

Rest Mass

The forced and prolonged periods spent at home have led many artists to slow down, to abandon the grand gestures and narrow their work. Part of them turned to crafts, to easily available materials and tangible objects.

The energy propelling action usually moves in circles - from the hands to the mind, from the mind to the body, from the body to the home, from the home to the outside, and again. Then there's a time of rest, and with it comes the rest mass. The mass is directed outward, towards the gravity of objects and their physical presence in space. The rest is directed inward and yearns to release control and surrender to a familiar form whose source remains slightly out of reach, neither clearly identifiable nor comprehensible.

The works on display in the exhibition propose to linger (perhaps as a form of compromise) on the border between the visible and the wavering shadow. They 'stretch out their arms' in a twofold motion, towards consciousness. One moment they seem homely and closeby, bare and steady, and the next they flicker and dwindle until they nearly disappear. Like in a déjà vu scene, where a deceptive and elusive sight drawn from the brain's storage begins to erode sensory regulation. It is a private, almost secret occurrence, unknown to the surroundings of whoever experiences it. It crops up suddenly like an additional layer of the present or a surplus unit of time. It happens smoothly and quietly like the blink of an eye. It is almost known, almost familiar.

Itzik Gil Avizohar's sound work sprawls unevenly through the gallery space. Raw materials recorded in the domestic space have turned into an instrumental and undomestic riddle,

creating a sense of déjà entendu. 'Familiar' sounds lose their familiar sense once taken out of their context and territory. The soundtrack functions like an archaeological well of sound fragments that invoke virtual images (washing dishes, flushing a toilet, dragging a chair, etc.). In the midst of this abstract sound happening, Avizohar has used a curtain to delineate a gallery space in which a change occurs in the auditory experience and in the relation between the physical body and the sounds surrounding it. Fragments of memories from the past surface into the present and signal their existence, just before they too, will swiftly retreat into the past.

Piles of waste, cluttered monuments that reality has carved along its margins are reappropriated by **Pollyanna Or** and integrated into the artist's material and visual index. Events and occurrences drawn from the artist's everyday life solidify into a bodily presence in space. Yesterday's night, a morning started on the wrong foot, aimless wanderings in the streets, cross paths with the belongings of both the artist and passers-by. It is as though Or is playing a game of road signs throughout the streets with everyone and everything. A road that splits endlessly, where the artist is both the collector and the one being collected; the marker and the one being marked.

Visiting an exhibition is an event with seemingly clear rules and predetermined roles. **Tamir Erlich** seeks to reveal the violent potential underlying the elementary relationship between space, object, artist and viewer; to be there in the moment before it unfolds.

'Riot in The Gallery' is a relief in the spirit of classical epic reliefs, depicting a scene from an exhibition visit. While choices of technique and composition are based on

ancient traditions, the work's contemporary attributes produce an ironic, cartoony, anti-heroic and anti-monumental shift. They allow visitors to identify themselves and perhaps even to wish they could enter the relief as though into a photo-booth. All of a sudden, the antiquated scene is reawakened and reproduced within a contemporary one, through the viewer's body and/or consciousness.

A green figure with long and slender limbs strives to live on the water. **Nina Traub** places her in a cramped wasteland. To smell the trees, to surrender to the wind. She seeks to speak in long sentences, to release the jaw, to loosen the grip. To be like the sea, like a tree. To faint on a mountain. The mountain and the figure become one. The mountain supports her like an enormous father, like a nest or a house. She leans over the mountain as if she was his mother, as if the mountain was the fruit of her loins.

A liminal moment is frozen into a sculpture. The loss of consciousness, lasting just a few seconds "as long as eternity", is forever petrified into a hug.

Naama Lindenbaum sculpts miniature figures out of soft white chalk(*) collected from the nature around her home. At their side is a group of drawings-paintings infused with a reddish-pink pigment that forms the epidermis of the paper. Both pale and blushful, the works have a narrative that emerges through the erasure of the layer of paint.

Through the double act of revealing and subtracting from the mass of material, Lindenbaum calls for a series of encounters between flesh and air.

(*) A soft, white and porous sedimentary rock similar to limestone.

Tamara Strano magnetizes the gaze with her monochromatic embroidered paintings. The image, form and meaning all arise through a slow and close contemplation of the works. The repetitive action of embroidering allows one to descend into a state of inner contemplation that mirrors the physical action of embroidering. Concreteness loosens its grip and gives in to abstraction, and vice versa – a picture emerges out of slackness. Limpid for just a moment, the images emerging from the works seem to suddenly unravel and blur, as if disintegrating into shadows.

Kobi Amiel's sculpture, photography and video are minor etudes tiptoeing quietly, leaving behind a faint echo. "Nothing" created from "something", concreteness turned abstraction. Sometimes, "something" can also change shape and hold both at once. Amiel's deceitful and amusing objects-sculptures entertain a double identity. The thing, anything, seeks to make its way back to its own very beginning. Yet at the same time, it is stamped by its own definition and identification that determine its meaning, its movement. Amiel adds another layer to the Duchampian act, and shows that the disclosure of a source is twofold - life on one hand, death on the other.