

Art & Mystery, *Elective 2*

AUTHOR:	Asya Gribov
SUMMARY:	Participants will learn about surrealist art movement and look closely at the works of various Jewish surrealist artists and authors to inspire and deepen thoughtful art making. Participants will learn various games that promote creativity and imagination - <i>Submitted by Asya Gribov</i>
TOPICS:	Historic Jewish Figures, Jewish Culture, Teen Programs, Visual Arts
LEARNING OBJECTIVE:	Participants will become familiar with select Jewish surrealist artists and authors and their works. Participants will use learned surrealist art concepts to create thoughtful artworks that depict Jewish narratives.
AUDIENCE:	Age: 10 +; campers; art specialists; group size: up to 20 people
LENGTH:	75-90 Minutes
APPENDICES:	Asya Gribov, Elective 2, Art & Mystery, Document 1 Asya Gribov, Elective 2, Art & Mystery, Document 2 Asya Gribov, Elective 2, Art & Mystery, Document 3 Asya Gribov, Elective 2, Art & Mystery, Document 4 Asya Gribov, Elective 2, Art & Mystery, Document 5
MATERIALS NEEDED:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Images of Surrealist Artworks (Document 2, 3, 4, 5), display around space • Copies of Everyday Objects (document 1) enough for each participant to get a few different images • Big post-it board & markers • pencils, color pencils, 1 roll of masking tape, 2 sheets of printer paper • White Card large stock paper (bigger than printing paper) • Elmer's glue (few bottles for participants to share) • Lots and lots of magazines, printed pictures, patterned paper and collage materials
SETTING SUGGESTED:	chars in a circle, tables and chairs for art making,

Session Description:

Set Up:

Various surrealist artworks are hanging around the room that looks like a museum. (Document 2)

Ice Breaker: (15 minutes)

Participants sit in a circle. Everyone thinks of a simple question they can ask the person to their right. Participants take turns asking their question and answering the question addressed to them. Remind the participants to remember their question and answer. After everyone has asked and answered, ask the participants to switch places and make sure they are not sitting next to anyone they sat by previously. Have the participants ask their same questions and reply with the same answers as before. Non-sequiturs and hilarity ensues.

Exquisite Corpse: (15 minutes)

Hand out pieces of paper and pencil to participants. Instruct participants to fold paper into three parts horizontally. On the top part, participants draw a head and fold over so it is not seen. Pass the paper around in a circle. In the middle section participants draw a body, fold over and pass. Final section participants draw the bottom of the body. Everybody opens and sees the strange creature created. Prompt participants to be creative, and to stay away from reality.

Explain and Brief Art History: (5 minutes)

This is an exercise that the artists that defined the surrealist art movement did together. At the time that realism was a big deal; you see things and you draw them the way they are, or if you want to get really creative, you draw the way that things made you feel. Photography came to be- so there wasn't really a need to draw things the way they were. Surrealist artists and authors responded to horrors of WWII by challenging the prevalent norms of society and its values. With a spirit of idealism, artists and writers shared a belief that they could change the world by freeing the unconscious mind from rational thought. They wanted to question everything, focus on dreams, imagination and absurdity.

Looking at Surrealist art: (15 minutes)

Working in groups participants look at an assigned work (visual or written) and answer the following questions. Groups will present their art analysis to the rest of the participants.

(question can be written on a large post it for everyone to see)

- What do you notice in this work?
- What questions does this work conjure up?
- Is there anything mysterious about this work?
- What if anything has been transformed in this work?
- What if anything is being compared or contrasted?
- Are there things that are repeated?
- How is the artist playing with scale?
- Is there a particular texture to the work?
- Are there any recognizable symbols?
- What are some questions you have about this artwork?

As participants present their works of art, the facilitator writes down the 6 common attributes of surrealist works.

- Juxtaposition – taking objects from their usual locations and placing them in unfamiliar ones, creating a comparison, or a state of disbelief.
- Metamorphosis - changing or transforming of one thing or another
- Scale – When an object is very small or large in comparison to its environment.
- Picture in Picture – an illusion of having a painting in front of the thing it depicts
- Repetition- repeating an element or a pattern
- Negative Space- a cut out or a shape inserted into another space
- Texture – the surface of the work, both tactile and visual
- Imagination - creating images of something that has not been seen or experienced before

Transforming Objects Activity: (15 minutes)

How can objects be transformed into something unexpected? Using makers, participants transform images of objects (Handout 1) into something new.

Collage Making: (30 minutes)

Participants will use collage materials to create surrealist artworks that visually depict Jewish stories. (Facilitator may provide participants with a list of well-known Jewish stories to depict.) Themes for artworks can also include camp experiences, personal stories, dreams, etc. (Variation: participants can also choose to depict stories in other artistic mediums including theater, music, writing, etc.)

Suggested prompts for art making:

- Use 3 out of the 6 surrealist elements
- Use pictures of things that can stand in for something else (clocks for wheels)
- Create strange creatures
- Create an imaginary place
- Turn things inside out
- Don't do anything just because 'that's how it is.'

Artwork Presentation: (10 minutes)

All artworks are displayed and participants present their work to the rest of the group.

Suggested Facilitator Prompts:

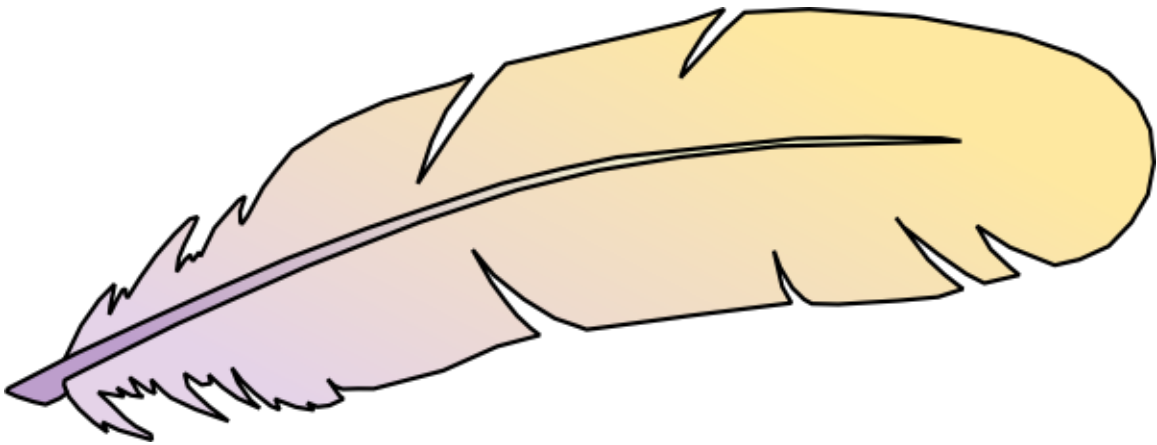
- Tell us about your work.
- Describe your process of creating the artwork, what did you do first, next, etc.
- What, if any, parts were planned and which just came out of the process?
- Describe the elements of surrealist art you used.
- Describe any symbols you chose to include.
- What choices did you make in creating your work?
- What was difficult about making this artwork? What was simple?

