

Leaving traces

Thoughts on the kushi-Atlas

Shira Stav

House, undomesticated

The truth about this old wall

that it's cold it's green that it moves too

calls gasps croaks it's halo hail

threads tremble shake

threads

It's green I'm dying

It's wall wall alone mute look it's dying

Alejandra Pizarnik¹

"If walls could speak ..." How many times we have expressed this wish, Sorry for been absence of secluded space, we had no part in it. A place where contracts were signed, destinies were decided, secretive words spoken and lost. In Lihi Turjeman's work, the walls speak: They flood into the surface an Unseen interior, express the hidden, Subjects their voices.

¹ Translated by Cecilia Rossi(<http://www.poetrymagazines.org.uk/magazine/record.asp?id=17055>)

These walls of an old building on Brenner Street, where TURGEMAN lives and works: a house destined for demolition, a ruin by now. Windows and openings blocked in blocks, peeling ceilings, walls decaying revealing previous layers. Life stories Storage in cracks. We might commemorate in the fate of so many ruins in the local landscape, whole ontologies that were sealed, blown up, deleted. Where are their traces on the official maps? What will remain from the history of the specific structure? , The Canvases as the record of memory traces, Archeology and geology of the walls. Already, before its destruction, the house foretells itself as a total past, a past that has been completed.

Mention, by means of metonymy, the ghosts of thousands other buildings, ruins and houses, whose windows Sealed in blocks, who were completely destroyed, blown up at one and it seems like it Left no trace on the land. TURGEMAN's map, Touches in pain and gently in the touch of the physical hand, in the forgotten traces of those lost materials, chatting up their voices. The voices being Transduced, wearing a figure, becoming a strange population, Aboriginal or imaginary, of a Fictional Wild territory, where mountains, vales, seas and continents are similar/ not similar to our memorable sights, one way or another ,of World maps. Almost like in an adventure stories for children, where entering the closet or dive into a pavement painting in colorful chalks, and transferred at once, through a rift in time, into a wonderful kingdom whose legality is different, so The entrance to the walls of the house is a discovery and creation of a world of other time space, Mental space which is a World of consciousness -In which interior and exterior, culture and nature, form and anti-form, struggling for their Coexistence and for their place 'on the map'.

Map of what? not exactly in the center but left to the center, and actually in the attempt for a new perception of the center and Margin concepts .Here, Africa is the Central continent l, the important one (Other continents are not clearly recognized in the work). This is the deferred and despised Africa, which despite being the second largest continent is being pushed in The Eurocentric world maps into a secondary location and in it seems to be much smaller than the size allocated to her on the globe. This is Africa, Which is the beginning of humanity, the origin of human, and from her departs to conquer far distant. But this is also a fictional Africa, in another consciousness of a place and territory. *"The soul is Africa"* wrote Nurit Zarchi, *"by the tattoo that the time carves in the bodies, you can guess"*²

Childish Perspective notices Characters hints: Kiss, fish, polar bear, sea horse, a bull, a gorilla, a cat-Contours of Human being, especially in profile. One might think on the basic linear in ancient cave

² Nurit Zarchi, the mind is Africa. 'Hakibbutz Hameuchad', Bnei- Brak 2005

paintings, on figures out of Children's books on ghosts and spirits, but it also raises classicist associations: Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel and the 'creation of the world', the Muses of Botticelli, and more. Nevertheless, the same impulse 'to find Shapes may also be our way to Take control on materials that we have no possession on them, domesticate them in our imagination By morphology.

The mapping operation, offers a distinct way, scientific and traditional at the same time, to master the material. On the newly created space, on the odd population of the unclear characters and forms, a Template is dressed, the coordinates lines of the map. The grid is built as a repetition of the intersection points but these are not only graphical rather are used as an encounter moments between distant fields of discourse. More and more crosses are created here: History and mythology, cosmology and geography -Feminine and masculine, the surface and the depth dimension, distance and closeness, local materials and global narratives.

Where to locate as a viewer? Very close, to notice the details, the texture? Or else, much farther away, to see the whole, to be impressed by the strength and pretension of the scale, to move, constantly, close far, in and out? Every choice will miss something. Each Another Moment of observation will reveal other detail; another thread goes beyond, another invasion of color. Each step back will expose another section of the world. The necessary partial in every position in relation to the painting is an integral part of the World experience that Turjeman's is creating for us.

