



All That is in This Thing, 2019, Exhibition view, Display, Berlin

Portfolio



*Is power within or
without?
Or is it only a fantasy?
Fiction Neha, just fiction.*

Ceramic Woman (Autoethnography Through Objects), 2015
Digital print on archival paper, ceramics, artist's body, words.



*I have been told over and over that I
need to be hidden to be protected.
And I just don't seem to care...*

Veil/Shield (Autoethnography Through Objects), 2015
Digital print on archival paper, ceramics, artist's body, words



*I float down the road having broken
free from something, someplace,
maybe, having broken free from me.*

Yurei (Autoethnography Through Objects), 2015
Digital print on archival paper, ceramics, artist's body, words.

Autoethnography through Objects

Objects and relationships

Objects and time

Objects and expectations

Objects and memories

Objects and fiction

Objects and mythology

Objects and self

My attempt is to make objects of intrigue that are activated through physical interaction.

The process is instinctive, corporeal. I am interested in the way my touch translates into form - how and why. I study the exchange of information between my body and the clay. Personal memories, and experiences – the intangible knowledge of the body determine the outcome. The resultant objects are fictional souvenirs of actual encounters.

I dream of an afterlife for my work. For it to be touched, played with, moved, worn, and held. Be a catalyst for emotions. And a trigger for broader issues of value, autonomy, control and responsibility. Where does the body stop and object begin? How and how much does one control the other?



Thought Casts, 2015
Digital print on archival paper, terracotta

Thought Casts

This work is from a group of seven casts of my everyday body vocabulary. These casts are the beginning of a gesture bank. The attempt is to make tangible fleeting expressions from everyday conversations. Clay captures the smallest imprints from my body. It becomes the retainer of a moment, a thought, a memory. When handled by someone other than myself there is a transfer of energy and knowledge from the maker to the viewer. It is the sharing/surrendering of a private moment and place to another. It becomes interesting to see how the object 'fits' or does not fit the viewer.



home/land, 2016
Digital print on archival paper



home/land, 2016
Digital print on archival paper



home/land, 2016
Digital print on archival paper

home/land

This a series of three photographs made in Israel and the West Bank that document the performance of rooting myself in a 'foreign' land. Materially I play with the idea of body/ clay as body / clay/ body as clay merging into the earth. With the image, I question the notion of, and relationship with 'home', with 'land', the meaning of a 'homeland' and the act of returning to the homeland. I question notions of ownership and control. I suggest rootedness and up-rootedness; (In order to cause distress and claim land, settlers famously uproot olive trees that have been a part of Palestinian families). I also refer to the first act of asserting right to the earth – by planting trees and crops – the means by which the human species has colonized the earth. Although there are no obvious markers of race, gender or location in the photographs, the act of performing the images is deliberate. And I am the actor. The sites at which these images are made are of importance, loaded with meaning. The photographs were made quickly, and without permission in a private garden with the backdrop of Sabra fencing in Jerusalem, in Kiryat Arba, a Jewish settlement in the West Bank, and at the separation wall in Hizma, a suburb of Jerusalem broken by the wall.

