

I have never been to Sarajevo

I have never been to Sarajevo, I have never been to Bosnia.

I am sitting at home. On the screen of my computer I am looking at photos of Sarajevo and Bosnia. I see maps, waterfalls and bridges, buildings and streets, squares and sights.

I am sitting at home. I am seeing pictures of Sarajevo at sunset (sunrise?) – a blue river, roofs with red tiles, green hills, a wide delicate sky. I am seeing pictures of Sarajevo during the war – bombed buildings, heaps of rubble and empty streets, bent over and hurrying people. One sort of pictures call forth a vague longing for beauty, the others a mixture of anxiety, concern and relief of not having to be there.

I am sitting at home. I am seeing an faraway world on my screen. I am seeing a nearby world all around. I experience both worlds. Both worlds penetrate my mind. I am in connection with both worlds.

I ask myself: what is the difference between the faraway world on the screen and the nearby world all around? The reality on the screen reaches me through medial channels and interstations. The reality of my apartment seems to be more direct and concrete. Is the nearby world therefore more real? Is it the same world?

In my watercoulours I am drawing the faraway and the nearby world on the same sheet of paper. I am drawing the sunset-Sarajevo, I am drawing the wartime-Sarajevo. My nearby world all around is always the same. One time I am colouring the faraway world, one time I am colouring the nearby world.

What do you see?

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