Additional Notes for Bringing it Back to Camp:

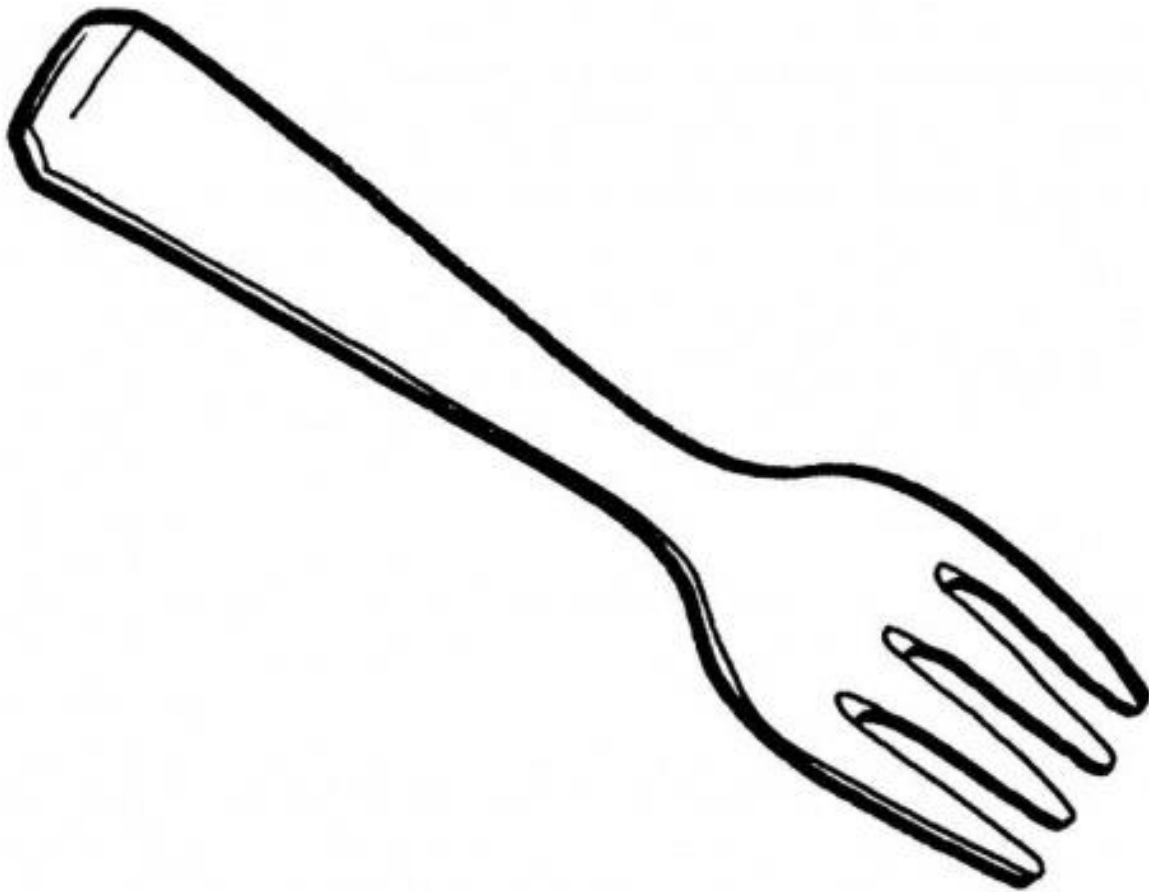
Although all ages can participate in the art making, the depth of the content can be adapted to different developmental levels with appropriate adjustments.

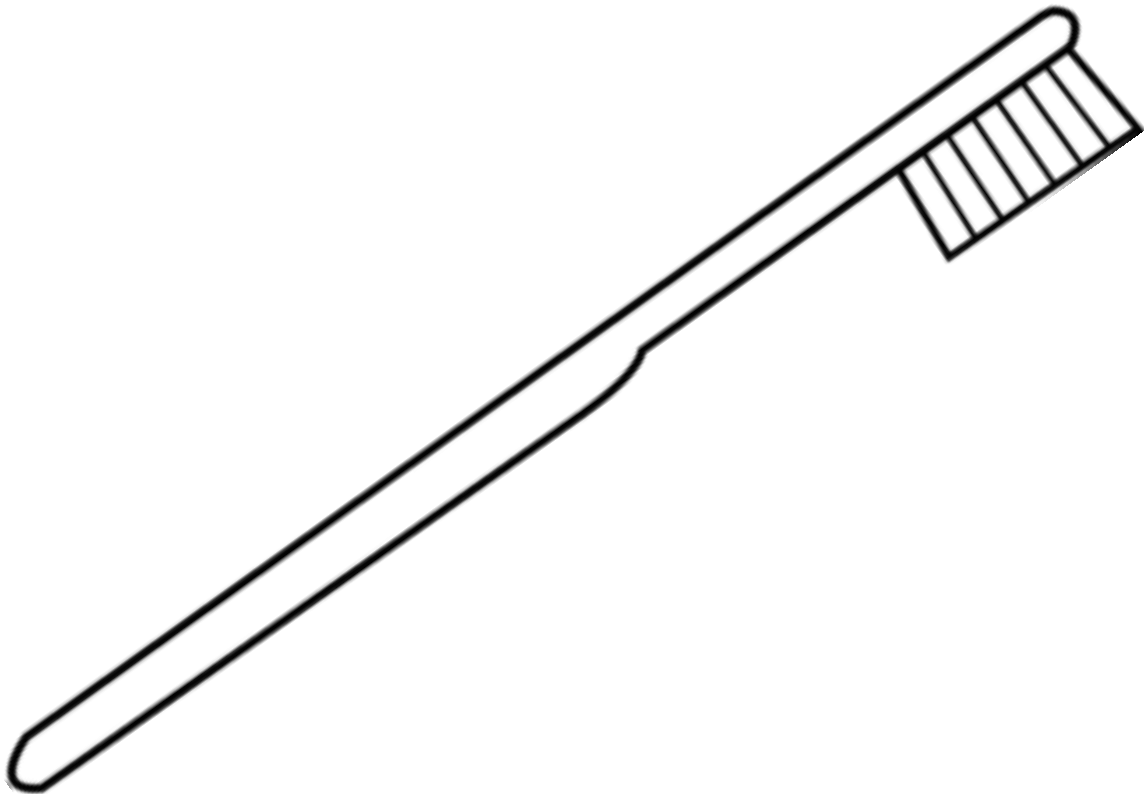
APPENDICES:

