

MULTIPOLARITY

Reuven Israel

FRIDMAN GALLERY

Three Sections For Reuven Israel

Gregory Volk

Every now and then, work by an artist with whom one is largely unfamiliar proves instantaneously startling, cathartic, and altogether compelling: it stops you in your tracks. You've never encountered anything quite like this before and you recognize that this work arises from a questing, sharply idiosyncratic sensibility; such renovating experiences, of course, are to be cherished. That's exactly what happened with me when I visited Reuven Israel in his Brooklyn studio for the first time, and encountered his new sculptures. For each work, rudimentary (but also decidedly quirky), monochromatic, geometric forms—and more on this in a minute—are fitted on a thin copper pole. Many of these works were still in process when I visited for the first time, but some were finished, for instance SBM5. Three objects—a gray-bronze bar with rounded edges (it looks like a machine part, or some sort of product), a curving red form perhaps suggestive of Islamic architectural ornamentation, and a knobbed white structure with two disks and two interlocking ovals, that might connect with the patterns and motion of subatomic particles—are clustered on the copper pole. I was riveted by this hyper-precise sculpture with a machine made look. While austere, it is also lush and vibrational and has a distinct air of the marvelous. Not exactly abstract, but also not exactly representational, this sculpture is peculiarly communicative and also seems suffused with potent, invisible energies, with matters of the inner life, including keen thoughts and emotions, and with questions of our relationship with the world, nature, society, technology, history, and the cosmos; this may well be the case with all of Israel's new works. In a recent interview released on the Louisiana (Denmark) internet channel, Richard Tuttle (an intensely poetic artist, and a post-minimal precursor to Israel) speculates about his motivations and art altogether, and mentions that Goya, late in his career, was, in fact, “creating... an extraordinary invisibility,” meaning the psychological and emotional makeup of his paintings, all the inner life they evince. Tuttle goes on to declare that, “Art is, of course, an accounting of the visible world. But it is equally an accounting of the invisible world.” This, it seems to me, is very close to what Israel is up to, with concrete, acutely visual works that also deal in invisibility, and evoke complex states of being: combinations of grace and ungainliness, belongingness and dislocation, enthusiasm and unease.

Also finished SBMLD1, laid out, at the time, on a black table. Multicolored and multi-shaped, while still spare and minimal, it is a wonderfully eccentric sculpture, at once matter-of-fact and frankly spectacular. On the copper pole, a pink ball abuts a shiny, dark gray disk and a yellow disk with two roughly fan-shaped openings. There is something whimsical and playful about the pink ball, something ominous and severe about the gray and yellow disks, which hint at the scary international sign for a radiation hazard. In the middle is a brown rectangle with rounded edges, open to reveal a gleaming section of copper pole; the delicate interplay of dark and bright, barriers and entrances is entrancing. Next is a narrow hexagon—shiny, polished, and colored metallic blue, and it seems to come straight from science fiction. Then there is a silver disk, with a smaller silver disk attached to its middle, and a white knob or handle, which looks like a found object made of porcelain, but isn't. Diverse, even jarring shapes and clashing colors cohere in a sculpture that doesn't seem fractious at all, but instead is exquisitely unified, even perfect, and that also has a mysterious, almost talismanic power.

While right before me, with its alluring shapes and colors, textures and materials, what also got to me about this sculpture is how it is so protean and elusive—a quality, incidentally, all of Israel's new sculptures share. This work is primarily a system of more or less basic geometric shapes and monochrome colors, but it's also got an outlandish shish kebab look: meat and vegetables (so to speak) impaled on a skewer. It resembles (very loosely) a wacky, freakish barbell, but equally functions as a robust three-dimensional abstract painting. Look at it one way and it suggests some sort of tool or device that you can't quite place, but that seems vaguely

familiar. Look at it in another way and it suggests an interior component in some high tech machine: a device inside the CERN Particle Accelerator on the border between Switzerland and France, for example, or in a space station of the future three or four centuries from now. Reuven Israel, as I've come to know, excels at meticulous, exquisitely crafted sculptures that are chock-full of fleet ideas, and suffused with multiple associations and connotations. While this work is a sculpture, pure and simple, and destined to be exhibited in the gallery, you can easily imagine it orbiting some distant moon or planet in deep space, tuning in to special frequencies and gathering cosmic data. Perhaps it is also linked (once again very loosely) to magnified images of DNA strands. Maybe it is a strange, hybrid version of sacred or devotional art: a devotional object from a religion that hasn't yet been invented. You approach it with curiosity and interest, but also wonderment and delight.

Because this sculpture is at once so overt and so inscrutable, it invites and rewards really patient, really open viewing. There are some sculptures (many actually) that you want to look at, deeply and intently, and this is satisfying. There are others that you want to look at, deeply and intently, and also be with, at length, maybe for a good, long while, maybe for hours and hours, because they are so compelling, but also especially generous, and this is such a sculpture. Here is one thing I do know: Reuven Israel's sculptures tend (if you let them) to insinuate themselves beyond the rational mind into layers and depths of the psyche, where the mysteries are. In the same interview that I mentioned, Richard Tuttle—an absolute master of multivalent simplicities—declares that what he is interested in art is, “food for your inner life.” In Reuven Israel's studio, during our very



SBM5, 2013
Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF
96 x 19 x 19 in
Courtesy of Braverman Gallery, Tel Aviv

Detail: **LBH**, 2014
Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF and wood
96 x 14 x 15 in



first visit, I found abundant nutrition.

2.

