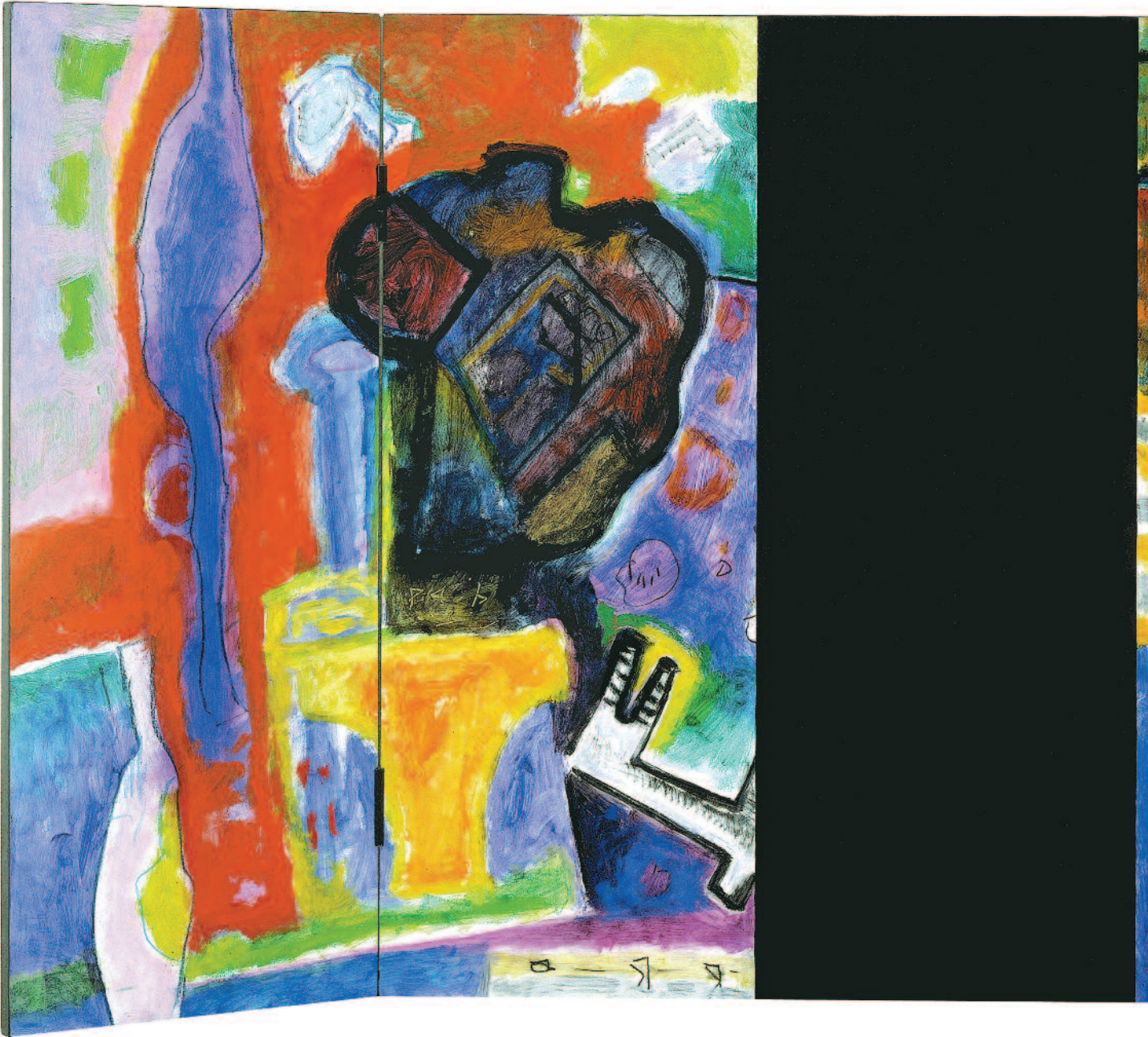


The Only Guest

*Luis González de Alba**



Tryptych no. 190, 65 x 125 cm, 1999 (mixed technique).



Photos by Lourdes Almeida

Carlos Torres is not concerned with contemporary physics or cosmology. He paints, shades, outlines, smears, suffers when he does not like it, refines. He paints.

On the other hand, critics who borrow concepts from the exact sciences to manufacture overrefined, unintelligible, concocted paragraphs to impress their readers with gems of wisdom that no one—it goes without saying—will ever verify are always loathsome and pedantic.

However, we science enthusiasts cannot help but be surprised by Carlos Torres' painting. These matte, pure blacks that half cover all the patiently harmonized, perfected bursts of color; subtleties worked to end up under a smoke-colored blotch, or partially submerged in cement before it sets or, lastly and irremissibly, burned with a blowtorch. It is like gazing at a starry night, at blue mornings. But then, I don't want to continue down that road because I have seen abominable paintings that look like interplanetary spaces, cheap trash by bad, astronomer illustrators. No. Carlos Torres manufactures abstractions, always without titles, in which some of us can see what is very large and what is very small, some of us can reflect on the use of space as a part of the painting when a piece of it is taken out and a hole left that will forever await its imminent and impossible reassembly.

Oh, what chatter between tequilas and cocktails that this lends itself to! A piece of painting cut out and set apart: an impossible love, says one; simple, full

* Mexican writer.



Tryptych no.1, 100 x 130 cm, 1997 (mixed technique on paper/wood).

We cannot help but be surprised by Carlos Torres' painting. These matte, pure blacks that half cover all the patiently harmonized, perfected bursts of color; subtleties worked to end up under a smoke-colored blotch. It is like gazing at a starry night, at blue mornings.



Translation, 100 x 100 cm, 1999 (mixed technique on paper/wood).

love because you never know your beloved, says another, a little drunker; the hole is unsatisfied waiting; no, says the guitar player, it is the chord with a suspended third that seeks resolution in the tonic chord that never comes. It's that — oh, the inevitable clichés— the viewer recreates the work, says the sociologist in passing, drink in hand.

When they have all left the living room, their reflections and interpretations will stop. A single objective fact will remain, a single guest: the great beauty of the paintings of Carlos Torres. Because beauty has no geography, no era; it eludes interpretation. It is ineffable. It is platonic. You have it or you don't. Today, or a thousand years from now. **MM**