

THE GROUND ZERO CHRONICLES

Examining the First World War's legacy of violence, Priyanka Choudhary's *1914-2014* reflects on several sites of conflict, notes **Karanjeet Kaur**.



Priyanka Choudhary. *Jallianwala Bagh*. Digital print on Hahnemühle ultra smooth photo rag. 16" x 24". 2013.

In *NUL to Now*, Priyanka Choudhary's 2010 solo at Gallery Maskara, Mumbai, a large scaffolding made of crisscrossing bamboo logs burst out of a wall. *Pubic* was the resounding showstopper that offset the hushed violence of a number of near-monochrome canvases with slashed, nail-studded surfaces. Four years later, Choudhary returns to the same gallery with another solo with coterminous concerns. Titled *1914-2014*, the exhibition was on view from the 10th of January to the 28th of February, comprising installations, digital prints and a performance. This time, Choudhary's engagement with violence escalated in scale and included specific historical events and sites, resulting in a series of ruminative exhibits with fewer pointy edges.

The show featured video and photo documentation of Choudhary's 2013 performances. One of the five sites, Ypres in Belgium, bears a direct link to the First World War. August 2014 marks the centenary of the outbreak of the War. The other sites of conflict – Tlatelolco in Mexico, Soweto in South Africa, Jallianwala Bagh in India, and New York in the United States of America – each with a seemingly different trigger, are milestones along the juggernaut set in motion by the War. In each of these cities, Choudhary visited memorials to soldiers or victims with a pacifist act of dissent: she took a charkha and spun thread, which she later wrapped herself in, with variations at every spot. At Jallianwala Bagh in Amritsar, Choudhary was bound in cobweb of threads to a sprawling banyan tree, mirroring the inescapability of the massacre's victims. In South Africa, where students protested the introduction of Afrikaans as the medium of instruction, resulting in the bloody Soweto Uprising (1976), Choudhary asked people to write on her bound body in their language.

A day before the exhibition concluded in Mumbai, Choudhary walked in the city's Fort area, stamping the word 'You' in

vermillion along the streets. The artist passed some of the sites of the 26/11 terror attacks along the way. The trail led back to the gallery, where Choudhary read from an anthology of war poetry by English poet and soldier Siegfried Sassoon. Who did she address? A large boulder seated in a wooden chair opposite her. Perhaps, a nihilistic comment on the pretensions and futility of dialogue in peace processes.

In her sculptures, Choudhary put marble – connoting both decadence and death, the bookends of any war – to canny use. *¿Quien?*, a composite of 42 wall-mounted marble and steel tiles, was the most striking. The English approximate for the Spanish word 'quien' is 'who'. Choudhary made the installation after her performance at Tlatelolco, where the massacre of civilian dissenters, a few days before the 1968 Summer Olympics, was washed of all traces the morning after. While the marble tiles in the composite were inscribed with fragments from epitaphs, memorials and poems, disembodied limbs and appendages in moulded wax appeared to fade into the steel plates. In *Falling*, bullet-ridden marble slabs embedded in red sand, mirrored a soldier/civilian's teetering after being shot.

Each of the artworks and performances served as reminders of the pervasiveness of brutality. Two of the exhibits, however, were only tangentially linked to the show's internal logic. The X-ray film and lightbox *Lump*, in which everyday objects took on an ominous hue, were dully reminiscent of airport security screenings. The large, baroque chandelier in *The Drop*, signifying perhaps the upset of order or the end of grandeur, also felt rather square. Barring these off notes, *1914-2014* scored with its economy. You wouldn't mistake it for a powerful anti-war statement, but as a quiet, dignified consideration of conflict, it was pitch-perfect.

BETWEEN MYTH AND REALITY

Hemant Sareen is not quite convinced by the ways in which Navjot Altaf's sculptures address social and environmental issues.



A signature motif in Navjot Altaf's long-established sculptural practice is the squat, curvy, strong-featured, nude female figure executed in a primitivist style, which invokes her engagement with women and indigenous communities and their (undervalued) labour, environment and mythology. As a departure, Navjot has introduced a new motif – a donkey – in her recent solo show, *Horn in the Head*. The donkey references the artist's concern for Mumbai's Mithi river and its estuary, which are being reclaimed against all environmental good sense.

