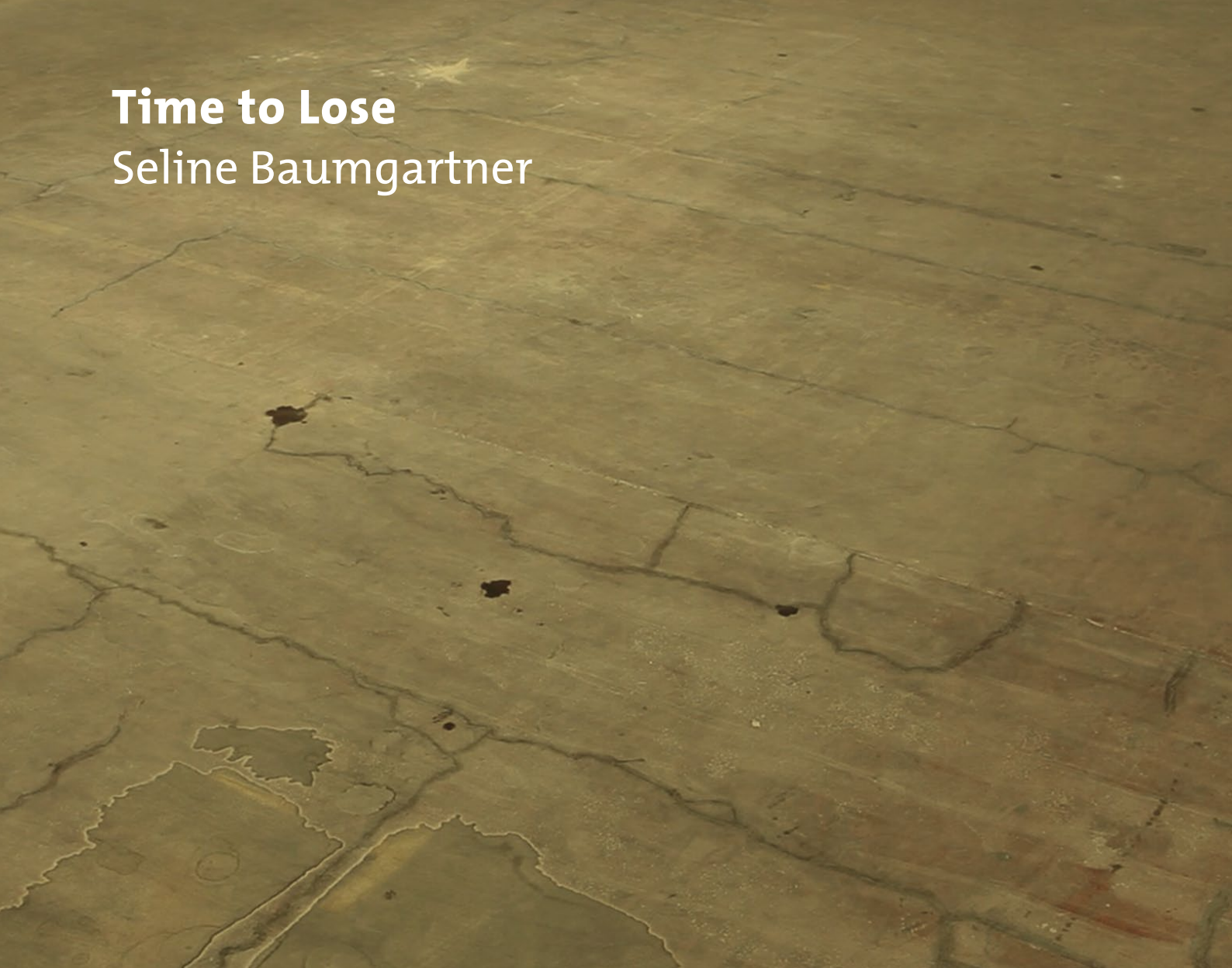


Time to Lose

Seline Baumgartner





Art Cube Artists' Studios, Jerusalem

Time to Lose

Seline Baumgartner

A solo exhibition created as part of the Art Cube Artists' Studios International Residency Program in Jerusalem

October 2015 – January 2016
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Time to Lose

Time to Lose is a video-audio installation created by artist Seline Baumgartner as part of the Art Cube Artists' Studios international residency program.

Seline Baumgartner's works often investigate the behavioral patterns of people in different social interactions. She uses video, sound installations, and sculpture to carefully observe the grammar of individuality, and develops artistic systems and formulas that attempt to express the political in a manner at once open and abstract.