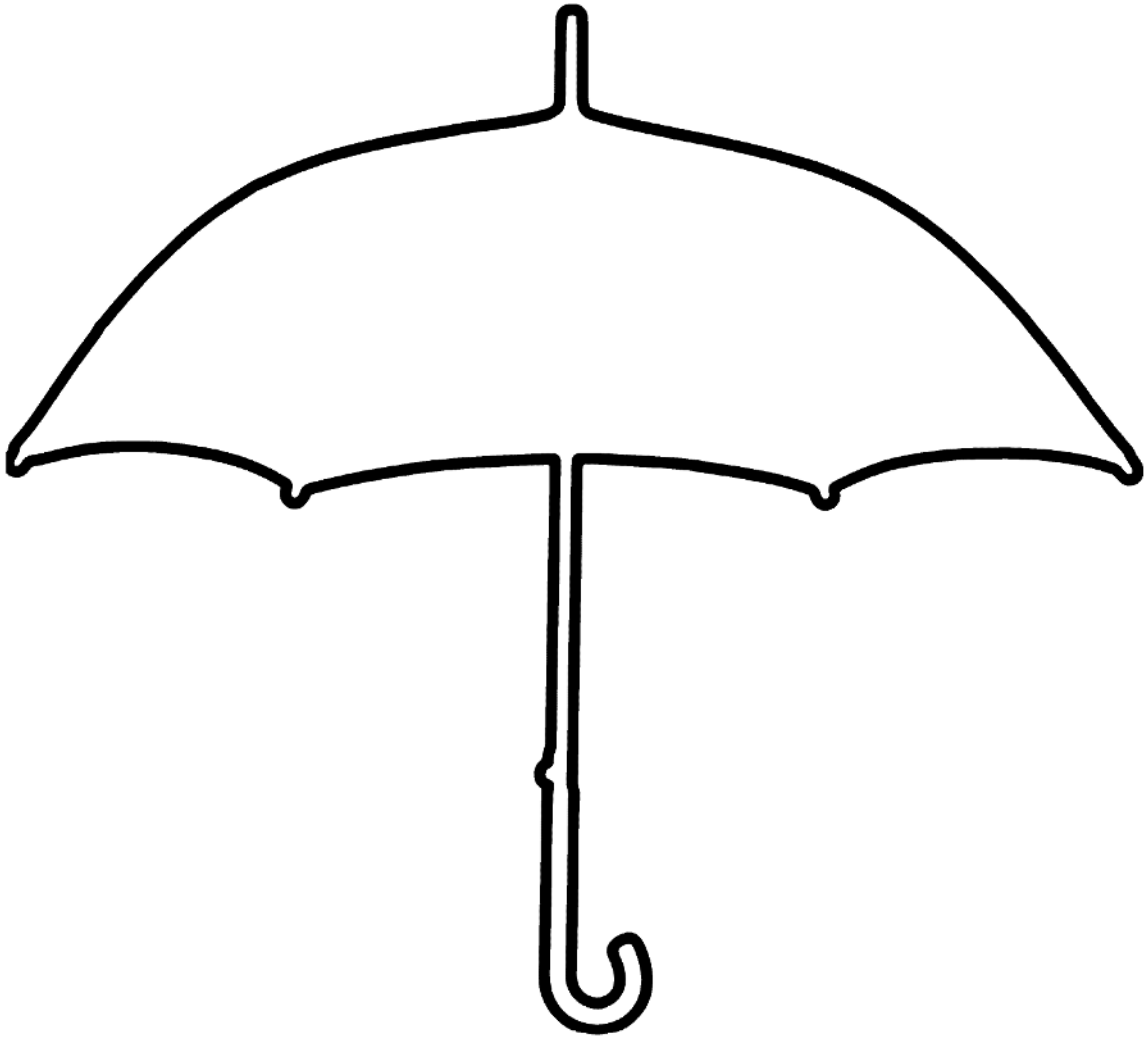
[Asya Gribov, Elective 2, Art & Mystery, Document 1](#)



