

Adis Soriano : Flowered-filled Days

by Jorge Esquinca

A true fable springs from the paper and hues that Adis Soriano's patient fingers bring out in each one of her works, for our own delight. Nooks of a garden inviting us to look at them and recover, in swift sparkles, that original garden where innocence and a simple life were, at some time, possible.

All the things in it: stems, leaves, petals, corollas, birds, rabbits and snakes gather to shape small constellations. It is an open garden. A color celebration. And our gaze, likewise, will have to open up with them and be part of the feast as would be a new guest.

Everything here moves away from coarseness and bad manners. To the contrary, it seems that the guests attend their own rejoicing to honor wilderness, to grasp a carefree natural order. Joyfulness, hustle and bustle, cordiality result in dainty songs and each one's voice is raised to the fairest proportion.

Harmony begins even before the festivities start, while the artist is preparing hues and vegetal pulps, in the meticulous color scheme Adis Soriano learned from her Japanese teachers and that she brings out in the intimate setting of her workshop on the shore of Lake Chapala.

Through her care, paper and drawings, textures and colors come to life simultaneously, successfully. And everything is a game. A game as all games should be like, made out and granted for the sheer pleasure of playing it. No higher claim is laid, because there is no claim to start with. Freedom, here, may be an everyday matter.



(In : *Adis Soriano*.
Museum of Abilene, Abilene (Texas), 1997)