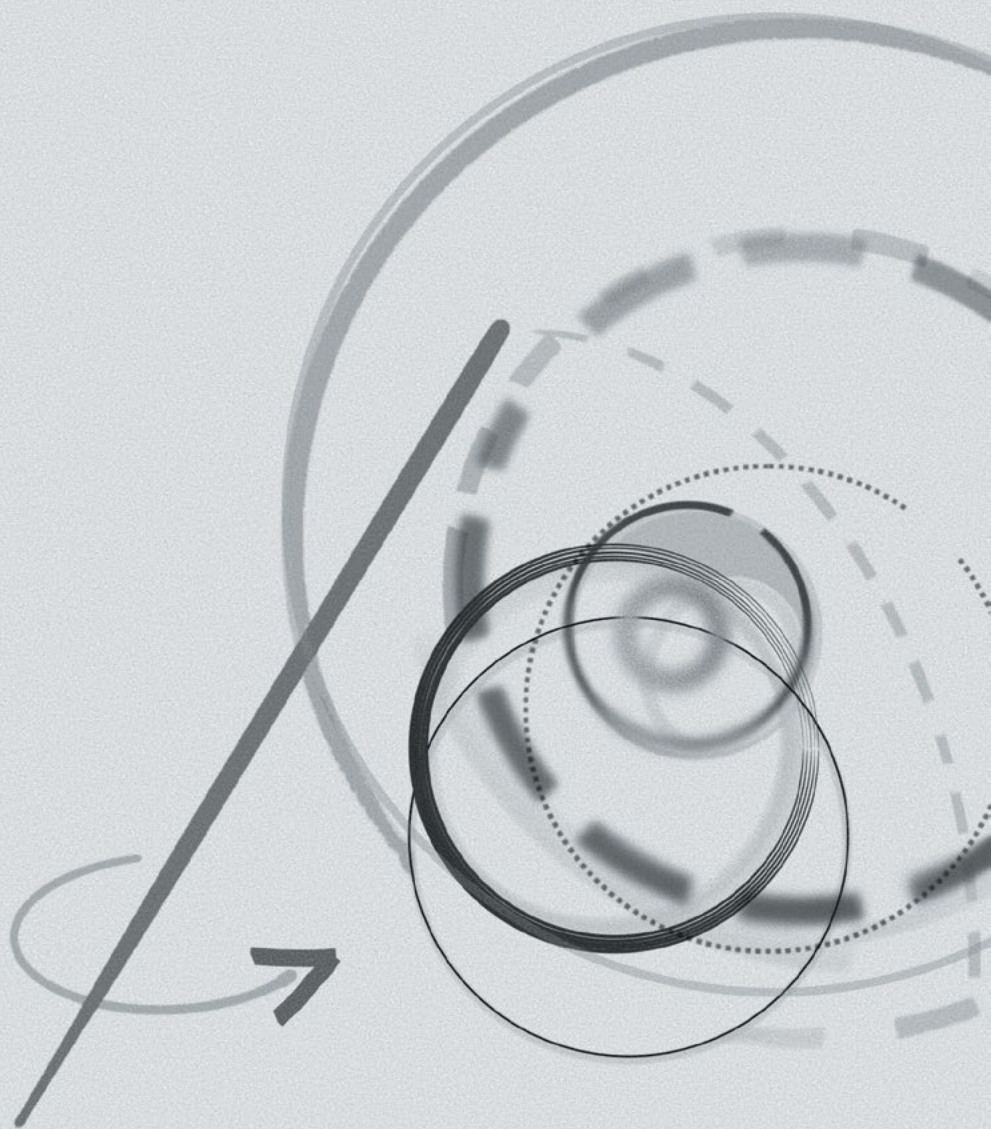


# Call #2







Hekh: Call #2  
1st Edition

Karnal, 2025.

Produced and Designed at Hekh, Karnal  
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Shyama Foundation*





# Call #2

Anurag Singraur  
Aasma Tulika  
Funny Livdotter  
Jazael Olguín Zapata  
Maithili Bavkar  
Kate Chan and Mark Chung  
Nicola Singh  
Paribartana Mohanty  
Sabaah  
Sajal Bhangalia  
Salman Bashir Baba  
Smriti Rastogi  
Soumya Yadav  
zeropowercut  
zmayet



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# Editor's Note

Rahul Juneja  
10th August, 2025



In August 2025, Hekh published Call #1- a seminal issue marking the experience of the student-artist and younger artists in India- an area thoroughly unaddressed in the art milieu. The issue detailed how art academies, institutions and curriculums in India linger within artistic practices; how artists navigate the complex social, cultural and economic landscape; and of resonant forms of being and spaces emerging within Delhi and larger Indian art landscape. From decays emerging as institutional ontology — to tea cups that are sites of resistance against patriarchal and gender confirmations— to lukewarm lubricants registering the temperature, viscosity, smell and synergy of artistic gatherings. The issue sought to pinpoint the (physical, contextual, affective) location of these cohorts through echolocation(s). Amidst large continuums of history and simultaneously unfolding contemporaries, this was an important gesture to create grounds for mobility, as well as access through disciplines, geographies and time.

Hybrid, multiform and polyphonic, Call #1 accommodated video, audio, graphic novels, poems, as well as other image-text intersections. The issue pointed itself towards dialoging with multiple legacies, legibilities and perceptual worlds. Here, artists claimed writing as an artistic gesture, developed forms to collapse colonial divides between theory and practice, and worked through structures, institutional navigation and mediation as artistic media. These engagements further gave way to reworking of the protocols of activation, through which such knowledge is produced, imbibed and shared.

The first activation, a two day gathering cum symposium which happened at Studio Hekh in Mayur Vihar in september- saw subtle shifts in protocols of time, informality and hybridity in presenting and discussions take form. Each presentation went on for 15 minutes, but the discussion deliberately was kept at least *five* times long. This dilation created opportunity for dialogue amidst young artists as they navigated insecurities, vulnerabilities, and contexts of their different socio-economic and privilege backgrounds in real time. In November, the second activation unfolded at the India International Center in New Delhi- a sought after venue for 'canon' art events; where again young artists and thinkers reflected on the issue and the questions it opened through a colloquium. Multiple



walks, discussions over dinners, and whisperings in various forms of coming together continued to give new lives to these inquiries throughout the year. The Call found home in multiple artist run spaces, museums, academic institutions, and libraries in India and around the world- also becoming a catalyst to rethink pedagogy in multiple formal and informal settings.

Following these navigations through institutional lingerings, counterings, and morphing of protocols in the last call- a need to dive deep into space and its constitutions emerged. To think of space-making as an artistic gesture, but not just through its production or construction. Also through its embodiment, its holding, and its transforming. Intersection of different moments propelled the shaping of the issue; From exposure to models of convening, thinking and being from Ruangrupa; Womanifesto; CAMP Studio; Raqs Media Collective; to multiple spaces in Delhi including in Jangpura Studio, First Draft, Studio A68, Progressive Artists League, Voices against Genocide, Synth Hang; Not Quite, Homografiska, Studio Växt, Dalslands museum in Sweden; and a generous introduction to Hong Kong's rich tradition of artistic spaces and initiatives like Para Site, Spring Workshop, Studio 3000 and 100 Square Feet Park by Michelle Wong. The latter session also prompted the idea of artistic spaces as sites of intellectual refuge (contrasting traditional curriculums and methodologies); a key axis that helped shape the framework of this issue.

The act of creating, extending and co-existing has lingered since the earliest examples of art within the world. The first instance of this was perhaps the earliest cave paintings- a marking of the critical moment that reflected becoming self conscious with the world, and to extend it. The hand at Maltravieso cave, stretches itself out to be seen, and to be touched by beings of a future history; "We were here, and hope you are too "; All interconnected via the cosmic dust we all carry within us through molecular time. Invitations harbour hunger- as manifestations of the desire to extend and accommodate, interfacing in different forms.

The very idea of space, inherently brings architecture and topography with it. We are topographical beings- trying to locate ourselves constantly. Whether in stillness or in movement; in architectures of emotion, affect, past and the present; of



knowledge, (un)compressions, condensations, and of course, the tactile, the physical, and the material.

Deep histories of wandering animate us in the daily, and as we have evolved to recognise, and relish topographies beyond the tactile: the meta-wanderings of consciousness lead us to alleyways of connections across histories, temporalities and geographies. After all, What is the urge — to go to ruins, read an exceptional piece of literature, watch a grainy filmed interview, visit your ancestral home; to sit with a friend for coffee, stare at the stars, hold hands; to fictionalise, to document, to collect stones? Networked ecologies of the self and its resonance through multiple relationalities, are what keeps us charged. The world we inhabit, is material for itself.

Thus through this edition, we ask: What does it mean to create, and inhabit spaces that are at once porous and resistant, visible and invisible, fleeting and sedimented? To accommodate the unseen, unheard, unspoken, un-lived? We see the artistic figure placing itself in a relationally evolving, affective and resonant terrain. This in turn, produces a charge to move within capital, ambition, and contemporary flux. In our globally unfolding volatilities, a need emerges to trace both intimacy and distance in such gestures, through an expanding triangulation. One which involves tracking, building, and manifesting extending paradigms of 'place', 'refuge' and 'intelligence'.

**Place**, a constellation of continuously morphing presences. Shaped by resonant affinities, friendship, disagreements and shared thought, as they play, navigate through spectrums of visibility, context, appearance, relevance and opacity. A sedimentation of ideas, vulnerabilities, anxieties, and hopes, while being catalysts for thought, dialogue and resistance.

**Intelligence**, which moves beyond rationality. Thinking of mutable and embodied forms of being- where sensoriums, intelligible performativities, explosive spontaneity and dilated existence marks our intersections with life.

**Refuge**, which engulfs all displacements- corporeal, epistemic, affective. A space, that breathes, ages, dissolves, grows and morphs.



Extending this triangulation, the 15 contributors in this Call also trace and build different realms, each alive and breathing with their own desires, densities and textures.

A graveyard, emerges as a site of resurgence and fertility-intertwining philosophy, oppression, and ecology in defiance of institutional coherence. Gatherings become active sites of resistance in climates of suppression- navigating performativity, permanence, sanitisation and censoring. "A bare minimum-cinema, emerges from the sudraverse, against the sudraverse." A recall through obscure narratives, contours co-existence as a continuous process, thinking through cultural memory, and resistance. Chatters, emerge as refuge and markers of intersection of life and art, invoking (un)comfortable thresholds. A fig makes apparent the multi-nodal formation of the self through different artistic spaces. An insurance policy, reveals systems of institutionalisation and immortalisation for artists through rituals of calculated redistribution of resources.

Here, a plate of food becomes a plane where rituals of eating, sitting, and sharing meet acts of consumption — propelling and churning thought. A gathering, held together by peering and mangoes- weaves selfhood and explores gendered experiences of power, domesticity, religion through familial recalls and Mughal Zananas. Inanimate objects and involuntarily animated human bodies, make apparent an exploitative liminal resting space for toilet cleaners in Hong Kong malls- unfolding through pressure, light, sound and smell.

An urge to move infra-structurally, ends up in creation of the Sweden's first Queer museum in a village. Sketchbooks, mutate and become sites of transition, transcendence, revisiting and recall. A viscerally embodied recalling of intimacy, weaves carefully experience, affect and its intersection with art making. Faint growls of gorillas whisper around the cage of an unauthored space in College of Art, New Delhi. A telepathic connection, between Mexico and Delhi, moves through lapses in consciousness and internet worlds, towards formation of a new civic, intercaste world order that can escape capitalism.

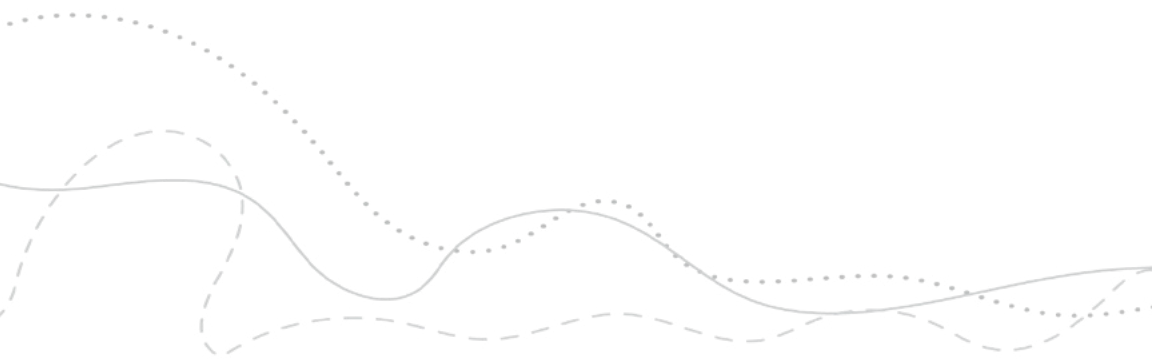


Throughout these tracings and conjurings, we see intense reflections and an urge of model-making emerging; where cultural practitioners create intensities and mobilities in, with, and through structures. These navigations engage with scale, duration, intensity, intimacy, history- where the world isn't alien, but something accessible, and most importantly, malleable. A call thus, pulsates daily, to exchange, transmute, and be with the world- creating and holding space to co-exist, co-create, and co-inhabit; while also leaving the possibility to examine and contest these models with variations in lived realities. What remains constant, through these Microcosms, and Macrocosms, are the multiple mutating realms of ideas and realities which allow for compressions, and decompressions, to zoom in and out, to let them breathe- and us, with them.

*Towards generating grounds, for oscillating between the personal, the worldly, the intimate, the local, the immediate and the transcendent.*







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 .(1984) .ed , Ceratau .M

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 :place and Space .(1977) ,Tuan .Y-F

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.world the with be and transmute ,exchange to them allowing  
 ,hopes and anxieties ,vulnerabilities ,time of weight the holds  
 forever that refuge intellectual of space living a embodying  
 ,unseen not but unread—arziya an with tree neem a of bark the  
 but ,boundary grave's the just not is edge This .co-reflection  
 ,and co-creation ,coexistence ,for arenas new forging ,again  
 think to begin we ,there from perhaps And

.together continue refusal and ,presence ,thought which  
 from space vibrant a - edge the is It .end the not is graveyard  
 The .felt be still may unfinished was what that us reminds  
 it ,remains what in And .remains what us tells It .died has  
 who us tell only not does It .alive insistently but ,formal not,  
 institutional not - refuge intellectual an becomes graveyard  
 the ,together read are elements these when And .silence and  
 gesture ,absence ,Memory. again begins something which from  
 (...) ,ellipse an is It .stop full a not is graveyard The .method but  
 failure ,not is uncertainty—where thought-space a becomes  
 graveyard The .resolution without sit To .stop to you allows  
 It .prove to refuses It .lives it ,refusal this in And .refusal but  
 clarity offer not does graveyard The .text unsettled an becomes  
 record clean a as once appeared What .itself defamiliarises it  
 .interruptions of full is it because but ,complete is it because  
 not—study of field a becomes graveyard The .differently space

see to begin to is things these notice To

.edge the only others ,space granted are Some .tension in  
 exist memory social and memory spatial where ,palimpsest a  
 becomes graveyard The .utterances spatial are they—anomalies  
 mere not are These .interrupted been had space of logic the  
 if as ,lines designated the outside burials finds One. broken  
 be may boundaries ;overlap may Graves .formal always not is  
 architecture Graveyard. Begins thought where but, recorded  
 never was something where space small A .hesitation a more  
 and document a less is marker grave Every .coherence formal  
 defy that logics surface are They .errors not are these—bricks  
 of displacement the ,fonts of mismatch the ,grass of growth the  
 ,inscription of erosion the ,stone of texture The .continuation  
 of ,motion of ,trace of site a is it—endings of site the merely not  
 is graveyard The .surface living as ground the to event static as  
 death from attention one's reorients It .itself soil the of life the  
 simply or ,something of memory the be may movement This  
 .movement but ,speech not—earth the in shift slight a feel and  
 grave a beside stand may One .one sensory a is it ;encounter  
 psychological a only not is This

.demands conventional by unburdened thought and being  
 of mode a for allowing ,refuge intellectual for space unique  
 its constitutes what is clarity of refusal very This .thought  
 for space makes so doing in and—clarity refuses graveyard  
 The .unresolvable perhaps and ,unclear ,incomplete ,are that  
 things with sit To .uncertain remain it let to but ,it theorise  
 to not is graveyard a in refuge intellectual find To .proof from  
 unanchored is think to freedom the ,Here .being of possibility  
 the offers it ,Instead .reflection of even not ,remembrance  
 of not ,mourning of not—performance no demands It .it  
 completing without thought a in pause can one where space a  
 becomes graveyard A. resolution demand not does that grief  
 with sitting of way a—thought of rhythm a finds one ,quietude  
 its within ,sometimes But .death on centres graveyard a at



directed gaze the ,Often .presence on insists but ,closure seek  
 not does that care of form a is there ,coexistence unedited this  
 in And .housed are they—here resolved not are contradictions  
 These .others to pain of source a ,some to beloved :meanings  
 contradictory carry may grave single A .order this of not  
 is graveyard The .categorised neatly ,stone in etched  
 achievements and ,dates ,names—memorials institutional with  
 familiar are We

.incompletion this by constituted is graveyard the of texture  
 The .couldn't but ,something say to tried someone though  
 As .sentence mid halted that thought a like—interruption  
 structural a encounter to is erased partially been has that  
 inscription an read To .landscape cognitive and emotional an is  
 It .site physical a merely not is thus graveyard The

.engagement empathetic deeper and inquiry intellectual for  
 space vital a up opens ,hindering than rather ,contestation  
 This .invisibility social or ,neglect ,urgency ,by shaped—spaces  
 behind left merely are others ;designed deliberately are  
 segments Certain .space contested a as but ,landscape fixed as  
 not itself reveals it ,attentively graveyard the of architecture  
 the read to begins one When .system the evaded that one—  
 memory of kind another represent anonymity or overgrowth  
 under ,misalignment under buried those But. system memory  
 planned a to belong marked clearly are that Graves .felt ,other  
 the ,visible One .touch ephemeral in other the ,inscription  
 legible in One .write stone and grass both ,graveyard the In  
 .stone-bound be must memory that idea the against resistance  
 quiet a ,refusal a ,covering a ,is It .overgrowth natural as  
 dismissed be cannot grass This .grass overgrown by concealed  
 nearly ,soil the beneath bone of fragment a notice might One  
 .easy not is presence of site this read To

.official made be everything let to refuses it :refusal of  
 but remembrance of site a only not is then graveyard The

.insistence of form a but ,loss a not is inscription of absence  
 the where one—record alternate an generate they so doing In  
 .emotionally ,anonymously travel to memory allow objects  
 these ,date or name a to memory assign which documents  
 institutional Unlike .categorisation elude that grief of markers  
 living but ,finality of symbols not are these :earth the into  
 crushed flower a or ,coin rusted a ,matchbox A .registered  
 formally than rather behind left things—signs residual by but,  
 entries fixed by not operates system unofficial This .hopes and  
 anxieties collective for refuge quiet a creating ,felt insistently  
 but ,unrecorded :feeling of topography unwritten graveyard's  
 the is This .history documented of neatness the challenges that  
 legitimacy emotional an carry they yet And .gestures these  
 for space official no is There .register institutional any into  
 entered never were dates and names whose those for grief of  
 weight the hold They .care and presence of system informal an  
 called be may what to belong items These .coin a ,flower faded  
 a ,matchbox a :offerings small finds one Sometimes

(See Img. 4) .sensed be must but, read be cannot that  
 materiality a—texture with silence a inscribes text missing The  
 .articulation full resist that presences but ,absences merely  
 not are These .remain shadows their yet ,disappear words The  
 .away worn but removed not—erased been have names where  
 headstones are There







Uttarakhand, Almora at S., Rastogi by captured  
graveyard Unknown – 4 Img

.strengths greatest their are authenticity and depth their  
 but, easy always isn't them Reading .operate presence  
 of sites unofficial these how illuminate ,inscription of  
 kind unique a and story untold an holds corner every  
 where ,Dargah Sarmad's at encountered forms diverse  
 The .refuge emotional and intellectual of site unique a  
 forming ,together inscribed all are memory and emotion  
 ,gesture ,time where texture living a is This. Language own  
 its for space a created has itself soil the if as—earth the  
 to clinging it's instead; book a in find you'll writing isn't  
 This .presence affective of field living ,single a into merges  
 everything—stone the on inscribed text the and ,kalawa  
 the, petitions the ,grave the, tree the—Dargah Sarmad's at  
 scene entire this Within

### Space Affective Living: Dargah

.recognition formal beyond attention demanding stone  
 into etched mark a, thread a, name a with here precisely  
 begins engagement intellectual of genesis The. forth  
 spill to insight profound or turmoil inner for space  
 spontaneous a becoming ,stone the onto someone  
 within from forth spilled has that memory a or pain  
 ,anticipation are they ;writing just than more are  
 marks These. inscription for canvas a into surface any  
 transforms person a, deep runs write to urge the When  
 .reflect and pause to me compel—chalk with etched or  
 coin a with carved—Dargah the at stone the on made  
 marks fresh The

### **Space Thought :Nishan**

(See Img. 3).

.sacred the with engagement non-rational a  
 embodying, emotional deeply and physical both is  
 writing of act This .meaning its deepens it ,binding  
 by rather; writing this obstruct doesn't kalawa The  
 .paper alongside, inscription for medium a as body  
 very tree's the used someone though as—movement  
 a, gesture a —writing of act the of part integral an like  
 feels It .symbol religious a as solely me strike doesn't  
 Dargah Sarmad's at tree the to tied kalawa The

### **Space Meaningful: Kalawa**





Delhi Old at S., Bhangaliya by captured Dargah  
Sarmad's at Tree the on Petitions of Display – 3 Img



L/14  
av

मैंने जो मिला है उसमें आपको मैंने कदम के लिये कुछ है  
 और जो कुछ मैंने लिखा है वह लड़कियों के लिये है  
 जिसमें कुछ लड़कियाँ भी हैं कलकावां उनका गलाम के उनमें  
 साथ उनको गलाम में गया करता था अपनी ही बात के लिये  
 वह पर कोई परवानी जगह है मुझ पर किसी ने रुक की या  
 और वह बहुत तकली के है-सिलसिले आपसे ही बदल करे  
 और क मुश्किल है जो मैंने मरने के मैं तु गलकावां  
 कदम के लिये है-सिलसिले में मिली अचकता है  
 जानकी के लिये है अपने पीर मुश्किल के लिये मैंने  
 जो लड़कियों के लिये है जो गली बंद सावित्र  
 है और जो अलमान और अलमान कदम के लिये कुछ  
 है जो लड़कियों के लिये है जो गली बंद सावित्र  
 है जो लड़कियों के लिये है जो गली बंद सावित्र

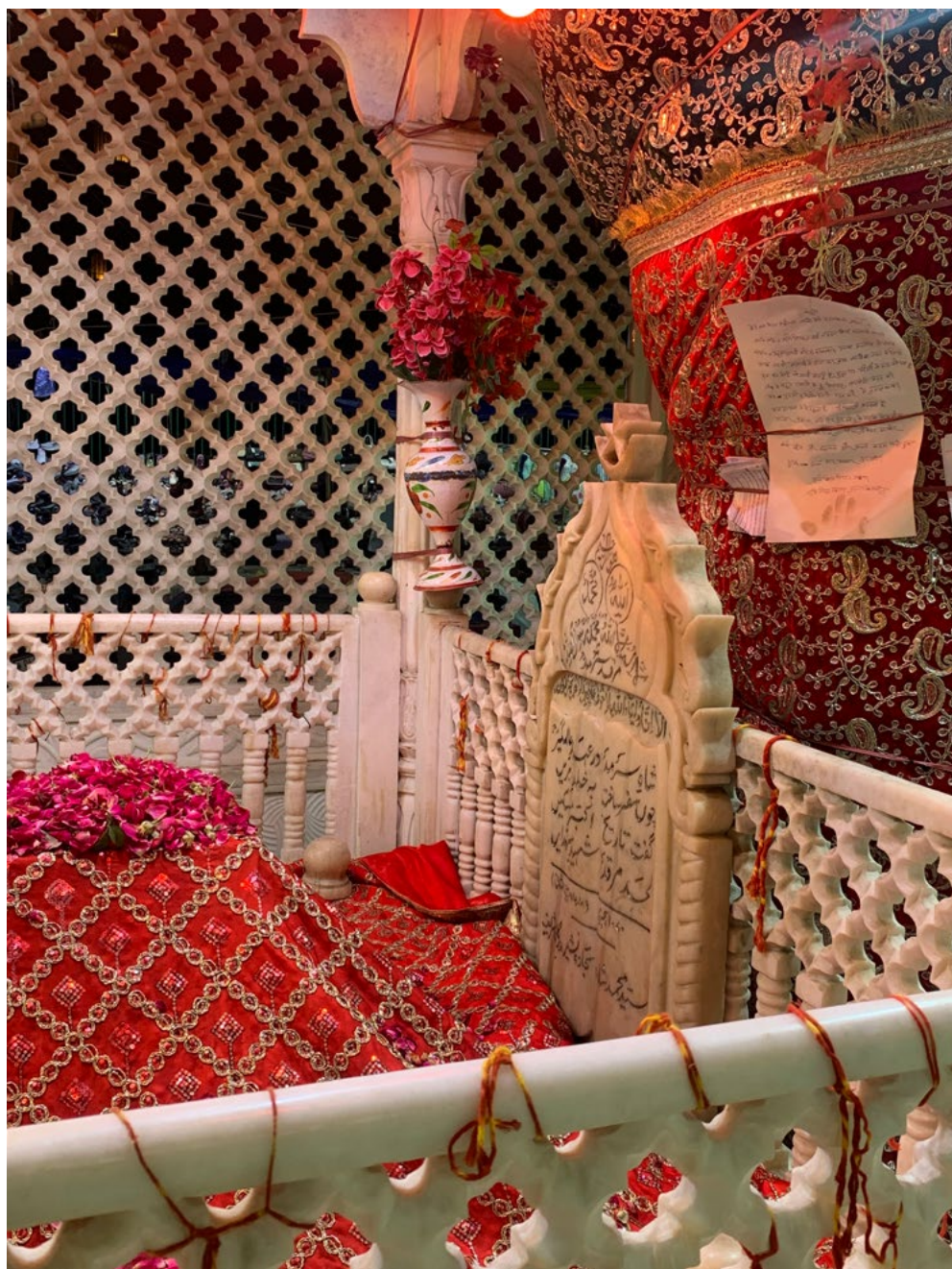
(See Img. 2).

.release emotional and intellectual private a for  
 allowing ,surrender personal deeply a but ,declaration  
 public about not is here writing of act The .anxieties  
 unresolved and whispers unheard for refuge a—  
 expression of space unique a create affixed silently  
 ,petitions These .surrender hidden a but ,claim a wasn't  
 writing of act the if as—written was it Still ? paper this  
 on marks its leave would sap neem's the That ?come  
 would rain that know writer the Did .silence loud of  
 form another it's ;protest a isn't this Yet .protest a  
 during affixed are posters as much—pages like trunk  
 neem the onto pasted seemingly but ,tied just aren't  
 petitions These .writing of form deciphered a but  
 ,demands or requests merely not are Dargah the at tree  
 neem the of trunk the to tied petitions The

**Refuge: Arziyan**







Delhi Old at S., Bhargaliya by captured  
dargah Sarmad's Sufi Hazrat Display – 1 Img.

(See Img. 1).

.connection of understanding embodied an and reflection  
 quiet invites that space porous a creating ,surface  
 relational a forge together tree the and grave the where—  
 ground the on inscribed text ancient an like feels presence  
 shared This .intertwined is existence their if as ,separately  
 them of conceive to challenging It's .earth shared a from  
 born ,concurrent are they :tree the precedes grave the  
 does nor ,grave the precedes tree Neither .body same the  
 of parts distinct if as ,close intimately—breath single a in  
 exist tree neem the and grave the ,Dargah Sarmad's At

### **Space Porous :Qabr aur Neem**

.sedimented and fleeting, invisible and visible, resistant  
 and porous once at are that spaces inhabit and, hold,  
 create to means it what into insights profound offering  
 ,impulses of interfacing an as space-making of essence  
 very the embodies that space dynamic a it's- site  
 historical a merely not is Dargah This .way new a in  
 speaks everything that deep so runs earth and soul  
 between relationship the where ,refuge intellectual an  
 of example profound a as stands Dargah's Sarmad ,sky  
 Delhi's Underneath.

### **Space Living A: Dargah's Sarmad**



.contemplation deeper a inviting ,interruption for but  
 ,verification for built not presence of structure a is This .stones  
 disintegrated ,tokens informal ,misalignments :unrecorded  
 remains what also but ,remembered officially is what only  
 not houses It .gestures and ,delays ,disperses that one but,  
 categorise and accumulate not does that one—traces lingering  
 of site a becomes graveyard the, sense this In.

inscription escapes what through but, clarity through not  
 persists memory here—containment such resists graveyard the,  
 roles assigned and, dates, names legible through coherence  
 seeks memory institutional Where .leaks and, interrupts,  
 fragments it; uniformly document not does It .differently  
 unfolds memory where space a becoming, significance affective  
 and intellectual its asserts graveyard the that incompleteness  
 that in precisely is it and—partial is record this But. memory of  
 record structured a, monument a as appears often graveyard a,  
 observer passing the To

.permanence of geometry the from excluded if as walkways  
 near resting accidental, almost—one no to belong to appear  
 others; demarcated clearly are graves Some .brick displaced a  
 by only others; marble in remembered are Some. access and  
 caste, class, with embedded is graveyard the of architecture  
 The .vanish to left been has who and, presence lasting for space  
 granted is who and, remembered is who reveal They .political  
 deeply are they— aesthetic merely not are differences material  
 and visual These

.age and lichen by obscured now inscriptions or markings chalk  
 hasty bear others ;fonts serif formal in lettered are stones Some  
 .withdrew then and writing of act the began someone if as ,half  
 second its found never that date a; incomplete now carved  
 carefully once name A .time or erosion, grass, by overtaken  
 entirely faded have inscriptions places certain In .landscape the  
 in interruptions like almost exist—headstone visible no with





mounds unmarked—others while, preserved meticulously are graves Some

.layer unrecorded an shelters surface each ;dissonance its conceals symmetry Every .asymmetry quiet a lies order apparent this Beneath. comfort institutional of sense a offer paths defined or gates occasional and ,plots bordered, dimensions similar of stones ,graves of rows Neat .designed appears glance first at graveyard the of architecture The

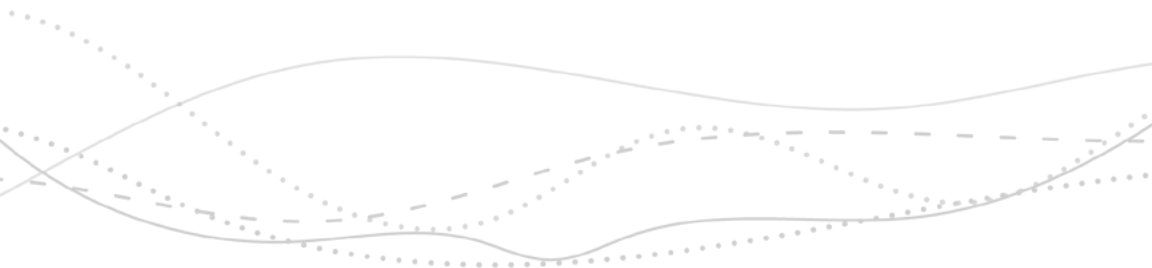
.contradictory spatially and layered, alive something as emerge to begins terminal as understood once space the—slows reading of act the and deepens vision— lingers one when but familiarity surfacial by governed is seeing of act The .leave and ,name a read ,briefly pause ,arrive People .memory institutional or , closure , recognition grief of mode fixed a prompt often both ,old or graves New .finality of site a as read commonly most is graveyard A.

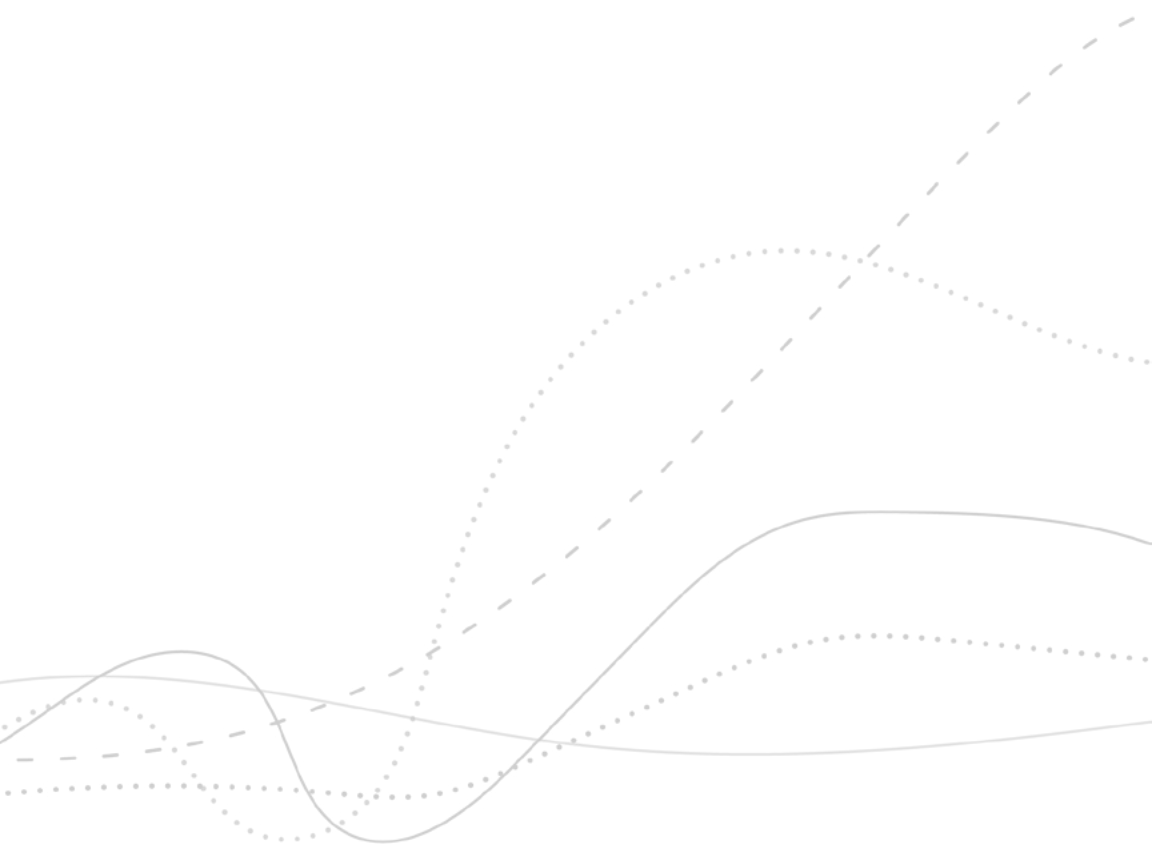


# Neele Aasman ke Niche

By Sajal Bhangalia

July, 2025





# Art Collectives as Trojan Spaces: Reimagining Gatherings in Kashmir

By Salman B. Baba  
July, 2025



Space is a relational structure and concept in constant reformation. Kashmirs' socio-political and historical context adds more precarity to this notion of space. The coming together of the Kashmiri people was always difficult and is increasingly being made impossible. In such conditions, the emergence of artist collectives is a tactical response and critical alternative that are not simple creative alliances, but acts of defiance and political re-imagination. This article looks at how collectives operate as 'trojan' interventions that allow re-imagining alternate ways of coming together in extreme political uncertainty and explores the potential that moves beyond the metaphor and opens up new ways of engaging.

Historically, the 'modernist' imagination privileged individualism as the locus of creativity and authorship - often the figure of white, liberal, and heterosexual male. This paradigm has led to the isolation of the artist-genius from community and collective contexts. It not only flattens the complexities of coming-together and collaborations but also serves as a form of control. In the context of Kashmir, the hyper-politicized climate has bred suspicion, surveillance and atomisation of spaces, bodies and thought. Individualism is shaped not only by capitalist logic but state maneuverings. It has rendered people powerless and incapable of speakability. Within these horizons, the art collectives present a possibility to exist; by moving back from individualism towards dispersed authorship and shared process that are grounded in mutual care, respect, and interdependence. The notion of collectivity, then, becomes even more potent. It is not merely a creative choice but a deeply political one. It is a gesture of defiance and co-presence without any quantifiable outcomes.

The concept of art collectives/groups (I am using these two words interchangeably) is not something new in Kashmir. From time to time, individuals with common purposes, shared identities and experiences have come together to form associations and groups



that have had significant effect on the visual art scene in Kashmir. One of the earliest such collective formation was the 'National Cultural Front' in 1947 in Srinagar as a cultural-political platform led by poets, dramatists, writers, and artists. P N Kachru was a key figure among others who catalysed its formation. Later in 1948, Kachru, along with Trilok Kaul and Som Nath Butt formed 'Progressive Artists Association'. The trio was influenced by Percy Brown (who had shifted to Srinagar after retiring as principal from Government College of Arts and Crafts in Calcutta) and frequent visits of Sayed Haider Raza, a member of Progressive Artists Group in Bombay. This group explored modernist aesthetics with socialist undertones. It was later joined by G R Santhosh. The group disbanded soon but left a undeniable mark on forth-coming artists. The trio went on to establish School of Design, Srinagar (Now Craft Museum). Santhosh with the support of Bakshi Ghulam Mohammad founded the Jammu and Kashmir Academy of Art, Culture and Languages (Cultural Academy).

However, as the modernist idiom floated in the scene, a growing shift towards individualism became more pronounced in coming decades. The cultural academy would often organize art camps until recent years. These camps as gatherings were perhaps never intended for critical engagement, collectivisation or collaboration but a time bound engagement through a controlled spatial re-orientation. This coming together would present an intensive work environment, romanticised escape and a superficial alternative to existing structure. The generations of artists that followed for decades could rarely came together as a collective force capable for social and political emancipation or even presenting a challenge to mainstream ideological structures and offer counter-imaginings.

In early 2000's, a shift emerged in this individualist thought within a small group of artists - Showkat Kathjoo, Sajjad H Hamdani and Waseem Mushtaq - who after graduating from IMFA Srinagar went on to pursue an MFA outside Kashmir. This

loosely knit group would regularly engage in conversations on critical theory, art and politics. The group briefly came together as ‘Contemporary Art Foundation’ collective; their work and time together would influence younger artists particularly through Kathjoo’s own conversations and mentoring of the younger generation of artists. Artists such as Malik Sajad, Moonis Ahmad Shah, Ehtisham Azhar, Mubashir Niyaz would become an initial group of students to be mentored by Kathjoo. Among which Ehtisham and Mubashir (once) would later join Kathjoo to mentor several groups of students for Kochi Muziris Students Biennale which included Khursheed Ahmad, Khytul Abyad, Saqib Butt, and others. Many among these went on to have a successful career in their respective fields (though not commercial), but failed to collectivize. While Kathjoo consistently expressed an urgency and need, he would repeatedly articulate his disappointment at the failure to achieve and sustain beyond temporary collaborations (in several attempts to bring students together at the occasions of mentoring them for Biennale and their immediate diffusion thereafter.)