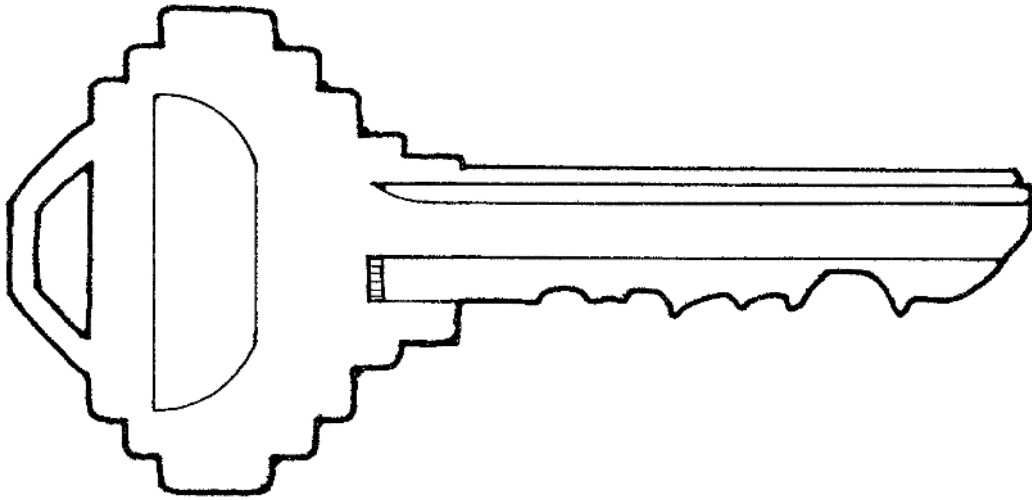


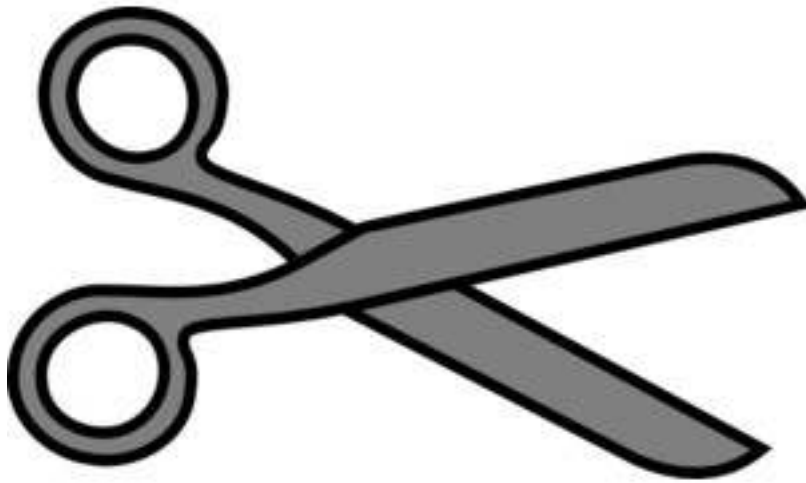


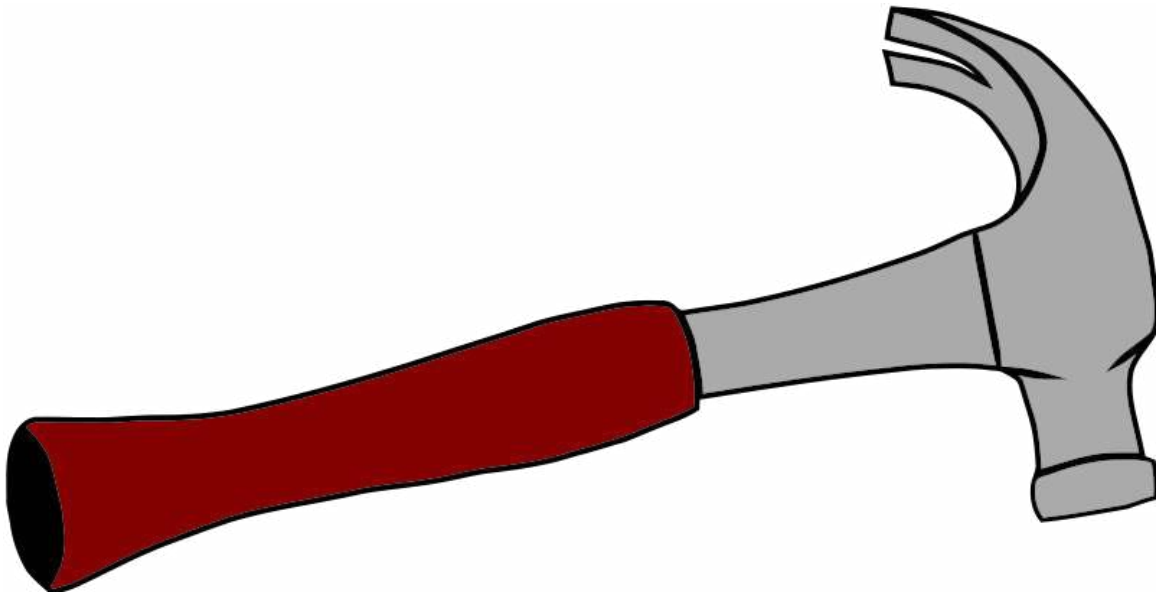


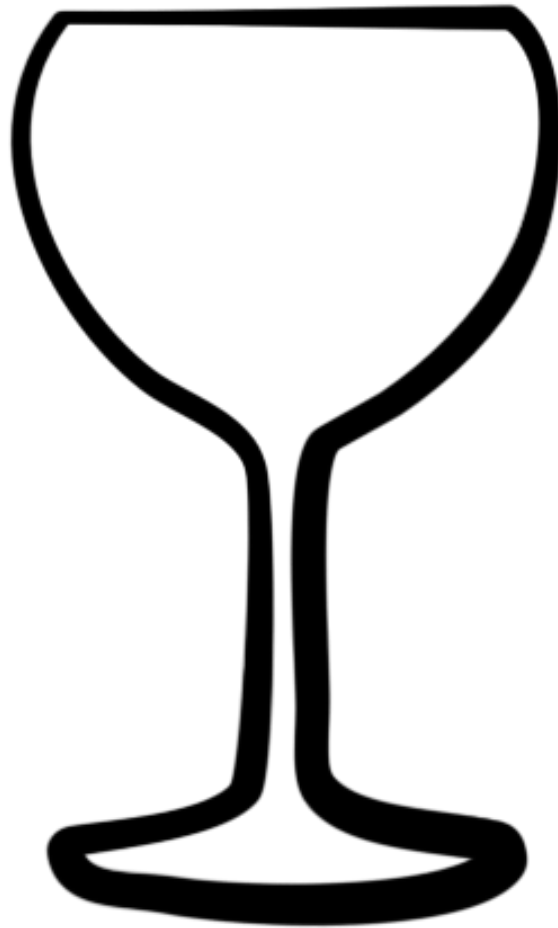


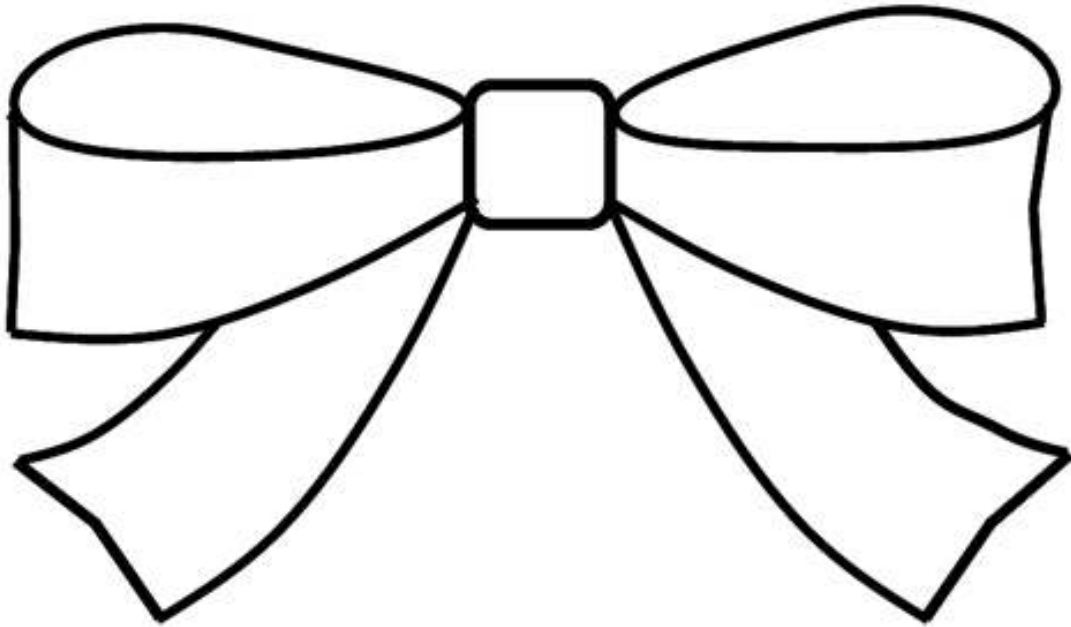












[Asya Gribov, Elective 2, Art & Mystery, Document 2](#)