The project *Time to Lose* explores the boundaries and transitions between individual behavior and group dynamics, and raises questions about the formation of identity, history, and authorship. In the video installation at the Art Cube Artists' Studios Gallery, a group of dancers is seen performing variations on a series of movements. The dancers stand in a row in an empty parking lot, while fragments of the Jerusalem landscape are seen in the background. One movement is transformed into another, mistranslated as if in a sort of "broken telephone" game. The soundtrack is minimal, sounding like a near-whisper: street noises and the footsteps and clapping of the dancers. In addition, the audience can listen through headphones to the dancers reading excerpts of personal stories.

The dancers' movements are based on these personal stories, which were collected from Jerusalem residents and adapted into short choreographies. Five dancers

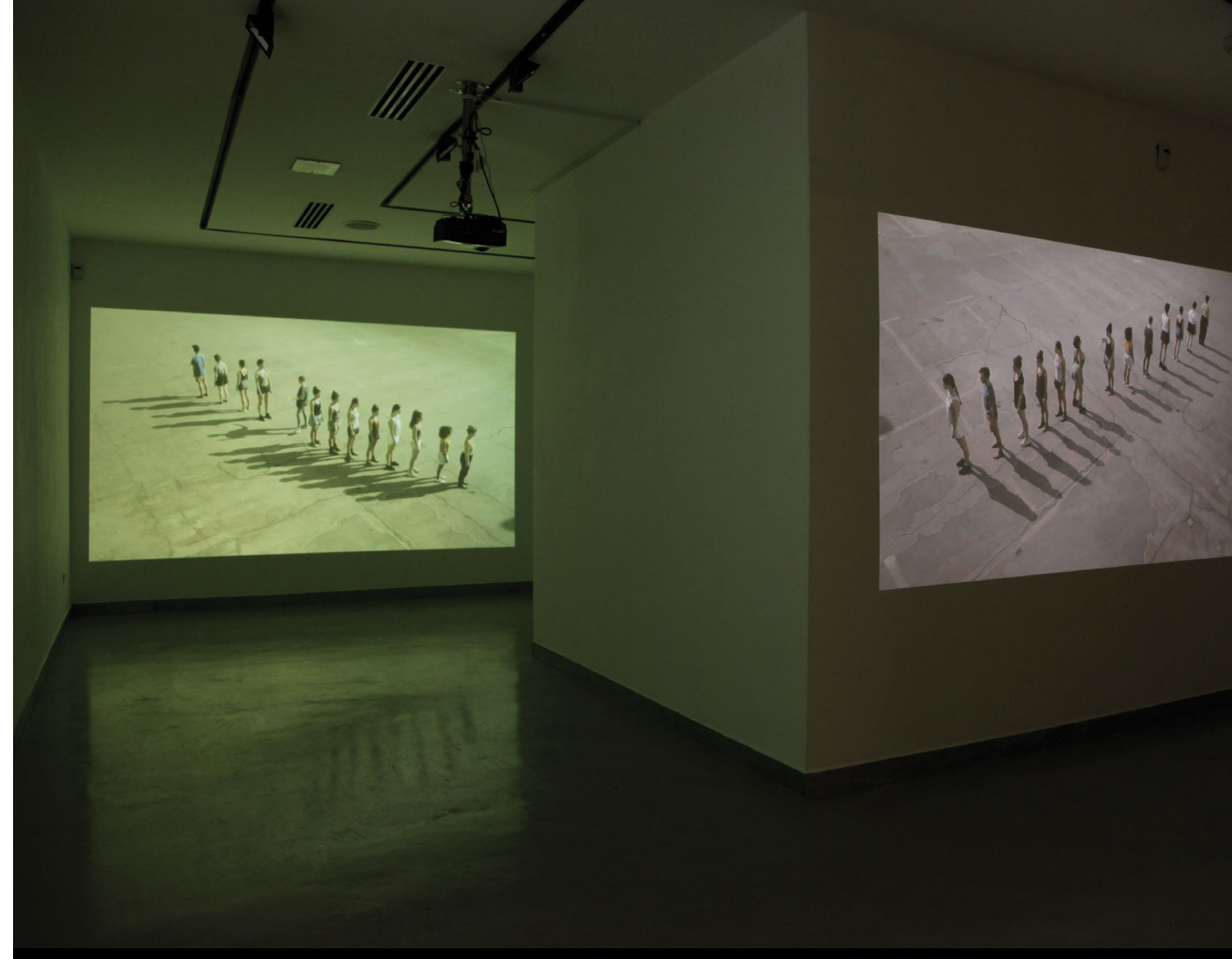
each chose a story and choreographed the movements that were later danced and reinterpreted by the other dancers, based on their individual styles and their ability to memorize the combinations.