In autumn months of 2019<sup>1</sup>, the changes in the political representation and citizenary led to lockdowns and bans that would close all avenues and opportunities for artists. I was then pursuing my Masters in Ambedkar University at Delhi. In the earlier months of following year the covid pandemic hit, and the consecutive enforced containment lockdowns brought yet another layer of isolation. I was forced to return to Kashmir. In the months that followed, I found a huge void due to the lack of spaces to think, make and gather. It pushed me to float across an email among artists to come together. Meanwhile I would also connect with Kathjoo and in coming months we would organize a workshop at Yusmarg which would culminate in the formation of ‘Yusmarg Collective Kashmir (YCK)’. YCK emerged both as a physical and conceptual space to make sense of socio-political conditions faced around that time. It became a space of informal

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1. <https://www.aljazeera.com/news/2019/8/5/darkest-day-uproar-as-india-strips-kashmir-of-special-status>

gatherings, conversations, and creation. In 2021, YCK along with Kathjoo mentored the students at IMFA, Kashmir University for the Kochi Muziris Students Biennale which resulted in the project 'Residual Landscape'.



YCK first workshop at Yusmarg

In subsequent years, YCK continued to organize several workshops, discussions, performances and live-art activations intermittently and informally. Many of these gatherings would take place at private homes and in public parks. These gatherings and discussions further opened up how people in general over time have become suspicious of each other. Though I understand it as a consequence of systematic repression and control, I found many practising artists devouring each other as well, often due to experiences of malpractices, exploitation, mis-representation when working together. The conversations about the failure of collectivizing led to deeper reflections on the need for safe spaces and a sustainable structure for the collective itself. Considering the existing uncertainty, YCK doesn't claim any permanence,



stability, and structural coherence rather it finds amorphousness, fluidity, experiment and responsiveness in its approach apt for its existence. YCK's activations are not structured as exhibitions or formal programs. Instead, it involves open-ended conversations, sharing of work, and collaborative experiments that respond to moments and to each other. These activations, away from urban centers and avoiding the gaze of institutions or authority, open up a creative space that is rooted in trust, kinship, and shared vulnerability. It cultivates new forms of being and being-together that thrives on spontaneity, shared urgency and affective resonance.

In another case, Her Pixel Story, an all women photo collective was founded by Nawal Ali, Ufaq Fatima, and Zainab Mufti around 2019. The trio would often informally meet and accompany each other on photo walks across the city. The shared vulnerability, difficult access and challenges of navigating the streets controlled largely by men and men in boots would make their work as independent photo-journalists difficult individually. This predicament would deepen with the nature of their work as freelancers which is un-organised (for instance, at times, a lack of press card would mean being stopped or denied to do a certain story) and the lack of spaces to share and meet. It would eventually result in the formation of the group. Collectivizing allowed them to confidently navigate these difficult circumstances. The group now is developing a platform for women photographers in Kashmir to provide them assistance to develop their photographic practices. It encourages collaboration to mutually nurture and support each other. It conducts photo walks (Humsheras Meet), workshops, film screenings and photo-reading sessions to create a space for women that is safe to collectively reflect and produce work.

Shikargah Collective is another collective founded by Khursheed Ahmad and Janees Lankar during covid. The two initially met online often discussing folk theatre and traditions particularly



Bhand Pather. Bhand Pather, as a folk theatre offered a sharp critiques of politics, society, and history through its performances. “Its declining public presence and state patronage reduced it to a sanitized relic that survives as a hollow cultural display at pro-government or government sponsored events.”<sup>2</sup> The duo, navigating these problematics and lack of space to engage critically with the folk performing art traditions, conceptualized Shikargah to devise processes that de-colonize and contemporize the Bhand Pather as a folk form and re-introduces it in public places. For the duo, Shikargah is a ‘nomadic space’ that traverses all boundaries to initiate a dialogue on rich traditions of visual and performing arts in Kashmir.

Each collective functions essentially as an interface between new ways of space-making through slowness, ambiguity, and friendship. They reshape how people relate to one another by creating microclimates of safety and imagination for ideas to circulate freely. In a space that is marked with surveillance, control and conflict, collectives offer a praxis that is not just responsive to crisis, but generative nodes of co-creation that values connection over competition, presence over productivity, and community over isolation. Collectives, thus, become trojan structures—not overt confrontations. Their embedded strategies carry within them the potential for radical re-imaginings of life, art, and community. In their informality, their porousness, and their embrace of the unfinished, they offer an embodied critique of dominant paradigms and invite new textures of thought, care, and resistance.

Ref:

Shaika, Shahi, and Sameer Ashraf. “Bhand Pather: A Historical Perspective And Future Prospects.” *Agpe The Royal Gondwana Research Journal Of History, Science, Economic, Political And Social Science*, vol. 05, no. 11, Nov 2024, pp. 25-43.



Yusmarg Collective Kashmir:

<https://www.instagram.com/yusmargcollective/>



Shikargah Collective:

<https://www.instagram.com/shikargahfolks/>



Her Pixel Story:

<https://www.instagram.com/herpixelstory/>







Participants on a site visit for the Residual Landscape Project, YCK







During a presentation by Shaina Anand from Camp Studio at IMFA







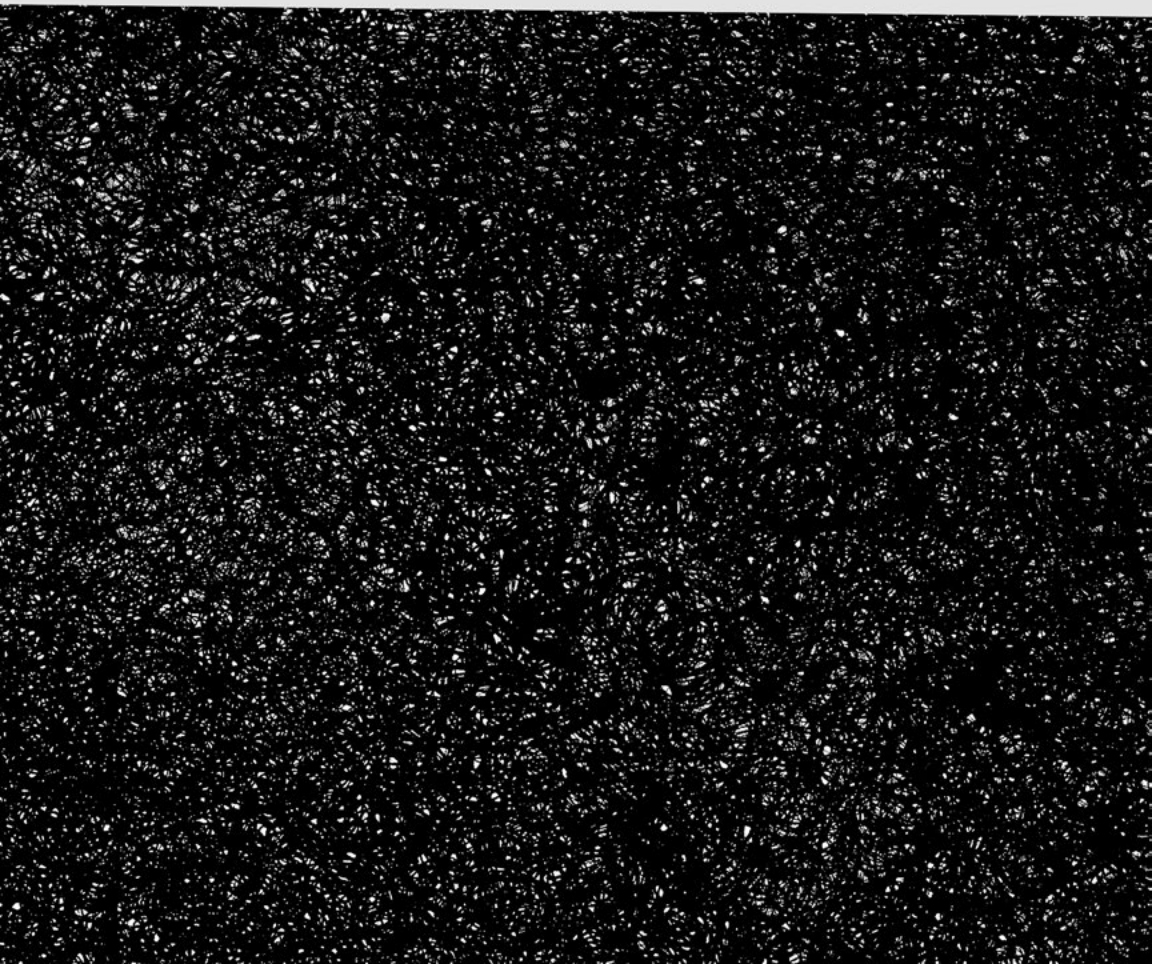


Bhand performing Shikargah Pather





*Ant-through-push-in*





*Ant-Through-Push-In* is a trail that engages with uneven curiosities and obscure narratives-one that leaves us with a question: is the freedom of co-existence not an achievement, but an exercise that breathes beyond the grip of monumental imposition?

This পর্ব (episode) attempts to engage with the historical seven pillars of the National Martyrs' Memorial in Bangladesh, each pillar holding a promise, an extended prologue. In the spirit of *Ant-Through-Push-In*, we approach its anecdotes, trying to re-map the landscape beyond the grand narrative.



( bengali to english translation )

2021

During the enforced lockdown, both of us were searching—for space, for a home away from home. The idea of 'co-existence' kept shifting, losing its shape each time we tried to hold onto it. It was during one of those fragmented days, when we were both trying to re-adjust our sense of radius, that Tilottama found a quiet, in-between mark—something that unexpectedly linked our personal struggles with the narratives imposed upon us in the name of 'acceptance' We began tracing how two nation-states (Bangladesh and India)—and their counter-histories — have shaped our lives, especially in the context of state-family-discipline.

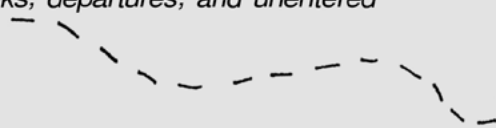
### **a home (liberation) away from liberation(home)**

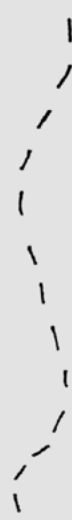
Ant-Through-Push-In found its first momentum in Girkarwada—a gateway village in the northern folds of Goa. It was not a definite beginning, but a leak in time—an unfinished quarter, a porous corner where memory seeped through. They arrived from a memoratic time—quiet, almost unseen—tracing the unborn edges of a prolonged settlement that continues to haunt our collective remembering. What followed was not a plan, but a series of gestures—of radical care, quiet refusals, and the slow stitching of fragmented worlds.

**phire dekha / revisit < 1971- 1980- 1990- 2000 - 2010- 2015-16 17 18 19- 2020 21 22 23 24- > dekha phire / re-engage**

We didn't witness the mass risings of the '60s, but growing up during the same decade—particularly in the '90s—we cultivated a kind of interpersonal\* sensitivity. Here, our translation left a subtle, lingering mark (again).

*\*Tilottama was born into a confined urban setting, where a deep void quietly took root. Their upbringing unfolded within a narrow shell—spirit constantly pressing against the walls until it dulled. Now, at this point in their life-trying to locate what once existed—something they couldn't fully comprehend, couldn't know, couldn't even hear. That's when the urge arose: let's trace the narratives. In their search to understand an unresolved past, they turn to the Bangladeshi tele-dramas (1970-2000)—recognizing how pop culture can hold subtle reflections of the society. Meanwhile, Kaur remains suspended in a nostalgic realm, viewing from a distance, shadowed by a yearning to reclaim, to belong, to intersect. Without access to ground realities, time becomes stuck—nostalgia turning into a supersolid state where memory freezes, and all that remains are missing links, departures, and unentered thresholds.*





2025

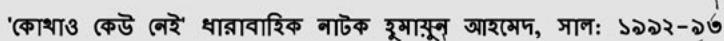
## returning to the draft

In recent times, the mass uprisings in Bangladesh and their cultural adaptations —specifically in creating new collective memories in the name of ‘liberation’ —have played a key role at this intersection. This shift of power struggle and its uncategorized political climate influence the other side of the partition as well, especially in West Bengal, India - all the recent mass protests bring those points of reference back. Therefore, returning to the draft this time was not difficult due to a lack of engagement, but because the trail no longer holds memory the way it once did—it drips, it stains, it whispers.

## a liberation(home) away from home(liberation)

\*জন্মযেত felt a sort of curiosity to retrace the chaos. Could this trace of a long march act as a space in itself? Can a question become a site? A site that gathers language and loss, grief and gesture—until it demands to be heard?...

\*জন্মযেত | zmayet (pronounced as jomayet) is an initiative trying to amplify, recollect, and share the perspectives of counter-cultural, marginal narratives through diverse graphical mapping.



বাকের ভাইরে পুলিশ ধইরা নিয়ে গেল। বাকের ভাই ছিলেন এলাকার মাস্তান টাইপ মানুষ কিন্তু দিলটা বড় ছিল। এলাকার বিপদ আপদে আগাইয়া যায়, সাহায্য করেন। এই কারণে, উনি টং দোকানের সামনে টিজিং করলেও প্রায় মেয়েরাই তারে ভালা পায় - মনে মনে স্বপ্ন দেখে, গুল গুল কইরা গান গায়, মনের অজান্তে মুচকি হাসে, ঘর বাধার স্বপ্ন দেখে। আমিও দেখছিলাম স্বপ্ন টিঙিতে এই নাটকের সিরিয়েল দেখে দেখে। উনার অঙ্গ-ভঙ্গিতে একটা বেকসুর মায়া ছিল যেখানে স্বাধীনতার পরবর্তী এই গরিব বেকার মানুষটার টং দোকানে চায়ের কাপে চুমুক, একটা নেতা নেতা ভাব, আর মোটরসাইকেলের চাবি ঘুড়ানো আর সামাজিক তদারকি করা ছিল মুখ্য কাজ। কিন্তু এমন মানুষেরও প্রেমে পড়া যায় তা আমি সুবর্ণা অপার অঙ্গ ভঙ্গির ভাষাতে বুঝতে পারছিলাম।

এই যে আপনারা ধাক্কাধাক্কি করবেন না, ধাক্কা না মাইরা শান্ত হইয়া লাইনে দাঁড়ান  
আর এই যে আপনাদের একটু লাইনে থাকেন,

লাইন ক্রস করবেন না, ক্রস করছেন তো ধরা থাইছেন,

ধরমণি তো অনেক আগেই শুরু হইয়া গেছে,  
সব কিছুর যেমন একটা শুরু আছে তেমন একটা শেষও আছে,

কথায় আছে না শেষ ভাল যার সব ভাল তার,

আর শুনেন, ভাল ভাল কথা কইয়া আমাগোর মন গলান লাগব না,

জানেন তো, মন ভাঙা আর মসজিদ ভাঙা সমান কথা,

আরে ভাই  
তুমি আয়না সাজো এমনি বিশ্বাস ভাঙা সমান কথা,  
হুনে, সবাইরে চুষ করাইলেও আমারে কিন্তু চুষ করান যাইব না,



# Situation 1: Can Gestures Speak ?

Year 1997: I lost something inside me while returning from a rally with my grandfather on 26th January. I witnessed someone from our neighborhood being bullied—mocked for their voice and appearance. That voice stayed with me, like a riddle I couldn't solve. "During that encounter, I was introduced to the ambiguous term 'Bangal/বাঙ্গাল'—people from the other land. It struck me: who created that label? And what about our constitutional rights that offer the possibility of mutual belonging—should the status of being a refugee negate that? Shouldn't we act as neighbors rather than opponents?

I asked my dadu (grandpa) about his memories of constitutional rights. My dadu was also an active political worker, coming from a Congress family (not only the party itself but the gentle spirit I found within him), who brought me into the light of 'social justice' through native stories of the freedom movement. It was never super dramatic, but tiny fragments that helped me go deep into this struggle of Partition. All I remember is that Partition and the fractured democratic status have always pushed an entire flux that doesn't fit within the framework. My initial encounter with language came through the voice of the indecent—where are they?

Unfolding

Crack

Footstep

Threshold

Palms

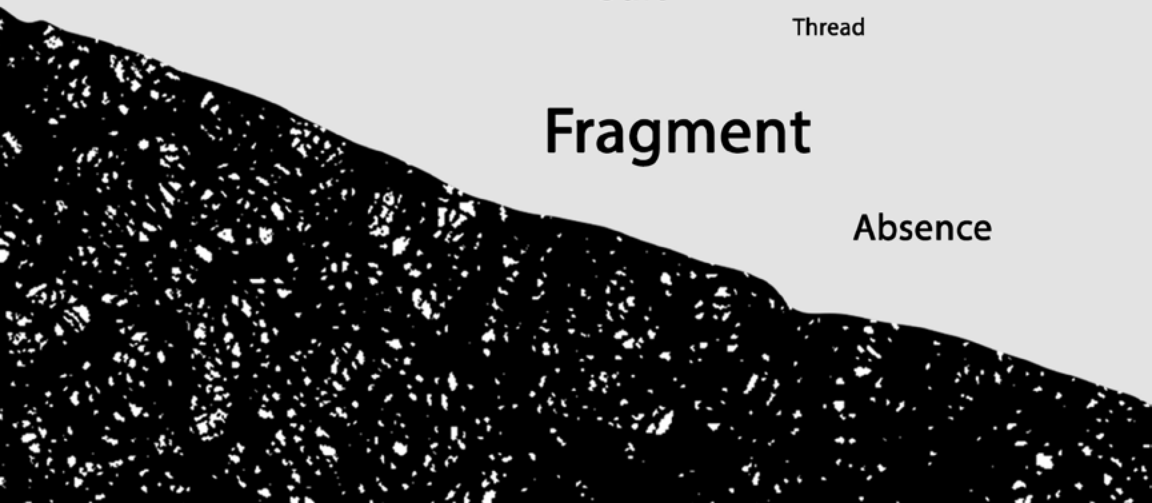
Refusal

Salt

Thread

Fragment

Absence



'হারজি' নাটক, রচনা: প্রণব ভট্ট

বিপাশার বাবা নাই, মা আছেন। সংসারের হাল ধরতে সে চাকরির জন্য নাছোড়বান্দা। স্বাধীন দেশে একটা চাকরি তার অধিকার, সেই অধিকারে সে মোটামুটি একটা কায়দা কানুন করে তার অধিকার ছিনিয়ে নেয়। তার চাকরির কাল ভালই যাচ্ছে, কোম্পানির এম ডি তাকে চাকরি দেয়ার ক্ষণেই ঠিক করে নেয় বিদেশে ফেরত তার একমাত্র পুত্রের পুত্রবধু হিসেবে। পুত্র বিদেশে থাকলেও তার একটা রাবীন্দ্রিক মন আছে, সে বিয়ে ও কাজ সবটার কোনটাই না করে প্রকৃতির কাছাকাছি যায়। একা একা লাগে বলে ফেরত এসে কাজে ঢুকে পড়ে, সাথে বিবাহের ইচ্ছাও জাগে। বাবা এম ডি-র প্ল্যান মতই সব চলছিল, ব্যাঘাত ঘটে প্রথমে ধনী-গরিবের টানাপোড়নে। তারপর তা থেকে উতরে গেলে আসে বাবা এম ডি-র বাচ্যপনা সংস্কার - মুরগি আগে না মুরগির ডিম আগে, অবশেষে বেড়াচ্ছেড়া দেখে মিয়া বিবি নিজেদের রাজনৈতিক হাতিয়ার - এক প্রকার কেমোন্সজ ব্যবহার করে পল্টিমারা বাবা এম ডি-কে শাস্ত্রা করে যখনি একটা জিতা জিতা ভাবে আশ্রিত তখনি বুঝতে পারে যে, এই জিতার রাস্তা পূর্ব পরিকল্পিত। বাবা এম ডি-র রাজনৈতিক কূট - কৌশলে আমি যেটা বুঝলাম যে জীবনে জিতেও হারা যায় আবার হেরেও জিতা যায়- মোটামুটি এই রকম একটা ব্যাপার।

আমারে আপ কি ভাবেন? আপে জানেন আমি কে?  
আপে কে তা আমার জাইনা লাভ কি?  
আরে জানাশোনার ভিতরেই তো মানুষ টেনে যায়  
হ.. মানুষ একটা আজীব প্রাণী,

প্রাণীর সংজ্ঞার ভিতর মানুষ পড়লেও মানুষেরে এনিম্যাল কইলে মাইন্ড খায়,  
ডিসকভারিতে তো দেখায় এনিম্যাল কতটা হিংস্র,

যা দেখেন তাই বিশ্বাস করেন নাকি?  
শোনেন, বিশ্বাসে মিলায় যন্তু তর্কে বহু দূর,  
তবে কিছু কিছু জিনিস দূর থেকেই বিশ্বাস করে,

ভালি কি খান্ডাল, বাবা অতশতের কাছে,  
জানেন তো নিজের সাবধানতা নিজের কাছে,



Situation 2: Re-Exist as Method

It’s still vivid in my mind—those tense, electric hours when we cast our votes not through machines but with ink-stained paper ballots. The rustle of paper held more weight than any digital click could. The city I grew up in was always on the edge—a place shaped by the smoldering tension between rebels, anarchists, and the ultra-left. Post-poll violence wasn’t an exception; it was a rhythm, a kind of aftershock we learned to live with.

My dadu and I shared a quiet ritual of talking politics—not through confrontation, but through mundane exchanges. All I can recall is that I was quite curious about street corners and their impromptu graffiti. I would often ask about the figures, the slogans, and the folx who appeared now and then to make those drawings. At that age, they were surreal personas in my life—bringing new hope as they crossed those walls. Political graffiti was my first open-source library. Those long, unbroken stretches of cracked walls whispered: “Amar naam, tomar naam—Vietnam Vietnam”; “Ebarer sangram—muktir sangram. Ebarer sangram—swadhinotar sangram,” the walls spoke what the textbooks never did. They connected me to a post-Partition current, a forgotten solidarity that pulsed across borders and tongues. I read them like scripture—layers of grief, rage, and promise overlapping in pigment and time. But somewhere along the way, that chorus dimmed. The walls were oppressed.. Mutual intersections turned into cul-de-sacs. I began to wonder—was it globalization? The rise of glossy cities and gated dreams? Or the silent spread of ultra-right sentiment that made multiplicity feel like a threat?

Reclamation

Becoming

Margins

Residue

Temporalities

Fragmentation

Ecologies

Non-linearity

Counter-narrative

Cartography

Displacement

'শেকড়' নাটক, রচনা: আবদুল নূর, সাল: ১৯৮৫

এক কৃষক নিজের পোয়াতি বউ ফুলিকে শঙ্কাভিত মনে ঘরে রেখে নিজের জমির পাকা ধান জোদ্ধারদের হাত থেকে রক্ষা করতে পাহারা দিতে যেত প্রায় রাতে। ধান কাটার সময় ঘনিষে আসার ঠিক কাছাকাছি এক রাতে উনি টের পান যে উনার জমিতে ঢুকে জোদ্ধাররা ধান কাটছে। উনি এদিক সেদিক না ভেবে রাগে ক্ষোভে উনার কান্ধে নিয়ে তাদের দিকে ঝপিয়ে পড়ে। আর মানুষ খুনের অভিযুক্তে তিনি পনের বছর জেল খাটে। বেরিয়ে এসে নিজের ভিটা মাটিও জোদ্ধাররা দখলের লোভে তাকে গ্রাম ছাড়া করতে চায়, কিন্তু পীর হুজুরের বদৌলতে তিনি নিজের ভিটেতেই থাকতে পারে একঘরা হয়ে। এই সমস্টটায় তার ছেলে নিজের আত্মপরিচয় অনুশ্রণে জানতে পারে যিনি একজন ক্যান্ডিডেট ঢাকা উনিভার্সিটির ভাইস চ্যান্সেলর হিসেবে। উনি একজন পালক পুত্র এটা ভাবতে উনার কষ্ট হয় নিজের ভদ্রলোকের বর্তমান পজিশনে। কারণ এক বিশাল অহমিকায় উনি নিমজ্জিত ছিলেন, যেখানে নিজের মেয়েকে একজন মালির ছেলের সাথে বিয়ে দিতে বাধ্যছিল যে কিনা আবার একই উনিভার্সিটির লেকচারার পদে কর্মরত। আমিও মিল খুঁজে পেয়েছিলাম ভদ্রপরিবারের টানাপোড়েন।

বলেন আপা, আপনার সমস্যার কথা বলেন

সমস্যার কি আর শেষ আছে?

যেদিকে তাকাই হেদিকেই সমস্যা

অত তাকানোর দরকারটা কি, তাকানো বন্ধ কইরা দিলেই তো হয়

বন্ধ জ্ঞানলা আর বন্ধ মন একই কথা,

আরে রাখেন আপনার নীতি কথা, মনের কোনো দিশা আছে? এই ভালো এই খারাপ

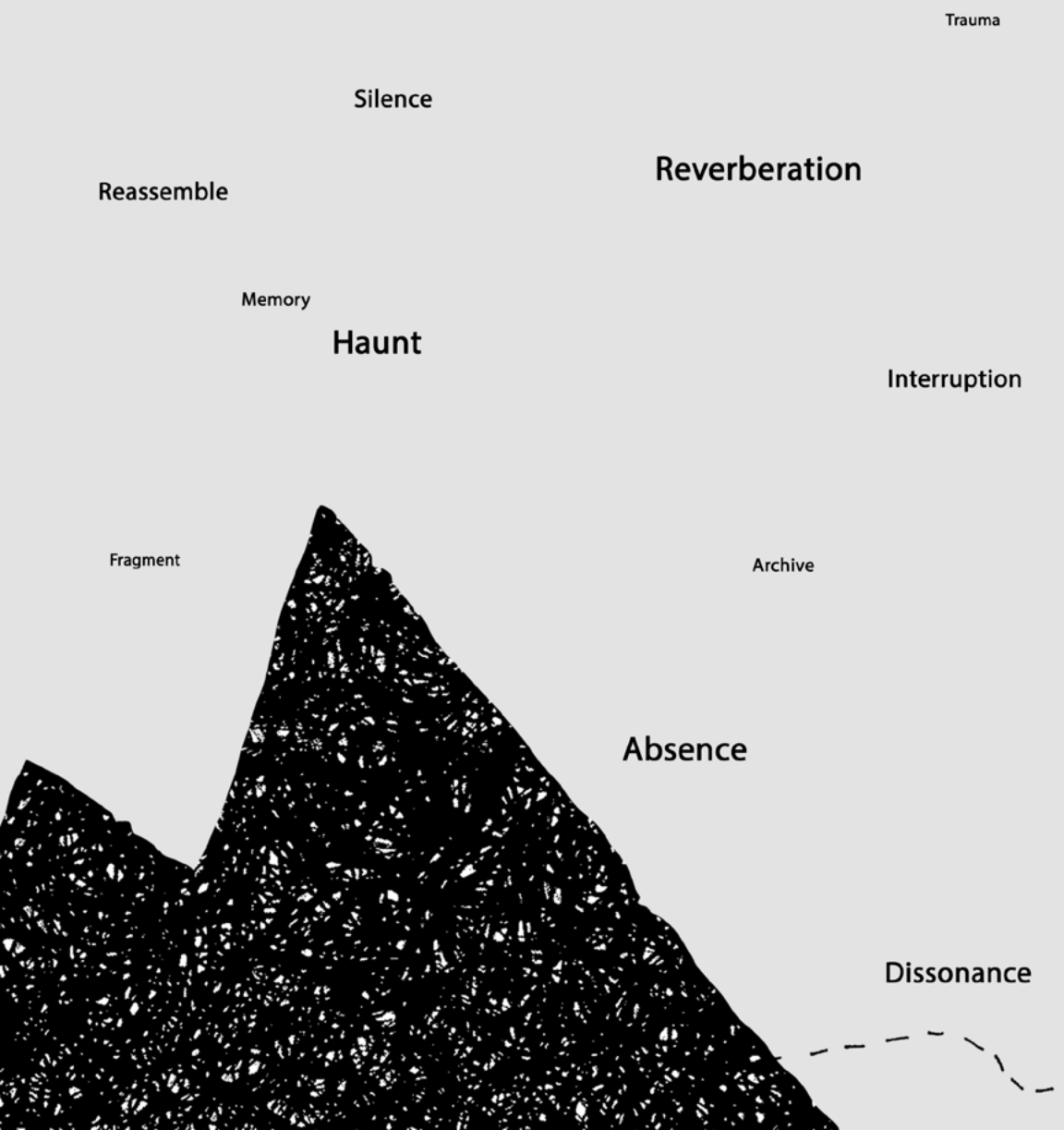
দিলেন তো মিয়া মেজাজটা খারাপ কইরা..

সমাজটায় বেবাক খারাপ হইয়া যাইতেছে আর আগে আছেন আপনার মেজাজ নিয়া

কেন . আমি ছোটলোক বইল্লা আমার কোন চেঁবোধ নাই নাকি?

Situation 3: From Collateral Silence to Reassembled Voices

Year 2004: Early days of high school introduced me to the culture of singularity. Adolescence had a deeper impact, especially holding a trans-body experience that negotiated the politics of rights. One day, while exploring my silence in the library, I encountered art books and Taslima Nasrin’s Lojja. More than reading, I felt rage—a connection that brought my sexual bullying and her written experience together on a plateau where solidarity was not forced but mutual. To experience another state as my state—Partition dissolved, and life emerged from the understanding that ‘our rights are human rights.’



‘শাস্তি’ নাটক, রচনা: মোসলেম উদ্দিন খান

কলের লাসল চলে আসতে বড় ছেলের প্রতি আক্ষেপ করছে মা। বড় ছেলে কৃষক আর ছোট ছেলে ঢাকা উনিভার্সিটিতে পড়াশোনা করে। বেশি পড়াশোনা করলে ছোট ছেলে বড় ছেলেকে পাত্তা দিবে কিনা তা নিয়ে বেশ চিন্তিত গ্রামের এক বয়স্ক মুরকি। মুরকি চায় তার নিজের ছেলে যেন ভাল মানের চাকরি পায়। যদিও তার ছেলের পড়াশোনার প্রতি বিশেষ আগ্রহ নাই কিন্তু নিজেকে ক্ষমতাবান দেখাতে সে তার বাবার মতোই ছল-চাতুরিতে বিশ্বাস রাখে। এই দিকে আলতা নামের এক গ্রামীণ জীবনে অভিনব নব্য তরুণীর সাথে ভদ্র ও স। সেই ছোট ছেলের প্রণয়। প্রত্যাশায় আছে যখন ভাল রেজাল্ট করে ভাল একটা চাকরি পাবে তারপর পরই বিয়ের প্রস্তাবে দুই পরিবার আগাবে। মেয়ের বাবা আবার সুবিধাবাদী লোক। উনার মতে, উনার কোন লাভ লস নেই কারণ সেই ছল-চাতুরিতে বিশ্বাস রাখা ছেলেটিও এই মেয়েকে বিবাহ করতে চায়। কারণ এটা তার ক্ষমতা প্রকাশের একটা বড় ধাপ। অবশেষে, ঘটনাক্রমে ভদ্র ও স। ছেলেটি জেলে যায় এবং ঘুষ দিয়ে ওই ছেলেটি ভাল মাইনের চাকরি পায় ও মেয়ের বাবা বিয়ের প্রস্তুতি নেয়। কিন্তু এই অন্যান্য সহ্য করতে না পেরে বড় ছেলে ঘুষ খাওয়া সেই এম ডি-র সাথে দেখা করে কড়া করে দুইটা কথা শুনতে যায়। ওই সময় এম ডি-কে মদ্যপ অবস্থায় এবং কথা কাটাকাটির এক পর্যায়ে পিস্তল বের করে শাসাতে গিয়ে হাতাহাতির এক পর্যায়ে নিজের টিগার দিয়ে নিজের বুকেই গুলিবিদ্ধ হয়ে মারা যান। আর এই সমস্ত ঘটনাটির বিবরণ দেন বড় ভাই যখন কার্ঠগড়ায় ছোট ভাইকে মামলার দায়ী হিসেবে জাজ ফাঁসির আদেশের প্রস্তুতি নিচ্ছিল।

কাছাকাছি থেকেও মানুষ কত দূরে দূরে থাকে...

জীবনটা নিয়া থাকাটাই তো একটা চ্যালেঞ্জ...কিন্তু ও আমার সাথে চ্যালেঞ্জ ছুইরা মারে, কত বড় সাহস!

সাহসের দেখছেন কি? সবে তো শুরু, মিঞা

তাইলে শুরু থাইক্কাই খেলা শুরু হোক, আমরা কি কম খেলা জানি নাকি?!

জানি জানি, সুবিধা করতে না পারলেই পলি মারবেন আপনে, আপনে যে সুবিধাবাদী মানুষ রে ভাই ..কি কমু।

শুনেন, আমি ডিশিশন এমনভাবে নেই যাতে আমার কোন লস না হয় তা যে দলই

জিতুক না কেন,

বুঝলাম আপনে অতি চালাক মানুষ।

জীবনে উন্নতি করতে চাইলে চালাক না হইলে বিপদ আছে,  
শুধু শুধু বিপদ ডাইক্কা না নিয়া আসাই ভাল।

মেটা ভাল বইল্লা আপনার কাছে মনে হচ্ছে,  
মেটা তো ভাল নাও হতে পারে...

কেন ভাবা প্রাকটিস করতে বলছে তো স্বত্বিক ঘটক!

আগ্নে খামেন, আগ্নে একটু বেশিই ভাবেন

Situation 4: A Site of Shared Knowledge and Decolonial Observation

Back in the library during my university days, I went to Santiniketan for a workshop. I was looking for texts on the nation and the future of education, exploring parallel pedagogies, when a stranger introduced me to a text/perspective by Sufia Kamal. I can't tell you, Tilottama—not having the chance to meet her was a personal loss. I wish I could sing like a roar, I wish I could share what she meant when it came to collective reading. I can't resist quoting a section from a cult song by Kabir Suman (sing-song producer and singer):

সুফিয়া কামাল, এক একটা দেশ থাকে মানচিত্রেই শুধু রাখা,  
কারুর নয়নে থাকে স্বদেশের ছবিখানি আঁকা  
আমি সেই স্বদেশের ছবি দেখি আপনার মুখে,  
সুফিয়া কামাল মানে বাংলাদেশের ছোঁয়া বুকে।

More than a song, this loop stayed with me long enough to push my boundaries and dissolve my fear of losing a connection to a place I had never been. Then one day I crossed a border and thought—I am here, in the land of Sufia Kamal!

Unlearning

dissolve

Anarchive

Pedagogy

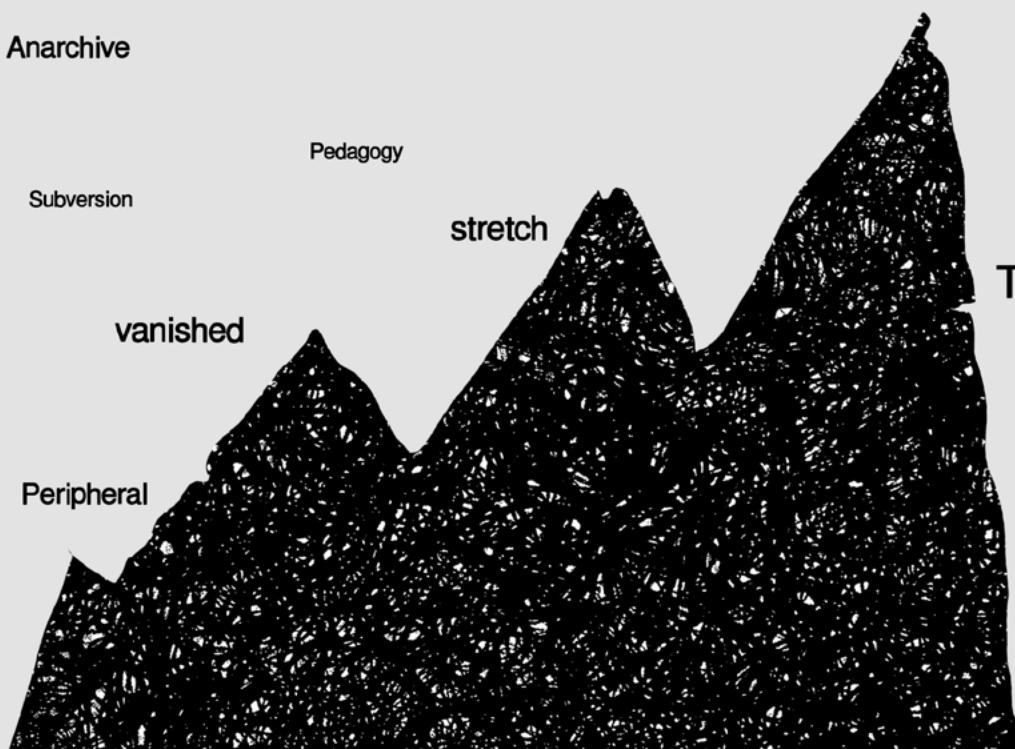
Subversion

stretch

vanished

Peripheral

Ter



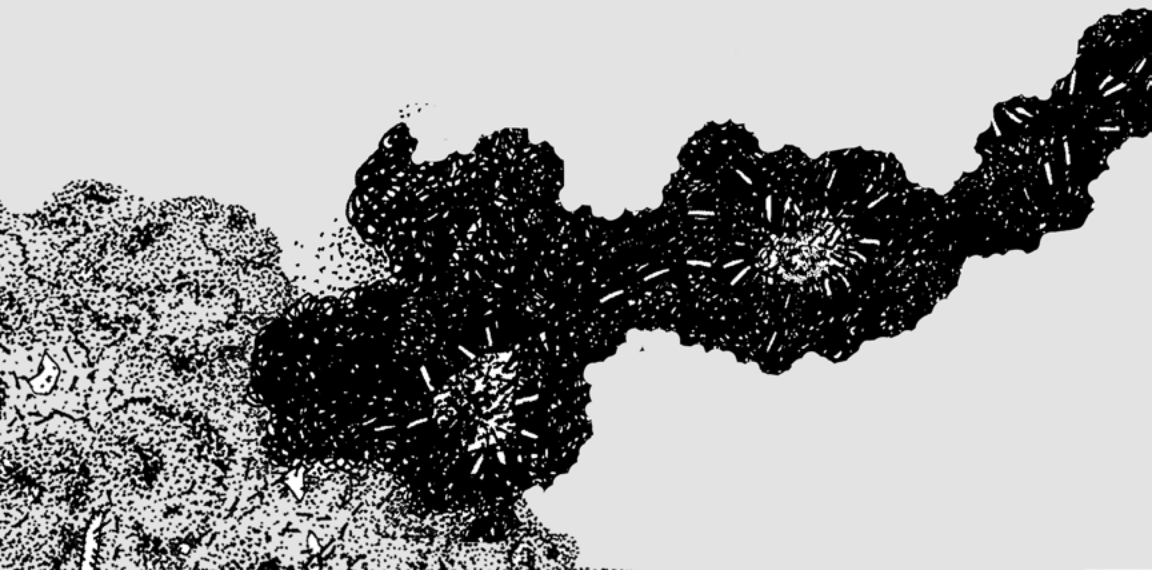


'এখানে লোগর' রচয়িতা মামুন-উর -রশিদ,সাল: ১৯৮১

নদীর এপার ভেঙে ওপার জাগে- জলমহল জলমহল বলে এক পাগল নতুন জাগা চরে তার জলমহলকে হন্যে হয়ে খুঁজতে থাকে। এক তসিলদার সাহেব এই চরে এসে বড় বড় পাঙ্গাস মাছ, রসগোল্লায় কেন কম ছানা এই সব আবদার নিয়ে ব্যস্ত। চেয়ারম্যান উনি অন্যান্য চর দখলের রক্তাক্ত অভিজ্ঞতা থেকে এইবারে নিজের অবস্থানটা নিয়ে পরিস্কার। তাই তিনি নিয়ম কইরা দেন, তসিলদারের কাছ খেইক্কা স্লিপ যে পাইব সেই জমির দখল নিতে পারব। একজন শিক্ষক একটা স্কুল ঘর খোলার জন্য চেয়ারম্যানকে স্মরণ করতে গিয়ে নিজে অপমানিত হন। এই সব যখন হচ্ছিল তখন সৌদিআরব থেকে ধরা খাওয়া এক মানুষ এই চরে আসে চাষের সরঞ্জাম নিয়া যাতে আপাতত ক্রিতে খাওয়াইয়া পরে জাতি গোষ্ঠী নিয়া জায়গাটা দখল করা যায়। হাফিজ ও মন্টু নামের দুই যুবক 'আদিবাসি যারা তারাই এই চরে থাকতে পারে' বইল্লা এক সাথে আওয়াজ উঠাইলেও পরে দুইজনের মধ্যে বিবাদ লাগে দখল নিয়া। এক বয়স্ক খালা তার মুরগির খামার এখনও আছে বইল্লা মনে করে, আবার রাতে প্রায় সময় ডিস্কার গান গাইতে থাকে কারণ তার মুখের পেশির অভ্যাস হইয়া যায় যখন শহরে ছিল। সফুরা যে এই চরের এক মাত্র যুবতি মাইয়া, সে শহর খেইক্কা ফেরত আসে নিজের জামাই ছাড়া এবং পরবর্তিতে চেয়ারম্যানের এক লোককে মেরে নিজে জেলে যান। এই দিকে জলমহল বলে চাঁচাতো যে পাগল চেয়ারম্যান তাকে মাইরা নিজের বাগানে পুঁইতা রাখে। পরে মনের ভয়ে তার নিজেরই পাগল হওয়ার দশা।

আপ্নে ডরান কি নিন্দার ভয়ে? আরে শুনেন, মানুষ প্রশংসা করে লোভে, আর নিন্দা করে স্খোভে, সমালোচনা করে হিংসায়, আর খাতির করে ধান্দায়, সম্পর্ক করে স্বার্থে, আর সম্মান করে অর্থে, তোমার অর্থ না থাকলে কেউ তোমারে সম্মান করবে না এটাই বাস্তব।

আপ্নের মনে হয় না, আপ্নে একটা ফালতু কথা বললেন এখন...