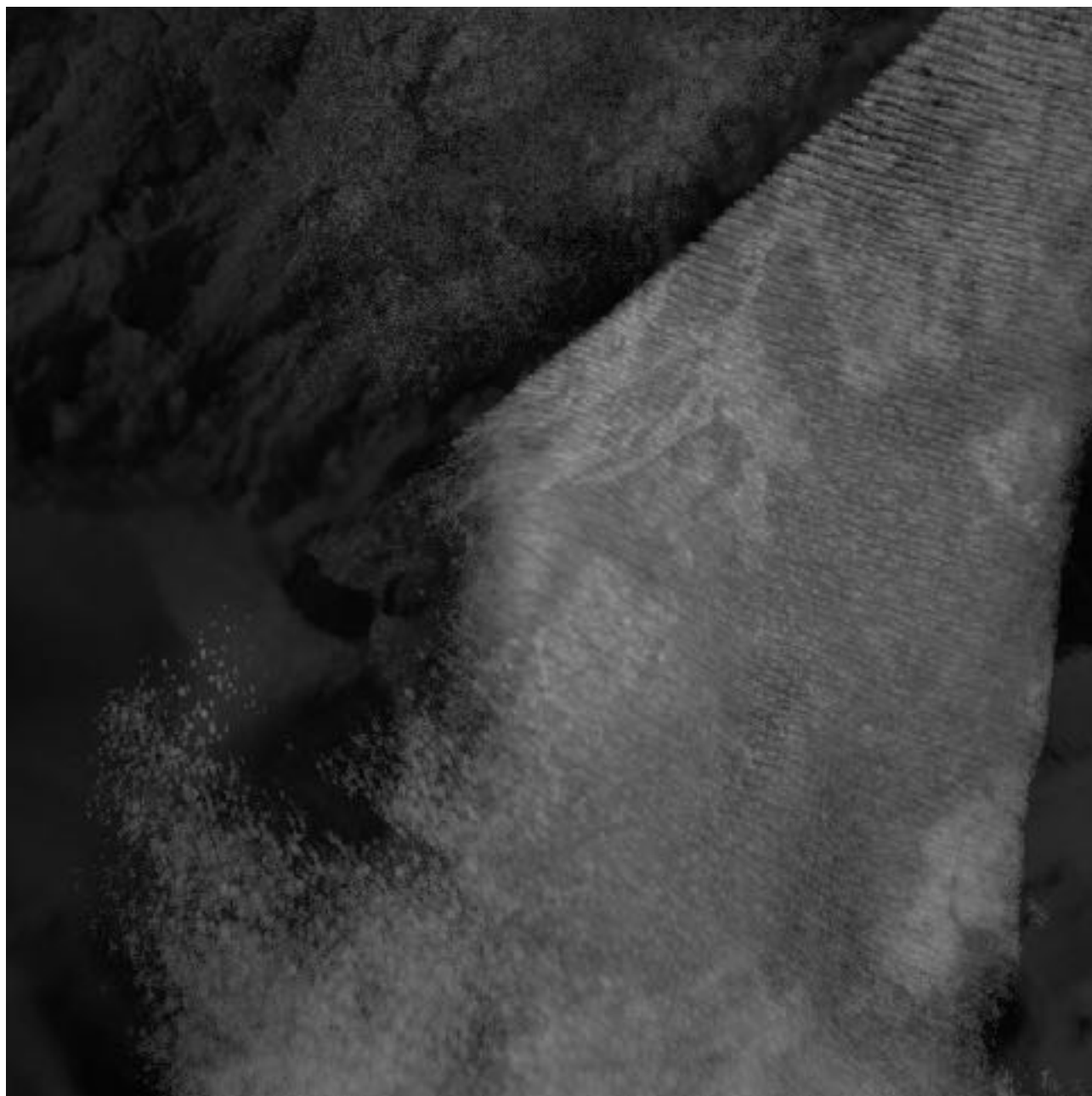
This series of photographs was part of a group of work made while artist-in-residence at Hacubia in Jerusalem, as part of the *Postcolonialism?* project organised by the Benyamini Contemporary Ceramics Center, Tel Aviv



