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In search of the vanishing light / Chattering the surface, but not so silent the echo, the deep.

Dual essay about Theodora Varnay Jones' work.

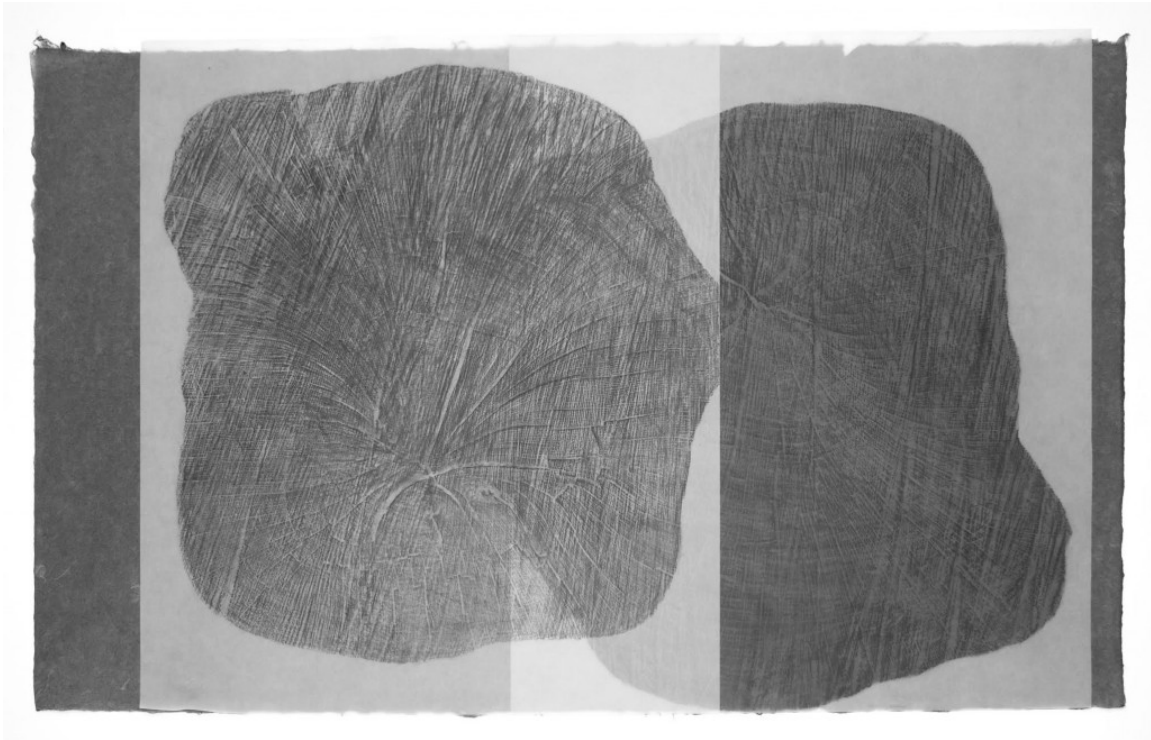
**Deák Csillag: In search of the vanishing light.**

Approaching the exhibition space in the pouring rain, the dull, vague city lights are reflected in raindrops. Upon entering, on the large monitor the video installation's blurred solar disc is changing to a glimmering waterfall. Bathed in the Sun? The video is in real-time; we must devote our consumable time to experience the rhythm's changes.

On the walls, there is a seemingly colorless world. There are no titles either. Theodora Varnay Jones' works are abstract, reductive, and traced translucent; depth, and meaning goes beyond their surfaces.

In front of the drawings, the translucent paper covers, conceal the images behind, like frosted glass. Postulating a dark and white world, we can scroll but will not get closer to white. Obvious similarities to natural forms jump into mind, a pattern.

More closely viewed, it seems, the eyes and brain were wrong. The cobweb lines are running, the drawing shows a different kind of order and harmony than I thought at first glance; as I move, the focus is changing. We are in a crumpled and intricate terrain, in a world of boundaries, surfaces. It is unified and changing as our point of view is adapting. I see interplay, the break of time sequence; time passes the opposite way from that long believed. Two and three-dimensional geometry bring together the intricate lines. There is no goal, only the final result. There's no reason only effect. The visible is constantly changing.