“What you see is what you see,” Frank Stella famously announced in 1964, referring to his paintings but also by extension to the radical advent of Minimalism, with which Reuven Israel, due to his interest in basic geometric shapes and monochrome colors, obviously has a strong affinity. However in Israel’s case, what you see, or what you think you see, is likely not at all be what is actually there, which only serves to make his sculptures all the more expansive and open-ended. This, by the way, has nothing to do with trompe l’oeil deception. Instead it has everything to do with an almost alchemical transformation of mundane materials into something a great deal more strange, evocative, destabilizing, and oftentimes oddly gorgeous. Throughout Israel’s work, unexceptional (to the point of banal) materials and structures morph into fresh and surprising new conditions. Renewal—an important theme for Tuttle, by the way—is at the core of Israel’s sculptures. Moreover, those sculptures seem uncommonly alert and open to manifold influences, to science and space exploration, commercial products and religion, industrial design and color theory, and they absorb and transform a great host of objects and visual codes from the world at large, anything from plastic products and machine parts to space age instruments, automobile colors and, as I mentioned, various kinds of sacred art.

Consider LBH, with a copper pole angling through an upright gray-brown base which looks to be plastic; two parts, which could easily be bronze, attached to the base via slots; a dark green oval that looks metallic; a gray, plastic-looking oval, and

a small, rectangular cuboid form made of wood. Except for the copper pole and the wood piece, everything here (and the same goes for all of Israel's new sculptures) is actually made from simple MDF (medium-density fiberboard), a commonplace and generally lowbrow particle board. Using this workaday material, which is essentially mediated nature—ultra compressed wood fibers mixed with resin to form pliable boards—Israel cuts, shapes, and sculpts his signature shapes, which manage to be simultaneously familiar and completely odd. He then lavishes attention on them: sanding and polishing them repeatedly, making their surfaces as smooth and precise as possible; his handmade works look outsourced, fabricated by machines. Then he paints his objects in a uniform way, often with a spray gun, to minimize or eliminate any trace of the artist's hand. Very specific, very individual colors are used for these objects, often colors that you can't exactly place or define: colors that conflate technology and nature, commercial products and biology, automobiles and laboratory instruments. These colors are typically subdued but intense, and the optical and vibrational interplay occurring between them is a powerful aspect of Israel's work; it greatly contributes to the psychological and emotional register of each sculpture. You can get mesmerized by the visual dialogue and exchange between matte gray and glossy dark green forms in this sculpture. Israel's work is filled with such mesmerizing moments.

The upright structure in LBH1 suggests architecture, maybe even renowned architecture, but without being obvious or pinning anything down. In various works Israel has alluded to mosques, Jerusalem's Western Wall, and Bauhaus buildings, among others, not really quoting them but instead enlisting and transforming them, ushering them

(or snippets of them) into his sculpture. It also suggests an archaeological artifact, maybe a really ancient one: a trace of a vanished civilization. The gray disk, tilted in that particular way, might be a miniature, homemade version of a large satellite dish, for instance those employed by NASA's Deep Space Network, while the wood form is like a bit of furniture, or maybe a piece from a child's toy. This forthright sculpture is curiously searching and elastic, juxtaposing and melding things cosmic and earthly, near and remote, futuristic and historical, scientific and domestic, complex and elemental. This, it seems to me, is a key to Reuven Israel's new work, and why that work is so compelling. His works are very physical and optical but also expansive and associative, and this includes how they allude, however implicitly, to vastness altogether: to geologic time, as I mentioned, but also the cosmos, space exploration, human signs like architectural ornamentation with a centuries-old history, and speculative objects indicating human use in the very remote future.

3.

Most of Reuven Israel's new works adhere to his distinctive methodology: sculpted, and painted, objects arrayed in a sequence on a copper pole. However, there is an enormous range to these works, and each work is absolutely unique. Each is like an abstract mini-world and each has its own aura, even its own psychology. Some are brazen and forceful; others are subtle, even withdrawing. Some are quite dense; others are much more spare. All have an emanating power. As they gather attention, they also activate and decisively respond to their surroundings. Israel also has a tremendous aptitude for formal concerns like materials and surfaces,

volumes and colors. He thinks and feels with his chosen materials and forms; they are revelatory of his consciousness.

With SBMLD4, a lacquered, faux wood globe, with two dark green stripes (although they look painted, they are actually the color of a different kind of MDF) around its circumference, is at one end of a copper pole; at the other end is an assortment of coolly lustrous forms: a metallic beige oval, silver gear-shaped object, dark blue disk, lilac disk, brown wedge, and mauve rectangle with rounded corners and four holes in its middle. Seemingly functional things are diverted into an entirely new and frankly wondrous visual logic, and because of how the copper pole connects with the globe way over there, seemingly at a great distance, everything also seems poised to blast off altogether, perhaps to rocket off into deep space. Angling from wall to floor, SBM7 is much more minimal. A black structure at the bottom, very much like a machine part, hovers a few inches off the floor, while another of Israel's lacquered globes is at the very top. This work, especially, is a slice of vastness. Two earthly objects, which could be from a warehouse or store, suggest cosmic voyaging and distant planets.

As your eyes travel back and forth over Israel's objects in a row, you notice how his sculptures operate with an unusual, circulating energy, akin to electric alternating current. This involves the interplay and connections between objects in a sequence, as well as between parts and whole. Israel's standard copper poles function as rigid, organizing supports, carrying and displaying the several objects in the sculpture. However, in their other, normal life (I mean their life outside of art) these poles are used for electrical conductivity and heat transfer, and

in Israel's sculptures they also function as visual conductors, allowing for the visual current to flow, initiating a reaction between objects, as well as between the sculpture and the surrounding space, when the poles angle across the floor or slant between wall and floor. This conductivity is one reason why Israel's static sculptures feel so active, so "alive" in a sense, so energetic, why they function in a space not just as sculptures but as palpable forces. Then there is the fact that the gleaming, coppery color of his poles—the unaltered color of these found objects—is a chief component of the works altogether, interacting with the painted objects. These poles are at times bedazzling, and they significantly add to a prevailing tone of amazement and discovery.