Rene Magritte

Sky Bird, 1966



Marc Chagall

The Jacob's Dream, 1966



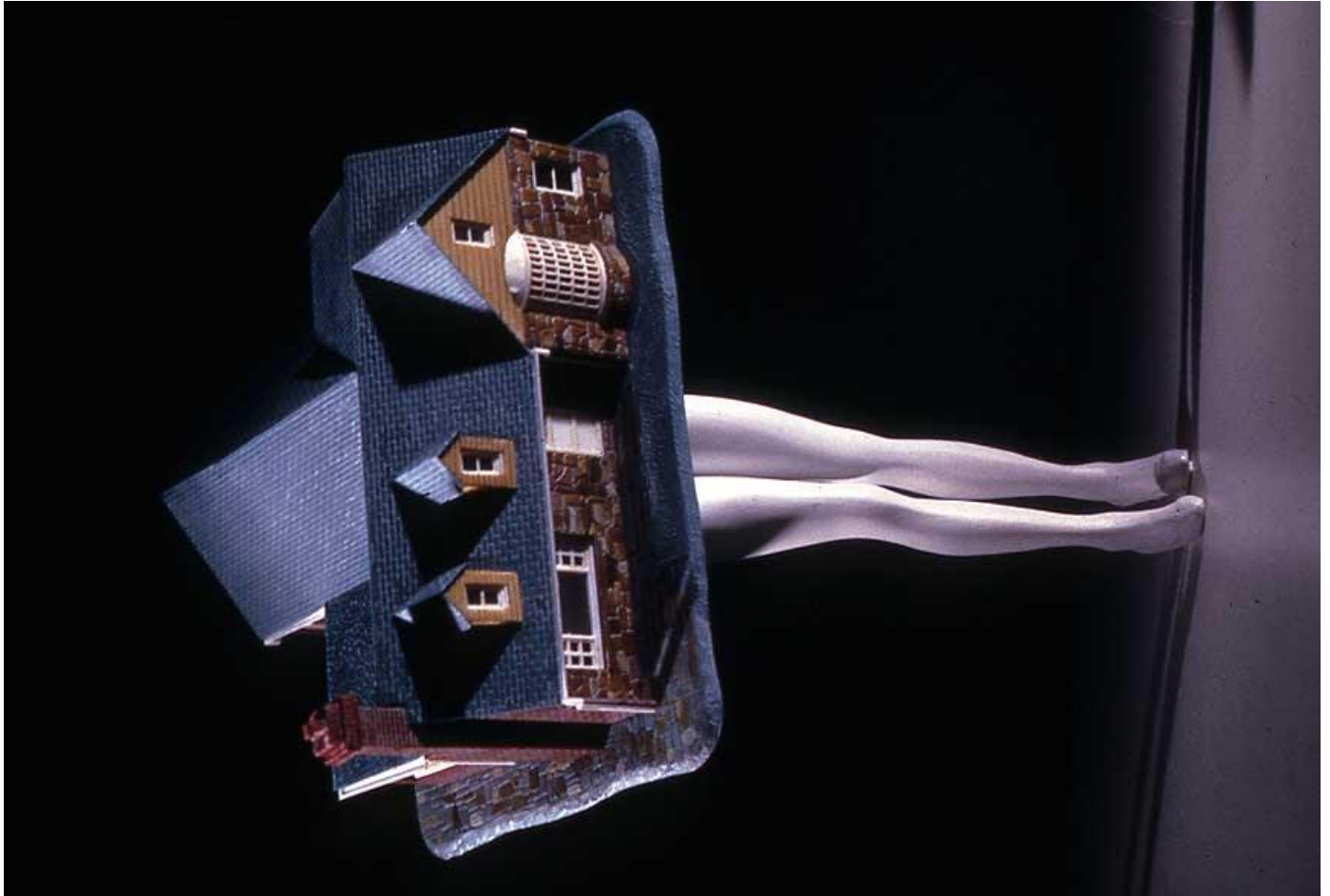
Marc Chagall

The Birthday, 1915



Max Ernst

The Elephant Celebes, 1921



Laurie Simmons

Walking House, 1989



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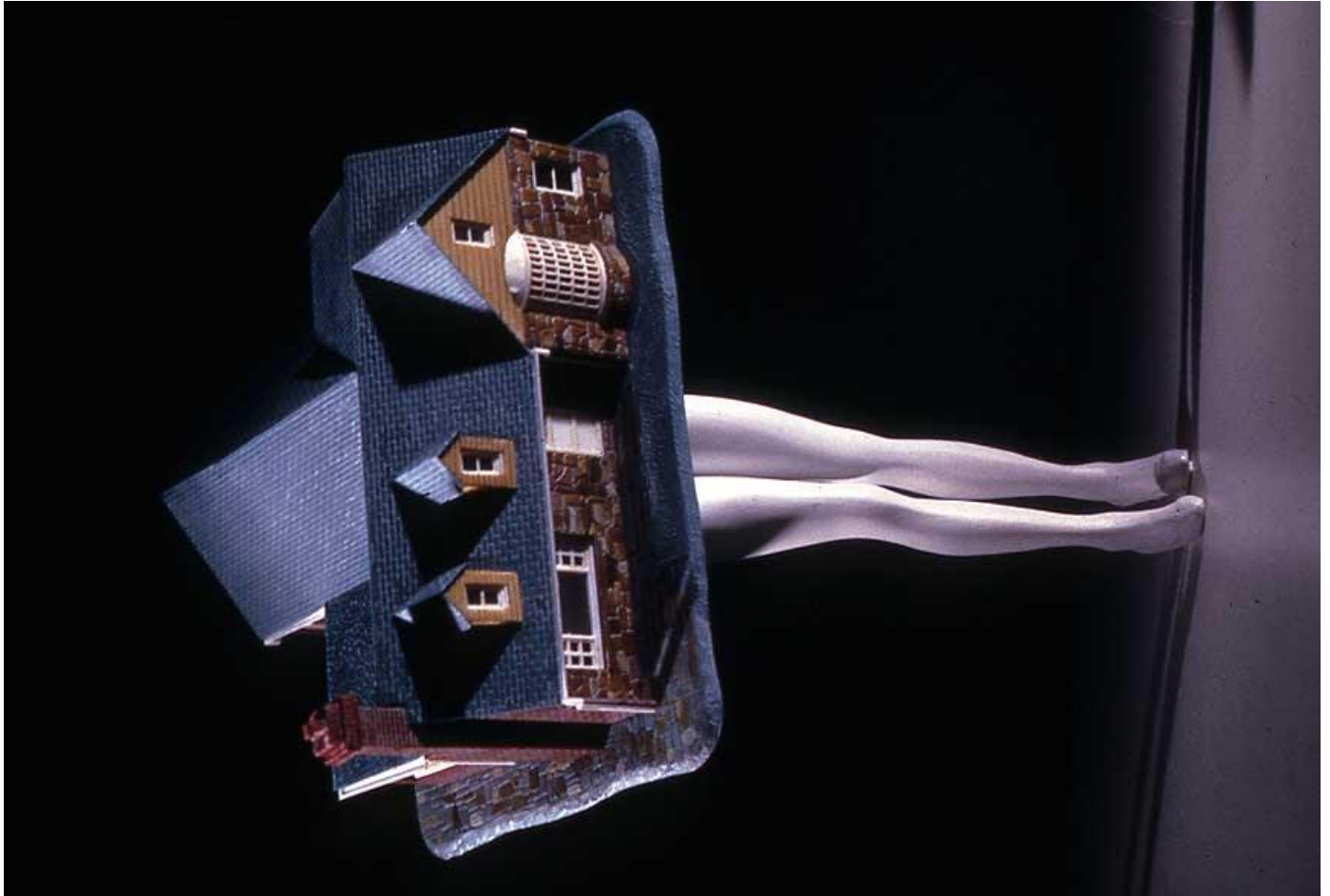
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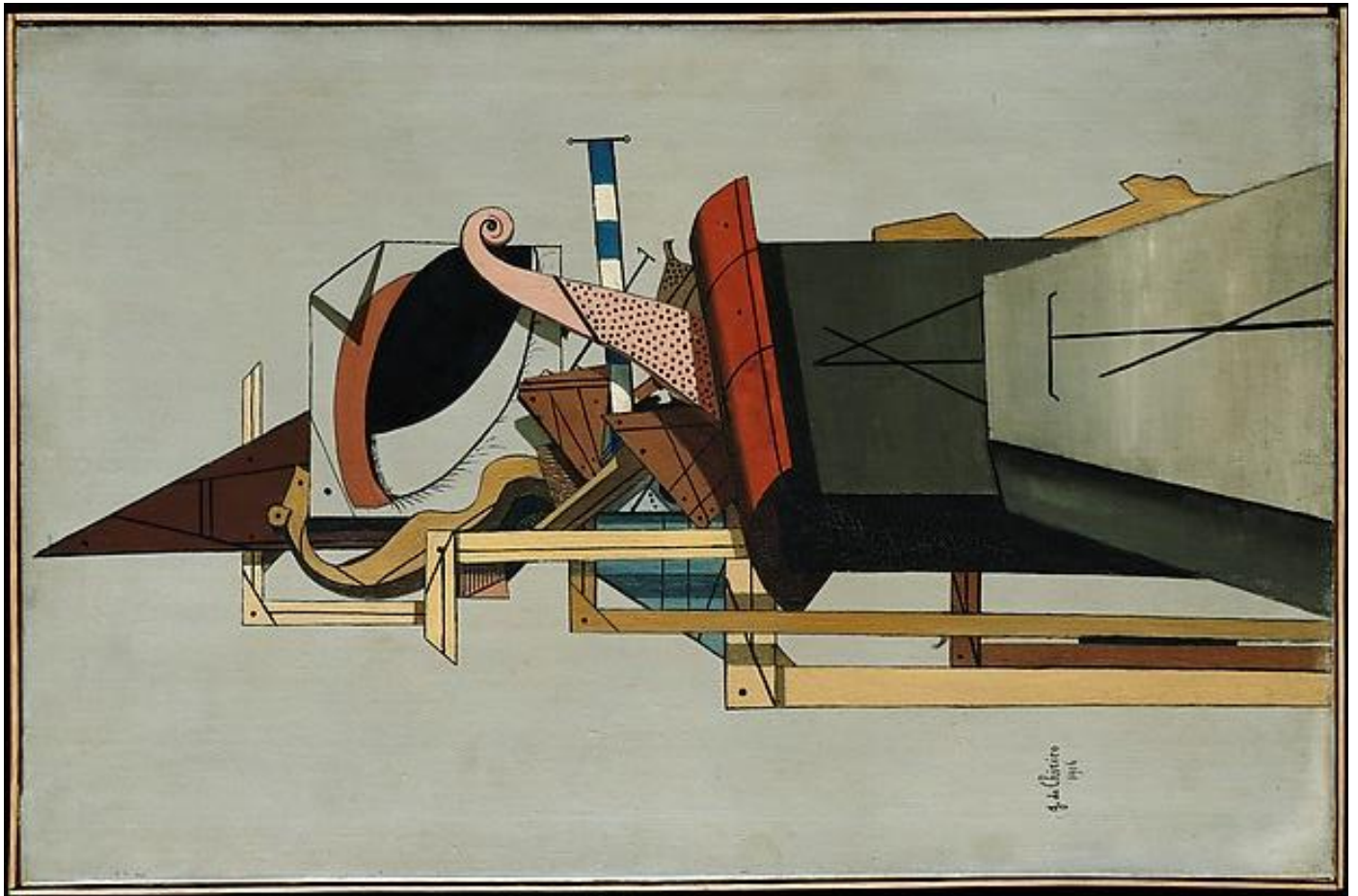