The storytellers come from various backgrounds: an ultra-Orthodox woman who speaks about a childhood memory; a veteran soldier whose apparent apathy conceals the traces of trauma experienced during his military service; the story of a Muslim man married to two wives who works in the garage next door to the gallery; an anti-occupation activist who discloses the fear and violence she suffered during a protest; and a love story seen through the eyes of a neighbor. These five stories, which were originally told in three languages, in no way represent the people of Jerusalem or their daily life. They are but a series of intimate moments culled from a complex and loaded reality.

In her projects, Seline Baumgartner often collaborates with people in the various places she visits, while exploring her own status as an outsider. An important part of her process is understanding how to touch upon political, social and identity-related issues, as well as on the cultural heritage of people in a foreign place. Her approach involves a precise, structured process that leaves room for her collaborators to create their own context and reshape the piece. Her sensitivity, reflexivity, and formal minimalism result in an open-ended work that avoids clichés and exoticism.

During the time of Baumgarten's participation in the residency program, violence broke out yet again in Jerusalem. In this context, the seemingly naive and mundane moments recounted in the stories, and translated into a lyrical choreography, offer an even sharper mirror image of the surrounding reality. And yet, in doing so, they give rise to an almost meditative space of collaborative listening, which becomes so rare in moments of conflict.

Maayan Sheleff







Mishy Harman:

It's Been Six Dates

A doctoral student in history, as well as the creator and presenter of the podcast "Israeli Story," where this story was originally broadcasted. He lives in the Nahlaot neighborhood.

It just so happened that in the flat beneath me in my apartment building, there lived three Orthodox girls. They were all in their mid-to-late-thirties, single, and intensely looking for a match. So, as you can imagine, matchmaking was the sole topic of conversation: In their apartment, in my apartment, on the staircase. Now, the Orthodox dating scene in Jerusalem's Nahlaot neighborhood is highly hierarchical, and to the dismay of my neighbors - who were all really sweet and attractive - they were at the bottom of the pecking order because: A. They were considered old. B. They had not grown up Orthodox, and C. They were - I hope they don't mind me saying this - presumably not exactly virgins.

As a result, even though they were really great girls - I genuinely liked them - they would constantly be set up with all kinds of sixty-year-old widowers, people with weird addictions or eleven kids, basically all kinds of really "great" catches. How would they meet these men, you might wonder? Well, they would go to a matchmaker, a *shadchanit*, which is sort of like the analogue version of OkCupid, and tell her all kinds of things about themselves and what they were looking for. The *shadchanit* would have lists upon lists of guys, and she'd be like, "Hey! How about Itzhak?" And then my neighbors would go out on first dates with these guys. There

was just one problem: The girls were religious enough so as not to want to be seen in public on these first dates, but also, on the other hand, not secular enough to agree to be alone in their room with them either. So, most of these first dates took place... on our staircase.

I have a window right above that staircase, so I would be sitting in bed watching endless marathons of *The West Wing*, and I would hear snippets of these first dates. And let me tell you, these first dates were like first dates from hell. If I ever went on a first date like this, I would never in a million years consider going on a second date: There was no chit-chat, no small talk whatsoever. They would sit on different landings and get straight down to business. It would be like, "Okay, so what is the kitchen going look like? And what kind of kashrut regulations are we going follow? What's the Shabbat table going to look like?" Meanwhile on my computer, Jed Bartlet's pounding on the podium, delivering these phenomenally eloquent liberal speeches. And from outside, I hear, "Okay, so are you going to shave your head and wear a wig, or are you going to wear a regular head covering?" Usually, the next morning, I would bump into one of the girls on the staircase and we would conduct a sort of post-mortem of the date. And, just as I realized that these dates sucked, so did they, and nothing really came out of them.

Now, one of the three neighbors was called Meital - that's actually not her name, but it is for this story. Meital was thirty-nine years old and had grown up in a completely secular family in Tel Aviv. She had lived with a boyfriend for seven years, and when, at twenty-nine, they broke up, she became religious.

One day, the matchmaker paired up Meital with a guy called Dan. (Let me just try to describe Dan quickly: Imagine a Jewish Taliban warrior with a beard down to his bellybutton, really really long *peot*, or sidelocks, and, to cap it all off, Dan is a shepherd from Bat Ayin, one of the more extreme settlements, near Hebron). I saw Dan at the very beginning of the date, and I liked him immediately - Nomi, my dog, also loved him, mainly because he smelled like sheep, so she kept on jumping all over him. Anyway, I went up to my apartment and... was on their first date. Their first date, like many of the other dates, was horrible. But for some reason, Meital decided that she wanted to continue seeing Dan, and they went out on maybe five or six additional dates. I would say I was on maybe three or four of them. Still, the dates didn't get much better. They just... clarified in greater and greater detail exactly what they thought their house should look like, and how they would run it.