Unlike serial repetition, made famous by various Minimalist artists, Reuven Israel's sculptures revel in differences and juxtapositions. Each object in a sequence is singular, often startlingly so; change and transformation are celebrated. Still, these ever-changing objects amount to really precise wholes, and each whole sculpture differs markedly from the others, even though the same procedures and materials were used. You especially see this with Israel's thinnest sculptures, often leaning against the wall, each displaying several small objects.

With sundry objects colored inky black, silver-gray, yellow-gold, and automotive red, SBMLD3 is a strong, vivid presence, but an alien one. While made in the studio, it looks as if it were fashioned in a laboratory or factory on another planet light years from this one. SBM8, with similar forms but different colors, is another matter entirely. Here the colors are soft gray, soft yellow, creamy beige and light brown and the whole work seems vaporous,

almost apparitional, as well as lovely and beatific. With DSBM1 two copper poles lean, almost casually, against the wall; they are not parallel and instead are a bit askew. Near the top, connecting the poles, a suite of five bending shapes, resembling metal slats, shift in color from reddish-orange to copper, a lighter copper, beige and brown, and this is once again mesmerizing. Above them on either pole are two white balls that look like glass (but are MDF). This is a remarkable, eventful, deeply touching work. Everything looks festive, but precarious. This jaunty, celebratory sculpture also slumps slightly, tilts a little, seems rickety and tired, a bit awkward; perhaps there is also some sorrow here. Even though no figures are involved and there are also no direct human references, this sculpture feels deeply, complicatedly human and very soulful. I'd say the same about Reuven Israel's other new sculptures too.

Reuven Israel's Very Unliteral Theater

Graham Harman

When encountering the sculptures of Reuven Israel, the first word that comes to mind may well be “minimalism.” Though his works are more colorful and intricate than the sparse cubes and wall-mounted metallic frames of early minimalist art, he does show a similar spirit of material economy. If one agrees that Israel belongs vaguely in the minimalist orbit, and if one also reacts positively to his work (as I do), then Michael Fried is the first critic who must be confronted, since Fried’s negative views on minimalism remain seared into the earth even for those who disagree with his verdict.

Like his one-time mentor Clement Greenberg, Fried is associated with a formalism that defends the autonomy of artworks from their socio-political and biographical surroundings. This implies a Kantian objectivity of aesthetic taste, and further entails that humans be disinterested spectators not actively involved with the works. In his 1967 breakthrough essay “Art and Objecthood”, Fried decries the “literalism” of minimalist art for merely placing objects in front of us, and identifies it moreover with a “theatricality” that subordinates the artwork to the viewer’s experience of it¹. Although Fried strangely denies any link between this early art criticism and his later art-historical work, there is an obvious connection with his 1980 debut book “Absorption and Theatricality: Painting and Beholder in the Age of Diderot”². By depicting the portrayed figures as absorbed in their own activities and surroundings, the Diderotian painter tries to inhibit any theatrical dependence of the artwork on its viewer.

Yet in his identification of the literal with the theatrical, Fried conflates two entirely different aspects of the human. The literal refers to an object that is nothing more than how it appears to us, or at least nothing more than its measurable qualities and exact spatio-temporal position. That is to say, it is a purely relational object without autonomous reality, and we can join Fried (and Greenberg) in regarding the non-autonomous object as aesthetically dubious. But the theatrical is something altogether different. The viewer who engages theatrically with an artwork is by no means engaged with its literal surface properties, but instead with the non-literal depth that makes it an artwork

rather than an everyday object. An analogous point is made by the realist philosopher Manuel DeLanda when he seeks the reality of society apart from all human perceptions of it³. To critics who claim that we cannot ask about the autonomous reality of society in itself, insofar as society is obviously made up of humans, DeLanda correctly responds that while humans are the necessary building blocks of society (or ingredients), society is always deeper than it presents itself to human knowers (or observers). In art as well, the justified formalist claim that artworks need reality beyond their observers must not bleed into an unjustified claim that art remains art even without humans in the sense of ingredients. Switching from DeLanda's terms to those of Fried, we must shun literalism even while heightening theatricality. An artwork is no artwork if it fails to involve or fascinate those who confront it, just as the philosophers Kierkegaard and Badiou insist that a truth is no truth if no one wagers her life on it.



One way of generating theatrical depth in the object is to produce a deformed version of a more familiar one that, as a known quantity, already commands our attention. In the most important thought experiment of twentieth century philosophy, Heidegger considers the case of a broken hammer: formerly taken for granted, but now leaving us stunned as its malfunction hints at an unknowable, recalcitrant depth⁴. The very familiarity of the hammer is what gives its subterranean surplus so much disturbing plausibility, even as it remains mysterious. This trick can be found in Reuven Israel's arsenal, as seen in works such as SBMLD4 and SBMLD1, which feel strangely approachable despite their harpoon-like protrusions. Why? Perhaps because we already know a good deal about barbells, syringes, and Tinkertoys, though none of these forerunner objects are literally present in a way that would bother Michael Fried. Nor is the effect of these works "syntactic," as in Fried's famous discussion of the sculptures of Anthony Caro. I would rather call the works "structural," since each is clearly a unified object, though the character and purpose of these objects remains unknown and probably unknowable. Paradoxically, a looser physical organization would surely lead to a less enigmatic result in these pieces, which also help us understand two works that move a bit further afield, though in the same direction: the similarly entitled SBMTD1 and Israel's 2011 work Rush-More (not included in the present show). In the former work, the deliberate shapes of SBMLD4 and SBMLD1 are replaced by an even more obvious barbell-like form, though one that has seemingly lost its balancing partner on the other side. As if by way of compensation, it is grafted to a decorative-looking white shape made of four hemispheres,



Previous Page: **B.R.o.F.**, 2006
Painted MDF, 45 x 46.5 x 6 in
Private Collection, Tel Aviv

