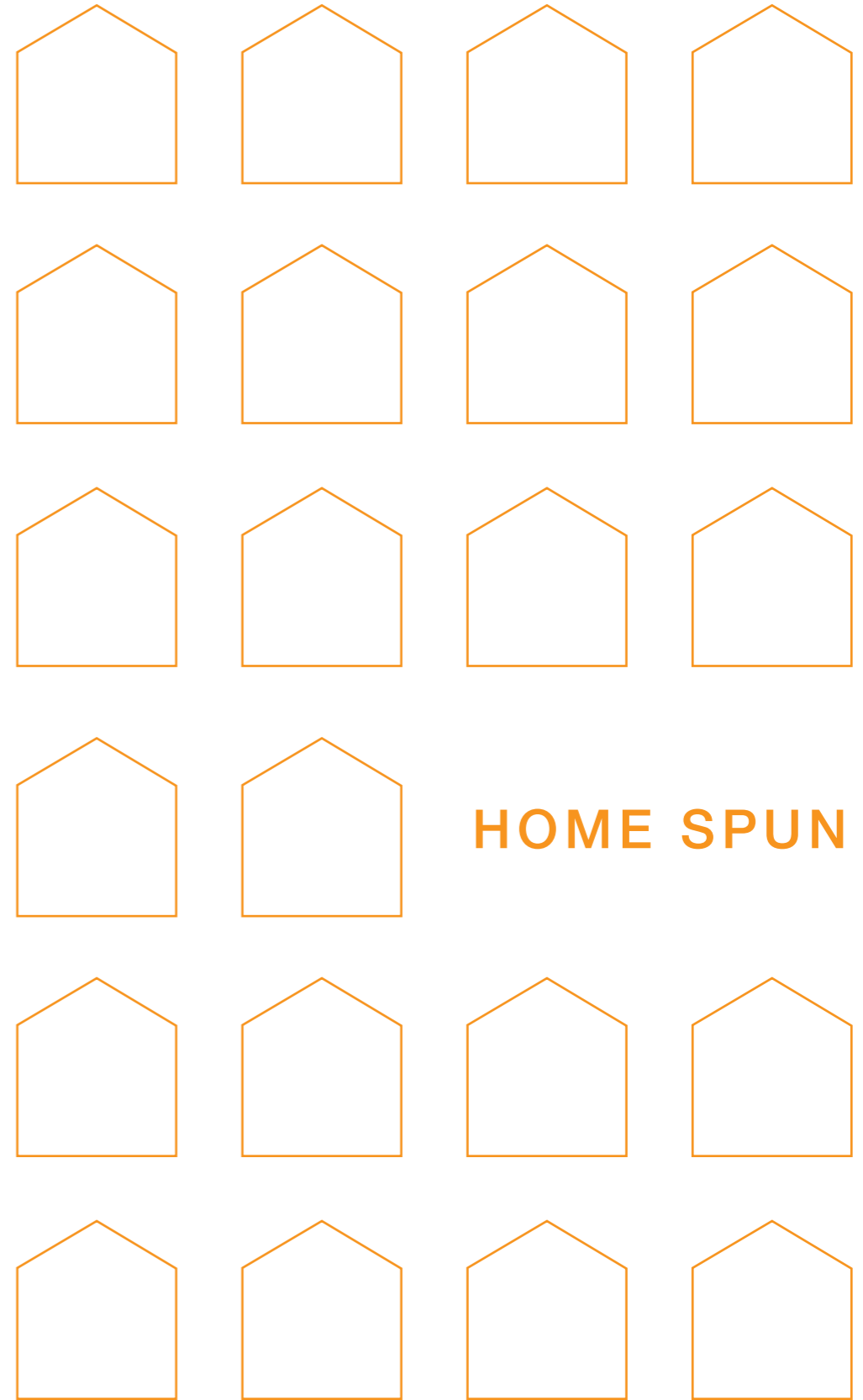
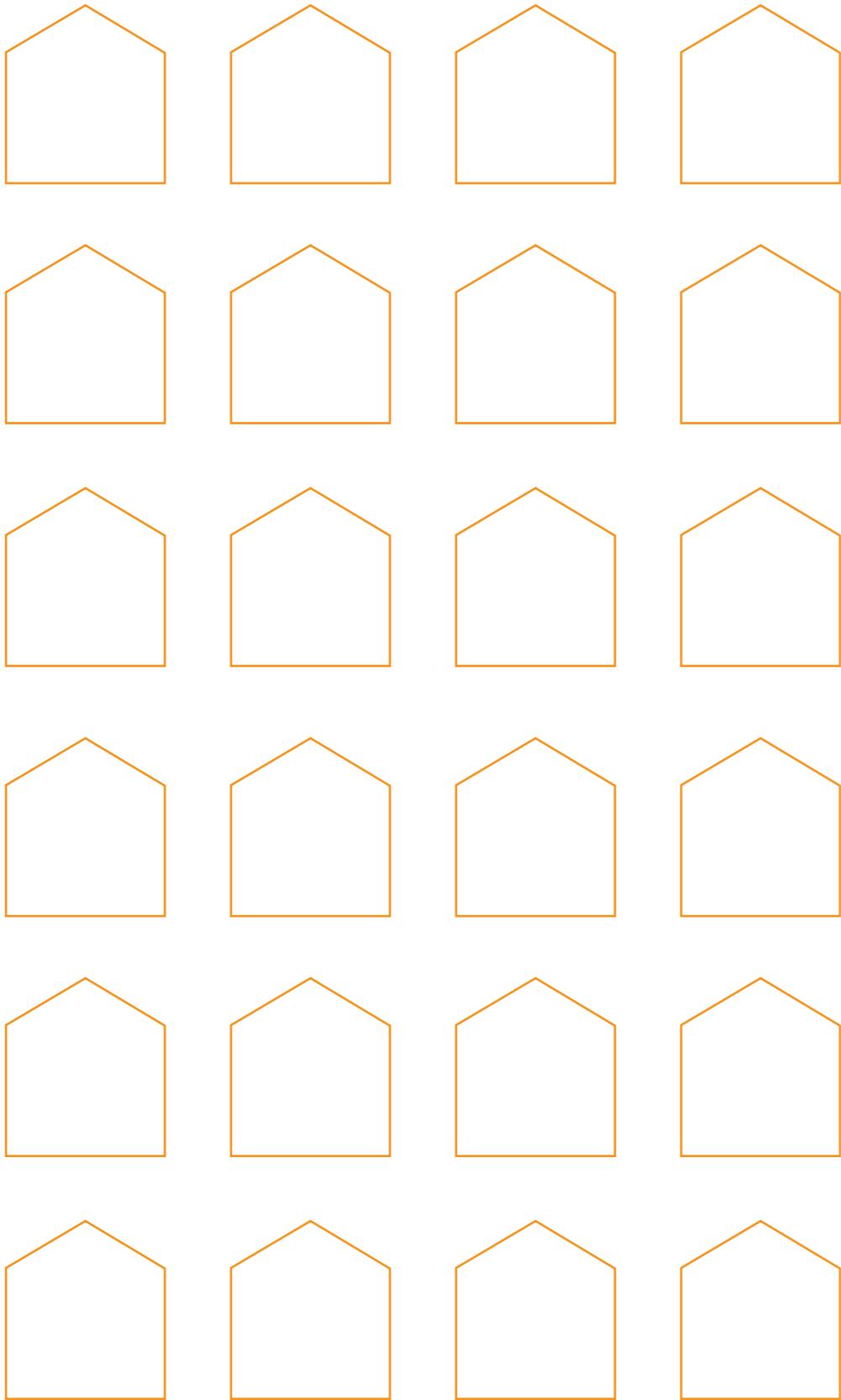


HOME SPUN

DEVI ART FOUNDATION

HOME SPUN







## HOME SPUN

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Atul Dodiya . Bani Abidi . Biju Joze  
Bindu Mehra . Chinmoy Pramanick  
Gauri Gill . Hamra Abbas  
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Samit Das . Sonny Sanjay Vadgama  
Srinivasa Prasad . Subodh Gupta  
Sudarshan Shetty . Udeya Vir Singh  
and Zarina Hashmi

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HOME SPUN  
CURATED BY GIRISH SHAHANE

## HOME GIRISH SPUN SHAHANE

I

As a child, I would write a hyper-extended address in text books, the way many schoolkids do. It read: First floor, Lalit Estate, Bhandarwada Road, Shivaji Park, Bombay, Maharashtra, India, Asia, Earth, Solar System, Milky Way, Universe. Since I've yet to meet entities from the Delta Quadrant, the cosmic entries have thus far proven redundant, but the terrestrial ones have frequently been employed as markers of my identity. The accelerating zoom-out from apartment to street to neighbourhood, city, state, country and continent, defines multiple, context-dependent views of my home.

For many individuals, home does not evoke a bulls-eye at the centre of expanding concentric circles of self-definition, or a vanishing point within a linear perspective where parallel lines converge, but instead more than one locus; even, in rare cases, a scattershot pattern. However, most such individuals retain a *sense* of home, and feel a consequent anxiety when unable to turn, or return, to a place associated with it. The sense of home appears embedded deeply enough in human consciousness to be classified among what anthropologists and evolutionary psychologists refer to as cultural universals.

It's a common misconception that hunter-gatherers are bereft of any notion of home. Though members of these communities have no static dwelling, nor a mode of possession analogous to modern private ownership, they experience a more powerful connection to their home than do any of us, for they can scarcely imagine an existence outside of it. Home for them is their habitat, which not only provides a livelihood but contains all that is most sacred to them. They are not like farmers, who can wrap their gods and effects in a bundle to till a patch of land in a distant province; or industrial workers who can operate machines with equal facility in Lahore or Leicester.

Nobody's idea of home is more fixed than that of the traditional nomad.

Yet, it was hunter-gatherers who spread across the globe, occupying every imagined corner of it from Tasmania to the Tierra del Fuego, and driving Pleistocene megafauna to extinction in the process. Migration, displacement, and adaptation to changed environments are as central to human history as rootedness in house, habitat and culture. The tension between the two impulses does not admit a definitive resolution or synthesis, only constant, contingent negotiations.

At the dawn of the industrial age in West Europe and North America, a new class of migrants moved from country to city, stripped of much that is evoked when we think of home: property, sanctuary, community, and easefulness. Borrowing an imperial Roman term, Karl Marx labelled this class the Proletariat. He suggested its members were

natural revolutionaries because they had "nothing of their own to secure and fortify", and therefore nothing to lose but their chains. India experienced a different pattern of migration, in which labourers who moved to industrialised metropolises retained strong connections with their birthplace. Their extended families continued to reside in the *gaon*, and they returned each year for festivals and for the harvest.

The strong community support that India's society provides even the lowest of the low explains the endurance of the manifestly pernicious framework of caste. Even those at the bottom of the ladder always have something left to lose. An exception, perhaps, are autochthonous peoples threatened with eviction. Incapable of packing up their gods to till distant tracts, they face complete dispossession, and therefore represent the closest approximation to a revolutionary mindset in today's polity. Digging for bauxite in hills they consider sacred is very different from taking over farmland for an SEZ or demolishing a slum.

European romanticism responded to the rupture engendered by the industrial revolution by cultivating melancholy and nostalgia. The latter term is derived from the Greek words *nostos*, meaning 'returning home' and *algos*, meaning 'pain'. *Heimweh*, however, was balanced by an equal and opposite *Wanderlust*, which sometimes took the form of a desire not just to travel, but to leave everything behind and start afresh from scratch.

Modernism turned self-exile into a near-essential condition. James Joyce's alter ego, Stephen Daedalus, said, "When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets." Exile, however, is defined by a hankering for home or clinging to a memory of it. Dublin remained the centre of Joyce's universe, and he memorialised it for decades after he left.

Mohandas Gandhi broke caste taboo to cross the Black Water, travelling to England and thence to South Africa before returning and trying to apprehend India consciously. He concluded that if an Indian revolution was to produce a just society, it needed to flourish in homes as much as in public spaces. It would be furthered by citizens spinning fabric for their clothes and cleaning their own lavatories.

Toilets and drains provide a crucial insight into India's history. The first civilisation to emerge in the sub-continent produced no grand architecture or artefacts to match Sumer, Egypt and China. It is renowned primarily for intelligently designed towns and elaborate water supply and waste disposal systems. After it decayed, there was a gap of many centuries before a new urbanism emerged. These new cities were not designed in neat grids and lacked a network of drains. Vertical waste disposals catering to individual households replaced horizontal ones serving the entire town. These had to be cleaned regularly, and there grew a community dedicated exclusively to the job.

A critical difference between early cities like Harappa and Mohenjo-daro and the second wave of urban settlements was that the former incorporated an idea of a singular community into their very structure. Divisions existed between high and low, rich and poor, but the towns' planning, exemplified by gutters, embodied an idea of the general good. It is only where such an idea exists that an entire village or an entire city can feel like home. The idea vanished in the caste-based configuration of second generation Indian towns, and has never quite returned.

Seen in this light, it is apparent that Gandhi's preoccupation with the toilet, a preoccupation often viewed as eccentric or embarrassing, was in fact a necessary part of his attempt to forge larger partnerships, encompassing whole villages and, ultimately, the entire nation, facilitating expanding concentric circles of self-definition, and therefore of home, without destroying support systems offered by micro-communities.

Gurgaon, where the Devi Art Foundation is based, is one of the richest townships in India, hosting offices of a number of the world's largest firms. It is associated with the glassy facades of malls and is frequently used as a visual symbol of India's robustly growing liberalised economy. It possesses, however, nothing like a proper sewage system. Waste water periodically floods streets, and is sucked up by private tankers hired by those who can afford them, to be dumped in less affluent sectors where it spreads disease.

I suspect that among those who call Gurgaon home are many who conceive of home as a gated community. They would feel comfortable in similar communities anywhere in the world. In spirit, they are modern nomads, capable of moving jobs and cities without either the nature of their work or their lifestyle varying substantially, except in one respect: within certain locations, the gates to their offices and homes would be higher and better protected than in others.

I share a lot with such putative nomads. I watch films almost exclusively in multiplexes, would rather shop in a mall than in a traditional market, and feel more at home in some parts of Europe than in some parts of India.

The art world has its own high gates and global community of extant and potential nomads. The community congregates for art fairs, which seek to mimic successful models, and biennales, which pretend to be different from other biennales. *Home Spun* is indisputably part of this global display circuit, not only because it features artists from six nations, but because the type of art presented -- the type, in other words, collected by Lekha and Anupam Poddar over the past decade and a bit -- would fit easily in any international art hub. The exhibition does, however, seek to connect with those outside the art community. Should they proceed beyond the Devi Art Foundation's physical gates, which are high and well protected enough, our effort has been to erect no further barriers,

but rather, through choice of subject matter, layout and text, to create a space that seems engaging rather than antagonistic.

## II

The current site of the Devi Art Foundation was built, not as a museum of contemporary art, but as an office space, albeit a more creatively designed office space than anything in its vicinity. A large part of the building serves as the Poddar family's business headquarters. Lekha and Anupam Poddar's collection, meanwhile, grew out of a passion for, and engagement with, exciting developments in contemporary Indian art, with little thought given to where and how the work might publicly be exhibited. Anupam acquired Subodh Gupta's *My Mother and Me* at a time when such art was considered uncollectible in India. The original structure of *My Mother and Me* could not be acquired at all; it was a temporary construction that would need to be recreated each time it was shown.

The Foundation's foyer doubles as a reception area. L. N. Tallur's interactive *Panic Room* is placed here because it fills the high-ceilinged space adequately with its gunny bags pumped up, but otherwise deflates to allow a view of the reception desk from the entrance. The claustrophobia of *Panic Room* is matched by Anant Joshi's cut-outs of baroque concrete-jungle high rises, and Atul Bhalla's drain-cover grid that looks from a distance like a monotonous city block. Atul Dodiya and Jyothi Basu provide counterpoints to these hints of dystopia. Dodiya's *Destination I* imitates rail station signage, but replaces the station's name with that of the artist, connecting his identity to the area he lives in and also to his status as one of Bombay's innumerable daily commuters. Basu creates landscapes that combine kitschy set decoration with elements of science fiction, and seem at the same time alluring and hostile.

Across the courtyard are large-scale sculptural constructions tackling big ideas. Subodh Gupta's *My Mother and Me* was conceived during what might be termed the artist's organic phase. The cylindrical enclosure composed of cowpats is an affirmative, nostalgic reformulation of childhood memories. Chinmoy Pramanick contrasts two kinds of built form that represent very different ideas of home, by making a tower out of cute toy houses. Such contrasts between micro and macro are central to Rashid Rana's output, and *Desperately Seeking Paradise* is no exception. A shiny metal cube when seen from some angles, a townscape of high-rises when viewed from others, it is a play of mirrors and mirages, almost dizzying rich in detail and import. The ritual suggested by Subodh Gupta, and Rashid Rana's philosophical interrogation, are taken forward by Hamra Abbas through the moving walls of *In This is a Sign for Those Who Reflect*. The walls constrain those passing through, but also point to the possibility of release. Zarina Hashmi's nostalgic portfolio of prints, *Letters From Home*, superimposes floor plans and maps on a catalogue of aborted communications. Her sister wrote, but never posted, the letters;

if their writing itself was cathartic, so, possibly, is the memorializing by Hashmi of places and people long gone. There's nothing cathartic about Sonny Vadgama's short video of endlessly collapsing buildings, however. Vadgama multiplies the image of a single structure so it becomes a ring of continuous destruction. The place happens to be Beirut, but is abstracted enough to refer to wars and displacement everywhere. There are two galleries on Devi Art Foundation's upper floor. While conceptualizing the show, we referred to the smaller of these as The Apartment and the larger as The Palace. The rationale for the first of these names, at least, will be immediately clear to all spectators who walk into the space. If it is an apartment, though, it's an apartment on acid. Sudarshan Shetty's drippy sofa; wobbly dining table with wine glasses; melted spectacles; and fruit that might bite you instead of being bitten; along with Minam Apang's typewriter, Biju Joze's Swiss Army knife sprouting *trishuls*, Udeya Vir Singh's spiky chair, and Prajakta Potnis's grounded ceiling fan; all suggest a dysfunctionality more interesting than anything daily routine offers. Those stuck in that routine have an outlet for fantasy, of course, as highlighted by Bani Abidi's video of snatches of Hindi film plots.

On the wall, Pushpamala's burkha-clad avatar and Nikhil Chopra's knight-king are torn from their original contexts to form a sly pairing; Gauri Gill fuses fantasy and fact; and Jagannath Panda and Samit Das pay tribute to simple objects through very different media, watercolour and photogram respectively. Nicola Durvasula conjures up witty homages to Brancusi and Duchamp from stainless steel tumblers and a braided broom; Bindu Mehra makes rice shiny and new; and Adeela Suleman's helmets crafted from pots and pans seem fit for the road as well as for battle. Political commentary is brought in by Krishnaraj Chonat's plates imprinted with an image of parched earth; Ali Raza's throne made from lotus; and Anita Dube's commode which, stuck on the wall, echoes a familiar divine visage, with pipes serving as trunk and tusk.

While on a residency in an African village, Mithu Sen was struck with malaria. Responding to both her sickness and homesickness, she used burkhas of the kind worn by women in the village to make a mosquito net pierced by holes that formed a Bengali poem. The transgressive gaze, central to the politics of burkhas, also forms the subject matter of Nataraj Sharma's canvas *Spy In the House of Love*, which occupies the 'bedroom' along with Mithu Sen's mosquito net.

Although the human figure is painted by Sharma and also appears in photographic works by Pushpamala, Nikhil Chopra and Bani Abidi within the Apartment, it is metonymically invoked far more often than it is actually represented in *Home Spun*.

This is true in the largest of the galleries, where the exhibition's layout attempts to harness an unusual split-level floor plan. The lower level acts as a passage, an entry point to seven different units on the raised level, with each unit given over to the work of a single artist.

The passage itself contains Neda Rawazipour's *Self-Service*, a collection of handmade carpets strewn on the floor. Visitors are invited to cut patches and take them home.

