

verano del 93
acordada



Carlos Betancourt
En la Arena Sabrosa

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To all the souls that have given me breath, especially God, mis padres, hermanos y mi gran abuelita cubana-humana; La Lupe and Freddie; Vicky, Iliana, Roberto, Alex, Alfredo, D'na, Selene, Miguel, Saribel, Rosario, Ellie, Yagiro, Mireya, Taro, Diana, Mima, Eddie, Valene, Fran; Dade Community Foundation; los presos/as políticos; el exilio; a Andrea Meza

And to the enriching works of artists, poets and writers, especially María Elena Cruz Varela, Sandra Cisneros, Connie Valdez, Richard Jay Alexander, Carol Damian, Sandra Bernhardt, Ricardo Pau-Usoa, Liz Balmaseda and Richard Blanco, whose poetry appears in this catalog.

"Art must have begun as nature itself, in a dialectical relationship between humans and the natural world from which we cannot be separated"

Ana Mendieta

Carlos: I write you because you asked. I've done it in various occasions, but always mentally (much before it was your wish). Now, I will simply pick up the words that were left spread out on one of memory's shelves, uniting them, giving them sense and feeling, to dedicate them to you.

We talk so much...Always in a hurry, because the phone rings, always so quickly, because it never stops ringing, always fretting we will loose the thread of conversation or omit a piece of some thought capable of sheltering us or leaving us naked, and the phone rings.

That's the way we are always; trying to catch up with ourselves. Yet, we communicate. What an art.

I guess we're just sons and daughters of our times. Of little time. That's why your work is so important. It finishes everything that went unsaid, it distills every fractured thought that ceased to exist before its birth, it symbolizes each effort truncated by circumstances beyond our control, it actualizes what was left in potentiality, culminating in the harmonious silent communication, which makes sense without conceptualizing, or gridging, which arrives on time with the illusion of atemporality that liberates us from ourselves, sheltering us with tenderness and leaving us naked without fear, and it kills our reason without harming us to teach us that goodness is worth the effort, that intelligence is not just

a tool, that we can be transient yet dignified, that we can leave something of value every moment, that God exists in each thing that exists, present in absence, evident in in evidence, and that we can be free without destroying ourselves.

The "Ceiba" is the symbol of God and freedom, and the wooden decks (the only fragment which survived unharmed after your rupture with fracturism, because it is the essence of the essential, of the undeniable within us), is ours. God is supreme nature; we are its splinters. And, from this, we sustain ourselves as we sustain all of our dreams, those which come true symbolically in a world of clouds, calm waters and horizons, and also those which incarnate all that is incarnated in the "mulatas," televisions and colognes. And, by the pathways of making these dreams come true, we sometimes have the good fortune of finding support oars; splinters of splintered splinters. We suffer to get to the shores and touch the beach. And we fight daily against the political, mental and spiritual exile that we impose during our times. But this fight is worth the effort, like it is worth feeling the pain effort entails. This way, our happiness is truly sweet, and freedom capable of liberating us.

Carlos, may your passing always be dignified. The rest is simply that.

With you, Andrea.

In the paintings, installations and collages of Carlos Betancourt the beautiful is engaged by three of its relentless adversaries: the vulgar, the evil and the casual nearness of death. The encounters are dramatically set against the texture and resonance of a void, a burnt sky that evokes the tunnelled darkness of the pupil. Images are caught against this void like butterflies pinned by the Apollonian entomologist of the Dionysian dream state. These images have been called out of the world of flesh and bone and into the paradise of thought, and so they have shed context, those chains of cause and effect, of setting and sense, in order to dwell in freedoms of a new syntax entirely of the artist's making. The poet, if indeed a small god, is the sole deity of his imaginings. Small kingdoms appear vast from within. All the more so when they are our only kingdoms.

Betancourt approaches beauty very consciously through the lens of multi-layered representation. In his series "And/Oar", painted representations of well known sculptures-Benin's St. Theresa of Avila, the ephèbe Antinous who has the favorite of Roman emperor Hadrian face off with the painted image of a single broken oar of a Cuban balsero. This encounter takes place across a sutured version of the void. The rendition of a fragment of the beautiful is enshrined in a cut portion of canvas that is threaded to the rest of the painting. The fragment is haloed by empty space, a moat of air across which beams like rays of light beam from one island of darkness to the encompassing void of the entire canvas. For Betancourt, an award-winning designer of furniture, the aesthetic qualities of the oar must coexist,

in brutal irony, with the historical martyrdom the image embodies. Tens of thousands of Cubans have perished in the Florida Straits trying to escape communist oppression. As every Cuban knows, a floating oar (especially one with the handle broken off) is a beam in a nameless crucifixion. In this manner, the broken oar is as ambiguous as the sculptures represented in the thread-bound fragment. Legend has Antinous killing himself to enshrine his eternal youth in the memory of Hadrian. In Benin's version of Teresa de Jesús, religious and sexual ecstasy become one. Death, privation and beauty may well be three graces of the unconscious.

The weight of recent Cuban history aside, an oar is also an object of simple, stylized beauty, a Brancusian coincidence in the practical world, an aesthetic accident, an upside-down exclamation point, an extension of the swimmer's cupped palm, an homage in wood to the webbed foot and the pectoral fin. An oar is also a phallic symbol, especially when it plunges into water, a female principle. The sexual resonance of oars is captured by Shakespeare in his description of Cleopatra's barge in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. (2. 2. 193-99)

Cleopatra, the inventor of glamour, still holds the world title as sexual Machiavellian. She knew that the eroticization of symbols is the fuel of power's machine; obedience comes after seduction.

Betancourt isolates the symbol and places it in a new syntax, a two-word sentence-icon of ecstasy and oar. A metonymy results, a transference of values between contiguous elements and function which makes possible the formation of thought from the grasping of words in sequence. The metonymy triggers a dual reflection of remembrance (Hadrian remembering the dead Antinous through the statues of him erected in his villa) and on epiphany (Teresa, still bound in the cloistered flesh, lifting her soul to the eros of heaven).

