

# THE PAINTINGS OF EDWARD TELLERIA

Ordinarily, a corridor serves to hurry one's feet along its narrow symmetry and be gone, but in this corridor, just outside the glassed-in precincts of Northeastern University's Gallery 360, Edward Telleria's paintings seem to warp space, bidding the viewer to linger in a moment of arrival.

Gallery 360  
Northeastern University  
360 Huntington Avenue  
Boston

Through August 15

The metaphor Telleria uses for being "in the moment" is jazz, as a trio of grey-suited musicians blow, thump and pluck instruments which themselves become metaphors for arrival. Is it the saturated colors that seem to expand like supernovas while the viewer, perched on some porch of this summoned universe, clutches the railing, waiting for their vibrancy, impossibly intense, to collapse into the ashes of a black hole?

Colors do possess a mesmeric attraction, especially colors modulated to draw the eye closer in with bursts of warmth, then nudge it back with dabs of cooler tones. There's plenty of nuance here threading clashes of pure wailing color. But can that be all?

Next you decide that line must be the captivating factor in Telleria's magic, the way it bounces between the musicians from shoulder to shoulder, its motion both sprightly and precise, the way a circle of soccer players practices passing the ball from toe to toe.

We lean in, more listening than watching, as we strain to hear the next line of melody initiated by the wail of a sax, the plink of piano keys or, perhaps, the single plucked string of a guitar. And now that we're listening, we become aware of voids, speaking voids, voids that lines wouldn't dare explore, choosing, wisely, to skirt their atomizing silences.

Speaking of voids, the sound hole of the guitar, although so centrally placed in both the instrument and the trio, only steps forward now, after the eye has skittered from color to saturated color, bounced from line to line. We hear Delphic whispers emanating from its darker recesses. Just as Telleria's brush gives nuance to saturated colors, so his blacks hint at variable depths.

A pianist's right hand, poised above his keyboard, cups a shadow as potent, in its way, as the warbling sound hole of the guitar; the mouthpiece of the sax is a syllable of midnight against the bland moon-face of its player. Perhaps all these voids are colluding just as instrumentally as the metal and flesh to which our eyes gave, at first glance, primacy?



Edward Telleria, *Merengue*, 2012, painting, 48" x 36"

If Telleria's art summons an engaging intimacy by juggling so many painterly dimensions, a measure of distance intrudes just as deftly. And yet, *mutatis mutandis*, this distance is more seductive than estranging. Did I mention that each player in this symphony of chamber players wears a face devoid of features?

And, yet, these mask-like faces are worn more as a nod to creation than to affliction. Each musician's body harbors a bumptious rhythm, just as ready to lead as to follow; their fingers swell momentarily, as intelligent choices jostling to be first. Their faces, on the contrary, turn inward, as if listening to suggestions we — and they — can hardly tell.

If we can pass by Telleria's handful-plus of paintings, appreciating both their raucousness and delicacy, mystery and boldness, other exhibits await.

An appreciation of the Russian artist Rodchenko prances by in posters that spell his name with the graphic wizardry that Rodchenko introduced to a newborn Soviet Socialist Republic, and to the world, when everything was possible to say and to do — even the unattainable; "Rodchenko 120" can be seen until September 29.

Then, finally inside of Gallery 360, "Swiss Style Reboot: New Perspectives for Information Design," which remains on view through July 17, takes a long look at modern Switzerland's expert grasp of graphs and graphics, from economics to street signs, leaving one wondering why just about everything can't be explained with such visual *éclat*.

Lunch and rest are in order, a still moment to chew on the branching paths on which art leads us — both inside and outside the walls.