Sharing Stories, 2016
Earthenware , textile, artists voice

Sharing Stories

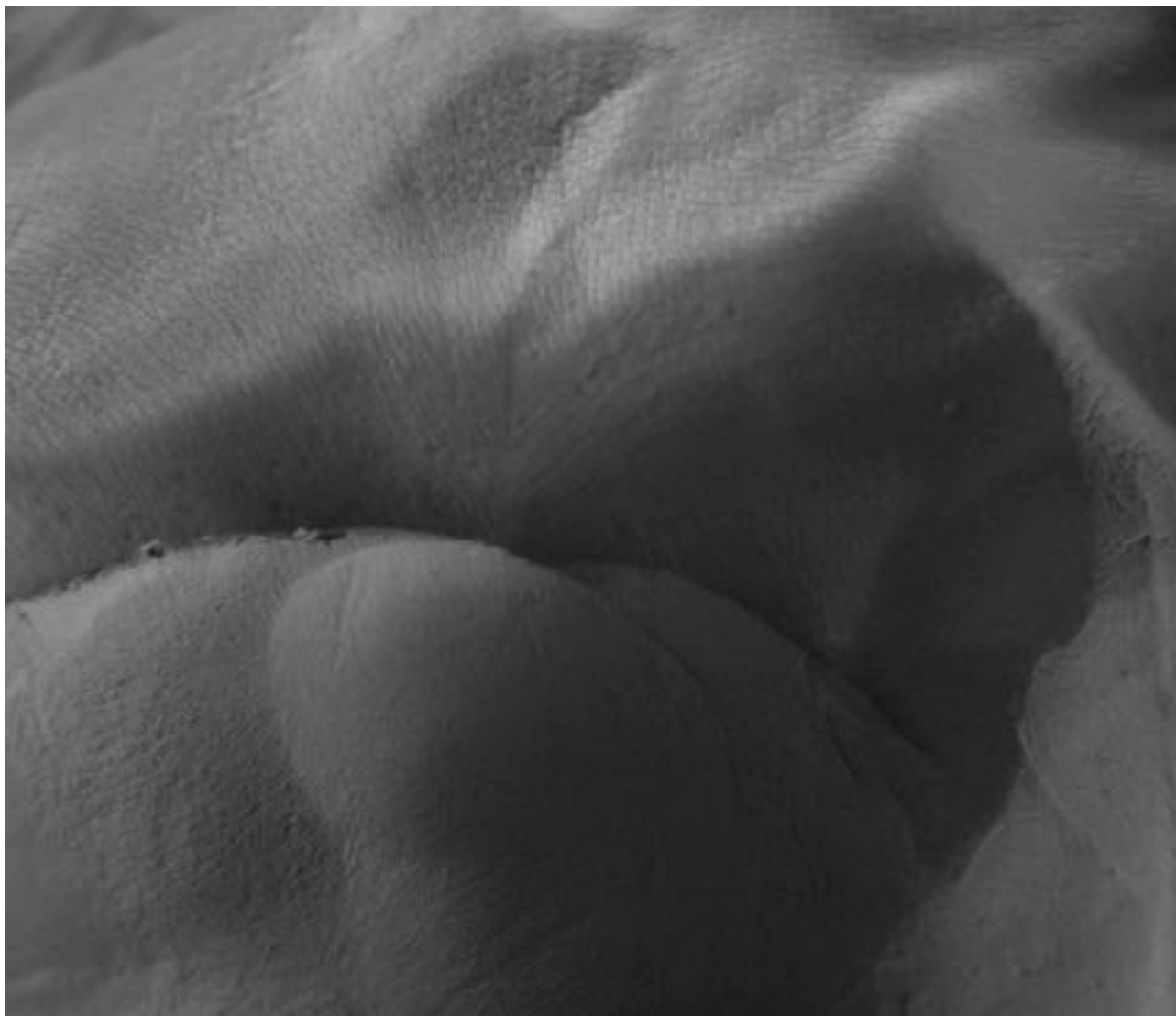
This group of objects is gleaned from the short stories of Sadat Hassan Manto about the partition of India in 1947, and the documentary writing of Ben Ehrenreich from his travels in the West Bank. The objects are crucial players in my experience of their stories, and serve as icons of those experiences. Distorted, magnified, abstracted (as all stories are), they are witness to, and documents of the extraordinary stories of ordinary people in extreme, hostile environments.