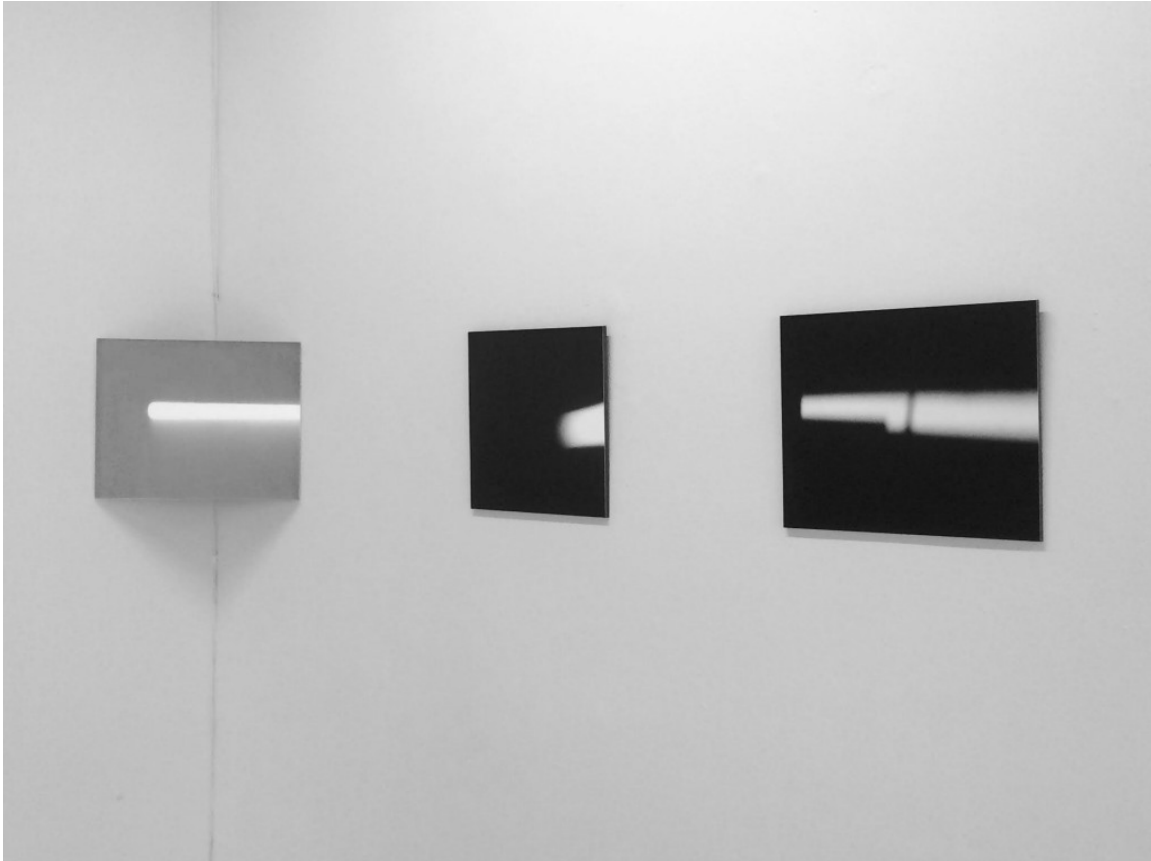
Theodora Varnay Jones sinks into the material. She touches, forms, and layers it. The resulting structure is subjective and carries repetition. Its information is minimal, understandable, and cogitable; material bound and lyrical as well. I see the unspeakability's pitfalls, the materiality, the transparency, the blur, the tactile, and the soft and fine paper. It is something relative in time and space.

In addition to the drawings, in the photographs the play of light, the longer or shorter light forms are also present. There is no duplication, no repetition, they are unique. Measurable, variable, sharper, or blurred they are formed and fixed. We see the face of chance, recognizable, identifiable, and unrepeatable. Conformity to the rules is terminated and a sense of pulsation in space is visible. The objective reality starts levitating and the visible story puts time into brackets. Here nothing is going on. Here we cannot enter the same river twice, even if we would think so. Actually, the usual order of perception is flipped over.