About three weeks later, I ran into Meital on the staircase, and she said, "Mishy, you know I've

gone out with Dan like six times already, I really need to decide whether I want to marry him." I was slightly taken aback, and tried to reason with her: "Meital, that's completely crazy," I said. "Why don't you, I don't know, maybe sleep with him beforehand?" Of course Meital did not appreciate my suggestion, and instead of taking what I thought was fairly good advice, she decided that she was going to travel to Uman in the Ukraine, where she would pray at Rabbi Nachman's tomb, and gain some insight as to whether she should marry Dan or not. She was there for a week, during which she prayed and prayed and prayed, every single day, over Rabbi Nachman's tomb.

Finally, she made up her mind, came back to Israel, called up Dan, and told him that they were breaking up.

Meital continued going out on these first dates from hell, and nothing happened. And then, a few months later, she was about to turn forty, and she became really anxious about this birthday, and about the fact that she was still not married. So she went to see a rabbi whose specialty is name combinations. You tell him, "Isaac and Sarah," and he's like, "Yes that's a good combination!" Or, "No, that's a horrible match." Anyway, this sounds a little bit like a joke, but Meital said to him, "Rabbi, why can't I find a husband?"

And he said, “Well, have you gone out with anyone recently?” And she answered, “Yeah, well, I went out with this shepherd, Dan.” And he was like, “Dan?” And she quickly replied, “Yeah, Dan.” And then the rabbi looked at her and he declared, “Dan and Meital is the best name combination I can imagine!” And she was like “No, no, Rabbi, don’t tell me this!” And he just said, “Yeah, I’m telling you, Dan and Meital, it’s like a match made in heaven!” So Meital, instead of just concluding that this guy was a total charlatan and storming out of his office, called up Dan on the phone, and told him to get over there. Dan, who realized that something good was going on, came to the office, and the rabbi repeated the same thing. Two weeks later, they got married.







מישי הרמן:

אחרי שישה דייטים

דוקטורנט בחוג להיסטוריה, מגיש ויוזם

הפודקאסט "סיפור ישראלי" שבו שודר סיפור

זה במקור. גר בנחלאות

Munzer Abu Al-Hawa

Works at the Meir Davidov

garage in Talpiot and lives in

the village a–Tur.

ميشي هيرمان:

بعد ستة لقاءات تعارف

طالب دكتوراة ومقدم المدونة الصوتية "قصة

اسرائيلية"، يسكن في حيّ نحلاوت في القدس.

القصة التالية كتبت وتم بثها في المدونة الصوتية

"قصة اسرائيلية" وعلى غليّتساهل.

I was born in a-Tur in Jerusalem. I grew up with seven brothers who were my mother's sons, and three more sisters from my father's second wife. My father was a contractor in the Old City from 1936 to 1960, and he married three women. In 1976, I married my first wife, Fathiah, who lived in the Beit Safafa neighborhood. I met her through my mother and uncle, during one of our visits. We fell in love. I was 21, and she was 16. She bore me four sons. In 1979 I left for Saudi Arabia, where I worked for ten years to save money for a house in a-Tour for each of the four children. I came back to Jerusalem because this was where I was born and raised, and there is no other place like it in the world. There were times when Fathiah and I did not get along. We each stubbornly stuck to our opinions, "banging our heads against the wall." I punished her by marrying another woman. My family knew I was looking to get married, and someone told me about Aweda. I saw her on my way to my parents and decided "C'mon, let's give it a try." That was in 2000. Initially Mother and my brothers were against it, but they eventually accepted the new woman, because she is warm and keen to help. From that day on, we have been together. She was 29 or 30 back then. Usually, in Arab society, girls who are not married by 24 are forgotten, and remain unmarried.

Each of the women has a home for her family in a-Tur. They live one kilometer away from one another. Some days I go back to Aweda's house, and other days I'm at home with Fathiah. Sometimes, when I finish work, I still don't know which house I am going to. How do you decide which house to go back to? I go wherever feels more comfortable, or wherever help is needed, to the house where I am needed. I have two of everything. I decide spontaneously where to sleep each night. I don't split my time in any preset way between the women. Both sides have grown used to it, this is how it has been for the past 14 years. Fathiah is more than 50 years old and works as a secretary in a psychiatrist's clinic. In her relationship with me, she is more interested in friendship and less in physical intimacy. That is why she is angry that she is not the only one. Aweda is 45. Before she was married she ran a grocery store, and now she is at home. Four months ago, she gave birth to a third daughter named Mariam. Since then, Fathiah has been less accepting of Aweda's three girls.





