
Tsibi Geva
Blue
PARTERRE

Tsibi Geva is one of Israel's most prominent and influential artists. Born on 1951 in Kibbutz Ein Shemer, Israel, Geva lives and works in Tel Aviv and New York.

Since 1979 he has exhibited extensively worldwide. Solo exhibitions include the Israel Museum, Jerusalem (1984); Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston (1985); Tel Aviv Museum (1988); Haifa Museum, Haifa (2003); Tel Aviv Museum (2008); The American University Museum at the Katzen Arts Center, Washington, DC (2013); MACRO Testaccio, Rome (2014) and Mönchenhaus – Museum of Modern Art, Goslar (2015) and the Israeli Pavilion at the 56th Venice Biennale (2015).

Geva is a professor at the School of Visual Arts, MFA program, NY; the University of Haifa, and Hamidrasha School of Art, Beit Berl College, Israel. He is the recipient of numerous awards and grants, including the Sandberg Prize from The Israel Museum, Jerusalem; the Mendel and Eva Pundik Foundation Prize from the Tel Aviv Museum of Art, and a Lifetime Achievement Award from the Israeli Ministry of Culture.





Archeology of the Present

The Israeli Pavilion at the 56th International Art Exhibition – la Biennale di Venezia



Back to Nature-
Temporary Structure
The Jerusalem Botanical
Gardens



The Engine Room of Love, 2026, 300 x 180 cm, acrylic, oil, and collage on canvas



Untitled, 2025, 176 x 120 cm, acrylic and collage on canvas



Untitled, 2021, 110 x 210 cm, monoprint and collage on canvas



Untitled, 2021, 190 x 180 cm, acrylic and industrial paint on canvas



Untitled, 2026, 178 x 120 cm, acrylic and collage on canvas



Inside Bird Standing Outside, 2026

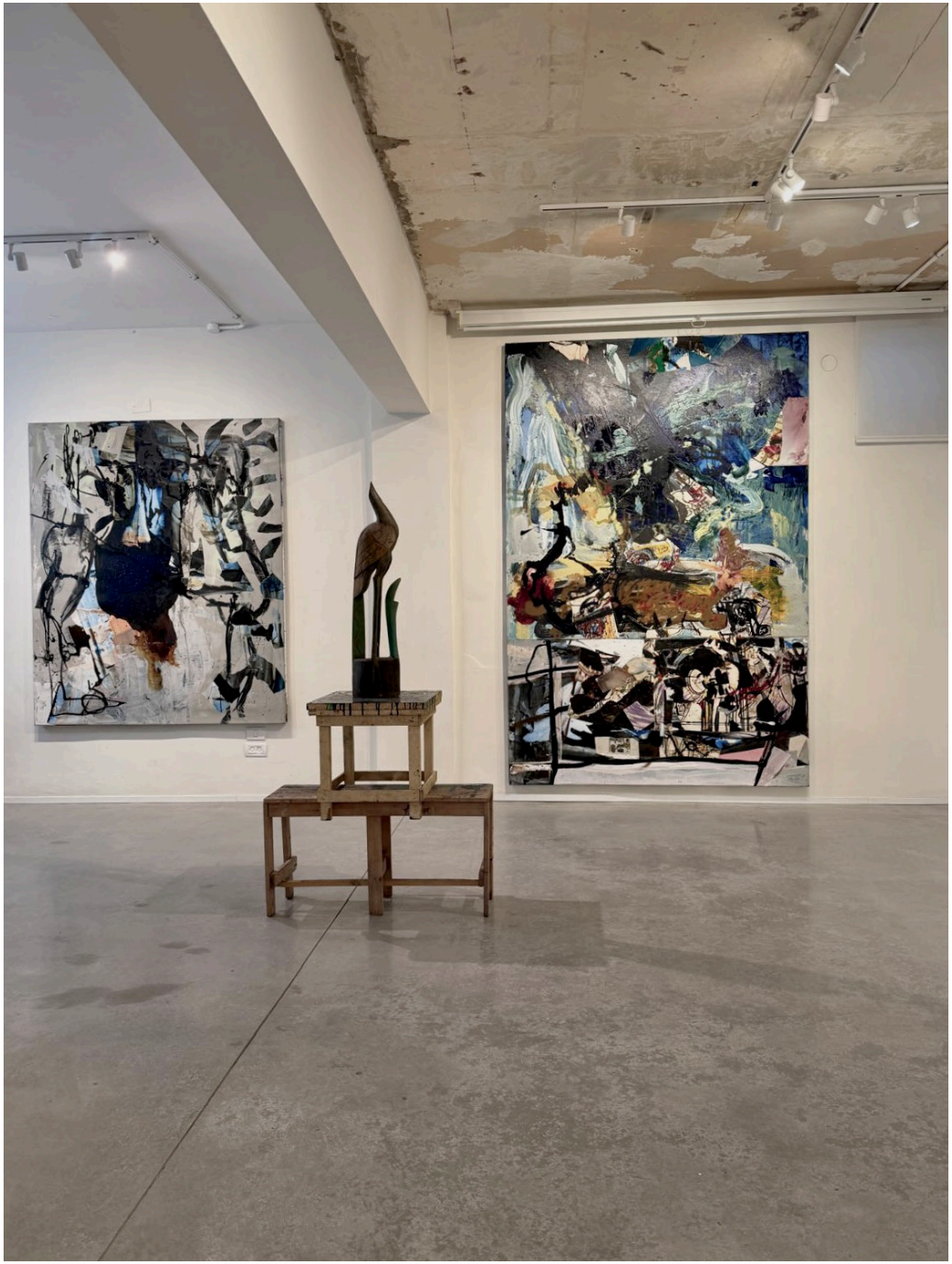


Portrait of the Artist, 2026, 128 x 47 cm, acrylic on plastic and wood



Head, 2025
60*60 cm
Acrylic and collage on wood





Ostensibly, Tsibi Geva's blue stands in contradiction to the emotional turbulence and creative tumult unfolding across the stretched canvases in his studio. Colours are hurled down in anger — perhaps, in fact, without intention at all, but out of a generative movement around the work. Imagine the artist engaged in a ritual of painting: laying the support on the floor, moving like a pendulum around it; or hanging it from a hook, cutting, gluing, slicing, and marking the seams with further stains of colour. And then, suddenly, blue emerges: a colour almost entirely absent from Geva's work. A different colour — solitary, withdrawn, quiet and deep, ember-like, seducing softly, like death.

