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On Autobiographical Lenses: from Perspective to Performance *Lenti Autobiografiche: dalla prospettiva all'espressione*

« No matter what sort he is, everyone who has to his credit what are or really seem great achievements, if he cares for truth and goodness, ought to write the story of his life in his own hand¹.

Benvenuto Cellini

A lens is an instrument one looks through to bring new perspectives into focus, enabling the transformation of experience from a magnified self-concentrated space to a wide horizon.

In *A Portrait of the Artist as A Young Man*, Joyce posits autopsy, or "seeing for oneself," as the only mode of knowledge, rather than a blind acceptance of traditions, beliefs and social norms. Joyce's myopic observer-protagonist is marked by a Cartesian self-reflexiveness and by a modernist self-conscious creation of self. The structure of the self, its *house of being*, is created in *A Portrait* mainly through the epiphanic gaze. Epiphanies may be regarded as the building blocks of self and narrative; they comprehend an architectural configuration of vision. It is in the visionary moment that the kaleidoscope of the self crystallizes. The fictional prospect of the novel is made up of multiple viewpoints; the protagonist, moving in the space of the text, is affected by the presence of these manifold perspectives: the space or magnetic field of *A Portrait* is charged by epiphanies.

Autobiographical lenses were introduced in our studio [*] as surgical tools of imagining and creating focal spaces.

The paper is divided into three sections, according to the genealogy of the studio. In the first one we will unfold the point of departure: self-photographed images and autobiographical texts as the source of architectural praxis. The second section will address the alchemical process whereby personal is transformed into public. In the last section we analyze the metaphorical intervention on-site along the periphery of the Old City walls. The loaded location demanded from each student to grapple with the challenge posed by a shared physical territory as the site of conflict. Finally, we cast a retrospective glance at our teaching experience.

[*] This paper is a retrospective outlook on a multidisciplinary studio taught by the authors at the Architecture Department, Bezalel Academy of Arts and Design, Jerusalem (spring semester, 2012) presented at the Biennale di Architettura "Common Ground", Students' Sessions, Venice, October 2012.

La lente è uno strumento attraverso cui è possibile mettere a fuoco nuove prospettive, permettendo di amplificare la propria personale esperienza verso un orizzonte percettivo più vasto.

In "A Portrait of the Artist as A Young Man" Joyce considera l'autopsia, ovvero "il guardare dentro sé stessi", come l'unico vero strumento di conoscenza, in contrapposizione ad una mera e cieca accettazione di tradizioni, credi e norme sociali. Il miope osservatore-protagonista di Joyce è caratterizzato da un'auto-riflessività cartesiana e da un approccio modernista alla conoscenza di sé, strutturato principalmente attraverso un epifanico scrutamento interiore, inteso come il momento visionario in cui il caleidoscopio del sé cristallizza. L'immaginario del romanzo è costruito attraverso molteplici punti di vista, in grado di influenzare il protagonista: lo spazio, come un campo magnetico, è carico di epifanie.

Nel laboratorio progettuale abbiamo inserito lenti autobiografiche intese come strumenti chirurgici dell'immaginario, con l'intento di creare spazi di approfondimento interiore.

Questo contributo è diviso in tre sezioni: la prima contiene ritratti e testi autobiografici, intesi come la fonte della prassi architettonica. La seconda si occupa del processo alchemico in cui la sfera privata personale si trasforma in espressione pubblica. Nell'ultima si applica l'esito del processo introspettivo sul luogo oggetto di intervento, collocato lungo il perimetro delle mura della Città Vecchia. A ciascuno studente è stato richiesto di cimentarsi nel progetto di un territorio fisico condiviso sede di conflitto. Infine, abbiamo sviluppato uno sguardo retrospettivo alla nostra esperienza di insegnamento.

Keywords: epiphanies; therapeutic; interdisciplinary; the other; introspective gaze

Parole chiave: epifanie; terapeutico; interdisciplinarietà; l'altro; osservazione introspettiva

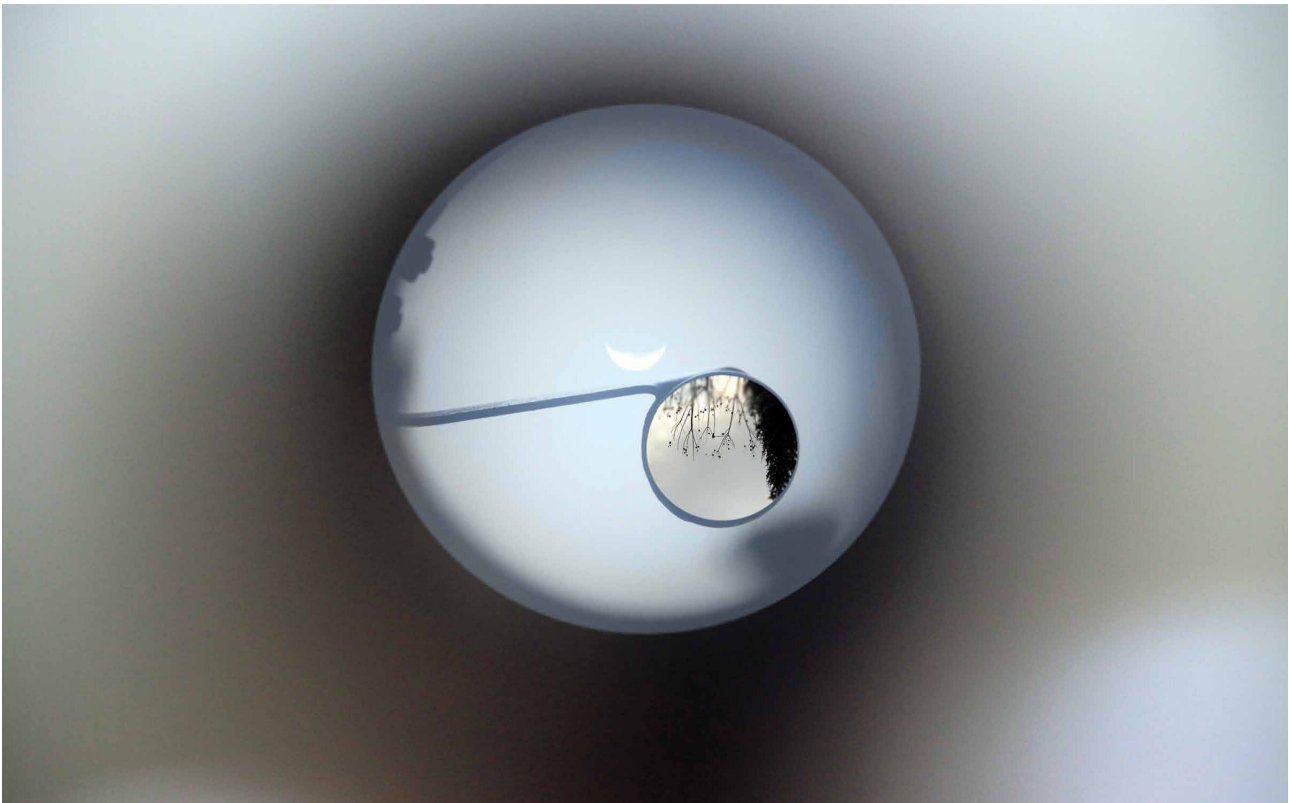


Fig. 1 - A projected telescopic image from a student's work.

All the illustrations and images which feature in this article were produced by our students during the Autobiographical Lenses studio.

I. FOCUS: SELF-CONCENTRATION.

From Secret Self to Secret Site Body-figure-ground

« [T]he word “image” is notoriously ambiguous. It can denote both a physical object (a painting or sculpture) and a mental, imaginary entity, a psychological *imago*, the visual content of dreams, memories, and perception.
It plays a role in both the visual and verbal arts².

Our studio aimed to highlight the poetry of architecture and the architecture of poetry. It focused on both disciplines, whose interaction³ triggers a rethinking of architectural theory and performance. In the first exercise, the students were required to create a collage composed of photos of themselves which they shot through a handy, instantaneous device - the cell phone. The goal of the exercise was twofold - to generate a process of introspection and an ensuing projection of the self/image onto the world. The tearing of the full image into fragments and its reassembling as a new entity created an aesthetic, if subconscious, distance from the self. Thus the final architectural project would stem from a kernel of authenticity.

A space indispensable for creativity emerged out of this distancing - a three-dimensional space out of a two-dimensional collage. The students were groping their way tentatively, intuitively.

The students were then invited to analyze selected poetic texts as well as trace their own autobiographical portraits - to start writing whatever came up to their minds. *On Autobiographical Lenses* was geared towards making architecture from a personal perspective. In this interdisciplinary experiment, literary criticism fostered a reconfiguration of architectural theory and performance. We raised the issue of genres - autobiography, memoirs, confessions, biofiction. One of the students contrived the following:



I was born to a Japanese mother and a French father; they had a butler named Albert and we lived in England until I was about three years old. Later that year they took a business trip (in their private airplane) which ended in a crash, and Albert was ordered to give me away for adoption to those who are now my parents. I tell this story to my kid sister from the day she can remember herself. When she asks my parents, they maintain that it is true, and explain that I'm adopted. Perhaps this is the reason why they have turned my childhood bedroom into a storeroom.

Solipsism- the “dark cave of the self”/exposure/total exposure

We were surprised by the intensity with which the students related to their own writing, as well as by the degree of their exposure. Paradoxically, the most poignant confessions came from those who were more locked in the “dark cave of the self”:

*Unrestful sleep. It's hot. Suffocating almost. I go out shopping dreams in display windows. Escaparates de ensueños. Escapar, escape⁴.
I find myself descending the staircase into the basement of the sports shoe store.
I try every possible pair, but none of them really grabs me.
I guess there's no one to run away with in this city. I woke up into the hustle and bustle of King George Street. Closed the blinds. It's best this way.
Tunnel-like. I sit in silence. It's getting dark outside. A blue raven takes off and someone emails a text message inviting me to have a bite at his place....
The space of darkness comforts me. Cuddled in the reality of detachment from the mundane Israeli agenda and trite cityscape. Floating in space.
Every action performed at night seems more fascinating, mysterious and enticing. Silence and darkness contain everything.
I can do whatever I fashion. Be whomever I wish to. Soon dawn will break.
All this richness will fade away rapidly and resurrect at night.
I shut the window, vanish between the blankets and keep on daydreaming.*

Then arouse the need to (re)project the energy hitherto directed towards the self onto the emerging space of the other. The crypt—“grotto, cavern,” the core of the hidden self became, hence, the threshold or transitional space which would gradually open up into the garden, both backdrop and perspective. Thus the student's “Oedipus Myth, or Family Romance Retold” above gradually developed into an *Academic Research Institute for the Study of Mysticism, Spirituality and New Age*.