מונזר אבו אלהווא

עובד במוסד מאיר דוידוב בתלפיות,

גר בכפר א-טור

منذر ابو الهوى

مقاطع من محادثة مع منذر ابو الهوى، يعمل

في كراج منير دفيدوف في تلبيوت، ويسكن

قرية الطور.

Yaron Edel

Co-founder of the Resisim Project,
which helps veteran soldiers cope
with war-related trauma. He lives in the
Old Katamon neighbourhood.

By that time we had already spent three days in a house in the Palestinian village of Anduria. Our supplies were running out, and we were becoming really hungry. Our brigade had a hard time getting food through to us, because the logistic convoys were being attacked. We started looking for local food and opened a refrigerator where we found a bunch of baklava pastries and began eating them. While we were eating, I struck up a conversation with one of the reserve soldiers, an intelligence officer who had joined us.

We began talking. He's from Jerusalem, I'm from Jerusalem, and as we were eating the pastries I started fantasizing real hard about this dish I like at home in Jerusalem, in a café called Bolinat. They had this dish of schnitzel stuffed with

bacon and cheese, which was really delicious. I was fantasizing about it and talking with him about it, and we decided that when this was all over, we'd go to Bolinat together to eat.

About three weeks later, when I got back home, I really did go to Bolinat and eat there, and he was there as well. He was drinking a beer, and our encounter came full circle.







ירון אדל

מייסד שותף של פרויקט רסיסים
המסייע בהתמודדות עם טראומות
מלחמה. גר בקטמון הישנה

قصّة يرون اديل

مؤسس شريك لمشروع رسيסים، والذي
يساعد الجنود على مواجهة صدمات الحرب

Milka Benziman

Director of welfare services for the Yad Eliezer
organization, which assists families in need.
She lives in Sanhedria HaMurhevet, an Ultra-
Orthodox neighborhood in North Jerusalem.
She is an artist and the mother of eight
children.

I walk through the landscape of my childhood, the Nahlaot neighborhood.

Smells and sounds from the Mahane Yehudah Market flood my memory: I am walking among the bountiful stalls. I hear the sound of coins, the rustle of plastic bags, as I hold tightly onto my mom's hand.

I continue along a narrow alleyway. A cobbler's shop used to stand here down three stairs, filled with the smell of leather and glue, tiny nails, shoe soles and dyes. We used to sit on a bench, having brought a shoe or a boot, and between the hammering of a nail and the application of glue, we would listen to a fairytale about a lost shoe that walked and walked and could not remember how to find its home, until it returned to the cobbler where the girl was waiting for it with an umbrella in the winter and a cap in the summer. With roaring laughter, we'd bid him farewell. Sometimes we also got candies.

Up the street one must cross the narrow road to Yossef's grocery. In the grocery there is a white scale for slices of hard yellow cheese and half a stick of butter, and a copper scale for rice and legumes passed from the sack to the bag. But most of all I loved the newspaper cone Yossef filled for us with broken wafers.

On the Sabbath, the neighborhood's women would huddle in our yard, with fruits and nuts

next to cups of steaming tea and the smell of the simmering cholent stew spreading among the houses.

The neighborhood had many houses with arched windows, and each window held a story of a home and a family – sadness and joy intertwined. Here lives Hannale, “the shouter,” across from Noah the *klapper* (the Yiddish term for the person who hangs death notices). Next to the water well lived Hava the baker, and in the darkest window was Dalia.

Dalia was a thin Holocaust survivor who used to mumble incoherent syllables, most probably in her mother tongue. Her secret was known throughout the neighborhood: Dalia had lost her entire family in the Holocaust. She offered stray cats food and comfort in her home and yard, stroking them and sometimes even humming to them – perhaps a song of longing? as a tear rolled down her cheek.

My late mother used to slice bread and bundle it up with a plate of hot food, some cake and sweets. She would then send me to parcel it out to the neighborhood's poor families, including Dalia. Gradually Dalia started coming to our home on the Sabbath and on holidays, to take part in the festive meals. My mother, who was warm-hearted and sensitive, recognized Dalia to be a gifted poet, and gathered her poems

into a book.

One day Dalia did not show up for the Sabbath dinner. The neighbors said that she had disappeared. Her house was locked, the cats were howling. As we knocked on the door, we smelt an unpleasant odor. My mother grew anxious. When the door was forced open, we found Dalia lying on the floor surrounded by her cats, which were gnawing at her body!

