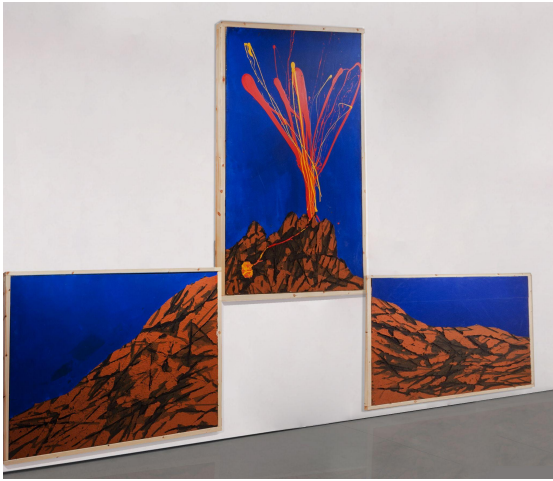


## Yonatan Ullman - expanded text about 'FORCE' 2008-2010



**Yonatan Ullman, The Head cluster (from FORCE), 2008,  
industrial paint on plywood, 217 x 161 cm (each)**

In the beginning red and yellow volcanic colors stir inside.

The pressure from this slowly builds up.

Gradually, it digs toward the surface.

When this pressure can no longer be contained, it erupts.

It shoots up toward the cool blue sky.

red and yellow mix with blue to form shades of brown.

The lava gradually solidifies and falls to the ground.

There' it forms layers upon layers of matter.

When seen from afar one can make out the outline of this mountain terrain

to resemble that of the outline of Yonatan Ullman's own face in profile.

Thus, the tunnel connects between the portion of his head that contains his brain

With that of his mouth - from there the lava shoots out.

Could this entire sequence be happening inside his own head?



**Yonatan Ullman, The Heart Cluster (from FORCE), 2009**  
**Industrial paint on canvas, 192x132 (each)**

Like a working heart, the lava is continuously absorbed from the mountain - a set of three pistons inside of three Cylinders process and refine the lava. (each cylinder is the same exact same shape and same size as the cans of paint that were used to create these works).

Finally, the pure lava rotates through a set of tunnels via giant freight trains.



**Yonatan Ullman, The Left Hand Cluster (from FORCE), 2009-2010**

**Industrial paint on canvas, 192x192 (each)**

Hard-edge, geometric shapes painted in primary and complementary colors -  
form the images of industrial vehicles.

These continue the process -

An oil truck absorbs the purified volcanic substance from the tunnels.

A tractor pushes away all the messy layers of paint in order to clear a pure white area.

A cement mixer stirs the purified substance,  
and spits it out toward the clear white ground.



**Yonatan Ullman, The Right Hand Cluster (from FORCE), 2010**

**Industrial paint on canvas, 192x132 cm, 132x192 cm, 132x132cm, 192x132cm**

A dump truck emerges from the ground.

It dumps the shattered layers of paint into a huge purple asphalt thrower.

Sucking, scrapping, clearing, mixing, molding, tearing, spilling...

Gradually, the raw volcanic substance is processed.

At the end of this entire sequence nothing is left but clear blue skies.

Is creation bound to end in absence?