



smokewater

It may not be an over assumption to proclaim, at a time when the world struggles with the idea of identity and political colonization, that macabre and sex proliferate the world of art; both in idea and expression. Kiyomi's art, often critiqued for its simplistic renditions in compositions and drawings, may come to desist this wave almost deliberately. Quiet on the surface, it is an outcome of an underlying turbulence within, that is rebelling and questioning the rationale of existence, space and time.

The technique of painting objects from up close, as if under the scrutiny of the magnifying glass is not uncommon; and artists have adopted this to represent ideas even in the past. One of them would be Georgia O Keeffe. Of her several works, the series of ones, that looked deeply at the innards of objects (mostly flowers) and magnified the same in abject celebration such that its (the objects) form is removed, and only the naked sensuality of its colours and textures prevailed, clearly drew its viewers to seek inwards. Anish Kapoor's rigor for perfection also negates the formness of an object; eliminating its physicality; and the viewer's attention is drawn to the objects myriad other attributes; often its changing reflections of its immediate space within which it resides. Anish's message is clearly outside the purview of its physical expression. Ironically, the objectivism of his installation is grossly denied by the very severity of its perfection.

Kiyomi's work posits similarly.

A rock; inanimate, dead.

Within it, a turbulence of millions of atoms in frenzied vibrations that assigns its deadness.

Like the rock, her work on the surface emanates stillness.

Her compositions are metaphoric of floating, gliding objects in outer space. The context is never lucid, but mostly one big blur of space, in which resides her subjects. Layers of turbulence which commence every work translate in form and colour. Sedimented as layers; scarred, bruised, stamped and stenciled, one over the other to form the mottled skin of her canvas. Like life itself.

Every layer if peeled would reveal a different moment and emotion, a different painting that is overridden by the weight of every nuance translated with a meticulous obsession. The painting tells a story; not like the ones with a beginning and an end, but those of incidents, of moments and sensual experiences, which pass us by, often in oblivion. The stories celebrate momental experiences, a state of mind in one single moment, frozen.

Kiyomi paints to glorify the mundane that which we so often take for granted; numbed to bewilderment in wake of a preordained predictability, acquired as habit from an urbanity in which we regale. We no more find joy, as they say, in the little things in life. We have lost the sense of child-like amusement in the insignificant.

But Kiyomi lives elsewhere.

She resides in a world that is larger than life. A hyperbole of existence in its every

intangible facet. A daily mellow drama.

She paints objects. Any. She paints incidents. All.

She imbues life; an erotic sensuality in her objects with her assiduous rigor for detail and a caring; like that of a mother for her baby.

To the many, the big idea pervades all. But paradoxically, even the big picture is a fractal product of a smaller unit. Several nuances, which accrue to form meaning and in its absence. The engagement is fleeting and transient. Boredom prevails easily. This is the bane of our times. It is here where Kiyomi battles.

