

Foreword

Hulusi is an artist of balance and of the kind of simplicity that provokes inner calm. Whenever I look at his paintings, I feel that it is not his intention to bind me to his paintings; he gives me the freedom to think about other things.

He paved his way through internalising some elements picked from cubism and fauvism with an innocent observation technique. Hulusi's forms all full of contradictory, but bright matters.

In even just one of his works we are faced by a richness of colours arising from the use of colours varying in subtle nuances including the shades from black to white.

At the first glance it becomes obvious that he considers the dispute over abstract or figurative art as superfluous and invalid. For Hulusi, nature is omnipresent.

This is why the fundamental strength Hulusi uses lies in his impartiality.

In Hulusi's paintings, there is nothing hidden or undescribed, that would need interpretation.

They are most obvious paintings of the world; and for this the reason they reveal one of the most important aspects of abstract art.

Every painting is just itself and permanently exists in the present.

Hulusi's way of wielding the brush tends to mirror

the forms of the eyes, breasts, hips and legs.

Hence, on the one hand we can regard the "form" as reliable, but on the other side also as a sign of extreme freedom.

Hulusi does not emphasize figures and sometimes also natural scenery to make us remind the fact that he doesn't fall victim to rules; he has managed to preserve his agility at all times.

I know Hulusi since 1970. More than 30 years have passed...

In high school, we shared classes and desks. It is still present to me how we painted modern pictures thirty years ago, which we were not able to sell to galleries, and how sad we

became when they asked flower paintings of us.

I am happy to see thirty years later that he has not made any concessions on his art.

Hulusi hasn't lost his pure and humanistic attitude from the years of his childhood and youth. He still has the same attitude for life.

The fact that he still draws desiccated leaves as if they were alive is the most obvious sign of his perception of arts and life.

Alper Susuzlu,
Director, painter, caricaturist

Greeting from Pefkios Georgiades, Minister of Culture and Education

It is with great pleasure that I address Hulusi Halit's exhibition on display these days at Nicosia's Melina Mercuri Hall.

Halit's art, indeed his very *modus vivendi*, that long and winding road from Paphos where he was born up to Berlin where he lives for the past thirty one years, has been a struggle, so eloquently portrayed in his own writings, to bridge the seemingly contradicting forces embodied in two ancient Greek Goddesses, Aphrodite and Athena, Sensuality on the one hand and Rationality on the other.

In the course of his struggle, Halit spears no one, not even himself. He confesses to the fact that the toils of every day life, his efforts to ensure himself and his family a livelihood

had dampened his alertness, but the love deeply rooted within him for his homeland, her people and her landscape, determined the final outcome of the fight; Aphrodite, that is the unobstructed expression of emotions, eventually wins.

Halit's work is not just a labour of love; it is a labour for and about love.

I sincerely feel that the deeply poignant phrase "It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye." from Antoine de Saint Exupéry's Little Prince could easily have been written for Halit's oeuvre.

Halit's art, along with his personal way of life, bears true testimony to the fact that Cyprus, our common home, is truly too small to bear so much hatred, intolerance and injustice.



erance and injustice.

The achievements of Hulusi Halit's art contribute to the difficult task of bringing our two peoples together.

From the bottom of my heart I wish to congratulate Hulusi Halit and I wish him every success in the field he has chosen, or perhaps was chosen, to serve. He constitutes a shining example for us all.



few did.

During the period of their colonial rule (1878-1960), the British saw only the economic and strategic use of the island.

HALIT

Hulusi Halit, called „Halit“, was born in Cyprus at , on the 6th of January 1954. Cyprus, this is the island of the gods, where Aphrodite settled down and where her priestesses bathed and then came out of the sea in a younger shape.

This is where his roots are: In Paphos, the site of beauty. But is the city respected and admired by people as such? At the time of Halit’s childhood probably only a

The Cypriots, as fertile as their country, let bear fruit what the English left at their departure: the seed of conflict – whereas the fruits of their island, of their cultural wealth fell down to earth and decayed.