Horn in the Head was on view at New Delhi's Talwar Gallery from the 27th of September 2013 to the 4th of January 2014. In the middle of a well-lit high-ceilinged room of the gallery stood several life-sized, white-coloured, expressionistic-yet-accurate renditions of a pair of teak wood donkeys. A jenny, her ears erect in relaxation, as if resigned to her fate, stood alongside a jack, his ears cocked guardedly, his left hind leg

Navjot Altaf. *A Woman & Two Donkeys*. Wood, acrylic and brass. Dimensions variable. 2013. Image courtesy the artist and Talwar Gallery.

missing and a tiny brass horn on its head. Stockier than their real counterparts, the animals were depicted striding ahead, staring intently at a teak wood sculpture of a blue-coloured naked woman walking towards the animals. Her face was framed by two horn-like protuberances with sawed-off ends. As is usual for such figures in Navjot's work, the woman appeared unselfconscious about her nakedness, signifying either brazenness or an asexual nonchalance that played up the figure's gender but not its erotic-ness – she was a female version of the usually male human.

This exchange between *A Woman & Two Donkeys* was a recreation of Navjot's encounter with a three-legged donkey at a construction site where the Mithi River meets the Arabian Sea. The injured, ill-treated animal, limping around the polluted river spilling its filth untreated into the sea,

precipitated an epiphanic recall of the three-legged donkey of Sassanian mythology instrumental in the creation of Ormuzd, the supreme deity of Zoroastrianism. According to the artist's statement, the donkey that symbolized the "beneficent forces and elements of nature," cleansed the water of the Caspian Sea polluted by the evil agents of Ahriman, the darker counterpart of the effulgent Ormuzd.

To make the parallel between myth and reality more obvious, a lone sculpted donkey was placed in a small room, staring at the wall in front of it. Its ears were swept back as if it were straining to hear something. As one entered that room, a speaker got triggered into playing the sound of flowing water. These were the sounds, the artist's statement explained, "of the Caspian Sea where Babol River in Iran flows into it..." Too literal, this work, titled *Listening*, seemed to dissipate the potency of the metaphors introduced in *A Woman & Two Donkeys*. These very metaphors born out of the marriage of myth and reality were finally laid to rest in another facetiously illustrative work, the video *Mithi River*, that feebly offered a contrast between the Babol River's rapid surge and the polluted Mithi River's lethargic flow.

In the same basement space, the viewer found large blue-coloured sculptures of two seated female figures that appeared to be in conversation with each other. An imposing figure with bouffant hair, sitting on an open cube, had its head turned sharply and awkwardly, even condescendingly, to face another figure that sported a hefty braid. Its left hand pointed at something light but bulky that was held in the right palm. As if offering an alternative view, the figure on the left made a circular motion with index fingers of both hands while it sat daintily on the tip of a bent pipe-joint. This work was titled *Agkuklios Paidea*, a Greek phrase commonly known as 'encyclopedia', or 'general knowledge,' which the artist's statement defined as "training which puts knowledge in cycle." The different seats signified very fixed ideological positions at variance with each other. The work came across as a pat statement on the virtues of turning theory into praxis and seemed to exaggerate the artist's ability to turn knowledge into wisdom.

Nearby, *Agkuklios Paidea - 2*, a set of thirty pieces of curved iron rails placed on the floor in a circular arrangement, invited viewers to rearrange the pieces and thereby encourage them

to "respect" and welcome "multiple points of view". Yet, the pieces seemed too heavy to move as this reviewer realized after trying to move the smallest piece of the lot. It seemed that what was intended to be an exercise in spreading the virtues of plurality of thought, turned inadvertently into an abject lesson in the futility of engaging with tenacious ideological interlocutors impervious to views beyond their ken.

Though these minimalist works displayed in a sparse arrangement made for pleasant viewing, *Horn in the Head* still seemed to have fallen victim to the rehearsed pieties around environment and feminism that were reiterated in the accompanying artist's statement, the press release and the video *Mithi River*, a moralistic statement on environmental degradation that provided the overarching narrative for the show to its detriment.

Environmental concerns today are urgent, specific and clearly defined in technological and political terms and their urgency is least served by mystification. The totemic figures seemed not so much to enshrine humanism that was ready to transcend itself by an engagement with fellow animals, as they seemed to deify a solipsistic, human-centric worldview that is increasingly estranged from its environment. Artists and art production in our times are complicit through their participation in the globalization project of capital. Any claims by an artist to moral authority come across as delusional if not devious.