Radhika Khimji layers figures and patterns in a way that interrogates the process of drawing. Sakshi Gupta's *Mirage*, a red bench, is placed beside her representation of the earth as a living and possibly suffering organism. The two sculptures were created years apart but work in conjunction in *Home Spun*. Similarly, Srinivasa Prasad's *Waves* and *Someday It All Has To End* are unrelated pieces brought together to form one coherent response to the show's theme. The curtain and the thorny nest are, in turn, set off by Jitish Kallat's canvas, *Silkworm*, which depicts a baby within what could be a womb, a cocoon or a fingerprint. Anoli Perera's dining table might appear more suited to the Apartment, but was placed in this group because its gentle mood would have been at odds with the anarchic spirit of the other gallery. Also, Perera's use of crochet in *Dinner For Six* relates to a concern for material evinced by many artists in the Palace. Noorali Chagani, for instance, makes tiny bricks and weaves them into what looks like a blanket for a sleeping man, or perhaps a shroud draped over a corpse. Mohammad Ali Talpur painstakingly prints abstract patterns of lines onto dozens of specially bound books. Manish Nai paints an intricate pattern on a wall, which creates the illusion of a network of cracks when viewed from a distance. Nai also makes sculptures from burlap and corrugated paper which look like building blocks.

### III

When Anupam Poddar suggested that found texts accompany artworks in *Home Spun*, I was excited by the idea, but also wary, because I don't care for exhibition spaces filled with text panels. The passages would need to be conspicuous because they were a significant feature of the show, but simultaneously inconspicuous so they didn't detract from visual focus on the art. To achieve both goals, we printed the panels in special ink invisible under normal light, and placed them within frames containing UV lights on a timer, so the words revealed themselves dramatically when viewers wanted to read them, but faded into the background at other times.

I was clear the extracts, while relating both to specific works and the general theme, would be supplementary rather than complementary, adding thematic depth instead of performing an explanatory function signalling completion or interpretative closure. Word might be tangential or orthogonal to image; the rhythm created by the two harmonious or syncopated.

Then there was the question of how representative the texts ought to be, what balance of era, gender, and geography I should strive to achieve. After initially consulting a wide circle of friends, I decided to restrict myself to books I knew well, and passages that had

struck me powerfully on first encounter. The selection therefore became an exercise of memory, reflective of the biases of my reading since childhood. I did, however, choose a number of canonical texts from within the group that came to mind, in the hope that the anthology would appear individual but not idiosyncratic.

The final issue was of translation and editing. I couldn't expect spectators to stand for extended periods reading text lit by ultraviolet bulbs, and didn't want to fill the galleries with massive frames either. I cut mercilessly, and didn't bother with ellipses because they hinder reading. Where there was more than one extant translation of non-English texts, as with the Mahabharata, Bible, Kamasutra and Baburnama, I mixed and matched from the available versions. Where I could comprehend the original text, as with Ghalib, Brecht and Surve, I added my own modifications. The exception was Rilke, whose poetry is a magnet for translators, but whose rendering in English by Stephen Mitchell I found impossible to improve upon.

Perhaps I've been unjust to authors I love. None of them will complain, however, because, though their words live, the writers themselves are all dead.



## SUBODHGUPTA

*My Mother and Me* gave me the opportunity to work outside the normal white cube space of a gallery. It was made in 1997 in Modinagar during the Khoj workshop. I had seen how cowdung is covered up and stored across the country during the monsoon, and I used the memory of those structures in my work. The difference is that I created a hollowed out space so people could walk in. Also, as a performance, I burned some cowdung cakes inside, so there was a layer of ash on the floor. Modinagar was situated on a highway near Delhi and there was constant noise from trucks going past. Inside the structure, though, the noise got cut out, and there was something spiritual about the silence.

When I was a child my mother would send me out to get things associated with her daily pooja, like mango leaves, and also cowdung. We also used cowdung along with coal for cooking. So I was used to handling cowdung since my childhood. While working on the structure at Modinagar, I remembered fetching cow dung for my mother's rituals, and that's why I called it *My Mother and Me*.

### HOME

I had a home in Khagaul in Bihar, where I was born and grew up; and now my home is in Gurgaon, where I live with my wife Bharti and our children. In a sense, then, I have two homes, but when I think of home it is the place where I now live that comes to mind.



Cow Dung  
Cakes and Ash  
105 x 88 in.

**MY MOTHER  
AND ME**  
2006

Then Krishna and Arjuna began a great slaughter of the creatures dwelling in the Khandava forest. At whatever point Khandava's creatures attempted escape, there rushed those mighty heroes to prevent flight. Their two excellent chariots seemed to be one, and the two warriors but a single individual. And while the forest was burning, hundreds and thousands of living creatures, uttering frightful yells, began to run about in all directions. Some had particular limbs burnt, some were scorched with excessive heat, and some, clasping their children or parents, died calmly, unable to abandon these that were dear to them. The tanks and ponds within that forest, heated by the fire around, began to boil; the fishes and the tortoises in them all perished. The birds that took wing to escape were pierced by Arjuna with his shafts, and cut into pieces, they fell down into the burning element below...

Krishna's face was fierce to behold as he slaughtered the Pisachas, Nagas and Rakshasas. The slayer of Madhu suddenly beheld an Asura named Maya escaping from the abode of Takshaka. Vasudeva stood with his weapon upraised, ready to smite him. Seeing the discus uplifted, Maya cried 'Run to me, O Arjuna, and protect me!' Hearing his affrighted voice Arjuna said, 'Fear not!' That voice of Arjuna gave Maya his life.

Having worshipped Arjuna, Maya said, 'I am a great artist, a Viswakarma among the Danavas. O son of Pandu, being what I am, I desire to do something for thee.'

Krishna, after some reflection, commanded Maya, 'Build such a palace that persons belonging to the world of men may not be able to imitate it even after examining it with care'.

The palace that Maya built consisted of columns of gold, and occupied an area of five thousand cubits. Its brilliance seemed to darken even the bright rays of the sun. And with the effulgence it exhibited, which was a mixture of both celestial and terrestrial light, it looked as if it was on fire.

*Mahabharata. Khandava-daha Parva, Sabhakriya Parva*





**DOOT**  
2003

Cast  
Aluminium  
62 x 166 x 60 in.



Colour  
Photograph  
19.5 x 30 in.

**UNTITLED**  
Undated

## CHINMOYPRAMANICK

*Spatial Study of a Known Being* is a work I did in college, and has always been very special to me. This is one of the earliest works from an entire series where I had begun to explore the desire to weave stories around human desires, encounters and personas. The work consists of variable sized, multicoloured wooden houses. These houses are placed one upon the other, stacked like a multistoried building. For me, these houses also represent everyone I have met. Thus each house is unique and equally important. Yet there is always a possibility of growth. This work is an effort to take us down the lanes of such narratives...telling stories about human lives in the ever changing new realities.

HOME

Love and comfort.



1935 Wooden  
Houses  
144 x 15 x 13 in.

SPATIAL  
STUDY OF  
A KNOWN  
BEING  
2004

Now the whole earth had one language and a common speech. And as people migrated from the east, they found a plain in the land of Shinar and settled there. And they said to one another, “Come, let us make bricks, and bake them thoroughly.” They used brick instead of stone, and bitumen for mortar. Then they said, “Come, let us build ourselves a city and a tower with its top in the heavens, and let us make a name for ourselves, lest we be dispersed over the face of the whole earth.” And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of man had built.

*The Book of Genesis*



## RASHID RANA

From the time of conception of *Desperately Seeking Paradise*, I knew it was going to be an ambitious and daring work, due to its sheer scale. But what I didn't know was that it would be the meeting point for all the different threads in my art. Among those, 'two-dimensionality' as a concern has always remained a core factor since the time of my 'grid paintings' from early 1990s, though it's ironical that the exploration of two-dimensionality becomes effectual in this three-dimensional work instead. This merger of two-dimensionality and three-dimensionality is a point where I tread between representation and abstraction too. *Desperately Seeking Paradise* in a way is a deceptively abstract work, or at least it appears to be an abstract minimal structure from one view but the view from the other side is inherently representational; the horizontal stacking of images of homes (from Lahore) forms a virtual skyline of an imaginary city with high-rise buildings representing the evolution of the human society and breaking away from the groundings we have concurrent to a house. The concept of home itself has an aspect of duality, where there is an objective criteria of a home pertaining to the environment and the subjective one, a human's vision of what he desires it to be like. The polarity of verticality vs. horizontality creates illusions and realities within one work, these illusions and realities I feel are what make each other exist, and like the form of a grid – separate, and simultaneously make the multiple entities into one whole. These parallels in life and concepts are exactly what I try to elude and incorporate, and expound through my work, where every idea and truth has an opposite self.

### HOME

It is a perfect plane on which art and life merge, since, a house that is made of mortar, brick and steel/wood turns into home when it is perceived through human perspective, a division or connection that is like the separation of brain and mind. For me home is the evolved form of our ideas about our selves and the world – converged at one point.



C-Print + DIASEC  
and Stainless Steel  
108 x 108 x 108 in.

**DESPERATELY  
SEEKING  
PARADISE**  
2007-8

Floyd decided to try a simple experiment. He stood between the monolith and the sun and looked for his own shadow on the smooth black sheet. There was no trace of it. How strange, Floyd thought, to stand here while – this *thing* – is seeing daylight for the first time since the Ice Ages began on Earth. He wondered again about its black colour; that was ideal, of course, for absorbing solar energy. But he dismissed the thought at once; for who would be crazy enough to bury a sunpowered device twenty feet *underground*?

He looked up at the earth, beginning to wane in the morning sky. Only a handful of the six billion people there knew of this discovery; how would the world react to the news when it was finally released? Even if nothing whatsoever was discovered about TMA-1, and it remained an eternal mystery, Man would know that he was not unique in the universe.

Floyd was still musing over these thoughts when his helmet speaker suddenly emitted a piercing electronic shriek, like a hideously overloaded and distorted time signal. Involuntarily, he tried to block his ears with his spacesuited hands; then he recovered and groped frantically for the gain control of his receiver. While he was still fumbling four more of the shrieks blasted out of the ether; then there was merciful silence.

After three million years of darkness, TMA-1 had greeted the lunar dawn.

*Arthur C Clarke. 2001: A Space Odyssey*



## HAMRA ABBAS

*In This is a Sign For Those Who Reflect* is inspired by my attendances at meditation sessions in Pakistan. Also called *zikr*, these were primarily meditations of a Sufi tradition. The movement of the walls, synchronizing with the sounds of breathing, recorded at these sessions, can be read or misread as an enclosing experience.

### HOME

Well, at first impulse, I would say Lahore. It the city where I spent my childhood, and my undergraduate and graduate years studying at the National College of Arts. I can never forget the smells and sounds of Lahore. But, upon further reflection, the idea of home takes on another complex layer. A layer that I constantly probe, and continue to rework whenever needed. For me it has been a nomadic existence for the last decade. I have lived in Berlin, Islamabad, and now Cambridge, MA, and my internet (wireless) connection is always conveniently titled "Home". So in a way home has become this portable space that is a collage of memories, feelings, faces and images. It is about a lot of things, it is simultaneously the past, present and the future.



Multimedia Installation:  
Synchronized Drive  
Mechanism, Sound System  
Wood, Aluminium, Steel  
144 x 153.5 x 179 in.

IN THIS IS  
A SIGN FOR  
THOSE WHO  
REFLECT  
2009

Breathe, breathe in the air.  
Don't be afraid to care.  
Leave, but don't leave me.  
Look around and choose your own ground.  
Long you live and high you fly  
Smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry  
And all you touch and all you see  
Is all your life will ever be...

Home, home again  
I like to be here when I can  
When I come home cold and tired  
It's good to warm my bones beside the fire  
Far away across the field  
The tolling of the iron bell  
Calls the faithful to their knees  
To hear the softly spoken magic spells.

*Pink Floyd Breathe / Breathe Reprise*



## ZARINAHASHMI

*Letters from Home*, is a portfolio of eight prints, based on my sister's letters. On a visit to her in 2003, she gave me letters she had written to me but never posted. The letters were to let me know about deaths in the family, selling her house and how much she had missed me. Perhaps she wrote these letters to herself; putting these emotions on paper might have helped her to cope with her grief.

I left India in my early 20s, and my family moved across the border in 1959. My sister's letters have been my connections to my family, culture and the language I grew up in.

When I returned to New York, I decided to make a portfolio based on her letters. I had metal cuts made from six of her letters, printed them on Japanese handmade paper and overprinted the letters with woodcuts of maps, floor plans and the image of a house.

The letters are in Urdu, in my sister's handwriting. Few people read Urdu or for that matter write letters anymore.

### HOME

Home is place where you start your life. When you leave and make new homes around the world, the place which stays in your imagination is your first home. Even if the house no longer exists, its memory gives an anchor to your soul.

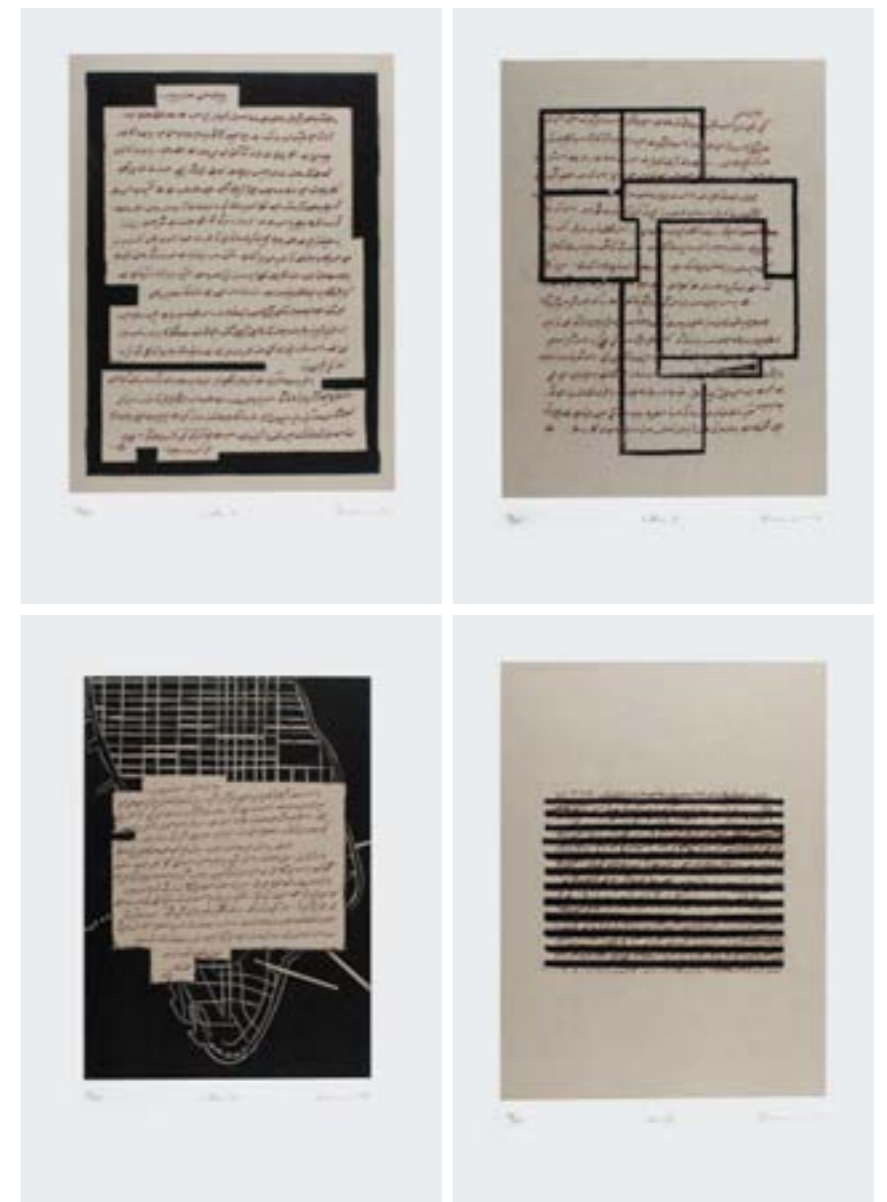


Woodcuts and  
Text on Handmade  
Kozo Paper  
22 x 15 in. (each)

**LETTERS  
FROM  
HOME**  
2004  
edition 14 of 20

And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of man had built. And the Lord said, "Behold, they are one people, and they have all one language, and this is only the beginning of what they will do. And nothing that they propose to do will now be impossible for them. Come, let us go down and there confuse their language, so that they may not understand each other." So the Lord dispersed them from there over the face of all the earth, and they stopped building the city. Therefore its name was called Babel, because there the Lord confused the language of the whole world. And from there the Lord dispersed them over the face of all the earth.

*The Book of Genesis*



## SONNYSANJAYVADGAMA

... I will be exhibiting a piece entitled 'Eye For An Eye' - a term that has ancient origins and refers to the act of seeking equivalent amount of revenge.

Thirty-six years ago, just days before its grand opening, the Hilton Hotel in Beirut became the site of fighting in Lebanon's Civil War. Christian and Muslim militiamen fought room-to-room for control of the building and other nearby hotels. Throughout the 15 years of bitter conflict, its occupancy passed back and forth between opposing factions. After the conflict the Hilton remained unused and was one of many buildings that stood as a painful reminder of a dark past until it was demolished on July 14th 2002.

When viewing *Eye For An Eye*, a circular chain composed of images of the Beirut Hilton can be seen floating in a dark void. The collapse of one building prompts another to follow suit endlessly, in a vicious cycle, whilst a voice sings of a lost city in the background. Like so many of the conflicts in and beyond the Middle East, the endless destruction of each building personifies mankind's actions of seeking out revenge and personal justice, often unknowingly trapping themselves and generations to come in a circle of violence. Importantly though, *Eye For An Eye* does not seek to alienate or accuse one side of a past conflict. It focuses on the present and future by using the past as a means to articulate its message: one that is ultimately about the futility of civil conflict and war, as well as the tragic loss of life and security that follows.

### HOME

Home is a powerful word that describes so much more than simply shelter. For me it means a place that acts as a sanctuary and can manifest both physically and mentally. The mental component refers to the experiences and memories that permeate the structures within our home over time. They become so personal and as such I feel they often personify these places. Thus, when a tragedy strikes, when our home is damaged or ripped away from us it can feel like a very physical attack on our own bodies and leave internal scars.

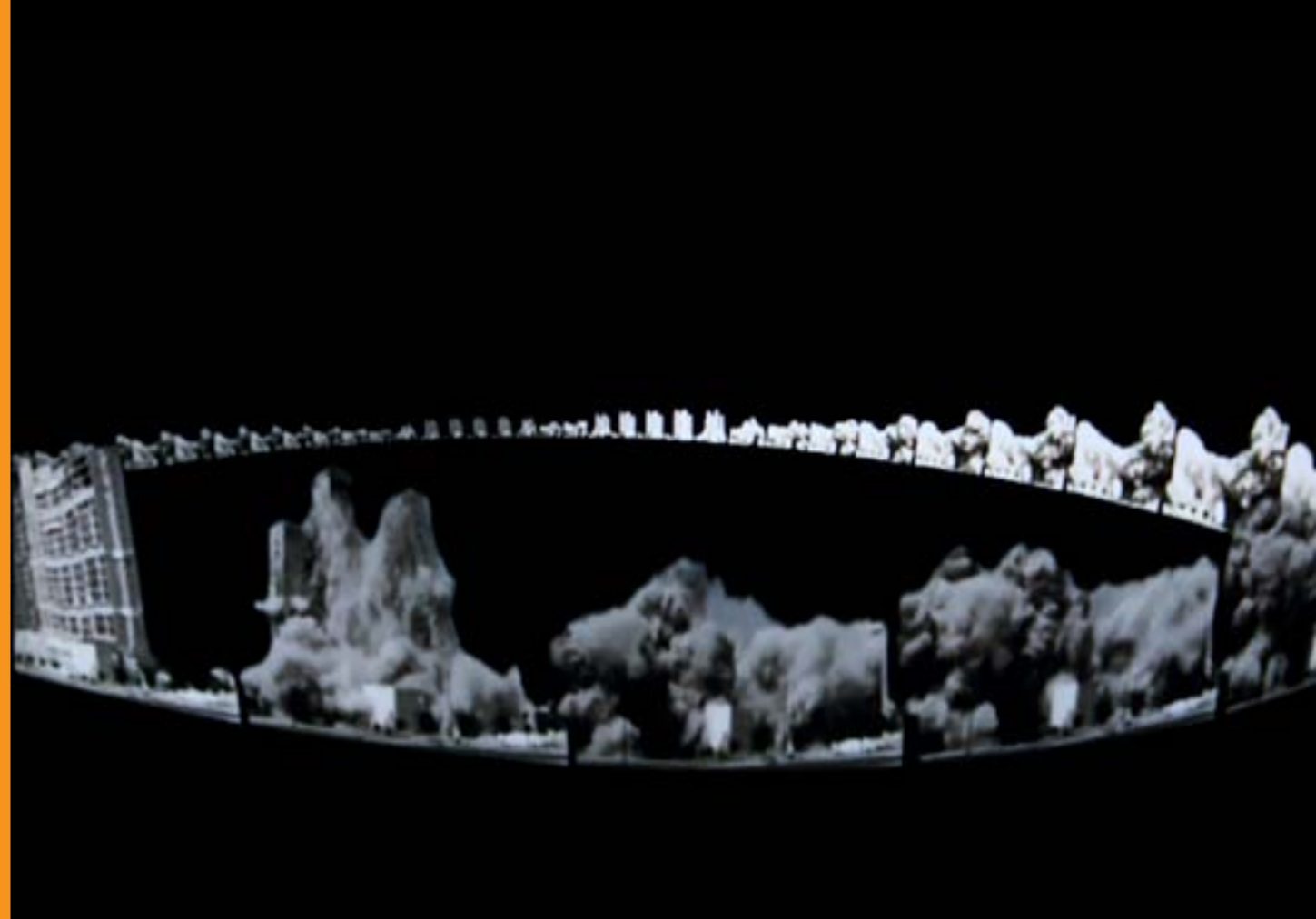


Single  
Channel  
Video  
97.5 sec

EYE  
FOR AN  
EYE  
2009

Do you understand what has happened and what is going on? There was a former birth, in which you and I were friends, and we exchanged kindnesses, composed our verses and compiled our Diwans. In that age there was a gentleman who was our compatriot – mine and yours. Munshi Nabi Baksh was his name, and Haqir his *takhallus*. Suddenly that age came to an end and all cordiality and sincerity and love and joy ended with it. After a while we received another birth. But although to all appearances this birth is exactly like the first – I write a letter to Munshi Nabi Baksh and receive his reply, and today I get a letter from you and your name is still Munshi Hargopal and your *takhallus* Tufta, and the city I live in is still called Dilli and this muhalla is still named Ballimaron muhalla – yet not one of the friends of that former birth is to be found. By God you may search for a Musalmaan in this city and not find a single one – rich, poor, and artisans alike, are all gone.

*Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib, letter to Munshi Hargopal Tufta,  
5 December 1857*





## ATUL DODIYA

I love railway stations, crowded during the day or empty at midnight.

During my formative period, I resolved many artistic issues while traveling by local train from the suburb Ghatkopar, where I live, to Victoria Terminus, in town.

I often wonder why artists write/sign their name in front of the painting! I have still not understood that logic. I had just passed out from the art school, when I painted 'Destination I'. I thought, if I have to write my name in front of the painting, why should be somewhere in the corner or behind the bush! I used the station sign device to resolve this doubt. Is it a station sign or is it a painting of a station sign! I was heavily influenced by the American painter Jasper Johns then. Obviously it was urban, contemporary and it was different from my friends' works which were either abstract or figurative.

HOME

Om Shanti Om.



DESTINATION I  
1984

Oil and Beeswax  
on Canvas  
50 x 60 in.



## JYOTHIBASU

These two paintings contain objects that look like living things, but they also look like high tech instruments or bombs. I called the works *Constructed to Deconstruct* to suggest that what we create could destroy us. But I don't want the interpretation to be restricted to this single meaning, there is a multitude of objects in the canvases, and the colouration is also part of the painting's meaning, it opens up other avenues for the viewer.

### HOME

My understanding is that home contains everything, not just myself or other human beings. It is not a particular structure. In a way, it is the whole universe. I could buy the house I am sitting in right now, live there, and I would then call it home when people ask me where my home is. But that would not really be home to me. I was brought up in Kerala, lived in Mumbai, now I'm moving to Baroda, this is all part of life's journey in which I will live in many spaces, but always within the larger home.

CONSTRUCTED  
TO  
DECONSTRUCT  
I AND II  
2004

Oil on Canvas  
42 x 30 in. (each)

## L.N.TALLUR

Today, what we are and where we are is because of the hunger we have for a “civilized” society. The rules that form a civil society are now so complicated, that a shift of an inch here or an inch there can trigger panic. Panic disorder is an anxiety disorder and is characterized by unexpected and repeated episodes of intense fear accompanied by physical symptoms that may include chest pain, heart palpitations, and shortness of breath, dizziness, or abdominal distress. When you see these signs and symptoms in the society around you and its economic, political, social aspects, the society we are in is bound to experience Panic.

### HOME

Vaastupurusha – The home man

The God Shiva was once engaged in a battle with a demon. As the fierce struggle went on, Shiva began sweating profusely. Vaastupurusha was born out of Shiva’s beads of sweat. His origin in strife made him very hungry and he started devouring everything in his path. The other gods went to Lord Brahma for protection, begging him to do something about this new creature that was destroying their world.

Brahma gave Vaastupurusha a shove and he fell to earth, landing face down. Immediately Brahma told the gods - who were forty-five in number - to sit on Vaastupurusha and not allow him to get up. After they did so, Vaastupurusha prayed for Brahma’s mercy, entreating that he had been created hungry and that he was only following his nature.

Brahma felt sorry for him and granted him the blessing of having his endless hunger fed by offerings from the inhabitants of the dwellings built upon him. In return, Vaastupurusha was to stay embedded in the earth and take care of the inhabitants’ health and prosperity.

But he could seek his own sustenance if the inhabitants didn’t feed him properly. Those who did not abide by Brahma’s rules would awaken the creature’s hunger and suffer the consequences.



Jute Bags  
4 Blowers, CCTV  
with Cameras  
Size Variable

**PANIC  
ROOM**  
2006

The telescreen received and transmitted simultaneously. Any sound that Winston made, above the level of a very low whisper, would be picked up by it, moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque commanded, he could be seen as well as heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. You had to live – did live, from habit that became instinct – in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinized.

Winston kept his back turned to the telescreen. It was safer, though, as he well knew, even a back can be revealing. A kilometre away the Ministry of Truth, his place of work, towered vast and white above the grimy landscape. The Ministry of Truth was startlingly different from any other object in sight. It was an enormous pyramidal structure of glittering white concrete, soaring up, terrace after terrace, 300 metres into the air.

The Ministry of Truth contained, it was said, three thousand rooms above ground level, and corresponding ramifications below. Scattered about London there were just three other buildings of similar appearance and size. They were the homes of the four Ministries between which the entire apparatus of government was divided. The Ministry of Truth, which concerned itself with news, entertainment, education, and the fine arts. The Ministry of Peace, which concerned itself with war. The Ministry of Love, which maintained law and order. And the Ministry of Plenty, which was responsible for economic affairs. Their names, in Newspeak: Minitrue, Minipax, Miniluv, and Miniplenty.

The Ministry of Love was the really frightening one. There were no windows in it at all. Winston had never been inside the Ministry of Love, nor within half a kilometre of it. It was a place impossible to enter except on official business, and then only by penetrating through a maze of barbed-wire entanglements, steel doors, and hidden machine-gun nests.

*George Orwell. 1984*





## ANANTJOSHI

The work in the show is a collage created out of advertisements of 'dream apartments' published in daily newspapers from Mumbai. These buildings are virtual images to lure the prospective buyer of a dream home.

### HOME

The idea of home shifts with time, so I can't say that there's one place I consider home. But I suppose home is connected strongly to childhood, and to my family, my parents.

**MAY LOOK  
CLOSER THAN  
THEY APPEAR:  
PAINTING IV**  
2007

Mixed Media  
and Gold Leaf  
on Canvas  
48 x 96 in.



MUMBAI WALK  
21 JULY 2007  
10 A.M.  
TO 12.54 P.M.  
2007

Digital Print  
40 x 87 in.

## ATULBHALLA

*I Walk  
I walk  
the  
Drains.  
Drains  
through  
which  
I  
imagine  
myself,  
repeated,  
repeated  
.....flowing  
muck  
pushing  
muck  
what  
was  
.....water  
connecting  
falling  
in  
one  
another  
other  
labyrinths  
under  
me,  
in  
me  
breathless  
drowning  
sound  
sight  
inundation.  
I walk  
I walk  
.....  
I still walk.*

What does home mean to you?

Home is a place where I come back to think.

A place where I can put my feet up and think.

A place where I have my books and music.

A place where I measure myself on my own terms.



## SUDARSHAN SHETTY

One of the things I feel the need to talk about is the highly urban need for escape into an imaginary view of nature, and the way industrial set up constantly produces items for consumption that play upon that need. The need for instance to have plastic roses and artificial mangoes that are alluring but inedible in ones living room. My aim is not to achieve the illusionist effects that make a plastic mango seem almost edible but to lay bare the artificiality of the mango itself. In doing this I am examining the compulsions of my own urban existence and how these compulsions do not offer me any simple routes to the realm of the 'natural'.

### HOME

Home is such a vast and ever shifting idea that I still have to find words to contain it.



Fiberglass, Tinted  
Water, Steel, Wood and  
Motor Mechanical Device  
71 x 33.5 x 39 in.

UNTITLED  
FROM EIGHT  
CORNERS OF  
THE WORLD  
2006



**UNTITLED**  
2004, Resin  
Fiber Glass  
and Plastic  
13 x 13 x 14 in.

**AUTOMOTIVE**  
2009, Wooden  
Box, Modified  
Spectacles  
10.8 x 7.5 x 6 in.

Wooden Table, Glass  
with Liquid and  
Electric Device  
30 x 36 x 96.5 in.

**UNTITLED  
FROM EIGHT  
CORNERS OF  
THE WORLD**  
2001



## BIJUJOZE

The conceptual basis of the *Swistik Knife* is the notion of transformation and negotiation - transformation of global to local to global; negotiation of cultural idioms. I have rendered the original multi-functionality of the army pocket device invalid by replacing the tools with items from an Indian cultural context, even pushing it to the extent of sacred symbolism. It is recognisable at first glance for its established associations, but is meant to produce a disorientation on closer scrutiny.

### HOME

These are the feelings I get when I think of 'Home' and it encompass a broad sphere of emotional experience:

Memory, contemporary, nostalgia, depression, expression, relatives, bondage, indifference, family, ruling, friends, refuge, physical, control, relinquish, birth, death, life, arrangement, affinity, honor, disagreement, agreement, make love, loneliness, relationship, split, sibling, territory, food, clothing, rituals, relish, submissive, traditional, system, worldly, trauma, protection, monetary, proximity, liability, guidance, context, influence, consideration, accompanies, language, intimate, demonstration, closeness, condition, situation, quarrel, combination, position, possession, organization, orderliness, regular, hobby, profound, authority, behavior, feast, action, reaction, attribute, properties, source, cause, limitations, income, energy, naive, motivation, morality, obedience, inconclusive, affection, contagious, cling, purpose, belonging, tightness, kinship, alliance, approve, sympathy, affluent, abundant, hierarchy, illusion, power, infidelity, supernatural, comfortable, affordable, calm, dubious, parties, assets, fasting, survive, fidelity.

**SWISTIK  
KNIFE**  
2005

Plated Mild  
Steel, Acrylic  
Casing and  
Colour Print  
8 x 6 x 1 in.

## BANIABIDI

'...so he starts singing' is a *talking heads* interview with an Indian flatmate I had in Chicago called Manisha. She and I lived together in the late 90s. Manisha would reference Indian cinema in our conversations, like my mother quotes Faiz and Iqbal... to enunciate her point.

She was twenty-six years old when I made this video, and I decided to quiz her on the narratives of twenty-six films, one from every year of her life. She delivered without faltering for a moment and I edited what I got into a seamless story.

### HOME

Home in Chicago fourteen years ago meant being able to speak Urdu and eat Chapli Kababs at the Pakistani dhaba on Chicago Avenue. Home in Lahore, seven years later, was defined by a community of curious and brilliant artists who knew Urdu but argued most effectively in English, and only some craved Chapli Kababs. But all were thinking about being artists in Lahore. Home now is in those nooks and corners of this world where people don't quiver with the certainty of fearful anger and ask uncomfortable questions. Some of them have heard of Urdu, others sing 80s TV jingles in it, most of them except for the vegetarians love Chapli Kababs but all of them wait for opportunities to visit the others who live in Lahore, Berlin, Sri Lanka, Delhi...



Single  
Channel  
Video  
3.33 mins

..SO HE  
STARTS  
SINGING  
2008

## NIKHILCHOPRA

Sir Raja III is an invented persona. The project initiated while still in my Master's program at Ohio State University, was developed into a photo series shot in Kashmir and live performance that was first exhibited in Mumbai in 2005. Sir Raja, the archetypal Indian prince, seemed ironically close to home. I was able to relate to British imperial photography of Indian dignitaries from the turn of the century. The posing 'Raja' in all his pomp and regalia seemed suspended like a stuffed tiger trophy between ruler and subject.

At the time I was reacting to being in the US, aware of my privilege to have access to a fine art education abroad and at the same time critical of an excessive gluttonous culture.

### HOME

I have never lived at home. Growing up we moved every three years. My father was a banker and being transferred to a new office was part of the norm. I don't have childhood friends. As a result I am not nostalgic about a place where I grew up. Jammu and Kashmir was, is and will always be the home, the ancestral home. I now have life that makes me travel again. Perhaps I don't like to be anchored in a place. I feel like my feet have wheels. Often my wife, Madhavi, and son Om, will accompany me. When Om, who is three years old now, wants to go back 'home', I will some times say to him "Where we lay our head is home".

I am in Berlin on a one-year residency, far away from a home in Mumbai where I have spent the last six years, the longest I have been in any one city.



Black/White  
Photograph, White  
Tone, Semi Matt,  
Fibre Paper  
22 x 17 in.

WHAT WILL I  
DO WITH THIS  
LAND: FORMAL  
PORTRAIT  
2005

## N.PUSHPAMALA

*Portrait of a Mohammedan Woman* was shot by Mr. J.H. Thakker of India Photo Studio in Mumbai, and it finally became part of a work called *Triptych*, including two more works: *Portrait of a Christian Woman* and *Portrait of a Hindoo Woman*, all with their faces hidden from the camera, and deliberately spelled in an old fashioned colonial style with its ethnographic implications. I made this and some of the works in *The Navarasa Suite* for the Open Circle International residency and later developed them further. It's funny that this is part of a show called *Home Spun*, because I borrowed the Afghani burkha from the visiting Pakistani artist Aisha Khalid for the shoot!

### HOME

'Home' is maybe having early morning chai and looking out from the kitchen window into my back garden in Bangalore, all untidy and lush.



Sepia-Toned  
Semi Gelatin  
Print  
26 x 20 in.

PORTRAIT  
OF A  
MOHAMMEDAN  
WOMAN  
2000-03

## UDEYAVIRSINGH

The idea of 'form following function' has greatly influenced the nature of design and the purpose for its existence. Each object has its own purpose and a meaning to exist. In many instances the things/objects which we crave for, own, collect or create define us. When these objects/things become a part of a persona, we tend to museum-ize them, associate with them through various metaphors and personifications. It is through this process, these objects gain a meaningful existence; it's archived down through memories; becomes a totemic symbol and defines its own being.

This assemblage titled 'No one's chair' is an attempt to define the being of a chair, keeping in reference its associations with 'power'. The form is de-constructed to such an extent that, even though it can be recognized and identified, purpose and meaning is denied to it.

### HOME

Home is a sacred space for me where my everyday rituals take place, where I find my privacy, comfort and fantasy. Home is the place where I go away from all distractions. Getting back home is a feeling of being self contented.



Wood, Misc  
Chair Parts  
Further Carved  
63 x146 x 97 in.

**NO ONE'S  
CHAIR**  
2006

## MINAMAPANG

The work, *Everyone denied the possibility*, was made right after my first solo show, *Peel* which featured pen and ink drawings on paper. It's an in-between piece which echoes my earlier interest in fantasy and whimsy. This particular work was instigated by my affinity for old and nostalgic machines (the typewriter in particular as a word-or type-machine) and my desire to work with found objects.

The old typewriter was not in working condition and pretty much beyond repair when a friend of mine found it. Since the typewriter presented itself to me, I took the object itself as the point of departure for my enquiry into its identity and history. As I explored my own connection to it, I soon realized that I was more interested in dichotomies like real/imagined, possible/impossible, lost/found. I was not as interested in the object's 'known' history (that it may have been one of the many typewriters used in the legal districts of Fort area in Mumbai) as I was in the 'unknown' history of this ghost machine.

Since the object had lost its original utilitarian function, I tried to further nullify its functionality by pulling out the type keys and pouring paint into the key holes. To take the contradiction further, the typewriter creates a painterly drawing instead of text. The imagery on the painted surface of the typewriter comes mostly from my drawings and immediate surroundings (for instance, I 'sourced' the fabric used to upholster the box containing the typewriter from my PG accommodation). Some of the drawings are made on suggestive spills of paint or on spaces revealed by new paint chipping over older layers of paint. This work was also an exercise in reclaiming and renewing something which might be perceived as useless and defunct.

### HOME

When I think of the word 'home', the word 'homeland' springs to mind but I don't really think of home in terms of land or even nations but maybe as a story that we tell ourselves about a place and our connection to it.



Mixed Media  
16 x 16 in.

EVERYONE  
DENIED THE  
POSSIBILITY  
2007

## GAURIGILL

A series of urban landscapes, which originated in 2003, in the semi-rural urban settlements and mofussil towns of Rajasthan, *Rememory* has since grown to include larger cities across India, as well as their suburbs and satellites. The photographs record borders both on the edge of, and within towns; spill overs, overlaps and encroachments between the rural and the urban; and sites akin to what artists call 'negative spaces'. (Negative space is a compositional tool used in both two- and three-dimensional art work. It is the space between the active elements, or the space in which those elements are not present, yet that holds them in their place.) The photographs are sometimes made at night, or appear so, and are usually bereft of people, even though the landscape bears evidence of the human hand and mind. The writer Toni Morrison used the word *Rememory* to refer to the act of remembering memories, physically or mentally. (Sethe explains *Rememory* to her daughter Denver in the novel *Beloved*, "Some things go. Pass on. Some things just stay. I used to think it was my re-memory. You know. Some things you forget. Other things you never do. But it's not. Places, places are still there. If a house burns down, it's gone, but the picture of it stays, and not just in my re-memory, but out there, in the world. What I remember is a picture floating around outside my head. I mean, even if I don't think it, even if I die, the picture of what I did, or knew, or saw is still out there. Right in the place where it happened.")

### HOME

A place that includes or has included those I love. A place where I have spent a length of time, and feel compelled to revisit. A place that I have heard about from those close to me, in ways that have made it real to me, through their memories.



Silver Gelatin  
Print  
18 x 12 in. (each)

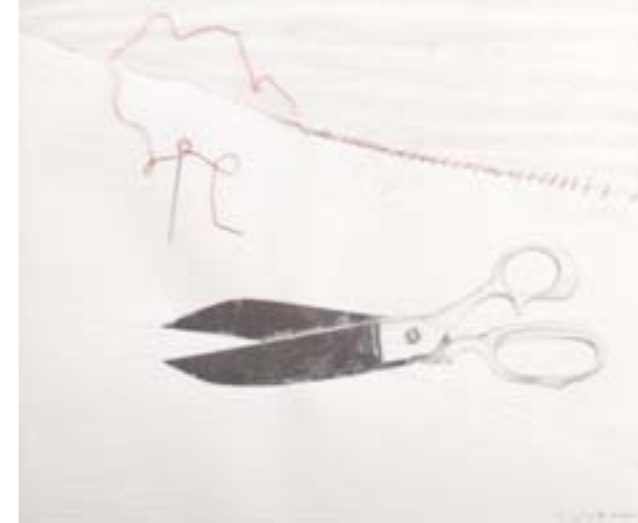
BIKANER  
2003

## JAGANNATH PANDA

Houses and household objects played an important role in my early works as representatives of the human condition. Layered collages and mixed media drawings explored through visual means the idea of home, not just as a material form but as an accumulation of psychologically significant objects.

### HOME

A geometric-anthropological structure, where four walls meet to create a place of belonging, a place for rest and intimacy, and also one where dynamic thought is generated. We continuously re-imagine the reality of home to fulfill our emotional needs. The body moves through time and makes its own space in history, creating and renewing space, structure and sense.



