



### **Avi Schneebaum**

Yonatan Ullman embeds objects inside translucent plastic tubes. Somewhat reminiscent of huge test-tubes from a sci-fi movie, these objects now float in semi-preserving sugary substances, or above mundane liquids (mouthwash or juice concentrate). The resulting chemical reaction causes illusive relations between the objects and liquids. The objects, charged with personal or collective meanings, chemically and mentally evade our normal perception of them. As if floating on a cloud or in a realm where normal physics don't apply, these objects now await a viewer.

Ullman's conservation isn't a scientific practice. Rather, his preservation presents the motivations behind any attempt to preserve anything. It thus demonstrates that preservation, rather than bringing time to a complete halt, opens an uncanny void where time slowly crawls. Ullman's exhibition confronts the viewer with an entire arsenal of relationships with time. These bite into the viewer's body pulling at him back and forth in a terrifyingly tangible rhythm. These rhythms evolve separately but coexist simultaneously: from the almost frozen state in which the objects now exist, to the slow flow of the sugary substance in which they float, from the viewer's slow and careful footsteps walking through the exhibition, to the haste in which they perceive the visual stimulations in it.

A miniature universe with rules of its own forms inside each cylinder tube. An object, or meeting between two objects, stands at the core of each universe - A triangular piece of watermelon impaled on a razor sharp knife. A hornet stunned to meet its own reflection in a shattered mirror floats above gallons of neon green mouthwash. The form of a palm cut from a melon's shell, or a beet that looks more like a brain, floats above lush red raspberry juice concentrate... These little pockets of organic and technological existence serve as silenced evidence. A conservation project that echoes apocalyptic scripts or a refuted heritage that attempts to transform our existing reality into one we have yet to imagine. These are coordinates on a much larger map of endless potency and conflicts. Constantly threatening to fall apart while calmly suspended in a seemingly sterile and aesthetic state.

This isn't another show where, waiting to be judged, objects hang at an average male viewer's eye-level. Rather this exhibition proposes an active-reflective response. Each viewer forms his own path through the exhibition. As each viewer progresses the height of each tube demands: gaze up! Kneel! Stare forward! With each step, like sand on an imaginary beach taken from a children's novel that was never written, the crystalized sugar that makes up the very floor he walks on crushes beneath his feet creating a minute echoing sound. Thus as each viewer wanders through the exhibition, as if confined to an unwritten contract, he drags with him wake from the reality outside, human memories, more traces of time past. In a known chronicle of annihilation and conservation these traces slowly stack. Empires. Dust.