

Background

I was born in Jerusalem, Israel. My mother was born in 1940 in Hamburg, Germany and moved to Israel in 1965, changing her identity, religion, name, language. From Margrit Else Schutz she became Miriam Avissar and raised 3 children in a "foreign language" - Hebrew. The past was locked behind a closed door and sometimes, in rare moments, I got a little glimpse through the cracks. If I could describe my mother in one word, it would be "Silence".

My father was born in Palestine in 1942 and embodied in my eyes the symbol of the Zionist Israeli: proud, Hebrew speaking, critical and verbal.

When Tal Gur approached me to collaborate with him in creating the multi disciplinary project Mind Crossing, a light was lit in me. An opportunity to use my most inner language of dance and movement to explore and connect with those ghosts of the past and create a vessel for us artists and for the audience, to mirror ourselves. I found myself taken on a journey into my own identity, using this art piece and the story behind it as a healing tool for my own pain and loss of both of my parents. This process made me look at my own relationship with silence and inheritance and allowed me to become an active agent in my own story, through awareness and connection .



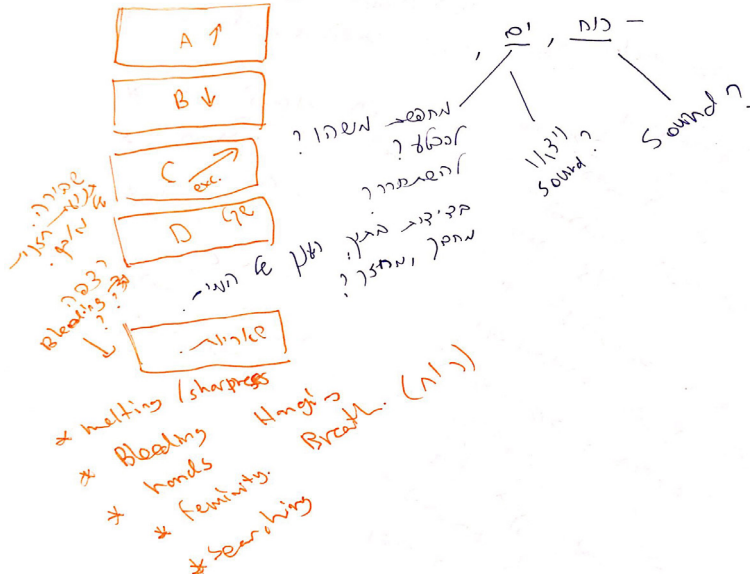
Europe Late / Dan Pagis

Violins float in the sky,
And a straw hat. I beg your pardon,
What year is it?
Thirty nine and a half, still awfully
early,
You can turn off the radio.
I would like to introduce you to:
The sea breeze, the life of the party,
Terribly mischievous,
whirling in a bell-skirt, slapping
down
the worried newspapers: tango!
tango!
And the park hums to itself:
I kiss your dainty hand, madame,
your hand as soft and elegant as a
white suede glove.
You'll see, madame,
that everything will be all right,
just heavenly - you wait and see.
No it could never happen here,
Don't worry so - you'll see it could

אירופה, מאוחר
בשמים פורחים כנורות
ואמביבעת של קש. סלחי לי, מה השנה?
שלשים ותשע וחצי, בערה, עוד מקדם מקדם,
אפשר לסגר את הרדיו,
גא להכיר: זאת רות הנם, הרום התיקה של הפועלת,
שוכבה להפליא,
מסתהרת שמלות פעמון, טופחת
על פני עתונים מדאגים: טנגו! טנגו!
וגו העיר מתנגן לו,
אני נושק ידה, מאדאם,
ידה העדינה כמו
קסית העור הלבנה,
הכל יבוא על מקומו
בחלום,
אל תדאגי כל כך, מאדאם,
כאן לעולם זה לא יקרה,
את עוד תראי,
כאן לעולם

What does it mean to start the performance at the entrance of the brown quarter in Munich? How does the clash of memories and reality affects the performance? Are we as blind today as we were in the past? Can we read the signs or just keep tangoing in the park?

- סמלית, סימבולית, קוד.
 - סימבולית על הפסוקים. אולי מילית
 - אבסורדיות ואלן צ'פין
 - הגמלה של אלו ס'יו. אגידה זרית, ג'נטל-וולטר
 - כל רגע נראה כאילו קינה
 - הגשם מולקטור המבוסס בקצה. אפסודי בו אהבה בלי
 בזמן-אחד. אולי המגן היווה מן המלך, כך אולי המבד
 מולקטור המבוסס על הילג. תואר המבד יולגט ס'יו המגן
 מולקטור המבוסס.



