

# WHAT IS

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## The Mother Of All Influences



Her name is rose and she loves flowers. My mother is a self-taught porcelain painter. In 1995, she decides to take an introductory course in Italy on the art of porcelain painting. Pretty fast she shows talent and passion which my father picked up and nurtured galore. Later, they went on to expand their life with *l'art du feu*.

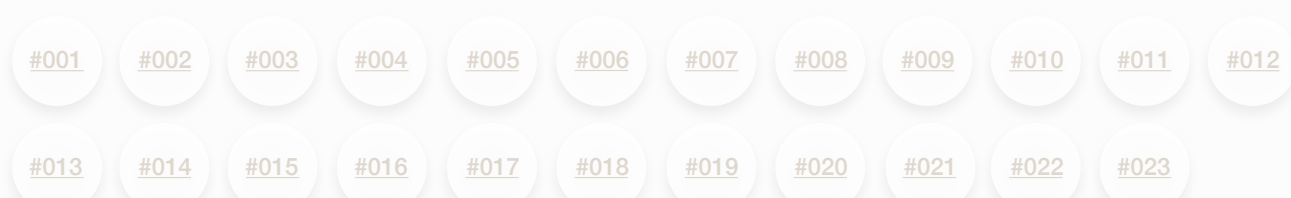
Her love for flowers is only equaled by her love of painting flowers. As she says: *I love to paint a flower because I take immense pleasure to look at it as it comes into being...*



The practice is not straightforward; the porcelain painter doesn't get to see the result instantly like painting on canvas. The work has to be fired first; anguish and patience till you see the true colors of your making. Her flowers are minuscule, delicate, and simple yet so alive. Every time I visit her, I am in admiration of these elegant adornments that give earthy objects a fine soul. It looks as if motherhood is in play here. Rose's objects of pleasure come in many forms, from different centuries and different cultures with one thing in common; precision and freedom, combined.



## Asceticism



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