Duchamp is next to Kafka somewhere in the corner of Lena & Roselli Gallery, they belong together, not in the spirit of nihilism, but as they search for and untangle relationships of tradition and value. All objects are alive. Theodora Varnay Jones' works emphasize a continuity of the past, a dive into the abyss, the birth of the original, its anthill-like world. Blood, black blood, shows through the soft paper. Her creative strength and vision will not allow seeing only the suffering in human life and in the works presented. The

recitatives used by her emphasize the hope, the comeback of permanence and spirit.

The works, and through the works the artist is researching the irretrievable and unrepeatable. The world is empty, or even hollow. The works raise philosophical questions. What replaces the void, why is the layer important, be it paint, handmade paper, or wood? The material dictates; the material as connection and intent.



We want to perceive what is behind the works before our intrusive eyes. We would like to lift up the translucent material, but do not dare to touch. We have to rely on our imagination. Something very specific and near; what directs our attention now is the proximity of distance and the generality of the concrete. The human mind becomes part of the objective world, and vice versa. Here we sense and comprehend a perception of freedom and free willlessness experienced in our everyday consciousness; perceived as it is objectified, that is, manifested. The constant deprivation is mundane origin, recessed in material, heavy with the weight of the material. Pragmatic realism characterizes the works; to stand close to something, to immerse in something, to be in-between, where there is neither before nor after, neither above nor below.

Are the photos about music? Syncopé? Do size and shape appear as rhythm in our view? Are the perception's limitations what the artist is searching for?

Is it the unsubstantial? In the horseshoe like object-group, image, tempo, and line are revealed in black and white. They are not lucky horseshoes, however; open shapes, still connecting links, even stacked like a pyramid. What do we want from life, from art? Interconnection. Recognizing that the material world connects us with others, with the objects, and that we cannot stand outside. Because the abstract world only exists in our heads. It does become tangible, not only by the artist, but by the viewer as well. Theodora Varnay Jones does not undermine the arts. For her creation is a lifestyle, where she is forging a bridge between two shores of the void.

### **Kölüs Lajos: Chattering the surface, but not so silent the echo, the deep.**

Back in time, to the beginning. To stay warm, kindle a fire in the woods, rub together two pieces of dry wood in the desert. The wood-ash heats up, smokes, begins glow.

We are rubbing our cold and stiff fingers. As if we knew Hippocrates' dictum: rubbing strengthens the loose joints and relaxing the immensely stiff ones. As children, we were shading leaf-veins, imaging it to a piece of paper. Not knowing that the rubbing technique (frottage) is an art making process to explicate the surface textures of materials. The rubbing-print (tapian, squeeze moulding) lifts the finished image from the source object. Theodora Varnay Jones practicing one of the most common and perhaps the oldest procedures of printmaking.