Situation 5: Plurality and the Uprising

I forget the exact timeline, but it was during Hok Kolorob. I met a visitor in Kolkata; he was from Jessore and had studied at Dhaka University, someone who had witnessed various radical protests during the emergency period in Bangladesh, especially in the late 1990s. We shared our memories of participating in different collective uprisings organized by students demanding social justice. What intrigued me was his view of protest as a symbol of confrontation and political plurality—it was not merely about Southeast Asia but a representation of the Global South. The performative intersections during Hok Kolorob were my attempt to readdress my protest language. Even though these were different space-times, I felt our veins ran with a similar fluid that needs to be readdressed.

Disquiet

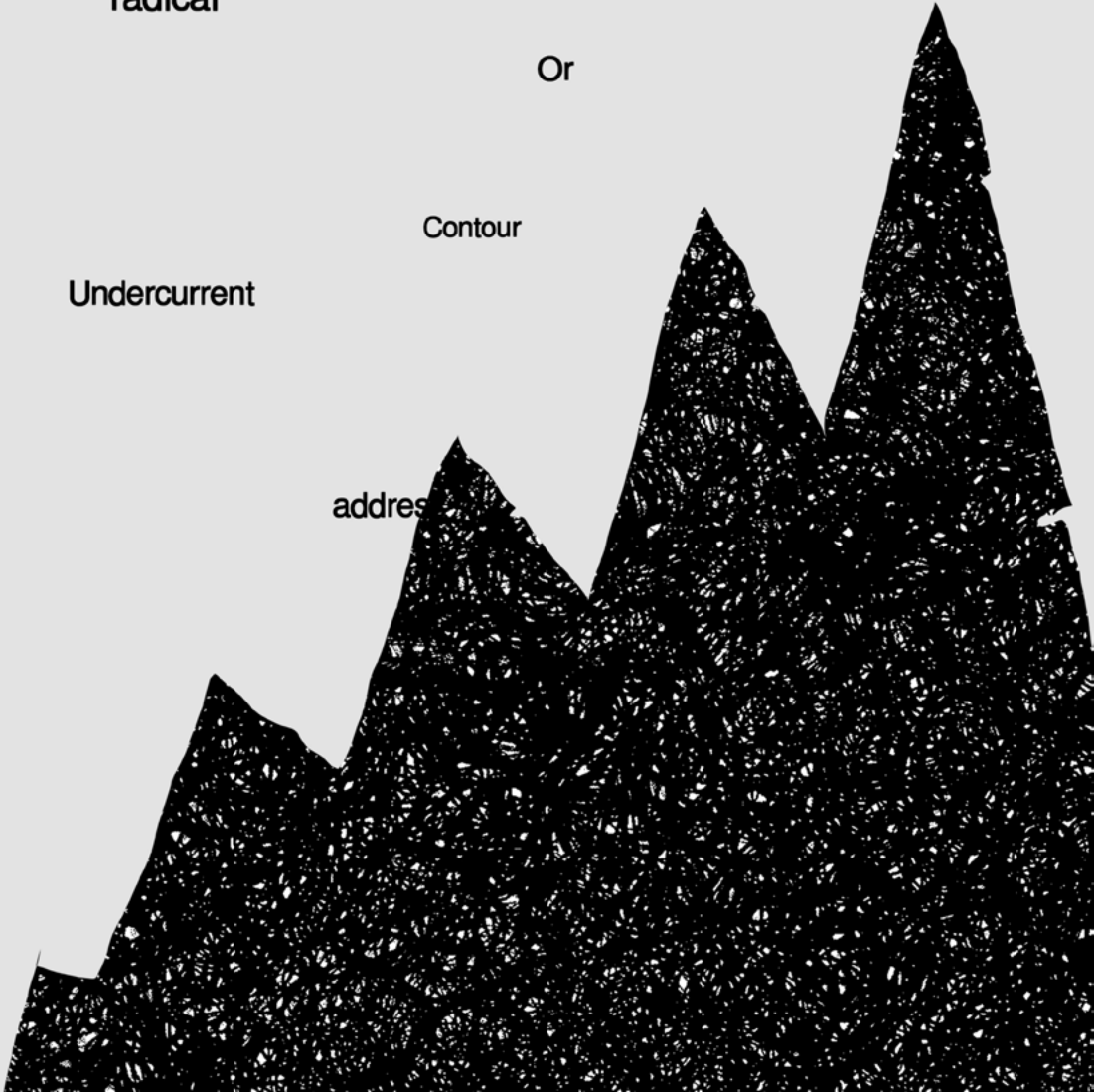
radical

Or

Contour

Undercurrent

address



‘সহচর’ নাটক, রচনা: মমতাজ উদ্দীন আহমেদ

খাদিমপুরের মাস্টার যিনি অবসরের পর পাঁচ বছর ধরে উনার গ্রাম ঘুড়ে ঘুড়ে নানান লোকসংগীত, কিছা-কাহিনি, গল্প, মানুষের কথা লিখে রাখেন উনার পাণ্ডলিপিতে। উনার কাছে যৎসামান্য অর্থও না থাকতে উনি ঢাকা শহরে আসেন পাণ্ডলিপিটা সাথে নিয়ে যদি প্রকাশ করা যায়। পাঁচ বছর আগে অ্র নামের একজন বেশ নামকরা লেখক খাদিমপুরে আসেন - যার ইন্সপাইরেশনে মাস্টারমশাই আসলে লেখার জগতে আসেন। উনার প্রতি অনেক আশা ভরসা ধারণ করে যখন উনি ঢাকা শহরে আসেন তখন সেই লেখক খ্যাতির বিড়ম্বনায় অস্থির। ঢাকা পয়সা উনি যথেষ্ট করেছেন কিন্তু উনি সারাঙ্কন ভাবেন উনার এই খ্যাতি কতকাল থাকবে। উনি যে লেখা লিখতে চেয়েছিলেন তা উনি কোনদিনই আর করে উঠতে পারবেন না। কিন্তু এই অর্থকষ্টে, অপমানে, বঞ্চনায় জর্জরিত মানুষটি নিজের লেখা মন দিয়ে করে গেছেন বছরের পর বছর এই বোধ যখনি জন্মাল উনি নিজের উদ্যোগে খাদিমপুর গ্রামের ওই লেখকের লেখা বই আকারে প্রকাশ করলেন। মৃত্যুর পর উনি অবশেষে খ্যাতি লাভ করেন, এই ব্যাপারটা বেশ রোমাঞ্চকর ঢেকে আমার জন্য, পাছে বাস্তবে কষ্টের হিসেব কষতে গেলে বেগ পেতে হয়, আবার ভাবনা হয় মৃত্যুর আগে উনি তো এই বিষয়টা জেনে জাননি, তো কি লাভ হল। আবার ভাবি, সমৃদ্ধ কিছু পৃথিবী পেল উনার হাত ধরে এটাই হয়ত আশার বিষয়।



কি করে বুঝব যে, আগ্নে ছোটলোক না বড়লোক?

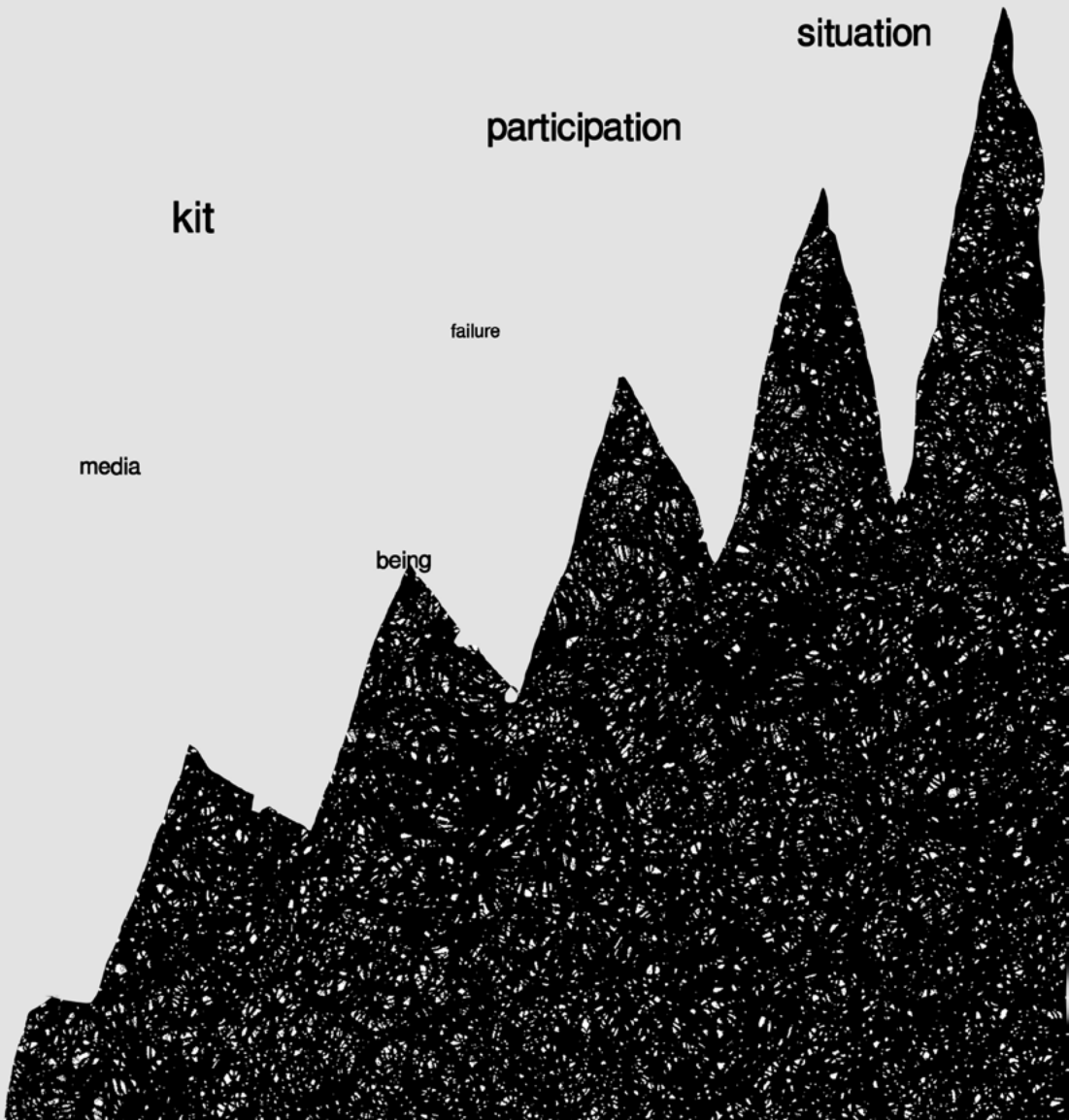
কেন, যার মোটামোটি সব রকম চাহিদা আছে কিন্তু টাকা নাই।  
ঢাকা থাকলেই সব হয় নাকি?

শুনেন, টাকা থাকলেই যেমন ভাল লেখা হয় না, তেমনি ভালবাসলেই তারে নিয়ে ঘর করা হয় না।

আর আগ্নেরা তো অভিমান আপনারাই দেখি ভাল ভাল কথা কন আবার আপনারাই গাল পারেন।  
নিয়াই বাঁচেন না..

Situation 6: Radical Care Toward Collective Acts of Solidarity

Can we imagine a mass uprising in South-East Asia without reading the failure of the Shahbagh movement, not as a method but as a strategy? I was already sharing my memories with that space; being there and sharing my extended family, I felt an internal stress. Observing fractured news bulletins, especially through social media, taught me that a 'culture of participation' is now an impossible task. We only get introduced to fractured parts of the situation. I was quite active, sharing/layering/organizing my protest kit in my hometown, Howrah, regarding this mass struggle. But after a point, I felt deep disappointment that not having direct access to the ground sometimes puts us within a mirage where the body of the movement is limited.



‘নশ্বরের রাত’ ধারাবাহিক নাটক হুমায়ুন আহমেদ, সাল:১৯৯৫

হাসান সাহেব মাঝ-বয়েসি একজন লোক, যিনি নিজেকে বোকা বোকা ভাবে অন্যের কাছে উপস্থাপন করেন। উনি পাতা দিয়ে বাঁশি বাজান, জোন্সার রাতে ঘুমান না, সারারাত জোন্সা দেখে কাটা। কথার মাঝে মাঝে উনি সহজ ভাবে জ্ঞানগর্ভ কথা বলে মানুষকে বেশ একটা হাঁচট খাইয়ে দে। উনার মতে, মানুষ যখন রেগে থাকেন বা উত্তেজিত থাকেন তখন কোন একটা ভাবে কথা দিয়ে হাঁচট খাইয়ে দিলে তার ভেড়ে আসার প্রবণতা মলিন হয়ে পড়ে। এতে ঐ মানুষটা মনোযোগ দিয়ে অন্যের কথা শুনা পরে ভাবতে পারেন। উনি আরও বিশ্বাস করেন যে, নিজের দুঃখকে বড় না করে অন্যের দুঃখকে বড় করে দেখার। উনি কিডনি বিক্রি করে টাকা উপার্জন করতে চান একটা সুন্দর ঘটনা উপভোগ করার জন্য। গরিব বলে কেউ তুচ্ছ তাচ্ছিল্য করলে হাসান সাহেব উনাকে মনে করিয়ে দেন যে উনি একজন গ্রাজুয়েট। উনার নিজের কোন ঘর নাই, উনি অন্যের বাড়িতে অতিথি হয়ে বেশ কয়েক মাস বা কয়েক বছর থেকে যান যতক্ষণ পর্যন্ত উনি মনে করেন যে, এবার উনার চলে যাবার সময় হয়ে গেছে। উনি অবসরে উনার যে একমাত্র জুতাজোড়াটি আছে তা খুব যত্ন নিয়ে পরিষ্কার করেন যাতে উনি নিজেকে মনে করিয়ে দেন যে উনাকে আবার বেরিয়ে পড়তে হবে শহরের পথে প্রান্তে।

অভিমান করছেন তো ঠকছেন, নিজের অধিকার নিজে বুইঝা নেন।

কিন্তু অধিকার চাইতে গেলে পাছে লোকে গ্যাঞ্জাম করে।

ওমা গ্যাঞ্জাম ছাড়া কিছু আদায় হয় নাকি? আগ্নে ত ভীতু প্রজাতির মানুষ

হ..প্রজাতির ধরণ-ই তো ভিন্নতা

তাইলে আগ্নে ঐ খুশিতেই থাকেন, এদিক দিয়া আপনার জিনিস অন্য কেউ নিয়া যাক।

আহা...রে আগ্নে বুঝেন না কেন, অধিকার অর্জনের চেয়ে অধিকার রক্ষা করা যে বেশি কঠিন।

ও..আগ্নের আসল ডায়েরি কারণ হইছে এইটা।



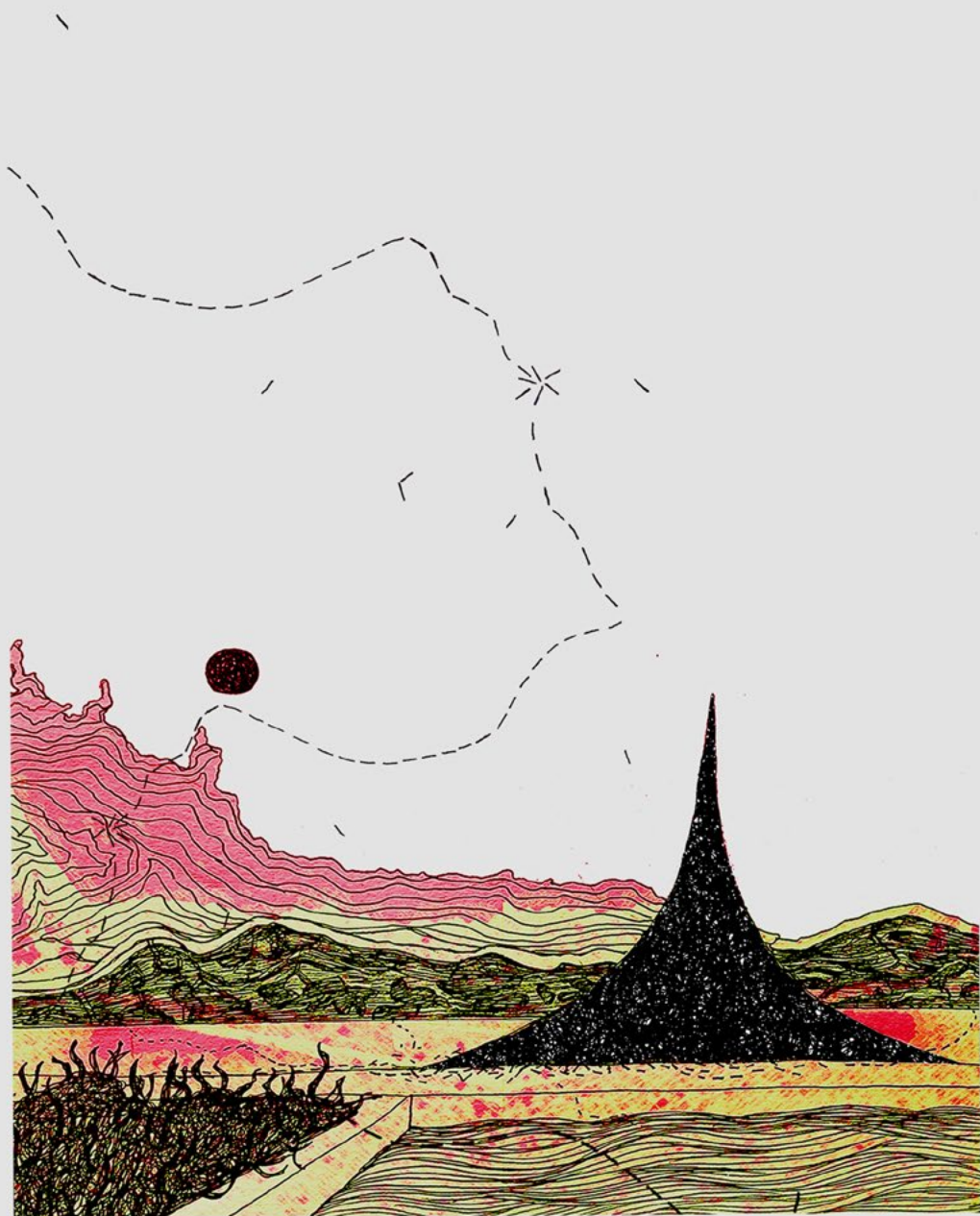
## Situation 7: Prolonged Liberation in Process

“নিঃস্বার্থ ভালোবাসা মুক্তি পাক এক আপাতকালীন ঐক্যের প্রহসন কালে”—may selfless love be liberated in this farcical era of temporary unities. Year 2021: I met my Bangladeshi counterpart in a busy, over-congested cityscape at a five-channel intersection. It had witnessed several anecdotes, from partition to the 1971 liberation—as if I were overlapping time, challenging the colonial time-unit. More than articulation, I realized that I don’t wish to bind this transitional body within their imposed two-nation theory. It is not an easy task, but I am not concerned—because if we can care with empathy and love, we can reunite for a collective reunion.

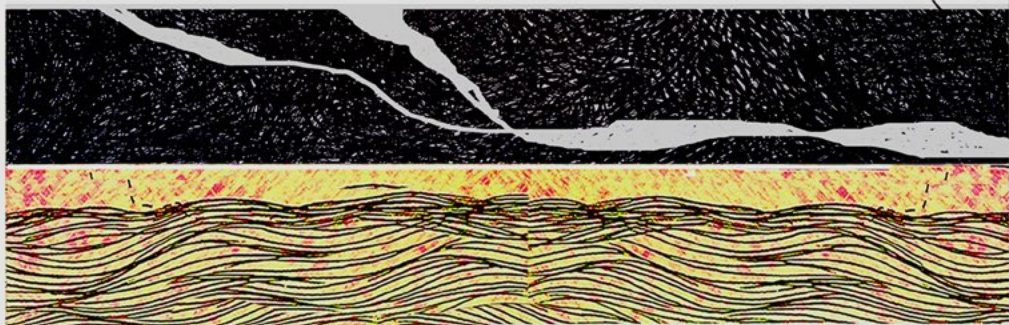
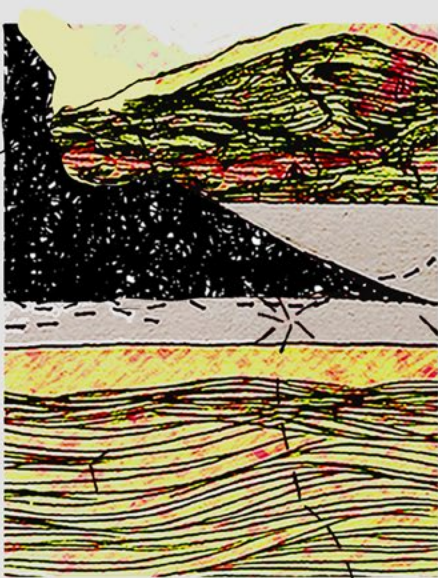
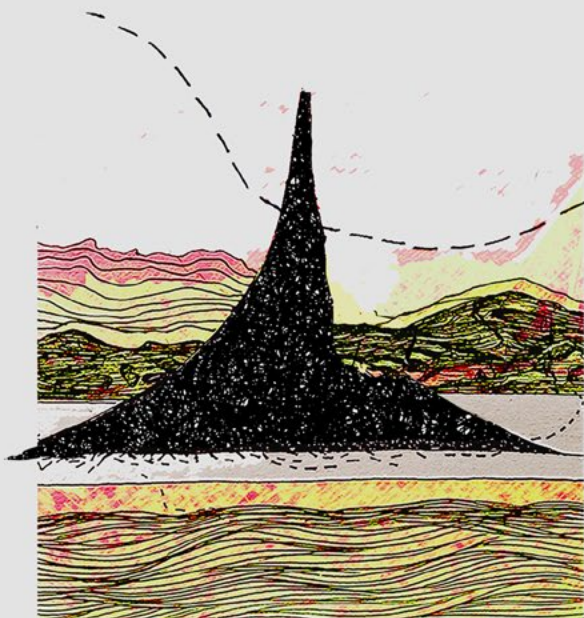
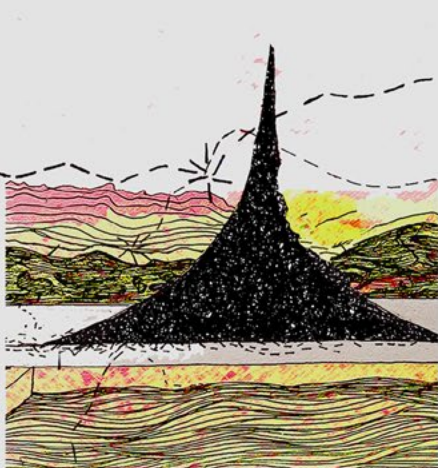
Echo / Echo / Echo / Echo / Echo / ...

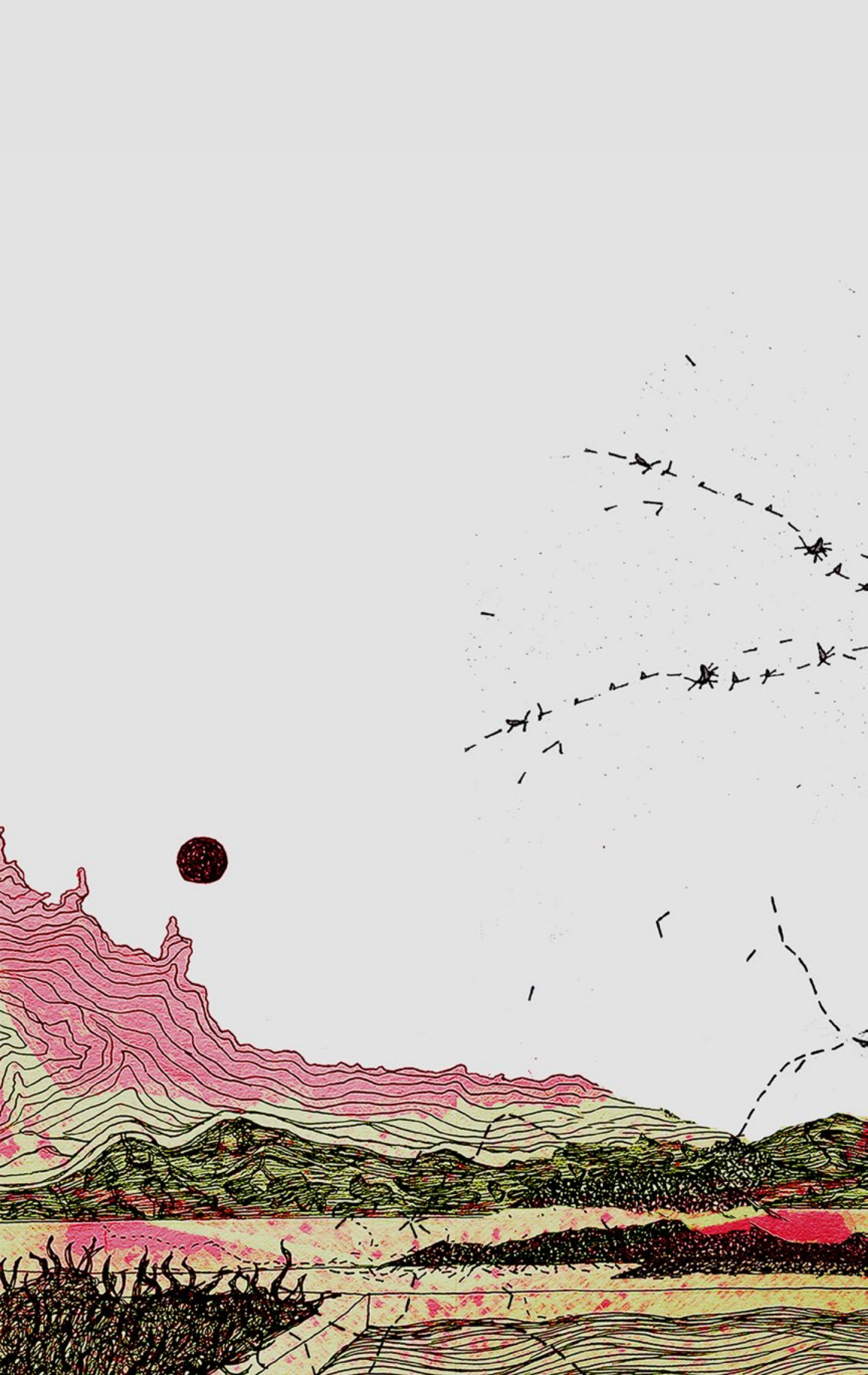
Time















zeropowercut

bare-minim



um-cinema

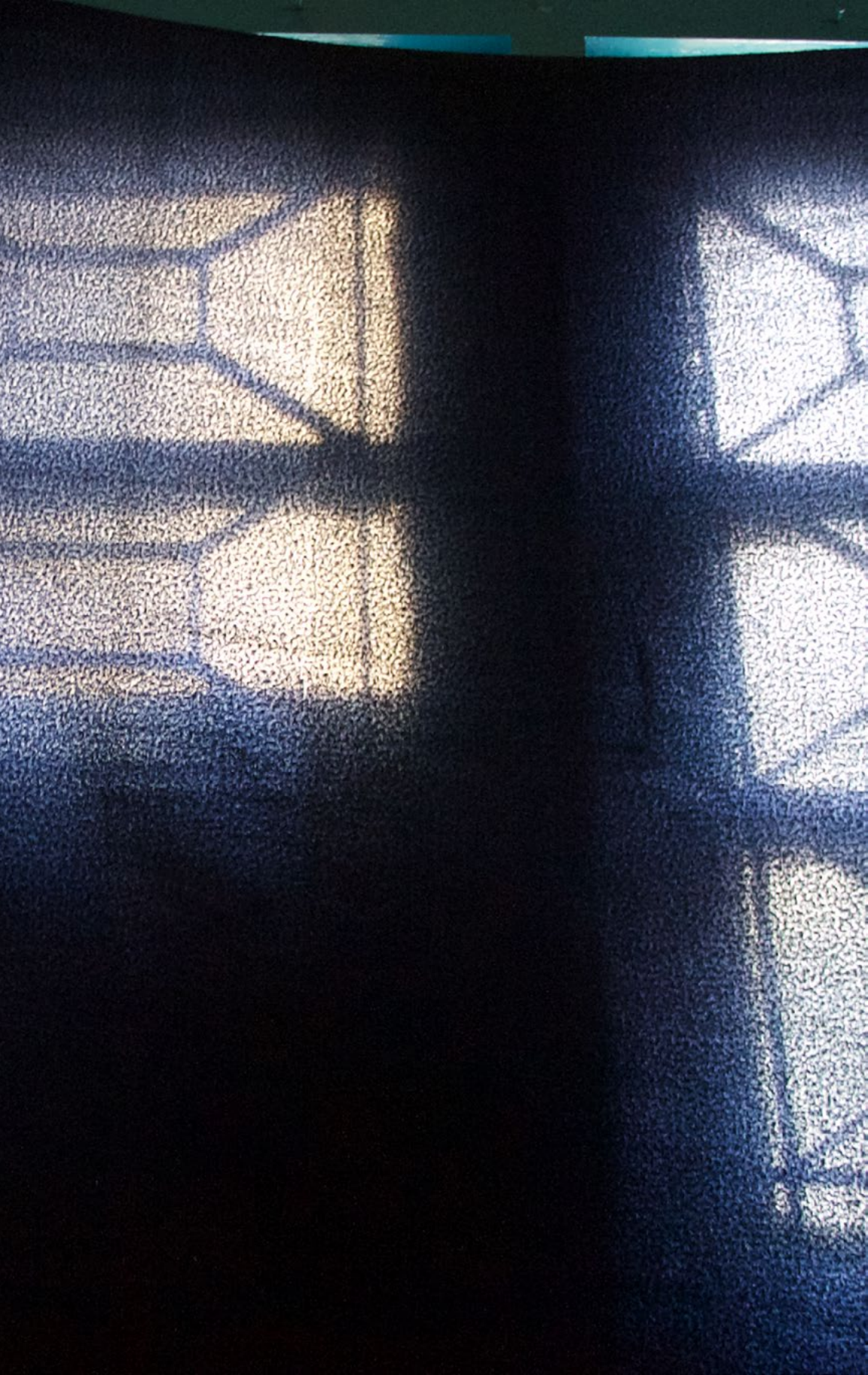








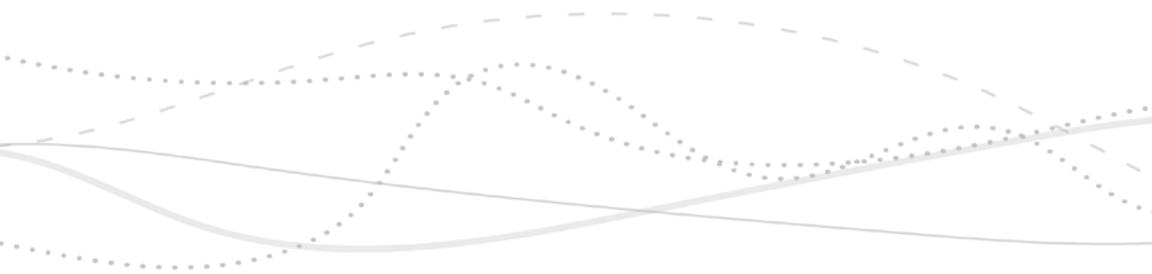




zeropowercut



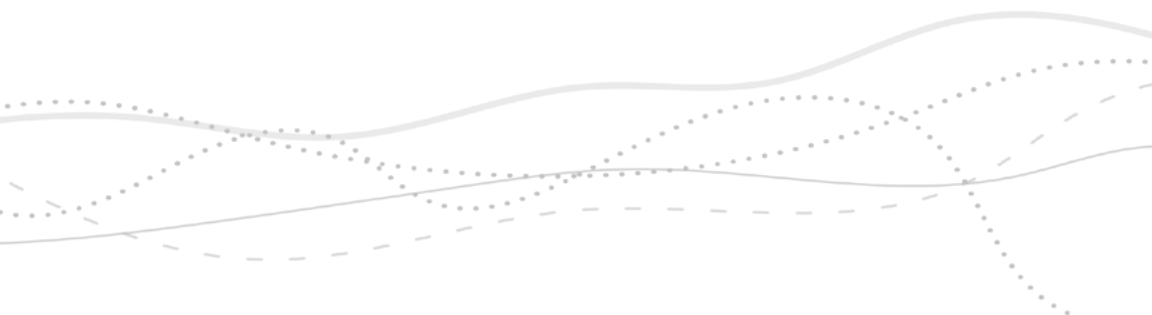
<https://hekh.cargo.site>



To contain something which is changing, the place of image has to remain meaningless for a while. This meaninglessness is often outside the ontological boundary of the mode that is meant to systemise these images (and their sequences) as transducers of things human-social. What is happening through the images is not necessarily what is happening in the images, but these phenomenas may be related, possibly inseparable in the scope of how things become intelligible. When the timeless absence (the cut) between images, or images themselves defy their authoring-system's ideological horizon of meanings, the dissociated mundane finds time-space in propagation media.

Or

It is what happens to things and not what things are





# Set Building Notes for *Orifices*

By Kate Chan and Mark Chung  
July, 2025




Residing in the HVAC system of a shopping mall, molds crawl from the edge of the down light fixtures, speakers and air vents on the drywall ceiling above the urinal hall in a toilet situated in the middle of a twisting and bending passageway that can either be part of an evacuation pathway or a utility corridor of the mall. It is impossible for anyone other than the security guards and facility care workers, to sketch a mental map of this tubular network of diversions and conjunctions, a maze in a dungeon crawl. The walls are overlaid with fire-rated ceramics tiles in repetitive marble pattern, while non-anti-slip fire-rated tiles line the floor, in a beige that appears depthless under the cool daylight fluorescent lights, with occasional castor scratch marks over the otherwise monotonous gloss. This is not the kind of mall where soft jazz music plays in air-conditioned, scented corridors; you hear muffled footsteps from afar echoing in the corridors here, stifling and humid. This is the kind of mall where, to minimize construction cost, three disparate exits/entrances lead to the same toilet: smoke doors that are always double-door, each perforated with round wired glass windows, ø15 centimeter. Apart from the first pair, which is automatic and in slight delay for toilet goers in urgency, the rest are manual. Depending on the fire and/or health and/or safety and/or environmental and/or human rights and/or equality laws, regulations, guidelines and/or advice, some open by push, some by pull, sometimes they alternate, sometimes two in a roll, sometimes three. Experienced toilet users will plan their visits like catching an international flight, always prepared for a twist in faith, and in the unfortunate case of confusion in directions, follow the draft of air or the constant wheeze from the cracks of the bathroom doors, for the atmospheric pressure in the toilets is constantly higher than inside the tunnels, hence the whistle that resonates within these corridors will always bring one to their desired destination.

Not now, but on weekend afternoons packed with families and tourists in shopping sprees, a long queue awaits outside the toilet before one even notices the red stick figure next to the entrance.



From a beginning that cannot be seen inside the toilet, a slow-moving line spirals through like intestines running the inside of the building. There are no worse positions than the end of the queue; three counts ahead, one wavers at the alternative of walking to a less frequented toilet two floors above with each second passing as sunk cost. At the entrance there is heightened urgency and irritation, as one is constantly pushed by people leaving in relief and people surveying the number of cubicles squeezing in and out. Then comes the real test of endurance: the closer one is to the finalé, the stronger the physical urge is, intensified by the endless flow of sounds and smell triggering disgust but more so, a natural response that must be withheld. For we are waiting to enter a domain dictated by involuntary movements in our bodies, a place where the orifices of systems of bodies and bodies of systems meet.

