

Origin, Error, Possibility.

The Color Field in the Paintings of Cornè Theron.

Podcast (Episode 1), Alexander Leinemann.

Welcome to XArtCollective.

My name is Alexander Leinemann and I am an Arthoholic. Not what you might think now. Please don't get me wrong there. The conscious enjoyment is always in the foreground for me and should not be a rarity in art.

Already the British art dealer Charles Saatchi, from whom I borrowed this title, from his book published in 2009, knew about the conscious consumption of art of all shapes and sizes. Saatchi had a good sense of this in the 1990s, when he brought artists such as Damien Hirst and Tracy Emin to world fame. His recipe for success was as simple as it was ambiguous.

In his brief yet momentous statement: "I buy art that I like," he clarifies for us not only the consuming urge of his collecting instinct, but, and certainly preceding this urge, his pleasure in simply looking at, seeing, and recognizing art in all its diversity.

Art does not come from ability, but from seeing, and according to this credo I would like to take you with me today to show you what I have seen last.

Under the title "Origin, Error, Possibility. The Color Field in the Paintings of Cornè Theron", I present to you in this, the paintings of the South African artist.

Before we get to the paintings, however, a phrase that you are surely familiar with from everyday and also art-related contexts, should level the playing field. It is simply the concept of form.

The concept of form determines our everyday life. It guides our view of what is essential and at the same time delimit independent things from it.

Shapes give things support and at the same time create security. Shapes are an essential part of our cognition and help us to create systems of order that enable clarity in our lives. Forms provide insights in the face of an over-complexity of our reality.

Shapes are omnipresent and are also a part of what we now today call the digital space, a crucial means of structure.

Within a few decades, however, a form-giving basic building block disappeared almost completely from our collective superficial appearance.

The smallest common building block of the digital was transformed by rapid technological progress from an everyday visibility to a flawed word for temporarily disguised perfection.

The single image point - also called pixel - is currently only a relic of a bygone era. Long since manufacturers have been advertising displays that can negate the boundaries of the original basic form of digital space. Resolutions that are beyond what the human eye could recognize as a single pixel in the past.

What the human eye could recognize as a single pixel have become an everyday reality.

Films such as "Ready Player One" by Steven Spielberg or "Pixels" by Chris Columbus make the nostalgically transfigured stylistic device in computer-generated worlds, whose perfect appearance no longer allow any conclusions to be drawn about the origin and the actual value of the pixelated protagonist.

The images are supposed to be more and more detailed, sharper, higher-resolution and more real, in order to generate the most engaging experience possible for the recipient and user.

However, the consequences of this development are serious. Digital images that no longer offer for the viewer's gaze, contain no clarity of origin, and suggest salvific messages of a new kind of truth, are the consequences.

Where have the forms remained that still permit identification and demarcation of content and, at the same time, of one's own position in the boundless digital world? In a digital world, in which every pixel and every image disturbance is perceived only as a defective remnant of a reality that does not strive for perfection.

Looking back has become of crucial importance. But why should the individual in the race of mass individuals for possible perfection, be willing to look back at all?

In this race of the perfect, which has become a metaphor, is there not a threat of losing touch with the constant if the gaze is directed backwards?

The paintings of the South African artist Cornè Theron are dedicated in their general appearance to the pictorial field. The painted fields in Theron's paintings, which taken individually, are color fields of their own value, are arranged in the overall dimension of the picture to an intentional representationalism.

We see things, people, scenes reminiscent of real places, and ultimately participate with the appearing overall picture.

This participation, projecting the personal reality onto the pictorial reality, possesses, however, a deceptive obliquity. For clarity does not want to arise in the paintings at any time of the moment of contemplation.

Although the pictorial subjects appear to be representational, their actual precision and their real exactness and finality forms only in

the mind of the viewer.

This is thus a predicament from which escape is only possible if the viewer turns the gaze and it is directed towards oneself.

A sighting that is all too difficult to carry out, since we have learned that it is all the more important nowadays to keep up with the seemingly real race in the digital race, which is focused on constant presence and participation.

What can a single, "poorly resolved" image provide us with, when the surrounding world of glossy images suggest far more enticing possibilities?

Cornè Theron's paintings are not paused moments of a sharpness of detail. We could wait forever, and yet the apparent moment of blur would not result in a more detailed pictoriality.

Movements are only on one level of this contemplation of the picture striving towards knowledge, namely where the picture confronts the viewer with his or her own physicality.

The perpetual search for clarity, the gaze to search the image again and again, to want to make it sharper and ultimately to understand that the apparent error of the picture only leads to the recognition of the possibilities in front of the picture.

Theron's images are a materialized pause of perpetual blur in the otherwise hurried search for clarity in the mirages of the digital world.

They create a contemplation specifically designed to glimpse the shape of the disguised whole that has previously been negated in years of perfection.

The images teach us that it is not the unambiguity of expressing something or naming something is the decisive action, but looking as such.

The French philosopher Paul Virilio once wrote that "speed causes emptiness and emptiness eventually drives to haste."

If we take this statement as a formulated clarification of our present situation and that which precedes it, Cornè Theron's art is a possible means of recognizing, with the help of art, what potential lies behind the superficiality of things.

It is not through speed or haste that this has potential, but only by recognizing the form in a moment of sole contemplation of the picture.

Therefore, I wish you much joy in your contemplation of Cornè Theron's works and I look forward to you tuning in again for the next installment. Please also let me know what you what you have seen last.

Because you know: Art comes from seeing.