**UNTITLED**  
2000, Mixed Media  
13.5 x 16 in.



**RAINY WEATHER**  
2000, Mixed Media  
10.5 x 9 in.



**HOUSEHOLD  
AND HOUSE**  
2003  
Mixed Media  
10.5 x 9 in.

In Hindustan, there is little running water aside from the great rivers. All the cities and provinces live from well water, or on what collects in tanks during the rains. In Hindustan, villages and hamlets, even entire towns, are depopulated or constructed in an instant! If the people of a large town, even one they've inhabited for years, abandon it, they can do so in a day, or half a day, leaving little sign or trace. Conversely, if they decide to settle at a particular spot, they need not dig irrigation canals or build a dam, because all crops are rain-fed. A group gets together, makes a tank, or digs a well. They do not construct houses or build walls. They simply make huts from the plentiful straw and the innumerable trees and instantly a village or town is born. The people are numberless, and swarm in.

*Memoirs of Zahiruddin Muhammad Babur*





## ADEELASULEMAN

The helmets are part of an installation that I did in 2002. My motorcycle project *Salma, Sitara and Sister Motor Cycle Work Shop* deals with the issues of nationality, class and gender. What I have looked at in that project was the experiential dimension of traveling on a motorcycle. This everyday activity takes place in a unique way in Pakistan and some parts of South Asia.

Women sit on the motorcycle side-saddle with their husband driving the motorcycle and both of them help each other to balance themselves and their children, who may be more than two, on this small product of modernity called a motorcycle.

### HOME

I am looking at a photograph of myself and my brother in our parents' lap. It has a touch of reality, my brother is hurt and crying in the photo. After forty years the same image now repeats itself in my house, with my kids and husband. Life is not all sweet, but home is where family is, a physical structure does not make any difference.

UNTITLED  
2007

Steel Spoon  
Bowl, Tea Pot  
Drain Covers, Cycle  
Decorative Knobs  
11 x 12 x 12 in.



**HOMEAGE TO  
BRANCUSI**  
2000  
Stainless Steel  
76 in. high

**REDDY  
MAID II**  
1999  
Broom and Glue  
3 x 40 in.

## NICOLA DURVASULA

These two works were made at the end of the 1990s when I was living in Hyderabad:

'In the process of plaiting this fibre, something was happening; I began to see the broom as a beautiful object, banal and beautiful...I like working with these objects of daily use, for example the steel cups, and their transformation into something other...you know if you walk into a museum and see something that was made 3000 years ago, it could be something very ordinary, but it's placed in a case and given a title...this is what I like to do, take an ordinary object, and change its meaning and function'.

Extract from 'Dialogue Rasna Bhushan - Nicola Durvasula', December 11th, 1999, Banjara Hills, Hyderabad.

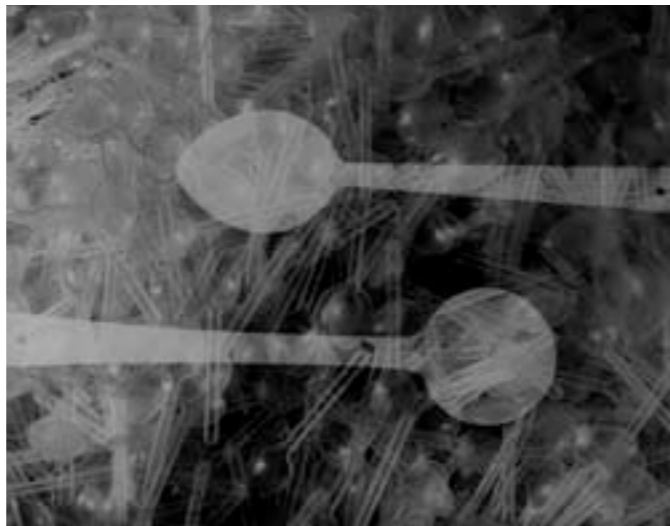
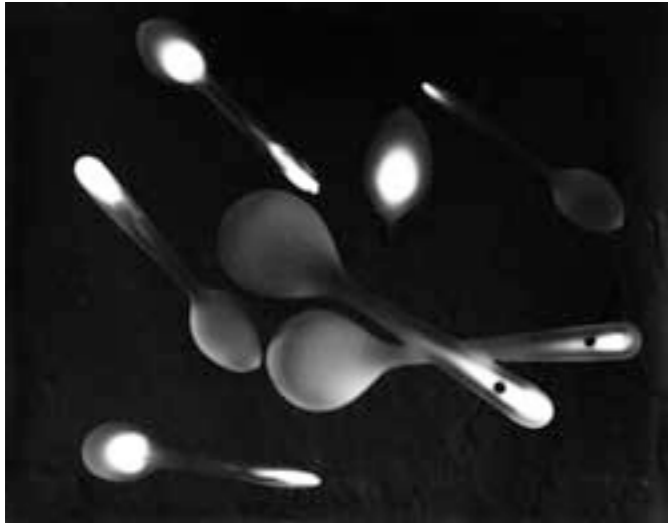
### HOME

For me, this is a question that only leads to further questions:

Is home this space I'm in right now, here seemingly sitting still, yet apparently travelling at 67,000 miles per hour around the sun?

If I were to draw my home, through the fine line of thought, where would I begin? From which angle would I draw it, from what period in my life, and from which world, French, British, or Indian? If I were to draw my home at night, when things become mere indistinguishable shapes, how would it be drawn? Would all meaning disappear?

Can home be this indefinable space in the very depth of me and beyond, always here, everywhere, now and always?



## SAMITDAS

The works chosen for the show all have different homes and different stories. The objects all came from different homes but stayed together for some time.

The technique I have used for these prints is called photogram which means each print is unique. The technique itself tries to penetrate into the objects' homes to dig up new stories. But don't try to bend the spoon, try to realize the truth...the truth is there is no spoon.

### HOME

Home is not just limited within a architectural structure. It's a total statement of life. I was born in beautiful city called Jamshedpur. It offered a complete life with nature and human beings which helped me to grow up.

In my early 20s, I came to Kolkata for my studies, and very soon I felt obstacles from man-made spaces got a obstacle feeling from man made space. So somehow Kolkata couldn't be my home, and I shifted to Santiniketan's Kala Bhavan. There was no Tagore, no concept of ashram left, but I could smell home.

I came to Delhi to make a living and started building a new home. Delhi is nobody's city, everybody comes and makes their home here, but most forget to acknowledge their very own home, Delhi.

UNTITLED  
2001

Black and White  
Photograph on  
Fiber Base Paper  
12 x 15 in. (each)



## BINDU MEHRA

### HOME

I have lived in many different homes, neighbourhoods, cities, states and countries, sometimes due to circumstances, at times due to personal choice. The desire to relocate at times perhaps came from the yearning to find this perfect, idealised place which I am unable to define myself.

I have often wondered whether the notion of home is a social or a psychological construct. Does it exist in reference to the past, a lived experience? In my search for an understanding of what home meant to me, I went to Wikipedia. It defined home as a place of *residence* or *refuge*. When it refers to a building, it is usually a place in which an individual or a family can rest and store *personal property*. Most modern-day *households* contain *sanitary facilities* and a means of *preparing food*. Animals have their own homes as well, either living in the wild or shared with humans in a domesticated environment.

I could not bring myself to accept Wiki's notion of home. Perhaps it is yet not possible for me to think of home merely as a place of residence, with sanitary fittings, in a particular geographical locale, hoarding or storing personal property. Neither is it possible for me to think of myself as this wild animal sharing the domestic space with humans.

Home has often triggered within me a sense of self-reflection, forcing me to re-negotiate the social, political, economic and cultural boundaries that I may encounter. I shift between conscious associations with my history, geographical locale, etc. and my unconscious desire to be free. Home is this in-between place, where I am neither pulled between the desire to be free nor plagiarized by my psychological memorabilia. It's a silence that I often find myself turning to, an inward gaze, untouched, subliminal.



Glue  
Size Variable



## KRISHNARAJCHONAT

These plates were produced in the context of a performance that I did in St.Tropez (France) in 2006, and subsequently in 2007 at Project 88 (Mumbai), as part of my solo exhibition there called *Island*. The performance in Mumbai took on a different dimension altogether, when some members of the audience who voluntarily sat at the table even before the performance began, took offence to it and wished they were informed about it before. More than what the performance intended to speak about, the hostile response from some of the audience who were seated at the table was brought into sharper focus and I was struck by the completely different ways in which art itself is received here and elsewhere. What offended them, I never really understood. Anyway, both videos are on Youtube, do have a look.

A single plate was also displayed at the Project 88 show along with a graffiti on the wall asking “Khaathe kya ho?”, referring to the various complex connotations, religious, socio-political, casteist and derogatory references that food and discussions around food arouse in India.

All these and many more are part of an ongoing research project about food and its dimensions.

CAKE  
2006

Print on  
Ceramic Plate  
10.2 in.

*What did Bloom do at the range?*

He removed the saucepan to the left hob, rose and carried the iron kettle to the sink in order to tap the current by turning the faucet to let it flow.

*Did it flow?*

Yes. From Roundwood reservoir in county Wicklow of a cubic capacity of 2400 million gallons, percolating through a subterranean aqueduct of filter mains of single and double pipeage constructed at an initial plant cost of 5 pounds per linear yard by way of the Dargle, Rathdown, Glen of the Downs and Callowhill to the 26 acre reservoir at Stillorgan, a distance of 22 statute miles, and thence, through a system of relieving tanks, by a gradient of 250 feet to the city boundary at Eustace bridge, upper Leeson street, though from prolonged summer drouth and daily supply of 12 1/2 million gallons the water had fallen below the sill of the overflow weir for which reason the borough surveyor and waterworks engineer, Mr Spencer Harty, C. E., on the instructions of the waterworks committee had prohibited the use of municipal water for purposes other than those of consumption (envisaging the possibility of recourse being had to the impotable water of the Grand and Royal canals as in 1893) particularly as the South Dublin Guardians, notwithstanding their ration of 15 gallons per day per pauper supplied through a 6 inch meter, had been convicted of a wastage of 20,000 gallons per night by a reading of their meter on the affirmation of the law agent of the corporation, Mr Ignatius Rice, solicitor, thereby acting to the detriment of another section of the public, selfsupporting taxpayers, solvent, sound.

*James Joyce. Ulysses*



## ANITADUBE

W.C/ God was one among five pieces exploring the psyche of the right wing that was increasingly flexing its muscles at that time. The work was exhibited in January 2002, in Prima Kurien's gallery, Art Inc. in Shahpurjat, and we all know how everything flared up after Godhra in February of the same year! For me this was very uncanny: a premonition; a dark feeling of fascist terror, which I had been trying to understand through the work, suddenly and terrifyingly unfolding in real terms....

HOME

Home: is half the world.



Metal Pipe  
Ceramic Covered  
with Velvet  
29 x 16 x 42 in.

W.C./GOD  
2003

## ALIRAZA

Object of daily use in our homes carry a function after which they were designed. With time, design and function gets improvised or sometimes the object gets obsolete due to ever-changing needs of the culture. Some objects in our homes play more vital roles than others, and I am sure in South Asia no one can dare to deny the importance of the *Lota*. Beside its daily use, it also carries a charged meaning in Urdu such as in this proverb, “Bey painde ka lota” or “Bin painde ka lota,” means a person without any fixed loyalties. In Pakistan the shorter version of this term “*Lota*,” is specifically used for politicians who keep switching their ideologies and loyalties after their personal interests. In context of its charged meaning, I assembled *lotas* to form a chair or “Throne”. The selection of white *lotas* is intentional, as I wanted it to reflect the idea of “white” architecture of Pakistan’s capital Islamabad, where Parliament house and other white buildings of federal authorities are located in the same vicinity.

### HOME

“Home is a cage too.” This is also title of a series that I have been painting. I take home as a word of many connotations. It does not mean that I don’t like the word “home” but what I suggests is that for many “home is where the heart is” or “Home sweet home” and for others, home means a restricted life that sometimes they are bound to live with.



Plastic Lotas  
Steel Nuts  
Bolts, Washers  
53.5 x 49 x 35 in.

**THRONE**  
2007

There must be quite a few things a hot bath won't cure, but I don't know many of them. Whenever I'm sad I'm going to die, or so nervous I can't sleep, or in love with somebody I won't be seeing for a week, I slump down just so far and then I say: "I'll go take a hot bath."

I meditate in the bath. The water needs to be very hot, so hot you can barely stand putting your foot in it. Then you lower yourself, inch by inch, till the water's up to your neck.

I remember the ceiling over every bathtub I've stretched out in. I remember the texture of the ceilings and the cracks and the colors and the damp spots and the light fixtures. I remember the tubs, too: the antique griffin-legged tubs, and the modern coffin-shaped tubs, and the fancy pink marble tubs overlooking indoor lily ponds, and I remember the shapes and sizes of the water taps and the different sorts of soap holders.

I never feel so much myself as when I'm in a hot bath.

*Sylvia Plath. The Bell Jar*





## MITHUSEN

Home means NO THING to me. An emptiness that seizes space or denies it occupation. Home is not a resolved state.

From Chidambaram temple to Mirosław Balka's installation at the Tate, many artists have explored this idea of nothingness /emptiness /void /formlessness for centuries... I am not someone new in this circle. In the Chidambaram temple (Chola Dynasty, 11th-13th cent.) the garbhagriha remains formless, as the creator was exhausted seeing the over powering decorative temples all around, and reacted into an abstract form of formlessness.

I am very happy my project NO THING turned to an interesting twist.... now I know, in this show or not, my empty room is everywhere.... because it's a need!

My idea was to have that empty room in a museum show crowded with works. It would have been self-defined and would have defined everything else.

HOME  
NO THING

UNTITLED  
2005

Handmade  
Paper, Velvet  
and Pencil  
22 x 30 in.



## PRAJAKTA POTNIS

The area of my work dwells between the intimate world of an individual and the world outside which is separated sometimes only by a wall. I am moved by the walls that are found in middle class homes, it's interesting to observe their inviting colors, I am intrigued by the character of these alluring peeled walls. Painting these painted surfaces, which also have traces of history and inhabitation embedded in it, I wanted my paintings to be a part of these walls. While the everyday household objects found within these four walls, sometimes neglected or at times layered with memory of the person using them translated as sculptures.

### HOME

I have grown up seeing a lot of Marathi plays that would often deal with human relationships against the backdrop of domestic spaces. I have always been intrigued with set design, the way the narratives would be framed within a cardboard box, where a cut out within a wall would suggest a window or walls with cello-tape marks would feel like they will collapse any moment. I guess these fragile settings have some kind of a relationship to my perception of a home.

UNTITLED  
2008

Metallic Fan  
with Plastic  
26 x 76 x 30 in.



SPY IN THE  
HOUSE  
OF LOVE  
2003

Oil on Canvas  
72 x 60 in. (each)

## NATARAJ SHARMA

This is one of the few works of mine which began with the title. I heard Jim Morrison sing, I'm a Spy in the House of Love, and was extremely struck by those words. I started thinking of what kind of imagery would go with them, and the idea of a brothel resembling a doll's house sprang to mind for some reason. I went with the flow and imagined the brothel having many active rooms, active with copulating figures, and then a single room, a dark, still room, with a solitary naked figure. He was the spy, and he was naked, because I felt there was truth in a figure that was not clothed.

Then, for the love-making couples, I consulted the Kamasutra and borrowed the postures of the figures from there. It took me a long time to convey the couples in a subtle way. Images of copulating figures are very striking, very strong, and I didn't want this to be a shocking image. I wanted it to be an image that revealed itself slowly, upon study, upon the viewer taking time. I had to work hard at subduing the figures, abstracting, making subtle.

Around this doll's house brothel, the atmosphere is of a hot summer's night, with dark red shadows. I wanted an atmosphere in heat, so to speak. All of these things were instinctively done, without questioning the logic of it all. Towards the end of working on this painting it struck me the spy is a voyeur, an outsider. The spy carries inherently within himself a certain alienation. A spy is a witness but never a participant. These were the kinds of meanings which came to me when the work was nearly done.

HOME  
Idli-vada



## RANBIRKALEKA

Often, seed for an artwork is unknowingly sown and may spring up eccentrically in curious form:

Tell me the story of that picture, I asked the cobbler. "... as the priest's idols sank to the bottom, the shoemaker's stone floated lightly on the waters of Ganga". Eyeglasses perched on the tip of his nose, the cobbler wound his waxed thread as he extolled the gifts of his sage. He had painted his shelter on the roadside, red and deep ochre. A wooden pole propped up the corrugated roof. Pictures of his saint and shoes decorated the wall. This little shop-dwelling was at the corner of two roads in New Delhi, a five minute walk from where I lived in Defence Colony.

Mochiram, the first Mochi, who was born from the sweat of a dancing Brahma resisted a beautiful Brahmin widow sent to seduce him by an offended sage. Miraculously made pregnant by the sage, the progeny of her twin sons live in West Bengal today.

My evening stroll took me past the cobbler's shack. Now and then, I saw a maid bring in shoes of her mistress for minor repairs. I imagined him imagining shodding the feet of one of those elusive mistresses hidden behind the ornamental gates of Defence Colony. As I didn't possess a good camera, an artist friend, Shantanu Lodh, clicked the cobbler's photo for me as I wanted it. I fed the picture into a computer, and set the cobbler's hut adrift in a fantastical sea of Brahma's sweat.

### HOME

Through a chink in the doors Robby clicked two pictures. Back in London the roll was developed. The first picture showed caked mud floor in the large entry hall. Blinding light shone through the darwaza opposite, obliterating the view into my ancestral house. From the effulgent interior beyond the far darwaza, a kind of verdure thicket tumbled menacingly on to the mud floor. The second picture was more in focus, the courtyard of my childhood was completely overgrown with lush vegetation. The top floor had crumbled out of sight.

This is the house which gave me stories and was the architect of my imagination. Weight, lightness, proportion, light, shadows, colour and whispers were all born here.

COBBLER  
2002

Digital Print  
on Metallic Paper  
40 x 30 in.

When their passion has ebbed, the man and woman go out separately to the bathing room, not looking at one another. When they return, they sit down in their usual places, and he rubs sandalwood paste or some other scented oil on her body. He embraces her with his left arm and holding a cup in his hand, persuades her to drink. Or both of them may drink water and eat some bite-sized refreshments. As he tastes each one, he tells her, 'this one is sweet' or 'delicate' or soft', and offers it to her.

Sometimes they sit on the terrace to enjoy the moonlight and tell stories that suit their mood. As she lies in his lap, looking at the moon, he points out the constellations to her; they gaze at the different planets, the Pleiades, the Pole Star, and the garland of Seven Sages that form the Great Bear.

That is the end of sex.

*Kama Sutra*





## SAKSHIGUPTA

Made in 2009, this piece is a representation of landscape on the floor, comprising a multitude of metal scraps and glass beads. Carrying no title, it is a motorized work where the intent is to portray the earth itself heavily weighed down, caught in a moment of turmoil and yet evolving a new sheath - acquiring a strange energy from this moment of vulnerability and challenge. Intentionally created as though on the verge of chaotic mess and not yet apparent, it appears to be making visible effort to simply breathe. The work underlines the power of acceptance in any given situation as it allows for the faculties of reason and sentiment, awareness and instinct to act in sync with each other.

Made in 2005 in Rajasthan as a participating artist of the Sandarbh Residency Program; *Mirage* was made in a small village called Bori where we were staying. The only road connecting the village with the main town was about 7-8 kilometers and the work was placed there. Intended to be more of a tease for people walking the stretch on foot in that heat, from a distance it seemed to offer a small measure of rest but on coming up close it revealed its fragility and inability to do so, leading to an obvious sense of frustration. The installation was meant to be seen as a pointer towards such situations in life as well that seem promising, but eventually turn out to be disappointing, leaving us negotiating spaces between our own expectations and what life in general has in store for us.

### HOME

Home to me plays the stabilizing role that we associate with the 'stambha' or the central column of a construction. It's perhaps the only place in the world that I can relate with innocence.



**MIRAGE**  
2005  
Thread and  
Wood  
48.5 x 36 x 18 in.

**UNTITLED**  
2009, Metal Scarp  
Glass Beads  
Motor Mechanism  
125 x 107 x 9 in.

Ah, whom can we ever turn to  
in our need? Not angels, not humans,  
and already the knowing animals are aware  
that we are not really at home in  
our interpreted world. Perhaps there remains for us  
some tree on a hillside, which every day we can take  
into our vision; there remains for us yesterday's street  
and the loyalty of a habit so much at ease  
when it stayed with us that it moved in and never left.