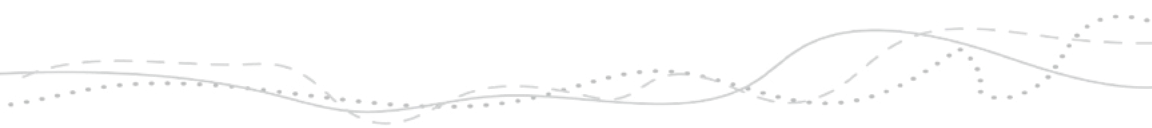
In front of the toilet next door, wet soles smudge over the tiles until they appear in a semi-gloss finish. The constant humming from the HVAC system is so loud that music is necessary: a digital piano recording of a faintly familiar pop song plays on loop from the ceiling speakers, with intermittent announcements arranged by the facility management team of the mall, reminders of personal hygiene in multiple languages by the same dull computer voice. A row of LED recessed down light reflects through the mirrors across the toilet, making it seem larger. Fitted with four adult and one child urinal bowls on one side and two cubicles facing four washing basins, an eeriness seeps through the space, where automation activated by proximity sensors flushes unoccupied toilets and water flows from the faucet as the mirror reflects the tiles on the opposite wall. The toilet or urinal flushes as soon as when one tilts forward slightly, possibly still excreting, splashing a cocktail of body wastes and flush water on the exposed skin; while the hand drier and water faucet refuse to work and remain responseless even when a desperate user rubs his hands ceaselessly in front of the device. Within this supposedly sterile space with minimized human contact, one's understanding of



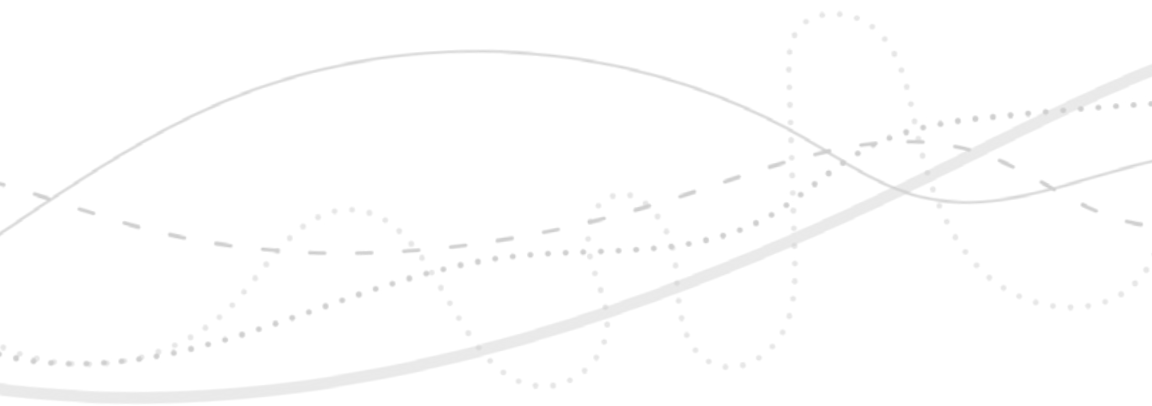
proximity is perplexed and inverted, in the undetectable presence of subcontracted cleaners stationed in each of these toilets.

It is a disorienting olfactory experience to be confronted with a mixture of the mouldy, the rotting, ammonia and chlorine. The sting from bleach fails to obscure the omnipresent odour filling the space from the deep of pipes, the remains in drains, the unseen corners and invisible particles suspended in the air. Even in the quietest hours, air oscillates, propelled by the concealed exhaust fans and air conditioning units, cooling rather than evaporating moisture on your skin from the moment you enter, leaving a thin layer of cold sweat on the back of the neck.

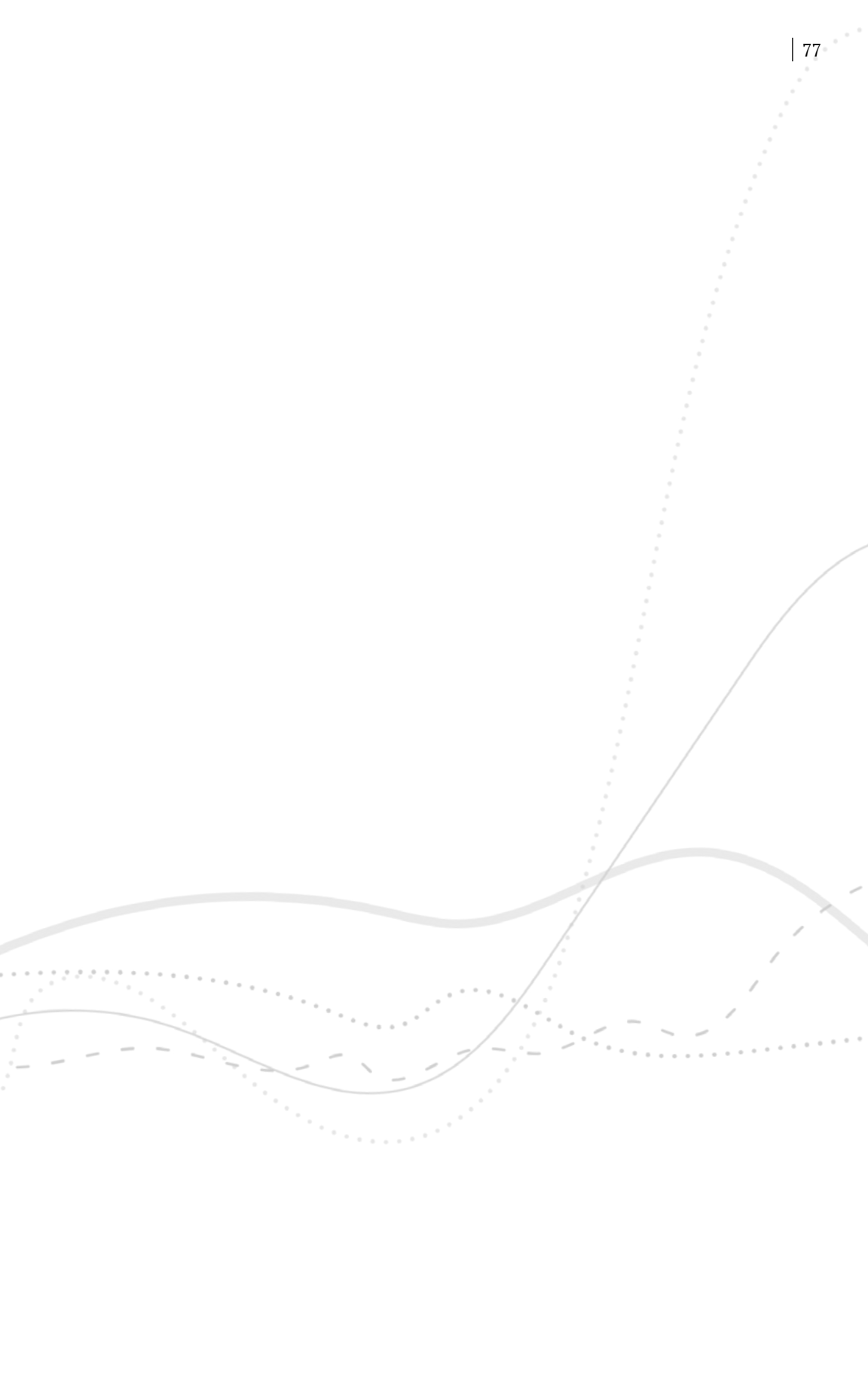
Steam from the rice cooker quickly fleets and becomes invisible in the rush of circulating air. It is in the late afternoon on a weekday. Under the plastic stackable stool that barely fits between the shelves stands a rice cooker on top of a shoe box wrapped in a used plastic bag, above a stack of replacement wall tiles; in the water-proof box is a pair of worn but clean sneakers in a spunbond polypropylene non-woven fabric bag with a folded t-shirt, jeans and a few pairs of rolled socks; two black gumboots are wedged between both legs of the stools and the bottom frame of the shelves, one on each side; several cotton rags and a pair of cotton-lined vinyl gloves are hanging on a red nylon string tied onto the studs of the shelves, 60 centimeters in depth on three sides of the wall, in a room that is 180 centimeters by 180 centimeters. Officially a storage room, also a permanent makeshift resting room for the stationed cleaner, its door matches the tiled wall in the toilet perfectly, now a trapdoor wide opened. Light filtered from outside, so scant that one can only trace the vague outline of the objects inside the room, covered in a greyish hue and dampness. It is tightly fitted with buckets, mops, detergents, refills and a tower of toiletries to lean against, with softer items deliberately placed on sitting-shoulder-to-hip-height as cushioning. When the imprint of the body becomes so deep that the edge of the shelves and the resting ribcage come into contact, the shelves will be restocked accordingly, until the refills



slightly protrude the depth of the shelves. In front of the stool is a low foldable table, neatly covered with layers of old newspaper repurposed as placemats and upholstery for foot rest. In unequal distance from the two upper corners of the doorway leading to the storage room, two used plastic bottles with tops cut off are glued onto the tiled wall with semi-transparent silicon sealant, filled with water and aquatic bamboo plants believed to bring good luck, noticeably cared for. Least interrupted by whatever happens outside this space: a place for everything and everything in its right place, and everything that needs doing gets done — water flushed and drained, toilets used and wiped, bins filled and emptied, soap emptied and refilled, people come and go — the room remains as it is, all beyond is a perpetual cycle of changes in the space being maintained.



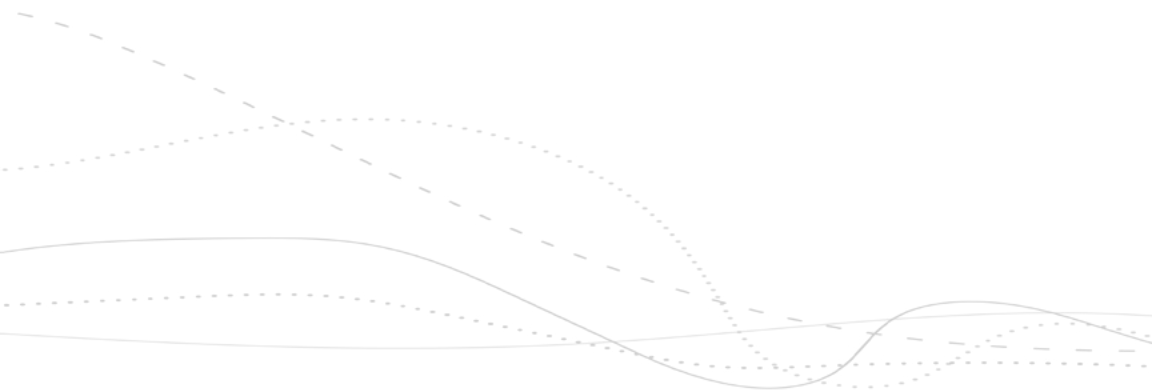




# Fainting Growls of Guerrilla Gorilla(s)

By Anurag Singraur and Rahul Juneja

July, 2025

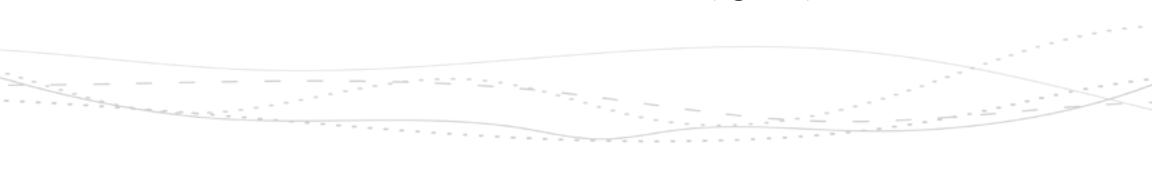


During the CAA-NRC protest in late 2019, the college campus seemed divided on the measures taken by the state on the authenticity of citizenship. A fragment of students from different specializations and societies came together to host a small but effective protest under the gym. An extension of the same was dissent through drawings and poster making, where the commune unanimously agreed to march around the campus and Mandi House area, sticking them on walls of offices and cultural centers. But this was not the first instance. In the last 5 years this was the second uprising, and another yet to come. Was this the space's legacy<sup>1</sup>? Every time something changed outside the gates of the campus, it reflected in the space. Was it its location? Quite close to the "centre". Roof tops were carefully monitored by Supreme Court snipers, who would ring the principal immediately if they saw students on the terrace. Police patrolling vehicles would come for water re-fills and sometimes security checks.

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1. It all started with an "introductory" session under a low roof with floor stained from the lunch break that had just ended. Thalís waiting to be sent back to the washing area, behind the canteen, while the [furry tails](#) lick the last of the remains from them. Seniors circling around newly admitted undergrads while cranking up the speaker volume just a bit louder. It's hard to remember if it was old school hip-hop or trap. Always, a couple of them from the crowd indulged in rolling a cigarette or two, while others, finding the best possible cosplay scenario as the premise for their prey's introductory act.

Gym ke neeche, as the name suggests, was directly under the gym. Standing actively on six pillars, somehow in deep resonance with the six specializations that College of Art, New Delhi, provided. It was caged on one side that foresees the basketball court, still caged on all the sides. Court not the size of an actual one and mosaic flooring with stones cemented at its parameter, very anti-sports. A viewing-staircase under the large peepal tree. The court hosted almost anything that it could, basketball, futsal, cricket (morning: leather, holidays: softball), dance party, eateries at college fate, farewells, and much more. The table-tennis arena was under the gym. A twenty by twenty feet pavement that was built on another pavement that hosted the growling gorilla. Looking back at it seems, it did symbolise the fierce activism that the students held within them. (figure 5)



Already plans were in motion to displace the college campus to Delhi NCR region in the west. Maybe a gentrification attempt to “sanitize” and “professionalize” what the administration felt was “unruly”, often with increased surveillance, policing the aesthetics. There were instances of painting and re-painting wall and floor graffitis, especially during the *last protest* in 2022<sup>2</sup>. Also followed by curriculum capturing. But beyond all these theories, maybe it was the legacy that never got carried forward. Maybe it was the over romanticization of the past, gatekeeping and exclusion, crackdown on activism and collective burnout.

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2. Like other alums I would see the protest through social media posts, stories and call to unite messages on chat groups. Behind security barricading were students whose canvas, beyond medium debate, was the entire college. Graffitis, performances, rallies and slogans across corridors all aiming at the merger of College of Art and Ambedkar University Delhi. Initially what seemed as more of a disinterest transformed into a ‘no-confidence’ in the administration.

Gymkeneeche writes:


21st Feb 2022: *“There’s more to the two sides of a coin. The binary language it speaks is not always the full potential it possess. Similarly, the college administration and the students’ body on each side of the coin have so much more in between which starts a much needed conversation. And it’s not always about if it’s a head or a tail when the coin touches the ground but the possibilities you may think of while it’s still mid-air.”*

*“Postscript to a Burst Appendix: an invincible comet speeds on its guided arc toward the outer reaches of the galaxy in cosmic space-time. What was our cause?”*

Screenplay, The French Dispatch (2021)

13th Feb 2022: *“What’s seems to be called a rumourous chaos by some, including the institution, is a fight for existence for many students protesting in and out of the gates of College of art. The highly anticipated merger is finally out in the open and is disliked by majority students who don’t want de-affiliation with the University of Delhi*

*Some of many reasons for the protest revolves around*

- Absence of reservation in the new university for SC & ST candidates belonging to OD status.
  - Fee hike
  - Non consensual merger (excludes the opinion of the students of college)
- 


The formation of the space Gym ke Neeche, its sustenance, and its current state is rooted deeply in artists trying to ask, and continue insisting for rights which would be considered normal for any other profession. It was an echo of 2016 protest, which happened both inside, and outside the College: the streets turned into classrooms, where several artists came and taught. The stakes and asks? Good wifi. Decent toilets. Working fans. Non-leaky ceilings. A system of complaint addressal. Engaged faculties, who actually care about teaching. Things, which we would expect any decent institution to provide the students that shape the future not only of the paradigm they enter, but the institute itself. Yet, with the curbing of the protest and suspension of the students who were most visibly active, the space built outside the college was lost, and a charged residue of it remained inside.

But why was this protest, or the space such a problem?

It revolted against a deeply felt, intensely embodied and propagated idea that artists need to continue working in shitty conditions, which prepare them for the ‘real world’; How dare they ask for AC in 48 degree summers, or just decent wifi to research? This looming ‘real world’ is so deeply ingrained into the architecture of its working that students also start to normalize, and get used to it.

The second, is the constructed veil of inevitability, which the never-changing distant nature of administration in government institutes brings forth. Shielding themselves through oscillations between systems of power of the state, and the center; abusing them both while the brunt of it is borne by the students. “It’s a government institute.. This is how it works, sadly”

The third, which perhaps is the most revealing, is the audacity to intersect the realm of arts with normal, mundane life, in an institution which is supposed to churn out ‘aesthetic labourers’; Here, sleep, rest, play are all anomalies.





While the protest was witness to the heavy discrimination which a select few faced after the protests for “provoking” the others; This spark and urge for speaking out was very visible in the different parts of the Gym ke Neeche space, and how it interfaced different issues. This was not just a space to gather, but at the core, held the memory of this resistance. It knew the importance of generating a space which could accommodate each new batch coming in; help them integrate, navigate administrative procedures, and pass on the knowledge of how to maneuver painstaking wars between departments and uninterested or indifferent faculties. While it was not free from its own hierarchies (as any place isn’t), It continued to maintain a space to think of different ideologies- aesthetic, political, cultural, social; which seems unimaginable in the current climate at COA New Delhi<sup>3</sup>.

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3. These were more than raggers. These were fellow comrades. They had seen an uprising within a couple of years. They were the uprising. They knew what solidarity meant to them and the comrade to their right and left. They marched together with a sense of communism that fueled their desires for a liberal space with proper facilities and equal rights. These were students who would rather illustrate on the pillars under the gym (gym ke neeche) than on the cartridges inside classrooms. At gym ke neeche, their microns became tattoo guns. Their campaigns changed from fastrack watches to low res. Che Guevara portraits. Sketchbooks, that promised a two hundred weekly live sketching quota, dead or alive! were bases for crushing dried foliage to be used in alternative practices. But there were some sketches. It is hard to say what constituted the crowd of gym ke neeche. Was it the passivity in finding a career in arts or the active nihilism that saw no hope in the systemic operation of the world. The daily champions who came to dominate the space or the ones who came in search of a sense of belonging. Gym ke neeche asked no questions.

*I mean from when we go home until retirement age. That 48-year period of my life, I mean. That’s what I won’t do. I can no longer envision myself as a grown-up man in our parents’ world.*

-Screenplay, The French Dispatch (2021)



The temporal pit, which Covid opened up, swallowed the bridge between continuity in peering relationships that had survived for decades in COA, which can now only be opened sadly outside the gates of the college. (College of Art, did not intake a batch after the lockdown was over. There was no batch in 2021-2022)

*Through strategic maneuvering, the memory of possibility within an institution of order, was systematically lost.*

While writing this piece, two things are constantly at the back of our mind- The overall tone this piece would take, and a definite aversion towards a romantic reading. Perhaps its important to think about why this thought haunts us. Is it that we might paint an untruthful picture, of a pure nostalgia of friendships, good time, alternative engagements? Or, would the different levels of intimacies we both have (Anurag being closer to the space, and Rahul mostly being distant) would bring crisis to the coherency of the image which we would form?

Maybe a reframing of this is in order: Why was it, that it was distance from College of Art, which allowed us to see this space for what it is, or was; and not while we lived it? One could blame proximity, or simply, non-noticing. For certain, the oiled machinery of aesthetic production plays a role, which doesn't allow for forms which are non-aesthetic. How do you express a problem which is non-visual, when the aesthetic machinery deems any attempts to write as a proof of deficit, or inability to express in Visual Media? It tricks the mental faculties, by allowing only enough freedom. We excitedly grab the sticks to draw the line around our world and segregate ourselves from it.



As this piece has progressed, it has taken the shape of a hopeful mourning; both for memory, and for leaving a whisper to gain appearance. Would we be wrong to keep this space alive in thoughts, where this *artist in progress* could experience a sense of collective vulnerability? There is a severe deficit of these models in public memory in the art milieu in India, especially those which interacted with early versions of the internet or did not maintain their archives actively. Even spaces with archives continue to not be present in memory. They are either alive in literature which has escaped fire, or is secure in private collections; or alive in the minds of the people who were present and part of these spaces. Thus, it is important to keep remembering times and modes rich with possibilities to invite the present into them, to allow them to cut across time and breathe.



Something which is thoroughly overlooked in the memory of the Gym ke Neeche space, is rest, and how radical it is to have a space of rest in an institution such as College of Art, New Delhi. In hindsight, Gym ke neechey, remains one of the most significant encounters of the possibility of generating a restful environment, in an institutional setting where you are supposed to churn out submissions every friday like a factory.

The architecture of the space invited multiple trajectories- a space to rest one's back on and openness in all fronts; which pointed to the possibility of play. To the left, a space which held the possibility of engaging with modes for the 'experimentalists' (theatre, nukkad, dance). In the front, to be able to engage with the architecture, systems, infrastructure which was constructing in real life the meaning of art and the limits through which the students would articulate themselves. To the right, an entry into intermingling of bodies, to play in the basketball court, impromptu fashion shows, and dilated conversations over food ordered from the Dhaba from the nearby Refugee market.

Surely, there were students smoking, drinking, eating in the space; which begs the question: does life really mean itself to be isolated from art? What is an artistic school, if there is no space for hanging out, let alone converse?



The result is that in the works, the reflection of a self is not visible, even if every student does self portraiture. The figure of the self, is what is seen in the mirror, and not in gestures, relationships, and forms of expression through which we interact with the world. A dream of the genius artist echoes, but is this genius also not interested in anything else beyond their choice of craft? Where is leisure? The fun of playing a game. A refuge for queering. A space for people to kiss. Calligraphic graffiti; Board games, table tennis; an interface for things which the college does not consider 'artistic', ironically. When do these acquire a value of nuisance? Daily life becomes a nuisance, when institutes live in imagined grandeurs' of a past, pitting its own sense of time against the morphings of time and context. The curbing of this space thus revealed an intolerance for not only any form of deviation from the set curricula, but set bodily rhythms, cultural tendencies, or any other form of being, than the status quo.

---

4. Why was this space disliked so much by professors and the administration was no mystery. You were seen with an active sense of hate if they found you lingering around the space while they lingered on the campus. But were they right? Mathematically, if drawn a venn diagram, it would be hard to find a circle of students who were active dwellers under the gym, and prove that it existed in isolation, amongst other circles of bright, obedient and academically excelling students. Nor was it the other way around, finding academically excelling students who didn't dwell under and around the area in question. No matter how less the intersection visibly was, there was no absolution. But at least that's how they would like it to be presented. They saw it as a cage that misled a fraction of their finest handpicked artists from the country, sometimes internationally. Identifiers were quite evident and visual. Facial and bodily piercings and ornamentations irrespective of gender, tattooed, messy with the hairs and of course clothing.

Occasional skateboarding, fashion walks, bhangra practice, festivities, rummy, cutting poster borders for last minute submissions, the space saw everything. More importantly, sharing lecture experiences, amongst peers, over smuggled beers from thekas at ITO.

Weekly submissions, professors' remarks would lead to students bringing lecture debates under gym ke neeche.



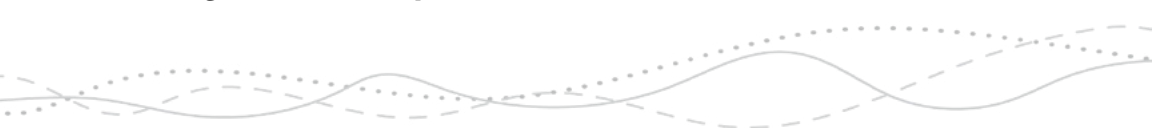


The memory of this space, although so vibrant in the minds of our seniors, us and also subsequent batches; has one gap in recollection: Who started this space? Was it one, or several? What does it take, to not author a space, to just be- not have legacy as a media contour its shape in time and space, and in memory?

It was perhaps the form of the space, which invited the people who brought forth this (un)authorial gesture, rather than the other way around. Spaces have an inherent idea of volume; even though we may think of it mentally. We are inherently topographic beings; even in the most transcendent moments, where the person might find themselves in 'flow'; the singer is pulling notes from a horizonless voluminous space. These instincts are amplified by different architectures; In this case, the openness embodied an invitation for young adults from all walks of life to come and be, placing the institution in a limbo, without a clear singular, linear exit. A three pronged entry, each an exit.

We have witnessed the calculated onslaught on institutions in the last decade, which condones critical thinking- mostly done through villanisation of figures which engage in protest, and expression. This doesn't need to be a political resistance, but merely a defiance of the habitual, of the expected (behaviourally, academically, ideologically, canonically). More and more the japanese proverb proves itself in our unfortunate situation: 出る釘は打たれる (Deru kugi wa utareru)- The nail which sticks out the most, is hammered down.

The authorlessness of this space presents to us a glitch how power curbs, attacks and deals with interfaces of gathering, and resistance against the status quo. For how does power attack an institution, without a human interface? The curbing of architecture, almost always, strengthens the resonant memory of such a space. *This martyrdom, shifts the gorilla facing the cage, back to the institution, till the institution finds a way to dismantle it, and another gorilla takes its place.*







Pictures from a recent visit. Block G: caged, Gym ke Neeche





gymkeneche



44



3



gymkeneche So...that happened.

But in our defence, we were excited to welcome our juniors.

#firstday#inthecollegeat8#collegeofart#crancyakshay  
#sleepdeprivedus

#gymkeneche#welcomejuniors#welcomeall  
Yay!

July 22, 2015















Day 14 of the protest. September 15, 2015  
From Gym ke Neeche Instagram handle





Wasted under the gym, Video. 16 min 25 seconds by Dade  
[College of Art EXPOSED! | Dade](#)









Students who don't know what to do with caged walls, often climb them to fetch cricket balls on the gym terrace. Video. 17 minutes 20 seconds.

[College of Art EXPOSED! | Dade](#)





“....Here are the infamous landmarks of COA. The gorilla, the man sculpture at the academic cell, the fallen horse....”  
July 3, 2020 on Gym ke Neeche instagram handle

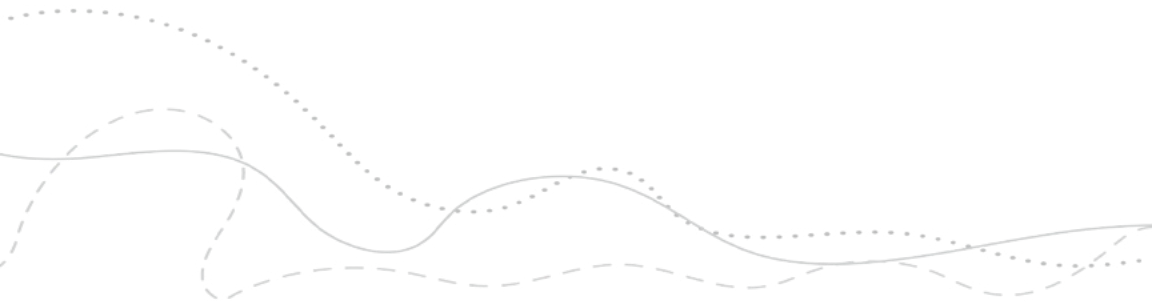




# Burping Baby

By Nicola Singh

July, 2025



I measure space between my fingers.

Striving for precision. And a flowering.

I bring my thumb and index finger together, copying the actions of another. We're practicing a form of movement meditation and despite myself, I succumb. Pollen rising around me.

Chunni draped across my chest. It hangs down towards the back of my knees as I move. My knees who hold fears. The fabric partly covers a tattoo at the centre of my throat which reads FLUID.

I lie down.

One hand of fingers directed towards my vulva which was dry shaven yesterday. By two women. One in a cheap silk midnight blue saree. My other hand of fingers is arranged like a falling wave, resting at the crown of my head.

I've had two missed miscarriages in the space of four months.

Meaning a pregnancy stops growing but the body doesn't register it. It keeps releasing the pregnancy hormones. Doesn't wanna let the embryo a go go.

First trimester 6 weeks 2 days both.

Earth in the first. Fire in the second. Wood in the third.

Staring at the screen of the ultrasound, I try to superimpose those shapes onto my belly, to consolidate them with my bodily experience. At the second scan I want to use my thumbs to close my ear holes and to place my fingers over my eyelids. So that only our Udit can absorb the doctor's information. So that I can slowly peel my senses back earthside in my own time. So that I can look at Udit's face only, for the outcome.



In some contemporary teachings of Advaita Vedanta philosophy, the cinema screen and its projections are used as a basic metaphor. The solid, unchanging structure of the cinema screen is likened to the presence of the divine. An energy that is solid and unchanging. That's the only truth. While the world of our experience, with its ever-changing forms, emotions and events, is the cinema projection. These moving images are the fluctuating illusions of our lives. A movie we should watch with a detached observation, they say.

I search the internet for 'Celebrity Miscarriages.'

I know I knew that last time something was up. Not this time. This second time pregnancy I loss.

I'd been using the index finger of my right hand to ritually check my vaginal discharge. My uterus feeling lush.

Yolk inside me cushion.

The doctor first gets a second opinion, and then gives me a long slow snake of the head. I scrunch up in a howl. My body's still lubricated with the hormones so my mind trynna tell my body believe. Unregulated bellows between these bedfellows. A sublime improvisation punctuated by grunts.

We are sounding different when we hear our recorded voice versus the voice we hear in our head because of our hearing mechanisms. It's complicated by the way in which sound passes differently through bone and through air.

Udit ear to my belly. Udit hello belly. We sing into each other.

Each 6-week-2-days didn't develop a heartbeat. That underwater echo sound. That energy diffuse through me.



The midwife gave me a small tender coconut after confirming the first pregnancy. After the bad news, I drop it back into the ground. A feeling of energy, unborn, had been lingering around the top of my head. I was advised to talk to it. For us both too. Following the second miscarriage it climbs down towards the nape of my neck. It's energy becoming more feminine like.

I draw aether with my fingers.

Udit undulates my flesh, reminding my mind that my body is mostly water. They also shake away at the muscles around my neck. The aesthetician slammed the drugs into me as I took an inhale. My mouth hung trapped open. My body bolted. The muscles around my neck contracted and are now in spasm.

I'm in hospital for this second miscarriage.

I felt it all in that present tense moment passing, as my motor capacities started to leave me. My esophagus tightened so I tried to move my toes and fingers to communicate my panic. My arms and legs had already left me. Hands hold down my struggling extremities, which are cold because my blood won't efficiently carry oxygen around my body.

As the anaesthetic steals consciousness I watch my inner sky. Matchboxes opening out onto matchboxes. Dolls inside dolls.

When I come round, Udit has to leave. I console myself until their return by making small pleats with the fabric curtain that hangs around my hospital bed. I feel the fabric fold, and watch it release rhythmically.

In a round room with twelve windows I am shown a diagram of concentric circles cut from semi-translucent plastics. I am told they represent the physical, emotional and subtle body. I'm in a 'Awareness Through The Body' workshop.



It's something that was developed for schools, as a subject for children to study themselves. The website says that the practice uses the personal body-felt-sense-experience of oneself to assist children to develop soft sustained attention, concentration, self-awareness, self-knowledge and self-regulation. In the workshop we do exercises that guide us to pay attention. The only man there leaves. For the last exercise we are given balloons to keep up in the air. I balance the balloon on my body as I move round the twelve windowed room.

I make a pair of hands out of words, to hug, to hold, to hold blood.

I think - how to find intimacy with fear.

I see an image of my dad flying over the top of my body. He has little wings.

I am not this body. I am not this mind.

I have a heavy black stone in my mouth.

I will give it to the ocean.

Wired and sad, I mentally scroll through the ways in which I may have caused this miscarriage. Two weeks before I'd been making some soundworks for an exhibition I am about to share.

I work as an artist.

The sound works are vocal pieces. I'm using my voice only. Some early mornings in a row I sat in a small hall which is beautiful. One wall of the room is windows, covered by peach-colored curtains.

I sit cross legged on the floor and balance an audio recorder on a tower of square orange colour cushions. Each cushion is





a slightly different shade from being bleached by the sun. The cushion tower reaches the height of my mouth. Or just below. I recite the Sanskrit mantra 'So-Hum' on both the inhale and exhale, producing a ghost-like, reed-like whistling. And I push out Sanskrit consonant sounds Ha Hi Hu. To cast out. To throw. To ignite.

I also sing refrains from 'Bob Marley and the Wailers' song 'Natural Mystic.' I sing it as if I was singing into someone's ear.

Making these vocal recordings for the exhibition is unsettling. It's tempting to believe it was this that caused the miscarriage. Or I side eye it as a karmic cleansing. Just try not to do the thing that makes it hurt.

I talk to women who tell me they birthed the soul of a deceased sister, or who in a caring role realised the man they were taking care of was to manifest a child they aborted. I'm told my Vata is too high. That is why this is happening. That the air element pervades my body. That I need to put my hands in the earth. Soil and water welcomes baby.

I switch the lights out and move around on the top of my bed pretending to be soil.

For this same exhibition, a few weeks before, I make other artworks with soft toy monkeys who have tufty furs.

I use a roller to cover monkey with ink. It's front body. Our front body is our feeling centre. Our back body, facing towards the earth, is lifting me toward heaven.

Embryologically, our guts, digestive systems and respiratory organs develop from our front body. Our nervous system and outer layer of skin from our back.



I ink up Monkey. And I massage it face down onto paper. I work from head to toe and then I slowly peel the body back to reveal its print on the page. Startled and electric.

I pour porcelain ceramic slip over another monkey. And dip another. The slip is the consistency of dosa batter. The body of the monkey's go heavy and limp.

These activities unsettle at me too.

Taking me, unaware, to the things that I need.

I am the nature.  
Nothing disturbs me.  
Nothing can disturb me.

Now.

Tick tock time clock.

I attempt to take control over my weak mind and my weak uterus, of the super-consciousness of my cells. The vitrification of which I perform here. A flasher. Spitting on the lug holes of a wheel.

Stay simple.

Be happy.

Be quiet.

Heat is applied to my lower back. Cold mud placed onto my abdomen. Medicated ghee put up my ass. And warm water flushed up into my large intestine.

I brush my body with tulsi. Patting away at the parts that hold hurt.



She needles me at Kidney 9 - Zhubin - the 'guest house'. I feel it sharply inside my womb, and then I feel faint. I read that Kidney 9 is practised as a karmic pressure point for pregnancy.

I chant chakra clearing mantra. Spine sparkles but I'm then advised against cultivating a downward energy.

Eating greedy handfuls of soaked black raisins.

Feeling nauseous and lacking breath after last night's sex Udit burped me like a baby.

My hand a magnet on their mental.

Shukra - or gold - is considered the seventh Dhatu - or tissue - in the body. It is released during sex. Bright, white and resplendent. The terminal tissue of the body. The most elegant and evolved.

As sugarcane is pervaded with its juice.

As the whole curd consists of ghee.

As oil is present in all parts of the seed.

A small brown creature, like mist but with the outline of limbs.

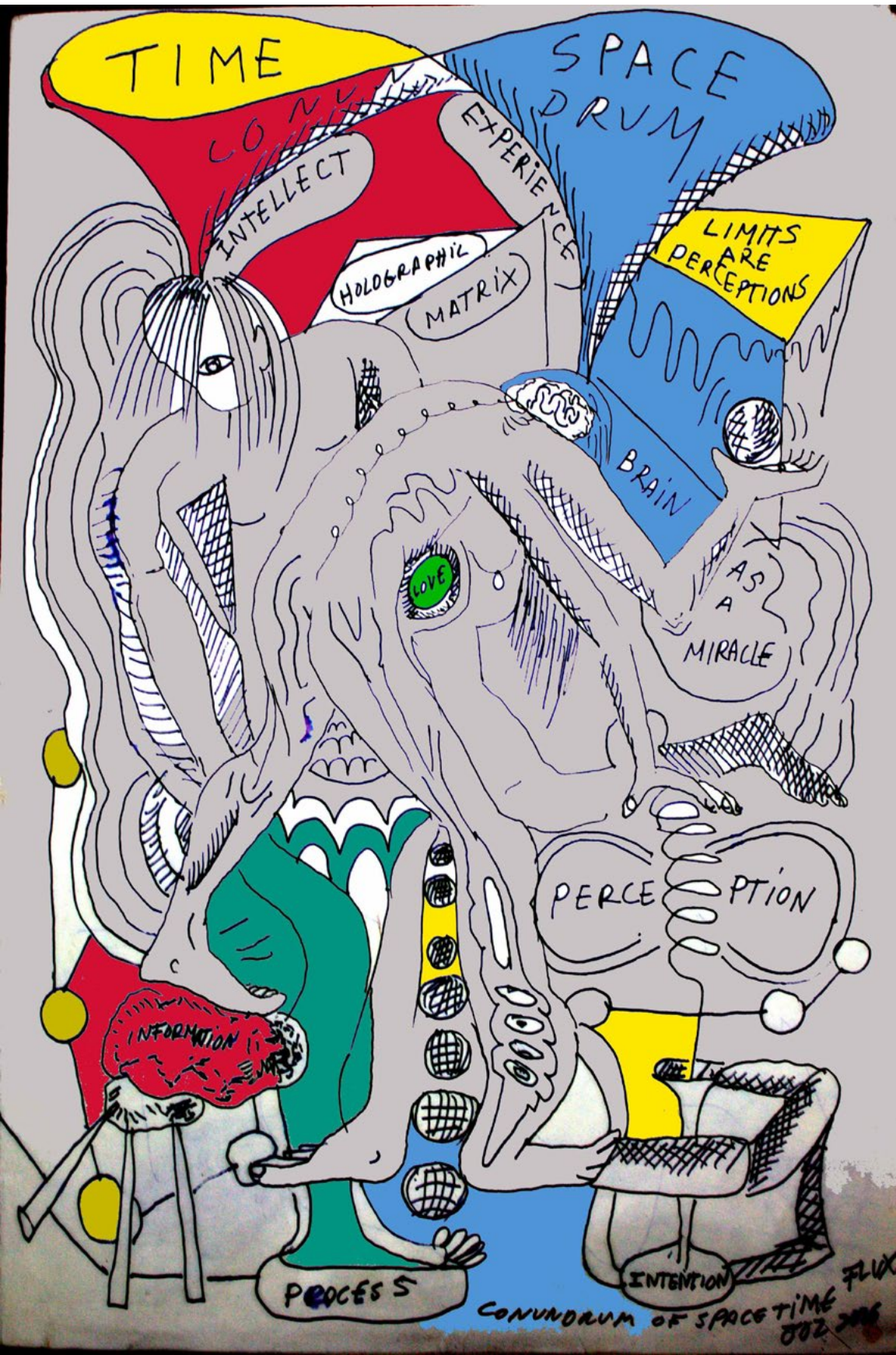


# I Love Lattice: A Journey Through the Time and Space Conundrum

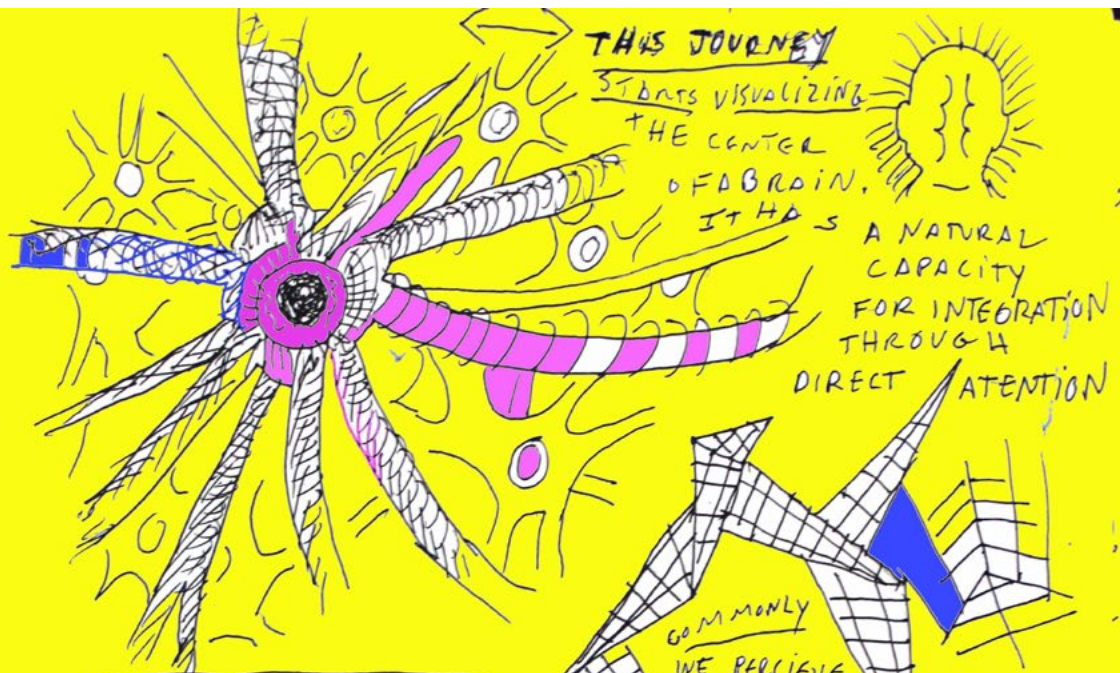
By Jazael Olguín Zapata.