Yes, even the Greek- and Turkish-mixed language of their Cyprus was, as the witness of their peaceful coexistence, soon despised and disdained. (But even windfall bears the semen of new life in it...)

Political unrest, hatred and blind anger were the consequences which dominated every-day-life of the people from 1963 on.

Event Halit’s family was not spared. His father lost his job as shoe designer

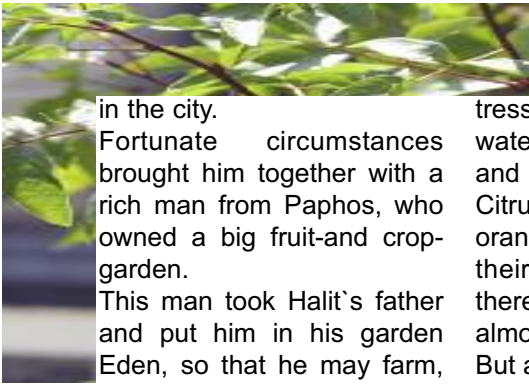
His House in Koloni-Newbuild



Drinkwaterspring until 1975



His 2. School after 1963 till 1965



in the city.

Fortunate circumstances brought him together with a rich man from Paphos, who owned a big fruit-and crop-garden.

This man took Halit's father and put him in his garden Eden, so that he may farm, water and take care of it.

Halit, oldest of six children, had to help hard-working. The garden was big, very big, it took several hours to walk it through.

He loved these fields and groves, the big corn fields where corn, oat and wheat grew and sang their dances and songs, moved by the wind, and gave off their soft colors.

Walnut- and pomegranate



tress, lined up around the watering system, surrounded and protected the fields.

Citrus groves full of citrons, oranges and grapefruits with their exhilarating scents; there were the banana- and almond groves...

But above all, there were two trees in the middle of that garden, which meant a lot to him.

The Old Testament calls them oak or "Tabor tree", the tree of life in the garden of Eden.

For him they were "Mrs. Living" and her husband. Mrs. Living was, and is, the centre of the universe.

For him they were a couple and he spent a lot of time with them. Last time he was there, in the summer of 2002,

he visited them. One of them, the husband, was clear-cut. Now only Mrs. Living, the centre of the universe, stands there.

The goddesses of destiny had given only one divine task to Aphrodite: love.

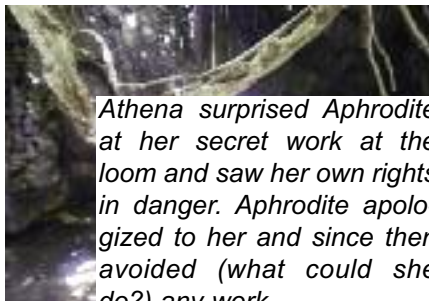
Sometimes this seemed not enough to Aphrodite. She not only longed for love but also for shaping something, for creating something through patient work.

So she secretly sat down in front of a loom and enjoyed to see how slowly a carpet, woven by her, grew out of



The big garden in Koloni

The two TEREBINTH Trees in Koloni



Athena surprised Aphrodite at her secret work at the loom and saw her own rights in danger. Aphrodite apologized to her and since then avoided (what could she do?) any work.

So she retired to Paphos. Surrounded by doves and sparrows, she walked (when she was not involved in some amorous adventure) aimlessly through the woods and the meadows; the fields and the groves and left, as enchanting trace of her beauty, opulent growth and good crop.

But having been caught by Athena when trying to create something by her own, depressed her.

Her sole task, love, did not satisfy her at that time.

Engrossed in thought, she perceived a boy, some ten or eleven years old, which worked on a watering system.

She quickly understood that work, hard work made his everyday life.

The young boy did not notice her, while she watched him wistfully. But there was something else that caught her attention.