The painting is made entirely as a lined surface, diagrams; the attempt to create 'Depth' is deliberately superficial, topographical circles while in advance, waiving the volume illusion. Yet the depth dimension is always present, in the unspoken history of the painting, which is a print of long and complex processes. The history is commemorated on the canvas.

The canvas that covers the wall is a skin; the time is engraved on it, time, scars, Regimentation regularization the pain of the digging and peeling hand, the Layers. A Map should be 'above time', outside of history, but the two- dimension in Turjeman's map is an aware illusion. In fact, it investigates the past and points to the future.

Canvas, Text.

In the short story "The Yellow Wallpaper" by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, American feminist classic from the late nineteenth - century, a young mother goes with her husband and the servants for the

summer to an ancient family mansion, hoping she would recover from a "slight hysteria " it suffers from. She has to spend her days in a large and barred room, coated with yellow wallpaper. Onto it a sample that disturbs her and interferes with her mind, "one of those sprawl samples, voracious, who sinned every artistic sin that is available "³. Day by day, and with the continuation of the isolation she immersed in, she begins to identify ambiguous shapes behind the printed sample and especially a form of a bent woman that like sneaking and trying to get out of the sample. The story creates a hidden identification between the room space and the flat, two dimensional and monotonous of the Wallpaper, between the narrator and her subject, imaginary double that is imprisoned in the sample. In a continuous attack of madness, the narrator approaches to the bailout operation of her lookalike on the wall, and tearing and peeling the wallpaper, obsessively, in her hands, piece by piece, convinced that only in this way, she will recover and release the creatures of her tormented soul.

Turjeman's work is a product of a painful manual and physical practice, prolonged, multi-stage. In the bare inner walls of the designated for demolition house, are being exposed shadows, figures, lines and surfaces that Turjeman's extracts from the walls by grinding work, peeling, cutting and a carving. This is a 'rescue operation' because it is the result of a meeting between a general, random form that became apparent on the wall out from the ravages of time and the slow weathering processes of the building, and the conscious design actions, that Turjeman delivers to these forms.

As Perkins Gilman's, the narrator, we cannot conclusively determine what created these forms and creatures? Do they float to her out of the inner life of the wall or that she is the one that imposes them on the wall out of her soul? How, and in what context, we must examine these images as Rorschach stains of subjective mental reality, or a physical world wears a settled shape?

In the second stage, the hewn wall is completely covered with huge large scale canvases, colored with dry pastel. Now, the hand is fingering and groping the canvas with graphite and charcoal, almost in blindness, upwarding the topography of the wall above its surface. Such as the work on the wall, the technique requires a close stabilization, a push of the wall through the canvas, a constant contact between the hand, the canvas, the wall up until a transcription of the surface, such as photo printing. Even the distance and the freedom of movement that allows a margin of paintbrush,

³ Charlotte Perkins Gilman, "The Yellow Wallpaper", in the classic American story. English: Moshe Ron (Am-Oved, Tel Aviv 2012, P 290

Avoid it. The Small and the close to the material tools: palette knife, graphite, and wet wipes. The canvas is textile, is texture, is text, it goes and written through the same close Touch that extracts an inner writing. In this process the texture of the canvas itself wears figures, intervenes and affects the ongoing apparent. Loose threads, Bumps in the tightly woven fabric, these too, are a part of the surface.

As mentioned, the clear preference is for the surface: To which floats, the lined, graphic, and stained while intentionally disregarding the volume and depth temptations.

What is important are the parchments of scripture, that is to say, that what was engraved And the tattooed or blurred on the skin surface, the Culture and nature marks That constitute the visible area. However, it is important to restrict: what seems as a static following to the surface is itself has already three "layers", three layers of time and meaning at least: The wall and what was Shimmered and exposed on its face, the painting itself, and the random traces that were addition retroactively, in the work process. Over the canvas, the remainder is Considerable and marked, 'historic' and concrete signs of what that happened and is absent already: the heel of Turjeman's shoe. Scratches - Left by a dog that sat down on the canvas, an incidental paint dripping, 'accidents' are not accidents, they are an integral and Continuous part of a living work as a process. And these are also traces of "I was here", "The artist is present". What was revealed as the face of an 'I' is always a pairing of an exposed interior with an added substance, and the surface - a Meeting point.