Body, 2018
Digital Print on Archival Paper



Body, 2018
Digital Print on Archival Paper



Body, 2018
Digital Print on Archival Paper



Body, 2018
Digital Print on Archival Paper

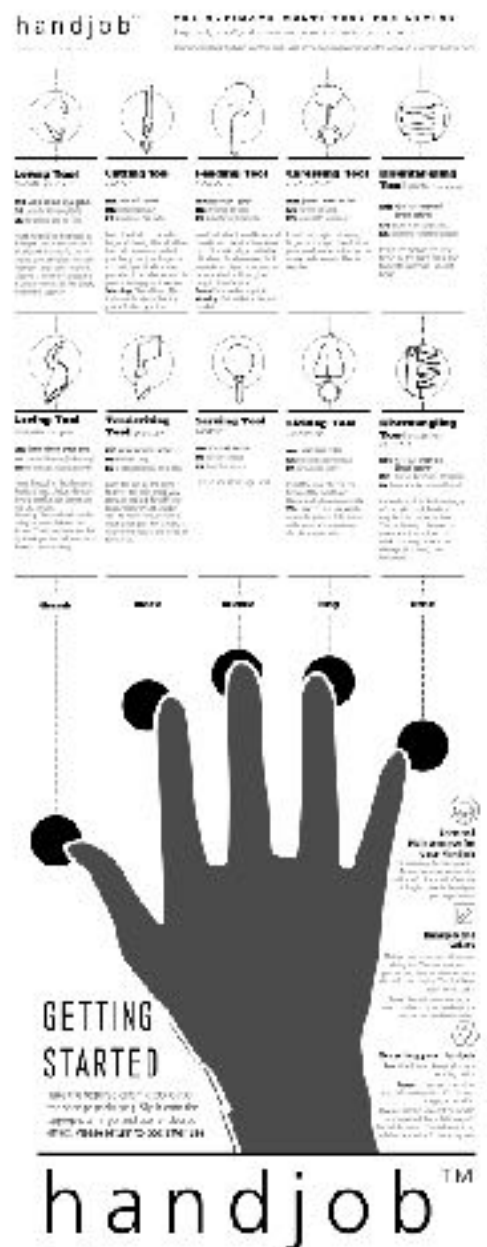
Body

This is a series of photographs of my body layered with the clay body. Layers of my two most primary materials – layers of skin, layers of earth, of history, of knowledge, experience, prejudice, guilt, intelligence, layers of stories, myth, memory, and movement fossilised into photographs.

What do i expect to find at the interface?



Handjob, 2018



Handjob, 2018

Handjob

This is a group of digital tools that serve various real and fictitious functions. They can be used to caress, nurture, groom, and love.

This work was made in residence at the Künstlerhaus Stadttöpferei Neumünster, and exhibited at *Pinch Your Thumb and Three Fingers*, Mumbai Art Room, Mumbai.



Somethingpolis I, 2018

Glazed and unglazed terracotta, cement, plaster of paris, clay, digital prints on archival paper, pencil and ink drawing on paper, found shards



Somethingpolis II, 2018
Ceramics, found terracotta shards, digital print on archival paper



Somethingpolis, 2018
Clay intervention near Sanganeri Gate, Jaipur

Somethingpolis

The city as a living, breathing, growing entity. Marked by the movement and the stagnation of people. A documenter of stories and histories. Of mistakes and genius. Of sense and nonsense. A capitalist monster devouring land, devouring time. The embodiment of destruction, destitution, conflict, loss. But also of brilliance, innovation, wonder, hope. A collector of dreams, of ambitions.

Was it ever just a settlement of people? A matter of convenience? A space of stability, of security. Home.

It may be that the city is not what we thought it was, or even that it has ceased to exist. Not that this would be a catastrophe because it is in the nature of things to be born, to grow and to die.^[1]

The work takes the form of object interventions, in dialogue with an archive of objects and photo documentation in the gallery. These objects while redefining and reclaiming the city, negotiate notions of belonging/excluding and placement/displacement.

This work was conceived and made for *Breaking Ground*, Indian Ceramics Triennale 2018 with assistance from the Inlaks Production Grant.