The impact of ambiguity is understood by the series title "and/oar" which fuses the meditation on historically distant beauty and ecstasy with the tragedy at hand in Cuba. "And/Oar" is the opposite of its homonym and/or and denotes that consideration of beauty must include the oar and all it signifies in this time and place. The title displaces the duality of the common if awkward phrase with a univocal affirmation: in times of collective crisis no philosophical enterprise can ignore the tragedies at hand and remain valid. Betancourt has

taken this message to heart in his own commitment to Cuba's freedom and his championing of the cause of María Elena Cruz Varela when she was imprisoned for promoting democracy in the island. Betancourt's image strategy is not aimed simply at irony and juxtaposition but at expressing a deeply felt conviction. The balsero's oar, like the beams of the cross, signal a kind of mortal

exile, a voyage from one condition (that of fear) to another (that of hope).

Betancourt's series "Trofeos" extends the strategy of image isolation into the realm of Cuban kitsch. Every Cuban, especially those of the middle class, can recognize these icons of comfort: Violet cologne, the Italian coffee-maker for Cuban coffee, the TV set, and others. All point to the reconquest of personal comfort in exile. The rise in creature comforts in exile has perturbing symmetry with the growing physical deprivations inside Cuba.

The "trophies" discreetly satirize the process by which the presumed "winners," those in exile, reap nostalgia's fraudulent trinkets while an entire society, "la patria", disintegrates just over the horizon. The TV set -significantly, a 1960's model- is represented just after being turned off, the last beat of light trembling at the center of its darkened face. The comment is made all the more ironic by the presence of a wooden plank deck on which the "trophies" rest. Such decks epitomize Floridian relaxation, the kind of peninsular backyard kitsch Cuban exiles found here and have adopted.

The Florida swimming pool and wooden deck also appear in paintings whose central image is a dead tree trunk, lacerated, at times bleeding; roots like octopus tentacles drip off the sides of the deck into the void or dip lasciviously into the pool. The symbol combines Freudian and Christian resonances -the tree to which the martyr Sebastian was tied as well as the cross, often referred to in literature and lore as a tree. Drops of blood recall accounts of miracles. In a deeper as well as

more general sense, the tree embodies the pained desolation of personality when it is torn from its ground. There are many causes and expressions of exile. The tree becomes a beacon for those on the way to building personality. It is no accident that one of these paintings is titled "El Morro" after the Spanish colonial castle and more recent lighthouse that guard the entrance to Havana Bay.

In all of Betancourt's work, the social and political commentary never eclipses the delight in beauty. Indeed, the cult of beauty is one of the citizen's of the psyche's republic and a key player in the self's quest for justice. This, along with elements of style and the use of juxtaposition, places Betancourt in the tradition of figurative European surrealists like René Magritte and modern Latin American masters of the oneiric such as Frida Kahlo, Mario Carreño and Julio Galán.

There is one exception to betancourt's exploration of the challenges of beauty, and that is "Moon Over Miami", a collage composed of many pieces of anti-Cuban hate mail received by Pulitzer Price writer Liz Balmaseda. Except for the image of a Florida swimming pool turned into an evocation of a grave by what surrounds it, the surface of the work is covered in the muck of ethnic hatred. The title ridicules the view of pre-1959 Miami as a romantic paradise while also alluding to the lunacy of bigotry.

For Betancourt, the energy of denunciation is partnered by the force of beauty. There is no escapism in his candid passion for the beautiful. The times he seems to give free rein to style and reduction, there is

also brute confrontation with the conditions of life. The fish skeleton is a good example, as is the oar discussed above. In Betancourt's work, reduction, one of modernism's key methods of thought and innovation, reveals neither a gorgeous geometry of bones nor an invitation to stare at the decomposition of flesh. For Betancourt, reduction tells us simply what is left -the architecture of the immediate. Such bones are simple, firm, resilient. The connotations of the image also remain intact -its allusion to Christ, sacrifice, even the outline of Cuba.

Unlike the pretty, beauty is always responsible, even when this is not obvious. Those who see beauty as a fanciful evasion of the world and its challenges betray their stupidity. Beauty is blunt; that is why politics are always ugly. Beauty haunts memory; that is its homage to learning. Beauty is always hard currency. The embrace of beauty is always a sign of courage.

Surrounded by the serene beauty of the blue sea and its nothing contrast to the dynamic lifestyle of Miami, Carlos Betancourt creates his paintings from a perspective that is at once witty and strangely poetic. Influenced by the expresso training of a graphic designer, the young artist has already demonstrated his talent for a multitude of successful projects ranging from unique furniture designs to large-scale mural projects and star-studded portrait commissions. For this exhibition, he has compiled a series of paintings inspired by the Miami environment that includes swimming pools and waterfalls, among the obvious references to religious figures and such icons of Cuban-American popular culture as the cubano, the espresso coffee pot that fuels so much of the city's energy. Complicating the carefully described and direct imagery of the immediately recognizable, there are other layers of perception that inspire the paintings of Carlos Betancourt and contribute to their intellectual and aesthetic intimacy. As objects and images repeat themselves throughout these works, certain themes emerge to unite the seemingly disparate and varied.

Carlos Betancourt is at his most dramatic and unexpected in the series of works that began with a small portrait painted in tribute to the late Cuban-American artist, Ana Mendieta. The lovely face of Ana Mendieta is surrounded and almost lost in an entanglement of tree branches and leaves that invokes the spirit of her work while making reference to the great Ceiba tree in Miami where she left her bodily impression shortly before her death. The gnarled gray limbs of the Ceiba, one of the most ancient and revered trees of nature worship and spiritual enlightenment, take on anthropomorphic

characteristics in the stark black canvases that follow the Mendieta portrait. It is as if her presence has been transformed into the symbolic object taking root on the Miami stage for modern evolution, the swimming pool deck. Stripped of its leaves, the barren trunk plays a surreal role of control and contradiction under the clear blue skies of its new materialistic venue and takes on a poignant and poetic life of its own.