II. WIDE ANGLE- THE PARAMETER OF ACTION. From Total Exposure to the Infinite Garden Body-figure-ground

First Step Inward:

*She is me, standing there and watching me,
Trying to see myself through me.*

*To comprehend this connection between the two of us
and how we work together, as one, because this is the
way we are supposed to be functioning.*

*Nevertheless, there are differences between us, since
she does not appear as I feel.*

*I attempt to get her to relax and let go, and allow
herself to show more.*

Second Step Inward:

*I would like to be more exposed, to reveal myself and
let others experience me.*

*I am like an internal system that wants to break
through, to display the real components and place
them at the fore.*

*My skin would not be a barrier, but function as a
mediator between myself and the outside world.*

The wish to break free from the skin metamorphosed into *The Infinite Garden*:



Self-concentration opened up into a wide angle of vision: the students were required to transform personal experience, real or fictional, from a solipsistic gaze to a wide prospect both within the self and abroad. The neutral studio space became a magnetic field charged with the manifold perspectives of the participants.

Self-ing / Teachers' Intervention

I construe the making of the self as analogous to the creative process in painting; the blank canvas is comparable to the experience of a void. This process aims at bringing into being an independent object (whose ontological status is not clear-cut). According to psychoanalyst Heinz Kohut, the artist's gaze embodies man's quest for wholeness; creativity represents man's search for the restoration of the fragmented, broken self that characterizes the predicament of "Tragic Man." *The creation of meaningful shapes through art/architecture simultaneously entails the emergence and consolidation of the self through the building of inner structures. Both notions of wholeness or fragmentation of the self are based on an assumption of solidity, as though the self were built like a sculpture, either intact or shattered to pieces. I wish to render my conception of the self in terms of the fluidity and layering of paint. Just as theory may be defined as an "after-thought"—in Raimund Abraham's terms—as a consolidation of fluid matter into a conceptual mold, so the self may be conceived as an outcome of the very process through which one creates the other, like paint slowly drying on a canvas. Some layers are transparent, some opaque, but the former leave marks, traces of something lost.*

Self and city are made like a painting, in layers, with erasures and additions, but are never final or complete. They are both fluid and solid, in a constant process of self-annihilation and self-creation through time⁵.

The dilemma that emerged at this stage was how to talk about the self in a non-literal way; how to transform the vulnerable, private, unshaped, into a viable, public, structured project—how to make the concrete universal, to borrow W. K. Wimsatt's terms. There arose a need for embracing, scaffolding, for introducing structures that would buttress, contain and reshape personal pain and transform it into an architectural work.

We devoted considerable attention to reading and carefully editing the students' autobiographical sketches. We sat with each student for long periods of time and analyzed their writing, in terms of both form and content, sometimes on a 1:1 basis, at others, with the two of us meeting a single student. These conversations played a significant role in reassuring the students vis-à-vis their confessional narratives and future projects and led to a strengthening of the teacher-student bonding, enabling them to express their innermost feelings in a way uncommon in the formal, hierarchical relation typical of other architectural studios. The students would often approach us during breaks, eager to discuss their texts, projects and their interrelation.

We also laid emphasis on the connection between the texts and their developing architectural ideas, as the main thrust of the studio was to create a continuum between them, bearing in mind the shift in medium and orientation.

In the second part of the semester, the students were requested to write about the "other" - an external entity or an unacknowledged aspect of the self— a term we purposely left undefined. They were also asked to invite the other into their own budding projects. This phase yielded less fruit than the previous in terms of writing. Maybe at this stage they were more concerned with their architectural designs, or were not so drawn to writing when the orientation was not the self.

The discourse of the "other" triggered another layer of discussion, mainly on the primal mode of *shelter, hospitality and shared territory*. The development of the projects through the prism of a wide-angled lens drew the students out of their circumscribed perspective by bringing back the relevance of imagining architecture as a *shared void*. In the Old City of Jerusalem, to recognize the other in a common territory is perhaps also a significant way to foster relationships based on mutual respect and, hopefully, a peaceful coexistence.

At this stage we introduced the concept of the "objective correlative" as a key structural and poetic mode to translate inchoate personal emotion into a meaningful form that would be effective in the public domain.

III. DEVELOPING: STUDENTS' INTERVENTION. Projection of Intimacy into the (Private) Public Domain

From secret self to secret garden

« We dance round in a ring and suppose,
But the Secret sits in the middle and knows.

Robert Frost

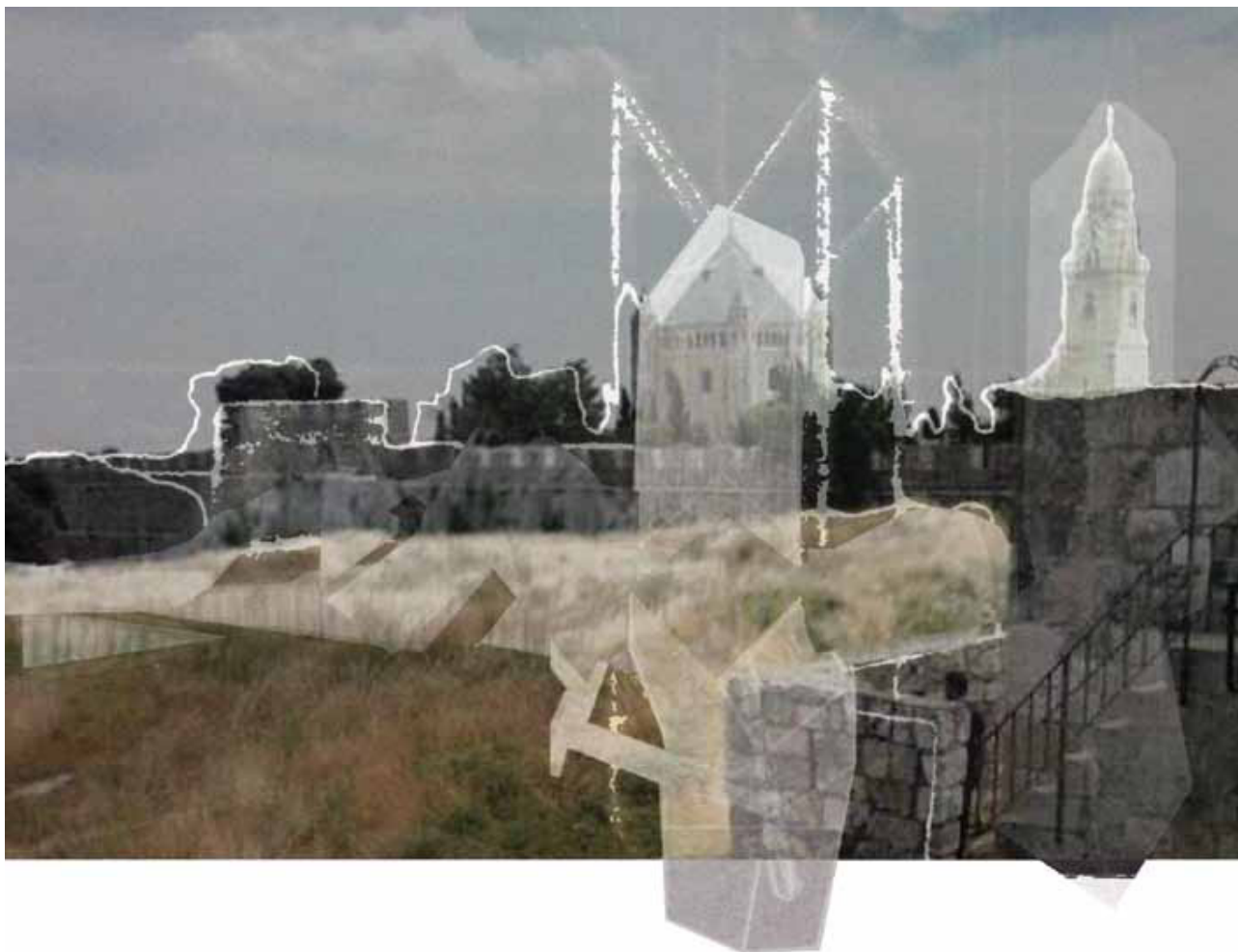
*T. S. Eliot is notable for having overturned conventional notions concerning the expression of emotion in poetry. He contends that referential language is positively a superior means for the evocation of emotions. "The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art," he says, is "by finding an 'objective correlative,'" in other words, "a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that particular emotion" (from "Hamlet and his Problems" in *The Sacred Wood*, 1920). The poet must find, in other words, some concrete referent in the phenomenal world, which is the equivalent, in some respect, or may stand for, the emotion he wishes to evoke.⁶*

The term "objective correlative," first introduced by American painter Washington Allston and made popular by T. S. Eliot, provides an "emotional algebra"⁷ in which the total collage is greater than the fragments. The projects were born out of an interaction between the core concept of each student and the actual site. The agglomeration, intricacy, layering, mystery of the Old City provided an objective correlative to the students' private experience.