Regretfully, the show's unenlightened politics impugned the sincerity of the artist's engagement with the environment and tribal traditions. Navjot's "project of elaborating the context of art production from the village community to metropolitan gallery," as Geeta Kapur wrote in her seminal *When Was Modernism* (2000), now reeked of behalfism that is reluctant to give the native agency or access to metropolitan privileges. Also, an art practice aligned to the cosmopolitan consumerist aspirations that are inherently inimical to sustainable development and making women its agents loses legitimacy to convincingly engage environmental or feminist causes. An art practice that accepts its own contradictions and expresses them would have a better chance to move beyond public gestures and capture the zeitgeist or precipitate revelations about the human condition.

ROLE PLAY

Anirudh Chari responds to the Kolkata International Performance Art Festival, an event which seeks to broaden and deepen the appreciation of the often misunderstood art genre.



The Kolkata International Performance Art Festival, held in the city between the 23rd and the 26th of January, brought together a number of emerging artists. The festival sought to introduce the largely local audience to the compound nature of the genre and was addressed to both, the artists and the public. Even if not quite 'international', it presented a range of forms and styles of performance art; most significantly, it helped provoke thought and stimulate discourse about the nature of the form, of which most viewers – and even some practitioners – are not entirely certain.

Murari Jha. *Ek minute ka moun*. 2014.

Among the performances that stood out was Kuldeep Singh's presentation at Studio 21 which used his training as a dancer to explore the relationships between ideas (the role of mathematics in the taal structure, for example), objects (in this case, earthen cups) and the body. Singh's intellectually and emotionally engaging performance demonstrated what it takes for a concept to be transformed into an experience and constructed a relationship between the artist, his practice, the site and the audience. The conversation piece between

Syed Taufik Riaz and Parvez Kabir was, on the other hand, a celebration of banality as the artists did not allow themselves to display any emotion or passion other than bemusement. By repeating the same phrases they appeared to make the point – albeit a somewhat laboured one – that the system rewards uniformity and seeks to ‘normalize’ those who pass through it.

One of the premises of performance art is that it can be ‘done’ anywhere and at any time and that the audience is as important in the making of this art as the artist. Although this proposition might appear self-indulgent, it can open up a number of possibilities. Over the course of the festival’s four day run (at venues ranging from the Academy of Fine Arts complex and Studio 21 to street intersections and traditional North Calcutta palazzos), audiences were treated to the whole spectrum of impact – from the hackneyed to the fascinating to the deeply moving.

Delhi-based Murari Jha’s performance had him climbing on a building attired in a black burqa with a chicken in hand, asking the audience to recite radical poetry in Hindi. The

performance raised questions of gender and identity and transformed an encounter into an exchange by engaging both the performer and the audience in a task. Most people never really interrogate their day-to-day experiences and one of the purposes of good performance art is to stimulate the consciousness of the audience. Other effective performances included Syed Taufik Riaz and Anirban Datta’s *Death of Performance Art* and Augustine Tilak’s *Looking into a Mirror*. The latter, which involved peeling layers of newspaper to reveal a looking glass which was then cleaned till it was pristine and gleaming before being shattered, was a perceptive comment on the myriad layers of the self and questioned the definition of what was authentic and inauthentic.

