

## Recall

Rena Papaspyrou's practice is replete with cross-connections and endless loops of reference. To do justice to the entire body of her work one would need to be constantly jumping back and forward in time, in a series of flashbacks, backtracks and cross-cuts. Focusing on scattered details by collecting debris left behind (paper, metal etc) and detaching fragments of wall surfaces, manipulating materials and photocopies, her meticulous compositions create micro landscapes of clues and visual intrigue with an uncanny depth of field. Scrap upon scrap, literal and symbolic elements are assembled and mixed together without any sense of hierarchy presenting materials as materials and at the same time disrupting that equivalency.

Her complex oeuvre can certainly be appreciated as a record of time's passage, an insistence on matter and ephemerality, on the temporality of experience, while it is also tempting to read her 'reversed' images as an allegory. However, the viewer who's willing to delve deeper realizes that in fact, these observations could come secondary to the overall iteration that characterizes her practice.

Papaspyrou's current work conjures up an unstable landscape of possible readings and associations where writing becomes drawing and drawing becomes a process of projection and assumption.

A ceiling high Perspex column, comprising arrangements of photocopied scraps of walls (found in the former urban planning offices) with various actual and fictional telephone numbers and names written on them by the artist, sets the tone of the exhibition. The piece's strength arrives by way of the shifts in the shaped widths of the photocopies used – wider at the top, then gradually and discreetly narrowing in the middle and at the edges of each of its four corners. This systematic over-accumulation begins a successful process of concurrent stimulation and breakdown of communication, as names and numbers run together so closely making the viewer conscious of the unusable listings. At the same time, because of the various photocopy attempts she undertook, certain colors provide a disorienting lushness to the paper.

Far from conveying a monumental solidity, this double-sided screen raises a vertical cut right in the exhibition space and through the field of vision, but it manages to simultaneously separate and suture. Acting as a "seam" between the various zones of temporality, it represents different, albeit coexistent, timelines.

In the background, a series of manipulated photocopies, filled with similarly hand written names and numbers, are placed directly on the wall. In this case, every photocopy becomes a singular element fitted into a system that arranges this constant stream of information. This unruly grid of visual data creates a remarkably diverse image where once again exchange and classification is impossible. The viewer might be on the lookout for links between the wall installation and the column but there lurks Papaspyrou's ingeniously constructed system which produces new permutations on how things connect or disconnect, cross paths or bypass.

Almost like sculptural slices of the site they originate in, fragments of the original office wall surface are pasted onto a Perspex sheet. As Papaspyrou chronicles the aftermath of a working space-and part of that terrain is revealed in the traces of ongoing human activity shown in these writings- signs of the habitation of (and vandalism by) former employees are made evident. In this piece she literally amplifies the spidery network of multi-directional connections and transforms the ordinary state of things by questioning the place of the individual in social space.

As always, rather than sliding off into schematic exercises or simply illustrating a story, Papaspyrou approaches a narrative but always resists it. She makes her art by scraping the surface of things and digging out evidence from different sites.

The intellectual rigor and visual energy of her work is that her projects continue probing the possibilities of repetition, which, as Gertrude Stein proved, never really repeats. Each work is potentially metonymic, endlessly intertextual but resolutely singular.

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