[1]Ramonedá J. (Conference lectured at Yale University, 2003). A philosophical idea of the city. Retrieved from <http://www.publicspace.org/en/text-library/eng/7-una-idea-filosofica-de-ciutat>



Inheritance, 2018,
Video Projection on a bed of local clay

Inheritance

Kudchadkar

A surname. An inheritance. An indicator of history, of beginnings, of roots?

The exercise was to live in Kudchade, the town I derive the second half of my name from.

To collect stories, places, meaning.

As the Zuari flows through my hands, with it flow family and place histories. Distorted, uncertain, unsettled and volatile. Rich, celebratory, significant and beautiful.

The gulab kapa, a jackfruit tree bearing the sweetest, pinkest silken fruit – fruit that family legends are made of – sits on the banks of the river. It is now too old to fruit. But the gilded casts of its leaves materialize my inheritance – memories of my father's favorite jackfruit that no other has been able to live up to, and about 30 summer evenings with my mother, learning the skill of recognising a perfectly ripe fruit from its delicious fragrance and cutting it open to reach the golden nuggets of sweetness.

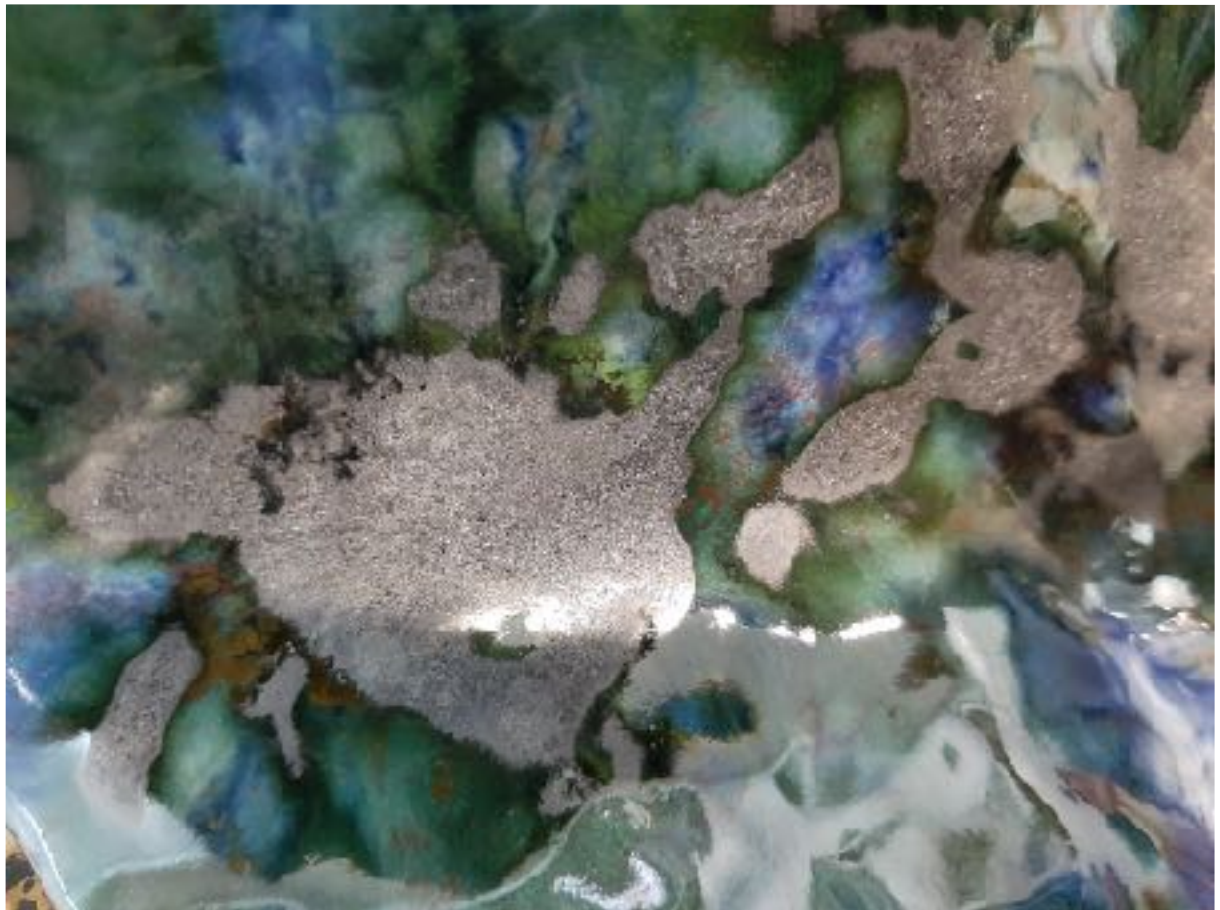
This work was created for the exhibition Panjim 175, for the Serendipity Arts Festival 2018.