Carlos Betancourt enhances the dramatic and poetic elements of his carefully composed and designed canvases with the incorporation of words, poetry fragments, and a variety of additive materials. The poetic fragments add a serious note to the surprising, sometimes whimsical, content ranging from Pop to religious that often appears in his work. Writing in reverse (in phras that come naturally to him as a child and long before he knew of Leonardo's diaries), he pours out his heart and soul to reveal the depths of his imagination. The words that he uses to embellish his paintings are almost incomprehensible without intensive efforts at translation and reversal to the proper direction. Thus, an image that appears so simple and legible for its aesthetic qualities is burdened with new and complex meaning and demanding of attention that goes beyond a reading of surface.

For Carlos Betancourt, painting is the visual expression of everyday experience that encompasses a vital and energetic lifestyle and a mature appreciation for the spiritual and intellectual.

Carol Damjan
Florida International University

You are this:
the free palm
of my rest,
the impatient rain
from your hands
a river I collect
in my open hands
and bring to my dry
useless lip,
you, my thirst, my water
my tranquil shade.

You are this:
the draw island lean
I stretch with you
my back breaks
against your coast
you are the exile
of my exile
you are the red mountain,
the temperate valley
is my mouth open
waiting for your harvest

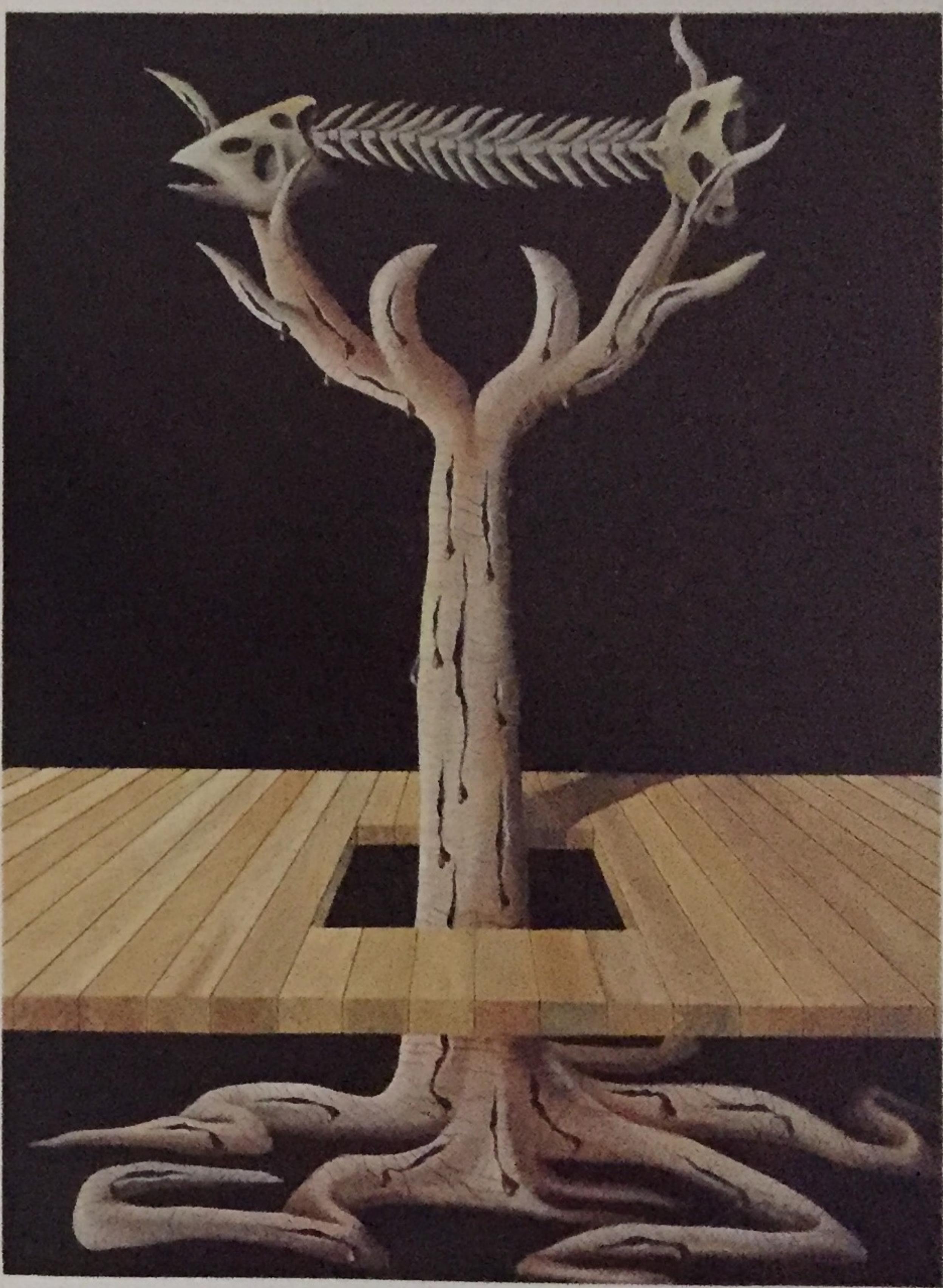
You are this:
the green crib
the pulse
loose in open hand
a hummingbird heart
and the sentinel of still stars,
attentive faith
among the proying palms,
a creed of breezes:
coconut wine, loaves of sand,
palmito mia

Thirty-five years ago
it never happened.
the pearl's decap-
sheat by Roaring sheath,
cause revolution over revolution
on this sargasso shore
where just yesterday
I didn't meet
with neighbors and crates,
piano wire and diesel truck fees,
assorted oars and roses.

