

INTRODUCTION

Ana María Guardia is, with equally good shadow, poet, painter and chef. When writes, she paints; When she paints, she writes; and when she cooks, she paints and writes. Pen, brush and ladle are in her hands but a single instrument. In tears, in blood and sweat she dips them, in her they are moistened. Ana María Guardia portraits herself when she writes, paints and cooks. She dyes, tolls and guesses all at one time. She weighs up, caresses, smells the ingredients: colors, flavors and odors: all one: balance, harmony, eurhythmy, everything well managed. Frenzy, delirium, madness, spasm, orgasm, were over. The work done, Ana María Guardia comes to, regains the lost reason, sensibleness. And, as if struck by a hand blow from God, she collapses, falls asleep and dreams up new works.

Ana María paints flowers. which is like saying she portraits, self-portraits, draws, figures out, herself. She paints the flower which is a sex, the sex which is a flower. Blue, rose of your womb, said Federico García Lorca. Blue, green, yellow, red, lilac, purple, violet, mauve, was the pubis painted by Francisco Corzas. A black rose, that is the delta of Venus. Thus paints Ana María Guardia, just in colors merely insinuated, tenuously alluded to the flower, the sex. Rather than seen it is divined, so much it is really feigned. So real that it is noticed, its aroma perceived, its mortal perfume, that if it last what the amorous joy; if ephemeral is eternal its memory: its memory is the aroma of time.

In the Zapotecan language flower and sex are said with the same word, and are the same thing: *guie!* Multiple meaning, its roles, the more lofty and the more, apparently, base, vile, servile. The flower is the greatest, supreme creatin by God. Sex. His divine gift to man and woman. A term of comparison, of pondering: a daily allusion Rightly seen and noticed in Francisco Toledo, excellent Mexican artist born in Juchitán: the vulva, as it were, divine, sacred representation.

Flowers are those invented and painted by Ana María in which the real imaginary, if not and imagined, imaginary, reality. Flowers which she proposes and offers to Nature for it to imitate and repeat.

Ephemeral flower; does not born, it dies; does not open up, closes itself. Just and instant here... That, before, not now: in t he rose Ana María Guardia paints, instantaneous flower eternizes, time gets still, forever prisoner. Eternal echo of your voice, Ana María Guardia. Forever alive they remain in whom your flowers contemplated, your flower, its drawing, its perfume, its over whelming beauty. Thus forever myself Ana María Guardia .

Andrés Henestrosa
(Evening of Friday August 31 of the year 2001)