Something more than the mechanical acquittal that lay in his movements. Each of its handholds seemed to be full of friendliness.

His view was not clouded by hard work. It seemed that a deeply rooted independence would let him bear every burden, difficult circumstances could not crush him – but let him grow and mature.

He appealed to Aphrodite. Unsuspecting as he was, she opened more and more his heart and his senses for the beauty which surrounded him.

She watched as he checked the irrigation of the plants. She finally followed him up



Petra tou Romiou, 2004

to its dearest tree couple, those oaks Tabor (which is in the actual garden Eden one undivided tree, the arborvitae).

There, he wrapped himself in their protective bushes, kept the rest of the world outside and feasted itself at the "wood of the life" to its juice -its soul soaked this juice, as the roots do for the water from the ground. And the garden started to grow into his heart deeply.

That dear tree couple beat the deepest roots. Perhaps it was its first great love, perhaps a paradise of Allah, perhaps a paradise of Yahweh. Who could know this?

But he experienced that he felt free there, no bans, no compulsions. He could let his soul dangle, meet secretly friends there. There the beauty tried to catch him, the time tried to hide him, There, liberty sowed in his emotions those seeds which over-

grow all that separates and grow up to all what leads together and unites.

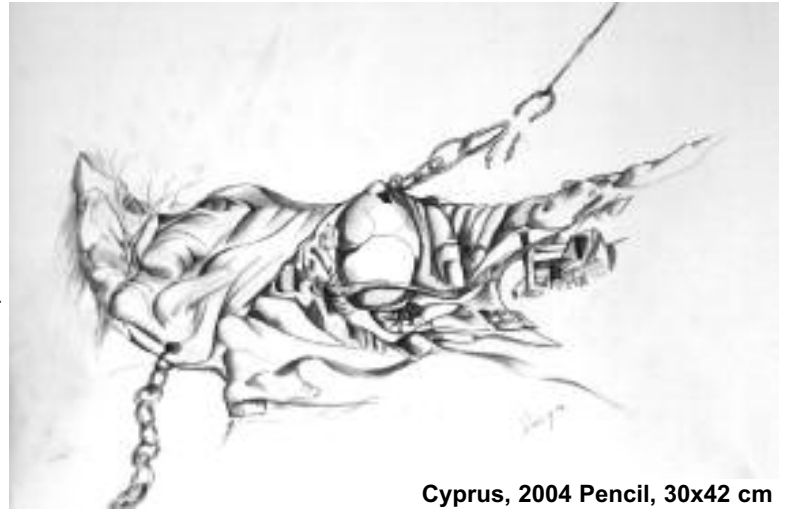
There, Aphrodite smiled at him invitingly and drew him with its magical love belt into its spell. The union between love and beauty was sealed.

But Nemesis, the goddess of destiny, did not care. She had decided that this time also should take an end.

No pleading and begging on the part of Aphrodite could help. She then implored Prometheus, who also was, however, not able to change anything. Yes, she even approached Athena which she had hurt once in her honor.

She also felt a great liking for the boy, but her attempts to change the mind of Nemesis remained fruitless.

Perhaps Zeus managed to avoid the family their destiny. But he was not particularly touched by Nemesis` decision. It was for sure, that Halit`s



Cyprus, 2004 Pencil, 30x42 cm



Waiting until, 2004 Pencil, 30x42 cm



mourning, 2003 ink, 30x42 cm

nature which did not put Zeus in a gracious mood:

He already saw that independent spirit - not rabble-rousing but just independent - slumber in this 11-year-old boy, and the highest God of the Mount Olympus wasn't pleased by this at all.

But this night also had another face, an unknown, cruel and dark face, which brutally roused them from sleep and throw them out of their dreams into a nightmare, from which they could not escape, even not in the following days, because he seized their life.

A bus full of drunken and joyful wedding guests crashed in their house at high speed. The whole house was

shaken.

The children woke up scared and saw how their parents and the youngest, six months



old baby got buried under a scrambling wall.