When approaching real life stories and people, I have asked myself: Do I have the right to tell this story? Who am I to presume to understand these people, their motivations and emotions? After listening to interviews with Rachel - Sonja and Arye's daughter and Tal's mother - and reading the letters Arye sent to his sister after the war, I started to recognise human mechanisms of dealing with trauma and started to deconstruct them to the base emotional building blocks. Then, reversed the process and started constructing a figure, but this time while connecting to those emotions from within. This eventually allowed me and I believe, the audience, to connect from their own world of associations, to the base human condition the constructed figure has presented, and thus act as a mirror of one self.

café scene

idea

story.
around cakes

? 237 ns'k #
? 210'0 #
? 217 #

caf next ² cakes

swap. the cakes. ask about the ~~best~~ cake

trust not spoken. not happy.

stand up ~~to~~ to pay wants for
she wants for him.

In the café scene SHOLEM, I would like to explore the glitches between performance and reality. using the elements of suspense and confusion. This tension is a mirror reaction to the glitches between past and present, as a sort of a time jump. Arye and Sonja sitting in a café that in cultural memory is referred to as an SS Casino and Laszlo and Jasmin sitting in the café as performers. How can I tell a story of tension and miscommunication in this realistic situation. will the audience be able to connect with the scene, in between a crowded café?