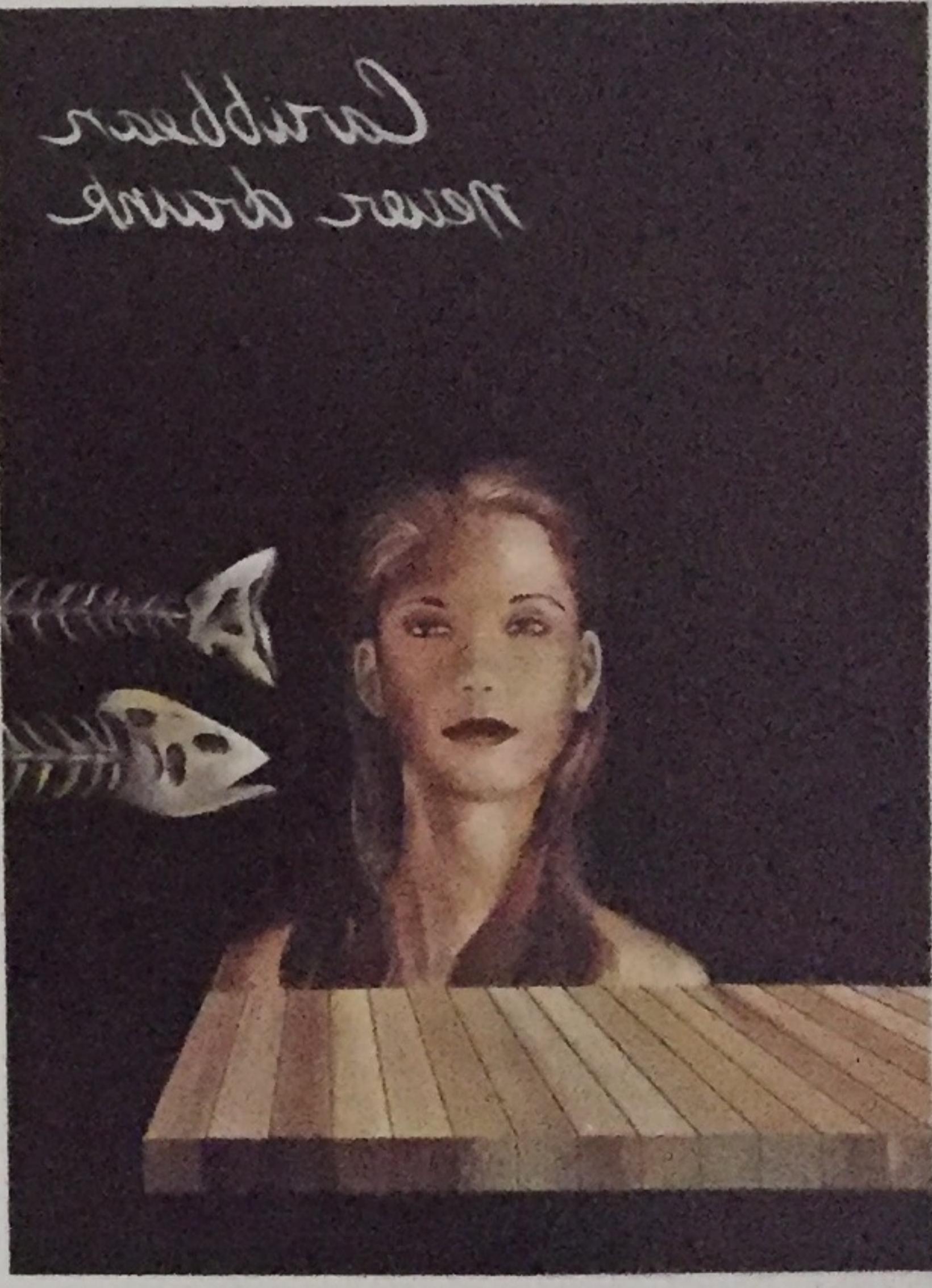
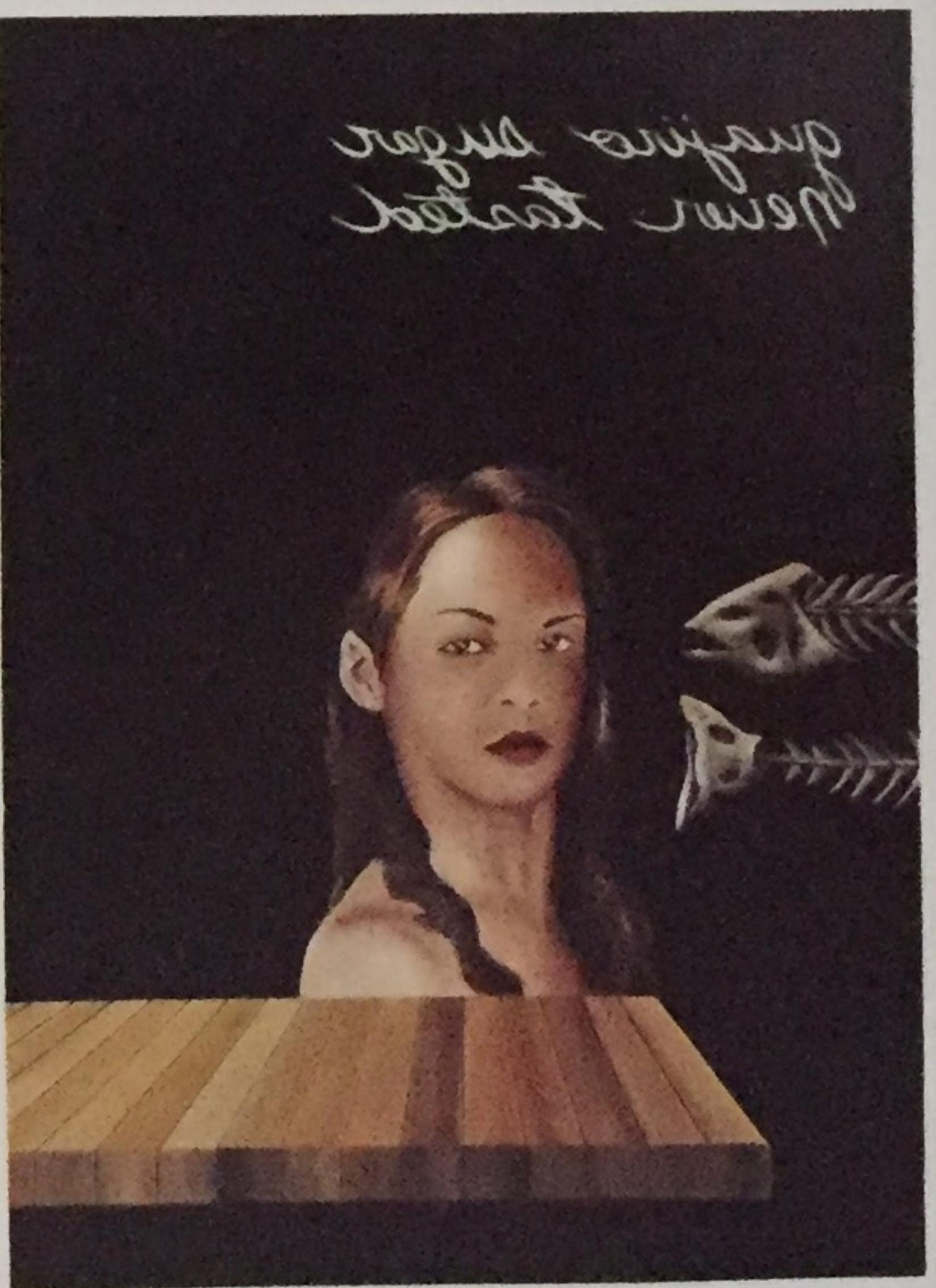
And this
never happened:
we never left the necklace
of lazy August palms
that never disappeared,
and Caritos never died
of a noon thirst
and his body didn't float.

