



Familiar stories  
*by* Neil Nenner

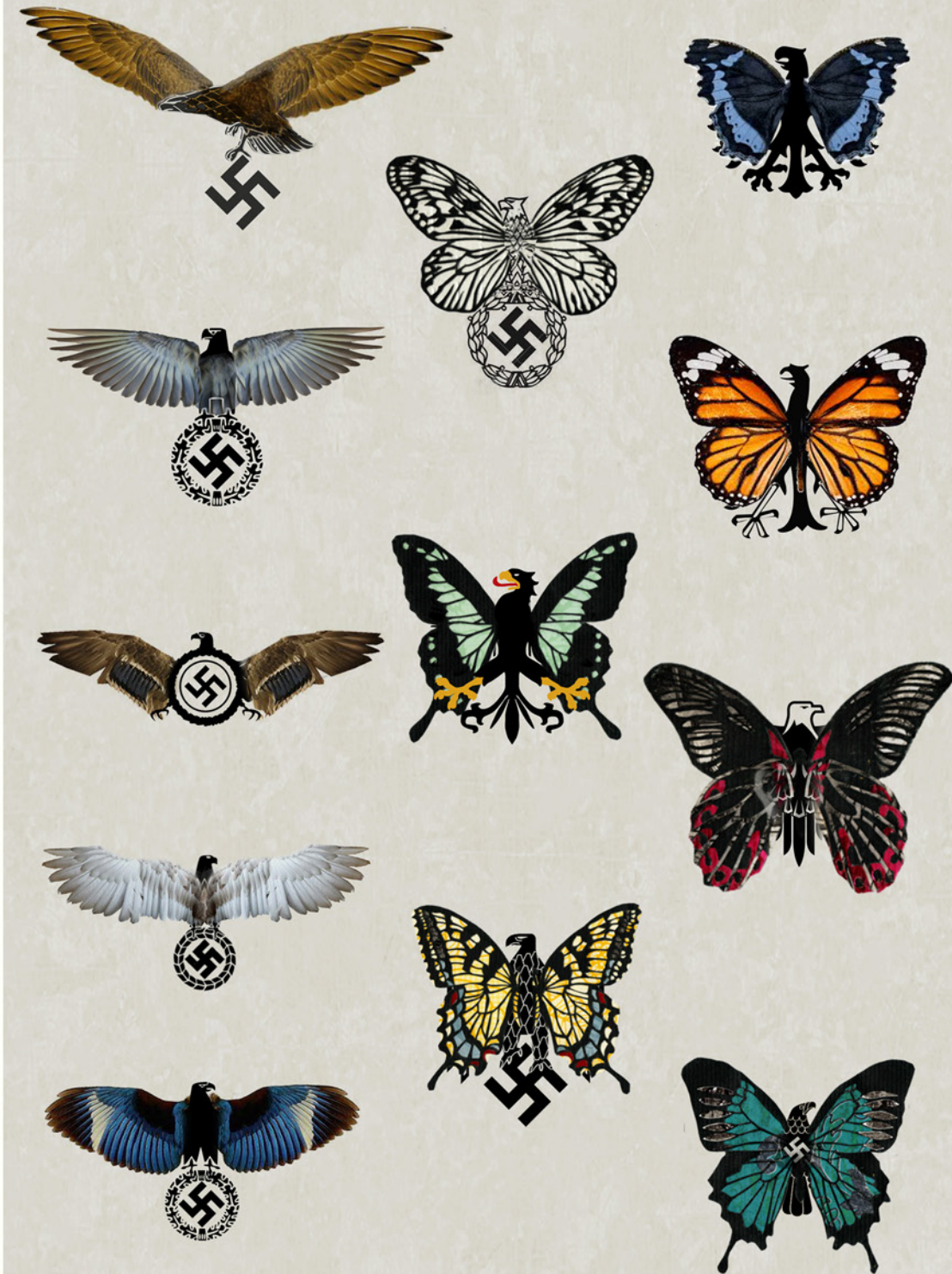
## Familiar stories | Neil Nenner

We all know the symbols of our national myths, they were always being made by artists and designers. It is very rare that we have a symbols representing our family myths, they are usually shape less and remain only to our imagination.

These images were created according to a different stories of my family mythology, they are a mix of privet values with well-known symbols.

Each family member tells the story a bit different and there are a lot of stories that where kept secret.

This graphic interpretation is one way to tell the story or maybe one way to tell many stories. It is both familiar and unfamiliar







One day, when he came to visit, my grandfather brought a grey Jako parrot named Yossiniu. He was my hero although he did not crash with Colombia space shuttle, nor did he wear a black eye patch. He survived The Second World War and 3 more wars but he used to be happy as far as I could see.

He volunteered with his brother to fight the Independence War at the day their refugee boat arrived at shore. After the war they went to the desert to build a city where it will never snow.

They built the city's first cinema, they called it "lights". Now the cinema is about to be destroyed.

The cinema's design was inspired by a famous church. In my family there is no god, we exchanged religion with family mythologies, and we believe in our own hands. This is one of the first things I was taught as a young boy. The male parrot found out to be a female, after he lay an egg, but he was still a male for us.















