

Art made of dirt

By Berenice Monsivais

We were born of the soil, and as the brush swishes from left to right and right to left, we are born once again. The story told by the artist is something deeper than it just being created of dirt; it is a story of who we are when our imagination has no leash. A lot of people become focused on ideas and comfortability built on the opinion of others. We forget that outside the labels there is nature, there is life. We become cocooned by the ideals built by our ancestors, who now only relate to us by bone structure... We constantly change; we constantly evolve from who we once were without being aware of it. And as my eyes stare at the firm brush strokes that this one person made, I become enlightened; my eyes become focused on all that seems to be happening, both in the art and in everyday life. It is as if the art cut off all the ties that kept me to this mold of being "normal", my imagination and creativity were let free. But how is it that it took the creativity of a human like any other told me much more about my world through his art than those text books?

The world has become a cocoon, a cage, where we sit and wait and finally die, where we become comforted by the rules set by people whose intentions we never knew. We teach children to leash their creativity and imagination under their thumb, that wars were necessary when compromised failed, that if all else fails a fist can and is necessary.

Of soil we were created, of soil we came, that's what I was told the bible said, and as I stared at the variety of stories and curves that took home on those plain white walls, I realized that as many things could be created by the soil we step on every day; how admirably it never allowed it's texture or history define it... I could do the same and become a masterpiece among plain walls.