Fortress of the Mind

After four days of unpaved roads and local transportation I arrived on my own with a feather, an Indian coat and a backpack. A sunny Friday. I walked through empty, narrow streets. Near a metal gate I met a man resting on a chair, staring. A tourist. I asked whether he had heard of the Buddhist, but in vain. We roamed the roads, crossed the village, yet found nothing. It was already after sundown. I was left to search on my own.... I asked the smiling vendor; she did not know or did not understand. There I found a notice with a vague map on the wall. I hesitated for a minute; it was dark, the streets were empty, yet an inner impulse pulled me up the hill. On the edge hung a sphere-shaped moon. An alarming sound of barking dogs caused me to retreat, but suddenly a gentle, soft voice was heard, drew me to it. I peeked behind a tree; over there a broad-shouldered man was sitting, his eyes slanted and his hair wild and unkempt. His voice wrapped me with curiosity; I waited for the right moment to approach. He was surprised. He stood up, smiled and led me to the Buddhist. A small house, lit up with red and white candles. He entered without knocking and I followed him. There I met him, bald, tall, upright, his body was covered with a loose cloth and his eyes were quiet. We climbed up the Cordillera de los Andes at every sunset and every sundown for forty-two days. No fortress was found on the mountain top; merely spaces between the basalt rocks curves. After forty-two days of devoted meditation, I found the fortress.

The loaded site evoked strong emotional reactions. The circumscribed Old City perimeter enabled the students to allocate their projects in a spontaneous manner along various sites, thus transforming their inner space and the inner space within the walls into a stage where their interventions could be tested.



A Retrospective Outlook

In photography, reciprocity refers to the relationship whereby the total light energy – proportional to the total exposure, the product of the light intensity and exposure time, controlled by aperture and shutter speed, respectively – determines the effect of the light on the film. That is, an increase of brightness by a certain factor is exactly compensated by a decrease of exposure time by the same factor, and vice versa. In other words there is under normal circumstances a reciprocal proportion between aperture area and shutter speed for a given photographic result, with a wider aperture requiring a faster shutter speed for the same effect.⁸

In this paper we deliberately chose metaphors from the old school of photography to challenge the unbearable lightness of an indiscriminate and ubiquitous use of cutting-edge technology in architectural studies. Digital cameras have abolished the view-finder (now gradually reintroduced), the dark room (the crypt of the self) and the time element—the architect's eye and hand are, likewise, superseded by CAD (computer-aided drawing).

In an age beyond mechanical reproduction, in which consumerist interests have exploited architecture, buildings are 3d projections reproduced through technological paradigms. Lamentably, architects nowadays are trained to convey their designs through computerized images rather than through their own imagination. Photographs, simulacra of the real, are photoshopped, losing their own “authenticity.” These photoshopped variations are crucial to recognize the procedures involved in conceiving buildings nowadays. We argue that autobiographical lenses—in the manner used by



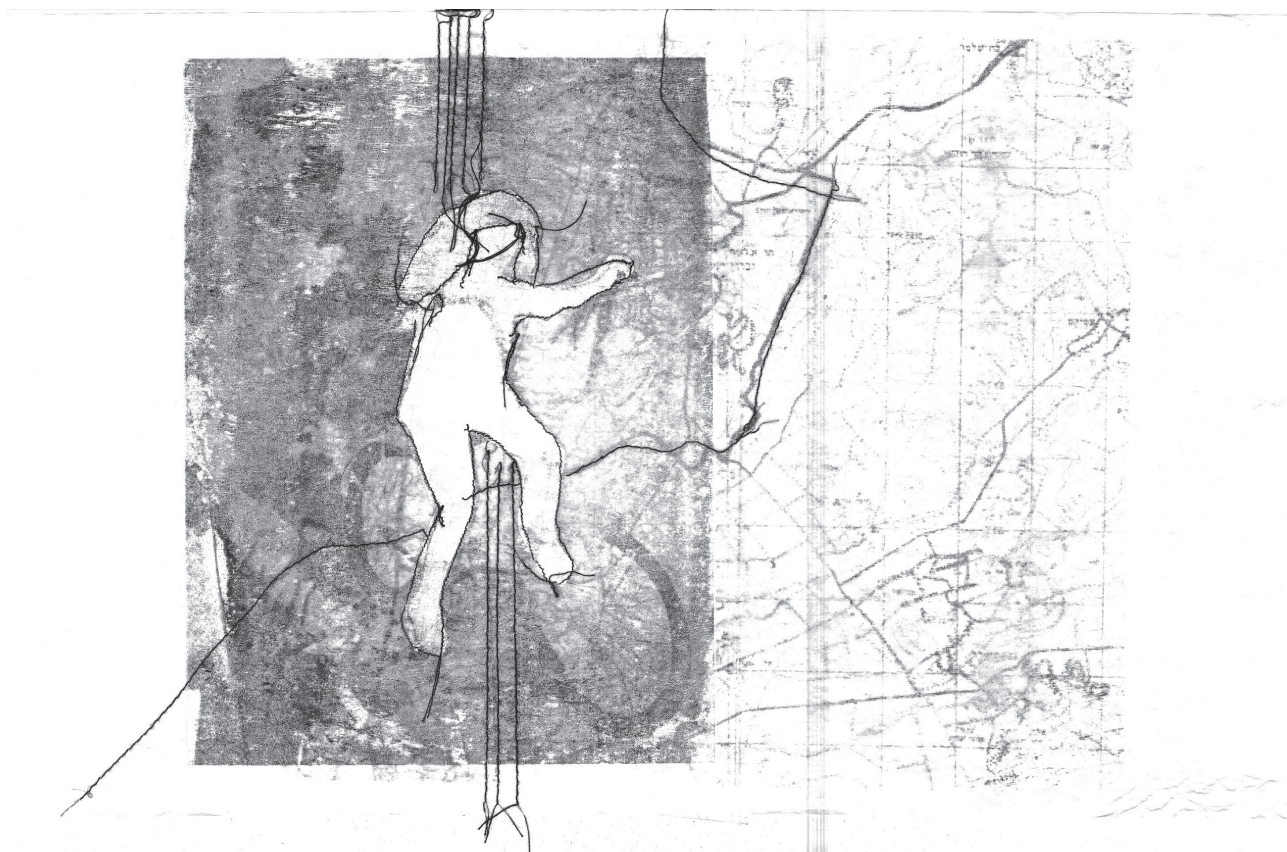
our students—should be employed as a primal tool of architectural imagination to counteract the fact that “image is everything” and to recover the lost aura.

Listening to themselves and to one another, the students gradually became observers-protagonists, discovering anew the value of reciprocity. Our goal was to redefine architecture as a discipline motivated by the understanding that the world is not merely a planet but is made up by the multiple personal worldviews of the human beings who inhabit it. Architecture is not merely another way of looking at the world – it also entails the ability to invite others to envision spaces and dreamed structures through the architect’s eyes. The architect’s epiphanic gaze manifests itself through fields of action.

A poem is written in retrospect, after the act, says Robert Frost. This article has opened an opportunity for us to rethink and cast a retrospective glance at the dialogical process of teaching an experimental studio. According to E. H. Gombrich, Leonardo introduced the first modern use of *sperienza* with its ambiguous meaning of “experience” and “experiment.” Leonardo’s prophetic position proves crucial to our age. We observed that the more the students dared to tunnel into their life experience, the more layered and complex the outcome became.

With no such preconceived aim in mind, we were surprised by the therapeutic outcome of the process. It was evident that the confessional mode and the fragility of their introspective gaze yielded earnestness:

*I didn't cry when I got lost at sea
 I didn't cry when my father left
 I didn't cry when we entered Lebanon
 I didn't cry at the funerals
 I cried at Memorial Day ceremony
 I cried at Michael Jackson's concert
 I cried on the last page of The Road
 I cried when I got home.*



NOTES

[1] De Vita Propria (1574), trans. George Bull.

[2] W. J. T. Mitchell, *What do Pictures Want? THE LIVES AND LOVES OF IMAGES* (University of Chicago Press: 2005).

[3] "Greek in origin, the term tectonic derives from the term *tekton*, signifying carpenter or builder. This in turn stems from the Sanskrit *taksan*, referring to the craft of carpentry and to the use of the axe. Remnants of a similar term can also be found in Vedic, where it refers again to carpentry. In Greek it appears in Homer, where it alludes to the art of construction in general. The poetic connotation of the term first appears in Sappho where the *tekton*, the carpenter, assumes the role of the poet. This meaning undergoes further evolution as the term passes from being something specific and physical, such as carpentry, to a more generic notion of making, in the poetic sense" (Kenneth Frampton, from course description "Studies in Tectonic Culture" at Columbia University GSAPP, fall 2001).

"The word "poet" derives from a Greek word meaning "to make."[*] A poet is a maker, but unlike a potter or a carpenter, the material with which he or she works is, usually, his or her native language. As the poet W. H. Auden put it, "[a] poet is a professional maker of verbal objects . . . a person who is above all passionately in love with language" (quoted in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, ed. C. Ricks, 1999). Ruth Nevo, *The Challenge of Poetry: "Imaginary Gardens with Real Toads in Them"* <http://intopoetry.com/>

[*] from Greek *poetes* "maker, author, poet," variant of *poietes*, from *poiein*, *poiein* "to make, create, compose." <http://www.etymonline.com/index.php?term=poetry>

[4] The original word-play on the halon/halom reavah (display window/dream) was lost in translation.

A cataphoric word-play on the *escaparate* – "display window" in Spanish and *escapar* or *escape* – was added by T.T.

[5] Talia Trainin, *The Quest for Wholeness in Four Bildungsromane: The History of Henry Esmond, Jude the Obscure, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, The Vivisector* (Saarbrücken: VDM Verlag, 2009).

[6] Ruth Nevo, *ibid.*

[7] http://web.cn.edu/kwheeler/documents/Objective_Correlative.pdf

[8] [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Reciprocity_\(photography\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Reciprocity_(photography))

AVISHAY RUBIN

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

*Academic Research Institute for the Study
of Mysticism, Spirituality and New Age*

I was born to a Japanese mother and a French father; they had a butler named Albert and we lived in England until I was about three years old. Later that year they took a business trip (in their private airplane) which ended in a crash, and Albert was ordered to give me away for adoption to those who are now my parents. I tell this story to my kid sister from the day she can remember herself. When she asks my parents, they maintain that it is true, and explain that I'm adopted. Perhaps this is the reason why they have turned my childhood bedroom into a storeroom.