Today, when I pass by the half-shut windows, I see a curtain blowing in the wind, or hear a mumbling baby. The beginning of a new childhood, different and unfamiliar.





מילכה בנימן

אחראית רווחה בעמותת יד אליעזר לסיוע
לנזקקים. גרה בשכונה החרדית סנהדריה
המורחבת. אם לשמונה וציירת

Sara Benninga

An anti-occupation
activist and painter
living in the German
Colony.

מילכה בנימן

تعمل في جمعية «يد العزr» - مسؤولة عن مساعدات
الإغاثة للمحتاجين تسكن في حيّ سنهدريا مورحيفت،
حيّ لليهود المتدينين (الحريديم) يقع في شمال القدس
أم لثمانية أطفال ورسامة.

I was headed to the weekly protest at Sheikh Jarrah. I think it was in 2010. The week before I was arrested during the protest, along with others. We were released with a restraining order, prohibiting us from entering the area of Sheikh Jarrah. This happened on Friday, and the next week our lawyer appealed the restraining order and got it cancelled. The reason for the appeal was the fact that the arrests in Sheikh Jarrah were illegal to begin with, since we always held a non-violent vigil. So, the Friday after the mentioned arrest and appeal, I went to the vigil. The demonstration always started in the public garden on Damascus Road, right down from the American Colony. I was making my way from the car with the protest signs that I was responsible for bringing. I remember seeing a few other protestors on the sidewalk opposite the public garden. Suddenly two policemen came out of nowhere and approached one of the protestors, handcuffed him and arrested him. Then they did this to another one. We all knew the restraining order had been cancelled, and the protest hadn't even begun, so there was no apparent reason for this arrest. As I approached the center of the garden, I felt hands on my arms. Two undercover policemen grabbed me. I was already in the midst of the crowd, and before I knew it I was on the ground, being pulled by four limbs. Both the undercover policemen and the other protestors were grabbing on to me. A sort of screaming

discussion ensued, in which the policemen were told that they should know the restraining orders were appealed and cancelled. They didn't engage, they just continued harassing me. I remember having to keep pulling my jeans up so that they wouldn't slide off, because people were pulling my legs. Finally there was a lull in the chaos, and a friend said - Go, now. My backpack, with my keys and wallet, was still lying on the ground in the public garden.

At the beginning I ran, and my friend ran with me, until we reached the main road between the outer perimeter of the Sheikh Jarrah neighborhood, and the adjoining ultra-Orthodox neighborhood. Then he left to go back to the demonstration, and I continued walking through the religious neighborhood. I was wearing jeans and a short-sleeve shirt. I heard the Friday evening siren going off, announcing the beginning of the Sabbath. After walking a bit and catching my breath, I got into a taxi. I asked the driver to take me to my parents' house, because I knew my father would be there. When I got there, I ran up and asked him for some money to pay for the taxi. When he heard what had happened he was overcome with emotion, yelling at me that he had told me not to go. After we calmed down I understood that he was so worried and shocked at what had happened, that he voiced it by shouting at me, not knowing how to cope with the story of undercover policemen trying to arrest his daughter.







שרה בנינגה
פעילה נגד הכיבוש וציירת,
גרה במושבה הגרמנית

سارة بيننغا
ناشطة ضد الاحتلال ورسامة تسكن في
المستعمرة الألمانية في القدس



מספרי הסיפורים באים מרקעים שונים: אישה חרדית מספרת זיכרון ילדות; חייל משוחרר שזיכרונותיו מהצבא מסתירים את שרידיה של טראומה על ידי אפתיה שגרתית; סיפורו של גבר מוסלמי הנשוי לשתי נשים ועובד במוסך הסמוך לגלריה; פעילה נגד הכיבוש שחושפת את הפחד והאלימות הנלווים למחאה; וסיפור אהבה כפי שהוא נראה דרך עיניו של שכן. חמשת הסיפורים, שסופרו בשלוש שפות, אינם מייצגים בשום צורה את תושבי ירושלים או את חיי היומיום שלהם. אין הם אלא סדרה של רגעים אינטימיים שלוקטו מתוך מציאות מורכבת וטעונה.

