



Doron Polak

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www.doronpolak.com

Headed Bald Perfectly Works Body The
 Fibers
 Lingering
 Seaweed
 Over
 Ligaments
 Beach Freak
 Flexible
 Light
 Eyes
 Cellofane
 Brain
 Radiating
 Green
 Vertebrae
 Joining
 Joints
 Stretching
 Stretching
 Stretching
 Back
 Muscles
 Collide
 In
 Chimera
 Changes
 Legs
 Dangling
 Over the Side.

Charlie & Eveline Citron,
Amsterdam

First act I am 12 years old, playing a dreaming kid in the Vilnius Ghetto on the stage of The National Theater “Habima” in the play “Itzik Wittenberg”. Second act On stage at the finals of my studies at the Talma Yelin School playing the role of the old man led to his death on the train in the play “Substitute”. Third act I am appearing in the play “The Golem” in the “InterDrama” festival, Berlin. Fourth act in the midst of the Yom Kippur war on the Golan Heights, I am lying naked next to the artillery gun from my platoon in the middle of a field of flowers. Fifth act I am writing the final paper for my B.A. studies in the Department of Theater, Tel Aviv University, on my teacher the dancer Roni Segal. Sixth act I am wearing a straight jacket standing on the ancient wall and appearing with my theater group “Tara” at the Acre Festival. Seventh act I

am watching plays by Pina Bausch “Song Of The Earth” and Jan Fabre “De macht der theaterlijke dwaasheden” in Tel Aviv and can’t seem to shake the visions of these shows. Eighth act I am lying naked on the cement floor of the Water Facility in Givatayim, which is being renovated. Ninth act my body is covered with flour and mud from the Dead Sea in an apartment in Barcelona where I am attending the Drap-Art festival. Tenth act at the Kunst Punkt Gallery in Berlin. My father’s video (he’s a Holocaust survivor) is screened on my naked body and I am standing in front of him and surrounding my body with thin black string.

And I have at least a few hundred more scenes like this.

Over a decade ago I began to confront my body with the mythical “Bodies

Project” that has swept me with currents of unrelenting strength. I expand the limits of the use of the body. I examine myself, my body, my surroundings. I become addicted to the craziness. I am attracted to the extreme and the absurd. I allow all bridges and taboos to be broken down. It no longer seems difficult or complicated to work in the nude, to go to public places in the dark of night, to photograph the confrontation of the body with the world around it, to create something from nothing, to notice new sights and new colors, textures of substance which awaking and set fire to my imagination. I am holding a different dialog and become reunited with my family and my friends. I find new proportions related to the meaning of creation. I teach myself updated perceptions on art, both learn and teach all of my partners in this new experience

and journey, those who surround me and cooperate with my new passion to sail towards and study the mysteries of the body. My entire life I have revolved around topics of the culture of the body and its creations. I have always worshiped the beauty of the human form, trying to figure out the worlds of sport, movement, space, freedom of creation and the unlimited power of physical energy that shapes our lives.

This book contains a small fraction of the tens-of-thousands of pictures taken over the last decade in Israel and around the world. I could not have carried out this wonderful and purifying creative task without the involvement and cooperation of great artists and creators who have accompanied me along the way. I would like to thank the following people from the bottom of my

heart: Norma Drimmer, Michael and Rachel Sternberg, Ora Goldenberg, Amir Cohen, Uri Dushy, Avishai Finkelstein, Dan Shafir, Rotem Ritov, Doron Hanoch, Lili Sher, Amiram Eini, Leah Dolinski, Ophira Avisar, Inbal Barak, Shmulik Matalon, Odelia More Matalon, Liron Alpha, Pini Siluk, Michael Lazar, Nir Segal, Ronen Akerman, Malka Inbal, Sima Ariam, Ronny Someck, Ohad Maiman, Jan Van Woensel, Charlie and Eve Citron, Henie Westbrook, Montse Gallego, Ryszard Wasko, Mira Bawer, Rafi Barbibai, Aliza Olmert, Ann Noel, Yaakov Chefetz, Tal Haran, Matti Lahat, Reuven Sherf, Orly Dushy, Susan Goodman, Shalom Neuman, Emllia Cohen, Sllraj Saksena, Mimmo Catania, Gila Mintkevich, Eric Defoer, Emolia Cohen, Tanya Grass, Liliana Aurbach, Flo Guerin, Udi Mor, Galia Gavish, Stefan Moritz Becker, Zvika Livnat, Varda