Moon Shooter, 2009
Painted MDF, 8 x 51 x 43.5 in
Oli Alter collection, Tel Aviv

Buraq, 2011
Painted MDF, stainless steel, 45 x 27.5 x 8 in
Courtesy of Braverman Gallery, Tel Aviv



while the naked rod on the far end of the piece inspires more pity than fear. The earlier Rush-More moves in a more ambitious and confident direction, with the rods multiplying and now merely puncturing rather than penetrating the sides of the work, yielding a decisively industrial impression. In another earlier work, the 2009 Moon Shooter, one almost detects a parody of Oldenburg and van Bruggen's shuttlecock sculptures on the lawn of the Kansas City museum. Whether this is intentional or not, we again find ourselves anchored in something familiar that is now torn open to reveal a nameless life within. In the present show, another non-standard use of the familiar is found in Vessels, which apparently displays the haul of archaeologists just returned from a distant future. Another way to suggest a hidden depth of vitality in an otherwise "literal" object is to replace the sense of purpose (already seen in the aforementioned pieces) with hints of outright agency. Israel often achieves this effect with the simplest of means: having his sculptures merely lean against the wall, suggesting objects that are either exhausted, studiously casual, or parasitic on the energies of the building. In SBM8 we have what looks like an embryonic version of Israel's barbell-like works, but one that almost seems to exploit the wall in the name of ascent. Surely no human would have arranged it in such an unlikely position, and hence we are on guard for a force internal to the work itself. Yet in DSBM1 the leaning feels less like aspiration than the aftermath of comic-heroic death, as if a double lightning rod had just absorbed a blow meant for those who beheld it. Of course, leaning can sometimes go too far, as in a 2011 work by Israel entitled Buraq in which an object whose base suggests the colored robes of a wizard pierces the angle of a wall horizontally

rather than lazily resting against its bulk.

A good deal of Israel's past and present work involves turning movements, often rather intricate ones. In LBH1 the artist bids farewell to a different sort of movement—that of a classic simple machine: the lever— now rendered static through some sort of malfunction. The grey disc slumps to the side, as if all hope were abandoned, and we draw new and sobering lessons about the limits of objects. Yet our faith is restored by B.E.R., whose gentle spinings not only reassure us that something lives amidst the stout metallic discs, but grant extra allure to the ellipsoid cuts on the discs, whose function is clear enough but whose form eludes detailed inspection.

I have tried to consider the ways in which Israel's sculptures are theatrical, though by no means literal. But I've saved the hardest cases for last. What about Israel's more traditionally minimalist-looking works, including earlier pieces such as the 2010 *Silsila* and especially 2005's *B.R.o.F.*? The former escapes the literal with leeway to spare, through variation in color, length, and angle, implying internal structure behind the outward appearance. But *B.R.o.F.* is one of the riskiest works in Israel's portfolio, inviting the anti-Duchampian wrath of the Greenbergs and Frieds, and coming disturbingly close to a readymade torn from some unknown vehicle of transit. Another reading is possible, however. With its empty center suggesting the number zero, its incapacity of motion, and its rootedness near the ground, *B.R.o.F.* might be read as a challenge aimed at Duchamp's *Bicycle Wheel*, pushing the readymade to the verge of ascetic classicism.

Much of Israel's output is hypnotic, and this would not be possible if it merely presented objects literally. As is well known, the Fried of 1967 opposed "presence" to "presentness," also equating the latter with "grace." If we replace the confusing term "presentness" with "absentness" (an equally awkward but more accurate term) we will hit on something equally important to present-day philosophy and architecture: the search for the real as that which lurks beneath visible form even while being triggered or conjured by it. Israel is an artist of unusual flexibility with respect to the real. This sometimes animates the outward look of his works, but other times is best seen in their actions: spinning, leaning, drilling, and once in awhile surrendering. There is a freshness to these works of a kind that comes only from within— from the inwardness of the artist, and that of the objects themselves.

¹Michael Fried, *Art and Objecthood: Essays and Reviews*. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998.)

²Michael Fried, *Absorption and Theatricality: Painting and Beholder in the Age of Diderot*. (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1980.)