Blue like chol — sand, but also the Hebrew word for the ordinary weekday, the day that is not sacred, just as every grain of sand resembles the next. Simply blue. A kind of melancholy sadness, a wistful sorrow — being blue — the frequency of the blues. It is something we all share, historically associated with a poetic and artistic state of mind. Blue is emotion without attribute, an awakening of sensuality that is as sexual as it is spiritual: the sky just before dawn, or in the interval between sunset and darkness, when the vault above our heads reveals itself as an open ground without qualities, filled with infinite possibility.

They say that blue is rare in the world. Green, red, grey and yellow are associated with animals, plants, or the elements. Blue hovers above things or radiates from within them, yet does not quite belong to them. It is therefore the colour best suited to the soul, which likewise has no place. This is why, William Gass writes, blue, in its very quality, defines our inner life: it permeates everything. Goethe writes that we contemplate blue out of desire rather than necessity, because it does not assault the eye but invites the gaze.

Blue is not merely a colour; it is also the moment when a word encounters a sensation. One can feel the palate brushing against the mouth, like wind and sand. Word and colour reverberate with the experience. And so Blue is a double celebration — an exhibition that is also the launch of a book — marking the artist's love of reading and writing. Tsibi Geva is an artist who writes, an artist who strives with all his might to articulate that place where feeling might find its word, or its stain of colour and form.

Geva's studio is filled with works of art and books. Filled with them to the very limit. That is all. Nothing else resides there. This is evident in Tsibi's rare writing on art — his own and that of others — and on life, his own and that of others. It is writing without a genre: neither criticism nor theory, neither biography nor philosophy, neither diary nor poetry, nor politics. Blue, in fact, is the alternative. Desire hovering above, without an object. Neither day nor night, neither matter nor spirit. In blue, we are equal and different. One soul and one experience, absolute and immeasurable.

Roy Brand