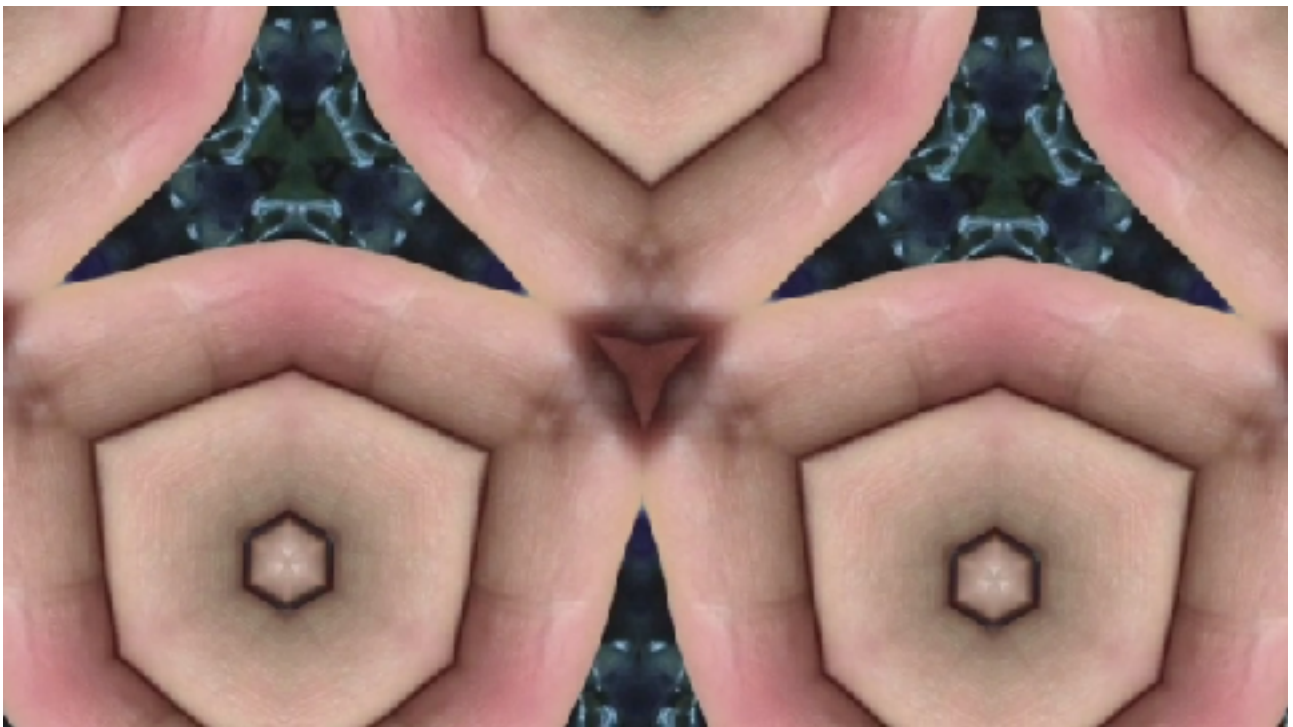
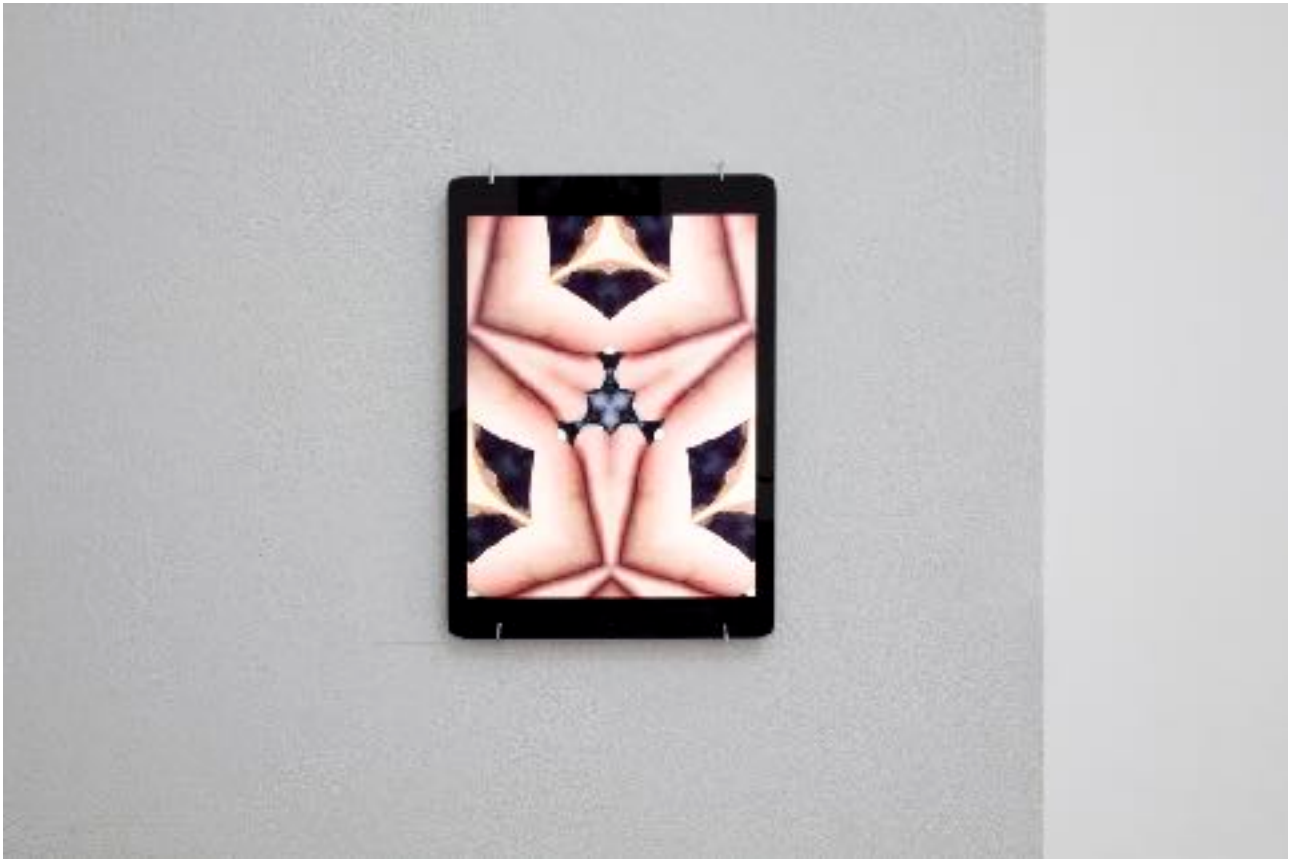
Molt II, 2019
Digital print on archival paper



