

I see a lot of /emptinessvoid in your art, maybe you assert we are losing our souls and/or that special spark that makes Human Beings us all?

I think a human being can't lose her soul. She can only lose the key that opens the door to the wonderful dark room with the small, intriguing sparkle in the center that each one of us has inside. The void is the wide space laying in silence between the walls and the sparkle. Cross it!

What do you think is the role of the artist in today's hyper connected world?

Sorry, I have to go. I have to do art...

Did you ever feel like a mad scientist trying to give life to new kinds of creatures?

I feel like a mad psychologist who digs deep into her own psyche, uncovers hidden emotions and tries to explain them in a language that is not made to be spoken with words. Rather than a scientist, I feel like a sponge that absorbs the energy around it. My creatures are feelings, mine or others', that re-new themselves every second and that live their own lives. I just have to find them. Maybe I'm more an emotional researcher.

Where do you like to hide yourself?

In the dark room inside myself, trying to reach the sparkle...it's a long, long journey. So when I'm hiding, I'm walking.

What is the best definition of your work you ever heard/read so far?

Hans op de Beeck once wrote:

"She uses a medium as the most adequate means to express a certain content, and not because of the medium itself. I consider that a very valuable point of departure. Sandra is a gifted writer, is strong in conceiving

and producing balanced video works, has the skills to direct, sculpt, make photos, perform, create total installations, design costumes and many things more. What I highly appreciate as well is the fact that she, amongst other subjects and domains, is not afraid to work on emotion and beauty, and, by doing so, knows how to avoid the dangers of both pathos and empty formalism."

and - I'm sorry Mister Cervi, but I have to cite you:

"She is an emotional explorer, her art discovers today little emotions and turns them into light and pulse through aesthetic and thoughts. She walks in different media and darkness just like an equilibrist on a razor wire."

What is your first memory about Death?

The death of my uncle had a big impact on me. Apart from my mom, his sister, he was the most lovely, intelligent, deep and authentic person I've ever met.

I believe one of the most important issues in this millennium is that people are not able to deal with Death anymore: they just refuse it or close their eyes. And I think this is not natural. What do you think about it and how do you believe humans could have a serene relationship with death again - it's a part of life after all?

I suppose closing the eyes in front of a fact is already very close to death without noticing it.

For three years I lived nearby a cemetery. My mom and I often walked through it while talking about this and that, if we like the tombs, wondering who has been Mister ... I remember that my boyfriend at the time was very shocked by our walks and said that it scared him. I couldn't at all understand why.

What we can do? Open our eyes.



**What was your biggest dream when you were a child?
Today, is your inner child happy to see how far you
have arrived?**

I remember an emotion, which is very important to spell my inner dream. One afternoon I was standing on the bench of our dining table in the house I grew up in, looking out of the window onto the white snowy silent landscape.

Nobody was there.

The silence, the white and the soft light of the snow hugged me.

I was three or four years old, not more. I felt completely myself. In peace. Completely lost in my thoughts. After a while a man appeared far away, walking slowly on the street. I wanted to connect with him. But he was too far away, wrapped in his cloak. I was inside and he outside.

In my head I started a silent conversation with him.

I think the feeling of this memory is my greatest dream.

Being completely myself in peace. Relate to other human beings without losing myself.

Living my inner child.

Thinking about that today, my inner child is happy to see how far I've come, but, again, it's certainly still a long long way to walk.

Do you believe in magic?

How could a magician not believe in her profession?