And all that ocean was
was my wife but with blue eyes,
the mistress in dingy lace,
the little cups of espresso with
tattooed kisses on the face,
my son's back,
my mother's grove.
And I was Jonah
without a belly or a lesson;
we were los tres Juanes
sin la Virgen,
but yet the bastard sun,
and the sea a necessary foish,
useless water of sometimes
tiny hands of clawing waves,
of free and ignorant fish,
easy through our bloated fingers,
salt starched hair and blistered lip-
symbols of the sacrament
even Rumon denies openly
in dry prayers and safe dreams.

En la Arena Sabrosa
42 1/2" x 31"
1995
Mixed on canvas



Mulata I - Mulata II
42 1/2" x 31"
1995
Mixed on canvas

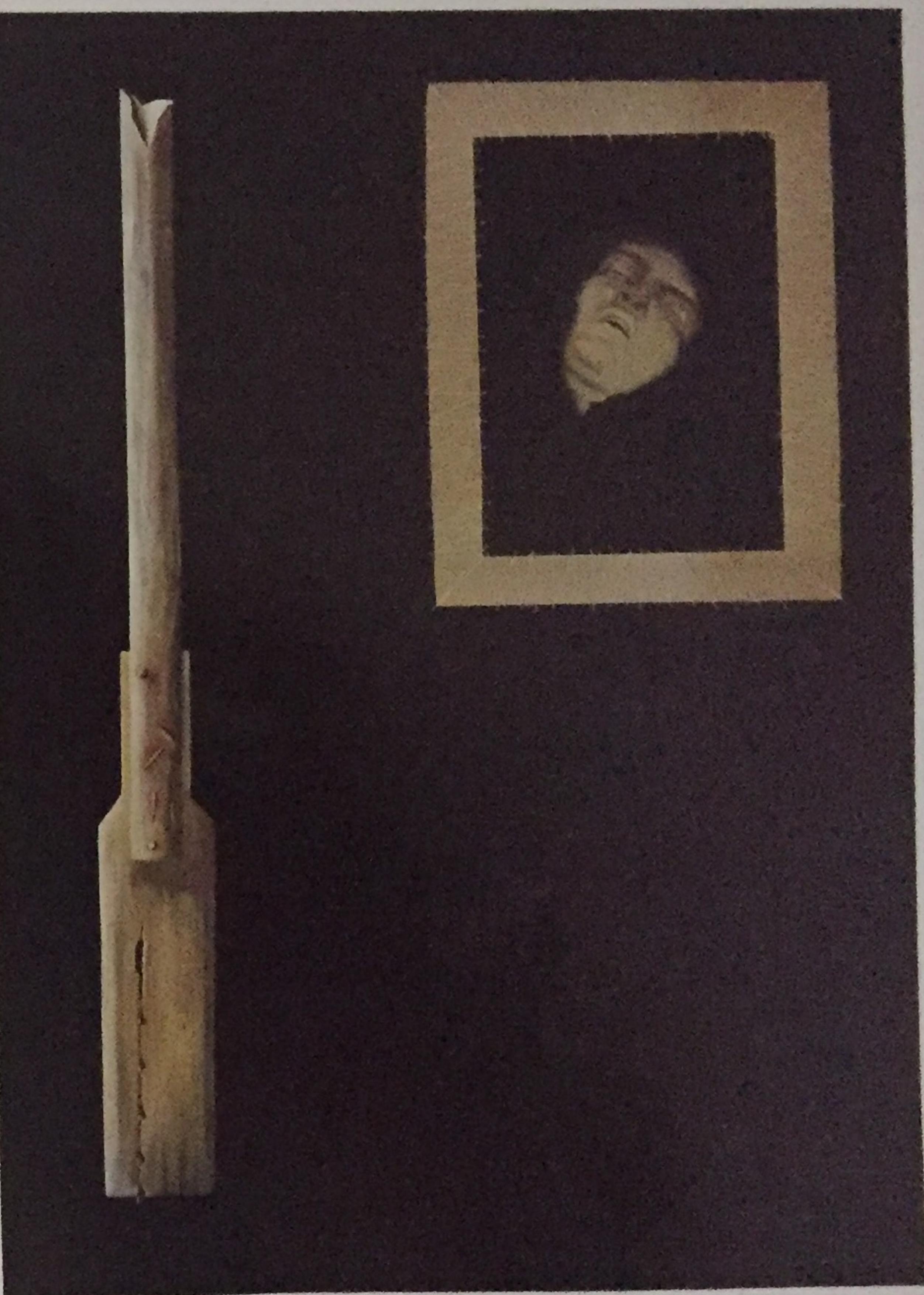


Santa Teresa y remo

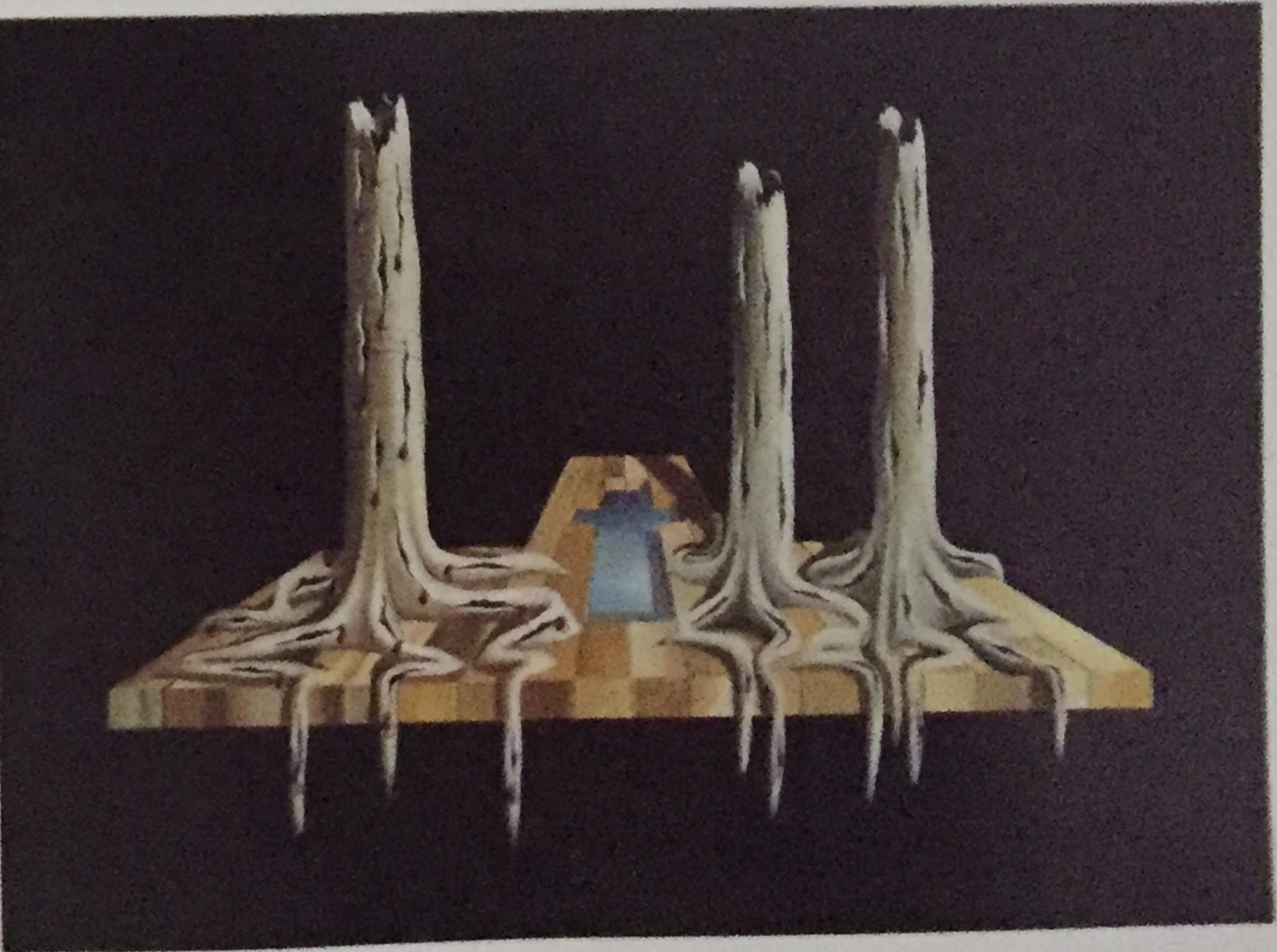
58" x 42"

1995

Mixed on canvas



La Última cena
33" x 46"
1995
Mixed on canvas



Carlos: Te escribo porque me lo pediste y porque me nace. Lo he hecho en diversas ocasiones, pero siempre mentalmente (mucho antes de que fuera tu deseo). Ahora, simplemente me limito a recoger las palabras que quedaron esparcidas sobre algún anaquele de la memoria, para unirlas, abrazándolas de sentido y sentimiento, y dedicartelas.

