

Crossings

Gefso Papadaki, reacting to the way memories flawlessly imprint themselves on the surrounding space, retained and awoken in the subconscious, draws on all the different stimuli she receives from any reality that surrounds her. Realities that orientate and direct her to introspection, allowing her to explore, envision and artistically reshape the journeys of the mind and imagination.

Doorways, usually doors from old and deserted houses, motivate the painter's crossings. The atypical map of their impressions, the elaborate overlapping of time, the wears and the resulted conversions the various doorways have undergone, are being transformed by Gefso Papadaki into a kind of Ariadne's thread. They become her vehicle of expression by means of the associations she makes while facing the world of the personal or even that of the collective unconscious. In a similar way she presents her trees, rebellious or blazing, earthly or metaphysical, growing roots as question marks, seeking for bridges between the cause and effect of their existence, inside a mystifying and unestablished environment, insecure and incessantly transformed. An environment that refers to the underpinning fermentations of personal conscience and the unconscious, exactly where not only loneliness leads, but also hope, always existing and emerging from inside the ruins. Through the ruins, though, we can discern her cities and walls, with their niches and corners, portraying in their surfaces a palimpsest of writings filled with reflections from the past, unexplained gestures and lost encompassed gazes.

Gefso Papadaki, wanting to render resonances of an impressive atmosphere in order to objectify on the one hand the possibilities of reflective detection assigned upon the viewer, and on the other, to incite profound mental activities, focuses her attention on the materials themselves and on the way she uses them to express herself. These are materials that the painter resourcefully and sensually chooses (metallic surfaces, papers, corroded pieces of wood, acrylic plasters), and which she often supplements with details from her older paintings or photographs taken out of magazines or newspapers. The means she uses are mainly acrylic colours and glues, where she controls the final outcome by thickening or thinning them. She creatively interferes during all creative stages, from the beginning to the very end, by mixing the materials and the expressive means accordingly, so she uses brushes or spatulas and she might also scratch, carve or imprint various gestures. In this way,

Gefso Papadaki's desired embossed quality in her surfaces acquires, for one thing, a dramatic dimension, and also a transparent field through which the viewer can detect the inner adventure of her writing. Something that highlights hidden explosions, incitements, osmoses, overlapping or symbiotic controversies of a morphodynamic matter reminding of dormant volcanoes that are in reality active, anticipating.

The painter's focus of interest is, except of pinpointing the existential loneliness, to seek to interconnect an unconfirmed and constantly transformed present with a declining past. What emerges through this interactive dialogue is the need to communicate with the use of a fragmentary, and discontinued language, which at times can be inflated or alienated, remaining though essentially organic trying restlessly to construct new bridges. A language that covers as such gaps and distances, resulting from the pace of life, yet leaving defenseless each and every signifier and their bewildering signified.

The expressionistic writing of Gefso Papadaki, embodying within her assimilated intensity some symbolic or allegorical versions that subtly charge her topics, brings forth formations where the possible and the accidental, the disarmed and the rejected "event" co-exist with the hope waiting to emerge behind the ruins and the desolate journeys. It is through this unexpected solitude that modern people experience the utopias of vulnerable "paradises", while at the same time they become hostages of their own "developments", the substitutes of nature they have shaped, but also of all these automations they have metonymically equipped their lives with, neutralising so their own existence.

The human presence is both required or included in the painter's landscapes, it is always there, reminiscing, questioning, deliberating, falling in love, deciding for its own fate and taking the responsibility to reorganise - through approval - the dawn of the new day. We can see traces of light in the horizon of Gefso's topics or on her starry skies where she opens a "window" on the firmament, like a voice coming from the future, being unexpectedly grown by a constantly reconsidered past.

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