

Nababat Lotia

Growing up in Lahore was enriching. Not only for the body but for my soul. My father was a staunch devotee of Data Ganj Buksh. Spending hours playing at Data Darbaar while my father prayed, had become a ritual for me. My memories are still filled with smells of incense, rose petals, itar, fresh flower chadars, rosewater, oil burning diya, candles and 'munnat trees'. But without realizing their significance then.

The clay horses in my work are inspired from the Shrine of a sufi saint Bahauddin Ghoray Shah of Lahore. This shrine fascinated me on my many visits to a potters village, with piles of clay horses made as offerings.

My installation is a part of the images that still fill my soul with a sense of peace.