

One of the first texts I read in Yiddish was a tale of Rabbi Nachman of Breslov in an edition published in Buenos Aires. Some time later, I remember finding in a bookstore in Meah Shearim in Jerusalem a bilingual edition of the Tales followed by comments . Since Rabbi Nachman has never left me . Like few writers as one feels so close that they become life companions . I got carried away by the apparent simplicity of his thought, full of bright flashes and labyrinth ruptures . I was intrigued by his writing made a rebound endless puzzles , by his manner of break language, disarticulate the story . Rabbi Nachman loosens submission to the logic of the story . We are losing the north by an apparent jumble of associations of ideas, flashes of dreams , stories of travelers, beggars and vagabonds , fantastic fables , fragments of myths, kabbalistic ideas hidden under the appearance of the legend. Must , every time, try to reconstruct the puzzle, decrypt hidden in the folds of the winding narrative secrets, but it is yet another way to confuse , disorient of . Reading Tales provides a strange mixture of peace and concern. As a perilous march to the edge of a precipice.

I met Sandra Zemor during a Passover Seder . We discovered our shared passion for the texts of Rabbi Nachman . She connected it to the poems and songs of Leonard Cohen. In her studio , I admired her beautiful paintings , simple and secret . I found many sensations I had experienced in reading the tales of Rabbi Nachman . The proximity in the images, fed the imagination and symbols of the Kabbalah. The affinity in the way of combining a troubling concern , demanding simplicity, a desire to silence resulted in large areas of color and pure lines .

In Hasidism, walking is a spiritual practice of purification, repentance . It is the symbol of the exile of the shekhina . Mental preparation for the meeting with the rebbe, the time of

delivery after long days of wandering. The tales characters, children, beggars, kings and princesses, leave their homes , are driven from their palace. They wander through the oceans, crossing bridges, lost in the forest , meet travelers who lead stories in which they become the heroes . If they reach the cities, they are not safe havens to rest. Here they embarked on new wanderings which , once again , turn the narrative, blurring the evidence , stray characters .

We read Sandra Zemor's drawings like a Megillah . They are discovered as a Chinese painting scroll is unrolled like an unquiet frame narrative , made of breaks and secrets. Often a dust from hebrew letters covers the drawing as to heal the wounds of the story. If the drawing accompanies the journey stories of Rabbi Nachman , it is not to illustrate or explain , but to dialogue, it is the same disorder, same emotion , the same waiting , to join them, to make them walk side side . In Sandra Zemor's painting there are beautiful portraits of cities , view from above, overhanging hills. Cities appeared in a huge void by some simple ink lines. In Nachman , the characters pass through, too , strange imaginary cities , but they are often places where the story suddenly changes direction, where the characters face new obstacles. The texts of Rabbi Nachman of Breslov as Sandra Zemor's drawings tell the same desire for unity and thirst for deliverance.