Rotem, Macondo London; Santiago / Montse Gallego, Al and Angel Orensanz, Didier Gauducheau. Special thanks to my working colleagues Esti Drori and her family for the patience they have for me. I would also like to thank my other partners Ayelet Amorai Biran, Ayelet Daniel Aldouby, Margalit Berriet and Iris Elhanani. A deep and special appreciation goes to my loving family: Iris my dear friend and partner in this life, my children – my daughter Rona and her husband Eran Gil, my son Omer and his partner Tali, my dear and precious parents Moshe and Miriam and my loving sister Irit. I would also like to thank my wife’s family: Jacqueline Korin, Aviva and Yaakov Michnovski, their children Ran, Amir, Adi and their families.

Doron Polak,
Winter 2010



Sometimes I conceive of the many performances over the years and see them strung together as a film. What strikes me as I watch this invented movie is that in addition to what is ostensibly the main event, there was a second, subtle set of activities that was transpiring in parallel—a phantom performance in the repeated disrobing and process of getting dressed again at the end of the activity once the camera shutter had ceased its clicking.

Sometimes the clothing was handled with delicacy and reverence—shirts and pants were folded neatly, stacked, and placed on the seat of a nearby chair. Socks were gathered together and positioned on top, or perhaps rolled together into a ball and tucked into one of the shoes aligned carefully between the front legs of the chair.

Sometimes the clothing was hung over the back of a chair in an attempt to preserve its crispness and integrity; however, attentions and thoughts were already two steps ahead deep into the upcoming act. That would account for the fact that one shoe is over there, askew, laces splayed, and one sock seems to be missing.

Sometimes the clothing never made it to the chair and was heaped in a pile nearby, or randomly scattered because there was no chair. Possibly the thought never even existed of utilizing a chair to hold the clothing—the mind skipped right over the entire issue of clothing and moved directly



into the business of the body, the decisions, and actions. **Always**, regardless of their various forms, the clothing has been a physical witness to the ephemeral and consistently exploratory nature of the performances. Clothing looked on as it was separated from its body, watched from nearby, and waited for the reunion afterwards. Stationary stacks and motionless piles of clothing surround and bracket the images that became the works from those pieces methodically considered and orchestrated days in advance, to those attempting in real time to contain the raw sparks of improvisation.

Always moving: moving forwards, looking forwards; moving forwards, looking backwards; moving backwards, looking backwards; and moving forwards, looking backwards.

*Stephan Apicella-Hitchcock,
New York City*





I'm a sculptor not a photographer, I said.

You're an artist. You have it in you, he said.

And so it began in a flour-and-mud covered bathroom in Barcelona.

Head back. A peaceful agonizing look (is there such a thing?). Face pale and dusty white. I saw it. A death mask. Fascinated. Scared. I took more pictures. Blurred. Out of focus. Amazing. I was hooked.

Cement floor. Wire bed. Wire. Red bucket. Rope. Branches. Leaves. Books. Nails. Bricks. All blurry. All blur into one.

Wine on body. Or is it blood? Semen into wine. Like turbulent currents on the continental shelves of the oceans. The open mouth becomes an archway in an old Jerusalem building. The shoulder blade is a barren desert hill. Landscapes. Bodyscapes.

The room changes. The corner. The security of the corner. Flesh against wall. Body on floor. Not dead. So alive. I sculpt him newspaper. In aluminum foil. Body with sculpture. My sculpture. Not my body. My body with bag. Water. Cold. A



mattress. Pain. Stiffness. Fighting with the soft material. I lose myself in the rhythm of work I have seen him perform so many times before. It becomes addictive. The boundary between documenter and performer becomes blurred. I am now part of this. My energy passes to him through the stick. His resistance is returned along the same path. Through the clear, pressing Perspex, I try to get the shot. Take the picture. From impossible angles. From within the work itself, I try to look out.

