

"Many in body - One in mind "

6th June -6th July, 2008

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Random people with uncanny
resemblance – a collaborative
experiment in audio visual art

The show has 3 parts
Story of the flute (video
installation)
The Fibonacci series
(Installation)
Human at last (photography)

**"The flute laments his
miserable existence. "What
was the purpose of my life? I
am broken before I could be
played. Why I could not play
myself? He cries."**

The Flute Story

Bamboo grove in the far jungle
would create a melodious
chorus when the wind blows
through the emerald green
tropical forest. I am just one
part of them, picked up with
soiled rough hands. Traveling
through unknown terrains,
passed through many hands I
reached the city of dream. My
companions in the music store
dreamt about the lime light, the
booming speakers, through
which their expertise will be
heard by the millions. They all
needed hands of the maestros

to give them life but I a needed
a breath of air, someone to
breath life in me.

I stood in the glass case looking
at the passing crowd breathing
heavily as they rush beyond,
striving to reach their offices in
the morning. In the evening the
same crowd scurried back to
their homes, panting heavily.
Will someone stop and look at
me amidst the red velvet form
of my glass case. Will someone
breathe in scale to enliven my
melodious voice? I waited. Only
dust came in seeping through
the gap of the plush glass case.
It came in slowly steadily like
funeral hood, slowly choking
me.

On that day my glass case was
opened, the shop keeper stared
at me. The duster came heavily
on me once, twice, thrice ... I
writhed in pain and fell on the
shop floor, cracked open in the
middle. Thousands of melodies
which I stored in my memory
lost for ever. My life comes to
an end before I even started it.
Lying there I dreamt of the
bamboo grove in the distant
forest where the wind would
tickle us to sing the litanies of
the tree fairy.

Who took me to the sea, the
tree fairy or some garbage
collector? I wish it was a street
urchin trying to create popular
tunes which would earn him one
meal at the end of the day.

Unsuccessful of making any
composition with broken flute
he might have gone to the sea
to play catch and throw with the
waves. There I floated on the
waves. The waves touched me
with its divine hands, sometime
soothing, punishing otherwise.

I recite my own story,
with a body full of holes
I have emerged from a hole,
And will sub merge into another

I am one in many
As I am many in one
What I am, will always be a question.

The Flute Story

Bamboo grove in the far jungle would create a melodious chorus when the wind blows through the emerald green tropical forest. I am just one part of them, picked up with soiled rough hands. Traveling through unknown terrains, passed through many hands I reached the city of dream. My companions in the music store dreamt about the lime light, the booming speakers, through which their expertise will be heard by the millions. They all needed hands of the maestros to give them life but I needed a breath of air, someone to breath life in me.

I stood in the glass case looking at the passing crowd breathing heavily as they rush beyond, striving to reach their offices in the morning. In the evening the same crowd scurried back to their homes, panting heavily. Will someone stop and look at me amidst the red velvet form of my glass case. Will someone breathe in scale to enliven my melodious voice? I waited. Only dust came in seeping through the gap of the plush glass case. It came in slowly steadily like funeral hood, slowly choking me.

On that day my glass case was opened, the shop keeper stared at me. The duster came heavily on me once, twice, thrice ... I writhed in pain and fell on the shop floor, cracked open in the middle. Thousands of melodies which I stored in my memory lost for ever. My life comes to an end before I even started it. Lying there I dreamt of the bamboo grove in the distant forest where the wind would tickle us to sing the litanies of the tree fairy.

Who took me to the sea, the tree fairy or some garbage collector? I wish it was a street urchin trying to create popular tunes which would earn him one meal at the end of the day. Unsuccessful of making any composition with broken flute he might have gone to the sea to play catch and throw with the waves. There I floated on the waves. The waves touched me with its divine hands, sometime soothing, punishing otherwise.

Who created this body for me? Who breathed life in me, the tree fairy? Waves tickled me and prodded towards the shore and the city beyond. I walked in the rhythm of the city like the ants rushing in one direction, looking no where but their own steps, panting. I struggled to hear a melodious breath, but it was a monotonous bustle.

One day I stood at the shop window looking the glass case. The flute in the velvet stand smiled and asked me "so you got what you were looking for"? "I don't know" I said trying control my off scale breathing. She smiled again quite close to the tree fairy.

I broke the glass case.

"Breathe life in me" she said.

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