Cuánto conversamos... Siempre de prisa, porque el teléfono suena, siempre tan rápido, porque no deja de sonar, siempre apurados por no perder el hilo ni omitir algún trozo de pensamiento capaz de abrigarnos o desnudarnos, y es que el teléfono suena.

Así estamos siempre; tratando de alcanzamos. Y, no obstante, nos comunicamos. Qué arte.

Pero, en fin, somos tan sólo hijos de nuestros tiempos. Del poco tiempo. Por eso es tan importante tu obra. Termina todo lo que no pudo ser dicho, destila cada pensamiento fracturado que dejó de existir aún antes de nacer, simboliza cada esfuerzo truncado por circunstancias más allá de nuestro alcance, actualiza lo que fué potenciado, culminando en la armoniosa comunicación silente, que es sentido sin concepto, sin juicio, que llega a tiempo con la ilusión de atemporalidad que nos libera de nosotros mismos, abrigándonos con temura y desnudándonos sin miedo, lo mismo que nos mata la razón sin hacemos daño para enseñarnos que la bondad vale la pena, que la inteligencia no es tan sólo una he-

rramienta, que podremos ser pasajeros pero dignos, que se puede dejar algo de valor cada momento, que Dios existe en cada cosa que existe, presente en su ausencia, evidente en su inevidencia, y que podemos ser libres sin destruimos.