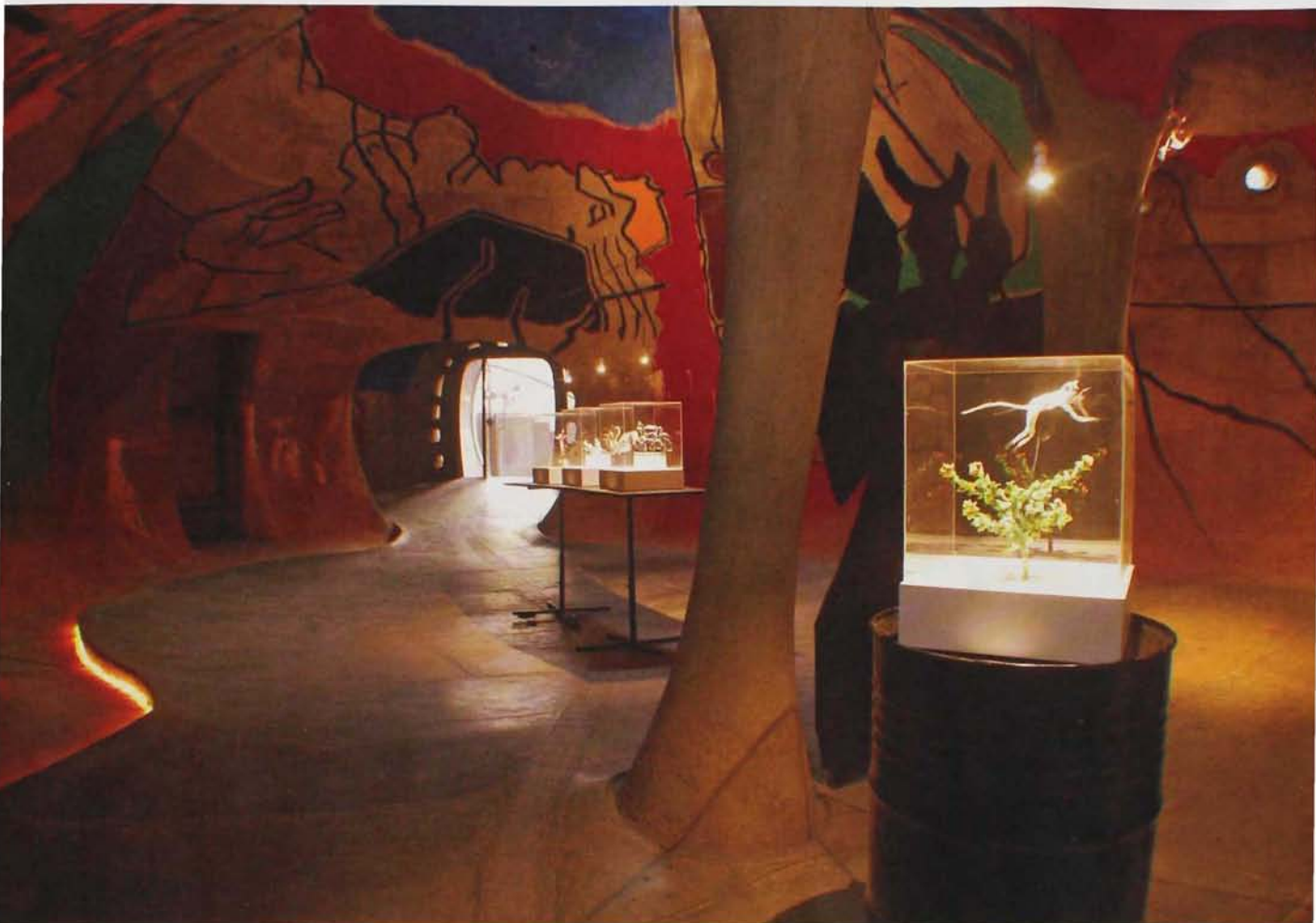
Initiated by Performers Independent and curated by Rahul Bhattacharya, among others, the festival was a significant event because, despite claims to the contrary, Kolkata is still remarkably laggard when it comes to accepting and embracing new media and art forms.

Syed Taufik Riaz and Anirban Datta. *Death of Performance Art*. 2014..



ANIMAL FARM

Intriguing clay sculptures installed in an unusual space frame Amit Ambalal's caustic take on the human condition, discovers **Sandhya Bordewekar**.



Amit Ambalal's latest solo of 20 small sculptures was held at the Amdavad-ni-Gufa, Ahmedabad, from the 18th to the 20th of February. Ambalal, known for satirical representations, played with a new medium – the easily available, bright-coloured Korean clay that allows for easy moulding. "I felt as if I was applying colours not to the canvas but in space. The process was closer to painting than to sculpture," the artist observed. The result of Ambalal's experiments is a vibrant, quixotic collection of small sculptures that look like spontaneous sketches with free spirit and vitality. This is evident, for example, in the work *Frrrrrrr...* which skilfully captures the energetic greenish scarlet blur of a flight of parakeets, or in *Toppling Game*, where a young alpha male monkey precariously balances an older one moments before throwing him to the ground!

Amit Ambalal's works installed at Amdavad-ni-Gufa, Ahmedabad. 2014.