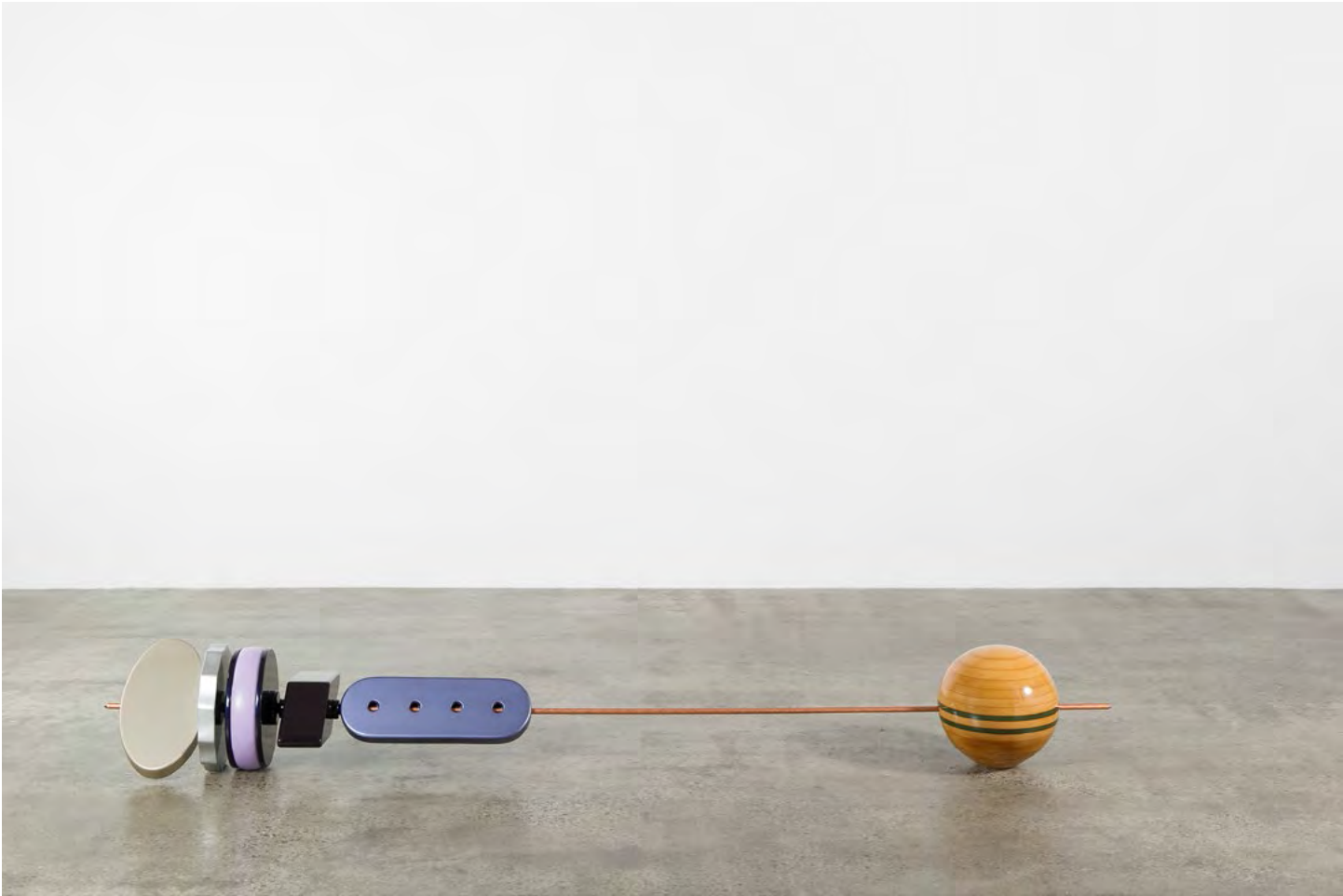
³Manuel DeLanda, *A New Philosophy of Society: Assemblage Theory and Social Complexity*. (London: Continuum, 2006.)

⁴Martin Heidegger, *Being and Time*, trans. J. Macquarrie & E. Robinson. (New York: Harper, 2008.)

