

# *HARIS EPAMINONDA*

## RODEO - ISTANBUL

Review by Nancy Atakan  
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On a drab November day, my state of mind and mode of being shifted as I left the chaotic clutter and noise of Istanbul streets and entered the serenity of Rodeo Gallery featuring work by Haris Epaminonda. As I adjusted to the exhibition atmosphere, I realized there was no need to search for meaning or a story in the work. Rather, I slowed down, observed, sensed, connected and simply existed in that exact moment of time. As I wandered through the gallery space, at times I found myself momentarily holding my breath or pausing as if I had reached a comma or period while reading a poem. Each element within each three-dimensional collage was complete within itself and beautifully framed or displayed on a support, but together the groups created a layered visual rhythm of incredible delicacy.

“Vol. IV” is a continuation of her specific type of poetic automatic visual writing or coding as shown last spring in “Vol. I, II, III,” in Malmö Konsthall. Epaminonda brought a surplus of material consisting of small objects found over time in antique markets, personally framed pages taken from 30-to-50-year-old magazines or books, delicately self-designed pedestals, and a video of her observations of swaying – almost dancing – palm trees shot with a super-8 camera in Australia. Without a plan, from this collection she selected, arranged and edited to make sentences that fitted into and interacted with the gallery’s existing walls, divisions, single white column and lighting system.