“What does it mean?” I ask.

“What does it mean to you?” he answers. “What do you take from it? What is the connection to your art? To your science?”

Is there a connection?

There must be.

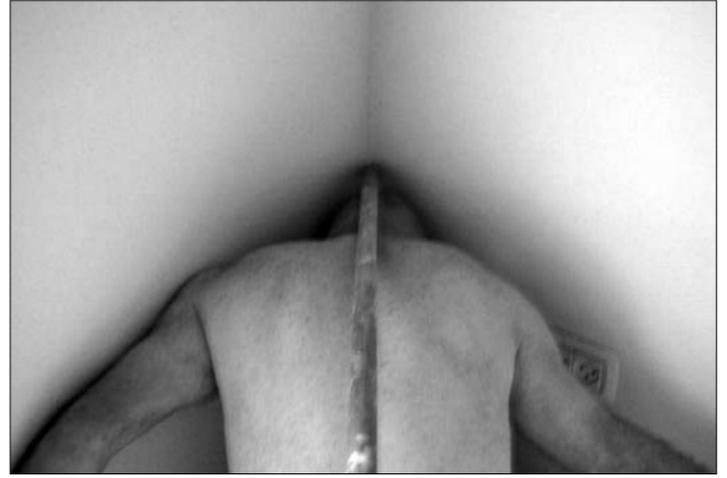
So many questions. Each session raises more. The quest to study to body is the quest to find answers to the soul.

Michael Lazar, Tel Aviv, Israel













The Aftermath

Unless you really want to
You really don't have to
Try to be quiet
Now
For just one minute
Listen, for just this minute
Sounds creeping up on you
Like nothing you've ever heard before
Like, banshees
Like, no angels
Like, trespassers of some kind
Who's next? Whose number's next?
Who'll go first?
The building, or the body
The flesh, or the stone
The muscle, or the vein
The refugee, the sheltered
Shut your ears, right now
Pretend there's ...
Nothing, nobody, no light, no shadows,
No horizon, no gravity, no up or down
No time
Balance your body



Balance your dreams
Ten thousand times zero
Ten thousand times zero
Zero ten thousand times
The absence of everything
The loneliness of one
Blue Rihn
Split in unequal halves
Scattered even, yet connected
Another vision comes
A cold floor, walls, an empty room
An empty mind, a man crawling for forgiveness
But nothing can be done
Nothing can ever be done
Nothing can be said
Nothing ever happened
Untouch me
Untouch him
Unspell him
Unknow him
Undo him
Now
Lie down, shut your ears
Count to six
Count to five



Count to four
Count to three
Count to two
You're almost done

Jan Van Woensel
Antwerp
February 2010









Our Body / his body / every ones body 's is taking in account the similarities found among our differences, as we as we are all part of one family...

In this work I find a strong mirror of the humans conditions, expressed in infinite situations, provoked by the various experiences he offers... those evokes in us, immediately a reflecting effect...where one may recognize one self in the other:

... born naked ... where you, I, him/or her may recognize each other...bare... but yet also so different...

via the artistic creation, in a very large sence of the term, art can offer us keys to read and perhaps better understand "US" as a collective of identities , and their accumulation of experiences with in a world of end less situations...

those sequences of encounters are unique moments of convergences between a man, his spirit, his denude body, and space...those are interesting high lights of our human condition, living always in relationships to spaces, to objects, being constantly observed and mirrored via the eyes of the other...

this work is an interesting and dense example that echos with our very early commencement : the state of birth, where one is experiencing for the 1st time a relation with the world....a precious moment of life that remains the most genuine to



its experience...from there on, we humans are in process of manipulating & changing our own reality...constantly building and producing new compositions...

the aspects of the hazardous meetings between the body and the world can only prove how far our mind goes in interpreting again & again our reality, regenerating archetypes, illusions, controlling...

