

Venezia or the suspended words.

I met Sandra Zemor when she exhibited her work at the Lier Theater. Since, when work permits, she welcomes me into her studio, where I have the great pleasure to see her works. It has, something that we do not see... but we can feel it... The essence of her brush, the essence of a moment, a thought, an emotion ... a body, a landscape or a city. Her drawings often seem from the spirit of calligraphy - which means without representing - and her paintings of fog where the light and the night would have been lost, and sometimes a crack of an opening which seems to suggest a path to take, or a path to leave .

At our first meeting, over a cup of tea I asked her if she writes. I do not know why the question came to me as naturally as I was talking with a painter - perhaps because of these parcels of old texts in some of her paintings that I suggest a particular sensitivity to the text ? Or because I had seen at this exhibition few copies of the book "Jerusalem & the missing princess" where the text of Rabbi Nahman of Bratslav is accompanied by her drawings ? No, I really do not know. I remember that Sandra had replied that she writes poems, hidden poems, poems not published yet. Later, maybe ...

Sandra has now made the step and offers her poems to read. With the support of the Venetian gallery San Eufemia - where she exhibits - her second book is published: "Song from Venezia" .

This work is made for some time now but conditions are difficult , hardly been favorable to the publication of an artist's book ... Now there is. That through these few lines I want to thank the author, and all those who worked on its

publication.

A white curve is painted in the black of the front cover - the circle is only partially drawn - not to close it, for life to enter it , and the breath to go through it, and go away. Passage at a price of a perfection always aimed, always to reach .

The night is cut by some light : the way opens up, so we discover in the night, and from very far, Venice. The line is circular like an eye-fish lens intercalated itself between the one who draws, writes and the horizon, jagged by small silhouettes.

At the edge of the poem is the time of flotation. The soul seeks a voice, the sky seeks a way to get away from the sea - from one to the other Venice, where we search the other one, is pending in a ink stroke that embodies the essence.

No channels nor figurative palaces , nor boats, but they are here, entirely held in these thin lines - so thin that they are barely sketched, so dense they mean things with a lightful evidence . Then, slowly, the darkness of the night detaches itself - flowing, vaguely blue tinted, like the surplus ink drained from the brush, to leave visible on the white page, only the traces of the city at the horizon.

From time to time some words let hear a quest , the conspiracy of an absence. When eventually the goal seems to be reached- I found you - then layers of matters, textures and colors play together, gradually settle themselves into the silence of the white page till the sealing of reunion - You found me.

The words are few - in various places on the page, humble and do not attract the first glance that the drawings do, surrounded by this silent white, dazzling, the drawings are predominant. The words, however, call the mind - they are

murmurs, they inhabit the space without disturbing it like the words live in the melody of a song.

These verses are in English - probably because the fluid sounds of english, and its construction, are more direct than French, in perfect harmony with their tenuity which matches the one of the drawings.

I have not read this thin book -

I gathered in it as I would have done, seating in a holy place.

Capture of a waiting , of a quest, it is like in the temple of hope.

From the night to the densified matter of the presence eventually felt, going through the dazzling whiteness of the journey punctuated by the trace barely tangible of silhouettes seen from far, page after page, Sandra writes with the same ink with which she draws and paints: the one which by one stroke or one word she makes happen the meaning and she conjures the emptiness.

Without representation, beyond the illusion of appearances data.

Isabelle Roche - Paris, 25 March 2012 .