And the other five children?

They survived, without external injuries, with in the horror and scare of the night.

Halit took his brother and sisters, despite their desperate calls for *anne* and *baba* (mother and father)

and ran out of the house.

They ran and ran, shouting, crying, speechless, drawn by their brother.

Finally they reached the house of the uncle.

There was no help for the parents and the baby.

The bus was gone, he left nothing than destruction. Calling for *anne* and *baba* was left without echo, they were for ever gone in the horror of the night.

Despite all this, the sun still rises out of the dark night towards a new day. The siblings were separated and, like the seeds of the tree, seeded in different soil.

The owner of the plantation in which his

father once worked, took Halit and his one-year-younger sister with him.

They lived in Paphos. There, a new world began for both of them.

They grew up in the middle of wealthy people.

Being cheap labor, it looked like the life of Cinderella.

As of the 7th class he could choose between music and art in school. He didn't have to think it over a long time.

Painting already enriched him since long with inner feelings of success.

His art teacher was Ali Atakan, a respected painter and teacher.

He had seen his "scribbles" which already began to rise out of from the chaos and had taken a clear shape.

Together with Halit, another three class-mates were taken in the art group.

There was Ilkay and also Alper Susuzlu, which is at home in the world of the arts still today as a



House in Paphos, Moutallos

Entrance

painter, cartoonist and who has close connections to the theater.

The group of the art pupils was made of students of different grades.

The little time out he had left in the house of his master's, was spent with painting. He had accepted the challenge of the Atatürk busts and portraits.

They suited him to act as models. The art teacher introduced him to the most different techniques and directions of paint-



Paphos today, 2002

ing like modern age, cubism, realism etc.

To do justice to the teacher's high requirements amounted to an undertaking, which often moved at the precipice of surrendering.

He instructed them to repaint the picture of Michelangelo famous God and Adam. This was rather difficult.

This work of art had been painted in a church whose form is round, painted on the ceiling of



The Artist at the Greenline in Paphos / Moutallos 1969

a dome.

The pupils had to transfer it to a straight surface.

They would only go ahead when he was satisfied with their work.

His skills in drawing of portraits also got better from day to day.

For him, art always meant liberation from the depressing everyday-life.

At that time, they often did painting excursions during the warm season.

Athena thought one day that now was the right time: That

something was happening behind Halit's forehead, that his intellectual eye had moved.

She went to Hephaestus (Aphrodite's husband) the divine blacksmith and asked him friendly for the wedge, with the help of which he once had helped him to get th.

So who could know better than her, when it would be the right time to open to that little free-thinker in him a new gap to the world? Small sunbeams should penetrate and give him a feeling for good and bad.

During the schooldays his work covered primarily the area of the wholesale trade. After school, he had to look for the ordered goods of the retailers and then to hand these in by a baggage bicycle at a bus station.

The way to get there could be reached only over a little mountain and with substantial muscle work.

Sometimes, it was necessary to balance for the own inventory, so that he then had to buy the missing products from other wholesalers.

One of those wholesalers was a Greek Cypriot. At the beginning he accepted the order without comment, although the horrible newspaper photo of a Turkish family who was said to have been killed some years before by EOKA members in her bath still raged in his memory.

So did this mean that he was buying from a barbarian?! At that time, he didn't think it over

much.

He accomplished his task. However, to his great astonishment this wholesaler didn't correspond at all with the "barbarian" picture he had.

This Greek Cypriot wasn't only very, very nice; he was also full of humor. He told many jokes, tickled laughter out of him and gave him candy.

Then it was clear to him: There are also different kinds of people on the Greek side.

This of course changed his view of the Greek Cypriots, opened his mind and he finally (although reluctantly at the beginning) got rid of this cruel, black-and-white picture that besieged him.

At the age of fifteen, he took part in a painting competition of all Turkish high schools of Cyprus.