בצלאל 2012

מסמך אוטוביוגרפיה

אבישי רובין

מכון אקדמי לחקר מיסטיקה, רוחניות ותרבות אנושית.

גולדתי לאמא ופנינה ואבא צרפתי, היה להם משרת בשם אלברט החיינו באנגליה, עד שהזיזתי בן שלישי בערך. באותה שנה הם טסו במטוס הפרטי שלהם לפגישה חשובה. נסיעת העסקים נגמרה בהתרסקות המטוס ואלברט קיבל הוראה למסור אותי לאומן לפני שהם כיום הדורים שלי. את הסיפור הזה אני מספר לאחותי הקטנה מהיום שבו היא זוכרת את עצמה. בשדואי שואלת את הדורים שלי אם זה נכון הם טוענים שכן, ומסבירים שאני מאומן. אני לא יודע אם זו הסיבה שהפכו את החדר שלי בבית למחסן.



KEREN MENDJUL

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

Observatory

I have no mother tongue / I have two names /
My life is composed of transitions / A citizen
of the world / A suffocating halt / Reinventing
myself / A voluntary uprooting / I am my own
mother / I have no ground / Comfortable /
Alone / Constant wandering / Freedom /
Movement is my stability / Everything is mine
and nothing is.

What kind of person am I / The home is the
journey

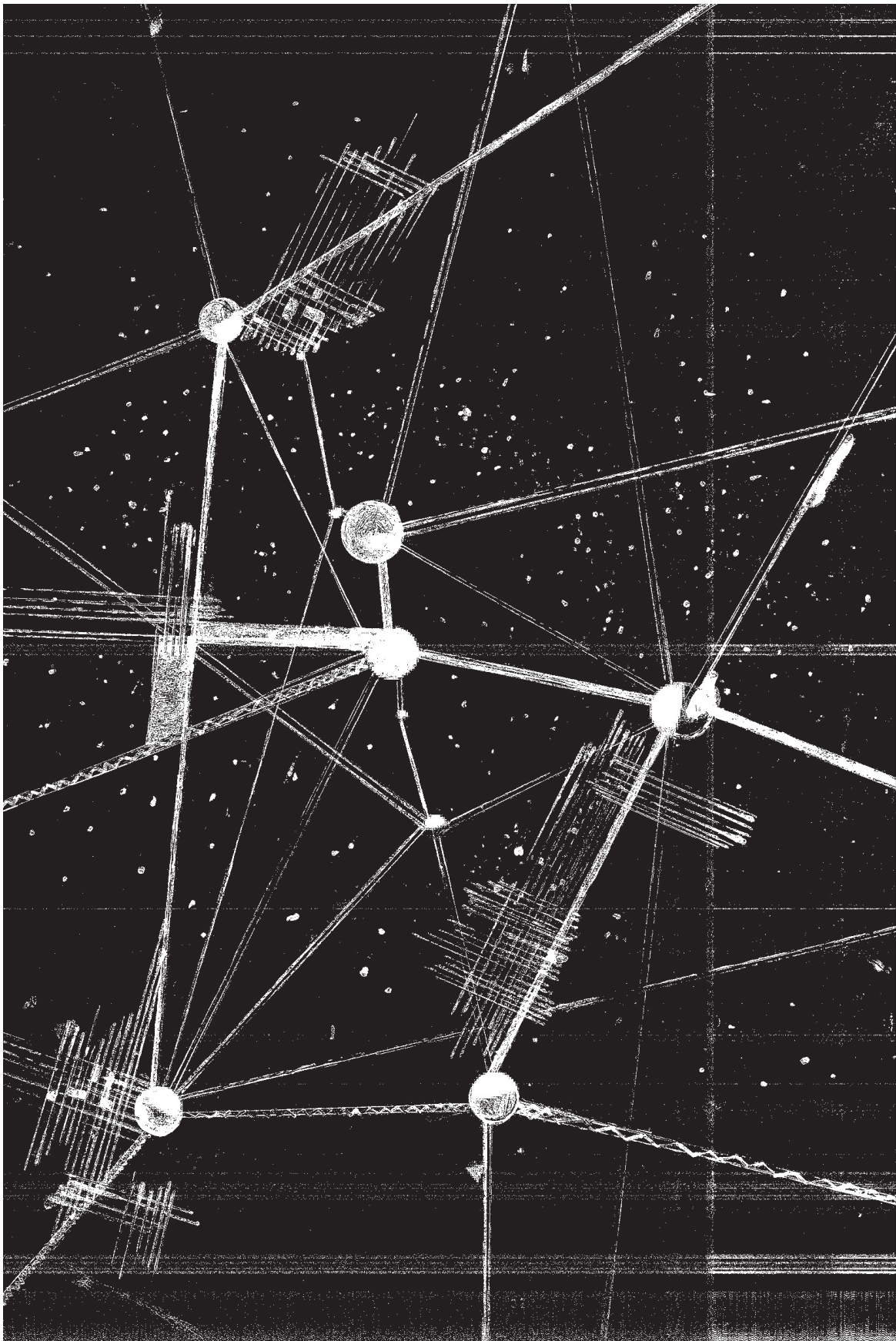
2012 תשע"ב

מרחב אוטוביוגרפיה

קרן מנדולין

מעצבת כרטיסים

אין לי שפת אם
יש לי שני שמות
חיי הם מעברים
אורח העולם
עצירה חנוכה
להמציא את עצמי מחדש
עקירה רצינית
אני האם של עצמי
אין לי קרקע
נור
לבר
נורדות מתמדת
חופש
תנועה היא היציבות שלי
הכל שלי וגם כלום לא.



ADI FRUG

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

*Seam Zone:
The Muslim Cemetery, Mammilla*

First layer —
Delicate. Pure. Slender. Exposed.
Just for the time to begin.
Origin. Depth. Laughter. Embroidery. Sky. Sea.
Prelude. Clarity.
Sand sea skies submersed. Discover. Listen.
Observe.
Tries. Mom and Dad
Together. Alpha. Unstable. Stand on my feet.
Steering the wholeness, the sea dominates
Linking and coiling.
Mother and father as well. Adi

2012 יולי

מסגרת אוטוביוגרפית

עדי פרוג

קו תפרורה: בית הקברות המוסלמי, ממילא

— שכבה ראשונה —

עדינה, טהורה, רקיקה, חשיפה.

רק לעת עתה.

התחלה, עומק, צחוק, רקמה, שמייים, ים.

התחלה, בחיורה.

חול ים שמים עומק, מגולג, מקשיבה, מבחורה.

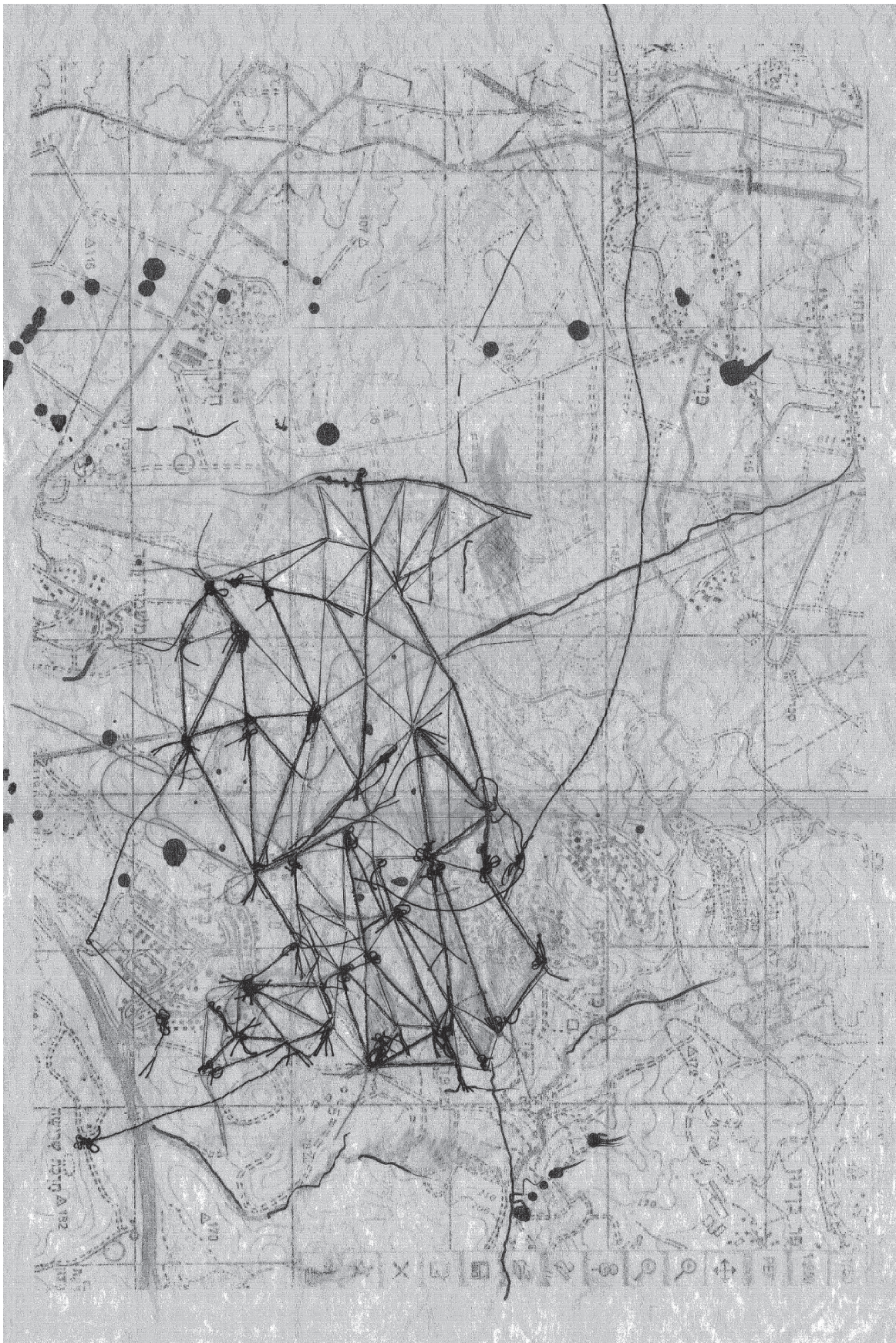
מנסה, אבא ואמא

ביחד, התחלה, עומדת על הרגליים, ללא יציבות.