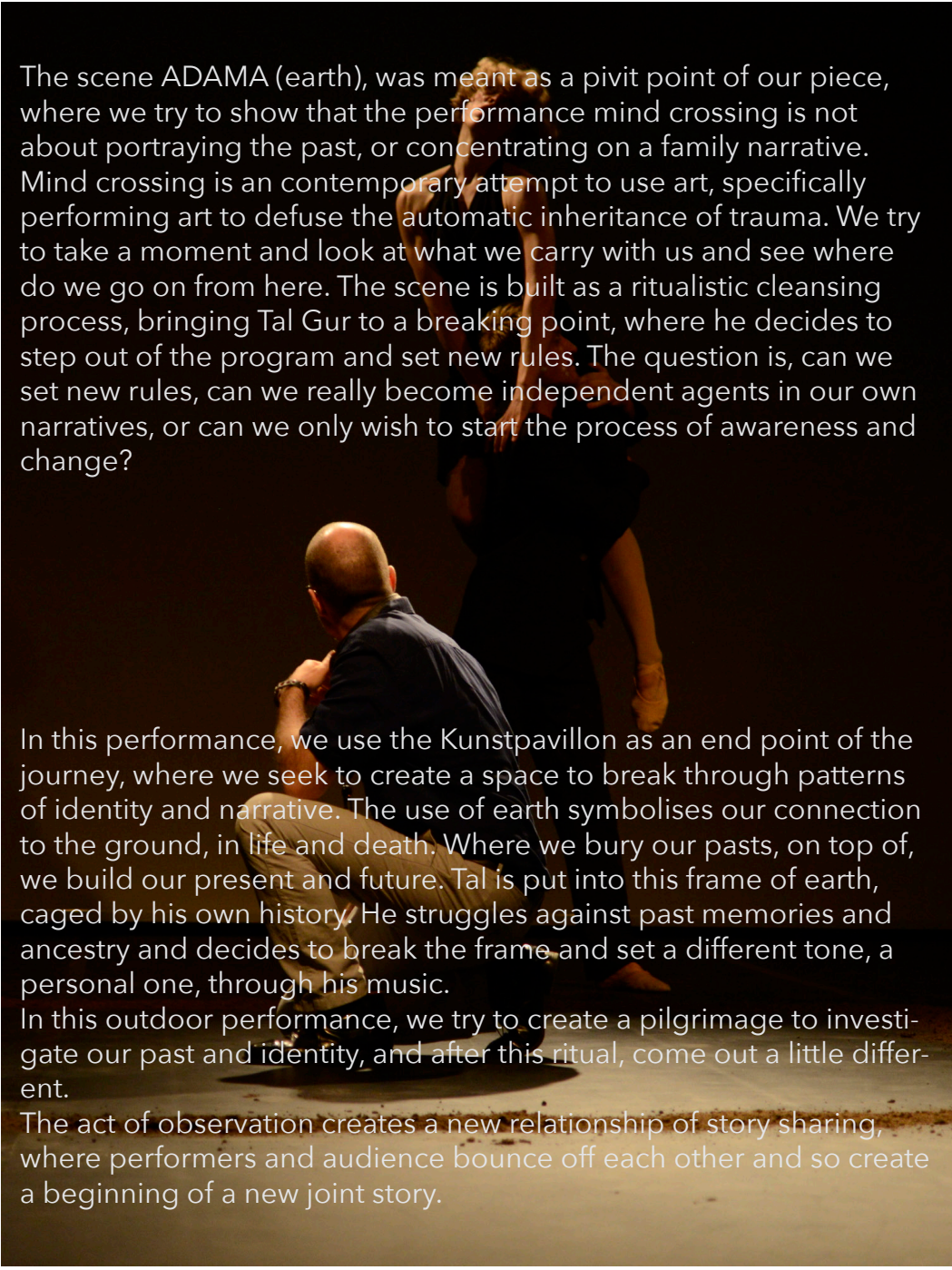
ADAMA אדמה



בראשית

ב
אֶת־כָּל־פְּנֵי הָאָדָמָה׃ וַיִּצְרֹף יְהוָה אֱלֹהִים אֶת־הָאָדָם עֹפָר
ז
מִן־הָאָדָמָה וַיִּפַּח בְּאַפָּיו נִשְׁמַת חַיִּים וַיְהִי הָאָדָם לְנֶפֶשׁ חַיָּה׃

So the LORD God formed the man from the dust of the ground, breathed life into his lungs, and the man became a living being. (Genesis 2,7)



The scene ADAMA (earth), was meant as a pivot point of our piece, where we try to show that the performance mind crossing is not about portraying the past, or concentrating on a family narrative. Mind crossing is an contemporary attempt to use art, specifically performing art to defuse the automatic inheritance of trauma. We try to take a moment and look at what we carry with us and see where do we go on from here. The scene is built as a ritualistic cleansing process, bringing Tal Gur to a breaking point, where he decides to step out of the program and set new rules. The question is, can we set new rules, can we really become independent agents in our own narratives, or can we only wish to start the process of awareness and change?

In this performance, we use the Kunstpavillon as an end point of the journey, where we seek to create a space to break through patterns of identity and narrative. The use of earth symbolises our connection to the ground, in life and death. Where we bury our pasts, on top of, we build our present and future. Tal is put into this frame of earth, caged by his own history. He struggles against past memories and ancestry and decides to break the frame and set a different tone, a personal one, through his music.

In this outdoor performance, we try to create a pilgrimage to investigate our past and identity, and after this ritual, come out a little different.

The act of observation creates a new relationship of story sharing, where performers and audience bounce off each other and so create a beginning of a new joint story.

א' צ' ה'

2 כוחות מנוגדים, המגלים זיכרון אלמנט חכם.
לכך, אהיה יאק. אהיה למעשה וזכירה ככונ הימני.
שמני ירחו אלמנט חכם שחוקו בגסו וגר שפניו אין.
יש בו גם אלמנט חכם/אם של עצמו הרוח.
האלמנט החכם הוא נצח-הקווה של השני הקווי של קופסא-
אזרחי ואזרחי מן, אהיה-העבר.

LEIDA (under contractions/birth)

two opposing forces, unite to create a new entity.

Past, trauma, pain and love are mixed and create a melting pot. From which a new element emerges, containing what has come before, but also brings a new foreign element of its own - "spirit".

this new entity is the spark of hope, of continuous existence, growth and departure of the dictations of the past.

In the last scene of the piece, I try to create an abstract view of the wonder of being human. I am fascinated by the strength of the human spirit and the incredible will to live. As if "life force" is an alien element that can not be subsided. On the other hand, I try to express how the accumulations of our life experiences, joy, pain, love and loss all combine in this process of creation - in art as in life. Regarding the physical language, in this scene I concentrate on an abstract physical elements and not on emotions, to leave more space for personal associations of the viewers, then feed the public with a narrative. I believe that often in the absence, we can invite the other to feed in content.



Mind Crossing in Munich

The space itself of the Alten Botanischen Garten and the Kunstpavillon, added another layer to the piece and allowed us to connect the personal family story to a wider sphere of cultural memory. In this space past and present coexist creating inner contradictions and broken mirrors which brought different aspects of our work forward.

while preparing for this performance and writing these lines I was overwhelmed by a waterfall of emotions. I ask myself, what in this piece can have such a personal impact on me now? looking back at the initial creative process which ran parallel to the last days of my father's life, I realise that I myself used this creative process and the wide range these constructed figures has offered and allowed me to fill in my own story. And now re-touching this physical material, I realise that the body remembers. Muscles, skin and bones. And each memory contains an embedded emotion that can be triggered. So I realise that communication through body and movement can become a vessel for the artist as for the audience.

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