Doron's work passes barriers by offering us the privilege of reading a message in an intuitive & sensible way, confronting our own nudity, our own doubts about our own "reality", allowing us a new exposure to uncertainties on the evolution of our actualities, histories...

interesting parallels exist between the birth of a person, and the birth of society... and the elements of the hazard in our lives, each and as a whole...

this inquiry, marks some form of universalism just as the naked body does...

Margalit Berriet,
December 2009,
Paris







Hi, Dear Man!

I wish to say a couple of really admiring and appreciating words at first about the material of your bodily experiments with the sculptor at first - I could take only a brief look at them, but that stuff was exactly what I imagined what it would be in the best sense of all; I was very impressed, and I think that this stuff could also be the basis upon which we could proceed further collaboration later on - that's exactly the stuff that fits so perfectly together with my VOOL-theme - you know!!!

Hugs,
Raoul Kurvitz
Estonia

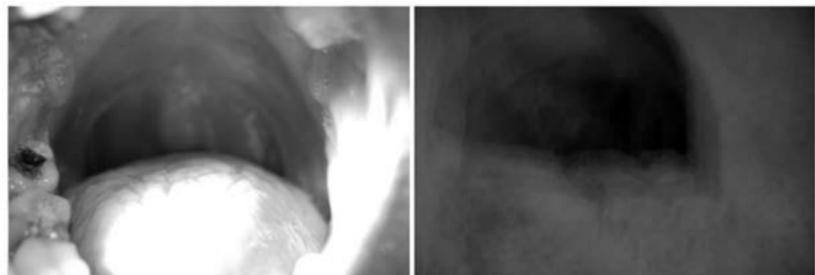


The body has long been referenced by artists as a source of inspiration and interpretation. Doron Polak takes his art to the ultimate level by actually using his own body in creating his art. Working in the nude, he creates an environment in collaboration with other artists. Unlike tradition performance art which involves a relationship between performer and audience, Doron has no audience, “performing” instead for video and still cameras.

Using objects with which he seems to have an emotional connection, he manipulates and maneuvers around them utilizing not only his body and the object(s) but interacting with his environment as well. As the action progresses both artist and action meld into one, fusing into a living breathing work of art. Captured on video each frame of the action becomes an artifact, a visually unique and powerful remnant in time. His work is simultaneously ephemeral and timeless.

*Shalom Neuman,
Fusion Museum
New York*







Doron Polak and his search for meaning

It has been my privilege and my honour to have worked already many years with Doron Polak and have observed his ongoing effort to push the edges of his understanding of the world as far as he can stretch them.

Our knowledge about the universe and about ourselves is limited to our time-space continuum. We are defined by our own body and its senses. Our tools that we create to transcend our limited abilities will still be structured within our realm and will always be linked to the reality of our body. Our body is the measure by which we judge all that we perceive to be outside of us and by which we learn about ourselves. Doron Polak has been conducting researches with his own body for decades.

Our body and our senses seem to act like a prison within which we are trapped.

Doron Polak's frustration never to know how far he really succeeds in establishing a true understanding when communicating with other bodies, other humans, other spaces, other three dimensional materials, other realities, is a driving factor in his obsession to work with his body.

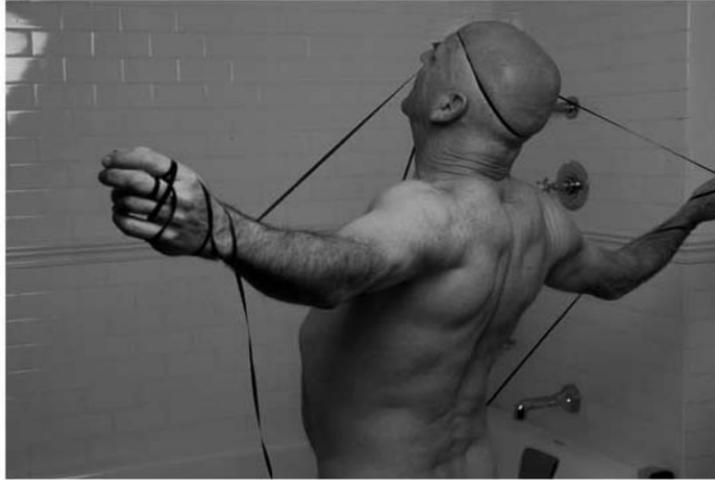
There is this paradox in the impossibility of understanding a reality beyond one's own body and in a deeply ingrained need to try to pass beyond it, to connect with whatever might be "out there".