This is an androgenic work in all its dimensions. Again and again the tension will be felt and the mutual leakage between the mixing lust to the mapping Passion, between the 'feminine' dimensions of a close and sensual Occupation in the material, of a Rhizomatic spread on, of an unbounded shapes, to masculine dimensions' 'of the symbolic monument, of Externally Dressing templates, of a supervising Order, of distance, judgment, formatting and marking.

The painting is performed as repetition and simulating of feminine actions, of the canvas usage, Bleach, Tie-dye, washing, scrubbing, Grinding, and Rubbing with Wet Ones in rounded Cleanup movements.

Most often, the painting is not appear, but revealed slowly through Erasing, and lacking of color. There is thus, of course, the reconstruction of the hewing and engraving in the wall itself, but we must also ask, where from is this cleaning obsession came, and what is this dirt that must be removed? Julia Kristeva writes, following Mary Douglas: "the dirt is not an Attribute in itself, but one that applies only to what relates to the border and represents, in particular, the

Object that fell from the same border, its other side, its margins ... for the subject, the dirt danger represents the permanent viewed danger to the symbolic order itself, as it is a set of distinctions, of differences ".⁴ The latent conflict between formatting order that deliberate the gaze and the fragmentation and the border breakthrough is lies at the core lihi's maps.

Eye, hand

"On Exactitude in Science"

"... In that Empire, the Art of Cartography attained such Perfection that the map of a single Province occupied the entirety of a City, and the map of the Empire, the entirety of a Province. In time, those Unconscionable Maps no longer satisfied, and the Cartographers Guilds struck a Map of the Empire whose size was that of the Empire, and which coincided point for point with it. The following Generations, who were not so fond of the Study of Cartography as their Forebears had been, saw that that vast map was Useless, and not without some Pitilessness was it, that they delivered it up to the Inclemencies of Sun and Winters. In the Deserts of the West, still today, there are Tattered Ruins of that Map, inhabited by Animals and Beggars; in all the Land there is no other Relic of the Disciplines of Geography"⁵

Jorge Luis Borges Fragment draws a strange move, reversed to the conventional idea of the scientific progress, a move Which the progress to the scientific accuracy is not a result of refinement of abstraction and symbolization processes, but a gradual return to An infantile way of thinking , primitive like, magic, which seeks to a complete identification between a signifier and signified, while canceling every Possible gap between the material and its representation, without any difference, reduction or marking. This absence of a gap is "art", the most comprehensive art of maps writing. The obvious result of such a map is a full coverage of the country by the map, without any land remainder, and the loss of the option to use the map as a Map. If the map covers the entire country, where will the people and creatures live? On the map itself, that separates them from the matter. The desire to remove any barrier has created A Barrier; there is no option to escape from the partition. No wonder that "This extended Map is unnecessary ". There's no way -To use it there

⁴ Julia Kristeva, *the forces of Horror: An Essay on Abjection* (translated from French: Noam Baruch). resling , Tel -Aviv, 2005, p 5

⁵ *"On Exactitude in Science"*, From Jorge Luis Borges, *Collected Fictions*, Translated by Andrew Hurley Copyright Penguin 1999.

Here is my translation:

About the accuracy in science

in that empire, the art of writing maps has reached such perfection, that one of the district's maps has covered an -Entire city while the entire empire map covered the whole province. In time, these huge maps no longer satisfied - the residents, and the map writers committees began to prepare the map of the Empire whose size as the-Empire itself, and it is the same with it in each and every point. The Forthcoming generations were less orthodox in the maps writing science. They argued that this extensive map is unnecessary and deposited it to the cruelty of winter and sun. Some ruins of the map, had survived in The Western Desert, where wild animals and beggars are inhabit. In the entire country there weren't -any other remains of the land writing Science.

is no way to live on it. But conceding the total map does not lead to a progress in the opposite direction, to abstraction, but rather to a total abandoning of the project core: to write the country. All that remains are some ruins.

The ruin as a place, as a process and as a condition is the primary Chronotope from which Turjeman goes to her mapping project. The studio space, a building that is a living wreck, serves as a living platform which is documented the map painting, by ongoing processes of destruction and creation. The paintings remind the ancient urge that is informed in Borges's fragment: maps are even earlier to writing formation, and did not originally characterized by a rationalistic and scientific thinking, but rather in a mythic quality and reflecting collective fantasies, ideologies and cultural visions about the place of human in the universe. Today also, the generation after Foucault, we cannot look at a map as a neutral, objective Document, But as a powerful rhetorical tool, which the abstraction within it, is the result of total ideologies.