*Rainer Maria Rilke. The Duino Elegies*



## NOORALICHAGANI

*Under the holy bricks* is another dimension of my recent works. It's about the dreams of a common man, of South Asian region. A desire of having own home is not just a dream but it's his aim of life. *Under the holy bricks* tries to explain an endless journey to achieve worldly desires.

For me, a man resting beneath the rug of bricks expresses his love and affection towards bricks. But at the same time it also look like a "shroud" with a body lying underneath it, explaining a life, which was dedicated to these bricks and to the endless obsession with possession.

The use of a very hard material (terracotta bricks) in a very soft way in this piece describes the hardships as well as the seductive attraction of a dream, to have one's own home.

### HOME

Home is a very special word to me. I lost mine in at the age of ten when I was sent to a boarding school. My whole childhood was spent in boarding and although it helped me a lot in discovering myself; it made me lonely too. Soon, I started loving my loneliness and my personal/separate space. Initially, I graduated as a software engineer because IT was a hot subject at that time and so I become an engineer. But I have never been interested in studies or books as they were always like a ladder to me. A ladder that leads me to my dreams of having my own home, a good car and bank balance etc...

My dreams are not very special and every second man of my age in Pakistan has similar dreams. Everyone wants a house, a good car and bank balance and with each passing day this worldly lust of possession is growing inside us.

The dream of having own home is not just a dream; it's an 'aim of life'. All my work revolves around this line, for many people, is a lifetime journey. For me it's an endless desire which is growing day by day and I want my work to bring out the crude reality behind this.



Terracotta Bricks  
Fish Wire  
Fiber Glass Figure  
96 x 48 x 10 in.

**UNDER  
THE HOLY  
BRICKS**  
2009

Fool: Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

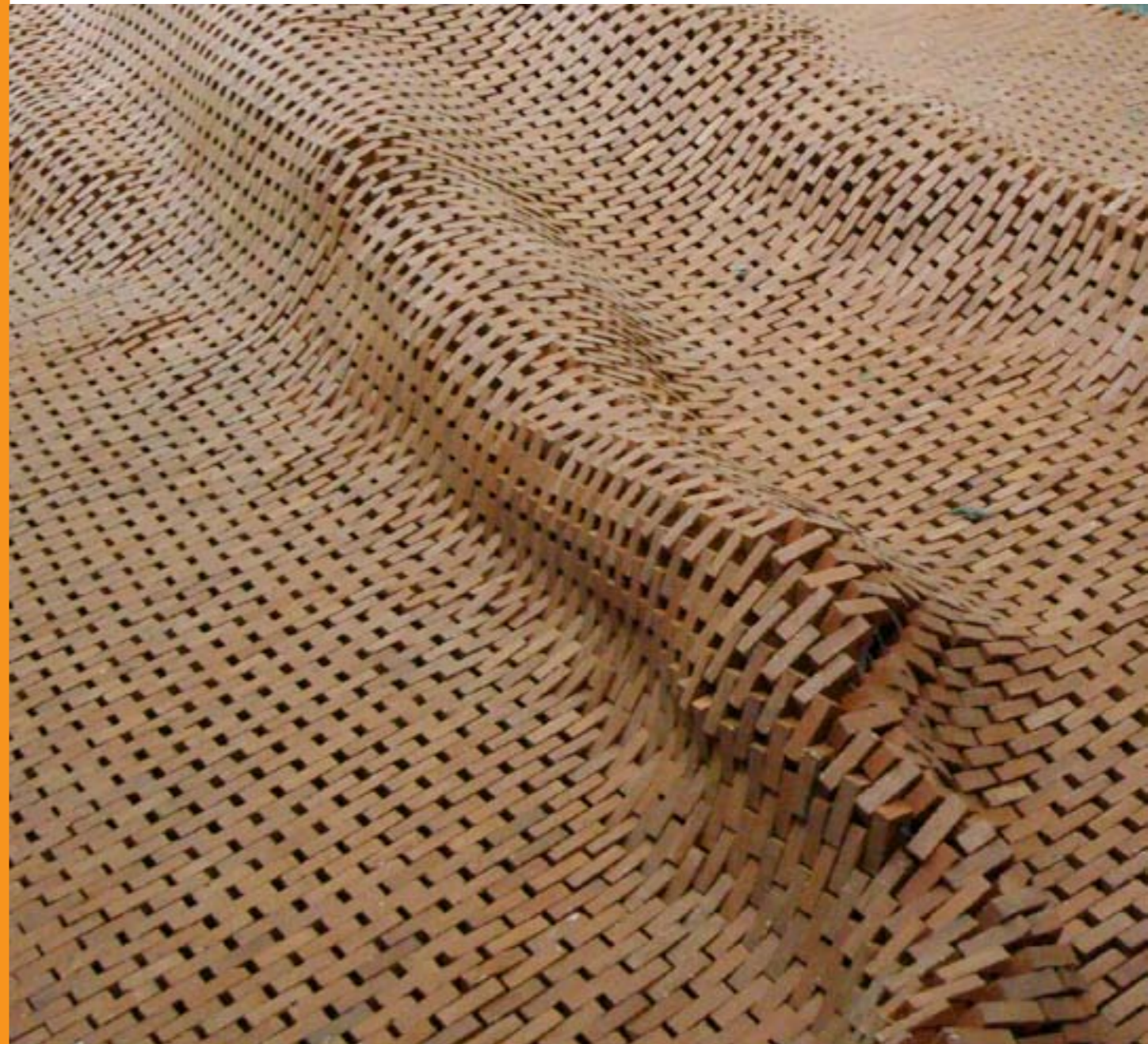
King Lear: No.

Fool: Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

King Lear: Why?

Fool: Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters,  
and leave his horns without a case.

*William Shakespeare. King Lear*



## MOHAMMADALITALPUR

A book is a set of paper considered the most important object of knowledge, which educates us. A book has power to shape our behavior through the written material in it. At the same level it can be very dangerous when this object is used as the tool of propaganda by the state ideology.

In contemporary times our own generation's social, political and economical conditioning had overlapped the whole human existence, where people are afraid of their own existence, everything is marginalized, and the question of identity is blurred at this point. All these factors are created by the fake knowledge of state power to fulfill its ideological necessities.

This act of removing the facts, figures and exploiting the object of knowledge created a strong awareness and twisted my practice towards another dimension. I started making books without text or content to question the current situation of history's role and knowledge in Pakistan.

All the books are covered with clusters of straight lines from inside and outside, which I got printed from the local handmade printing machines.

The idea of laboriously making and printing the books is a deliberately decision to revisit the aesthetics of eastern philosophy. The concept of making form has significant importance here. The central theme of my art practice is "without having any content". If we look at the eastern history of art, everything revolves around form and process. Making of the form is considered very sacred for the makers, which makes it unique and precious. Content is not important. The aesthetical decision of forming objects without content creates abstract narration and ambiguity in the form.

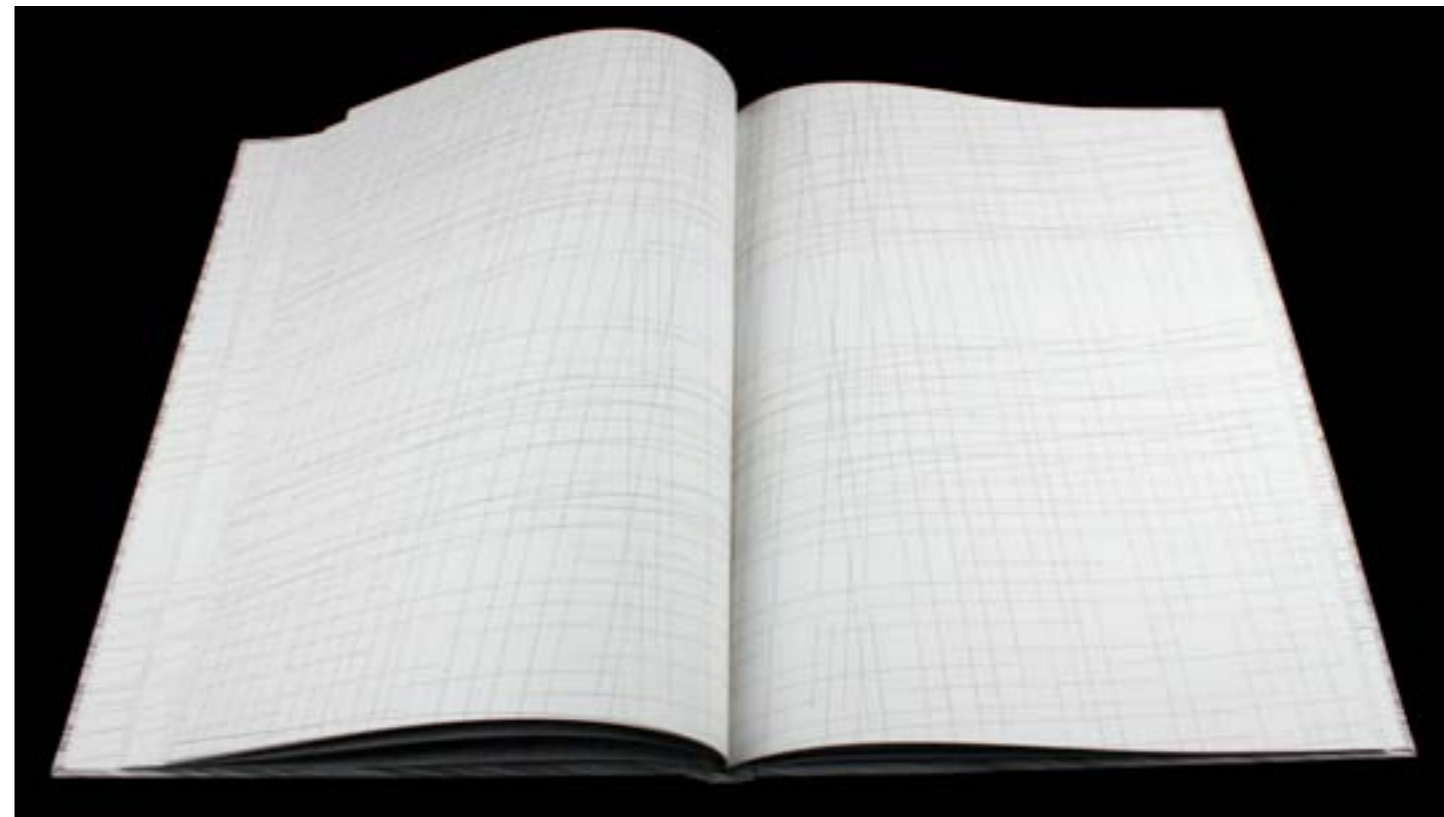
HOME

24 hours boring  
Empty Existence

Flexible Funny  
Personal Positions

Rehearsal Repetition  
Sharing Shore

Silence Struggle  
Thoughtless Thank you



Hand Bound  
Books  
Size Variable

UNTITLED  
2011

After a brief silence he responded:

“I don’t sell only Bibles. I can show you a sacred book that might interest you. I aquired it in the outskirts of Bikanir.”

He opened his valise and placed the book on the table. It was a clothbound octavo volume which had undoubtedly passed through many hands. I examined the book; its unexpected heft surprised me. On the spine was printed Holy Writ and below that Bombay.

“From the nineteenth century I’d hazard,” I observed.

“I don’t know. I’ve never known,” was the response.

I opened it at random. The characters were unfamiliar. The pages, which appeared to me worn and of poor typographic quality, were printed in two columns like a Bible. The text was cramped and arranged in versicles. In the upper corner of each page were Arabic numerals. It caught my attention that the even-numbered page bore, let’s say, the number 40,514 and the odd-numbered page that followed 999. I turned the page; the overleaf bore an eight-digit number. Also printed was a small illustration, like those in dictionaries: an anchor drawn in pen and ink, as though by a child’s unskilled hand.

It was then that the stranger told me:

“Study the page well. You will never see it again.”

There was a threat in what he said, but not in his voice.

I took note of the page and shut the volume. I reopened it immediately.

In vain I searched for the figure of the anchor, page after page. To hide my discomfort, I said to him:

“This is a version of the Scripture in some Hindustani language, right?”

“No,” he replied.

Then he lowered his voice as if entrusting me with a secret:

“I acquired the book in a small town on the plains for a few rupees and a Bible. Its owner didn’t know how to read. I suspect that he saw the Book of Books as an amulet. He was of the lowest caste; people weren’t able to step on his shadow without contamination. He told me that his book is called the Book of Sand because neither the book nor sand possess a beginning or an end.”

*Jorge Luis Borges. The Book of Sand*

## SRINIVAS PRASAD

*Waves* is made of jumbled threads where one cannot find the starting or the end of the thread, trying to find ends is metaphoric of solving life's puzzles. Memories are in layers and when cherished, come in waves.

*Someday it all has to end* was born out of frustration, fascination and the laborious task of clearance. The work is in a sense autobiographical, as it progressed concurrently with the construction of my house. Through the long, strenuous process of construction, I was drawn to the ease with which migratory birds assemble, relocate and reassemble multiple homes throughout their lives.

A meditation on the transitory nature of birds caused me to start weaving bamboo and thorns into work that emulates a bird's nest with acutely human proportions. Through this work I explore the idea of whether material attachment is a distinct human attribute where we become attached not only to the objects around us but also become emotionally invested in the structures we build.

Here the nest is a space of protection while disregarding its function as a place of comfort.

### HOME

Home signifies the centre of creative development for me. It is more a psychological state of mind than physical space. It has associations with secure feelings. I can compare it to neutral gear on any vehicle!



**WAVES**  
2005  
Wire Thread  
and Adhesives  
694 x 54 in.

**SOMEDAY IT  
ALL HAS TO END**  
2009, Thorny  
Bamboo, GI wire  
73 x 47 in.

Wemmick's house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.

"My own doing," said Wemmick. "Looks pretty; don't it?"

I highly commended it, I think it was the smallest house I ever saw; with the queerest gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham), and a gothic door almost too small to get in at.

"That's a real flagstaff, you see," said Wemmick, "and on Sundays I run up a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it up—so—and cut off the communication."

The bridge was a plank, and it crossed a chasm about four feet wide and two deep. But it was very pleasant to see the pride with which he hoisted it up and made it fast.

"At nine o'clock every night, Greenwich time," said Wemmick, "the gun fires. There he is, you see! And when you hear him go, I think you'll say he's a Stinger."

The piece of ordnance referred to, was mounted in a separate fortress, constructed of lattice-work. It was protected from the weather by an ingenious little tarpaulin contrivance in the nature of an umbrella.

"Then, at the back," said Wemmick, "out of sight, so as not to impede the idea of fortifications, — for it's a principle with me, if you have an idea, carry it out and keep it up, — I don't know whether that's your opinion —"

I said, decidedly.

"— At the back, there's a pig, and there are fowls and rabbits; then, I knock together my own little frame, you see, and grow cucumbers; and you'll judge at supper what sort of a salad I can raise. So, sir," said Wemmick, smiling again, but seriously too, as he shook his head, "if you can suppose the little place besieged, it would hold out a devil of a time in point of provisions."

*Charles Dickens. Great Expectations*



## JITISH KALLAT

*Silkworm (Spin your nest while you sleep)* was painted at a time when I would try to veil the autobiographical in much of my work. It is only several years later that I began to acknowledge how works such as *Silkworm...*, *Milk Route*, *22000 Sunsets* or even a piece such as *Foramen Magnum (Corridors of Chaos)*, all painted within months of each other were really about the image of the parent.

HOME

... an intimate drawing.



Mixed Media  
on Canvas  
92 x 69 in.

**SILKWORM:  
SPIN YOUR  
NEST WHILE  
YOU SLEEP**  
2001

## ANOLIPERERA

I see through the lace curtains  
the floral designs, the crystal glasses and the hands that hold  
the threads.  
I try to see the patterned world beyond.  
I see the spinning web and the cocoons of comfort that lies within.  
I feel the pains of entanglement, the strains of confinement.  
I feel the nostalgic urge to memorize and remember  
the homemaker of the patterned world.

*Dinner for Six* is the first conceptualization of a series of works that I subsequently continued under the title *Comfort Zones* that looked back at the (middle class) home-making woman of the previous generations. My perception of her is built on memories, memorizing, nostalgia and understanding and misunderstanding. I am looking at women from families related to my own. They belong to a generation who grew up with convent education, crochet curtains, home science and cookery books. Both *Dinner for Six* and *Comfort Zones* unveil my familiarity and proximity to this home-maker's world and the anxieties and expectations that manifest in different stages of her life. They are the wives, mothers, grandmothers and aunts of a bygone era...the comfort providers. I remember with nostalgia and guilt the comfort of this home-maker's world. I memorialize this nostalgia and guilt in my art. As I lay caught between two worlds with my hands knotting together the crochet pieces my thoughts ponder, "Am I carrying the legacy of the comfort provider? Do I belong to a different generation...a different world, or am I the last link of that home-makers' world?"

### HOME

Home to me is a comfort zone. Home has to be different from any place else on earth...Only home would feel home, a place that completely and utterly fulfills one's sense of belonging, a place of emotional mooring. I come from a middle class family background with a mother who was homemaking. Home with a home-making mother: my sense of home has a lot to do with her. It's intrinsically bound to that comfort zone I talk about in my work. The lace curtains and crochet-edged cushions, the little comfort foods and tea served in the lazy afternoons...Someone could say it's a colonial construction! But then, it is also part of my reality and memory.



Crochet, Cotton Cord,  
Table and Chairs  
Wooden Screens, Dinner  
Set and Lace Cloth  
Size Variable

**DINNER  
FOR SIX:  
INSIDE OUT**  
2008

Of all works I prefer  
Those used and worn.  
Copper vessels with dents and with flattened rims  
Knives and forks whose wooden grips  
Many hands have grooved: such shapes  
Seemed the noblest to me. So too the flagstones around  
Old houses, trodden by many feet and ground down,  
With clumps of grass in the cracks, these too  
Are happy works.

Absorbed into the use of the many  
Frequently changed, they improve their appearance,  
growing enjoyable  
Because often enjoyed.  
Even the remnants of broken sculptures  
With lopped-off hands I love. They also  
Lived with me. If they were dropped at least they must have  
been carried.  
If men knocked them over they cannot have stood too high up.  
Buildings half dilapidated  
Revert to the look of buildings not yet completed  
Generously designed: though their fine proportions  
Can already be guessed, they still make demands  
On our understanding. At the same time  
They have served already, have already been left behind. All this  
Delights me.

*Bertolt Brecht*



## RADHIKA KHIMJI

This is a drawing room, a space for working where each work intersects and divides the space. It is a studio where questions about what drawing can be are thrown open and investigated. Each drawing is a kind of journey across the page, a landscape to be walked on and traveled over.

### HOME

Below is the city at night, marked out by pathways of road lights. Cars move slowly and soon, in the next twenty minutes, I will be down there. The wheels of the craft have been lowered and we are about to land. In this moment of anticipation I know I am almost home, back to the hot desert air which burns my nostrils. Petrol air filled with dust and sand. It sometimes catches me unawares when I am not here, in a different climate like a physical memory.



Pencil, Ink  
and Thread  
on Paper  
17 x 12 in.

**SLUMP**  
2011

In vain, great-hearted Kublai, shall I attempt to describe Zaira, city of high bastions. I could tell you how many steps make up the streets rising like stairways, and the degree of the arcades' curves, and what kind of zinc scales cover the roofs; but I already know this would be the same as telling you nothing. The city does not consist of this, but of relationships between the measurements of its space and the events of its past: the height of a lamppost and the distance from the ground of a hanged usurper's swaying feet; the line strung from the lamppost to the railing opposite and the festoons that decorate the course of the queen's nuptial procession; the height of that railing and the leap of the adulterer who climbed over it at dawn; the tilt of a guttering and a cat's progress along it as he slips into the same window; the firing range of a gunboat which has suddenly appeared beyond the cape and the bomb that destroys the guttering; the rips in the fish net and the three old men seated on the dock mending nets and telling each other for the hundredth time the story of the gunboat of the usurper, who some say was the queen's illegitimate son, abandoned in his swaddling clothes there on the dock.

As this wave of memories flows in, the city soaks it up like a sponge and expands. A description of Zaira as it is today should contain all Zaira's past. The city, however, does not tell its past, but contains it like the lines of a hand, written in the corners of the streets, the gratings of the windows, the banisters of the steps, the antennae of the lightning rods, the poles of the flags, every segment marked in turn with scratches, indentations, scrolls.