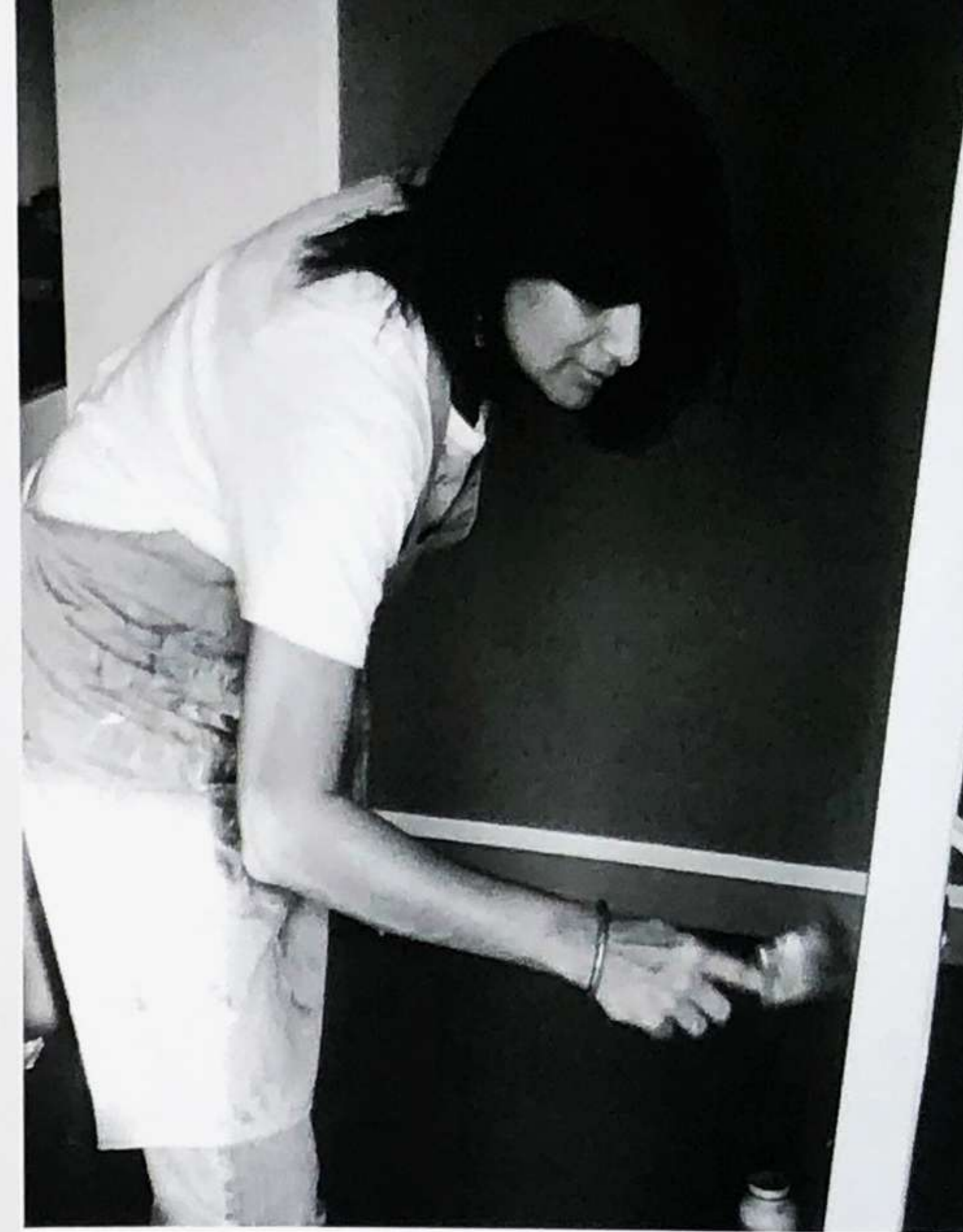
Kiyomi paints with an exacting precision; objects veiled in smoky sheaths of watered colours, dreamy and surreal in composition. Altogether slow and wafting.

The measurement of Kiyomi's work is not in the impeccable drawing work. Neither in its severity of processes has she employed and nor in the collage of methods, tools and materials she adopts over a single canvas. It is in this glorification of the insignificant, the rejoicing in the beauty of the unnoticed.

Blurred yet lucid.

Static but fluid.

Kiyomi's work to the many, is hope; a yearning for a quietude that we live to die for. Again and again and again.



A gold-medalist from Sir J.J. School of Arts, Kiyomi Talaulicar pursued her post graduate studies in painting at East Carolina University, USA. Holding a string of awards and professional honors, she is an artist whose creative expressions are channeled both through her imagery as well as her other interest, music. A keen acoustic guitarist, Kiyomi's paintings have been shown at several solo and invitational group exhibitions at various galleries both nationally and internationally, and at art fairs such as ArtDubai and the India Art Summit. She says, "Painting is a journey that brings me each time, to affirm eager reverence towards life as a singular vision despite its dual nature. The main stream of thought behind my work is about searching for lyricism... and about embracing life."

