

Me, when I am patiently sitting and waiting for you

Galia Bar Or - Beyond the Range of Vision - On the Works of Vered Nachmani
Ein Harod Museum of Art, September 2001

From the outset of her path in painting, Vered Nachmani has chosen subjects taken from a concrete reality: a kitchen alcove, a yard, a family. "Bourgeois" painting, on the face of it - seductive coloring and a pulse of detailed everyday existence that transmitted a basic confidence in life. In fact, however, Vered Nachmani's painting never promised all these. Even when she painted ducks in a yard, dogs, trees and landscape, her painting projected a strong sense of lost grasp and of something that has gone wrong, though it is difficult to say exactly what. Perhaps this stemmed from the fragmented character of the painting, which was stretched over the canvas from edge to edge, like an ornamented carpet the theme of which lies beyond its boundaries. The images were represented by means of stains, as though painted from a second-order source, such as a photograph or a dim memory, opaque to access. There was also an inward movement, which was hinted at in *A Girl with a Stick* (1996), a flat and fragmented painting that pushed out at the viewer, and developed into a perspectival distortion and a vertiginous sense of loss of equilibrium.

The present series, which is on show at the Museum of Art in Ein-Harod (Autumn 2001), also deals with the domestic locus - this time with the landscape visible from the yard of the artist's home. The paintings are large in scale: *When Death Dips in Life* is 3.5 meters wide and almost 2.5 meters high. The landscapes cover the walls of the museum's white gallery from floor to ceiling. Nonetheless, the Painting does not keep the classical "promise of happiness" of "landscape Paintings" that projects sensory plenitude and authenticity. The painting is fragmented, not only in its glinting stains, but also in its format, which is composed of detachable units, like a sort of theater curtain. In the foreground, a "grid" of a fence made of bamboo or barbed-wire blocks the view towards the landscape.

Vered Nachmani is not selling a total experience. For her the world, like the memory, is composed of intervals of forgetting that cannot be rejoined, and that swell and retreat to what is beyond the range of vision, yet continue to work in a concealed manner in the present. In this sense, Vered Nachmani's painting is reflexive: the act of painting as a quest for a forgotten presence of an origin that will never be in attainable range.