

International Summerschool 2019

Researching Conflict Mediation & Peace Education





In many regions of the world domestic, educational, interethnic, political and criminal violence are a constant threat to the fabric of the society. In order to develop practical tools to meet these challenges, the summer school offered opportunity to ten international students – from South Africa, Burundi, Tanzania, Jordan, Kazakhstan, Sri Lanka, South Korea, Israel and Germany –to meet at the University of Hamburg. During the summer school, they were exposed to methods of arts-based learning for conflict mediation and peace education. They participated in six different workshops. Below are comments said by the artists who facilitated the workshops.

Photography Workshop by Hasan and Husain Essop



I believe that what art can do for peace, is to create an awareness and an opportunity for people to express their opinions. They formulate their viewpoints under the umbrella of art. From within a safe aesthetic space, we can challenge the status quo, we can challenge authority, we can challenge corruption and hegemonic political views, through messages in beautiful artworks. We can then present our work in a space where people come together, and have a conversation with these artworks, and they can seek to understand or they can create their own answer, that could allow for a more peaceful outlook on life. Hasan Essop





I feel that as an artist, art is a great way of expressing oneself, expressing or speaking about a specific issue, creating a discourse. So, art also allows you to use different mediums: performance, photography, painting. These are amazing vehicles to express feelings. Sometimes people can't express what they feel in words, so then art is a great way to do that visually. Sometimes a visual image can speak a thousand words. So, you should definitely be encouraged to have art as a subject in schools, because it can assist people who struggle to express themselves, to use art as a means of expression.

Husain Essop

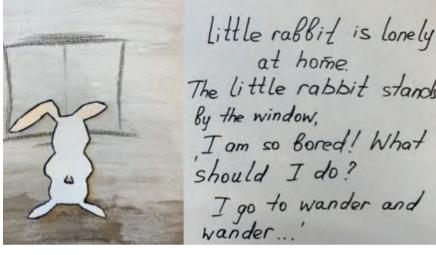


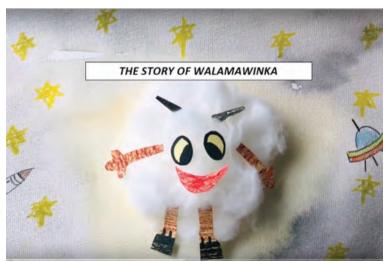






Children Story Telling Workshop by Gordon Mitchell





Mocky is a little triangle. In school it likes to make fun of other shapes and laughs out loud.

The truth is: Mocky doesn't have a lot to laugh about, when it's not bullying others.

















Performance Workshop by Zandile Darko



In my opinion, the whole process of making a performance happen as a group, in itself has a peacebuilding element, because in an ideal world, it is a democratic process. Each participant really brings forward the ideas, and then trying them in the space, so it doesn't stay an intellectual idea We really need to listen to each other as a group, growing together as an ensemble, which then leads into a performance where each of us feels responsible for each part, and I think this in itself can be read as a peacebuilding or peace-educational process.

Zandile Darko











Storytelling Workshop by Sadiq Rahman



Have you ever imagined what will happen when the life is over? Do you believe in an afterlife? Do you think we all will meet one day after we are dead, in heaven or in hell? Are you afraid of death?

Every morning I go the train station I see people rushing to I could see their serious, tired, sleepy faces.... I try to guess what they are thinking about? Have I turned off the lights in the bathroom? Do I need to buy milk for the evening? Will I pass my interview?

I don't need to rush anywhere in the morning ... but every day, early in the morning I go the train station because I am going to the hospital

My name is ... I am from ... I lost my daughter and wife 2 years ago in a car crash

I haven't have a job for the last 6 months, because I have a cancer. I go to the hospital for chemo-therapy ... and being medicated the hell out of me

The man dies and arrives in a black room, where he is connected with wires to a strange electronic computer device. Immediately he touches the screen, and it starts telling a story about how people found a way to be immortal but that they couldn't find a peaceful way to exist. Thus a nuclear war started and the nature on the whole earth is destroyed, and people realized that they had lost the nature they lived in and couldn't bring it back anymore.