סלין באומגרטרנר משתפת פעולה בעבודותיה עם אנשים ממקומות שבהם היא מבקרת, ובתוך כך היא בודקת את מקומה כזרה בתוכם. חלק חשוב מהתהליך הוא הלמידה כיצד לגעת בעניינים פוליטיים וחברתיים ובסוגיות של זהות, כמו גם במורשת התרבותית של אנשים במקום זר. הגישה שלה כוללת תהליך מדויק ומובנה שמשאיר למי שעובד איתה את המקום ליצור את ההקשר שלו ולעצב את היצירה מחדש. הרגישות, הרפלקסיביות והמינימליזם הפורמלי שלה יוצרים עבודות בעלות "סוף פתוח" שמתרחק מקלישאות ומפולקלוריות. במהלך השתתפותה של באומגרטרנר בתוכנית שהות אמן שוב פרצה אלימות בירושלים. בהקשר הזה, הרגעים הנאיביים והיומיומיים לכאורה שהסיפורים עוסקים בהם ושתורגמו לכוריאוגרפיה לירית מציעים תמונת מראה חדה אף יותר של המציאות הסובבת. ובכל זאת, מתוך כך הם אפשרו את קיומו של מעין חלל כמעט מדיטטיבי של שיתוף פעולה והקשבה הדדית, שנעשית נדירה כל כך ברגעים של קונפליקט.

מעין שלף



ורשאת الفنانين - غاليري متنسّع الفنون، القدس
الزّمن الغابر - معرض فردي
سيلين بومغارتتر

في اطار برنامج اقامة الفنان الدولية لورشات
الفنانين في القدس

تشرين الأول ٢٠١٥ - كانون الثاني ٢٠١٦
أمانة المعرض: معيان شلاف

إدارة: لي هي شولوف
المستشارة الفنيّة: معيان شلاف
مساعدة المدير: ليرون كوهين
الطاقم: افرات اوحيون، غاليت عطول
إنشاء: جاك قيمة
صوت فيديو: عميت بويمل
انتاج: ورشات الفنانين

اخراج الورشة والفيلم: افرات اوحيون
تصوير فيديو: يئير موس، سيلين بومغارتتر
تحرير فيديو: اميتاي ارنون
صوت: سيلين بومغارتتر
انتاج: ورشات الفنانين

الكرّاس
تصميم: نوعا سيغال
نصوص: معيان شلاف
قصص: منذر ابو الهوى، يرون اديل، ميلا بنزيمان، سارة بيننغا،
ميشي هيرمان
تحرير لغوي للعبرية: ياسمين هليفي
ترجمة وتحرير للانجليزية: تاليا هلكين
ترجمة للعربية: ياسمين ظاهر

صور الاعمال: سيلين بومغارتتر

راقصون ومصممو رقصات: لital بن حورين، دانا ماكوس،
دافنة نوي، عنات عمراني، تسوكي رينجرات

راقصون: هداس اشل، تمار غوتهرتس، مايا ليفي، ياعيل سوفير،

عيريت عميحاى، ارين شاند، نوعا سغي، نعما توران

شكر خاص: لقصة إسرائيل وللمنتجين ميشي هيرمان، جولي
سرفين ويوحاي ميتال
نشكر عائلة دافيدوف على اتاحتهم لنا استعمال كراج مثير دافيدوف
للمراجعات، شكرا لايتسيك اسولين ولليताल فيكسلير اصحاب كراج
اوتوفيك لمنحنا فرصة تصوير عمل الفيديو في الكراج

أعضاء مجلس الادارة: رئيس مجلس الادارة - دانييل فويختفنجير،
كيرن ايلو، دافنة غوتمان، اولغا تريب، مايا مونتشافسكي فرانس،
تساحي شنايتسر.

أقيمت صالة العرض متنسّع الفنون وورشات الفنانين
بدعم سخّي من
صندوق جورج وجيني بلوخ، صندوق د.جورج
وجوسي جوجنهايم وصندوق أدولف وماري ميل
وتنشط الصّالة في ورشات الفنانين بمساهمة من
صندوق لفيد من خلال مؤسسة صندوق القدس

داعمون: بروهلفتسيا، سويسرا
صندوق القدس تقدمة داعمون من سويسرا:
د. جورج وجيني بلوخ
صندوق روٹ ويول فالخ
صندوق رولدن، رولاندو بندق
الون وميخائيل رينجير

ورشات الفنانين، صالة عرض متنسّع الفنون
شارع هاومان ٢٦، الطابق الرابع، المنطقة الصناعية تليوت، القدس
٩٣٤٢١٨٠
هاتف رقم: ٠٢-٦٧٩٧٥٠٨
صالة العرض مفتوحة أيام - الاثنين: ١٠:٠٠ - ١٤:٠٠ ؛ الخميس:
١٦:٠٠ - ٢٠:٠٠
الجمعة: ١١:٠٠ - ١٤:٠٠ ؛ وبالتنسيق مسبقا
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זמן עבר

"זמן עבר" הוא מיצב אודיו-וידאו שיצרה האמנית סלין באומגרטנר כחלק מהתוכנית הבינלאומית לשהות אמן של סדנאות האמנים. עבודותיה של באומגרטנר בוחנות דפוסי התנהגות של אנשים במצבים חברתיים שונים. היא עושה שימוש בווידיאו, במיצבי סאונד ובפיסול כדי להתבונן בזהירות בדקדוק של האינדיבידואליות, ומפתחת שיטות ונוסחות אמנותיות שמנסות להביע את הפוליטי באופן שהוא פתוח ומופשט בעת ובעונה אחת.