His picture "The young couple" was awarded.

At this time he also drew portraits of Australian UN-soldiers; which granted him a good pocket-money.



He otherwise served his masters, as he was asked to, worked for them as cheap labor as it was expected, till the day before his 18th birthday.

Then he took his sister, his schoolbag, just said "Bye" and unexpectedly left his masters.

Now he wanted to fulfill this wish. Now he wanted to study art, he just wanted to be away from there. Nobody and nothing could stop him.

There, his work was done. New work was waiting for him. But what would his future look like?

Young Couple, 1969, missing since 1974

A new horizon

Aphrodite and Athena, united in their protégé Halit, were reconciled on their way to Delphi to question the oracle over his future, when they met Hermes, who made no more secret from his weakness for Aphrodite (the whole world of gods knew about it), directly before

*Delphi's gate.
When asked about the purpose
of their travel, they told him
about their request. He
agreed to prophesy
from the pebbles lying
on the ground.*

*Together they sat
down under Delphi's
gate with its inscription
"Recognize you" and
Hermes threw the peb-
bles.*

*He will leave his past
behind him, but not cut
his roots.
He will settle down.*

*The empire starts in
the west where the sun
sinks into the sea.
There, in the empire Pluto,
Athena's breath will also keep
its spirit live
and initiate him more deeply
into arts.
Prometheus goodwill will pene-
trate his mind.
Duties will form and teach him;
limits will enlarge him.
Aphrodite's union between love*

*and beauty will revive.
An inner thirst will lead him, but
where?*



Example Picture Körperwelten, 2005 pastel, 50x96 cm

*First to Lethe, the left source of
forgetting with the white
cypress at her side, then to the
Mnemosyne, the right source,
the "memory".*

*He will take water out of both
sources and as a water-carrier
he will pass them on and finally*

*participate in the fight against
the destroying fire of low emo-
tions.*

*The arts are his weapons.
After obtaining his high-school
degree and nine months of mil-
itary service, he could finally
leave Cyprus.*

*After trying several times to set-
tle down and study abroad, he
finally came to Berlin.*

This is where he lives and
works until today as a painter,
photographer, as a husband of
25 years, as a
father of two
h a n d s o m e
young men
(who could also
not resist to
art).

As a teacher,
he sums up 25
years of peda-
gogic work with
children, where
the focus lies,
of course, on
art:
Painting, photo-
graphy, videos,
theatre...

he introduced
the children to all this, gave
them enough space to discover
themselves, and to express
themselves in an artistic way.

Some of them choose it as the
center of their lives.

The memory

Once, when Halit already lived for many years as father and educator in Berlin, Aphrodite strolled about on her island again.

She saw the devastation, which the putsch and the Turkish invasion of 1974 left on home. Everywhere, even after some decades, blindness still raged between the two parts of the population.

She passed that couple of trees where she had once seen the small, hard-working boy for the first time.

She felt a little melancholy and smiled to herself. No, really there were not so many of his kind. Wherever she might look, her island was, filled with hate.

Hermes, normally a rather rare guest, unexpectedly dropped in.

They talked and Aphrodite wondered what Halit might well do in Germany now. And what became out of that union she had with him?

From which source he might well scoop water?

From Mnemosyne or Lethe?

From the source of the memory or the one of forgetting?

Hermes, as witty as he was, concluded that it was the one of Lethe. Aphrodite was surprised. He saw it and it flattered him to have astonished her. With a furtive smile on the lips he asked her:

“Don’t you know then, that most people, consciously or unconsciously, forget their union with the gods, their faith in the inconceivable over the years.

Everyone refreshes at the water of Lethe, at the source of forgetting.

The life and its conditions demand much from him. One finds a wife or a husband, founds a family, and

creates his status, which has to be preserved.

Life becomes a race against time and mortality. Who then remembers the immortal gods?”

“But Hermes! Not him!

Athena breathed into him of her mind, her wisdom. I have

opened his eyes for beauty.