CORNERSTONE 2016 RESOURCE



Hieronymus Bosch

The Garden of Earthly Delights, 1490



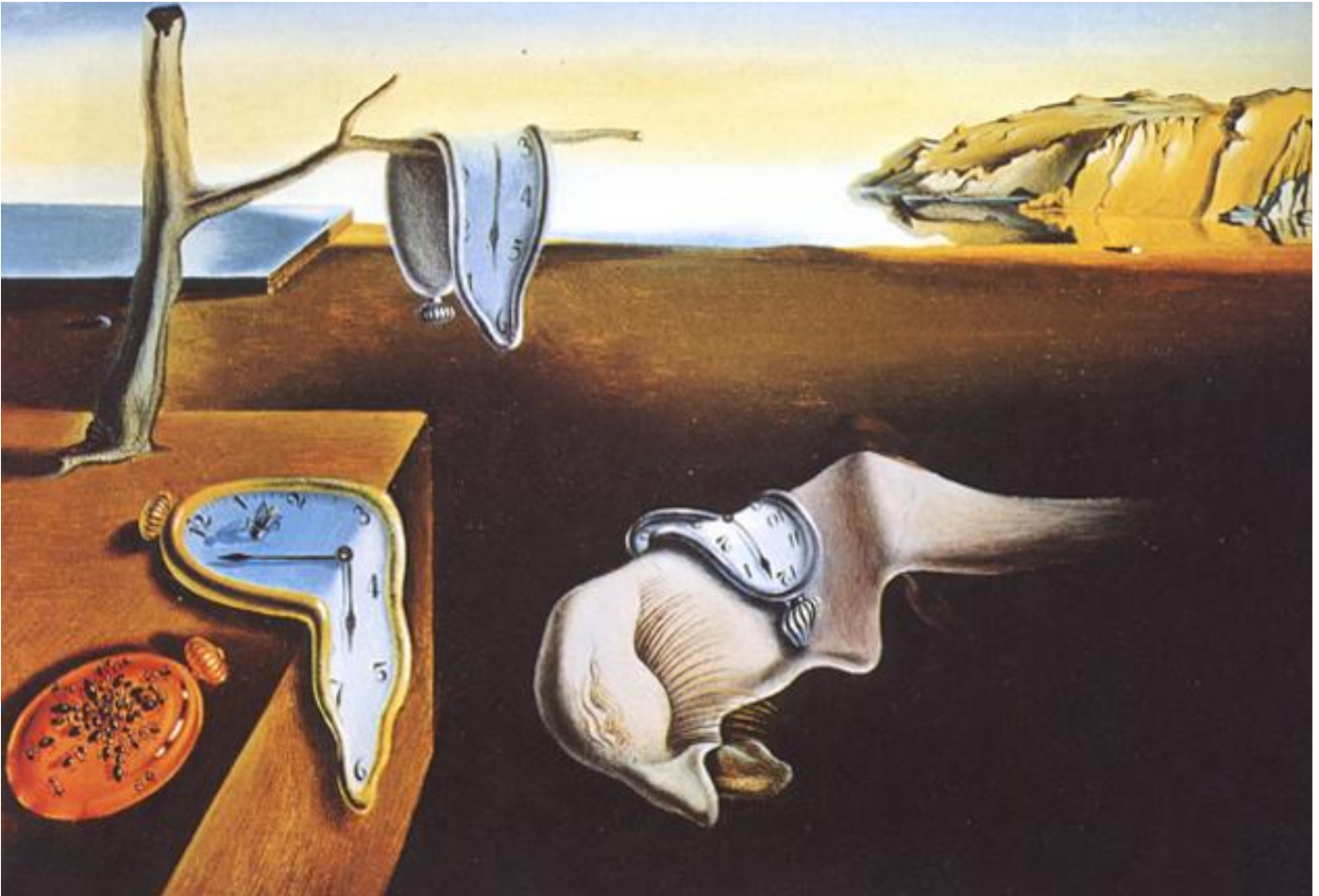
Giorgio de Chirico

The Jewish Angel, 1916



Laurie Simmons

Magnum Opus II (The Bye-Bye), 1991



Salvador Dali

The Persistence of Memory, 1931



Pieter Bruegel the Elder,
The Tower of Babel, 1563

“The most beautiful experience we can have is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion that stands at the cradle of true art and true science.”

- Albert Einstein

"IMAGINATION IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN KNOWLEDGE."

– Albert Einstein

"LOVE AND FANTASY GO HAND IN HAND"

- Marc Chagall

Don't use anything just because "that's how it always is."

- Edgar Keret

Surrealist Art Movement:

A movement in art and literature that flourished in the early twentieth century.