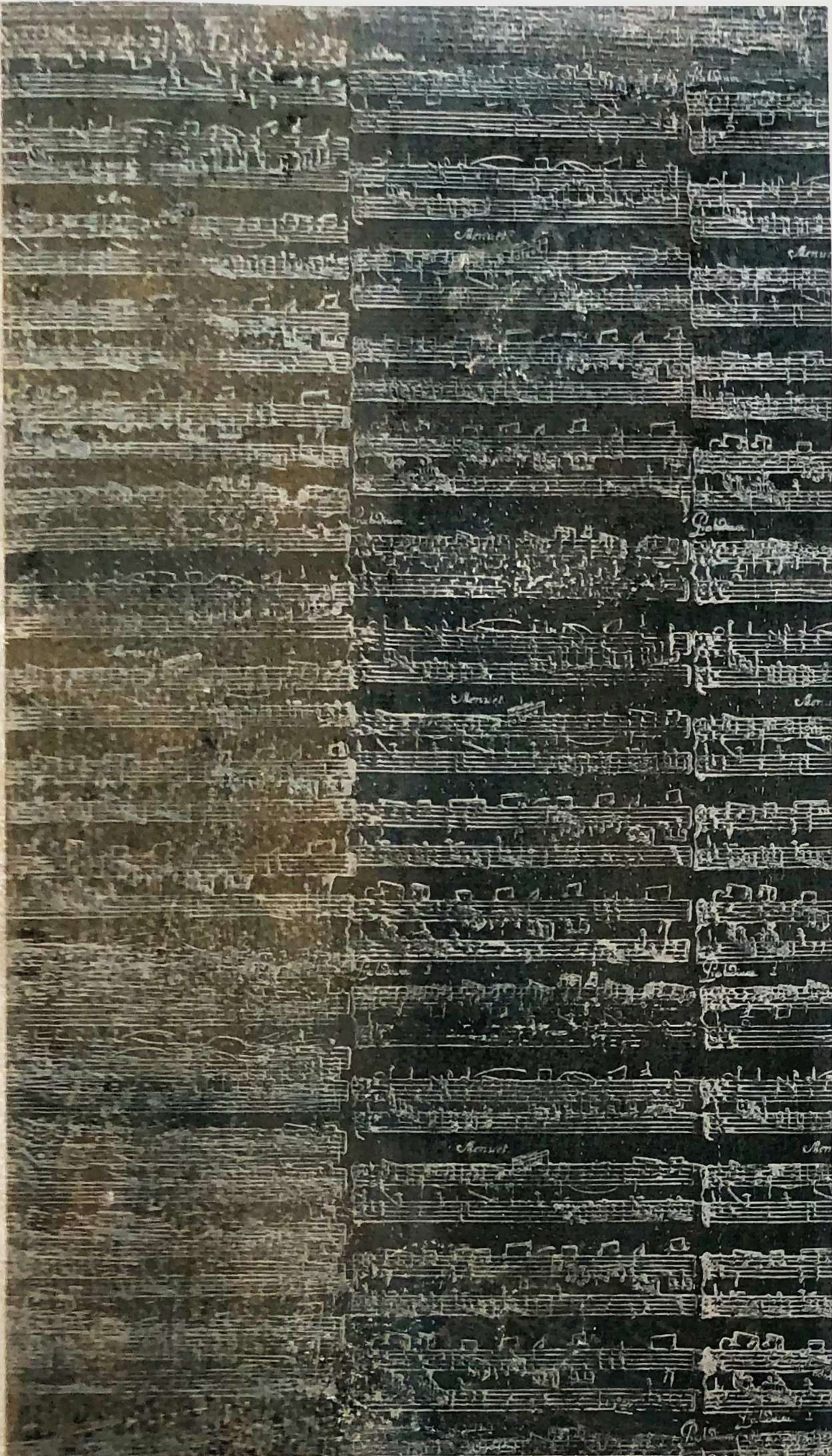
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