He saw more in this landscape, then only a landscape, he recognized more in these trees, than only trees, because he felt them, because he was connected to them through me.



Aphrodite with her adviser, 2005 oil on Wood 50x80 cm

Body worlds want to open themselves to him, the one who sees, people and gods who are inherent in so many trees and landscapes.

Such a view cannot pass because it is connected forever with the love of the beauty.

This union is immortal!"

"Aphrodite, I have said forget, dull, but not lost!"

"How can you think something like this?" she asked.

He is human and remains a human!

And as a human he has the need to live his life as such.

Aphrodite didn't look particularly pleased and Hermes asked her:

"Don't you sometimes long to experience life like a human, so earthly? What fascinated you

with him?"

She reminded: "It was this deeply human manner he had, which captivated me.

He kept his chin up, no matter



Aphrodite, 2003 oil on Wood 50x96 cm

how the conditions were, he again and again accepted his faith, there was joy and there was pain, but he kept his eye for the beauty, he clung to his

desires and his dreams, deep inside of his heart.

But today?

Does he really live his dreams?" she asked.

Hermes laughed: "Humans

only at the fountain of Lethe, the fountain of forgetting"

"Well, I think I know..."

but come with me"

He led her to the point at the

have a lot of dreams. I am sure he is just realizing one."

"Burt why do you think that he until now quenched his thirst

end of the fruit garden, opposite the house, in which once disaster broke into the life of Halit's family.

An exuberant cypress stood there, upright and proud, its branches widespread.

"This is the sign of Lethe, a white cypress", he explained.

"A sign? What is it for, Hermes?"

"Once, this was a cemetery. His parents are buried here.

The grave was there, where the cypress stands now, you understand. The dead live on in this tree."

"But what does this have to do with Halit and his forgetting"?

"Well, the traces of his roots are erased.

The grave has been leveled. My conclusion is, that he first turned away from his origins, that he looked to the present, his duties and so on.

But the night of forgetting will give way to the light of the beginning day, as soon as the union between him and you will glow in his eyes.

He will see the gods, the titans, veiled humans, maybe even his parents, in the trees, the fields, the meadow and the groves.

Don't you remember the oracle?"



Cemetery in Koloni

"Oh Hermes, if only this would be the case.

Look at all this hate, this fire of bad emotions destroying the whole island and poisoning it with its biting smoke.

How could this here still be the place of residence for me, the goddess of the love and the beauty?

I indulge myself nostalgically in my memories about people in which hate and destruction couldn't find any breeding ground.

Most of them have gone away, as did Halit."

"Aphrodite, I am the messenger of the Gods, and I like to mediate, also between humans and gods.

If you want, I will evoke the memory in him and irrigate his roots with the water of Mnemosyne."

"Yes" she said and kissed him.

Hermes was embarrassed. "It is with this kiss, Hermes that I sent you to him. Might it wake up our common union of love.

Might it awake love in him". Aphrodite looked at him with her irresistible eyes full of gratefulness.

“Do not forget the oracle!” he shouted to her and left on his winged shoes.

His deep relationship to nature fell asleep in Germany.

Painting also took a back seat. Student life had been very demanding, the studies as well as the need to earn money and so on...

There was no time for leisure. So he took the leisure along with him everywhere where time and duty called him...

He also did much photography at that time.

Only many years later, in 1998, when the children were grown up, a strong impulse, which strongly asked him to paint, came from inside, asking him to give more time to art again.

Actually, it was love which drew him into her spell.

Again and again he created paintings and sketches around the “love” topic, around his wife Maria and him.

If in earlier times he painted

only in black and white, colors came into play at that time.

Aphrodite’s kiss reached him and love was flowing, as did the urge to express it.



Example Picture for Körperwelten VI , 2004 pastel, 21x30 cm

Soon his paintings resulted in numerous shapes of waterfalls. Everything became into a flowing river.