Even though Doron Polak comes from the performing



arts, he does not put up a performance for the sake of the observer. He rather needs the observer as the viewer from the outside to complement his work afterwards. Our reality is an ongoing narrative that is usually a combination of how we perceive ourselves, of how our senses portray our actions, complemented with the view of the “other”, their way of seeing us, their way of interpreting our actions. For Doron Polak, the observer is the tool that enables him to connect his body of research with this outside view. His self reflection after a specific session is helped along by this outside view. Doron Polak feels his chosen materials with his body, he gets bruised by them. They translate into movements that will in turn transform into new sensations between body and material, between body and associated ideas with these materials, like a flag, a soldier; a picture out of a family album, industrial surfaces, the soft sand of the desert or fluids like water or wine. It is only later, when looking at the images, either in a video or as stills, that Doron Polak will make use of this complementary view from the outside as an added tool to form his own theory about his ongoing research to understand the world, to understand the body, to scratch the surface of a truth, a reality that refuses to be known.

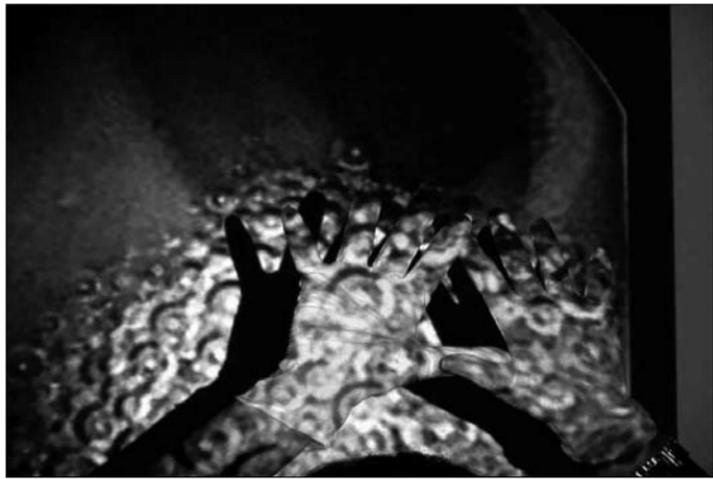
Norma Drimmer
Tel Aviv / Berlin















Bodies

Man and Art - - subject and object; object and subject. Across the bridge of time - -from the sculptures of Praxiteles to Donatello, from the ancient funerary drawings of Fayum, from cave dwellers to Warhol - - Art has found itself in the rendering of man, rendered by man. It is then more a reflection; an image bent by the prism of a medium and represented within the possibilities or rather limitations of medium. Each medium - -dance, sculpture, drawing, theater is body centered. Each rests on a depiction whose possibilities are as much an expression of the medium as the object it seeks to present. With man it is an understanding of man by experimenting with the permutation of the body passing through the restricted alembic of the medium's possibilities.

“Bodies” (the project) is an extension of that tradition but goes beyond it. Its purpose is not to render but

transform man directly without further mediation into art. With “Bodies” the body itself becomes the medium. The subject is as an expression of itself, and art is formed in the instance of that expression.

For over more than ten years, “Bodies” has experimented with that idea: the body as instant and temporary art - - as a fundamental of exploring man without further intervention. The fruit of those many years of endeavor is readily seen in the many and diverse “Bodies” video productions. A labor of love, liberation through a collaboration between many artists who wish to unshackle themselves and to see themselves and each other straight, without reflection, in the immediacy of time. It is to see man, possibly distorted, but without distortion.

