human being. This "humanum" takes shape in the piece of art, but has to prove its actual existence in the fact that one acts and behaves like a human being. This is mainly the reason why I have tried for more than 3 years to work for a better future in Mostar. This also explains why the world of art makes me assume political responsibility and social commitment. Man is the venue of things he conceives as ideas, then puts them into a picture and in the end develops them as a model. We shouldn't, however, mix up models with reality. Geometry is a model of proportions, not proportions themselves, parallels are a model of symmetry, not symmetry itself.

Being a human being is undividable: There is only one world, one life, one death, one moment , unprecedented and unrepeatable. Both my work in Mostar and my work as an artist is embedded in this simultaneity of reality. A cycle like "Homage to Mostar" therefore must be regarded as a demand: a demand for freedom, for peace and for a vision of the future. It's more than just grasping a moment and registering it. This would merely remain fragmentary, as disturbing as specks of dust on a record. The piece of art is a state of being in a world where man is a foreigner to his own surroundings. Still foreign, it's, however, already conceivable as a an idea, it's a pathbreaking sketch of a basic attitude of the mind. Form and contents fuse to new dimensions. This process of adaption can be considered a permanent one in the process of evolution,

which we are part of. The process resembles the focusing of light by means of a lense. The 40-piece cycle. **'Homage to Mostar'** equals a focusing as well.

This cycle is a piece of work of 40 stages interlinking. Each piece is certainly independent, but only the combination of all of them allows the viewer to grasp the complexity, contained in it. This is a further example that the combination of single pictures is more than the whole.

Epilogue

After more than 3 years' work in Mostar in different fields, I have made a great deal of friends. Besides a confidential relationship was developed which is very helpful to do reconstruction work fast here.

For me as an artist, further questions arise which have little to do with all that can be accounted for: on the one hand art as the venue of different sketches of existence, on the other hand art as a means of perceiving the world. This vision - taking into account that man is the only scene of all human processes calls for a total view and is the basis of dialogue not only between different forms of society or between different cultures but also between different disciplines. Combining the simultaneity of reality requires a new picture of world. Art and its different forms of expression are a level of communication, transcending the level of language, as its foundations are where the individual gets access via the creative processes - that is through action itself - not only on the level of its own existence, but which creates existence by depicting it falsificatorily in an act of constant interaction. Art is able to create a Utopia, is able to face the dreadful reality of war with a different reality. In this complex model, art, responsibility, information and commitment are merely different forms of the very same existential aliveness. Life is an integral part of art and isn 't isolated from art. Art is both the form of awareness of the "real" and of the "possible", forming an integral whole - put to a form that bestows dignity to one's own existence as well as creation in general. At this point I would like to thank all those who have supported me, who have placed confidence in me and who have made friends with me: Prof. Dr. Fuad Catovic from Mostar, Dr. Rainer Burckhardt from Weiden, Alica Jakirovic, a painter from Mostar, Alija Drljevic from Blagaj and Frank A. Bassen from Regensburg.

I particularly would like to thank my wife Karin, who has lived through a period of fear in the past few years, who has been untiring in her support for Mostar and who has tried uncertain paths with me.

<http://www.dinnes.net/projekte/mostar/Mostar00.htm>

What links humanitarian commitment with art ? What links political responsibility with perception ? What links the horrors of war with social involvement ?

Dinnes is not willing to accept war as a taboo, to let it rest, to spread the web of "terra inkognita" over it. To be a human is, according to him, an undividable unity. The same applies to the processes establishing a human being. Dinnes as an artist, who knows that art can only be created, where man, free of oppression, is able to explore the foundations of his existence - who knows that art is the expression of an inquiring mind, doesn't set up divides. He does it in view of his belief that there is a future for humane behaviour. Dinnes

holds the chair of Intercultural Cooperation at the Dzemal Bijedic University in Mostar as well as the chair of Free Painting at the Academy of Fine Arts in Sarajevo.

Short Curriculum of Prof. Manfred G. Dinnes:

1950 born in Regensburg

1969-72 various travels to the Orient and North-Africa

1974-80 Student at the Academy of Fine Arts in Nürnberg

1977 and 1978 Laureate of the academy

since 1978 Pupil of the master class

1994-96 humanity relief effort in Mostar, co-founder of the aid organisation "Brücken" (Bridges)

1997 Appointment to the Academy of Fine Arts in Sarajevo

and to the University "Dzemal Bijedic" in Mostar

2002 he continued his art-theoretical collaboration with Dr. Med. Nadim Sradj ("Perception and Malperception of space and time", published in London, 2002)

2005 Ambassador of World Music Festival, Sarajevo

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For me as an artist, further questions arise which have little to do with all that can be accounted for: on the one hand art as the venue of different sketches of existence, on the other hand art as a means of perceiving the world. This vision - taking into account that man is the only scene of all human processes calls for a total view and is the basis of dialogue not only between different forms of society or between different cultures but also between different disciplines. Combining the simultaneity of reality requires a new picture of world. Art and its different forms of expression are a level of communication, transcending the level of language, as its foundations are where the individual gets access via the creative processes - that is through action itself - not only on the level of its own existence, but which creates existence by depicting it falsificatorily in an act of constant interaction. Art is able to create a utopia, is able to face the dreadful reality of war with a different reality. In this complex model, art, responsibility, information and commitment are merely different forms of the very same existential aliveness. Life is an integral part of art and isn't isolated from art. Art is both the form of awareness of the "real" and of the "possible", forming an integral whole - put to a form that bestows dignity to one's own existence as well as creation in general.