La Ceiba es el símbolo de Dios y la libertad, y las plataformas de madera (el único fragmento que sobrevivió intacto después de tu ruptura con el fracturismo, porque es la esencia de lo esencial, de lo innegable en nosotros mismos), son el nuestro. Dios es suprema naturaleza; nosotros, sus astillas. Y, de eso, nos sostendremos y sostenemos todos nuestros sueños, los que se realizan simbólicamente en un más allá de nubes, aguas calmas y horizontes, y, como nós, también los que se encaman en todo lo que encarnan las mulatas, los televisores, las colonias. Y, por los caminos de esta realización, a veces contamos con la suerte de encontrar apoyo en remos; astillas de astillas astilladas. Se sufre para mantenemos a flote, para llegar a la orilla y tocar las playas... Y se lucha a diario contra el exilio, político, mental, espiritual que imponemos en nuestros tiempos. Pero vale la pena esa lucha, como vale la pena sentir plenamente la pena que conlleva. Así, la felicidad es realmente dulce, y la libertad capaz de liberarnos.

Carlos, te deseo un andar siempre digno. El resto, es tan sólo eso.

Te acompaña, Andrea.

La belleza y el vacío

Un acercamiento a Carlos Betancourt

En las pinturas, instalaciones y ensamblajes de Carlos Betancourt lo bello se enfrenta a tres de sus adversarios implacables: lo vulgar, el mal y la causal cercanía de la muerte. Los encuentros se manifiestan con la textura y resonancia de un vacío como telón de fondo, un cielo quemado que evoca la oscuridad del tunel de una pupila. Las imágenes quedan suspendidas en este vacío como mariposas atravesadas por el alfiler de un entomólogo apolíneo que surge dentro de un estadio aníncico dionisiaco. Estas imágenes han sido llamadas a salir del mundo de la carne y el ruido para entrar en el paraíso del pensamiento, y por ende se han desprendido de todo contexto, esas cadenas de causa y efecto, de sitio y sentido, para vivir en las libertades de una nueva sintaxis que el artista solo ha creado. El poeta, si bien es un pequeño dios, es la única deidad de su imaginación. Reinos pequeños suelen parecer vastos desde adentro, más cuando son nuestros únicos reinos.

Betancourt aborda el tema de la belleza muy conscientemente a través del lente de la representación múltiple. En su serie "And/Oar" (Y/Remo, en inglés suena igual a y/o), representaciones pintadas de esculturas conocidas -la Sta. Teresa de Ávila de Bernini, el efebo Antínoos quien fue el favorito del emperador romano Adriano- se enfrentan con imágenes pintadas del solitario y roto remo de un balsero cubano. El encuentro tiene lugar en una versión rasgada y cocida del vacío. La rendición de un fragmento de lo bello es puesto en lugar privilegiado, dentro de una porción cortada del lienzo, la cual es cocida al resto de la obra. Este fragmento tiene como halo un espacio, un foso de aire cruzado por hilos que, como rayos de luz, son lanzados de una isla oscura

al mundo del resto del lienzo que lo envuelve. Para Betancourt, ganador de premios como diseñador de muebles, las características estéticas del remo sin duda coexisten, con ironía brutal, con el martirologio histórico que la imagen incorpora. Docenas de miles de cubanos han perecido en los estrechos de la Florida tratando de huir de la opresión comunista. Todo cubano sabe que un remo flotando (más aún uno roto, sin mango) es uno de los maderos de una crucifixión anónima. En esta forma, el remo roto es tan ambiguo como las esculturas representadas en los fragmentos hilados. Cuenta la leyenda que Antínoos se suicidó para que el emperador siempre lo recuerde joven. La versión de Bernini de Teresa de Jesús unifica el éxtasis religioso con el sexual. La muerte, la privación y la belleza, bien puede que sean las tres gracias del inconsciente.

Poniendo a un lado el peso de la historia cubana reciente, el remo también es un objeto de belleza simple, estilizada, una coincidencia brancusiana en el mundo de lo práctico, un accidente estético, un punto de exclamación al comienzo de una oración, una extensión de la mano de un nadador, un homenaje en madera a la pata del palnípedo y a la aleta pectoral. El remo también es un símbolo fálico, especialmente cuando se hunde en el agua, símbolo de lo femenino. La resonancia sexual de los remos es recogida por Shakespeare en Antonio y Cleopatra, cuando describe la barca de la reina egipcia como un trono brillante ardiendo en el agua". Sus remos de plata batían el agua bajo un ritmo marcado por flautas, y el agua se apuró tras de ellos como si estuviera "enamorada". Cleopatra, la inventora del "glamour", aún retiene la corona de maquillavélica

sexual. Sabía que la erotización de símbolos es el combustible del poder; la obediencia viene después de la seducción.

Betancourt aisla el símbolo y lo coloca en una nueva sintaxis, una oración de dos palabras -ícono del éxtasis y el remo. Surge una metonimia- la transferencia de valores entre elementos contiguos y maniobra que hace posible la formación de un pensamiento de lo que sería de otra forma una aprehensión de palabras en secuencia. Esta metonimia provoca una reflexión dual: sobre la remembranza (Adriano recordando al Antínoos muerto a través de las estatuas en su villa) y sobre las epifanías (Teresa, aun atada a su carne enclostrada, levanta su espíritu hacia el eros del cielo).

El impacto de la ambigüedad es subrayado por el título de la serie, "And/Oar", un juego de palabras en inglés que funde la meditación sobre la belleza y el éxtasis- elementos distantes en el tiempo- con la tragedia cubana actual. "And/Oar" es lo opuesto a su homónimo en inglés "and/or" en cuanto a que el título denota que consideraciones de belleza tienen que incluir el remo y todo lo que éste significa en este tiempo y lugar. El título desplaza la dualidad de la frase común, si bien torpe, con una afirmación inequívoca: en tiempo de crisis colectiva ninguna empresa filosófica puede ignorar las tragedias del momento y mantenerse válida. Betancourt ha tomado este mensaje a corazón en su propio compromiso con la libertad de Cuba y su labor a favor de la liberación de la poeta María Elena Cruz Varela cuando esto fue encarcelada por promover la democracia en la isla. La estrategia de imágenes de Betancourt no está dirigida simplemente a la ironía y la yuxtaposición, sino

al expresar convicciones profundas. El remo del balsero, como los maderos de la cruz, apuntan hacia un exilio mortal, un viaje desde una condición (la del miedo) hacia otra (la de la esperanza).

