

A Picture of My Mother

For those who've read my writings, you know I almost always write about films and the medium of cinema. But today, I'm going to write about something interesting, but maybe not, that made me think in the process of a production.

We are shooting a commercial for _____. The team gathered to choose the outfit for the mother and her daughter who will star in the film. Daughter's outfit was a simple one, as it was predetermined. Now, it was time to pick the outfit for the mother. I preferred one outfit, but the director who was sitting next to me preferred the other, and said, "that's more like a mother." It seems like a no-brainer to choose a mother's outfit. I mean, we see mothers all the time. But anyway, he was right, and thanks to the director, I started to think something that quite honestly that I never thought of: *what does a mother look like?* Then I started picturing my mother. *How does she look like?* I started to wonder: *How does one raise a daughter? I've experienced how my mother and my father raised their two sons, but what if I was a girl? Would their ways of raising me been different? Is everyone raised the way they are raised purely by some mystical chance?*

I don't believe in chance, but being born to a particular set of parents seems to be one. Was there a single cause that created the universe and anything after that are just probabilities of chance of happening? But anyways, I have no answer to any of those questions above. None. Who does? If you know, please let me know! Share the love! I probably will never get the answer. Even until right before death. Good. And as I wrap up this potentially useless writing, an image comes into my head. A photograph of my mother standing under this huge tree. A photograph taken by me when I was little - containing more of the tree than my mother underneath.

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