Surrealism aimed at expressing imaginative dreams and visions free from conscious rational control.

dictionary.reference.com/browse/surrealism

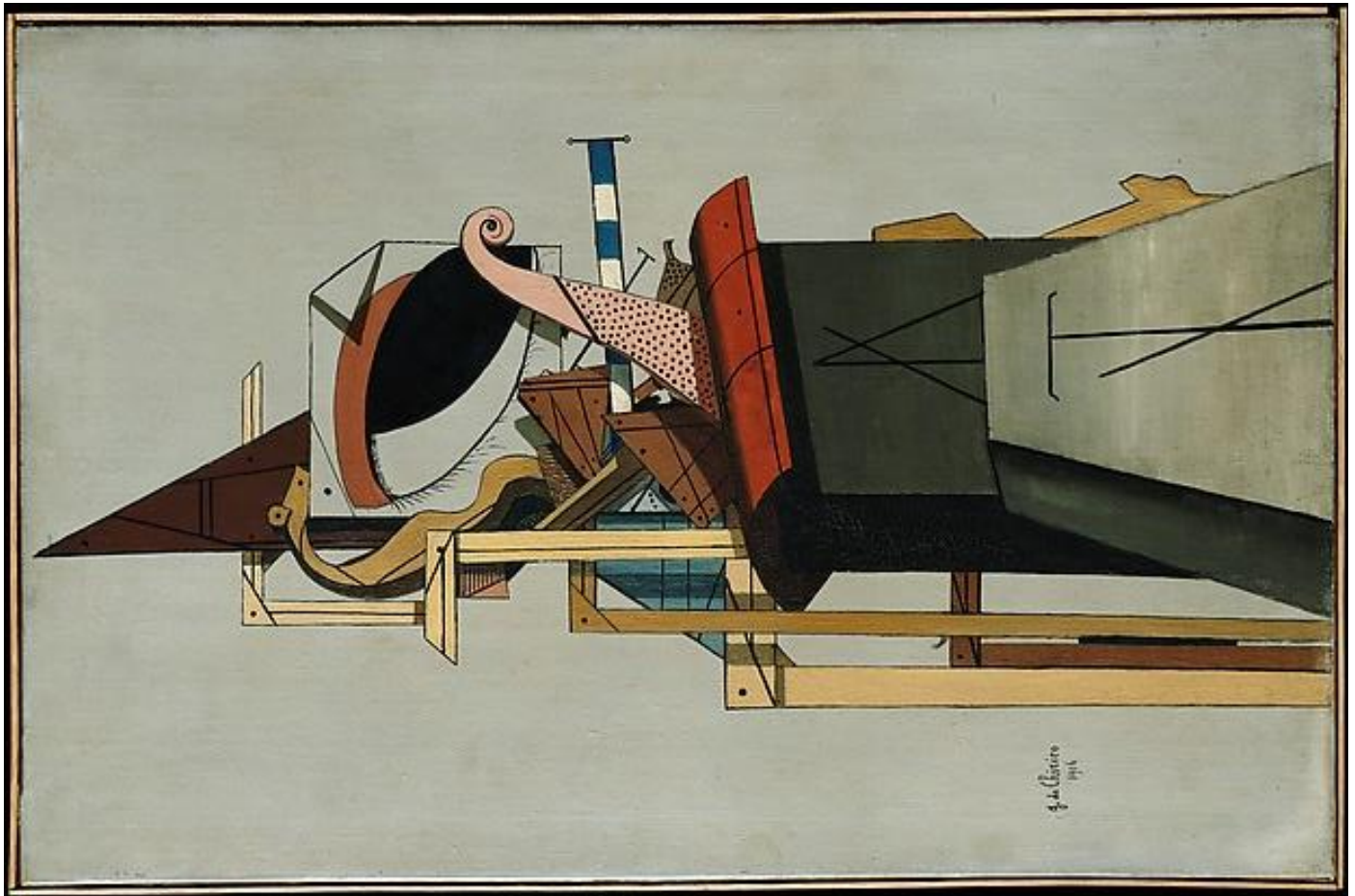
“I cannot make you understand. I cannot make anyone understand what is happening inside me. I cannot even explain it to myself.”

— Franz Kafka, *THE METAMORPHOSIS*



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The Garden of Earthly Delights, 1490



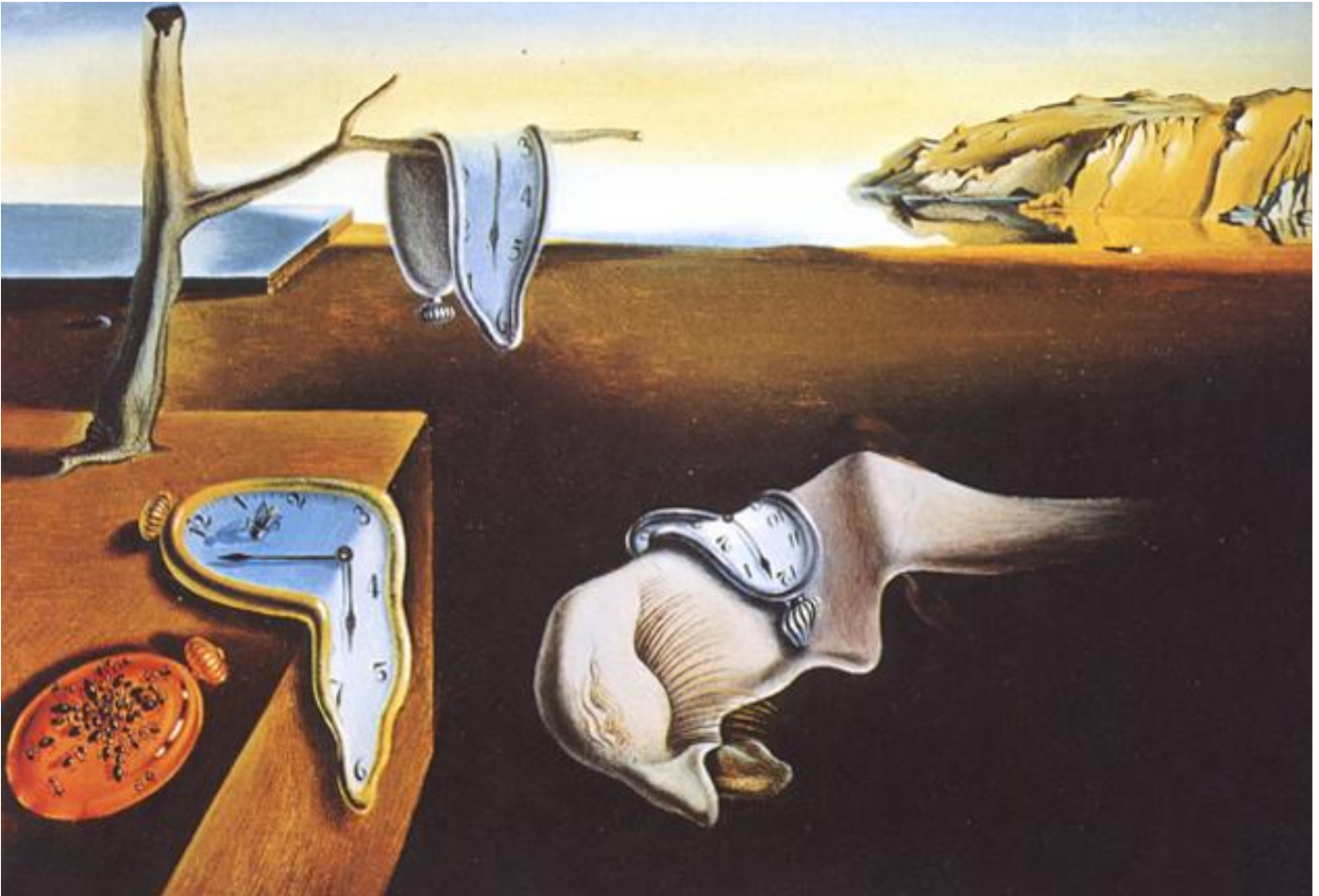
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[Asya Gribov, Elective 2, Art & Mystery, Document 3](#)

“Hole in the Wall” by Etgar Keret

On Bernadotte Avenue, right next to the Central Bus Station, there’s a hole in the wall. There used to be an ATM there once, but it broke or something, or else nobody ever used it, so the people from the bank came in a pickup and took it and never brought it back.