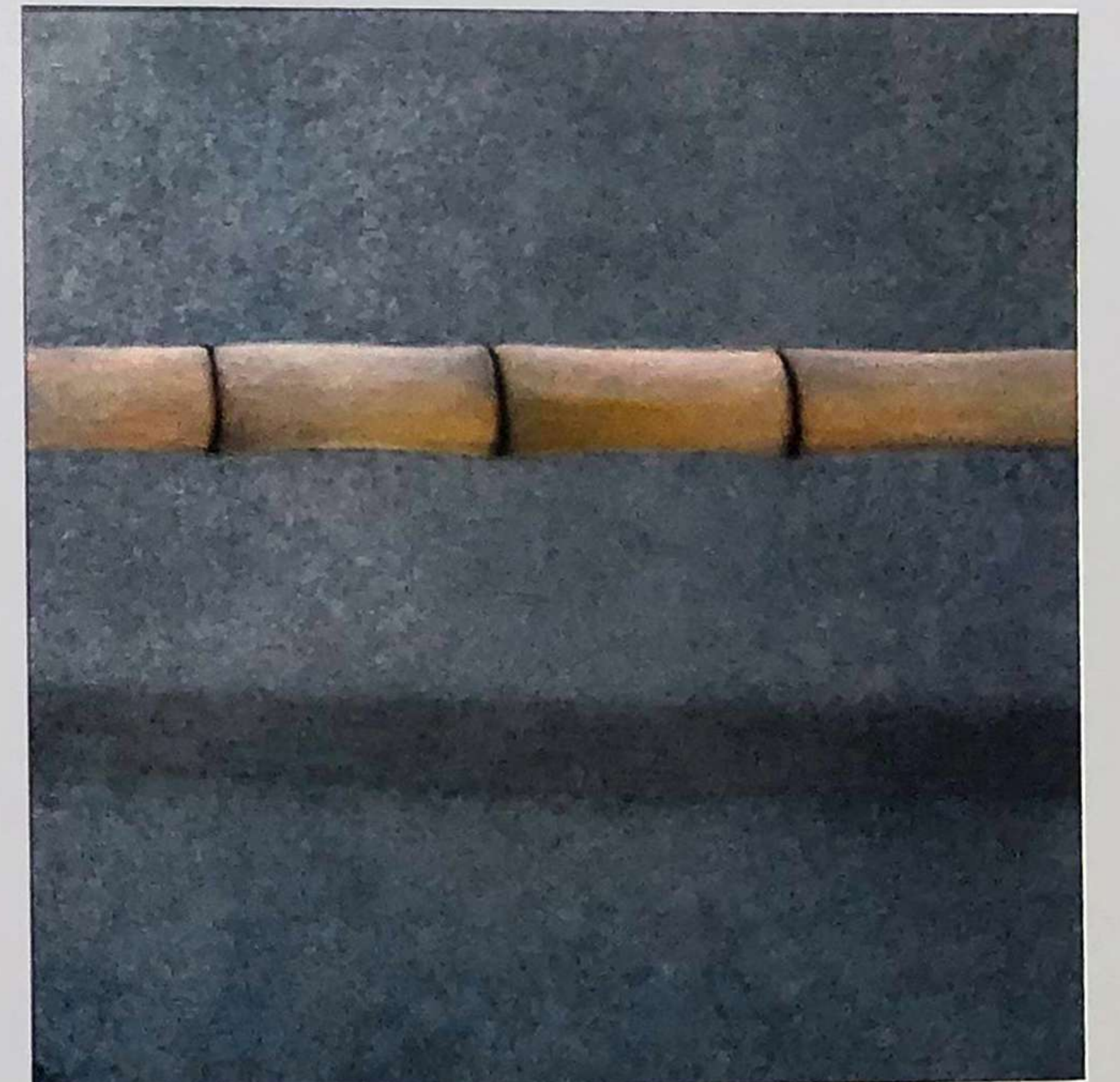
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