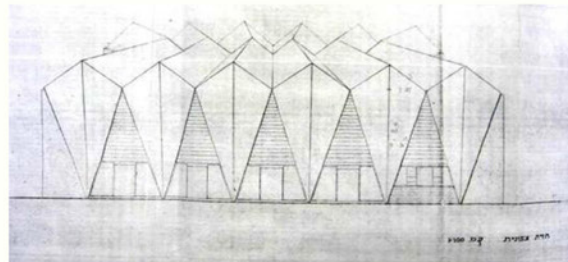






















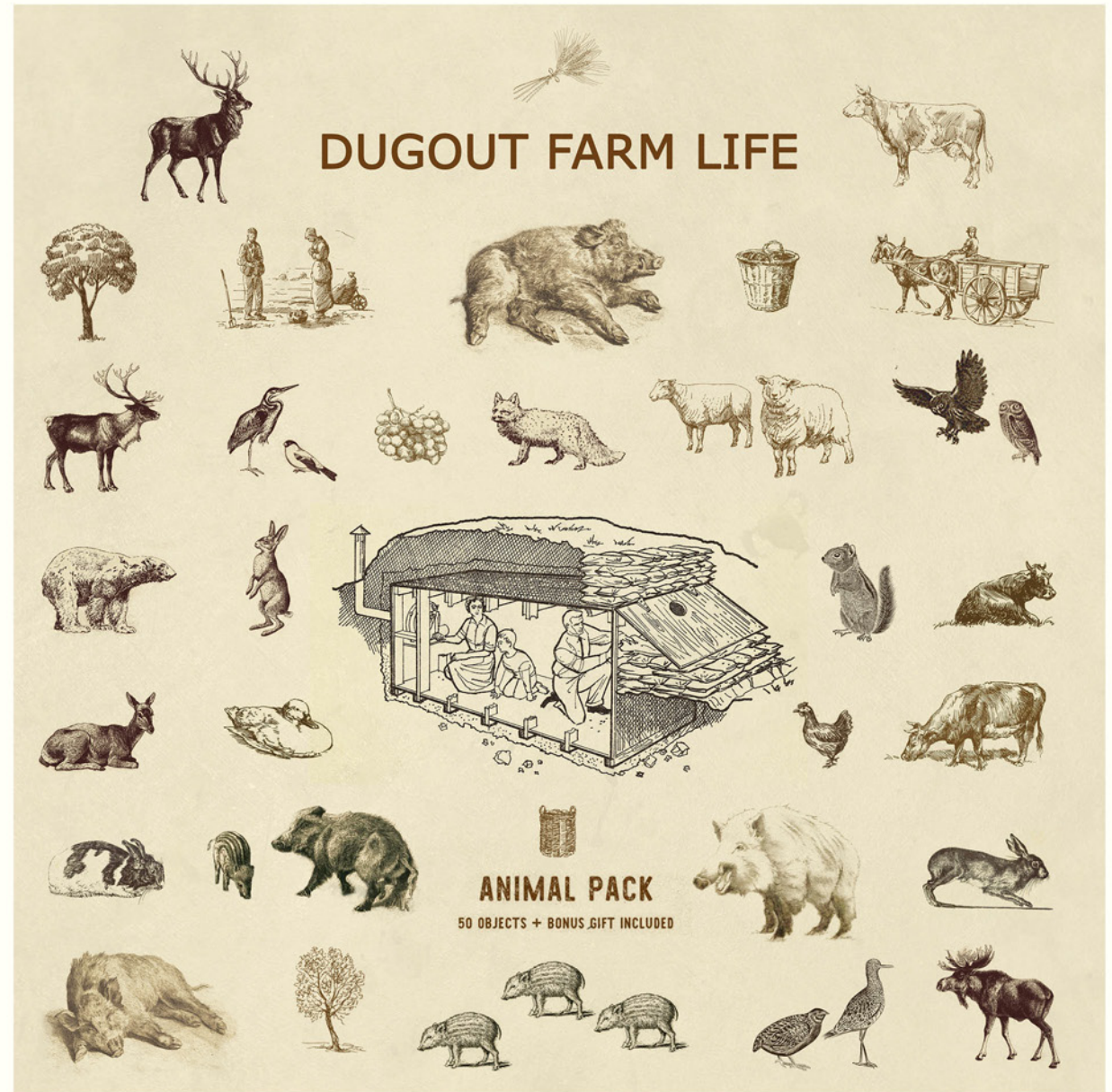
My grandmother died when I was young.  
She never talked about the snow.  
She escaped the concrete walls and the freezing cold.  
But she used to be happy as far as we could see.  
She and her sister kept their story to their graves.  
Before she died, Aunt Zeli told my mother that my  
Grandmother and her sister couldn't dig the snow  
To bury their father when he died at the camp.







My grandmother hide with the Partisans  
in the woods. She knew how to be patient,  
she knew how to dig into the ground.  
She knew 7 languages.  
When a wild boar with cubs surprised her  
she did not move and that's how she survived.





Familiar Stories was presented at May 2016  
During the event: State of design Berlin,  
It was a part of the exhibition Jerusalem  
Berlin Bridge, by M.A Program,  
Bezalel Academy of Arts.