Winter, the time when lifeblood is low, was over. Spring was calling.

In his hands, white canvas metamorphosed into a multitude of life flowers.

At that time, when flowing love had brought many, and above all inner changes, slowly and

imperceptibly the water of Mnemosyne, the fountain of remembrance, of his roots, was dropping.

Once, Maria and Halit traveled to Lesbos.

There it began:

In the olive groves he recalled his memories of his beloved trees.

Could Hermes have found a more suitable place, as the cultivation of the olives was his merit anyway?

Olive trees are all quite different. No olive tree looks like the other.

They are very expressive trees.

When he stood between all these olive trees in Lesbos, it seemed as if each of them was talking to him. His childhood, his fruit garden, his favorite trees – all these memories came back as if they woke up from a long sleep.

He saw those trees no longer only as trees, but as veiled species bearing unveiled figure, this is how he stood surrounded by them.

Once, in 2002, when they were in Cyprus, he and his wife Maria got lost. They did not know where they were and where to go.

Then they found three very prominent olive trees, standing there close one to the other on the tarmac.

This was quite an unusual setting, because normally you only see them in big groves.

Halit was so fascinated that he completely forgot that he and his wife were lost.

He photographed them and knew he will have to paint them.

He called those three

**“Tango in Cyprus”,
“The knotted one”
and
“Divided in Cyprus”.**

He thought that nothing could better describe the situation of Cyprus than this **“divided tree”**.

This tree is the incarnation of today's Cyprus.

“On 1st of May for the celebration of Cyprus-EU-accession in Berlin, I contributed such a tree as the “Tree of Wishes”.

Today, the Painting of the “divided tree” is hanging in the office of our ambassador in Berlin.

I hope that this tree will appeal to a lot

of people, so that they may understand the nonsense of their hostility.

Whether Greek or Turkish Cypriots – Cyprus is our common root, the root we

grew out of, of those who live there. My wish is that people begin to understand the things that we have in common on our island and in our culture, and not again and again only see the



Tango in Cyprus, 2002 ink, 21x30 cm



knotty, 2002 Ink, 27x35 cm

things that divide us and which reopen old wounds.

By the way, my first friends in Germany were Greeks.

The old dividing walls were pulled down, because abroad it does not matter whether you are Greek or Turkish Cypriot, what is important is the fact to be friends.

In the summer of 2003 I met the Ambassador of our embassy. His duties in Germany were over and he was traveling back to Cyprus.

We met by coincidence on a flight to Cyprus.

The political situation in Cyprus was our main topic and this was the time when the political confrontation with my origin started quite strongly in me again and since then it has an important place in my life.

It matters a lot to me to pull down blockades and borders in the heads of the people of both ethnic groups – by my means: art.

The responsible politicians don't make it easy...

When I am doing, as a Turkish Cypriot, an exhibition in September in the Greek part of Nicosia, then I hope, that it will be even a small step in bringing people together, as there will be people invited to the varnishing from both ethnic groups”.



Divided in Cyprus, Olivetree in Lemba, Cyprus

On 1st of May for the celebration of Cyprus-EU-accession in Berlin



The works from Göran Halit

Faces

The artist makes the viewer of the picture look at people from different cultures, who in their identities are completely strangers one to another.

Only a second glance at the canvas makes one recognize that the centre of all these pictures, namely the face, is always the same.

Now there are be many different possibilities for interpretation, but one seems to be very convincing: the place of growing up, the culture, especially the religion (in short: the living circumstances) make men to what they are. Individual diversity can yet be also estranging, so that the original similarity, the coherence is forgotten or pushed

into the background.

“Körperwelten”

Body Worlds

Man and nature – an allegoric relationship; the artist, inspired by the exhibition “Körperwel-



The Tree is alive I, 2002, Ink 25x35 cm

ten” (Body nature).

When talking about “mother nature”, the femininity represents the origin of human nature.