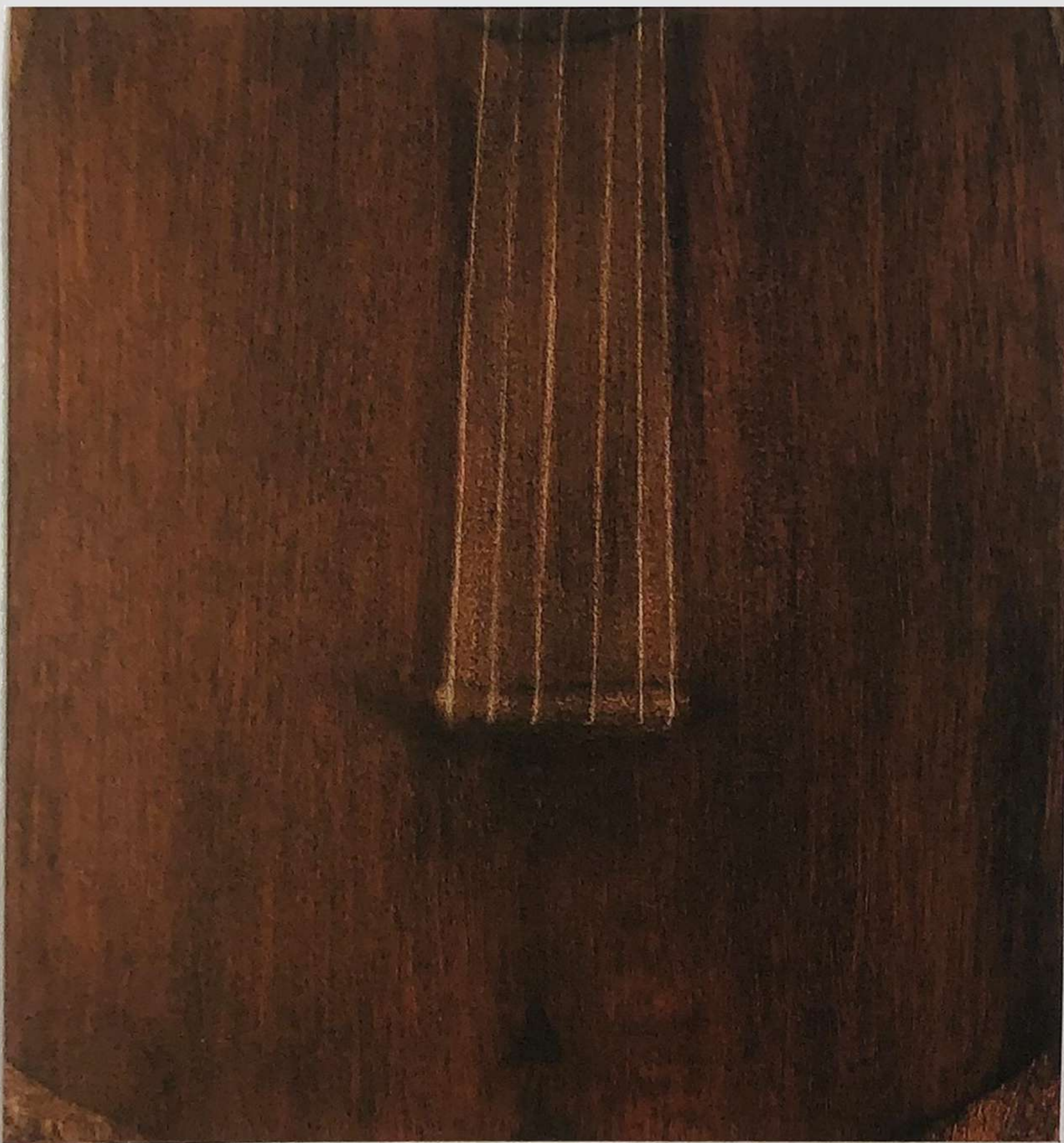
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