Then they invent a device that takes you back in time. People connect to the device and go back to the times of a live nature. They live their lives as mortal human beings and after death they are logged off from the device for a time in order to re-download the device and go back again - as there is no future to which to go. The main character goes out of the room and sees the ugliness of environment, he goes back, connects himself to the device, and is born as a baby son to his wife



Zumratkhon Sanakulova and Xinnan Kuai

The Gentle Giant

The night was heavily quiet. Streets were lonely. I could only hear the wheels of my bike whistling to the speed of my peddling. The drizzle had been pouring on me for more than twenty minutes. My jeans, my sneakers, and my football jersey squeezed my skin, only to slow my peddling speed. At some point, I remembered my friend's concern, "just put up with us on the couch. The drizzles are increasing every minute". She continued, "after all, we still have enough booze. You can go to work from here tomorrow". I resisted. I decided to ride my bike back, thinking, "after such a great birthday party, I am much more comfortable in my bedroom than on a couch with lots of overnight chitchats"

Arriving at the driveway of my apartment made be release tons of feelings of anxiety. I pulled next to the bicycle rack to chain my bike. The lock refused to open. My attempts to open it become the only sound one could hear on the lonely street. Suddenly, I saw a huge image coming towards the bicycle rack, which was also a couple of steps away from my doorsteps. It was a seven feet man in a thick rain coat and scruffy jeans that double his size only to make me feel so small like a rabbit before a bear. As he got closer, my lock proved impossible to open. He stood a step away. As he attempted to utter a word, he sneezed. I got so frightened thinking that he was after my neck. My heartbeat raced like a BMW on a free highway. Screening him keenly from a close range, I noticed his jagged hair that could have neither been washed nor shampooed for decades. Its stench could cause a cough. Finally, the frightening giant murmured, "I need your help!" Though I heard his request, my focus was on his toothless front gum and the smell of the brewery from his mouth. Fear froze my body. My stomach rumbled as if I had diarrhea. Lots of imaginations hovered in my head,

ranging from being kidnapped to being rapped and damped in some unknown place. He insisted in a gentle tone, "kindly listen to me. You are an angel to me tonight". I sighed and imaginatively struck my breast saying to myself inwardly, "Okay, what have you got to tell me Mr. giant with a gentle tone!"

He murmured, "My name is Olaf. My car, which is also my house, got a breakdown down the street. Do you mind sitting down a bit or letting me in your house for a coffee?" I remained silent, but attentive enough



to take any action in self-defense. Olaf spoke further, "I don't understand this system. This economy! It is my third year today. No job. I can't live the good life without some good job, you know! My house is dead, and I am kind of heading to death, you know. That looks like my next destination... where is it?"

As he shook his head to show disgust and disappointment from the system, his thick beard and scruffy hear sprinkled the soaked sweet