Michael Sternberg
Tel Aviv







First, you are a real artist in search of something original. There is no doubt. The most interesting works for me are the photographs of your body in relation to skyscraper and urban landscapes. Here you contextualize the body in a new way. John Coplans contextualized his own body through a kind of abstraction that led him more into the interior. I think your point -- as its best -- is to contextualize the body through a kind of psycho-sociological dynamic.

By putting your body in these situations, it encompasses more than just the alienated self from existentialism, but further explores the adaptation of the mind/body in such environments in ways that have never been considered before. I think if you retain this focus, you will find yourself and your work in a very interesting and original place, a rewarding place. Keep up the good work.

Your friend,
Robert C. Morgan
New York





A year ago, *Doron Polak* came to *Macondo Gallery* in London to present a group exhibition “Bodies”. This show was part of his 10 year old project in which other artists had been invited to develop their ideas of the body as a medium of language and expression.

The exhibition displayed a series of paintings and photographs of different kinds; among them there was one depicting Polak’s performances/space interventions: His body exposed, not posing.

I learnt Doron had been experimenting with his body for many years and making a record of these ‘integrations’, his body among whatever elements, in complete intimacy with the environment.

During the long night whilst hanging the exhibition we talked and listened to the comments and anecdotes of Amir Cohen and Norma Drimer (eternal colleagues and assistants), and after such passionate communication, we arranged a next day visit to Santiago Calva’s (Proprietor of the gallery) place which was undergoing refurbishment. Doron wanted to get a feel of the place.

Today I have talked to Santiago about this piece of writing, requested by Doron. Santiago wants to express his experience also, so we decided to have an email conversation (he is living now in Amsterdam) about what Doron's action made us feel.

I am going to start like this:

In a dark cold winter evening we stepped into this dismantled house in Vauxhall where tools, step ladders, wood pieces, brushes, boxes, paint buckets...all were scattered around, left there, waiting to be used the next day.

We made tea and warmed each other walking around with curiosity and listening to Santiago's home plans. It took no more than half an hour for Doron to, spontaneously start his authentic 'Bodies' artwork: A complex and perplexing dialogue he dragged from somewhere beyond the immediate space, with his body and within the naked house in the process of deep transformation.

How does Santiago remember it?

I (Santiago) can remember how impressed I was about Doron's spontaneity and willingness to bear all. A true an overwhelming nakedness that breaks the cliché of the exposed. He (Doron) was able to lose all his intimacy and

blend into a chaotic but playful environment: grabbing a shovel on a turn, rubbing his abdomen to a pole, licking the beam of light away from the window and all through rhythmic movements. He swayed and danced in darkness as if he was building and piecing his imaginary world together. A real life metamorphosis that transformed Doron into monster of the shadows that only Kafka could fully appreciate. He was even able to transport the spectators, or lesser beings in this surreal space, into his patching and furious recollection of material objects in a timely and congruent manner. Overall, my feelings bordered on anxiety and fearfulness, but ironically comfortable with the performance and what he had transformed the space into...

Montse: You are describing it very well...My experience was also quite dreamlike, we were spectators of something very unique, an intimate dialogue between a space and this intruder who just melted himself among the chaos, awaking it into a poetic realm, stirring its elements and giving them a different function: their part in a spontaneous choreography.

I wonder if something remained there...I like to think houses, physical spaces, have some sort of spirit, as entities. Do you think your house became different since that

moment despite it was yet under refurbishment?...

