

THE SUSPICION OF FIRE

(...) Transforming drawing into de trace of a subtle print, known to be close to destruction, these works retrieve the moment prior to a hypothetical disappearance. Everything in them, therefore, exudes a provisional, impermanent nature, yet at the same time – note how this is produced in contradiction to what we have pointed out - a paradoxical sense of congealed endurance emerges, a curious sense deriving from the *photographic* character these images acquire. To this effect, the use of continual white backgrounds of which a few flaring black silhouetted musical instruments or certain bodies are outlined, configures the frozen image of a volume which is absent – and therefore present.

This is the reason why, although we know we are not facing a *real* object at all, we should be aware that the profiles employed in the works act as the overlapping negative of certain indefinite referents, referents which, on the other hand, we know have been *there* even though only for a certain precise moment. An energetic tension similar to that incited by the photographic act (the sharp burning presence of what is forever halted and frozen) then develops in the interior of a universe which, in the spite of everything, continues to explore the emptiness that shapes all objects.

As a result of this, hollow and absence become the centre of a saturated occupation, and occupation vertebrated as a mandala-like discourse around the flimsiness of a *vision*. From this point of view, dream, nightmare and apparition form the ghostly tale of an intermittent, transient illumination. Nevertheless, and as is usually the case with our artist, the intention distances us from any metaphysical whim. Hence the universe of spectres which arises always assumes an impure meaning. In the present exhibition therefore, nature acquires the consistency of an uncontaminated mist, a mist through which one may exhale the desire of vacuity that underlies all our enterprises and concerns.

Painting acts as an instrument of reflection, and therefore as a means of knowledge and analysis of a *hidden reality* whose unmasking cannot be carried out in a rational way. This leads to all attempts undertaken in this sense having to be based on a language is something Pamen Pereira permanently invites us to do, while also urging us to intuit that notwithstanding everything else, the symbolic language cannot approximate us more than in a partial way to this kind of *reality*. In a

certain sense her task becomes unrewarding. Our gaze, on the contrary, is not so. It is precisely in the tension generated through this conflict where the *music of the void* can be heard.