היום דומיננטי מניחה את הידור.

מקשר וקושר.

אמא וגם אבא, עדי



NAOMI LAKICEVIC

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

Undusted Corners

I know what happens
When the hero looks in the mirror and sees
His second self
If he does not complete his journey
He becomes
The image itself

Naomi Lakicevic; scale 1:20

2012 ג'תשס"ב

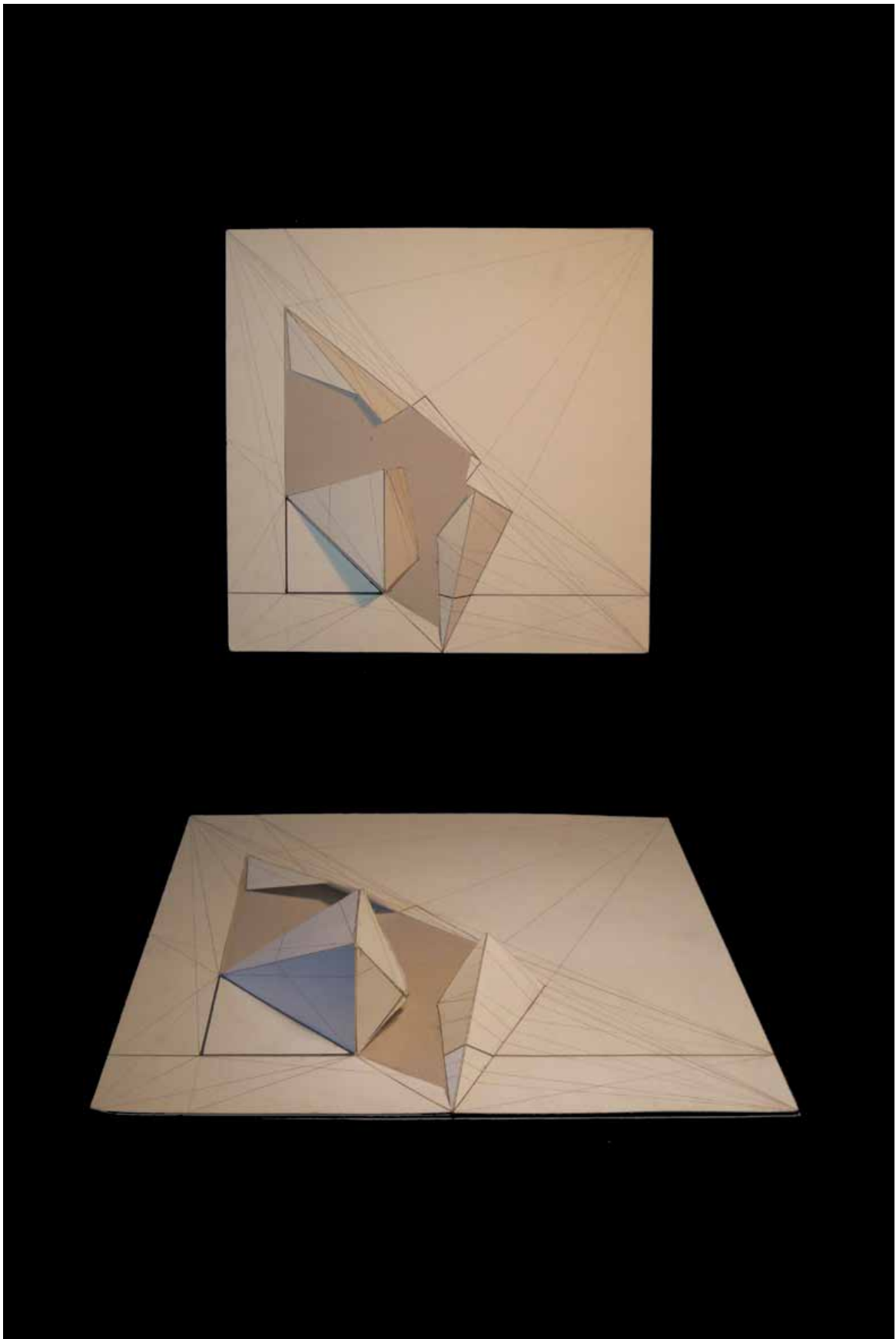
מסגרת אוניברסיטת

נומי לקיצ'ביץ

פינות לא מאובקות

אני יודעת מה קורה
כשהגיבור מביט במראה ורואה
בה את דמותו השנייה
אם הוא אינו משלים את המסע
הוא הופך
לדמותי שבמראה

נעמי לקיצ'ביץ: קיץ 2012



Yael Johnson

Autobiographical Lenses

Bezelel 2012

The Infinite Garden

First Step Inward:

She is me, standing there and watching me,
Trying to see myself through me.

To comprehend this connection between the
two of us and how we work together, as one,
because this is the way we are supposed to be
functioning.

Nevertheless, there are differences between us,
since she does not appear as I feel.

I attempt to get her to relax and let go, and
allow herself to show more.

2012 יולי

מסגרת אומנותית

יולי 2012

תרגום האנגלית

בניסוח ראשונה פנימה:

היא את אני שעומדת שם ומסתכלת עלי,

מנסה לראות דרכי את עצמי.

לדבר את הקשר בין שתינו ואיך אנחנו עובדות יחד, בנזוף אחד.

כי באופן זה אנחנו אמורות לעבוד.

אבל עדיין יש בינינו הבדלים, כי היא לא מצטיירת כפי שאני

מרגישה.

אני מנסה שהיא תרפה ותאפשר להראות יותר.



TZAHY ASLAN

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

Madrasse – A Muslim Boys' School

I manage to create my own, possibly bizarre, places; however, these are the main locations of my life. Most of you cannot see these places, and so I'll try to tell you what they mean to me. I have adopted a method of creating those strange places: I erase and blur my surroundings – people, plants and buildings. Most of the time I am there, in those erased, blurry spaces, where the more interesting part of my life takes place. Really. Sometimes I rather not erase. I want to see. Everything. Clearly. Lucidly. Without concealing or plastering over reality, just as I used to see the city of Tiberias from my home.

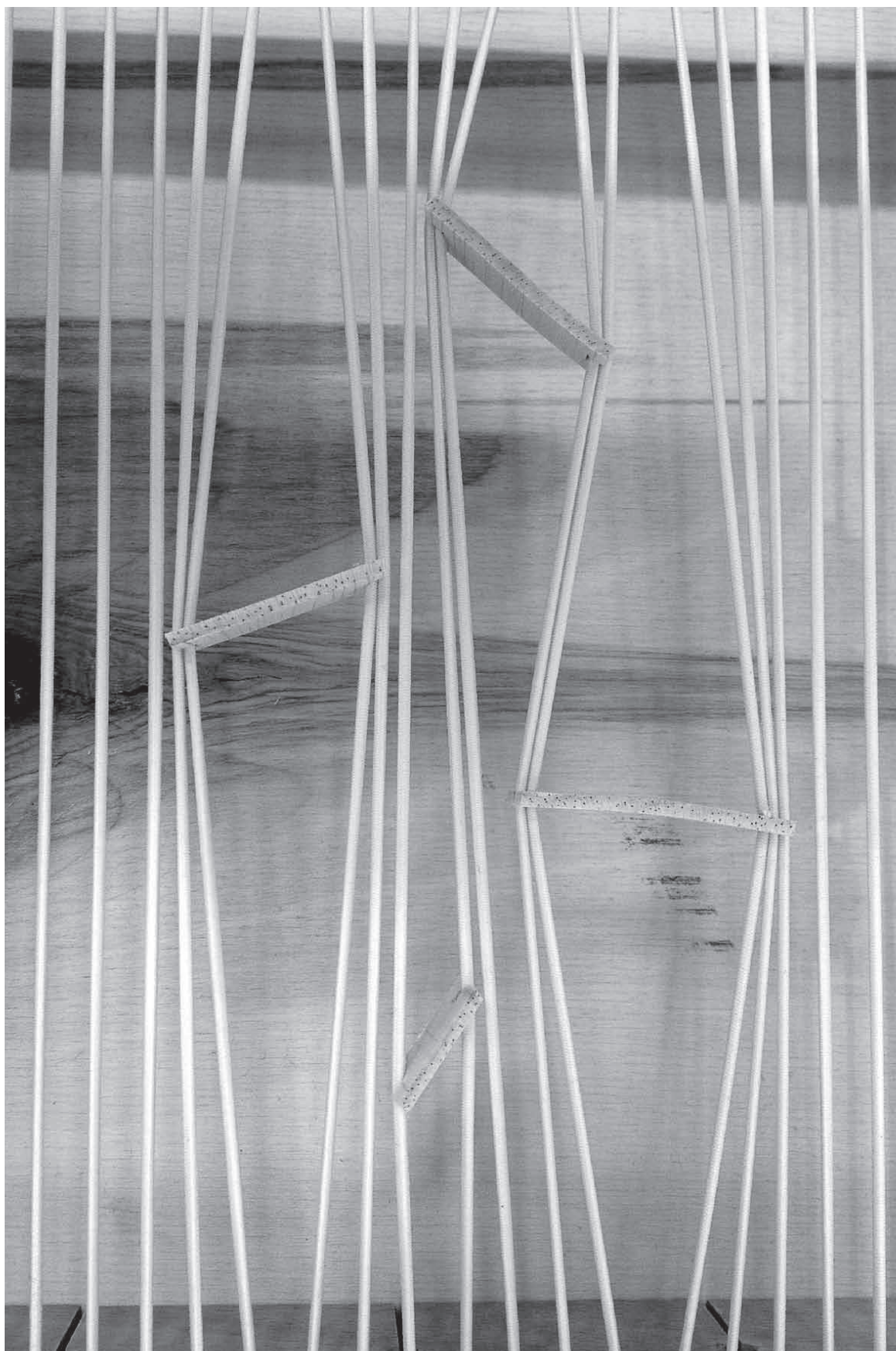
2012 יולי

מסות אוטוביוגרפיות

עזי אסלן

מדרסה – בייט מוסלמי לבנים

אני מצליח לייצר לעצמי מקומות (שישמעו) אולי מוזרים – אבל שם רוב החיים שלי מתנהלים. רובם לא יכולים לראות את המקומות האלה ולכן אנסה לספר לכם מה הם עושים לי ומה המהות שלהם בשבילי. אימצתי שיטה לייצר את המקומות המוזרים האלו. אני מוחק ומטשטש את הסביבה שלי – את האנשים, את הצמחייה ואת הבניינים שסביבי. רוב הזמן אני שם, בחלל המוחק והמטושטש. שם מתנהל החלק המעניין של חיי. שם קורה הכל. באמת. לפעמים לא בא לי למוחק. בא לי לראות. הכל. בבירור. וצילול. בלי לחתור. או למרות. בירוק כפי שהייתי מצליח לראות את טבריה מהבית שלי.



