

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







wenn Türen in Bewegung



Children Story Telling Workshop by Gordon Mitchell



Little rabbit is lonely
at home.
The little rabbit stands
by the window,
I am so bored! What
'should I do?
I go to wander and
wander...'

THE STORY OF WALAMAWINKA



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



I think storytelling is one of the oldest forms of communication. Stories have a great power, they can really change the world. Storytelling is a very powerful medium, it can break stereotypes, it can open minds, it can help you reach different communities, it can mediate, it can be a very powerful medium for peacebuilding. I think one of the most important aspects about storytelling is that it is fun, it is relaxing, and it can take place anywhere you like. So I think storytelling is a great medium, and the age-old practice is almost dying, we have to bring it back to our universities, we have to expand our curriculum, we have to bring it back to our syllables. *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 me 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 heart-beat 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 hair 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 socio-economic 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 open-

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



Collage Work- shop by Jumoke Olusanmi

I think, working with collage gives you the opportunity to talk to each other, because it is a communication via images, and images transport a lot of meanings, symbols. If you come from different countries, it's also interesting which interpretation you give to what kind of image and the way you arrange images, the way you choose a neighborhood of images always make sense in a way. You're always forced in a group to talk about that and I think this is very interesting and can be kind of enlightening also for everyone.

Jumoke Olusanmi











Research/Creation is a place

Where at the outset we are not quite sure what we are looking for

Where we look hard at the world and at ourselves

Where options are explored into dead ends

Where discovery and confusion go hand in hand

Where we keep searching without finding

Where assumptions are tested and changed

Where things gradually come into focus

And sometimes out of focus again

Exhibition is a place

Where ambivalence is normal and finality elusive

Where tricky questions are raised

Where we can say something even when it is not clear to us

Where contradictions can be put out there

Where we can hide what we want kept private

and still reveal secrets

Where self-doubt and pride go hand in hand

Where we can take on our audience

And give them a chance to take us further

Reflection is a place

Where we study ourselves, performing and thinking

Where we try to understand why others might find us strange

Where earlier feelings are relived

Where seeing ourselves is still a surprise

And what we see is something new

Where we trace what has changed

And face how others experience us

And note what remains unresolved

Where we try to explain what we see

With humour or in relation to theory

Gordon Mitchell





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