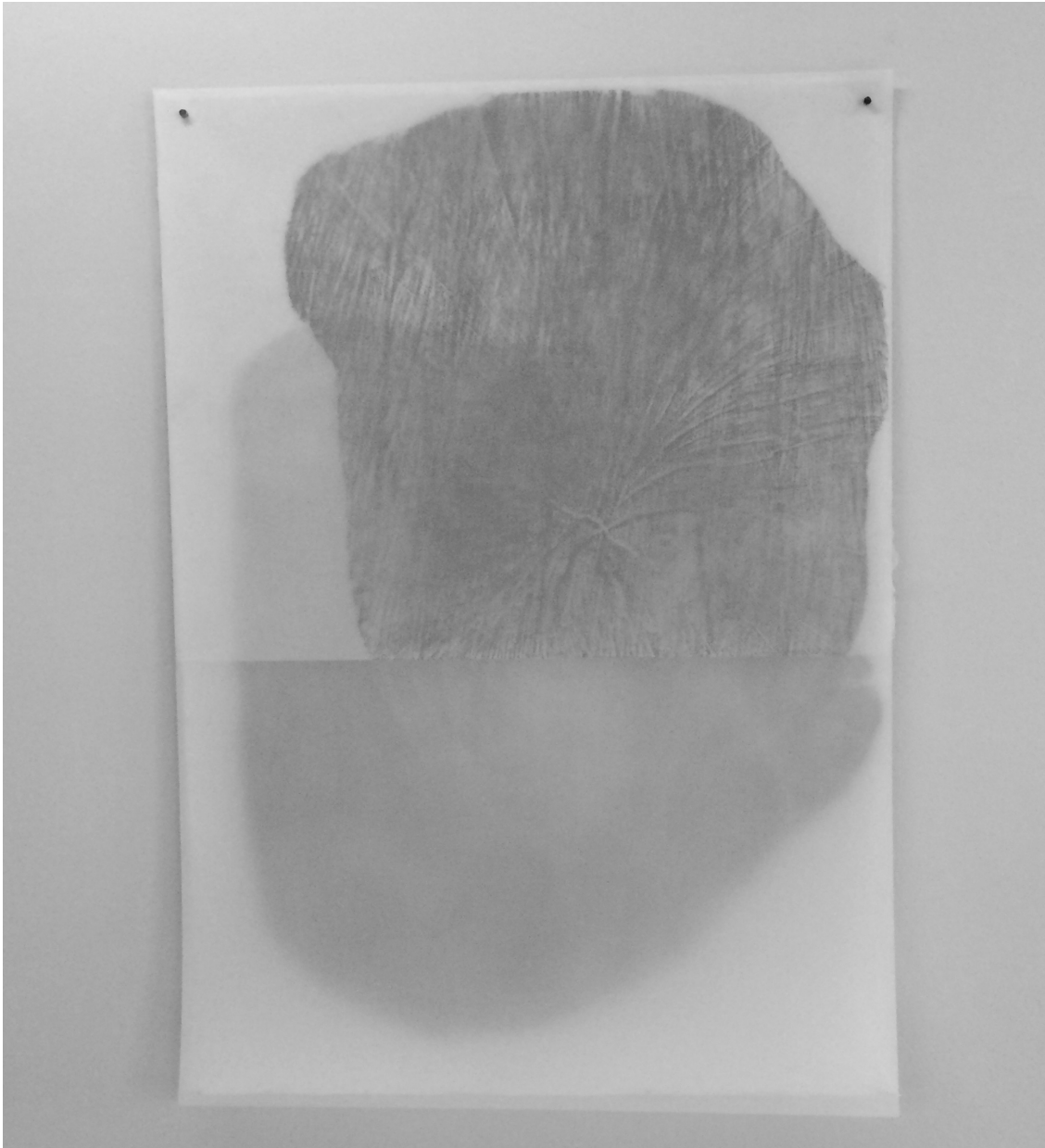
In a small space the works are illuminating, attracting the eye. Theodora Varnay Jones works on long fibered Japanese "gampi" paper. The artist resists the development of technology (concrete, computer etc.) With her Post-Minimalist works she emphasizes the material's translucent, layered, gradual, con sealing and repetitive nature. Her first drawings were inspired by a ballet performance. The arches, curves, and levitation. In recent years, and again, she is re-experiencing the objects' surfaces, their alteration and depth. She builds layers after layers formatting.

Her interest extends to series and structures, (the system), transparency and visual ambiguity (perception), cognition, and context (relativity), and linear progression and layering (time). She confronts the viewer with the phenomenon of metamorphosis, the transformation, that something is related or even connected to another image. The translucent with the opaque. The revealed with the concealed.

The object can no longer be seen, but it's print, it's echo.