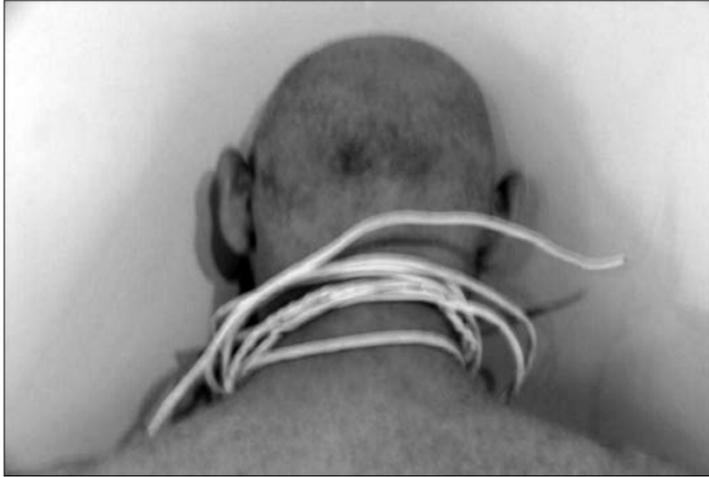
Santiago: I do not think the house became different per se but my perception changed. Doron's performance allowed me to view and savour corners and cracks I had not seen before. Having said this, he liberated my engagement with the space and allowed for my empowerment and endearment of it. I was able to sense what he exposed and abused. I was able to feel what he exploited and expressed. Almost spiritually he baptized and then paradoxically almost fucked the space...

Montse: That is the greatest response to an art work, the change of the perception, the self change...Doron must feel proud of it. I think we don't need to say anything else. Do you want to add something?...

*Macondo Gallery
London,
winter 2010*







Bodies

Born into a body, we bring our essence into a physical moving form; form that changes and transforms with age, emotion and demands of our mind. The body with all its machines, from the smallest cell forming a blood drop, to the skin, our largest organ, is in constant change.

The body is a beautiful tool of exploration to all that happens within us. With the help of the body we can explore simple movement, relationship to different materials, observe the body as it's functioning reflects our inner state. We might find stiffness of muscles as we touch a cold object, an association or projection from the past as the body is wrapped with thread or mud, a release of semen as physical contact with a non sexual material occurs, a release beyond the layer of attraction.

Soap to the body might feel like a certain material, yet with the aid of the mind, this bar of soap might translate into a much deeper meaning. Cleansing, holocaust, army? This meaning will come to manifest in the movement of the body, the expression of the face, the strength of the grip.

The body is an outer manifestation of the mind. Peeling layers of our mind, allowing the full levels of life to be

experienced fully, we allow the body to take on a journey. Peeling outer layer of clothes, symbols of society, exposing conditioning remained from childhood, revealing deep desires, surrendering into the vomit of emotions as they appear.

At times the work with the body is like a deep meditation, a practice of yoga, of no separation. When naked, flowing with whatever environment, objects or materials are present; we drop the sense of observer, of the feeler or the one touching. We discover the experience of the object or environment by complete surrender. Allowing the mind to drop away, dissolve into the vibrant experience of living energy, the separation between the knower and the known slips away, and molecules of energy flow into each other creating a unified field of force, not a good or bad force, but just one whole energy field.

Polak has found his way into the full and honest exploration of his body and mind. Starting with little steps, with working with others, Polak eventually realizes that he needs to dive in himself to experience the full potential of the work. The work is of solitude in a social setting. There is the element of the camera, of the other person present in the work, the one documenting. At times the work is of both, of complete surrender on both sides, and at times it

is of Polak with his body, demanding no limits, no hiding, that releases all that is hidden behind the layers of masks we may wear in our day to day life. Polak has taken on the task of peeling it all away, willing to surrender into what ever the outcome may be.

This result is a work that is most tender, vulnerable and sincere. It is almost an addiction to expose truth, the truth that is beyond words and social standards, that of honest inner exploration arriving from the heart, the spiritual heart.

Doron Hanoach
San Francisco





“So when does the soul attain the truth? Because plainly, whenever it sets about examining anything in company with the body, it is completely taken by it.” (Phaedo, Plato)

Plato, using Socrates as his mouthpiece in “Phaedo,” viewed the body - whose substance and passions he considered as a source of impurity - as strictly separated from the mind or the soul.

Nowadays, we do not see the body as a container for the soul or the mind, from which it needs to be released. We see the body contributing to attaining truth.

The body in contemporary art has assumed varied functions and has been central as a vehicle for artistic interpretation.