EYAL LANDMAN

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

Fifth Column Headquarters

Take I:

When I talk about myself it makes me a bit uncomfortable. Most of the time I prefer not to be the center of attention, but I will try. My main features are that I laugh and smile a lot. It is part of who I am. I prefer looking at the good things rather than the bad. It's not that I don't perceive the bad; but I don't want to waste any energy on worrying or being angry – so I smile, I laugh. [...] Only in those times when I can't cope by myself, I take off the "happy face" and suddenly everybody notices something's wrong. Only at these times do I see myself through their eyes.

2012 יולי

מסעות אוטוביוגרפיים

איל לנדמן

מפקדת הנגים החמושים

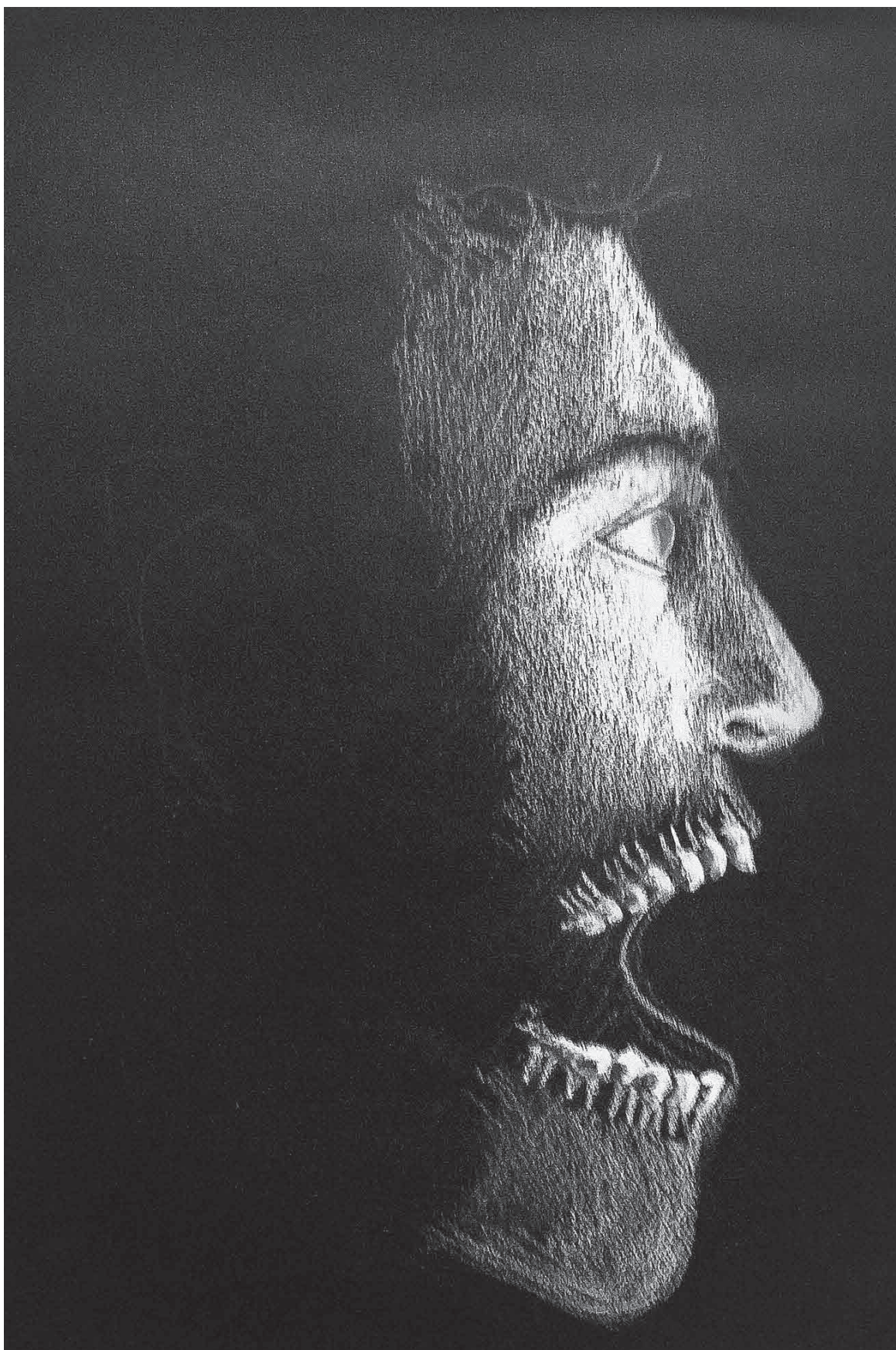
אני לא זוכר מילים של שירים.

הדבר היחיד שנישאר הוא המנגינה, הלחן.

מונחים שירים.

ברקע ואגנר. עדיין הפרלוד של מספרט "מלנכוליה" מחדוד
ליל בראש. משחזר את חחרדה חזו מפני פלנטה אחרת דענומדת
לחתונש בני. משחזר באקורדים של ואגנר מלחין ודרמטי.

האמת שזה עוזר ליהנבנס למד עבודת. הפלנטה מאחורי ואני
חייב לסיים מחר את הפרויקט. עבודת, כתיבה, שרטוט זה בא
בווראיראציות.



DANIEL ZISS

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

*Library at the Muslim Quarter –
Old City, Jerusalem*

I'm no great believer. Try not to believe in religion, nationality or anything else which requires divine intervention. Fate, however, is something undeciphered (Sometimes, it must be fate). Barcelona, Spain. I went on a journey, a month and a half of backpacking. Without even a hostel.

2012
בזל

מרחב אוניברסיטתי

דניאל זיס

ספרייה ברובע המוסלמי – העיר העתיקה, ירושלים

אני לא מאמין גדול. משתדל לא להאמין בדת, בלאום או בכל דבר אחר שמערך אורח החיים. אולי גורל זה משהו לא מפורש בעיני. (לפעמים לא ייתכן שאין זה אלא הגורל). ביראצונה, ספרד. יצאתי למסע, חודש וחצי עם תרמיל על הגב. אפילו הוסטל לא היה לי.



GUY LANDAU

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

Civic Structure

I was born and grew up at 40 Brandeis St. Mali's kindergarten is a five-minute-walk from home. Lucy's kindergarten is a two-minute-walk away. Oded Noy is my best friend since kindergarten. Till the age of twelve he has lived four hundred and thirty meters away. Eight minutes walk at the most. For nine years I have waited every morning at eight fifteen on Yehuda HaMaccabi at the corner of Brandeis St. for my school ride. Around four-fifteen I get off my ride on the other side of the road and walk home.