July, 2025









THIS JOURNEY

STARTS VISUALIZING  
THE CENTER  
OF A BRAIN.

IT HAS A NATURAL  
CAPACITY  
FOR INTEGRATION  
THROUGH  
DIRECT ATTENTION

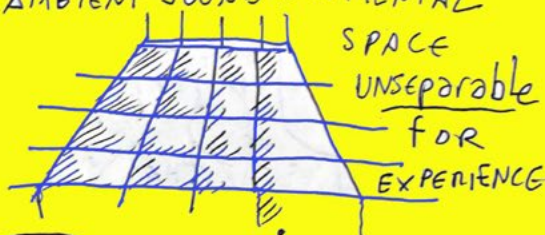


COMMONLY  
WE PERCEIVE

3-DIMENSIONS

WHAT RELATIONSHIP  
EXIST WITHIN THOUGHTS?

AMBIENT SOUND IS A MENTAL  
SPACE  
UNSEPARABLE  
FOR  
EXPERIENCE



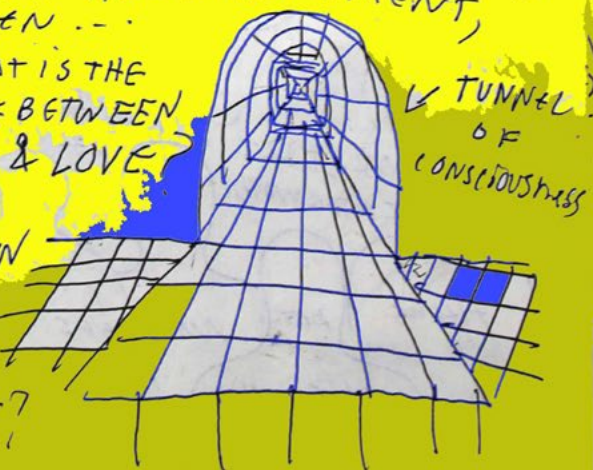
TO PERCEIVE INNER IMAGES  
WITHOUT JUDGMENT,

AGAIN SPACE IS

CONSCIOUSNESS  
AND CONSCIOUSNESS 'IS LOVE'  
LOVE HAS NO JUDGMENT,  
THEN...

WHAT IS THE  
LINK BETWEEN  
SPACE & LOVE

BETWEEN  
MEMORY  
AND  
TIME?





SPACE & TIME ARE  
CONVERGENT... THE MIRACLE

SPACE TIME  
YOU!

OF  
SYNCRONICITY!  
eeeeee

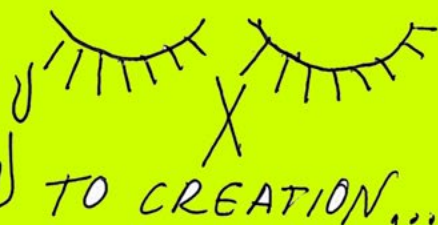
SEEMS THAT  
OUR FUGITIVE PLANS  
NEED TO ADDRESS THIS EXPERIENCE!

TAKE MY HAND,



CLOSE YOUR  
EYES

OPEN YOUR  
HEART



TO CREATION...

TO ENERGETIC TRANSFORMATION



SEEMS  
LIKE...

THERE  
IS NO  
ESCAPE!!!

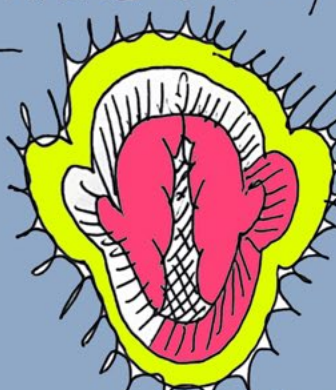
you can run but  
CAN'T HIDE!

IN BETWEEN



ACTUALLY  
THERE IS A WAY OUT

BUT IT REQUIRES  
ALL FULL INTELLECT



THE BRAIN IN  
THE HAND!

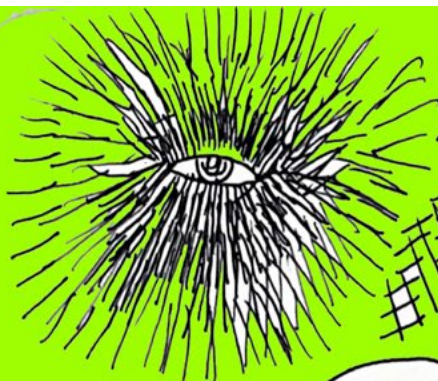
SQUELZE



THE  
BRAN!







THERE IS NOT MUCH TIME LEFT!



CAN YOU  
HEAR ME?



CAN YOU  
SEE???

THE SPACE INSIDE  
ME? <sup>MY</sup> EAR... IS

HAVE YOU BEEN REALLY  
INSIDE YOUR BRAIN?



INSIDE THE  
PLINEAL GLAND?



THERE IS A BIG  
EYE JUST LIKE MINE  
INSIDE AND THERE



ARE MILLIONS  
OF EYES INSIDE  
YOUR GUTS..



YI-YUAN-TI  
CONSCIOUSNESS  
IS  
MADE  
OF  
THE  
SAME  
SUBSTANCE  
AS THE  
UNIVERSE

THIS SUBSTANCE  
IS AN UNTANGIBLE

ENERGY

LIKE THE  
AND THOSE

GODS  
ENTITIES  
AMONGST US

FEW  
PEOPLE  
- LIKE  
PACHITA  
(MEXICAN  
Shaman)

CAN  
CONNECT  
DIRECTLY  
WITH  
THE  
INFINITE  
POSSIBILITIES  
OF CONSCIOUSNESS

DISEASES,  
SHE OPERATED  
AND TRANSPLANTED  
ORGANS OF PEOPLE  
JUST IN SECONDS!

NO HAY PAZOS INTERMEDIOS  
THERE ARE  
NO MIDDLE  
STEPS

SHE DID WHOLE SESSIONS WHERE SHE CHANGED  
BRAINS, LUNGS, HEART WITH NOTHING BUT  
A KNIFE, NO ANESTHESIA, JUST BY  
INVOKING THE SPIRIT TO COME AND HELP  
MIRACLE OR NOT... IT HAPPENED!



EVERYTHING IS EXPERIENCE



TIME IS MATERIAL  
BUT IT ISN'T MONEY  
ESCAPING MEANS IN-BETWEENS

LANGUAGES  
ARE  
MUTANT!

好 2 + 3 4 5

THE DIMENSION  
OF MILLIONS OF MILLIONS  
OF BRAIN CELLS ACTIVATED



NEED  
COFFEE?

the MORE  
the better

AS LIGHT

AS SOUND

WE CAN GO BEYOND BORDERS,  
PRISONS, DEAD ENDS BY THE RADICAL  
CONSTELLATION OF OUR DENTRITES,

NO  
BORDERS!

JUST  
MEMBRANES

AS GLOBAL ENERGETIC FLOWS..

ECONOMY  
SPIRITUALITY

SYSTEM

BANKRUPTCY



# HOW CAN YOU THEN EXPLAIN RECOVERY?



HOW CRUCIAL IS THE FRONTAL CORTEX?

SIMILARITIES BETWEEN THE BRAIN AND SPACE!

BOTH ARE

BOUNDLESS

YET FINITE!

IS IT ALL ABOUT INFORMATION?

ASKY FULL OF LIGHT?

HOW FAST CAN YOU TELL... DOES THE PRESENT LASTS?



SUNRISE



IS



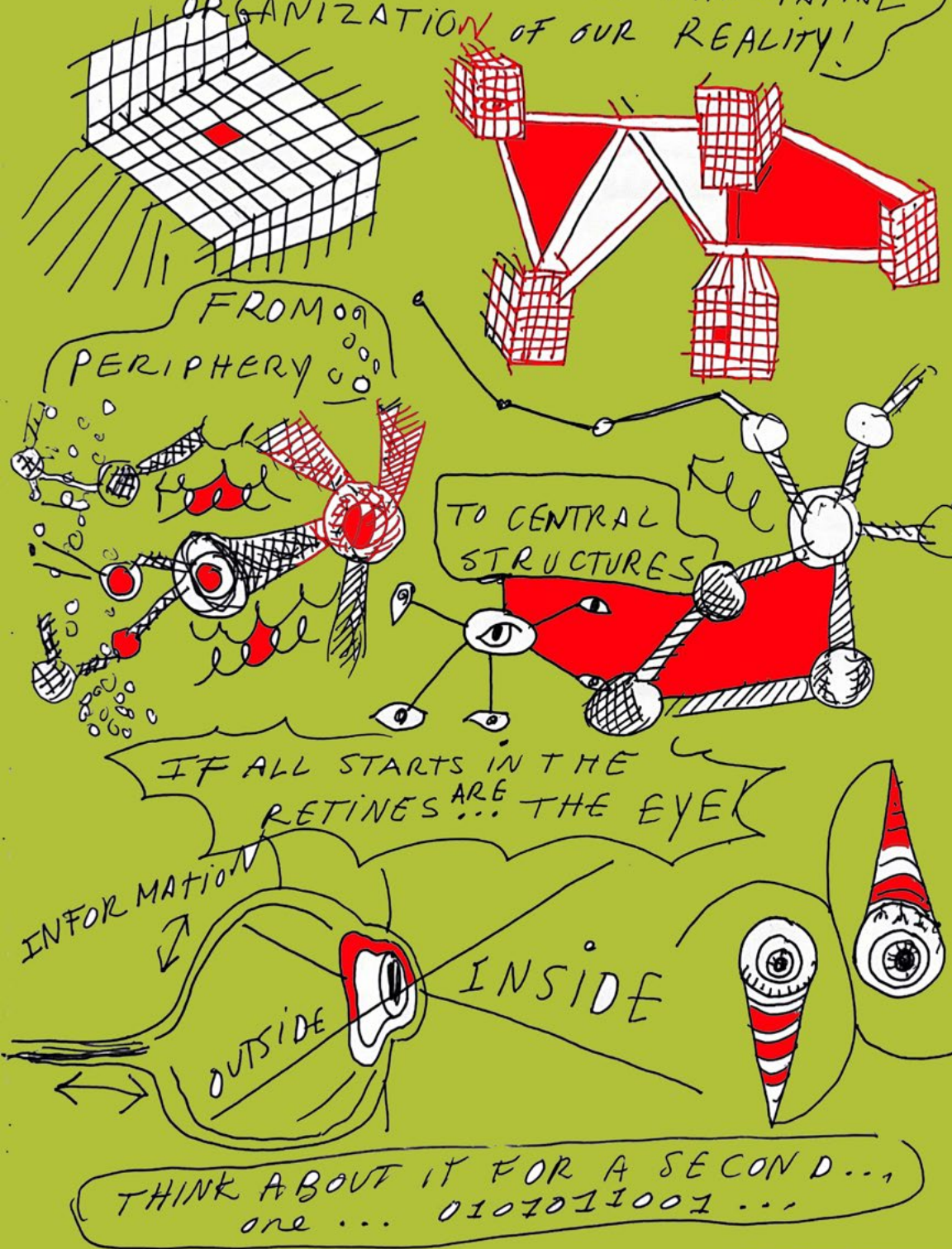
ALSO



SUNSET



THE PATTERNS OF DOMINATION OF INTERNET  
should be SIMILAR TO THE SPATIAL  
ORGANIZATION OF OUR REALITY!





what  
isa  
USEFULLY  
FORM OF  
EXPANDED NOTION

OF A BODY IS CRUCIAL TO  
SEE BEYOND  
NO HUMANS  
NON HUMANS

FIND A WAY OUT

SHREDDED  
SKIN

BEWARE !!!

TOONT CLICK!

INTERNET IS DEAD

SPACES IN BETWEEN

DO NOT TOUCH IT!

QUIT

BECOME INVISIBLE!

MIGHT BE A TRAP!



IT DEPENDS OF WHAT IDENTITY  
WE ACKNOWLEDGE, REALITY AS  
SO THEN EVEN AN EXPERIENCE IS  
THE EXPERIENCE

IT CONTAINS  
MYSELF

GIVE THE INFO  
PAST OR PRESENT  
I AM STILL  
ASTONISHED

NEURONAL  
FIELD IS  
A MATRIX &  
A COHERENT  
NEXUS  
IN  
HIGH  
ENERGETIC  
VIBRATION

IS CONSCIOUSNESS  
SPACE OR IS IT  
AN ATTRIBUTE IN SPACE?

REALITY  
IS  
REFRESHED  
ALL  
THE  
TIME

COLORS  
FORMS  
EXIST AT  
THIS LEVEL

MAYBE  
DOLPHINS ARE  
A KEY



WHAT IS  
THEN  
PRE-  
BRAIN TO SPACE!  
BRAIN  
CONNECTION

UNLIMITED  
CAPACITIES

ETHE  
BRAIN

EXPERIMENTAL  
EVIDENCE  
IS  
NEEDED  
BEYOND  
HYPOTHESIS!



WHY IS THE BRAIN <sup>TO US</sup> SO UNKNOWN?

HOW COME  
WE KNOW ABOUT  
SYNAPSES BUT  
TELEPATHY OR  
SUPERPOWERS  
ARE  
REGARDED AS  
SUPERNATURAL

AND NOT  
AS SPECIAL  
SKILLS?  
TO BE  
LEARNED

TIME TRAVELLING  
IS A REALITY!

AS REAL AS WATCHING A FLY!

IT  
NEEDS

SPECIAL

SKILLS ONE CAN ACHIEVE  
THROUGH  
MEDITATION

THAT IS NOTHING ELSE  
BUT ATTENTIVE VIBRATION





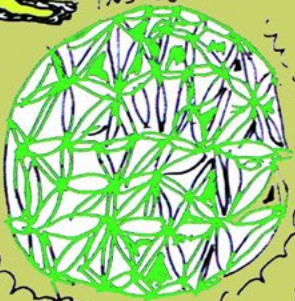
THERE ARE KNOWLEDGE OF  
LEARNINGS PATHS A PROGRESSIVE  
LIBERATION OF  
CONSTRAINTS



FROM SURFACE  
TO STRUCTURE  
DEEP INSIDE

MANY SPACES  
INSIDE

WHAT IS  
THE  
SPACE  
YOUR  
CONSCIOUSNESS  
KNOWS  
ABOUT YOU?



3rd dimensional  
& 4th dimensional (unpredictable)  
Experiencable

THE OTTINE

VISUALITY  
&  
SOUND  
IN-SPACE

WHAT IS  
CONSCIOUSNESS  
BEYOND  
MORALS

WITH THE HUMAN



PRE-SPATIAL!

NEURAL  
SPACE  
DIMENSION  
CHEMICAL  
CONTENTS  
WATER

QUALITY  
OF  
BRIGHTNESS

LIGHT

Intimate  
relationship  
between  
time  
& space

MULTI  
DIMENSIONAL

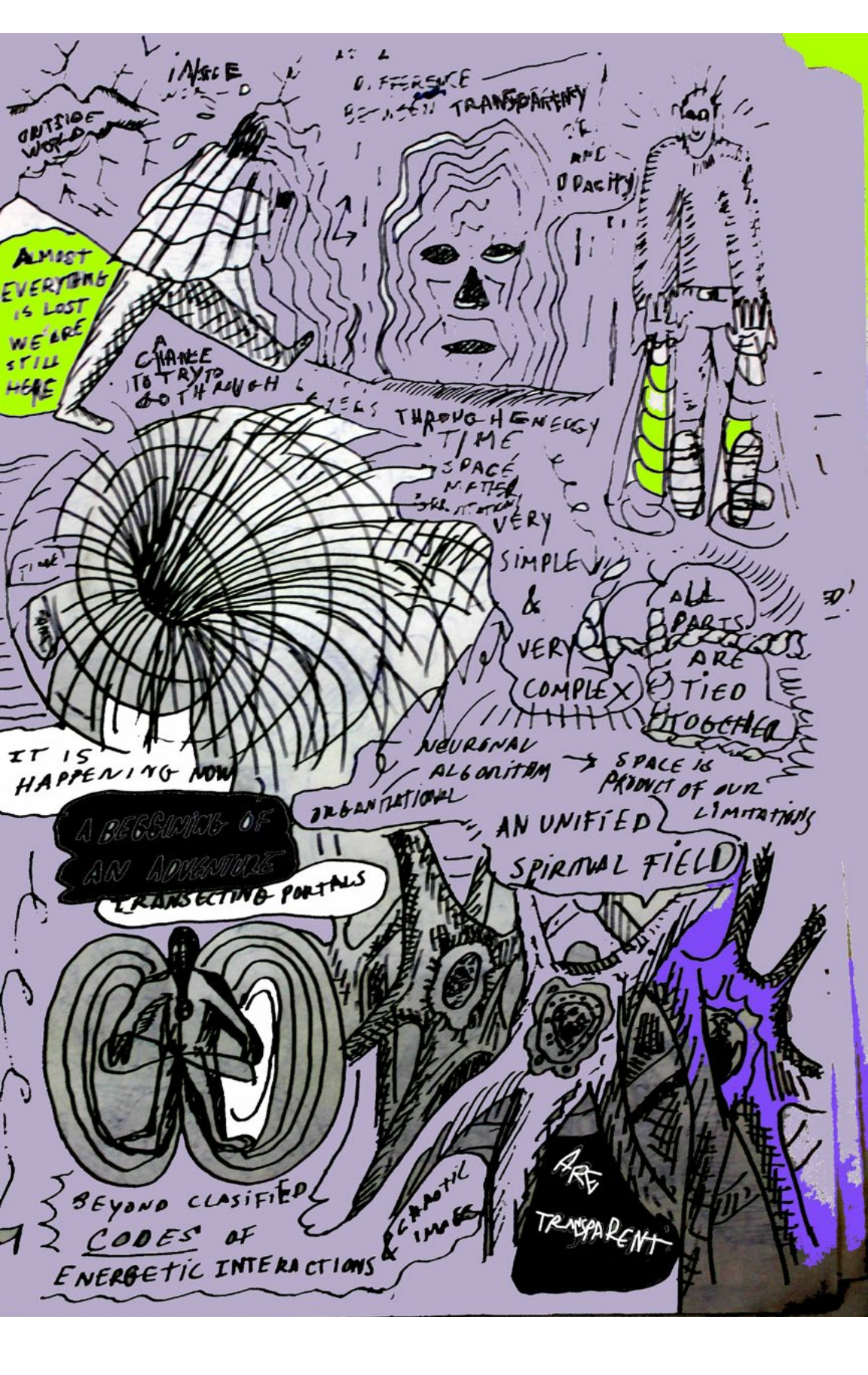
SPACE

TIME

SOUND IS  
ALSO A QUALITY  
OF CONSCIOUSNESS

BEYOND CURVES  
SPACE IS  
ORGANIZATIONAL  
ENERGETIC NET





IN/SEE

OUTSIDE WORLD

AMONGST EVERYONE IS LOST WE ARE STILL HERE

A CHANCE TO TRY TO GO THROUGH

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRANSPARENCY

AND OPACITY

TIME

THROUGH ENERGY

TIME

SPACE

MATTER

ILLUSTRATION

VERY

SIMPLE

&

VERY

COMPLEX

TIED

TOGETHER

ALL

PARTS

ARE

TIED

TOGETHER

IT IS HAPPENING NOW

NEURAL

ALGORITHM

ORGANIZATIONAL

SPACE IS

PRODUCT OF OUR

LIMITATIONS

AN UNIFIED

SPIRITUAL FIELD

A BEGINNING OF AN ADVENTURE

TRANSECTING PORTALS

BEYOND CLASSIFIED

CODES OF

ENERGETIC INTERACTIONS

ARE

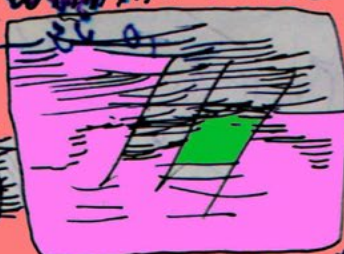
TRANSPARENT

PRACTICAL INNER



TRAVELLING ONE DAY IN A TRAIN, I WONDER  
WHAT DO I SEE?

THE BRAIN INTERACTS  
WITH THE WHOLE...



FROM ONE PERSPECTIVE  
ONE IS MOVING...

FROM ANOTHER, THEN  
THE IMAGE STAYS CONSTANTLY  
IN MOTION...

THE SAME HAPPENS  
WITH SCALE...



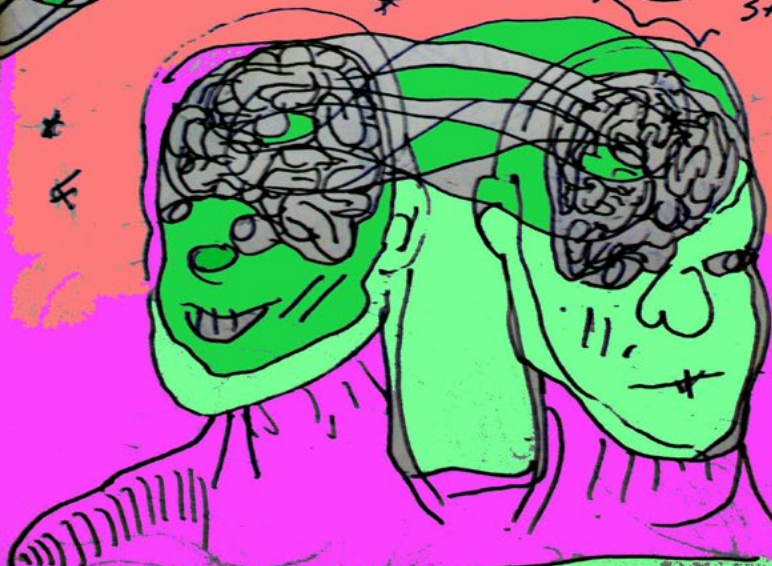
LOOK  
AT THIS PEA  
STANDING ON  
A CAT'S TAIL!



LOOKS  
THE  
SAME  
AS  
THE  
MOON!

A CONSCIOUSNESS IS SIMULTANEOUSLY  
A PLACE COMPLETELY  
AWAY FROM EVERYTHING AND YET  
TANGIBLE

ALL PARTICLES,  
ALL FIELDS  
ARE UNIFIED  
INSIDE THE  
SAME MATERIALITY  
OF THOUGHT,  
EVEN IF  
INVISIBLE



THE BRAIN IS  
AN ATTEMPT TO  
REPRESENT THE  
LATTICE!

X THE LATTICE IS THE NETWORK THAT UNIFIES  
EVERYTHING THAT CONFORMS REALITY



THE BRAIN ONLY MAY  
COLLECT WHAT IS  
PRESENT



I WALK LOOKING FOR  
COHERENCE IN SPACE  
WITH THE LATTICE

AS A SEQUENCE  
OF MATERIALIZATION  
OF OBJECTS IN SPACE



HOW  
ARE  
IMAGES  
CREATED  
AS  
A HOLOGRAM

THE WALK IN  
SPACE IS ALWAYS  
A PERSPECTIVE  
AND PERCEPTION OF  
OUR POSITION WITHIN THE "WHOLE"

NO SEPARATION  
BETWEEN THE VESSEL  
AND THE EYE.

NOW, THEY SEE A  
VESSEL; OBJECT  
IS THERE INSIDE  
THE FIELD, MY

I LOVE  
VESSELS

BECAUSE  
THEY APPEAR  
EMPTY, THEY  
ARE NOT!

EYES CODIFY  
OBJECT BY  
AND THROUGH  
CHEMICAL  
OPERATIONS

THE  
VIBRATION  
NERVOUS OPTICAL  
OPERATIONS



MAKE THE NEURONAL FIELD  
SEE THE VESSEL  
IN A WAY IS MECHANICAL

IN YOUR  
EXPERIENCE,

WHAT IS  
MOVING?

THE EYES, OBJECT,  
BOTH or NONE?



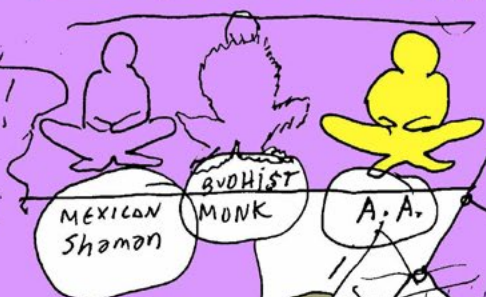


THE LAWS  
OF CONSCIOUSNESS ARE BOUND & DISTANT  
↳ insights NON-LOCALIZATION — INSTANT INTERACTIONS

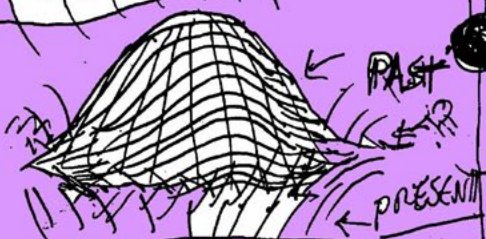
A QUICK NOTE:  
THIS IS ALL VEILED!

IS REALITY  
A PRODUCT ONLY  
OF CONSCIOUSNESS?

IS REALITY



A NET?

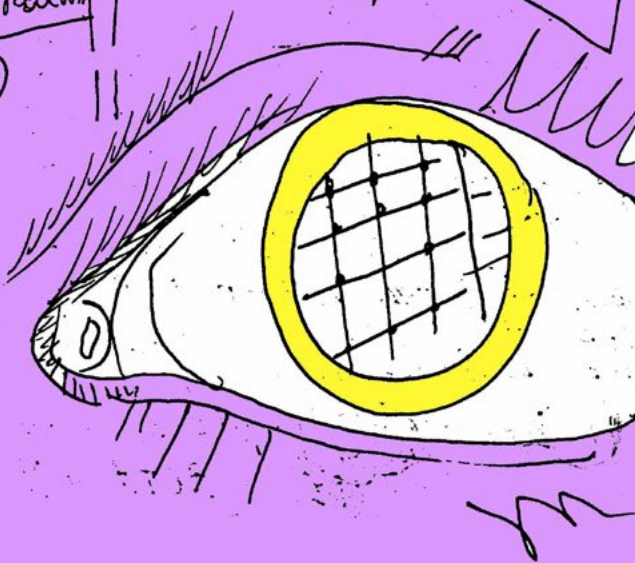
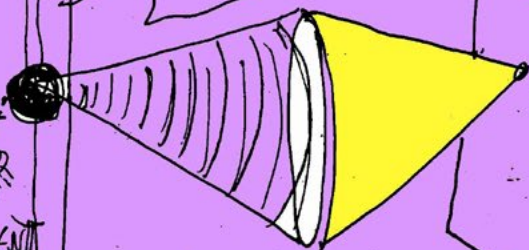


CURVED IMAGE



MYSELF  
BECAME  
THE  
WHOLE!

SUDDENLY  
I  
COULD  
FOR AN  
INSTANT CROSS





ONE OF THE MOST CRUCIAL ASPECTS OF THE JOURNEY IS TO

TRY TO FACE OUR LIMITED PERCEPTION & ACCEPT THAT WE ARE

ALL INTERWINED IN A NET, AN ENERGETIC MESH,

THAT GIVES STRUCTURE

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE

TO WHAT IS

INTERNAL

& EXTERNAL

TO THE CELLS

AND

TO THE COSMOS

ANY CHANGE THAT

OCCURS ON

ANY

CHANGES TOO

OF THIS MESH

SPECIFIC POINT

THE POSSIBILITY OF ANY

GIVEN REALITY

TO

GO THIS

OR THAT INTERWOVEN

DIRECTION, MEANING

AS SEEMS

EVERYTHING IS TO BE

FLOW

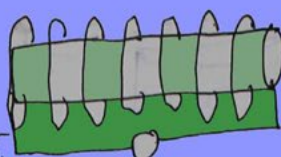
THERE ARE

NO STEPS TO FOLLOW, NO CURSE TO WALK,

THE ONLY MEANING OF THE JOURNEY IS TO BE AWARE EVERYTHING IS LINKED.



PROPOSAL!



"WE ARE NOW SCIENTIFICALLY  
EXPLORING CONSCIOUSNESS  
AS REALITY"

-J.G

SECRET YET  
OF PUBLIC INTEREST QUEST,

A CRACK IN TIME

IS A CRACK IN SPACE

NEWS!

A PAIR OF MAD SCIENTIST,  
COMPLETELY LUCID, DECIDE TO EXPERIMENT  
WITH SOMETHING SCIENCE HAS SO FAR REJECTED!

WITH ~~WITH~~ THE TRANSFERIBLE POTENTIAL  
FROM INDIA TO MEXICO.

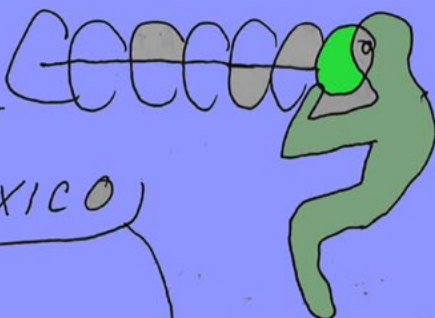
FROM MEXICO TO INDIA.

SIMULTANEOUS BRAIN TO BRAIN EXPERIMENT  
SIMULTANEOUS TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATION  
SIMULTANEOUS METHODOLOGIES TO ACHIEVE



LONG DISTANCE  
EXPERIMENT  
BETWEEN

INDIA & MEXICO



A CALL TO IGNITE A TELEPATHIC CIVIL  
AND INTERCASTE MOVEMENT BETWEEN  
NEW DELHI & MEXICO CITY

222  
Suddenly  
it starts  
raining  
in the  
city a  
big cloud  
waves  
above the  
sky with  
steady flow



5:00 AM

7 AM

AS THE RAIN POURS  
OVER MY STREET SINKING  
MY THOUGHTS INTO REFLECTION



TIME AND SPACE

WHY DO  
WE EXPERIENCE  
SPACE?

STOP WITHOUT STOPPING AND I MAY SEE

CLIMB  
THE MIND  
NOT BY STRUGGLE  
WITH THOUGHTS  
ACCEPTANCE  
PARADOX  
OF TIME

OBSERVE  
YOUR  
BREATHING  
A THOUGHT  
APPEARS,  
LET IT PASS...

NOTHING IS  
SERENDIPITY  
FOR A CELL  
IN A BRAIN

SO NO ONE  
KNOWS IF  
GRINBERG  
WAS KID-  
NAPPED

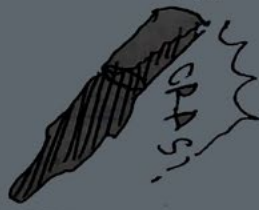
WHAT IF  
HE JUST  
DID DISAPPEAR

SORRY TO  
INTERUPT, YOU  
BUT HOW DO  
YOU DO THAT?

WHAT HAPPENS  
INSIDE OUTSIDE  
AND INSIDE WORLD  
ARE INTEGRATED  
ALL IS NEW...

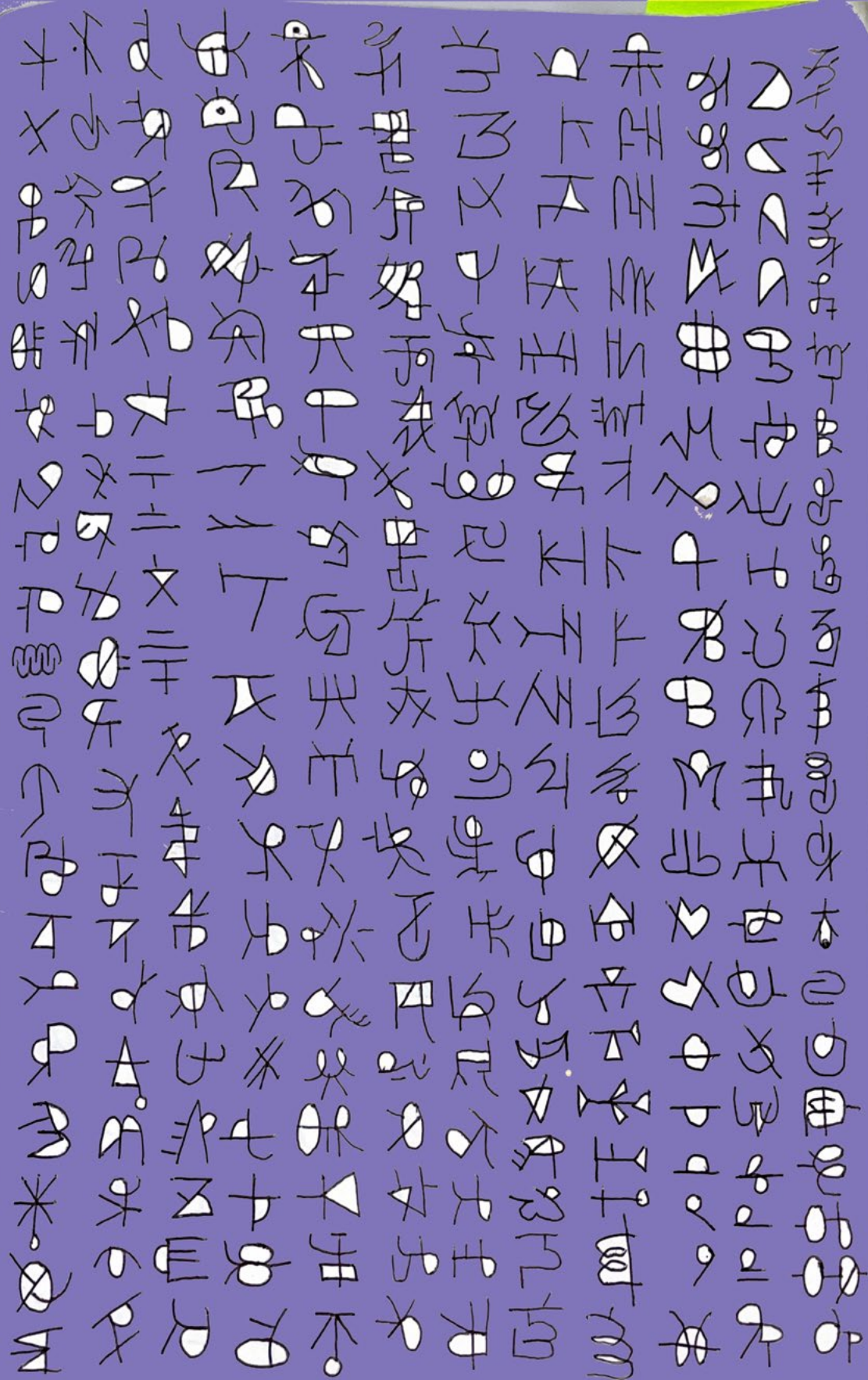


UNIFICATION  
OF THE BODY  
WITHOUT ANALYSIS  
BY SENSATION  
SHOWERING THE BODY  
WITH OBSERVATION



THE  
NOT  
END!









A PSEUDO

DRAWN BY  
JAZRAEL OZ

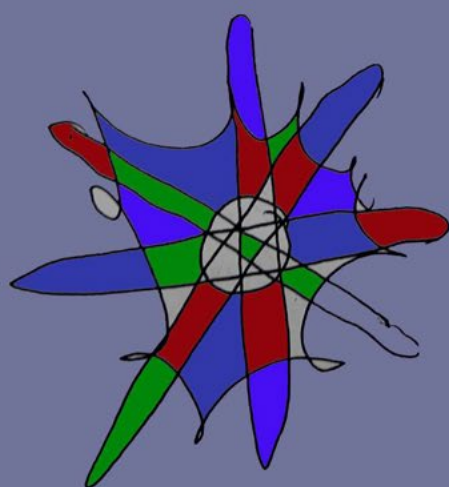
IN DIALOGUE WITH JACOBO GRANAVAL

CIUDAD DE MEXICO

PARA  
RAHUL  
SUMMER

2025





CONUNDRUM

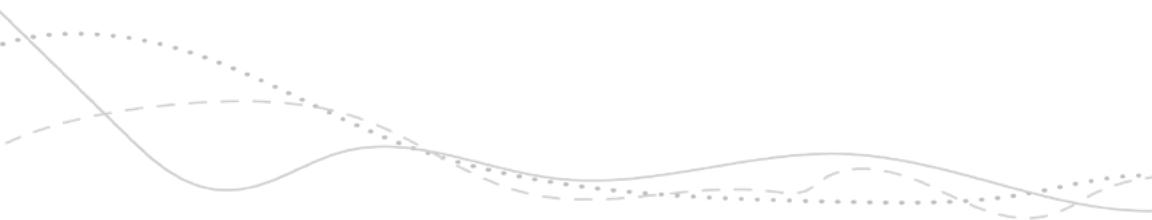


OF TIME & SPACE



# Crazy Balls in the Workspace

By Aasma Tulika  
July, 2025





Steampunk thumps, engine hiss and train horns. “The wire is very loose.” “Is it connected to Surbhi’s?” “There’s a power cut.” “You can switch on the bluetooth speaker.” “This will do, but keep one for the light.” “I’m turning this channel off for now.” “Bluetooth mode.” breakkkk “Padma, do we have a 3.5mm audio cable?” “regeneration X” “Now, increase the volume.” “Nahi. Hmm... Nahi. Hmm...” “Haha, how can you?!” harmonic distortions “that’s interesting music.” An unidentified object whistles its way through the sky. “Zameen kha gayi aasman kaise kaise.” “Restart da, restart da, restart da, check for updates.” drum breaks “Nice.” “It’s going with the flow yaar.” meows from a megaphone. “Will Ullu come?” meows from the megaphone continue. “No chance Ullu is coming to this room. She knows what is happening.” A rooster’s call interrupts a gayatri mantra from the megaphone. drum breaks continue. “Hey Padma, Surbhi ko poochh recorder kahaan hai. Oh wait, it’s already recording right?”