A symbiosis of natural aesthetics and humanity in its purest form.



The Tree is alive II, 2002, Ink 32x44 cm

Trees

The Trees. Already in his early beginnings one of the favourite themes of the artist.

With his decision to move to Berlin, for the time being they seemed to be forgotten, but after having returned to his home-country they have been taken up by him with renewed fascination and inspiration and presented in all possible facets in his paintings.

The incomparable style of the artist revives the drought trees and as a repercussion on paper he makes them appear everlasting.

Music

To realise, see and present music, this difficulty is what the artist deals with in the music

group of paintings.

Music can have an exhilarating, amusing but also frightening effect.

This high form of emotionality which men find in music is treated by the artist in a completely personal style and shows the dominance of the sounds, the strong impression music makes on us.

Culture

On the one hand, the term is used in relation to humankind as a whole, on the hand also as a summarisation of the living circumstances of a specific ethnic group or region.

This is where the artist puts an emphasis on in this thematic field. It seems to be an utopian idea, that a peaceful living together could be possible with so many different perceptions of norms and ethnic principles in cultures.



The Earth is living I, 2005 Ink, 24x32 cm

Spurred by the current situation in his home island of Cyprus, in his paintings, the artist tries to express the idea of a common living together, in which not as much the individualistic notion as more the common idea counts.

Love

If one loves, one gives a part of one's own individuality, if one is loved back, one is enriched

despite renunciation.

In this painting, the artist shows the heartfelt connection, the common, the known, which gives one security.

True love leaves a person as she is and enriches her by itself. The deep strength, which becomes apparent in this painting, arises from the togetherness of the man and the woman seen here.



Rügen impressions I, 2005 Ink, 24x32 cm



The Dance, 2005 Pencil, 40x50 cm



Passion 2005, Pencil 50x70 cm



Love 1999, oil on cardboard 24x34 cm



Cypresses , 2002 Oil on Paper, 50x65 cm



Paphos, 2003 Oil on canvas 70x100 cm



Berlin, 2003 Oil on canvas 70x100 cm



Heilig Kreuz Church, 2003 Oil on cardboard 50x64 cm



Hamam, 2004, oil on canvas, 24x30 cm



Composition I, 2001 Oil on cardboard 50x70 cm



Composition VI, 2005 Oil on cardboard 50x60 cm



Touching, 2001 oil on canvas, 50x70 cm



Touareq I, 2005 Oil on cardboard 60x70 cm



Mr. Touareq, 2005 Oil on cardboard 60x70 cm



Kirio Jakobus, 2005 Oil on canvas 30x40 cm



Herr Jakobi, 2005 Oil on canvas 30x40 cm



Yakup Bey, 2005 Oil on canvas 30x40 cm



Glances I, 2005 Pastell oil 21x29 cm



Glances II, 2005 oil on Paper 50x65 cm



Glances III, 2005 Pastell oil 42x60 cm



Glances IV, 2005 Pastell oil 50x64 cm



On the way to POMOS I-Polis, 2004 Oil on canvas, 30x40 cm



On the way to POMOS II- Polis, 2004 Oil on canvas, 30x40 cm



The Birth 2003, Oil on Wood 50x95 cm



The Model I, 2002 oil on wood 50x96 cm



The Model VII, 2005 oil on cardboard 500x70 cm



The Model V, 2003 oil on canvas 40x60 cm



The Model VI, 2004 oil on Cardboard 30x50 cm



Glances at Culture II, 2005 oil on canvas 70x100 cm



Glances at Culture, I 2005 oil on canvas 70x100 cm

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Dagmar Schmitz Chuh

writes "literary potraits" for everybody based on what each biography may `narrate`.

Her matter penetrates her manner as also the "literary portraits" themselves;
that means:
to create out of all those coloured lifethreads
an elaborate weaved and elevating carpet

useful to the concerning person
- and all the others
(... maybe with a red thread glittering up in between...)

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