For many years now, Ambalal's artworks have been inspired by the things around him – the birds in his garden; the monkeys jumping about on trees or breaking tiles on his terrace, in their fornication frenzy; the stray dogs that have adopted his home; news in the daily media; and the beloved Nathdwara Pichhwais that adorn the walls of his home. His ability to identify universal themes in these local inspirations, together with his characteristic sense of humour, allows his work to make an immediate connect with the viewer.

Almost every sculpture on display has a narrative and is part of a tableau that depicts the most significant moment of the event around which the story revolves. *Lungi Dive* (referring



to the popular Bollywood song) is one such work, the blue water miraculously rising as it meets the head of the inelegant, flayed-legged, lungi-clad diver. *The Great Escape*, with its title inspired by the popular Hollywood war film, has monkeys on tree-tops that have replaced human characters and are being chased by a leopard.

There are also those sculptures which go beyond the obvious. The camel in *Desert Safari*, trying to stand up clumsily while its terrified rider holds on for dear life, for instance, underscores the touristy been-there-done-that experience; the huge crocodile terrorising the frightened herd of miniature 'pichhwai' cows in *Aghasur* also stands out, as does the slantly walking harlequins of *Rajdhani*, which is a sardonic take on Delhi's melodramatic political circus.

The significance of this show is that it has been held in the Amdavad-ni-Gufa, a first for such an exhibition. The Amdavad-ni-Gufa, an under- and over-the-ground building, was originally called the Husain-Doshi Gufa, after the two stalwarts – artist M. F. Husain and architect Balkrishna V. Doshi – who had come together to visualise and build it. It had to change its name to the more generalized Amdavad-ni-Gufa when Ahmedabad ended its love affair with Husain in a very cantankerous manner. In fact, with this exhibition, the Gufa itself was opened many years after it was vandalised by anti-Husain extremists.

Amit Ambalal. *Aghasur*. Sculpture. Polymer-type clay. 2013-14.

At first glance, the Gufa does not seem to be the best place to hold an art exhibition. Its ceilings and walls are covered with Husain's paintings, it is quite dark inside, the flooring is uneven, and there are a number of concrete seats which cannot be removed. But one must credit Khanjan Dalal of the Lemongrasshopper Gallery, Ahmedabad, who organised this show (it will travel to Gallery Espace, New Delhi, later), for imaginatively transforming these weaknesses into strengths. Firstly, as a show of sculptures, it did not need wall space and could work excellently with spot lighting. Secondly, Ambalal's works themselves engaged in meaningful ways with Husain's painted walls, the sharp and strong lines of both artists dancing a fascinating samba with each other. Thirdly, Dalal used black-painted oil barrels to cover the existing concrete stools so that they could function as non-intrusive pedestals, making the sculptures look like they were suspended in space. Finally, the acrylic boxes in which the sculptures were encased conjured up a museum-like quality to the exhibits.

Since Husain is no longer alive, I asked Ambalal about how Doshi reacted to the use of the Gufa in this manner. "He was delighted!" he replied, "He said that this is exactly the way Husain and he had imagined the space to be used..." With this game-changing moment for the Gufa one hopes that there will be occasions for many other such unusual works to be shown in the future.

"THE LINE BETWEEN THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN"

A retrospective of Prabhakar Barwe's paintings affords **Mehlli Gobhai** an occasion to look back with affection.



Prabhakar Barwe. *Fruit*.
Oil on canvas, 27" X 21".