Lihi Turjeman's painting making, fulfills the two sides that the Borges story displays: distance and closeness. On the one hand, a map as a scientific medium, built upon agreed signifiers, a prototype of the Symbolization; On the other hand, a 1:1 scale map that longs to cancel the gap between signifier and signified. the giant canvasses spread on the wall, their size as the wall itself, and the artist head-to-head to the canvas read the hidden Braille with her fingers and outline the wall topography over the canvas at a 1:1 scale, outline all of these "wild animals and beggars", the tenants of the walls of the ruin. But this is only one layer of the work, almost a sculptural layer- the closeness layer, which does not subject to the authority of the eye but rather to the physical human touch. The opposite layer involves a look from a distance, an operation of a comprehensive visual perception, imposing a grid, latitude and longitude, more or less conventional coordinates that regulating the indefinable space, spread out on the map, offering order, control, and safety. Here, the fascination of the geometric shapes is evident, for the abstraction they offer, as an opposite option to the implied and spreading forms stains.

Turjeman fulfills the mapping principles ironically, in a way that emphasizes the fictitious and imaginary, dimension of the cartographic projection. In her map, the borders and separations are not clear, seas and continents are dripping into each other Makes the distinctions difficult. Polarizations, those fictional globe vertices from which the coordinates split are located at random points, geographically irrational. The Four sheets that combine the map are titled after personal name, reminds the names given to the hurricanes in America: Catherine, James, Iren, Sandy etc. their names from right to left: Thomas; Nur; Africa; Noga. Each part has its own character

(Especially noticeable - the difference between the gnarled roughness of Thomas and the pale gentleness of Venus/Noga). But then, not only humor is evident here, also anxiety, given the insufficiency of the mapping tools in the ability to suppress the primordial desire to return To the matter itself and cancel the Enlightened project of abstraction and symbolization. 'Africa' is a triangle gone wild, that its contour, fail in the delineation operation, 'Thomas' has malignant tumors in the lung, And along the anxiety, also a statement for the violence inherent in the act of mapping. the interaction Lines between the various sheets are functioning as Additional coordinates ,divisions that cut up, wound and dissect the space, with no Consideration to the surface condition.

The green colors of the painting g and especially the exchange of the hue on the spectrum between green and white, may mention the colors Govern the satellite photos of Africa, for example, where the transition from the white of the North continent deserts To the Green of the savanna areas is prominent and the forested areas in the center and the south. The Green simulates pleasant fields Blossom and its Turquoise hues may imply on the faraway exotic beaches.

However, the Green also interpreted as a sign of a pervasive rot, the corrosion color and a toxic malignant disease, "the Cancer Of the house", or, decompose radioactive materials that poisoned the land, seeped into the groundwater and polluted the Sea. Another representation of the anxiety and the danger feeling which the spread arouses: the mobility, the forms movement and with it, the promise of the bloom, the hues modification and the constant variability.

If the Green is the Anxiety of disease and the wonder of Transformation, how to understand the black? An opaque surface of a swallow all anti-Color? Whose painting may not too but rather as chalk Drafts on a board? A nightmare? Jeremiah presents a rhetorical question that indicates the immutable reality: **"Can the Ethiopian change his skin "**? (Jeremiah XIII 23)

Is it not possible to change the black?

Two years ago in the memorials park in Washington, was exposed the memory monument to Martin Luther King. The inspiring leader of the black in America breaks with his arms hugged, out of a tremendous lump of stone, sculpted entirely in white. The huge monument, the work of a Chinese sculpture, impressive in size and Features, and yet evokes the question whether in the way to the world glory that the memorial commemorate, the black leader must pass such a blatant whitening. Can a Negro change his skin?

The Negro ('**kushi** ', in Hebrew) in Turjeman's painting is Also white, but it comes out of the black canvas. His image was created as the result of grinding, smoothing and rubbing processes, *and the uncovering of the white colored canvas.*

The 'kushi' is shown as a negative, reversal to the conventional visual perception, as an Offer to a different observation in the stereotypical elements of the image. Can a Negro change his skin?

The Answer is yes, certainly.

