

Looking at – and into – this home is like touching the colours of the Mediterranean. This Sea, which is Our Sea, has been the cradle of civilization and the setting for skirmishes and fighting among the peoples that have inhabited its shores. Above all, it has been a place for the exchange of goods and knowledge.

A Sea celebrated by the myth of Ulysses who became lost and strayed, desperately in his search for a way home.

And from this home, I look upon the horizon and behold a sail tinged with red, at dawn and at dusk, upon its departure and its return, following the immutable rhythm of the universe.

### **Mario Molinari**

Sculptor (Italy)

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For me, looking out onto the Mediterranean from Michele and Rita's Maison is rediscovering life. At the beginning of the 1990s I was between "exile" and "asylum. It was the time of my departure from the former Yugoslavia and the burning Balkans; the time of my transfer from France to Italy, from Paris to Rome.

I was overwhelmed by uncertainty and anguish. Michele's fraternal affection and the connection with this magical Maison led to many discussions and reflections upon "Our Mediterranean Sea". They lasted for days, weeks, months, even years.

The Fondazione Mediterraneo came into being in this Maison, and many pages of history have been written within its walls. Our guests have come from far and wide, be it Southern Europe and North Africa, Palestine and Israel, or the Balkans, and above all Bosnia, which witnessed a bloody war.

Contemporary Bosnian poets have stayed here such as Izet Sarallic', who dedicated some memorable verses to Michele while contemplating the Mediterranean from this Maison.

### **Predrag Matvejević**

Writer (Croatia)

(from "Nostro Mare Nostro", ed. DLibri)

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