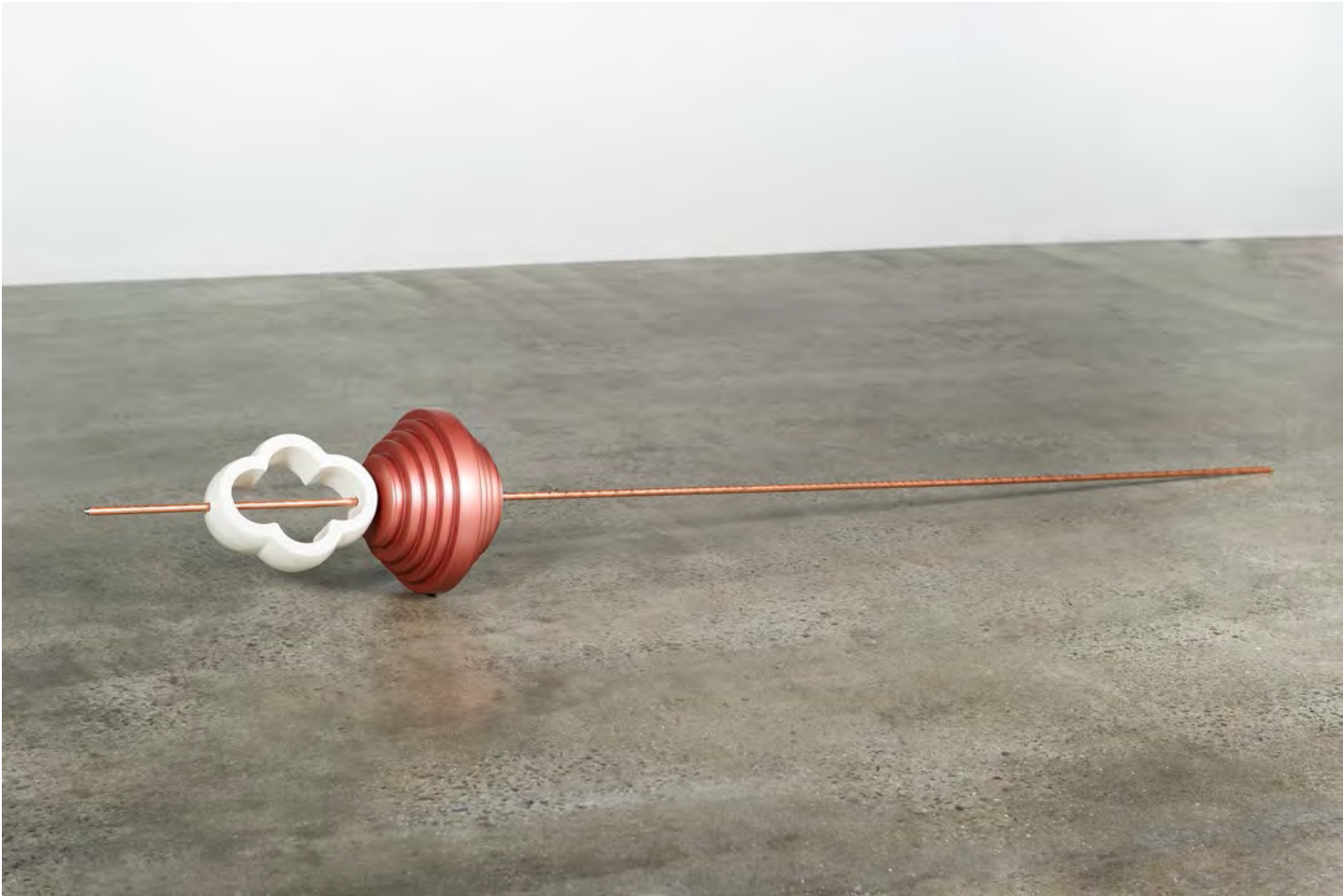
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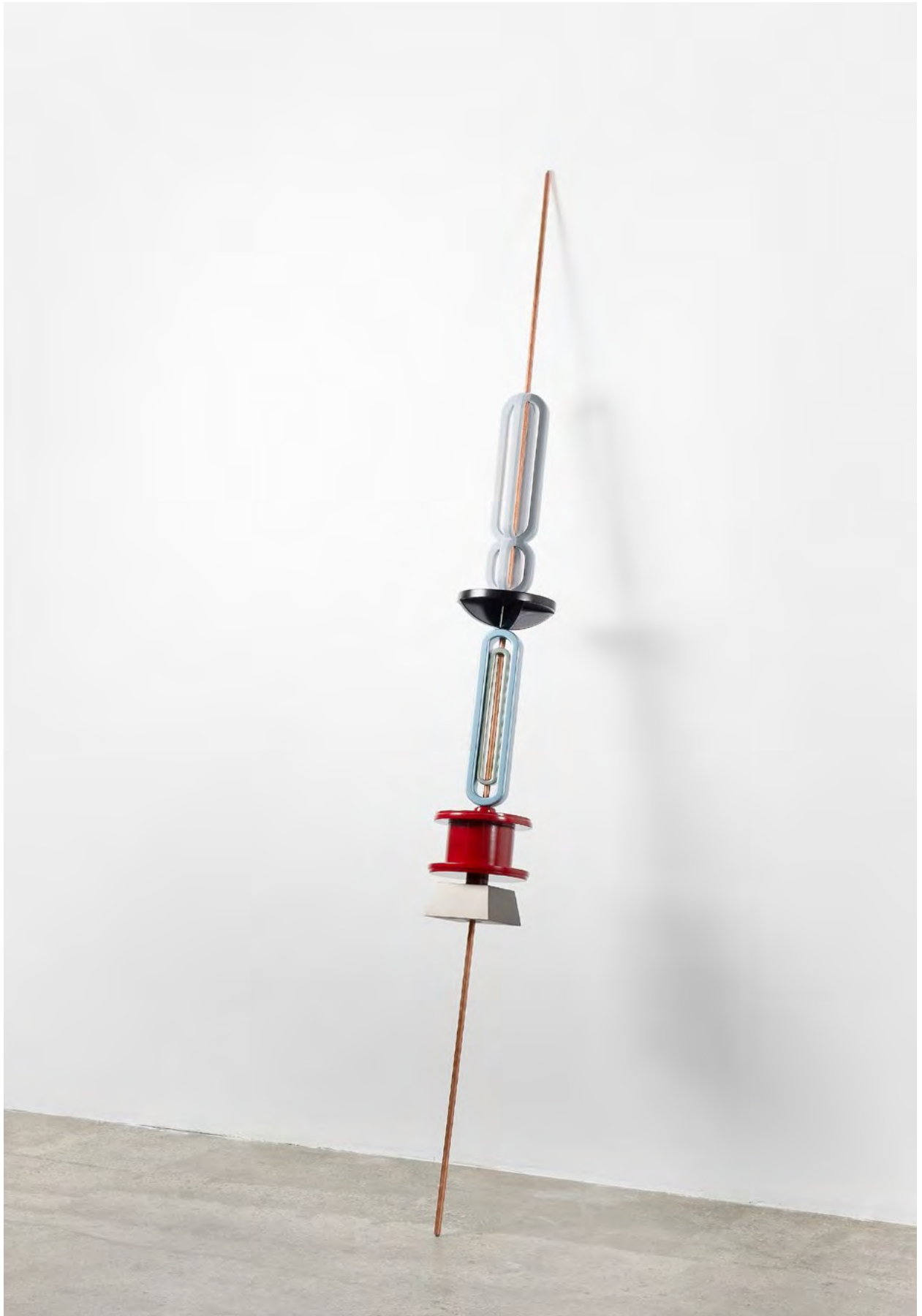