The image disassembled, decomposes, decaying to spreads puzzle parts. The face itself is a continent, a figurative quote of the disrupted triangle which is Africa. The Androgynous figure, masculine and feminine as one, primary, sensual but general, lacking a specific identity, it has the noble and vulnerable Tenderness of the woman carrying heavy jugs on her head, And from the wildness of barmaley (the colonial children story hero: " Little children! / For nothing in the world / Do not go to Africa / In Africa, there is terrible / Bahr-mah-ley! // He runs about Africa / and eats children - / Nasty, vicious, greedy Barmaley! "), and the fragments separate or joining to other figures, internal organs, bodies that were cut down from the source, from the place, floating islands in anarchic areas, a reminder to the foreign of the territory, to its imaginary dimension.

Is this Africa that is dressed in a human figure, or a person who wore the continent face?

Tchernichovsky wrote, "Man is but a landscape of his homeland"? Who carries who? And perhaps these are the face of atlas's negative, carrying the whole earth on his body, his body that turned to stone.

Kushi- Atlas

Kushi -Atlas: a double multiplied Rhythm, a name which is a delusive game of contrasts, black and white, strong and weak, high -And low, myth and truth, east and west, seriousness and infantile. But TURGEMAN is not interested in the binary divisions, but in their fusion until they lose the borderline and Falling to pieces in a way that cancelling the possibility of reassembling.

Kushi- Atlas is a Polysomic. A name indicating a split and combination of entities and meanings accumulated on the back of the word; a combination which brings together East and West undermines an individual and certain existence of a source. Atlas is a mythological figure, his name meaning in Greek is: one who dared or suffered (he is an archetype of endurance, he is a mountain range in the Northern Continent of Africa, he is a pleasant to the touch fabric, he is a map's study book; Kushi is the one who came from' Kush' in Ethiopia, he is a person or a black creature, Kushi is both derogatory and pride word, and so on. Atlas's head is stuck in the clouds, holding the skies, His

mission Is Serious, responsible, all the weight of the world on his shoulders. His face bent, and still he bears the burden, he is not weighed down by the load, his character is the heroic hero figure, the gravitas. Not without a reason the upper vertebra in the spine is called atlas, because it carries the heavy head, Whereas, black women bearing large jars and heavy loads on their head and go on, upright on the ground. "Woman is the 'kushi' of the World", smashes the white pathos of atlas, the myth Crashes, down to earth to the daily life work that erodes.

With the victory of Zeus on the Titans, Atlas condemned to pick up the western horizon of the earth on his shoulders, to bear the sky on its contents. Perseus, the legendary hero, defeated the Medusa and cut off her head, that its hair is snakes and here face appearance turns to stone whoever looks at her. He asked atlas for food and shelter but atlas refused to Host him. In revenge, the angry Perseus showed him the head of the Medusa so the giant atlas turned into stone. According to the myth version, this is how the Atlas mountain range in North Africa was created, a tremendous mountains, seems to support the skyline.

Turjeman's work outlines the contrary movement, the opposite direction. Here, the stone is what that brought to life. The walls are emerging from stagnation by the hand that digging and disintegrating them, the destruction is revealed as creation. The Powerful impression of the works is of skins and incomplete bodies, within them the Transfiguration processes still happen, occur, and leach. The final point of the canvas handling seems almost temporary – for it could layout another line, polish another color extent, attach additional Collis or two, and why not? Maybe one day. The work has no- end logic of its own, it is not dead yet, not over and complete, and it lives a life of its own. This is its wish.

Aleph-zero

Borges writes about the aleph: ***"a point in space which includes all other points ... where all places in the world is seen from all angles"***⁶. In a sense, this work is a kind of an imaginary pretentious experience of the Aleph, the picture that conclude all other pictures, experiencing and a shift from it into the place invalidating it. The aleph is -The beginning, the starting point, but also a note of the prototype / mother type of a colossal disaster. Zero is what nullify the timeline, transposes the catastrophe out of the historic axis, from the beginning/ middle/ end narrative into a different time space. The painting quotes the Hiroshima mushroom cloud, but not as a representation of the original specific event, but as a spectacle owns an epic dimension, a

⁶ Louise Jorge Borges, 'the aleph', from Spanish: Yoram Bronowski (Published Hakibbutz Hameuchad, Bnei-Brak 2000, p 114

performance of the disaster, yet, without any admiration of the catastrophe and horror scales, without the thrill from the Absolute strength of the destruction.