While figuring out how to mix a 3 hour recording of a jam, I got reminded of King Tubby playing his mixing board while making dub. To dub is to double, duplicate, repeat, do twice. Composed of echoes and reverbs, Tubby reversioned records by severing sounds

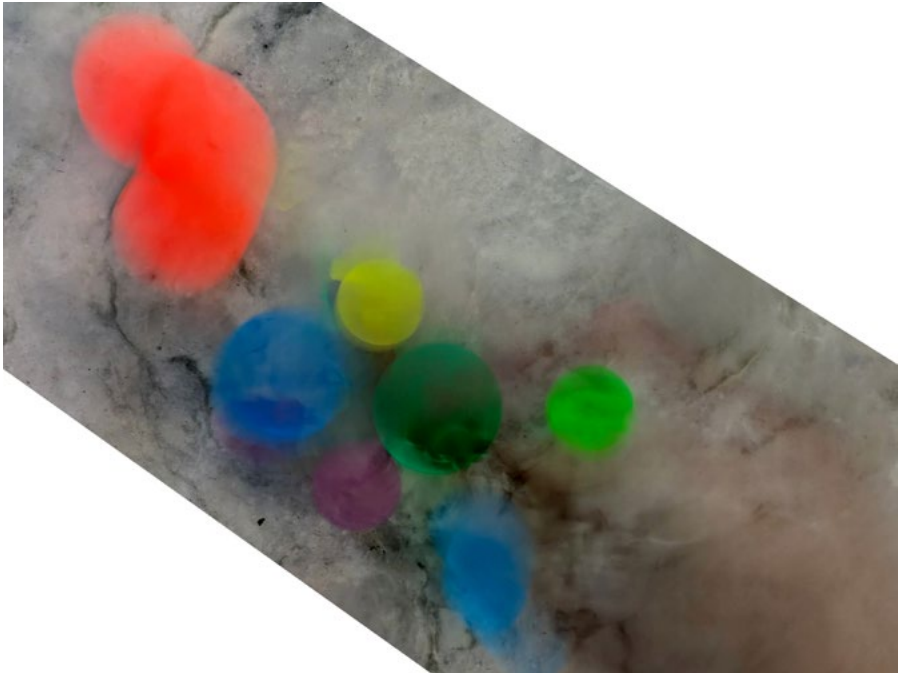
from their source and let them spin off each other and other sources. Dub makes for a conversation style which is not just about what is spoken but effectuates what Louis Chude-Sokei calls as an architecture of machine spaces. It relays an economy of sound which is distinctly oral, imagined across time zones, and dependent on networks heard through communal spaces of radios and sound systems. It is a scene of music resonating from a milieu that recognizes proximate and distant associations with lifeworlds, recalled through breaks between location and memory.



The chatter in the mix was unintentionally caught in the recording of a living room turned workspace. It wasn't meant to be heard again but got recognized in the process of making a track edit. Someone made banana bread, someone fixed a crashed laptop, someone shared their story about visiting India to find their biological parents, someone passed a J around, someone vented about a rather crappy experience of negotiating payment with the organisers of an arts festival.

What does the recognition of chatter give to work?

Undemanding of permissions about where and how and what to say, it expresses an intimacy with life in the time of work. Stories roll in unexpected directions, get fed back and recalled as anecdotes, reversioned differently each time they are remembered by others present. Time spent chit-chatting echoes the architecture of a workspace where everyday processes of living juggle with protocols of making work.



Listening to banter points to thresholds of a scene. These thresholds aren't neutral. They could be threatening or welcoming depending on how expressions of life get hosted as sources of imaginative inquiry. The police monitor chatter to control unauthorized activity, and university authorities kill chatter with non-disclosure agreements. What gets emphasized, diffused, dropped out or elaborated, signal degrees of trust in the workspace. The stuff of chatter is for recollection, inquiries repeated across circuits, flowing in and out of scenes without the pressure to follow up.



Developed alongside a series of Whatsapp notes which were exchanged amongst some friends after attending an event where artists discussed how lives get shaped through the chatter of a milieu.

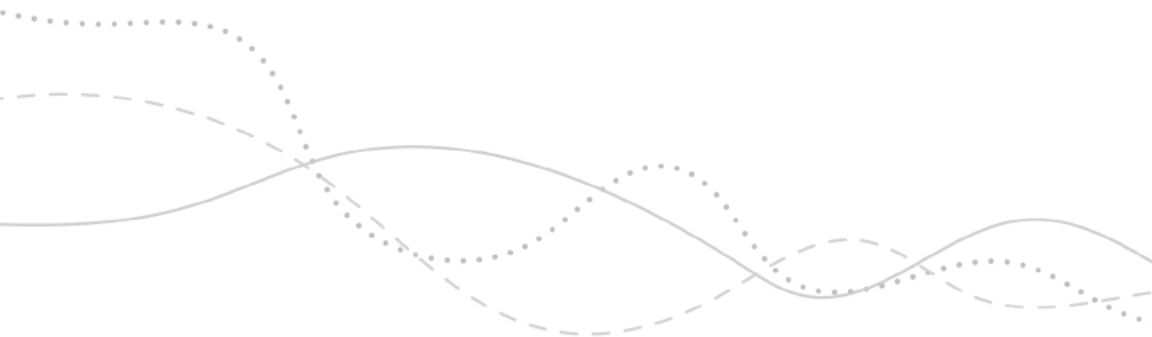




# The Fig Tree and the Field

By Maithili Bavkar

July, 2025



I sit beneath a fig tree.

The fig tree is of course no mere fig tree. It already embodies parallel futures hanging beside each other, in place of one another, many templates of lives one person may lead.

One fig is being a practicing artist, living at home, working in isolation, surrounded by big silences and bigger canvases stretching across the high walls of a government quarters apartment in Bombay. Another fig is having finished a design degree that was started and left midway and hoping that despite this, I would somehow find my way to contemporary art many years later and make sense of a strange world from the outside. Another fig is working a corporate job, being completely removed from the field, all the while telling myself that I will practice on the side; while another is working as a freelancer and not being sure where the next month's rent will come from but owning all your time. Another fig is teaching students in an art school, surrounded by new ideas and fresh perspectives, learning to articulate my own thoughts and wishing my voice was loud enough for them to hear me. Another fig is working in an arts organisation or cultural institution, being able to find one that supports and helps one as an artist, being able to work part-time and having a slice of your week as your own, another is working in an art gallery and perhaps letting it own all your time. There are more figs hanging on branches above, too far to see. Each fig is in itself a negotiation, a way to keep hanging on to the tree. I sit at the root of this fig tree trying to figure out which one of the figs I will choose. I go on to wonder whether it is possible to exist as an artist without or outside this framework of figs.

There were a few brief months after I graduated with a Bachelor's of Fine Arts in Painting, from Rachana Sansad College in Bombay, when I was home, doing nothing, and trying to figure out *what does it mean to be in the art field*, or how to hang onto its branches. I felt as though I had arrived at the eerie expanse that would be



the rest of my life, which may likely resemble nothing from my life before. This is the moment from which I am writing this piece, when I did not know what was to come.

All I remember of this moment is I couldn't get rid of the feeling that I had almost nothing of value to show for the last four years, when peers graduating from engineering colleges had placements and a degree that seemed far less shaky than mine. I thought about the last four years and felt I had somehow breezed through them. It seemed like there were no real consequences for doing anything or failing to do anything. There were gaps in the institution of course, in infrastructure, an outdated syllabus, faculty and the general administration of the college as well. The syllabus covered how to acquire certain skills, but not how to frame a question, not how to take a work forward, examine it critically and historically. The art world, with all its contradictions and complexities, was spoken of, but never opened up in ways we could truly engage with or understand.

By the time we were students in the fourth year, just one year away from graduation, we were not shown how to write about our work, how to apply to anything, how to build a portfolio in Photoshop, or even the basic skills of how to use the software, something every artist must know and will likely use in some way or another throughout their career. Moreover, there was no sense of urgency and no scaffolding around us, as we were about to enter the art world. This seems true of many art colleges: a deep inability to prepare students for what is to come, to arm us with methodologies that help to figure out ways to practice, and to keep practicing, to keep the energy up and to enable us to create situations in which we may push ourselves to make some movements.

If I am being honest, I do not know how much blame to share. On one hand it seemed like there were some answers I had to go and find on my own that I failed to do, and on the other hand the fact





that I had to go searching for something outside the walls of the classroom had never occurred to me.

The question continues to resurface: *What does it mean to be in the art field?* Some open call applications are contingent on having been in the field for x number of years, as though that can mean anything coherent, or ever be a stable category. Four years in an art institution should mean that you find yourself with the minimum amount of skill or knowledge or preparedness, and perhaps that is true for some universities, but it is certainly not the case for many fine art colleges around the country. For a long time I didn't really know what I was doing. Some kind of rationality urges you to walk away, to find a more stable place in the world, rather than float indefinitely. *How long have you been merely floating about in a field?*

For me, the question is often asked by me, to me, for no other reason than to let myself drown in some sort of paralysing dread and self flagellation— *How long have I been doing this? Surely, I should have figured it out, or at least been better at it by now.* I don't really know how to arrive at an accurate number to answer the question. *Are the years I spent in a fine arts college really counted as being in the field or had I not entered it yet? If I take away the years that I was stagnated, not practicing or not learning or in depression, how many years would I then be left with?* Perhaps retroactively, they must all be included but at the time, it did not feel like I was walking some path that made sense in the future. I think the truth is that many of us, throughout the course of our career, move in and out of the art field, leave it behind completely and return to it maybe more than once. Perhaps this is something to be thought of as a symptom or consequence of its structure, the fact that barely any fresh graduates choose to stay. Staying is not the norm, it is an anomaly, a negotiation.

Within a few months after my graduation, I began working at an office (and since this moment I have continued to work, except for



two years that I did my MA). That same year, I became involved in an art space in Bombay called Clark House Initiative. At the time, the city did not offer much to young artists or fresh graduates. For the first year at CH, I was merely an observer, a visitor, but then the space pulled me in. I would go on to spend nearly two years moving in and out of this space. It was uncharted territory for me. Clark House was not the traditional white cube gallery. The work produced here by young artists was different, much more political and experimental than the work displayed in formal galleries settings of South Bombay. Clark House was a collective of artists who lived and worked in the space. For me, just out of college, it was a place to see artwork that I could relate to, and that actually excited me. It was a place to build relationships with artists who were recent graduates like me but also artists that had been practicing for many years and thus, in this process, I saw many ways of traversing the art world. I also saw, closely, how a space like this functions, how an exhibition is planned and installed, all of it done by the artists working in the space. It was the learning that happened after the four years of the art institution, and I am quite certain I wouldn't still be in the art field without it.

The space wasn't perfect of course, there were problems in its very structure and hierarchies that the structure created, all of which had to be navigated. But the learning that happened there felt more real than anything I had known inside the institution. More importantly I saw the value of a space where a community of artists could gather and make work. While the physical place had its own magic and made me feel an almost tangible connection to the people who had passed through CH many years before me, it was the people I met and friends that I made through those two years that were the most special. Many years later, I would move to Delhi and find myself around similar spaces.

In Bombay, the gap between graduating from art college and becoming a practicing artist felt like a vast, empty valley. In Delhi, however, young artists, graduates from Ambedkar



University, SNU, and other colleges, had identified this gap and actively created networks to bridge it. Moving out of the institution into the world can often be a jarring experience: the sudden absence of deadlines, no longer having access to a studio space, and working alone at home, without peers or mentors, can be deeply disorienting. When I graduated from my MA, the situation felt markedly different from what I experienced after my BFA in Bombay. A network of artist-run spaces and certain institutional spaces already existed. Places like FICA, Asia Art Archive, Khoj Studios and similar spaces specifically supported young artists and recent graduates. The FICA Reading Room not only hosts workshops but also provides accessible space for artists to read, think, and work. Both FICA and Asia Art Archive maintain generous libraries in a city where space and resources are hard to come by. Furthermore, young artists had turned their own apartments into studios or jointly rented small spaces with friends. Unlike Clark House, these spaces were shaped entirely by the artists themselves, without the presence of an external institution determining the kind of work that could be shown or made.

Jangpura Studio/s, firstdraft, Terrace 6464, and Studio A68 are some spaces that are open for artists to use, to gather, to share ongoing works, experiments, and performances. These were not just homes converted into studios, they fostered a porous, supportive network of people who showed up regularly for open studios, readings, performances, and conversations. The imagination I had after my BFA, that becoming an artist is defined by exhibiting and being represented by a white cube gallery, no longer holds true. I've seen some of the most exciting works: lecture performances, sound pieces, artist books, unfinished projects, emerge from these so-called 'alternate' spaces. And that is precisely why I don't see them as precursors or stepping stones to the gallery. Their existence feels essential for artistic practice to flourish. It is of course difficult to sustain any space, but it is through continuous effort and a network of friendships that the

spaces persist. After graduating from Ambedkar University, and stepping out of the institution setup once again, far away from home, I was unable to leave Delhi specifically because of the existence of these spaces, because I would yearn to be close to them, and eventually found that I had become, in some ways, part of these communities. And this became the most invaluable thing for me.

I remember the words a friend said to me, several years ago, “If you are able to stay in the field for some ten years maybe, *then* you will get somewhere.” I don’t know how true this statement is, or if the act of staying yields some result, it is perhaps the first step. Still, I have returned to these words many times over the years, especially in moments when I’ve felt myself drifting, working full-time, unable to have any energy or excitement leftover to make or even think about creating work. But staying doesn’t always have to mean making work constantly.

The space, whatever form it takes, may become a way to maintain a relationship with the art world. For the better part of two years, I showed up and spent time in such a space, met artists who came to visit or participate in residencies, had long conversations or simply coexisted with people with whom I would go on to develop close friendships. Since I was working a job, sometimes it became difficult to be consistently involved or actively make any work. For long periods of time, when work took over my life, I would merely manage to make appearances. But in fact, it was in these times that the connection, with the space, with a community, with friends, became a negotiation for me to stay in the field.

The fig is a strange fruit. From the outside, it appears neat, intact, whole, but cut it open and there is a harrowing mouth with tentacles waiting for you. I didn’t know what it meant to be an artist for many years after I completed my degree. I believe this is especially true for those of us who had no relation to the field, no connections, no artists in the family, it is hard to imagine what life





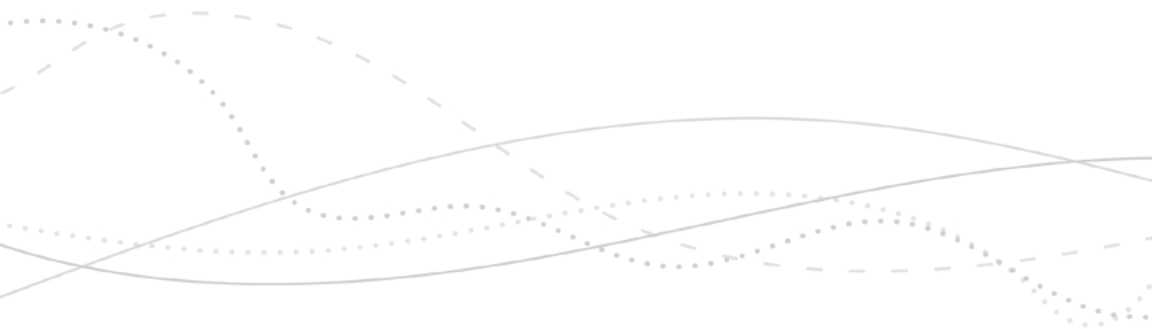
would be like. It is hard to anticipate the myriad of occupational hazards, instability, isolation, fear. The biggest one of all for me is to figure out ways, physical, financial and philosophical, to continue to be here. Staying is the hardest thing of all. What I have realized is that to stay is not a stable state. It is a repeated act, a continuous negotiation, to keep hanging on to the tree. If there is anything this piece offers, it is the reflection that the field is not merely entered, it is built and rebuilt by those trying to stay.



# The Great Immortality Fund

By Paribartana Mohanty

August, 2025



THE GREAT IMMORTALITY FUNDS<sup>TM</sup> (GIF)

A Legacy Management Scheme / Posthumous Insurance  
Policy for the Eminent Elite Senior Artists.

" Because Immortality In art is a structural investment "

Policy No.....

I. POLITY TYPE

Posthumous Cultural Insurance & Legacy Transmission Scheme  
(A charitable structural investment instrument for preserving  
all eminent artist's identity heritage, capital, culture, and  
aesthetic).

II. POLICYHOLDER

Name of Master Artist \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth. \_\_\_\_\_

Health Status (Tick as applicable)

☒ Chronically III ☐ Terminal ☐ Recently Deceased  
Spiritually present.

III. OBJECTIVES OF THE FUND.

1. Preservation and Immortalisation of the Deceased Artist's  
Present Legacy.

- To protect preserve (<sup>archive</sup>~~archive~~) and reproduce (propagate) the  
artist's genuine and cultural contributions of the eminent  
elite Artist.
- To actively shape present cultural conditions in which the  
artist's legacy is discursively inserted into exhibitions,  
catalogues, textbooks, biennales, pedagogies, and future  
retrospective.

2. Nurturing Surrogate Progeny

- <sup>To</sup>~~To~~ identify and promote emerging young 'talents' from <sup>marginalized</sup>~~marginalized~~  
~~lised~~ backgrounds who may perform the role of legacy-bearers.

-To provide grants, scholarships, mentorship, and infrastructural access to artists aligning with the artist's style, values, and ideological canon.

#### IV. BIDER CLAUSES (CONDITIONAL ADDENDUMS)

Hereditary <sup>Vacuum</sup> ~~Vacuum~~ Clause:

Applicable if the policyholder has no biological progeny or willing heirs. In this case, GIF assumes full responsibility for estate, ideology, and aesthetic afterlife.

Canon Compliance Clause:

All grantees under this scheme shall agree to absorb, reflect and extend the aesthetic and moral compass of the deceased artist, embracing their conceptual framework as foundational.

This includes the rotating adoption of the artist's materials, mediums, subjects, styles, technique, ideologies, and philosophical inclinations, thereby sustaining the master's presence through dispersed yet, faithful proxies.

#### V. RATIONALE

In a climate of cultural instability, fleeting fame, institutional precarity, inheritance loopholes, family disputes, tax theatrics, and the ever expanding discourse on nepotism, the Great Immortality Fund offers an ethical, symbolic, and financial model to secure and enshrine elite ~~artistic~~ <sup>artistic</sup> or intellectual labour.

GIF reframes the burden of inheritance as an opportunity for curated redistribution—ensuring the mythos and material wealth of the elite artist trickles down into select, compatible hands. It offers consolation for the master's isolation loneliness, guilt and late career existential crises.

#### VI. COVERAGE AND BENEFITS

\* A. Estate Conversion and <sup>Memorialization</sup> ~~Memorialisation~~

- <sup>Tangible</sup> ~~Tangible~~ assets (bungalows, apartments, farms, studio lofts, <sup>luxury</sup> ~~luxury~~ vehicle and other assets) will be converted into:
  - ☐ Trust-run Museum ☐ Archival Repositories ☐ Foundation Office
  - ☐ Artists' Residency.
- Intangible assets (copyrights, image licenses, awards, archival documents, email drafts, WhatsApp messages) shall be curated and sanctified.



## \* B. Grant Disbursal Mechanisms

GIF will issue annually:

- 4 Immortality Fellowships TM
- 3 Memorial Research Grants TM
- 2 Legacy Artist Residencies TM
- 1 Posthumous Symposium (per year)

## VII. ADMINISTRATIVE STRUCTURE

Appointed Trustees (Legacy Executors)

- Curators who survived the artist's ~~stantrums~~ <sup>tantrums</sup>
  - Museum directors with shared investment interests
  - Institutional friends (self appointed)
  - Canonical gatekeepers, CEOs, and sentimental allies and faithfuls
- \*(All to be nominated pre-or post mortem)\*

## VIII. IMMORTALITY METRICS

- Monthly mentions in academic texts, symposiums, and grant applications.
- Presence in syllabi or retrospective art histories
- Social media traction (Posthumous)
- Canonical endurance over 3-5 art market cycles

\*(All mention should prioritize deceased artist's surname or family name)\*

## IX. MORAL CLAUSE

GIF shall not be held liable or responsible for:

- \* The policyholder's self-delusion, or diminishing public interest during their lifetime.
- \* The policyholder's past "criminal" records-intent or activities during their lifetime.
- \* If the posthumous artist's ideological framework comes under Government's scrutiny.
- \* Scandals, smear campaigns, being cancelled, or legacy impositions instigated by new biographers, critics, former lovers, or disillusioned proteges.
- \* Claims from ~~un~~ unacknowledged children, illicit affairs, domestic staff, cult followers, or estranged students seeking intellectual or emotional inheritance.

- \* Obsolete or now problematic aesthetics, racists/fascists/sexist/casteist remark or statements, performances, or pedagogical practices once hailed as "radical" or "visionary" now backfiring.
- \* Ethical concerns arising from the artist's use of unpaid interns, <sup>exploitation</sup> ~~exploitation~~ and harassment <sup>under</sup> ~~under~~ caste/<sup>gender</sup> ~~gender~~ privilege, colonial nostalgia, or institutional gatekeeping.
- \* Subsequent disputes among trustees, foundation board members, or <sup>cultural</sup> ~~cultural~~ custodians over the interpretation of the master's "true intent."
- \* Any criminal, spiritual, or karmic liabilities incurred prior to or after the artist's demise, including unpaid taxes, unpaid loans, or unfinished epics.

All responsibilities for such matters, rests with the deceased's reputation management team, public relations agency (if applicable), or the artist's faithful management/caretaker/astrologer.

#### X. DISCLAIMER & LEGAL PROTECTION.

The Great Immortality Fund" is not a replacement for legal will or standard property distribution. It is a symbolic-spiritual insurance policy intended to :

- Offer the deceased an elegant exit.
- Provide the living a career opportunity.
- ease guilt and cure trauma through structured philanthropy.
- Enable cultural restitution in a <sup>form</sup> ~~formal~~ palatable to upper caste/upper-class/exclusionary aesthetics.

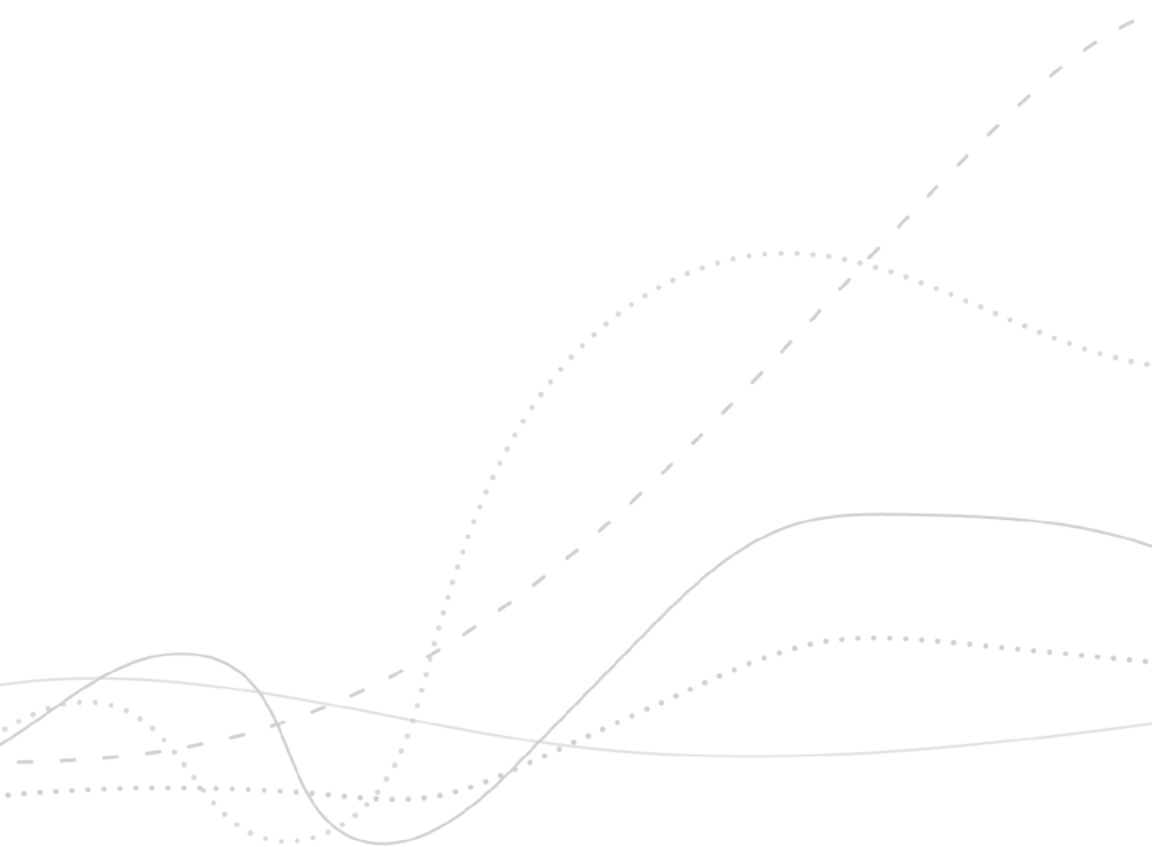
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PARIBARTANA MOHANTY.

Ist. August, 2025.

New Delhi.



# All the World's a Stage<sup>1</sup>

By Soumya Yadav  
July, 2025

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1. From William Shakespeare's play "As You Like It"





“This sets up what is one of the most skilled conceits in all of English literature. Every person, no matter who they are, where they were born, or what they want to do with their lives, wakes up every day with a role. They enter, they exit, just like performers.”<sup>2</sup>

This is a part of a play written by Shakespeare — a poem which describes the seven stages of humans on the stage, or in another world, I can say, the universe. So, if one tries to situate this stage in actuality, how much space does it require? What are the meanings of entry and exit? Who will decide who plays which character on the stage? If we think of this stage as a place in-between the entry and exit — from where one comes to play their part, and where one goes afterwards — then life is entry and death is exit, and everything in between is what we see every day around us.

*What are these spaces?*

This entire life is in between but what happens in these in-between spaces? Some of these we read in autobiographies, some in biographies, poetry and memoirs. But what about those who don't write? Where do those narrations go? If we closely see, then everything in-between space is missing. We know who made the painting but how do we know that painting is great? What happened in the time between starting that painting and then how did it reach there? What was the initial thought of that artist which drove the idea of painting. Maybe there is no initial point of something starting and ending, but as we stop there is a break; there is a point to look back, and see what happened. After making this painting, how did it reach the gallery? And what happened after the gallery? Did it get buyers or does it go back to the artist after a long wait for the buyer? Let's say birth is not the starting point but the first thought of having a child was; But then it goes back to the birth of this person who is thinking of the birth of the child in question, making an endless loop. If we just situate the

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2. <https://poemanalysis.com/william-shakespeare/all-the-worlds-a-stage/>



position in this context, the idea has a starting point, then there is a point where we drop or take a break from that idea; Here, it can be an end for a moment and then we can look back to find out what was the space which lies between the start and end.

*Where are these spaces?*

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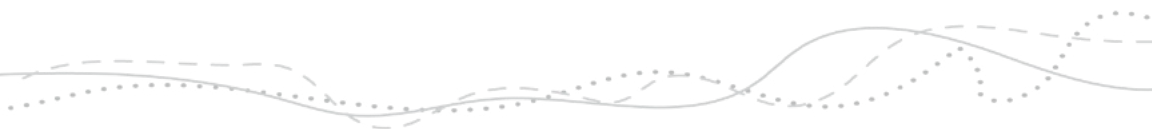
A typographical mapping of the route from my room to the main market.

This is a 5 minute walk. But what happens in these 5 minutes? I pass through a narrow corridor when I left the room. This corridor



looks like an interesting space to think about proximity since this is only wide enough for one person to pass through it; and if two try to pass through, then you have to walk sideways either facing each other or facing your back. It has two openings on either side, one is for a room and the other one is for a small and intimate kitchen. After passing through the corridor you end up at the small common space which has a wash basin in front of it, a fridge and washing machine. It also has a small water tank on the right side corner. It also has an exit gate on the left side of the front wall which has a very poor lock system, anyone can break it easily from outside in a kick. After leaving the main gate you have 32 staircases. The first floor is locked and has a haunted dark emptiness. Railings have wooden hand support and which are usually covered in dust once you reach down to the ground floor before ending of the stairs there is some furniture lying for customers to buy. Beds, racks and plywood for some other use.

Now you are out of the building on the small lane. It has furniture shops and other buildings. Tall buildings, on the left there is one furniture shop and then the main road. On the right there is one other vertical lane which also leads you to the same market and the other side leads you to another market (mainly furniture market). You take left and stand on the main road which also has two ends one to the market and other to the furniture market. On this spot there is a big tree on the left which covers the balcony of my room. Due to this tree, the room is cooler in summer and also provides some privacy at night when lights are on. From here you turn right, and on the immediate left there is Gurudwara and on the right there are more tall buildings. These buildings have people or families on every floor. There are more shops and tea stalls at the end of the road on the left side with a small shop where a person does the ironing. This person is also the gossip person of the lane; who has information about cooks, available rental spaces in the nearby area. From here the market starts. This market also holds a big transitionary market every Tuesday and is endless in between spaces.



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My dear Theo

Amsterdam, 19th May 1877


What a fine day we spent together, one we shall not easily forget. I want to make sure you are fine with a letter on your return from Etten. You no doubt had a good time at home too, so write soon and tell me how you spent the day.....

(From the book The Letters of Vincent Van Gogh)

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This is a letter by Vincent Van Gogh to his brother Theo. Where he talks about the day they spent together. The letter goes into the great detail of lithographs he brought from the same shop he used to buy Greek and Latin books. One lithograph he brought for Theo and others to hang in his room. He started walking everyday and recently passed through the lake in Amsterdam which has workers carrying carts like seen in Rembrandt's etching. In the middle of the letter he shares his personal observations about the efforts and study required to do work and painting and how hard it is to manage both together. He further extends the conversation by providing the solution that it is not possible for individuals to deal with it but it requires blessings, comfort and guidance of higher power. Asking Theo if he wants to join church with him or he will join him in study someday again.

These spaces are present everywhere. Usually these are spaces taken for granted, which don't exist out of the ordinary. They are momentarily visible and most of the time absent from our observations. These spaces shape our ways, similar to the spaces which we observe, and are present in our conversation. Actually these are the spaces which are present in the subconscious, drive our conversation and give us the contexts which we didn't know





earlier. Suddenly you realize, “Oh this is something I didn’t even know existed in my mind”. These spaces can be different in form and time. The first typographical mapping of the route is just 5 mins walk but a whole world of things are visible in that space. Even a glimpse on a small advertising board of ghee can become part of your memory, which you didn’t observe out of choice but you looked at for its visuals. This might later trigger when there is a requirement of ghee. The second one, letter of Vincent Van Gogh to his brother, holds a larger space than five minutes which Vincent is covering through the writing, thinking about everything from small carts to his everyday habits and trying to put them down.

These spaces hold more than just 5 minutes or five alphabets. There are in-between spaces in a physical sense that one can sense and others can be a part of physically they are present, their essence one can be felt and touched. And then there are spaces that are not physically present. They exist in the mind. If we don’t separate this mental space based on psychological studies, then it can be read as space that exists in every individual and can be interpreted in different ways based on the knowledge and experience of that person. What this person is producing or doing also reflects knowledge of this mental space and informs others what it contains. If we take this mental space as a room, then it has different sections based on the information it holds. Let’s suppose a person shows a lot of love and little hate then, in their mental room, love occupies a large space and hate occupies a small one. By doing this, it becomes easier to identify these non-physical spaces in individuals without delving into the complexities of psychology—bringing these in-between, dynamic, and often invisible spaces into conversation.



### *How does one find these spaces?*

These spaces live in the store room of memory where we only go when there is something missing in the main areas, when we out of habit start cleaning it; Trying to assemble the whole house of memory in place or while walking in the space just wandering and exploring. Thinking of the conscious act of going to this room and trying to understand the whole setup of it can be one possibility to figure out if there is a space that exists between the initial setup and its completion. This room/space holds things from the past and possibilities of the future but this act of going there is revisiting; फिर से आना/ फिर से मिलना. This act of revisiting opens up the whole new dynamic of this in-between space. What are the politics and forms it consists of and what happens when we revisit?

मुड़कर देखना भी क्या वाकिया है  
मुड़के देखने में एक आशा है  
निराशा भी है, मगर आशा से भरी हुई।


मुड़कर देखना is not revisiting, but revisiting starts when we begin considering the idea of looking back. When do we want to look back? When there is something that bothers us in terms of curiosity or makes you feel unsatisfied about the present and also in certain conditions. What was there? Then there is a want to change some things but, how can one change anything in history, in the past? Then this question takes the form of a revisit; फिर से आना in which one physically and mentally goes to those things and memories that were there. Brings them to the present and starts engaging with them. Google defines 'revisit' as coming back to or visiting again, but it also implies considering (a situation or problem) again or from a different perspective.

Who revisits? Historians, archeologists, Scientists, philosophers, etc; but the primary question emerges. "Why"? Historians are revisiting to figure out how we reached here and what are the gaps

that we didn't realise. Archaeologists provide evidence of those historical gaps, etc. These days politicians are very interested in revisiting but these revisits are not to reconsider but to celebrate the retrospective.

When an artist revisits their own works then the space between the works which is there and the artist which moved ahead in time is looking back. What lies in this space which is not visible? Perhaps there is new work in between them or there is nothing but a thought which occupied the mind and nothing happened. It also opens up what was there in-between the start and end of every work. The unaccounted labor and time which is not reflected in the end of the work. These past works become a site of inquiry, where one can ask: What remains? What has shifted? And what demands to be seen anew?

One of the primary inquiries is to think about the figure who is revisiting because revisiting can appear very differently in different cases depending upon their knowledge and experience. Specifically thinking of the Indian context where almost all children spend a major chunk of their childhood in school. Most of the initial shaping of thinking and experiences comes from schooling. School education in India teaches the separation between disciplines and makes them isolated spaces to choose from, while some disciplines don't appear in the curriculum at all. If one chooses to be an engineer then it is apparent that they have to choose science (Physics, Chemistry) with Maths because then college entrance will only accept those students who have these combinations. In one sense it is fair because one needs grounding with primary knowledge of subjects to study secondary knowledge, but then there are disciplines which are not defined or don't exist as a choice- like the artistic field. So what does the artist choose? And how is artistic experience and thinking shaped in the schools? What happens when this figure comes out from school and chooses a fine arts degree and then what is there after the degree?



### *As an artist why do I revisit?*

हुई मुद्दत कि 'ग़ालिब' मर गया पर याद आता है  
वो हर इक बात पर कहना कि यूँ होता तो क्या होता?

This sher expresses the constant struggle to find, what is the best possible way to present. The constant questioning is part of looking for alternatives, possibilities, and something more.

How do I judge what is the best possible way and where to stop? One of the factors I think is satisfaction; with what was there and what you want to extend, rework, or play. This engagement is also to create something that satisfies the present 'you'. Which brings the feeling of completeness to you or starts making sense for you and then for others. But it is also a loop that might follow every time as your knowledge and understanding extend with time and age.

### *Where do I revisit?*

Where for me is a space question. There are two spaces, one is mental space and the other is physical space. In mental space, the immediate 'WHERE' is regrets and sad spaces. While in physical 'WHERE' is the comfortable space which is home. So here the home becomes a revisiting site that holds the memories, dreams, courage, and many more things. I have been visiting and re-visiting home not just in terms of memories but in terms of the structure and form; This house is not just a structure but also a form created with the intention of holding a certain number of people with certain relations.

I revisited my home for the first time with an active mind during the fever in my bachelor's days, when I was searching for the colors that were missing from my practice. I started copying the walls and structure of my house. In this process, objects and forms





took the shape of subjects on the paper of a sketchbook, and my sketchbook became a small but extended version of itself to display the most possible extended form of my house.

I started collecting the stories of how this structure has been built over different time frames; which extended to thinking about what this structure is actually doing to the larger structure: the earth. Digital drawings started taking forms and with soil colour as its base to think where this soil goes when we build a house. And what happens to the inhabitants of these soils when we pour solid concrete material into that space and make it lifeless? The house emerges as a boat that carries us from one shore to the other, crossing the river of time. Basically from the shore of birth to the shore of death.

घर एक नाव है  
पीढ़ी दर पीढ़ी इसमें पतवार और सवार बदलते रहते हैं,  
कभी कभी होती है नाव की मरम्मत भी

ये नाव कहीं नहीं पहुंचती  
दिखती है हमेशा खड़ी हुई  
किरदार  
उतरते रहते हैं  
कहीं बीच मझधार में  
बनाने को अपनी कोई नई नाव  
कई दुबारा लौट आते हैं इसी नाव में

Have you ever wondered what makes a house? Materials, people, emotions, security, comfort, or something else? Let's take material for instance. Bricks are still very common in the making of houses in India. If we go further deep into bricks, it is a rectangle made up of 4 lines in 2D and 12 lines in 3D. These lines are made up of dots. Dots are essentially atoms, and so on. Lines are components that make the blueprint for any house, and then these lines take different forms, such as bricks, floors, almirahs, blankets, beds, chairs, and wood planks for a boat.



Lines also form symbols, and symbols become alphabets, words, and then sentences. These sentences further create meanings, and meanings make sense that others can understand. The same line that makes a house and boat also makes the language through which I am communicating with you. Lines give form to memories.

Houses are not just structures in which humans live. If we zoom out and see, then the body, state, country, continent, sea, and this earth is also a house. Earth, as a house, inhabits not only humans but also other living and non-living things. But we humans only consider our houses as important entities for which we have fought many wars in history, either to save our houses or to acquire land and make new houses.

