

EMPIRE



Yonatan Ullman יונתן אולמן
Solo Exhibition תערוכת יחיד

What is this show about?

I don't know what to tell you, it's my life story.

It's really not about anything.

What is life about anyways?

One is born, and I guess that's where it really starts, no?

So, maybe this show is about that.

It is, after all, my first show.

So, in a way this is about me.

Here is me being born, right?

and... that's me being born,

and... that one over there, that's also me being born...

They are all me being born.

My grandfather died last year.

He was a good man.

The best.

No one else like him, and he died.

Didn't even make it to my wedding....

Oh well, maybe it was enough for him to know that I will be getting married.



Yonatan Ullman, Perfect lovers, still from looped video, duration: 130 seconds

Not too long before that my aunt died.

Perfectly healthy woman goes to the hospital one day for a routine check up.

After hours of endless waiting this same woman loses her temper, and demands to know why her results are taking so long?

The doctor turns around to her and says:

"What do you want me to tell you?!"

That you have severe cancer and we don't know how to break it to you?!"

Woman takes a deep breath, thanks the kind doctor and leaves.

Jesus, you think that doctors would learn how to tell a woman something like that in doctor school, or wherever it is that they go to get their degree...

So anyway, back to my aunt...

without saying a bad word she battles cancer all she can,

but three months later she is gone,

not before she translated some German poem to Hebrew that is this guy yelling at god.

Next thing I know I'm the last person, along with my dad, to see her.

You see there are these logistics with dying.

Before they put you in the ground and shit,

someone has to look at your dead face and confirm that you are really you.

So, my dad didn't want to go alone - poor guy, loved his sister so much -

so I came with him.

He invited me to come in the room and have that last look with him, so I did it.

I tell you, that is some crazy shit looking at your dead aunt when she is dead.

Never forget that.

But where were we?

Oh yeah with the show, you were asking me what it's about?

It's obviously about death.

All these dead objects, just sitting there all covered in sugar, refusing to go away.

Their little bodies being stubborn.

See, that one is dead, and that one is dead and that one is certainly dead.

Or, maybe it's about culture.

Maybe it's about having too much.

Maybe it's about never having enough.

Maybe it's about artists - Damien Hirst, Sigalit Landau, Urs Fischer, Gal Vinstein, Haim Steinbach, Gidon Gechtman, Hans Hacke...

Or, maybe it isn't about any of those, and it's just something of its own.

Maybe time doesn't apply to it the same way that it does to other things.

Oh yeah, my show is certainly about time.

Time it took to make it,

time that you take seeing it,

and time long, long after, and long, long after that when this work ceases to be.