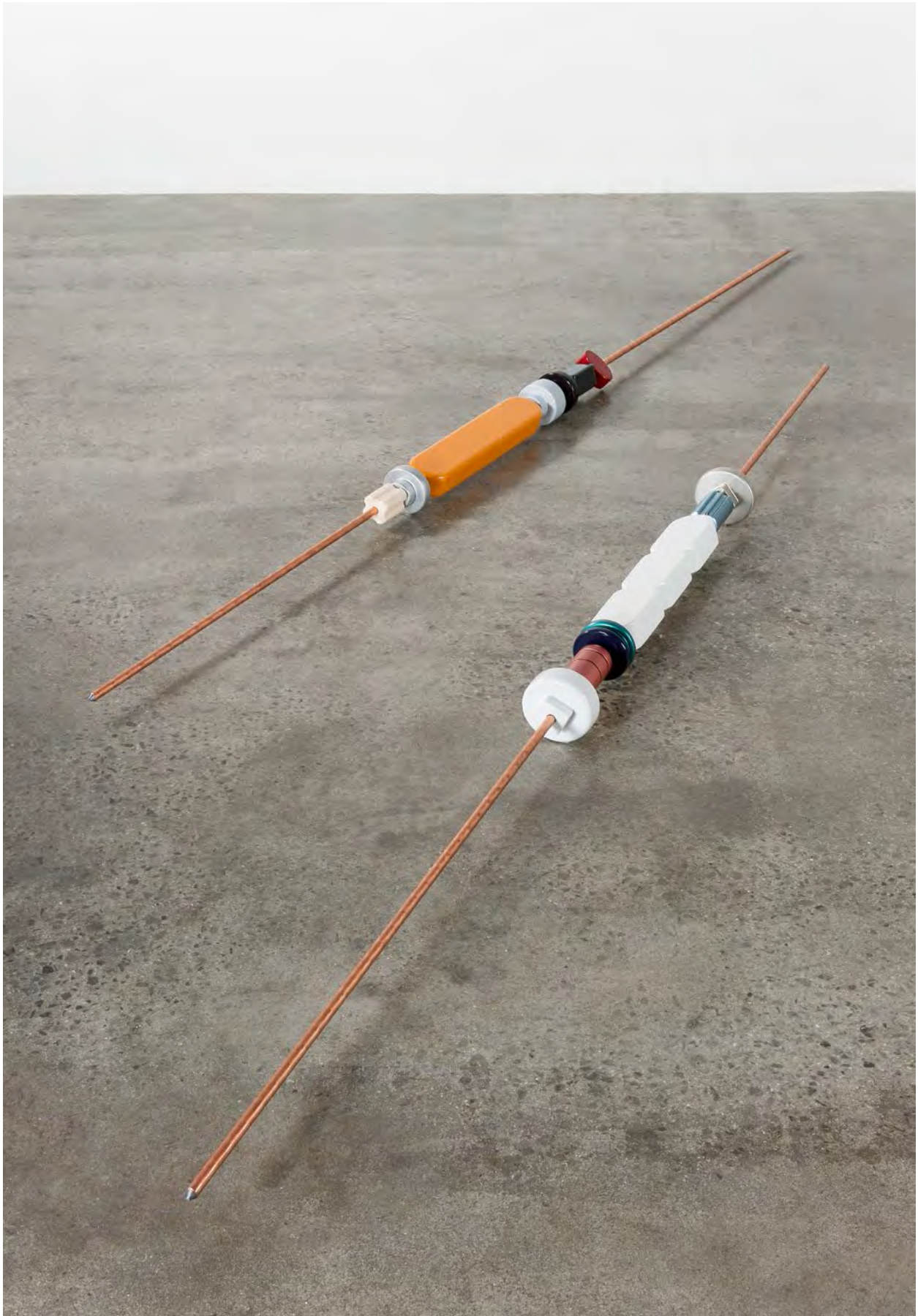








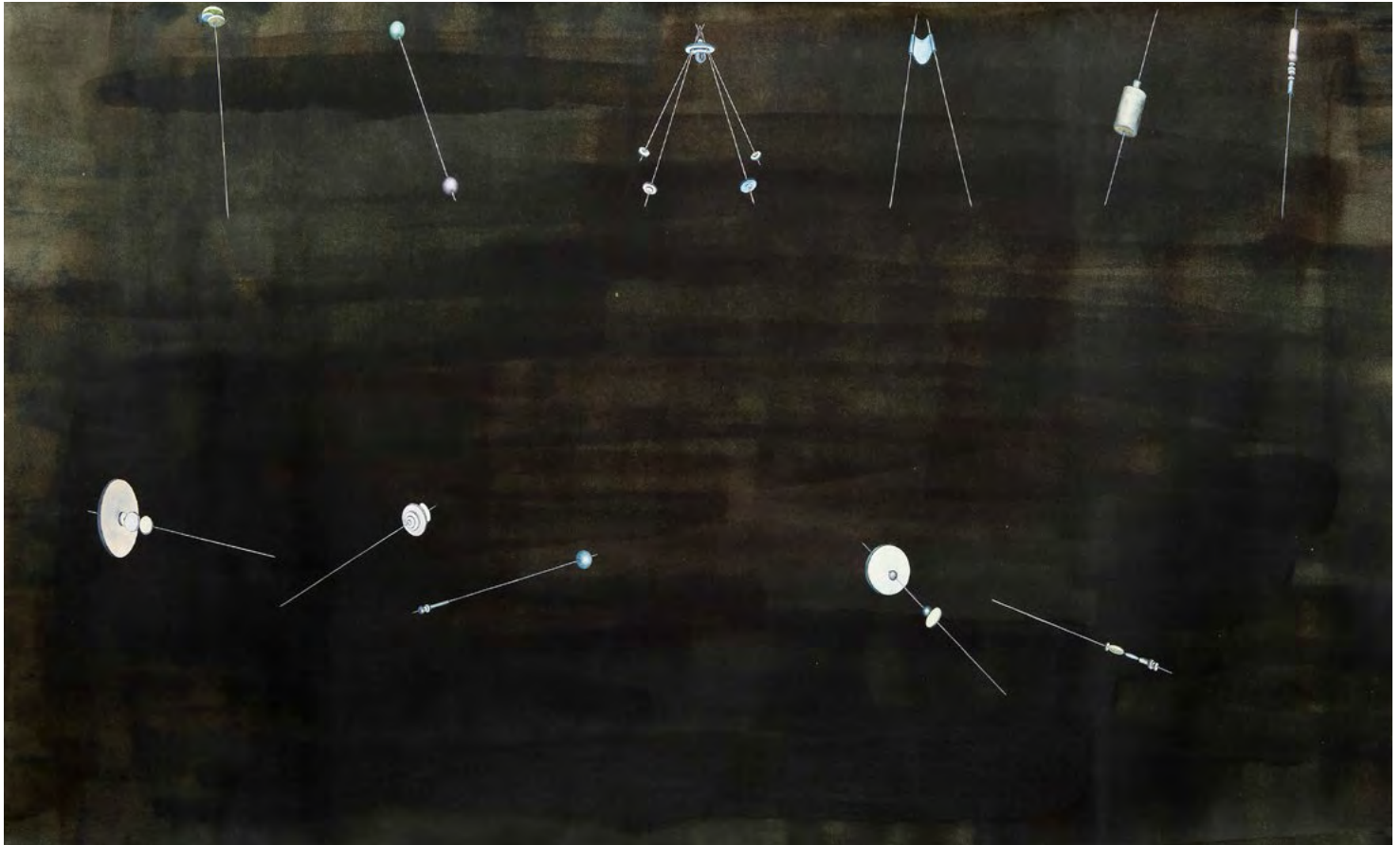












LIST OF WORKS

Page 14: ***SBM9***, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF
96 x 8 x 8 in