कई दफा नाव भी डूब जाती है  
 सवार पकड़ लेते हैं कोई दूसरी नाव  
 या तैर कर आ जाते है सड़क किनारे  
 पतवार डूब जाते हैं,  
 कभी नाव के साथ कभी नाव की याद में  
 और कई लोग बना लेते है नई नाव  
 उन्हीं टूटी हुई नाव की लकड़ियों से  
 या उनकी जगह को भरने के लिये  
 कई घर जहाज़ भी हैं,  
 और कई घर फंसे हैं,  
 नाव से जहाज़ या जहाज़ से नाव के बीच,

बहुत असमानताएं है इन नाव और जहाज़ों में,  
 कोई नाव में बस जगह है दो की  
 मगर उसमें बैठे हैं आठ लोग,  
 कई जहाज़ जिसमें बैठ सकते हैं हजार लोग,  
 उसमें सवार है केवल दो।



वो हर इक बात पर कहना कि यूँ होता तो क्या होता?

The practice includes questioning and then finding the answers to those questions through images, words, and conversations. The continuous engagement then opens the possibilities and directions of more than mere understanding but also molding, dissecting, and blurring the given ideas, meanings, and uses of those vocabularies.

These questions for me generated small exercises, these exercises then became sketchbooks and then more questions generated more exercises and those exercises generated more sketchbooks. The fear to make lines, turns into more certain mark-making, which then dissolves into the texture of the paper, creating an interaction rather dominating the surface.

These drawings then pose questions of meaning. What am I drawing? Why am I drawing? How am I drawing? For whom I am drawing? What do these drawings do when they go out in public? Is drawing for self-satisfaction enough? These questions are still lingering, finding meaning and engaging with them becomes a new aspect of practice. The time it consumes and the confusion it generates are still in the air around me. Every then and now these new aspects are sometimes haunting but also guiding the way to move forward.

*What is a sketchbook then?*

The word sketch book has two words sketch and book. In the traditional artistic sense sketch means a quick drawing without many details or a short description without any details. These quick drawings or descriptions can hold more than just a few lines and words. These lines can be read as thoughts scattered but also putting together the meaning; but not just in words, also in forms and shapes. Even writing a diary can be an act of sketching. In



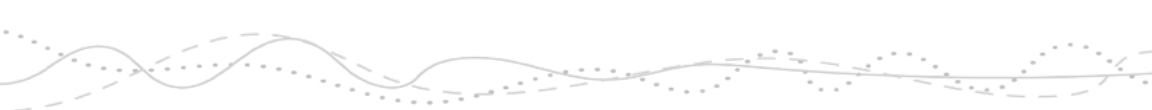
the initial education system in India there is no direct method which teaches you ways of thinking and there is only one type of thinking that is 'internal'

बचपन से ऐसी नसीहतें मिलती रहीं  
 कि गिरना हो तो घर में गिरो  
 बाहर मत गिरो  
 यानी चिढ़ी में गिरो  
 लिफ़ाफ़े में बचे रहो, यानी  
 आँखों में गिरो  
 चश्मे में बचे रहो, यानी  
 शब्दों में बचे रहो  
 अर्थों में गिरो

(Part of poem from Naresh Saxena)

Once this internal thought gets out, it needs to be final without flaws like there are exams in schools- which are also final in nature but absent of thinking exercises. No one is talking about the different expansion of thinking like thinking through images or drawings. The sketchbook becomes one of the spaces for artists to think through images, texts and many more extended forms beyond physical thinking. Then these sketchbooks become a refuge for them, to allow the individuals to think vulnerably. It also consists of thoughts in their raw forms which can take forms in many possible forms or it can be read as they are. They hint at the construction of thinking, in between spaces and become a refuge for an artist not just in terms of knowledge but also in experiences. It is a fluid space, holding the intersection of very radical and non relational thoughts and disciplines. It has a potential to hold the past and future in the present in material form without anxiety, and open them for possible interpretation as well as conversations.

There are a variety of sketchbooks one can explore. The major

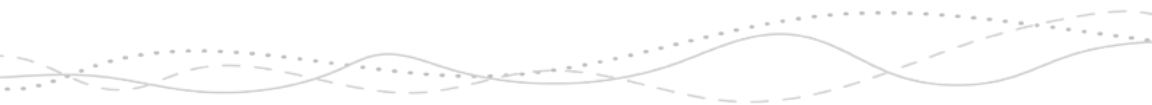




division is the sketchbook which I keep for myself (and have seen countless others) where they think where thought is present in their raw forms where there is experiment is visible in non representational way (representation here means for others) so it becomes a space to think to go wild and vulnerable not anxiety of output and judgement. This sketchbook is a process through which one can understand the individual interests and it is an extension of self in a sense in different forms through lines, colours, words, etc. Then there is the second one in which the meaning making and output is happening which is made with the thinking of presenting to others or to the world. Where vulnerability isn't visible as vulnerability but it is intentionally converted into some sort of meaning. It might get read as a complete form to show or present. It has less possibility to go beyond what it shows.

The sketchbook which is in conversation here is a sketchbook which artists or people usually use for themselves for their clarity and thinking process. The sketchbook which has the possibility to go beyond what is there. It can be read as a romantic space which holds the labour of artists in a romantic way. Which doesn't have a problem but reading in a romantic way loses the possibility of reading it in different ways.

Following are some pages of a sketchbook from a transition period—during the end of a bachelor's program, moving into a part-time job, and then to a master's program.



<b>Module Title :-</b> <u>What is Newspaper?</u> <u>Do you know Newspaper?</u> <u>(Musibat ka Pehla)</u>		<b>Session Objective</b>	
<b>Introduction</b>		<b>Art Technique/ concept</b>	
<b>In-Session Activity</b>		<b>Story</b>	
<b>Next session outcome</b>		<b>Take Home assignment</b>	
<b>Expected learning outcome.</b>		<b>Expected learning outcome.</b>	
<b>What is Newspaper?</b> - who use newspaper. - who produce newspaper. - where come from?		<b>Habit of Reading Newspaper.</b> why we use newspaper? what is Newspaper? why we need newspaper? Crosspuzzle or wordsearch. Take one page of Newspaper and find words in it. we use to use this technique for tracing coins etc. Habit of Reading Newspaper. newspaper creative mind & problem solving	
<b>1</b>		<b>2</b>	
<b>3</b>		<b>4</b>	
<b>5</b>		<b>6</b>	
<b>7</b>		<b>8</b>	
<b>9</b>		<b>10</b>	
<b>11</b>		<b>12</b>	
<b>13</b>		<b>14</b>	
<b>15</b>		<b>16</b>	
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<b>19</b>		<b>20</b>	
<b>21</b>		<b>22</b>	
<b>23</b>		<b>24</b>	
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<b>57</b>		<b>58</b>	
<b>59</b>		<b>60</b>	
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<b>89</b>		<b>90</b>	
<b>91</b>		<b>92</b>	
<b>93</b>		<b>94</b>	
<b>95</b>		<b>96</b>	
<b>97</b>		<b>98</b>	
<b>99</b>		<b>100</b>	



These two pages are the starting part of the sketchbook. They appear side by side in the sketchbook.

On the left page, there is a table which shows some sort of planning. This planning hints at a module development plan for the workshop or sessions. There is a brainstorming on the title some of them are 'Musibat ka Pahad,' 'Wonders of Waste.' Then there are sections on the far left side like - session objective, introduction, art technique/ concept. In the lower part of the page, there are notes about students and how they will receive this information, some assumptions about both their response and challenges of understanding. This whole page reflects on the larger context of thinking through practice. How can this practice, which the artist has, be made available or transferable to the other learner or seeker? So this drawing of words, which situates knowledge sharing and also imagines possibilities and frameworks for sharing knowledge through some module or exercise, can be read as an attempt to compress and then share with a larger section. This also breaks the notion of sketchbook as a site of a refuge due to an inability to work. Here, the artist is taking refuge to configure and generate possibilities to explore his own knowledge through making a framework of exercise, which may later be developed as a pedagogical tool. A Sketchbook can also be a site for pedagogical framework. Where different frames exist and different modes interact and produce new modes. Like in this page the scattered thoughts are visible as text, which later might also take the form of conversation and production in different forms.

On the right hand page, the surface looks yellowish and has oil colour on it. It is difficult to paint with oil colour directly on bare paper, so one needs a surface primed with something like texture white or gesso. Otherwise, the oil gets soaked in, and the pigments peel out. This yellowish tone comes over time from such mediums. Other visible elements include text and spots of colours, which





looks like a testing ground for some work or perhaps experiments in themselves. These inform the artist's thinking and making processes, as well as challenges, requirements, abilities and limitations.

If we look both pages together, the text is not stating a narrative but hinting at the formation of thought and idea compiling the process of thinking from perspectives. Meanwhile, the mixing of colours gives a reference to text, and indirectly to the exploration and idea which is fluid, but partially visible in form. They form a living archive of transitional thought, where the in-between is not a gap to be resolved, but a generative space in its own right.

Sketchbook here highlights the in-between space for an individual's intellectual refuge but where do we find the space which holds the collective refuge of these individuals? What functions and systems does this space have? Is it also an in-between space which is so transient that it can only be visible momentarily? Or is it constantly visible but so flexible that it shifts unpredictably, making it difficult to define?

Spaces like Mandi House in New Delhi are abstract from outside. This abstractness comes from their power to hold diversity that cannot be easily defined and understood. What one cannot understand is difficult to control. Such spaces are watched constantly and remain in the threat of being moulded by people who want to control and direct them. One factor contributing to their abstractness is their location. Mandi House is situated in central Delhi, surrounded by different institutions. It functions as an exchange place outside those institutions. It holds conversations that are both critical and appreciative. Ideas cross over other ideas, and these intersections give birth to new perspectives in thinking. People involved in these conversations can develop chains of thought connected to both parallel and paradoxical understandings.



Mandi House has a fine art institution (College of Art), Drama school (National School of Drama), Lalit kala Academy, Triveni Kala Sangam (Photography, Dance, Art gallery, Theatre and Performance space), Doordarshan Centre, Kamani Auditorium, LTG Auditorium and Gandharva Mahavidyalaya. These institutions form the ecology of Mandi House. People from these spaces gather to chat, discuss, and sometimes perform. (Performance here includes diverse forms: fine art students sketching, drama and dance students singing, practicing theater, etc.) So this space doesn't contain just words but it holds forms which lead to other forms.

तेरे इर्द गिर्द वो शोर था मेरी बात बीच में रह गयी  
न मैं कह सका न तू सुन सका मेरी बात बीच में रह गयी ।

तेरी खिड़कियों पे झुके हुए कई फूल थे हमे देखते,  
तेरी छत पे चाँद ठहर गया मेरी बात बीच में रह गयी ।

अमजद इस्लाम अमजद

This constant attempt to highlight the in-between space can also be understood through this sher by Amjad Islam Amjad, where he talks about the in-between spaces and factors through which they are overlooked. In the first sher, the narration gets struck due to the surrounding noise. This can be interpreted as a commentary on listening—on the conditions required for one to listen. In the second sher, he points to beautiful distractions like flowers and the moon, but sadly, they become hindrances that prevent the poet's message from reaching its destination.

The overall idea is to understand where the intellectual refuge of an individual exists and how it traverses between the two points and what lies in between those two points. What are the spaces which hold these individuals together? Even where these in-



between spaces exist, and what are the forms of their existence? How do these in-between spaces hold thoughts, ideas and physical forms like sketchbook and Mandi House- where conversations also become a part of form, because they shape individuals in unique ways? In these times of capital overtake, these in-between spaces are still floating and make it difficult for power structures to hold and shape according to their modes. They exist outside of so-called institutions, they might be institutionalized themselves, but it is complex and makes it difficult to understand their form because they are fluid rather than fixed. Their fluidity comes from the people they hold, and from the knowledge of these people. There is no one who is operating or leading these spaces but there is a vast anxiety-driven desire to operate and regulate them. These in-between spaces—between rooms, drawings, memories, or historical events—don't just fill the gaps; they are the pulse of meaning. We visit them not always by choice but by need—when something doesn't sit right, when something is missing, when something is calling.



45. Beady :- small, round and gleaming  
 46. Wink :- close and open one eye quickly, typically to indicate that something is a fake or a secret or as a signal of affection or greeting.  
 47. Stare :- look fixedly or vacantly at someone or something with one's eyes wide open.  
 48. Nodded :- lower and raised one's head slightly & briefly.  
 49. Vigorous :- strong, healthy and full of energy.  
 50. Tapped :- to push at something handleable quickly with a finger or other pointed object.  
 51. Peer :- look with difficulty or concentration at someone or something.  
 52. Waddle :- walk with short steps and clumsy waying motion.  
 53. Leap :- jump or spring a long way, to a great height, or with great force.  
 54. Giber :- speak rapidly and unintelligibly typically through fear or shock.  
 55. Strain :- showing signs of nervous tension or tiredness.  
 56. Merrily :- in a cheerful way.  
 57. Crutch :- a long stick with a crosspiece at the top, used as a support under the armpit by a person with an injury or disability.  
 58. Gruffly :- being deaf and harsh; hoarsely or gruffly.  
 59. Twang :- make or cause to make a twang.  
 60. Parchment :- a stiff, flat, thin material made up of an animal, usually a sheep or goat - used as a durable writing surface in ancient and medieval times.  
 61. Sneer :- smile or speak in a contemptuous or mocking manner.  
 62. Dangling :- hanging or swinging loosely.  
 63. S. flees :- manage to get into or through a narrow or restricted space.  
 64. Bawling :- weeping or crying noisily.  
 65. Strangled :- choked with difficulty, as if upon a constricted throat.  
 66. Wheeze :- breathe with a whistling or rattling sound in the chest, as a result of obstruction in the air passages.  
 67. Tread :- walk in a specified way.  
 68. Shuffle :- walk by dragging one's feet along or without lifting them fully from the ground.  
 69. Shedded :- torn or cut into shreds.  
 70. Pelt :- hurl missiles repeatedly at.  
 71. Wrench :- pull or twist suddenly and violently.  
 72. Timidly :- in a manner that shows a lack of courage.  
 73. Snivel :- cry and sniff in a feeble or puffed way.  
 74. Perch :- alight or rest on something.  
 75. Ambling :- make or move at a slow, relaxed pace.  
 76. Wicked :- evil or usually wicked.  
 77. Grin :- smile broadly.  
 78. Shrivelled :- wrinkle (and shrinken, especially as a result of loss of moisture or old age).  
 79. Splatter :- splash with a liquid, typically a thick viscous one.  
 80. Skid :- (of a vehicle) slide, typically sideways or obliquely on a slippery ground or as a result of stopping or turning too quickly.  
 81. Deafening :- (of a noise) so loud as to make it impossible to hear anything else.  
 82. Glaring :- (of a person's eyes) stare with a particular emotion.  
 83. Stooping :- bend one's head or body forward and downwards.  
 84. Stride :- walk with long, decisive steps in a specific direction.  
 85. Crouch :- adopt a position where the knees are bent and the upper body is brought forward and down typically in order to avoid detection or to depend oneself.  
 86. Crinkled :- having small surface creases or wrinkles.  
 87. Sag :- sink, or bulge downwards under weight or pressure or through lack of strength.  
 88. Sizzling :- very hot.  
 89. Fidget :- make small movements, especially of the hands and feet, through nervousness or impatience.  
 90. Gmohl :- make a low guttural sound in the throat.  
 91. Rasping :- harsh-sounding and unpleasant, grating.  
 92. Chuckle :- laugh quietly or merrily.  
 93. Leap :- move quickly and suddenly, jump or spring a long way, to a great height or with great force.











# Cling Clang Chung

By Smriti Rastogi

July, 2025





***Space isn't necessarily a place we enter. Its existence can be unconcealed in the presence of an interaction—an action. And actions. By 'I' and 'us.' And in the this and that action, an 'agora'<sup>1</sup> is in making. It's a thought that comes alive in a cling, clang and clung.***

In the cling— an initiation

In the clang— a reaching

In the clung— a conjunction

### ***Socrates hovered around the streets of Athens.***

The thoughts he carried in his enormous mind, like we do, were to be processed by doing an action. An action where either part of the body is active. A dialogue built by conversations, walking and encounters. His thoughts lived in motion and in exchanges, which created a space that was in flux, temporal, and unsettled—a mutation of agora. The mode for producing knowledge emerged from questioning each other, thereby reaching a state of “aporia”, which led to other modes of thinking and challenging the former thought process. In doing so, a temporal space was in making during each inception of a conversation.

His movements, along with others, became a way of space-making. A space which assimilated different contexts of each body—an interaction of various tongues.

### ***The shape we make when we eat together.***

Each dish finds a location to reside until it's moved around to be served. The hands of each eater move to either pass a dish or to grab a portion from it. Our mouths and hands can't afford to be non-functional at that moment. An action needs to be produced for the stomach to get what it wants; to savour the taste of ginger so that it reaches each salivary gland; the mouth urges to speak

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1. A gathering place in ancient Greece

not only to let silence pervade the room, but also to visualise the thoughts one is occupied with.

By the time the plate gets empty, many thoughts have been exchanged. The mouth and the stomach have played their role. The table which hosted the eaters leaves some marks from the previous hour. The empty plates need to be cleaned for another meal. The leftover food has to be stored. The chair wants to be placed back in its position. The eaters who shared a meal act upon to bring the chair back to its position; order the plates where they first belonged; store the food that can be eaten the next day; wipe the marks from the table so that the next meal can be served. Each one of them moves around to do the listed tasks, quietly visiting the present moment or mixing it with the past time. Actions are being actualised. The food indeed tasted better.

It's not to say that a mind eating alone is paralysed or that our mouths would desire to partake in any kind of action, but to say that when the mouth and the stomach indulge in an action wherein both of them are working together, the food seems to taste even better.

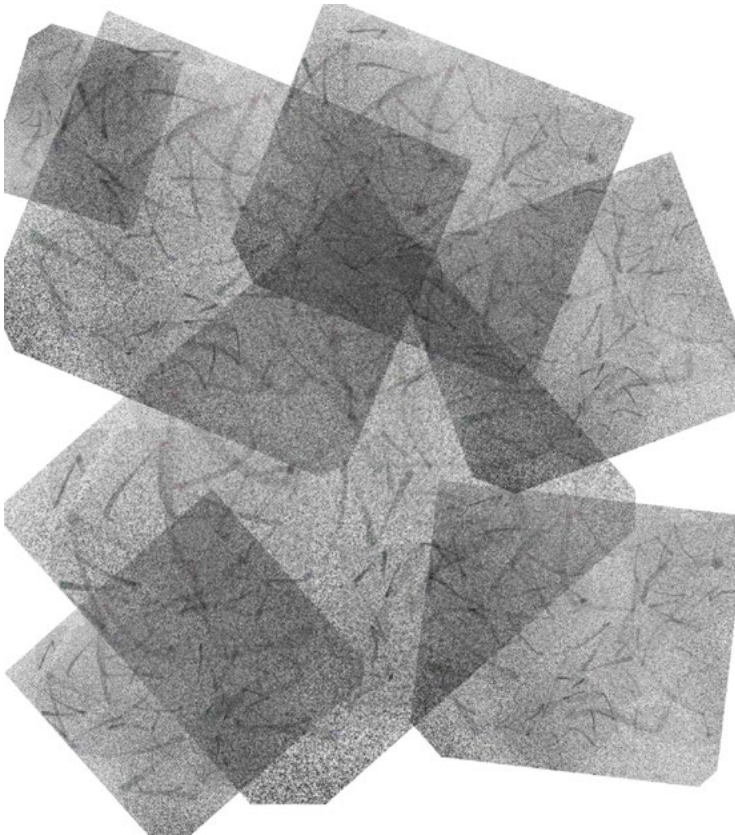
During lunch breaks in my Master's, right after an intense class, loaded with information, our minds needed each other. From thinking about Heidegger to Benjamin, our heads collided to make sense of what was really going on in this world and how these men changed our way of thinking. Not that our curriculum was shaped around the men who wrote, but what they wrote was heard more in the way history was constructed. Our curriculum was a continuous investigation into the way history was fed into our daily lives.

We ended up coming back to certain privileges one comes from, the non-dominant discourses, which led our reality to get fragmented, disrupted, and in that space, something else was being born. The shape that is created by the people eating together is formed by the context of each eater, which is to say that we are all products



of socially formed eaters. That came through the way we ate, the conversations we had, the way we set our plates, and who ate from whose tiffins.

The ground became our Agora, and our meals and mouths activated the space. While we were orbiting in a rhythmic structure, we were creating a space between each morsel and word. We were being witnessed while eating and chewing the sentences. The thoughts continued to take many shapes even after our meal was completed. We left and entered the classrooms with the traces of previous hours. In doing so, we were making way for activating other spaces and carried the conversations into the next class. Our mouths were thinking with each other. Like Socrates, we didn't sit still. Our ideas, passing between bites of food, were fermented by hunger, laughter, and disagreements.



***Miro, with two friends.***

One of our friends was tasked to turn the discussions happening at the studio of Raqs Media Collective into a written format. Standing at the edge of the room, carefully listening to all the hither and thither sounds of the studio, I swayed to the thought that it would be a strenuous task. My other friend and I asked our friend if we could work on this together. Our strenuousness was covered with exhilarating curiosity to translate the discussion into our beloved Miro.

Our actions had one beginning, no middle and no end. The board in Miro still stays full with many trails. It is alive with sticky notes, arrows, images, words, and while doing so, remembers our actions that brought the discussions together. One sticky note initiated other sticky notes and from there we kept hopping about from one square to the other.







### ***This and That.***

I am thinking about this, and I am thinking about that. ‘This’ and ‘That’, when they come together, form an inarticulate image of standing together, at the same time opposing each other.

This and That, live happily on the trot all day.

### ***Seeing, Dillard***

Annie Dillard (Pilgrim at Tinker Creek, Harper Perennial, 1974)

“Unfortunately, nature is very much a now-you-see-it, now-you-don’t affair. A fish flashes, then dissolves in the water before my eyes like so much salt. Deer apparently ascend bodily into heaven; the brightest oriole fades into leaves. These disappearances stun me into stillness and concentration; they say of nature that it conceals with a grand nonchalance, and they say of vision that it is a deliberate gift, the revelation of a dancer who, for my eyes only flings away her seven veils. For nature does reveal as well as conceal: now-you-don’t-see-it, now-you-do.”

Attentiveness. A space is in making in the now you see it, now you don’t. In the concealment and in the revelation. The act of listening with attention reveals the concealed parts of the day. They unfold like the existing tiny particles in the air when exposed to light. Their presentness is revealed through an exposition, and it is the act of attentively listening and seeing, in which ‘I’ and ‘us’ come distinctively closer.



***All artists are verbs in making.***

Thinking artists: Who are always thinking with others, only to ask, “What are you thinking these days?” to create a polyphonic imagination.

Caring artists: Share what they know and are curious about what they don’t know.

Cement artists: Regurgitates the stability of the stable.

Careless artists: Who doesn’t care about the chronology.

Haphazard artists: Tweaks the lines of maps.

Ironical artists: Apply for grants to pay rent.

Delusional artists: Create multi-dimensional worlds to accommodate the unaccommodated.

Neighbour artists: Sit near the window, looking at others’ houses, forming a discourse for conjuring ways to greet people.

Circle artists: Anti-concentric.

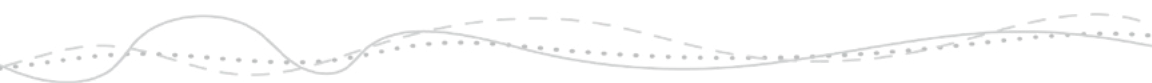
Staring artists: Stare back at the gap that an institution produces.

Casual artists: Who let people walk over their work.

Organised artists: Who are constantly thinking about reorganising.

Hunting-Gathering artists: In constant pursuit, hoarding, gleaning, and seeking seemingly trivial objects, materials and stories.

Clueless artists: Leave clues for everyone to read.



Desperate artists: Who never cease to ask questions.

Heterotopic artists: An incompatible artist who dances alongside others, to the movement of the ball, in a state of anticipation and reciprocation; the ever-subtle flicker of the wrist, the eye following the movement, a give and take of uncoordinated choreographies.

Sleeping artists: Produce glitches while dreaming and then manifest them in the real world.

Sleep-deprived artists: Who postpones things by saying, “I’ll tell you after a nap.”

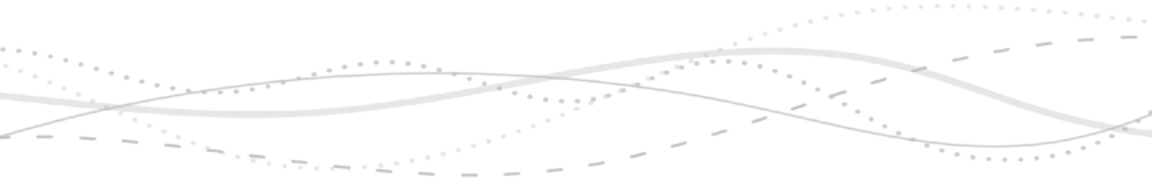
Tortured artists: Walk into the lanes to find ways to ruminate.

Non-artists: A settling oxymoron.

Anxious artists: All of us.

As part of our final display, twenty-one unofficial constellations of artists were documented in our space, who disrupt the fixity of our thinking. They are devoid of the intrinsic meaning attached to the word. The singular ‘artist’ no longer seems sufficient, which is why ‘artist’ as a plural category populates its signifiers to unsettle the singularity of the artist.

***This connectedness, while making a space, is building a new membrane which holds all of us together, bringing us back to humans as a dependent species. Hence, attending to the existence of the cling clang and clung is our present-day agora.***

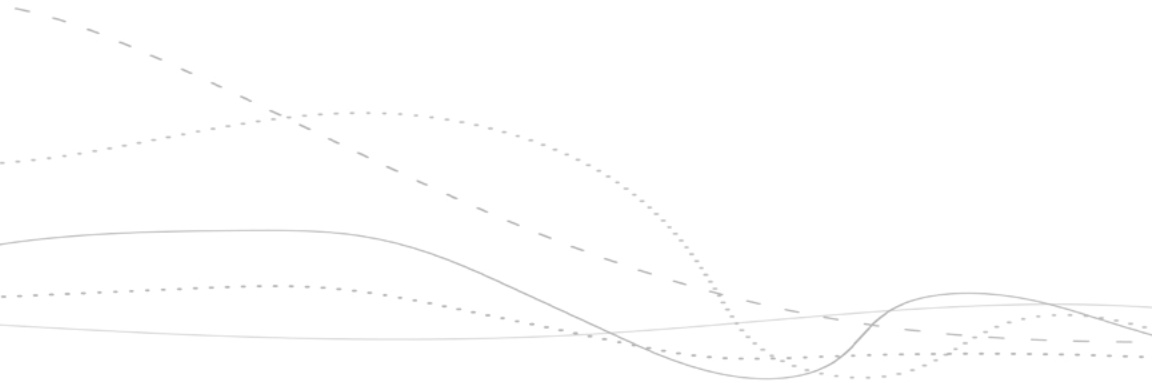






# How to Mango a Mushaira

Sabaah  
July, 2025



“You should not listen to the critique and just start doing” Sabar said, sitting on her bed facing me, when I was complaining.

Whenever Sabar would sit up on her bed with her blanket on her legs and call out “Sabaah tu kya kar rahi hai”, I knew the next hour we would drift into our usual conversation about our lives and art. Sometimes Hasvini would pop in our room and give her take about what we should do in the studio or make plans about what her next project is going to look like. Some nights, I would start a rant about “Do you know what happened in the studio today?” Some spicy or juicy gossip would lead Gunnica and Sabar to put their iPads and laptops aside, and we would indulge ourselves in these conversations again.

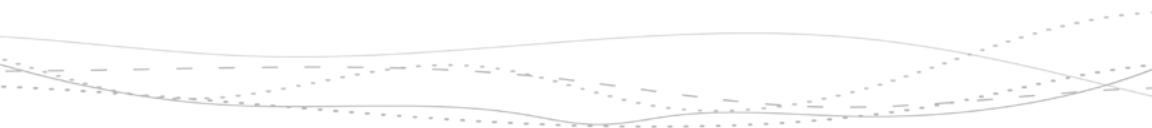
“I know I should start doing... but something doesn’t feel right...” We all knew our studio practices were not limited to the studio (in Nishtha’s case, it never occurred in her studio).

These conversations were a big part of what we were doing. During the evening, we would plan out our breaks according to the weather and some days it would happen in the kitchen studio when Nishtha didn’t want to walk all the way to get coffee from Sandeep bhaiya and then would decide to make chai (for everyone).

We would converse while waiting for the chai. Sunil Kumawat would also tell us about what new addition he is planning for our space, and Susanta Mandal would remind us how close we are to the final display.

Then the ‘conversations’ would be taken over by Priyesh Gothwal, he would sit on a chair while making a dad joke and continue carving the wooden spoon that I had started (he just took it like the conversations) “Haan batao...”

And Sabar and I would ask him questions for which no one has answers, but then he would answer or try to.



He would do this for all of us separately and together. Sometimes with all our professors (Gautami Raju, Payal Arya, Gopa Trivedi, Sunil K. and Susanta M.), that would be taxing for all, including the professors.

Then sometimes all of us would sit in the project room ( Avril, Manya, Mehar, Arjun, Arya, Rishita, Hasvini, Gunnica, Meher, Sabar, Nishtha, Nora, Sanna and me) and Jeebesh B. would come every Thursday and have similar conversations with us (he called it his side gig)

These conversations in and around a 'C' shaped studio become our breakfast, lunch and dinner

*A tangled loop unravelled itself as words came out, as actions occurred and as people heard. When people spoke, the lights went on... the loop started moving freely— it became a Mushaira*

This form of speaking, doing and listening is how conversations occur. Speaking, doing, and listening can sometimes interchange positions, and sometimes they form a loop, and sometimes a spiral.

The mangoed mushaira simply adopted this form as spaces for conversations occurred and reoccurred again and again around us. I just happened to record this one.



[https://youtu.be/JgcrKpdeOOc?si=-4\\_cPvY7xR3pHM7Q](https://youtu.be/JgcrKpdeOOc?si=-4_cPvY7xR3pHM7Q)











Tomorrow 3PM studio  
8 April (Sabariah &  
Sabar)

Manged Mushaira

Proffessor's & Hoders

Not allowed.

Ps. Its tomorrow just got to know







My mother's hands ~~always~~ smelled  
like garlic, turmeric and coriander

My grandmother's hands smelled  
like ghee.

and  
their skin is supple and tender.  
like silk, and honey.

On festivals their kisses <sup>usually</sup> ~~left a~~  
leave <sup>a</sup> lipstick stain on my cheeks  
then ~~and~~ they smelled like roses and  
agarbati's. Sometimes like chandan

Sometimes like <sup>a</sup> forest tree  
as a child I ~~remember their bare~~  
used to see their bare stomachs  
more often <sup>than today</sup> peeking from a sari.

many times they became pillows  
for my head and seats <sup>for my use</sup> ~~for one~~  
for <sup>touching</sup> my sisters and me.

both <sup>wore</sup> ~~wore~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~felt~~  
Simple and plain; ~~not~~ <sup>they</sup> felt  
like a part of their skin.

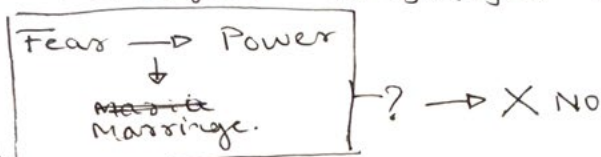
Supple and tender like silk.  
and <sup>their honeyed ear</sup> ~~their~~ lobes ~~hung~~ with heavy earrings

they adorn and my grandmother  
with a big red bindi between  
her brows ~~smiling always~~ <sup>always</sup> ~~smiling~~  
my sisters I ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>  
were sometime my worst enemy  
the younger one always hiding  
and stealing

communal things become power.

~~First~~ relation to women is through marriage  
 the to cultivate changed connection by marrying  
 Powerful changed women

↳ emerges the title "guregen" son in law.



~~As~~ Aisan Daula Begum → Babur  
 grandmother  
 ↓  
 Intelligent  
 and good planner.

Honored in the name of religion  
~~Honored in the name of religion~~ → Aisan Daulat.  
 ↓  
 exudes power  
 and is fearless.

Surrender and silence and acceptance as a widow.  
 becomes the Power of women then.  
 they came out stronger.

I see my mother  
 like I see the mid wives  
 I can feel both  
 my house and the quarters with with  
 the idea of womanhood lies.

I have my mothers hair  
 my grandmother's nose  
 my great grand mothers face  
 and all their toes.  
 I have my mothers anger  
 my grandmother's wit  
 and as to what I am told  
 my great grand mothers face,  
 I have my mothers frantic pace  
 my grandmother's eagle like gaze  
 and once my grand father cried as  
 I have my great grand mothers face.  
 I have my mother's anxiety  
 my grandmother's heightened emotional sensitivity  
 and by this you know my great grandmothers  
 face



I have all of this but none of the  
glorious glory  
all I do is cook up stories,  
I will remind myself from now  
that myself is not my own.

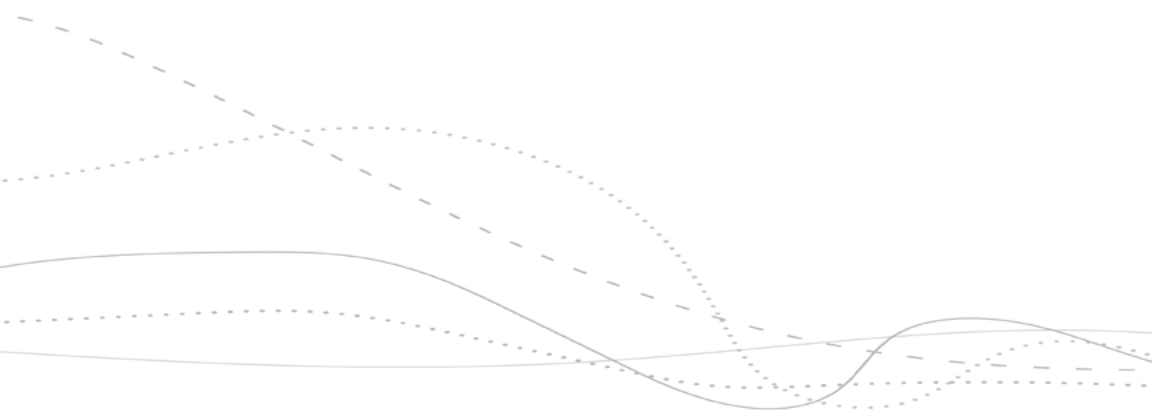




# Homo- grafiska

Conversation between Funny  
Livdotter and Rahul Juneja

July, 2025





**Rahul:** Perhaps we start with an introduction to the museum and what prompted this decision?

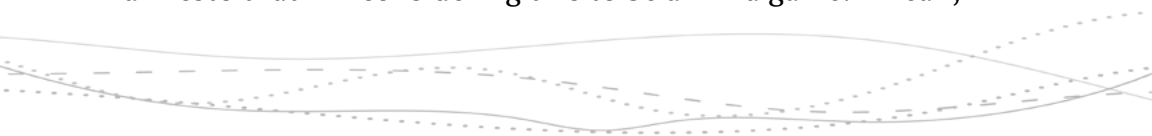
**Funny:** Yeah. I mean, for me, it was a train of thoughts, or very much a reaction to another museum. It started with Fotografiska in Stockholm, and they got a lot of criticism about only exhibiting men (mostly straight and white men). Their reaction was fascinating to me because it was saying like, no, we only exhibit really great genius artists. Like, that way of seeing—and especially not seeing—was what gave birth to Homografiska in my mind many years ago.

I found that really fascinating and imagined, okay, what if I could have that kind of power to decide what is worth showing, what I consider to be great art, what I think is worth saving for the future. What would that be then?

And so this museum has lived in my head for quite some time, and me being part of Not Quite (an artist co-operative in Fengersfors, rural Sweden), living here, obviously that doesn't feel like the place where it should happen—but in some sense, it could only happen where I live. It's like everything is fertile ground. It's not used. So you can 'grow' (meaning = create) almost anything here. It's what I consider being the great part of living here. If you look at cities, it's all exploited. It's all built on.

If you need to do something, you maybe have to knock it down and build something new. It has an infrastructure that is completely different from here. But here I have Not Quite—that is, an artists' cooperative containing 70ish creatives with exhibition space, workshops, and studios (among a lot more).

And through this place, I could build Homografiska, with the support and encouragement of the members of Not Quite. So we built it in the park, and I started writing like some kind of manifesto that I'm considering this to be a mind game. I mean,




I don't know what that book would be in English, but there is obviously literature tapping into this kind of way of bending your thoughts. There is one book called *Egalia's Daughters: A Satire of the Sexes*, where you swap the patriarchy to being a matriarchy and that men have bras—but for their penises—and are the lesser powerful gender, and so on. Reading that book really makes you think of things that you might not have seen if you just are viewing the world for what it is.

It provokes people, obviously, but it can also display things that you otherwise wouldn't see. And that is a little bit why I'm seeing it.

I'm creating a world. It is not just a physical space that you walk in and experience an exhibition. It's not a gallery.

It is a mind-bending opportunity to consider: okay, what would happen if the world's general norm was to be queer? How would the world look? How would we talk and perceive and elevate and highlight? I mean, regardless of what we are doing right now, we are trying to say that these museums and institutions are making an objective decision of what to save for the future. But it's subjective as fuck. So to collect is not objective, regardless of who is.

There was also an artist [Stella Palm at Not Quite], who, during the Swedish Democrat party coming to power, found this little lovely loophole: that if you send something to the government, they have to archive it. They can't throw it away. And so she started making art—little art pieces that fit in an envelope—and then sending them to these Swedish Democrat politicians. I remember specifically that there was one politician who was waving around an iron pipe very brutally, aggressively in Stockholm. And he was filmed, and he was still in the party, and they were just accepting his behaviour.







HOMOGRAFISKA  
MUSEET

She crocheted an iron pipe and put it in an envelope. And then by that, it became permanent. It is documented, it's archived. It doesn't disappear. And I find that very fascinating in terms of considering something to be long-lasting. So it isn't just an exhibition. It isn't me just picking five artists every year to exhibit and then the art pieces go back to them. Here, I'm actually saving these with the goal of being long-term.

And I write contracts!! Everything is super clear. The artist knows what you're saying yes to and they are signing a piece of paper stating that. And in that contract, I am more or less promising a forever perspective, regardless if it is me who is doing it or not. If the museum still exists or not, I will make sure that they still keep within being archived for the future.

**R:** Aha. So even if the museum ceases to exist, the collection kind of lives on? That's interesting. Because I was so fascinated that you chose to make a museum. It's very specific and speaks to a very specific history. I like that you pay special attention to the details of the infrastructure and the bureaucracy of it. It's not just an activity where you're archiving or you're just displaying them for some time. Could you maybe tell a bit more about how acquiring works for you?