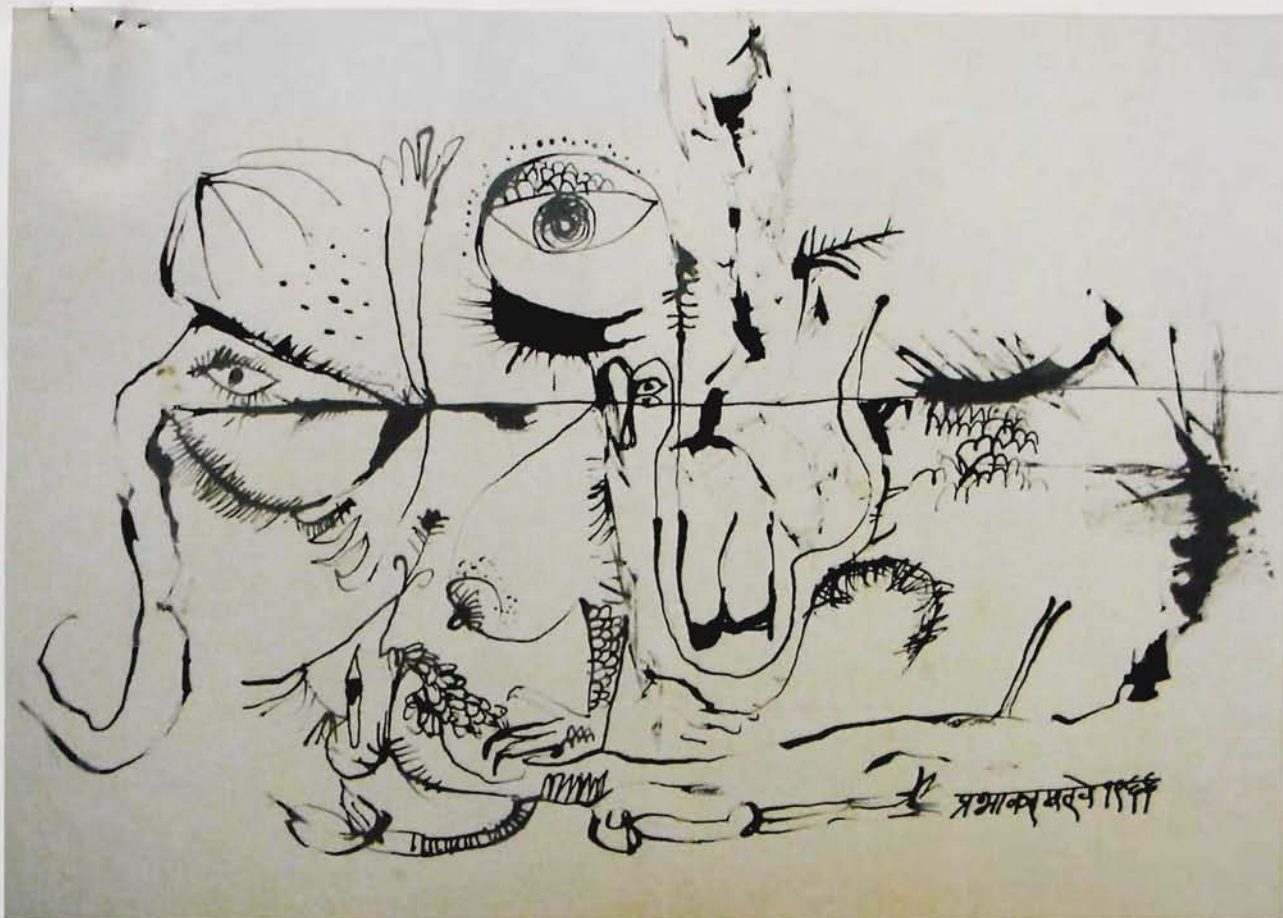
My first show in India was with Prabhakar Barwe at Gallery 7 in 1985 and it marked the beginning of a lasting friendship. Barwe was a painter who had a 'direct-line' to his subconscious and the recent retrospective of his work, held at Percept Art, Mumbai, from November 22nd to February 28th, was a testimony to this.

The exhibition, launched together with his book *The Blank Canvas*, translated superbly from the Marathi by Shanta Gokhale, included some works that were sourced from his family and shown for the first time. The book and these paintings provide a valuable glimpse into the workings of Barwe's highly creative and original mind.

The Blank Canvas is a revealing set of very personal essays, interspersed with brilliant drawings. In a passage which provides particular insight into his approach to work, Barwe notes, "There are no known ways to ensure that your work will be touched by truth. All the artist can do is prepare the ground

for this to happen. That means doing what I have repeatedly said – abandon all cherished notions and received values, reject all known ideas so that the mind returns to a pristine state. Perhaps then truth may touch your work. I believe that truth lies somewhere on the line between the known and the unknown. I believe that the artist must dedicate his entire life to discovering what it is. This is the purpose of his work. A classic work of art can only be born when an artist dedicates himself to this purpose."