<http://www.dinnes.net/projekte/DinnesSradj/Wahrnehmung01.htm>

The experiences I lived through in the preceding years as well as the perceptions and relationships I made and found are given form and shape in those paintings. The painting becomes the focus of an order of colour, form and composition to me, not as a seeking but as a receiving person. I

established my order. Past, present and future events merge into one point, having become timeless. Reality Starts in one's head and not the "word" was the beginning of it all, but the "picture". Only the things I can see, can be defined, can term what appears in front of me. The contents of what materializes in a painting is the way of the mind, linked to one's existence. The idea that a picture has to show what is considered the common denominator of what is recognisable, means that the mind has stagnated, doesn't lead to a higher level of "true perception" but to a trivial form of "false perception". The painting doesn't confirm one's own cosmic existence, but it is "world", experienced in one's own existence. The ability of the human mind is to get a clear picture of something that will help him to find his way. "To get a clear picture" is a permanent process. *Panta rhei*, as Heraclit puts it, all is in a State of flux. The same applies to our way of thinking. We live in a world which is in a State of flux, we are part of it, just as the world is a part of us. An indissoluble integral whole, whose single parts add to more than just the mere whole. To me, that seems to be the secret of life itself. This process continues in the human mind, if it is employed at all. By mere gawking he won't learn neither about himself, nor about world, nor about the subtle interplay of both. Learning and understanding man's own existence in his environment can't be comprehended by referring to already existing images. Thus I eventually move in a world overcrowded with Symbols, I become a tool in the web of rituals - the reality of the world in the State of flux is not taken into account.

Perception can't be restricted to only those elements our eyes register in our surroundings. The act of perception isn't an isolated one, but only the most recent stage of an interminable course of similar acts continuing to live on in our memory. Even the most recent act of perception is therefore influenced by those images of the memory. Besides man's entire process of perception is coupled. Accoustic signals, haptic sensations, scent elements and nuances registered by the sense of taste go along with visual perception, influence each other and transform the actual picture into one of the mind. The object therefore isn't depicted mechanically in the memory but shaped as well by the already existing pictures of the mind. Today we still say that the sun sets although we know since Copernicus that the sun doesn't revolve about the planet earth; furthermore, only some time ago people believed our planet to be a disc. In addition to that thinking itself shapes a picture of the mind. These pictures of the mind are indispensable for man. This inner view creates an angle that adds a possible order of things to a possible picture of world. As a painter, I move within this web of factors. Comparable to the field of mathematics only the searching mind will achieve results we can use to comprehend. We don't comprehend from the reproduction of things - we thereby only illustrate ourselves. The categorizations of the process when finally a picture takes shape points to those interfaces of the human mind where "ideas" emerge between the endogenous and exogenous interplay. " My paintings respond to life." That means to accept that one is prepared to act in a way that transcends the mere piece of art and that includes one's own existence that of a human being. This "humanum" takes shape in the piece of art, but has to prove its actual existence in the fact that one acts and behaves like a human being. This is mainly the reason why I have tried for more than 3 years to work for a better future in Mostar. This also explains why the world of art makes me assume political responsibility and social commitment. Man is the venue of things he conceives as ideas, then puts them into a picture and in

the end develops them as a model. We shouldn't, however, mix up models with reality. Geometry is a model of proportions, not proportions themselves, parallels are a model of symmetry, not symmetry itself.

<http://www.dinnes.net/projekte/DinnesSradj/Wahrnehmung18.htm>

Being a human being is undividable: There is only one world, one life, one death, one moment, unprecedented and unrepeatable. Both my work in Mostar and my work as an artist is embedded in this simultaneity of reality. A cycle like "Homage to Mostar" therefore must be regarded as a demand: a demand for freedom, for peace and for a vision of the future. It's more than just grasping a moment and registering it. This would merely remain fragmentary, as disturbing as specks of dust on a record. The piece of art is a State of being in a world where man is a foreigner to his own surroundings. Still foreign, it's, however, already conceivable as an idea, it's a pathbreaking sketch of a basic attitude of the mind. Form and contents fuse to new dimensions. This process of adaptation can be considered a permanent one in the process of evolution, which we are part of.

<http://www.dinnes.net/projekte/DinnesSradj/Wahrnehmung12.htm>

“Divina Commedia”

http://www.dinnes.net/projekte/Dante/Divina_commedia.htm

Manfred G. Dinnes
Galerie KA 20 MÜNCHEN

Return from Bethlehem / Palestine
Divina Commedia
Space – Times Time – Spaces

Die Bilder, die wir zeigen, sind gerade von einer Ausstellung in Bethlehem zurückgekommen. Hier wurden Sie im Rahmen einer Interkulturellen Konferenz vom Internationalen Begegnungszentrum Bethlehem gezeigt.

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<http://www.galerie-ka20.de/MainHTML/Ausstellungen.htm>