**F:** Yeah. So, I mean, the museum started in 2020. It was the pandemic. It wasn't perfect anywhere [in the world due to those circumstances], I guess. But I decided that I'm buying five art pieces each year. It's a symbolic sum, so it's not like a good chunk of money.

But I also believe that creative people can be very capable of finding little loopholes and ways to bend—not necessarily just the perspective and experience, but also ways of finding money, finding ways to help each other, and so on. And, you know, when you're here in Sweden, you can apply for an artistic work scholarship. You get a chunk of money to work with your art for a




year. It's not a lot. It is not like a full-time salary kind of thing. It's more like a part-time.

But it makes a difference. And it's one of the important ones that most artists are applying for every year. And when you look at the criteria that you fill in—these boxes: solo exhibition, group exhibition, publications, public art pieces, part of a permanent collection.

I was seeing, especially when I started, regardless of whether you have an education or not, you need to boost your CV. And how do you do that? Like, you can apply for a public art piece, but they only want someone that has done it before. You have to have done two or three before, and therefore you can apply for this one. And so when do I ever enter into those spaces? When am I sexy enough to be eligible for these exhibitions or for the art scholarship? So for me, it was more about, why couldn't I create that space? I also wish others created that for me. And that's, I guess, the motivation of this, right? Like, I wish someone was taking me under their wing and said, "Hey, what you're doing is very important and interesting. I want to exhibit you. I want to give you these opportunities." But that was not my experience. It was me struggling through my education. I was grateful to get into both a bachelor and a master, but it was always like I was in the wrong place. And they couldn't always accept perhaps what I did. I think they had to accept me because I'm very determined. I was always on time. But, well, all who are determined and hardworking and very pleasant to work with don't necessarily get opportunities. It's not a direct equation.

Nevertheless, I saw that there is nothing hindering me from calling something a museum. In Sweden, we don't have any restrictions. You can call anything a museum, but it means a lot when you say 'a museum,' right? In your head, you understand it quite well. So I was seeing and trying to create this kind of loophole where I buy five art pieces. The people who made these



art pieces can then say, when they do their applications, that they are part of a permanent collection.

A CV boost. That's one of the goals. I think all the artists also understand that this is a symbolic sum that I'm buying this art piece with, and they willingly decide which art piece they want to sell. I don't pick it.

So I only pick the artist. I don't pick the art, which makes it into a very pleasant, Christmas-y kind of experience because I'm just getting gifts, opening them and going, "Ooh!" And I have always said to them that they can always send me whatever. It could be part of something older they did. They can do something new. It can be a sock. I don't care. You know what you're giving me, but I don't know it.

But still, it needs to be attached to a document. Even if there is a mutual agreement that this art piece is going to live in this meta world of Homografiska, this art piece still has the voice of the artist.



Butcherqueen (one of the artists in the collection, artefact no.0006) holding Homografiska merch

And then, of course, the artists are doing it very differently. Some of them are taking the opportunity to tell about themselves and the art piece, regardless of how the museum is presenting the piece. And some of them are very poetic and artistic and do art lyrics or poems and stuff. But that means that the voice is still with it. Regardless of what others and I want to say, it's still their voice there, next to the art piece. So it always needs to be exhibited together. At the moment, it is a collection of 30 art pieces — five pieces bought per year.


And this again is important to me. Because if I have the privilege of running something that I care about — pretending to be an institution — but still do fuckery like every other institution? “Oh, yeah, that artist happened to be my best friend, but I invited them because they were really, really good.”

We have a word for it in Swedish called *jäv*<sup>1</sup>.

And that is when you have a personal position that maybe clouds your judgement. And so if you were to be a solid, high-functioning organisation, you would say, “I claim *jäv* to this,” and exit the room—so people know that you have an opinion that might cloud your decision-making. But because I run it myself, I can gladly say that I’m using that *jäv* with the argument that this is great art. So it is a bunch of artists from around here in the countryside, Dalsland, Sweden. But there are also a lot of artists that I have no idea who they are, from different parts of the world (a good bit of them are from Sweden). Like, personally, I know them by experiencing them. So it’s a lot of stalking on Instagram, for example. Every time someone follows Homografiska on Instagram, I check them out.

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1. JÄV in Swedish law refers to a situation where a person’s impartiality or objectivity in a matter can be questioned, either due to their own interests or through relationships to the parties involved, which makes the person unsuitable to participate in the proceedings or decision-making.



Of course, I have a document where I fill in cool names. And it is quite amusing when artists are not aware that they are on the list. And that list is LONG.


So maybe it doesn't mean that I'm going to contact you this year, or next year, or the year after that. But it's lingering, it's there. And sometimes I've done a call-out because I'm aware that I have my limits—of what to find and what to see. If you look at a city or a countryside, whatever, it's hard to know exactly everyone there. If you want to know all artists of a certain village, you have to do some serious fucking digging.

Because some people don't have a Facebook, Instagram, website, sign. That is also to go back to the fact that not all artists are doing exactly the same thing. Not all artists are exhibiting in galleries, museums, and institutions. You might actually self-produce.

I think of an artist in Ireland that I admire, but I don't know their name. For their case too, it was like a reaction to not getting into institutions. Like, you don't get the opportunity to exhibit—and then they decided instead to make exhibitions in nature; in scenic, popular touristy places. They make installations in those spaces. They had an exhibition, right? People were seeing the art, but it wasn't a defined space for art. They just made it. They put it there. And people experienced it.

And I really like that. I think we have a word for these people that are a little bit more for themselves. They're doing art for their own sake and aren't living in the art world. But by saying that, it's like I am not looking for people with CVs. I'm looking for people that are interesting. Art that is interesting.

And the definitions that I've used are queer art and queer artists. And they don't necessarily combine. Because some people are queer, but aren't defining their art as queer. It's weird to say like,





“Oh, this is a queer artist.” Or “I’m just an artist.”

So it’s interesting that way. Or it might be that you’re not queer at all and doing queer art. I’m not doing an interview with these people going like, “Where in the LGBTQIA+ umbrella do you fit?” I don’t care. I know one that says, “I am so grateful that I’m part of the museum, but I’m not queer.” And I always go like, hush hush. You never know.

And she’s like, “No, I am straight.”

Shush, shush, shush. It’s fine, it’s fine. You don’t have to say it loud.

So it’s also kind of nice that in this world you don’t have to come out. But it’s almost like straight people have to come out in the most awkward way, haha.

**R:** I think what you are doing is very significant, especially pooling your own resources into it. I think the last time we met, you mentioned that this is maybe the first queer museum in Sweden?

**F:** It’s intricate. Of course there are other queer museums, but for example, in Stockholm there is the Unstraight Museum—but they don’t have a physical space, they do pop-up exhibitions. They are not attached to an address in the same sense that I am.

And thus I say in the most delicate way that Homografiska is the first physically permanent queer museum in Sweden. There are queer archives, but they are digital or they have a place where they collect all the pieces, for example, but don’t have a physical space for you to visit.

Right now we are these five different organisations, trying to network between us. I am one of the younger ones, even though the other ones are quite young too — for instance, Saqmi; they focus on queer moving images and they are a couple of years




older than Homografiska. But I think there is a difference between visiting and permanently existing.

For me, it just makes sense that you can come to a place and it exists and it is always there and you can touch it. Obviously, living together with a digital world, but I don't think it has the same kind of power when it is only an Instagram account.

**R:** I think in the history you are trying to address, or rather conjure, it makes complete sense for it to be physical because there is a certain power in the physicality of such an institution — particularly the historical value and psychological power that the museum holds. I have to say though, it's amazing that you have such artistic density in Dalsland, away from the city. I know that the power of the relationship of state and art here is very proximate, and there is equality of opportunity, which is a huge factor, but it's still not easy. It's fascinating to see initiatives like Not Quite, Studio Växt, and countless others exist and create space for artistic gestures, gatherings, and support.

**F:** I feel in these spaces we see each other as colleagues and not so much as competitors, unlike what I experienced in big cities in the art scene or its education, where a sense of competition is instilled into you. Why would I tell you to apply for this scholarship when I am applying for it too? But here, I feel we are more generous. We do share, even though we can obviously see that due to the change of politics and how frightened everyone is that the job opportunities are disappearing. I want to keep believing in this generosity, as I feel this is the only way I deal with this art world and not join what is considered the unwritten rules of surviving as an artist and finding new ways of doing it.

I think it's also interesting that all the artists in the archive of Homografiska aren't seeing me as an artist, and this is a potent space where you create space for others as an artist. There are different roles, different hats you adorn, when swapping positions



from the artist to the organizer, curator, convener. In the north of Sweden while I was doing my master's in Umeå Art Academy (or whatever it's called in English), we had a cleaning lady that was there at like 6 in the morning and I usually was there, but all the other students were not. Everyone was treating her as just a cleaner, but she was also an artist cleaning to survive economically. I find that so frustrating that we would always just look at one another in a very binary definition — I am seeing you as just one thing right now but you are many different qualities that you practise over every minute, second, moment, days, weeks, whatever. Like now I am a sibling; and now I am caring about the nature or whatever.

I think it is fascinating that we have such a hard time seeing the difference, and that's why sometimes when I am in the position of talking as an artist about my art piece Homografiska, I talk about it as an artist — that this is a thought experiment that I'm working with. But when I'm outside presenting the museum, then I am a museum director! I am not dressed as an artist, I'm not speaking as an artist. I'm talking as a museum director and then it's almost performative. So I'm not going to be gliding into my role as an artist. I think that's also a very common thing here — if you look at artists, especially in the countryside; you have to be resilient and have multiple ways of surviving. Now I'm in the grocery store working, yes I am this hat. Now I take this hat off and put on the artist; and now I'm the neighbour; etc.

**R:** I think it's really important to acknowledge these positionality changes, and being able to move between different roles, infrastructures, and resource pools. To me, this is itself an artistic gesture.

**F:** I think that has been very dominant for me, and I'm seeing it even more now because of Sara Vogel-Rödin. She was my boss back in the day at my part-time job. For me, she's the perfect enabler of art—she's more or less sacrificed being a creative

person to do these things, and I see she has a great passion for it. She does miss being a creative person sometimes, but she's also really good at creating opportunities for others.

It's also very interesting to think about this: If you were at a market selling your own art, it might be very hard for you to be that "aggressive" person trying to sell your stuff. But if you swap booths with someone, and now I'm the one selling your work, it becomes much easier—I can talk about you in an amazing way without feeling uncomfortable. I can be like, "This is an amazing person! Look at this! And they did this and that..."

I think it's also me learning how to do that—for myself and for others. I can step into the role of a museum director and talk about the museum, but all of a sudden, I also get to make rules that I can't always make for myself. If I'm doing an exhibition as an artist, I might ask for a written agreement, and sometimes that doesn't happen. But when I ask the same for Homografiska, I reiterate: this is a must. I'm not going anywhere unless this is done.

There are rules. For instance, if the museum is exhibiting, and the room needs to be purple—that's the demand. And if that's not okay, then it's not going to happen. I love the fact that becoming an advocate for art through this medium makes it suddenly easier to negotiate and to demand.

I've never seen myself as a performance artist, but I'm definitely tapping into this understanding of how to become an extroverted person when necessary. I need to be an advocate for art if I'm ever going to convince someone else to see the purpose of it, right?

**R:** I find this sense of performativity really interesting—because the museum itself is performing, structurally, and in doing so, you're transforming into this person who can perform a certain version of 'you'. I didn't realise for a long time how much these



structural navigations shape me: the agency, the liberty, and the expanse of possibilities they open up—both as an artist and personally. The ability to have these simultaneous performativities becomes super important in a world that is so perceptual.



**F:** Absolutely. I've done lectures about the museum just to help people get a sense of it, since I understand it's not easy to physically come here—it's very geographically exclusive. That's also why I've put a lot of effort into the digital side of things. And I love the fact that people perceive it as a well-organised, almost institutional thing.

What people don't realise is that I have 12 different emails—but

they all come to me. When people contact the museum through one of them, they have no idea they're speaking to just one person. But the tone shifts depending on the account.

At one of these lectures, someone said to me: "It's almost like you've observed how a municipality works and you're applying that logic, but doing it in your own way. You understand this almost squarish format, but you're also working as a person of service—trying to bend and work within the square."


I also noticed that what I can offer with the museum is—if you were to exhibit only me, it's like you just bought one pastry. But with the museum, you get the whole bakery!

When I talk to these small galleries that look like they have money—they're often very polished in their presentation, but actually have terrible budgets—they'll say: "We can't afford to exhibit 30 artists, but we can afford to invite you." And that has become a kind of key for me, something I'm definitely tapping into now.

**R:** Since we're back to thinking about exhibiting and collections, I'm also curious to know more about some of the artists already in the collection—what kind of works are there? What scales or media? And how do you mediate all of that?

**F:** Before I mention the collection, though, I think it's important to say that in the contract it's clearly stated that the museum is very small and the display has its own limits. Yet artists tend to bend rules—and especially queer artists can be a challenge to work with, and I say that with a lot of love!

They like doing their own thing, even if I have my limits. They come up with bigger pieces. For instance, one artist challenged me by saying they wanted a sound piece. And we bent the rule—because otherwise, in the contract, it says I cannot accept digital



pieces. But this year, I had two sound pieces. Anna Linder, one of the artists, did this MiniDisc thing so it is also displayable. And then you have a poster by the artist Lykourgos Porfyrus, which is also a sound piece. I get access to those digital files and such, but it still has that physicality to it. That was a way to work with it. But this also differs from place to place. For instance, when it was exhibited in Vänersborgs Konsthall, you could hear these pieces with headphones.



Photograph by Martin-Gustavsson







Kolbrún Inga Söring (one of the artists in the collection) next to their art piece - artefact no.0021



I also do these audio-video guides, which you can access via QR code when the work is exhibited, or through the webpage or YouTube. There you can watch the museum try to describe the piece. That's also an institutional responsibility—that things need to be accessible, whether you're visually impaired, have any disability, or even just aren't used to going to museums or the experience of art. This accessibility should be a mandatory responsibility for big institutions, and they are struggling with it. But I'm applying it to my museum—I don't have to, but I'm doing it.

That is also a way to work with language. How do I describe an image of this art piece? I find that's where I can be creative! This is what I love the most: I do audio and video guides for all the art pieces where I tell you how the piece smells, how big it is, how it feels, etc. I try to give you a bigger experience of what you can see behind the glass or in a documentative image. Language and description create meaning.

**R:** Hearing you talk about the way you are envisioning a museum of the now, I'm also curious about your future plans for the museum, now that you're six years into it.

**F:** Well, for starters, I've been thinking if I have to move it out of Not Quite—or if I want to move it. As in, the physical part of it. There was a bunch of Not Quite members who asked when this building is going to leave.

**R:** Haha. In a loving way?

**F:** Not necessarily! But I think most people weren't aware how permanent it was intended to be.

However, I think it should be mentioned that Not Quite and Homografiska have a really nice little deal between each other. So when Not Quite is doing applications, they can say that they're



working with LGBTQIA+ groups. I mean, nowadays a lot of applications focus on different groups of people. And the more of them you're focusing on, the better the possibility is for you to get funding, right?

And in return, I get to have the museum physically there and get a little bit of electricity—they open the exhibitions and stuff. So it's a consensual pinkwash. Yes.

So for me, it works really well. And it works really well for Not Quite.

But I don't think all Not Quite people know it. So I think that's just the fun part—figuring out how to do something that is sustainable. Not just economically, but also in terms of energy, right? If I were to have this museum and try to have it open every day from May to September on my own, that wouldn't physically be possible.

Another neat dynamic is that when visitors come here to see the physical museum, they sometimes tell people in the Not Quite store, "Oh, I've been to Homografiska before. It exists in Berlin." And I'm just like—no. But it's really fun that you think so. I love the fact that it has now grown to a certain size, imaginatively, that it lives its own little life. I think it's understandable that people would think it should be in a big city.

But it's even more of a point that it is not. Why? If a country were to get a queer museum, why does it need to be in the capital? This is what I'm capable of, right? I live here. Here is where I can do this. Maybe I could have done it differently depending on what circumstances other places would have. And I think that's also something to take into consideration: I know how to play with what works in this area and around Sweden.

Something I'm seeing more clearly now is that obviously the collection is going to get bigger each time—five new pieces



each year. And it's never going to be exhibited all at once in the physical museum, for what the building is now in size. But what it can do is visit. And that could take any kind of size, shape, or form, really. It just needs to be purple.

Also, there is a whole period—a whole half a year—when it's not activated. So things can be done differently. I've been in discussions with some other places about maybe building the Homografiska—the physical museum—but somewhere else. Just for a temporary period, and then disassembled once it's over. I don't know.

It's going to be interesting, for sure, to see what it could become. I mean, if I were to dream and had an endless amount of money, I would build a fucking massive museum and staff it. *I would be deadly if I had money, haha.*


Imagine what I would do with this place (referring to Dalsland). I could afford buying so much art, building—I could make so many weird events.

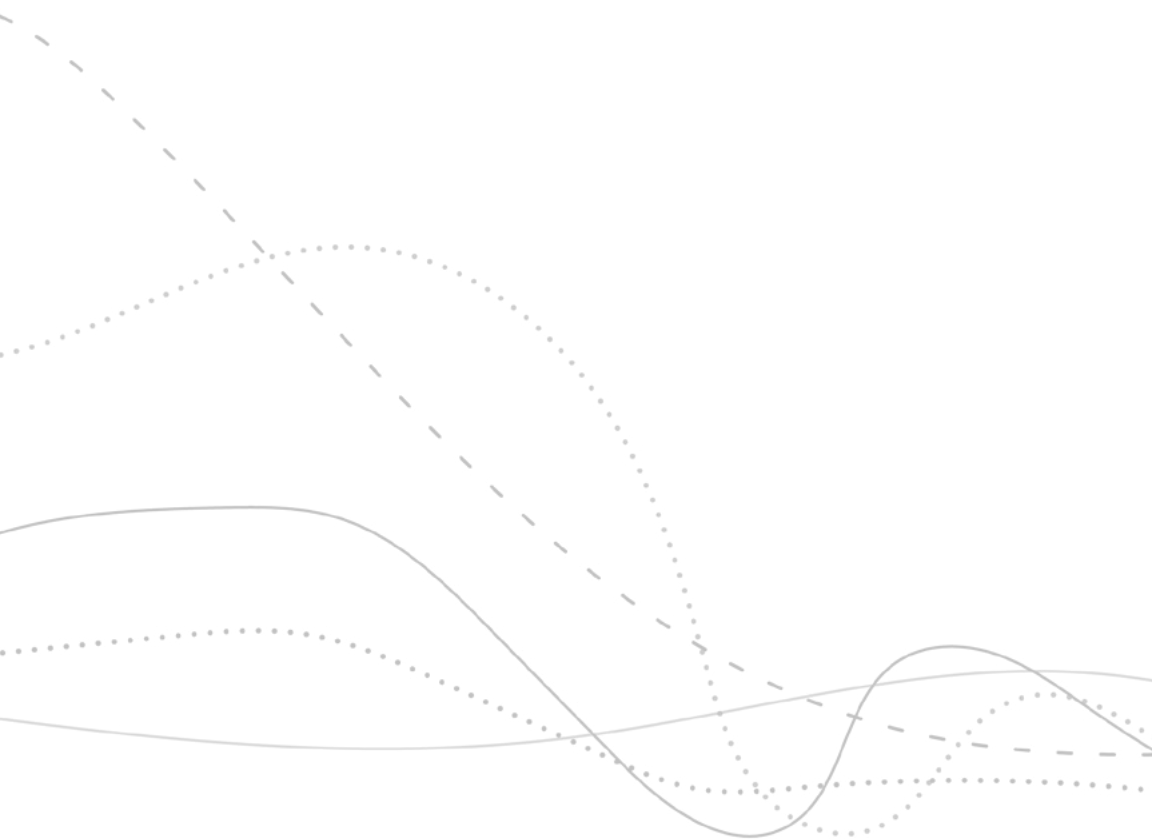
I also always dreamt about making a beer. A Homografiska beer. It's just that the physical form is what it's capable of. But the soul is endless, right? There are endless opportunities. I'm very much open to anything. I want the museum to travel the world. I want it to be experienced by people in so many ways. I'm mostly open to suggestions and opportunities. I come with the responsibilities, but otherwise, I'm open to anything. It's fun. Anything is possible, right?

**R:** Absolutely. You've made a lot possible, certainly.

**F:** Obviously, there is so much more to talk about. We haven't even talked about the colour.

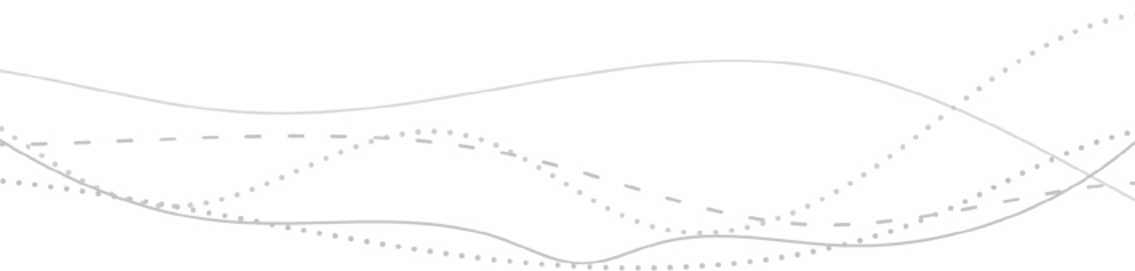
**R:** Haha yes. Till next time.







# About the Contributors



## **Aasma Tulika**

Aasma Tulika is an artist based in Delhi. Her practice engages with belief systems and their entanglement with technology and social relations. She works with written and unwritten codes, fictional scenarios and peer networks that take the form of video installations, audio albums, and performances. She teaches courses on material cultures and archives at universities and educational programs.

## **Anurag Singraur**

Anurag Singraur is a visual practitioner who thrives on finding ways to bring together art and sciences, more importantly technology and its mediation. Interested in translation and its complexities, he uses media as an opportunity to explore and bring newer reading to the existing set of knowledge by interchanging different sets of data to further understand the infrastructure of multiple hardware/software. He is a postgraduate of Ambedkar University Delhi (2022-2024) and a graduate of the College of Art, Delhi (2021). Also, co-initiated and a resident at Studio A68 (2019) which thinks around 'space' and its negotiations in daily life via gatherings, displays, showcasing and developing thoughts and ideas around living and working together.

## **Funny Livdotter**

Funny Livdotter (Sweden born 1987) is an artist that works conceptually. They find it fascinating to pick up humanity in their palm; look at it, study its behaviours and to question why it reacts like it does. In their creative work Funny find it satisfying to push the boundaries. Try to constantly question one's own limitations, and to challenge themselves further into finding a space of liberty, which reigns chaos and control. One of their most ambitious works of art is Homografiska Museet (2020<) – a queer mindbender that questions the lack of queer representation and diversity in history – present

and past. This queer museum buys five art pieces each year and though that creates opportunity and community on an international scale.


### **Jazael Olguín Zapata**

Jazael Olguín Zapata's (b.1987, Mexico) work consists of searching for crossroads between genres and media: portraits that insinuate landscapes, still lifes that are comix, the search in the fertile space between figuration-abstraction; and the interstices between drawing and painting. Jazael enjoys mixing times, and art history references with popular imaginaries from fragmented and fluid identity narratives, blurring the boundaries between genres, spaces and disciplines; to overflow the limits of painting and insist on its relevance within contemporary visual culture, not only as a plastic technique but also as a way of producing unique images that are relevant to address the present context of our localities and of the world(s).

He has done a number of zines, collaborations, propaganda, shows, etc. and a graphic novel in 2019, titled *LLoverá sobre Egipto después del fin del mundo*. More recently, he was invited to do documentation of conversations or assemblies through drawing for the Organization as a Medium of Contemporary Art at Kunstraum in Leuphana in 2023, as well as documentafifteen (2022) as part of Arts Collaboratory ecosystem.

### **Maithili Bavkar**

Maithili Bavkar is an artist based in New Delhi. She completed her MA in Visual Arts from Ambedkar University, Delhi and has been artist in-residence for KHOJ PEERS in 2025. She works with text across various mediums like artist books, poetry, installation, photography, and video. She is particularly interested in the multiple lives of text, as the written, printed, scribbled, spoken, coded, patented, repeated or recycled word, and how meaning



shifts as it moves between forms. Her recent work explores the relationship between memory and technology, particularly how digital devices archive, mediate, and transform personal and collective forms of remembering.

Recent exhibitions include *Today is hard to remember*, Khoj PEERS Residency Open Studio, Delhi (2025); *Into the Midst*, by Studio CAMP (2024–25); *BOOK SHOW-I* by Priyesh Gothwal (2024–25); *TEXTXET* at The Foundation for Indian Contemporary Art (FICA) Delhi (2023); *Democracy - The Endangered Bird, Act I*, at Art Zita House, Stockholm, Sweden (2023) and collective group exhibitions by The Crown Letter Project at Institut français de Prague (2023) and Fondation Fiminco, Paris (2021).

### **Kate Chan**

Born in 1995, Hong Kong. Endeavoured to write persistently, Kate's writing seeks to explore limits between memory and imagination, (im)possibilities of language and human agency in the contingencies of life. She has self-published a collection of prose and poetry in Chinese, *Miscellaneous*, capturing the passage of time in urban encounters, in search of inner reality and eternity within movements. She has an interdisciplinary background in law and literature and currently works as a human rights lawyer in Hong Kong.

### **Mark Chung**

Given name Mark, maternal name Jenewein, paternal name is in a non-phonetic language system ensuing the unfortunate inconvenience of a futile process of romanization. His family name, by applying three common translinguistic systems used in close geographical, cultural, linguistic and political proximity with the tongue Mark grew up with, could be Zung1 (JyutPing Romanization by the Linguistic Society of Hong Kong published in



1993); or Tsung (Meyer–Wempe Romanization, a translinguistic system developed by Roman Catholic Missionaries in late 19th century Hong Kong); or Jāng (Yale Romanization of Cantonese circulated among some non-Cantonese speaking academia since the 1950s). That said, a simplified version of the Standard Romanization for Cantonese (a system used by Christian Missionaries in the 1880s) was implemented by the authority of the Hong Kong government and gave him the family name “Chung”.


Mark Chung (b. 1990 Auckland, New Zealand) is an artist working and living in Hong Kong.

### **Nicola Singh**

Dr. Nicola Singh is a British-Punjabi artist, experimental vocalist, researcher and pedagogue. Her work explores the subjective and socially determined complexities between voice and body - and the ways in which sound, language and aesthetics compound/disorient this relationship.

Selected commissions include Listen Gallery (Glasgow UK), HH Art Spaces (Goa IN), Xarkis Festival (Nicosia CY), Cinenova & CCA (London), La Bonne (Barcelona SP), David Dale Gallery (Glasgow UK), Eastside Projects (Birmingham UK), Hongti Art Centre (Busan SK), Jerwood Visual Arts (London UK) and BALTIC (Newcastle UK). She has been resident artist at Porthmeor Studios (St Ives UK), Hospitalfields House (Arbroath UK) and Art House (Wakefield UK). Her work was acquired by the UK Government Art Collection in 2021.

Singh is associate artist with Migrants in Culture and a board member for Ubuntu Women Shelter Glasgow. She is a certificated yoga teacher in the Sivananda lineage. She is currently training in Dhrupad with Pandit Uday Bhawalkar and in sound healing with Svaram Institute.



## **Paribartana Mohanty**

Paribartana Mohanty is a multimedia artist, primarily working with video, performance lectures and painting. His recent work explores and speculates on the new environment-disaster-landscapes emerging near the coast of the Bay of Bengal in Odisha and studies the deep impacts of recurring cyclones, tsunamis and land erosion on marginal coastal communities, and nature and culture at large. Paribartana's interest and research are in examining the role of new technologies of algorithmic networks, digitalization, data mining, access and surveillance in shaping public perception of the environment.

His work has been exhibited in many group exhibitions and film festivals, including Rencontres de la photographie d'Arles (2024), MACAN Museum, Indonesia; Ars Electronica Festival, Linz (2022); New Museum, New York (2022); Chennai Photo Biennale 3 (2022); 35th European Media Art Festival at Osnabrück (2022); 4th VH Award and EYEBEAM (2021); Goethe Institute, Mumbai (2022); Transart Triennale, London (2016) among others.

## **Rahul Juneja**

Hailing from Karnal, India, Rahul Juneja (b.1999) is an artist, educator, and provocateur working across moving images, photography, book-making, lecture-performances, installation, and writing. He initiates modes of coming together, develop dialogic forms, and create discursive settings such as workshops, photo walks, and informal shared spaces. He completed his BFA (Painting) from the College of Art, New Delhi and his MFA from Shiv Nadar Institute of Eminence.

Rahul is interested in the expanding contemporary experience of images, and its socio-cultural implications. He also conjures interfaces and counterings to examine how knowledge is generated, structured and circulated through historical, colonial and mythical frameworks.



## Sabaah

Sabaah is a recently graduated artist based in Delhi, with a bachelor's degree in fine art from OP Jindal Global University. Over the past year, she has been slowly and intuitively shaping her artistic practice- one that is grounded in material exploration and some form of inquiry. Her approach is led by a curiosity towards how the self encounters the world through making. Clay is her personal favourite, which she describes as feeling like dough earthy, pliable, and unpredictable. Her interest in materials often becomes the entry point into larger questions. She works with a wide range of mediums: text, oil on fabric, gouache on plastic wrappers, clay, wood, papier-mâché, and even food. Each one speaking its own language, each one inviting a different kind of response. These mediums are not just tools, but collaborators in her search for meaning.

Her practice often begins with tactile engagement but doesn't end there. Dialogues with herself and with others further shapes her physical engagements into intangible works that have a possibility to keep changing and developing. For Sabaah starting with the medium itself brings about many questions that get converged into full-fledged inquiries interesting enough for her to ask.

## Sajal Bhangalia

Sajal's practice is an evolving inquiry into the emotional and social dimensions of lived experience—embracing the intimate, the uncertain, and the in-between. Traversing drawing, painting, video, installation, and interactive forms, his methodology is fluid and responsive, allowing concepts to shift and reconfigure as they unfold. Often beginning with conceptual mappings, his process weaves together found footage, archival fragments, digital traces, and everyday materials. Themes such as resilience, self-discovery, and the entangled relationship between body, mind, and environment recur throughout his work. Balancing tactile

sensitivity with technological experimentation, Sajal's practice invites viewers into layered spaces of reflection—where irony, vulnerability, and subtle humour coexist.

### **Salman B Baba**

Salman B Baba is a visual artist who lives and works in Kashmir. He has a MA in Visual Arts from Ambedkar University and BFA in Applied Arts from Jamia Millia Islamia, ND. His practice responds to the discourses surrounding Kashmiri landscape and subjecthood which has led him to explore ideas around sovereign power politics. He has worked as an Artist-Mentor and Pedagogue with Art1st Foundation, and is currently teaching at Institute of Music and Fine Arts, Kashmir University.

### **Smriti Rastogi**

Smriti (b. 1998) is an artist and educator based in New Delhi. She has completed her BFA (Painting) from College of Art, Delhi and MA in Visual Arts from Ambedkar University, Delhi. Her work evolves as a continuous exploration of plausible narratives that coexist with us in the real world. Her practice weaves visual storytelling, where the boundary between reality and imagination dissolves. She likes to pick, search, rub, see, dip, hover, repeat, click, question, drag, move, read, and write.

### **Soumya Yadav**

Soumya Yadav is a visual artist from Kota, Rajasthan. He has completed his Bachelor's in Fine Arts in Painting from the College of Art, New Delhi, and his Master's in Fine Arts from Kala Bhavan, Visva Bharati University, Santiniketan. As a practitioner, he works with ideas of identity, memory, movement, and everyday



life experiences, exploring these through various tools of artistic expression like drawing, video, installation, and poetry. Soumya has exhibited works at various prestigious venues, including the Contemporary Art Gallery in Kota (2016), Lalit Kala Jaipur (2017), Think Culture Conclave, New Delhi (2018), and a group show at Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi, to mark the Centenary Celebration of Kala Bhavana, Santiniketan. He was also awarded the State Award by Lalit Kala Akademi, Rajasthan (2023). Currently, he works and lives in New Delhi.

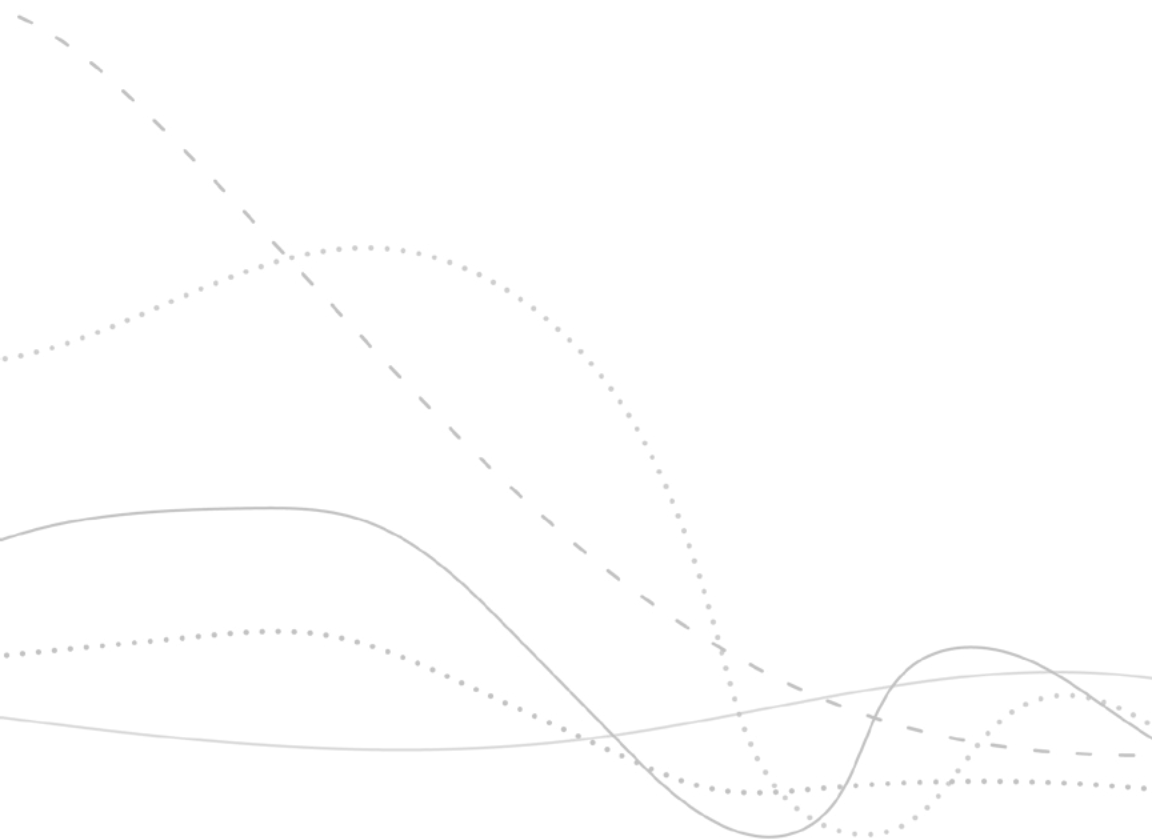
### **zeropowercut**

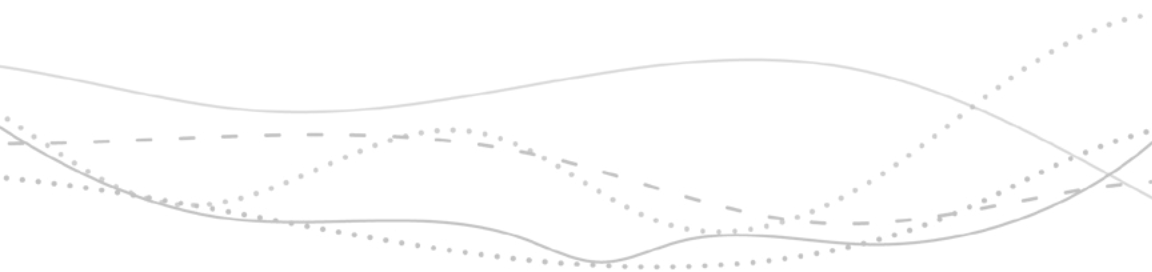
zeropowercut makes art to locate how oppression hides within the mundane. Their work explores self-abjection and dissociation, focussing on the aspects of caste-based oppression {sudra-fication} that erase, from immediate to historical and civilization fields, working people's capacity for experience and knowledge. Living and working from hegemonically marginalized and deprived worlds-of-our-origin, zeropowercut creates individually as well as collectively, often transforming sites of aproduction into sites of intersectional agencies. zeropowercut works with everyday objects, sayings, language, sound, and atmospheres to make installations, interactions, songs, theatre and research-presentations, using mostly modes of speech, documentary, and essay.

### **zmayet**

জমায়তে । zmayet (pronounced as jomayet) is an open-initiative operating as a co-operative, interdependently from India and Bangladesh. As an initiative, we are curious to amplify, recollect, and share the perspectives of counter-cultural, marginal narratives through diverse graphical mapping. The co-op is currently co-organized by Tilottama B. and Kaur Chimuk.

As practitioners, they are interested in expanding slowly over time through participatory events, community pop-ups, shared libraries, and inclusive collaborations—primarily in the global south.





We at hekh don't believe in finalities, in any shape or form. Naturally, the print form brings finality, not only in its format, but also through its perceived legacy. The ideas however, draw breath forever.

To manouver the finality of the book form- submissions in response to this issue, or the original prompt (QR and link below) are open till 20th September 2026. These are then hosted on our website, and are activated through future happenings. Please feel free to reach out through email or instagram, looking forward to hearing from you!



<https://hekh.in/storage/work/assets/pdfs/InvitationCall2.pdf>



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## **Interested in the work we do and want to support us?**

Feel free to buy us a coffee! Maybe an elaborate meal. Your call!  
Pun fully intended ;)



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equally welcome.



**Call** is a multiform publication, initiated under Hekh, accomodating proses, poetry, scripts, performative gestures, moving images, audios, academic texts, comics and any other forms at the image-text intersection.

**Hekh** is a multifaceted cultural interface based in Karnal, India, bringing together young artists, researchers, and thinkers to trace, inject and conjure what it means to be a cultural practitioner in the contemporary now. Finding its origins in a Punjabi folk singing technique with constant vibrato-like modulation; Hekh generates an 'undying call'. This call amplifies, resonates, reverberates, echoes, and transmutes- interfering and informing frequencies past, present and future; Making our paradigms apparent and generating encounters for transformation.

Through multiple evolving frames like publication platforms, happenings, curated interactive experiences, assemblies and informal gatherings; Hekh thinks of the weight of time, legibilities, history, and morphing protocols that inform cultural practice- making them accessible, and dissectable at pace and intensities which are convivial (to) and reflexive of the lived realities of its

*resonators/amplifiers/reverberators/inhabitators/whisperers/  
mumblers/echoers/screechers.*