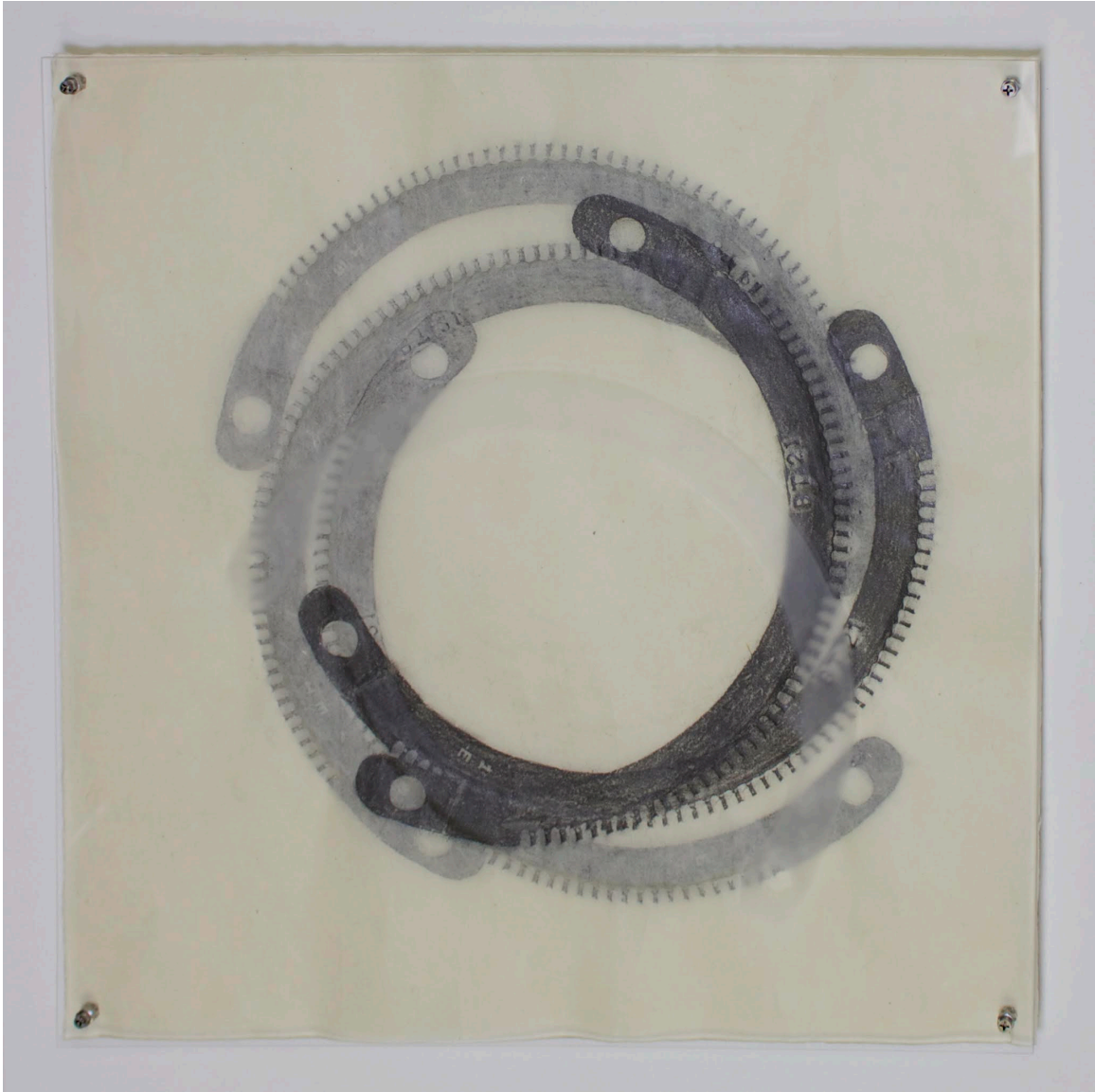
The line, the channels, the dimples are shifting, they change directions, some are sharp and clear, some soft, graphite and patchy. Nothing is closed; the world is open to us. The forms are ambiguous, evoking -in the viewer-

invisibility, void, remembrance, perceptual ways, and time itself. She traps light in her photos that emanate tension, they are there, existing.



It is not reality's demotion, rather the recognition, reformation and repossession of reality by its own weight and value. She creates space one can immerse in. Meditate.

The shape is not eliminated; it gains primacy content, a shaping force. She is heading towards culmination, while carrying recognizable stamps of individual expression.



Her works create and maintain such contexts, which are destined to convey their aleatory, echoing and willful artistic expression. The quotidian thus gains its meaning and beauty. Something destined, though vague, and blurry. She is recreating, the material medium, reviving it, almost radically, while she is reducing, dismantling. Theodora Varnay Jones' perception of reality is concrete, manifested in materials, a world without conceit, which is full of void, neutral and achromatic black and white colors. Theodora Varnay Jones is rethinking and originating reality's old transfer medium and metaphysics.

*2015.10.15. - 2015. 11. 10*  
*Lena & Roselli Galeria*