הפרויקט "זמן עבר" חוקר את הגבולות והמעברים בין התנהגות אישית לדינמיקה קבוצתית, ומעלה שאלות על יצירת זהות, על היסטוריה ועל שיתוף. במיצב הווידיאו בגלריה ת(א)עשייה של סדנאות האמנים נראית קבוצת רקדנים מבצעת וריאציות על סדרה של תנועות. הרקדנים עומדים בשורה במגרש חניה ריק, על רקע נוף ירושלמי אורבני. כל רקדן "מתרגם" את התנועה לפי הבנתו, כך שהטרנספורמציה של התנועות הופכת למעין משחק "טלפון שבור". בפסקול המינימלי משמשים בערבוביה רחשי רחוב לצד צעדים ומחיאות כפיים של הרקדנים. בנוסף, הרקדנים קוראים סיפורים אישיים שהקהל יכול להקשיב להם באוזניות.

תנועותיהם של הרקדנים מבוססות על אותם סיפורים אישיים, שנאספו מאנשים בירושלים ועובדו לקטעים כוריאוגרפיים קצרים. חמישה רקדנים בחרו סיפור ובנו כוריאוגרפיה שקיבלה מאוחר יותר ביצוע ופרשנות של הרקדנים האחרים, על פי הסגנון האישי של כל אחד מהם ויכולתם לזכור את התנועות.



סדנאות האמנים - גלריה ת(א)עשייה, ירושלים
זמן עבר - תערוכת יחיד
סלין באומגרטר

במסגרת תוכנית שהות האמן הבינלאומית
של סדנאות האמנים בירושלים

אוקטובר 2015 –ינואר 2016
אוצרת: מעין שלף

ניהול: לי היא שולוב
יועצת אמנותית: מעין שלף
עוזרת מנהלת: לירון כהן
צוות: אפרת אוחיון, גלית עטול
הקמה: ז'אק פימה
אודיו וידיאו: עמית בוימל
הפקה: סדנאות האמנים

מפיקת סדנה וסרט: אפרת אוחיון
צילום וידיאו: יאיר מוס, סלין באומגרטר
עריכת וידיאו: אמיתי ארנון
סאונד: סלין באומגרטר
הפקה: סדנאות האמנים

קטלוג
עיצוב: נועה סגל
ע. עיצוב: יערה בר
טקסט: מעין שלף
סיפורים: מונזר אבו אלהווא, ירון אדל, מילכה בנזימן,
שרה בנינגה, מישׁי הרמן
תרגום לעברית ועריכה: יסמין הלוי
תרגום לאנגלית ועריכה: טליה הלקין
תרגום לערבית ועריכה: יסמין דאחר

תצלומי העבודות: סלין באומגרטר

רקדנים וכוריאוגרפים שותפים: ליטל בן-חורין, דנה מרכוס,
דפנה נוי, ענת עמרני, צוקי רינגרט

רקדנים: הדס אשל, תמר גוטהרץ, מאיה לוי, יעל סופר,
עירית עמיחי, ארין שאנד, נועה שגיא, נעמה תורן

תודה לסיפור ישראלי ולמפיקים מישׁי הרמן,
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מוסך אוטוויק על השימוש במוסך לצילום עבודת הוידיאו

חברי הוועד המנהל: דניאל פויכטונגר (יו"ר), קרן אבלו,
דפנה גוטמן, אולגה טריפ, מיה מוצ'בסקי פרנס, צחי שניצר

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וקרן אדולף ומרי מיל ופועלת בסדנאות האמנים
בסיוע קרן לויד, באמצעות הקרן לירושלים

תומכים:
פרו הלבציה, שוויץ

הקרן לירושלים מתנת תומכים משווייץ:
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אלן ומיכאל רינגיר

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שעות פתיחה:
יום ב' 10:00–14:00 , יום ה' 16:00–20:00
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זמן עבר
סל'ן באומגרטנר

الزمن الغابر
سيلين بومغارتنر