Barwe (1936-95) had this genius for transforming everyday objects and experiences and making them highly expressive and significant, with a touch of the surreal and some wit. We used to have long conversations on the telephone and I remember telling him about an incident in Himachal when I was crossing a sangam of two mountain streams. On the other side, I passed the carcass of a buffalo being voraciously devoured by a group of hungry vultures. When I returned, the vultures had gone and all that remained were some bones and



Prabhakar Barwe. *Untitled*. Ink on paper. 7.6" X 10.6". 1966.

streaks of white vulture shit on the black rocks. Some years later, Barwe told me how obsessed he had become with the image of white streaks on the black rocks on the banks of a beautiful mountain stream!

In a wonderful passage in the book, in which Barwe writes about "a spider's web on a dark wall", we catch a glimpse of this careful, almost obsessive, attention to his environment and his ability to transform what could be a mundane occurrence into a source of wonder and inspiration. He focuses on the experience, lingers on it and makes it absolutely magical. "The spider sits at its centre, alert. You flick a small piece of betel-nut into the web to see what happens. The web stirs. The wary spider moves, at first slowly, then swiftly, towards the piece of betel-nut. As soon as it gets there it winds its superfine filament around the piece, completely covering it. Now it lifts the piece with a quick, easy movement and carries it to the centre of the web. It attempts to sink its pincers into it and realises within an instant that this is not food. It cuts away the filament around the betel-nut as if with a pair of scissors, and lets the piece fall to the ground. In the process the spider too falls through the web and hangs swinging midair by a mere thread. But within a second it is back in its web, climbing up the same thread. I discover for the first time that a spider can climb up and down the thread spun from its body, like a yo-yo."

As I walked through the show curated by Jesal Thacker, I was struck by how Barwe's careful attention to the ordinary comes through in his paintings; how he can invest a teacup, a single fruit, a dead leaf with great meaning. In the best paintings, a blurred line exists between the abstract and the figurative. In the hands of a lesser artist the abstract can become merely decorative, and figurative work can be quite meaningless. Barwe straddles the two effortlessly. His choice of imagery of known objects taken out of their logical contexts and placed in isolation in space (a 'loaded' space) acquires a somewhat surreal and other-worldly quality that brings to mind Giorgio Morandi's still-lives – paintings of plain teacups and milk-jugs – or details of the great paintings of Piero della Francesca (close-ups of banners and horses' legs). Another great master recalled is Uccello (a print of his close-up of 'broken armour' graced Picasso's studio wall for many years!).

In shedding light on Barwe's mind and method, *The Blank Canvas* is a specially valuable addition to the growing number of books about Indian art. For once, this is unfiltered, not processed through a critic or a biographer. The essays deal with lofty issues of life, death and art without a hint of melodrama or self-consciousness. There is no critical jargon, no doublespeak. It is as if Barwe were still speaking, clear and lucid.


GALLERY SUMUKHA
 T: 22292230/41207215

Mohan Kumar T., Navin Kumar,
Lokesh B. H., Aishwaryan K.
Mixed media
May 24 – June 21

Devraj Dakoji
Mixed media
June 27 – July 18

GALLERY SKYE
 T: 41120873/65951972

Tara Kelton
April 9 – May 17
Orijit Sen
May 24 – July 5


APPARAO GALLERIES
 T: 28332226/28330726

Bhavna Sonawane
The Great Escape
Paintings
At The Magnolias, Gurgaon
April 18 – May 30

Figures of Speech
Mixed media
At Four Seasons Hotel, Mumbai
April 18 – July 15

*A Quest for Solitude/
The Changing Colours*
Paintings
At The Lodhi, New Delhi
May 5 – July 30

Agathe Patil, Rajesh Patil
A Hold on Hope
Paintings
At Sandy's, Cenotaph Road and
Nungambakkam, Chennai
May 18 – July 10

Pierre Legrand
Monochrome
Sculptures/Installations
At Apparao Galleries, Chennai
June 4 – July 25


