



Painting by Christos Tolera
Left: 'And Forever Always..'
Far right: 'Always And
Forever..', both 2003
oil on canvas, 90cm x 45cm,



Paintings by Matthew Lauder
Untitled (Flowers n.3) and
Untitled (Flowers n.4)
acrylic paint and indian ink

When I was first introduced to the theme of this current issue, the phrase 'seeds of inspiration' came to mind, first as a concept and then as something that described the start of a process. 'The Little Things' reminded me of seeds, of their size in relation to their enormous potential. And how, like seeds, creativity can be seen as cyclical: the acorn, becoming an oak tree and then producing more acorns, seems the perfect metaphor.

My friend Betty Jackson is fond of my observational paintings of flowers. On several occasions we have collaborated creatively and a couple of times she has asked me to help create a textile design based on a specific painting she has in mind. It could be the subject matter or the colour that inspires her; it might be the brush strokes or even the way it makes her feel. Whatever it may be, it is a starting point, a seed of inspiration. – Matthew Lauder



These Little Things

Matthew is one of the most gentle men you will ever meet in your entire life. He lives and breathes ART! I don't think he stops thinking about his work for one single second of the day...no matter what he is doing...He draws and paints and creates beautiful images **THE WHOLE TIME!**

We put some of his images onto cloth and make clothes out of them. And we hang some of his images on our wall. And we put some of his images as a backdrop on our catwalk.

He connects with my 'flower thing' because he paints flowers so passionately. I love the freedom and the energy of his brushstrokes and the scale of his work. I love the scribble of the whole thing and then you stand back and look...and it's a beautiful rose...**PERFECT!** – Betty Jackson

Delicate renderings of daisies describe a lost innocence and the murderous potential of the desire to possess...

As children, attracted to their beauty, we had an overwhelming desire to own them. By picking them we killed them, thereby robbing the daisies of the beauty that had attracted us to them in the first place.

These little things bring to mind our child-like fantasies of love and the disappointments that can occur in our eagerness to be attached to another... – Christos Tolera
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