*Italo Calvino. Invisible Cities*



## MANISH NAI

In 'Home Spun' I am showing an intricate site-specific wall painting. On the wall of my studio, I had transferred one of my drawings, making it look like the wall was carved. In Photoshop, I controlled the light and dark shades, and the process led to my actually painting the image onto my studio wall. This fragile work can also be seen in the light of a sculptural painting.

Also in the show are a series of six sculptures, three of which are made with jute. Jute is a humble yarn typically used to make gunny bags, as packing material or to cover buildings under renovation. For me it is a material I have been familiar with and have used extensively over my canvases. Amongst my first sculptures were ones I made with the jute threads left over from my canvases. The threads were gently sprayed with water and patted down. More threads were piled on layer by layer, leading to the discovery of a delightful form that was tactile and contemplative.

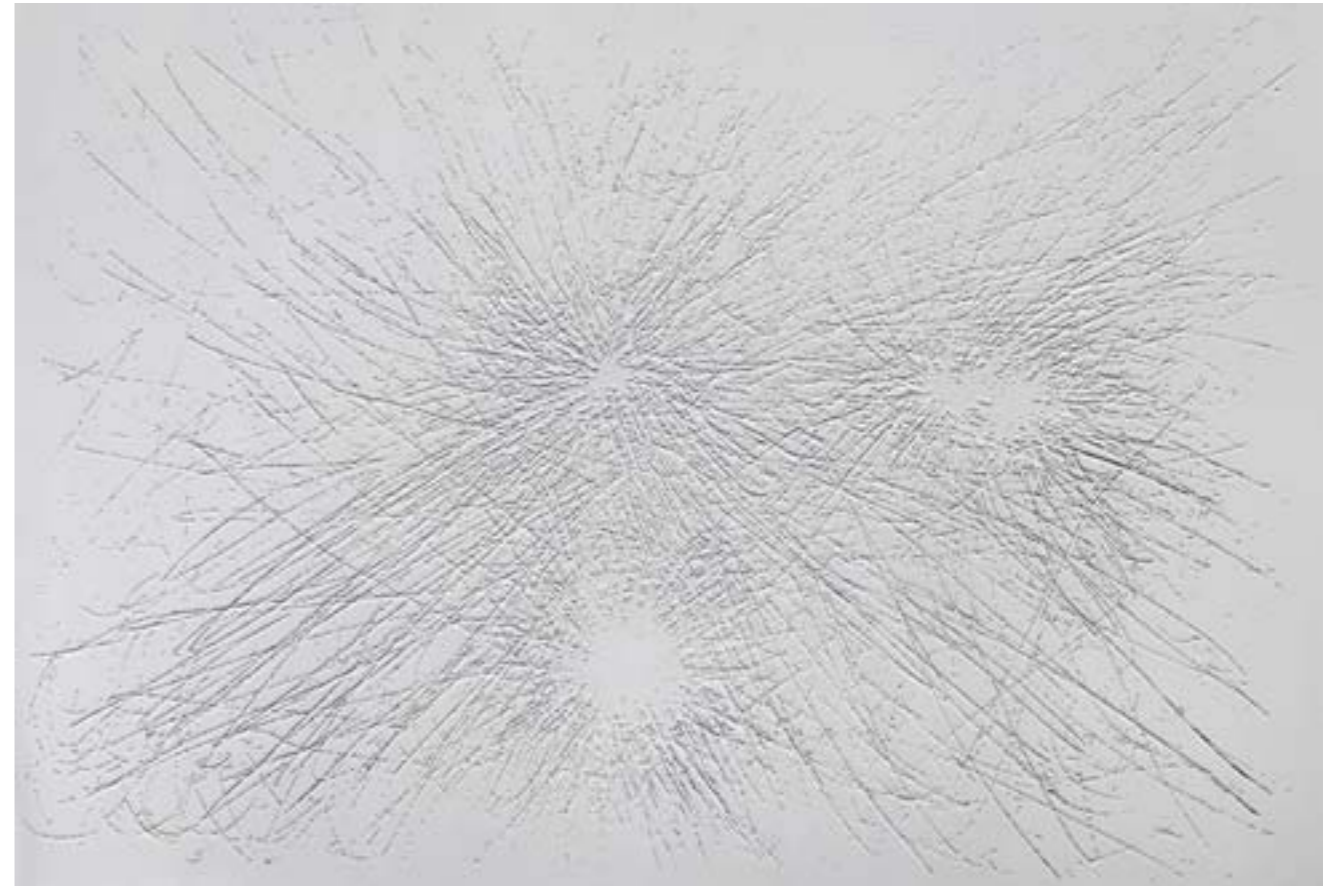
Feeling there was potential to extend the method to other materials, I used it to turn a four meter length of jute yarn into a three dimensional block. The texture of the folds created by this process opened up further possibilities, and I began experimenting with newspaper sculptures. Under pressure, the dampened and crumpled newspapers began to resemble a miniature wall made of cement or unevenly cut stone. Some of these cubes are on view here.

### HOME

Walls and their textures have always fascinated me - I can observe their surfaces for hours and feel very involved. It's almost like they are my family and friends. So when one says it is not the four walls that make up a home, in a quirky way I disagree.

I feel at home on construction sites, and walking through the roads of Bombay. It excites me to observe gutters, canal walls, light plaster patches on grey cement, trickles of rust from drainpipes, peeling paint. My observation of this 'extension of home' influences my work, forces me to think of how to bring that feeling into my work.

With home and studio right next door to each other - and my being able to negotiate both spaces - home often becomes studio and vice versa. The proximity is not disturbing - it works for me as I can work with members of my family around me. That's why I feel that the work I make is never just my own.



Gouche  
on Plaster  
76.5 x 116.5 in.

UNTITLED  
2011

Had neither home nor kin, just the land I trod  
Shopfronts were shelter, and the pavements came free

Went through the motions of a rootless life  
Under a wicker basket, darkness hid the world, and me

Counted every lamppost, read each street-sign  
In the day's reckoning, I've seen many murdered furtively

Ghetto precincts, red-numbered bulbs on doors  
Birdcages at the centre growing clamorous at dusk

Met all sorts, brother, father, now bloodsucker,  
The sun-baked asphalt blistered my soles

I haven't found a real man; not even found myself  
I've faltered and stumbled up these thirty-seven steps

Being born, I must roam the naked world,  
Must live, belong, endure blows, strike a few.

*Narayan Surve. My University*



## NEDARAZAVIPOUR

A range of used, handmade Persian carpets chosen from different parts of Iran, are presented to visitors. A few scissors are fastened on walls by nylon strings. Viewers are invited to choose the part of carpet they like, cut it and take it with them. But before leaving, they must put the piece in a shopping bag on which a text from Plato's *Republic* is printed:

"... The story is, that Leontius, the son of Aglaion, coming up one day from the Piraeus, under the north wall on the outside, observed some dead bodies lying on the ground at the place of execution. He felt a desire to see them, and also a dread and abhorrence of them; for a time he struggled and covered his eyes, but at length the desire got the better of him; and forcing them open, he ran up to the dead bodies, saying, Look, ye wretches, take your fill of the fair sight..."

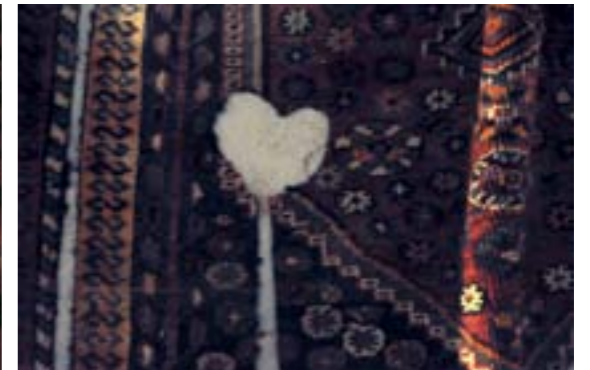
When, in 2009, for the first time I showed this installation/Happening in Tehran, my thought was about violence and the potentiality of being violent in human being. But after it, I realized different layers of this project. For Iranians, carpets are part of life. We grow up on them... The first thing we bring into our new house is a carpet. We take off our shoes to go on it. They symbolise heaven, nature, comfort and calm. Cutting them is really painful. But sometimes we need to pass through this destruction to understand the importance of things, and then recreate them in a new way. Now each part of those carpets could be in new houses in Iran or abroad, as a souvenir for us and other people. Each part keeps its beauty and importance. A thousand pieces of carpets are in different houses, used in different ways.

### HOME

Home is always with us.

Your question about home reminded me of a sentence I read many years ago in Hermann Hesse's book *Journey to the East*:

It was a phrase by the poet Novalis, "Where are we really going? Always home! ..."



Woollen  
Carpets  
Size  
Variable

**SELF  
SERVICE**  
2011

## ADEELA SULEMAN



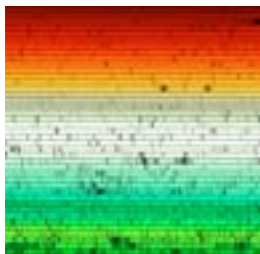
**BORN 1970, KARACHI, PAKISTAN** • Lives and works in Karachi, Pakistan • **1999** BFA (Sculpture), Indus Valley School of Art and Architecture, Karachi, Pakistan • **1995** Masters in International Relations, University of Karachi, Karachi, Pakistan • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2008** *Uncertainty*, Rohtas Gallery, Lahore, Pakistan • **2007** *Confinement*, Commune Artist Colony, Karachi, Pakistan • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Steel Life*, La Triennale di Milano, Italy; *Hanging Fire*, Asia Society, New York, USA; *Emperors New Clothing*, Talwar Gallery, New York, USA; *Failing States*, Aicon Gallery, London, UK; *Starring the Artists*, IVS Gallery, Karachi, Pakistan • **2008** *Signs Taken for Wonders*, Aicon Gallery, London, UK; *Tradition, Technique, Technology II*, Aicon Gallery, Palo Alto, USA; *Fiera Internazionale d'Arte Contemporanea*, Bologna, Italy • **2007** *An Intensity of Space and Substance*, National Art Gallery, Islamabad, Pakistan; *Love*, National Art Gallery, Islamabad, Pakistan • **2005** *Urban/Culture: CP Open Biennale*, Jakarta, Indonesia; *Beyond Borders*, National Gallery of Modern Art, Mumbai, India • **2004** *Playing with a Loaded Gun*, Kunsthalle Fridericianum, Kassel, Germany • **2003** *Premio Suzzara*, Associazione Galleria del Premio Suzzara, Italy.

## ALI RAZA



**BORN 1969, LAHORE, PAKISTAN** • Lives and works in Lahore, Pakistan • **2001** MFA, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, USA • **1992** BFA, National College of Arts, Lahore, Pakistan • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2006** Rohtas 2, Lahore, Pakistan • **2003** Larson Gallery, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, USA • **2002** Winona Arts Center, Minnesota • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *State of Things*, Aicon Gallery, London, UK; *Home/Cage*, Shridharani Gallery, Triveni Kala Sangam, New Delhi, India; *Art Paris-Abu Dhabi*, Art Sawa Gallery, Abu Dhabi, UAE; *Hanging Fire*, Asia Society, New York, USA; *Jaisalmer Yellow*, National Art Gallery, Male, Maldives • **2008** *Art Dubai*, UAE • **2007** *Never Promised You a Rose Garden*, Collection of Brigitte Neubacher, Palais Palfy, Vienna, Austria; *Art Unites*, Afghan National Art Gallery, Kabul, Afghanistan and Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi, India • **2005** *Beyond Borders*, National Gallery of Modern Art, Mumbai, India • **2004** *Masala*, William Benton Museum of Art, University of Connecticut, Storrs, Connecticut, USA • **2003** *The Takhti*, Art Gallery of Mississauga, Ontario, Canada • **2002** *Painting Over the Lines*, York Quay Gallery, Toronto, Canada and Indo Center of Art and Culture, New York, USA • **2000** *Pakistan: Another Vision*, Brunei Gallery, SOAS, London, UK.

## ANANT JOSHI



**BORN 1969, NAGPUR, INDIA** • Lives and works in Mumbai, India • **1996** MFA, Sir J.J. School of Art, Mumbai, India • **1994** BFA, Sir J.J. School of Art, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2008** *May Look Closer Than They Appear*, Chemould Prescott Road with Willem Baars Art Consultancy, Art Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Netherlands • **2007** *Navel: One and the Many*, Chemould Prescott Road, Mumbai, India • **2006** *Local: Kiss Me Kill Me, Push Me Pull Me...*, Talwar Art Gallery, New York, USA • **2005** *Black to Play and Draw*, Philips Contemporary, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2006** *Long Happy Hours, Thereby Happiness, and Other Stories*, Gallery Chemould, Mumbai, India • **2005** *New*, Gallery Espace, New Delhi, India; *Span*, Sakshi Gallery, Mumbai, India; *Whose space is it anyways?*, Gallery Espace, New Delhi, India; *Indian Summer*, Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts, France; *Are we like this only?*, Lalit Kala Academy, New Delhi, India • **2004** *Bombay Boys*, Palette Art Gallery, New Delhi, India; *Have We Met?*, Japan Art Foundation, Tokyo, Japan; *Fun Palace*, Visual Art Gallery, Harlem, Netherlands; *Prix De Rome*, Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam; *Bombay X17*, Kashi Art Gallery, Cochin, India • **2003** *Body City*, House of World Cultures, Berlin, Germany • **2001** *Kitsch Kitsch Hota Hai*, Galley Espace, New Delhi, India.

## ANITA DUBE



**BORN 1958, LUCKNOW, INDIA** • Lives and works in New Delhi, India • **1979** BA, History, University of Delhi, India • **1982** MFA, Art Criticism, Faculty of Fine Arts, M.S. University, Baroda, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Babel: New Works by Anita Dube*, Galerie Dominique Fiat, Paris, France • **2010** *Kal/Tomorrow*, Lakeeren Art Gallery, Mumbai, India • **2008** *Recent Works*, Bose Pacia Gallery, New York, USA • **2007** *Inside Out*, Bombay Art Gallery, Mumbai, India; *Phantoms of Liberty*, Gallery Almine Rech, Paris, France • **2005** *Illegal*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India and Bose Pacia, New York, USA • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Tolstoy Farm: Archive of Utopia*, Seven Art Gallery, Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi, India; *Conundrum*, Nature Morte, Berlin, Germany • **2010** *Spiral Jetty*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India • **2009** *Beyond Globalization*, Beyond Art Space, Beijing, China • **2008** *Santhal Family*, MuKHA, Antwerp, Belgium; *Endless Terrain*, Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi, India • **2005** *Private/Corporate*, DaimlerChrysler Contemporary, Berlin, Germany; *Indian Summer*, Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris, France; *Icon: India Contemporary*, Venice Biennale, Venice.

## ANOLI PERERA



**BORN 1962, COLOMBO, SRI LANKA** • Lives and works in Colombo, Sri Lanka • **1991** Apprenticeship under sculptor Milt Liebson, The Visual Art School of Princeton for Continuing Education, New Jersey, USA • **1986** Post-Graduate Diploma in International Affairs, Bandaranaike Centre for International Studies, Sri Lanka • 1984 Bachelors in Political Science, Sociology and Economics, University of Colombo, Sri Lanka • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2007** *Comfort Zones*, Red Dot Gallery, Pita Kotte, Sri Lanka • **2003** *Goddesses Descending*, Studio@HW Architects, Colombo, Sri Lanka • **2001** *In the Entangled Web*, Barefoot Gallery, Sri Lanka • **1999** *My Narratives*, Gallery 706, Colombo, Sri Lanka • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2007** *Arte Curioso*, Red Dot Gallery, Pita Kotte, Sri Lanka; *Images of Globalization*, National Art Gallery, Colombo, Sri Lanka • **2006** *(A)critical Intimacy*, Harold Peiris Gallery, Colombo, Sri Lanka • **2005** *Swedish Sri Lankan Artists' Residency Exhibition*, Harold Peiris Gallery, Colombo, Sri Lanka; *Ten Artists Exhibition*, Millesgarden, Lidingo, Sweden • **2004** *Urban and the Individual*, Finomenal Space Gallery, Colombo, Sri Lanka • **2002** *2nd Fukuoka Asian Art Triennale*, Fukuoka, Japan; *Asian Art Festival*, Fukuoka, Japan.

## ATUL BHALLA



**BORN 1964, NEW DELHI, INDIA** • Lives and works in New Delhi, India • **1987** BFA, College of Art, New Delhi, India • **1990** MFA, School of Art, Northern Illinois University, USA • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2008** *...within/without...One Person Show*, Aicon Gallery, London, UK • **2007** *Remarking the River*, Project88, Mumbai, India • **2005** *Immersions*, Anant Art Gallery, New Delhi, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2008** *India Moderna*, IVAM Institute of Modern Art, Valencia, Spain; *Video Zone-4*, 4th International Video Art Biennial, Israel; *Where in World*, Devi Art Foundation, New Delhi, India; *Mutant Beauties*, Anant Art Gallery, New Delhi, India; *Creative Emergencies*, Mar Museo D'Arte Della Citta Di Ravenna Italy; *Course, Sepia International*, New York, USA • **2007** *City.Cite.Site*, Anant Art Gallery New Delhi, India; *Relocating Masculinities*, School of Art and Aesthetics, JNU, New Delhi, India; *Public Places/Private Spaces*, Contemporary Indian Photography And Video, Newark Museum, New Jersey, USA.

ATUL DODIYA



**BORN 1959, MUMBAI, INDIA** • Lives and works in Mumbai, India • **1992** Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris, France • **1982** BFA, Sir J.J. School of Art, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2010** Vadehra Art Gallery, New Delhi, India • **2008** Bodhi Art, Mumbai, India • **2007** Vadehra Art Gallery, New Delhi, India; Chemould Prescott, Mumbai, India; Museum Gallery, Mumbai, India • **2006** Singapore Tyler Print Institute, Singapore • **2003** Bose Pacia, New York, USA • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2010** *Urban Manners 2*, presented by Art for the World Europa, SESC Pompeia, San Paulo, Brazil • **2009** *3rd Moscow Biennale of Contemporary Art*, Moscow, Russia • **2008** *7th Gwangju Biennale*, Gwangju, South Korea • **2007** *Documenta12*, Kassel, Germany • **2006** *Devoured Darkness*, Armory Show, New York, USA • **2005** *Icon: India Contemporary*, 51st Venice Biennale, Venice, Italy • **2004** *Edge of Desire: Recent Art in India*, Art Gallery of Western Australia, Perth; Asia Society Museum, New York, USA; Tamayo Museum, Mexico City; Museum of Contemporary Art (MARCO) Monterrey, Mexico; NGMA, New Delhi and Mumbai, India • **2001** *Century City: Art & Culture in the Modern Metropolis Bombay/Mumbai*, Tate Modern, London, UK.

BANI ABIDI



**BORN 1971, KARACHI, PAKISTAN** • Lives and works in Lahore, Pakistan and New Delhi, India • **1994** BFA, National College of Arts, Lahore, Pakistan • **1999** MFA, The School of the Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, USA • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2008** *Standing Still Standing Still Standing...*, Green Cardamom, London, UK • **2008** *Bani Abidi: Recent Works*, GallerySKE, Bangalore, India • **2007** *The Boy Who Got Tired of Posing: Bani Abidi*, TPW Gallery, Toronto, Canada • **2006** *Bani Abidi: Shan Pipe Band Learns the Star Spangled Banner*, Gallery Oberwelt, Stuttgart, Germany • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Blockbuster Cinema for Exhibitions*, MARCO, Monterrey, Mexico • **2010** *Resemble Reassemble*, Devi Art Foundation, New Delhi, India • **2009** *AiM International Biennale*, Marrakech, Morocco; *Freedom is Notional*, Experimenter, Kolkata, India; *Xth Lyon Biennale: The Spectacle of the Everyday*, France; *Hanging Fire*, Asia Society, New York, USA; *The View From Elsewhere*, Sherman Contemporary Art Foundation and Queensland Art Gallery, Sydney, Australia; *Lines of Control*, Green Cardamom at VM Gallery, Karachi, Pakistan • **2008** *7th Gwangju Biennale 2008*, South Korea; *Six Degrees of Separation*, Khoj International Artists Residency, New Delhi, India.