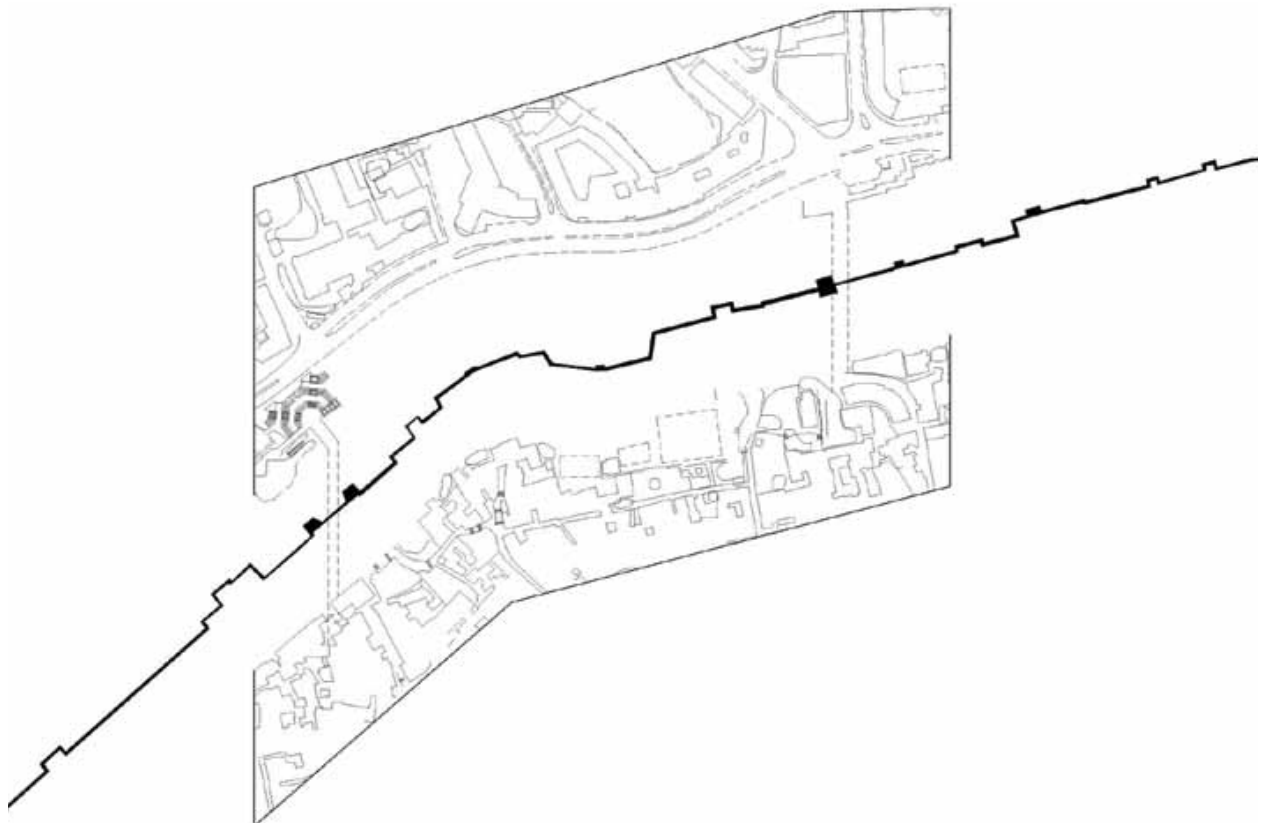
2012
בצלאל

מסמך אוטוביוגרפיק

גיא לנדא

מבט אורח

נולדתי וגדלתי בברנדיס 40, גן מלי נמצא 5 דקות הליכה
מהבית. גן לוי נמצא 2 דקות מהבית. עורך נוי החבר הכי
טוב שלי מהגן עד לגיל 12, גר 430 מ' ממני. מקסימום 8 דקות
הליכה. 9 שנים אני מחכה כל בקר ב-8:15 ביהודה המכבי פינת
ברנדיס לרסעה שתבוא לקחת אותי לבית ספר. בערך בשעה
16:15 אני יורד מהרסעה בצד השני של הכביש וחולץ הביתה.



HILA SIMON

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

Fortress of the Mind: Backpack House

I was told of a Buddhist, who lived in a house on a mountainside in a small village, and my feet led me there. After four days of unpaved roads and local transportation I arrived on my own with a feather, an Indian coat and a backpack.

A sunny Friday. I walked through empty, narrow streets. Near a metal gate I met a man resting on a chair, staring. A tourist. I asked whether he had heard of the Buddhist, but in vain. We roamed the roads, crossed the village, yet found nothing. It was already after sundown. I was left to search on my own.

2012 יולי

מסעות אוטוביוגרפיים

הילה סימון

המבצע: הפנומי

סיפורו לי על בודהיסט שחי בבית על צלע הר בכפר קטן.
לשם הובילו צערי. לאחר ארבעה ימים בדרוכים לא סלולות
ואוטובוסים מקומיים הגעתי לבר עם נוצה, מעיל אינדיאני
ותרמיל גב.
יום שישי שמשי: הלכתי ברחובות צרים ורוקים. ליד שער
סורגיג פגשתי אדם הנ על כיסא ובוהה, חייך. שאלתי האם
שמע על אותו בודהיסט, אך לשווא. חיפשנו בדרוכים, חצונו
את הכפר אך ללא מענה: כבר ירדה השמש: נותרתי לבר
בחיפושים.



LAYAN YOUNIS

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

In-Between

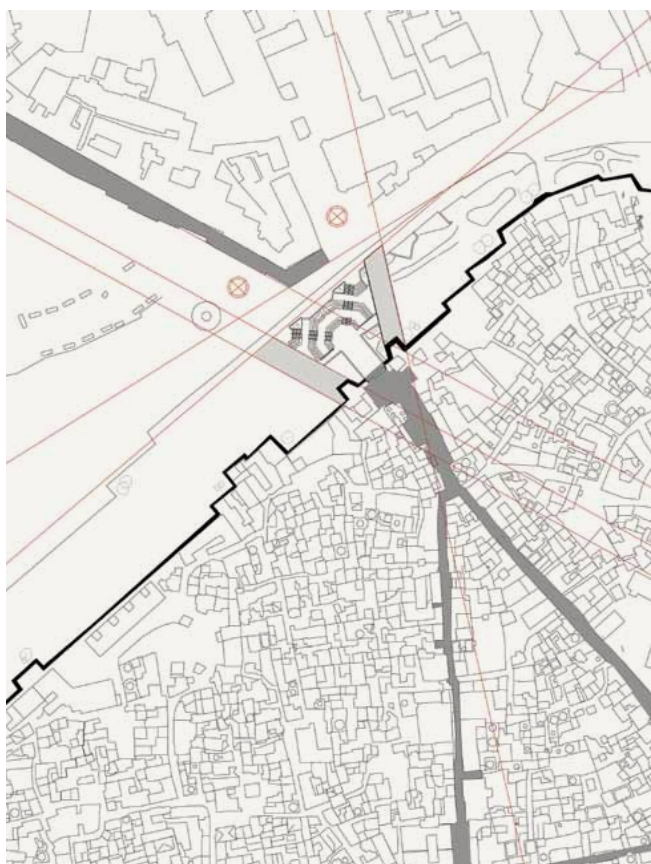
Each morning I find myself confronting the same battle. Fighting for my position and reputation. Trying to prove to my Arab friends and family on one side, and to all the people I know from college, the Jewish society, on the other side, that I'm doing fine. Justifying to all that I'm strong and that I can do it perfectly.

What makes it harder is that in the Arab society everything is supposed to be ideal. We have no sexual abuse, no divorce, and no homosexuals and, of course, no sexual intercourse before marriage. At the end of the day, it may be summed up in two words only: Self deception, and lots of it!

2012 תשע"ב

מסמך אוניברסיטתי

ליאן יוניס



MARK HAZANOV

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENCES

BEZALEL 2012

A Modern Farewell

A lousy day. Can't do anything right, feel disoriented. Find asylum in a short article about Sarajevo. Read about the war. Refugees. The ashtray is full and there's nothing left to smoke. Wandering along deserted streets. Intentionally ignore any productive thoughts. Looking around, in a desperate attempt to trace them. They are absent. They are here. Wondering, what has happened to them; after a while, I realize that I have no particular interest in that. Instead, I try to imagine their lives here, prior to their excommunication. They do not exist in our collective consciousness. They are air. Introspective.

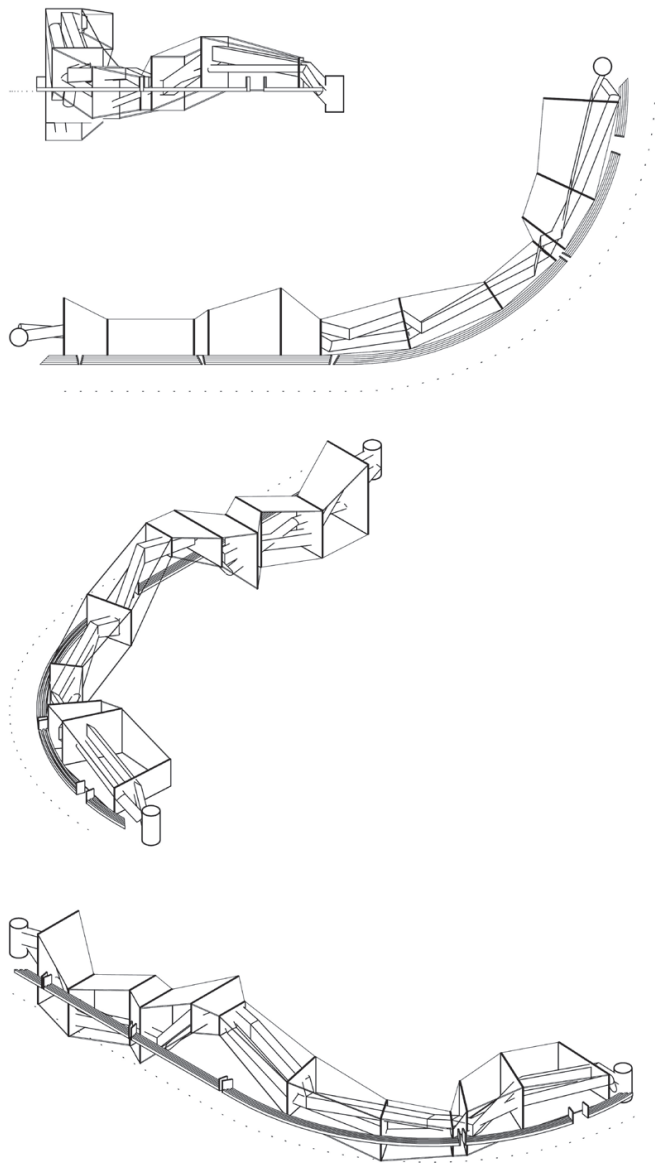
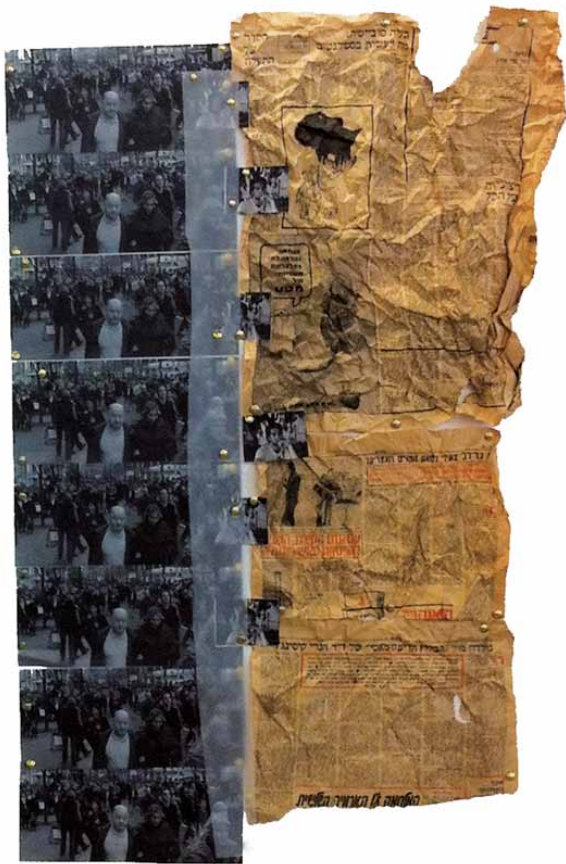
2012 יולי

מסמך אוטוביוגרפי

מסמך

פרדה ברית דעת חדשה

יום זיפט. לא מצליח לעשות מאום. מוצא מפלט במאמר קצר על סרייבו. קורא על המלחמה. פליטים. גשם. פוסט ברדוד השומם. מתעלם ממורד מבל מחשבה פרוורדקטורית. מביט סביב. בהחלט עשיר עבודה טובה בלחלול כל זכר. הם אינם. הם כאן. חיים שלמים נעלמו בלא היו. מתחיל לתהות מה עלה בגורלם: בעבור כמה רגעים מבין שאין זה מעניין אותי במיוחד. מססה לזמין. תחת זאת, את היידים טרם הסתלקותם. הם אינם קיימים בתודעה. הם אוויר.