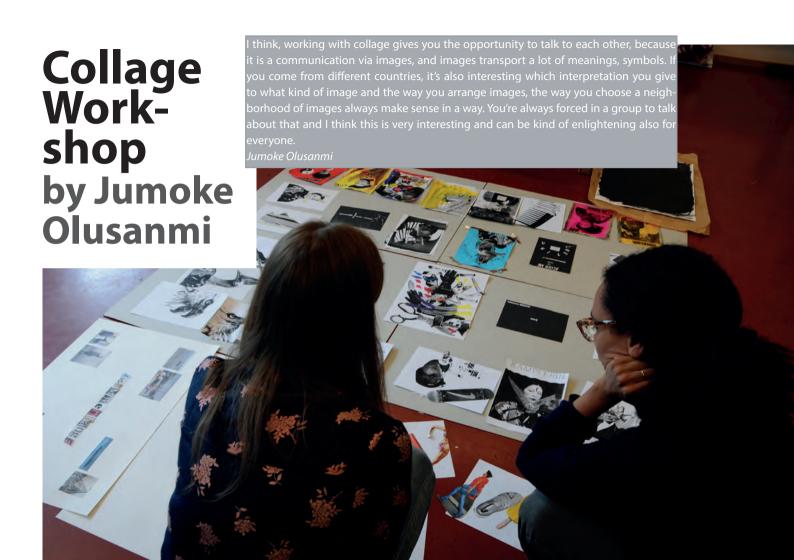
and rainwater on my face. I imagined him attacking me for reasons I could figure out. I smelt blood. Surprisingly, he went on with his monologue before me, "look, I gonna fix this system someday, I promise. Some people are coming from everywhere to settle here, to benefit from our treasury savings, and some of them even get better jobs. How can this be? He complained, yet in a gentle tone. My attempt to make sense of every word he uttered did not exempt me from anxiety and fear of this man. Paradoxically, his look was such a big contrast of his gentle tone on yet pertinent socioeconomic matters in our country. I felt like reacting to this gentle giant, but fear could let me to

He stared at me so intently as he finally walked away insisting, "I gonna fix this system someday..." The lock ope-

ned and I immediately chained my bike to the bicycle rack. I slammed the door behind me as if I had just escaped from the hands of a hungry bear. I went straight in my bed with my wet clothing on. I slept like a piece of wood.

Joseph Badokufa Bulugu and Silke Caroline Reindl









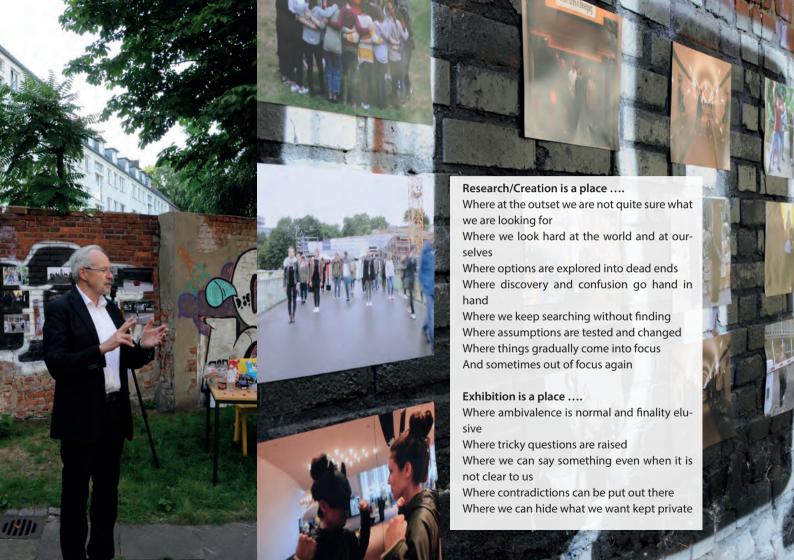
















Delphinus Kamugisha (Tanzania)
Joseph Badukofa Bulugu (Tanzania)
Xinnan Kuai (China)
Bushra Abyad (Jordan)
Zumratkhon Sanakulova (Kazakhstan)
Indu Gamage (Sri Lanka)
Alfred Irambona (Burundi)
Anne Jithma Jayasekara (Sri Lanka)
Yael Sherer (Israel)Silke (Germany)
Won-Kyung Shin (South Korea)
Valentyna Iziumska (Ukraine)
Silke Caroline Reindl (Germany)







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The Art Peace Project
Universität Hamburg, Fakultät für Erziehungswissenschaft
Von-Melle-Park 8, 20146 Hamburg
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Text und Bilder: Sofie Olbers

Layout: Sofie Olbers

Projektleitung: Prof. Dr. (em.) Gordon Mitchell, Cornelia Knoll

Projektkoordination: Cornelia Knoll

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