BIJU JOZE



**BORN 1972, BANGALORE, INDIA** • Lives and works in Bangalore, India • **2000** University of Ideas, Cittadellarte Fondazione Pistoletto, Biella, Italy • **1999** MFA, Maharaja Sayajirao University, Baroda, India • **1996** BFA, College of Fine Arts, Karnataka Chitrakala Parishath, Bangalore, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2003** *Skindeep*, Gallery Chitrakala Parishath, Bangalore, India • **2000** *Breath*, Cittadellarte Fondazione Pistoletto, Biella, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2008** *From Surface to Origin*, Gallery Souflower, Bangkok, Thailand • **2007** *India as Guest in the Giant*, Swarovski Kristallwelten Museum, Wattens, Austria; *Polyphonies*, Galerie/Kuntshalle Hosp, Tirol, Austria; *Making/Unmaking*, Vadehra Art Gallery, New Delhi, India • **2006** *Cohabitations*, Biennale International Design, St-Etienne, France; *Made by Indians*, Galerie Enrico, Navarra, USA • **2005** *Turning the Wheel: Traditions Unbound*, India Habitat Center, New Delhi, India; *Double Enders*, Jehangir Art Gallery & The Museum Gallery, Mumbai, India; *Use/Throw*, Galerie Sara Arakkal, Bangalore, India • **2003** *Inaugural show*, Galerie Sara Arakkal, Bangalore, India • **2001** *On the Edge of the Volume*, Alliance Francaise, Bangalore, India • **2000** *Concept Shop*, Sakshi Gallery, Bangalore, India.

BINDU MEHRA



**BORN IN NEW DELHI, INDIA** • Lives and works in Tornoto, Canada • **2001** MFA (Painting and Printmaking), Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond, Virginia, USA • **1996** BFA (Painting), Faculty of Fine Arts M.S. University, Baroda, India • **1999** Enrolled in Post Baccalaureate Program in Painting, Maryland Institute College of Art, Baltimore, Maryland, USA • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2005** *Wall of Differences*, British Council, New Delhi, India • **2005** *Even Mary Could Not Have Changed More*, Phillips Contemporary, Mumbai, India • **2004** *Innocent Until Proven Guilty*, India Habitat Centre, New Delhi, India • **1999** *Meta-Psyche*, Bradford Gallery, Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond, Virginia, USA • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Bon Appétit*, Chiang Mai Museum, Thailand • **2009** *Blacheborne Largo*, Blackburn Museum, UK • **2008** *...Baby Do You Hear Me?*, Novas Contemporary Art Centre, London, UK • **2007** *The Kitchen*, South Hill Park Arts Centre, Bracknell, UK • **2006** *In a State of Emergency? Women, War and the Politics of Urban Survival*, Alwan for the Arts, New York, USA • **2005** *The Second Coming*, Tao Art Gallery, Mumbai, India; *Present-Future*, National Gallery of Modern Art, Mumbai, India.

CHINMOY PRAMANICK



**BORN 1977, WEST BENGAL, INDIA** • Lives and works in Baroda, India • **2004** MFA, Faculty of Fine Arts, Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda, India • **2002** BFA, Faculty of Fine Arts, Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda, India • **1998** BA, Calcutta University, Kolkata, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2007** *Germs*, GallerySKE, Bangalore, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Immersions: The White Cube Project*, Anant Art Gallery, New Delhi, India; *Expressions at Tihar*, IGNSA, New Delhi, India • **2008** *Urgent: 10 ml of Contemporary Needed!*, presented by FICA at Travancore Art Gallery, New Delhi, India; *Keep Drawing*, Gallery Espace, New Delhi, India • **2007** *Re-Visioning Materiality*, Gallery Espace, New Delhi, India; *Come September*, Hacienda Gallery, Mumbai, India; *Installing Life*, Hacienda Art Gallery, Mumbai, India; *Harmony Show*, Nehru Centre, Mumbai, India • **2006** *Disproportionately Accurate or Accurately Disproportionate?*, organized by RPG Academy of Art And Music at Jehangir Art Gallery, Mumbai, India • **2005** *Annual Exhibition*, Birla Academy of Art and Culture, Kolkata, India • **2004** *Thirteen Artist from Baroda*, Sarjan Art Gallery, Baroda, India • **2003** *Gujarat Gaurav*, Faculty of Fine Arts, Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda, India.

GAURI GILL



**BORN 1970, CHANDIGARH, INDIA** • Lives and works in New Delhi, India • **2002** MFA (Photography), Stanford University, California, USA • **1994** BFA (Photography), Parsons School of Design, New York, USA • **1992** BFA (Applied Art), College of Art, New Delhi, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2010** *Notes from the Desert: 1999-2010*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India • **2009** *The Americans*, Bose Pacia Gallery, New York, USA • **2008** *The Americans*, Bose Pacia, Kolkata, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Something I've Been Meaning to Tell You*, Vadehra Art Gallery, New Delhi, India • **2010** *US Today: After Katrina*, Institut d'art Contemporain, Villeurbanne, Lyon; *Light Drifts*, Matthieu Foss Gallery, Mumbai, India; *Docu Tour*, Gallery BMB, Mumbai, India • **2009** *The Astonishment of Being*, Birla Academy of Art and Culture, Kolkata, India; *Shifting Shapes – Unstable Signs*, Yale Art Gallery, Yale University, New Haven, USA • **2008** *Click! Indian Photography Now*, Vadehra Art Gallery, New Delhi, India and London, UK • **2007** *Public Places, Private Spaces*, The Newark Museum, New Jersey, USA; *Photoquai*, Musee Quai Branly, Paris, France; *Gill and Gupta*, India International Center, New Delhi, India; *I Fear, I Believe, I Desire*, Gallery Espace, New Delhi, India.

## HAMRA ABBAS



**BORN 1970, KUWAIT, UAE** • Lives and works in Islamabad, Pakistan and Boston, Massachusetts, USA • **2004** Meisterschueler, Universitaet der Kuenste Berlin, Germany • **2002** MFA, National College of Arts, Lahore, Pakistan • **1999** BFA, National College of Arts, Lahore, Pakistan • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Video Art by Hamra Abbas*, Babusch Project Space, Berlin, Germany • **2008** *Adventures of the Woman in Black*, Green Cardamom, London, UK; *New Works by Hamra Abbas*, NCA Gallery, Rawalpindi, Pakistan; *God Grows on Trees*, Schultz Contemporary, Berlin, Germany • **2006** *Hamra Abbas*, Dorothea Konwiarz Stiftung Galerie, Berlin, Germany; *Lessons on Love*, Rohtas 2, Lahore, Pakistan • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Hanging Fire*, Asia Society, New York, USA; *Aluminium*, Fourth International Biennale of Contemporary Art, Baku, Azerbaijan; *Second International Incheon Women Artists' Biennale*, South Korea; *Everyday Miracles*, Walter and McBean Galleries, SFAI, California, USA; *Mashq*, Green Cardamom, London, UK; *Jameel Prize*, Victoria and Albert Museum, London, UK; *Anomalies*, Rossi & Rossi, London, UK.

## JAGANNATH PANDA



**BORN 1970, ORISSA, INDIA** • Lives and works in New Delhi, India • **2002** MFA (Sculpture), Royal College of Art, London, UK • **1997** Visiting Research Fellow, Fukuoka University of Education, Japan • **1994** MFA (Sculpture), Faculty of Fine Arts, Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda, India • **1991** BFA (Sculpture), B.K College of Art and Crafts, Bhubaneshwar, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *The Action of Nowhere*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India; Alexia Goethe Gallery, London, UK • **2007** *Nothing is Solid*, Gallery Chemould, Mumbai, India • **2006** Berkley Square Gallery, London, UK • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Anecdotes*, Sakshi Gallery, Mumbai, India; *Iconoclasts & Iconodules*, Religare Art Gallery, New Delhi, India • **2010** *Inside India*, Palazzo Saluzzo Paesana, Turin, Italy; *Indian (Sub)Way*, Vadehra Art Gallery, New Delhi, India, Grosvenor Vadehra, London, UK • **2009** *In The Mood For Paper*, F2 Gallery, Beijing, China • **2008** *Where in the World*, Devi Art Foundation, New Delhi, India • **2007** *Private/Corporate IV*, Daimler Chrysler Contemporary, Berlin, Germany.

## JITISH KALLAT



**BORN 1974, MUMBAI, INDIA** • Lives and works in Mumbai, India • **1997** Fellow at the Sir J.J. School of Art, Mumbai, India • **1996** BFA, Sir J.J.School of Art, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Fieldnotes: Tomorrow Was Here Yesterday*, Dr. Bhau Daji Lad Museum, Mumbai, India; *Stations of a Pause*, Chemould Prescott Road, Mumbai, India • **2010** *Public Notice 3*, Art Institute of Chicago, USA • **2008** *Skinside Outside*, Arario Gallery, Seoul, South Korea • **2007** *Sweatopia*, Chemould Prescott Road, Mumbai, India; *Rickshawpolis-3*, Gallery Barry Keldoulis, Sydney, Australia • **2006** *Rickshawpolis - 2*, Spazio Piazza Sempione, Milan, Italy • **2005** *Rickshawpolis-1*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India • **2004** *The Lie of The Land*, Walsh Gallery, Chicago, USA • **2002** *First Information Report*, Bose Pacia, New York, USA • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Boundaries Obscured*, Haunch of Venison, New York, USA; *Pause: A Collection*, Sakshi Gallery, Mumbai, India • **2010** *Symbols and Metaphors*, Centre of International Modern Art, Kolkata, India • **2007** *Soft Power: Asian Attitude*, Zendai Museum of Modern Art, Shanghai, China • **2005** *Mom and Pop Art*, Walsh Gallery, Chicago, USA.

## JYOTHI BASU



**BORN 1960, KERALA, INDIA** • Lives and works in Kerala, India • **1991** Post Diploma in Painting, Faculty of Fine Arts, Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda, India • **1987** Bachelor of Fine Arts (Painting), College of Fine Arts, Trivandrum, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2006** *Visionary Antiquities*, Nature Morte, New Delhi and Galerie Mirchandani + Steinruecke, Mumbai, India; *Landscapes Towards A Supreme Fiction*, Thomas Erben Gallery, New York, USA • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2008** *Anxious*, Galerie Mirchandani + Steinruecke, Mumbai, India; *Santhal Family*, MuHKA, Antwerp, Belgium • **2007** *Mumbai Metronomes*, The Museum Gallery, Mumbai, India; *Horn Please: Narratives in Contemporary Indian Art*, Kunstmuseum Bern, Switzerland; *Private/Corporate IV: Works from the Lekha and Anupam Poddar and Daimler Chrysler Collections*, Daimler Chrysler Contemporary, Berlin, Germany • **2006** *A Piece of the Wall*, Galerie Mirchandani + Steinruecke, Mumbai, India; *Double-Enders*, Jehangir Art Gallery, Museum Gallery, Mumbai • **2005** *The Artist Lives and Works*, Haus der Kulturen der Welt, Berlin, Germany • **2004** *Bombay Boys*, Palette Art Gallery, New Delhi, India.

## KRISHNARAJ CHONAT



**BORN 1973, CHENNAI, INDIA** • Lives and works in Bangalore, India • **1994** BFA, Karnataka Chitra Kala Parishath, Bangalore, India • **1996** Post-Graduate Diploma, Maharaja Sayajirao University, Baroda, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2010** *My hands smell of you*, GallerySKE, Bangalore, India • **2007** *Island*, GallerySKE at Project 88, Mumbai, India • **2004** *Ideal Living*, GallerySKE, Bangalore, India • **2002** *Sinister White*, Sakshi Gallery, Bangalore, India • **2000** *The Rehearsal*, Karnataka Chitrakala Parishath, Bangalore, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Paris-Delhi-Bombay*, Centre Pompidou, Paris, France • **2009** *Chalo India*, Sammlung Essl Museum, Vienna, Austria, National Museum of Contemporary Art, Seoul, South Korea, Mori Art Museum, Tokyo, Japan • **2008** *Where in the World*, Devi Art Foundation, New Delhi, India; *Passage to India*, Initial Access, Frank Cohen Collection, Wolverhampton, Manchester, UK • **2007** *New Installations from India*, The Mattress Factory, Pittsburg, USA; *Private/Corporate IV*, Daimler Chrysler Contemporary, Berlin, Germany; *New Delhi/New Wave*, Marella Gallery, Milan, Italy • **2006** *Made by Indians*, Gallerie Enrico Navarra, Paris, France; *Cake* at Cafe Sud, on the beach of Pampellone, Saint-Tropez, France.

## L.N. TALLUR



**BORN 1971, KARNATAKA, INDIA** • Lives and works between India and Korea • **2002** Masters in Contemporary Fine Art Practice, Leeds Metropolitan University, UK • **1998** Masters in Museology, Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda, Gujarat, India • **1996** Bachelors in Painting, Chamarajendra Academy of Visual Arts (CAVA), Mysore University, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Chromatophobia: The fear of Money*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India • **2009** *Placebo*, Gallery Chemould, Mumbai, India • **2008** *Antimatter*, Arario New York, New York, USA • **2007** *Bon Appetite*, Arario Seoul, Korea • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Against all Odds*, Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi, India • **2010** *The Empire Strikes Back*, Saatchi Gallery, London, UK; *Now Through a Glass Darkly*, Arario New York, New York, USA • **2009** *The Armory Show*, Arario, New York, USA • **2007** *The Armory Show*, represented Arario Seoul, New York, USA • **2007** *Edge of the Desire*, Art gallery of Western Australia, Perth, Australia, Asia Society New York, USA, Tamayo Museum, Mexico City, Mexico, Museum of Contemporary Art, Monterrey Mexico, Berkeley Art Museum, Berkeley, USA, National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi, India, National Gallery of Modern Art, Mumbai, India.

MANISH NAI



**BORN 1980, GUJARAT, INDIA** • Lives and works in Mumbai, India • **2001** Diploma Drawing and Painting, L.S. Raheja School of Art, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2010** *Extramural*, Galerie Mirchandani+Steinruecke, Mumbai, India • **2009** Galerie Karsten Greve, Cologne, Germany • **2007** Galerie Mirchandani+Steinruecke, Mumbai, India • **2005** Apparao Art Gallery, New Delhi and Chennai, India • **2004** The Museum Gallery, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *5th Anniversary Exhibition*, Galerie Mirchandani+Steinruecke, Mumbai, India; *India Art Summit*, New Delhi, India; *India Inclusive: Contemporary Art from India*, World Economic Forum, Davos, Switzerland • **2009** ARCO: *Panorama India*, Madrid, Spain; *Relative Visa*, Bodhi Space, Mumbai, India • **2007** *1st Anniversary Exhibition*, Galerie Mirchandani+Steinruecke, Mumbai, India • **2005** *Present-Future*, National Gallery of Modern Art, Mumbai, India • **2003** *Beppu Asia Contemporary Art Exhibition*, Beppu Museum, Japan • **2002** *Singapore Art Fair* at Suntec City, presented by Apparao Gallery, Chennai, India • **2000** *Monsoon Show*, Jehangir Art Gallery, Mumbai.

MOHAMMAD ALI TALPUR



**BORN 1976, HYDERABAD, SINDH, PAKISTAN** • Lives and works in Lahore, Pakistan • **2001** Masters of Visual Arts, National College of Art, Lahore, Pakistan • **1998** BFA, National College of Art, Lahore, Pakistan • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2007** *Best of Discovery*, Green Cardamom, Shanghai Contemporary Art Fair, China • **2004** Zahoor ul Akhlaq Gallery, Lahore, Pakistan • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2008** *Desperately Seeking Paradise*, Art Dubai, UAE; *Orients Sans Frontiers*, Espace Louis Vuitton, Paris, France; *Lets Draw a Line*, Chawkandi Gallery, Karachi, Pakistan • **2007** *Punctured and Unravelled*, Green Cardamom, London, UK • **2006** *Three Person Show*, Canvas Gallery, Karachi, Pakistan • **2003** *Around the Miniature*, Canvas Art Gallery, Karachi, Pakistan.

MINAM APANG



**BORN 1979, ARUNACHAL PRADESH, INDIA** • Lives and works in Mumbai, India • **2004** MFA, Sir J. J. School of Art, Mumbai, India • **2002** BFA, Elmherst College, Illinois, USA • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *War with the Stars*, Chatterjee & Lal, Mumbai, India • **2007** *Peel*, Chatterjee & Lal, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2008** *Current*, GallerySKE, Bangalore, India • **2005** *Present/Future*, National Gallery of Modern Art, Mumbai, India; *Cream: The Mammary Show*, Kitab Mahal, Mumbai, India • **2003** *A Brief History of Tomorrow*, Mumbai, India • **2002** *Songs of Earth*, Mural at LifeLink, Chicago, USA.

MITHU SEN



**BORN 1971, WEST BENGAL, INDIA** • Lives and works in New Delhi, India • **2001** Postgraduate Program from the Glasgow School of Art, United Kingdom • **1997** MFA (Painting), Visva-Bharati University, Santiniketan, India • **1995** BFA (Painting), Visva-Bharati Univeristy, Santiniketan, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2010** *Nothing Lost in Translation*, Nature Morte, Berlin, Germany; *Black Candy*, Chemould Gallery, Mumbai, India • **2009** *Freemithu*, Khoj, New Delhi, India • **2008** *I Dig, I Look Down*, Albion Gallery, London, UK • **2007** *Half Full, Part 1*, Bose Pacia Gallery, New York, USA • **2006** *Drawing Room*, Gallery Chemould, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Conundrum*, Nature Morte, Berlin, Germany; *Against All Odds: A Contemporary Response to the Historiography of Archiving*, Collecting and Museums in India, Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi, India; *MIN.IS.CULE Marvel*, Gallery BMB, Mumbai, India • **2010** *Spiral Jetty*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India; *Eye of India*, Bartha & Senarclens, Singapore • **2009** *Other India Story*, Lakeeren, Mumbai, India; *The Body Vessel*, Art Alive, New Delhi, India • **2008** *Where in the World*, Devi Art Foundation, New Delhi, India.

N. PUSHPAMALA



**BORN 1956, BANGALORE, INDIA** • Lives and works in Bangalore, India • **1985** MFA, MS University, Baroda, India • **1982** BFA, MS University, Baroda, India • **1977** BA in Economics, English and Psychology, Bangalore University, Bangalore, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Paris Autumn*, Chemould Prescott Road, Mumbai, India • **2008** *Paris Autumn, Video and Photo Installation*, Bose Pacia, New York, USA, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India and Bose Pacia, Kolkata, India • **2006** *Pushpamala N. Photo Performance Work*, Nature Morte and Bose Pacia, Spazio Piazza Sempione, Milan, Italy • **2005** *Native Women of South India*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India • **2004** *Native Women of South India: Manners and Customs*, Collaborative Project with Clare Arni, Sumukha Gallery, Bangalore, Gallery Chemould, Mumbai and at Seagull Arts and Media Center, Kolkata, India; *Indian Lady, Photo and Video Performance Work*, Bose Pacia Gallery, New York, USA • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Against All Odds*, Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi, India • **2009** *Re-Frame 7: Experimental Films from India*, Lowave/Centre Pompidou, France • **2008** *Theatre of Life*, Mori Museum, Tokyo, Japan • **2006** *Ultra New Vision of Contemporary Art*, Singapore Art Museum, Singapore.

NATARAJ SHARMA



**BORN 1958, MYSORE, INDIA** • Lives and works in Baroda, India • **1982** BFA (Applied Arts), Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Airshow*, Bodhi Art, Singapore • **2007** *Flight*, Art and Public, Geneva, Switzerland and Bodhi Art, Mumbai, India • **2005** *Nataraj Sharma: Vapi Horse and Other Stories*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Back to School: Baroda 1979-89*, Palette Art Gallery, New Delhi, India • **2010** *Looking Glass: The Existence of Difference*, Religare Arts Initiative, New Delhi, India; American Centre; British Council; Goethe-Institut/Max Mueller Bhavan, New Delhi, India; *Indian (Sub)Way*, Vadehra Art Gallery, New Delhi, India and Grosvenor Vadehra, London, UK • **2009** *Zip Files*, Tao Art Gallery, Mumbai, India • **2007** *Edge of Desire*, National Gallery of Modern Art, Mumbai, India • **2006** *Hungry God: Contemporary Art from India*, Aario, Beijing, China and Museum of Modern Art, Busan, South Korea; *El Filo del Deseo - Arte Reciente en India*, Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Monterrey MARCO, Mexico • **2005** *The Artist Lives and Works*, Haus der Kulturen der Welt, Berlin, Germany.