Page 15: ***SBMTD2***, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF
96 x 7 x 7 in

Page 16: ***SBMLD4***, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF
96 x 12 x 12 in

Page 17: ***DSBM1***, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF
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Page 18: ***SBMTD***, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF
96 x 12 x 12 in

Page 19: ***LBH***, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF and wood
96 x 14 x 15 in

Page 20: ***SBM8***, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF and wood
96 x 3.3 x 3.5 in

Page 21: ***SBM7***, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF
97.5 x 7 x 7 in

Page 22:

SBMOLD3, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF and wood
96 x 3.5 x 3.5 in

SBMOLD4, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF and wood
96 x 3.5 x 3.5 in

Page 23/24: ***SBMBOOL***, 2013/14

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF
96 x 32 x 32 in

Page 25: **SBM12**, 2013

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF and wood
96 x 15 x 15 in

Page 26: **SBM10**, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF and wood
96 x 7 x 7 in

Page 27: **SBM11**, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF and wood
96 x 8 x 8 in

Page 28: **SBMOLD1**, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF
96 x 8 x 8 in

Page 29:

SBMLD3, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF
96 x 12 x 12 in

SBMOLD2, 2014

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF and wood
96 x 4.5 x 4.5 in

Page 30: **B.E.R.**, 2014

Painted MDF, plastic balls
21 x 21 x 8 in

Page 31: **Vessels**, 2012

Painted MDF
Dimensions vary
Largest 10 x 10 x 14 in, Smallest 4.25 x 4.25 x 9 in

Page 32:

SMLD2, 2012

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF
96 x 10 x 10 in

SMLD1, 2012

Copper coated steel rod, painted MDF
96 x 15.5 x 15.5 in

Page 33: **Multipolarity**, 2014

Watercolor on paper
30.5 x 59 inw

Biographical Notes

Born 1978, Jerusalem

Studies

- 2007 M.F.A. (cum laude), Advanced Studies Program in Fine Art, Bezalel Academy of Arts and Design, Tel Aviv
- 2004 B.F.A. (cum laude), Department of Fine Art, Bezalel Academy of Arts and Design, Jerusalem

Solo Exhibitions

- 2014 "Multipolarity", Fridman Gallery, New York
"Artist spotlight: Reuven Israel", Wasserman projects, Birmingham, MI
- 2011 "Superpartners: Reuven Israel, Shai Azoulay," Tel Aviv Museum of Art
- 2010 "Fatima," Braverman Gallery, Tel Aviv
"From Shapes to Forms," Floriano Bodini Museum, Gemonio
- 2009 "Range of Sorrow," Montrasio Arte, Milan
- 2006 "Reuven Israel," Braverman Gallery, Tel Aviv

Group Exhibitions

- 2014 "Science/fiction", ACRE Projects, Chicago
"Recent & relevant", spazio 522, New York
"Paper weight", Braverman Gallery, Tel Aviv
- 2013 "No Place", BAAD Gallery, Tel Aviv
"The Readymade Centennial", Haifa Museum of Art
"Human Nature", Braverman Gallery, Tel Aviv
"Curator: Yona Fisher", Ashdod Art Museum
"Tracing the Fish Bladder", Radiator Gallery, New York
- 2012 "Re: Visiting Rockefeller," Rockefeller Archaeological Museum, Jerusalem
- 2011 "Senses of the Mediterranean", Hangar Bicocca, Milan
"Locomotion," 121 Gallery, Tel Aviv
- 2010 "The Ministry of Culture and Sport's 2009 Awards for Art and Design," Herzliya Museum of contemporary Art
"Il Segreto dello sguardo," Galleria San Fedele, Milan

- 2009 "What Does Sculpture Want?" Bezalel Gallery, Tel Aviv
"Collection of Dr. Raymond Azibert," Espace Croix-Baragnon, Toulouse
"Harlem States of Mind," Floriano Bodini Museum, Gemonio
- 2008 "Once Upon a Time," Braverman Gallery, Tel Aviv
"In Silence," A Rothschild 69 Project, Tel Aviv
"High Speed Smooth Movements," HSF (Harlem Studio Fellowship), New York
"Young Israeli Art: Recipients of the Legacy Heritage Fund Prize," Helena Rubinstein Pavilion for Contemporary Art, Tel Aviv Museum of Art
- 2007 "Somewhere Better than This Place," Braverman Gallery, Tel Aviv
"Flat," Bezalel Gallery, Tel Aviv
"Forms of Construction," Eigse, Carlow Arts Festival
"Salame 007: MFA Graduate Show," Bezalel Academy of Arts and Design, Tel Aviv
"Raw and Cooked," University of Haifa Art Gallery, Haifa
- 2005 "Artic 7," Museum of Israeli Art, Ramat Gan
"Favorite," Givon Art Gallery, Tel Aviv
- 2004 "Three Bezalel Graduates," Givon Art Gallery, Tel Aviv

Grants and Awards

- 2009 Young Artist Award, Israel Ministry of Culture and Sport
- 2007 The Legacy Heritage Fund Prize, Tel Aviv Museum of Art
- 2006/7 America-Israel Cultural Foundation Scholarship
- 2006 The Rich Foundation Scholarship
- 2004/5 America-Israel Cultural Foundation Scholarship
- 2004 Ehud Elhananani Memorial Prize, Department of Fine Arts, Bezalel Academy of Arts and Design

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FRIDMAN GALLERY
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Associate Director: Naroa Lizar
Exhibition Manager: Cia Pedi

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