CIMA GALLERY
 T: 24858717/24858509

B. R. Panesar, Shakila
The Master & His Disciple
April 25 – May 1

Summer Show
May 31 – August 2


JEHANGIR ART GALLERY
 T: 22843989

Exhibition Gallery
Prabhakar B. Mohite
Paintings
June 10 – 16

Ranjit Das
Paintings
June 10 – 16

Sanjay Ramchandra
Paintings
June 17 – 23

Manoj J. Paturkar
Paintings
June 17 – 23

Anand T. Mali
Paintings
June 17 – 23

Manish Sutar
Paintings
June 24 – 30

Pradip Darole
Paintings
June 24 – 30

Shakeel F. Momin
Paintings
June 24 – 30

CHEMOULD PRESCOTT ROAD
 T: 22000211/22000212

Meera Devidayal
A Terrible Beauty
Mixed media
April 29 – July 11

**GALERIE MIRCHANDANI +
STEINRUECKE**
 T: 22023030/22023434/22023636

Amshu M. S., Kaushik Saha,
et al
Art for Young Collectors III
May 23 – July 25

SAKSHI GALLERY
 T: 66103424

Waswo X. Waswo, Rajesh Soni,
Subrat Behera, Shyam Lal
Kumar
Sleeping through the Museum
Hand-coloured photographs/
Lithographs/Artefacts/Videos
May 8 – June 21

PROJECT 88
 T: 22810066/22810099

Artists' Film International in
collaboration with Whitechapel
Gallery, London
April 30 – May 31

Group Show
June 12 – July 19

Radhika Khimji
July 24 – August 16

**DR. BHAI DAJI LAD MUMBAI
CITY MUSEUM**
 T: 23731234

*The Florentine Renaissance: The
City as the Crucible of Culture*
In collaboration with The Guild
of the Dome Association, the
Kunsthistorisches Institute,
Florence and The Museum of
the Opera del Duomo
March 30 – June 3
Curated by Gerhard Wolf and
Timothy Verdon

ART MUSINGS
 T: 22163339/22186071

Nandan Purkayastha
Endgame
April 22 – May 31


INDIA HABITAT CENTRE
 T: 43662024/43662025

Visual Arts Gallery

David Gerstein
May 3 – 15

Colours of Life-14
Paintings/Sculptures
June 1 – 3
Curated by Naren Bhiku
Ram Jain

Rohini Jain, Rajeev Semwal,
Jaya Sharma, Naseem Khan,
et al
Panorama – 3
Mixed media
July 5 – 10
Curated by Priyanka Banerjee

Aruna Tewary
Multiple Dimensions of Love
Paintings
July 11 – 15

Kamar Alam
Symphony of New Works
Oil on canvas
July 16 – 18

Ankur Rana
Pop Fusion
Oil on canvas
July 19 – 23

Rakesh Gupta
Between Emotion and Reason
Mixed media
July 27 – 30

Open Palm Court

Onkar Singh
June 10 – 15

*Nicefoto 2014: International
Celebration of Amateur
Photography*
Photographs
July 19 – 25
Curated by Virendra Singh
Shekhawat

Samvedna
Paintings/Sculptures
July 26 – 31
Curated by Savita Gupta

Experimental Art Gallery

What a Shot
Photographs
May 1 – 4

TRIVENI KALA SANGAM
 T: 23718833

Shridharani Gallery

Damyanti Sharma
Paintings
May 8 – 18

Bheem Malhotra
Paintings
July 1 – 10

Triveni Gallery

Vimmi Indra
Paintings
April 26 – May 6
Jitendra Kumar
May 7 – 16

Rajesh Harsh
May 17 – 27

Anita Kumari
July 9 – 18

NATURE MORTE
 T: 41741215

Adip Dutta, Prabhakar
Pachpute, Rathin Barman,
Sanchayan Ghosh
May 3 – 24

GALLERY ESPACE
 T: 26326267/26922947

Chintan Upadhyay
Jaane bhi do yaaron redux
Sculptures/Works on paper
April 19 – May 24
Gallery Collection
June 2 – July 12

VADEHRA ART GALLERY
 T: 65474005-6/
24622545/24615368

Jyoti Bhatt
Photographs from Rural India
Photographs
At Vadehra Art Gallery, Defence
Colony, New Delhi and Tasveer
April 19 – May 14.

Gopin Varghese
*FICA Emerging Artist Award
Show 2014*
Watercolours
At Vadehra Art Gallery, Defence
Colony, New Delhi
July 19 – September 6

TALWAR GALLERY
 T: 46050307

Ranjani Shettar
Between the Sky and Earth
At Talwar Gallery, New Delhi
Till June 28

Ranjani Shettar
New Sculptures
At Talwar Gallery, New York
May 9 – July 26