RAN SHABTAY

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

*Old City —
New Roofs on top of the Old*

I didn't cry when I got lost at sea
I didn't cry when my father left
I didn't cry when we entered Lebanon
I didn't cry at the funerals
I cried at Memorial Day ceremony
I cried at Michael Jackson's concert
I cried on the last page of "The Road"
I cried when I got home.

2012 ג'תשס"ב

מסגרת אוטוביוגרפית

רו שבתאי

עיר עתיקה – גג חדש על גג ישן

לא בביתי כשהלכתי לאגודת ביס.

לא בביתי כשאבא עזב.

לא בביתי בהלווייה של ליאור.

לא בביתי כששאלה עובה.

לא בביתי כשנכנסנו ללבנון.

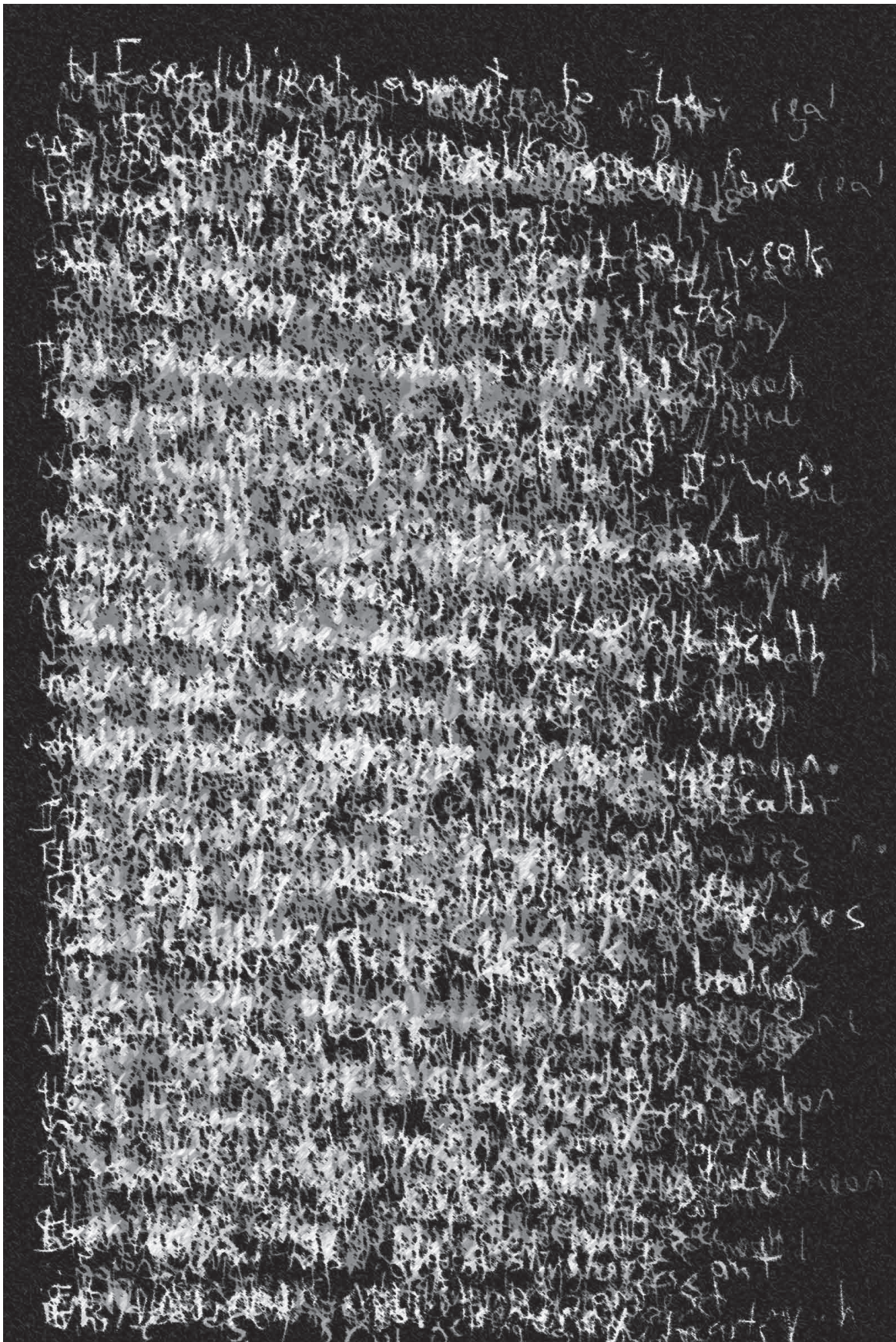
בביתי בטקס יום הזיכרון.

בביתי בחופעה של מייקל ג'קסון.

בביתי בהלווייה של סבתא שלי.

בביתי ברישומת שיתדלד.

בביתי בעמוד האחרון של "הדרך".



RANA ABU FREIHA

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

A Proposal for Interracial Couples' Housing

The road from Jerusalem to Beer Sheva is ostensibly the same as the one from Beer Sheva to Jerusalem. The same landscape, the same bus stops, the same distance. Yet each direction seems very different to me, as if it were the complete opposite of the other.

My Father is from Tel Sheva. My mother is from Kefar Jat. I am from Omer. Something about this equation does not sound plausible, and, in the same breath – is the most natural thing for me.

2012 תשלוח

מסמך אוטוביוגרפי

רוג אבו פריחה

הצעת למגורים לזוגות מעורבים

הדרך מירושלים לבאר שבע.

היא לבאר

אותה הדרך מבאר שבע

לירושלים.

אותם נופים, אותן תחנות, אותן

מרוקן. בעיניי זו שונה מאוד.

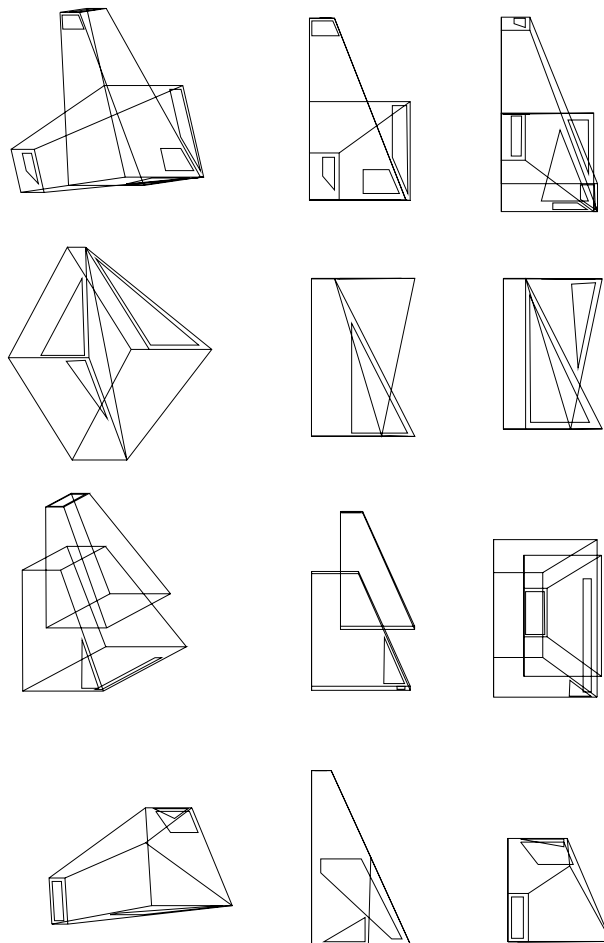
מזו. אפילו הפניה ממנה לזלוטין.

אבא שלי מתל שבע.

אמא שלי מבאר ג'ת.

אני מעומר.

– משדה במשוואה הזו לא הציני, ובאותה נשמה –
היא הדרך הכי טבעי עבורי.



RONEN SARUDI

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LENSES

BEZALEL 2012

Old City Walls' Inspection Device

An autobiographical detail—to clear out the frightening skeletons and again speak about growing up in Beer Sheva, boarding school, a fluid sexual identity, vegetarianism, veganism. I'd rather talk to you about defamiliarization. About this feeling that slows down the ability to understand. About this stance from which I succeed in fooling everyone. About being both present and absent.

2012 תשלום

מסמך אוטוביוגרפיה

רון סרודי

מבשר לביחנת חומות העיר העתיקה

פרט אוטוביוגרפי; למרק את השלדים המפחדים ושוב לדבר על הילדות בבאר שבע, על הלימודים בפנימייה, על זהות מינית נוזלת, על צמחונות, טבעונות, במקום אדבר אחר על חורה, על התחוויה הזו שמאטה את היכולת לדבין. על המקום שממנו אני מצליח לשטות בכולם. על סיטואציה שבה אני נוכח ונעדר בו זמנית.





Venice, Biennale di Architettura 2012, *Common ground*, Room F, Students' Sessions.
Exhibition of works from the *Autobiographical lenses* multidisciplinary studio, October 7th, 2012.