Somebody once told Udi that if you scream a wish into this hole it comes true, but Udi didn’t really buy that. The truth is that once, on his way home from the movies, he screamed into the hole in the wall that he wanted Ruth Rimalt to fall in love with him, and nothing happened. And once, when he was feeling really lonely, he screamed into the hole in the wall that he wanted to have an angel for a friend, and an angel really did show up right after that, but he was never much of a friend, and he’d always disappear just when Udi really needed him.

This angel was skinny and all stooped and he wore a trench coat the whole time to hide his wings. People in the street were sure he was a hunchback. Sometimes, when there were just the two of them, he’d take the coat off. Once he even let Udi touch the feathers on his wings. But when there was anyone else in the room, he always kept it on. Klein’s kids asked him once what he had under his coat, and he said it was a backpack full of books that didnt belong to him and that he didn’t want them to get wet.

Actually, he lied all the time. He told Udi such stories you could die: about places in heaven, about people who when they go to bed at night leave the keys in the ignition, abouts cats who aren’t afraid of anything and don’t even know the meaning of “scat.” The stories he made up were something else, and to top it all, he’d cross-his-heart-and-hope-to-die.

Udi was nuts about him and always tried hard to believe him. Even lent him some money a couple times when he was hard up. As for the angel, he didn’t do a thing to help Udi. He just talked and talked and talked, rambling off his harebrained stories. In the six years he knew him. Udi never saw him so much as rinse a glass.

When Udi was in basic training and really needed someone to talk to, the angel suddenly disappeared on him for two solid months. Then he came back with an unshaven, don't-ask-what-happened face. So Udi didn't ask, and on Saturday they sat around on the roof in their underpants just taking in the sun and feeling low. Udi looked at the other rooftops with the cable hookups and solar heaters and the sky. It occurred to him suddenly that in all their years together he'd never once seen the angel fly.

"How about flying around a little," he said to the angel. "It would make you feel better." And the angel said: "Forget it. What if someone sees me?"

"Be a sport," Udi nagged. "Just a little. For my sake." But the angel just made this disgusting noise from the inside of his mouth and shot a gob of spit and white phlegm at the tar-covered roof... "Never mind," Udi sulked. "I bet you don't know how to fly anyway."

"Sure I do," the angel shot back. "I just don't want people to see me, that's all."

On the roof across the way they saw some kids throwing a water bomb. "You know," Udi smiled. "Once, when I was little, before I met you, I used to come up here a lot and throw water bombs on people in the street below. I'd aim them into the space between the awning and the other one," he explained, bending over the railing and pointing down at the narrow gap between the awning over the grocery store and the one over the shoe store. "People would look up, and all they'd see was the awning. They wouldn't know where it was coming from."

The angel got up too and looked down into the street. He opened his mouth to say something. Suddenly, Udi gave him a little shove from behind, and the angel lost his balance. Udi was just fooling around. He didn't really mean to hurt the angel, just to make him fly a little, for laughs. But the angel dropped the whole five floors, like a sack of potatoes. Stunned, Udi watched him lying there on the sidewalk below. His whole body was completely still, except the wings, which were still fluttering a little, like when someone dies. That's when he finally understood that of all things the angel had told him, nothing was true. That he wasn't even an angel, just a liar with wings.

Asya Gribov, Elective 2, Art & Mystery, Document 4



CRAZY GLUE Etgar Keret

She said, 'Don't touch that.' 'What is it?' I asked. 'It's glue,' she said. 'Special glue. The best kind.' 'What did you buy it for?' 'Because I need it,' she said. 'A lot of things around here need gluing.' 'Nothing around here needs gluing,' I said. 'I wish I understood why you buy all this stuff.' 'For the same reason I married you,' she murmured. 'To help pass the time.' I didn't want to fight, so I kept quiet, and so did she. 'Is it any good, this glue?' I asked. She showed me the picture on the box, with this guy hanging upside-down from the ceiling.

'No glue can really make a person stick like that,' I said. 'They just took the picture upside-down. They must have put a lamp on the floor.' I took the box from her and peered at it. 'And there, look at the window. They didn't even bother to hang the blinds the other way. They're upside down, if he's really standing on the ceiling. Look,' I said again, pointing to the window. She didn't look. 'It's eight already,' I said. 'I've got to run.' I picked up my briefcase and kissed her on the cheek. 'I'll be back pretty late. I'm working—'

'Overtime,' she said. 'Yes, I know.' I called Abby from the office. 'I can't make it today,' I said. 'I've got to get home early.' 'Why?' Abby asked. 'Something happen?' 'No ... I mean, maybe. I think she suspects something.' There was a long silence. I could hear Abby's breathing on the other end. 'I don't see why you stay with her,' she whispered. 'You never do anything together. You don't even fight. I'll never understand it.' There was a pause, and then she repeated, 'I wish I understood.' She was crying. 'I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Abby. Listen, someone just came in,' I lied. 'I've got to hang up. I'll come over tomorrow. I promise. We'll talk about everything then.'

I got home early. I said 'Hi' as I walked in, but there was no reply. I went through all the rooms in the house. She wasn't in any of them. On the kitchen table I found the tube of glue, completely empty. I tried to move one of the chairs, to sit down. It didn't budge. I tried again. Not an inch. She'd glued it to the floor. The fridge wouldn't open. She'd glued it shut. I didn't understand what was happening, what would make her do such a thing. I didn't know where she was. I went into the living-room to call her mother's. I couldn't lift the receiver; she'd glued that too. I kicked the table and almost broke my toe. It didn't even budge. And then I heard her laughing. It was coming from somewhere above me. I looked up, and there she was, standing barefoot on the living room ceiling.

I stared openmouthed. When I found my voice I could only ask, 'What the hell... are you out of your mind?' She didn't answer, just smiled. Her smile seemed so natural, with her hanging upside-down like that, as if her lips were just stretching on their own by the sheer force of gravity.

'Don't worry, I'll get you down,' I said, hurrying to the shelf and grabbing the largest books. I made a tower of encyclopedia volumes and clambered on top of the pile.

'This may hurt a little,' I said, trying to keep my balance. She went on smiling. I pulled as hard as I could, but nothing happened. Carefully, I climbed down.

'Don't worry,' I said. 'I'll get the neighbours or something. I'll go next door and call for help.'

'Fine,' she laughed. 'I'm not going anywhere.'

I laughed too. She was so pretty, and so incongruous, hanging upside-down from the ceiling that way. With her long hair dangling downwards, and her breasts moulded like two perfect teardrops under her white T-shirt. So pretty. I climbed back up onto the pile of books and kissed her. I felt her tongue on mine. The books tumbled out from under my feet, but I stayed floating in midair, hanging just from her lips.

[Asya Gribov, Elective 2, Art & Mystery, Document 5](#)

The Metamorphosis

Franz Kafka , Chapter I

As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like brown belly divided into stiff arched segments on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his eyes.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the four familiar walls. Above the table on which a collection of cloth samples was unpacked and spread out-Samsa was a commercial traveler-hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Gregor's eyes turned next to the window, and the overcast sky-one could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked on! Traveling about day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual business in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant traveling, of worrying about train connections, the bed and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

He slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other commercials live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the hotel of a morning to write up the orders I've got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my chief; I'd be sacked on the spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my parents I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the chief is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my parents' debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my train goes at five.

Full version can be found on:

<http://www.online-literature.com/franz-kafka/metamorphosis/1/>