Molt II, 2019
Digital print on archival paper



Molt I, 2019
Glazed and unglazed Terracotta



Molt III, 2019
Video still

Molt

Molt

Verb

(of a bird or animal) to lose feathers, skin, or hair as a natural process before a new growth of feathers, skin, or hair

noun

an act, process, or an instance of molting.
something that is dropped in molting.

The surface area of my body is approximately 1.55m^2 .

It occupies a volume of approximately 1.85foot^3 .

It weighs around 53kg .

Not much when you think of it. What kind of information can be held in this much space? How can it be measured? Is any of it of value to anyone other than me? Can it be harvested? Scan, extract, touch, hear, impress. Breathe. Am I at a risk of losing data when I as much as fart?

Like most of my work, this too is autobiographical. I measure, draw from and document layers of skin, flesh, organ. I introspect. I find layers of loss, of creation, of vulnerability, secrets, intertwined in the history of my body. If I dig deeper, maybe, I will find the first cells that still keep me physically connected to my mother.

Using the research undertaken at the CAN (April/May 2019), as the basis of this body of work and its exhibition, I shed bits of myself in the gallery.

This work was made for All That is in This Thing for Display, Berlin



Devour, 2019
digital print on archival paper

Devour

Grab

Dig

Gouge

Claw

Excavate

Seize

Stab

Break

Fracture

Split

Slash

Snatch

Rip

Extract

Rupture

This is group of 20 images which documents the act of taking earth from an out-of-commission, now protected and therefore pristine kaolin quarry on the island of Ivö in Sweden.

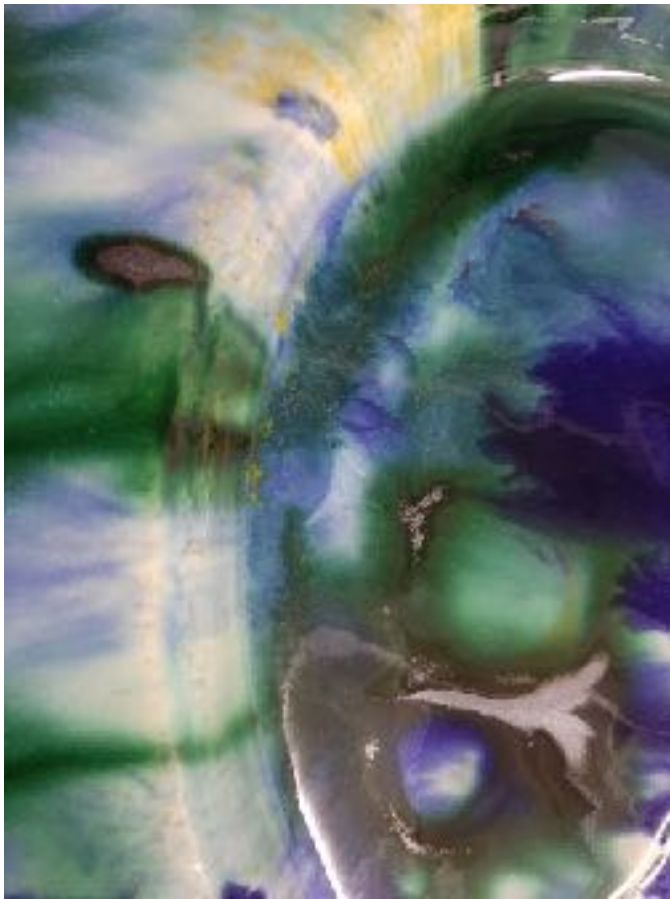
The earth clawed at, by hands of a potter. Performing creator or destroyer?



Knotted, 2020
Digital print on archival paper

Knotted

This is a series of photographs marking absent loves, spent lovers, sweet memories of entanglement and intimacies now distilled to a collage of skin and dreams.



Container, 2021
Tin-glazed earthenware



Container, (WIP_
Tin-glazed earthenware

Container

This is a body of work that has been made using plastic food packaging that I have been collecting for the last 8 years. Manmade skin on nature made objects of delight. To be discarded easily. Manmade mountains. Immortal plastic reefs. Waiting their turn to disintegrate patiently. Shards quietly leaching into earth. Changing it forever.