## NEDA RAZAUIPOUR



**BORN 1969, TEHRAN, IRAN** • Lives and works in Tehran, Iran • **1998** Masters in Space/ Stage Design, Ecole National Supérieur des Arts Decoratifs (ENSAD), Paris, France • **1992** BFA Ecole National Supérieur des Arts, Paris, France • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Disturbances*, Azad Art Gallery, Tehran, Iran; *Self Service*, Azad Art Gallery, Tehran, Iran • **2005** *Notes of A Housewife*, Iranian Artists Forum, Tehran, Iran • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Drawn from Life*, Abbot Hall Art Gallery, London, UK • **2010** *Tehran, 1Mile2*, Azad Art Gallery, Tehran, Iran; *Promise of Loss*, Aario Gallery, New York, India • **2009** *Golden Gates*, Paris, France; *Major Exhibition of*

*Contemporary Iranian Video Art*, Gallery Henri Moor, Royal College of Art, London, UK; *Drawn for Life: Drawing Form*, Green Cardamom, London, UK; *Inside Tehran Out*, Zurich, Switzerland; *The Messenger*, Cultuurcentrum Brugge, Brugge, Belgium; *Waldweben*, Het Betoverd Bos, Le Chateau de Maria Aalter; *Naqsh – An Insight into Gender and Role Models in Iran*, Pergamon Museum/Museum for Islamic Art, Berlin, Germany; *Lion under the Rainbow*, D-Art, Athens, Greece.

## NICOLA DURVASULA



**BORN 1960, JERSEY, BRITISH ISLES, UK** • Lives and works in Walmer, UK • **2004** MFA, Kent Institute of Art & Design, Canterbury, U.K • **1993** Diplome Unilingue de Langue et Civilisation Orientales, Institut National des Langues et Civilisations Orientales, Paris, France • **1985** Atelier Gravure, Ecole des Beaux Arts de Paris, France • **1984** Diplome National Supérieur d'Expression Plastique, Ecole des Beaux Arts du Havre, France • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Blame it on the Sun*, Rachmaninoff's, London, UK • **2007** *Static Lines and Where they Take You*, Thomas Erben Gallery, New York, USA • **2004** *Works on Paper*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP**

**EXHIBITIONS** • **2010** *Les Printemps des Poetes*, Salon de Lecture, Musee de Quai Branly, Paris, France • **2009** *Anglo-Indian Express*, Grosvenor Gallery, London, UK • **2008** *Whose Touch this is, I Think I Know...*, Gallery Threshold, New Delhi, India • *Where In The World*, Devi Art Foundation, New Delhi, India • **2007** *House of Mirrors*, Grosvenor Vadehra, London, UK • **2004** *Passion Fantastic*, Herbert Read Gallery, Canterbury, Kent, UK.

## NIKHIL CHOPRA



**BORN 1974, KOLKATA, INDIA** • Lives and works in Mumbai, India • **2003** MFA, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio, USA • **2001** BFA, Maryland Institute, College of Art, Baltimore, Maryland, USA • **1999** BFA, M.S. Rao University, Faculty of Fine Arts, Baroda, India • **1995** B.Com. N.M. College of Commerce and Economics, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2007** *Yog Raj Chitrakar: Memory Drawing II*, Chatterjee & Lal, Mumbai, India • **2005** *Sir Raja III*, The Fourth Floor, Kitab Mahal, Mumbai, India • **2003** *Sir Raja II*, Kinnear Warehouse, Columbus, Ohio, USA **2002** *Sir Raja I*, 105 West Prescott Street basement, Ohio, USA • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS**

• **2011** *Against All Odds: A Contemporary Response to the Historiography of Archiving Collecting, and Museums in India*, Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi, India • **2009** *Manchester International Festival 09*, Manchester, UK; *Indian Highway*, Astrup Fearnley Museum, Oslo, Norway • **2008** *Emerging Discourses II*, Bodhi Art, New York, USA • **2008** *Chalo India!*, Mori Art Museum, Tokyo, Japan • **2006** *Asian Contemporary Art Week*, Brooklyn Museum, New York, USA.

## NOOR ALI CHAGANI



**BORN 1982, KARACHI, PAKISTAN** • Lives and works in Lahore, Pakistan • **2008** BFA (Miniature), National College of Arts, Lahore, Pakistan • **2004** B.Sc (Computer Engineering), Sir Syed University of Engineering and Technology, Karachi, Pakistan • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Other Side*, Chawkandi Art Gallery, Karachi, Pakistan; *Miniature Pakistan Contemporanee*, Galleria Gomiero, Milan, Italy; *Pushing Boundaries*, National Art Gallery, Islamabad, Pakistan; *Drawings*, Gallerie Patricia Dorfman, Paris, France; *Young Artist*, Alhamra Art Gallery, Lahore, Pakistan; *Miniature Painting*, Oceans Art Gallery, Karachi, Pakistan.

## PRAJAKTA POTNIS



**BORN 1980, THANE, MAHARASHTRA, INDIA** • Lives and works in Mumbai, India • **2002** MFA (Creative Painting), Sir J.J. School of Arts, Mumbai, India • **2000** BFA (Painting), Sir J.J. School of Arts, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2008** *Porous Walls*, Sculptural Installations and Paintings, The Guild, Mumbai, India; *Membranes and Margins*, Gallery Em, Seoul, South Korea • **2006** *Walls-in-Between*, Kitab Mahal, The Guild, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Excrescence*, The Guild, Mumbai, India • **2010** *Nine: Her Magic Square*, The Viewing Room, Mumbai; A. SYCO, The Viewing Room, Mumbai, India; *Legacy: A-vanguard*, Gallery Threshold, New Delhi, India; *Sculpture*, The Guild, Mumbai, India • **2009** *The Landscapes of Where*, Galerie Mirchandani + Steinruecke, Mumbai, India • **2008** *Moscow to Mumbai*, Eugene Gallery, Seoul, South Korea • **2007** *Soft Spoken*, The Bombay Art Gallery, Mumbai, India; *Reading Paint*, Gallery Souflower, Bangkok, Thailand • **2006** *Myrrh*, Tao Art Gallery, Mumbai, India; *Three Person Show*, Vi Art Gallery, New Delhi, India • **2006** *Paper Flute*, Gallery Espace, New Delhi, India.

## RADHIKA KHIMJI



**BORN 1979, OMAN** • Lives and works in Muscat and London • **2007** MA (History), UCL, London, UK • **2005** Post-Graduate Diploma (Fine Arts), Royal Academy of Art, London, UK • **2002** BFA, Slade School of Fine Art, London, UK • **1998** Foundation Course, Kingsnton University of Art and Design, London, UK • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2010** *Rashm the First: The Corridor of Rasm*, QBox Gallery, Athens, Greece; *Safe Landing*, Barka Fort, Barka, Oman • **2009** *Density and the Shifting Plane*, Bose Pacia, New York, USA; *B Sides*, Nature Morte Annex, New Delhi, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2010** *PEN 1*, Exhibit 320, New Delhi, India; *Treacherous Path*, Nature Morte, Berlin, Germany; *Progress Reports*, Iniva, London, UK; *The Frank-Suss Collection*, Saatchi Gallery, London, UK • **2009** *Group Show*, Nature Morte Annex, New Delhi, India • **2008** *Radhika Khimji*, The David Roberts Art Foundation, V22, The Wharf Rd Project, London, UK • **2007** *The City and the Street (Circle 4)*, Bait Muzna Gallery, Muscat, Oman • **2004** *Premiums*, The Royal Academy of Art, London, UK • **2002** *Gatsby*, The New Lansdowne Club, London, UK.

**RANBIR KALEKA**



**BORN 1953, PATIALA, INDIA** • Lives and works in New Delhi, India • **1987** Masters in Arts (Painting), Royal College of Art, London, UK • **1975** Diploma in Painting, College of Art, Punjab University, Chandigarh, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Reading Man*, Bose Pacia, New York, USA • **2008** *Fables from the House of Ibaan: Part 1*, Bose Pacia, New York, USA • **2007** *Consider*, Spertus Museum, Chicago, USA • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Indi Dialogue*, Arte Experimental de la India, Museo Fundacion Cristobal Gabarron, Valladolid, Spain; *India Moderna*, Institut Valencia d'Art Modern, Valencia, Spain • **2008** *Chalo! India - A New Era of Indian Art*, Mori Art Museum, Tokyo, Japan • **2008** *16th Biennale of Sydney*, Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia; *The Ethics of Encounter*, Soulflower Gallery, Bangkok, Thailand • **2007** *New Narratives: Contemporary Art from India*, Chicago Cultural Center, Chicago, USA; *Horn Please: The Narrative in Contemporary Indian Art*, Museum of Fine Arts, Berne, Switzerland.

**RASHID RANA**



**BORN 1968, LAHORE, PAKISTAN** • Lives and works in Lahore, Pakistan • **1994** MFA, Massachusetts College of Art, Boston, USA • **1992** BFA, National College of Arts, Lahore, Pakistan • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Everything is Happening at Once*, Cornerhouse, Manchester, UK; Lisson Gallery, London, UK • **2010** *Perpetual Paradoxes*, Musee Guimet, Paris, France • **2007** *Reflected Looking*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India • **2005** *Identical Views*, Philips Contemporary, Mumbai, India • **2004** *Identical Views*, V.M Gallery, Karachi, Pakistan • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *The Rising Tide*, Mohatta Palace Museum, Karachi, Pakistan; *21st Century: Art in the First Decade*, Gallery of Modern Art, Queensland, Australia • **2010** *Where Dreams Cross*, Fotomuseum, Winterthur, Switzerland; *The Empire Strikes Back*, Saatchi Gallery, London, UK • **2009** *The Power of Ornament*, Lower Belvedere, Vienna; *Hanging Fire*, Asia Society, New York, USA • **2008** *Re-Imaging Asia*, House of World Cultures, Berlin, Germany • **2007** *Mirror Worlds*, Institute of the Modern Art, Brisbane, Australia • **2006** *Grid<->Matrix*, Kemper Art Museum, St Louis; *Parallel Realities*, Blackburn Museum of Art, Blackburn, UK; *Beyond the Page*, Manchester Art Gallery and Asia House, London, UK • **2003** *Playing with a Loaded Gun*, Museum Fridericianum, Kassel, Germany.

**SAKSHI GUPTA**



**BORN 1979, NEW DELHI, INDIA** • Lives and works in New Delhi, India • **2004** MFA (Sculpture), College of Art, New Delhi, India • **2001** BFA (Sculpture), College of Art, Chandigarh, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Recent works*, GallerySKE, Bangalore, India • **2007** GallerySKE, Bangalore, India • **2006** *i~object*, Gallery One, Bangalore, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Paris-Delhi-Bombay*, Centre Pompiduo, Paris, France; *Indian Highway*, The Musee d'Art Contemporain, Lyon, France; *Crazy Jane and Jack the Journey Man*, Galerie Krinzinger, Vienna, Austria • **2010** *The Empire Strikes Back*, Saatchi Gallery, London, UK • **2009** *The Power Of The Ornament*, Belvedere Museum, Vienna, Austria • **2008** *Indian Highway*, Serpentine Gallery, London, UK; *Krinzinger Projekte*, Vienna, Austria; *Urgent: 10 ml of Contemporary Needed*, Travancore House Art Gallery, New Delhi, India • **2007** *Lush*, GallerySKE and Jack Tilton Gallery, New York, Design District, Miami, USA; *India Art Oggi*, Spazio Oberdan, Milan, Italy • **2006** *Digressing Domains*, New Delhi, India • **2005** *Team Unteamed*, Art Konsult, New Delhi, India; *Mercury Rising*, Navsar, New Delhi, India; *47th National Exhibition*, New Delhi, India.

**SAMIT DAS**



**BORN 1970, JAMSHEDPUR, INDIA** • Lives and works in New Delhi, India • **2000** Associate Student Post Graduate Program in Book Art Department, Camberwell College of Art, London, UK • **1996** MFA (Painting), Kalabhavan, Visva-Bharati, Santiniketan, West Bengal, India • **1994** BFA (Painting), Kalabhavan, Visva-Bharati, Santiniketan, West Bengal, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *In Search of Frozen Music*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India • **2009** *Eye Line*, Galerie 88, Kolkata, India • **2007** *Sky*, Shriram Bhartiya Kala Kendra, New Delhi, India; *B/W*, Galerie 88, Kolkata, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2010** *Whole*, Indigo Blue Art, Singapore • **2009** *On Canvas-1*, Gallery Art Motif, New Delhi, India; *Entity*, MEC Art Gallery, New Delhi, India; *Manthan*, Galerie Romain Rolland, New Delhi, India • **2008** *Nature of the City*, Religare Arts Initiative, New Delhi, India • **2007** *India: Maximum City*, Galerie Helene Lamarque, Paris, India; *Uninterrupted Journey*, Nitunjali Art Gallery, Mumbai, India; *Emerging India*, Art Alive Gallery, New Delhi, India and S.A. Fine Arts, London at Henry Moore Gallery, Royal College of Arts, London, UK • **2006** *Reverse Depth*, TamarindArt, New York, USA.

**SONNY SANJAY VADGAMA**



**BORN 1981, LONDON, UK** • Lives and works in London, UK • **2009** BFA, Central St Martins, London UK • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Misericord*, Gallery Bastard, Stockholm, Sweden • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Al- Ghaib: The Aesthetics of the Disappearance*, Maraya Art Centre, Sharjah, UAE • **2010** *Psychoanalysis: The Unconscious in Everyday Life*, The Science Museum, London, UK; *The Second Law*, Catlin Art Prize, London, UK • **2009** *Exposure, Future Map 09*, London, UK; *Artist?*, Galway, Ireland; *Eye For An Eye*, Parasol Unit, London, UK; *Art Concept Store*, Stockholm, Sweden; *St Martins BA Fine Art Degree Show 2009*, London, UK • **2008** *In Fragments*, Ada Street Gallery, London, UK; *Loop Festival*, Barcelona, Spain; *Res·o·nance: Fredsgatan Project Rooms*, Stockholm, Sweden • **2007** *It's a Tea Party!!!*, Trinity Buoy Warf, London, UK.

**SRINIVASA PRASAD**



**BORN 1974, BANGALORE, INDIA** • Lives and works in Sagara and Bangalore, India • **1996** BFA (Sculpture), College of Fine Arts, Karnataka Chitrakala Parishath, Bangalore, India • **1998** MFA (Sculpture), Chitrakala Institute of Advanced Studies, Karnataka Chitrakala Parishath, Bangalore, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Someday it all Has to End*, GallerySKE, Bangalore, India; *Baggage Comfort/Burden*, Arcomadrid, Spain • **2008** *Krinzinger Projekte*, Vienna, Austria; *Payana*, GallerySKE, Bangalore, India • **2006** *Known to Unknown*, GallerySKE at Samkalpa Art Studio, Bangalore, India • **2005** *Blanket*, GallerySKE, Bangalore, India • **2003** *Work Under Progress*, Samkalpa Art Studio, Bangalore, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** *Group Show*, Lawrence Eng Gallery, Vancouver, Canada • **2008** *Group Show*, GallerySKE, Bangalore, India; *Singapore Biennale 2008*, Singapore • **2006** *Six Feet Under Autopsy of Our Relation to the Dead*, Kunstmuseum Bern, Switzerland • **1999** *Sthala Puranagalu/Two Dialogues and a Conversation*, Samudhaya, Bangalore, India; *(As) in India*, Shankara Centre for Arts, Bangalore, India.

## SUBODH GUPTA



**BORN 1964, BIHAR, INDIA** • Lives and works in New Delhi, India • **1988** Bachelors degree in Painting at the College of Arts and Crafts, Patna, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Sara Hilden Art Museum*, Finland • **2010** *Oil on Canvas*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India; *Take off your Shoes and Wash your Hands*, Tramway, Glasgow; *Et tu, Duchamp?* Kunsthalle Wien Project Space Karlsplatz, Vienna, Austria • **2009** *Aam Aadmi* (Common Man), Hauser & Wirth, London, UK • **2008** *Line of Control*, Arario, Beijing, China • **2007** *Idol Thief*, In SITU-Fabienne Leclerc, Paris, France • **2006** *Hungry Gods*, Nature Morte, New Delhi, India • 2005 *Jootha* - In SITU- Fabienne Leclerc, Paris, France;

*Jootha*, Sakshi Gallery, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Against All Odds*, Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi, India • **2010** *Indian Highway*, NY Reykjavik Art Museum, Reykjavik; *Contemplating the Void Interventions in the Guggenheim Museum*, Guggenheim Museum, New York, USA; *Vanities from Caravaggio to Damien Hirst*, Maillol Museum, Paris, France ; *The Empire Strikes Back*, Saatchi Gallery, London, UK • **2009** *Altermodern Tate Triennial 09*, Tate Britain, London, UK • **2008** *Chalo! India A New Era of Indian Art*, Mori Art Museum, Tokyo, Japan.

## SUDARSHAN SHETTY



**BORN 1961, MANGALORE, INDIA** • Lives and works in Mumbai, India • **1985** BFA, Sir J.J. School of Art, Mumbai, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Between the Tea Cup and a Sinking Constellation*, Galerie Daniel Templon, Paris, France • **2010** *This Too Shall Pass*, Dr Bhau Daji Lad Museum, Mumbai, India; *The More I Die the Lighter I Get*, Tilton Gallery, New York, USA • **2009** Galerie Daniel Templon, Paris, France; *Six Drops*, GallerySKE, Bangalore, India • **2008** *Leaving Home*, Gallery Krinzinger, Vienna, Austria; *Saving Skin*, Jack Tilton Gallery, New York, USA • **2005** *Eight Corners of the World*, GallerySKE, Bangalore, India • **2004** *Statics*, Chemould Gallery, Mumbai, India • **2003**

*Consanguinity*, Nature Morte, Bose Pascia Modern at the Habitat Visual Arts Centre, New Delhi, India • **2001** *For Here or To Go*, Fukuoka Asian Art Museum, Fukuoka, Japan • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Paris-Delhi-Bombay*, Centre Pompiduo, Paris, France; *Prague Biennale*; *Indian Highway*, The Musee d'Art Contemporain, Lyon; *Against All Odds*, Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi, India • **2010** *Contemplating the Void*, Guggenheim Museum, New York, USA • **2009** *Indian Highway*, Astrup Fearnley Museum of Modern Art, Oslo, Norway • **2008** *Dark Materials*, GSK Contemporary Royal Academy of Art, London, UK.

## UDEYA VIR SUNGH



**BORN 1978, BADARPUR, INDIA** • Lives and works in Bangalore, India • **2003** MFA (Painting), Chitrakala Institute of Advanced Studies, Bangalore, India • **2001** BFA (Painting) Karnataka Chitrakala Parishath, Bangalore, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2005** *Multiplicity of Expressions*, Karnataka Chitrakala Parishath, Bangalore, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2009** Gallery Sara Arakkal, Bangalore, India; **2008** *12th Harmony Art Show*, Mumbai, India • **2006** *Upon Entry*, Kashi Art Café, Cochin, India • **2003** *Annual Exhibition*, Chitra Kala Parishath, Bangalore, India.

## ZARINA HASHMI



**BORN 1937, ALIGARH, INDIA** • Lives and works in New York, USA • **1974** Wood Block Printing, Toshi Yoshida Studio, Tokyo, Japan • **1967** Printmaking, Atelier-17, Paris, France • **1958** Bachelor of Science, Aligarh Muslim University, Aligarh, India • **SELECTED RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *Noor*, Galerie Jaeger Bucher, Paris, France; *Zarina Hashmi: Recent Works*, Gallery Espace, New Delhi, India; *Zarina Hashmi: 1961-2011*, Hammer Museum, Los Angeles, California, USA • **2009** *The Ten Thousand Things*, Luhring Augustine, New York, USA • **2007** *Kagaz Ke Ghar*, Gallery Espace, New Delhi, India • **SELECTED RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS** • **2011** *The Second Sex: New Feminist*

*Photography on the Cusp*, Lakeeren, Mumbai, India; *Drawn from Life*, Green Cardamom Project, Abbot Hall Art Gallery, Cumbria, UK; *A Collection*, Sakshi Gallery, Mumbai, India • **2010** *Orientations: Trajectories in Indian Art*, Foundation De 11 Lijnen, Oudenburg, Belgium • **2008** *Drawn from Life: Drawing Process*, Green Cardamom, London, UK; *Expansion-Resonance*, Galerie Jaeger Bucher, Paris; *Frontlines: Notations from the Contemporary Indian Urban*, Bodhi, Berlin, Germany; *Fluid Structures: Gender and Abstraction*, Vadehra Art Gallery, New Delhi, India.