The three dimensional, the full volume world, the disciplinary, collapses into a picture however, also the picture, the mushroom, is Sentenced for a cold and calculated cutting, to framing, such as on the map in control actions that prevents its spreading to the total lack of meaning. And more, the crop transposes the mushroom from itself, from the beautiful horror vision that it offers, cut up its head and glory. The technique is built as acts of destruction: paint peeling, scraping, grinding, sometimes till the formation of Black holes on the canvas. The actions causes additional aspect of the dismantling dimension, re demolition of the destruction embodied by the mushroom, which means Maximum distancing from the original, but in order to place the vision in front of a close as possible view .

The work merges the other paintings in the exhibition within it, Restores the technique and colors of 'kushi' and quotes facial features, postures, shapes and textures from the map. It has from the geometric order of the map which is expressed in the equal division of the canvas and in the Flatted tones of black and white. The mushroom offers another mythic version of ATLAS, a monstrous one-the column that holds the sky. A persistent struggle is evident here: between the backgrounds to the front, between the image, the one / the representative / the symbolic, painted in white and the already infected space surrounding it. in our mind ,the mushroom is perceived as an ongoing expanding toxic substance, spans the heavens and earth, a kind of 'Atlas' in reverse meaning: holding the sky is an act of total destruction of the existing order. But in the painting, what appears to as the background is actually additional front invading the mushroom which invades it, and the space is filled with Hinted figures and floating ghosts, thoughtful face, hard-lidded and slumped look, in the same sideway head tendency of the mythological Atlas.

Miraculously, these are not figures that have trapped in the violence of the event, mouths open and torn an amazed look, rater they are almost floating peacefully on the surface of the painting, a moment before their fade altogether, or perhaps, they will wear a flesh and become tangible, you never know. They are captive in their Inaccessibility, existent in between movement and stagnation, within their own Extinction of material, in a kind of a moment found outside of the measurable clock time, beyond the narrative organization possibility which provides an explanation, logic, meaning that you can digest.

In The mass "about the culture of the bomb" Ilay Rauner writes: *"the bomb is 'absolute'. It is not only destroying the present world of the living, but, annihilating the entire historical memory, that is to say, relegates extinction on the very possibility of giving a sense and meaning (...).*

*Already today, the possibility that the bomb is folding, presents us with a mirror of ourselves as a history that does not exist. Already today, in light of the bomb, we look at ourselves as the representatives of a past that have not been. The Extent of the destruction that the nuclear reactor constricted Within it, is like the third person (grammar) present/absent, static as a black hole, unnamed as an empty space where you cannot experiment, an inevitable as an occasion that emptied the life of any content in the first place the, And reduces human to his very material nature, from which his body is made only "*⁷.

Thus, the mushroom destroyed the past and at the same time created a future that convicted to catch its past as a lost cause. What is the significance of the legislation action in the presence of such a complete deleting? What a 'creation' embodied in the destruction? What will remain? Many photographic evidence of what is known as "Hiroshima shadows" Are reserved in the archives. The heat Intensity and the light of the atomic bomb shock wave , had left on the ground and walls of the buildings silhouettes And contours of human figures whose bodies was wiped in one. The blast, photographed the man, and by an act of Print, assimilated the physical substance within the more durable material, within the stone and left traces and memory on the wall. We predict the realistic realization of the Atlas myth, in the moments of his petrification. The Flesh And the stone Merge together in a terrible convergence – this is a fulfillment of the boundaries loss anxiety, this is the absolute triumph on the dilapidated laws of the symbolic order. The flesh pouring and the stone is a new, unknown and terrifying Matter, which its whole existence is in the mark of the absence.

Here, a last clue is seeded on the canvas, the melting space between what that was hewn from the inside to what which was printed from the outside in a terrible blast.

Derived from the recognition of that the material : stone, wall, canvas, paper, swallow entities and coalesces with them, seal a DNA Within it, blend with them, the passion of extraction, quarrying and separation becomes an existential and survival struggle , of a soul who seeks to make a mark, to draw visions, to leave traces beyond the crude physicality alone.

⁷ Ilay Rauner, "about the culture of the bomb". 'Matam'(magazine) 22 June 2010, p 10