La serie de Betancourt titulada "Trofeos" extiende la estrategia de aislar imágenes hacia el reino del kitsch cubano. Todo cubano, especialmente aquellos de clase media, reconoce estos emblemas del confort: la colonia Agua de Violeta, la cafetera italiana de café cubano, el televisor, entre otros. Todos señalan la desolación y el dolor de la personalidad cuando es arrancada de su ámbito y suelo. Hay muchas causas y expresiones de exilio. El árbol se convierte en el faro de aquellos en vías de construir la personalidad. No es en una casualidad que una de estas obras se titula "El Morro"- el castillo de la época colonial española y el faro de más reciente construcción, que cuidan la entrada a la bahía de La Habana.

En toda la obra de Betancourt, el comentario político y social nunca se sobrepone al deleite en la belleza. Es más, el culto a la belleza es uno de los ciudadanos de la república del siquis y un juguete importante en la búsqueda del ser por la justicia. Esto, junto a elementos de estilo y el uso de la yuxtaposición, coloca a Betancourt dentro de la tradición de pintores figurativos del surrealismo europeo, como René Magritte, y maestros modernos latinoamericanos del arte ombrístico como Frida Kahlo, Mario Carreño y Julio Galán.

Hay una excepción a la exploración de los retos de la belleza, y ésa es la obra "Luna sobre Miami", un ensamblaje realizado con numerosas cartas de odio anti-cubano que han sido recibidas por Liz Balmaseda, escritora del "Miami Herald". Salvo la imagen de la piscina flordiana convertida en una evocación de una tumba por todo lo que la rodea, la superficie de la obra está cubierta por el fango del odio étnico. El título ridiculiza la

visión de Miami antes de 1959 como un paraíso romántico o la vez que alude a la locura del racismo.

Para Betancourt la energía de la denuncia siempre lleva como compañera la fuerza de la belleza. No existe escapismo en su pasión candado por la belleza. En los momentos cuando Betancourt parece darle rienda suelta al estilo y la reducción, también manifiesta una cruda confrontación con las condiciones de la vida. La imagen del esqueleto de pescado es un buen ejemplo, como lo es la imagen del remo discutido anteriormente. En la obra de Betancourt, la reducción, uno de los métodos claves del pensamiento y la innovación modernistas, no revela ni óseas geométricas elegantes ni una invitación a mirar fijamente a la descomposición de lo carne. Para betancourt, la reducción nos dice simplemente lo que ha quedado- la arquitectura de lo inmediato. Tales huesos son sencillos, firmes, capaces de aguantar cambios. Las connotaciones de la imagen se mantienen intactas- la alusión a Cristo, al sacrificio, hasta el contorno de la isla de Cuba.

A diferencia de lo lindo, la belleza siempre es responsable, aun cuando no lo parece. Aquellos que ven la belleza como una evasión fantástica del mundo y sus retos confiesan su ignorancia. La belleza es brusca; por eso la política siempre es fea. La belleza abraza la memoria; ésa es su homenaje al ayer. La belleza siempre es moneda dura. El abrazo a la belleza siempre es señal de coraje.

Carlos Betancourt

Agua, árboles y poesía en Miami

</

Design
Southern West

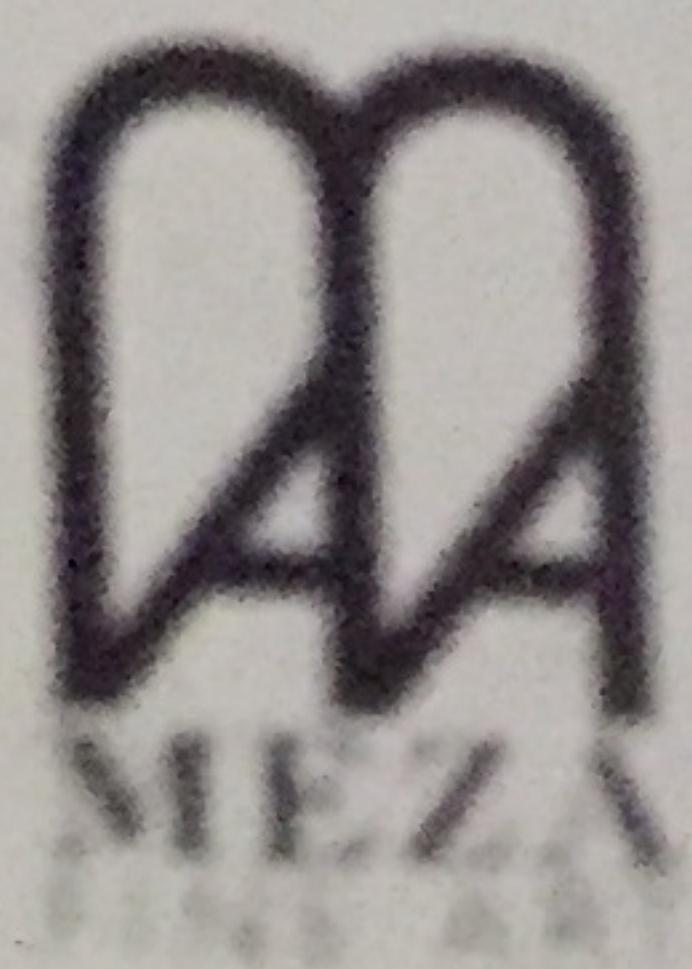
Text - Text
Carol Dawson
Records Dawson

Photography - Photography
Terry Scott

Congdon Design Photo-Order
Atlanta Area for Home Design

Printed by: Imprimex
Design by Congdon Design Inc.
(404) 355-4777

Cover: El Morro
47 1/2" x 31"
1995
Mixed media



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