Doron’s body becomes the focus and the site of political, environmental and historical questioning and discourse; the stage for nature – culture dichotomies, transgressions and the abject.

Doron’s artistic home is the theatre. His work has affinities with Dadaist performances, Bauhaus theatre as well as Austrian “actionism” and the “happenings” of the 1960’s.

His borderline explorations can be seen as an expression of Hermann Nitsch's dictum "to fashion art with the fabric of reality". In his work Doron does not have to separate painfully from the flat image on the screen like Nitsch and Otto Muehl and Guenter Brus, but like them, he plays his art out in bodily experience and the restrictions imposed on the individual.

His skin becomes pervious, confronting inanimate objects: walls chairs; sand, blood, dirt semen etc. He also operates with his sense of taste, smell and touch to expose existential cracks, un-masking political niceties and hypocrisy of our systems. The body emerges as a field of exploration of reality, past, present and future. The emphasis is on performance and process and a new awareness of sensuality, also expressed in the interplay between himself and his various photographers, who also work in the nude.

Doron Polak has been working on these themes for the last four years. Unlike "actionism" which had to come to an end because the exploration was taken to physical extremes, this work will carry on and will continue to intrigue and surprise us.

Henie Westbrook

London

















Thirteen rounds to Barbara

It is dark outside, it is dark inside, 5am on Sunday, winter time. I step inside a few minutes late - he is facing a corner, not a word.

Start walking in circles, wide circles facing the empty walls once and twice again and again moving faster, faster, faster, he is unbuttoning a long sleeves shirt, drop it - keep moving, he feels the heat close his eyes, hands up and down moving fast, then faster, stop, go down on his knees, open a bulky hard cover old book, for a minute, spread it wide on his chest, leave it on the concrete floor - sweat pages of serif black letters. Keep running, one more round, and one more, seventh round, open a button, jump once and twice, land on his knees again, grab scissors while laying above the open book, turning page after page short cuts of hair are falling on the white paper, he is swiping the hair to the page center, now it is glued - sweat drips from his forehead on a small human hill made of hair on an open book. Shut the book, keep running, rubbing his hands his arms faster and faster, tenth - eleventh rounds, bending over, stretch long hand to the white soap waiting on the floor next to the long wall. Moving in circles while rubbing his face, his arms, running, running, turning pages, more pages, twelfth round, stick his face into the open book, tongue out touching dusty dry page, spittle, seal it, moving in circles while rubbing his face, his arms, running, running, turning pages, more pages stick his face into the open book. I put the camera slowly on the cold floor. Stop.

*Amir Cohen,
Tel Aviv*





My Dear,

I do really like your performance. They're extreme but very powerful!

Congrats! and keep on doing it...

Ryszard Wasko,
The International Artists' Museum

Doron Polak Bodies exhibitions

Israel, Tel Aviv, Habimarteph, Habima Theatre, 1999

Usa, New York, Orensanz art foundation, 2001

Israel, Tel Aviv, Biet Hasofer, "Variations" 2003

Israel, Tel Aviv, Cinematheque, 2005

Israel, Givatayim, Machon Hamayim Art Space, 2007

France, Paris, Gallery Cargo 21, "Wandering library 3", 2008

Spain, Barcelona, CCCB Museum, "Drap Art", 2008

France Paris, Cite International Des Arts, Memoire de l'avenir, 2008

Uk, London, Macondo art gallery, "Bodies", 2008

Usa, New York, Fusion Museum, "Light", 2008

Portugal, Lisboa, Panteo National, "Muestra Videoarte festival, 2008

Usa, New York, 80 Washington Square Gallery, "Small Works", 2008

Israel, Tel Aviv, Apart-Art Gallery, "Home", 2009

Germany, Berlin, Kunstpunkt Art Gallery, "20th Artists Museum", 2009

Israel, Hadera Municipal Library, "Forbidden Books", 2009

Germany, Munich, Agricola de kolon, "Shoa" serie video work, 2010

Israel, Tel Aviv, Shoham Gallery, "Eco book", 2010

